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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1902, TO MARCH, 1903

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THE
WIDE WORLD
MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY
OF
TRUE NARRATIVE

ADVENTURE
TRAVEL
CUSTOMS
AND
SPORT

“ TRUTH IS
STRANGER
THAN
FICTION ”

VOL. X.

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OCTOBER

1902,

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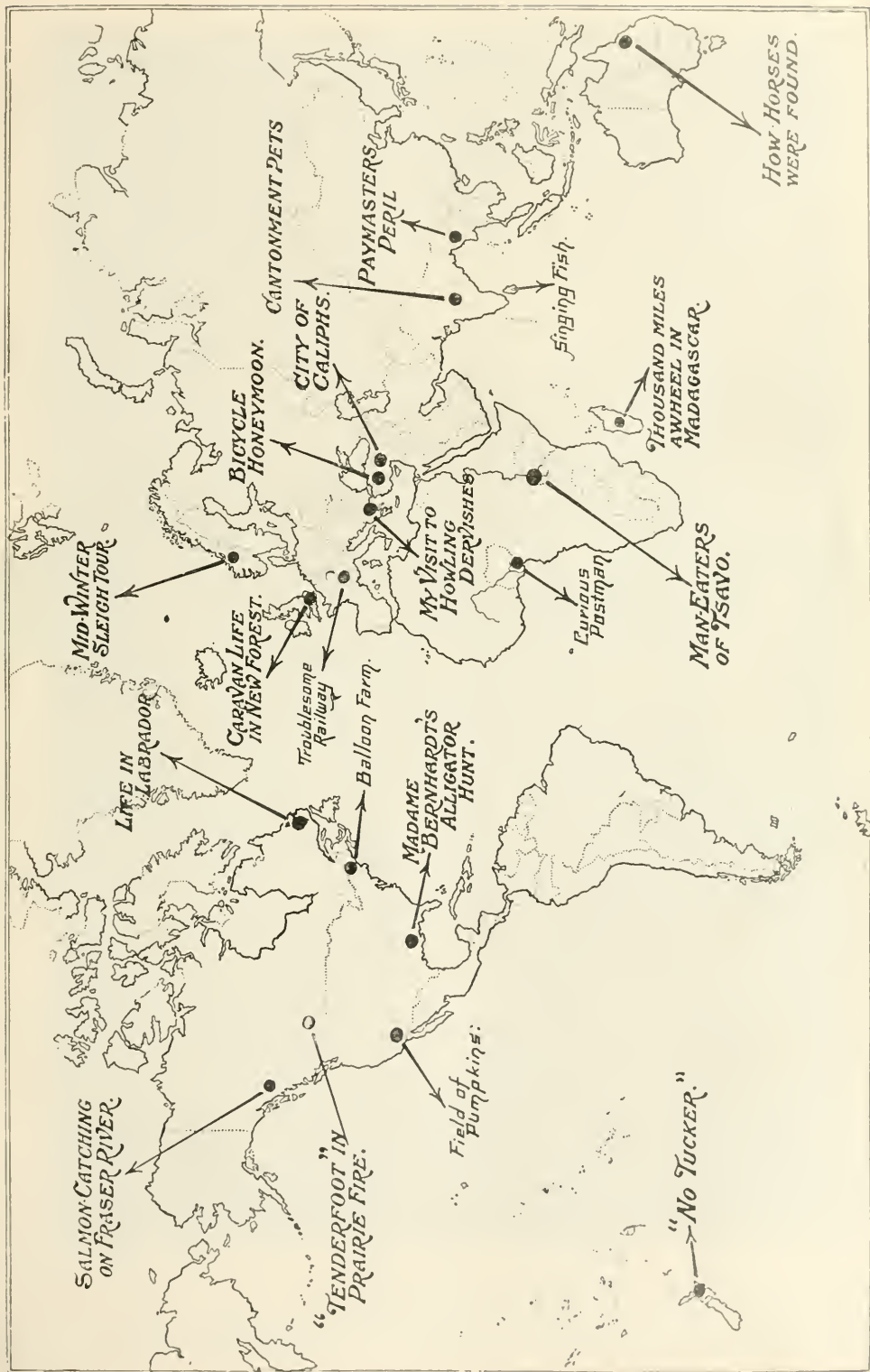
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THE NOVEL MAP CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.



THE TWO MEN WHO WERE DRIVEN DOWN FROM THE HIGH BANK
NEAR THE WHITEHEAD.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. X.

OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 55.

*The Man-Eaters of Tsavo.**

THE LIONS THAT STOPPED A RAILWAY.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL J. H. PATTERSON, D.S.O.

This is probably the most remarkable lion story on record. Colonel Patterson describes how two man-eating lions established a veritable reign of terror at the railhead construction camps of the Uganda Railway. For three weeks the savage beasts kept several thousand men in a state of helpless panic, entirely stopping the progress of the railway. Men were dragged out of their tents and eaten almost nightly, and no one's life seemed safe. Countless traps were laid for the lions; they were fired at again and again; a Government reward was offered for their destruction, yet they escaped unharmed. At last, however, after numberless attempts, Colonel Patterson was fortunate enough to kill both the man-eaters, and with their death work on the railway was resumed. The interest of the narrative is heightened by a number of photographs.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMING OF THE MAN-EATERS.



IN 1897 I received an appointment on the construction staff of the Uganda Railway, then being built. When I landed at Mombasa the rails had been laid for over 100 miles inland. There was a lot of work to be done in this neighbourhood, and this I was deputed to take charge of, with Tsavo as my head-quarters. Tsavo is a wayside station on the Uganda Railway, in British East Africa, distant about 130 miles from Mombasa. The country around is densely covered with dwarfish trees, undergrowth, and "wait-a-bit" thorns. In a jungle like this a wild animal has every chance against the hunter, for, however careful one may be, something is certain to crackle or snap and give the alarm. It is necessary to bear this fact in mind, as it has an important bearing on my story.

My first experience of the Tsavo man-eaters occurred about the middle of March, 1898. Rail-

head had just reached Tsavo when one or two of the coolies mysteriously disappeared. At first I thought that they had been the victims of foul play, but that idea was soon dispelled. I was roused about daylight one morning, March 25th, and told that a jemidar, named Ungan Singh, a fine, powerful Sikh, had been carried off during the night by a lion while he lay asleep in a tent shared by some dozen other workmen!

I immediately went and examined the place.

It was clear enough that a lion had carried off the man, as the "pug" marks were plainly visible in the sand. The furrows made by the unfortunate victim's heels marked the direction in which the brute had dragged him off.

One of the jemidar's bedfellows had seen the whole occurrence. At midnight the lion put his head in at the open tent door, and, as Ungan Singh was nearest, seized him by the throat. The unfortunate fellow cried out "*Choro!*" ("Let go!") and threw his arms up round the lion's neck.



THE AUTHOR, LIEUT.-COLONEL J. H. PATTERSON, D.S.O.
From a Photo.

* These ferocious beasts possess the unique distinction of having been mentioned in the House of Lords by a British Premier. Speaking of the difficulties that were met with in the construction of the Uganda Railway, Lord Salisbury said: "The whole of the works were put a stop to for three weeks because a party of man-eating lions appeared in the locality and conceived a most unfortunate taste for our porters. At last the labourers entirely declined to go on unless they were guarded by an iron entrenchment. Of course, it is difficult to work a railway under these conditions, and until we found an enthusiastic sportsman to get rid of these lions our enterprise was seriously hindered."



From a]

THE AUTHOR'S CAMP AT TSAVO.

[Photo.

well made, being thick and high. Our personal servants lived inside the enclosure, and a good fire was kept up all night long. For the sake of coolness Brock and I used to sit under the veranda of the hut. After the advent of the lions it was rather trying to one's nerves to sit reading or writing there after dark, as we never knew but that a lion might spring over the *boma* at any moment and be on us before we were aware. We kept our rifles, therefore, within easy reach, and many an anxious glance was cast out into the circle of blackness beyond the firelight. On one or two occasions the lions came near and tried to get in at us, but they never succeeded in doing so.

The coolie camp was also surrounded by a *boma*, and fires were kept burning all night. It was the duty of the camp watchmen to clatter half-a-dozen empty kerosene tins, which were suspended from a convenient tree, and this frightful din was kept up all night long in the hope that the noise would terrify the animals away. In spite of all these precautions, however, the lions would not be denied, and a man disappeared regularly every second or third night, the reports of the disappearance of this and that workman coming to me with painful frequency.

So long as Railhead Camp, with its three or four thousand men, scattered over a wide area, remained at Tsavo, not so much notice was taken by the coolies of the dreadful deaths of their comrades, but when this large camp was moved ahead matters altered. I was left behind with a few hundred men to build bridges, a station, etc., and, the men being all camped close together, the

lions naturally devoured their attention more particularly to us.

A regular reign of terror now commenced in our little camp. I accordingly made the men construct a very thick and high *boma* round each camp, and inside this they were fairly secure. The lions then attacked the Railhead Hospital Camp, which had

been left behind at Tsavo, and which stood in rather a lonely position. They jumped the *boma* and almost succeeded in seizing the hospital assistant, who had a marvellous escape. Being disappointed in this, one of them sprang on to and broke down a tent in which there were a dozen patients, and made off with a poor wretch, dragging him bodily through the thorn hedge. A couple of others were wounded by the lion as he jumped on them. The brutes seemed to find the invalids an easy prey, as they made several raids on the hospital.

A fresh site was accordingly prepared for the hospital near the coolie camp, and all the patients were removed. I sat up all night in the vacated *boma*, having been told that lions always visited deserted camps. They did not come, however, and as I kept my lonely vigil in the empty hospital I had the mortification of hearing shrieks and cries coming from the direction of the new hospital, telling me only too plainly that our dreaded foes had eluded me again.



THE FORT MEN SEEN IN THE ENCLOSURE HERE BUILT BY THE AUTHOR.

I found next morning that one of the lions had jumped into the boma and taken off the hind leg (back quarter). Several men were witnesses of the whole terrible occurrence, and they would point me to the field of the big camp fire. The lion, it appeared, was lying on the side of the tent with his head towards the middle and his feet touching the side. The lion put his head under the canvas, and ran to the tent, and dragged him out. The man fell in a desperate clutched at a leg, which he dragged with him until it was stopped by the tent, and he was forced to let it go. He then caught a net rope, which he held tightly until it broke. As soon as the lion got his claws in spring at the man's throat, and the poor wretch's cries were silenced for ever.

That afternoon the lions were seen in no fewer than three different places. At about four miles from Tsavo they attacked a coolie who was walking along the line. He managed, however, to escape up a tree, from which he was rescued more dead than alive by the traffic manager, who saw him from a passing train. A couple of hours later some men saw one of them stalking Dr. Brock as he was returning about dusk from the hospital. This lion had evidently taken a fancy to Brock, as an event which occurred the same night will show.

After dinner the doctor and I set out for the waggon, which was over a mile away. The night was very cloudy and dark, and, in the light of later events, we did a very foolish thing indeed in taking up our position so late. However, we reached our destination safely, and got settled down at about 10 p.m.



THE LION'S ATTACK ON BROCK'S BOMA. (HENCEFORTH FOR EVER.)

We had the lower half of the door closed, while the upper halves were wide open. We sat there in silence, looking out in the direction of the *boma*, but could not see it on account of the darkness.

All was perfectly quiet for a couple of hours, and the stillness was becoming monotonous, when suddenly, to our right, we heard the snap of a dry stick, and we knew that some heavy

animal was about. Soon afterwards we heard a dull thud, as though some heavy body had fallen into the *boma*. The cattle became uneasy, and we could hear them moving about restlessly. Then there was a dead silence again. I proposed to my companion that I should get out and lie on the ground, as I could in this position see better should the lion come in our direction with his prey. Brock, however, warned me to remain where I was.

A few seconds afterwards I was very glad that I had taken his advice, for at that very moment the lion—although we did not know it—was quietly stalking us, and was even then almost within springing distance of us.

Brock had given orders for the *boma* entrance

The lion was being able to keep the tent, ran up to the tent with his hind leg in his mouth, and he was able to force his way through the tent, and he was found and killed by the man who was with him, and he was taken to the hospital to be kept for the night.

The lion was found in the hospital again, and I was able to see him in the hospital. It was a very good thing that the lion was found in the hospital, and he was kept for the night, and he was taken to the hospital to be kept for the night.

to be blocked up, and we therefore expected to hear the lion forcing his way out. The door, however, had not been properly closed, and while we wondered what he could be doing he was all the time silently reconnoitring our position.

Presently I thought I saw something stealthily coming towards us, but I feared to trust my eyes, which were strained by prolonged staring through the darkness. I asked Brock under my breath if he saw anything, at the same time covering the object as well as I could with my rifle. Brock did not answer. He told me afterwards that he had noticed something move, but was afraid to speak lest I should fire, and it might turn out to be nothing after all.

There was an intense silence for another second or two. Then with a sudden bound a huge body sprang at us. "The lion!" I shouted, and we both fired almost simultaneously, and not a moment too soon, for

escape. The next morning Brock's bullet was found embedded in the sand close to a foot-print. It could not have missed the lion by more than an inch or two. Mine was nowhere to be found.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE LIONS STOPPED THE RAILWAY.

THE lions seemed to have got a bad fright the night they attacked us in the waggon, for they kept away from Tsavo and did not trouble it again for some considerable time—not until long after Brock had left me and gone on a journey to Uganda.

They did not give up their man-eating propensities, however, but turned their attention to other camps. On April 25th two men were taken from Railhead, and a few nights afterwards (April 28th) another man was taken from a place called Engomani.

Two more men were taken from Engomani on May 1st. One man was killed outright and eaten, and the other was so terribly mauled that he died in a few days.

It struck me that in case they should renew their attempts at Tsavo a trap might perhaps be the best way of getting at them, and that if I were to construct one, and put a couple of men into it as "bait," the lions would be quite daring enough to go in after them, and so get caught.

I had not much suitable material for the construction of the trap. It was made entirely of wooden sleepers, tram-rails (which I broke into suitable lengths), pieces of telegraph wire, and a bit of chain. It had two compartments, one for the men, the other for the lion. A sliding door at one end admitted the men, and once inside they were perfectly safe, as between them and the lion, if he entered, ran a cross wall of iron rails, only 3in. apart, firmly embedded in sleepers. The

door which was to admit the lion was, of course, at the opposite end, and the whole thing was made very much on the principle of the rat trap, only that it was not necessary for the lion to seize the bait in order to send the door clattering down behind him.

As soon as he entered the cage he was bound to tread on a concealed spring which



"WE BOTH FIRED ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY."

before he could turn I felt his hot breath on my face. The lion must have swerved off as he sprang, probably blinded by the flash and frightened by the noise of the double report, which was increased a hundredfold by the hollow iron roof of the waggon. Had we not been on the alert he would undoubtedly have got one of us. As it was, we were very lucky to



THE PLACE BY KISSIMBI WHERE A MAN WAS CARRIED OFF AND EATEN BY THE LIONS.
From a Photo.

reached the wire, when down would come the dogs behind him.

As soon as our trap was ready I pitched a tent over it to deceive the lions, and made an amazingly strong *kamba* round it. One small entrance was made at the back for the men, who if they were to close by pulling a bush after them. Another opening was left in front of the dog-stops for the lions. I acted as "bait" myself for several nights, but nothing happened, our girl the lioness came out at Tsavo for some time.

The trouble, believing that the savage beasts had now gone for good, consisted all day long in hunting and skinning animals, and occasionally returning to the animal camp.

We were suddenly startled one day by the barking of a dog. It was a very dark night. The dog barked and ran to the tent. The dog was a very large one, and I had not allowed myself to be bitten. The dog was very tame. The dog was very tame. The dog was very tame.

move until the ghastly meal was finished, although several shots were fired at random in their direction by the jemidar of the gang.

On the chance that they might return I took up my position at night-fall in a tree near the place and waited. Nothing came near me, however, but a hyæna. An attack was made that night on another camp some two miles from Tsavo, for at this time the camps were again scattered. The brutes got another victim, and ate him quite close to the camp.

I sat up every night for over a week near likely camps, but the lions either saw me and went elsewhere or else I was unlucky, for they took man after man without ever giving me the chance of a shot at them.

This constant night-watching was most dreary and fatiguing work. I felt it a duty, however, that had to be undertaken, as the men naturally looked to me for protection.



THE TRAM—CONSTRUCTED OF WOODEN SLEEPERS AND TRAM-RAILS.
From a Photo.

I have encountered nothing more nerve-shaking in the whole of my experience than to listen to the deep roars of these dreadful monsters growing gradually nearer and nearer, and to know that some one or other of us was to be their victim before morning dawned. Once they got into the vicinity of the camp the roars ceased, and then we knew that they were stalking for their prey. Shouts would then pass from camp to camp: "*Khabar dar, chaicon, shaitan ata!*" ("Beware, brothers, the devil is coming!"). The Indians firmly believed that the man-eaters were the incarnation of some terrible cannibal chiefs belonging to one of the old African tribes, who had taken this form in order to avenge themselves and show their resentment at a railway being made through their country.

The warning cries would be of no avail, however, for agonizing shrieks would sooner or later break the silence and another man would be a-missing next morning.

I felt very much disheartened at being foiled night after night. Tracking the lions through the dense jungle during the day was a hopeless task, but still something had to be done to keep up the spirits of the workmen, so I spent many a weary hour crawling on my hands and knees through the dense vegetation, endeavouring to track the brutes through that exasperating wilderness. Had I met them they would most probably have devoured me too, as everything would have been in their favour.

I have a vivid recollection of one particular night when the brutes took a man from the railway station and brought him close to my camp to eat. The noise of their dreadful purring filled the air and rang in my ears for days afterwards. It was hopeless to attempt to go out, as the night was pitch dark. There were half-a-dozen men inside a small thorn fence close beside mine, and on hearing the lions they got frightened and implored me

to let them in, which I did. A short time afterwards I remembered that there was a sick man in their camp, and on asking if they had brought him in they said "No." I at once took some men and went after him. On reaching the dark tent I went in and lifted the coverlet, but saw by the light of the lantern that the invalid was dead. The poor fellow must have died of fright after hearing all his comrades flee away from the savage lions to a place of safety.

Matters were now getting desperate. As a rule, up to this time, only one of the lions went into a *boma* and did the foraging while the other waited outside, but now they changed their tactics; both entered together, and each seized a man!

Two poor Swahili porters were killed in this way one night in the last week of November.

On November 30th the two lions made another successful raid within a hundred yards of a permanent way inspector's hut. I could plainly hear from my hut the commotion and the terrified shrieking of the coolies. The inspector fired over fifty shots in the direction of the lions, but so bold were they that they did not attempt to move, but calmly lay there until daylight.



"BOTH ENTERED TOGETHER, AND EACH SEIZED A MAN."

I started the speakears next morning, and with the permission of my superior I followed the lions. The lion exhibitors had been surrounded one or more times with a mob of on foot men of a broken down and ragged. We spent some time on the lions, and were advised with fierce yells from the mob to be cautious. Cautiously advancing and pushing the ladies, and, we sat on the ground, and we took to be a lion. A closer inspection, however, showed it to be the remains of the unfortunate man taken the night before.

Now the Government in the world, much less the Indian people, will not stand this kind of thing indefinitely. I was not at all surprised, therefore, on my return to camp this same afternoon (December 1st 1892) to find that all the men had struck work and were waiting to speak to me. They came and asked that they would not stay at Tawa any longer. They said "they had come from India on an agreement to work for the Government, but not to supply food for devils."

Some hundreds of them stopped the first young train by throwing themselves on the rails and then, jumping on to the trucks and clinging to their passengers. Anyhow, they fled over the severed spot.

sight to see them perched on top of water-tanks, roofs, and girders—anywhere for safety. Some even dug deep pits inside their tents, into which they let themselves down at night, covering over the top with heavy logs of timber.

Every good sized tree in camp had as many beds lashed on to it as its branches could bear, and sometimes more. So many men got up a tree once when the camp was attacked that the tree came down with a crash, hurling its terror-stricken load of shrieking coolies close to the lions. Fortunately, however, the brutes did not heed them, as they were then busily engaged in devouring a man they had just seized.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER.

SOME days before the workmen fled I had applied for a couple of armed police to be put into each camp in order to give confidence to the men. I had also asked Mr. Whitehead, the District Commissioner, to come up and bring any of his Askaris (native soldiers) that he could spare. He wrote saying that he was coming, and I expected him to arrive in time for dinner on the evening of December 2nd.

The train was due about six o'clock, so I



[Photo.]

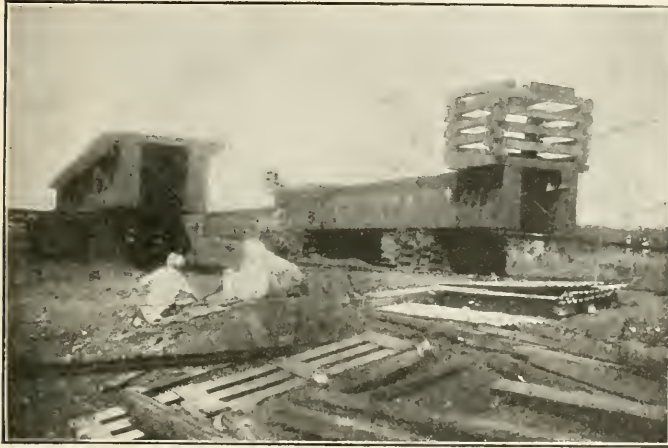
The workmen were all of good and every one was naturally very much surprised. On the 2nd of December the train was again started, but the men were not allowed to get on to the train until the 3rd of December.

I had already written to the District Commissioner, and he had written to the Government, but the Government had not yet decided what to do. It was a very

sent my "boy" up to the station to meet Mr. Whitehead and assist in carrying his things down. He returned trembling with terror. He said there was no sign of the train or of the station staff, but that an enormous lion was standing on the platform. I did not believe this, and told him so. I found out next day, however, that it was quite true, and that both the

station-master and the signalman had been obliged to take refuge from the man-eater by locking themselves up in the station buildings.

I waited some time for Mr. Whitehead, but as he did not turn up I thought he had decided not to come that evening, and so had my dinner, as usual, in solitary state. During the meal I heard a couple of shots, but paid no attention to them, as shots were constantly being fired in the camp. After dinner I went out alone to watch for my friends the lions. On this particular night I sat up on a sleeper crib, which I had had built on a big girder that



THE CRIB MADE OF SLEEPERS, WHENCE THE AUTHOR HEARD THE LIONS WHICH SEIZED MR. WHITEHEAD'S SERGEANT, ABDULLAH. *(Photo.)*

was close to a "likely" camp for the lions to attack. Soon after taking up my position I was surprised to hear the two lions growling and purring over something quite close to where I was sitting. I could not understand it, for I had heard no commotion in camp—and by bitter experience I knew that every meal the brutes got meant trouble for us. After a time I saw their eyes glowing in the dark and promptly fired at them. They then took whatever they were eating and went over a small rise which prevented me from seeing them and there finished their meal.

As soon as it was light I got out of my crib and went towards the place where I had last seen them. On the way, who should I meet but Mr. Whitehead, the District Commissioner. He looked very pale and ill, and his general appearance was strange. "Where on earth have *you* come from?" I said. "Why didn't you turn up to dinner last night?" "A nice reception you give a fellow when you invite him to dinner," he replied. "Why, what's up?" I said. "That infernal lion of yours jumped on me last night," said Whitehead. "Non-

sense, you dreamt it!" I cried, in astonishment. For answer he turned round and showed me his back. "That is not much of a dream, is it?" he asked, laconically. His clothing was split right from the nape of his neck downwards, and on the flesh there were four huge claw marks showing red and angry through the torn cloth. Without further parley I hurried him off to my tent and bathed and dressed his wounds. He then told me the whole story of what had happened. His train, it appears, was very late, and it was quite dark when he arrived at Tsavo.

In order to reach my camp he had to come through a cutting. He was accompanied by Abdullah, his sergeant of Askaris (native soldiers), who carried a lighted lamp. When they were about half-way through the gloomy cutting one of the lions suddenly jumped down from the high bank right on to Whitehead, knocking him over like a ninepin and tearing the clothing off his back. Fortunately, however, Whitehead had his carbine in his hand, and this he instantly fired. The flash and loud report must have dazed the lion for a second, enabling Whitehead to disengage himself, but the next instant the brute pounced like lightning on the unfortunate Abdullah, with whom he made off. Whitehead fired again at the lion as he was going off, but apparently missed. This was the District Commissioner's welcome to Tsavo!

It was, of course, poor Abdullah that I had heard the brutes eating during the night. Whitehead himself had had a marvellous escape. Fortunately his wounds were not deep, and caused him little or no trouble afterwards.

On this same day, December 3rd, Mr. Farquhar, the superintendent of police, and a score of Sepoys arrived from the coast to help in hunting down the lions, whose reputation had now spread far and wide. Elaborate precautions were taken and Sepoys were posted on trees near every camp. The lion trap was put in thorough order, and three of the Sepoys were placed in it as "bait." Several officials had also come up to join in the hunt, and each watched a likely spot, Mr. Whitehead sharing a post with me.

In the evening, at about 9 p.m., to my great satisfaction, the intense silence was broken by the noise of the trap-door clattering down. One of the lions had charged on the Sepoys and was caught at last. The men had a lamp burning

of the cage, and each had a Mott rifle and plenty of ammunition. They had been given their orders to leave the train if it should enter the trap. However, they were so terrified when

How they failed to kill him is a mystery, as they could have put the muzzles of their rifles right on to his body. There was some blood scattered about the trap, and it was some consola-



MR. WHITEHEAD, DISTRICT COMMISSIONER, SEATED ON A TROLLEY AT THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE LION JUMPED ON HIM. [Photo.]

he actually did rush in and began to dash himself madly against the bars of the cross-wall that they soon lost their heads and were too unskilled to fire. It was not for some minutes, until Mr. Farquhar, who was close by, had called out to them and cheered them on, that they recovered themselves. Then they began to shoot with a vengeance—anywhere, anyhow. Whitehead and I were at right angles to the direction in which they should have fired, yet bullets whizzed all round us. They fired over a score of shots, and in the end with one exception they lost away one of the door-keepers to the lion's mouth!

tion to us to know that the beast had at least been wounded.

Next morning we arranged a hunt, and spent the greater part of the next day on our hands and knees, following the lions through the dense thickets of thorny jungle. We never got up with them, however, though we heard growls, and only Farquhar of the whole party caught a momentary glimpse of one as it bounded over a bush.

A couple of days were spent in this manner, but without any success, and then Mr. Farquhar and his Sepoys departed to the coast. Mr. Whitehead also returned to his district, and I was left alone once more with the man-eaters.

[The next and following instalments of this remarkable narrative will be published next month. It describes how the Government of British East Africa's officials; how the second commenced a campaign of revenge against the man-eaters, and how they were at last killed; and the result that the reign of terror these brutes had established had been broken. The man-eaters were hunted on the long Mombasa railway. As in this instalment, the narrative will be illustrated by photographs, including portraits of the man-eaters themselves.]

Caravan Life in the New Forest.

By M. ARNOLD.

Caravan life is becoming increasingly popular among those who like to get as much fresh air as possible while on their holidays. The author has had much experience of "caravanning," and he here describes a typical day in a recent holiday spent with a caravan in the delightful and all-too-little-known New Forest. The article is illustrated with Mr. Arnold's own photographs.

"**N**OW, then, you lazy beggars, get up!"

The voice is the skipper's, and causes several grunts of dissent from various heaps of rugs and pillows dotted about the tent. However, the skipper threatens direful results if we don't turn out, and as he is a man of his word, and 6ft. 3in. at that, we comply with his commands and, opening the door of the tent, step out into the sunshine.

It is 6.30 on a lovely August morning, and we are a portion of a happy, irresponsible little party travelling through the New Forest in a caravan. The ladies of the party are in the caravan just at the back of our tent, and as we pass by on the way to the bath we chaff them on their sleepiness.

Although it is a glorious morning, it is the latter end of August, and there is a decidedly keen feeling in the air, and the bath looks cold. Our toilet is soon over, however, for we do not affect collars and ties until we get out of camp.

There is a good deal of noise made by pouring the water out of the bath into the buckets and back again to let the girls know they are having fresh water, and then we retire to the back of the van to shave, whilst the ladies occupy the bath tent. Meanwhile the cook has got the fire well under way, and is deftly cutting ham rashers with an axe. To the ordinary individual this may seem rather a crude way of carving, but a thoroughly experienced woodman can do anything, from cutting down a tree to pointing his pencil, if

only his axe is sharp enough, and to a man with a large family I can thoroughly recommend an axe and a chopping-board for carving, rather than the more civilized carving-knife. However, please do not think I have any other "axe to grind" in this matter; I do not own shares in a hatchet manufactory!

The skipper has meanwhile gone off to feed the two horses, which are tied to a tree close at hand, and the ladies, having completed their toilet, come out looking as fresh as only clean white blouses and life in the open air can make them, and start laying the breakfast table.

The cook comes in for a good deal of abuse at the hands of the ladies because he is so long getting breakfast ready, but as they can't have their breakfast until he chooses to give it them he has the upper hand, and retaliates by setting one of the girls to beat up eggs and another to keep the porridge from burning. Soon everything is ready and peace restored. It is a hungry party of eight, four of each sex, who sit



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LAYING THE BREAKFAST

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down to breakfast—just a very good breakfast too. Ham, bacon, buttered toast, marmalade, meringue, jam, cold, roasted salmon, coffee, of course, but, incidentally, marmalade, is the main, and this is all the more given one has got than any of the other or before.

At one time there were a few sharp arguments as to where to put the table, as some of the party, afraid of their companions, wanted to sit in the shade, while the others, either because they preferred it, or because they were contracted, wanted to sit in the sun, so now breakfast is served at two tables, one under the shade of a convenient tree and the other in the sun, and both parties are satisfied.

A little diversion is created by one of the women, whose hat has come undone, wandering on to the table and annexing the top of the only loaf of bread that we have to last us till we get to another village, and so breakfast has to be eaten out with biscuits, and very dry ones at that.

There comes a good deal of discussion as to how we shall spend the day. Some of the party suggest going on to Boldwood, where they have pleasant memories of a very convenient camping ground, two years ago, but the others, who since the three years spent in them and don't want to do any more work than is necessary, are for staying in the same camp for another day and "seeing a bit of the country." This, however, is much too late in the day to work, as it simply means being about all day in the sun and doing nothing. So eventually a compromise is arrived at, and we arrange to have a fairly lunch and start about one o'clock.

After breakfast there is a good deal of work to do in the way of getting the camp ready for moving. The ladies wash up the breakfast things and pack them away, while the cook has to clean out his pots and pans, which he is obliged to do after dinner the night before, so that this is being done. The horses have to be looked after and the harness cleaned, and then we must get out the tent to have a look at it.

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(Contd.)

GETTING READY TO STRIKE CAMP.

[Photo.

hundred thousand acres in extent, and is of three distinct kinds. There is the open heather forest like a Scotch moor, the part composed entirely of dark Scotch firs; and last, but not least, the beautiful oak-tree forest, with open grass glades and bracken fern. This is one's true idea of a forest, and it needs little imagination to take one back once more to the stirring times of Robin Hood and his merry outlaws.

One of the features of the Forest are its ponies, of which there are several thousand running about practically wild. Some little excitement is caused by one of the party wagering that he will catch and ride one of a herd which is quietly cropping the grass along the edge of the stream. Everybody is anxious to bet with him, considering the result a foregone conclusion. As, however, the would-be horsebreaker never even manages to get close enough to be kicked the excitement soon fizzles out, and the ponies go off at a canter to some other spot, where they will not be annoyed by the presence of human beings or other strange beasts.

By this time the sun is overhead, and we stroll back to camp to find that the ladies have been no more energetic than we have, but have been sitting in the shade, reading the new books from Mudie's box which we brought with us. The only clock which a gipsy wants is his appetite, and ours soon tells us that it must be near lunch time, so the table is laid out and a start made. Lunch is a fairly frugal meal of cold meat, cheese, tomatoes, and the inevitable sandwiches, our early breakfast and the open air giving us all the sauce needed. After lunch the tent are struck and packed up, the hammock folded and fitted into the square bath, which slides in on a platform between the fore and

hind wheels of the van. Then the horses are harnessed and a start is made.

Some of the party have brought bicycles, and these ride on ahead, having first stopped to help the van over a nasty bank and ditch before we can get into the high road. The map has to be consulted, and then we make a move to the nearest village to lay in a stock of provisions for the next day. For the first few miles the road leads through the open forest, with very few trees about, and there is no house to be seen for miles around; then we pass through a little straggling village, with thatched and rose-covered cottages dotted about the village green, and the occupants turn out to have a look at us. We make inquiries as to the chance of buying provisions, and find that we have some miles to go before we get to a town of any size, so we jog on again through rapidly-changing scenery.

Presently we catch up the cyclists, who are grouped round one of the bicycles, whose deflated tyre shows a bad puncture. Luckily there is plenty of india-rubber in the tool-box inside the van, and a neat repair is effected. Very few days go by without a mishap to one or other of the cycles, but considering the knocking about they get this is not to be wondered at.

The puncture mended we start on again, and soon the broad expanse of heather gives place to glorious old British oak trees, whilst here and there a Spanish chestnut shows its brilliant green leaves down a sunny glade. The rabbits scuttle across in front of the van, the Forest ponies canter off under the trees wondering who dares to disturb their sanctuary, and the beauty of the scene fills one with the joy of living, which cannot be realized by dwellers in stuffy houses. We have the regular gipsy contempt for "roof-people."

A shout behind us makes us clear to the side of the road to allow a carriage and pair to pass

us, and as they go by the occupants, two elderly ladies with lorgnettes, turn round and have a good stare at us. Their conversation floats back as they turn round, and we chuckle over one old dowager's remark that "it is a curious way of going about, and they look quite respectable people, too!"

We always cause a good deal of discussion, by the way, as to what we are and why we are travelling in a caravan, the most common theories being that we are either the Church Army van or a troupe of strolling actors, which goes to show that even in the fastnesses of the New Forest the Church and Stage go hand in hand.

Several carts and carriages pass us now, and we find that we are approaching the outskirts of a small town.

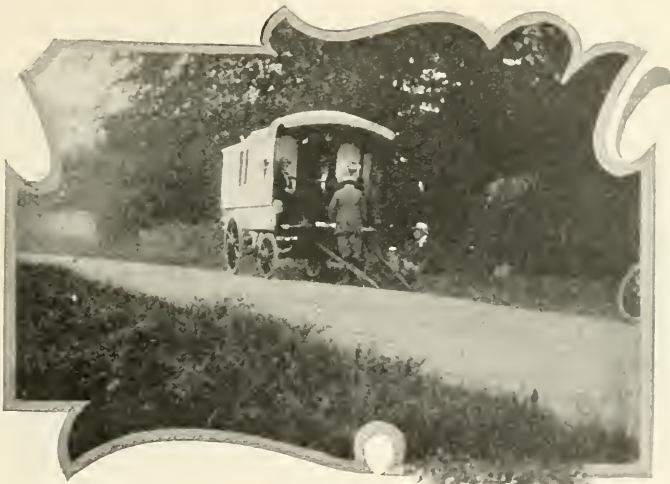
The streets are quaint and old-fashioned, and the shops not quite like London, but we have to "provision up" for two days, and must make the best of it. So the cook and the housekeeper put their heads together and decide what is wanted, and then we all go off different ways to lay in our stock.

The post-office has also

to be visited to call for any letters that may have arrived, and post-cards dispatched to home quarters giving some post-office for our next address. Then the horses go on with a jingle of bells, leaving an admiring and wondering group of spectators behind. There is a steady pull uphill for a mile or so, and then a steep run down, where both the drag-shoe and brake have to be used. According to the maps there should be a stream at the bottom and a good camping place.

Our hopes are, however, raised in vain, for when we arrive at the bottom we find the cyclists sitting in a disconsolate little group on the banks of a stream in which the water is only conspicuous by its absence, and the chance of tea just yet looks a bit remote.

The map shows another stream a few miles



From a

ON THE ROAD—A HALT BY THE WAYSIDE.

[Photo.

his pots and pans whilst he has plenty of hot water on hand, and the rest give a last look to the horses, and get the rugs and pillows out of the van and put them into the tent ready for use.

As soon as it gets dark a "Wells flarer," which burns paraffin vapour, is hung up on a pole in the middle of the camp, and when lit throws a light over everything.

Work is over, and the pleasantest time of the day is at hand. The hammock chairs are put in a semicircle round the camp fire, a canvas sheet run round the back of them to keep the draught away, and pipes and tobacco are brought out. The cook completes his work by handing round black coffee and liqueurs, and we give ourselves up to an hour or so of unalloyed peace, under the open air of heaven. The nightingales have not yet left off singing, and the beauty of their note is heard at its best away in these deep solitudes, miles from human habitation. The short bark of a fox far away in the distance gives promise of sport in a few months' time, and the timorous neighing of a Forest pony, which is trying to find its companions, sounds musical in the distance, and merely accentuates the peaceful feeling which the surroundings and a good dinner have given us. No one who has led the caravan life for a short time can wonder at gipsies spending their life in the same manner. It is the ideal life for anyone who loves Nature and the open air, and one gets into such a state of "rude health" that rain or shine makes but little difference.

Your house you take with you, and you stop where you like, provided there is plenty of wood and water handy; you eat when you are hungry, sleep when you are tired, and you snap your fingers at the petty ordinances of society.

A short description of our caravan and how it is fitted may be of interest to WIDE WORLD readers.

The van was built by the Birmingham Waggon Company, and is made of mahogany throughout. It is 12ft. 6in. by 6ft. 3in. inside measurement, and when packed weighs about 1 ton 17cwt. The entrance is at the front of the van, where there is a platform with seats for five people, protected from sun and rain by a hood formed by a continuation of the roof. There are lockers on all sides of the van, which also

form seats, and two of these, being fitted with mattresses, make berths for sleeping in. There is also an upper berth on the side opposite the door, which, when not in use, lies flat against the wall. Three of the party can sleep comfortably in these berths, and the fourth sleeps on a mattress laid on the floor up the centre of the van.

One of the tables folds up and slides under the van between the fore and hind wheels, and makes a platform for the square tin bath, which carries the other folding table and half-a-dozen hammock chairs when on the road. The bath tent is a small, square, home-made one, and when folded up goes on the rack at the back of the van, as does the sleeping tent, which is an old Army bell tent.

The seats in front of the van form corn-bins, where the oats and chaff for the two horses are kept, and a spare sack of oats and one of potatoes and other vegetables are put on the rack behind. All the cooking-pots go into a "cook box" underneath the back of the van, and this box also carries anything in the way of spare boots and other litter not wanted inside. The tent-poles and the pole which carries the "Wells light" sling on to the sides of the van, and the water-buckets hang on to hooks underneath.

The windows of the van are leaded lattices, which we rescued from an old tumble-down cottage and fitted ourselves, and the sun-blinds, which let down from the roof, keep the van cool when travelling. The van cost about £200 when new, and is painted white, with green wheels, and the animals are two fine cart-horses, standing nearly seventeen hands high. These wear on their harness all the brass



From a]

THE COOK TRIPE & BUNNELL

1906.

trappings and bells that we can procure, and make a brave show when on the road. This harness has to be kept scrupulously clean, and the brasswork polished up till it dazzles the passer-by with its radiance.

The work of the expedition is usually divided equally amongst the party. One man does all the cooking and provisioning, which keeps him

old great-coat is often useful when sitting about the camp.

What tales are told round the camp fire, and what a lot of fun is afforded by the ordinary little incidents of the day's journey! However, all things must come to an end, and the fact that three or four of our members have fallen asleep in their chairs and that the fire has burnt



"THE LADIES SHARE THE LABOUR OF WASHING AND PACKING UP"
From a Photo.

well employed; another has to groom and look after the two horses, and do any odd jobs of carpentering or harness mending which crop up; and the other two men divide the labour of drawing water and hewing wood, neither of them being light tasks. As the hewer of wood has no tool to provide in the morning the job of mending the harness falls to him, and he and the horse-carrier have to fold up the tents and sleeping bags when we strike camp.

The ladies share the labour of washing and packing up, and the writer, with the more or less limited store at our disposal, has to be done very carefully.

All the party wear, as a distinctive mark, grey felt hats, with a white "jugare" round them, and for the men we took a shirt, with breeches and gaiters for the men and short skirts and blouses for the girls, the most portable dress. Coats are sold just on when on the road and at the evening, and at night time an

down to a red glow, shows that it is bed-time; and, with a thousand regrets that one more day of our fortnight's holiday is gone, we get up to prepare for bed. The fire has to be completely buried with turf—to insure a good blaze for breakfast and to stop the chance of the sparks blowing about and setting the adjacent heather alight—and then we retire to rest. The ladies disappear into the caravan, the men make for the tent, all thoroughly tired out with our day in the open air.

The tent is laced up both inside and outside, and the last man has to turn out the light and creep in under the walls. There is a certain amount of good-humoured fighting for the softest pillows and warmest rugs, and then silence reigns supreme in our little camp. We sleep the sleep of the just, undisturbed by the Forest ponies and the occasional cow or pig which tumbles over the tent ropes, at intervals, in its meanderings to new pastures. And this is caravan life!

Madame Sarah Bernhardt's Alligator Hunt.

BY FREDERIC MOORE.

A hitherto unrecorded incident in the life of the great actress. Whilst in New Orleans Madame Bernhardt visited the emporium of an alligator dealer, and suddenly took it into her head that she would like to catch an alligator for herself. To this end she made a trip by night out to one of the great "bayous," or swamps, back of the city, and there, under the guidance of an experienced hunter, she captured a roft. monster, who made things exceedingly lively for the members of the party until he was secured. A photograph of Madame Bernhardt's alligator is reproduced with the story.

"**H**E divine Sarah," while on her tours, is always interested in strange and curious people, places, and things. While fulfilling a week's engagement at New Orleans last year she spent her afternoons wandering about in the quaint Creole quarters of that city. On one of her jaunts she happened to stroll into an alligator vendor's establishment, in a dingy thoroughfare known as Charters Street. This establishment makes a speciality of supplying tourists from colder climates with living souvenirs of the district in the shape of little black alligators that have just shaken off their shells.

The men who live out in the great dismal swamps and capture alligators and their young for distribution—the former for sale to menageries and the latter as souvenirs—are of a

strange stock known as "Cajuns" (an abbreviation of "Acadians," by whom the territory of Louisiana was largely settled during the French régime). These people still cling to the old language, and if they speak English at all it is even worse than their French. Like the negroes of the States, they are all named after great men, but in their distorted *patois* the original names are hardly recognisable. "Delly-feet," for instance, stands for De Lafayette, and "Nap-yarn" for Napoleon.

While Madame Bernhardt was in the alligator store, gazing interestedly at the pens filled with wriggling, squirming little alligators, "Delly-feet," a long, lean, mud-covered, sun-bronzed "Cajun," whose whole attire consisted of a blue shirt, a pair of trousers rolled up to the knees, and a palmetto hat, entered with a sack



"'DELLY-FEET' ENTERED WITH A SACK OVER HIS SHOULDER."

over his shoulder containing half a hundred fully hatched creatures about 12 in. long. He had paddled his *Azoyas* (canoe) in through the

"Why do you not capture the big ones often?" asked Madame Bernhardt. "Surely that must be far more interesting and exciting



From *Le*

A PEN OF SMALL ALLIGATORS.

[Photo.

Arno (canoe) to the city, with his week's collection of baby "gators." They were disposed of to the alligator merchant at 5 cents apiece to be retailed by him subsequently at 25 cents.

The fellow French attracted Madame Bernhardt's attention, and she was soon in conversation with him, asking about his finer fashions and way of living. They are great lovers of their fatherland these descendants of the old French settlers, and when he discovered that Madame Bernhardt was not returned from that country, "Delly-fee" — usually spoken as his first name — became glibly to a moment. Madame Bernhardt showed great interest in him and she would be surprised to realize that the large numbers of the lovely are which he grows.

than looking for the quiet spots in the dry sands for nests and then watching the eggs hatch? There is no sport in catching little creatures that can hardly walk."

"No, but the young are always saleable," replied "Delly-fee," sagely, and went on to explain that there is no danger or effort required to catch the young, and they are no trouble or expense to bring to town. After the mother has laid the eggs in a sunny spot in the sand she thinks she has done her duty and goes off. The sun hatches them out, and as soon as their shells break they begin to forage for themselves. The hunters load them into their blouse shirt-fronts, so as to keep the little fellows warm until they can be got to some warmer corner of their huts.

Finally "Delly-fee" invited his new acquaint-



MADE IN THE U.S.A. BY THE
COURTESY OF THE U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

ance to go with him on a chase. Madame Bernhardt eagerly accepted, and a few evenings later, clad in a regular hunting-suit, with a short skirt and high boots, she and three of her friends boarded the little electric train for the summer resort of West End, on Lake Pontchartrain. At this place "Delly-feet" and two more hunters, with several *perogues*, met Madame Bernhardt and her party. The hunters had with them the necessary paraphernalia for capturing a monster.

It was eight o'clock when the party paddled off, the hunters heading for a likely inlet. The night was beautifully moonlit, and the quiet waters of the lake looked a sheet of shining silver. Had it not been so calm the party would have had to take more stable boats, for while the natives, accustomed to handling the frail craft, can keep them upright in almost any sea, the novice has to part his hair in the middle to keep them on an even keel.

Paddling along at a rapid rate the boats arrived in the proximity of the scene of operations in about half an hour, and "Delly-feet" gave instructions that all conversation must cease. The paddling now became a little slower and absolutely noiseless, the blades dipping in and out of the water without a sound.

Arrived at a known haunt of the alligators in a dark creek fringed with tall reeds, pine torches were lit in the canoes and a search begun at the water's edge for "gator" holes. In a few minutes a bunch of three were found.

Madame Bernhardt was particularly anxious to capture an alligator for herself, and so, under the guidance of the hunter, she laid a noose of stout rope about one of the holes. "Delly-feet" had picked out the smallest, thinking it was better to capture a

saurian that would give them no trouble than run any risks with too large a one while he had inexperienced guests to look after—for, although alligators usually flee from mankind, they are extremely dangerous when provoked to anger or when fight is forced upon them. Madame Bernhardt, however, wanted her alligator to be a big one, and she insisted that the largest hole should be the one selected.

The trap laid, the other end of the rope was tied to a stout tree. Then came a part of the operation the actress, gifted as she is, was utterly incapable of assisting in, involving as it does a close study of the habits of the alligators and ventriloquial powers of no mean order.

One of the hunters gave a low, weird snort, which sounded as if far off in the distance. In the stillness of the night and amid those dreary wastes it sounded most eerie. In a few moments there was another cry, as if nearer. Then another, and the noise was repeated until

at last there came a violent roar, ending in a spluttering among the weeds at the water's edge exactly as though a huge reptile had just landed from a long swim. It was a most clever piece of mimicry.

Almost on the instant a reply came—but out of the wrong hole! A little fellow, about 3ft. long, poked his nose out of a hole beside that around which the noose was laid and gave a responding snort. Quick as lightning the vigilant "Delly-feet," who had a lasso ready, cast it about the brute's neck, jerked the end of the rope, and drew him to a tree—keeping far enough away from him to avoid the

switch of his lashing tail and the snapping of his formidable jaws. He had hardly time to fasten the rope and secure the alligator when a hubbub among the rest of the party told that more game had been "bagged." Madame Bernhardt,



"SHE SAW A MONSTER ALLIGATOR CRAWLING OUT OF THE HOLE."

who had hold of her rope ready to give the jerk when the creature should have passed into the noose, was suddenly apprized of the fact that the critical moment had come while she was paying but little attention to the duty she had assumed. While she was eagerly watching the first creature, a slight pull on her rope attracted her attention. Turning quickly, she saw a second alligator crawling out of the hole, and immediately pulled on the rope, drawing the hoop right about the creature's middle.

The large animal roared with rage and tore furiously around the tree to which he found himself fast. He travelled faster than any of the party, although they had helter-skelter in all directions. The visitors had just time to get out of the way as the creature gained the place where they were, his tail sweeping from side to side and his great jaws snapping viciously. The pressure on his body caused by his violent tugs for freedom would have cut in two any creature without iron work, nighly safe. It was a pity for the alligator's sake that he had not been enough to bite the rope in two; he could have done it easily in one snap. Fortunately, however, the sharp legs of the party held him so that he could not follow backward, and soon the two animals were captured by Robert's assistants.

A heavy iron board, brought along for the

purpose, was now laid near him. He was tangled up as much as possible in the rope; and when all danger from his jaws and tail was past he was bound securely to the plank and the noose around his body cut. The plank with its burden was then conveyed to one of the boats. The smaller alligator was similarly bound and taken on board, and the expedition set out on its return journey. "Delly-feet" paddled back with the party to West End, and saw them safely started back to New Orleans. Then he tied his boats in a long line, Indian fashion, and paddled to his home on Bayou Saint John.

Madame Bernhardt's alligator—shown in the photograph here reproduced—turned out to be a ten-footer and weighed 275 lb. The hunter got 1 dol. 25 cents per foot for his prizes—a price

which hardly seems to warrant the terrible risk. He had, however, the unique satisfaction of having coached Madame Sarah Bernhardt on her first and last alligator hunt.

The vitality of the alligator was wonderful. He recovered immediately upon the noose being cut and lives to-day hale and hearty, and unless he meets an untimely end his natural life will extend far beyond that of any of those who made up the famous party that made him captive.



THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH WAS OBTAINED BY MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT—(Photo.)—IN 1849 AND IS 10 FEET LONG AND WEIGHED 275 LB. (Photo.)

THE PAYMASTER'S PERIL.

BY THE MARQUIS OF RUVIGNY.

The Marquis writes: "This story is taken from the diary of my late father, who was at the time a lieutenant in the 80th Regiment." It describes how the young officer, while acting as paymaster of his regiment, was entrusted with a number of sacks of rupees with which to pay the troops; how he lost his way in the enemy's country; what happened at the deserted pagoda; and how the dacoits who were after the treasure were finally worsted.



TOWARDS the close of the Burmese War of 1852-3 it fell to my lot to be acting-paymaster of my regiment. We were encamped nine miles from Prome, and part of my duty was to repair twice a month to that station to draw rupees from the Treasury for the payment of the soldiers and camp-followers. The going was merely a pleasant ride when made on the back of a Pegu pony, but I was obliged to make the return journey on an elephant, as the sacks of rupees were far too heavy to be borne by any animal with less weight-carrying power.

One day I drew my indent, as usual, from the Treasury, and whilst waiting until the heat of the day was over before starting on the return journey I went over to the Horse Artillery lines to visit a friend who had asked me to tiffin. Towards afternoon dark clouds rolled up over the sky, and everything indicated an approaching storm. It was imperative, however, that I should return to the camp that evening, and so I started off, declining my friend's pressing invitation to remain in his quarters until next morning.

I had got a mile or two outside Prome when the storm broke. First came a flash of vivid blue lightning, then a deafening crash of thunder; the leaves quivered, and the birds flew hither and thither in wild alarm. Then flash and crash came in quick succession, followed by such torrents of rain as no one can imagine who has not been in Burma. Thanks to my

military cloak, I kept fairly dry, but I had no time to think about such a trifle as a wetting, for the pealing of the thunder and the dazzling flashes of blue lightning sent my elephant clean out of her mind. Heedless of the mahout's chastisement, Hera, generally extremely passive, figuratively took the bit between her teeth and fled frantically out of the avenue of trees



"HERA, GENERALLY EXTREMELY PASSIVE, FIGURATIVELY TOOK THE BIT BETWEEN HER TEETH."

through which we were passing. She presently took to the open country, making her way towards some hills which I had been told were infested by dacoits.

To stop the terrified brute was impossible, and night closed in upon us wet and weary and several miles from the road that led to my station, with the elephant still dashing madly along. We were now in a gorge between the hills, and a broad track, worn by the traffic, showed that it was a highway to some of the many

Japanese Pillars which had clattered on in a most entire ignorance of the war that rolled along the Towyddy, and which had desolated so many large inland towns on the bank opposite to that on which we were now journeying. The inland speed with me that it would be very dangerous to trust myself and the large treasure I load with me among these natives.

By this time the storm had abated; the stars came out, and a crescent moon gave some faint light. Finding Hera more tractable, the mahout turned her head in what he fancied was the direction of the river. The paddy-fields were tolerably hard, not yet having been converted into a swamp by the rainy season, but the elephant was now very good and made but slow progress. As we passed along at the foot of a hill a scene of exquisite beauty suddenly opened up before us. In a kind of island amphitheatre we saw a people gathered in the starlight, the gilded roof reflecting the faint beams of the young moon, while ever and anon the lary music of the five-stringed bells which fringed the ponies' ears in soft whisperings on the evening breeze swept among them.

The mahout suggested that we should ascend the steps of this temple and stay there until morning; by this night was growing darker and the elephant showed signs of great fatigue. There was no appearance of any village near the temple, nor were any houses or arched bridges visible.

As we approached the steps leading up to the temple we noticed that they were grass-grown and shabby enough, as though they had not been lately cleaned by worshippers, and the walls above were no aspect of nature. Fortunately the main way by which we ascended was a deep gutter, so that we were not any more than jostling against one another, but large numbers of the well-trained elephants mounted the broad steps freely but slowly, and I trotted more freely when we reached the platform on which the temple stood. There were four horses at the top of each staircase, and every third large one was followed by a smaller figure of a pony with a green bell hanging before it

in a shed. Towards this shed the mahout directed Hera, and by lying flat upon the pad I managed to get under the shelter of the roof without dismounting. My reasons for objecting to dismount were that I was determined not to part company with my precious treasure, and—although I had no positive grounds for distrusting the mahout—I was perplexed by his inability to check the elephant in her flight towards the hills. When we got into the shadow of the shed, therefore, I warned him that if he showed any treachery the first bullet I fired should be through his body.

For arms I had a large Dean and Adams



"THE WELL-TAILED ELEPHANT MOUNTED THE BROAD STEPS SLOWLY BUT SURELY."

revolver; a Colt hung to my belt, and in my picnic basket was a heavy double pistol, which had seen service on the Sutlej, and was picked up on the field of Ferozeshah by the friend who gave it to me. In this basket, too, I had a bottle of cherry-brandy, a stone flask of

curagoa, and a bottle of Exshaw brandy. All these I had purchased in Prome as samples for our mess. I now drained a tumbler of the brandy as if it were water—for I was soaked to the skin and bitterly cold—and gave some to the mahout, whose teeth were chattering audibly. Hera soon smelt the spirit and, putting up her trunk, asked for something to drink by various sounds easily understood by her attendant. She was an especial favourite of mine, and I accordingly opened the cherry-brandy for her, knowing how fond of sweet cordials all elephants are. She finished half the bottle, grunting with satisfaction as she poured it from her trunk into her capacious mouth. Meanwhile the mahout had reconnoitred the gloomy shed in which we were ensconced. He announced that there was ample standing-room for the elephant behind the figure of Gaudama, and by a little coaxing we managed to persuade her to move in behind the huge image, which almost completely hid us from the view of any prowling native.

The moments passed slowly by in the dark shed, and I was beginning to feel drowsy when the mahout's hand touching my knee aroused me. Footsteps and voices sounded close by, followed by scuffling and smothered groans! Instantly I was on the alert, peering intently through the gloom. Presently several Burmese came scrambling up the terraced steps, carrying a woman swathed in drapery and bound hand and foot. They had evidently been pursued, for they gazed about them anxiously and inquiringly, while one pointed to the figure of the god in a manner that made me fear they knew of our hiding-place. It was not so, however; apparently they intended to hide there themselves, and after a few minutes' conversation they lifted their helpless burden, which they had laid down while they talked, and came towards the shed.

This would not do at all. If these natives got to know of our hiding-place they

might bring a swarm of the enemy down upon us.

I drew my revolver, and was just leveling it at the foremost man when the mahout drove his goad into Hera's neck so suddenly and sharply that she trumpeted loudly with pain, following this up by a most tremendous bellow, something between a howl and a roar. The noise so startled me that involuntarily, and quite at random, I pulled the trigger of my revolver. The bullet struck the great bell in front of me, and glancing sharply off entered the heart of the Burman who was carrying the captive, and he dropped like a stone! The trumpeting of the elephant, the pealing of the bell, and the report of my pistol, coming almost together, so terrified the Burmans that, shouting "*Killi-kio-mao!*" ("The devil, the devil!"), they fled precipitately, leaving their comrade lying



"THEY FLED PRECIPITATELY."

shed by the role of the woman. All this happened so quickly that it was some time before I realized what had occurred.

I applauded the mahout warmly for his cleverness in causing the elephant to speak on our behalf, and, as I now felt confidence in him, I suffered down from the elephant to examine the poor captive who was lying bound upon the stone ledge outside the joo-house. I soon cut the chains which bound her, and with some difficulty removed the gag, which had lacerated her mouth cruelly. She was quite unconscious, but, fortunately, I still had the flask of curaçoa, and forcing some of this between her lips soon revived her. It turned out that she was the daughter of Pagan, a cool who had been of some service to the British during the war and had consequently been made headman of a large town close to where we were. She had been to Prome, she said, and had sought shelter from the storm in one of the wayside huts as custom in Pegu. Before sleep, she woke up to find herself surrounded by the deroits, the enemies of her father, who seized and bound her. What fate would have been hers she did not know—whether she was to be held for ransom or murdered for revenge. Her captives knew no mercy, and she gladly undertook to guide us to the camp.

Facing her the deroits made business by our eyes to snatch by the temple for their prize, we descended to meet it on its side. The mahout stood beside me, the dead Burman's *dao*, or sword, and I had my musket and an ivory-headed staff. There are four staircases to every pagoda, some covered, some open. We had ascended by an open one, but, wishing to secure the nation of any of our enemies who might still be lurking about, we descended by a covered one, at which the outlet was in a narrow hallway by a grave of trees. Through the hall stood a woman, whose uplifted the roof of the pagoda side of the great doorway a few moments ago, and, as we passed, she turned to look at the nation of the nation. The woman,

whose ears were sharpened by terror, walked in front with me, while the mahout brought up the rear with the elephant. It was a trying time as we crept cautiously down the gloomy arcade, our ears strained for the slightest sound.

At last, however, we reached the entrance, which was guarded by two huge images, somewhat resembling cats. Crossing a grass-grown path, we passed into a grove of trees. Here the elephant stopped, and the mahout explained that she wanted water, and scented it. The Burmese girl volunteered to lead us to some, and in a few minutes we stood by the side of a large pool. On the mahout's advice I removed the treasure and my belongings with the pad,

and let Hera enjoy the luxury of a bath in the cool, silvery water of the miniature tree-embosomed lake. While the elephant was doing this the girl glided silently away into the forest, returning after half an hour or so laden with pines and custard-apples. Then, while the mahout went off to forage for the benefit of the elephant, the Burmese girl lay down in the shadow of a large tree to rest. Selecting another for myself I made a pile of my treasure-bags, covered them with the pad, and lay down to rest my very tired limbs. Before the anxiously-awaited dawn arrived, however, another heavy storm drove us once more for shelter to the gateway of the deserted pagoda.

At last the day broke and we started off on our way to the camp. After three hours' weary plodding through paddy-fields, where the elephant travelled with exceeding difficulty, we reached the bank of a deep nullah, through which a stream, swollen by the heavy rains until it was some 100 ft. deep, was violently whirling. So fierce, indeed, was the torrent that the posts of a wooden bridge by which we had hoped to cross had been loosened, and the sagacious Hera, after feeling them with her trunk, positively refused to trust herself upon it. There was nothing for us to do—unwelcome and dangerous as was the delay—but to wait in the wayside house by the bridge until the flood



THE LATE MARQUIS OF RUVIGNY, TO WHOM THE ADVENTURE HAPPENED. [Photo.]

had subsided. It went on until long past mid-day, when a Burman coming from the opposite side directed us to a bridge higher up the stream over which he said the elephant could cross. This man, as I noticed uneasily, paid particular attention to the bags of rupees.

I promised our informant two rupees for guiding us to the British camp, and late in the evening we reached our destination in safety, to my great relief. Having ascertained that the girl had friends in an adjoining village, and paid and dismissed the Burman, I went to my quarters, where I had a bath, changed my clothes, and broke my thirty-six hours' fast with a hearty meal.

It was a mile from my quarters to the place where the regimental safe was kept under charge of the main guard, and, as I was too fatigued to take the sacks of rupees down, I resolved, much against the advice of my colour-sergeant, to keep them by me for the night and hand over the money in the morning.

The house in which I was quartered had once been a *phoongee* house or monastery and school-house combined. It was very large, measuring about fifty yards by fifteen, and was surrounded by a broad veranda, reached by four stone staircases. These *phoongee* houses are built of teak and consist of only one floor, raised some 12ft. from the ground on teak piles; the space beneath is open and is used sometimes as a market-place, sometimes as a school, and sometimes as a place for the priests to sit in during the heat of the day. The doors of the rooms do not open as ours do, but lift up like the lid of a box. The front of my house faced the cantonments and the rear looked on to an open plain, which stretched

out for some three miles behind our lines. My bedroom was at the back of the building, its door immediately facing the gate at the top of one of the four staircases aforesaid, and I was accustomed to sleep with my door lifted up for the sake of air. Two of my servants usually slept in the veranda—one an orphan Burmese boy who had attached himself to me after the

storming of Shoay Dagon Pagoda, the other a Nuigh tribesman whose fidelity had been proved upon more than one occasion. The treasure was in a chest at the end of my room; at the far end of the big house was the hospital, occupied just then by only a few patients, and watched over by a sentry whose beat, however, was on the ground below.

As I awoke slowly from the deep sleep induced by my extreme fatigue something seemed to impress upon me the necessity of lying as still as death. The moonlight was streaming into the room, and as I opened my eyes I saw

to my horror that the place was crowded with Burmans. I could even smell the peculiar odour of palm-oil which accompanies them. Through my half-closed eyelids I became aware, too, of two watchers crouching on either side of my bed. Their lurid eyes glared savagely at me, and their uplifted daggers, gleaming in the moonlight, showed that they meant to kill me the moment I showed signs of waking.

So I lay perfectly still, feigning slumber, but watching the whole extraordinary scene through my eyelids. One by one my bags of rupees were removed into the veranda, and as I lay there, wrapped in apparent slumber, I seemed as if I could hear my heart beating. It was partly fear—for death was very close indeed that night—and partly rage, for I knew that the



"A BURMAN COMING FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE DIRECTED US TO A BRIDGE HIGHER UP THE STREAM."

danger had fallen me after all. But to move was to invite death, and so I lay wondering what had become of my servants and whether they had betrayed me, while I watched the robbers almost strip my room, working silently and rapidly.

Then suddenly I heard the "relief" and a patrol marching with measured tread along the back road in front of my quarters. What good angel had sent them to my aid I could not guess, but I heard the steady tramp ascending the front staircase and coming along the

speaking to their chief. In an instant I had clutched the revolver under my pillow, and as the men returned—I suppose to take my head—I let fly two shots in quick succession. One bullet went through the heart of a huge fellow, who seemed to be the chief, and the other laid low a man whom I recognised as the Burman who had met me in the morning at the bridge.

In another moment the room was full of our men, alarmed by the shooting, and I was saved. One of my two servants—the little Burmese boy—had managed to slip away unperceived by the



"I LET FLY TWO SHOTS IN QUICK SUCCESSION."

veranda. I could scarcely resist the impulse to sit up and add, for one of the watchers had just crossed the fire over me as though to strike. The noise ceased however, two other Burmans disappeared and all the robbers listened intently. The patrol halted, and in the breathless interval which ensued it was almost maddening to hear the thieves arguing the necessity of murdering me. Your hope revived as death and murder the relief came pacing from the veranda. Once more the robbers hurried out to see all the way beside my bed. Again one of our men was killed, but the other disappeared and the patrol then left the

dacoits, and had fled to give the alarm which fetched the patrol. The other, my faithful

Nuigh, Ootom Moomig, who kept the keys of the gate, lay dead on the veranda, his head nearly severed from his body and five great stabs right through his loyal heart.

Of the dacoits we captured five, all of whom were identified by the girl whom we had rescued as having been among her captors. Had it not been for the scare they got at the temple when engaged on another piece of villainy, it is quite possible that the dacoits would have discovered us in the pagoda and secured the treasure there, instead of losing their lives in their desperate but so nearly successful attempt to carry it off from the cantonment.

LIFE IN LABRADOR.

By C. TURVILLE GARDNER.

The author has lived for a considerable period in the little-known Colony of Labrador—the “rubbish-heap of creation.” He describes the terrible rigours of the long winter and the strenuous lives of the hardy toilers who live in this grim land of snow, ice, and fog.



LABRADOR has been described as the “rubbish-heap of creation.” It is a cold, hard country—a land of forbidding cliffs and frowning precipices, with never a sloping shore or pleasant sandy beach. Inland it is no more attractive; ponds, marshes, woods, and far-spreading “barrens,” uninhabited and unexplored, cover the undulating ground. The country is difficult to cross at any time, but in the summer it is made impassable by the mosquitoes and flies which breed on the innumerable marshes. Travelling across country and all hunting and trapping work have therefore to be done in the winter.

Even the sea does its best to close these inhospitable coasts permanently to man. The warm Gulf Stream and the cold Arctic current meet a little way to the south-east of Newfoundland, and as the warm, moist air from the former passes over the Arctic current the moisture is condensed and a heavy pall of fog settles down. Year in and year out you may rely on meeting this fog unless there is a good breeze, and the sailor has no more terrible foe, the dangers of which are increased a hundred-fold

hereabouts from the fact that there are numerous icebergs about. Day after day these glistening monsters drift southwards on the current at a rate of two or three miles an hour, an ever-present menace to shipping. At times, if it is clear, over a dozen can be seen at once. Not only are there these bergs to be met with, but enormous fields of “floe-ice” lie on and off the shore, moving with the wind and rendering a journey by water practically impossible. For days at a time, as far as the eye can see, there will be nothing but ice.

When this sort of thing happens in the spring-time it means that travelling of all kinds has to be suspended, for on land the “softness”—the gradual thawing-out of things, a two months’ process—renders any journey out of the question. The best thing the unfortunate wayfarer can do at such a time is to “lie up” and wait for an off-shore wind to drive the flocs away. This may come in one, two, or three weeks.

A very good idea of the difficulty of getting about in Labrador may be gained from a description of one of my own experiences. On April 17th last myself and another man left the head of



From a Photo.] “AN EVER-PRESENT MENACE TO SHIPPING.” [by the Author.

Canada Bay with the intention of getting to St. Anthony, a distance in a bee-line of thirty seven miles. We made a start at about 2.30 a.m., taking all our "gear" on our backs. The "gear" consisted of a knapsack containing food for three or four days, without which it is never safe to travel in this inhospitable country. We also carried matches, string, snow-shoes, and several other necessities, a gun and well-filled cartridge bag, "rackets" or snow-sticks, and any or two pairs of gloves and socks, besides the three pairs of stockings we already wore. Last, but by no means least, we took an axe and a kettle.

The four poles down the bay we walked on ice made treacherous by heavy seas outside and a strong tide beneath. At the edge of this we put all our "gear" into a boat and launched it, only to be met at once with the difficulty of passing through "wash," which in English means newly formed ice. After an arduous five-mile pull we reached the mouth of the bay, but had trouble in landing because of the pack ice which had drifted in from the sea. Here we got a second breakfast and borrowed a small boat. This boat we had to drag for half a mile across the ice, and then at last, with a fair wind, we got under way. The wind is the first thing to be careful about on a journey like this. An "off-shore" wind means freedom from ice; but at the same time, when you are travelling in a small boat, you must watch the wind and weather constantly, or else both you and your boat may get off out to sea into the great fog-banks and never be heard of more.

After two miles of pulling and sailing we suddenly saw another boat close inshore.

"Who's that?" I asked my companion. "The doctor?"

"No, it's not the doctor; must be Jakey," he replied. "Jakey, by the way, is the postman."

"Hello, Jakey!" I sang out, as we came close. "Got my mail for me?"

"Hold on a little bit, come alongside."

I got close to him. The postman told us that there would be no mail stop for us off Cape Day, and that we had better land in to Conche. At this point they are all Irish, and, with characteristic hospitality, no matter how we set out in that place, how we were pinched upon, gave plenty of food, and insisted in the best house in the place.

By seven o'clock, however, the wind had risen to a gale, and yet it had come the ice from every side of the bay, as far as we could see, there was nothing but ice, covering north, east, south, and west, and extending in about three miles to land. That was our first shock of winter and the end of our "mail" stop. There are

the two spring resources of Labrador, the ducks being shot to eat and the seal to wear. On the Saturday we laboriously hauled our boat across a neck of land, saving us three miles, and early morning on Monday found us under way. But after an hour's pull we were brought up by the ice, which had got jammed at a headland. We spent an hour or two on the rocks at the foot of the cliffs, but, seeing that if the wind went down the ice would pen us up helplessly under unclimbable cliffs, we beat a retreat to a spot where we could, if necessary, climb up. This was a very necessary precaution, from the fact that, if the wind veers right in, the driven flocs may pile up to a height of 50ft., threatening a fearful death to any unfortunate caught in their icy embrace. Soon after we found the ice opening somewhat and so made a move. We were soon brought up by ice again, however.

"There's a way," shouted my fellow-traveller. "Look how it's running!"

"Right you are; now we'll have to haul, quick, or we'll get nipped."

My companion jumped out on to the ice on one side, I on the other; and with our "slob-pounders," or paddles, we shoved the masses of ice aside. Then we rowed the boat a little distance, then caught hold of her by the bows and pulled her out of the water and across the ice. A few yards of this and we reached an open stretch, where we tumbled the boat in and ourselves on top of her. Time after time we did this, often landing to look for a channel through the eternal pack-ice, continually in danger of getting crushed like a shell between the rugged masses of ice. Contrary to our expectations, however, we slept under a roof, which we reached at nightfall. Next day we left, at about 2.30 a.m., in a blizzard of snow, rain, and fog, which finally drove us for shelter to another house.

And so it went on day by day, till after a week and three days of the most arduous travelling imaginable, generally turning out at 2.30 in the morning and working hard all day, we reached St. Anthony, only thirty-seven miles in a bee-line from our starting-point. This will explain to you why Labrador is not in favour as a tourist resort.

I mentioned sealing and duck-shooting as being the spring resources of Labrador. In winter the inhabitants have to go into the woods and cut and haul out their next year's supply of fuel. They also build boats and mend their "linnets" or nets. All this work leads up to the great summer fishery. Labrador men and Newfoundlanders are fishermen and, one might almost say, nothing else. Fish is the mainstay of their existence; if fish are



COD SCHOONERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FISHING-GROUNDS—“WHEN FISH ARE
From a Photo.] SCARCE IT IS A BAD YEAR FOR LABRADOR.” *[by the Author.*

scarce, it is a bad year for Labrador and Newfoundland. Curiously enough, however, only the codfish is recognised as “fish,” and a common question among the people is: “Will you have fish or salmon?” The fishermen are divided into three classes—those who fish in boats with hook and line off their own homes; those who “jig” or jerk the hook into the fish’s body; and those who fish with traps. These last, who catch far the most fish, are, of course, the aristocracy of the fishing population.

Every year, in May and June, the Labrador schooners leave their southern Newfoundland homes to go “down the shore” — north is always “down”—in search of fish. As soon as the off-shore winds begin to blow and the ice gets driven off the shore, the fish begin to come in. Alas! sometimes the “off” wind does not come when it is expected, and last year the vessels were blocked in the ice until August, when the fish had gone.

A schooner goes “down the Labrador” well laden. She has plenty of hands aboard, a large quantity of salt, a certain amount of food, and more hope; but there is more hope goes down the coast than comes up, for a bad fishery spells

disaster. What is a man to do when he relies on his summer catch for his family’s winter food and the schooner comes home absolutely empty?

The fishery is over all too soon. It lasts through July, August, and September, if all is well. During that time a good voyage will have brought in a thousand and a half quintals, or hundredweight, for a crew of five or six hands; of this each man’s share pans out at about one twelfth.

These schooner-men, who come and go, account for a large number of the Labrador population. Of the rest, there are the “liveries,” or settlers—who make their living by catching salmon and trout in the summer and collecting fur in the winter—and Esquimaux. These latter are interesting people to live among.

They are always jolly and contented—just big-grown-up babies. They live by fishing and hunting, and, although they sleep a large part of the winter, they find time to put in some successful deer-hunting and sealing, the latter being the more important of the two, for seal blubber is most excellent for the dogs, which have marvellous capabilities in that line. Then, too, sealskin is all that is required for most excellent boots, which are worn everywhere in the winter; the skin is warm for clothes and bed rugs; the oil burns well enough to light the tent; and, to



A GROUP OF LABRADOR ESQUIMAUX—“THEY ARE NOT THE MOST CIVILIZED PEOPLE.”
From a Photo. by the Author.

every all you will find the Eskimoes in the snowy heaven of delight, as his sun down to his light, daily much of seal blubber or blubber. The remainder of the population of Labrador is made up of Mountaineer Indians, about whom very little is known. They are the only people who live inland; occasionally they come out to the coast to exchange fur for goods, but otherwise they are not seen.

As the autumn approaches all the schooner men get to getting their traps, and are soon under way for the north, only the Esquimaux and "livvies" and the Moravian mission after being left behind.

I found one of a schooner very passable, for summer (they are nice and clean, and eating with the crew is a change from the hard consciousness of home).

At the beginning of October everybody has started his plans for the winter's work. Some begin going up the bay and building a fresh "house" and loading or cutting their next year's wood, while others will be patching up their



AN IMPORTANT EVENT—THE LAST PROVISION SHIP OF THE YEAR ARRIVES.
From a Photo. by the Author.

houses. The majority, however, will build a boat or two and have plenty of time on their hands. There is always anxiety, however, about the winter food supply. Often it will not arrive till November or even December. Then the last mail-boat of the season comes down laden, but perhaps with an insufficient quantity to supply the whole coast. Her captain promises to make one more call, but very often cannot on

account of the ice, and things go pretty hard with the Labrador-men.

The photograph given above represents a most typical case of this kind. Last December we had only about half a barrel of flour and some salt fish and salmon left, and considerable doubts as to the arrival of any material quantity in addition to this slender stock. The bay froze up, and still there was no sign of the schooner with the winter supplies, and all hands began to look anxious. On the 2nd of December, however, at about five o'clock, she was sighted outside the ice. Next morning we all turned to with saws and axes, the ropes were cheerily manned, and the vessel was hauled into her winter



By the Author.



From a Photo.]

A LABRADOR HOMESTEAD IN WINTER.

[by the Author.

anchorage. Then from all round the bay came dogs, slides, "komatiks," and sledges, men and boys singing and shouting for joy across the ice. The tackles squeaked at their work, and by evening the schooner was empty and the frozen butter and meat stowed away in the "tilts" or houses all round the bay.

They were ready to settle down for a snug winter. The houses were well "stogged" with moss and the windows made air-tight by ice. All who have traps put on their rackets and "travel" into the country. An otter trap is set in this stream and a fox trap beside that pond, and so on till there are, perhaps, thirty traps set—a week's work. These traps are visited once a week, as a rule, and so the furrier has his winter's work cut out for him.

Every week, if the woods are handy, a "trip" is made into them, and a day's work put in cutting and hauling out wood for fuel, with the help of the dogs. In this way enough wood is cut to last the summer as well, and this is brought down in the spring in boats.

The only fresh food that is obtainable in the winter is caribou flesh, so that everyone makes at least one journey in the winter on to the hills to shoot deer; but even here many things combine to upset carefully-laid plans. Of course, the weather is carefully watched for a good "time," but all weather prophets fail sometimes, and perhaps the ground is too "hard" or perhaps too "soft."

Of such moment is the yearly visit of the doctor that to those on the northern coasts it forms a most important event. At a glance this

may not be apparent, but it becomes more so when one knows that this gentleman is doctor, surgeon, dentist, clergyman, magistrate, and policeman, skipper of a steamer, owner of three co-operative stores, head of three hospitals—one on the French shore, and two, visited in the summer on his steamer, "down the Labrador"—and trader and mill-owner, all without competition. I give his photograph as he appeared after a cross-country run and three nights in the open with the thermometer at 25deg. and 30deg. below zero. Behind him is one of his almost starved dogs. Perhaps in this dress you do not recognise an eminent English surgeon; but such he is.

The Newfoundlanders, though tough and hardy, are by no means a healthy race. The



THIS GENTLEMAN TELLS THE STORIES OF DOGS, CLERGYMAN, MAGISTRATE, AND DOCTOR. HE ALSO NAVIGATE A STEAMER AND OWNS THREE STORES.

From a Photo. by the Author.

constant exposure, the continual risk necessarily engendered from the nature of their work, the insufficient—and at best poor—food and worse clothing have rendered them peculiarly accessible to the frequent ravages of sickness and disease.

Here is an incident worth relating. Our steamer was forced to take refuge from the ice in a small light called Canada. Here we found a few Irish families living. At once we were boarded by a crowd of men, some wishing to see the doctor in his professional capacity, some to sell him fur.

I noticed two men in particular. The doctor

do him good. Often these men will not be content unless they have got something wrong with them, but a good emetic often convinces them they are cured, while their testimonies to the curative powers of bread and sugar or lard pills are innumerable.

My last photo. was taken eleven miles inland on the shores of a bay, and shows the house in which I spent a large part of last winter. The Newfoundlanders are very handy men, and he who would live among them must be one, too. This house was one we built ourselves in the autumn, and was the biggest house in the neighbourhood. The party shown in the foreground



CHINA (1941). "WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT A DROP TO DRINK."

[by the Author.

attended one of them, and, having agreed to make up some medicine for him, sent him where to get the twenty cents fee. After ten minutes or so the doctor came on deck and, seeing, as he thought, the man waiting, gave him some powders and a plaster, receiving twenty cents in exchange. Presently a man came on deck and paid twenty cents, asking for his powders and plaster. The doctor, seeing the mistake, asked the first man, who was perfectly healthy, what on earth he had bought the medicine for, as it was not attended for him. To his astonishment the man replied that, though he was quite well, he had succeeded in getting some medicine and intended to keep it. He had gone to make the powders and apply the plaster, but as he was sure they would

are on their way to look for water in its natural form, but as what they are walking on is the sea it will be understood that the precious fluid is not likely to be found easily.

Besides fish, the resources of Newfoundland and Labrador are practically non-existent. Lumbering is carried on to a certain extent, and there are one or two mines and a continual fruitless talk of more being opened. But if a use could be found for good solid rock or ice, in bulk, their prospects of a more promising future would appear to have a greater possibility of accomplishment. It is in a great measure owing to the energy and resource of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, of which I have been a disinterested spectator, that Labrador is what it is to-day.

A "Tenderfoot" in a Prairie Fire.

BY RALPH STOCK, OF MAPLE CREEK, ASSINIBOIA, CANADA.

Arriving at a little prairie station an absolute "tenderfoot" or greenhorn, the author had not been in the place an hour when he was seized upon by the local "fire-guardian" to go and help fight a dangerous prairie fire ten miles away. The experience was a novel and most exciting one. When things were at their worst and the fire-fighters were being driven back, a providential downpour of rain extinguished the conflagration and saved a threatened homestead.



HOPELESS, palpable "tenderfoot," and painfully aware of the fact, I arrived, bag and baggage, at Maple Creek, a ranching centre in the North-West Territories of Canada, after a more or less uncomfortable journey of some 6,000 miles.

There were no porters to seize my traps as I stood on the tiny platform, feeling, and I'm sure looking, like the proverbial fish out of water; no cries of "Cab, sir?"—simply silence.

At first I thought I was the only occupant of that platform, dumped down, as it were, on the wide-spreading prairie, and looking for all the world like a disused packing-case turned upside down. On looking round, however, I discovered a short, thick-set man, with a face the colour of red ochre, surmounted by a stiff, wide-brimmed felt hat, the crown of which was decorated with four dents at opposite angles. A gay-coloured scarf, tied

in a tight knot, adorned his neck, and a black leather jacket, dark blue linen trousers, turned up at least 4in., revealing high-heeled riding boots and spurs, completed his costume.

At last! This must be a real live cowboy. I was at once deeply interested, and I'm afraid my scrutiny must have been anything but timid,

for, to my astonishment, he walked straight up to me.

"Anything I can do, stranger?" he said, in a friendly tone, accompanied with a broad grin that was vastly reassuring, though it rather annoyed me. Why do Westerners always grin

at Easterners, especially newly-arrived ones? Since then I have found out, and I'm afraid I do it myself.

"No, thanks," I said, and then changed my mind. "Well," I added, "I was just wondering if I could find a porter, or someone, to carry my bag to the hotel."

"Gee! a porter!" he exclaimed. "Here, give me your grip."

Of course, I thought he wanted to shake hands with me, and couldn't quite see the connection: but he explained matters by catching up my handbag, swinging it on to his shoulder, and starting off in the direction of a gloomy-looking log structure across the road.

He deposited his burden inside the door, and with a gruff "There you are, pard," was about to walk away when, like the ignorant idiot I was, I produced a "quarter" and held it out to him.

It struck me he was unusually dense, for he stared stolidly for a second or two with a look



"'ANYTHING I CAN DO, STRANGER?' HE SAID."

that seemed to say, "I suppose the poor creature can't help it," and finally turned on his heel, with a queer smile in the corner of his mouth. I grasped the situation just in time. "Well, you'd have a drink, then?" I suggested, humbly.

"Thanks," he said, in a mollified tone, and we approached the bar.

I heard many things about Western

little man appeared, dressed in the usual rancher's costume. He was rather breathless and perspiring freely.

"Fire south of Pie Pot Creek," he shouted; "wind rising; all turn out!" and then made for the bar.

There was an instant stir in the assembled crowd. Some made for the door, some loitered, unwilling to move. The latter were summarily



"'FIRE SOUTH OF PIE POT CREEK,' HE SHOUTED."

rumor at that bar; among other items I collected was the fact that a man with a "white wall round his neck" (*Arrière*, collar) is in no way superior to one who wears a light blue scarf with yellow spots. It was also a relief to know that my new friend had excused my initial error on account of my extreme youth and ignorance.

There were many fires in that bar room, all rather serious and lowly, and all bearing the unmistakable stamp of good nature. They belonged to a crowd of cowboys, "broncho benders," and cowmen from a hundred miles round, and I never recall, touch-tongued, but thoroughly good-natured symphony, one could not miss.

My companion and I got in a quiet part and observed the bar. Our interests were mutual, for we discovered that our feet had brothers in the same regard as the bars, and we were getting on famously, when suddenly the floor opened abruptly and an enormous-looking

dealt with. "Turn out; you know the penalty!" said the new arrival, sternly.

One by one they obeyed the summons; some cheerfully, others grumbling.

"Are you going to turn out?" asked the perspiring little man, addressing me.

"Where?" I asked, lamely.

He must have seen I was a "tenderfoot," for he was merciful, though short.

"There's a prairie fire way out south of Pie Pot Creek," he explained. "I'm a fire-guardian, and it's my duty to fetch anyone within ten miles to fight it. If they refuse there's a penalty of 50dols. to pay. You can get a lift in a police waggon if you haven't a horse. Now skip!"

At this point he took a deep draught of beer and heaved a sigh as if of relief at having disposed of his stock oration.

I looked helplessly for my companion. He had vanished. Outside the door, however, I saw his face, smiling as ever at my approach.

"You're let in for it, pard—and your first night up West, too!" he remarked, sympathetically. "You'd better come with me; I can borrow a 'cayuse' and a saddle for you."

In less than a quarter of an hour we were in the saddle, alternately loping and trotting over the prairie towards a red glare which showed far away on the southern horizon.

My interest was now fully aroused, and even the uncertain movements of my Indian-bred "cayuse" could not baffle me.

"W—what starts a pr—prairie fire?" I inquired, between the back-breaking jolts, as

we trotted along. My friend, like most cowboys, was full of

information, and not in the least loth to part with it, for which I was relieved, as, for my own part, talking was a matter that needed no little management.

"Oh, lots of things," he replied, in an unshaken voice that might have proceeded from the recesses of a deep arm-chair. "The sparks from an engine, you know, ashes from a pipe, or a match thrown away while it is still glowing. Why, I've known even the sparks from a horse's shoe striking a stone to start a fire! But lightning starts more fires than anything else—not an ordinary storm, but just lightning and thunder without rain. We often get them out here."

By this time we had

brought our steeds to a walk, and I could speak with less difficulty.

"Do you get paid at all for turning out like this?"

"Not a cent," was the prompt reply; "but you have to pay 50dols. if you don't. You may spoil all your clothes trying to fight a fire, and yet you get nothing back. It's the worst job in the country. It makes you wish you were a doctor or a chemist for a week—they don't have to turn out, you know. But you'll learn all you want to of prairie fires to-night."

We loped on, passing police wagons filled with

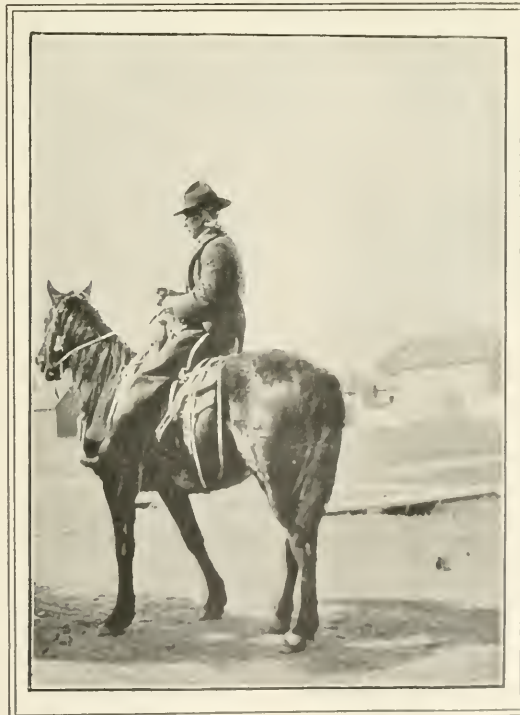
willing helpers, single men on horse-back, and a few unfortunates on foot, all making for that sinister red patch that grew brighter every minute.

The wind was rising, and the air was slowly becoming more and more smoke-laden. My companion looked annoyingly comfortable, sitting there for all the world as though in a rocking-chair, while I swayed from side to side, with my trousers—contrary to all the laws of gravitation—slowly working up my leg in a most irritating fashion.

Flames were now discernible, flickering out through huge billows of black smoke. A faint crackling, too, could be heard, growing louder and louder till it merged into a dull roar, and soon we saw figures running hither and thither,



From a] THE AUTHOR, WITH THE HORSE HE RODE TO THE FIRE. [Photo.



From a] THE "FIRE-GUARDIAN" OF MAPLE CREEK. [Photo.

illumined blackly across a blood-red background.

At last we came to a sudden stop, my "cayuse" leaving almost simultaneously with my companion, and nearly shooting me over the "horns" of the saddle.

After dismounting I found myself gazing at the proceedings in a dazed sort of way, while my companion, with practised fingers, hastily tethered our two steeds to a police waggon. Then he took a long oilskin coat from behind his saddle.

"Haven't you got a 'slicker'?" he remarked. "You'd better see what you can get in the waggon." And he disappeared into the smoke.

I made for a little group of men with

beat and beat at the running lines of fire with my improvised mop till my arms felt like parting company with my body. Every now and then I would beat a retreat, running to the waggon and wetting my mop in a barrel of water that was kept filled from a creek three miles away by a couple of industrious teamsters who had been commandeered, with their waggons, by the zealous "fire-guardian." Once I was so absorbed with my mopping that I was nearly run down by a couple of horsemen, one on each side of the line of fire, who were galloping along pell-mell, dragging between them a wet cow-hide loaded down with chains. They again were closely followed by a crowd of beaters waiting



THE MAN BEATING THE FLAMES BY A CIRCLE OF HORSEMEN, ONE ON EACH SIDE OF THE LINE OF FIRE.

blackened and peering faces, who soon supplied my wants.

"Here, take this," said one. He thrust a stick into my hand. Round the end of this stick several socks soaked with water had been twisted. "You'll find more water in the waggon," added the man.

There were about twenty men at the fire when I arrived, but now the numbers were rapidly increasing and soon there were at least forty, all working and waiting for dead fire, but apparently in vain. The fire spread like spit quick-silver. The back parts soon came up to my knees in places and the wind was blowing steadily, fanning the flames in an annoying fashion. I

eagerly for a spark or flame to escape the hide to thrash it into submission with "slickers," mops, sacks, old saddle-blankets, and even hats.

By this time, "green" though I was, I was scorched black and perspiring freely, but the fire still spread inexorably. It was now ten miles long, and had left ten miles of burnt and blackened prairie in its wake. It seemed hopeless to attempt to keep it back, and after a final "whack" at a flame that promptly seemed to increase instead of diminishing, I gave up in despair and joined the ever-increasing number of exhausted "sitters-out."

All that night we fought the flames—an hour at work, sometimes two, and then five minutes'



"IN TEN MINUTES A 'FIRE-GUARD' OF FOUR FURROWS WAS CUT AROUND IT."

rest—until I thought I should have dropped dead from fatigue. Once the fire approached a haystack. A plough was promptly produced from a waggon, and in ten minutes a "fire-guard" of four furrows was cut around it by four horses and two men working at a hand-gallop. A small gully filled with brush next fell a victim. The dry branches crackled and roared furiously as the fire ran up them and passed relentlessly on, leaving nothing but blackened stumps behind.

It soon became apparent to everybody that if the wind did not change an adjacent stockman's ranch would be the next thing to be destroyed. Of course, it would be protected with a "fire-guard" of, perhaps, seven furrows; but what is that to a fire that will sometimes leap a well-worn trail 12ft. wide? Needless to say, the owner of the ranch was with us, and I shall never forget with what frenzied energy the poor fellow fought to save his home, beating at the cruel flames like a man possessed. But, thank Heaven, the wind was decreasing—almost imperceptibly, it is true, but still enough to put fresh vigour into our aching bodies.

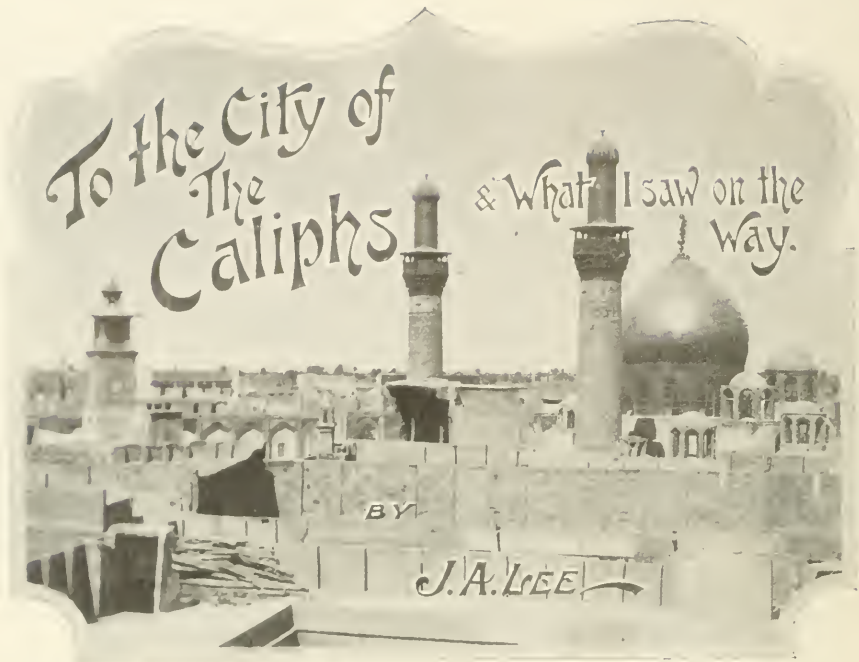
Sometimes a fire will travel at fifty miles an hour, and no other alternative is left to a person on foot than to jump the "fire line"—the area that is actually burning—a distance of several feet, and land on the charred grass beyond. He is then obliged to do a little more jumping until the ground grows cool enough for him to stand

still on. No one was compelled to resort to this appalling practice that night, and I was some what relieved, for it did not look inviting.

Suddenly, as I worked, I felt something wet splash upon my forehead. Of course, it must be a drop of water from the mop, I thought, and I continued my thrashing in the mechanical sort of way I had acquired during the last few hours. But another splash came, and another; then they came quickly, one after another. I had been too intent upon my work to take note of the sky before; but now I looked up and saw that it was black with clouds. Nearly everyone was resting from his work and gazing intently and anxiously at the sky. Rain!—Yes, thank Heaven! it was coming at last, and we hailed it with grateful hearts, for it is the only certain quencher of a prairie fire.

I say it rained; but it did not. It simply fell down in solid sheets of water, and in less than five minutes the fire was over. Nature had accomplished in that short space of time what the hand of man had failed to do in a night and half a day. And the stockman returned with a bursting heart that his cherished home was saved.

There was no smoke and no flame left—only one black pall covering the prairie farther than the eye could reach. But in less than a week after its destruction that same black waste was green again, such is the richness of this wonderful prairie soil.



The author describes his journey from Bussorah to Baghdad, through the land of the "Arabian Nights." He has much to say concerning the curious sights and scenes to be met with in this marvellous region, the traditional site of the Garden of Eden, and where are to be seen the foundations of the Tower of Babel, the tomb of the prophet Ezra, and the ruins of Babylon the Glorious.



EW river trips can present more fascinating features than that up the Tigris from the port of Bussorah — the Al Basora of Sindbad the Sailor to Baghdad, the famous city of the Caliphs. Considered as in a panorama there will be unfolded before us that wonderful belt of date gardens which for many miles fringes the banks; the traditional site of the Garden of Eden and the Tree of Knowledge; and the tomb of the prophet Ezra. The vast mounds of brick and pottery in the south-west of Baghdad will reveal the scattered stories of Babylon, with its towering pyramids, buried temples, and gardens that saw the construction of the world; and the first view of the cypresses and palms of Babel will revive our recollection of the "enchanted Babylon" and the wonders of the "Arabian Nights." There also are less conspicuous but the places of historical associations and of great value in the widespread ruins which the stupendous Caliph Al Mansur has left to us.

political circles, for that section coming within the scope of this paper, *i.e.*, the section joining the Tigris at Mosul and skirting the river from Baghdad to Bussorah, is justly considered to be the most important and the one more nearly calculated to affect British commerce than any other portion of this great railway scheme.

Leaving the sea steamer at the port of Bussorah, some forty to fifty miles up the Shat-el-Arab, we went on board one of the smart river steamers of the Euphrates and Tigris Company, admirably adapted, both in carrying capacity and draught, for the special requirements of the river traffic. The weather was extremely hot, but somewhat tempered by the "shimal," or north west wind. We passed rapidly up the river, past the date gardens, past the wonderful creeks or canals which, made by the Arabs when at the zenith of their power, still serve to irrigate a great belt of country and transform into a prolific and prosperous country what would otherwise be a bleak and sterile desert.

I must say a few words here about the date-

palm, the main support of this region. The popular idea of the date-palm is of a solitary and stately tree relieving the monotony of an arid, sandy waste, or at most a cluster rising like an oasis in the desert. But what do we find here? Millions of acres along the banks of this noble river, for a distance of at least fifty miles, are

villages with impunity. So the *caravan* inhabitants built their towns at a safe distance inland.

At the meeting-place of the two rivers, one of the prettiest and most picturesque spots for many hundreds of miles, stands Gurnah, the traditional site of the Garden of Eden. Here, too, is shown a tree of the acacia species called



A TYPICAL DATE GARDEN—THESE GARDENS SEND NEARLY SIXTY MILLION POUNDS OF DATES TO LONDON EVERY YEAR.
From a Photo.

covered like a dense forest with countless date-palms. Some idea of the magnitude of the yield may be gained when it is known that in a good year nearly a million boxes of dates, each weighing on an average 60lb., come into the Port of London alone, while hundreds of tons of poorer dates, in mats or baskets, find their way to the Red Sea ports. The date gardens form the most striking feature of the country until we reach the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates.

The traveller will probably have noticed ere this that all the old towns and villages for forty miles up the river are situated on the creeks a few miles from the main stream; not one of them is on the river itself. The founders of these communities had an all-sufficing reason for keeping away from the river. Up to within, say, twenty years ago the river was infested with pirates, who robbed voyagers and burnt riverside

the "Tree of Knowledge," which is popularly supposed to have furnished Adam and Eve with their scanty wardrobe. Despite the beauty of this part of the river, native travellers in comparatively recent times went in fear and trembling, for the pirates in their swift craft lay in waiting up the creeks, while travellers who elected to journey by land oftentimes had to run the gauntlet of hungry lions.

The captain of our steamer related to me how on one occasion three full grown lions were seen walking along the shore at the water's edge about a mile ahead of the steamer. One was shot while trying to swim towards the ship, and the other two were pursued and finally shot. The vessel then approached the shore, and the two dead lionesses were taken on board. Some few minutes later a large male lion was seen crouching on a small spit of ground, surrounded by water, and waving his tail as if in distress. On

being fired at he gave a tremendous roar, and, with his usual stooping on end, advanced as if to charge the ship, when a fresh volley laid him low. His dimensions were as follows: Length from head to end of tail, 9½ ft.; length of body, 6 ft. 7 in.; height, 3 ft. 9½ in.; weight, 420 lb. The gradual clearing of the timber on the banks of the river for use as fuel on the steamers has, however, forced the lions to go farther inland. There are other perils, too, in this river navigation. Once the Arabs made a desperate attempt to seize one of the steamers of the Euphrates Company by shooting the man at the wheel and several of the crew, hoping that while the vessel was temporarily helpless the swift current would swing her round to the shore.

of Kerbelai and Nejez touched their foreheads in prayer on little clay tablets of holy soil; and pompous Turks eyed the varied throng superciliously. All these races were jumbled up amongst a bewildering paraphernalia of cooking pots, quilts, carpet-bags, cages of fowls, and goodness knows what else besides. At midday the sun beat pitilessly down, and, as if to mock the sweltering throng, the snow-capped mountains of the Bakhtiyari country stood clear and cool against the distant horizon, and in the sheltered creeks flocks of white pelicans reposed contentedly.

On the following day we sighted on the right bank of the river a blue mosque-like dome of shining enamelled bricks or tiles, which tradition



THE GREAT STEAMERS OF THE EUPHRATES AND TIGRIS COMPANY—THE DESERT ARABS HAVE SEVERAL TIMES MADE ATTEMPTS TO SEIZE THESE VESSELS. [Photo.]

This premeditated attempt was foiled by the intrepidity of the captain, who, although badly wounded, himself took the helm and steered his vessel into the centre of the stream again.

The steamer was shaded with awnings from sun to sun, about five-sixths of the deck space being covered by the native passengers, who were about as usual by 3 AM, as could well be imagined. A crowd of fine physique with camel-horn headgear, some shouting, or rather bellowing at their own, Persian slanders, but completely motionless, crowded the deck, ever-present ready to depart for the sacred cities

points to as Ezra's tomb—the prophet, it is said, having died here while on a mission to Persia. The dome rises from a quadrangle of mud walls about 20 ft. high and forty yards square. The main entrance, a handsome enamelled doorway, is on the north side; the walls are battlemented and the windows placed very high, and with its surrounding palms it forms a singularly striking Oriental picture. The place is venerated not only by Moslems and Jews alike, but also by Oriental Christians, and many of the passengers went ashore to visit it.

After passing Ezra's tomb the character of

the country changed; the banks of the river became higher; there were fewer objects of interest. The river was devoid of life save for the native boats, usually a fleet at a time, or the passage of one of the dilapidated steamers of the Oman Ottoman Company, resembling nothing so much as an animated rag-shop, puffing and blowing like an asthmatic rhinoceros, and moving through the water at the appalling speed of about five miles an hour. Sometimes these ancient vessels flatly refuse to go at all, and the passage of 520 miles from Bussorah, usually a matter of about five or six



TRADITION POINTS TO THIS BUILDING AS THE TOMB OF EZRA THE PROPHET
—THE PLACE IS REGARDED AS SACRED BY BOTH JEWS AND MOSLEMS.

From a Photo.

days, may well become prolonged to a fortnight. This, however, is of little moment to the ordinary native, to whom time is of no object whatever.

At Amarah, an Arab town of sun-dried bricks, situated on the verge of a bank a little above the broad, turbid waters of the river, we saw for the first time those wonderfully ancient boats — ancient even when Herodotus mentioned them — called “kufas” or “gophers.” They are deep, round baskets, in appearance somewhat like the rude coracles of the ancient Britons, and are covered with bitumen, with incurved tops. These



THE CURIOUS ROUND BOATS WHICH HAVE BEEN USED ON THE EUPHRATES FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL

From a Photo.

boat-sailed boats are propelled by means of a paddle.

The Tigris in many reaches is turbulent; at one great bend, appropriately called the "Devil's Elbow," the current is very swift, and there are many dangerous shallows which have to be negotiated with exceeding care. The traveller is fiercely struck with the incredible foamy and neglect which render the navigation of this noble waterway a source of ever-increasing anxiety to natives and Europeans alike. This quality is in striking contrast to the various measures adopted by the ancient Kings, for on one of the little baked tablets found at Babylon—and probably dating back to about 2300 B.C.—may be read the stringent orders issued by the then ruler, King Khammurabi, touching the necessary repairs to the banks. In some spots—the stretch of river between Hera's Island and Kalah Saich gets so shallow that navigation is almost impossible even to these light draught vessels. The cause is chiefly attributable to a water-course called the Had. For, nearly a small stream, it has been allowed to run dry. The banks to each



VIEW OF THE "GATE OF THE SUN" AT CTESIPHON—IT IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF BABYLON. [Photo.]

side of the river that it has become a broad, flowing river, discharging an enormous quantity of water which would otherwise run down the main river. Secondly, the canals intended for irrigation are cut at such angles that the strong spring freshets rush into them, making them overflow and become practically detached of the main stream. These canals, like the Had, drain the waters far out the desert and marshes, there to be wasted. The low lying streams made by the Porte to remedy this waste of force resulted in the Persian conquests—his party being routed and dragged naked in the Anah near Amara, and the little work they had accomplished destroyed.

The great marshes fed by the Tigris, which

extend for many miles inland, are the habitat of several powerful Arab tribes, who live in mat huts among the reeds and tall grasses, and are a constant thorn in the side of the Turks. Some few years back the Turks sent up an expedition to exterminate them, and the expedient they adopted was as novel as it was ineffective. Realizing that it would be useless to try to run them to earth in this vast district of perilous bog and marsh, or to fight them by the methods usually employed in civilized warfare, the Turks laboriously set to work to form a cordon, so far as their limited numbers permitted, round the marshes. They then saturated a belt of dry reeds with paraffin and set light to them. Long before the fire was under way the amused tribes had

vanished into space by devious and winding paths only known to themselves, and the Turks had to retire discomfited. Boats of immense size may frequently be seen sleeping on little islands of reeds which they have trampled down. So dangerous and destructive are these brutes that the marsh tribes afford every facility and assistance to European

boar-hunting parties from Baghdad.

Troops of boys and young men often ran along the banks beside the steamer, begging for backsheesh. One vivacious damsel danced merrily along the bank, laughingly inviting one of the deck passengers—a picturesque Arab—to be sure and stop to eat dates with a certain tribe farther up the river. He winced, and the grave, bearded faces of his companions broke into smiles, for they knew that he was badly wanted by the tribe in question for two unpardonable offences—the abduction of a young girl of the tribe and the theft of her father's camel, an aggregate of audacity only to be atoned for by the spilling of blood. "Child of the devil!" he muttered, furiously, while the others poetically termed her a child of the sun.

About twenty miles in a direct line from Baghdad we saw the magnificent Arch of the Palace or Temple of the Sun at Ctesiphon, the ancient Parthian capital. Despite the ravages of time the ruins can be seen for miles, but our attention was riveted by the majestic arch, which rises to a height of 100ft. from the ruins which cover the ground. The width of the arch is 82ft., and the thickness of the supporting walls about 19ft. Strolling westwards to the river we obtained an excellent view of the ruined walls of sun-dried bricks and mounds of *débris*, all that remains of the once famous city of Seleucia, which stood opposite to Ctesiphon. Both Ctesiphon and Seleucia are said to have been built from the ruins of Babylon, and in their turn furnished materials for the city of Baghdad, which, with all its vicissitudes, still retains much of the Oriental splendour for which during more than ten centuries it has been famous.

The simplicity and poverty of the lower class of the wandering tribes of Bedouins, a typical tribe of whom we visited at Ctesiphon, are remarkable. All the worldly wealth of a family consists of movables, of which the following is a pretty exact inventory: a few camels, some goats and poultry, a mare, a tent, a lance, a crooked sabre, a rusty musket, with a flint or matchlock, a pipe, a portable mill, a pot for cooking, a leathern bucket, a small coffee roaster, a mat, some clothes, a mantle of black wool, and a few glass or silver rings which the women wear upon their legs and arms. If none of these are wanting their furniture is complete.

But what the poor man stands most in need of is his mare, for this animal is his principal support; with her he makes his excursions or seeks plunder. The Arabs have little industry, as their wants are few; all their arts consist in weaving their tents and in making mats and butter. Their commerce extends to exchanging camels, kids, stallions, and milk for arms, clothing, dates, a little rice or corn, and money. This latter they bury. Their literature is practically bound up in tales and histories, both strongly tinged with imagination. They have a peculiar passion for reciting stories. In the

evening they seat themselves on the sand, ranged in a circle round a little fire, their pipes in their mouths and their legs crossed. They sit awhile in silent meditation till all of a sudden one of them breaks forth with some romantic story after the style of the "Arabian Nights."

Beyond Ctesiphon the cultivation increases until within a few miles of Baghdad the banks are even populous. Near Baghdadieh Reach we passed the wreck of an ill-fated steamer called the *Dijleh*, the top of whose boilers appears above the water during the low season. Although it is well known that she was sunk by coming into collision with a native "buggalow," yet an Arab on board described, with great minuteness of detail, how she ran into a whale, and how the said whale floated down to Bussorah and was sold to a museum by the British Consul for £500. The evolution of this mythical story was obviously the ingenious linking together of two distinct occurrences—to wit, the sinking of the *Dijleh* and the capture of a huge black fish—events, however, separated by considerable periods of time, so that the commonplace might be lifted to the realm of the marvellous. The big black fish was, indeed, taken to Bussorah, but instead of gracing a museum it was melted down by the natives for its oil, the appalling smell of which, the European residents declared, hung about the place for weeks.

The first view of Baghdad, the capital of the Turkish province of Baghdad, is a magnificent one. Lofty walls and houses and towers rise



Front a]

A STREET SCENE IN BAGHDAD.



[Photo.]

THE FAMOUS BRIDGE OF BOATS AT BAGHDAD.

[Photo.]

out of an environment of palms and orange groves, and, above all, cupolas, gleaming domes, and the minarets of a hundred mosques form a scene remarkably striking. Our attention was arrested by the picturesque but rickety bridge of boats, the fine brick building, once a college

during the days of the Caliphate, but now used as a Custom-house; the golden dome of Kasimian, the resting-place of Ali, the sarcophagus of Mahomet; and in the near distance the top of Zaiman's tomb. But a nearer approach directed to a certain extent the traveller's first impressions. For the greater number of the houses are built of brick, and are generally well-kept, airy, light, and airy. The streets are dirty, and are flanked with warehouses and bazaars. The houses are generally built of brick, and are generally well-kept, airy, light, and airy. The streets are dirty, and are flanked with warehouses and bazaars. The houses are generally built of brick, and are generally well-kept, airy, light, and airy. The streets are dirty, and are flanked with warehouses and bazaars.

notables who have carriages have to take elaborate precautions to prevent meeting in the street, for a rencontre of this nature is liable to open up most intricate and perilous questions of precedence. The houses of the rich are handsome, having windows of Venetian glass, orna-

mented ceilings, and a courtyard in front, containing small plantations of orange and lime trees. The baths and coffee-houses, though not kept in good repair, are well frequented, and the markets plentifully supplied with provisions. The cost of living is moderate.

The bazaars are very disappointing after those of Constantinople or Cairo or Teheran, and one looks in vain for the jewelled and damascened sword-blades and daggers, the inlaid armour, the exquisitely chased articles of brass



THE TOWER OF ABU AL RA'CHID, THE FAMOUS CALIPH OF THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS."

[Photo.]

and bronze, the rich silks, brocades, and embroideries, and all the other beautiful and valuable articles so characteristic of the more noted bazaars of the East.

There is much to be seen in Baghdad, how-

shoes and clouted upon their feet, and all garments upon them"—for an extraordinary number of pilgrims, probably a quarter of a million annually, pass through to the sacred cities of Mesopotamia. There is no



From a

THE OAK-GALL MARKET AT BAGHDAD.

[Photo.

ever, much that is strikingly beautiful—the stately river front of the city, the glorious sunsets, the ceaseless movements of hundreds of boats and coracles upon the bosom of the turbid waters, the caravans of asses laden with huge fish or skins of water, the fine mosques and minarets, and the ever-changing kaleidoscope of life and colour ;

Arabs of majestic mien, portly Turks, polished Persians, the meek Armenian and the quaint Chaldean, the tall, shapeless bundles representing the fair sex, their faces closely veiled with hideous black masks of cloth or muslin. Pilgrims from far-off Bokhara and Samarkand are here, looking like the men of Gibeon, "old

hurry, no bustle, and it is hard to realize that these are descendants of that selfsame people who during the reign of Sultan Nouredin Mahmoud actually had the enterprise to establish a pigeon-post service, which was not destroyed until the Mongols took Baghdad. Between the city and the Shiah suburb of Kazimam, with

superb mosque, there runs a tramway, one of the few modern enterprises in the city. It has proved as convenient to the people as it has been remunerative to the Government.

The River Tigris occasionally bursts its banks, and the town on both sides of the river then becomes completely surrounded by water. In 1896



SOMETIMES THE TIGRIS BURSTS THE BANKS, AND THEN THE CITY IS SURROUNDED BY WATER.

From a

is composed the whole of the crops: 50,000 sheep perished in the floods, the lower storeys of the houses were flooded, and all the great caravan routes were temporarily closed. The chief inhabitant could not call to mind such an unaccommodated Nile. It extended to Bussorah, and destroyed no fewer than two million palms—a fearful blow to the community. Although Baghdad is some 520 miles from the sea, yet at times the river is infested by sharks, and many lives are lost through this cause. One shark, caught in 1879, was found to be over 9ft. in length.

The climate of Baghdad, notwithstanding an enormous variation in temperature between summer and winter, and the total absence of any system of sanitation, is remarkably healthy, as both natives and Europeans can testify. The heat is greatest from May to October, and for several hours following the midday meal business is entirely suspended, and Baghdad reverts to the "sardibs" (underground dwellings) in dream of snow-capped mountains, rose gardens, and rippling brooks. Evening sees the population sit on the flat roofs to catch the breeze and sleep there; the lamps are lighted, and the effect is extremely pretty.

And what can I say of spring? It has an atmosphere so clear that the blue ether has not seemed to break the illimitable space. Objects

miles away seem close at hand, and the wretched hovels and huts and tents of the wandering Arabs, under the influence of the soft transparent light, acquire an ethereal beauty. Wild flowers appear in profusion; the air is laden with the intoxicating perfumes of orange blossoms and myrtle; the desert belies its name and bears many grasses.

Irak, the country between Bussorah and Mosul, including the large tract between the Tigris and the Euphrates known as Mesopotamia, once teemed with a wealthy, thriving population, but is now almost a howling wilderness. Vast expanses of perfect alluvial soil, watered by two great rivers, with their innumerable offshoots and tributaries, lie almost wholly unoccupied: land capable of a most complete irrigation system—in fact, in very many cases it is only necessary to clean out the ancient channels, which are in a state of excellent preservation. Famine and pestilence have stalked unchecked through the land and swept off the population, and bad government with its concomitant evil, excessive taxation, has completed the rest. With the exception of Baghdad and Bussorah, and perhaps Hillah on the Euphrates, there are no towns worthy of the name; but while the general population under Moslem rule has decreased, the population of Baghdad has



A group of people on the banks of the Tigris.

[Photo.]

steadily increased until it is now about 120,000, of which the Jews alone are said to number 30,000. The traveller passes over miles and miles of seemingly limitless alluvial plain—land capable of feeding its millions as in the days of old, but at present uninhabited. At rare

But no look of encouragement came his way, so just as the merchants were disling up the food he boldly went up to the group, gravely passed the usual salutation, and took a seat. Then dexterously catching a too-venturesome field rat, which was hovering near, he tossed it



From a]

THE TRADITIONAL SITE OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.

[Photo

intervals he meets an Arab caravan and is greeted with the customary salutation, "Salaam Aleikoum" ("Peace be with you"), which he takes for exactly what it is worth, knowing full well that were he without an escort the Bedouin would promptly strip him of everything and leave him naked in the desert.

Caravans may often be seen camping on the banks of the Tigris. An amusing incident in connection with one of these caravans came under my notice, and is, perhaps, worth recording. A number of well-to-do merchants were seated round a huge copper cauldron, in which, to judge from the appetizing odour, a savoury stew was being prepared for the evening repast. Near by squatted a gaunt, hungry-looking Arab, furtively eyeing in turn both pot and merchants, and waiting patiently for the usual hospitable invitation, "Bismillah," to share in the meal.

into the cauldron, saying: "Hadjis, there is my contribution to the pot!" This had the expected effect. The merchants were so disgusted that they abandoned the spoilt dish, with many imprecations, to the not over-fastidious Arab, who at once proceeded to do full justice to it.

Space will not permit of my dealing with the many places of interest in and near the romantic city of the Caliphs. The splendid tomb on the west side of the city, now little more than a ruin, said to be the resting-place of Zobeida, the wife of the Caliph Haroun-el-Raschid, the famous lady of the "Thousand and One Nights"; the mysterious ruin known as the "Birj Nimroud," or the Tower of Babel; the extensive and oft-described ruins of Babylon—these are but a few of the places that will well repay a visit.

"NO TUCKER!"

AN EXPERIENCE ON THE NEW ZEALAND GUM-FIELDS.

By E. WAY ELKINGTON.

The gum-diggers' camp was cut off from the nearest town by widespread floods, which prevented the supply wagons from reaching the camp, and starvation stared the diggers in the face. In this dire extremity the men drew lots to decide which of their number should endeavour to make his way through ten miles of swamp and flood and fetch provisions. The task fell to the author, who herein describes his terrible journey to fetch food for his starving companions.



URING the winter of 1894 I was testing to the full the rough side of Colonial life in New Zealand. I had heard many exciting tales of life on the gum-fields, and was told that no man could ever be a Colonial until he had served an apprenticeship at gum-digging. The little I had seen of the diggers impressed me favorably. Amongst them I had met several gentlemen, so one day in the company of an old digger—an ex-captain in Her Majesty's service—I purchased the necessary implements, a spade and a spear, and journeyed to the Waioa. A fortnight later I was established at a camp called Okareirei, some ten miles from Toka Toka. This camp in summer-time must have been an ideal spot, as it lay in the hollow of some beautiful hills and was surrounded on all sides by heavy bush and picturesque scrub. It was pitched in a hollow on the slope of a hill thoroughly sheltered from the winter winds, and yet not too far from the creek which ran at the foot and from which the diggers got their water. Beyond the creek lay the bush from which we cut our firewood and obtained the timber and poles to build *wharés* (huts).

Okareirei was looked on as an excellent winter field. The hills all round were approachable at any time of the year, as no gullies or swamps cut them off from the digger, whereas at Hainsden Gully and Bald Hill, the two adjoining camps, the diggers were often cut off for days and days when the floods came down on them. They had found it necessary to stock up with tinned food, and seek more approach-

able spot at which to ply their trade—or profession, as they prefer to call it.

Situated as Okareirei was, we had no fear of ever having to turn out, our only cause for alarm being the fact that if the winter floods became heavy, and the rains continued for a lengthy period at a time, we might find ourselves cut off from communication with Toka Toka, and so run out of food.

Our storekeeper, however, had as good a transport service as any man in the North Island, and unless something quite out of the common happened we knew we should be all right. So, when the rains came and the winds howled, and other camps were suffering from various troubles, we of Okareirei sat in our cosy *wharés* and smiled with an air of superiority.

Our smiles, however, grew faint and less frequent as each day we saw our little creek growing larger and more boisterous, and astonishment was on everyone's face, even our



"WE OF OKAREIREI SAT IN OUR COSY WHARÉS."

philosophic and lethargic doctor's, when one day we saw our little bridge swept bodily away by the rising waters.

Some, more careful than others, had laid in a stock of firewood when they saw the creek beginning to swell; but then they were “new chums,” and the old hands laughed cynically at their fears. Now, however, the veterans looked glum. A week later they became actually morose when they found it necessary to dig for firewood and obtain heat from burning old kauri logs, saturated with gum, which were not pleasant, and made their bread taste horribly of resin.

Worse things followed. The rains continued, and for the first time in the memory of the oldest digger in Okareirei the “catamaran” (the name given to the bullock-waggon), with the month's provisions, did not arrive.

The diggers' gum was all packed carefully away in sacks and stood outside each man's *wharé*, ready to be sold and exchanged for food, and the men waited patiently for the rumbling sound of the wheels. “Tucker day” was always a holiday in the camp, and each man had a kind of clean up. The men occupied themselves going round to each other's huts examining the quality and quantity of the result of their month's work.

The diggers sat up late that night, wondering what had happened. They had waited and waited, expecting every minute to hear the rumbling of the old cart or the hoofs of the pack-horses, for when the roads were bad the storekeeper would send his horses along with enough provisions for a week or so. If pack-horses could not travel the roads then the bullocks would be sent with a sleigh, but this day there was no sign or sound which told of coming victuals. Soon the diggers gave up waiting and dragged their sacks of gum inside their *wharés* again, forgetting their anxiety in sleep.

So the days passed. We thought, as each one came, that the next would surely bring us food, but more than a week went by without a sign from the outside world. A party sent out to investigate had discovered that the country for miles around was flooded and that most of the roads were invisible. This was lively news for us, as food was getting extremely scarce. Many men had completely run out of it, but whilst there was an ounce of flour or a tin of meat left in the camp each man had a share of it.

What made matters rather worse than they would have been was that one of the diggers was laid up with bronchitis and was suffering tortures from the want of medicine and good food. This, and the fact that the last stick of tobacco had been reached, led us to consider

seriously what could be done. Finally, we decided to draw lots for one of our number to brave the elements, the swamps, and flooded creeks, and make his way to the store and there secure food, medicine, and tobacco for the starving camp.

With my usual luck I was the man selected. To my lot fell this enjoyable trip; and, to make matters worse, an old Irishman who felt sure he would die if he remained any longer at Okareirei begged me to let him come with me. Even for myself the task, I knew, would be no light one, but to be accompanied by an old man of seventy, who confessed that he was nearly dead, made all the difference in the world, and for some minutes I hesitated. Eventually I gave in and consented to let him come, for I liked the old chap and had always considered him a most interesting and amiable companion.

At daylight the next morning, before any of the other diggers were astir, we started off on our long tramp. The air was sharp and cold, and a fine drizzling rain, which looked as if it never intended to stop, greeted us as we left our tents. On starting I noticed with some alarm that my companion was carrying a heavy “swag” containing his clothes and household goods. My suggestion that he should leave at least half of it behind did not meet with his approval. He would not hear of it, and laughed at my fears as to his ability to carry it along the rough road.

When we reached the top of the hill which overlooked our home, I took a last look at the sleeping camp lying snugly below, its occupants quite oblivious of the rain and wind and mud, and in my heart I envied them. So far, beyond a little slipping, we had experienced no difficulty in getting along, and my companion was in excellent spirits and seemed glad that he had seen the last of Okareirei. I began to feel that his company would be an advantage and would lighten the long, dreary journey through the floods to Toka Toka.

For fully an hour we were able to follow the ridge of a set of hills. It was a roundabout route, but comparatively dry, whilst the way by the roads, we heard, was next to impassable. The continual slipping was naturally fatiguing, and the wet scrub we had to travel through soaked us to the skin; beyond these two disadvantages we had little to grumble at and began to think lightly of the appalling rumours we had heard.

At eight o'clock we reached the end of the range of hills. Below us lay the plain, hidden from view by thick foliage, which grew right up the sides of the hill. Thinking a rest and

make would do us no harm, we sat down and contemplated the distance we had yet to travel. My companion, I soon noticed, had become less communicative. His "swag," now thoroughly saturated with rain, was about twice its original weight, and as he slid it off his back I could see the old man had already begun to feel its weight. A ten minutes' smoke, however, freshened us up and we started again on our journey.

Going down the steep sides of the hill through wet titree from 3ft. to 5ft. high and following a narrow, slippery track was very different from our previous experience, and we soon found it necessary to cut a couple of stout sticks to aid us in our walk. Once the old man tumbled and slid some five or six yards, but he picked himself up quickly and hurried on without comment. As we neared the foot of the hill the scrub became thinner, and we reached the plain without further trouble.

Before us lay the road. In my time I have seen many roads, I have seen slush and mud gullies, but never in all my wildest experiences had I set eyes on such a sight. We were standing some fifty yards from the road, and were over our ankles in water, but it was clean and the ground, though soft, was not sticky. The road, however—at the best of times a mass of lades, hills, and dales, with unbridged creeks and roughed swamps—now looked like a river of porridge, in some places thirty yards across. No wonder the bullock teams had failed to travel it!

For five minutes we stood in the drizzling rain, ankle deep in the cold water, gazing at this fearful "road" that for some miles we must follow. Suddenly I turned to my companion.

"Well, Pat," said I, "don't you think you had better go back?"

"If I go back," he answered, sadly, "I shall die. I'm going on!"

Without another word he stepped forward, up to his knees in water.

Hurrying myself I got ahead of him, and by a little engineering managed to pick out some fairly good places in the sea of liquid mud. He followed closely in my footsteps, till the road, or what once had been the road, was reached. Then our real troubles began. On both sides of us the scrub grew thick and solid, so that it was impossible to start the beaten track.

Through the drizzling—almost blinding—rain we still had slipped along, picking each step carefully lest we should find ourselves in one of the hundreds of holes that diggers had begun in that season for game, that the bullock waggons had enlarged, and that the rain had finally

turned into small ponds. The thick yellow clay ground stuck to our boots in great clots, which grew in size at each step till in desperation we scraped them off, only to gather more clay in greater quantities. Presently we were travelling up a slope and the road became drier, but the ground was more sticky and the holes more difficult to avoid. Tired and worn out with the extra weight of mud and water, combined with the continual slipping and dragging my feet out of the sticky ground, I felt I could go on no longer. I was about done. My companion, too, burdened with his heavy "swag," must be almost at his last gasp. I had been ahead of him and so engrossed with picking my way that for some time I had almost forgotten him. Suddenly I heard a cry. To my horror, I turned and saw the Irishman in the middle of the road up to his waist in a hole. He had evidently been struggling to get out of it for some time, as the perspiration was pouring down his face. He was hard and fast in as nasty a hole as one could wish to find.

"I can't get out," he cried, despairingly; "it's no good trying."

Overloaded with his "swag," and tired out, the poor old man was nearly done.

Hurrying to him I found that by picking my way I could get within a yard of him, though not without standing knee deep in soft, sticky clay.

"Pull off your 'swag,'" I cried, "and push it over to me."

After a deal of tugging he loosened the straps, and by an effort that seemed to send him a couple of inches deeper into the quagmire he managed to pass the "swag" over.

Catching hold of one end of it by the strap, while he held the other, I pulled with all my strength. By our united efforts he was able to extricate himself. Cautiously he picked his way to the scrub at the roadside, and there sank down exhausted amongst the thick branches, his legs in 2ft. of water. The tugging to pull the old man out whilst I myself was sinking in the clay had been no light strain, and I felt anxious as I noticed a sharp pain in my left leg.

To forget my troubles I roundly abused the old man for not following me closely, and for trying to pick out better places for himself. He promised, with the little breath he had left, that he would not try again, and, it being about midday, I thought we might safely eat our lunch of dry bread. By twisting a small bush of scrub I managed to contrive a kind of seat strong enough to bear us both in moderate comfort till we were rested.

The cold and wet, however, would not allow



"HE PICKED HIS WAY TO THE SCRUB AT THE ROADSIDE AND THERE SANK DOWN EXHAUSTED."

us to remain sitting long. Ten minutes was all the rest we had before we began to shiver, and were glad to start once more on our miserable journey. The thought of the hungry men in camp, too, spurred me on. We soon found it a hopeless task trying to make headway with our boots on, and so abandoned them. I hung mine on the branch of a tree, thinking I would come across them on my return. My companion decided to carry his.

Up to now he had utterly refused to let me take turn about with his "swag," but the day was dragging to a close and we still had a good five miles to go, so I forced him to hand over his burden, that we might push on faster. Without our boots we found travelling much easier, and, relieved of his heavy "swag," the old Irishman stepped out like a new man. For a full hour we jogged along, covering about two miles, till at last we came to a bad swamp. Even in ordinary weather this place was a menace to travellers, but now it seemed like certain death to attempt to cross it. Making my companion rest I threw down his "swag" and gathered all the loose branches I could find, piled them in a heap, and then cut other bundles of ti-tree with my sheath knife. With the aid of some flax we made rough fascines of them, and threw them into the narrowest part of the swamp. To our

consternation we saw the bundles gradually sink below the muddy water, till in five minutes no sign of them remained! If ever two men were in a fix we two were they. For an hour we tried every imaginable way of crossing, but each time had to give in. There was only one thing to do, and that was to rush it and trust to brute force to carry us across.

I felt pretty sure I could reach the other side, but had very little faith in the old man's remaining strength. At last we hit on a plan. The "swag," which up to now I had looked on as a curse, became our friend. It was the old man's suggestion, and a good one it proved.

He unrolled his blanket, tied his clothes up in a bundle, and threw them to the far side of the swamp. The blanket he handed to me.

"Make a rush for the other side," he said—he was as desperate as a drowning man—"drag the blanket after you, and I will follow. When I get stuck you must pull me through."

It was a desperate chance, but there seemed no other way. I thought of the starving men in camp, the suffering invalid waiting for medicine, and my poor old companion. Yes, we must get across. Whichever way I looked at the position I saw that the best thing to do was to go forward and trust to Providence.

The blanket was a fairly large one, and I had

no fear as to the old man being able to reach it if I succeeded in crossing, unless he got bogged at the very outset. Summoning all my strength I made a desperate rush across the swamp, with one end of the blanket tied round my wrist. Before I had gone half-way I was up to my middle. The faintness gave me very slight support, and plunging wildly, with a horrible fear at my heart, I scrambled on. The cold, slimy mud clung round my legs and hips, impeding my movements; my feet stuck and almost refused to move; and all the time I experienced a sensation of being gradually sucked down into the bowels of the earth. I strained and tugged at my fast-sinking legs till I felt I should drag them in two. As one foot came out the other sank farther in. Bending over as far as I could I tugged at the slimy rushes that grew about me in profusion, but they came away in my hands, and almost made me give in. But death was not a thing to court, especially a death by inches in that fearsome swamp, so by dint of desperate struggles I pushed on, seeming to make but little progress. The encouraging cheers of my companion kept me going in spite of my fears, and at last I got through.

For a few minutes I lay exhausted on the ground, panting as though my heart would burst. Never before had I had such a struggle. When I had gained sufficient breath to get up, I could see that the old Irishman on the other side was nearly as bad as myself. My struggles had been as real to him in his nervous condition as if he had gone through them himself.

I knew it would be useless to try and get him across the way I had come, so we both set to work toiling up and down the swamp for a better crossing.

After about half an hour's search we found a narrower place, where at least I could get a good foothold, and with the aid of the friendly bushes to my right we began to try to cross.

After collecting all the roots and stumps we could find and fastening them into the swamp, with a hope they might prove some effective

than the last lot, the old man prepared to start. The blanket just reached half-way across, so that he had fully five yards to travel without any aid from me. It was an anxious, trying moment. At last, with a spurt that surprised me, he boldly rushed into the soft, clinging slime, and two seconds after was up to his armpits and sinking fast.

His sudden rush and plunge, though its very force carried him a long way, drove him deeper into the peaty clay than a more gentle, steady course of wading would have done. A dreadful look came over his face as he discovered that he was still a good yard from the end of the blanket. At each reach and plunge he seemed to sink deeper and deeper, till at last he ceased to struggle. I strained forward, whipped the blanket towards me, and plunging ahead up to my knees I made a desperate effort to reach him.

"Leave me, mate," he cried, "I'm done! Go back! Go back!"

Then he realized that the blanket end was only a few inches from him, and with a gleam of hope in his eyes he strained forward and, to my joy, succeeded in catching the end of it.

Leaning forward and letting out as much as I could he managed to grip sufficient to hold on to. By this time I was well stuck myself, but not in any danger of sinking, as my feet were in fairly solid clay. With a tremendous tug and wrench I started my companion, and presently, assisted by my steady pulling, he was making perceptible headway. For fully a quarter of an hour we tugged and struggled, and finally both fell utterly exhausted on terra firma.

Three times we had almost given in, but the



"FOR FULLY A QUARTER OF AN HOUR WE TUGGED AND STRUGGLED."

very awfulness of death in such a hole, and the ghastly, sucking mud dragging at our limbs, spurred us on, and at last victory rewarded our efforts.

Darkness was now coming on and the greasy roads became infinitely more dangerous to travel. Tired and worn as we both were we only managed to travel about a mile during the next hour. Then, far ahead, we saw the welcome light of a camp-fire, and new energy sprang up within us. The store, we knew, could not be more than a mile away. Exhausted as we were, two hours passed before we reached the first outlying hut. The welcome shout of a digger who had been watching us was the pleasantest sound we had heard in our lives: He was standing outside his *wharé* and was astounded to see any man out on such a night. Without a word he dragged us both into his hut,

hotel. So after an hour's rest we started again, and reached Toka Toka at ten o'clock, after having battled with the elements for seventeen hours.

The next morning I left him to make my way back to the camp with a load of much needed food, tobacco, and medicine for the sick man. By a very circuitous route, which an old digger told me of, I was able to avoid the terrible swamp which had so nearly proved our grave, and reach a bush camp, two miles from Okareirei, by nightfall.

At daybreak I started on my travels again, and reached the hill overlooking our camp just as the diggers were starting to work. Suddenly a loud "coo-ee," which seemed to echo and re-echo among the hills, told me that one of my friends had seen me, and then, a moment later, a loud cheer broke out from the men. This in



"A LOUD CHEER BROKE OUT FROM THE MEN."

and in a few minutes we were sitting by his fire, drinking boiling hot tea.

Though it was fully another mile to Toka Toka, nothing would induce the Irishman to accept the digger's hospitality and stay the night. He had come so far and he meant to do the rest, he said, and sleep in dry sheets at the

itself was full compensation for all my trials. With the small load of "tucker" I brought we were able to hang on for a week longer, and at the end of that time the welcome shout of four pack-horses, all heavily laden, plunging down the hillside greeted us just as the sun was setting, and told us that our isolation was at an end.

A THOUSAND MILES AWHEEL IN MADAGASCAR.



Possessing no knowledge of the country or its language, this enterprising lady rode on her bicycle through the length and breadth of the great Island of Madagascar. The natives were much interested in the machine, which they christened "bisikilet," but they were uniformly polite and kind. Miss Broad illustrates her article with a number of interesting photographs.



'It is a mad thing to go to Madagascar at any time,' said one of my friends in Durban, when I declared my intention of going to the island

and riding through it, "but as to riding on your bicycle — — —" One gentleman remarked that I could not go to Madagascar unless I had got plenty of money, as it would cost me at least £100 to get from the coast to the capital. Nevertheless, of some of much necessity, I went, and did that same journey for £25 only.

Twenty-four hours did I consume, and then I got off at the ancient city of Tananariva, and first surrounded by a wide area of forest, the city was a very interesting one, very busy, — several great buildings, with domes, high towers and many well-kept villages, in every direction.

THEY ARE ALL VERY INTERESTING.

marked out by stakes driven in the mud, and was evidently very shallow, for we frequently ran aground, and at noon we were all landed at an open shelter-house, for our little steamer had bumped a hole in her side and had to go back for repairs.

There were half-a-dozen Frenchmen, a crowd of lively, talkative natives, and myself at the rest-house. My alarm was considerable when I was told that we must spend the night there. However, the Europeans were goodness itself to me, and courteously asked me to join them at dinner. Afterwards beds were improvised from boxes and bales, and somebody gave me a beautiful rug, on which I slept very comfortably, and hardly felt I deserved the pitying words of one of the party, who spoke of me as "*la pauvre enfant*."

Another day's steaming landed us at Mahatsara, a prettily-situated village on the banks of



MISS BROAD ON HER BICYCLE, BY THE APPEARED PHOTOGRAPHIC HER JOURNEY.
Photo. by J. H. Couch, Fisher.

the river. The place boasts a small restaurant, where I met a few French officials and traders. I was possessed with the idea that some of these gentlemen must be married, and that there must surely be some other European women somewhere about. Accordingly I walked about looking at all the nicer houses, in hopes of finding them. But I was disappointed. I was the only white woman between there and the capital, and I realized for the first time the truth of the statement that the Frenchman does not make his home in the colonies.

One of my fellow-passengers on the boat had hurt his hand, and I produced some vaseline and bound it up for him. Then, in my ignorance of the roads and conditions of travel, this man came to my help. He listened sympathetically to my schemes, and pointed out to me a rather insignificant-looking French-

my friend of the steamboat that I was going to see the business through.

Monsieur very kindly engaged a long, limp, and rather stupid-looking Malagasy to carry my lighter baggage and be my servant and guide, and my eager impatience on the morning of our start was only equalled by my porter's stolid indifference. First he had no pole, then insufficient cord, then he squatted down and leisurely balanced and tied and untied his load, whilst I literally boiled with impatience. Certainly hurry and temper are vices of civilization that these happy natives know nothing about.

But at last I was able to mount and set off, I wearing the tied-down sun-hat that proved such a good friend, and early evening brought us to a large village which was to be our first resting-place. We arranged that I should ride on



From a

BETOIMISARAKA, THE FIRST VILLAGE AT WHICH MISS BROAD HALTED FOR THE NIGHT.

[Photo.]

man who had done the journey to the capital on his cycle.

My courage had been rather oozing away, for I had been only a few days in the island and knew not a word of Malagasy. But if this little man could do it, I decided, so could I.

My dear old "Sunbeam," which had shared my travels in England, France, Italy, and South Africa, was all ready, and I much preferred it should take me on my journey rather than that we should both be ignominiously carted along on men's shoulders in the usual fashion of the country. So I told

ahead and wait at some pretty point for my boy, who turned out a magnificent walker. He pegged away at a steady swing, which I should not like to have to keep up with, and easily did his thirty-five miles a day! There are no hotels in this land, but in all the larger villages there is a travellers' rest, or *gite d'etat*, where you get free lodging. These neat little toy houses in the coast villages are raised from the ground on stakes some 3ft. or 4ft. high, and are built entirely from bamboo and leaves from the traveller's tree—roof, floor, sides, doors, and window shutters complete. The windows are

without glass, and the furnishings consist of a chair, or *ferro*, and table, which latter often served me for a bed.

It is hardly possible to feel lonely in these huts, for you can hear everything that goes on in the next house on either side as though it happened in your own room. Long after I wanted to be sleeping the merry chatter and laughter kept me awake, and if they sneezed or snored I knew all about it. It does not give a stranger a great feeling of security, either, to merely close a lockless door of plaited reeds when retiring for the night.

always kept some of the shell to show people, until I was clever enough to say "atody," which stands for egg in Malagasy.

The curious little wayside shops I passed were often supplied with little hunks of beef and perhaps half a pig, as well as open baskets of rice, monkey-nuts, and the like, and their keepers forgot their anxiety to do business in their astonishment at beholding me.

My appearance always roused great interest. Boys would call to each other and run across country to look at the strange white lady on the wonderful machine; the men stood in groups



THE STRANGE MACHINE WHICH THE MEN FORGOT THEIR ANXIETY TO DO BUSINESS IN THEIR ASTONISHMENT AT BEHOLDING ME. (Photo.)

There is usually a little cookshed near by the house and here your servant lights a fire between two stones set on their ends and cooks for you. But people will ask, "Whatever did you eat?" And that was a question that turned well on my attention at this village. The place boasted a Christian's shop, where I bought some few necessities at various prices, and on my way back to the house I noticed hens coming about under the beams. That made me think of eggs. I would have my egg!

But how to make the women understand? None of my pictures and gestures avail. Not even when I held out to them my handkerchief regarded as the required sign did they grasp what I wanted. At last, when I was almost in despair, I happened to see a large bottle of glass down. After that I

watching eagerly as long as ever I remained in sight; whilst the women first dragged their startled children up on to the banks at the roadside and then smiled down at me from a safe distance.

I was utterly amazed to find so fine a road in a country which, before the French occupation, possessed nothing but tortuous native paths. This highway was wide and splendidly made, running across the hills and round the valleys. The country is a succession of hills, but the gradients are so well managed that most of them can be easily ridden.

The life on these roads was a constant study. I was rarely alone. In front and behind the long strings of bearers marked the way; often a score or two were in sight at one time. Horses and wheeled vehicles are a rarity in the country,



From a

"LONG STRINGS OF BEARERS MARKED THE WAY."

(Photo.)

but I was assured that there are over 20,000 men engaged in carrying goods between the coast and the capital. Their burdens, slung on bamboo poles, may weigh anything under 80lb., and consist of the most miscellaneous goods. These bearers are very cheerful and well-behaved, and polite greetings are the order of the day.

I met with rain the first few afternoons, and while sleeping one night at a village where there was a dilapidated rest-house I was roused in the night by the rain falling through the roof on to my nose. When I had remedied this trouble still worse befell — I heard the ominous scratching of a rat, and presently a great brute scampered right across me! Didn't I scream!

The pounding of the rice makes a pleasant sound in the villages of an evening. A group

of women at a street corner will be seen busy at work lifting the pole into the air and bringing it down upon the grain with a peculiar twist. They would let me try my hand but it always beat me.

I found it a positive delight to stop at some open, commanding spot and drink in the wide, green, diversified landscape. Heights rose beyond heights, with here and there a prettily-placed village, and always the dash and sparkle of Madagascar's clear rivers to make music in the valleys. The beauty of the Madagascar forest, through which I was now riding, is indescribable. It is a veritable paradise of vegetation.

After leaving the forest I came to a splendid stretch of good road, and in a moment of weakness was tempted to push ahead, leaving my boy behind to follow at his leisure, so that for



POUNING RICE IS THE USUAL EVENING OCCUPATION OF THE HOVA WOMEN. (Photo.)

From a



A BROAD SHOT OF THE ROAD THROUGH THE FOREST.

the last two days of the journey I was quite unharmed).

At many of the villages I passed through I saw most curious things. At one place the natives were busily engaged in building a tomb.

These family tombs, most substantially built, are often seen quite near the houses. The Hovas have a saying, "Make the tomb strong, even if the house is poor, for we shall occupy it longer." Their burial places are sometimes opened and the people taken from them to other places, a custom being carried up as high as "sooty" mountains.

By all good laws are the good falling victims to the bad. The sky blue, and the mossy, round rocks, and every id...

are built of large squares of sun-dried earth.

Tananarivo, at an altitude of over 4,000ft., queens it grandly over the surrounding country on its imposing hill, but I felt a most disreputable tramp as on a Saturday afternoon I wearily climbed the steep streets until I was attracted by the fair face and flaxen hair of a wee girlie seen over the garden wall of a house, and made my first call at a missionary's domicile.

How utterly delightful it was to be in a comfortable room again! And the English of the lady of the house was like the music of home to the ears of an exile. You want to have been on the road with your bicycle for a fortnight, and to have lost all your little comforts for a few days, to know what it means to have these happy advantages again. I simply revelled in it. To wash and brush oneself and then to lie on a sofa and rest and have breakfast in bed next morning, until the last traces of



PEOPLE BUILDING A TOMB—THEY BELIEVE IN MAKING THEM STRONGER THAN THEIR HOUSES, SAYING, "WE SHALL OCCUPY THEM LONGER." [Photo.]



Photo.

THE POPULATION OF TANANARIVO ASSEMBLED TO HEAR A PROCLAMATION READ.

1907 E

weariness faded away, was like a foretaste of paradise.

I found to my surprise that my arrival was considered a matter of some importance. I was the first lady who had accomplished the journey on a bicycle, and being quite a stranger to the country, and with no knowledge of Malagasy, it was considered quite a plucky thing for me to have come through alone.

Many members of the various missions came to see me, and many questions were asked and congratulations offered.

I attended church on the Sunday afternoon, and was much struck with the universality of the white *habita*, the national garment of the Hova. The effect is much as though the whole congregation wore surplices. Striped and dotted coloured *habita* are sometimes worn, but the brightest colours are kept for special occasions.

In the company of my kind friends I cycled round the town, visiting many places of interest, carrying them being the great place where the people used to assemble for *haritra*, when no formal concert would gather to hear a formal performance.

At present the Queen appearing in state under the red and white umbrellas.

Antananarivo is the great washing day in Tananarivo everybody goes to the river to get their clothes clean and fresh for the services next day. It is also the weekly hair-dressing day as well, when the women perform this kind office for each other. One often sees them sitting outside their doors using plenty of grease, and then making combs of tiny plants, which are heavily pressed to the back and arranged from ear to ear. The Hova women go bareheaded, have a good complexion and the good carriage can be seen given to all people who delight in looking at them.

After some smaller expeditions in the neighbourhood of Antananarivo I started off on another long journey, this time to Vakinankaratra, the north of the Hova's country. Soon after leaving the river I crossed a broad river, I had my first

experience of boating in a "dug-out." How I did tremble for the machine and myself! There was no seat, and, what with the muddy water in the bottom of the boat and its painfully obvious crankiness, I felt far from comfortable. The boatman pushed us across by driving a long pole into the bottom, and right glad was I to get ashore.

Much of the road on this journey was a trial to one's nerves, being crossed at times by deep, open gutterways carrying the water down from the hills. At other parts it was so steep and rocky that pushing and holding back were both impossible, and the cycle had to be carried. Indeed, nothing but an obstinate determination to get through took me onwards.

At these trying times the noontide rest at

the weird little roadside restaurants was very acceptable. One old man in charge of one establishment had such a dear, benevolent face that I quite took to him, and it was interesting to see the ever-present bearers drop their burdens and sit about to eat their lunch. Sometimes when I cleaned and oiled the "bisikilety" an eager group would gather



SCENE OF THE WEEKLY HAIR-DRESSING DAY IN THE HOVA CAPITAL—THE WOMEN MAY BE SEEN SITTING OUTSIDE THEIR DOORS HAVING THEIR HAIR PLATED. (Photo.)

round to watch me, discussing the curious thing with great animation. They were vastly honoured if they were allowed to hold the cluster or steady the machine.

I stopped one night at a tiny village, where every single inhabitant turned out to inspect me. Crowds filled the streets, and clusters of heads at each window watched every movement I made. Happily, however, it is considered impolite with the Malagasy to look on when one is eating, so my audience vanished directly the food appeared. Alas! on this occasion we had literally to sleep with the pigs—a big sow and four little grunners were only a passage-way removed, and many a time I wished them far away before they finally settled down to sleep.

If there were not the usual travellers' rest in the village where I wished to stop the best Malagasy family in the place usually gave up their room for my use. If I did not like the

appearance of one house the headman of the village trotted round with me to another, and the smiling and affable family took it as a compliment if their abode satisfied me, and left me in possession.

Very often I had to make an early start without even thanking them. All that they expected to receive, however, for their kind hospitality was a penny for the bundle of grass that did my cooking, and perhaps a trifle for eggs or potatoes!

We now came to another river, where I was happy in finding a native boat for crossing, but six times on this journey I had to cross rivers without any bridge or boat. Three times my handy-man carried me over. Once I got frightened on seeing the rocky bottom, nearly upsetting us both, and got a laughing remonstrance from him on the other side. At another place a sick man who was being carried along offered to get out of his swing seat for my benefit.

At last I reached Fianarantsoa, another city

eager interest of the natives, the smiling courts thronging the villages, and the throngs around one's door at night. However early I started in the morning some boys would be there to run races with "the horse that feeds upon wind," as they called my "Sunbeam."

On my way to Fianarantsoa I had found the men refuse to put a hand to the machine when I gave them an opportunity to push it uphill, and I verily believe they were afraid of it; but now they were most eager for the honour, and three or four lads laughingly contested for first place, one taking each side of the handlebar and another the saddle.

Two breakdowns marked my return journey. One night the pole of my stretcher smashed, letting me down in the middle, much to the amusement of my man. Worse still, however, an unprepared-for puncture came in my tight little wheel which had behaved so well, making me do the last two days humbly on foot.

Happily, I got through the whole of my long

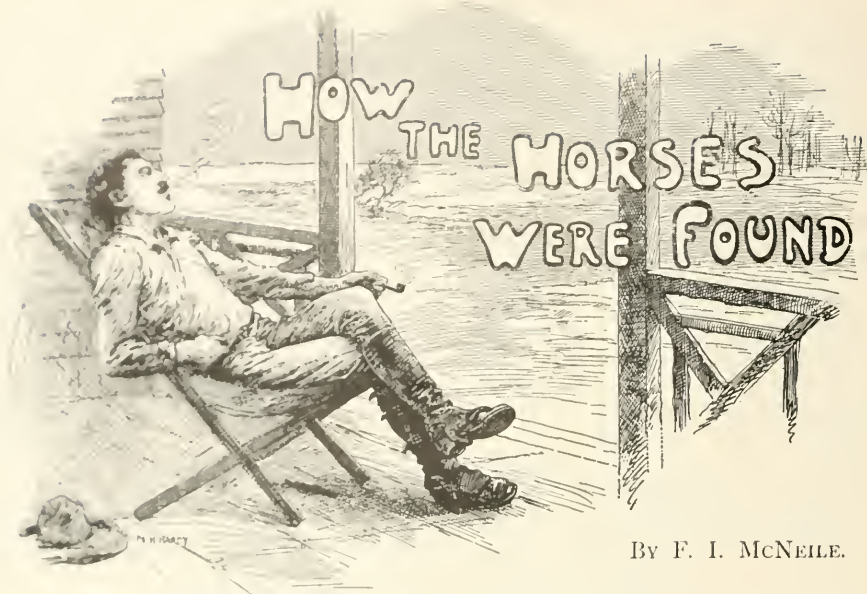


THIS SICK MAN OFFERED TO VACATE HIS LITTER IN ORDER THAT MISS BROAD MIGHT BE CARRIED ACROSS A RIVER.
From a Photo.

on a hill, where I was received with the greatest kindness by the missionaries and natives alike; a native pastor telling me that all their men would have to bow down to me, as I had done what none of them could.

My return journey was marked by the usual

runs and tramps without fever, much to the astonishment of the European residents, and I have nothing but rose-coloured recollections of everybody's kindness and the wonderful interest and variety of my thousand miles' tour in Madagascar.



BY F. I. McNEILE.

Some horses had mysteriously disappeared from the author's station in Queensland, and the aborigines were suspected of the theft. They obstinately refused to return the horses, however, until at last the author managed to work upon their fears by means of an eclipse of the moon, when the missing animals were promptly discovered in a stock-yard.



ENERGY and love of work are not characteristics of the aboriginal in any part of Australia, but it would be difficult to find anywhere a lazier collection than my dusky neighbours on Wymullah Station, away back on the Wilderwaggera River, in the far West of Queensland.

On a misting December afternoon I sat on the homestead veranda smoking, and mentally vowing that before another summer came round I would turn my back upon the West for ever. Customarily, the view upon which I gazed was not conducive to cheerful thoughts, for drought and desolation reigned supreme. On either side of the house, as far as my tired eyes could see, stretched an arid plain, its monotony broken only by occasional sparse clumps of mesquite bush and a few lonely bloodwood trees, affording but little shelter from the sun's rays, which shined down fiercely on the dry red soil. In front was the same desolate country, save where a double line of dense gum trees marked the channel where once the Wilderwaggera had flowed, now a dry, sandy bed, containing a few pools of dirty and fetid stagnating water. Close to the largest of these a group of seven (or eight) tall, marked the moose trap.

It was now when the (old) man had wived

over the plain and large mobs of fat cattle had wended their way yearly to the southern sales, and in those days Wymullah had a well-paid manager and many hands. Tempted by glowing tales of easily-made fortunes, I had given up a fair billet in England, and had gone there as a young "jackaroo" to gather my Colonial experience. Experience I had gained, 'tis true, but as yet none of the fortunes had come my way. The great drought of 18 — was now at its worst, most of the stock were dead, and strict economy was being practised. I combined the duties of manager, overseer, stockman, and book-keeper, my sole white companion and assistant being a Scotsman named McPhail. Once a month one of us rode a hundred miles to Merriwo, the nearest township, where we got our mail. The last time McPhail had been there was some two months ago, when he had drunk not wisely but too well of a certain celebrated potation which a local publican sold as rum. Its chief ingredients were apparently kerosene and tobacco, and a touch of sunstroke following his indulgence in this tasty mixture had bowled McPhail over completely, and when the time came for me to go for the mail he lay tossing on his bunk in a high fever, so that I could not leave him. Now, however, he was recovering, Christmas was approaching, and a keen desire for news from the outer world

took possession of me. I had made up my mind to start for Merriwoo a week ago, but, greatly to my annoyance, the few horses that remained on Wymullah Station had mysteriously disappeared. I had last seen them in a low-lying paddock about a mile from the house, and had pointed out the two that were best able to travel to Jimmy Mack, the chief of the blacks, telling him to bring them to the house at dawn next morning, when I intended starting for Merriwoo. But when morning came all the steeds had vanished and no trace of them could be found! It was impossible that they could have strayed from the paddock, which was wire-fenced and iron-gated, and my suspicions at once fell on the blacks, who refused point-blank to track the missing animals. The Australian

aboriginal is an expert in the art of tracking, and is almost invariably employed by the police in the pursuit of criminals who have escaped into the bush. For a bushman I am a poor tracker, so, after spending hours of vain searching—always losing the tracks and my temper—a few miles from home, I came to the conclusion that it was useless for me to try to pick up the trail again in the present hard, dry condition of the ground. McPhail was not well enough to venture out in

the scorching sun to help me; the blacks remained obdurate, and at the same time became exorbitant in their demands for rum and tobacco, while their chief dropped hints that, if these luxuries were forthcoming, the horses might return as mysteriously as they had vanished. Much as I craved for the mail, I had no desire to walk the hundred miles to Merriwoo, but I had no intention of giving in to the blacks, who for the present had undoubtedly the whip-hand of me.

As I lay back in my veranda chair and wearily pondered over ways and means of bringing them to their senses, a strong, unpleasant odour, peculiar to the aboriginal, was wafted to me by a faint breeze, and I became

aware of the vicinity of Jimmy Mack, the "boss" black of the camp. This old scoundrel had been a noted character in the early days, when the blacks outnumbered the whites in Western Queensland. Then he had been a king amongst his people, a despotic monarch, who summarily put to death any subject unfortunate enough to offend his sable majesty, and for this reason he had been outlawed by the whites for many years. Now, however, he had lived down his sinister reputation and dwelt in peace at Wymullah, surrounded by his numerous relatives.

He strolled leisurely towards me, smoking an evil-smelling clay pipe. He presented a remarkable appearance. His bulky form was enveloped in a heavy frieze ulster, and a battered

tail hat was perched jauntily on his head; the fact that both articles were discarded remnants of my former civilized condition roused my ire. Slouching behind Jimmy was his "gin," Selina, whose sole raiment, the cover of an old umbrella, presented a striking contrast to the costume of her lord and master, but was far more suitable to the day, as the thermometer registered somewhere about 120deg. in the shade. As they neared the house Selina retired modestly behind a water-tank—empty,



From a

THE AUTHOR, MR. E. I. McNEILL.

[Photo.

alas!—and Jimmy approached me, followed by his youngest pickaninny, Canary, and numerous dogs of the purest mongrel breed.

"'Alloa, boss," he observed, affably, seating himself on the veranda ledge in close proximity to my chair, an arrangement which gave me the full benefit of the odours exhaled from his pipe. "Hot day, boss," he continued.

"Then why the dickens don't you take off that rig?" I growled, pointing to the ulster, which to me was reminiscent of England and wet weather, both far-off dreams in this drought-stricken land of the "Never-Never."

"Can't, boss; got no trousers! You no give me trousers, must wear this feller," answered the black, with an expression of

virtuous resignation on his villainous old face.

"Plenty trouser, shirt, coat, everything, in store," he next informed me, but I ignored the hint and inquired why Selina, who used as our handmaiden, had not been near the house for a week.

"No proper clothes," said her better half, sadly. "She's too shamed."

A fleeting glimpse of Selina's sable person peering from behind the tank more or less verified this statement.

"But the clothes she had last week and before that?" I asked.

"Must have gone and got lost," he answered, readily. "Plenty dress in store—and 'bacca, boss! Me want 'bacca!"

"'Bacca, you old scoundrel!" I shouted, angrily. "Not another pang will you or any of your sneaking crowd get until those horses are found!"

Jimmy smiled serenely, and suggested that very likely the horses would never be found under those conditions.

"Must gone and got lost—praps die along of bush," he announced, cheerfully. Then, with the air of a general conducting peace negotiations, he added, "Praps you give plenty rum, plenty 'bacca, plenty new clothes, praps horse come back."

"You'll get neither rum nor 'bacca, and I'll have you all put in lock-up," I told him, with a wild disregard of possibilities. "You send Selina here to wash clothes and scrub house."

"Selina no clothes; me no 'low her come here," declared the estranged husband.

Seeing a flannel shirt of McPhail's, which was tossing on the rail, I flung it in the direction of the tank, whence came approving assents, and presently Selina emerged from her den—dressed in the garment, her enormous mouth dominated by a vast grin.

"'Bacca, boss," she demanded.

"Rum, boss," supplemented Jimmy.

"Rum and 'bacca," came from a chorus of black, red, and brown, who had gradually gathered round the veranda.

"Fetch those horses," I answered, doggedly. Agy's growl were the only reply to this.



"'BACCA, BOSS! ME WANT 'BACCA!"

"If ye have ony notion of gettin' to Merri-woo," drawled McPhail's voice from within, "ye'd best give them the rum and be done, and I'd not mind a wee drap myself."

"I'll see them hanged first," I roared, pouncing on the luckless Canary, who was endeavouring to scrub the dusty veranda, rubbing it with a crumpled newspaper. The paper was two months old, 'tis true, but it contained the last news from civilization. As I rescued what was left of it from Canary's small, moist hand, a heading caught my eye: "Eclipse of the Moon on December 20th." As I gazed at it a brilliant idea struck me, for to-day was the 20th December. I made certain of the correctness of the date by glancing at an almanac which hung inside the open door. Then I went outside and addressed Jimmy Mack.

"Big feller moon last night, eh, Jimmy?" I remarked.

"Ya-as," admitted that worthy, laconically.

"Big feller moon come again to-night," I suggested, and, as no one argued the point, I continued: "See here, Jimmy, you know where horses are. You bring them back to-day and I say nothing. You no bring them back, then I put out big feller moon to-night and make all dark. You no bring horses after that, then I put out sun to-morrow—make everything dark always!"

An incredulous smile greeted this astounding statement.

"Pr'aps!" was Jimmy's contemptuous comment as he walked away, followed by his family, friends, and the crowd of dogs. The most

mangy of the latter had evidently been foraging in my kitchen, and bore in its mouth a large piece of beef which had been destined for our lunch. Having no desire to recover it from its present owner, however, I contented myself with hurling stones at the offender, and shouting after the retreating party, "You see I make all dark to-night."

My threats had apparently no effect, for I saw no more of the blacks that day, nor was there any sign of my missing horses. When the evening came I went to the veranda and watched the sky carefully and anxiously. The moon rose bright and full, and all was clear as day. The blacks' camp stood out plainly, and I could see its inmates squatting round their camp fire. I continued studying the heavens until my observations satisfied me that the astronomer's forecast was correct, and then I proceeded to the camp, carrying a boot-jack in each hand. I

explained my terms once more to the assembled natives, and received the unanimous reply that rum and tobacco were the two factors essential to the return of the horses.

I have never been a singer or even musically inclined, but I now began to slowly declaim Latin verbs to a tune of my own composition, the result being a sort of mystic chant. At the same time I pointed heavenwards with the boot-jacks and waved them wildly in the air. My audience evidently thought that I was performing a corroboree for their special amusement, and greeted my efforts with shouts of laughter. It was only when a dark rim became visible on one side of the moon that signs of a vague uneasiness were exhibited in the camp. Further and further over the moon's bright face crept



"I POINTED HEAVENWARDS WITH THE BOOT-JACKS AND WAVED THEM WILDLY IN THE AIR."



THE MISSING HORSES IN THE STOCK-YARD.

[Photo.]

the darkness, darker and darker grew the night. Crying and other dusky infants broke into terrified wails, but still I continued my weird song, and physical drill with the bent-jacks. Soon only a small section of the moon was visible, and gradually even that was obliterated and we were plunged in total darkness.

Then the blacks gave way. They rushed shrieking to their *gunyahs*, tumbling over stumps and each other, and after shouting to them that I would treat the great sun in an equally summary manner if the horses were not found by the morrow I jockeyed my way back to the house, well satisfied with my evening's work.

I was rudely roused from my slumbers early the next morning by sounds of vigorous scrubbing, and found that Selma, clothed and in her right mind, was doing her best to rotate the veranda boards to their pristine whiteness, while still another "go" presided over the scrubbing. Only a few "gins" and packmen were to be seen about the black camp the men having, apparently, deserted it. Selma, when questioned, supposed they were asleep in the gunyahs, and no other explanation of their disappearance could be extracted from her.

One day passed uneventfully. McNeil awoke and woke at intervals, and towards sundown, tired of doing

nothing, I wandered aimlessly round the horse-paddock, trying in vain to think where the missing horses could be. On my way back to the homestead I had to pass a small stock-yard, and there, securely bolted in, were the wanderers! They were a sorry-looking lot indeed, but still horses, and a means of getting to civilization.

As I approached them Jimmy Mack emerged from their midst and strolled towards me.

"Horses found themselves," he remarked, carelessly. Then, with a shade

of anxiety in his voice, he added, "You no put out big feller sun now, boss? You leave 'm all right? 'Bacca, boss?"



N. H. HARDY

"YOU NO PUT OUT BIG FELLER SUN NOW, BOSS?"

My Mid-Winter Sleigh Tour in Norway

by Mrs. L. F. K. von Thiele.

PART II.

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.



HE overland route from Christiania to Bergen in winter is literally a *terra incognita* not only to foreigners, but to the Norwegians themselves. Few ever undertake the long and difficult journey, preferring either to go by sea or—unless compelled by dire necessity—to wait until spring, when the roads are once more open for traffic. As for a lady attempting such a feat, nobody could believe it was possible. It was on this account that, as an Englishwoman, I determined to be the first to make the journey.

The train took me as far as Honefos, where I made a stay of several days to equip myself for my expedition. I had learnt from bitter experience in the Telemarken that the only way to escape the evil consequences of intense cold was by adopting as far as possible the clothing of the country people, and, above all, to keep exposed parts covered up, however warm and comfortable one might feel. I had, therefore, invested in thick woollen stockings, of which I always wore a couple of pairs at the same time; over these I wore the huge knitted cowhair socks of the peasants, and instead of boots I wore “fin skö,” composed of reindeer skin, coming up to the knees. The fur, a very pretty grey, is left outside, and the complete boot looks like a big moccasin. Dry hay is pushed in all round, on which the feet rest, so that an ordinary observer would imagine from a cursory glance at these huge, swollen boots that everybody was suffering from a severe attack of

gout. My costume consisted of every skirt and warm jersey I possessed, piled one upon another and supplemented by a sealskin coat, a fur cloak, a country cap with ear flaps, and, surmounting all, a voluminous shawl covering head and shoulders. Even with all these wrappings my various hostesses could never be induced to believe I was warm enough, and they invariably insisted on my wearing their husband's coat as well! I was literally passed on from station to station wearing borrowed clothes. The kindness and warm-heartedness of the Norwegians are proverbial, and never displayed more than in the winter. Directly I arrived at a station my hostess would take off my outer coverings and lead me to the red-hot iron stove in the corner, where logs of wood could be heard crackling merrily, emitting a most delicious scent of pine, and fragrant coffee would be prepared and brought me. My coat from the last station would be returned to the post-boy—who would promptly put it on himself—and while a fresh horse was being harnessed to my sleigh the whole household would be busy hunting up another coat for me. I used to feel very much like a prepaid parcel being passed on in this manner, for at many of the posting stations nobody could speak English, and as I could speak no Norwegian most of the intercourse was carried on by signs, although I must confess my porters were always ready to impart all the curious scraps of information they had gleaned about me *en route* or from their predecessors.



THE AUTHORESS IN HER SLEIGH.
From a Photo.

If Honefos is beautiful in summer, it is a thousand

times more so in winter. Everything appears to be new-born, without speck or stain: the streets are covered with a carpet of snow, so

white our boots to sully its purity by treading on it: from the eaves of every house hangs a fringe of glittering icicles, and even the wood smoke from the chimneys becomes a delicate blue veil against the vivid purple of the sky. The river, with its pine-clothed banks, is completely frozen over—except where a stream—a narrow ribbon of silver flash led to the sea—forces a passage through the thick ice and flows away down the valley. Honefos Waterfall itself is the most beautiful sight of all, as the whole volume of water is transformed into a glowing mass of ice. It is as if all the sparks, all the grace and beauty of the waterfall had been suddenly arrested and solidified. The ice takes a thousand fantastic forms, it hangs in banners, torn and ground into stalactites and stalagmites hundreds of feet long, through which the sunlight comes, shooting out glittering shafts of multi-colored light. Then there are wondrous clear and chaotic, in the depths of which lurk deep reflections of sapphirine blue and flaming diamonds. Under a natural bridge, carried into

the semblance of lace-work, a pool of water seethed and fretted in a perfect frenzy of rage, hurling itself again and again against its icy barriers and casting showers of milk-white spray around.

As we merrily tinkled our way beside the frozen lake of Spirillen, past the steamers, black and lifeless, moored close to the banks waiting for the spring to burst their icy bonds and bring them back to life and activity, there was a sense of utter isolation and complete silence that was most impressive. Here

and there, at the foot of the sloping hills, a few brightly-painted farmhouses could be seen, but all boundaries of fields and cultivated lands were buried under the one universal pall of snow. Now and again we could see men examining the rafts of timber immovably fixed in the ice, or a peasant would pass with a sleigh load of hay,



A VIEW IN VALDERS.
From a Photo.

the pony entirely invisible under its overhanging burden. The path was very narrow—just the width of the sleigh—and so piled up with high banks of snow that we had the greatest difficulty in passing. Several times the sleigh was all but overturned

as the pony gallantly tried to make his way along, often breast high in snow.

Valders is one of the most romantic districts in Norway. The scenery is fine, with rocky mountains rising in snowy ranges one above the other, with fir trees clambering up the sides, their branches forming a black fretwork against the brilliant sky. In the forests the trees are festooned with long trails of grey moss, giving them the appearance of being covered with a shawl of delicate silvery lace. Some people have an idea that snow scenery is monotonous.



THE CURIOUS OLD CHURCH OF HEDDAL, WHICH WAS "LOST" FOR 200 YEARS.
From a Photo.

Nothing can be more erroneous, for the glorious depth of colouring it assumes, the delicate lights and shades that lie hidden in its luminous shadows, or suddenly flash out as the sun touches the frozen crystals, are constantly changing and disclosing new beauties. There is no coldness in the scenery; it is one splendid, scintillating blaze of brilliant colouring. Even the telegraph wires become things of beauty in this winter land of magic, the snow forming

itself into beads of gossamer lightness, and looking for all the world like pearls strung on silver threads.

Some little distance from the main road is the curious old church of Heddal, which, since my visit, has unfortunately been pulled down. It was one of the oldest buildings in the country, being some 600 or 700 years old, and built of wood. Having escaped the hands of the restorers, it had retained its unique character and was a standing monument of old Norway. The whole countryside teems with traditions, and they cluster thickly round this ancient church. It is said that when the "Black Death" ravaged the country in the fourteenth century the whole district of Hedalen became depopulated, everybody dying off except one little girl. Some years afterwards some hunters in search of game came to the neighbourhood and found footprints which looked curiously like those made by a human being. They were very much surprised, as the whole countryside was known to be deserted; but, following up the tracks, they at last discovered a young maiden. She was absolutely wild, with no knowledge of speech. Her captors took her home with them, and after a time she learnt to talk and was able to explain who she was. She was the sole survivor of the village of Hedalen, her parents and everybody else

having been swept away by the terrible plague, and she had run about the woods feeding on grass and herbs and berries, and climbing trees at night or hiding in caves away from the wild beasts which soon infested the desolated district. As the girl had forgotten her name her rescuers called her "Rype," after the wild-rose, the oldest and dearest of all Norwegian croonings. She eventually married, and her descendants, who still live in the



A FUNERAL COFFIN BEING CARRIED AT HEDDAL.
From a Photo.

neighbourhood, are known by the name of "Hedaleyper," in honour of their ancestress.

Evidently the girl had been so young when she was left an orphan that she had forgotten the church or was unable to point out its whereabouts, for the very memory of it died away or was retained as a legend. A couple of centuries passed, trees had sprung up and formed dense forests, and the whole district was given over to wild beasts. Some hunters after a bear entered the forest, and in shooting an arrow at the animal struck something which rang like a bell. They followed up this curious sound, which turned out to come from one of the church bells, and thus brought to light the only relic of the long-deserted village. The bear was killed and its skin preserved, but it was many years before the superstitious people could be persuaded that it was a Christian

fine farm and is called "Ildgjernstad" (The Farm of the Iron).

When I was at Hedalen a funeral was in process. All the farmhouses in the neighbourhood displayed the Norwegian flag at half-mast, and from a poor cottage close to the church a sonorous voice could be heard, reading aloud passages from the Bible and reciting the Burial Service. As the voice ceased four beautiful mellow bells commenced tolling, and a sad little procession came slowly towards the churchyard. The white coffin was of a curious sarcophagus shape, and was borne by several men. Nobody wore mourning; bright colours were the rule and not the exception, and the picturesque national costume was more in evidence than at any other place I came to. After the words of committal relays of mourners took spades and picks and broke up



THEY SAY THAT IN 1872 75 MEN OF OVER EIGHTY DRAGGING A LITTLE SLED UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.
From a Photo.

church they had discovered, and not one belonging to the "little people" underground. Nobody could be induced to enter it, until at last a wise man who was consulted advocated a course which would not only deprive the pixies of their church, but would prevent them doing any harm to the people who took it away from them. The plan was to take a piece of iron found by a drowned man and throw it over the entrance of the church, and, as a reward for his discovery, the piece of land where the iron fell was promised to him. His descendants still hold the piece, which has been made into a

the masses of frozen earth and so filled the grave, while the bells clanged and pealed until the last clod was piled upon the high mound and all was over.

Inside this long-lost church I saw preserved, under a glass case, the skin of the bear which was the means of the re-discovery of this marvellous old relic of the past.

It is in winter that the Norwegians do most of their carrying trade, the summer-time being devoted entirely to the tourist traffic. The snow and ice are a great aid in transporting all sorts of goods from one place to another, and I have often encountered rough sleds laden with the

most incongruous commodities, varying from household furniture to boats. This is especially the season for transporting timber from the mountains. A track is made between the trees and the timber is slid down over the frozen surface of the ground, though where the ordinary paths are used a pony will drag as many as twenty pine trees, hooked on by chains end to end, down to the valley below. The peasants fell and haul their supply of wood at this time, and it is no uncommon sight to see old men of over eighty dragging a little sled a thousand or more feet up the mountain side in the early morning and, after felling a tree, bring it down and chop it into firewood. The snow is often too deep to allow of ordinary boots being worn and the paths too winding and full of sharp turns for skis, so curious snow-shoes are used. They are called "trögs," and are made of pliant birch twigs plaited round a couple of wires, forming a flat surface about the size of a dinner plate. They are tied on the feet by means of willow withes.

All over Norway one is first apprised of the vicinity of human habitations by the enormous number of magpies to be met with. They fly about in large flocks and appear quite fearless, and not only do they build in trees, but a hole is made for them in the roofs of barns so that they may nest inside the building as well. They do a great deal of mischief, but are protected by ancient superstitions, and no farmer would think of injuring them or even of stealing their eggs.

During nearly the whole of my sleighing tour I was favoured with glorious weather, brilliant sunshine, and cloudless skies. The one unpleasant exception was the road between Fjeldheim and Frydenlund. The weather had been peculiarly warm when we started, but no sooner had we reached the summit of the mountains than we encountered a most terrific tempest of wind. In some places it had completely swept away the snow, leaving the bare ground exposed, in others heaping it up in high walls and completely filling the air with minute crystals of snow, almost blinding us. As this sharp dust settled on the face so it froze, forming a hard mask of ice, caking the eyelids together and making it most painful to open one's

eyes. Every moment the cold became more intense; the wind shrieked and howled; and as we crouched down in the sleigh for safety, it tore at us and buffeted us as if it would drag us bodily away. I tried to explain to my driver that it would be better to seek shelter, but by signs—for he could not make himself heard above the horrible din—he showed me it was impossible.

Gradually the air became so dark with the whirling grey atoms that we could not see a foot before us; twice the poor pony floundered in a deep snowdrift, and twice we were flung out. At last the driver motioned to me that it was useless trying to drive; our only chance of safety lay in giving the pony its head and trusting to its instinct to keep on the road and bring us to the next station. After many vicissitudes the gallant little beast made its way over the mountains to the sheltered valley, and we were safe. This was the worst storm of the year, and a post-boy with the mails, who started after us, was blown, with his pony and sleigh, down a precipice, and only narrowly escaped with his life by crawling under a rock, where he was discovered five hours afterwards by a search party, unconscious and half frozen.

As I approached the Filefjeld the snow became deeper and deeper. In many places the road was so completely blocked by falls of snow and drifts that tunnels had to be cut through; in other places the snow was piled up some 20ft. beside the paths, and the loose snow came down in showers upon us.

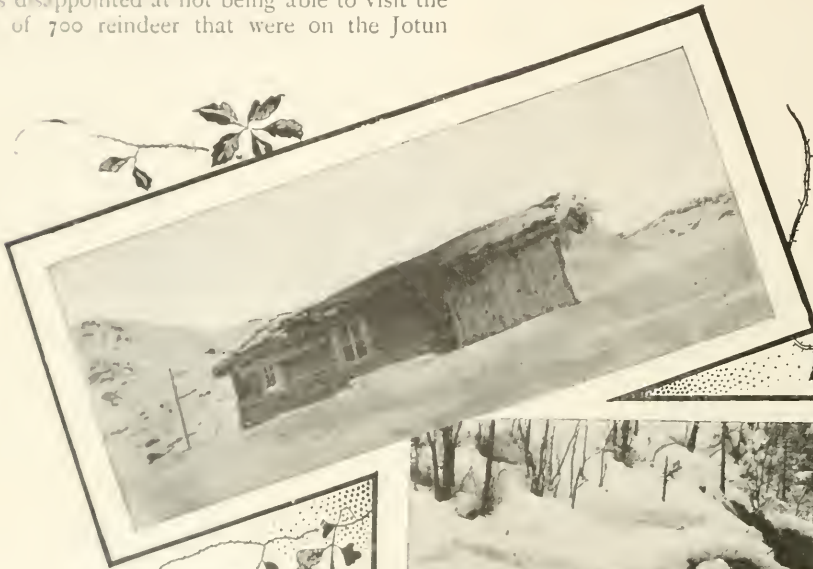


LAME REINDEER DRAWING A SLED.
From a Photo.

frightening the pony and threatening to overwhelm us. In many places, instead of sleighs drawn by ponies, I encountered small, steel-shod sleds drawn by tame reindeer. These are able to get over the snow at a much quicker rate than the ponies, owing to the peculiar formation of their hoofs. The hoofs are fashioned very much like those of a cow, except that the two divided parts are flexible. As the hoofs touch the snow they spread out, and thus cover a larger area of ground and prevent the animal sinking in. No bit is used for the reindeer, the reins being fastened to the base of the horns and the harness ornamented with bells and prettily embroidered leather-work. I was disappointed at not being able to visit the herd of 700 reindeer that were on the Jotun

soon find out their value and become reconciled to them.

On the Filefjeld, among the mountains, we came across many deserted summer *saeters*—the places occupied by the cow-girls when the cattle are on the high pastures. They looked very lonely and desolate, surrounded with ice and snow, and miles away from the nearest farm, and it was difficult to believe that anybody could be induced to cut themselves off so completely from friends and kindred for many months at a time, even in the summer. I was anxious to see the interior of a *saeter*, but most were securely fastened. At last we came



A SUMMER SAETER—THE SUMMER HUT
OF THE REINDEER HERD. (Photo.)

Mountains, but owing to the previous gales the paths were quite impassable, and, as the snow had not had time to settle down and hoofs even so were out of the question. When reindeer were not employed the ponies were shod with wooden shoes, termed *skiddes*, made of willow bark, twisted into a species of large basket, which are attached to the hoofs by ropes. At least the ponies have the greatest dislike to them, and usually will kick them off at the first opportunity, but they



91. "THE VALLEY OF TEN THOUSAND ICICLES." (Photo.)

to one where the door had been blown in by the storm, so that we were able to enter. It was a hut built of rough logs, the interstices piled up with moss, and the roof a mixture of bark and turf. Inside there were three small rooms, one leading out of the other, without doors, and all knee deep in snow. In the first room there was a large fireplace for boiling the milk for the cheeses, for the *sæter* girls employ their spare time in making butter and cheese. There were certainly no luxuries in the way of furniture—only a wooden bench, two very ancient wooden bedsteads filled with straw, some shackles for the feet of kicking cows, halters, a few wooden spoons and bowls, and such-like oddments.

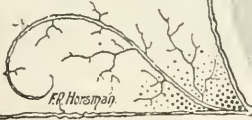
The Landal Valley might well be called the "Valley of Ten Thousand Icicles," for nowhere else are they so radiantly beautiful. The road is blasted out of the solid rock, and rises in zigzags up the side of perpendicular cliffs. The scenery is often very fine, the white mountains relieved by black pine woods from which every particle of snow had been swept away by the recent winds. Hanging from the rocky walls were numberless frozen waterfalls transformed into coruscating jewels, with the rugged rocks bedecked with the most magnificent curtain of icicles of every colour. The road hangs high above the Laera River, which was completely frozen over in places, but so impetuous was the torrent that it had torn a passage through the ice, heaping it up in immense blocks, and keeping up a

perpetual roaring that could be heard miles away. In this valley is the old "Stave Kirke" of Borgund, the most ancient church in Norway, built in the curious old pagoda style with many tiers, and ornamented with dragons and other strange mythological figures.

As we approached Laerdalsoren the snow became less and less deep, and at last we were obliged to exchange our sleigh for a wheeled conveyance, a change certainly not for the better, for the wheels skidded perpetually on the ice-covered road. Straggling farms were passed where the fields consisted of more boulders than soil, and the houses of turf and stone crouched close to the earth in spiritless harmony with their sombre surroundings. On the barren hills small sheep, black and white, vainly tried to pick up a few frozen blades of grass. The scenery gradually lost its distinctive Norwegian character, and the gloomy mountains with their frowning, barren sides gave one an idea of utter desolation and hopeless sterility.



BORGUND, THE OLDEST CHURCH IN NORWAY.
From Photos.



THE VILLAGE OF GUDVANGAN—THE SUN'S RAYS NEVER REACH IT IN WINTER.

One of the most romantic parts of my journey was the midnight sail from Laerdalsoren to Gudvangen. The little steamer that plies on the Sogne Fjord in winter is especially constructed for breaking through the

ice and, although there are a few passengers, the whole business of the ship appears to be to carry the mails. The landing stage is a short way from Laerdal, and on my arrival I found the ship enclosed in a vast ice field, extending as far as the eye could reach, and with no open water on either side. There was but one little cabin on board, and that so stuffy and hot that I elected to stay up on the bridge with the first officer, who was acting as captain for the trip. Our ship prepared to start by commencing to plunge and back and almost to rear, at the same time dashing itself again and again against the massive banks of ice which held it as in a vice. Crack! crack! crash! crash! went the ice, but still it held firm. Great masses were torn out and tossed upwards like feathers, only to disappear beneath the surface of the water and be replaced by even

the ice as it shivered and disappeared, making way for the clear water with its gleams of emerald green that ever narrowed until we appeared to be on a river. Here and there a few solitary lights denoted a village, and as the steamer screeched out the news of its arrival the postmaster would come on board, sometimes empty-handed, occasionally with a few letters or packages to be exchanged for others, and then again perfect silence would reign. Gudvangen, my destination, was fast in the ice, and as we approached the Naero Fjord we found it thicker and more difficult to break through. At last, after a few fruitless attempts to push forward, the panting engines ceased, and with a gigantic effort the steamer swung round and then came to a standstill. All round the ship, except for the way we had come, were numbers of black figures on



THE NARROW LAERDAL VALLEY, FLANKED BY MOUNTAINS 3,000FT. TO 6,000FT. HIGH.
From a Photo.

large black. The vessel quivered from end to end and seemed like a living creature fighting for its existence. Again the funnel belched out black smoke, roaring furiously in its struggles, and again we stopped. At last, however, by dint of manly skilful manœuvring we slowly resumed our way, forcing a passage through the flow and seeing the whole arm of the fjord in visible motion.

At my time the scenery on this fjord would be magnificent, but under the influence of a full moon it was extraordinary. Moonlight in Norway is quite different from what we see in this country. There is absolutely no reflection in the water, no glimmer over of detail, the whole landscape stands out clear and distinct, splashed up with a pale brilliant silver searchlight. There was not a sound to be heard, except for the rattling of

skates, waiting to take the mails and merchandise ashore. These were soon lowered and stowed into a boat, some of the men clambered inside, others harnessed themselves behind and at the side to keep it steady, and away they sped.

Hearing at Laerdal that there was some possibility of the ice extending several miles from Gudvangen, and the ship not being able to reach it, I had telephoned for some means of conveyance to come out for me. This I found awaiting me on the ice; it consisted of a small sledge. My luggage was placed on this and I, well wrapped up in rugs, was perched on top; and then, with my man skating behind to steer the sledge and with a cheery "Farvel" from the ship's officer, away we slid in the wake of the loaded boat over the four miles

of frozen fjord that lay between me and my destination.

As we glided noiselessly over the ice the sublimity of the scene became almost overpowering. Hemming us in on either side were gigantic walls of granite, powdered with snow, the deep fissures gleaming whitely in the moonlight and the summits glittering with a crown of molten silver. Under us was black ice like polished jet. From the boat in front the postman's bugle broke the silence, ringing out clear and distinct in the frosty air and raising weird echoes. Directly afterwards, as if in answer to a challenge, the distant thunder of avalanches shooting down with terrific velocity could be heard reverberating from the surrounding hills and gradually dying sullenly away in the distance. As far as possible, in order to escape the terrific force of the air-currents, all the houses composing the little hamlet of Gudvangen are built under the shelter of huge rocks that at some time or other have been flung down from the hillside, but even with all these precautions a great deal of damage is done. The night of my arrival the roofs of no fewer than four farmhouses were torn off by the terrific wind caused by the avalanches tearing down through the narrow valley. Through Gudvangen being so encompassed by mountains the sun never reaches it in winter, and even in summer it gets very little direct sunlight. In order to get the hay dried, therefore,

hurdles are erected in every situation likely to catch a ray of sunshine, and on these the grass is placed.

The Naerodal Valley is undoubtedly one of the finest valleys in Norway, flanked by mountains 3,000ft. to 6,000ft. high. Every step one takes the scenery becomes grander and grander, culminating in the dome-shaped Jordalsnut towering austere above the fantastic peaks of the surrounding mountains. The valley, never more than a few hundred yards in width, gradually narrows until further progress appears impossible. The mountains close in until they seem to touch. This apparently impassable cleft has been engineered into a curious zigzag road, looking from below like the teeth of a saw. That evening, although there was no breath of wind in the valley, a furious hurricane was raging on the mountain tops, and we could see the snow whirling in thick clouds, sometimes forming spiral columns that remained almost stationary in the air for some seconds, finally dispersing in fine mist.

The weather had broken up after the long spell of glorious sunshine, and I was very glad to finish my journey from Voss to Bergen by the prosaic railway, instead of sleighing, as I had intended. How curious it felt to be once more in a crowd and, instead of having crisp, clean snow crunching under foot, to feel dirty, half-liquid mud!

Bergen—the terminus of my trip—is said to be the rainiest city in the world, and certainly it tries to live up to its reputation, for when it failed to rain outright it always managed to drizzle. But, in spite of everything, it is one of the most delightful places imaginable. It is a city of constant surprises; modern and ancient architecture are mixed up in the most charming confusion. One minute one sees all the latest phases of civilization—electric cars and fine stone buildings—and in the next one is transported back to the sixteenth century, and beholds quaint-looking wooden buildings with curious gables, sharp-pointed and red tiled roofs, each standing by itself and painted in every variety of colour. Many of the old Hanseatic houses, belonging to the time when the German trading companies dominated North Europe, are now turned into warehouses for dried fish, ropes, laces, and many other evil-smelling commodities.

The great excitement of Bergen is the bi-weekly fish market, when everybody meets to bargain for fish. A fleet of small boats, laden with every variety of fish, is drawn up by the quayside, and



A STREET IN QUIANT OLD BERGEN.
From a Photo.

the would be purchasers all line up beside the railings and, leaning over, haggle with the fishermen below. Every kind of fish is for sale, from diminutive sprats to halibuts weighing 150lb. or even more. Some of the vessels had their holds full of salt herrings and stock fish, while others brought the fish back alive. These were transported into large tanks filled with fresh sea water, and were sold alive to purchasers.

It was very amusing to watch the desperate efforts of a buxom housewife to double up a

to the first man, and, after appealing to all the bystanders to sympathize with them for having to pay such preposterous prices for a fish, they would turn round directly they had paid it and ask for congratulations on securing their prize so cheaply! As for the fishermen, they never troubled themselves in the least whatever happened. While the haggling went on they calmly continued swabbing their boats or arranging their goods, and, when the women had finished, stolidly handed them up the fish without a word. As all fish is sold exactly as



THE WEEKLY FISH MARKET
AT BERGEN.

From a Photo.

very lively cod and cram it into a string bag. The crowd was a very cheerful and good-natured one, the women especially enjoying themselves. Fish was remarkably cheap; I don't think any sort went beyond a kroner (14c. U.S.), however large it was, but the women seemed to enjoy the bargaining just for its own sake; for I never saw that they got the fish any cheaper for all their talking. Many of them went the round of the seller, and then returned

caught, without being wrapped up or put in baskets, small boys earn an honest penny by walking about with tin pails to convey the fish home; and one of the commonest sights in the market was to see a fine salmon or collection of small fish turning somersaults out of a pail on to the side paths, pursued by irate urchins, who found it a difficult task to catch the slippery fish and deposit them safely back in their receptacle.



Mr. and Mrs. Hetzel, of St. Louis, set off directly after their wedding to cycle round the world for a prize of 5,000dols. offered by the International League. Attacks by superstitious peasants in Wallachia, long night-watches on trackless deserts, and a desperate fight for life with Bedouin marauders were some of the incidents of this perilous honeymoon. Ultimately the tour had to be abandoned and the adventurous pair returned home, Mrs. Hetzel still suffering from wounds received at the hands of bandits in the desert.



KONG night-watches on the trackless Salt Desert of Asia Minor, the whirring bullets of Arab bandits, and a desperate fight for life were some of the concomitants of the strenuous honeymoon of James and Frau Gretchen Hetzel. They are two sturdy American cyclists, now in Philadelphia after an unsuccessful attempt to make a record for girdling the world awheel.

Frau Hetzel, a comely girl, spent some time in the German Hospital recovering from the after-effects of wounds received in an attack by marauding Bedouins during their perilous effort to cross the sandy wastes of Asia Minor. In the midst of that sterile, inhospitable plain the girl was shot down. For thirty-two hours she lay helpless, guarded faithfully by her husband, until aid came in the form of a friendly Berber chief. Inefficient medical treatment and the effects of rough desert journeying left her wounds still unhealed, and on her return to America some time ago she had to be carried from the steamer.

On April 1st last year Mr. and Mrs. Hetzel were married in St. Mary's Church, St. Louis, Mo., and to the accompaniment of wedding bells and the cheers of the cyclists of the American League, who had assembled in their hundreds to bid them God-speed, the adven-

turous pair set out on a tandem bicycle to put a girdle round the earth. They were going to attempt to break all previous records, and hoped to win the standing prize of 5,000dols. offered by the International League of Cyclists to the tandem pair who should make the circle of the globe in two years.

The cycle frame was of Hetzel's own make, and especially strong, for one of the conditions attached to the prize was that the frame should return in as sound a condition as when it began the trip. The tandem was therefore built throughout for heavy work. When fully equipped it was a veritable "armoured train." On either handle-bar were two big revolvers, really formidable weapons of awe-inspiring appearance.

The run across Europe was a triumphal progress, but after that the troubles of the plucky pair began. They crossed into the province of Great Wallachia with the intention of proceeding to Cairo, and thence through Port Said to Bombay. From this point onward Mr. Hetzel tells the story of her exciting honeymoon.

"Our clothes and the machine," she said, "alarmed the superstitious peasants of Wallachia terribly, and whenever we passed any of them on the road they would run away, cowering themselves in abject terror. Some, bolder than their fellows, shouted after us, and some even

...we crossed a plain called Karadag in safety. The day after crossing Karadag, however, we were attacked on a mountainous road by two thousand peasants. They rushed as volubly and then commenced to throw down boulders. Owing to the badness of the road we could not ride away from them.

"One of the stones hit me on the side and I fell off the machine in a heap. Then my husband got angry and began to use his revolver, and presently one of the fellows dropped. Thereupon they set up a cry of howling and ran away, but we were arrested at the next village and sent to the jail at Bucharest."

After spending three days in jail in Bucharest the American Consul secured their release. Warned by their experiences they proceeded to cross as quickly as possible into Turkish territory, but nearly every day they were impeded, being arrested either by the Roumanians or Bulgarians on the charge that they were spies. The kind of espionage is the same in these countries.

"We finally got to Constantinople," said Mrs. Hetzel, "and there we had a dinner with a Turkish general officer. When he came in to report to me, my husband took a large American flag and on the top of his coat. The police official turned very angry when he saw it and without any warning he started at my husband, took the flag from his coat and threw it to the floor."

"I had made a very serious mistake," My husband



MRS. HETZEL, THE PLUCKY LADY WHO SPENT HER HONEYMOON IN SUCH A UNIQUE MANNER.
From a Photo.

was so cross that, without thinking of what he was doing, he let the Turk have his fist straight between the eyes, sending him down like a nine-pin! Well, for this unheard-of assault we were promptly thrown into a dirty, ill-smelling cell, and kept there all night.

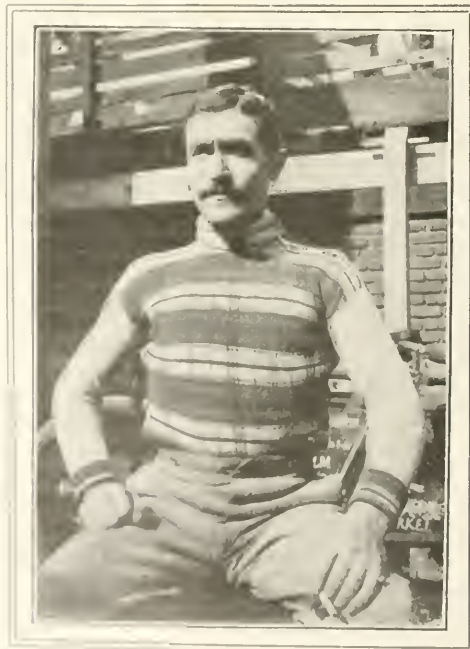
"The American Consul, Mr. Dickinson, came to our aid next day, and we were set free. We could get no redress, however, Mr. Dickinson saying that we must call the flag incident square because my husband had hit the police official. Our revolvers, cartridges, papers, and pictures were taken from us, and we were both searched. Then they ordered us to get out of the country, and sent us across with an armed guard to Ismid.

"At Ismid our belongings were returned to us, and we were left free to pursue our journey once more. We hoped to make a straight ride

from there to Baghdad, but we were warned that, were we to attempt to cross the district of Kastamuni, we should certainly be waylaid and murdered by the marauding Kurds, so we made a long *détour* to Konia, by way of Brusa, Balikesri, Smyrna, and Denizli.

"Near Konia begins the great Salt Desert. Two hundred miles of that awful tract lay between us and Angora, and if we had but known of the days and nights of horror that that terrible dead land held for us we should never have set foot upon it.

"It was on November 9th that we left Konia. The weather was warm and we were glad to leave the suffocating,



MR. HETZEL, THE GENTLEMAN HE WORE ON THE JOURNEY.
(Photo.)

dirty Arab town behind for the open. Two days later we left Insouyon, the last camel station, behind us, and pushed on into the depths of the desert. We had over 80lb. of luggage with us, and to ride in the fine, shifting sands was impossible; the weight of the bicycle alone sank it several inches in the sand. We could not ride a yard, but pushed and strove with the bicycle until we were ready to sink from fatigue.

"The night after leaving the camel station we camped on the open desert. We ploughed the bicycle into the sand until it stood upright, and then stretched a cloth from front to rear and fastened it to the ground so as to make a tent. Underneath this we slept on a single piece of oilcloth—that is, we tried to sleep, but neither of us could close our eyes. My husband kept guard for four hours while I rested under the tent-cloth, and then I took a turn while he tried to sleep. We watched with a big revolver in one hand and a mosquito-brush in the other.

"All this time we were between two dangers. One was the wild beasts that prowl through the desert, the other from the roving Berbers and Bedouins, murderous fanatics, who are far more dangerous than any wild animal. A fire would amply have protected us from wild beasts, but then it would have attracted the Arabs, who are always scouring the desert in search of plunder. Of the two we preferred to run the risk of the wild animals.

"Early next morning, with only a few pieces of sugar-cane for breakfast, we started to push along through the shifting sands. It was terrible work—something like walking uphill on ice. We slipped back continually on the sand, and it seemed as if we could never make progress. On all sides of us stretched the monotonous red-grey plain. It became maddening, too, to be always in the centre of the picture. No matter how we struggled on, the sand still stretched the same distance in front, the same behind, and the same on both sides.

"Suddenly, like specks, we saw four mounted men rising against the sky in front of us. They saw us about the same time, and opened on us as they drew near. We soon saw that they were Arabs on camels. We did not fear them exactly, but their movements made us suspicious, and so we waited for them to come on.

"Suddenly, when within a hundred yards of us, one of them slipped off his camel on the far side and almost simultaneously a bullet threw up a cloud of sand right at my feet. The fellow had fired from under the camel's body. It was to be a fight, then!

"After this they all began firing. We crouched behind the bicycle, and many shots struck the frame and iron shield. Presently we were firing back. Our long-barrelled revolvers carried well up to sixty yards, and by this time the Arabs were drawing closer and closer. Soon one of the fellows fell, and at the same moment I was shot in the leg. Jim (my husband) stood straight up and fired twice again, and another Arab dropped.

"This fellow was in the rear, and the minute he was hit he threw up his arms and cried out: 'Allah il Allah,' and something more in Arabic. Jim told me that what he said was his death cry: 'There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his Prophet—Allah receive me!'

"The other two men ran back to their wounded comrades. They were all on foot by this time, and the camels, frightened by the shots, gradually wandered off. As my husband kept on firing the two fellows abandoned their



camels and I went running off in the direction from which they had come, and we were left alone with the two wounded Arabs, one of whom died within a few minutes. The two Bedouins who had fled kept hovering round us about a quarter of a mile away. They were evidently afraid to come back for their camels.

Knowing that without them they could not ride away and bring more of their tribe, my husband shot the four camels. After this final blow the discomfited marauders ran away, and we saw no more of them.

My husband dressed my wound as well as he could, but the pain grew awful. He dragged me for nearly half a mile in the hope of finding shelter, but finally had to lay me down on the hot sand. We were without water and without help.

"All day long I lay on my back on the burning sand, sometimes fainting with pain, while poor Jim kept wandering round anxiously scanning the horizon for help."

"Night came on. Jim covered me with the cloths and raised a bank of sand for my head, and then sat down to watch the night through. I shall never forget the way the stars came out that night. I lay staring straight up at them, watching them take their places one by one. I never knew before what silence was. Nothing was to be heard but Jim's breathing and my own. I must have been delirious, for I found myself wishing to hear the stars twinkle! It seemed so natural they should do so.

"How that hour passed, and at last dawn

came. The first thing we saw in the morning was a single camel-rider coming straight towards us. Jim put the tandem in front of where I lay and leaned over me with his revolver, so as to be ready for the new-comer should he prove a foe. The stranger appeared astonished when he saw the four dead camels and the body of

one of the Arabs in the distance—the other had disappeared in the night—and he cried out in good English: 'Halloa! What's the matter there?'

"How good those English words sounded!" He was an Arab chief, a caravan leader, and was going from Angora to Konia. He turned back at once when he knew what had happened, and promised to send a driver and camels from Angora for us. We waited all that day, and at night were relieved by the arrival of the transport.

"A native doctor attended to my wounds in Angora, and the European

residents sent us over the desert to the Gulf of Alexandretta, where we took steamer for Alexandria. I was a month in an hospital in Alexandria; but on leaving for Cairo my wound broke out afresh, and I had to lie up there for nearly six months."

Subsequently the plucky pair abandoned their attempt to circle the globe, and returned home, where Mrs. Hetzel underwent treatment at the German Hospital, Philadelphia, for the effects of the wound she received at the hands of the Arabs in the desert. It is safe to say that she will never forget her curious honeymoon and the adventures it brought her.



"THE FIRST THING WE SAW IN THE MORNING WAS A SINGLE CAMEL-RIDER COMING STRAIGHT TOWARDS US."

Salmon-Catching on the Fraser River.

BY THOS. L. JARRETT.

A description of the wonderful Fraser River salmon industry, illustrated with a set of most impressive photographs. Salmon are so plentiful in the Fraser at spawning time that they are literally crowded out of the water in hundreds, and can be shovelled up with a spade!



It was about two years ago, almost at the end of our 3,000 miles long journey across Canada, that we stood in the C.P.R. observation-car watching the wonderful succession of enormous mountains past which we were whirling.

From time to time the train stopped for water or fuel at tiny stations which seemed to be lost in the wilderness of hills surrounding them.

At one of these little "section shanties," as they are called, we got out for a moment to stretch our legs after our three days' confinement by walking for a few yards along the track to where it crossed a stream. Suddenly one of us noticed several huge fish lying in the pool beneath. They were shaped like salmon, but coloured more brilliantly in red, scarlet, and purple. We could see, too, that fins and bits of tails, noses, and sometimes even the whole of the jaw, were missing from these extraordinary fish. Wondering what they could be we hurried to a Canadian friend, who had more than once helped us out of difficulties, and asked him for information.

He told us that they were indeed salmon—salmon that had been badly battered in their long journey against the stream from the sea.

He hardly expected us to believe him, he added, plaintively—strangers never did.

"There are not as many salmon as there once were," he said, "though if one cares to go up the smaller streams at the head of any of the British Columbian rivers, one can see hundreds of salmon lying dead and dying on the banks, literally pushed out of the water by the multitude of their hurrying fellows."

Even now, he told us, the settlers on the upper reaches of the Fraser at times use neither net nor hook to take their winter supply of fish, but stand in a shallow reach with a hay-fork and simply shovel the fish ashore. Indeed, I have since heard of a farmer living not very far from Victoria, who once took two waggon-loads of salmon in this way in a single afternoon.

Our friend further told us of the "candle-fish" or "oolachan," which the Indians catch with a rake. Passing its sharp-toothed edge rapidly through a "school" they knock off the impaled fish into their canoes with a dexterous tap of the rake-handle on the gunwale. These fish, almost as large as herrings and of much the same shape, are so oily that in the winter, when an artificial light is required, it is only necessary to stick the head of a dried "candle-fish" into a lump of clay and light his tail!

We soon felt a keen desire to see for ourselves some of these wonderful things, so we left the train next morning at Harrison, a health resort on the Pacific slope boasting most excellent hot sulphur springs.

Here we stayed for nearly a week, and during that time, beside catching some beautiful trout for ourselves, saw the salmon just as they had been described to us "running" up the river in countless thousands, maimed and bruised from constant knocking against one another.

The banks of the stream were so covered with decaying fish that the neighbourhood was most unpleasant. The Indians, however, seemed to mind neither the smell nor the battered state of the salmon, but quietly poled their canoes along the edges of the stream, scooping in fish after fish with a sort of short gaff. This was their harvest time, and in dozens of places one saw their primitive smoke-houses for kippering the salmon. The "dressed" fish were placed above fires so that both sun and pine-bark smoke might act on them at the same time. The bright scarlet of their flesh, sometimes half wreathed in pale blue smoke, lent a most pleasing touch of colour to the customary dark green of the interminable fir forest.

Leaving Harrison, we went on towards the coast. For the last half-hour before pulling into Vancouver—the Pacific Coast terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway—the train follows the shore of Burrard Inlet, an arm of the sea on which the town is situated. The inlet stretches for miles, fjord-like, between the mountains—

only they call them here—and so forms a wonderful natural harbour.

When we first caught sight of the water we could for a moment scarcely believe our eyes. In a dozen places, near at hand and far off in the distance at the other side of the inlet, it seemed as if battalions of huge, leaping, silvery salmon were passing over it: hundreds of fish were in the air at once! Still the train sped

did not more strongly press her claims to the far-reaching territory now forming the States of Washington and Oregon.

There are many in British Columbia who firmly believe that by priority of occupation through fur-trading posts and exploration the whole of the Pacific coast as far south as the Columbia River should be British. The English Commissioners are supposed to have been so



THE ABOVE-RECORDED PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE FRASER RIVER AT THE SPAWNING SEASON. THE SALMON WILL BE SEEN SWIMMING UP STREAM IN COUNTLESS NUMBERS. [Edwards Brothers.]

along, leaving mile after mile behind, and still as far as could be seen there were "schools" of jumping fish, until at last one wondered how many millions of salmon came yearly to lay their eggs, and die in the muddy Frazer.

Of course at the sight of so many rising fish we immediately thought of our flies and rods, and inquired from the industrial porter, who on the Vancouver side is the veritable Pool-Bah of his profession, where we could find a guide and boat in Yancouver, only to be told that the "wicker" (*Omorhynchus Nerka*)—the particular variety of salmon which we saw jumping—would not rise to fly or, indeed, take any sort of bait.

We afterwards found that this was commonly supposed to be one of the reasons why England

disgusted at the thought of rivers filled with countless salmon not one of which would rise to a fly, that they decided such a weird country could not be worth retaining! For a moment, in our chagrin, we could almost imagine them justified.

However, there is another variety of salmon, the "coboe" (*Omorhynchus Kisutch*), which, as well as the "hump-backed salmon" (*Omorhynchus Gorbusca*), takes the "spinner" very well indeed and gives an excellent fight when hooked.

After a day or two in Vancouver we were asked if we should care to drive to the mouth of the Fraser River, eighteen miles away, to see the salmon canneries. Nothing loth, we accepted, so next morning we set out on a

"buck board" drawn by two loping "cayuses" or Indian ponies. Almost immediately after leaving Vancouver's deal-paved streets we entered the bush and drove for some distance along a road flanked by giant cedars and firs, towering on either side to often fully 300ft. above us. One tree which we measured had a diameter at its base of over 10ft.

The Fraser River empties its very muddy waters into the Gulf of Georgia—after passing through a large delta of its own formation—by two main branches, a north and a south arm.

Crossing the north arm by a newly-built bridge, and leaving our horses at a farmhouse,

glittering mass, over which clear spring water, pumped through pipes laid under the river from a spring on the mainland over a mile away, was constantly sprayed.

One beauty, pulled from the mass of its fellows for our inspection, turned the scales at just 70lb. Sometimes, however, fish are caught weighing even a score of pounds more than this.

These huge fellows belong to quite a different species of salmon (*Onorhynchus Tschawytscha*). Sometimes they can be tempted with a spoon or, rarely, with a fly. In the museum at Victoria one is preserved, weighing 72lb., which was taken in the Campbell River on Vancouver



A SCENE AT THE CANNERY—THERE ARE 100,000 SALMON IN THIS SHED.
From a Photo. by Edwards Brothers.

we took a boat to the Richmond Cannery, prettily situated on an island in mid-stream. Introducing ourselves to the foreman, we asked to be shown over his cannery, and were told that we were just in time, as work was about to be commenced on the fish caught on the previous afternoon.

In the meantime we were taken to see the salmon as they lay on the wharf—a monstrous,

Island with a rod and line. These fish are locally called either "spring salmon," since they are the first each season to appear in the river, or by their Indian name "Elyce," meaning chet salmon.

We moved on from these piles of freshly caught fish to tables where double rows of dexterous workmen rapidly removed head, tail, fins, and entrails from the salmon laid out ready for

them, completing the whole task with eight *rock cuts* and a scrape from a keen-edged knife.

Almost more quickly than we could follow, the tins were passed from workers who removed the scales to women, who with coarse brushes and brine cleaned away the last traces of scales and blood. Still hurrying on we went from a machine which was cutting the salmon into proper lengths to benches where women filled tins, in which a little salt had already been put, with exactly a pound of fish.

These tins were then fed, six at a time, to a second machine which first put on their tops, and then with coarse brushes and steam jets thoroughly cleansed them. From this machine the now covered tins were taken by an endless belt through a weighing machine, which automatically rejected light tins, to another, where the tops were firmly soldered on.

From here they went to huge steam retorts and cauldrons of boiling water, where they were cooked for varying lengths of time. The cooking finished, the tins were washed in lye so as to remove any last trace of grease, and finally spread out to cool in the huge iron trays which have held them since they left the soldering machine. Some weeks later, when the fish have ceased "running" up the river, these tins will be lacquered, covered—also by machinery—with more or less attractive labels, and shipped in sailing vessels around Cape Horn to England, where most of the salmon packed on the Fraser River is consumed. Each tin, the foreman told us, was tasted no fewer than ten times before

being sent out, so that he considered it almost impossible for a bad tin to leave the factory.

From the Richmond Cannery we drove on several miles farther to the south arm, where most of the larger canneries are situated, almost at the river's mouth.

Surrounding the canneries is Steveston, one of the most extraordinary "fishing villages" imaginable, possessing, for six weeks during the summer, about 5,000 inhabitants of all races and creeds. During the rest of the year, save for a few watchmen and a storekeeper or two, the place is utterly deserted. Indians, Chinese, Portuguese, Greeks, and French, besides English-speaking races, are all here, attracted by the high wages which a good fisherman or workman is able to make while the "run" lasts. Some of these men—carpenters, farmers, or labourers at ordinary times—will return to their homes after barely two months' work with 600dols. in their pockets. Fishermen are paid prices varying with the demand, from three to as high as twenty cents a fish. Sometimes a single boat will take as many as 500 fish in a night, so that it is easily understood why artisans leave their benches and farmers their ranches to become salmon fishermen.

Once a week for twenty-four hours—from six on Saturday to six on Sunday evening—all fishing on the river is forbidden by Government regulation. This is a "close season" intended to give a few fish an opportunity of getting up the river to the spawning beds.

It was a little after five when we reached Steveston, so that one of the most beautifully



THE SALMON RIVER FISHING FLEET AT WORK.
From a Photo.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE Y-SHAPED WINGS WHICH LEAD THE "SCHOOLS" OF SALMON IN
From a Photo. by *(Edwards Brothers.)*
 TOWARDS THE CENTRAL TRAP.

picturesque scenes imaginable at once presented itself to us. Every fishing-boat on the river had left its moorings, and was sailing down the turbid river towards a crimson sea and sun. The latter, veiled by the smoke of forest fires, was sinking like a huge ball of heated copper behind far-distant hills. On every side sail succeeded sail as far as the eye could see, becoming smaller and smaller in the distance until they became specks and, at last, disappeared altogether. Every boat carries two fishermen, and about 300 yards of gill netting 15ft. in depth, furnished with floats and sinkers, so that when six o'clock strikes on Sunday night the waters, a moment before unobstructed, become barred against any belated fish by about two thousand huge floating fences.

The illustra-

tions give but a faint idea of the number of boats employed in the industry and of the closeness of the barrier of nets which they place across the river.

Naturally the nets often get tangled. A fisherman, hauling in his net at night, will find that another boat has accidentally, in the dark, thrown out its net across his. To dis-

engage them is impossible, so he quietly cuts his neighbour's net in half, hastily takes in the remainder of his own, and leaves for other fishing-grounds before his competitor, in overhauling his net, finds that half of it—or perhaps more—has been cut off and allowed to drift away.

The methods employed in the clear salt water



THE CENTRE OF THE TRAP—A FEW FEET ABOVE THE WATER—SEE HOW THE BOATS ARE KEPT OUT.
From a Photo. by Edwards Brothers.

of the American fishing grounds some miles to the south of the Fraser, where gill nets are impracticable since the salmon would see and avoid them, are quite different.

A "school" of salmon can see and will follow no obstacle in the water until a way round it is found. Traps built on the principle of the old-fashioned beehive rat trap, and made of nets hung on enormous piles, are therefore erected all along the coast wherever the bottom is suit-

When fish for the day's work are wanted at the factory a large flat-bottomed scow is brought into the pound. Then the edges of the purse-like net are gradually pulled up until the, perhaps, thousands of salmon it contains are crowded together into a few cubic yards of foaming water and struggling fish.

When the fish have been brought close to the surface a huge dip net, pivoted to the side of the scow and worked by three men, is lowered



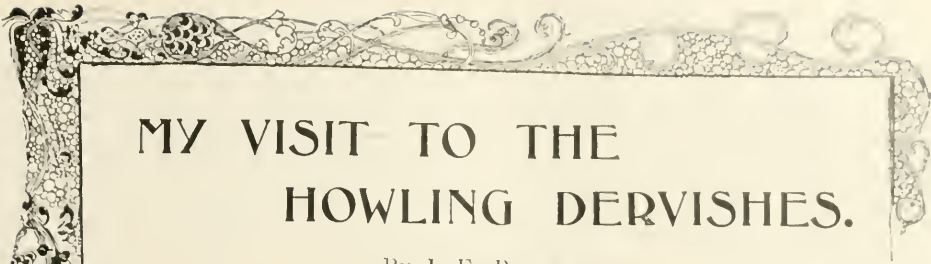
FIGURE 1. THE BE SET. IT BRINGS OUT TWENTY OR THIRTY SALMON AT EACH SCOOP.

From a Photo. by Thompson.

able and convenient shows that the fish are likely to pass on their way to the Fraser. Long lines, spread in a V-shaped formation, stretch out on either side from the centre of the trap so as to lead the travelling "school" in towards the funnel-shaped opening, which will take them into the central pound—a circular, purse-shaped pocket of netting, where they find themselves fairly smothered. Sometimes a trap like this will take so many fish that its owners are forced to allow some to escape, since they could not possibly all be used. I heard a cannery man remark (in a scornful "school" which had found its way into a large trap at the mill pond).

into the splashing and struggling mass, and so ladles out at each scoop a dozen or two silvery beauties to flap out their lives on the bare gratings in the boat's hold.

Obviously, although the initial cost is no doubt a large one, such a method of taking fish is in the end a far cheaper one than that in vogue on the Fraser River. So true is this that, when the traps have fish to spare, Fraser River Cannery men are able to purchase them at the traps in the United States waters, pay duty and freight on them, and yet deliver them at their factory wharves more cheaply than they can be caught with gill nets a hundred yards away.



MY VISIT TO THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

BY J. E. PATTERSON.

Whilst in Constantinople the author conceived an irresistible desire to witness the devotions of the curious sect known as the "Howling Dervishes." To this end he climbed upon the roof of their mosque, which gave way, precipitating him into the midst of the fanatical Dervishes. How he escaped and what happened afterwards are told in this narrative.



At the time of the escapade here described an accident had located me in Constantinople Hospital. I was then young in years and a sort of hobbledehoy in worldly knowledge. Yet years of "roughing it" at sea had in no wise dulled a natural and keen spirit of inquiry into material matters, variously described by my shipmates as "curiosity" and "meddling." However, I was an English lad-abroad and wanted to know things—and, by the knowing, there often came grief. My unrehearsed visit to the Howling Dervishes was a case in point.

Within a stone's throw of the hospital windows stood a small mosque, which had apparently once been a stable or other similar building. At its eastern corner was a mainmast-like minaret, that would have made any but the Prophet's most devout of followers afraid to ascend, lest his weight should bring it down in a heap. On each succeeding Friday the ranting fanatics who frequented this place made things hideous with a peculiarly piercing and dismal chant. Their droning annoyed me; I began to cogitate how I could permanently adjourn that nerve-ruining concert. But the approach to their temple was, to me and all whom I then knew, a mystery. It was situated in the midst of a labyrinth of ramshackle out-buildings and paltry hovels of houses. An oblique lane, an 8ft. blank wall, and half-a-dozen low, rambling roofs separated the mosque from the next building to the hospital.

My first reappearance in the outer world after my convalescence happened on a Thursday, the occasion being a visit to the Consul's office to report my return to a condition of seaworthiness. Whilst out I devoted some attention to the exact topography of the mosque of those offending Howlers. Baffled in my attempt to find an easy means of access to the mosque,

and much exasperated thereat, I returned to the hospital.

But the Dervishes were too much of an annoyance to me to be readily forgotten. Moreover, I had now become possessed of a most disturbing desire to see them at devotions. Surely a sect which could howl so long and dismally must have some most curious and remarkable rites!

After as careful a survey of the enemy's position as circumstances allowed I contrived to arrange so that my next excursion fell on the following Moslem sabbath. My besetting sin of curiosity was strong upon me; on that day I think it would have driven me to dare the terrors of silken strangling cords, weighted sacks, secret culverts, and all the mythical terrors of the East.

A second outdoor reconnaissance clinched a previous idea that the most direct way to my objective lay *over* the intervening roofs. A glance right and left showed me a clear lane. I made a rush across the alley and sprang at the wall. Securing a hold, I drew myself to the top of the first barrier. On my offended hearing came the war-note of the enemy—a wailing howl, such as would surely set on edge even the teeth of a deaf man. Before me was the goal of my curiosity, with the dirty white little minaret as a landmark, a huge note of exclamation on its people's outrage of other folk's artistic feelings.

Over the low ridge of the first hovel I went on hands and knees, it having been built within easy reach of the wall. Between it and the next house, however, was a gap on which I had not reckoned. To leap the distance would not have required much uncommon agility, but I did not know who was underneath to bear the racket of my English shoes on those old Eastern tiles. With means and force so limited I could not afford to court encounters which might bar the way to that mysterious mosque.

A quick survey showed me some narrow boards jutting on end against a building opposite, about roft to my right. Soon I was squaring myself in front of them, trying to beat the light of a piece of string over the top of the outer board. Patient effort was ultimately rewarded. With two of the boards—little more than battens—placed across that

gap I essayed the crossing, using one board

for each hand and knee. When about half over I heard a footstep beneath. A hand followed, and fingers were fastened convulsively on my left knee. The jerk they gave dislodged me, but in such wise that in coming down and swinging towards their interlarding owner my right foot struck him fairly under his chin, sending him to earth and allowing me to sway in the opposite direction. A natural monkey-like deftness—developed by many tumbles aloft in gales of wind—had enabled me to retain a hold on one board, so that by the time my assailant was on his feet I had swung myself up again, and gained the

opposite side of the alley, and was standing at bay with one of my boards as a weapon.

The man—he was apparently a Greek—first roared savagely up at me and then smiled meekly, but the change was too abrupt to gain my youthful confidence.

"Ah, Shionnie," he said, with the softness of a woman's glide through wet grass: "you come down. I got something good for you."

"Hoodlum!" was my laconic answer. "What is good up here may be bad down there."

"No, you see, you can't see."

"You'll find it true I shall see and feel too," said I.

The Greek was evidently at a loss how to proceed with his attempt at diplomacy. After glancing at me several times and then about him in all directions, he answered, "Look, I show you," and entered the hovel over which I had passed. Quick as the thought that he had probably gone for some weapon to shoot me with, I turned and slipped over the ridge of the roof I was on. When he reappeared I was safely

housed behind a chimney-stack watching him. To judge by his manner he was greatly puzzled to know what had become of me. He darted about, now in my sight, then out of it. He had something in his hand that looked very like a silver bowl, and all his movements were curiously stealthy. Some vague instinct set me wondering whether I had not chanced upon an adventure of more importance than even a stolen view of the Howling Dervishes at worship. What was this man, fairly well-dressed, doing amongst those tumble-down hovels with a large silver article openly in his possession? If he is

here by right, I thought, why does he not fetch me down at once instead of being so quiet and mysterious?

However, he soon afterwards disappeared into the hovel. I waited and watched long for his return; but he came not. The intermittent howling in my rear repeatedly called me to my primary object. It at length became so insistent that it seemed to contain a sort of upbraiding for my neglect. Unable further to withstand the call, and having lost interest in my assailant, I turned again to that which had drawn me from the bald path of rectitude.

The next building I gained by a careful stride,



"MY RIGHT FOOT STRUCK HIM FAIRLY UNDER HIS CHIN."

and so I went on to the one touching the mosque. Now the object of my desire seemed within easy reach. My purpose was to get over the mosque into a small space beyond, on to which (the Armenian porter of the hospital had assured me) there must be windows opening, through one of which I could gain a view of the interior of the mosque. How I should get back from this point was a problem which I left to the patron saint of adventurous curiosity: my only consideration was to reach the 'vantage point. To that end I gave all thought; yet with it there was some shadowy intention of exploring the inside of the place, should luck allow me an opportunity on the dispersion of the congregation, whose howls were now painfully near me.

Forward I pressed, and careful to go quietly, in mind of what ears were possibly under me. But I had reckoned without one probable eventuality—the eyes which might be above me. That such were in evidence became all too apparent just as I began to crawl up the thatched roof of the mosque, which was almost flat. Loud and clear on the sleepy, sunlit air came three distinct cries of alarm, from too officious, interfering busybodies on buildings which overtopped the scene of my thirst for knowledge. Of course, my English apparel openly informed me in the vital matter of religion, and so, to the Moslem mind, betrayed criminal intent. But on the point of determination to see and learn all about the Howlers' mosque I had burnt my boats, so to speak. I had crossed the Rubicon of my purpose, and must go forward at all costs. So I put on speed, meaning to get over the mosque and into the sheltering space

beyond ere the troublers around drew others' attention to me.

I got midway between gutter and ridge. Another minute would have found me out of sight of those prying eyes, whose owners' hatred of their yelling disturbers should have surely obtained me freedom of action. But lo! with out the slightest warning the miserable thatch gave way and dropped me into the very midst of the howling circle!

Their "Allab-illa-Allah" ceased abruptly as I appeared. Owing to the lowness of the roof and to a considerable portion of it having fallen under me my only hurt was a shaking that in no wise incommoded my movements, the bearings of the case considered. There lingers with me yet a faint recollection of how those astonished Howlers, sitting cross-legged in a circle, gazed stupidly at me, as though a second Mahomet had descended so suddenly—in the guise of a hated Christian—as to deprive them of all power of speech.

The danger of the situation sharpened my wits. I spied an egress, leaped to my feet, and made for it. My movement brought the stupefied Dervishes to their senses with a jerk. Had I remained there on the broken thatch they might have gaped at me until they fell asleep, such was their open-mouthed wonder at my appearance from the sky, as they probably supposed.

But now, evidently fully awake to the whole matter,

they came on, like keen hounds after prey; and as that prey I moved, taking the precaution of banging the door to as I passed out. On the outer side of the door there was a key, probably left thus when the Dervishes went to worship: and my start was such that I was able



"THE MISERABLE THATCH GAVE WAY AND DROPPED ME INTO THE VERY MIDST OF THE HOWLING CIRCLE."

to turn it in its rusty lock ere the pursuers were much more than on their feet. Now came the moment of uncertainty. Whither should I go, which way turn, in that strange labyrinth of hovels, where one tortuous alley was as dangerous to me as another? I had gone with a light heart into the escapade, sublimely regardless of its probable dangers, and without a thought of its possible results. Which way should I turn?

Before me was a small open space, flanked by another building at a slight angle to the one at my back. I glanced to the left, where the open ground extended a few feet clear of the end of the mosque. Then to the right went my gaze, and I saw the reason why those within were not clamouring at the door. They were climbing through the apertures which served as windows! So to the left I rushed, the muttering of the rising storm swelling in my ears. Around the corner of the temple and across its end I tore, failing to find the outlet for which I had hoped. The next corner was doubled madly. Then I pulled up suddenly, faced by a wedge-like trap formed by the walls of the mosque and its neighbouring building on that side! I could have howled even as the Dervishes did—but rage, not devotion, would have been the reason of my doing so.

The patter of my pursuers' feet could be heard behind. I made a leap at the gutter of the hovel on my right. It came away in my hand like a piece of rotten match board! In wild impotence I flung myself at the slit of an opening between the corners of the two buildings. Where at ordinary times I should have found myself too large by one third, I now went through as if greased. Up to the slit came my enemies; but even the thinnest of them could not wedge himself through. They tried the opening in turns, meanwhile flinging at me whatever could be found to serve as a missile, all in the space of a minute.

That is where I made the one great mistake of my retreat. During this part of it I should have used for the opposite side of the mosque and to boway. But I waited and watched their futile efforts to get at me. My attention was fiercely drawn to my error by the sudden appearance of about twenty five of the Dervishes from the direction in which I should have gone. Now I was trapped indeed! On every side tall black walls faced me. Out of the savage circles of those circles there now seemed no escape. Suddenly, all the opposite side of the courtyard, I saw a tall bamboo pole leaning across the wall. Scarcely was this when my pursuers came on the roof of the building above with the force of my hands.

How the Dervishes stamped, evidently heaping on me all the maledictions known to the Turkish tongue! How they savagely hunted for missiles! How they shook their fists at me, poor, ill-dressed ascetics that they were!

Then they changed from impotent raging to a disquieting action dictated by common sense. I had moved towards the ridge of the mosque. Their only means of getting at me was to come up after me. Ladders may have existed in that locality; but whether they did or not my pursuers did not seem to think of them. My first intimation of their purpose was seeing two of them stand side by side at the end of the building, near the minaret, and a third clamber up their backs. The climber's hands were on the edge of the thatch when out went my pole, on which he did not seem to have reckoned. The end of it landed squarely on his chest, and he went toppling backwards. The fall, however, hurt others more than himself. He fell on the heads of some shouters behind, whereat the hurly-burly below doubled.

I now began to think of getting back by the way I had used as an approach. But ere I could put the thought into action my enemies were clamouring and struggling over each other at the junction of the two buildings, thus effectively barring my way; for, as quickly as I could shove one down with the pole another appeared on the backs of other supporters. Even if lucky with every prodding blow of my blunt lance, I could but keep up such a defence until they were tired, and then escape back to the lane. But I had serious doubts whether I could continue to repel the boarders. Two of the Howlers, stronger and more agile than their fellows, had made grabs at the pole, and one had come dangerously near wrenching it from me.

This finally decided my course of action. I would put forth special efforts to cause a break in the stream of assailants, and then take a wild leap from corner to corner, trusting to my nimbleness, the pole, and good fortune to gain safety. Scarcely was this determination made when it had to be abandoned. Two of the enemy came up at the same moment. Whilst I knocked down the nearer one, getting the bamboo home on his jaw, and almost losing it through the violent contact and my own insecure footing, the other turned aside in his spring and gained the roof of the hovel over which I should have to go back—not, however, before I had made the end of the pole thud on his ribs as he scrambled up. I now noticed for the first time that a very undesirable thing had happened—our theatre of action had become



"HE WENT TOPPLING BACKWARDS."

the object of many eyes and tongues on the high, flat roofs surrounding.

My last blow was an unlucky one. It turned the tide of battle, and caused me to deem discretion the better part of valour. The long reach necessary to make the blow effective occasioned a loss of command over the pole. Before I could recover my former grip of it and my own balance, the thing went clattering down between the two buildings. With a rush my enemies were at the juncture of the two corners, reaching over each other until six or seven skinny arms were stretched out towards the coveted prize, but no one of them could touch it within some inches.

I gave a quick look at the Dervish opposite. Although apparently somewhat disabled, he was too big for me, especially with a crowd at my heels. Out of the dilemma there was now but one way. Round I swung on the instant and over the ridge. I had leaped to the ground on the other side and was away before they knew of my action. Across the few yards of open space I flew, doubled a corner, and tore down a winding alley, with the fear of death lending speed to my heels. For who would be a whit the wiser if these infuriated Howlers overtook and made an end of me in the surrounding Turkish slums? I could hear the pat-pat, pat-pat of the naked soles of my enemies on the narrow, gutter-like street behind. Onwards I tore,

past the entrance to other noisome alleys which were scarcely seen ere left behind, while the air resounded with cries of the pursuers and the watchers on top of the houses that bounded the slums. The mob behind swelled as inhabitants of the quarter trooped out to ascertain what the noise was about, but all ahead remained comparatively quiet.

Thus the mad race progressed. My bearings were forgotten; I strove solely for one end—to keep out of the enemy's clutches. For a main thoroughfare I could seek later on, but for the present my efforts were devoted to eluding capture.

As matters were going I should probably have reached a safer locality before ending the run had it not been for a bulky old Turk who lumbered suddenly out from a cross lane. I turned half aside to dodge him, but—too late! We collided sideways. As a billiard ball from the cushion I bounded off bodily in an oblique direction, my neck feeling as though it had been badly wrenched. Then came a series of sensations—a thud, a fall through breaking boards, and a sudden stoppage in semi-darkness. As I afterwards ascertained, I had cannoned off the Turk into the doorless entrance of a dilapidated building in the cross alley, struck against a partition joining the doorpost, and then fallen through the rotten flooring into a cellar, where I now lay—bruised, breathless, and half-stunned.

Grow and gather. I clamoured without quickly brought me to a sense of my position. I arose—thankful that no bones were broken—and silently mounted the *débris*, until I could snatch a peep of the scene without. Then I

distant exclamations of the Howlers and their friends broke the stillness. All the houses, too, seemed uninhabited. Should I risk chance eyes and make another dash for freedom and safety, or remain there till nightfall?



"I FOUNDED OFF BODILY IN AN OBLIQUE DIRECTION."

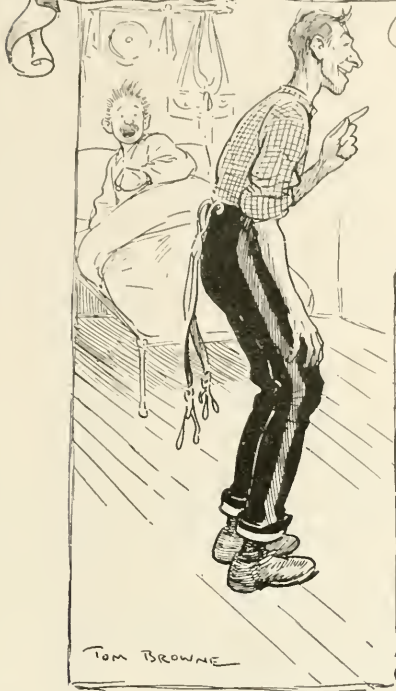
scuttled back into the darkness. At the crossing of the lines—the crowd had gathered, its members gaping all ways at once. My mysterious disappearance was evidently the subject of hot argument and inquiry. The old Turk stood in the middle, his clothes dirtied by the mud across that muddy lane. He was obviously too dazed to speak intelligently.

Prudently I could not be moving, whilst amazed and astonished held the enemy at the crossing. After some exploring of my cellar I found an opening which looked out on to another alley, apparently running parallel to the one I had fled. Here all was quiet: only the

I decided to take my chances, and as quickly and quietly as possible I crept out. A main street was soon reached, and an hour later I passed safely into the hospital. But the following day Nemesis got upon my tracks. All the men out of bed were mustered before a deputation from the Howlers, who had in some way or other got to know of my whereabouts. I was singled out without any hesitation, and the compensation I had to pay for the escapade almost drained my small fund at the Consul's office. I was told, moreover, that my life would pay for the affair if I remained in Constantinople.

CANTONMENT · PETS ·

By Staff-Sergt. E. Moor, late of the 39th (Dorsetshire) Regiment.



Tommy Atkins's fondness for animals is well known, and in this chatty little paper Sergeant Moor tells some amusing anecdotes about the many and miscellaneous pets kept by the soldiers of our Indian Army. The escapades of these furred and feathered favourites very often lead to most absurd situations.

more suitable perch than the space on the shelf between his own kit and that of the man who occupied the next cot. As the bird had an appetite like a wolf and could not be taken out for exercise, the result may be easily imagined—the kits suffered wofully—and the poor bird soon had to wing its way to parts unknown. On another occasion, when "C" Company's kits had been laid out for inspection in the strictly orderly manner prescribed for that function, previous to going on parade, some wag loitered behind and privately untied a monkey belonging to one of the corporals. During the hour of the company's absence at drill this little beast most industriously and promiscuously mixed every kit in the bungalow, and transferred numerous articles to the rafters, whence, on the company's return from drill, it was seen complacently surveying the indescribable *mélange* below. The language indulged in by the members of the company on this occasion was, I regret to say, too extensive and peculiar to be repeated. It took a tremendous time to sort out all the articles properly again, and the monkey narrowly escaped with his life.

THE fondness of Private Atkins for pets is well known, and in the old days in India the cantonments, shortly after the arrival of a regiment fresh from home, would resemble a straggling Zoo as much as anything else, until various *contretemps*, subversive of military discipline and barrack-room economy, would result in a crop of regimental orders regulating or suppressing the menagerie.

Futile attempts to convert pariah pups into fighting dogs, strenuous efforts to teach green parrots to talk in a month, and altogether useless exertions to make a "plains" mynah (starling) talk under any circumstances whatever would sometimes turn the place into a veritable pandemonium, and occasionally cause a fight between a man who wanted to sleep and one who persistently shouted "Pretty Poll" to a demon in green feathers, who answered him only with ear-splitting shrieks. I remember a number of most laughable incidents in connection with cantonment pets.

On one occasion a budding naturalist bought a large white egret, for which he could find no

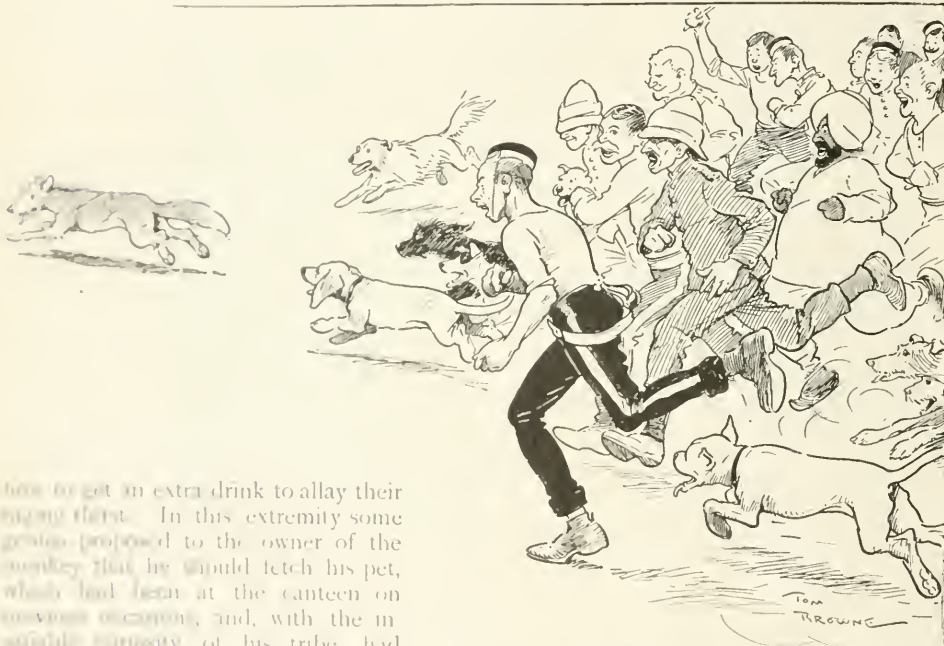
A subsequent adventure of this same monkey friend, however, was very much more approved of, and earned for him complete forgiveness for the kit inspection business. It happened in this wise. The amount of liquor which was allowed to be purchased by each man from the canteen was one quart of beer and one dram of rum per diem. In those days the method of recording the purchase was for the orderly corporal of each company to stand near the counter with a

board on which was a list of the men's names: as each man was supplied the orderly corporal inserted a wooden peg in a hole opposite his name. The canteen sergeant was allowed some charge to work on, and an extra dram was often obtained by thirsty men by collusion with the orderly corporal. Oftener, however, one man would get into conversation with the orderly corporal while some light-fingered companion (he had more than one or two of them) abstracted a peg or two from the tell-tale board. Each case of drunkenness led to further canteen regulations, and at last the orderly corporals were surrounded by a light wooden fence, which rendered the abstraction of pegs impossible.

On the memorable day in question a cricket match had taken place, and some of the thirsty souls of "C" Company were at their wits' end

plied previously, but the majority had their way, and great was the jubilation among the unregenerate. The issue of beer, etc., is now recorded in ink on printed sheets.

In the Northern Punjab, which is not much nearer the Equator than the south of Spain, the winter mornings and evenings are quite chilly; consequently, the dog-fancying fraternity of the gallant 39th had provided their favourites with coats, and in the matter of tailor-made costumes some of them could almost have vied with a Regent Street poodle. Each man tried to out-do his fellows in the gorgeousness of his dog's coat. One simple fellow, whom I will call Ken, actually conceived and carried out the ridiculous idea of curing a jackal's skin, tail and all, with which to clothe his beloved cur. Thus, quite unwittingly, he made the poor brute an



"HE WAS SOON JOINED BY HALF A SCORE OF OTHER MEN."

how to get an extra drink to allay their raging thirst. In this extremity some genius proposed to the owner of the monkey that he should fetch his pet, which had been at the canteen on various occasions, and, with the invariable unanimity of his tribe, had always manifested a strong desire to accompany the peg-board. The monkey was brought in a few minutes, and his owner unconsciously strolled up to the fence and engaged the orderly corporal in conversation. Suddenly, with a bound, the monkey sprang from his arms (quite accidentally, of course, as he afterwards explained) over the partition and on to the board, sending the pegs flying in all directions, to the dismay of their possessor. Immediately there were numerous proposals for drinks. Many were refused on the ground that the orderly corporal had canteen

object of hatred to all its canine brethren. One morning Private Fitzpatrick, who had been groom to a sporting "gentleman" in Ireland, saw his dog straining the leash and growling at a remarkable-looking animal a couple of hundred yards away. It was, of course, Ken's dog, with its extraordinary coat on. So Private Fitzpatrick released his cur, shouted "Jackal!" and, with a wild Irish "Tally-ho!" set off in hot pursuit of the hybrid-looking beast. His cries aroused the camp, and he was soon joined by half a score

of other men, all followed by their dogs. In vain the excited Ken, who dashed after the yelling crowd, protested that it was not a jackal, but his own dog. They could not hear him, and in any case the dogs were too excited to be called off, so the chase was continued until poor Ken's unfortunate pet was finally run down. It was currently reported that Ken was more moved by the affair than if they had been hunting his father.

The fancy of Johnson (of "F" Company) took the cumbersome form of horses, of which he had two. This need not excite much surprise when I tell you that a country "tat," or pony, could then be purchased for less than Rs.30 (about £3) and a "cast" Artillery horse for Rs.50. Moreover, he made them contribute considerably to their own support by hiring them out to men who fancied a little equestrian exercise. I had a great ambition to learn to ride (why I didn't join the cavalry is another story), and one day Miller, my comrade, proposed to me that after tea he should have Johnson's horses ready and we would go for a ride. I gladly assented, for being on staff employment during the daytime I always found myself forestalled by someone whenever I went to make the necessary arrangements.

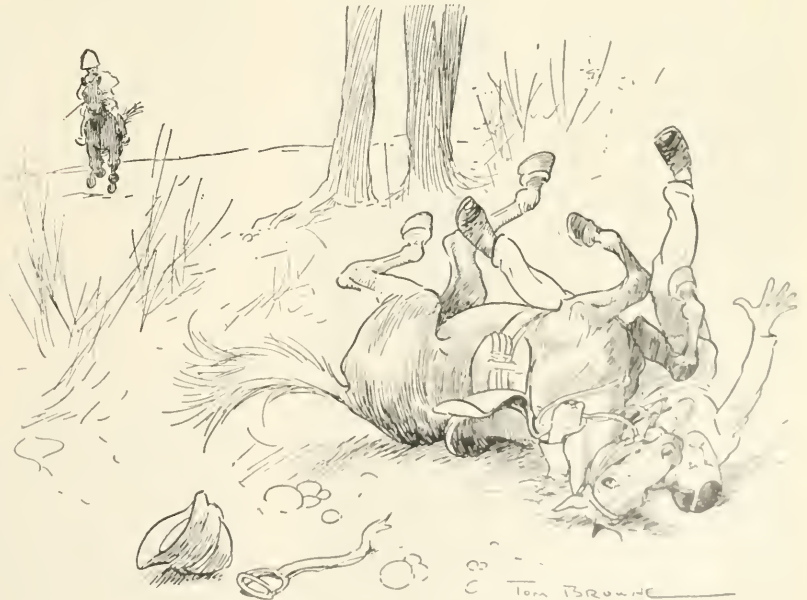
Miller duly had the horses ready, and I mounted the "cast" horse and he the "tat." Off we cantered down the road over the plain—a dead level for scores of miles and about as interesting from a scenic point of view as the top of a dining-table.

Miller occasionally gave me elementary instructions in equitation, afterwards prancing off on the "tat" for a hundred yards or so. There was not much prance in my steed, and he went as steadily as a steam-roller till we neared the Artillery quarters, which lay about 600 yards from the road. Just then the stable call sounded, and my mount immediately obeyed the call by turning thitherwards. In spite of my efforts—for I did not wish to leave the road—he would go on towards the barracks. In vain I coaxed him,

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switched him, pulled at the rein, or vigorously applied the heel of my boots to his ribs; he was master of the situation. Whether it was the force of military discipline, old associations, the prospect of another feed, or the hope of seeing once more an old comrade in harness I know not, but I was finally reduced to getting off his back and trying to lead him past the place. Miller, seeing my difficulty, rode back and dismounted, saying he would steer him past. "Mount the tat," said he, "but keep a tight rein, for he is very fresh." I obeyed, but I became so interested in watching Miller's extraordinary manœuvres with the ex-Artillery horse—the "steering past" not being so easy as he thought—that I gradually forgot the tight rein, and off the "tat" darted. There was neither hedge nor ditch to the road, and he soon left it at a gallop. I kept my perilous seat pretty well for an amateur—and it was perilous—for my knees were in undignified proximity to my body, the bungalows were becoming dim in the distance, and I began to anticipate a night in the jungle. Having already had one experience of that sort I did not hanker after another, so I determined to make an effort to check the mad career of my flying steed.

I got a terrific strain to bear on the rein, when suddenly my left stirrup leather, which was old and dry, parted, and over I went, bringing the pony down with me and landing with one arm round his neck. There we lay for a

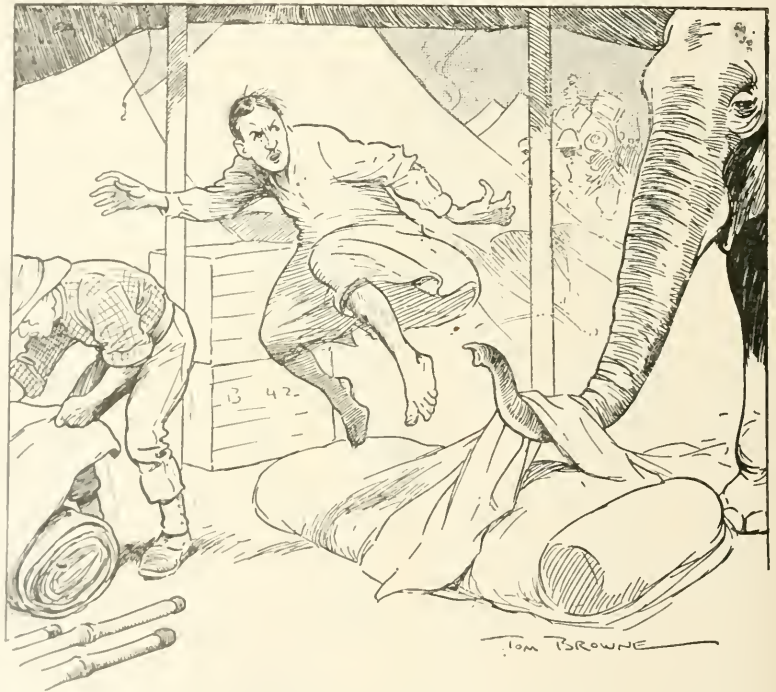


"OVER I WENT, BRINGING THE PONY DOWN WITH ME."

few minutes, for I did not leave go of him far fear he would trample upon me in rising. Presently, however, Miller came up and extricated me. How I escaped without broken bones is a mystery to me still, but I suppose the short distance I had to fall had something to do with it: the only result was a shock, and the splitting of my white drill suit from the shoulder nearly down to the heel. I was so captivated with the notion that such a little beggar could run away with me that, on hearing shortly after that the "tat" was for sale, I bought him, saddle, bridle, a set of brushes, and a couple of feeds of "gram," for the moderate sum of Rs.30. We stabled him under a tamarind tree close by, Miller doing the grooming in consideration of rides during my absence. He became the idol of "C" Company, and it was a positive treat to see the little rascal trotting down the verandas of a morning and stopping at open doors to beg for bread left from overnight teas. This was a trait in his character which, for financial reasons, strongly appealed to me. He knew all the hungry men of "C" Company as well as a professional beggar knows the houses where it is useless to call.

Besides these private and personal pets we were sometimes catholic-minded enough to indulge in one collectively. This was particularly the case when the baggage animals provided for a march happened to be elephants. Once, when on the march to Lahore to attend the Grand Durbar in honour of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh—in 1871, I believe—there was an open competition amongst the men in the tent I had charge of as to who should gain most recognition from, and be most familiar with, my lord the elephant. I gained a somewhat undue advantage in this competition by the occasional purchase and bestowal upon the elephant of a mouthful of cheap coffee—preparations of which Hathi adores very fond and further by giving him what is called "rice." I always gave it him at a good time and pressed it from the

same spot, or nearly so. The time was as soon as the tent side-walls were taken down in the morning, about 3 a.m.; the spot was just under my *gathri*, a thick wadded cotton quilt for sleeping on. To afford every facility for the rapid packing of camp equipage the elephants were brought as close as possible to the tents overnight, and when the walls were down Hathi would extend his trunk into the tent and take the bread from my hand. Not being required to take part in the actual packing of the tent, I usually laid a minute or two longer than the rest, till the side-walls were down and there was more room to move about. One morning I overslept myself a little, and was suddenly roused by a violent undulatory motion by the side of my *gathri* and partly beneath my body. In my half-awake condition this was so strongly suggestive of big snakes that before I had time to think I bounded out of bed like an acrobat,



"I BOUNDED OUT OF BED LIKE AN ACRBAT."

coming into violent collision with an Irish private who was rolling up some canvas. When I had collected my faculties I saw the cause of the trouble. Hathi, growing impatient, had inserted his trunk between my *gathri* and the ground, and was groping for the bread on his own account. He found it, too, for I was just in time to see him conveying it to the enormous chasm which served him as a mouth.

I was not allowed to forget the incident for some time ; anything unlikely was frequently compared to "Sergeant Moor's snake," and the battered Irish private did not seem able to make up his mind whether I had knocked him over purposely or not. But my efforts to make a personal pet of Hathi had received a setback.

Last, but not least, comes the story of Baloo, the bear. The scene was at Murree, a hill sanatorium situated on a spur of the Himalayas ; the *dramatis persone* men of all branches of the service. The most available pets at this station are young bears of the black variety, with a chevron of white hair under the chin ; price Rs. 4.

Corporal Wright's bear, which had just been transferred from the veranda to a dog-kennel outside because it disturbed our rest, had broken its dog-chain and disappeared.

"Where's Taffy Jones?" inquired Corporal Wright.

"Outside, teaching his dog to sit up and beg," someone replied.

Taffy was an athletic-looking gunner of the Garrison Artillery, who was fond of Wright's bear, partly because it resembled a big dog, but chiefly because, when it stood on its hind legs, after the manner of bears, and fumbled with its forepaws in the vicinity of the white chevron, it forcibly reminded him of a minister he knew at home in a Welsh colliery village making a vain attempt to tie his white choker.

"Taffy, I'll stand you a pint of beer if you'll go down to the Parsee's shop in the bazaar and bring my bear up," said the corporal ; "I'm orderly corporal and can't go myself. Someone has found Baloo wandering about down there, and has fastened him up to Jamsetjee's railings against the shop door ; the *mem-sahibs* (white ladies) daren't go in. Jamsetjee has sent up to see whom he belongs to, and I don't want to get into a row about it."

"Right," said Taffy, with military brevity. "Come on, Prouting" (to his comrade, an infantryman as big as himself) ; "we'll go and fetch Baloo up." And off down the hill they went to the bazaar.

They found Jamsetjee gazing disconsolately through his shop door at Baloo, who was tied up by a dog-chain to the railings. The worthy Parsee was inwardly bewailing the loss of most of that morning's trade in "Europe goods."

"I know who owns Baloo," casually remarked Taffy.

"Then take him away," cried Jamsetjee, excitedly ; "he lose me ten, twenty, fifty rupees to-day ; no *mem-sahibs* come into my shop. I'll make report."

"What'll you give me to take him away," pursued the Artilleryman, unmoved.

"Nothing, nothing!" shrieked the little trader ; "he lose me too much already."

"I'll take him away for a bottle of brandy," said Taffy.

"Ahi!" said the Parsee, "it is against all order, you know, to sell or give brandy to soldiers."

"Well, you can keep your brandy and Baloo, too," retorted Taffy, and he turned carelessly away with Prouting. They sat down a few paces off and proceeded to fill their pipes in a most leisurely and aggravating manner, at intervals making friendly remarks to Baloo, who was markedly anxious for a walk. In fact, he strained and struggled at his chain in a manner which threatened to pull down the railings. Meanwhile, the harassed Jamsetjee expostulated, threatened, and cajoled by turn, but all to no purpose. Taffy and Prouting smoked and chatted for an hour, taking no notice whatever of him ; then, with a jocular farewell to the impatient Baloo, they got up and turned to go.

In despair at the prospect of a siege for the remainder of the day, with a consequent loss of rupees, which were far dearer to the avaricious little man than any number of regulations, Jamsetjee finally produced the brandy under a solemn promise of secrecy, and the happy trio were soon wending their way uphill. But the day was hot, the hill was steep and high, and the brandy was ever present to the minds of two of the three travellers. So, fastening Baloo to a tree, they sat down to have "just one drink." This "one drink," of course, led to the emptying of the bottle on the spot. This accomplished they set out for camp again, but not quickly, for the method of progress of a half-grown bear on a dog-chain is somewhat erratic. Before the uncorking of the bottle, this disposition to wander on the part of Baloo was overcome by Taffy and Prouting in a friendly and persuasive manner ; but the sun was getting higher and the brandy was working, and Taffy's Celtic ire mounted. After a few sudden rushes on the part of Baloo, followed by loud and dictatorial advice from Prouting on the proper method of leading young bears, Taffy angrily pulled Baloo up with a sharp jerk of the chain, whereupon Baloo responded by biting him on the calf of the leg and removing a considerable portion of his trousers. The irate Taffy retaliated with a kick, and the progress became a very lively affair indeed, for man and bear got mixed up in a rough and tumble scrimmage.

By the time they reached the cantonments they were all three in a beautiful state of excitement

and dirt. Baloo was furious and took a lot of holding in. On arrival, of course, the bedraggled trio were greeted with roars of laughter and a running fire of chaff from the groups of idlers outside the bungalows. This did not by any means improve Taffy's temper, and an alterca-

carried off by half-a-dozen strapping fellows to the guard-room.

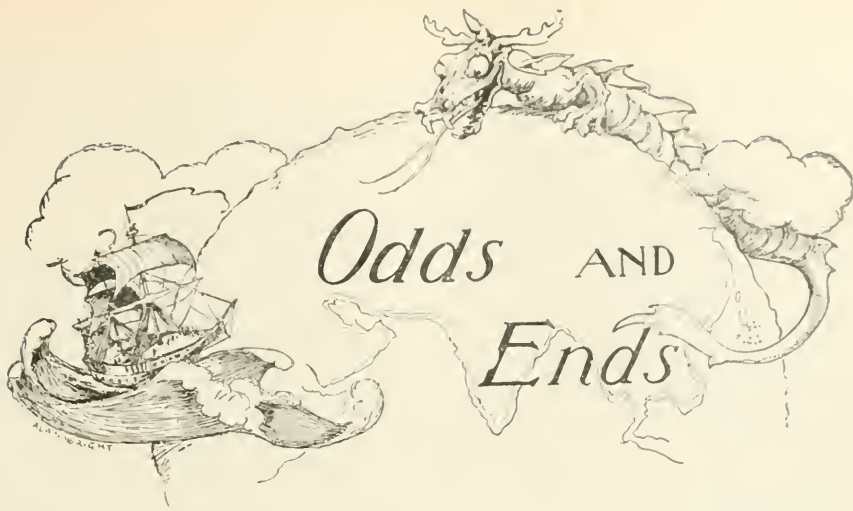
The end of Baloo was tragic rather than comic. His owner, disgusted with the notoriety he had obtained, sold him to a sergeant, who, in order to rescue him as much as possible



"A ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE SCRIMMAGE."

tion took place which would soon have ended in a fight. Unluckily for him, however, he espied a colour-sergeant going by, when it suddenly occurred to his fuddled mind that there was a little difference about his last month's pay which required an immediate settlement. So he at once cornered the colour-sergeant, who was a smallish man, and began to argue the matter out in a very threatening manner. The colour-sergeant, seeing the condition he was in, and that there was no prospect of escape till the close of an apparently interminable argument, to be followed, in all probability, by an assault, motioned to me for an escort, and Taffy, kicking and plunging, was

from the indignity of the dog-kennel, would sometimes allow the bear to accompany him to his room upstairs, where he amused himself watching Baloo's antics. One day, however, when the window was open, Baloo fell out during his uncouth gambols, landing at the feet of a warrant officer's wife. The sudden apparition of a great black bear appearing from the sky so startled the poor lady that she became seriously ill. Complaint was made to the regimental authorities, and as a result poor Baloo was sentenced to be shot, and his wanderings ended for ever. His untimely death cast quite a gloom over us, and pet-keeping languished in popularity.



A Curious Postman—A Troublesome Railway—One Result of a Drought—The Carl Myers "Balloon Farm"—The "Singing Fish" of Batticaloa, etc.



A CURIOUS POSTMAN—THIS MAN CARRIES HIS MAJESTY'S MAILS IN THE NIGER DISTRICT. [Photo. From a]



HE first photograph comes all the way from Southern Nigeria, and shows the postman who brings the long-looked-for letters from "home" to the up-country stations. He brings the mails from the post-office on the main Niger River, paddling some part of the way and carrying his canoe on his head for the rest, and fulfils his duties most faithfully. This scantily-clad postman, who is equally at home on land or water, should interest his smart-uniformed comrades in this country, who would probably stand aghast if they had to make the arduous journeys he performs with his little bark canoe.

Railway companies in this country sometimes find the snow a terrible nuisance; but their troubles are as nothing compared with the work necessary to clear the rack-and-pinion railway that runs from Territet, in Switzerland, to the summit of the neighbouring Rochers de Naye

(7,000ft.). Toward the end of March, when this line is opened for traffic, the snow is sometimes over 30ft. deep on the line, and the hotel on the summit of the mountain is buried up to the third storey. . The workmen all have to wear blue glasses on account of the overpowering glare from the snow, and frequently, directly the line has been cleared, there comes another heavy fall of snow, and all the work has to be begun over again! Our snap-shot shows a typical length of track after the snow has been dug away, and will give some idea of the difficulties met with in keeping the line open.



A SNAPSHOT ON THE 14,000-FT. RAILWAY UNDER THE ROCKS OF SWITZERLAND. (2 FT. 11 IN.)



A CANADIAN "ALLIGATOR BOAT." IT CAN TRAVEL BOTH ON LAND AND IN THE WATER.
From a Photo.

We have now to consider a vessel which in all probability will not be found on "Lloyd's Register." This curious craft is at home both on land and in the water, although her movements on land are certainly somewhat slower than when she is in her proper element. The little steamer here shown is known as an "alligator boat," and is used by the Canadian lumbermen.

As will be seen, the craft is flat-bottomed and of shallow draught, but in spite of this she sometimes meets with sand-banks she cannot scrape over, or even places where the river has entirely dried up. To overcome these difficulties the boat carries a big steel drum, worked by her engines. When she runs aground so anchor and cable are taken out some way ahead, the engines are set working, and the boat is slowly hoisted up to the drum. She is fitted with coal stoves to burn the wood, and by this means she can travel on the water, or on land, as the case may be.

this being the only pool for miles, the emus preferred to take the risk of being photographed rather than leave without satisfying their thirst.

The Carl Myers Balloon Farm, at Frankfort, in the State of New York, is a unique institution. For years past Professor Myers, the proprietor, has given his whole attention to aeronautics, and has invented quite a number of air-ships,



RESULT OF A DROUGHT—SEVEN EMUS AT ONE WATER-HOLE.

[Photo.]



From a]

THE CARL MYERS "BALLOON FARM" AT FRANKFORT, N.Y.

[Ph. L.

all of which have been built at this curious "farm." Our photograph shows a "balloon picnic" which was held recently at this establishment. To the right of the picture will be seen Professor Myers's latest aerial product, appropriately called a "sky-cycle," for the reason that it is propelled and steered after the manner of an ordinary bicycle. This ingenious air-ship was erected at the "farm" in the record time of five days, and cost only about £70 to construct. The other air-ship seen in our picture is a captive balloon, and during the summer of 1901 as many as 10,000 persons took trips into the clouds in it. It is controlled by a kerosene motor windlass, and by an ingenious arrangement invented by the Professor can be made to rise to a height of 1,000ft. in less than a minute, while it can be hauled down again by a cable in just under four minutes without the passengers being conscious of any perceptible motion. Hundreds of balloons have been made at this

representing five Hindu deities, and the seated figures on either side are fakirs whose business it is to beat together the large nails they are holding, and thus attract the faithful, who throw down the offerings which are shown at the feet of the "gods."

Nowhere in the world does the pumpkin reach such a size as in some parts of California. In the southern parts of that favoured State one



THESE FIVE BOYS REPRESENT HINDU DEITIES—THE ARTICLES HELD BY THEM ARE MADE BY THE FAITHFUL.

From a]

MADE BY THE FAITHFUL.

FROM

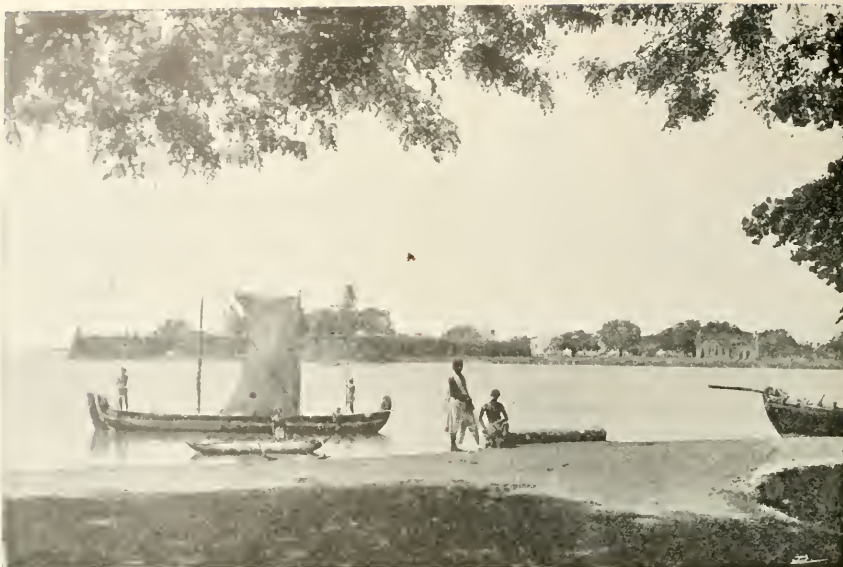
unique institution, and some of them are now in use in the United States Army.

Our next photo. was taken at the Magh Mela, a big Hindu fair which is held yearly at Allahabad, where hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India assemble to bathe at the junction of the sacred rivers Ganges and Jumna. The standing figures in the photo. are five boys

frequently comes across a whole field given over to nothing else but the cultivation of this delicious fruit. The striking photograph we reproduce below depicts a field of pumpkins near the town of Santa Barbara. From twenty to twenty-five tons of pumpkins can be "raised" hereabouts on an acre of ground, fetching the farmer about

£10. From a distance a pumpkin field presents a unique spectacle, with its hundreds of monster pumpkins apparently lying carelessly on the ground.

The photograph reproduced herewith is a view of Batticaloa Lake, in Ceylon. This lake has been formed through the gradual damming-up of a large river by a sand-bank, and is remarkable as being the home of a mysterious species of "singing fish." The sounds produced by these fish are so



[View] BATTICALOA LAKE, IN CEYLON, FAMOUS FOR ITS MYSTERIOUS "SINGING FISH." (Photo.

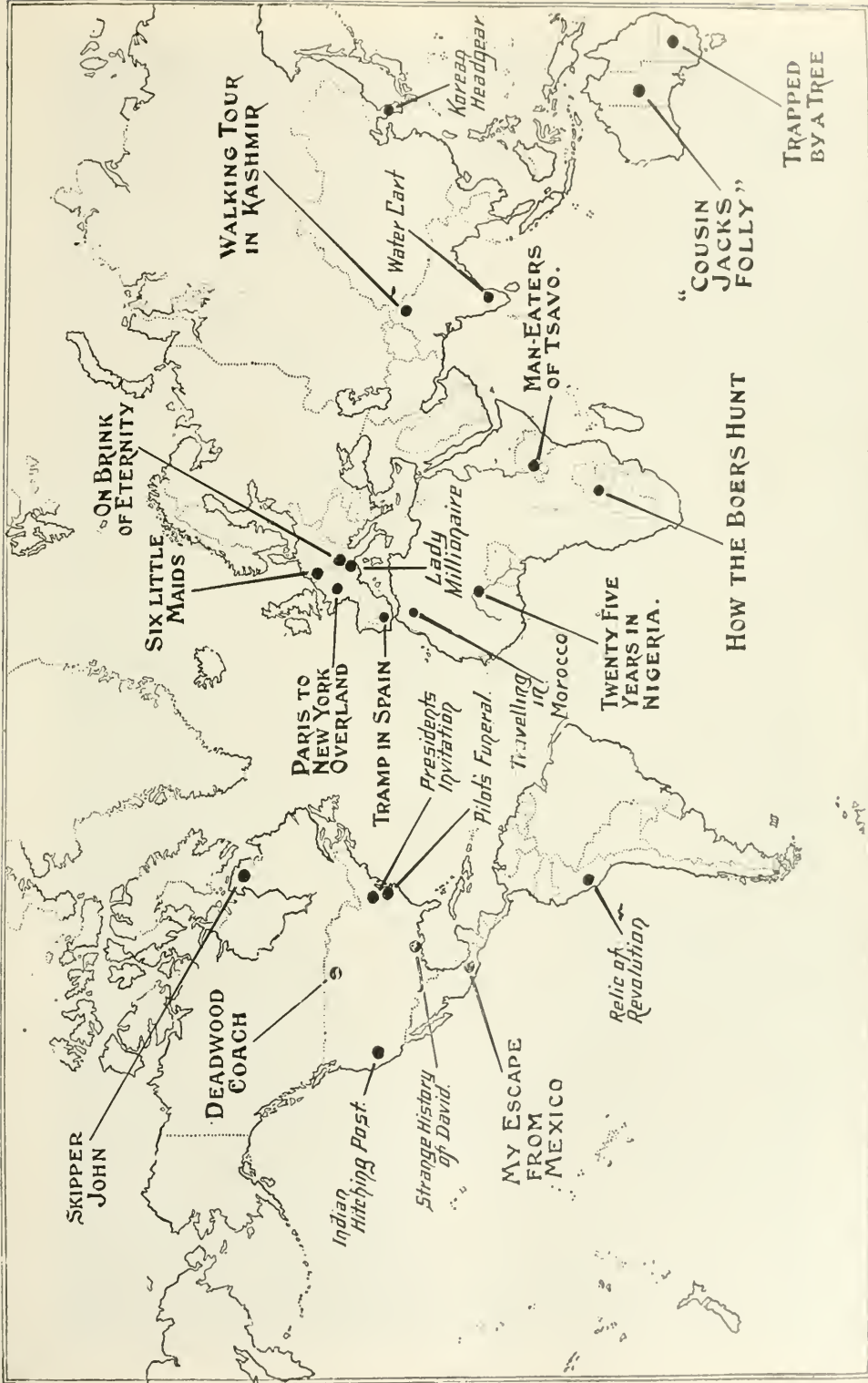
sweet and melodious that they have been variously compared to myriads of Æolian harps or very sweet zithers mingled with an occasional deep bass note. When rowing out on the lake on a quiet night the delicate strains may be heard waxing and waning as the boat approaches or moves away from the exact spot where the mysterious little musicians live. If an oar be thrust down into the water and the ear applied to the end the sound is much intensified.

Scientists are not agreed as to the exact creature that produces the "music," but the natives assert that it is a shell-fish known to the learned as *Cerithium palustre*. It is a curious fact, however, that in no other lagoon where this particular fish is found does it make the strange, melodious sounds which have made Batticaloa Lake famous.



IN CALIFORNIA.

[Photo.



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



“THERE WAS A WILD RUN FOR A FEW MILES, WITH THE SIOUX IN HOT PURSUIT.”

(SEE PAGE 108.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. X.

DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 56.

The Deadwood Coach.

BY ALFRED BURKHOLDER, OF SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA.

The adventures of the famous Deadwood Coach form one of the most exciting chapters in the annals of the "Wild West." Times out of number the coach was "held-up" and robbed, fierce fights took place for the gold it carried, and even a bulwark of armour-plate failed to protect it from the prowling desperadoes who infested the mountains. In this article Mr. Burkholder chronicles some of the most momentous trips made by the old coach.



HE suggestion of the Hon. William F. Cody—better known as "Buffalo Bill"—that the original Deadwood Coach, owned by him, be presented to the National Museum at Washington will add to the interesting collection in that institution a vehicle typical of one of the most exciting and romantic periods in the development of the "Wild West." So far as the writer is aware, the eventful history of the Deadwood Coach has never previously been related.

The Deadwood Coach is one of the old Concord type, and was built in 1863 by Abbott, Downey, and Co., of Concord, N.H. It is numbered, and the records show it was shipped around Cape Horn to a Californian firm. In thirteen years it had worked its way eastward across the country from California to Wyoming, where its present owner found it running on the stage line between Cheyenne and Deadwood.

Gold was first discovered in the Black Hills in the summer of 1874, by the Government expedition under command of General George A. Custer. News of the discovery soon became known, and immediately the influx of eager gold-seekers commenced. As the gold region had not been ceded to the Government by the Sioux Indians at that time, prospectors ran the constant risk of being waylaid and killed by Indians, or captured by United States troops and escorted out of the country, after having all their effects confiscated by the authorities.

A halo of romance surrounds the stories told of the fearlessness who, in those wild, early

days, guarded the gold bullion sent out from the Black Hills. These brave men hourly held their lives in their hands. The only means of transportation was the lumbering stage-coach, which travelled over roads running through deep and winding ravines, skirted on both sides by a thick growth of pine trees and underbrush, which afforded a convenient shelter for the prowling savage and desperate "road-agent." In the days before the advent of the railroad in the Black Hills country, that region was infested by as desperate and lawless bands of highwaymen and robbers as ever inflicted their presence upon a newly-discovered mining country.

When mining operations were actively in progress and rich veins of gold were being struck almost daily, it was natural that the owners of the large gold-producing mines should look about for some secure means by which to send their bullion east.

The first shipment of gold-dust was made in the fall of 1876. As the surrounding country was still filled with hostile Sioux Indians—who after the Custer massacre of the previous June had split up into small bands—and with white desperadoes who were even more bloodthirsty than the Indians, the shipment of gold became a matter of grave importance. Serious consideration was given to the best means of getting it away in such a manner as to prevent its falling into the hands of the outlaws or Indians.

The first shipment was made by the Wheeler Brothers. They decided to employ a guard to convoy themselves and their gold out of the Black Hills. The guards were selected from

old and tried mountaineers and frontiersmen, who were paid about 25dols. per day for their services, and accompanied the gold until the railroad was reached. The Wheelers had about 250,000dols. worth of gold-dust to send, and others, hearing that they were arranging for the shipment, decided to take advantage of the excellent opportunity and ship with them. Thus about 50,000dols. more in gold-dust was placed in charge of the guards, making a grand total of 300,000dols.

Thus the Deadwood Coach — now famous in song and story — came into being. The coach was frequently attacked and robbed by the "road agents" or Indians, after fierce fights with the guards. One day, not many weeks

still, and stood waiting for a word from the driver.

The triumphant Indians now came up from behind the coach, yelling madly, and the coach was surrounded. Most of the passengers were paralyzed with fright, and sat like blocks of stone. Others, with more courage, attempted to shoot at the dodging Indians. It seemed to be the delight of the redskins to tease their prisoners. They would ride up near the coach and fire directly at the passengers, care being taken, seemingly, that the bullets only penetrated a coat sleeve, hat, or seat cushion.

Finally, two of the Indians dismounted from their ponies and, going up to the horses on the coach, cut them loose, and with a wild yell



Photo. by

THE DEADWOOD COACH ON ITS LAST TRIP.

[Max Fishel.

after the coach had been started, it left Cheyenne in charge of a famous driver, known as "California Charlie." A constant look-out was kept *en route* for Indians. Custer City was reached in safety, and on the return trip everything went well until the stage-coach reached a dry creek bed a few miles out of Custer.

Here, without the slightest warning, a band of Indians in full war paint, sprang from ambush and commenced pouring in a heavy fire on the coach. "California Charlie" plied his whip vigorously and lashed his horses into a gallop. There was a wild run for a few miles, with the "road" in hot pursuit, whooping and firing at the terrified driver. Suddenly "Charlie" dropped off his seat and fell into the boot of the coach dead, a stray bullet having gone through his head. The team and horses came to a stand

drove away the frightened animals, still with their harness on. That was the last seen of the poor horses. The passengers were compelled to walk back to Custer, while the redskins ransacked the coach. A posse set out in pursuit of the Sioux, but their start had been too good, and they got clear away.

In the year 1877, two parties, one from Cheyenne and the other from Denver, started for Deadwood with the intention of establishing banks. Information of their plans having become public, the expeditions resulted, as might have been expected, in another "hold-up." A party of outlaws, aided by a noted desperado called Joel Collins, thinking that the prospective bankers would probably have large sums of money with them, decided to stop the coach and rob the men.

Shortly before the appointed time the desperadoes left Deadwood and proceeded to a point about three miles south of the town, near the present location of the town of Pluma. The driver of the incoming Deadwood Coach was a man named "Johnnie" Slaughter, who was universally beloved and respected by those who knew him.

Upon the arrival of the coach at the rendezvous of the desperadoes they made their appearance and ordered Slaughter to stop. The driver apparently did not understand the order to halt, and paid no attention to it. One of the "road-agents" immediately opened fire on him with a shot-gun, shooting him through the heart and killing him instantly. A passenger who was seated beside the driver was also wounded by some of the buckshot. The horses became frightened by the shooting, and started on a wild run for Deadwood, but the coach was riddled with bullets before it got beyond range of the "road-agents'" firearms. The baffled outlaws got nothing for their pains, as they did not dare to pursue the vehicle into Deadwood.

So untiring, however, were the authorities in their efforts to bring the highwaymen to justice, that the man who shot the driver was ultimately apprehended in Ohio, where he had flown in the hope of escaping the penalty of his crime. Joel Collins, the leader in this affair, afterwards robbed the Union Pacific Railroad of 60,000dols. in gold coin at Big Springs, Neb., and was killed by law officers while attempting to escape with the booty.

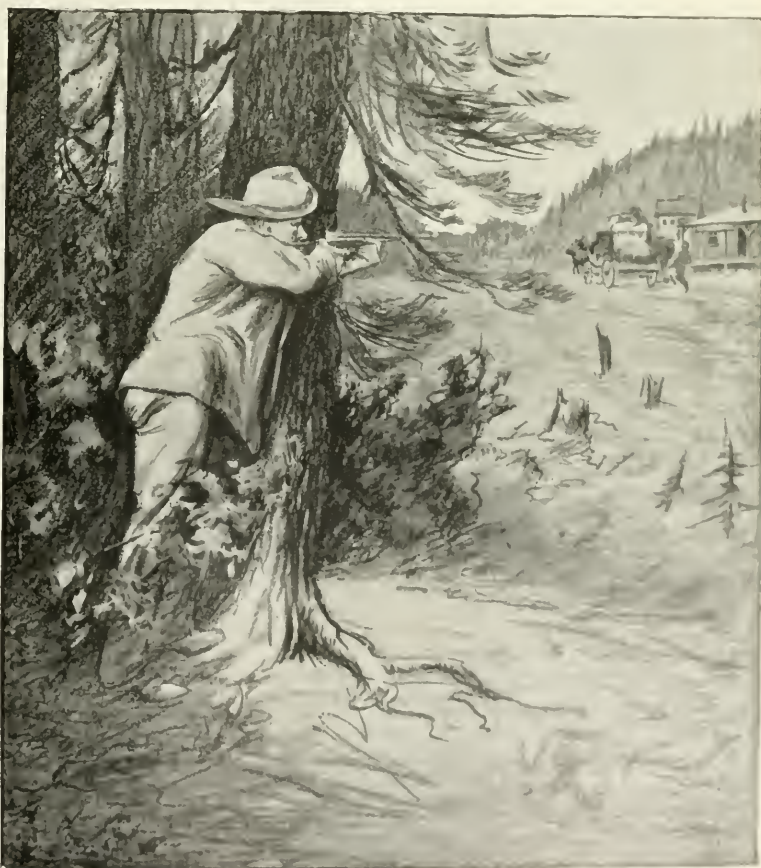
The Deadwood Coach was "held-up" and robbed so frequently that finally, as a last resort, it was covered with sheet-iron to keep out the bullets. The coach then went over the route once a week, five picked men, all heavily armed, under the charge of Scott Davis, chief messenger, acting as escort on these perilous trips. The coach was christened "Johnnie

Slaughter" in honour of the driver who had previously been killed in the "hold-up" near Deadwood.

The armoured Deadwood Coach made several trips without an attempt being made to "hold-up" and rob it. But it was simply the calm before the storm, which resulted in a typical "hold-up."

One day in 1878 the coach drove up as usual to the stage-station at Cold Springs to change horses. Everything about the place bore its accustomed aspect. The horses were halted, the driver threw his reins to the ground, and those on the coach were preparing to dismount and enter the station, when suddenly, from the door of the adjacent stable, the report of firearms rang out, and a deadly hail of bullets hurtled about the coach.

Campbell, a telegraph operator who was riding on the coach, was killed by the volley. Gale Hill, one of the escort, was also hit and badly wounded. Scott Davis, the chief messenger, took in the situation at a glance, and



"HE PROMPTLY OPENED FIRE ON THE FIVE MEN WHO HAD MADE UP THE COACH."

jumped to the ground at the opposite side of the coach from where the "road-agents" were concealed. He succeeded in reaching some heavy timber near at hand and, when under cover, promptly opened fire on the five men who had "held-up" the coach.

So untiring was he in "sniping" the robbers that at last one or two of them, having captured "Big Gene," the driver, placed him in front of them as a protection, and compelled him to walk toward the spot where Davis was concealed.

When within hailing distance they prevailed upon the messenger to cease firing, threatening to kill the driver if he did not.

Realizing that the life of the driver was at stake should he continue his fire, Davis ceased, and, although he had been severely wounded by the first volley from the guns of the robbers, at once started for the nearest stage-station for assistance. He was compensated in a measure for his sorry plight by the fact that he had seriously wounded one of the robbers.

After he had ceased firing and departed from the spot, the four un-injured robbers compelled the driver to take a pack and break open the treasure-box. During the whole proceeding, and until the departure of the "road-agents" with the treasure, one of the guards was stretched at full length in the bosom of the coach, pretending to be dead. As well did he act his part that not a word of suspicion of the truth appeared to enter the heads of the outlaws. The fool knew that had he opened fire on the "robbers" his

action would have had no good result, but would certainly have been the signal for his own death.

He preferred, therefore, to feign death, and thus be in a position to secure much information that would prove valuable when the inevitable pursuit of the robbers was commenced.

When they had ransacked the treasure-box the outlaws, after first pinioning the driver to a wheel of the coach, mounted their horses and departed, leaving their wounded comrade where he had fallen.

It was then discovered that the outlaws had, previous to the arrival of the coach, taken possession of the stage-station and concealed themselves until the treasure-coach arrived, with the result related. The horse-keepers had been strongly bound, gagged, and placed in a secure spot to prevent them giving the alarm.

The names of the five desperadoes concerned in this daring robbery were Blackburn, Wall, Brooks, "Red Head Mike," and Price, all of whom for several years proved themselves terrors to the law-abiding pioneers of the new gold-fields.

After the "hold-up" of

the treasure-coach the officers of the law got on their trail without delay, and followed it until nearly all of the robbers were captured and most of the stolen treasure recovered. So persistent were the officers that one of the men was chased the entire distance to Missouri Valley, Iowa, and there captured. The vigorous measures adopted by the officers furnished an example which had a somewhat salutary effect on the "road-agents," and no



"ONE OF THE MEN WAS CHASED THE ENTIRE DISTANCE TO MISSOURI VALLEY, IOWA, AND THERE CAPTURED."

further attempt was ever made to "hold-up" a coach on this route.

The use of the armour-plate was afterwards discarded, and thereafter, until the construction of railroads into the region, the gold was again shipped from the Black Hills by the ordinary coach.

Since the building of railroads into the Black Hills, all the gold bullion has been sent

Sometimes the bricks vary in size, some of them weighing as much as 140lb. The customary practice is for the messengers to receive the bullion at the offices of the mining companies, where a receipt is given for it. It is then taken, under an armed guard, to the office of the express company by whom it is to be forwarded.

From there, after being securely wrapped,



ONE OF THE WELLS FARGO EXPRESSES—THE FIVE GOLD BRICKS IT CONTAINS ARE VALUED AT 225,000DOLS.

From a Photo.

out by rail, but messengers are still employed to guard the gold until the more populous sections are reached, in case anyone might feel inclined to try his hand at train-wrecking. One of the best-known messengers of the present day is Richard Bullock, who guards the bullion shipped from the great Homestake mine, which, up to date, has paid dividends amounting to about 10,000,000dols.

The shipments during the present time are usually made three times each month. The gold is moulded into bricks about 10in. in length, 6in. wide, and 5in. in thickness.

sealed, and placed in a treasure-box, it is taken, again under an armed guard, to the railway station, and placed in the express car. The messenger, armed with a Winchester repeating shot-gun loaded with buckshot, and a Colt's six-shooter, accompanies the bullion until it reaches a place of safety. On several occasions cases have been known where messengers have guarded the bullion as far as Omaha or Kansas City. But although these men have an onerous and responsible task, it is safe to say that their journeys are seldom so exciting as those of their predecessor, the old Deadwood Coach.

The Man-Eaters of Tsavo.


THE LIONS THAT STOPPED A RAILWAY.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL J. H. PATTERSON, D.S.O.

This is one of the most remarkable lion stories on record. Colonel Patterson describes how two man-eating lions established a veritable reign of terror at the railhead construction camps of the Uganda Railway. For three weeks the savage beasts kept several hundred men in a state of helpless panic, entirely stopping the progress of the railway. Men were dragged out of their tents and eaten almost nightly, and no one's life seemed safe. Countless traps were laid for the lions; they were fired at again and again; a Government reward was offered for their destruction, yet they escaped unharmed. At last, however, after numerous attempts, Colonel Patterson was fortunate enough to kill both the man-eaters, and with their death work on the railway was resumed. The interest of the narrative is heightened by a number of photographs.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST MAN-EATER.

 FEW days after Farquhar's departure, as I was leaving my *boma* soon after daylight one morning (December 9th, 1898), I saw an excited Swahili running towards me. He kept turning round as he ran, crying, "Simba, Simba!" ("Lion, Lion!"). On interrogating him, I found that the lions had tried to snatch a man from a camp by the river, and, failing in this, had killed a donkey. They were eating it at that moment not far away.

"Now was my chance!" I rushed for the heavy rifle which Farquhar had kindly left with me should an occasion like this arise. Led by the Swahili, I carefully stalked the feeding lions. I was getting along beautifully, and could just make out the outline of one of them through the bushes, when my guide unfortunately tripped a rotten branch. The lion heard it, growled, and retreated into a patch of thick jungle close by.

I feared that he would escape once again,

so I arranged for the men to bring with them all the tom-toms, tin cans, and other noisy instruments that could be found in camp. I then posted them quietly in a half-circle round the thicket, and gave the head jemidar instructions to have a simultaneous din raised directly I had got behind the thicket. My position was a most likely one for the lion to retire past—a broad animal path leading straight from where he was lying concealed.

I knelt behind a small ant-hill and waited expectantly. Soon a tremendous noise was raised by the advancing line of coolies, and, to my great joy, out into the open path stepped a huge, maneless lion. It was the first time during all those trying months that I had had a fair chance at one of these terrible brutes, and the satisfaction I experienced at the prospect of bagging him was unbounded. He advanced slowly along the path, stopping every now and then to look round. I was not fully concealed, and if he had not been so much occupied with the noise behind him he must have observed me.

I let him approach within about fifteen yards



and then covered him with my rifle. The moment I moved he saw me. He appeared very much startled by my sudden appearance, for he stuck his fore-feet into the ground, threw himself back on his haunches, and snarled savagely. I felt as I covered his brain that I had him absolutely at my mercy—but never trust an untried gun! I pulled the trigger, and, to my horror, heard the dull snap that tells of a missfire.

I was so disconcerted at this untoward accident that I forgot all about firing the left barrel, and, with the intention of reloading, lowered the rifle from my shoulder. Fortunately, however, the lion, instead of bounding on to me, as might have been expected, sprang aside into the bush. I fired the left barrel at him as he did so, and an answering angry growl told me that I had hit him. However, he made good his escape once more. I bitterly anathematized the hour I had trusted to a borrowed weapon, and in my chagrin abused owner, maker, and gun with fine impartiality.

My continued ill-luck was most exasperating. The Indians, of course, were further confirmed in their belief that the lions were evil spirits, proof against mortal weapons—and, indeed, the brutes seemed to bear a charmed life. On extracting the unexploded cartridge I found that the needle had not struck home, as the cap was only slightly dented, so the fault lay with the rifle, which I returned with mild compliments to Farquhar.

I tried to track the beast I had wounded, but could not keep the trail, as there was no blood on the rocks to give a clue which way he had gone. I returned to look at the dead donkey, which I found only slightly eaten at the quarters. Lions always begin at the tail of an animal, and eat up towards the head. It was practically certain that one or other of the brutes would return at night to finish the meal. There was no tree of any size near, so within ten yards of the dead donkey I had a staging made about 12ft. high, consisting of four poles, with their ends fixed in the ground. They inclined towards each other at the top, and here a plank was lashed for me to sit on. As the nights were still dark, I had the donkey's body secured by strong wires to a convenient stump, for I did not want it dragged away before I could get a shot at the brutes.

At sundown I got up on my airy perch. Much to the disgust of my gun-bearer, Mahina, I went alone. I would have taken him, only he had a bad cough, and I feared lest any noise or movement should spoil everything. Darkness fell almost immediately, and everything became wonderfully still. The silence of an African

jungle at this time is most impressive, especially when one is alone and isolated from his kind. The solitude and silence, and the errand I was on, all had their effect on me, and from a condition of strained expectancy I fell into a dreamy mood, which harmonized well with my surroundings.

I was startled out of the reverie into which I had fallen by the sudden snapping of a twig, and, straining my ears, I heard the rustling of a large body forcing a way through the bushes. "The lion!" I whispered to myself, and my heart gave a great bound. "Surely to-night my luck will change and I shall bag one of the brutes." Such were my thoughts during the intense stillness that had again fallen after the breaking of the twig.

I sat on my eyrie like a statue and waited, every nerve tense with excitement. Soon all doubt as to the presence of the brute was dispelled. A deep, long-drawn sigh—sure sign of hunger in a lion—came up from the bushes, and the rustling commenced again as he advanced.

A sudden stop, followed by an angry growl, told that he had spied me, and I began to think that disappointment awaited me once more. Matters soon took a different turn, however, for the lion, instead of making for the bait prepared for him, began to stalk *me*! For about two hours he horrified me by slowly creeping round and round my crazy structure, gradually drawing closer. I feared that he would rush it—and my post had not been constructed with an eye to this possibility. If one of the rather flimsy poles broke, or if he could spring the 12ft.—ugh! the thought was not a pleasant one. I began to feel distinctly creepy, and heartily cursed my folly for placing myself in such a hazardous position. I kept perfectly still, however, hardly daring to blink my eyes. Down below in the gloom I could faintly make out the body of the dead donkey. The long-continued strain was beginning to tell upon my nerves; so my feelings may be imagined when, about midnight, I suddenly felt something come flop and hit me on the back of the head! I was thoroughly terrified for a moment and almost fell off my plank. I thought it was the lion that had sprung at me from behind! A moment afterwards, however, I realized that I had been struck by an owl, which, no doubt, had taken me for a branch of a tree. It was not a very alarming thing to happen, I admit, but, coming at the time it did, it almost paralyzed me. I could not help giving an involuntary start, and this was at once answered by a sinister growl from below. I kept absolutely still again after this, though I was actually trembling with excitement. I had not long to

wait this time, as the lion now began to creep noiselessly up towards me. I could barely make out his form as he crouched among the whitish yellow undergrowth. Still I saw enough for my purpose, and before he could get any nearer I took careful aim and put a bullet through his heart.

He gave a most terrific roar and leaped and sprang about in all directions. I could not see him, as his first bound had taken him out of my sight into the thick bush, but I kept blazing away in the direction of the uproar. Then I heard him give a series of mighty groans, gradually subsiding into deep sighs and then ceasing altogether, and I knew that one of the "devils" who had so long harassed us was dead at last.

As soon as I ceased firing a tumult of inquiring voices came across the dark jungle from the men in camp about a quarter of a mile away. I shouted back that I was safe, and that

the lion was dead. Then such a mighty cheer went up from all the camps as must have made the wild beasts of the woods for miles around tremble. In a very short time I saw scores of lights twinkling through the bushes. Every man in camp turned out and came running and shouting towards me, the crowd raising a fearful din by playing tom-toms and blowing horns. There was a race as to who should reach me first. As soon as they got up they surrounded me, and I was astonished by their prostrating themselves before me, putting their hands on my feet, and crying "*Mabarack!*" which, I believe, means "Blessed one." This was in token of their gratitude.

I would allow no one to look for the body of the dead lion that night in case the other might be close by. Besides, it was possible that he might be still breathing and capable of making a last spring, so we all returned to camp, where there was great rejoicing all night long. The Swahili and other Africans from the far interior had a specially savage dance, accompanied by a weird chant, to celebrate the great event.

I anxiously awaited dawn, and even before it was thoroughly light I was on my way to the spot. After playing me many a shabby trick my luck had changed at last, for I had scarcely traced the blood for more than a few paces when I saw in front of me a most magnificent lion, seemingly alive and ready for a spring. On looking closer, however, I saw that he was stone-dead. He must have died as he was in the very act of crouching for a spring. Many were the exclamations of my followers at his enormous size. A large crowd gathered around; and they laughed and danced and shouted with joy, carrying me in triumph round the dead body.

After these cere-



AMERICAN IN JUNGLE WITH THE BODY.

monies were over I examined my prize and found two bullet-holes in him. One was close behind the right shoulder, and had evidently penetrated the heart. The other was in the off hind leg. He was a big animal, and it took eight men to carry him to camp on poles. I measured him carefully. His length from tip

Towards morning the lion came, pounced on one of the goats, and carried the others away with him, rail and all. I fired several shots in his direction, but it was too dark to see anything, and I only succeeded in hitting one of the goats.

The trail of rail and goats was easily followed next morning, and I soon came up to where the



From a)

THE FIRST MAN-EATER SHOT BY THE AUTHOR.

[Photo.]

of nose to tip of tail was 9ft. 8in., and he stood 3ft. 9in. high. The skin was much scored by the *boma* thorns through which the lion had so often forced his way in carrying off his victims.

Hundreds of people flocked from up and down the line to see the brute who had been such a notorious man-eater, and telegrams of congratulation kept pouring in.

CHAPTER V.

THE END OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

OUR troubles at Tsavo were not yet over. The other lion was still about, and he very soon began to make things lively. A few nights after his comrade was shot he tried to get at a permanent-way inspector. This was on December 17th. The brute climbed up the steps of the bungalow and rambled round the veranda. The permanent-way inspector, thinking it was some drunken man, shouted to him angrily to go away. Luckily, however, he did not come out or open the door, and the disappointed brute, finding he could not get in, killed a couple of goats close by and ate them there and then.

The next night I waited for him near here. There was an iron house handy with a convenient loophole in it, and outside this I had a half length of rail put, weighing about 250lb. ; to this I tied three full-grown goats as bait.

lion was still eating, some quarter of a mile away. He was concealed in some bushes, and growled at us as we approached. On getting closer he made a charge, causing every man of the party to fly hastily up the nearest tree, with the exception of one of my assistants, Mr. Winkler, who stood steadily by me. The lion did not charge home, however, and on throwing stones into the bushes we found that he had slunk off. One goat had been eaten : the other two were, of course, dead, but hardly touched.

Knowing that the lion would in all probability return to finish his meal, I had a very strong scaffolding put up a few feet away, and got into it before dark. I took Mahina, my gun boy, with me to take a turn at watch, as I was worn out for want of sleep, having spent most of my nights recently in waiting for the lions. I was dozing off when suddenly I felt my arm seized, and on looking up saw Mahina pointing to the dead goats. "Sher!" ("Lion!") was all he whispered. I grasped my double smooth bore, which I had charged with slug, and waited. The lion came almost directly under us. I fired both barrels practically together, and could see him go down under the force of the blow. I reached for the magazine rifle, but before I could fire a shot the lion was out of sight, and I had to fire after him at random among the scrub.

I expected to get him next morning, and had no difficulty in following the blood-trail for over a mile. He rested several times, so that I felt sure he was badly hit. Nevertheless, my hunt was fruitless. The drops of blood soon ceased, as a lion constantly keeps licking the blood from his wound, and I could not follow the spoor farther owing to the rocky nature of the ground.

For about ten days after this there was no sign of the lion, and we all thought that he had died in the bush. Fortunately, however, every care was still taken after nightfall, otherwise he would have had at least one more victim.

I was aroused one night—December 27th—by my trolley-men, who slept in a tree close outside my camp, screaming that the lion was trying to get at them. It would have been

sharply, as may be imagined, and one of my men managed to dispatch it.

The night was cloudless, and the moon made everything almost as bright as day. I watched until about 2 a.m., and then roused Mahina to take his turn. I slept with my back to the tree for perhaps an hour, and then woke up suddenly with an uncanny feeling. Mahina was on the alert and had seen nothing. I looked round, but everything appeared as usual. I was about to lie back again when I thought I saw something move a little way off. I was not mistaken. It was the lion cautiously stalking us!

The ground was fairly open round our tree, with only a bush here and there. It was a fascinating sight to watch the lion going from bush to bush, taking advantage of every scrap



"IT WAS A FASCINATING SIGHT TO WATCH THE LION GOING FROM BUSH TO BUSH."

unless to go out, as the moon was obscured and it was impossible to see, so I fired off a few rounds just to frighten him away. This had the desired effect, and he did not molest the men again that night. He, however, went right into every one of their three tents, and, finding nothing but a goat, killed and ate it. The lion's footmarks were plainly visible under the trolley-men's trees, round which he had made a regular ring.

The following night, December 28th, 1898, believing it probable that he would return, I took up my position in the very tree. As I was climbing up I almost put my hand on a venomous snake that had apparently just emerged from a hole in it. I did crouch pretty

of cover as he came. His skill showed that he was an old hand at this terrible game of man-hunting.

I waited until he got quite close, say twenty yards, and then fired my '303 at his chest. I heard the bullet strike him, but it had no knock-down effect, for, with a low growl, he instantly turned and made off with great, long bounds. I was able to fire three more shots at him before he was out of sight, and another savage growl told that my last shot had found him again.

We commenced tracking him at daylight. There were three of us, the tracker leading, so that I had nothing to do but keep my eyes about. Mahina followed with the Martini carbine. Blood was plentiful and we could



From a] THE SECOND MAN-EATER—HE WAS 9FT. 6IN. LONG AND 3FT. 11½IN. HIGH. [Photo.

follow briskly. We had not gone more than three hundred yards when suddenly there was a fierce warning growl, and among the bushes ahead I could see the lion glaring out and showing his great tusks. He was at the far side of a dry nullah. I took careful aim at his head and fired, and this instantly brought on a charge, and a most determined one it was. I fired again and knocked him over, but only for a second. He was up in no time and coming for me again as fast as he could. I fired a third shot without apparent result. This time I threw down my rifle and put out my hand mechanically for the Martini, hoping to finish him off with it. To my consternation, however, it was not there! The terror of the sudden charge had proved too much for Mahina, and both he and the Martini were well on their way up a tree. I lost no time in following suit, and, but for the fact that I had broken one of the lion's hind legs as he charged down on me, he would most certainly have had me. As it was, I had barely time to get out of reach before he arrived at the foot of the tree. He limped back when he found he was too late, but I had got the carbine by this time, and

the first shot I fired from it seemed to kill him, for he fell over and lay quite still. I came down from the tree and went up towards him. He was not done for yet, however, for he jumped up and came on at me again. A Martini bullet in the chest and another on the head finished him, and he fell not five yards from me and lay there dying, biting savagely at a branch which had fallen to the ground.

In the meantime all my workmen had arrived on the scene, and so great was their resentment against the lion who had

killed so many of their number that it was all I could do to keep them from tearing him to pieces after he was quite dead. I had him carried to my tent, which was quite close, amid the wild rejoicings of both the Africans and Indians, who claimed and received a holiday in honour of the event.

There were half-a-dozen bullet-holes in the lion's body. Considering his wounds he had shown wonderful vitality. He measured 9ft. 6in. long from tip of nose to tip of tail, and 3ft. 11½in. high. I found in his back, embedded only a little way in the flesh, the slug which I had fired into him about a week before.

When we were skinning our old enemy crowds flocked to look on, and many were the imprecations heaped on him. The lion's body was deeply scored all over by the thorns



From a] THE NATIVES DANCING TO CELEBRATE THE DEATH OF THE MAN-EATER. [Photo.



THE LIONS' DEN IN THE JUNGLE—"A DARK AND FEARSOME CAVE, RUNNING UNDER SOME ENORMOUS ROCKS."
From a Photo.

of the *bomas* through which he used to rush with his victims.

On hearing that the second "devil" was dead, all the coolies who had absconded came flocking back, and work, much to my relief, went on once more in its usual way; nor were we ever again molested by man-eaters at Tsavo.

I was presented by my workmen with a beautiful inscribed silver bowl as a token of their gratitude, as well as with a poem written in Hindustani, describing all our trials and my ultimate success. This handsome bowl now stands in the Castle Museum at Norwich, beside the life-like mounted heads of the once-dreaded man-eaters, and I shall ever esteem it as my greatest and hardest-won trophy. A small Government reward was also given for the destruction of the man-eater.

I had often tried to find the lions' den in the jungle, but it was

not until a short time after I had shot them, curiously enough, that I one day accidentally came upon it. It was a dark and fearsome cave, running under some enormous rocks, with a great tree growing near its entrance. It extended a good way back, and I did not feel inclined to explore it. I fired a few shots into it through a

hole in the top, but nothing came out. The smell of the place was terrible. There were human bones lying about and also some copper bangles, such as the native of Africa loves to wear.

These two brutes had devoured between them twenty-eight Indian coolies, besides scores of unfortunate Africans of whom no official record was kept!

In conclusion, I should like to add—for the benefit of those who may think this narrative exaggerated—that I have only written a plain and unvarnished account of what took place during my residence at Tsavo.



THE SILVER BOWL PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY HIS WORKMEN AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE—IT IS NOW IN THE CASTLE MUSEUM, NORWICH. [Photo.]



THE ADVENTURES OF THE MARQUIS DE SEGONZAC.

BY G. A. RAPER.

The Marquis de Segonzac is an officer in the French army, and has recently returned to Paris after a most important series of journeys through the little-known interior of Morocco, venturing into districts where no European has hitherto penetrated. The Marquis disguised himself as a Moor, concealing his camera and scientific instruments under his clothes, and practically carried his life in his hand throughout the whole of his explorations. He met with several exciting adventures, took a large number of interesting photographs, and brought back more information about the interior of Morocco than any previous explorer.



BY far the most important and interesting subject brought before the Geographical Congress at Oran, Algeria, in the spring was the mass of notes, observations, maps, and photographs collected by a young French officer, the Marquis de Segonzac, as the fruit of three journeys effected by him in Morocco. The interior of that country, as everyone knows, is one of the most difficult in the world to explore. The Sultan really rules over only one-fourth of the population, and cannot even travel between his two capitals, Marrakesh and Fez, without making a wide *détour* to avoid being attacked by his loving subjects in the valleys of the Atlas.

In the Bled-el-Maghzen, or territory in which the Sultan's authority is recognised, Europeans are protected and can go about without concealment; but in the Bled-es-Siba ("abandoned country"), constituting about five-sixths of the country called Morocco by geographers, the tribes pay no taxes, furnish no men for military service, are frequently at war with one another, and agree only in hatred of the *roumi*, or white man, partly because he is an infidel and partly because it is supposed—and not always wrongly—that he has come to spy out the land with

a view to conquest. The Riffians, one of these independent tribes, are notorious brigands and pirates, who never hesitate to cut the throats and sack the ships of any mariners unlucky enough to be cast on that inhospitable coast; and the Berbers of the interior are scarcely less ferocious. In consequence, very few Europeans have ever made their way into the mountains of the Riff, the great Atlas range, or the plains and steppes beyond, and our knowledge of these regions is decidedly scanty.

The Marquis de Segonzac, emulating his great predecessor De Foucauld, who explored Morocco in the garb of a despised Jew, disguised himself as an Arab, and not only travelled through many hitherto unknown regions, but brought back much information of the greatest value. No traveller, in fact, has ever collected so much information of value concerning the little-known interior of his Shereefian Majesty's dominions. Moreover, he obtained an interesting series of photographs—taken at great personal risk—to illustrate his descriptions. Passing as a Mohammedan, the Marquis came and went almost as he pleased, sleeping in the mosques and eating with the followers of the Prophet. The Marquis thus recounts his experiences:—

I began my first journey towards the end of the year 1899, starting from Casablanca, on the Atlantic coast. From this point as far as Marrakesh, 150 miles to the south, I had a companion of my own nationality, but after leaving the capital to go south I was accompanied only by a native muleteer. He knew, of course, that I was a Frenchman and a Christian, but he kept the secret and did his duty well from first to last.

I had decided to represent myself as one of the traders who wander almost empty-handed over this part of the country to find out the kinds of articles required, which they afterwards bring in caravans. As a traveller of this type I could reduce my baggage to very modest proportions, and thus offer little temptation to robbers. I also knew that no suspicion would be caused if I did not open my pack and attempt to trade. To show my belongings was, of course, the very last thing I was anxious to do. They included a small revolver—which I could not carry concealed about my person, for fear of disturbing my compass—and some scientific instruments—rather curious goods for a supposed trader in the interior of Morocco. I had made up my mind that if any awkward questions were asked about these things I would feign ignorance of their nature, and say I was merely conveying them from one chief to another. "If you steal them," I should have added, "you will have to account for them to Allah." I do not know whether this would have saved my life if any suspicious fanatic had pried into my baggage, but, fortunately, no one did so, and my inventive powers were not put to the test.

All our luggage was carried by two mules, and we walked. Of course, it would have been more comfortable to ride, but only important personages travel in this way in Morocco, and it was absolutely necessary for me to avoid attracting attention. I was dressed as an ordinary Moor, and, as my picture shows, had managed to acquire a very tolerable scowl. This, curiously enough, was very necessary, for all the natives get a trick of knitting their brows

to keep out the strong sunlight, and this has a good deal to do with the traditionally ferocious look of the Moor. My outer garment was a sort of loose woollen smock called a "jellab," having a vertical opening over the chest. Beneath the "jellab" I carried some precious instruments. My kodak was slung at my side on a red and green Moorish cord passing over the shoulder, so that anyone who chanced to look under my smock would suppose that the cord was used to suspend a knife, water-bottle, or some other ordinary article. On the other side, and slung in the same way, I had a small

wooden hinged case, opening and shutting like a reporter's note-book, and containing an aneroid thermometer, watch, and compass, all fixed close together, so that I could read them at a glance by looking down through the slit in my "jellab."

Unless I was quite sure no one was looking, I made all my sketches and notes of the road under this useful garment. This I did about every quarter of an hour, jotting down the time, compass bearings, barometric level, temperature, approximate rate of progress, and rough plan of the country to the right and left in a notebook which I had previously prepared. On the right-hand page were

ruled columns for the various figures, with a margin in which I drew a circle for every snapshot, or put down any remarks that were likely to be useful in subsequent map-drawing. On the left-hand page I made my sketches. As soon as I got an opportunity, I went over the notes with my stylograph pen, in case the pencil marks should rub out.

I was not altogether free from anxiety when I found myself fairly started on my journey, with the distance between me and Marrakesh steadily increasing, and with the knowledge that my life depended upon my own resource. I had every confidence in my get-up, but, fascinating as it is to play an adventurous part, I could not help reflecting that a breakdown was likely to have extremely unpleasant consequences. I did not at first relish the idea of being brought into close quarters with the natives, and for this reason we camped out for the first few nights,



THE MARQUIS DE SEGONZAC IN THE MOORISH DISGUISE HE WORE DURING HIS TRAVELS. [Photo.]

but my hesitation soon wore off, however, and throughout the rest of the trip we regularly took up our quarters in the mosque, just as other travellers did. The temple of religion, by the way, is the only substitute for an inn to be found in Moorish villages. Everyone cooks, eats, and sleeps within its walls without the smallest thought of sacrilege. I have often written up my diary by the dim light of a smoky lamp in the common room of a mosque, with snoring believers all around me.

After the novelty of the situation had passed away I began to find the journey somewhat un-

Following the course of the Nefis, we reached the Goundafi Pass, by which I hoped to cross the Great Atlas. To my disgust I found that the house of the caid, or chief, was built right in the middle of the pass, so that it would have been impossible to get through unobserved. Putting on a bold front, I walked in and requested the caid for leave to go on.

He looked at me without showing any surprise, and asked:—

“Where art thou going?”

“To the south,” I replied.

“It is not safe for thee here,” he said. “I



“SNORING BELIEVERS ALL AROUND ME.”

eventful, apart, of course, from my surveying, which gave me plenty to do. We imitated the natives, who are never in a hurry, by not starting until the morning was fairly well advanced, and we usually trudged on, with a short halt in the middle of the day, until about five o'clock in the afternoon, or until we reached the village which was to be our resting-place for the night. Our pace was seldom more than two miles an hour. The roads, of course, were mere tracks; there is no macadam in Morocco. The land was, on the whole, fertile and well cultivated, and we were continually coming across streams of beautifully cold water, evidently fed by the torrents from the Atlas. The mountain passes, when we reached them, proved to be well wooded.

will give thee a guide who will take thee back to Marrakesh.”

I intimated that I had no desire to return by the way I had come, but he would not listen. He called one of his men, ordered him to take me to Marrakesh, and politely but firmly dismissed me. There being no help for it, we turned northwards again, but when we had got through the Tinesk Pass and come to the road leading westward, parallel with the mountains, I produced a twenty-franc piece and told my guide I would not trouble him to come any farther.

Being a practical man he grasped the situation — and the gold — at once, merely asking me to write a letter to the caid certifying that I had reached the place I



[From a] AN ANCIENT AQUEDUCT DISCOVERED BY THE MARQUIS. [Photo.]

wanted and was satisfied with my guide. I did so, and we parted mutually satisfied.

Our road now lay through a bare, open country, redeemed from monotony by the ever-changing panorama of the great mountains on our left. We encountered no towns of any importance, but merely villages, some, like Mzouda, having a *kashah*, or citadel, and the others being merely squalid agglomerations of

clay walled dwellings. About sixty miles from the point at which I had dismissed our uninvited guide we came to the Bibaoun Pass. It was guarded by soldiers, but was easier of access than Goundafi. Profiting by experience, I waited until nightfall before attempting to get through, and this time we succeeded.

After emerging from the passes of the Great Atlas we kept on our way southward and reached Taroudant without meeting with any adventure. The most interesting discovery I made in this part of the journey was a ruined aqueduct over the dried-up bed of the River War, a tributary of the Sus. It had evidently been built at some long-distant epoch to supply water to some large city, but of this I could find no trace whatever. Its mosques, citadel,

houses, and walls must have been buried under the sands hundreds of years ago, leaving nothing but the great aqueduct to remind the world that they had once existed.

We had no difficulty in fording the Sus—one of those wide, shallow rivers, drying up in the summer, to which the term "wed" is applied. A herd of bullocks followed us across, guarded by a number of Sussis, of whom I took a surreptitious snap-shot at their halt next day. I should have liked to see one of the sanguinary tribal fights that so often occur in these regions, but in this respect I was unfortunate. The Sussis seemed to me more like peaceful agriculturists than daring marauders.

The journey along the banks of the Sus and



[From a] A HERD OF BULLOCKS CROSSING THE RIVER SUS. [Photo.]

across the Anti-Atlas was uneventful. I had become quite accustomed to my new status as a wandering Arab, though I still thought it prudent to keep in the background as much as possible. Fortunately, the Moors are not inquisitive, and this saved me a great deal of risk.

My good luck continued after we left

the mountains and struck into the oasis of Tisint, famous all over the north of Africa for



[From a]

A GROUP OF SUSSIS.

[Photo.]

its dates. Here we found ourselves in entirely different surroundings. The temperature was much higher, the sky was uniformly blue, and on all sides were palm-trees. The people were much darker in colour than the mountaineers, and all wore Soudanese cotton clothing instead of the woolen "jellab." The town of Tisint proved to be the usual collection of rectangular, flat-roofed houses, dominated by the *kasbah*, or citadel. From Tisint to the Atlantic coast the trip was still devoid of excitement. No one found me out, and when I was safely on board the steamer at Mogador I began to think that travelling in Morocco was not so difficult after all. I was soon to discover the contrary.

My second journey, which began in January, 1901, was in the practically untrudged region of the Riff. With the exception of poor Georges Forest (who went through the mountains alone as far as Fez, but disappeared on his way back to the coast), the only European known to have travelled in this part of Morocco was M. Duveyrier, but all he accomplished was to go from Tlemcen to Melilla in 1886, escorted by the Shereef of Wezzan and fifty or sixty



THE TOWN OF TISINT—THIS OASIS IS FAMOUS ALL OVER AFRICA FOR ITS DATES. [Photo.]

armed men, so that his opportunities for observation must have been few. This time I was accompanied by two natives who spoke the Riff dialect. Like my muleteer, these men knew my object quite well, but they proved thoroughly trustworthy. It may be that they had an eye to their own safety and also to the money they were to receive when they brought me back to the coast; but in any case their conduct proved that there are exceptions to the rule that no Christian can safely trust his life to a Mussulman.

My caravan again consisted of two mules, and I added a panoramic camera to my arsenal of implements. As before, we travelled in a leisurely way, seeing little of the natives, but this was, of course, a necessary precaution, seeing that my chief object was to avoid attention and make all possible observations likely to be of value from the geographical point of view. In this respect I was decidedly successful.

The valleys lying between the mountain ranges are fertile, but, taken as a whole, the Riff is a comparatively poor province—which is, perhaps, why the seaboard



THE MARQUIS WITH THE TWO GUIDES WHO ACCOMPANIED HIM ON HIS SECOND JOURNEY. [Paul Cas. a.]

population take to piracy for a livelihood. Schist is the prevailing geological element, and under the action of the rain, which washes away the earth and vegetation, the mountains in many places look like great masses of bronze, presenting a most remarkable appearance.

From Fez, the largest city in Morocco, "rising

Of Melilla, where we arrived in due course, I need only say that it is the centre of a flourishing trade in arms and ammunition. Every Moor is anxious to possess a European rifle, and the dealers at Melilla get very good prices. The Martini-Henry is the chief favourite, because it inflicts a larger wound than any other.



[From a]

THE EXPLORERS' CARAVAN TRAVERSING THE DRIED-UP BED OF THE WED MSOUN.

[Photo.]

like a white island from a sea of gardens," we made our way westward along the mountains as far as the bed of the Wed Msoun, which, being nearly dried up, provided us with a good road, though we occasionally had to wade through stray channels. Near a big mountain called the Jebel Zerhoun we encountered a Riffian tribe on the warpath. They were a miscel-

From £6 to £8 is about the usual price for one of these weapons. Inland they are worth a good deal more, the risk of their being stolen in transit being necessarily taken into account. English ammunition is greatly preferred to the Spanish article, which is often worse than the ammunition made by the Moors themselves—and that is saying much. They never by any



[From a]

A RIFFIAN TRIBE ON THE WARPATH.

[Photo.]

laneous collection of men and boys, some armed with rifles, but the majority having nothing better than the long Moorish gun. A frowsier lot of savages one could hardly hope to see, but I did not stop to investigate them too closely. In their fighting mood they might not have been too particular whom they attacked.

chance buy absolutely new rifles, their conviction being that unless the weapon shows distinct signs of use it may burst the first time it is fired. Perhaps bitter experience with "trade" guns has taught them to be careful.

The Riff coast proved to be fairly well populated, and we were never at a loss for a



From a]

THE COAST OF THE RIFF—IT HAS A SINISTER REPUTATION FOR PIRACY AND BRIGANDAGE.

[Photo.

night's lodging. From time to time we discovered a mosque containing the tomb of some pious personage, held in great esteem by the superstitious natives. These shrines are always distinguished by a whitewashed dome, or *koubba*, rising above the terrace from which the *muezzin* five times a day announces the hour of prayer. The *koubba* at Beni-bou-Cheffari, at the mouth of the Wed Kert, is especially prominent, and incongruously enough forms a useful landmark for the pirates, but its architectural merits are not great, and the same may be said of all the modern buildings in Morocco. The famous tower from which the beautiful Giralda at Seville was copied is a solitary example of what Moorish builders of the past could do. Even the mosque at Jebel Moui Boushta, erected over the remains of a very holy man indeed, is a poor sort of structure, the only attempt at design being half-a-dozen primitive arches in the façade. The place was simply sordid and dirty. I slept in it unawed, steeped in an odour which was certainly not that of sanctity.

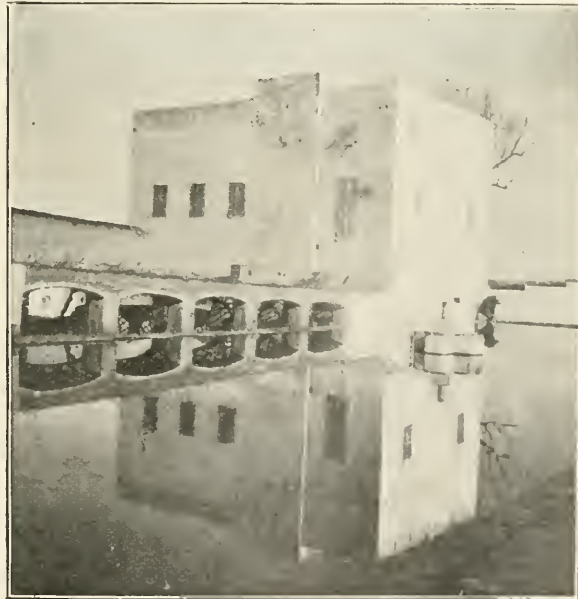
The finest house I saw in the interior was at Wezzan, on my way back to Tangier. It had been prepared some time previously for the Sultan, who was expected to pay a visit to Wezzan on one of his periodical journeys

between Marrakesh and Fez. It consisted of two buildings, one of which stood in the middle of an artificial lake and was connected with the other by a sort of bridge or terrace, supported on broad, low arches. Parallel with this terrace and separated from it by an arm of the lake was the garden. I cannot say I was greatly rewarded for my trouble in taking a photograph of this spot. The "garden" was merely a plot of ground divided into rectangular "flower-beds" by means of thick walls of mortar, bounded by narrow walks. Shrubs were planted here and there, but

I could see no trace of any attempt at artistic arrangement. The whole aspect of the thing was most melancholy.

My third journey was undertaken under somewhat different conditions. I arranged with a wandering *marabout*, or priest, to join his troop of mendicants, it being understood that he should go wherever I wanted. I made myself look as wretched an object as possible, and caused it to be understood that I was slightly "touched in

the upper story." The *marabout's* followers, who were all in the secret, always gave my lunacy as an explanation whenever they were questioned about me by strangers. It was a good plan, especially as it enabled me to collect geological specimens quite openly.



From a]

A MOORISH MANSION AT WEZZAN.

[Photo.

The Mohammedans, as WIDE WORLD readers may know, regard lunatics as under the special protection of Allah, and the Moors not only paid no attention to my doings but often humoured me, as they supposed, by bringing me pebbles and insects, including cockroaches and scorpions, which I had to accept with every sign of gratitude and throw away when no one was looking. My assumed lunacy was also very useful when I wanted to take photographs. All I had to do was to stand or squat as if absorbed in meditation, bring the lens of my camera opposite the slit in my outer garment, and press the button. In this way I managed to take over 800 snapshots. One of these, produced on the next page, shows a



From a

A MOORISH GARDEN.

[Photo.

group of truculent Berbers looking at the camera in blissful ignorance of the awful outrage which is being perpetrated upon them.

Our style of travelling was, as is usual in Morocco, leisurely; no one ever hurries there. The early prayer, an hour before sunrise, not being obligatory in the case of travellers, we were seldom astir before seven o'clock. Then came devotions, in which, of course, I joined, and breakfast, consisting of a sort of insipid barley porridge called *havara*, prepared by the women. We generally started between nine and ten o'clock, halted early in the afternoon, and then plodded slowly on until we reached our destination, and unloaded the mules before eating our supper, a vegetable stew called *tam*, similar to the Algerian *kouskous*. It never occurred to anyone to relieve our unfortunate beasts of their burdens during the midday halt, although it would have been easy to do so. The pack saddle was merely a wooden frame in the shape of an inverted V, covered with coarse canvas stuffed with straw, and the bags at the sides being of one piece with the saddle, all that was necessary was to hold up the two poles, one on each side of the mule, and drive the animal from under; but

the Moors never gave themselves so much trouble.

Apropos of *tam*, I may here remark that even the richest Moors very seldom eat meat. Barley in the mountains and dates in the desert

and oases are the staple foods. The chief delicacy all over the country is tea, brewed very weak, sweetened with enormous quantities of sugar—the cup is generally half full of it—and flavoured with mint or some other aromatic herb. This beverage must be tasted to be appreciated. Green tea, imported from England, is far more largely used than any other kind. The price, of course, increases in proportion to the distance from the coast, and reaches about 10s. per pound at Tisint. Coffee is

unknown, except at Marrakesh, Fez, and the ports.

The finest part of the mountainous country through which we journeyed was what may be called the Middle Atlas, lying immediately to the south of the Tesa Valley. This region is inhabited by numerous independent tribes of Berbers, who differ in many respects from the Arabs. The latter are uniformly dark and slender, with very small extremities; the Berbers have fair hair, blue eyes, thick wrists and ankles, broad shoulders, and comparatively heavy features. They might pass for Europeans much bronzed by the sun. They live in communities of two or three hundred, some of whom guard the flocks on the mountain sides while the remainder till the ground, in a rudimentary way, in the valleys.

Their houses, built of clay, have enormously thick walls—this for a very good reason. A Berber's house has often to be his castle, for the villages are frequently at war with one another. Duels are common among the men. The challenger simply takes a pace forward and withdraws his foot from his slipper. If the adversary accepts the challenge he steps on the slipper, and the fight begins straight away.

An apology is given by lying flat on the ground, face downwards, at the offended party's feet, and placing the gun across the back of the neck. The Berbers are a pugnacious, virile race, living at high pressure. Fighting and debauchery play havoc amongst them, and few of the men live beyond middle age. The women are mere beasts of burden.

The mountam sides are thickly clothed with oaks, cedars, and other trees, but these forests are dwindling away under the axes of the natives, who, of course, do not trouble themselves to replant. The Moor lives only for the present: he does not worry about posterity.

up from behind at this moment and drove my mule right into my back, knocking me flat on my face, while he abused me for getting in the way. The other Moors looked on indifferently, and, for some reason that I am unable to explain, the man who had detected me dropped back and left me. Perhaps the mule-driver's language satisfied him that I was all right: at any rate, I saw no more of him.

Another little adventure of the same kind happened in this wise. I was lying flat on my stomach one night outside the camp, trying to take an observation of the stars with an artificial horizon—a dish of mercury—when a



BERBER TRIBESMEN SURREPTITIOUSLY PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE EXPLORER.

In the Middle Atlas I met with my first real adventure. I was squatting on the ground, industriously writing under my "jellab," when I became conscious that I was being watched. I peered cautiously under my eyelids and saw an ill-looking Moor staring hard at me. I took no notice of him, but wrote the words, "Allah ouhad hou" ("There is but one God"), the formula with which every Arabic letter begins, dropped it as if by accident, and walked slowly away to see whether he would follow me. He did not, much to my relief. I kept on the look-out for him during the rest of the day, but he still left me alone and I thought I had got rid of him. It was rather alarming, therefore, when next morning, just as I walking to the place where the others were assembled for prayers, I felt a hand on my arm, and heard the words:—

"Thou art no Mussulman!"

It was my inquisitive friend of the day before. The position was a very awkward one for me. Dozens of Moors were standing close at hand, and it seemed as if they must have heard what was said. Fortunately one of my party came

marabout stumbled over me in the dark and put his foot right in the mercury! Being cold, it must have startled him considerably.

"Ba, ba, ba!" he grunted, as Arabs often do when surprised.

I lay low and said nothing.

He looked hard at me and, to my relief, walked away without a word.

I thought he would not know me again, but I was mistaken. Next morning, when I turned up for prayers with the rest of the caravan, he recognised me. All he did was to say: "This is not the place for thee," and motion to me to go away, which I did at once, thankful to escape so easily. He must have known I was a Christian, and a word from him would have been my death-warrant, but he was merciful.

The Middle Atlas ends abruptly in a steep cliff overhanging the valley of the Muluya. To the south is the Great Atlas range, a narrow line of sharp-pointed granite peaks. Unlike the Middle Atlas, these peaks are bare and exposed to the action of the wind. The dust carried in this way gives a distinctly pink tinge to the snow on the summit of the Jebel Ayashi.

Beyond lies the yellow expanse of the desert, streaked by green valleys.

Farther north, before reaching the Muluya, we entered the domain of the Ait-Ayash, the fairest-complexioned of all the Berber tribes I encountered. They are less barbarous than the denizens of the Middle Atlas, and their dwellings have some pretension to style. They believe themselves to be descended from Europeans and boast that, unlike most of their neighbours, they never murder deserters from the French troops stationed in Southern Oran.

Another tribe in this region, the Beni Mgild, received us with a volley of musketry. They thought we belonged to another tribe with which they were at war, and fired at us from a distance, so as to be on the right side! Luckily for us the bullets fell short. The Moors are very good shots at point-blank range, but as they have never been able to learn the use of raised sights

they are not very formidable marksmen at anything over two hundred yards. I revenged myself on the Beni Mgild by shooting some of them next day—with a camera.

The valley of the Upper Muluya, by which we began our return journey, is one of the least inviting parts of Morocco. The soil is poor and flinty, the banks of the river being so high that the water is almost unavailable for irrigation. The population consists merely of wandering Arabs. I turned my back on the river without regret when we reached the Teza Valley. This region, which has already been visited

by several European travellers, need not be described. We reached Fez without further adventure, and I bade farewell to my faithful friend the *marabout*, who had carried out his engagement so perfectly. I returned to France greatly pleased with my journeys as a Moor through the heart of unknown Morocco.



"I LAY LOW AND SAID NOTHING."

ON THE BRINK OF ETERNITY.

BY PROFESSOR CARL HOFF.

Professor Hoff, now deceased, was a well-known German artist. The terrible experience here narrated occurred whilst he was on his wedding tour in the Bavarian Highlands, and nearly ended in the destruction of both his young wife and himself. The narrative was sent to us by Madame Cathinca Amyot, a personal friend of the author, who has also prepared the accompanying illustrations.



At the time this adventure happened my wife and I were on our honeymoon. After some weeks of delightful rambles in Switzerland and a few days in classical Munich, we intended returning to Düsseldorf, for our holiday was on the wane and I was anxious to finish some pictures for the winter exhibition. My wife, however, expressed a strong desire to go as far as the Bavarian Highlands. It did not take much to persuade me, and we started one glorious September day for Salzburg, from whence we went to Berchtesgaden, a delightful

about the "Alm,"* which the author had chosen for the final scene in his book. With the handle of his whip the boy pointed to a tiny spot high up where the green slopes seemed to give way to a world of snow and ice, which stood out in dazzling purity against the deep blue sky. "It's high up," he said, "5,000ft. above the sea." He gave us a good deal more information, and we decided to make the ascent the following day. Accordingly we engaged a guide, ordered provisions to be packed into a hamper which the Bavarians carry strapped on their backs, and went to bed that evening with ardent wishes for a fine day.



THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE OF KÖNIGS-SEE, WHERE THE ADVENTURE HEREIN RELATED OCCURRED. [Baldi & Würthle.]

little mountain village near the beautiful Lake of Königs-see.

The first day at Berchtesgaden was a disappointment; everything was hidden in clouds and mists, and it rained heavily. But when we opened our shutters the next morning the ranges of mountains around us stood out boldly in the sunlight, capped with dazzling snow. It was a splendid sight, and, breakfast over, we started for the Königs-see in a small carriage absolutely innocent of springs, driven by a jolly Bavarian lad, who was extremely talkative and knew every path and every peak and every legend for miles about. My wife, who had just read a highly romantic novel called "Auf der Höhe," was full of questions

We were not disappointed; it was a glorious morning, and the drive to the lake in the crisp, clear air just before sunrise—for we started early—was exhilarating in the extreme. When we got near the lake, however, it looked anything but cheerful; for, being long and narrow and surrounded by very steep mountains, the sun only reaches it when high in the heavens, and at that early hour it looked black and forbidding.

The chilliness which precedes the dawn made my wife shiver, and she looked very pale when we stepped into the boat where the guide awaited us together with an old boatman, who was to row us across to the point where the ascent commenced.

"What is the matter?" I asked my wife. "Are you frightened?"

for at the slightest movement of the boat she clutched at my arm and I heard her teeth chatter with cold.

"No, no," she said: "I shall be all right directly. I suppose it is the grandeur of these mountains that oppresses me, for I feel as if some danger were approaching us."

"Nonsense, my dear child," I laughed. "Look! we shall soon be up there, and you will see the very window through which the setting sun shone on 'the beautiful face of the dying Countess Irma,' as your novel says."

"Oh, don't!" she entreated. "Don't speak of death here."

* "Alm" is a mountain cottage for the shepherd, also called "Semmerhütte."

I really felt quite annoyed with her, as I had arranged this excursion entirely to please her, but I could see that she was quite unnerved. I must confess that the lake looked gloomy in the extreme below us. The grey granite rocks rose almost perpendicularly out of the dark green waters, shutting out the view of the green slopes and the beauties of the higher regions. There was not a sound to be heard except the splashing of the oars and now and then the piercing shriek of some bird of prey high up in the air above us.

"What does that cross mean on the side of the rock over there?" I asked the guide.

"That was put up to the memory of a party which capsizeed there on All Saints' Day two years ago," he replied. "They were English people and were going up to the Alm, just like you, but they never got there, poor souls."

"There, there, that will do," I said, hastily, for my wife sat with her eyes shut, and I could see from the way she clasped her hands in her lap that she was fighting hard to overcome her nervousness. Presently we came to another cross, and before I could stop him the garrulous old boatman, resting on his oars, gave us a vivid description of how a party of pilgrims bound for the Convent of St. Bartholomy, half-way down the lake, were drowned at that spot, the boats being overcrowded. I began to feel as though we were passing through a cemetery or over a battlefield!

At last we landed, and when we had left the dark lake behind us the spell of gloom was broken and the sun smiled cheerfully on us again as we ascended the zig-zag road up the mountain side.

After a four hours' climb we arrived at the Alm. It was exceedingly hot, for the sun was high above us, but the air was beautifully fresh, and after our long climb it was delightful to stretch oneself on the grass and rest. The *Scennerin* (shepherdess) helped the guide to unpack the provisions and prepare our meal. This was served on a rustic table outside the *Scennerhutte*, and was done ample justice to by both of us. My wife was now quite herself again, and talked gaily about her favourite novel and the Alm.

Our guide informed us that he could give us two hours to look round before we should have to return. He himself spent this time in a well-earned siesta in one of the sheds. Dinner finished, we strolled about to inspect our surroundings.

"It is strange," observed my wife, "that we don't get a glimpse of the lake anywhere."

"That is because we are so high up and at a considerable distance from the shore of the lake," I explained. "If we can get out on those crags yonder, we shall get a fine view of the lake, I believe. Come, and let us try."

So we started off down the slopes, jumping from boulder to boulder, across a stream which came rushing down through the rocks. Then we mounted the green heights opposite until we reached the base of the crags we were bound for. On closer acquaintance we found them considerably higher and steeper than we had supposed, but nevertheless we climbed valiantly upwards, and with much laughing and joking about our many tumbles,

and the various scratches and rents caused by the prickly shrubs, we reached the top, only to find that still higher rocks prevented us from getting a view of the lake far below.

But the air was so exhilarating that we felt no fatigue, and so we went farther and farther onwards, and at last managed to climb up on to a narrow plateau which stretched before us. Again we met with disappointment, for we got only a view of a tiny strip of the opposite shore and the mountains on the other side of the lake. The plateau ended very abruptly, and some feet below we saw another shelf which stretched far away towards the lake.

To jump down to this lower level seemed the most natural thing in the world to do, and like two happy children we ran along the flat rock, which became gradually so narrow

that I stopped my wife. "It is not safe for you to go any farther," I said. "Sit down while I explore the place."

She sat down on a knoll and fanned her hot face with her handkerchief, calling after me chaffingly, "Be careful! What should I do if you tumbled down and I were left here alone?"

I found it safer to go down on all fours, and



FRAU MARIE HOFF.
From a Photo. by G. & A. Overbeck.



TIROF-CAR CARL HOFF.
From a Photo. by G. & A. Overbeck.

in this position I crept out to the very edge of the ledge and looked over. An exclamation of surprise and awe escaped me, for the flat rock on which I was lying projected considerably, and I found myself almost suspended over the lake, whose black waters spread out at an immeasurable depth beneath me, framed by the surrounding mountains. It was like looking down into a well.

A tiny moving speck down there caught my eye; it was a boat. Presently a little white puff seemed to float away from it, and a few seconds later came the report of a gun, which was taken up and re-echoed like thunder from the surrounding mountains. By the time the sound took to reach me I realized the height we were at.

I turned round, for my wife had risen and came laughing towards me. I called out to her to wait till I could help her, but unheeding she went down on her feet and hands and came to meet me half-way along the narrow shelf. Silently I guided her to the edge of the cliff. She leaned over and looked down. . . .

Instantly I saw my mistake in allowing her to come out there, for she turned deadly pale and I heard her panting violently for breath. Then she burst out into a fit of hysterical weeping. "Come back, dear," I said; "shut your eyes: I will guide you." I had my arm round her waist, and I could feel that her whole frame was shaking with sobs.

"I dare not turn round; I shall fall over the edge," she cried.

"Don't be silly, there is no danger whatever," I replied, reassuringly. "See! I have got hold of you tight."

She had got into a crouching position quite close to the edge and buried her face in her hands, so that I had a difficulty in getting her to turn round in the state of panic which had seized her. It was a trying situation, but nothing compared to what was still to come. By much coaxing I at last managed to get her to turn, and slowly we crept back, and after reaching the upper platform sat down to rest awhile and compose our nerves a little. It took some time to soothe her and to prepare her for the descent from the plateau, a task which filled me with serious misgivings.

Everyone who has climbed mountains knows that it is very much easier to get up than to get down. The difficulties before us became at once manifest to me, and after the shock my poor little wife had received she shrank with terror from venturing out on the steep side of the crag. It was getting late, the two hours of rest allowed us by the guide had nearly run out. "We must return," I said; "come, be brave, dear. I will go down first, step by step,



"DON'T BE SILLY, THERE IS NO DANGER WHATSOEVER," I REPLIED, REASSURINGLY.

and you shall put your hands on my shoulders and follow in my track."

It was an awful descent, and the farther we got down the more perplexed I became, for I had expected to see the green slope and the little stream down there, instead of which we landed in a rocky wilderness I did not remember to have noticed before.

Suddenly it flashed across my mind that *we had missed the way!* I felt hot and cold by turns, and cursed my foolhardiness in attempting the enterprise without a guide.

From the position of the sun I guessed that we had strayed still farther away from the Alm, edging nearer to the lake, so I placed my wife on a safe spot and went off to reconnoitre the place. It soon became clear to me that in order to reach the Alm we should have to cross a little ravine, for on the other side I recognised a group of fantastically-shaped rocks which I had noticed when we passed them on our way up. On looking for a place to descend, however, I found it would be impossible just there, and after some search discovered what looked like an easier way to get down. I calculated that once down below we could easily get round some intervening crags and mount the opposite side of the ravine.

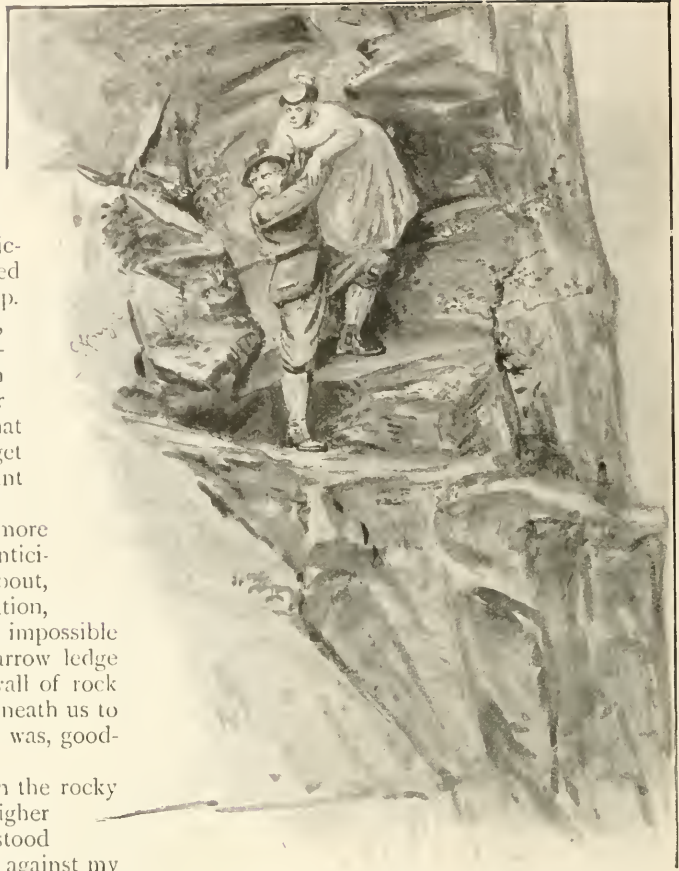
Even here, however, it proved far more difficult to get down than I had anticipated, and after much slipping about, each slip increasing my wife's agitation, we had to stop short, for we found it impossible to proceed. We were now on a narrow ledge which, shelf-like, projected from a wall of rock which descended perpendicularly beneath us to the lake. Where my supposed path was, goodness only knows!

I was standing with one foot on the rocky ledge, the other planted somewhat higher up; my wife, trembling and terrified, stood a little above me, supporting herself against my shoulders and clutching nervously at my right arm. It was impossible to turn round and climb back the way we had come, for my wife was completely unnerved after seeing the gulf beneath us. To proceed seemed quite as hopeless. Our position was desperate, and only desperate measures could save us.

Large beads of perspiration stood on my forehead, and as the nervous trembling of my wife began to communicate itself to me I knew that it would be impossible for me to remain long in that position. Yes! I felt it coming—that sickening terror which follows the loss of one's nerve at high altitudes. We should have to die together, leaving the beautiful world and all the happiness life had promised us.

Desperately I looked about for some means of escape. Above us stretched the towering height—impossible to climb with my wife in an almost fainting condition—below us that awful gulf and the lake, and all around the merciless rocks where only a chamois or a goat might find a footing.

However, with death before one, there is nothing to risk and everything to gain. I had



"I WAS STANDING WITH ONE FOOT ON THE ROCKY LEDGE, THE OTHER PLANTED SOMEWHAT HIGHER UP."

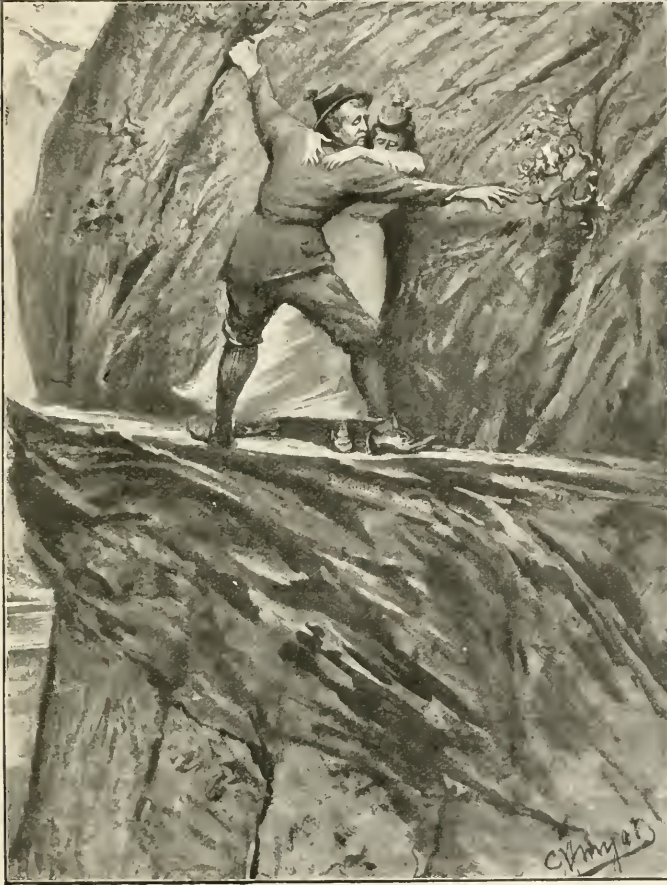
life and happiness to fight for. "We must try to get along this narrow ledge," I said. "It is but a short stretch, and we shall be on that green slope over there. Come, dearest, make one last effort! I will hold you and we shall do it all right, if you will only keep cool and strong."

Poor little woman, she was beside herself with terror, but she did her best to assist me.

By the instinct of self-preservation I found a way to advance along the path—a task which could assuredly only be performed with the prospect of death spurring one on. Stretching out my right arm along the rock, I got a firm hold in a fissure. Then with my left I steered my wife out on the ledge, my outstretched right arm forming a barrier to keep her from falling. Next I found a grasp for my left hand and advanced a step forward, my eyes searching meanwhile for the next hand-hold. It presented itself in a tough shrub growing in a crevice.

"Keep your eyes shut, and for Heaven's sake

don't move," I whispered to my wife. Every nerve in my body was drawn tense with agony, for to reach that little twig I had to leave go of the fissure with my hand and stretch out unsupported towards the shrub. Would it bear the strain upon it? Yes; it stood it bravely!



"KEEP YOUR EYES SHUT, AND FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T MOVE, I WHISPERED TO MY WIFE."

"Now, dear," I said, "try to wriggle your feet gently forward towards me. We are going splendidly; we shall soon be over." I said this encouragingly, though in reality my heart was sinking at the awful journey which lay before us. Though only a few yards, its difficulties made it seem like miles.

By making use of projecting rocks, crevices, and shrubs in this manner we advanced little by little towards our goal, every second seeming an hour. But when nearly at the end of our terrible climb a few tufts of grass and shrubs, which presented themselves to my hand, proved unsafe and came away from the cliff when I

tried them. There was absolutely nothing to lay hold on—nothing but a smooth surface of bare, pitiless rock!

The mere remembrance of that awful moment turns me giddy and sick at heart, and at the time it was like a death sentence. My poor young wife seemed dazed; she stood there in my embrace, pressed against the cliff, her eyes shut and her face looking like that of a corpse.

Strange thoughts flashed like lightning through my brain. When we were falling would we strike against the rocks below and be crushed and mangled before reaching the lake, or would the fall through the air render us insensible? Would the water be very cold? Was that large bird now soaring above us with piercing shrieks waiting for the tragedy? Where was the guide now; was he hunting for us? These thoughts and many more surged through my tortured mind.

So near the goal and yet so far—for was not all Eternity between us and that green slope only a few yards off? At that supreme moment my whole heart rose and I broke into a cry for help to the One above.

My prayer was answered. My fumbling fingers, wandering feverishly over the rock, at last met with something—the twisted, rope-like root of some mountain shrub. I seized it; it held firmly. Summoning all my remaining strength, I grasped my wife with my left arm and, hanging by the root, advanced along the ledge. A minute later I knelt on that

green grass slope by the fainting figure of my wife!

It is impossible to describe the next moments. Let anyone who has been in the clutches of Death recall the feelings which take hold of one's whole being when deliverance comes unexpectedly.

Suddenly I heard a distant "yodel," which I re-echoed with all my voice, and soon our guide appeared. He had been beside himself with fear as to our fate, and in his rough language he read me a well deserved homily about my foolhardiness in starting without him on such a dangerous expedition.

A TRAMP IN SPAIN



From a Photo.

I.—I VISIT A BULL-FIGHT.

We have pleasure in informing our readers that we have commissioned Mr. Bart Kennedy—whose graphically-told stories of his experiences in many lands have proved so popular—to tramp through the length and breadth of Spain, that most romantic of European countries. Mr. Kennedy knows not a word of the language, carries no outfit beyond a revolver and a camera, and will journey afoot right to the Pyrenees. This is not Mr. Kennedy's first experience as a tramp in a strange land, and his trip should be full of interest and not a little adventure, seeing that some of the wildest and most inaccessible spots in Europe are to be found in the land of the Dons. It is safe to say that this journey has never been essayed by an Englishman under similar circumstances before.



It requires no knowledge of Spanish to know that the bull-fight is the great institution of Seville. All that you have to do is to get the fact firmly fixed in your head that "toro" means bull. Thus armed you may go and sit in the wine-shops or in the cafés and feel perfectly at home. You are not out of it. You are no longer a stranger in a strange land. You know the topic of the moment, the hour, the day, and the best slice out of the night.

To show you that bull-fighting is a thing of overwhelming interest here in Seville, I have but to mention the fact that even the little children play at it in the streets. One of them is the matador, having a little stick for an *espada*, or sword. Another represents the bull, running here and there with a small wooden bull's head in his arms. The others play at being picadors and banderilleros. They dash about and around, following as closely as they can the rules that govern the fights in the Plaza de Toros.

Above the vast bull-ring of Seville the sky stretched blue and strange and without clouds, and the rays of the sun struck sharp down on the heads of the people who sat in the open glare. It was Sunday afternoon—the feast of San Pedro—and 16,000 men, women, and children were here, waiting to see the killing of the bulls. Through the night the great bell of the cathedral had tolled forth solemnly in honour of the feast and the trumpeters had sounded their trumpets from the tower. And now it was the turn of the toreros to honour the day by the killing of bulls. The outer line of the bull-ring swept round, cutting a great, sharp circle against the blue sky—the sky without clouds. It looked as if there were but two things of account—the sky and the ring, two vast implacable things of silence. The 16,000 moving, shouting people seemed as nothing.

Upon myself had fallen the spell of silence. The shouts and cries and laughter of the tremendous multitude conveyed nothing that



MR. BART KENNEDY IN THE COSTUME HE WILL WEAR
From a [Photo.] ON HIS JOURNEY.

was definite to my mind. I knew no Spanish. There was no thread of language-relation between myself and these shouting thousands. I was human and they were human, and that was all. And for a while the scene wore for me an aspect that was strange and unreal. I might have been among the Latins of the times of old, when men slew men in an arena such as this; when men fell dead and dying on sands yellow and pitiless as the sands which stretched before me now under the fierce glare of the sun of Spain.

Suddenly there rang out a great blare of trumpets, and alguazils rode into the arena clad in the old Spanish dress. And then there broke out

a military air, and the toreros and their followers marched out in procession before the great multitude. They made a blaze showing—the matadors with their brilliant attire and red cloths and swords, the banderilleros with gay streamers flying from their barbed darts, and the mounted picadors with their long pikes. They saluted the president, who threw the key of the toril, or bull-pen, into the arena. An alguazil got off his horse, picked it up, and rode across the arena and handed it to the torilero, the keeper of the toril.

The door of the toril was open. Right across the arena I could see it from where I sat—an oblong, upright space of blackness, standing out in sharp relief in the hard glare of the sun. There was no one in the arena now save a man who was dressed entirely in white. He stood, motionless, on a low peristyle in the centre of the arena. The toreros had all gone to the barriers. The show had opened. This man in white was the tañcredo. He was unarmed and helpless, awaiting the chance of death. The 16,000 people sitting in the shadow and the glare watched him silently.

A bull slowly came out of the upright space of blackness and walked down the slope to the edge of the sand. It was only a few seconds since the toril had been opened, but it seemed to me to have been a long time. In that time the shouting had died down and breathlessness had come upon the people. There was the white figure of the man in the centre of the arena, and there, off at the edge, was the black



From a

CHILDREN PLAYING AT BULL-FIGHTING, IN THE TOWN OF TORO.

Photo.



THE "TANCREDO" — IT IS HIS DUTY TO STAND MOTIONLESS ON A FEDESTAL AND ALLOW THE BULL TO CHARGE HIM. [Mr. Bart Kennedy.]

bull, looking around. And everyone was silent. I turned my head away for an instant and when I looked again the bull was charging across the arena. He had seen the tancredo; he was going now to gore him, to kill him. A swift, black thing of destruction, he was rushing upon this motionless man in white. It seemed to me as if the bull were rushing upon myself. I could feel the coming thrust of the cruel horns, and the toss, and darkness.

The bull was within a yard of the tancredo when all at once it swerved and stopped dead. The man in white still stood motionless on the peristyle. The bull again approached him, this time slowly, and walked around him. Then, with a toss of its head, it left him, galloping off in the direction of the toril. A chulo had just entered the arena, and had attracted it by the waving of his cape.

The whole of the people were now standing, shouting. The tension was broken. I was shouting and cheering myself. It was such a brave, fine thing to stand out there — motionless — while the bull charged! Had the tancredo moved in the least he would have been gored to death before the toreros could get across the arena. He had to stand still as stone — and in this lay his safety, for no bull, however furious, will strike or gore a thing that does not move. If a man could have the nerve to stand motionless before a charging bull he would be safe; the bull would go off without touching him.

The chulos were now running swiftly about in the arena with their quick waving, flying capes. The bull was galloping and rushing here and there, now after one, now after another. The men evaded the rushes with wonderful skill and precision. At times the

upward sweep of the sharp horns was within an inch of one of them. The bull on a straight line could move faster than any of them, but he could not turn so quickly or so surely. Once he bounded right on the top of one of them. The man sank flat to the sand, and escaped somehow between the lowered head of the bull and its forelegs; how, I don't know. The thing was done so quickly that the eye could not follow it. The man rolled over and over on the sand, and the bull lowered its head

to charge at him again, but was drawn away by another chulo, who waved his cloak right in front of his horns. The bull struck upwards, pierced the cloak, and the man ran, leaving it impaled. The bull had scored. By this time the man who had fallen had got out of the way. The bull was now galloping in a circle with the cape flying over its back. But a chulo ran right across in front of it and plucked the cape from its horns.

The bull stopped. At once a man went up to it and waved his cape in its face. The bull lunged forward, and as the man turned to evade the lunge he trailed his cape after him upon the sand. Herein he was unfortunate, for the bull trod on the trailing cape and somehow dragged him down. At once the bull got his horns under him and tossed him into the air; but the man was hardly down on the sand again before the bull was drawn off by the waving of another cape.

I could tell by the way the chulo lay that he was hurt. He was lifted up and carried from the arena by two of his comrades. I had heard it said that bull-fighting was a cowardly affair; that it was all on the side of the men, and that the bull had no chance. But this fight, of which I was an eye-witness, proves the contrary to be true. The bull-fighters are quick, skilful men, who take their lives in their hands every time they go into the arena. In fact, I came to the Plaza de Toros with my sympathies predisposed in favour of the bull. But an actual view of the fight and its conditions brought me on the side of my kind — the men!

The banderilleros now came into the arena armed with their banderillas — barbed darts

thirty inches long. These men had to get right in front of the bull as it charged, spring to one side at the right fraction of a second, and plant their darts in the top of its neck. Being a tenth of a second late would mean death for them.

One of them approached the bull. He held a dart poised in either hand. The bull stood stiff and rigid. Then it bounded forward—but so suddenly that the banderillero had barely time to save himself by a quick move to his right. He dropped one of his darts as the bull whizzed past and a great shout broke out over the whole of the arena. The people were applauding the bull, which was now dashing here and there. But a chulo waved his cape

watchful, with his head down. Slowly he galloped forward and the matador approached and stood facing him. In one hand he carried his muleta, or red cloth; in the other his sword. The crisis in the fight had come.

The blade of the matador's sword flashed sharply in the sun as he pointed it straight at the bull. To give the death-blow he had to strike down and deep through the neck to the heart. He had to strike the bull in front as it rushed upon him. Should he step to the side and strike, it would be considered unfair—a foul blow. The people would curse him and execrate him. They would call him "Assassino!" They would howl him out of the arena. He must strike the bull fair—in front! The place to

strike on the neck of the bull is a spot something over an inch in width and about two and a half inches long. The matador must find it with the point of his sword as the bull thunders down upon him. A half-inch too far to the right or left would make the stroke worse than useless; the bull would be but the more enraged.

The man waved his red cloth and the bull came on. But the matador



[From a]

A BANDERILLERO AT WORK.

[Photo.]

in the distance and attracted it towards a banderillero who waited for it as it rushed upon him. He planted two darts in its neck almost as its horns were touching him. The bull turned and ran on, only to meet another banderillero, who also planted a dart in its neck.

There was now a great uproar. Everyone was excited and shouting wildly. I turned round to look at the faces of the people. They were all intent and eager upon the fight—men, women, and children. Their eyes were following the movements of the enraged bull and the quick, lithe, flying banderilleros. They were looking and shouting and waving their arms and making sudden gestures. There was a vast chaos of terrible sound.

The bull was now against the barrier off across the arena. He was standing alert and

stepped deftly aside. There had not been a favourable opening. The time was not yet. Again the bull came on, and again. Now the bull and the man came together and I saw the blade of the sword flash like lightning. Whether it had gone home or not I could not for the instant tell. The rush of the bull and the lunge of the matador and the lightning flash of the sword seemed to the eye but as one swift movement. I saw the matador walking slowly towards the barrier. The people were standing, cheering him, and he was bowing. His sword was no longer in his hand. Men were throwing down their hats to him; women and children were cheering him.

By this time the bull was in another part of the arena. It had followed the waving of a

cap after the matador had struck it. I could just make out the hilt of the sword showing on the top of the bull's neck. The blow had gone home. But so quickly had the matador to move to avoid the horns of the bull that he had to let the sword go from his hand.

The end had come. The bull stopped, staggered, and fell. A crowd of toreros came

came out of the toril and into the arena. Eight bulls had to come out in all. Three had already made sport and fallen. All had died game—charging the matador.

By this time I was almost hoping that a bull would kill a man. My sympathies had gone over now altogether to the side of the bulls. The ingenuity of the toreros had at last become



From a Photo. by

A CLOSE SHAVE.

[Mr. Bart Kennedy.]

up around it and a puntillero bent down and gave it the finishing stroke. And the trumpets sounded again throughout the arena, and there was a quick ringing of bells as three harnessed mules were driven into it and across to where the bull lay—dead. The driver made fast the horns of the bull, and it was dragged out amid innumerable shouts and the blots of trumpets and the bowing of the matador, who was now walking quickly around by the barrier, his sword in his hand, responding to the calls and shouts and cheers.

The first act of the drama was over. And though the toreros took their lives in their hands, bravely facing death, I was sorry for the bull. I did not feel as I thought I should feel before coming to the fight, or as I had felt at the beginning of it. I admitted to myself that the toreros had to execute a difficult and most perilous task, that the human actors in the sport—or tragedy—were in no sense cowards. But the bull was so brave and so game, and there were so many against it—thousands against it. However brave and game it might be, there was nothing for it in the end but death. It had to reckon with invincibility.

Over an hour had passed and the fourth bull

monotonous to me. They were fine, brave fellows, but they were too skilful. Perhaps I might have felt differently if the bulls were not so game. Had they got afraid or shirked the fight, I might not have minded so much their being killed. But to see them fight bravely, one after another, till they fell dying made me wish that they could kill in turn. And there is a fine magnetism about a man or animal who dies game.

The bull that was now in the arena was branded on the side with a number—89. I saw the number plainly as it dashed over close to where I was sitting. It was a small bull, but the most active and supple of them all. It bounded and leaped about like a panther. A banderillero got in front of it to try and plant a dart in its neck. He missed—and as he turned to run the bull turned also. A chulo darted across and gave a quick, sharp fling of his cape in front of it as it followed the banderillero. But No. 89 was not to be balked. He followed the banderillero, who was flying for his life across the arena to the barrier. No. 89 was gaining on him at every bound. It seemed impossible for the man to escape. The bull was going to get him!

The man was now about fifteen yards from

the barrier. The horns of the bull were touching him. He was done for. But he made a sudden spurt, reached the barrier, and was just half leaping, half scaling it when the bull struck terribly with its horns, smashing and splintering the wood of the barrier just under the man's body. Bull and man came up into the air at the same time, but the bull fell back on the arena side of the barrier, whilst the man fell over on the side towards the spectators. It was the most exciting thing that had happened yet. Everyone cheered No. 89. I cheered him myself.

Things went on for a time till at last, more by accident than anything else, a banderillero managed to plant a dart in his neck. And then the matador came out to kill him. He waved

The people were shouting *¡maldiciones!* upon the matador. The stroke was bad. He had no right to be a matador. The meaning of what they were shouting was plain. They were reviling the man who had taken his life in his hand: "Malo matador! Malo matador! Malo matador!" The meaning of the shouts was not to be mistaken.

He planted another sword in the bull—this time too much to the left. And I thought the people would go mad. "Malo! Malo!" sounded all over the arena. No. 89 was now plunging round the arena with two swords in him. I felt sorry for both the man and the bull: and I wished that the bull could get in amongst the people—the people who were yelling "Malo!"



From a "BULL AND MAN CAME UP INTO THE AIR AT THE SAME TIME." [Photo.]

his red cloth, but No. 89 was too wily to come as he was wanted to. He made a sudden, swift *détour* and charged from one side. The matador got out of his way and faced him again; but the movements of the gallant little bull were so quick and elusive that it was impossible for the matador to aim the thrust of his sword for the vital point. The bull fronted him—a hurtling, quick-moving, compact mass.

The bull lunged and the matador lunged. In! The sword was in; but it had gone too far to the side. The matador was running off now to the barrier to get another sword. The little bull was rushing on its way, quicker and more ferocious than ever. The sword had not reached the vital place; it was only as a goad to him.

The trumpets now sounded and blared over the arena. This time their meaning was one of blame for the matador. The sound of the trumpets meant that it was time that the bull was killed—that the matador was neither sure nor quick. If only the fellows who were blowing the trumpets from a safe, high place could have been put into the arena in front of the bull themselves!

The matador leaned against the barrier. He looked crestfallen. This was his first big bull fight—his first real chance. And the shouting of "Malo! Malo!" meant that he would never get such a chance again. It meant that his livelihood

was gone. Never again would he be allowed to fight in the ring in Seville. The yelling people were as merciless to him as they were to the bulls. A man to please them had to be strong and sure, and, above all, to have luck.

Two tame bulls were brought into the arena. They had big bells round their necks, and they were brought in so as to help to get the little bull from the arena. The fate of No. 89 was that it should be killed outside. It had fought gallantly for its life, but there was only death for it in the end. And its victory in the arena meant ruin for the matador, who was still leaning against the barrier.

In times of stress kind comes to kind, even

though circumstances are against the meeting. The enraged wild bull at first tried to gore the tame bulls. But they paid no need to him. They only ran round the arena with the bells round their necks—clanging. And in the end the wild bull joined with them, and the three of them passed from the arena out through the door of the toril.

Now came the picadors—mounted toreros. They galloped around, armed with long pikes. As yet they had taken no part in the fighting. But when the fifth bull came out of the toril they appeared in the arena. They were not well mounted. Their horses were old and worn, and each had a patch of canvas over one eye. This was so that it could be urged up to the bull on its blind side.

A picador galloped up to the bull and prodded him with the pike. The bull turned and, in a flash, overthrew horse and rider. The man managed to clear himself from the saddle as his mount was falling; the horse was killed.

This bull killed three horses before the matador advanced upon it. He was a young, good-looking fellow, this matador. His face was brave and hard. This was his first big bull-fight also, and I was wondering how he would do. His name was José Campos (Campito). Campito was the name he had chosen as a torero. He killed the bull at a stroke.

A diversion was created during the fight with the next bull. A boy of about seventeen—one of the spectators—slipped past the guard, climbed the barrier, and gained the arena. He ran over to where the bull was watching, watching, with its head lowered. He passed in

between it and a picador and drew its attention. The bull charged the boy—and caught him—and tossed him. But the boy fell on his feet, unhurt, like a cat. Now he faced the bull, and when the bull charged him again he evaded him as skilfully as any torero. But at the next charge he was caught and tossed again. He fell in the same manner as before—unhurt!

All this happened before anyone could interfere—the spectators cheering madly. Here was a future matador! Here was one who in time would become a great torero! But when the bull was drawn off to another part of the arena two guards got over the barrier and arrested the boy. He was taken out of the ring whilst the crowd shouted out against the guards.

The eighth bull was at last near its end, and the guards were now allowing the spectators to get over the barrier into the arena. It was the usual custom at the end of the day's fight. I got down into the arena myself, and ran around with the rest of the people whilst the bull was still charging about. It seemed to me that I might just as well take a chance as anyone else. But after all there was no real danger. The bull was too far gone.

And here was the end of the fight—and the end of the day. The trumpets were sounding through the arena and the people were going home. Twilight was fading into darkness. The glare and the shade were now softened and made one. The vast multitude was passing away, and the streets outside the bull-ring were packed with masses of slow-moving people, all talking of toros and matadors.



CHAMPITO, THE YOUNG MATADOR WHO KILLED HIS BULL AT A STROKE. [Photo.]

TRAPPED BY A TREE.

BY W. J. MOWERAY.

Being an account of the terrible experience which befell an Australian bushman. While at work in the lonely box-tree forests of the South he was pinned by the hand between the two halves of a great log. Here he remained, a helpless prisoner, for several days, suffering terrible agonies from hunger and thirst. Assistance came just in the nick of time through the instrumentality of a snared opossum.



SEATED round the camp-fire one starlit night, near the beautiful "City of the Plains," I heard the following story from the lips of an old weather-beaten bushman, whose left hand hung limp and useless at his side.

It was quite dark when I came at last to the gate in the long fence which skirted the lonely bush road. On the opposite side of the track the ghostly outlines of numberless bleached and ring-barked box-trees loomed out of the silent darkness. Over the gate at which I leaned a broad sweep of undulating pasture land stretched away to the homestead, where the lights were twinkling in the low windows with a ruddy glow.

A momentary glance at the scene around me and I swung open the wide gate of the station paddock and went down the now almost invisible bridle-path which led to the homestead. Crossing the pasture land, I passed under the boughs of the belt of poplars which skirted the homestead, thence under the low stone walls of the station orchards and across the swinging plank bridge which spanned the willow-hung creek, until I stood on the rose-trellised veranda, and, tapping at the door, asked to see the squatter. A moment later he appeared—a tall, bearded, middle-aged man, with a shrewd face and a kindly eye. Without loss of time I briefly explained my errand.

He led the way into the house, and we soon fell to discussing the terms and conditions of the proposed contract. These, however, are immaterial to the present narrative, and all I need say is that I finally undertook the work, and inquired where the scene of my future operations was to be.

"It is too dark to show you just where the spot is," replied the squatter, thoughtfully. "But I think you are bushman enough to follow my directions. If you go due westward from this station you will cross four paddocks before you reach timber. Strike the bush near the white slip-rails in the last fence, and continue due westward for three miles. There you will find a patch of fifty acres

which I had cleared a year ago. Cross this and again enter the bush, still proceeding in the same direction, until you have put another three miles between yourself and the old clearing, then camp, and work in a circle round you until the fifty acres are complete. Grub and burn everything as you go, and come into the station every week or so for provisions. I will come and have a look at you in a week's time to see how you are getting on. I think that is all I need say. Of course, you can get anything you want from the station storekeeper."

I thanked him and, satisfied with the arrangement, left the house and returned to the township—some four miles or so to the north-east of the station—to get together my few, but indispensable belongings and to await the morrow.



N. H. HARDY

Early the next morning I once more set out for the station, where I straightway opened an account with the storekeeper by the purchase of a week's supply of fresh and salt meat, flour, tea, sugar, tobacco, and matches. I strapped the somewhat bulky package on to the front of my already burdensome swag, and, with my two American axes, tomahawk, wedges, and flint in my hands and over my free shoulder, set out for the scene of my future labours.

Thus burdened, it is scarcely to be wondered at that my progress was not remarkable either for speed or for the pleasure which accompanied it. So that, after covering the first three miles of bush, crossing the old clearing, and again entering timber, I was not altogether dissatisfied by the sight of a thin column of blue smoke curling upwards through the dense bush not a hundred yards ahead of me. It was now mid-day, and the prospect of a good rest under the shady branches of the box-trees, with someone to talk to into the bargain, was eminently agreeable. Presently the white canvas of a bush-tent gleamed through the tall scrub, and a moment later I emerged into a comparatively open space among the trees, and stood face to face with the man who was to be my "next-door neighbour" for some time to come, and who, though all unknown to me, was to be the means of delivering me from a terrible death.

His occupation was sufficiently indicated by the task upon which he was engaged. The snaring of opossums is an employment which, at one season of the year at least, is not unprofitable. Flat sheets of bark were propped here and there around the camp-fire, and upon each sheet the skin of an opossum was stretched, fur downwards, towards the reddening embers. By this primitive process the skins were dried, or "cured," preparatory to their collection by the fur travellers who annually scour the country. When I came upon him the man was kneeling on the ground fixing fresh skins to other sheets of bark. A fragment of dead wood served as a hammer, and a small tin of horse-shoe nails lay on the ground beside him. On the opposite side of the fire a watchful sheep-dog was lying with his nose between his fore-paws, intently watching his master, but at my approach he looked up and growled. Some newly made mats were also lying on the ground, and, as one of these innocent-looking trifles played no inconsiderable part in the story I am about to relate, some brief description of their construction is perhaps necessary. The trapper takes a short length of coarse twine and another of fine wire. Placing the ends of both together, he rubs the two between his palm and the leg

of his stout moleskin trousers until they become united. Then, in one end of the twisted line he forms a loop, through which he passes the other end, and so forms a running noose. Selecting a tree whose bark bears unmistakable signs of the frequent transit of opossums to and from the upper branches, the trapper leans a long dead bough against the trunk, and affixes his snare upon it by tying the loose end tightly round the bough and leaving the noose free. The object of the wire is here apparent, for, by stiffening the otherwise limp twine, it makes the noose stand upright in a circle above the leaning branch. When night falls, the opossum, who has slumbered all day in the tree-top, descends to the earth in search of food, and, discovering as he nears the ground a less perpendicular means of descent, walks down the dead branch and passes unconsciously through the open noose, which, tightening about his body as he proceeds, finally pulls him up with a jerk and holds him prisoner until the arrival, the following morning, of the expectant trapper, who quickly dispatches the imprisoned animal. Sometimes it happens that an exceptionally large opossum finds himself hampered with an exceptionally small branch, and in such cases he will not only drag the bough down to the ground, but will pull it after him through the dense bush for a mile or so, and thus give the trapper a good hunt for his prey. This circumstance, fortunately for myself, occurred, as you will presently see, to the trapper who now stood before me.

I bade him good-bye, and, once more "humping" my burdensome "swag," continued my journey through the remaining three miles of bush which still separated me from my future camp. I soon reached the spot, and, selecting a piece of clear rising ground, put up my bush-tent with as little delay as possible—for by this time the afternoon was well advanced—and made everything snug and secure for the night.

Early the next morning I commenced my labours, and the silent solitudes of the great bush awoke to the ring of the axe and the crash of mighty trees struck down in their prime. And so a week went by, each day echoing with the strokes of my destroying blade, and each night aglow with the red fires which consumed the fallen giants of the wood.

At the end of the week I revisited the homestead to procure a fresh supply of provisions, having a friendly smoke and a chat with the trapper on my way back to camp, and the following day the squatter rode in to overlook the work.

"By the way," he said, after approving what had been done, "have you got your wedges with you?"



"THE SILENT SOLITUDES AWOKE
TO THE RING OF THE AXE."

"Yes," I said, and brought them out of my tent.

"Well," said he, pointing to a huge straight box-tree which was still standing, "I want a few good planks for building purposes, and I think that tree would be just the thing. I see it is out of your way at present, but there is no immediate hurry. When you come to that particular tree, cut it off as near the ground as possible, and then split the trunk right up the middle with your wedges. I will send a couple of bullock-teams in about a fortnight's time to draw the two halves home to the station. Of course, I will pay you whatever you deem reasonable for the extra work."

I thanked him and readily undertook the task, and he soon after rode away in the direction of the homestead.

The following morning I went over to the

great box tree which the squatter had pointed out. The gap in the great trunk gaped wider and deeper, and the white splinter of sap-laden wood flew faster and faster beneath the stroke of the relentless blade. And then there came a gentle swaying of the stately tree, a rustling among the myriad leaves overhead, a splintering of rending wood, a sudden surging, as of a great sea lashed into uncontrollable fury, the crackling and bursting of a thousand boughs, and a roar as of a mighty wind, and the great giant of the forest crashed to the ground with a thud that shook the earth and startled the denizens of the silent bush from their midday sleep. Then, having lopped off all the branches which had not been broken in the fall of the great tree, I began the more serious and difficult task of splitting the giant trunk evenly from end to end. A strong stroke of my axe-blade left a long, narrow gash in the great trunk, from which I already had stripped off the bark, and within this slit I inserted the thin end of a small steel wedge, upon the upper and thicker end of which I brought down the butt of the long-handled axe with great swinging strokes. At first the fallen log withstood the surely increasing strain, but at last a sharp report rang out, like the crack of a rifle, and the slit suddenly

lengthened and widened, while the wedge sank deep into the gaping wood. Then, some three inches from the buried wedge, I inserted another, larger than the first, and again the vigorous blows of the axe-head drove it deep into the white wood, while the great log strained and cracked and gaped yet wider, and the first wedge grew loose in the growing aperture. I therefore withdrew it, and inserted a third beside the one which now remained firmly embedded in the great trunk. The driving in of this loosened the second in like manner, and, drawing it out, I re-inserted it farther up the gap, where the aperture was narrower. Thus, using the wedges alternately, I made the gap in the fallen tree grow longer and deeper and wider, to the running accompaniment of rending, splintering wood, until the terrible thing happened, the mere recollection of which, even to

this day, calls forth an involuntary shudder of horror.

I had driven one of the big wedges into the hard white wood and throwing my axe upon one side for I was tired with the exertion and intended taking a short rest—I put my left hand into the aperture to remove its predecessor. But before I could withdraw it the firm wedge sprang from its position and, the aperture creaking and narrowing as the wedge slipped upwards, the great white mouth of the gaping trunk closed about my hand and held it as in a vice! Vainly I attempted to extricate it from the powerful grip of the great log. Then, feeling in my pockets, I found another wedge, and placing it close to my imprisoned hand turned to grasp the axe with which to drive it into the aperture. This, I could see, would sufficiently widen the gap to enable me to withdraw my hand, which by this time was losing its first sensation of numbness and becoming intensely painful. But, to my unspeakable horror, the axe lay upon the ground beyond my reach! Stretching myself out at full length, and as far as my imprisoned hand would allow, I almost touched it with my foot. Farther and farther I strained, till great drops stood upon my forehead and trickled into my beard, and every muscle stood out, hard and tense, under the terrible strain—farther and yet farther, till my foot actually touched the tip of the white axe-handle. Then, unable to continue the terrible tension of nerve and muscle, I fell exhausted beside the log, with strained sinews and throbbing temples, and wondered what next I should do to free myself from that relentless grip.

First I looked about for a billet of wood with which to drive in the wedge, but there were none within my reach. Even the boughs I had chopped from the fallen tree were lying some distance farther up the great trunk, even farther removed than my axe. Then I caught sight of the wedge which had sprung, and, leaping to my feet, I tore blindly at it, in a frenzied attempt to release the lower half of the bright steel from the grip of the great log. But it had only sprung half way out of the white wood, and,

though I tore at the upper end of the wedge with the strength of despair and until the fingers of my free hand were torn and lacerated by the sharp burred edges of the oft-hammered steel, the grip of the great log was as firm and immovable about the half-released wedge as about my crushed and throbbing fingers. Could I but have withdrawn this wedge, I might have used it to batter in the other. And then another thought flashed into my mind and inspired me with renewed hope. If I could not use the imprisoned wedge to drive in the one I had just inserted, why not reverse the position and hammer in the former by means of the latter? Instantly acting upon this suggestion, I gripped the free wedge with frenzied fingers, and battered the head of the other with all the strength of a last and desperate hope. But, alas! the wedge I held was



"THE GAPING TRUNK CLOSED ABOUT MY HAND."

the small one with which I had commenced operations upon the great log, and though I struck the imprisoned wedge till my breath came in long, laboured gasps and the great drops of perspiration ran into my smarting eyes, not a fibre of the great log relaxed, and I realized that this hope, too, was a hope no longer.

Again I tried to reach the axe—stretching myself out at full length and straining every sinew in a perfect paroxysm of unutterable despair—and again my foot just touched the tip of the white curved handle, but would reach no farther. And then, in unspeakable misery and hopelessness, I sank with a low cry upon the trampled turf by the side of my ghastly trap, and watched, with aching eyeballs, while the great crimson sun sank down among the foliage of the western forest. And when the stars came out in their legions they beheld the prostrate figure of a despairing man, with parched tongue and cracking lips, waiting for a death whose steps are terribly slow.

All through that long and terrible night I lay upon the great log and tossed feverishly from side to side, with a mind which was fast giving way within me. But one idea possessed me, and sent a faint ray of renewed hope tingling through my veins. The trapper! His camp, it is true, was three miles to the eastward, and I knew I could not hope to make myself heard at so great a distance. But would he not be abroad early in the morning, to gather in his spoils and reset his snares? And might I not hope that, by some fortuitous circumstance, he might come within the radius of my voice, and, responding thereto, deliver me from this dreadful death? So, when the morning dawned and the laughing-jackasses sent up their weird, unearthly greeting to the rising sun, I put my free hand up to my dry, parched lips and sent forth the high-pitched "Coo-ee!" of the bush into the silent solitudes on every hand. But the faint morning breeze brought no response. Again and again I repeated the cry, till my tongue dried in my mouth and my voice grew hoarse as a raven's. But no one answered. No voice but that of Nature disturbed the stillness of the dense bush. White yellow-crested cockatoos and green and crimson parrakeets skimmed lightly overhead, the locusts rattled unceasingly in the sap-laden scrub, and a glittering snake rustled among the tussocks of tall grass which grew in the open spaces among the trees. But no more welcome sound than these came to me all through that long and terrible day of unutterable torture, and again the sun dipped down in the west.

Hunger had now taken hold on me, but its pangs were as nothing to the torments of my

ever-increasing thirst. My blistered tongue protruded from my mouth and my sight grew dim and distorted. Ever and anon my brain seemed to stand still. Then it would rush on again in a mad whirl, which I was unable to control, until once again it stood still, as if gathering strength for the next paroxysm. And so the night closed in upon me, still lying helpless and hopeless, and the stars came out again to look upon the scene. Soon great black storm-clouds came up and I knew that rain was at hand! How I thanked Heaven for the precious drops which I knew would soon moisten my blistered tongue and parched throat! Nearer came the dark draperies of the storm until they were almost overhead. Then the storm burst in all its pent-up fury. The glowing heavens flashed with lurid tongues of flame, and an echoing cannonade of thunder rent the air. The giants of the forest strained and groaned and heaved as the wind shrieked madly through their twisted boughs. One after another, torn up by the roots, crashed to the earth amid a splintering of rending boughs. And then the rain came down—hissing, blinding, seething, like a mighty torrent. And, oh! how eagerly I lapped the cool, delicious drops and gulped them down my parched throat! Even when the storm had abated I tore off the collar of my bush-shirt and, dipping it again and again into the narrow stream of water which the rain had left in the trough of the great log, squeezed the precious drops into my mouth. Soon the stars peeped forth again, and the storm-clouds disappeared above the trees. And so the night wore on till morning dawned once more in the east, and the sun rose up to light another day.

Again I put forth my feeble voice in a vain endeavour to attract the attention of my neighbour the trapper. But all to no purpose. Then I began to wonder whether he would be attracted to the spot by the mysterious extinguishing of my fires, which, slowly burning themselves out since my captivity, had now been entirely quenched by the rain. If not, I felt that my extremity was indeed a terrible one. At least ten days must elapse before the arrival of the bullock-teams to carry home the log, and I knew I could never last till then. No; my only hope was in the trapper, and even he might fail to reach me until too late. The night had brought me relief, but as the day advanced my agonies returned anew, and the torments of hunger and thirst took fresh hold upon me. All that day my sufferings increased, and night found me restless and delirious, talking incoherently and disconnectedly to myself between the occasional fits of stupor which came over me.

Another day and another night came and went, and there was no change. And still another day and another night passed over my head, and in the darkness of that night I prayed for death as fervently as some men pray for life. But it came not.

Still another day went by, and in the silence of the night which followed it I heard a rustling sound among the trees, but knew not whence it came. Again and again I caught the sound, but death had so far claimed me for his own that the power of reasoning out the cause had long since left me, and I could only lie and listen to the sound in a bewildered, apathetic way. But when the morning dawned I almost shrieked for joy, for there, upon the ground, was a huge opossum, tugging at a dry, dead bough, which was fastened to his body by the trapper's snare. And then I knew no more, for consciousness deserted me, and I sank helpless to the ground.

I awoke to hear the ring of steel against steel, and, looking up from where I lay, I saw the tall figure of the trapper swinging the axe above his head and driving the wedge deep into the gaping wood. In another moment my hand, crushed almost to a pulp, dropped from the widening gap, and the trapper, throwing down his axe, knelt down beside me.

"All right, old chap," he said, with infinite tenderness, "I'll bring some water and a little brandy out of your tent, and then I'll be off to the homestead as fast as my legs can carry me. Keep up till I come back." And, pressing my hand, he was gone, almost before I had realized it.

How quickly he went may be judged from the fact that in less than two hours the galloping of horses' feet caught my ear, and I knew that I was saved. A comfortable stretcher of bark was hastily improvised, and I was conveyed to the homestead. Just before leaving the scene of my ghastly experience I noticed the big opossum still fettered to the dead branch, and, beckoning to the trapper, I begged him by signals—for I could not speak—to let the poor beast go. Comprehending me, he did so, and the sight of that terrified creature scampering off into the dense undergrowth did me more good than I can tell.

And so they carried me back to the station and, with careful nursing, renewed within me the life that was almost gone. And though this hand will never more wield an axe there are still plenty of odd jobs in the glorious bush that come within my scope. But the one thing I will *not* do is to set snares for the little creatures whose fur is so soft and brown.



"'ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP,' HE SAID."

How the Boers Hunt.

BY FIELD-CORNET HERCULES D. VILJOEN.

This article—written by an ex-officer of the late Boer army—will be found of especial interest. It describes the curious methods of hunting employed by the Boers, who carry the communal system even into their big-game hunts. Much of the information contained in the paper will come as a surprise even to sportsmen who have visited South Africa.



THE lion, still the terror of the Northern Transvaal, remains the most imposing game of Africa. It seems that other hunters merely go out with a gun and kill him, but this method does not suit us. The Afrikaner knows his lion as he knows his horse. He has studied him for many years; and he has different orders of campaign for the lion on the open veldt and for the lion in the "nest," as the lair is called. He knows the lion's voice, from its

only so much as grazes the tangled meshes of its mane. And the Afrikaner takes immense precautions, being by nature a prudent man.

A lion upon the veldt, threatening flock and herd, brings every veteran hunter of the vicinity hastening to some farmhouse rendezvous in the early morning. The men have been summoned by the farmer's son, for it would be an insult to send a Kaffir boy on such an errand. There may be twenty in the party, or there may be more; but no Boer will venture on the hunt



"A LION UPON THE VELDT BRINGS EVERY VETERAN HUNTER OF THE VICINITY."

pair of pleasure to the deafening reverberations of its angry roar; he knows the lion's power, from his lightning bounds to the felling stroke of his tremendous paw; he knows the lion's nature, from its sublime disdain of humanity when it has no reason to be roused, to the unquenchable volcano of its wrath if a bullet

with fewer than four companions. The majority carry Martini Henrys. There is but one shot in the rifle; but the leaden bullet spreads, and is three times as deadly as the Mauser's steel-clad cone. No hunter is invited, and no one presents himself, who lacks the reputation for perfect accuracy of aim and almost more than

mortal steadiness of nerve. His *début* as a lion-hunter is greater than an event in the life of the Transvaal Boer—it is a crisis. When the party has assembled the oldest hunter of them all looks them over, like an officer viewing a band of volunteers for a forlorn hope. He knows the history of almost every shot these men have fired: he knows, usually, the characteristics of each man present. But he never neglects the formula of the Boer lion-hunter—the Oath of Danger, which is renewed with each fresh enterprise:—

“Do you wish to hunt the lion?”

They answer “Yes” in resolute assent. Then comes another solemn question:—

“Do you swear to protect the man who is attacked?”

They swear, in loyal unison. The third question never fails to stir the hearts of the assembled men:—

“Do you swear to shoot the man who runs from the lion?”

It is the final oath, and a terrible one, but they take it, every one. But still another chance for withdrawal is given any hunter who may doubt his courage in extremity.

“Whoever wants to stay behind,” says the veteran, “can do so now.”

There is no record of any wavering among the hunters; their doubts are always settled before they leave their homes. The veteran then announces that he will act as leader. He appoints the man next to him in the number of his encounters with lions as second in the troop. And, in successive numbers, he names the rest, according to the measure of their experience in the hazardous work ahead.

With the Kafir tracker in advance, the hunters follow the lion's spoor. It may be hours before they overtake him, but they never relinquish the search; they never rest until they are upon him. How many instances there are in which the lion has at once thrown fight I do not know. I have not heard of a single case. The rule is that the monarch of the veldt prefers to trot away rather than risk a combat with so many foes. The horses of his pursuers break into a gallop and the lion's trot becomes a long lope. As the hoots behind him thud more

loudly in pursuit he speeds away in arched and flying bounds, until the distance has been lessened to a short-range rifle-shot. The leader of the hunters, checking his steed with the inimitable dexterity of the Afrikander, drops to the ground, sinks on one knee, takes careful aim, and fires.

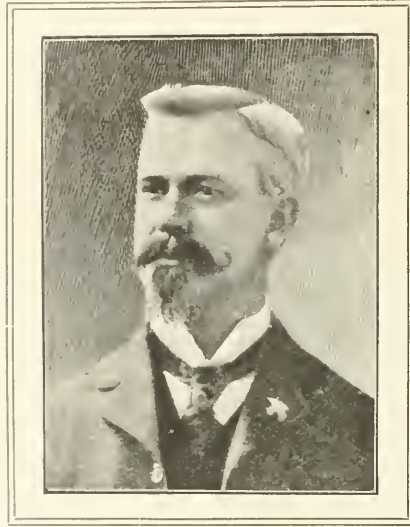
Unless his sworn companions prove faithful to their oath the leader is foredoomed to death if his bullet has not hit a vital spot. There is no time to reload; there is no hope of diverting the lion's wrath. Instantly he feels the wound; with mane erect, his very hair bristling with wrath, the lion turns and comes in vengeful leaps towards the kneeling man. The other hunters, jumping swiftly to the ground, have dropped on to their bended knees with ready rifles. They watch the lion and one another. The man second in precedence fires as the lion turns. The third man follows in his order. Wounded, perhaps fatally, the lion still comes on, and the bullets seek his tawny sides in quick succession.

One man alone holds back his fire. He waits until the lion, charging forward irresistibly, has

stricken and seized the first of the hunters who wounded him. It is the waiting hunter's part to spring to the lion's side, put his rifle to the brute's ribs, and send a bullet through his heart.

The rock-strewn country offers innumerable inaccessible spots where lion families find their refuge and their home. There are still stories current among our people telling of courageous hunters who have not feared to face a brood of lions in the black darkness of a cavern, penetrating into its recesses with a torch in one hand and a rifle in the other. The most systematic lion-killing that was ever done in dens was the work of a Boer named Jan Schutte and his two brothers. All three of them were sons of an old lion-hunter, whose farm lay in the vicinity of Rustenburg. The district abounded in caverns, and in one of them a whole troop of lions made their lair. They reared their young in its remotest depths; and from its yawning mouth the male lions issued nightly to prey upon the herds.

When it appeared that the Schuttes could



THE AUTHOR, FIELD-CORNET HERCULES D. VILJOEN.
From a Photo.

have upon the family farm either lions or cattle, but not both, the boys, as a last resource, had broad-wick candles made, and went on regular excursions to the lions' lair. The younger brothers, with their candles flaring and their trigger-fingers set, stationed themselves in niches in the wall of the cavern, while Jan penetrated its shadows until the light of his candle revealed the bodies of the lions, huddled in the farthest alcove, in dread of the dancing flame. He took aim, invariably, at the oldest male lion, and never failed to kill him. With the flash and the report of the rifle the grown lions, male and female, dashed past him toward the veldt. As they went past his brothers would each fire a chance shot, and sometimes laid another lion low. The oldest of the three, for his part, remained within, searching for the cubs, and, finding them, slew all with prompt dispatch. Repeated visits to the den within a period of a year cleared the Schutte farm of the whole brood.

The modern methods of lion-hunting appear much more bold than the organized lion-hunts of years ago in the same district of Rustenburg, to the west of Pretoria. Breechloaders have made the difference. In those old days the Easton was the gun—an English muzzle-loader, which we called the "roer." It carried a half-inch bullet, and was more deadly than a Martini-Henry, although it required a much closer range.

The lion's "nest" in the Transvaal is frequently found close to some swamp where game abounds. The old lion-hunters spent their winters in weaving quince laths into cover cages, which they put on the huge ox-waggon in place of the usual canvas hood. The quince wood, tougher than hickory, made a cage, open at both ends, whose interstices were not an inch square; and the whole structure was as strong against sudden assault as if it were made of tempered steel. When the hunting day was chosen and a party of five men had assembled, two of them brought the ancient mattresses of their trundle-beds, parallelograms of mighty beams interlaced with *rimpis*, or thin raw hide thongs. One mattress was used to permanently close the rear entrance to the waggon; the other was put in position at the front, with pulley ropes in readiness for its instant adjustment as a door that could be shut.

With half-a-dozen oxen for a team, trembling Kaffirs goading on the cattle, and themselves astride of mettled horses, the little party of hunters advanced to the vicinity of the lion's lair. When the waggon was still four hundred yards away from the edge of the swamp it was turned around, the oxen were unyoked, the Kaffirs mounted the horses, and the stock

were driven back to a safe distance. The hunters, straining at the waggon's wheels, moved it backward and backward towards the edge of the marsh until the lion, resenting the intrusion, came growling from his midday lair. At sight of him the hunters hastened to the refuge of the waggon, and one, duly appointed beforehand, waited until all were within. As the lion came onward the guardian of the forward mattress sprang into the cage and drew close-shut behind him the thong laced doorway.

The hunters, imprisoned, seemed easy quarry to the lion. He attacked at once; and, as he charged, the men fired. The quince laths, like the sides of a huge, impenetrable basket, cracked and swayed under the shock of the lion's spring. But they never broke, they never gave way; and, sooner or later, some heavy bullet from the echoing "roers" crashed into the lion's heaving sides and dropped him to the grass below, the victim of his own blind courage.

It has happened sometimes that three, and even four, lions have made an assault upon a waggon together. But the death of one of the band usually taught the others the lesson they required, and seldom did the ancient "waggon-stalking" method bring two lions for the oxen to cart home.

Seemingly absolutely safe, the quince laths and the *rimpi* mattresses depended for their value on the thoroughness with which the preparations had been made. One of the sporting stories current in Pretoria turns upon the adventure of an aged *tackhaar*, or long haired Boer, and his son, a boy of eighteen years, who had yet to kill his first lion. There were five Boers in the waggon, and the proud *tackhaar*, anxious to give his boy an opportunity for glory, persuaded his companions to leave the front opening in the boy's care. As the lion rushed forth and the men sprang into the waggon the mattress at the rear, insecurely fastened, fell to the ground. There was one awful rumble of the lion's voice, one tremendous bound, and the great brute was within the waggon and had struck down the hapless old pioneer. The others, aghast, stood motionless, while the lion opened his immense mouth to rend his prey.

At this crucial moment there was a scrambling on the wheel outside, and the muzzle of a "roer" was poked through the quince laths until it reached the lion's very ear. The dull growl of the hungry beast was stilled in the deafening report of his rifle. The lion, a bullet in the centre of his brain, rolled over, dead. The plucky boy, from the waggon wheel, called out, anxiously:—

"Is my father alive?"

The *tackhaar* rose slowly to his feet and,



“THE LION OPENED HIS IMMENSE MOUTH TO REND HIS PREY.”

seeing his son's face through the apertures before him, tried to put out a greeting hand, saying, in shaking accents:—

“Good morning, my boy; where did you come from?”

That single awful moment, while he lay in the lion's jaws, had effaced from his memory all the occurrences of the hunt; he fancied he had just risen from his bed, and was giving his son a morning greeting!

“Baas, Baas—there is a leopard!”

“It is a foal, then, that is missing?”

“Yes, Baas, yes; there is blood everywhere, and the trail leads to the mountain.”

It is always the same colloquy, between the same types, which occurs of a morning in the mountainous districts of Cape Colony and the Orange Free State, where the African “tiger,” or leopard, all brilliant spots and gorgeous stripes, still lingers as the foe to farmer and to herd. Huge and gaunt, of a far more desperate cunning than the tiger of Bengal, he is but rarely seen, yet often heard of. The blood spots and the missing foal—his favourite prey—tell many a doleful morning story to the faithful Kaffir who has the guardianship of the stock. He is

a rover, this “tiger” of the Cape, with his splendid spotted body, so lithe, and in the murderous face of him the never-wearied ferocity of his brother of Bengal. It is one day for the kill and a second for the feed, and then on to another mountain and another hunting-ground. Immense tracts are traversed by a single leopard in a twelve-month's round, and the hunters must act quickly whenever they would end the career of one of these wandering banditti of the ranges. Long pursued, and never allowed to pass without concerted endeavour to reprisal for his depredation, the leopard has grown to be the

most wary of the denizens of Southern Africa's tangled wilds.

Sharp on the Kaffir's discovery word is sent to the farmers throughout the mountain region that there is to be a “tiger”-hunt next day. The sun has scarcely risen before the countryside is assembled, on horseback, at the farmhouse nearest the base of the mountain where the common foe has made his passing lair. At the horses' heels there run the riders' kennels of bull-terriers, bulldogs, and windhonden—the trailing hounds of the mountains, sure on the scent and game to the death. It is the dogs that hunt the leopard, and find him, and fight him. As for the men, sitting there on their horses with their rifles across the pommel, they count one another carefully. The rule of safety is fourteen men for a single leopard. No hunt goes on with fewer hunters, unless foolhardiness and utter inexperience come together at the mountain's base. With a full-sized party assembled, the hunt begins. The men, each with his dogs, surround the mountain, every hunter taking a distance of 500 yards as the space for his activity. Some few are detailed to stay as sentinels upon the hillside's slope. The rest strike

straight for the ridge, and work in a cordon to the mountain's top. The watchers on the slope have the chance of an individual kill; the men of the cordon are more likely to share glory—and danger—in company. But, wherever he may be, the leopard-hunter must be as wary as he is daring, for he is bandying life-breath with a foe that is both strategist and fighter.

These Cape and Free State mountain sides are perfect in their adaptation to innumerable lairs. Great gullies and deep, dry ravines cleave the age-worn, brittle soil. Strata of rock or clay afford some narrow shelves as resting-places where, hidden from view by a shrubbery he never fails to choose as shield, the leopard rests ready for a long, unerring spring that brings him like a flaming thunderbolt to the bottom of the gulch below.

No hunter, however sure a marksman, sets foot during a tiger-hunt in one of those ravines of death unless bulldogs and *windhonden* have scoured it from end to end. The hunter follows, his eye searching the shadows of the shrubbery and his ear alert for the first cry of the dogs that snarls out —
“Found!”

The roar that follows has the rending volume of the lion's; but, underneath, there is a guttural, rumbling rasp that is part of the infernal spirit of ferocity ever raging in the leopard's long-ribbed chest. The chorus of bays and barkings that replies and the repetition of the vibrant roar which makes the hillsides shake are the noise of battle.

The struggle once begun, the hunter knows that he is safe to come within sighting distance of the fray.

The “tiger,” on his back, fights viciously with claws and teeth as the pack, its numbers steadily increasing with other beaters and their dogs answering to the call, hurls itself upon him. Terrier, dog, and hound

sink unrelenting fangs into the masses of muscle beneath his loose, tough hide; and one after another—so long as the hunter detains the saving rifle ball—the keen, curved claws and the gnashing, blood-flecked teeth fling them upward or aside, disabled and dying. The bullet of the hunter waits only a favourable turn amid the maze of writhing convolutions of the gleaming, prostrate form. One shot, in the side or throat, may end the tragedy of the mountains' king; and if not one, another and another, until there come the last convulsive shudder of the straightened form and the last harsh gasp from the crimsoned jaws.

It is the first sight that wins or loses the conflict with our tigers of South Africa, and caution is the hunter's only safety. I remember during a Cape Colony hunt that Willem Pelsler, of Burghersdorp, a good shot and the owner of a fine kennel, insisted the time had come for him to join the older men of the neighbourhood in the dangerous chase. He was given a post on the mountain side, and was warned to be careful. Enthusiastic, and confident of his marksmanship, he let his dogs run on at



“THE ONLY FLEE-A-WAY HIDE, IN ALL THE MOUNTAIN-SIDES OF THE LEOPARD-COUNTRY.”

will and never took the small precaution of hurling rocks into every cover. One gully after another he explored until, his rifle in his hand, he entered a deep ravine. Twenty feet above him, invisible upon a rocky ledge, the leopard crouched. As Pelsler passed the beast made his infallible spring. The other sentinels heard the appalling roar and hastened towards it. They reached the gully, saw a striped body pad-paddling at a trot around the nearest turn, and fired some ineffective bullets in pursuit. Poor Pelsler lay on the seamed, scarred clay before them, his head fairly bitten from his shoulders!

"The neighbourhood hunt" is the one we love, for it is the perfection of hunting and the perfection of comfort. What man could ask better sport than the wide preserve of Nature flung out before him on a continent's breast, with 2,000 graceful deer within his rifle's range; and on the hillside, near him, his wife, his daughters, or the dark-haired girl he loves, preparing dinner in expectation of the hour of his eager appetite?

Under the English as well as the Boer Government the springbok, roebok, and steenbok, of the antelope tribe, and the corlaan, or veldt hen, the wilde-kalkoos, or wild turkey, and the wildepaauw, or wild peacock, are protected for seven months in the year. The hunting season lasts only from February till August. In the Colesberg district, in Cape Colony, the springboks increase with a rapidity that makes the hunting months for the farmer not only a pleasure, but a need. The antelopes must be thinned out and kept entirely wild, or there is no safety for the crops. During the close season herds, almost innumerable, of springbok may be seen from the outlying farmhouses grazing, running, and "pronking" on the veldt. It is strangely close to the English "prank," this "pronking" of the springboks, both in form and in meaning; and it tells with graphic clearness the agile pleasures of the dainty antelope.

Two and a half feet in height, with reddish backs striped with brown and bellies white as mountain snows, they carry from the tail to the loin a reach of long white hair. At a single bound they spring three yards in air; and, as they leap, the loin stripe opens in a great, white fan. All day long the springboks can be seen "pronking," while every gay upleaping flirts the fan in the sunlight's dazzling glare. Sometimes a leopard ventures on a hopeless pursuit. As he dashes among them the bucks tease him with their dances, knowing always that, if he come too near, their dainty, slender limbs can bear them off to safety.

In the month of May the neighbourhood makes ready for the hunt. On a score of farms, within a territory of eighty square miles, there is an eternal baking of milk pies and sweet cakes, a long boiling of plum puddings, a killing of mutton, and a grinding of coffee. Seven or eight families, including perhaps forty people, accompanied by their Kaffir servants, assemble at some one farmhouse, where there is a hill slope near, which is wooded and bears a spring of running water. It is the place for the picnic. With the early morning the wives and daughters drive in nimble Cape carts to the chosen spot. The men—and for springbok-hunting a boy is a man when he attains fourteen—divide themselves into two parties. One group of hunters takes the southward track; the others ride to the north. They form a crescent at either end of the plain, which is like the open, rolling prairie of America, and is covered with a fine nutritious grass, about a foot in height. When the hunt begins the two parties are separated by a distance of about six miles. Between the western tips of the crescents lies the picnic-hill whence, while the baskets are unpacked and the little children play, the women can behold the entire stretch of veldt and see the hunt in one grand panorama.

To the hunter's eye the six miles intervening present a broad, delicious stretch of sward, with snowflakes touching earth and whirling up again. The snowflakes are the loin stripes of the distant springbok, "pronking," sometimes alone and again in herds to be measured by the hundred.

As the hunters close in and the bucks discern their danger the sound of the "blaas" is heard; it is the indrawing of the breath as the antelope secures its wind for a long, hard run. Here and there a buck turns from its fellows, heading for the open, and makes its dash for liberty and life. Not until an antelope has passed him does the hunter fire, for it is then that he secures the cleanest shot. Three, six, come flying outward, in a herd. The rattle of the Mausers and Martinis crackles along the line, like the musketry of a battle. As a springbok drops the hunter's Kaffir boy dashes toward it, rips up the body, cleans it, and packs the game on his horse. When the drive becomes too close and there is no time for packing the game, the bodies of the antelopes are piled together on the grass and covered with a spare blanket.

That is for the vultures. All over the deep-domed sky of Africa the everlasting vulture hangs—waiting, waiting, waiting. Death can seize no living creature but, on the instant of his blighting touch, the black markings of the sky drop like running sands—vulture after vul-

ture, in endless, sombre train, sweeping downward to the feast from out the far abysses of the blue.

By the time the crescents' tips have approached to the distance of a mile, all the antelopes have made their fleet way to the safe haven of the distant wood; or, in their flight, have been overtaken by the rifle-ball. The hunters make for the hillside then, and dinner, and the picnic pleasures of the afternoon. But woe betide the marksman who has no buck to bring. The women own the luncheon, and the law of the hunt has never yet been broken, that he who has no buck shall surely have no dinner.

My wife gives to me the fond and leal affection that every married man believes the world at large, less happy, must begrudge him. When, at the last "neighbourhood hunt" in which I took part, on the Queen's birthday, in the

"No buck," said she, "no dinner.

"But, Jo, my darling, I am so hungry!"

"No buck," she said, severely, "no dinner."

"Ah, Jo, if you love me—if you ever loved me—let me have one little cup of coffee!"

She looked around; the others had turned away to serve to their confounded husbands the roast mutton, the milk pies, and the rich plum pudding.

"When you beg like that," she answered, tenderly, "I cannot refuse you. Here is your coffee. But"—with iron firmness—"that's all you get, though I become a widow."

I drank the coffee and seized my rifle. I dashed down the hillside, ran to the end of a wire fence where I knew the bucks must pass, and stood, waiting to earn my meal. Ten minutes went by; a quarter of an hour—half an hour. There was a brushing of the under-



"A TROOP OF ANTELOPE CAME FLYING DOWN THE LINE."

Colony, I returned at noon to the picnic grounds, my wife looked at me curiously, and remarked:—

"Where is your springbok, my dear?"

"Well, you see, there were very few bucks near me—and I couldn't get a good shot—and I didn't—"

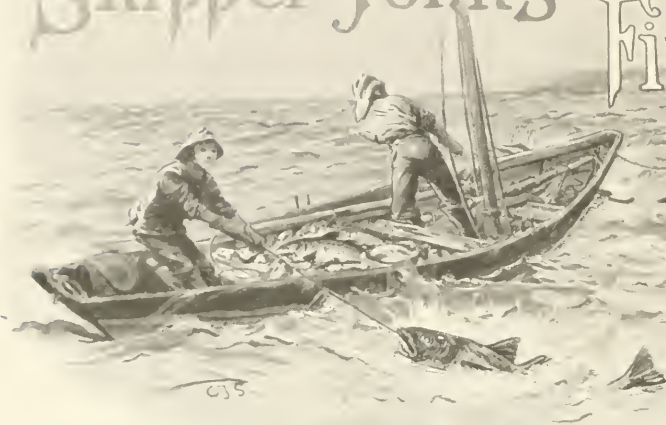
The women round about began to laugh at me; and my wife—this wife who loved me so—laughed with them.

growth. A troop of antelope came flying down the line. One shot and a springbok fell; a second, and I had killed two. I seized them both and lugged them. 150lb. dead weight, to the foot of the hill.

"See, Jo!" I shouted, from the veldt. "May I have my dinner now?"

"It is waiting for you, dearest," she called to me, all smiles.

Skipper John's First Cruise



By
the Rev. W. FORBES,
of Noel, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Forbes writes: "It has been my privilege on two or three occasions to spend a period of service as a missionary in Labrador. The adventure I send you herewith occurred during my last trip there, in 1900. I saw little Skipper John the morning after he arrived home, and from him and his parents I learnt all the pathetic details of the story. The captain of the 'Nova Zembla' and Mrs. Robar told me their side of the incident."

"Be sure you wake me at two," said Archie Belvin to his older brother John, as the two boys cuddled down together for the night; "we should be on the banks as early as the Belles Amour fellows."

"I'm afraid," said John, "the mornin' will be cold off there for a lad like you, but we'll see when the time comes."

It was Archie's first summer fishing. He had reached nine years of age, which is the usual time that Labrador boys begin life's slavish toil. John had already spent four summers as "for'ard hand" in his father's boat, and now, at thirteen, he became "skipper" of a boat with his little brother "for'ard." Their father went alone, so that two boats were pressed into service in the hard struggle to gain a living for a family of five girls and four boys.

Responsibility rested heavily on John's shoulders, for to become captain of a boat is a distinction every Labrador boy covets. He woke several times during the short night. One word at two o'clock easily aroused Archie, for the novelty of hauling in the big cod had not yet worn off, and he had even been dreaming about it.

It was Wednesday morning, the 4th of July, and the weather was raw and cold. A sharp easterly wind was blowing off the large field of heavy Arctic ice that lazily floated up the Straits of Belle Isle. A heavy bank of dense fog rested along the seaward horizon. "Don't like the look of the weather," said John, sagely, as he peered out through the early dawn. "Oh! the weather's all right," retorted Archie, eager for the banks.

But John was cautious. It became him, as skipper, to act prudently. He climbed up the "look-out" and meditated seriously.

"The ice'll keep the sea down," he said, "but it looks pretty cold off the Little Rock, Arch, and I don't like the looks of that fog." All this was said with the wisdom of an old and experienced fisherman.

He had had no fear of fog when his father's guiding hand was at the helm, but he experienced a different feeling now that there would be no surer hand than his own at the tiller.

Archie's ardour cooled a little before these serious reflections of his skipper, and the young fishermen had almost decided to "stay in" that day when two or three boats, containing crews

from Belles Amour, sailed out past a point directly in front of them. "Them's Gooshie's men," cried Archie, excitedly, "and I guess if those fellows can fish to-day, Pigeon Island men should show up too."

Skipper John felt a little ashamed at this rebuke, so threw prudence to the winds and said, "Well, get on your oil-skins; I'll go if you will."

The young fishermen were soon under way for the banks, and in half an hour they were full of excitement as they began to haul in the lively cod.

So intently did they work that even the careful young skipper did not notice that the wind had veered to south-west, and that the fog was fast coming in upon them. A long tongue had already crept stealthily up on their landward side, shutting out all the familiar landmarks from which they were wont to take their bearings, and ere they realized their danger they were completely enveloped in its dense masses. Moreover, as there was less ice west of them, the change of wind was making quite a choppy sea.

The boys held to their anchor as long as possible, and John hoped that the fog might soon pass by. As the sea rose higher, however, he said, "Perhaps we'd better haul up and try for the land." Then he reasoned with himself. "Let me see," he reflected; "the wind was about sou'-east when we came off here, for we ran off sou'-west with about three points of free sheet. The wind was on our port side, too. Now, if I give her three points of sheet with the wind on her starboard side we should fetch Gull Island, and we'll soon find home from there."

His reasoning was good had the wind not changed.

With the whole course thus clearly thought out he gave his orders. "You hoist away on the foresail and I'll heave up the anchor," he said.

When the boat filled away and John had resumed command at the helm he was quite confident he must be pointing for some part of Gull Island, which lay north-east of the banks; but as the change of wind had thrown him eight points of the compass out of his reckoning, he was in reality sailing out to sea.

"There's a big piece of ice right ahead," said Archie, who was on the look-out, and the skipper looked up quickly. None too soon, for his more experienced eye detected that what appeared to Archie as he looked through the fog to be ice was, in reality, a breaker! He put his helm hard down, and as the boat lifted up she barely escaped being swamped by a great roller that roared behind them.

And now the young captain was puzzled; there was no reef like that off Pigeon Island. What could it be, and where were they?

He sailed cautiously around to the lee of the reef and anchored. If he could not determine his position, he would hold on there until the fog lifted.

Archie had become very uneasy by this time, and for his sake John put on a careless air. "We'll have a bit to eat," he said, lightly, "and then we'll put in for home as soon as this little thickness is past." They ate two of the half-dozen "hard tack" biscuits that they had brought with them, and for several hours waited wearily, the little boat tossing uneasily on the rough seas.

Poor little Archie began to plead for home and wanted to make another attempt, but John thought it safer to stop where they were than to drift helplessly about among the ice and fog.

Finally, however, his brother's tears and the thought of the coming night prevailed upon the anxious young skipper to make another attempt to gain the shore.

The wind had fallen, and as they were now well to leeward of the great ice-field the sea was smooth, so they took to the oars. Their only hope was that they might chance upon some island or rock familiar to them. But even this small hope had to be abandoned, for they soon found themselves among the heavy ice-floes.

The big, blue blocks of Arctic ice as they drifted about in the dense fog presented a dreary scene. Some pieces rose from fifteen to twenty feet out of the sea, and streams of clear, fresh water poured down their sides. Here and there was an iceberg, its tall pinnacles almost lost to view in the dense clouds of fog that enveloped them.

All idea of direction was now entirely gone from John's mind, and so they rowed helplessly about with little hope of doing more than to keep themselves warm by exercise.

Night fell and the brave little fishermen still toiled on, praying as they rowed. They knew not where they were going, but Skipper John said they must keep rowing steadily all night, for if they were to lie down to sleep they would soon become chilled and perish with the biting cold.

John allowed his tired little "for'ard hand" to take two short naps, but all the rest of the time he very prudently kept him at the oars. They did not row hard, but just sufficient to keep up good circulation.

It was about noon of the day that his boys had left home when Mr. Belvin came in from fishing. His mind had been easy all the fore-

noon, for he thought that his little helps had not gone out.

Mrs. Belvin had been somewhat anxious about them, but did not realize how great the danger was. She met her husband at the stage-head and asked if he had seen the boys.

"Why, I didn't know they were out to-day," he replied, anxiously; "I'm afraid that they've missed the harbour, and it's no wonder, for it's right thick outside Gull Island. You and the girls had better throw these fish up on the stage and I'll take the trap-boat and fog-horn and run off and give them a call."

As he passed out he alarmed the crews of several Newfoundland vessels lying in the harbour, and they immediately joined in the search. They met some of Fequet's and Gooshie's gangs, and several boats from their places went also. When the intelligence that the two boys were adrift reached Bonne Espérance, a dozen boats manned by brave and hardy crews rowed seaward, the men vigorously blowing their horns, for they knew only too well the manifold perils which threatened the two lads in those vast solitudes of sea and fog and ice.

Soon thirty boats or more were scattered far and wide, up and down the shore, and far out at sea, all searching for the lost boys. All night long they rowed and blew their horns, but to no purpose.

The search was continued the following day, and some boats even remained out far into the second night. Finally, the men sadly came to the conclusion that the boat had got off among the "big ice" and had been swamped by some "rolling berg," and that her hapless young skipper and his little mate had gone for ever.

The boys' first night at sea was a dreary and dismal one. The monotonous thudding of the heavy floes as they rocked with the gentle ocean swell was broken

only by the crash and splash of some heavy block of ice rolling down the side of a melting berg into the sea.

Once Archie said that he thought he heard a fog-horn, but John told him it was probably the shriek of some distant sea-bird, disturbed by the rolling ice.

The morning dawned bright and clear, and here and there between the tall ice "clumpers" the boys could see the long blue shore line on the far-away horizon. A strong tidal current had been steadily setting them off the shore all night.

The heavy floes, in all kinds of fantastic forms, floated thickly about them, and John found considerable difficulty in giving a wide berth to the dangerous monsters, whose overhanging sides threatened instant destruction to the frail boat.

They replenished their water-jar from a clear stream of beautiful fresh water pouring down the side of what was probably a chip off some mighty Greenland glacier.



"JOHN FOUND CONSIDERABLE DIFFICULTY IN GIVING A WIDE BERTH TO THE DANGEROUS MONSTERS."

The brave fisher-boys then turned their craft towards the shore, though what appeared to be a whole ocean separated them from their island home.

In a short time the ice became more scattered and they were able to make greater speed. By midday the great irregular cliffs of Labrador's desolate and rock-bound coast again stood out distinctly to view. But for some time John's eye had been anxiously scanning a long white line that stretched far up and down the coast, and which he knew to be an ice-field.

They ate their last biscuit, however, for they now hoped in some way that they would have tea ashore that night. Shortly before sunset they rowed up to the white line that had been visible at noon. It proved to be a field of small ice, thickly packed, and from half a mile to a mile wide. A little water was visible beyond, separating it from the shore. It was impossible to pierce it. Once they talked of trying to walk over it, but that would have been of no use, for there was water on the other side, and they did not feel able to drag their boat.

John did not recognise the cliffs ahead, though he said they looked a little like Middle Bay, ten miles east of his home. Then they thought that even if they could reach the shore they might happen upon a desolate region, where there were no "liveryes" or settlers; and as there are no roads in Labrador they would be completely helpless without their boat.

All through that second night found them coasting along the edge of the ice-field. They rowed up and down, despairingly, making each run west much longer than that eastward. A sharp breeze was blowing off shore, and though the ice kept the sea as smooth as if they were "under the land," still Skipper John feared that they, ice and all, were drifting out to sea again.

When Friday morning dawned his fears were abundantly realized, for no land was visible. Still, as there was a haze landward, he hoped they were not so far off as on the previous morning. The field of small ice had parted here and there, too, and they were beyond the range of the heavy floes.

As is usual in the summer months in Canadian Labrador, the land breeze died away shortly after sunrise, and a light southerly wind took its place.

Setting their foresail, John took the helm and Archie crouched down in the bottom of the boat—hungry, cold, sleepy, and homesick. The brave young skipper took off his own oil jacket and threw it over his little brother, but even with this additional protection he felt that an hour was as long as he could prudently allow the child to lie there.

"Archie," said he, presently, "let's take to our oars again; I see a lump of land showin' up on our port bow."

Archie sprang up instantly, looking almost as bright and fresh as the morning. He declared that "Pigeon Island men were as good as the Belles Amour fellows." He pulled hard for an hour or more, but in silence. In fact, there had been little conversation between the boys during those awful days. Their strength was needed for action rather than words.

Presently Archie's strokes became less vigorous, and he seemed to be in deep meditation. Quickly he aroused himself again and said, "Do you s'pose, John, that they're looking for us? I know papa was out that night we were in the big ice, and I believe it was the old fog-horn I heard when you said it was a loon or a gull."

John noticed for the first time that there were some signs of faltering in his brave little companion; and yet, as the thought of his father's search came into his mind, new life entered his veins, and with renewed vigour he strained at his oar.

Several peaks of land were now visible, and the skipper was in high hopes. He was wondering what land it could be and how far from home they were, when he noticed that Archie's strokes were failing again. He tried to encourage him. "Cheer up, be brave, we're bringing the land nearer," he said.

"I'm not tired," said Archie, "but I thought I heard papa calling me again." Again he strengthened his stroke, but in a moment more it ceased for ever. The little fellow, who had fought so long for life and home, drew his oar across the gunwale and gently fell forward upon it. John spoke to him, but there was no reply. The cold and exposure had been too much for the poor boy; he had gone Home.

Brave Skipper John was naturally terribly distressed at his brother's death. Still, he did not give way to despair.

Setting his sail again, and using one oar to scull, he bravely pressed on. He would make one more struggle for life. For his mother's sake he wished to live, and for her sake he would bring the body of her brave son home.

It was drawing near sunset of the third day at sea when John got near enough to the shore to discern the masts of some vessels lying in an unknown harbour ahead of him.

All night again he fought against the land breeze, rowing cross-handed, and as no ice pressed against him he hoped he might hold his own. At daybreak he was glad to find that he had lost little in the struggle.

He refreshed his tired body with a little raw

fish and cold water—all the provisions he had—and pressed gallantly on. He was making but slow progress, however, as his strength was failing, but soon a favouring breeze helped him.

It was about noon on Saturday, July 7th, 1900. Mrs. Louis Robar, of St. Augustine Harbour, Labrador, with her little daughter Susie, was out on the rocks at her usual work of drying cod-fish.

"Oh, look, mamma!" said Susie; "what a funny little boat that is out there!"

As Mrs. Robar looked up she was surprised to see a tiny craft coming right in from sea. She wondered what so frail a boat could be doing out there. An hour or two later there was a faint knock at the door of the Robar home, and the impetuous little Susie was the first to open it. Both she and her mother were startled as they looked upon the weather-beaten face, gaunt and haggard, of a little boy. He was an entire stranger, but his looks told of some terrible trouble. The woman kindly asked him to come in, and Susie timidly pushed a stool out for him.

"I'll just sit here," said John, settling himself on the doorstep. Thoughts of the past and the joy of having his foot upon solid rock again so overcame him that he could stay no more for a few minutes.

Susie broke the silence. "Was that your boat mamma and I saw out there a while ago?"

"I s'pose so," said John, his great eyes filling with tears. "Any man round here?"

"My husband's across the way mending his nets," said Mrs. Robar. "Why, what do you want, my boy?"

"Where's this?" said John, suddenly.

"This is St. Augustine Harbour. Where are you from?"

"Pigeon Island," replied the boy.

"Pigeon Island! Why, you're forty or fifty miles from home! How did you come? Who's with you?"

"East or west?" said John, ignoring her questions.

"You are west of your home," said the woman.

"I thought we were east! I and my brother Archie came in our fishing-boat. We're lost—or, rather, I am; poor Archie's dead. We've been out to sea since—let me see—I think it was Wednesday morning."

"And your brother's dead?"

"Yes, ma'am; he's down in the boat. I anchored her off when I came ashore behind the island. Where can I get a man to help me? I want to take him home!"

Mrs. Robar gave the little stranger a small piece of light food, as much as it was wise for him to take in his enfeebled condition, and called her husband with the big horn. While John related his dreadful experiences the sym-

pathizing woman could not keep back her tears, and little Susie sobbed aloud.

"He tried hard to get home, ma'am, and he was praying," said John, "and I expect he's gone to the good Home that mamma's told us about."

Mr. Robar soon arrived, and, hearing of what had happened, he went and brought the body of brave little Archie to the house.

Before night word of John's cruise had spread to the Nova Scotian vessels lying in the



"I'LL JUST SIT HERE," SAID JOHN"

harbour, and that evening Mr. Robar's house was filled with the brawny toilers of the deep listening eagerly to Skipper John as he related his adventures.

"I wish one of you fellows would come with me," he said, in conclusion. "I want to take Archie home. Will you?"

One! There were fifty volunteers eager for the privilege of serving so brave a little fellow-fisherman. But the honour was given to the big captain of the *Nova Zembla* and Skipper John's host.

Early on the Sabbath morning the *Nova Zembla's* best boat set sail for Pigeon Island. It is needless to say that John was relieved of all responsibility in the navigation. He had

sons would never return. The father had said so the night before.

The day passed wearily, though many had been in to sympathize with the bereaved couple. As Mrs. Belvin was setting the table that evening for supper she put down John's and Archie's plates as usual. It was easier to do that than to leave the places vacant.

Supper was announced, and half-heartedly the children were taking their accustomed places, when little Willie ran in and shouted: "There's a strange boat down at the stage-head. I think John's in it!"

Everybody rushed out of doors, and, sure enough, there was John walking up over the rocks with a strange man.



"THEY EMBRACED THE BRAVE LITTLE VANDERER.

already done his part well. His little boat, now so famous, was taken in tow.

It was a sad day in the Belvin home that Sabbath—sadder than any previous day since the boys had left; for it was not until that morning that the sorrowing mother had allowed herself to believe, for the first time, that her

It was not the stranger's presence that caused them to approach John carefully. It was Archie's absence.

And as they embraced the brave little wanderer the captain of the *Nova Zembla* told them as much as he knew of Skipper John's first cruise.

Twenty-Five Years in Nigeria.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE, C.M.G., H.M. DEPUTY-COMMISSIONER FOR NORTHERN NIGERIA.

An important article by an ex-official of the Royal Niger Company. Mr. Wallace has much that is interesting to say concerning "Ju-Ju" and the terrible cannibal tribes of the interior, and illustrates his descriptions with some remarkable photographs. Mr. Wallace is one of the only two Europeans who have ever set foot in the Sultan of Sokoto's capital.

I.



PERHAPS no part of the continent of Africa has greater potentialities or possesses wider interest for the student of human nature or the devotee of travel and adventure than that portion of British West Africa known as Nigeria—an outpost of the Empire with which I have been associated for twenty-five years.

I first saw the Niger in 1878, in the early days of the Niger Company, when every foot of the route into the interior had to be contested with savage cannibal tribes whose great delight it was to "hold up" the little steamers on their passage up the river. To-day the *pax Britannica* has taken the place of the tyranny of slave-

raiders and the diabolical rule of the "Ju-Ju, and the British flag flies from the sea to Ibi on the Anglo-French frontier and from the Niger to Lake Tchad. The task of relating how in this dark region order has come out of chaos I must leave for the present. In any case this is neither the place nor occasion to touch upon politics. In this article I shall only endeavour to relate a few of my experiences as a pioneer in this part of the King's dominions.

I have already said that the early days were a period of bitter strife, and the second photo. reproduced is reminiscent of sanguinary contests on the lower reaches of the Niger. The principal figure in the group is that of a powerful Brass chief whose villainies I witnessed

before I had been on the Niger many hours. He was a bloodthirsty ruffian, whose unlovely features were rendered more repulsive by the head-dress he was in the habit of wearing. On either side of this were stuck feathers which had been dipped in the blood of human victims. These gruesome relics were a sign of his kingship, for before he could rise to this position among his people he had to give evidence to the tribe that he had



From a

THE AUTHOR AT WORK IN HIS TRAVELLING TENT.

[Photo.

slain a given number of men. On the second day after my arrival I was camped on the swampy banks of the lower river, within sight and hearing of the everlasting Atlantic rollers breaking in over the bar, when in the still hours of the early morning I heard the whistle of a paddle-steamer on its arrival with produce

their profits. As the scoundrels had their guns trained on the *Sokoto* from both banks, and those on board were only armed with a few rifles, the vessel would speedily have fallen into the hands of the enemy had it not been for the heroic conduct of the ship's carpenter, Mr. Allan, an Aberdonian, who, with great presence of mind and under a heavy fire, rushed forward and with a few blows of an axe severed the rope which had stopped the vessel, thus enabling her to steam rapidly ahead out of the zone of danger.

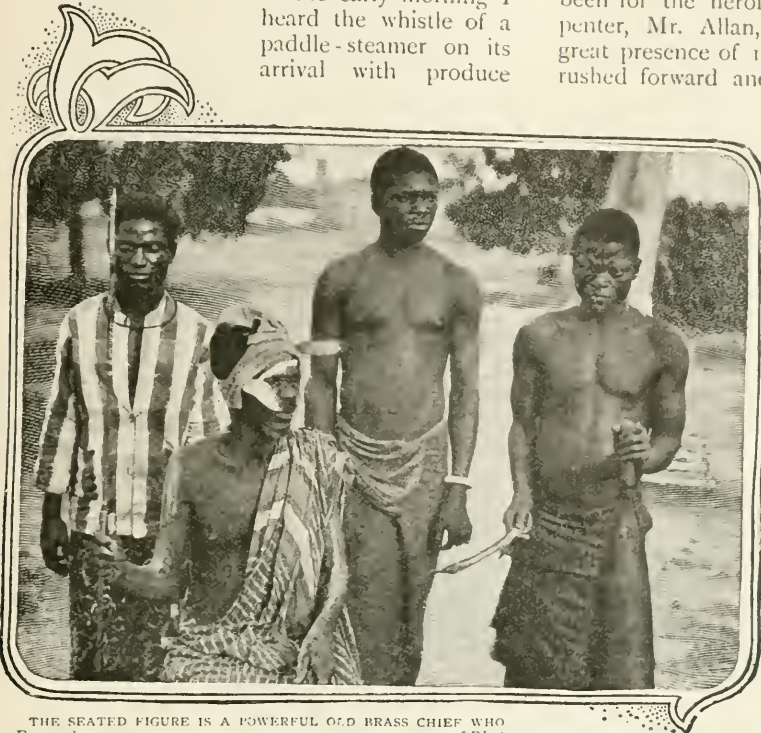
I mention this incident as being characteristic of the early days, and because it was one which will be ever memorable as forming the very commencement of my acquaintance with the region now called Nigeria.

These same people as lately as 1896 attacked, plundered, and entirely destroyed the company's station at Akassa, carrying off a large number of prisoners, no fewer than sixty-five of whom were killed and eaten, the mission converts taking part in the dreadful orgy. Sir Claude Macdonald, then British Commis-

sioner, vouched for this appalling total. Fortunately no Europeans were caught.

Six and a half days' steam up the river from the coast is the island of Jebba, which, with its mass of huts, is admirably depicted in the third photograph. When I first knew the place it was nothing but a barren island, dominated by the great "Ju-Ju" rock, which is a characteristic landmark of this part of the Niger. Now it is the head-quarters of the Government, which established itself there in 1898. The island is about two miles long by one mile broad and is situated practically at the head of navigation on the Niger, dangerous rocks blocking the channel above this point. The administrative buildings are not shown in the picture, being on the right bank of the river.

On the island live one of the battalions of the West African Frontier Force and the native population, numbering some thousands. In the far distance a group of huts marks the site of the original town. Periodical fires occur among the closely-packed grass houses



THE SEATED FIGURE IS A POWERFUL OLD BRASS CHIEF WHO POSSESSES A MOST UNENVIABLE RECORD. [Photo.]

from the upper river. We turned out to welcome the new arrivals and to help the vessel to tie up, when, to our dismay, we saw that the deck was a veritable charnel-house, and that dead bodies seemed to be everywhere. As the *Sokoto*—for that was her name—came in closer I counted no fewer than fifteen corpses! I soon heard from the captain what had taken place. The vessel had been ambushed by the scoundrelly Brass chief whose portrait is here reproduced. Quite unsuspectingly the *Sokoto* was steaming seawards when she was suddenly brought up all standing in a narrow part of the river by a strong fibrous rope made from the tendrils of the rubber plant, which had been stretched across the creek. Both banks were alive with savages armed with guns and smooth-bore cannon, who at once opened fire at a few yards' distance, instantly killing fifteen of those on deck and wounding the captain. The perpetrators of this outrage were Brass "middlemen," led by this chief, who resented white men trading in the interior, and so interfering with

of the natives, which are, however, easily renewed in a few days. The curious square to the left of the view is the market-place.

FR Horsman.



THE ISLAND OF JEBBA, THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

From a Photo.

At this point the river is 300 yards broad, very deep and rapid, and abounding in alligators. One mysterious alligator, known as the "Ju-Ju alligator," succeeded in taking off sixteen people last year. For days at a stretch firing parties go out in search of the monster, but they have never yet succeeded in capturing him. For whole nights officers sit up for him and tempt him with tit bits in the way of dead horses and live goats, which they put close to the river bank, but with such an absence of success that the natives have really come to regard the beast as sacred and immune from the white man's bullets. When the pursuit becomes too hot the wily 'gator—who, by the way, must be full of lead—disappears for a time, only to reappear and snatch another victim when he thinks his depredations have been more or less forgotten.

Adjacent to the island of Jebba stands the "Ju-Ju" rock, known to the natives as the "Kuti" or Devil Rock. It is about 350ft. in height and has steep precipitous sides, for the most part bare of vegetation, and supposed by the superstitious natives to be unclimbable. On various occasions officers in the West African Frontier Force and officials of the Niger Company have essayed to reach the top, their



THE MYSTERIOUS "JU-JU" ROCK, WHICH THE NATIVES BELIEVED TO BE UNCLIMBABLE.

From a Photo.

want of success giving point to the belief of the people that the "Ju-Ju" inhabiting the rock always drove intruders back. Last year, however, the spell was broken, for a young officer succeeded in climbing the hill and planting the British flag—the great annihilator of "Ju-Jus"—at the summit.

Many years ago Mr. Watts, now Agent-General for the Niger Company, and myself tried to discover the secret of the place. We did not meet any devils, but we met a most formidable "Ju-Ju" in the shape of bees. Mr. Watts and I had got half-way up—my companion carrying the flag which we hoped to unfurl at the top—when from all sides swarms of bees appeared and quickly settled on us. My hands being free I succeeded in beating

them off, but Mr. Watts fared very badly, and in his endeavours to rid himself of the insects lost his footing and crashed down the precipitous sides of the hill, being afterwards picked up in an unconscious condition. So persistent were our tormentors that they even followed us down to the steamer, and we were both stung very badly. The officer who succeeded in climbing the rock last year had a somewhat similar experience, but nevertheless managed to get through to the top.

The vicinity of this rock is quite deserted, no native living near it, but I think they now regard the rock "Ju-Ju" as a fraud, for they are making money by collecting the honey on the slopes. So much did the inhabitants fear this place that even so late as 1895 the wreck of the gunboat *Dayspring*, which was stranded on the spot nearly fifty years ago, remained unmo- lested and intact, it being the firm belief of the natives that the "Kuti" had wrecked the ship. A few years ago the people witnessed with fear and trembling a party of Europeans approach this wreck in a native canoe and remove a curiosity in the shape of an old-fashioned propeller, which now reposes peacefully on the lawn of a noted Liverpool gentleman. The "Ju-Ju" being thus "broken," the people made short work of the *Dayspring*, only the strong boiler remaining to mark the spot where she was lost so many years ago.

Not the least among the plagues of British West Africa are the mosquitoes, scorpions, snakes, and white ants, which, even when not dangerous to life or destructive to property, are, to say the least, unpleasant companions. The

recent inquiries into the cause of malaria have proved that some of the old methods of preventing the ingress of these pests into the dwelling houses of Europeans are themselves a positive source of danger.

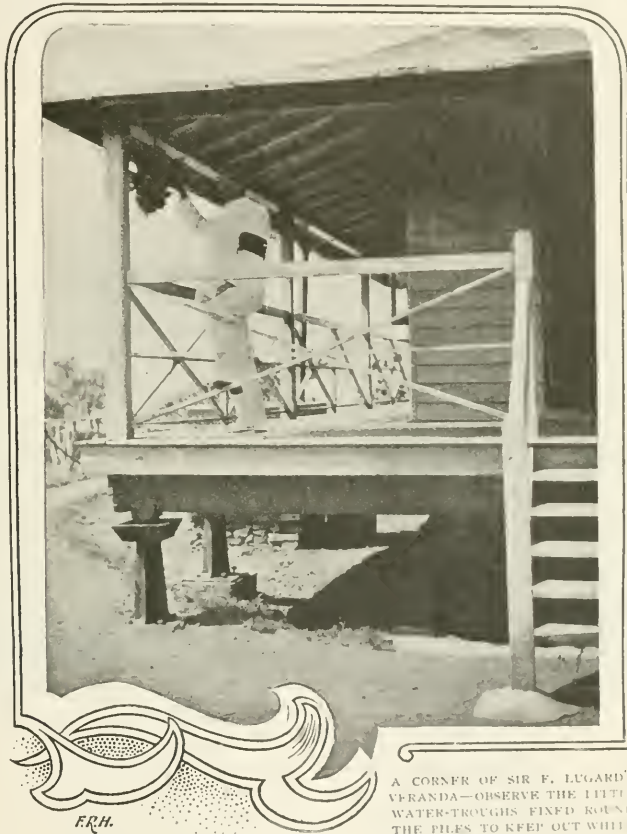
In the next photograph, which shows a corner of Sir Frederick Lugard's veranda at Jebba, it will be seen that the houses are not only raised above the ground, but that affixed to

the piles are small troughs. These, when filled with water, prevented, to a great extent, the ingress of white ants and other insects, but now that it has been proved that these little tanks form splendid breeding-places for the *Anopheles* mosquito—the prime cause of malaria—their use has been discontinued. The houses are constructed of wood and the roofs are usually covered with felt.

In the corner of the veranda shown in the photo. Sir Frederick Lugard lately killed a great adder, which he discovered one evening after dinner at the very

moment when a French officer who happened to be a guest of the British Commissioner was on the point of stepping upon it. What would the cheap papers of the Paris boulevards have said if a French officer had met his death from snake-bite while the guest of a British Governor?

In order to reach Jebba Island from the main- land one has to employ one of the native ferries, a specimen of which forms the subject of my next picture. The great canoes are of an average length of 60ft., and are propelled by from six to eight native rowers. In the photo- graph one of these ferry boats is just coming



A CORNER OF SIR F. LUGARD'S VERANDA—OBSERVE THE LITTLE WATER-TROUGHS FIXED ROUND THE PILES TO KEEP OUT WHITE ANTS. [Photo. From a]

F.R.H.

alongside with a crew of Nupés who have been on a fishing expedition. A glance at the happy, smiling faces of these people is sufficient to indicate that they are well cared for under British rule. Formerly they were slaves who were released by Sir George Goldie and made free British subjects by the abolition of the legal status of slavery. They are most useful, and greatly assist the Government in transport work. Most of the river pilots and many of the soldiers of the West African Frontier Force are recruited

from these people. Many of the largest

The next photo. is a very curious and interesting picture. It is a snap-shot taken by me near the King of the Canoemen's town, Muraji, and shows the chief's Royal barge. This differs from the ordinary canoe in having in the bow an elaborate structure covered with red baize, under which the King sits while he is being rowed by his crew of specially selected men. In this canoe the chief makes tours up and down the river in order to visit the hundreds of villages over which he has jurisdiction. This canoe King was appointed to his post as a reward for his loyalty to the British during the Bida campaign.



FIGURE 1. A NATIVE FERRY-BOAT COMING ALONGSIDE THE LANDING-PLACE. [Photo.]

canoes carry one or two drummers. One of these is to be seen standing in the stern of the boat. The musicians keep up a constant "tom-tomming" while the men ply their long paddles, singing word chants as they speed along. The natives are expert puntsmen and make their craft go at least six knots an hour.

The whole canoe system of the Upper Niger is under the supervision of a chief known as the "King of the Canoemen." He is a personage of considerable importance and can trace his descent for centuries. He receives payment from the Government for his services and himself pays the crew men. That this is a very extensive business is evident when I say that often we have as many as 150 of these craft employed simultaneously in transporting material.

Of all my varied experiences in Northern Nigeria, perhaps nothing was more interesting than the journey I made eight years ago to the city of Sokoto, the great centre of the fanatical Mohammedans of the Central Soudan, and a city which has only been visited by one other living European. The Emir of Sokoto, as is well known, is the suzerain of all the Hausa States—a territory about 300,000 square miles in extent. Sokoto has not yet come under effective British rule and has not yet been dealt with by us, but questions of policy must not be referred to here.

The next photograph is unique, being the



THE STATE BARGE OF THE KING OF THE CANOEMEN.

From a Photo.

S only one ever taken of the ruler of Sokoto. I had great difficulty in persuading him to face my camera. The Sultan is an elderly man, now nearly eighty years of age, and in the picture is to be seen sitting on a mat, without any pretence of state, inside his *katamba*, or audience chamber. Behind him is an earthwork throne. The Emir is attired in a burnous of the purest white, and wears on his head the green turban which only those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca have the right to don. In front of him is an open copy of the Koran, and it was on this that he swore to keep the treaty I made with him. During the memorable week I spent in his capital I was treated with every courtesy, and was loaded with valuable presents, including some fine horses.

It was not without much apprehension that I first approached the city, and this feeling was not allayed when on nearing

the palace gates the first object that met my gaze was the headless body of a man stretched in a pool of blood under the glaring sunlight, the head of the wretched victim being at the moment affixed to a stick. I was told that the corpse was that of a man who had endeavoured to entice a slave from her master, and who on discovery was at once sentenced to death by the Sultan and immediately executed.

The city of Sokoto is one of the largest and most important towns of the Central Soudan. It is enclosed by high walls sixteen miles round and entered through a number of carefully-guarded gates. Surrounding the city is a deep moat, crossed by trail bridges of sticks, which can be quickly destroyed on the approach of an enemy. The position is healthy, the site being on a



THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF THE SULTAN OF SOKOTO.

plateau 250ft. above the surrounding rivers. The streets are wide and well kept, and the market-place is one of the most important in Haussaland. The population is about 16,000, but at the weekly market there are rarely fewer than 30,000 people, who travel from all parts to sell their wares. The sight of this great concourse of shouting and excited people is one never to be forgotten. Thousands of patient camels are to be seen around the market, nearly all of which have come in from across the great Sahara, some even from distant Tripoli.

But perhaps the most interesting sight in this wonderful city is the tomb of Othman-dan-Fodio, the founder of the Sokoto empire, who died early in the nineteenth century. This building, which is shown in the accompanying snap-shot, occupies the point of honour in the centre of the town, and is a place of

The tomb, as will be seen from the picture, although not of great height, towers above the palace walls. It is remarkable as being one of the finest specimens of architecture in the Haussa empire, having been erected by Moorish masons. The picture shows the outer wall which encloses the tomb itself. This outer wall has but one opening, leading to the inner chamber, within which no unbeliever is allowed to set his foot. The most noticeable feature in this inner chamber is a slab of mosaic covering the Sultan's resting-place. Under this the body, wrapped in innumerable folds of white brocade, lies in a kind of pit, covered with a thin roofing of cemented sticks, an arrangement to prevent the earth coming in contact with the body. Attendants whose post is hereditary guard the place night and day.

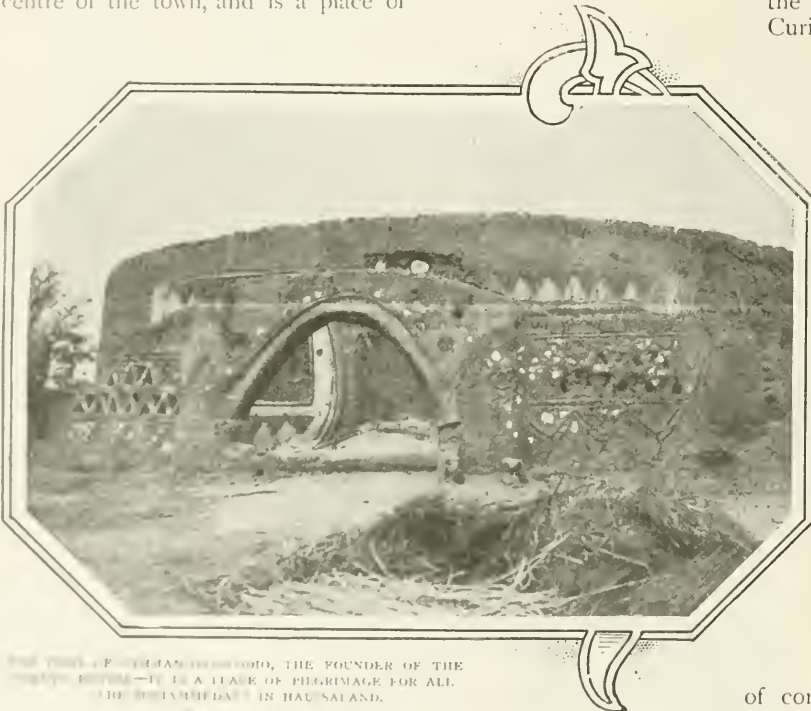
Curiously enough, though the building itself is maintained in good order the surroundings are neglected, and long grass, which may be discerned in the picture, has been allowed to grow up.

One hundred miles to the south of Sokoto is a dense forest, which has the reputation of being infested with robbers. It took us forty-eight hours to traverse its gloomy depths, and during our progress we felt some anxiety as to what might happen, for we knew that the place was the scene

of continual raids by independent tribes. The Sultan, however, dispatched a large

body of mounted troops to guard us in this dangerous district, and as our caravan wound its way slowly through the forest tracks the cavalry formed up on either side, those at the end of the line galloping up to the head as soon as the last man of our party had passed.

Our caravan was over six miles in length, for thousands of merchants, and others who had been collecting, took advantage of the presence of the troops to join our party. No sooner were we clear of the forest than these hangers-



THE TOMB OF OTHMAN-DAN-FODIO, THE FOUNDER OF THE SOKOTO EMPIRE—IT IS A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE FOR ALL THE MOHAMMEDANS IN HAUSSALAND.

From a Photo.

pilgrimage for all the Mohammedans in the Haussa States. It is regarded as a spot of great sanctity, and the Sultan, who visits it in state once every year, is personally responsible for its upkeep.

The tomb is erected in the centre of the largest square, and stands quite apart from other buildings, the houses in the immediate vicinity, each of which are self-contained and surrounded by walls, being the residences of the princes.



cannibal village. It represents one of the numerous villages of the Yorubans to the north of the Benue, the great tributary of the Niger, which runs from Lokoja almost to Lake Tschad. This village is situated on the precipitous banks of an unnavigable creek flowing into the Benue, and coming down from the Bauchi highlands. It was visited by me a few

A PAGAN CANNIBAL VILLAGE NEAR THE BENUE RIVER—THE INHABITANTS HAD NEVER SEEN A WHITE MAN BEFORE. *[Photo. From a]*

on disappeared with astonishing rapidity, leaving only my own caravan and the Sultan's officials. Since my visit to Sokoto, eight years ago, no personal communication with Europeans has taken place, and the Sultan resolutely refuses to hold any converse with them. Government messengers who have endeavoured to enter the town have been warned off immediately on their arrival.

Generally speaking, there is something approaching a state of comparative civilization throughout Haussaland, at any rate in those places where the ancient pagan rites have been superseded by Mohammedanism. The natives are highly skilled in many arts and their commercial enterprise and honesty are most marked. In many districts, however, especially in the highlands, paganism and cannibalism prevail to a large extent, and "Ju-Ju" worship is rampant.

My next picture is that of a typical pagan

months ago on the occasion of the occupation of the slave-raiding province of Bauchi, situated five weeks' journey from head-quarters.

As we marched along we could see hundreds of these villages huddled together on either bank of the creeks and along the mountain slopes. The inhabitants of these conical thatched houses had never before looked upon a white man and



A WHOLESOME TERROR TO EVIL-DOERS—THE "TAME" CANNIBAL NEAR THE BENUE RIVER. *[Photo. From a Photo.]*

at first proved hostile. They very foolishly attacked the van of the expedition and killed a guide, for which summary punishment was inflicted. In less than a week these wild people were working quietly for us and were cutting a twelve-foot road nearly twenty miles in length through their country.

As a rule the Yoragums were quite naked, except for a small leather apron worn by the men and bunches of leaves by the women. In one photo. a group of them who have been down to the river to fetch water may be seen. These villagers were among the most hideous people I have seen in Africa. They are perfectly black, and with their filed teeth and cicatrized faces and bodies are unusually repellent. For generations these cannibals had closed the caravan route *viz* the Benue River to Bauteh and Lake Tchad, and every merchant or other stranger appearing in the country was killed and eaten.

Five years ago an American missionary, while attempting to work through the country, was devoured by them, and this was also the fate of the guide who was taken from us. One of our soldiers had been killed in the fighting with these people, and when we demanded that his body should be given up the cannibals sent back his clothes and accoutrements, but expressed their regret that the body had already been eaten. Scattered among these villages we noticed many curious stone enclosures, containing what looked like miniature houses, about 3 ft. high. On investigation we found that each of these tiny dwellings was full of skulls, each contained in a calabash.

We were told that it was customary among these extraordinary people to exhumate every

body after an interval of forty days and decapitate it. The head was then taken before "Ju-Ju" priests, who decided as to the cause of death. If the priest thinks he can point to any man from whom he can extort money as having been responsible for death, he at once says the deceased was poisoned and inflicts a heavy fine on the unfortunate "murderer." After this farcical inquiry the head is placed in one of the skull-houses I have described.



A NATURAL SACRIFICIAL ALTAR IN THE YORAGUM COUNTRY—THE TOP STONE WEIGHS SOME HUNDREDS OF TONS AND IS POISED ON A PEDESTAL 40 FT. HIGH.

From a Photo.



THE STRANGE ROCK AT WASSA—IT IS OVER A THOUSAND FEET HIGH AND HAS NEVER BEEN SCALED.

From a Photo.

At most of the courts of the great Emirs a few of these cannibals who have been taken as prisoners are retained as a wholesome terror to evil-doers, and the photograph on the preceding page shows two

of these high priests of cannibalism in the courtyard of the Emir of Nupé. The men were not posed for the occasion, but were snap-shotted by me unawares. The tall man is the principal, and is clothed in a *tobe*—a mark of great respect on the part of his master,

the Emir. The scoundrel on the left is not so elaborately attired. The office of this individual is to attend the chief priest and to carry about pieces of human remains, which he eats in the presence of the onlookers!

The horrible rite forms a sort of object-lesson to the Mohammedan tribesmen, and is supposed to warn them how they will be punished for evil deeds. Every day these cannibal priests make a tour of the town giving their disgusting performance. While the tall man, as seen in the picture, shouts and dances and makes horrible grimaces, the second performer devours his pieces of human flesh.

The succeeding photo. is a view of one of the most extraordinary works of Nature I witnessed in this Yoragum country. It is surrounded by teeming villages, and is the central sacrificial place of the district. The top stone—an enormous block of rock weighing some hundreds of tons—is poised on the top of a natural pedestal about 40ft. in height, while all around

the victims, after being dispatched on the surface, were afterwards hurled to the ground. When questioned on the subject the Yoragums denied that they practised cannibalism or offered human sacrifices, but if the presence of the many bleaching skeletons had not belied this, the statements of the neighbouring tribes proved beyond doubt the existence of these horrors.

Another picture is a view of an extraordinary rock outside the city of Wassa, on the Upper Benue, which is over a thousand feet high, with precipitous and unclimbable sides. More than a hundred years ago it was a great centre of paganism, and is still held in great veneration, no living person having been known to ascend it. One of my officers tried to scale it, but had to return after accomplishing one-third of the ascent. The rock is remarkable as being the home of countless pelicans, it being indeed the only known breeding-place of these birds in Northern Nigeria. The rock is cleft down the centre from top to bottom.



From a)

NATIVES LOOKING AT THE WHITE MAN'S STEEL BARGE.

FR Hermsen

are strewn enormous boulders. On visiting it I found round its base hundreds of skulls and skeletons, but nowhere a sign of a living soul.

I ascertained that the platform of this natural altar was reached by means of a long ladder, of which there was no sign on my visit, and that

Some of the tribes on the Benue have reached a certain degree of civilization. Those shown in the photograph are a number of these people, who came into one of the Munsli villages to trade and then strolled down to the river side to gaze on the white man's strange steel barge.

(To be continued.)

Paris to New York Overland.

THE NARRATIVE OF A REMARKABLE EXPEDITION.

BY HARRY DE WINDT, F.R.G.S

I.—PARIS TO YAKUTSK.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we have secured the sole and exclusive right to publish the only illustrated account of Mr. de Windt's great feat which will appear in this country. As a glance at the accompanying map will show, the explorer's journey necessitated traversing some of the wildest and most inhospitable regions of the earth, where even the elements fought against the intrepid party. Mr. de Windt essayed the journey once before, but on that occasion the expedition came to grief on the ice-bound shores of Behring Sea, and the author barely escaped with his life from the hands of the savage natives. This time complete success has crowned the venture; but the adventures met with, and the unheard-of privations endured by the party, form a unique record of human endurance and dogged pluck.



My first attempt to reach Paris from New York by land was made in 1896. On this occasion the route lay through the United States to San Francisco; from thence to Juneau, in Alaska; from Juneau, over the Chilkoot Pass, to the head waters of the Yukon River, and thence down the Yukon to St. Michael's, on Behring Straits. The journey across Alaska was in those days one of great difficulty, for precipitous passes, stormy lakes, and dangerous rapids had to be negotiated before Klondike, which is now within easy reach of civilization by steam, was reached. From Behring Straits my way lay through Siberia to European Russia, and thence across Germany to France; but my advance was impeded by a tribe of natives, living on the Siberian shores of the Arctic, who confiscated my provisions and even

stripped me of clothes, which they replaced by filthy furs. Thus I was virtually kept a prisoner for nearly two months, and eventually rescued by the last whaler out of the Arctic Ocean, which, fortunately observing my signal of distress, stood in shore as near as the rapidly-

forming ice would allow. I reached the ship with difficulty over the moving floes, and was carried down to San Francisco, far from the Paris I had hoped to reach.

Upon my last expedition two years of preparation were devoted to rendering it the success which, I think I may assume, it has proved. Not a stone was left unturned down to the last cartridge or ounce of provisions, and although the privations which we underwent during the two months' journey by dog-sled from the last Siberian outpost to Behring Straits were undoubtedly severe, they were, as will be seen, unavoidable, and almost entirely due to climatic causes.

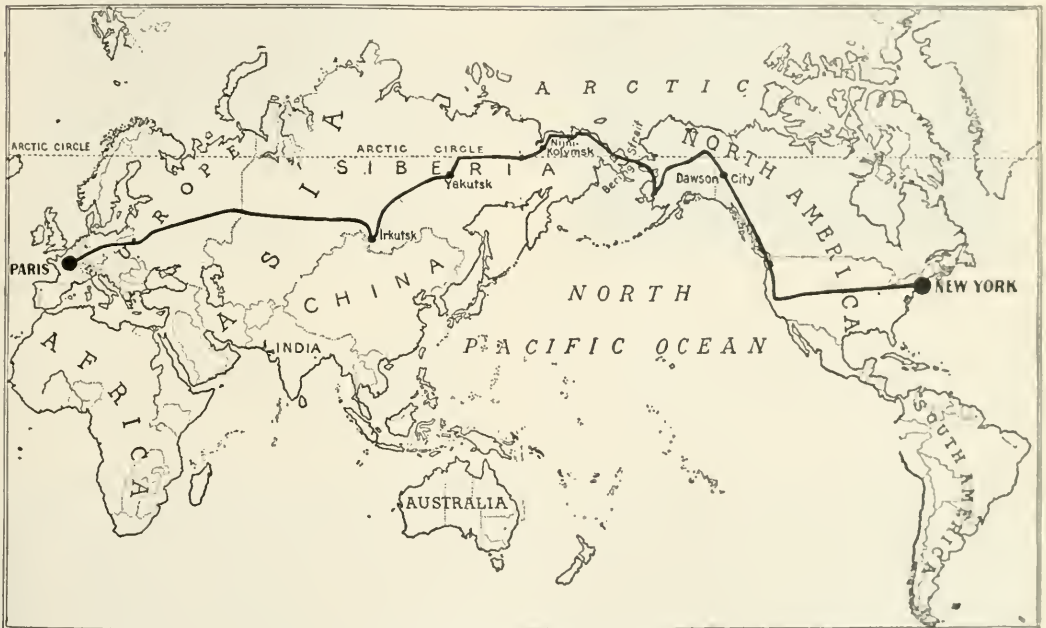


MR. DE WINDT AS HE APPEARED WHEN RESCUED FROM THE SHORES OF BEHRING STRAITS—THE FURS WERE ALMOST IN THE LAST EXTREMY OF STARVATION.
From a Photo.

On the 19th December, 1901, the De Windt expedition left the Gare du Nord, Paris, for New York by land, with the object of ascertaining the feasibility of an overland route, by rail, between France and the United States. The route upon this occasion lay *via* Berlin and Warsaw to Moscow. From Moscow a ten days' journey by the Trans-Siberian Railway brought us to Irkutsk, where civilized means of communication were left, and a journey of two thousand miles by horse-sleigh brought us to Yakutsk. From Yakutsk horse-sleighs were replaced by reindeer-sleds, which conveyed us for another two thousand miles across the dreary steppes of Northern Siberia to the tiny settlement of

and Cape Prince of Wales, on the American shore, was unapproachable for a distance of about seven miles. At this point we were landed on the floating ice-pack, and after a dangerous and exhausting journey of about seven hours managed to reach the American coast more dead than alive. This short ice journey was one that I shall never forget, nor will, I fancy, any of my companions.

By the courtesy of the Wagon-Lits Company of London and Paris the expedition was franked through free of cost to Irkutsk. It consisted of three members—myself, Vicomte de Clinchamp Bellegarde, and George Harding—who accompanied me on the previous attempt to accomplish



MAP OF THE AUTHOR'S ROUTE FROM PARIS TO NEW YORK OVERLAND.

Sredni-Kolymsk, on the Arctic Ocean. Sredni-Kolymsk is called "the end of the end of the world," and is the most dreaded place of exile throughout the vast dominions of the Great White Czar. From Sredni-Kolymsk a dog-sled journey of two thousand miles (which occupied over two months) brought us to Behring Straits, where we remained for five weeks unwilling guests of a race of natives known to the very few travellers who have seen them as the filthiest people in creation. On the 18th of June the revenue-cutter *Thetis* called at the village of walrus-hide huts where we were stranded, and transported us as far as possible across Behring Straits. But the ice-pack was unusually heavy,

the overland journey in 1896. The rail voyage from Moscow to Irkutsk is, in winter, a delightful one, and should be more widely patronized by tourists. For comfortable, roomy cars, an excellent restaurant, a library, piano, baths, and barbers' shops render the Trans-Siberian Wagon-Lits train a veritable *train de luxe*. The Russian express, however, which runs every alternate week, should be avoided, for it is far inferior in every way to its successful and up-to-date rival.

Our stay in Irkutsk was fortunately limited, for it is by no means an interesting place. The streets are straggling and dirty, the shops third-rate, and there is not an hotel worthy of the name in the city. From here to Yakutsk the



From a photo. by) MR. H. DE WINDT. (Pack, New York.



From a] THE VICOMTE DE CLINCHAMP BELLEGARDE. (Photo.

journey must be accomplished in a curious conveyance of local manufacture known as a Yakute sleigh, which is simply a kind of bag of rough sacking about 4ft. deep, into which the traveller first lowers his luggage, then his furs

and pillows, and, lastly, himself. The sleigh is provided with a thick felt apron, which, in cold or stormy weather, can be drawn completely over the occupant. This sounds warm and comfortable, but is precisely the reverse, for the



From a]

GENERAL VIEW OF YEKUTEK, WHERE THE PARTY LEFT THE RAILWAY.

(Photo.



From a THE LAST MEAL IN CIVILIZATION—MRS. DE WINDT'S FAREWELL DINNER WITH HER HUSBAND. (Phot

moisture of the breath and body is often congealed into a mass of solid ice on the inner side of the cover, which, resting upon the face during sleep, frequently results in frost-bitten nose and cheeks.

On January 19th, exactly one month after leaving Paris, we set out for Yakutsk, the journey to which city is chiefly accomplished over the frozen surface of the River Lena. The first four hundred miles, however, lies through dense forests, where a certain amount of caution is requisite, as the woods are infested with run-

away convicts, who occasionally waylay and rob travellers. The week before we passed through this region the mail-cart was ransacked and its driver murdered, and such occurrences are frequent enough. Nor was our journey entirely free from peril when the Lena was reached, as the numerous hot springs falling into its upper waters frequently render the ice very unsafe. Even at a distance of two thousand miles from the sea this mighty river is fully three miles wide in places, and the post-track is indicated by fir branches stuck into the ice. Post-houses



From a THE EXPEDITION SLEIGHING OVER THE FROZEN SURFACE OF THE RIVER LENA

of a very primitive description are to be found at intervals of thirty to forty miles along the banks of the Lena, but the accommodation is of the roughest kind, for the bare, carpetless rooms swarm with vermin, and nothing is obtainable but hot water and black bread. As our own tinned provisions were hopelessly frozen two days out from Irkutsk, we fared poorly enough.

Our sleigh trip along the Lena was intolerably monotonous. Day after day, week after week, nothing met the eye but one invariable succession of undulating pine-clad hills, fringing the dreary, frozen stream, a melancholy landscape, which even a turquoise sky and dazzling sunshine were unable to enliven. The weather

richness and extent. Machinery has lately been introduced, and two or three years will probably see marvellous results achieved by its importers. It is well to note, however, that only Russian subjects are permitted to work the gold.

In winter-time there are very few travellers on the Lena post-road, and we met with scarcely a score throughout the whole journey. Amongst these were the English traveller, Mr. Talbot Clifton, returning from a shooting expedition in the Lena Delta, and Dr. Herz, the discoverer of the Siberian mammoth lately found near the Arctic Ocean, which is said to be the most perfect specimen of this antediluvian monster ever brought to light. The animal was found frozen solid in a large block of ice, where it had



From a

MR. DE WINDT'S SLEIGH AT VITIMSK.

[Photo.]

was for the most part pleasant, although occasionally violent blizzards and heavy snow-drifts would keep us prisoners in some filthy post-house for two or three days. Upsets were of frequent occurrence, for we travelled through the nights, and drunken drivers are by no means scarce on this road. But it was soft falling, and we fortunately escaped serious injury. Three towns only were passed during the whole journey—Kirensk, Alekminsk, and Vitimsk. These figure largely upon our English maps, but are little better than overgrown villages, although the last-named is rapidly growing prosperous as the centre of a gold-mining district, which is said to out rival even the Klondike in

evidently fallen from a cliff overhead, for its forelegs were broken and there were other signs of injury. The flesh was of a pinkish colour, and as fresh in appearance as during the monster's lifetime countless ages ago. Some grasses found in the mouth have been carefully preserved, and will be analyzed with a view to ascertaining the age of this prehistoric treasure, which Dr. Herz was conveying, in sections, to St. Petersburg.

On the 14th of February we reached Yakutsk, a dismal-looking city of about six thousand inhabitants. It consists mostly of low, one-storied wooden houses, but there are two or three fine churches, the gaily-painted domes and gilt crosses

of which relieve, to a certain extent, the dull and dreary aspect of the place. Yakutsk is the capital of a province not unusually large for Siberia, but which is nevertheless seven times the size of France. It may not be generally known, by the way, that Siberia in its entirety is exactly sixty-six times the size of England. Yakutsk was once a city of importance, but it has now dwindled away into an obscure provincial town. When the railway from France to America is completed, which it will certainly be in the not very far distant future, Yakutsk will no doubt recover her former greatness, for the country around is rich not only in gold, but in silver, antimony, lead, coal, and other valuable products. It seems almost incredible that agriculture should be carried on with the utmost success in such a northern latitude, and yet only last year many thousand tons of grain were exported from this district up river to the southern Siberian market. In summer-time there is frequent steam communication by river with Irkutsk and down the river to Bulun, near the Lena Delta, in the neighbourhood of which poor De Long and his companions perished so miserably after the disaster to the Arctic steamer *Jeannette*.

The population of Yakutsk consists chiefly of native Yakutes, Russian officials, and a few merchants and political exiles. The latter appeared to me to live quite as comfortable and easy a life as their guards. On more than one occasion I met them at the table of my host, the chief of the police, who appeared to regard them more as friends than as suspects. This, I should add, was in Yakutsk alone, for the political exile settlements which I afterwards visited within the Arctic circle can only be described as hells upon earth. They will be fully described in a special article in *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*.

Y a k u t s k ,
oddly enough, is
not unhealthy,

although the thermometer frequently falls to 70deg. below zero, and the summer heat is that of Calcutta. Winter lasts from October till May, and during the springtime the place is unapproachable, the country around being flooded for many hundreds of miles. With the fall of the waters come stifling heat, blinding dust, and swarms of mosquitoes. Winter is therefore welcomed, notwithstanding the intense cold, which is so severe that during my stay here the body of a young Russian girl was exhumed, for legal purposes, after it had lain for over a year in the grave, and was found to be in a perfect state of preservation.

The native Yakutes are not a prepossessing race, especially the lower orders, who are nearly as repulsive in manners and appearance as the Tchuktchis of Behring Straits. The Yakutes are called the Jews of the North. Many grow very rich in the fur and ivory trade, and delight to display their wealth by entertaining the passing stranger in lavish style. Their language is evidently of Tartar origin, and I was surprised to find my limited stock of Turkish words go farther than Russian in the streets and markets of this remote Siberian city. A stroll through the markets, by the way, was a revelation for a place almost within the Arctic circle, for cucumber, cauliflower, beetroot, and potatoes are all on sale at various seasons of the year, and are all grown on the outskirts of Yakutsk. The breeding of horses and cattle is also annually increasing. Only last year over a million roubles' worth of frozen meat was



From a]

A YAKUTE MESSENGER SENT OUT FROM YAKUTSK TO MEET THE LADY.

exported to various settlements down river. Oddly enough, agriculture and cattle-raising were first instituted here by the Skoptsi, a religious sect exiled from Russia some forty years ago. Twenty years back there was not a seed of grain or a vegetable in the place.

Social life in Yakutsk is not alluring. There is literally nothing to do either during the hot, garish summer or throughout the cold, dark winter months. The mode of life is strange. Breakfast, at nine o'clock, consists of such dainties as bread, smoked fish, and cheese. This is followed at midday by a heavier meal, where wines and fiery vodka play an important part. At 3 p.m. a heavy dinner of five courses, accompanied by champagnes and other wines, is discussed, and at 8 p.m. tea and cakes are yet again partaken of. But the principal meal of the day (and the most substantial) is eaten at midnight, and often lasts far into the small hours. No one in the place ever dreamt of going to bed until four or five in the morning, although a siesta was generally indulged in during the afternoon. A stay of ten days at Yakutsk convinced me of the wisdom of this arrangement. Most of the men here spend their



From a] A YAKUTE "SHAMAN" OR MEDICINE MAN. [Photo.



THE COSSACK STEPAN RASTORGUYEFF, WHO WAS SPECIALLY DETAILED BY THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT TO ACCOMPANY THE Expedition. [Photo.

plentiful spare time in playing cards, but the women appeared to have literally nothing to do in a place where existence must be maddeningly monotonous even for the natives themselves.

Yakutsk has a fine museum under the care of a political exile, with whom I spent many pleasant hours. The collection contained, among other interesting relics, a costume of a Shaman or High Priest of the strange, mysterious religion which has still many votaries in this part of the world, although the Russian Government has done its best to stamp out the creed by imprisonment and other forms of punishment. Most of the Shamans are women subject to epileptic fits, and it is during these seizures that they claim to have intercourse with the spirit world. Mr. Olenin, the exile in charge of the museum, informed me that the Yakutsk language is not particularly extensive, possessing only some forty thousand words. The museum was also rich in furs of various kinds, especially sables, for the finest in the world are found in the Vitimsk district, about four hundred miles up the River Lena. The Vitimsk sables are superior even to those of Kamtchatka.

It was at Yakutsk that an addition was made



READY FOR THE START—A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE EXPEDITION TAKEN AT A WAYSIDE POST-HOUSE.

to our party by one Stepan Rastorguyeff, who was detailed by the Governor of Yakutsk to accompany us as far as the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and farther if necessary. This precaution was taken on account of the hostile character ascribed to the native Tchuktchis living near the Kolyma River, on the northern coast of Siberia. But my expedition was so well armed that I had little fear on this score. Stepan's ordinary duty was to convey political prisoners to the settlement of Sredni-Kolymsk from the Russian frontier (a seven months' journey), but he had already gained considerable experience as an explorer, having accompanied Baron Toll's expedition to the New Siberian Islands in 1900. We were, therefore, glad of the Cossack's company, and he eventually proved an invaluable addition to our party.

It was not without serious opposition on the part of the authorities that we were enabled to leave Yakutsk for the North; and, indeed, the outlook seemed black enough, for reindeer—our only means of transport—were at this season both scarce and weakly. Moreover, a famine had broken out in the districts on the Kolyma River, and it was more than likely that we should fail to find dogs there, to continue our eastward way to Behring Straits. A con-

tagious disease resembling small-pox was also said to be raging amongst the Tchuktchis on the Arctic coast, and many were said to have fled into the interior in consequence. A lack of natives, and therefore provisions, would necessarily mean starvation on this inhospitable coast, where even driftwood is often unattainable. The Governor urged that with weak reindeer we could scarcely hope to reach the Arctic under two months, or perhaps three; in the latter case we should be unable either to proceed or retreat, for during the spring and summer Sredni-Kolymsk is rendered unapproachable by the vast swamps, hundreds of miles in extent, by which the place is surrounded. Under any circumstances there is only communication once a year between this dismal settlement and the outer world. Nevertheless, I resolved to push on and trust to luck, although the outlook seemed gloomy enough, and I could scarcely disagree with Harding when he remarked that "the devil must have taken the tickets when we set out on this job!"

Many preparations were necessary before setting out from Yakutsk for the North. Heavy furs, provisions of all kinds, milk frozen in cubes and carried in nets, had all to be purchased, and also, oddly enough, horse-shoes, which were

destined to enable us to secure firm foothold over the precipitous, ice-clad Verkoyansk range. To reach Verkoyansk we must travel six hundred miles through dense forests, where the road is only indicated by blazed tree-trunks. On this portion of the road the post-houses are from eighty to a hundred miles apart. Beyond Verkoyansk a limitless plateau of ice and snow stretches away up to the bleak Arctic coast, fourteen hundred miles away. Here the settlements are two hundred miles apart, and we were fated to experience for the first time the pangs of starvation. It is, perhaps, as well that I did not then know of the perils and privations awaiting us upon this lonely road,

a crowd had assembled to witness our departure, but although we received from all sides good wishes for our success, the majority of our Siberian friends evidently regarded us more in the light of amiable lunatics than as pioneers of a great railway which may one day girdle the globe. Just previous to our departure a picturesque but somewhat trying ceremony was gone through, and, although we had already put on our cumbersome clothing and furs (which rendered walking almost an impossibility), we were recalled by our hostess from the bitter night air into the drawing-room, where the atmosphere resembled that of a hothouse. "You must not take your furs off," said our



From a

A FISHING-STATION ON LAKE BAIKAL.

[Photo

where we travelled for nearly five weeks without seeing a sign of life except in the post-houses. And these were so filthy, and the habits of their inmates so unspeakably disgusting, that we were often forced to forsake the fireside and leave the warmth of the hut for the ferocious cold outside.

On the night of the 23rd of February we left Yakutsk in four reindeer sledges for the unknown. The night was fine and starlit and

host; "remain as you are." And so we returned to the brightly-lit apartment, where many guests had assembled. Then, with uncovered heads, they turned toward the sacred *ikon* and knelt and prayed for our safety and success. An hour later the lights of Yakutsk were low on the horizon, and we had bidden a final farewell to a civilization which was only regained six long months later at the gold-mining city of Nome, in Alaska.

(To be continued.)

SIX LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

BY MRS Fred
Maturin.

W. S. Facey



The authoress writes: "People in this country have the haziest possible notion of the entire seclusion of convent life abroad under a strict Order. The adventures herein related are the natural sequence of such a life, and could happen only to natures so simple and artless."



WAS educated with my sisters in a Belgian convent, where we led lives so peaceful, so uneventful, so completely secluded from the outer world that when, one hot June day, our fat little Reverend Mother announced to the forty-five pupils at their desks that the following morning we were all to be taken to spend the day in the beautiful Forest de Ghlin, five miles away, I certainly felt as if I should go mad with joy.

Six of the forty-five pupils at the convent school were English. They consisted of myself, three sisters, and two others, and we six completely led that simple convent and its nuns by the nose. Short of allowing us outside its great double iron-bound, spring fastening gates, they let us do very much as we pleased inside.

We got up theatricals, writing the plays ourselves, and a marvellous mixture they were of love scenes, tragedy, comedy, religion, and step-dances. The nuns considered them master-pieces, and their deep respect for *les Anglaises* increased at each fresh performance. We taught the nuns to act, to dance, to skip, to recite; and they took it for granted we knew all about each art. Compared to their somewhat slow-witted and ponderous Belgian pupils, we appeared as beings of brilliant genius and fascination. We gave our opinions on religion, law, politics, and matrimony (knowing nothing of any of them); told marvellous stories of the

outside world (containing not a word of truth); and announced ourselves as closely related to the English Royal Family, and were believed. In fact, there is no telling *what* we should have done had it not been for that day's outing in the Bois de Ghlin.

"The mischievous cabbages!" said the Reverend Mother, when informed that evening that "Ay-deet" (thus was my Saxon name of Edith murdered by the nuns) had thrown all the lesson-books, pens, and ink out of the window, and with one wild yell had bounded after them into the garden, shouting to the breathless girls seated at their desks to follow, and that *Mère* Marie-Christine had chased "Ay-deet" and the rest round the garden until she dropped into a faint with the heat.

The Reverend Mother said the "cabbages" were, of course, *folle* at the idea of seeing the outside world on the morrow after three years of seclusion, and excuses must be made for them. One must not judge one nation by another, she said. "Ay-deet" would be considered a lunatic if she were a Belgian, and her sisters Mildred and Lalla would have been hanged long ago for putting gunpowder under the lay sister's bed and then setting fire to it. But the worthy Reverend Mother understood from the Reverend Father, her confessor, that these were typical English ways and must be winked at.

"So," said the Reverend Mother to a com-

plaining nun, "say nothing. Young blood will boil. To-morrow's outing will cool it."

It did. And it also cooled the nuns—to their very marrow!

The day dawned blue and cloudless.

What joy, what rapture filled our youthful hearts as we all filed two and two out of the convent gates and beheld the outside world for the first time for three years!

Even the narrow, pebbly street into which the portal opened appeared as



"WE REVERENDLY FELL IN LOVE WITH EACH ONE."

Heaven to us. The sky surely was bluer out here than over the convent garden, and the sparrows on the housetops seemed to twitter more sweetly than in the leafy, bosky shades of our home. How pleasant, too, were the strange faces at the little shop doors and hurrying past us on the pavements! How on earth could the nuns voluntarily renounce such a world as this, thought we girls.

Presently there came along a young man. Yes, a real young man, with legs and a

moustache, two items one had almost forgotten the look of inside the walls of the *Sacré Cœur*, where, if a man was seen at all, he was in a robe and clean-shaven. A thrill went through all the forty-five girls. Which one of us would he fall in love with?

He passed. He apparently fell in love with each one of the forty-five maidens in black silk uniform dresses and white chip bonnets demurely tied under their chins with black ribbon, for he peered under each bonnet as he passed and smiled into each rosy face.

The procession passed on through the city, and was soon on the dusty, white country road, bounded far away by the great cool, dark green Forest of Ghlin, which stretches away north to fair Ardennes.

We spent a glorious day in the Forest of Ghlin.

We climbed the trees, we tore our clothes, we yelled, and we shouted. We got lost and found each other again. We met two robbers, and were not at all astonished, for naturally a forest would not be a proper forest without robbers. We ran away from them, and certainly had a hairbreadth escape.

We came upon a railway line in the heart of the forest, and got into trees to watch a long train thunder by. What a lovely thing a train in a forest was! And when we showered acorns down on the carriage roofs the people thrust their

heads out, thinking it hailed.

Kate and I had another of our numerous wagers. This time it was that I would not lie on the railway line as a train approached. Of course, I won.

Mother and father, far away in burning India, what would you have thought could you have beheld your little madcap daughter of fifteen lying with her head on one rail, her feet on the other, and an express approaching?

Mère Marie-Christine, the nun who took

charge when the Reverend Mother was not present, had been provided with a policeman's whistle of far-reaching powers before starting for the expedition. It was an understood thing that when she blew on it we were to assemble, and that none of us were to wander beyond reach of its call.

Mère Marie-Christine was of an extremely nervous disposition, and she kept blowing that whistle all day every time something frightened her or her sister nuns, which was often. We ought to have made every excuse for *Mère* Marie-Christine, for naturally the open world was full of terrors and surprises for her and for the other six meek and holy ladies who had been bidden to join in the expedition; and it was not to be wondered at that when they saw two robbers—they felt sure they were robbers—approaching down a glade (eating bread and cheese with an appearance of innocence which only terrified them the more) *Mère* Marie-Christine whistled frantically until she once more fainted (fainting was her speciality). Moreover, when one of the "robbers" stopped to ask *Mère* Clotilde the time—a mere blind, of course—*Mère* Clotilde nobly gave him a crack over the head with her umbrella, causing him and his companion to flee in terror. And to this day the tale of how *Mère* Clotilde saved the lives of seven nuns is told with hushed accents in the Convent of the Sacré Cœur.

Each time the whistle blew girls came scrambling through the forest from all sides; but at last the summons became wearisome, the cause always being something quite inadequate.

A poor, hungry, harmless yellow dog wandering in the forest was mistaken for a wolf, and the whistling became frantic. *Mère* Marie-Christine had to count us first forwards and then backwards three times before she would believe that some of us had not been devoured by the brute. A bending of the trees to a strong breeze was thought to be an approaching earthquake, and we were again summoned; and every male being met in the forest that day struck terror to the heart of the seven nuns, so little used were they to the world and its strange sights and sounds!



"MÈRE CLOTILDE NOBLY GAVE HIM A CRACK OVER THE HEAD WITH HER UMBRELLA."

After the first six whistles we English girls refused to take any notice. Towards 3 p.m. the earth shook, and a shrieking, roaring monster was heard thundering through the quiet shades a mile away. It was an express train, of course. Suppose

it went off the rails and tore through the forest, flattening trees, nuns, and pupils in the ruthless manner common to express trains? (Or so whispered rumour!) The seven little nuns flew together in a frightened bunch, *Mère* Marie-Christine blew out her cheeks on the whistle till she looked like a cherub about to have an apoplectic fit, and the girls were once more frantically assembled and counted. When not one of the six *Anglaises* turned up it became a certainty that the train had made a *détour* through the forest, had churned up the *Anglaises*, and gone on; it being a well known fact to the nuns that anything more selfish than an express train, its driver and passengers, it would be hard to find in the whole of the great wicked world in which these gentle cloistered souls now found themselves trembling!

I don't think *Mère* Marie-Christine could ever have had a more unhappy day in her quiet life than that one of terrors in the Bois de Ghlin.

When, at sunset, we finally put in an appear

ance, each of the seven nuns was exhausted with the amount of screaming, fainting, whistling, and running away she had been driven to; one or two of them had wept copiously at our untimely end, and their child-like joy at beholding us safe and sound was, to us, both touching and gratifying.

We were now once more marshalled into the two and two order, and, as we threw lingering glances back at the enchanted glades where this thrice glorious day had been spent, the party prepared to return to the convent.

It was a long walk, and the heat was still intense. Out on the long, white, dusty roads it was almost unbearable, and after all they had gone through the seven nuns considered it would not be unduly indulging the flesh to stop at a pretty little *cabaret* standing in a cool green garden with little seats under the trees, a deep, broad stream murmuring hard by, and a bare-armed *fillette* to serve our parched mouths with curds and whey at five centimes a head.

Behold the cloister picnic party now, seated about under the shade of the boughs, devouring curds sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar—a meal fit for the gods! The nuns sat about amongst us and, having refreshed exhausted Nature, rested themselves, telling their beads with half-closed eyes, while all round hummed bees, and the river across the white road rippled by with a lovely cool sound.

I sat fanning myself, my countenance scarlet, and my tangled hair (full of burrs from out of the forest, and bits of dead leaf and twig) escaping from under my white chip bonnet. Oh, dear, I thought, how lovely it would be to plunge into that running water outside and have a bath!

I got up and wandered across the road, followed by my sisters and the other *Anglaises*, and all six of us stood on the banks, gazing at the clear, tepid water, which would about reach our waists, certainly not more.

I felt sad.

Our happy day was over. It might be years ere the convent would be allowed another like it, and by that time we girls should have left. We should be grown up and out in India, in society, obliged to behave ourselves with decorum—with a view to matrimony and other social obligations. It was a desperate thought—and it made me feel suddenly desperate. This eventful day must not end tamely. Something must be done to red letter it for ever in the unventful archives of the convent.

How cool, how sweet, the water looked! Only up to our waists! Our black silk dresses would be spoilt, and, of course, dire punishment would ensue. Bother that!

Seizing the hand of the girl on either side of me, I leapt forward into the stream, dragging them with me. With a mighty splash we went in, the three of us, face foremost, to promptly discover that the bottom was deep, deep mud, into which we sank farther with each fresh plunge.

Well, we were in for it now, and so, half laughing, half spluttering, and exclaiming, I leant forward, wading to the bank, and, grasping the skirts or ankles of the other girls, dragged them in too. My sisters Kate and Lalla did likewise to various girls who had wandered to the river.

The girls laughed, and shrieked, and struggled, and fell flop in—one after the other. The contagion spread; the excitement went to their heads like wine; and instead of running away the whole lot presently crowded on to the banks, and those whom we did not drag in jumped in, meaning (with true Continental charity) to say afterwards that the *Anglaises* had pulled them in by force! It was glorious fun to see the entire convent floundering in the water, and when the seven nuns rushed shrieking out of the *cabaret* garden—for all sense of order and discipline was gone now—it was a very easy matter to grasp their flapping skirts and drag them in too. Such a scene of mad frolic you never saw.

Out of the *cabaret*, alarmed by the noise, tore the owner, a sturdy individual in a blue blouse and belt. I put out my hand piteously to him for help; he took it confidently, and I soon got him in head foremost as well.

Now we all started throwing the water over each other with yells and shrieks of delight. Everyone seemed to have completely lost her head. The *cabaret* man struggled convulsively, hanging on to poor *Mère Marie-Christine* as to a sort of religious lifebuoy.

Mère Marie-Christine distractedly bashed him over the head with her umbrella, stirring the now muddy waters into foam. Meanwhile she called upon all the saints in the calendar to deliver her. Another little nun, certain she was drowning, stood up to her neck saying *Ave Marius* in rapid succession. Needless to say, this most ludicrous scene did not last long. The entire population of the village turned out on to the banks with poles and ropes, intent upon rescue. Never had such a sight been seen before in their memory, and never will be again, I am certain.

An hour later a strange procession wended its way through the city to the hill whereon our convent stood. I shall never forget the discomforts of that long walk in our sopping, mud-bladen garments.

The mud was a rich, thick slime, which stuck



"EVERYONE SEEMED TO HAVE COMPLETELY LOST HER HEAD.

to us, covering us as if with black paste, greatly impeding our progress, and the noise our fifty-two dresses made as we walked, caked with this stuff, could be heard a long way off.

We were followed, it is needless to say, by an ever-increasing crowd of gamins, *gendarmes*, loafers, and spectators of every age and sex.

The smell of the mud alone was unique.

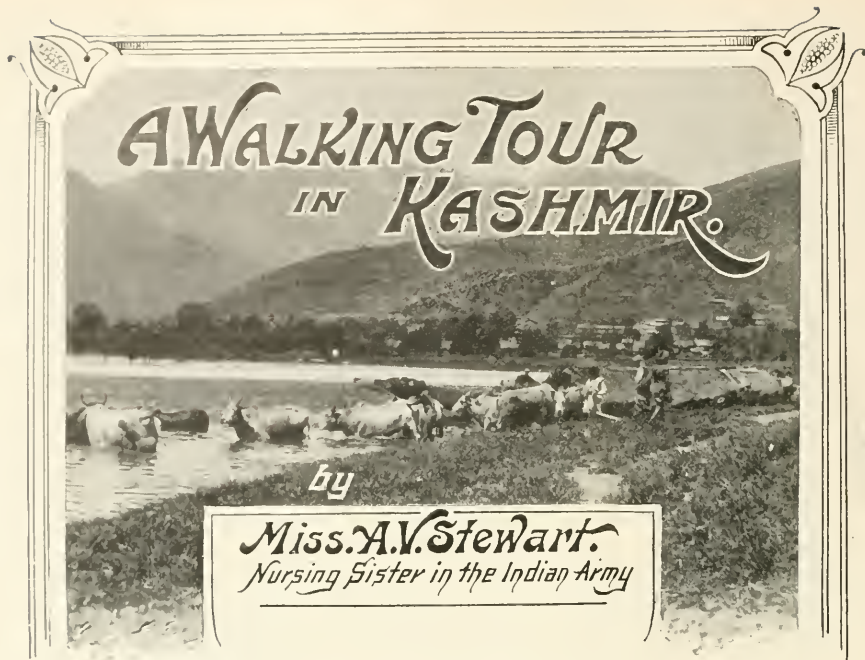
Most of us, in order to move at all, had to gather up our skirts higher than convent decorum permitted, the result being an avenue of a hundred and four legs, like forest saplings, walking two and two, and streaming with oozy slime, which left a distinct track behind us. The day had certainly ended with *éclat*, and even I was satisfied.

A week in bed followed for everyone, without exception. Some were there detained by rheumatic pains, colds in their heads, and toothache. Those who had escaped these ills were made to feel the inevitable consequences of sin by complete seclusion and silence, on a bread and water diet, until their clothes had been cleaned and dried on the cloister hearth,

which took over a week. At the end of that week I was so contrite and depressed that I announced I intended taking the veil.

This declaration had up till now always dissolved me at once. But now I found myself eyed with cold suspicion.

It was, I was privately informed, the opinion of the Reverend Mother and *Père la Chaise* that I was possessed of a demon. The demon had, at times, taken an attractive form, pretended penitence, learnt its lessons properly, and gone without sugar in its coffee to punish itself. All this deception the demon had once practised with complete success on the confiding nuns. But its day was over! The Reverend Mother did not cease to love her English "cabbages," but she never quite believed in them again; and letters from the convent tell me that even now, on warm June days in the sleepy convent garden, *Mère Marie-Christine* relates to newcomers the oft-told yet ever thrilling tale of the school which went for a picnic and the river which nearly drowned them—all through six naughty little English maids.



A WALKING TOUR IN KASHMIR.

by

Miss A. V. Stewart.
Nursing Sister in the Indian Army

Miss Stewart spent a recent furlough in an unconventional manner by making an extended walking tour into the interior of delightful Kashmir. On some of the trips she took coolies and tents, while for others she made a native "dunga," or mat-boat, her head-quarters. She took many interesting photographs, which are reproduced with the article.



It was a deliciously crisp morning that definitely decided me

to put into action the idea that had been some time dormant in my mind of taking a walking tour in the interior of Kashmir.

During the warm, lazy month of September I had enjoyed to the full an ideal houseboat existence at Srinagar, watching the busy life of the river with its cheery traders paddling up and down, displaying their lovely specimens of Kashmiri arts and industries, hailing one with the familiar and insidious appeal, "Not buy, only look!"

Short excursions to the various points of beauty and interest within easy



MISS A. V. STEWART.
From a Photo, by P. M. Divan.

reach had whetted my appetite for more, and I determined that the remaining weeks of my holiday should be spent in visiting such spots as are accessible to pedestrians. I selected the Tragbal Pass as the first point of my wanderings and Gangabal, the sacred lake of the Hindus, as the second.

My camp kit and provisions safely stowed away in a *dunga*, or native mat-boat, we dropped gently down stream through the seven picturesque wooden bridges of Srinagar, tying up for the night at Sumbal. The next day we went on to the Wular Lake, where we spent the evening watching the curious singhara or water nut harvest. Swarms of little boats dotted the smooth



THE AUTHORESS WITH HER "DUNGA" OR NATIVE MAT-BOAT. [Photo From a]

surface of the lake, and we pulled up close to the toilers to watch their method of harvesting.

The singhara plant covers the surface of the water for miles. The small serrated leaf is supported on the water by a curious little bladder just below the junction of leaf and stem. The four-pointed sheaf which contains the nut is about an inch and a half in length, and possesses the peculiarity of sinking as soon as its contents are ripe; so that its disappearance is the sign to the native that the crop is ready. Forthwith all the able-bodied men and women in the country-side sally forth in their boats with nets and rakes. The net, attached to a long pole, is plunged to the bottom by one man whilst another rakes in the long stems with its pendent nuts. When the wondrous glow of the sunset begins to illumine the snow-peaks, which are reflected in the placid waters at their base, the tired crews return to their villages to the music of their paddles and the plaintive Kashmiri boat-songs, the little craft piled high with the shiny black masses of singhara, which will ensure plenty in the cold, dark days of

the coming winter. The nut is sweet, not unlike our filbert in taste, and is used in a variety of ways by the boat-folk. It yields a flour from which a very favourite bread is made, and by a bountiful provision of Nature, in times of flood, when the other crops are ruined, the singhara harvest is always especially plentiful.

Next morning we paddled across the Wular Lake to Bandipore the starting-point for Gilgit, *via* the Tragbal Pass. My first impression of Bandipore was a whirl of baggage, ponies, bullock-carts, and coolies; but when I had got used to the perpetual stampede I sat at the end of my boat, whilst old Aziza, my head boatman, pointed out first the Tragbal, the pass I was to essay on the morrow, and then, as he saw my eyes wandering to the mighty snow peaks in front, he told me they were near the giant Haramouk, on whose mighty slopes is Gangabal, the icy lake that the



NATIVES GATHERING THE SINGHARA HARVEST. [Photo From a]

Kashmiri Hindu venerates as the source of the sacred Ganges. Meanwhile Aziza's industrious wife spun busily, using a most wonderful and gorgeous wheel of many colours.

The following morning, leaving my servants to wrestle with baggage, ponies, and coolies, I

embosomed in tall pine trees, we came upon the log rest-house. Here I found to my horror that my camp-bed had been forgotten, and I had to shake down for the night on the hard ground, with the compensation of a roaring pine-wood fire in an enormous fireplace built for the months when blinding snowstorms drive travellers to the shelter and warmth of the hut. A sound sleep found me ready in the morning for the five miles' ascent which still lay between us and the top of the pass.

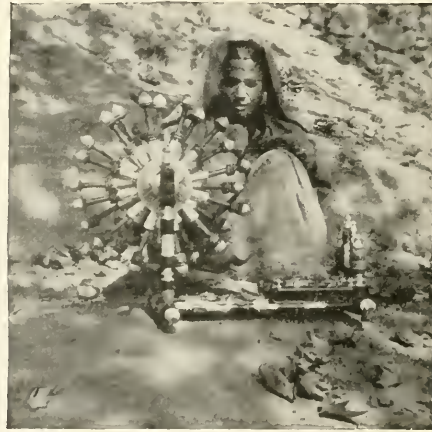
Taking a coolie with us to point out the short cuts, higher and higher we trudged through the dense pine forests till we finally left them behind and came to a region of rock and snow. I made snowballs, but having no one to throw them at the amusement soon palled, and

I climbed up to the little cairn on the summit and



AZIZA, THE HEAD BOATMAN.
From a Photo.

seized my alpenstock, and shod in *chappies*, the native climbing shoes of the country, sallied forth with the enthusiasm proper to the actual beginning of my enterprise. Nearly four miles along a lovely level road, beneath trees glorious in the radiant gold and red of later autumn, over a foaming mountain stream dashing over its rocky bed to the placid lake below, and then at length I began the nine miles of steep ascent to our first halting place. There is no rose without a thorn, and my thorn to-day was the want of breakfast, which had been sent on by the "breakfast coolie," but somehow seemed to have got lost. Hungry and weary I trudged on until within an hour of the rest-house where we were to pass the night, and then, in the distance, I espied the missing coolie. At the joyous sight I sank, with a sigh of satisfaction, into an arm-chair of Nature's furnishing among rocks and trees. The servants scolded the coolies, who, in their turn, abused the ponies. With marvellous rapidity wood was collected and water boiled, and presently I was feeling much refreshed and cheered. An hour's halt and we were all on the march once more, till at last,



THE HEAD BOATMAN'S WIFE USING HER SPINNING-WHEEL.
From a Photo.

surveyed the wide spread of countries around. Far in the distance was the magnificent mountain Manga Parbat, 26,629ft. high. To the right lay Gilgit, Chitral, Ladak, and Shardu; to the left the Lolab; whilst behind and far below the Wular Lake gleamed soft in the morning light.

The descent to the rest-house was soon accomplished, and after a rest we followed the coolies by a path only possible for pedestrians. In some places it was simply a rough climb from crag to crag—a veritable "short cut"—



From a]

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE TRAGBAL PASS.

[Photo.

but it soon landed us on the level road to Bandipore, where I hailed my *dunga* and old Aziza, and, after a bath and meal, put my "house" in order and sat down to write the story of my wanderings to the "old folk at home."

Sumbal was to be the starting-point for Haramouk and the sacred lake of Gangabal, and another paddle back across the Wular made me quite proficient in the art, so that I felt I could now rank with the "crew." Arrived at Sumbal, Aziza sallied forth to find the *lambadar* (headman) of the village, a very indispensable person in Kashmir, as through him alone is it possible to secure coolies and local supplies, and much of one's comfort depends on his capabilities. The *lambadar* was a patriarchal-looking old man with a really beautiful face; but subsequent events proved that his looks belied him, for the coolies promised faithfully for daybreak came smiling and dawdling along at 8 a.m., while the baggage pony arrived without a pack-saddle, with the happy result that a hundred yards from the start he shot the baggage over his ears to the ground and surveyed the scene with a satis-

fied air. My Kashmiri "coolie-bearer," who was much depressed at my walking propensities, felt that the pony's behaviour was, indeed, the last straw, and after a few wild flourishes with his stick he sank down in a dejected heap and, to my amazement, fairly wept! However, patience, and an ever-watchful eye on the pony took us on a half-dozen miles farther, and then, in utter disgust, we sent

back the sorry steed to the perfidious *lambadar*, under the escort of a small boy, and after breakfast and a short rest started afresh with a new pony.

Sixteen miles brought us at last, tired but triumphant, to Katri Mumbal, the first mountain village, where we pitched our tents for the night and discharged our lowland coolies. The *lambadar* made his appearance and cheered us with promises of plenty of firewood, milk, eggs,



From a]

A VIEW OF THE BRIDGE AT SUMBAL.

[Photo.

and, above all, good coolies. He did not look so saintly as our old friend the Sumbal *lambadar*, so I had hopes, which were realized, for, as the sequel showed, he was as good as his word. At daybreak we were called and, fortified by steaming cups of tea, got under way as speedily as our cold hands would let us, for the mornings were now sharp and cold.

The rough, stony path led along the edge of cliffs, through miles of thick woods where the trees met overhead, so that we could only hear without seeing the torrent rushing below. Gradually the scenery became more mountainous, till, leaving the trees of the lower slopes behind, the warm noonday air became fragrant with the breath of mountain pines. Higher still we climbed, pausing to look down on the tiny mountain villages nestling by grassy plateau meadows. Now and again we had to cross a mountain stream, and then a track through the forest brought us to our camp for the night by the side of the beautiful temple of Maghal, one of the oldest of the Kashmiri Hindu temples. It is wonderfully preserved, and the roots of a fine young pine, which has planted itself on the top, serve as bands to the masonry. It is supposed that the temple was

built as a thank-offering by pilgrims who had successfully accomplished the hazardous ascent to the sacred lake on the heights above. My coolies hauled up the trunk of an old tree to which they set fire, and after supper sat round the blaze plaiting their straw shoes for the next day's march, whilst they sang their weird but not unmusical mountain songs.

In the morning our way lay over the steep heights overlooking our camp, the ascent going up at once to an elevation of 11,000ft. over ground slippery with pine-needles and a fine, loose gravel, which made it a matter of difficulty to secure a footing. Now and again I paused for breath and to admire the absolutely magnificent outlook over mountain ranges and dense forest which stretched beneath us on all sides. Emerging on top of the scarp, we had a short respite for about a mile over rolling, grassy slopes, and then for two or three miles it was a veritable scramble over and between big, craggy rocks, till beyond the snow patches we saw the birch wood of Tronkol and the smooth descent to the rough log rest-huts for "man and beast."

The flat top of the hut made an excellent pitch for my small tent, whilst servants, coolies, and pony sojourned beneath. At this height



From a]

THE SACRED LAKE OF GANGAHAI, WITH THE MIGHTY PEAK OF HARAMOUK BEHIND.

[Photo.

the cold was intense, and dressing in the early morning by lantern light became a somewhat heroic process.

After breakfast, five miles over the hard, frost-bound shoulders of the mountain, over boulders and snow, brought us to our goal—the mystic lake of Gangabal, lying pure and cold at the feet of the eternal snows. The mighty Haramouk, with his snowy peaks, stands sentinel over the serene surface of the lake, and in the clear atmosphere one seems almost near enough to throw a stone at the mountain giant, so difficult is it to realize the distance that really intervenes. It is part of the funeral rites of the Kashmiri Hindu to visit Gangabal and throw the ashes of the dead relative into the holy lake, and in summer the neighbourhood of the water is dotted with the little tents of the pilgrims.

On the evening of our return to Maghal I found the “mad woman” of the hamlet, clothed in a wondrous collection of rags placed over each other, waiting to pay her “salaams” to the white lady. She danced a solemn jig round the fire, pausing at certain stages in the dance to throw off some rag of a garment, till at last I used my persuasive powers to induce her to rest awhile. In the morning I presented her with a much-befrilled muslin blouse, which gave her such satisfaction that she insisted on accompanying us for miles, shouting my praises at the top of her powerful voice!

Three days' marching brought us home once more to Sumbal, where Aziza regaled my coolies with Kashmiri tea and huge flat native loaves bought at a weird little baker's shop. Even the pony was not forgotten, and enjoyed a huge feed of corn. And so we parted, with mutual good wishes,

and promises on my part to “come again next year.”

After my Gangabal tour the nights became so cold that I gave up my tents and decided to go up the river to Islamabad, doing my average fourteen miles a day march to the many ruins of this part of the valley; but returning at night for bath, dinner, and bed in my floating matted home.

One evening we tied up at Pampoor, which just then was given up to the toils and pleasures of the saffron gathering; for in October the little town wakes up. Little mat booths are erected for temporary shops, tents are pitched for the *tsildars* and other Government officials, and the people of the neighbouring villages collect to pick the pretty purple blossoms, which cover for miles the alluvial tracts between the river and the spurs of the mountains. The flowers

are stacked in great sail-cloths, under the strict supervision of the State officials, and are doled out to bands of workers, who rapidly fill their baskets with the stamens, the only part of the flowers that is used. Saffron culture used to be a very considerable source of revenue to the Government, but it is said to be decreasing nowadays.

Whilst I was at a village called Bijbihara one of the Mohammedan festivals was being celebrated, and my Mohammedan boatmen were very busy and mysterious throughout the day preparing a Kashmiri *turra khana* (feast) for me. Old Aziza, who with his courtesy and punctilious manners was quite a gentleman of the old school, insisted on waiting on me himself, and

was delighted with my appreciation of the delicacies prepared. A preparation of chicken with rice proved so savoury that I demolished half a chicken. This was followed by a sort of



From a] A WEIRD LITTLE BAKER'S SHOP. [Photo.



THE SAFFRON HARVEST IN FULL SWING—SEPARATING THE STAMENS FROM THE FLOWERS. [Photo.

small sausage of minced mutton and curried rice, and the feast concluded with hard-boiled eggs dipped in a savoury sauce and baked brown. The whole meal was washed down with bowls of Kashmiri tea (strong green tea from Ladak). Aziza informed me that his priest, with the "poor" in his train, was coming at 4 a.m. to be feasted, though why at such a late or rather early hour I could not fathom. From my after-dinner chat with Aziza I learnt that the morrow was a great day of the festival, and there would be an exhibition of some hairs from the prophet's beard at an old shrine some miles from the town.

He counselled an early start to see the wonderful relics, so sunrise saw us well on our way by the mountain path leading to Shiram. In the exhilarating frosty air we quickly covered the ground, and as we neared the *ziaerat* (shrine) saw crowds of young and old, halt and blind, wending their way by devious paths, led not only by devotion but by the attractions of the fair which is held on the ground. Having made my purchases of little snuff-boxes and charms of Ladak stone, I occupied an old carved pulpit raised above the throng, and here my consumption of biscuits and tea was presided over by the village *chowkidar* (watchman) with much solemnity. From my coign of vantage I amused myself with watching the humours of the crowd below. The cap stalls attracted



A CROWD WAITING TO SEE THE SACRED HAIRS FROM THE PROPHET'S BEARD. [From a Photo.]

the greater number of people, for all Kashmiris wear the little coloured skull cap, from the wee babe in its mother's arms to the tottering great-grandfather of the family.

The fun of the fair was a mad fakir, who varied the monotony of his prayers by suddenly standing on his head! He also performed incantations over the hands of the spectators, his own palm having first been "crossed" with a suitable coin.

In the midst of all the racket inseparable from an Eastern crowd there came

a sudden lull. The venerable old priest appeared in the little carved stand facing the shrine with a box in his hands. At this signal the faithful surged towards him singing in low and reverent tones a Mussulman chant. A little silver-topped bottle, laid on a piece of rich silk, was held up

to view, and the more enthusiastic pressed forward to touch with a piece of cord (worn round the neck as a charm) the bottle in which were the venerated hairs. In a few minutes all was over, and the pilgrims, confident in the belief that their pilgrimage would be rewarded, retraced their steps to many a remote village on the distant slopes.

Our next stop was Islamabad, the second town of Kashmir, built round the base of a conical hill which shows beach-marks of the days when Kashmir was one vast lake.

The springs which on every side burst out of the hills are conveyed into tanks which simply swarm with Himalayan trout. You throw in a handful of bread,



AN ANCIENT ROCK TEMPLE IN THE CAVES OF BAWAN. [From a Photo.]

and in a trice it is gobbled up by fat fishes which are regarded as sacred by the natives. The following day was spent in exploring the Bawan caves and the massive temple ruins of Martand.

The first cave I entered with much inward trepidation lest our touchwood torches should go out or loose stones be showered on us from the roof. We were shown the recess where a devotee of old lived his strange life and left his bones. A few yards beyond this further progress, except by crawling, was stopped by a recent fall of stones, and so we sought the entrance and made our way to the last and largest cave, which contains what is, perhaps, the very earliest Kashmiri temple. The porch has been cut out of the solid rock, and thence a gloomy passage leads to a flight of steps ascending to the little temple itself. A climb up the hill brought us to the plateau where the grand ruins of Martand stand sentinel, as they have done through countless ages.

The old priest, who acted as our conductor, was very proud of his book of visitors' signatures collected by his father and himself. They were old and faded, but nevertheless the book contained the sign-manuals of men famous in past and present history. Amongst the more modern names he showed us with pride that of Lord Roberts. Curiously enough, next day when I walked out to the lovely springs and gardens of Achachabal, one of the

first names I saw in the visitors' book there was that of Baden-Powell!

We left Islamabad at the close of the festival, and the final picture that lingers with me is the distant flickers of dancing light, through the dark poplar avenues and narrow streets, from the little festival lamps of clay which it is the custom of the "faithful" to carry home at the conclusion of the feast.

My last tramp was to Payech, the most perfect specimen extant of the many beautiful little temples of Kashmir. Near Payech the last sheaves of rice were being threshed out, and the Kashmiri "harvest home" was in full swing. Unfortunately I had started that morning without my camera, and so was unable to secure a photo. of this characteristic scene. On fallen trunks of trees the workers were threshing out the grain to the lively strains of a queer native equivalent to a fiddle, whilst the clear space between the piled-up sheaves formed a dancing-floor for a country dance, representing in dumb show the labours of the harvest. My servants promised to secure me the words of the harvest-song, which was being sung with great vigour, but I never succeeded in getting them.

And so my walking tour ended, and back to Srinagar I went with all speed in time to secure a seat in the *tonga*, which was, with the morrow's dawn, to carry me back to another year's work in the burning plains.



From a]

UNDER THE CHENAR TREES—ONE OF MISS STEWART'S CAMPS.

COUSIN JACK'S FOLLY



Describing how a party of station-hands in the Australian bush set out to find a new gold-field. Their guide played them false and went over to an opposition party, so stratagem had to be resorted to to prevent their rivals reaching the place first. The gold-field turned out badly, and gradually the diggers deserted it. Only one man remained, and everybody looked on him as a harmless lunatic. In the end, however, he "struck the reef," sold out to a syndicate, and came home to England.



WE were at supper in the "rouabouts" but one day towards the end of the shearing on Warroo Station. The conversation was of the usual brilliant type, on the same inexhaustible subjects—horses, the Melbourne Cup, and the probability of rain putting a temporary stop to the shearing and thus delaying us for a day or two longer.

Suddenly through the open door dashed a black fellow, breathless and excited. For one short second he stood inside, but the next, as he dived wildly for the door to escape the avalanche of knives, plates, chunks of damper, tins of jam, etc., hurled at him by way of protest against his intrusion, something dropped with a heavy thud upon the earth floor of the hut.

Before we could collect our scattered senses sufficiently to properly grasp the situation the black figure, with red, bloodshot eyes and bearded face, was standing in the doorway, gesticulating wildly at something on the ground and jabbering out, "Me all right, boss; me bin a find him; bin show you where him bin sit down."

"What is his game? What is that he dropped, Billy?" said Long Tom to Billy, who had picked up something heavy and taken it to the light, and was now eagerly turning it over in

his hands. "Quartz," was Billy's laconic reply. "Any good?" chorussed the crowd. "Very good," said Billy.

We crowded round to examine it, and, sure enough, there was a lump of quartz as big as your head studded all over with specks of gold. There was no doubt about it being rich; anybody, even the "new chum," could see that.

I may mention here that none of us up till then had had the remotest experience of mining, except "Cousin Jack," a little, wiry Cornishman, who at some prehistoric period claimed to have worked for a whole month in a tin mine in Cornwall. By unanimous consent Jack was installed as "Assayer-General" to the party.

After much inspection and many probings at specks of metal with the point of a penknife, "Cousin Jack" sagely shook his head and said that the quartz was rich, but he could not give an estimate of its value until it had been broken. We were rather disappointed at this, as we had expected our "mining expert" to tell at a glance the exact value of the quartz.

We raced to the wood-heap for an axe, and waited breathlessly while Jack solemnly placed the quartz on the top of a horse-rail post and deliberately raised the axe. The suspense was awful. Through each man's mind flitted visions of unbounded wealth: owning a Melbourne

Cup winner; a house in Park Lane; fours-in-hand to Epsom; Monte Carlo, Paris; steam yachts; love-lorn maidens sighing for our smile, etc.

Had it been the headsman's axe we could have awaited the blow more calmly than we watched the fall of that mere wood-chopper's tool which all of us had so often wielded to obtain the wherewithal to boil our salt mutton. Down came the back of the axe, a spark of fire flew from the quartz, and down it fell into the sand at the foot of the post, unbroken. With trembling hands, for the "gold fever" was strong upon us, we placed the block in position again. The "Assayer-General's" dignity was gone now, though he had kept it up admirably till then, as became so high an officer. A vicious swing, a glint of falling steel, and "Cousin Jack's Pride," as we nicknamed it afterwards, lay shattered in the rays of the fast declining sun, revealing to our admiring eyes in all its sparkling glory the finest piece of quartz it had ever been our lot to see. The next instant we were down on our knees scrambling like schoolboys for the precious fragments. Each had formed his own opinion of the value of the quartz, but all were anxious to hear the "Assayer-General's" official report. After a long inspection he gave it as his opinion that the stuff would run at 200z. to the ton—probably more—but that he could not say definitely, as the sun had gone down. He would inspect it thoroughly in the morning.

"You bin a-see him all right now," interjected the black fellow at this juncture. This called us to our senses; we had completely forgotten him. We crowded round him and anxiously plied him with questions. When did he find it? Where? Was it far? and so on, till we quite confused his dull brain. At last he said,

despairingly, "All right, boss, don't too much bin yabber; me bin tell it all right." "Come in and tell us, Boko," said Long Tom, and without more ado he was welcomed into the hut where he had received such a warm reception a little while previously.

It seemed that he had picked it up while after kangaroos, and was willing to show us the place—which was a week's journey from Warroo—for a cash consideration in baccy and rum, and a rifle on delivery. This proposition having been agreed to with the stipulation that he was to stay with us and not to show anyone else the spot, we gave him a blanket as an earnest of our good intentions, and he went off up the creek

to camp for the night. When he had gone we promptly formed ourselves into a "syndicate" and held our first meeting. A resolution was passed that we should all stay on at Warroo till the end of the shearing, which would be only a few days, and then club all our money together and purchase a spring dray, rations, picks, etc. Horses we all had except Mike, and Bill possessed a big half-draught horse

that was alleged to "go" in harness, and I had an old pack-horse that did not mind where he went so long as you did not try to make him go too fast, so we reckoned we should get the

dray through somehow.

In the morning "Boko" was up and ready for more "baccy." How long those few remaining days seemed! Never did showers come at such provoking times, never were sheep more stupid to pen up, nor wool more sandy and hard to shear. One evening, about two days before the last sheep was shorn, Billy returned from an excursion to the public-house



"ME ALL RIGHT, BOSS;
ME BIN A FIND HIM."

with the news that a party of well-sinkers had arrived and were staying there for a spell, having just finished a contract. They had with them, he said, a light dray and plenty of tools. He had had a few drinks with them, and sounded them on the possibility of effecting a purchase of the outfit, but had found out that they had another contract in hand, and would not entertain an offer, as they wanted to get through with it and then go down to see the race for the Cup.

Long and earnest was the official meeting that night, and many and ingenious the schemes propounded by various members of the "Ways and Means Committee" to carry out the unproposed, unseconded, but unanimously carried resolution—"That this syndicate obtain possession of that outfit." Long Tom, our gambler, was in favour of getting them to indulge in a game of "two up," and Billy had a notion that the "boss" well-sinker had a horse he fancied could gallop, and wanted to arrange a match with his mare. "Cousin Jack" was convinced that "poker" was the correct method, while Mike had a very creditable notion of getting the well-sinkers drunk and then bargaining with them for the coveted dray.

Our chairman rose on several occasions to points of order, but as no one took any particular notice he was fain to content himself with recording in the minutes of the syndicate the first and only resolution passed. Still, as he explained next day, we were improving in our business methods.

The next night the syndicate went over in force to the inn, and Long Tom soon contrived to get a game of "two up" on the go, in which the well-sinkers joined, but it required

the combined efforts of the syndicate to save him from an untimely grave when they spotted his "double-headed" penny. Nor was Billy more successful, for his mare was easily beaten in a match for £20 a-side by a rough, half-draught horse of theirs that did not look as though he could gallop at all. Jack, too, got cleaned out at poker. But the unkindest cut of all was having to borrow their dray to convey poor Mike to the station. He had completely collapsed after a prolonged but fruitless effort to get the well-sinkers sufficiently muddled to part with their coveted vehicle for cash. It was a black night for the syndicate.

Shearing over at Warroo, we moved our "offices" into more commodious premises at the inn. The morning after our arrival the well-sinkers left—and so did "Boko," who had promised to guide us to the gold-find! An extraordinary meeting was promptly called, at which the following resolutions were passed in record time:—

1. That Long Tom and Mike proceed to the nearest township and purchase outfit on behalf of syndicate.
2. That "Cousin Jack" remain *in status quo* (we rather fancied that phrase) and be the official receiver and forwarder of all reports.
3. That Billy and Hyde track the opposition, and, if possible, effect the capture of the absconding "vendor."
4. That it is imperative for the well-being of this syndicate that every obstacle and hindrance, short of manslaughter, be placed in the way of the members of the opposition, both individually and collectively.

Billy and I soon saddled up and, taking our blankets and some rations, started in pursuit of the well-sinkers. We had formed no definite plan of campaign, but had full authority to act as occasion should dictate. The track of the dray was easy to follow, and we found that they



"NOR WAS 'BILLY' MORE SUCCESSFUL, FOR HIS MARE WAS EASILY BEATEN."

were heading straight for the ranges to the north.

For two days we watched them, taking care to keep out of sight ourselves. Each morning we concealed ourselves near their horses before daybreak, in the hope that they would send "Boko" out to bring them in, but no opportunity of effecting our object presented itself, as the well-sinkers would not trust him out of their sight.

On the third night we prepared for more active measures. As we apparently had no chance of capturing the "vendor" we decided to commandeer their horses and so prevent them from proceeding while we waited for reinforcements. Riding to within sight of their camp-fire we tied our horses up and went stealthily forward on foot.

I had brought my cattle-dog, Bluie, with me, as he would be sure to tell me if there was anyone about and prevent us being taken by surprise.

We found that the "enemy" had camped close to a water-hole in the creek, on the opposite bank of which was a belt of timber. From this cover we decided to reconnoitre at close quarters. By creeping silently through the scrub, taking great care not to tread on any dry sticks or create the slightest noise, we gained a coign of vantage from which we could see everything, and almost hear what the well-sinkers said as they sat and smoked round the fire.

The first thing we noticed was that they had a saddle horse tied up to the dray; evidently they intended to be off early.

I never in my life wanted to smoke so badly as I did that night as we lay there cursing the mosquitoes and waiting for the opposition to turn in; but Billy was adamant and would not hear of me striking a match on any account. Presently, however, our opponents all retired save one, who was evidently going to keep watch.

We had not reckoned on this. What we had intended to do was to watch till they were all asleep and then ride down and drive off the horses. But we dare not bring our animals near theirs, for had we done so one or the other would be sure to whinny as soon as they "scented" the other horses, and thus alarm the watcher. But an idea occurred to me that nearly sent Billy into a fit when I explained it. We went back to our horses. According to my instructions Billy took his saddle and bridle off, tied his horse up again with a halter, and we started off. Bluie, of course, kept close to me.

I must here explain there are only four

breeds of dogs in the bush—"kangaroo" dogs, "sheep" dogs, "cattle" dogs, and "black fellow's" dogs, but the latter don't count, being, as Mike used to say, "no dogs at all"; for if you give a black the best dog in the country in a short time the animal will degenerate hopelessly and irretrievably into a "black fellow's" dog. Sheep-dogs should bark and not bite, a cattle-dog bite and not bark. I don't believe Bluie could have barked if he had tried; anyhow, I never heard him. The way a cattle-dog works is to approach a horse or beast from the rear, and creeping on his stomach nip the animal's heel. The animal instantly kicks, but as it raises one foot the dog bites the other, the kicks passing harmlessly over his crouching body.

We quietly caught the well-sinkers' horses and removed their hobbles, leaving the bells on so as not to arouse suspicion. Billy saddled up one, then I left him, and Bluie and I crept up together till we were almost within the circle of the firelight. Then showing Bluie the horse that was standing fast asleep by the dray, I set him on.

There was a rush of canine feet, and a sharp "snap! snap!" as he bit first at one heel and then the other. Then there came a terrified snort, a wild, struggling plunge, and before the dozing watcher could realize what had happened, a horse with a broken bridle was galloping madly down the creek with one of the best dogs in the colonies in pursuit, whilst the crack of Billy's stock-whip and an unwonted jangling of horse-bells out on the plain announced the fact that the enemy's entire remount department had been successfully commandeered.

Whistling to Bluie to return, I ran for my life for our horses. I succeeded in reaching them, and, mounting, rode off, leading Billy's horse to where I could hear the bells. Here I joined Billy, and together we drove our captures into the bush. The frightened saddle-horse had joined his mates, and so we had them all. In the morning I rode in to our head-quarters to report to Jack, leaving Billy to shepherd the animals.

Later in the day the boss well-sinker arrived on foot, and, after standing us a drink, informed us casually that unfortunately all his horses had strayed away. He hinted that we, having horses, could no doubt assist him to recover them.

The ice once broken we soon came to terms, with the result that Jack and I called an impromptu meeting outside. I must confess that there was a certain lack of dignity about the proceedings, especially when at a critical moment in the debate the chairman discovered



"THE ENEMIES ENTIRE REMOUNT DEPARTMENT HAD BEEN SUCCESSFULLY COMMANDEERED."

that he was sitting on an ant-heap. However, he came through all right, and the following resolutions were carried and duly recorded with the stump of a pencil on the back of a Melbourne Cup price-list :—

1. That this syndicate, after due deliberation, are convinced of the veracity of the following statements made by the leader of the opposition :—

- (a) That he at the present time has sole and undisputed possession of the "vendor," together with his entire real and personal estate. (These consisted, by the way, of a frowsy blanket and a short pipe.)
- (b) That even in the event of his not retaining possession of the hereinbefore-mentioned "vendor," one dray is as easily tracked as another.
- (c) That under such circumstances it is a scientifically established fact that rifle-bullets have been found unsuitable food for horses.

(d) That in view of the uncertain temperament of vendors in general, and this one in particular, it is obviously essential to the interest of both parties, especially as neither can lay claim to any very prominent "bulge," to dictate "peace with honour" and proceed with the least possible delay to discover the exact wealth of the unknown El Dorado.

2. That, the opposition having on the one part conceded to this syndicate the sole right to first select a spot to commence operations, this syndicate on the other part hereby covenant and agree to use their best endeavours to recover and return to their right and lawful owners certain horses now presumed to be at large and roaming at their own sweet will somewhere in the vicinity of the camp of the hereinbefore-mentioned opposition; and that now henceforth and for ever resolution No. 4 passed at a previous meeting of this syndicate be hereby declared null and void.

This portentous document, drawn up by "Cousin Jack," who insisted on doing everything in a proper and business-like fashion, as he called it, was duly signed, sealed, and delivered, and, having seen it placed for security in the lining of Jack's hat, I mounted and rode off to assist Billy to drive back the horses.

Shortly after Long Tom and Mike overtook us with our newly-purchased outfit, and the whole party travelled to our destination in company. Here the "Assayer-General" was called upon to select a

suitable spot. It took him several days to do this, we waiting as patiently as possible under the circumstances.

Ultimately we started work, however, on two claims, and for weeks pick and shovel were plied from daylight till dark; but the "gold fever" was dying off fast. One morning the well-sinkers came over with a proposal that we should amalgamate with them. By thus increasing the working staff we should get on much faster. We were to work their claim, as it was better developed than ours, and this was agreed to by all except the "Assayer-General," who wanted to continue work on our own claim. So we split, as he was obdurate, and left him and Mike, whom he talked over, to work by themselves.

By this time quite a little "rush" had set in,

and we easily paid our out-of-pocket expenses by running our drays into the township for rations. This and cooking for the crowd was Long Tom's special duty. For months this went on, till one by one, finding nothing for their pains, the new-comers dropped off in disgust and went elsewhere to seek their fortunes.

One morning we observed an unwonted stir in the camp, and were at a loss to account for it. We were not left long in suspense, however, for we soon found that a general exodus was in progress, the new-comers having arrived at the conclusion that they had struck a "duffer." As usual in such cases, what had been in the morning a picturesque encampment was by evening a miniature wilderness. Anything more dispiriting than the appearance of the late encampment when we strolled over in the evening cannot be imagined.

The ground was strewn with empty tins, bottles, disused clothing, discarded mining implements, the still smouldering ashes of camp-fires, and here and there a ghostly tent too tattered to be worth carrying away, flapping mournfully in the moonlight.

Day by day we grew more and more listless in our work. One by one the members of the "amalgamated syndicate" got disgusted and left, till it was finally reduced to Billy, Long Tom, one of the well-sinkers, and myself. Again we proposed amalgamation to the "Assayer-General," but were refused, though we had found odd patches of quartz, which had, however, proved too poor to work, but seemed to indicate that we were working in the right spot, while he, on the other hand, had absolutely nothing to show.

One evening, in sheer disgust, the following resolution was proposed and carried unanimously: "That this syndicate suspend further operations till

after shearing." Fortunately it was just then shearing time, and we were lucky enough to get our jobs on Warroo again.

Two years later Billy and I were down that way with a mob of cattle, and heard that the "Assayer-General" and Mike were still at it, Mike going away now and then doing fencing and other odd jobs, and spending all his money in rations to take up and work for a spell at the mine, and coming out again when they were done. After that we heard that Mike had given it up and gone away, leaving "Cousin Jack"—who had long ago become the laughing-stock of the country-side—to work on alone. How he lived is a mystery, but live and work he did, and nothing would induce him to give up his mad idea that a fabulously rich reef was situated somewhere there.

He was regarded as a harmless lunatic, and many a kindly station-hand from the surrounding stations would ride miles out of his way to have a chat with the "Assayer-General" and leave behind a little present of rations.

One day, however, the whole country-side was electrified by the news that "Cousin Jack" had struck the reef and was in the township showing specimens to everybody. He went down to Sydney and sold his claim to a powerful syndicate, retaining an interest himself, and to-day he is living comfortably in England.



"'COUSIN JACK' WAS IN THE TOWNSHIP SHOWING SPECIMENS TO EVERYBODY."

My Escape from Mexico.

BY S. McREYNOLDS.

The author is an American journalist, and whilst editing a paper in Mexico City exposed a number of flagrant abuses in connection with the treatment of prisoners. This did not please the Government, and an order was issued for the suppression of his paper and his own arrest. Mr. McReynolds narrates for the first time the full story of his remarkable escape.



HERE were several events which had inspired me to attack the Mexican Government through the columns of my paper, the first and principal being the death of an American engineer named Turner. In itself the death was not of very momentous importance, but the tragedy with which it is linked is one of those dark tales which make the American in Mexico blush for the apathy of his Government and drive many to palm themselves off as English citizens in order that they may be guaranteed the protection to which they are entitled.

Turner was a locomotive engineer on what is popularly known as the "Queen's Own" railroad running between the "City" and Vera Cruz. While thus employed he had the misfortune to run over a Mexican fireman, who stupidly crawled under the engine after the signal to start had been given. In accordance with the usual custom on the occasion of an accidental death, everything animate and inanimate that could by any possibility have contributed to the disaster was placed under arrest. The engine was arrested and sealed to the track with an official seal, while the unfortunate engineer and his assistants were hustled off to the Orizaba gaol to await judicial investigation. They should have been accorded a trial within seventy-two hours, for the Mexican Government, by numerous conventions and treaties, has guaranteed this to all American citizens. A week rolled by, however, and Turner was still in confinement. A brief paragraph in the *Two Republics*—the paper of which I was editor—cautiously reminded the authorities that Turner was an American citizen and entitled to an immediate hearing. The effect was nil. A few days later an editorial appeared, much the same in substance, but of greater length and fervour. This penetrated no deeper in the official mind

than the former, so I decided to go to Orizaba to investigate matters for myself.

I found Turner. He was one of 1,200 men huddled in a *patio*, or courtyard, hardly a hundred feet square. But for the cut of his clothes I could scarcely have distinguished him from the horde of filthy peons who were packed about him. His face was besmirched beyond recognition and his hair matted in cakes. He blubbered like a child. I peered through the gates beyond him. The place could not have been cleaned for months. There was no such thing as sanitation about the place, and when the poor inmates, through sheer weariness or despair, sank to the ground for relief, they awoke to find themselves literally alive with vermin. I saw men piled in heaps on the ground, their bodies entangled and writhing like so many snakes, and all crying piteously. It was a scene worthy of Dante's "Inferno." I could feel my flesh crawl with horror, and I feared to touch the iron bars or stand still in my tracks lest I be contaminated. Turner told me he wished he were dead, and I replied that I wished so too, if he had to remain long in that fearful place, but I pledged him my best efforts for his release.

We published the whole facts in detail, and sent marked copies to the State Department at Washington. The officials there referred it to the Ambassador, and there it ended. The Ambassador said that it would create friction between the Governments to attempt to enforce the treaty on behalf of every Tom, Dick, and Harry who got into trouble. And so the diplomatic waters were not disturbed, and the Ambassador grew apace in social favour.

In the meantime the days grew into weeks and the weeks into months, and still poor Turner had been accorded no hearing, and he was breaking down in health. At last we became desperate and published an editorial



"I PLEDGED HIM MY BEST EFFORTS FOR HIS RELEASE."

recommending the United States to send a warship to Vera Cruz and bombard the city, if Turner were not released. It created a furor, of course, and we all expected the paper to be seized and ourselves arrested. The official organs in reply fairly sizzled with invective and vituperation. "Such impudence in the very capital of the nation was unprecedented," they said.

It is difficult to say just how the matter would have terminated, but at this juncture we received news that caused us to pause. A gaunt, emaciated corpse, all that remained of the unfortunate George Turner, was delivered to his widow for burial! So much for Mexican justice!

One morning a few weeks later I came hastily

up the Calle de San Francisco and turned into the open expanse of San Juan de Letran. My attention was attracted by a great, stalwart American, who was being besieged by a horde of little, chattering gendarmes, all gesticulating like madmen and rushing at him like so many little terriers attacking a mastiff. As one of the Mexicans came within his grasp, this modern Samson seized him by the too ample folds of his coat and trousers and pitched him bodily into the crowd. Guns, scabbards, swords, clubs, and gendarmes went to the pavement in a struggling mass, and mingled cries of anger and approval rose from the crowd. It was a brief victory, however, for, just as I was wondering what crime my compatriot had committed, a man with the features of a German Jew rushed in from the rear and, getting both of the arms of the giant, pinioned them to his back, where they were bound and locked with chains by the nimble fingers of the officers. A half-hour later I saw him pass through the massive gates of Belem.

Belem, the "Bastille of Mexico," as it has been frequently termed, is a great hive of dungeons whose history, I was going to say, "might a tale unfold," but it has no history.

Many have entered there, and fewer have emerged, that is all. If men are executed there, no crack of the rifle ever resounds beyond its walls, and there is no official announcement of the death. If there are iron masks or chalk-marked doors within, its dark cells and corridors stifle the secret in the gloom. It is the great central prison of the city, to which all others are tributary—the final destination of all those who through crime or intrigue are deemed inimical to the Government. It is the right hand of the despot who rules at Chapultepec.

On the afternoon of the same day I inquired at Belem regarding the lusty American, for I was curious to know why he had been arrested. They denied that he had ever been in their

custody! Such a transparent plot as this seemed to reveal was too diabolical to mince words over, and I, having been a witness to the man's incarceration, was given free rein to expose it in the paper, which I did at length. The man was promptly liberated.



From a

BELEM, THE "BASTILLE OF MEXICO."

[Photo.]

As such incidents multiplied, the determination of the Government to wreak vicarious punishment on me deepened, until one morning a friend awoke me from sleep with the tidings that a warrant had been issued for my arrest on a charge of sedition.

I moved to another hotel that day, feigned the invalid, and had my meals served in my room. There I remained for a week, scanning the papers morning and evening, hoping each day to learn that my case had been dismissed. But it was not so. Speculation as to my whereabouts consumed greater space with each succeeding issue, and the police officers were quoted as saying that they would never relax their search until I was brought to justice. At last *El Imparcial* announced that the entire detective force of the Republic had been notified of my escape, and that if I were in the country I should be in custody within twenty-four hours! It was evidently high time for me to flee Mexico.

That evening I slipped quietly through the corridors down into the street and thence, keeping to the shadows and unfrequented passages, to the house of a friend whose identity I dare not reveal. When I emerged I was wearing some of his wife's clothes, a red blouse, grey cloth skirt, big black hat with plumes, and a fur collar to conceal my short hair. The mysteries of skirt and petticoat manipulation and the arts of rising, sitting, and walking without becoming enmeshed in masses

of cloth had been illustrated and explained, so that I was able to perform all the simpler evolutions, if not with grace, at least in such a manner as not to attract particular attention.

It was yet early when I reached my room, but I continued my preparations for immediate departure. It was with extreme reluctance, however, that I decided to leave that historic old city. I was interrupted in my meditations, however, by the familiar clanking of a sword in the hallway and a faint knock on my door.

It was a gendarme with a warrant for my arrest! He was perceptibly embarrassed on finding me a woman, but I received him courteously and as graciously as possible. He permitted me to read the warrant. It commanded that I be placed

in Belem "incommunicado" (solitary confinement) for seventy-two hours, or until the court should complete its investigation. I would rather have been run through with the sword dangling at his side than so much as darken the threshold of that terrible prison. I explained to the gendarme that I was the wife of the person mentioned in the writ, but that I knew my husband not only had no desire to escape, but recognised the futility of attempting to do so. If he would kindly return in the course of a few hours, I said, my husband would be in. He was visibly pleased, and departed with many a salute and obeisance to my ladyship.

Giving him barely time to get out of sight, I followed him to the street and then hastened—as well as I could hasten with a load of skirts clinging to my legs—to the railway depôt. I kept as much in the shadow as possible, but whenever a gendarme stared at me I thought everything was lost. The agent at the station sold me a ticket without suspicion, however, and I entered the Pullman with a feeling of triumph.

When I woke in the morning we had issued from the well-cultivated valleys of the south, with their corn and maguey, and were running along a lofty plateau between two distant mountain ranges, both of which were dimly visible in the hazy blue. The earth was barren; except for the nondescript little shrubs that waved in the wake of the train, only the cacti and "Spanish daggers," which sprang from tall,

dead trunks, broke the level of the desert. At intervals white wooden crosses stood up amid the desolation, each proclaiming a tragedy at the hands of the outlaws who once roamed this broad expanse. To one fleeing from the musty

Over twelve hours had elapsed since the credulous gendarme must have returned to my room in search of "my husband," so that I knew not what measures might have been set on foot for my capture.

My apprehensions were fully justified, for as the passengers were filing out of the car I suddenly saw a mass of red and blue uniforms appear on the platform in front. I arose quietly and passed out at the rear of the coach and mingled with the crowd on the platform. I feared to remain there, however, and at the first opportunity joined a bevy of other "ladies" who were just boarding a car for the down-town district. I was fairly confident of my disguise, but even if I had not been the risk had to be taken.

Here I must perforce tear a leaf from my narrative. Americans still resident in the country, who from this point onwards became implicated in my flight, might be imperilled were any clues given as to their identity. Suffice it to say that I soon abandoned my difficult rôle of woman, and played the part of "white" man and Mexican. Once I was even shipped in a chest as "train supplies"! Everywhere I went I heard of houses ransacked and trains searched behind me, but I escaped capture in a most

miraculous fashion. I heard, moreover, that my paper had been suppressed directly after my escape.

Six days after leaving the capital I lowered myself from the slowly-moving train about a mile south of the twin city of El Paso and Juarez, on the border between the United States and Mexico.

The train slowed up sufficiently to let me drop and then thundered on as before. Trackless sand and alkali, simmering under the summer sun, extended to the horizon on all sides, unbroken, save to the north, where a cluster of plastered adobe houses were to be seen. I, in appearance, was a common peon labourer, clad in cast-off clothes, redeemed in their ugliness solely by a fine new sombrero with the Mexican national emblem of the eagle and snake worked in silver tinsel on the side, and a cord of the same material thrown over the crown: in reality, of course, I was the editor of the *Pan Republics*, a fugitive from the untold horrors of the Mexican dungeon, fleeing for my life to American soil.



WARZICK C. BLE

"I EXPLAINED TO THE GENDARME THAT I WAS THE WIFE OF THE PERSON MENTIONED IN THE WRIT."

darkness of a dungeon, such a spacious scene is very welcome. It led me to imagine that I was free, but I was wrong.

Presently, straggling little roads began crawling over the sand and adobe houses shot by, then they multiplied, and presently the train drew up before a station. It was the city of Aguas Calientes (Hot Springs). I was uncomfortable whenever we approached a station, for even were it the veriest hamlet, there stood the ubiquitous soldier with his forlorn countenance and baggy uniform; and, perfunctory instrument though he was, he typified power—the power I was seeking to escape from. Moreover, this was a populous city, one of the important centres of the Mexican police and secret service.

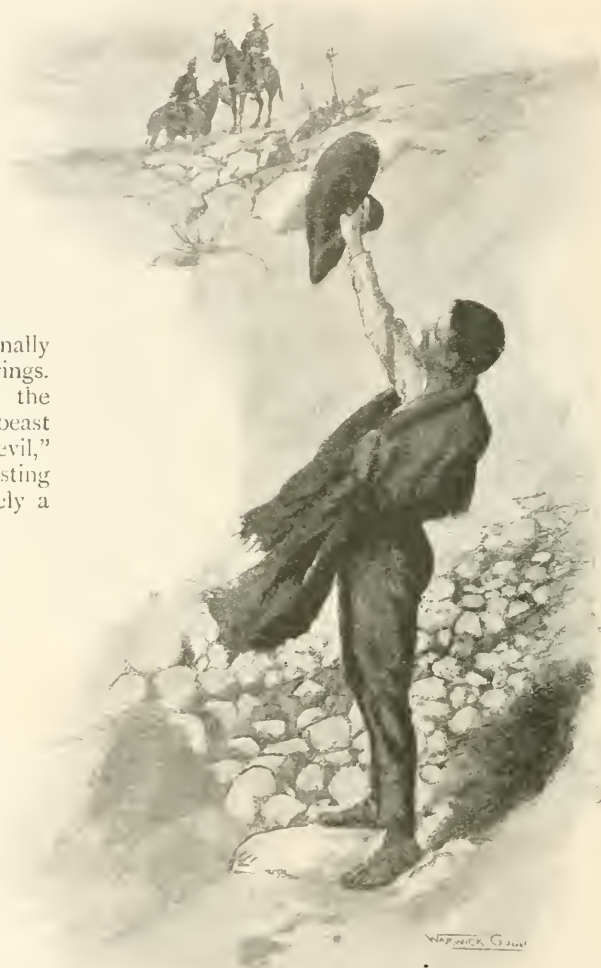
I left the railroad to the right and trudged off, intending to make a wide circuit through the suburbs and cross the Rio Grande River west of the city. I had scarcely entered the municipal limits when I passed around the end of a long, low adobe house, such as is commonly occupied by a clan of peons. It was the military barracks! I may have exhibited some agitation when I saw it, or my bearing may have betrayed my disguise, but at any rate the sentinel stopped suddenly in his course and a hubbub arose among the lounging soldiery at the door. I walked rapidly to the corner of the block, my heart beating wildly, and then ran my hardest.

It was in the midst of irrigation ditches and market gardens that I finally stopped for breath and to take my bearings. I scanned everything from my feet to the horizon, but there was neither man nor beast to be seen, only an occasional "sand devil," or miniature whirlwind, rising and twisting itself away. A row of willows, scarcely a quarter of a mile away, marked the river bed, and beyond and above rose a flag with stripes of red and white proclaiming an American Custom-house. What a welcome sight it was!

Presently, however, I saw a cloud of dust not raised by the wind, and from it came the dull thud of horses' feet beating the sand. Then the bodies of three horsemen became visible, charging madly up the valley that I had just traversed. The Mexicans were hard on my heels!

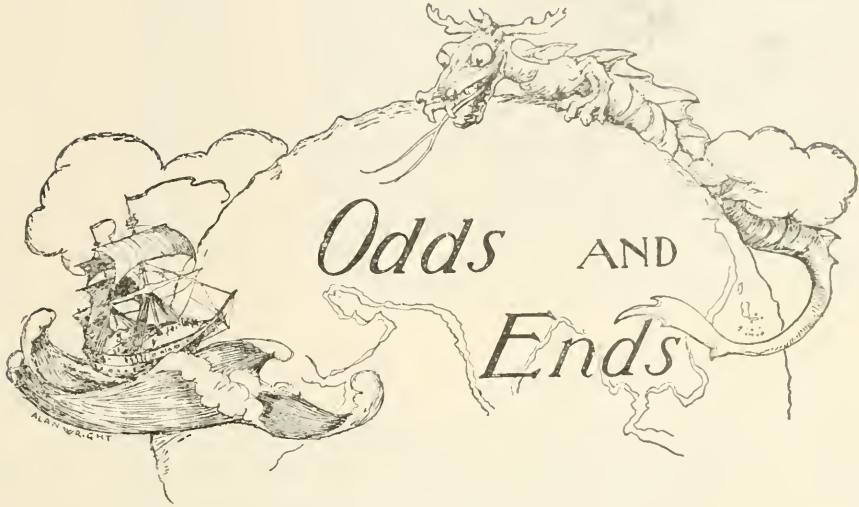
Words which are ordinarily used to describe locomotion are totally inadequate for such occasions as these. Ditches I cleared like waggon tracks and boulders like pebbles. The horse of one of my pursuers stumbled and fell with his rider in a ditch, but the others were gradually lessening the distance between us. Could I reach the frontier in time? I should have welcomed the river had it been a sea, for I knew that they could not follow me on to United States territory. But the river was dry and its bed

parched and cracked by the sun. I leaped into it with an exuberance unutterable, and, turning toward my pursuers, I shouted and laughed and waved my sombrero till, baffled, they turned their horses sullenly and passed



"I SHOUTED AND LAUGHED AND WAVED MY SOMBRERO."

out of my sight over the hill. And then I yelled again with joy and rolled over and over in the sand, for at last my long ordeal was at an end and I was safe in my own country.



“Tying a Horse to a Hole”—Fishing in the Euphrates—An Impressive Funeral—President Roosevelt’s Invitation—The Strange History of the “David”—Korean Headgear, etc., etc.



IN the great Californian deserts, with their vast sand wastes and alkaline beds, where neither trees nor shrubs will grow, and where sticks and even stones do not exist, an efficacious method of tying up animals is hard to find. The white man,

with all his ingenuity, failed to originate any means of suitably anchoring his horse on the desert; but the Indians have for many years employed a method that is at once clever, unique, and effective. They fasten their animals to holes in the ground! During a recent trip to the desert a photographer caught an Indian in the very act of tying up his horse in this manner, and for

the first time a photograph was taken that illustrates the idea. Kneeling on the hot sand the Indian began to dig with his hands, which were as hard and tough and impervious to pain as a dog’s paws. He worked energetically until he had made a hole about 2ft. deep. He then tied an immense knot in the end of the halter

rope, lowered it into the bottom of the hole, refilled the hole with sand, and then jumped and stamped upon it till the earth became solid and held the knot like a vice. It was a curious performance, but the skill of the idea merits commendation, for unless a horse is particularly restless these subterranean “latching posts” will perform their duty quite as well as the conventional arrangement of civilization.



“TYING A HORSE TO A HOLE”—HOW THE INDIANS TIE UP THEIR STEED IN THE DESERT. (C. Pierce & Co. From a Photo. by)



FISHING IN THE EUPHRATES—THE BASKET IS PUSHED INTO THE MUD, AND ANY FISH FOUND INSIDE REMOVED THROUGH THE TOP. [Photo. From a]

Every country seems to have its own methods of fishing. The photograph given above was taken on an irrigation canal connected with the River Euphrates, and shows how the natives of that locality set about their fishing operations. The fish from the main river come up over the foreshore with the flood tide, and as the water goes down with the ebb they collect in the numerous creeks and canals which irrigate the groves of date palms. The mouths of these channels are closed by the Arabs with a lattice of reeds so that the fish cannot return to the river, and at low water the fishermen go after them equipped with baskets similar to those shown in the photograph. Every two or three steps the basket is plunged into the water at random and thrust well down into the mud, and the fish, if one happens to be underneath, is then taken out by hand through the hole in the top. Half-a-dozen may be

caught in this way within five minutes.

A most remarkable and impressive funeral recently took place at Boston, Mass., U.S.A. Previous to his death a well-known old pilot captain of the city stipulated in his will that his body should be cremated and the ashes scattered to the winds from the deck of the pilot cutter he loved so well. It was a beautiful day when the pilot boat in question, the *America*, put to sea with the ashes of the old captain on board, and she made a most stately funeral hearse. Away past Boston Light and out to the lightship she sped, and here another pilot boat came off her station and the pilots on board came over to the *America*. All heads

were bared as the ashes were borne from the cabin to the deck, and the flags were lowered to half-mast high. The pilot in whose hands the ashes had been placed raised the box containing them aloft, and after a few remarks befitting the solemn occasion flung them far up and out to leeward. Slowly they settled down to the bottom of the broad Atlantic, which thus formed the final resting-place of him who, year in and year out, had guided ships over the very spot where his last remains were sinking out of sight.



THE FUNERAL OF A BOSTON PILOT—IN HIS WILL HE ASKED THAT HIS ASHES MIGHT BE THROWN INTO THE SEA FROM THE DECK OF HIS OWN CUTTER. [Photo. From a]

The tumble-down old chalet next shown is the residence of a lady millionaire. Frau Busch, the lady in question, lives at Davos-Dorf, in the Canton Graubünden, Switzerland. Twenty-five years ago or so, when Davos-Platz was first beginning to become famous as a cure place for consumption, she found that the land which had descended to her from her forefathers was in great demand for building purposes. Hotels and villas now stand on what were formerly her meadows, and the old lady woke up to find herself in possession of over a million francs, or £40,000. Unmoved by her good fortune, however, she still pursued her simple course of life, distributing milk day by day, just as she did before riches came to her. She even condescended, it is said, to accept occasional alms from strangers who encountered her in the street and were struck by her poverty-stricken appearance.

Probably the most unique, not to say remarkable, invitation ever received by any dignitary is that seen in the accompanying photograph. It was sent to Mr. Theodore



THIS MODEST COTTAGE IS THE RESIDENCE OF A LADY MILLIONAIRE.
From a Photo.

flank. A taxidermist spent three months curing the skin. Near the shoulders the hair was

scraped away, leaving a spot of soft leather, upon which was written the invitation. The skin also bore a laughable sketch of the President, mounted on a bear, galloping to Los Angeles in a hurry, his pistol-holster flying out behind and a look of anticipation on his face. The invitation, couched in typical cowboy slang, runs as follows: "We're going to have a round-up, and we shore want yer mighty bad. Feed and water plenty; stock's fat. Brandin' irons ready when yer get here. Come on, will yer?" For Theodore Roosevelt, the President, Washington, D.C."

On an old Spanish fort at the back of New



From a

AN INVITATION WRITTEN ON A CALF-HIDE.

Photo.

Orleans stands the wreck of a boat, a reminder of one of the forlornest hopes upon which men ever ventured. It is the counterpart of the *David*, the submarine that sank the *Housatonic* off Charleston Harbour on February 17th, 1864. The boat seen in our photograph was being constructed secretly when New Orleans fell before the fleet of Farragut, the Northern commander, and to save its design the Confederates rolled it into a swamp near by, its designers barely escaping themselves. It remained there for years—even after the war—for its builders, and all who knew of its existence, went down with its sister ship, the *David*.



ONE OF THE FIRST SUBMARINES EVER BUILT—IT HAS A MOST INTERESTING HISTORY.
From a Photo.

Years after, when the channel was being deepened, it was found, raised to the surface, and set amid the ruins of the fort. The tale of the *David* was only an incident in the great Civil War, and finds no place in history except an occasional foot-note, though it was the *début* of a class of craft that to-day threatens to make the ironclad useless. The *David* was so named because it was designed to slay the Goliaths of the Northern fleet engaged in the blockade. It was of the accustomed cigar shape in appearance almost identical with the submarine of the present day. It was 35ft. long, and built of boiler iron. The propulsion was by hand. The crew consisted of nine men—eight to grind the propeller and one to steer. It dragged its torpedo after it. As soon as the *David* was launched Lieutenant Paine, of the Confederate navy, volunteered to command her in an attack upon the United States fleet in Charleston Harbour. The first

crew had just entered the boat and had not closed down the little hatchway in the conning-tower, when the swell from a passing steamer washed over and into the boat and sank it. She went down, drowning all hands except the lieutenant, who, being in the conning-tower about to steer the boat, escaped. The *David* was raised, and Lieutenant Paine again volunteered to navigate her. While lying near Fort Sumpter, preparing for a second start, she capsized. Six of her crew who were already within were drowned. Then Mr. Aunley, one of her designers, took command of her and went for a trial trip up Cooper River past Charleston. When submerged, it is supposed at great depth, she refused to answer her rudder, and the air supply, which would last only thirty minutes, was exhausted. The boat was raised and found with nine suffocated men within. And still a fourth crew volunteered to go aboard the ill-fated vessel! It was just at twilight on February 17th that the look-out on the *Housatonic*, on the outer line of the blockade, and the largest ship of the fleet, descried a small cylindrical object a few hundred yards away. He hailed it; there was no reply. Again he hailed it; still there was no

reply. He shouted to the officer of the deck. Immediately the call to quarters sounded. The mysterious object was then too close for the range of the large guns, but rifles and pistols were turned loose upon it. They had no effect. A few yards from the *Housatonic* the thing tilted forward and disappeared. A barrel-like object rushed on in its wake. In a moment more it struck the *Housatonic*. Simultaneously there came a fearful explosion. The ship reeled, pitched, and sank bow on. Most of her crew were rescued from the rigging by the small boats from the rest of the fleet. As for the *David*, she dived her last. She never came to the surface again, not even long enough for her crew to see that they had accomplished their desperate purpose.

Our next photograph shows three kinds of headgear commonly worn in Korea. The man on the left has on the "mourner's" hat, which is manufactured from bamboo, and should be



KOREAN HEADGEAR—THESE HATS ARE THE DISTINCTIVE BADGES OF THREE CLASSES OF THE COMMUNITY. *[From a Photo.]*

worn by every Korean for a period of three years after the death of either parent. Its height is 2ft., and it is 6ft. in circumference. The man in the middle has on the "labourer's" or "countryman's" hat. This huge, tent-like hat is 11ft. in circumference and 3ft. high. It is made from a species of rushes. The names under which it is known designate the classes of people that wear it. The third hat is known as the "pedlar's" hat, and is worn only by the members of the Pedlars' Society. It is manufactured from bamboo. The brim is about 5in. wide, the crown is also about 5in. wide and about the same height, and its circumference is about 48in. The size of this hat varies, but the dimensions given are about the average.

Revolutions of one sort or another are almost a daily feature in the life of some of the turbulent South American republics. A man hardly knows when he gets up in the morning whether he will not find a change of Government has taken place, either with or without fighting. The next photograph we reproduce is a good example of the insecurity of life and property when a revolution does break out. In March, 1895, a revolution took place in Lima, the capital of Peru, and in three days over 2,000 soldiers were killed in the streets of the city. The

church towers were occupied by the Government troops for purposes of defence, and in consequence came in for a hot bombardment at the hands of the rebels. As will be seen, the tower shown in our illustration—that of the Church of San Augustin—is pitted in all directions with bullet marks, and the big bell inside was smashed to pieces by a well-aimed shell.

We published recently in this section an amusing little photograph showing how roads are made in the East, and the snap-shot reproduced at the top of the next page is interesting in the same connection. The picture shows one of the curious hand-drawn water-carts used in Madras. These vehicles are pulled along by coolies, and would cause quite a sensation if seen in an English city. As the roads are perfectly



A RELIC OF REVOLUTION—OBSERVE THE EFFECTS OF BOMBARDMENT BY REBELS IN PERU. *[From a Photo.]*

level the labour is not really very hard, and the authorities evidently find that the work is done satisfactorily, as they do not seem anxious to introduce any other motive power.

The making of the records is undoubtedly the most interesting department in the manufacture of that wonderful little talking machine, the phonograph. All the large makers now employ a staff of experts to play, speak, and sing into the recording machines. The photograph reproduced herewith depicts a scene in the recording department of the Edison Phonograph Manufacturing Company, of New York. It is curious to note the way in which the players are grouped around the horns, so that the volume of sound from each instrument may strike full upon the recording machines. As soon as the record is made it is sent to another department, where it is tested by a corps



From a)

A MADRAS WATER-CART.

[Photo.

of skilled workmen, who throw out every record that gives the slightest suggestion of a defect. The recording department is always busy making new "literature"; and it is interesting to know that band records are by far the most popular. The firm in question boasts of possessing 500,000 wax cylinders, representing thousands of different subjects.

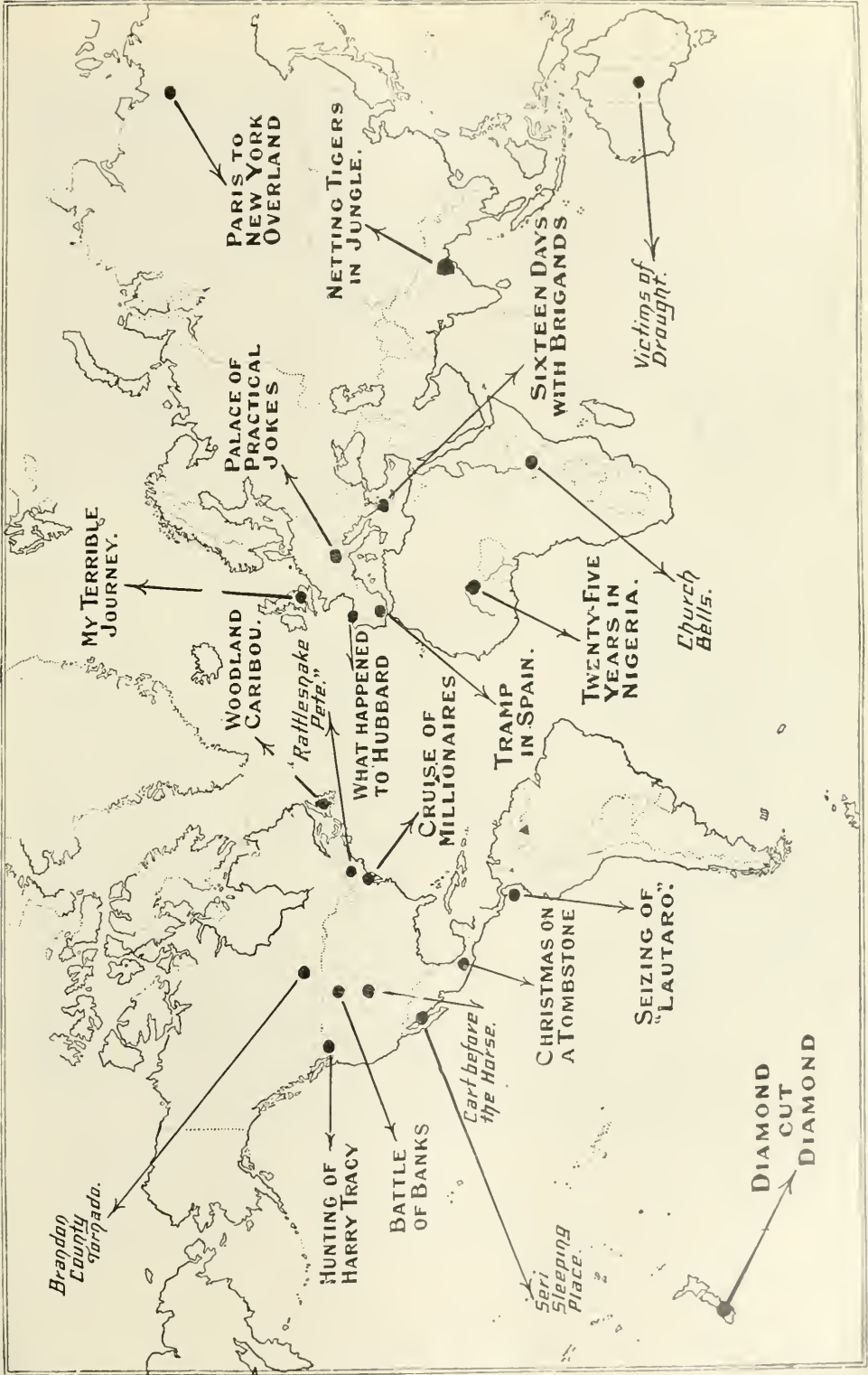
In the manufacture of the cylinders, on which the records are made, a special kind of wax is used. It is melted in large vats, each of which holds about 1,000 lb. of the liquid. There are generally three meltings in all, and between each the fluid is carefully strained to remove any hard or gritty impurities which it might contain, for the presence of foreign substances, or even a few particles of dust, would seriously affect the production of a good record.



From a)

MAKING A PHONOGRAPH "BAND RECORD."

[Photo.



Brandon County 5000000

MY TERRIBLE JOURNEY.

WOODLAND CARIBOU.

PALACE OF PRACTICAL JOKES

HUNTING OF HARRY TRACY

BATTLE OF BANKS

WHAT HAPPENED TO HUBBARD

CRUISE OF MILLIONAIRES

Car-l before the Horse.

CHRISTMAS ON A TOMBSTONE

SEIZING OF "LAUTARO."

TRAMP IN SPAIN.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN NIGERIA.

Church Bells.

NETTING TIGERS IN JUNGLE.

PARIS TO NEW YORK OVERLAND

SIXTEEN DAYS WITH BRIGANDS

Victims of Drought.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

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



"WHEN I HAD TAKEN EIGHT STEPS I FIRED OVER MY SHOULDER."

(SEE PAGE 214)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. X.

JANUARY, 1903.

No. 57.

The Hunting of Harry Tracy.

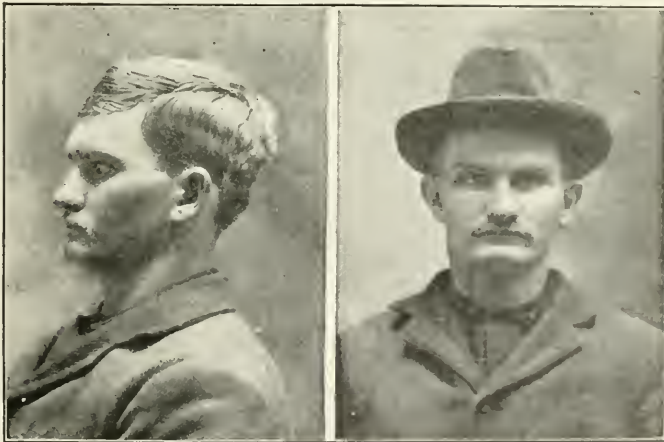
BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE, OF DENVER, COLORADO.

An account of the most remarkable man-hunt which has ever taken place in America. Harry Tracy, a murderer and burglar, escaped from prison after killing three of his guards, and for over two months defied all efforts to arrest him. He "held up" farms for food and clothing, went on a trip in a steam-launch which he seized by force, and escaped time after time from apparently certain capture. Everywhere Tracy went he left a trail of blood behind him, and he died fighting to the last.



THE most thrilling man-hunt America has ever known began on the morning of June 9th, at the gates of the Oregon Penitentiary, and continued with unabated vigour until August 5th. Early on June 9th Harry Tracy, murderer and convicted burglar, assisted by his partner, David Merrill, escaped from prison after killing three guards, wounding a fourth, and shattering the leg of another prisoner who attempted to wrest from him the rifle with which he was armed. Since that time this keen-eyed, resourceful, and desperate outlaw has written in blood the most thrilling drama that was ever enacted in real life. No "penny dreadful" ever bristled with such fascinating impossibilities; no character in fiction ever combined with such wonderful nerve and daring so much shrewdness, dogged determination, deadly skill with weapons, and knowledge of human nature as was displayed by the outlaw Tracy. To say that not once, during the months in which he has been hunted by hundreds of armed men and by bloodhounds, has he shown the white feather, or even the slightest excitement, is to tell but a

small part of the truth. Many men on the Western frontier might emulate his coolness and nerve, but not one of them could parallel his smiling audacity, his content for fearful odds, the skill with which he eluded his pursuers, and the unflinching accuracy with which he executed his carefully-planned manœuvres. Whenever the arm of the law has been stretched forth to gather him in, Tracy, like a tiger at bay, has shown his teeth and bitten so suddenly and so fearfully that brave men stood aghast. His fight for liberty has been the most desperate in the criminal annals of America. The exploits of the famous Jesse James gang are not to be compared with the lurid escape and subsequent pur-



THE POLICE PHOTOGRAPHS OF HARRY TRACY.

suit of Harry Tracy across hundreds of miles of unfriendly country. For daring, fertility of resource, and cold-blooded nerve his fight for liberty against almost impossible numbers is without a parallel. Hunted by thousands of armed men, with a reward of eight thousand dollars on his head, dead or alive, Tracy has for months defied capture, leaving dead and wounded men behind him whenever he has been hard pressed.



"TRACY NOW TURNED UPON THE OTHER GUARDS AND BEGAN SHOOTING."

On June 9th, 1902, the foundry gang of prisoners at the Salem (Oregon) Penitentiary was marched to its work as usual by Guards Girard and Ferrell. The convicts were counted in and announced as all present by Girard. While the words were still on his lips a rifle-shot echoed through the yard, and Ferrell fell forward with a cry of agony. He had been killed by Harry Tracy, a convict, who had already murdered two men in Colorado and was serving a twenty years' sentence for burglary along with an accomplice named David Merrill. Tracy, seconded by his partner in crime, now turned upon the other guards and began shooting. A life prisoner, Ingram by name, leaped upon Tracy with the intention of disarming him, but was immediately shot down by Merrill. In the confusion the two desperate men scaled the prison wall by means of a ladder which they found near at hand. Once over they turned their attention to the fence guards. S. R. Jones, patrolling the north-west corner of the stockade, fell pierced by two bullets. Another guard, Duncan Ross, was wounded. Guard Tiffany emptied his rifle at the men, but failed to hit his mark. He was himself wounded and

fell from the wall to the ground, where he was picked up by the two escaping prisoners, who calmly used him as a shield while they retreated to the woods. At the edge of the forest they shot him, took his rifle, and disappeared into the underbrush.

Tracy and Merrill were well armed with short Winchesters, which it is thought must have been secretly supplied to them by sympathizers who visited the prison in the guise of excursionists. They had already killed three men in order to escape, and while at liberty were a menace to the community. So an urgent call was sent for assistance.

Sheriff Durbin, with a heavily armed posse, immediately answered the telephone message sent him, and appeared at the prison to assist Superintendent Lee, of the penitentiary, in recapturing the escaped convicts.

The two criminals, however, managed to elude pursuit during the whole of the day, and under cover of night passed through Salem. Here they "held up" a man named J. W. Stewart, made him disrobe, and took his clothing. Later an express man named Welch discarded, at their orders, an overcoat and a pair of overalls; and the stable of one Felix Labaucher furnished them with two fast horses. One notable fact in the escape of the desperado Tracy is the fear which he somehow managed to instil into the minds of the hardy frontiersmen among whom he lived for the next two months, and which stood him in good stead on many occasions when hard pressed.

Heavily armed, in citizens' clothing, and mounted on good horses, the convicts were now prepared to make a stubborn fight for liberty. No more dangerous criminal than Tracy, in fact, was ever turned loose upon a community. He was a dead shot and did not know what fear meant.

Bloodhounds from the Washington State Penitentiary followed the scent of the fugitives for some time, but finally lost it. The pair were seen next morning at Brooks, a station on the Southern Pacific Railway eight miles north of Salem. During the night they had found it necessary to get rid of their horses. On June 11th the two men were surrounded by a posse of fifty men near Gervais. They were still on the line of the Southern Pacific and were headed north for the State of Washington *viz* Portland. The couple were known to be exceedingly well armed, for during the night they had had the audacity to "hold up" two of the pursuing posse and relieve them of their weapons! Before noon a hundred men surrounded the woods in which the men lurked. Every man within a radius of ten miles who possessed a gun was summoned to join the posse, and Company F of the Oregon State National Guards also arrived upon the scene. A complete cordon surrounded the apparently doomed men, but during the night the two desperadoes slipped silently through the lines and escaped.

They were next seen at the house of a Mrs. Akers, where they forced the farmer's wife to prepare them a good breakfast. After they had gone the farmer telephoned to Sheriff Durbin who came on at once with his posse and the bloodhounds.

The escaped prisoners pressed forward to Clackamas County, where Sheriff Cook with a posse and three companies of Militia took up the chase. As they continued north the desperadoes "lived on the country," holding

up farms for food and horses as they travelled. They always boldly announced who they were. A dozen times they were shot at, several times they were surrounded, and once Tracy fired and "winged" one of his pursuers. The reward for the capture of the convicts was doubled, and doubled again, and public excitement grew intense. For five days the

sheriff and his posse continued the chase, and then gave up, weary and discouraged.

Meanwhile Tracy had forced a farmer at the muzzle of his revolver to row him and his companion across the Columbia River into Washington. They dined at the house of a farmer named Peedy, whom they tied and gagged before leaving. Sheriff Marsh, of Clarke County, with a very large force, took up the chase with energy. A four-cornered duel took place between the fugitives and two of the posse who came in touch with them, but the convicts again escaped unhurt. For some days after this episode their trail was completely lost.

It was on July 2nd that Tracy reappeared to enact the most stirring scenes of his melodramatic career. He had been heading for the Puget Sound country, and after "holding up" a farmer or two for practice he modestly decided to honour the city of Seattle with a visit. It was early morning, and the sun was just break-

ing through the mist and fog that hung over South Bay, near Olympia, the State capital, when a man entered the tent of an oyster fishery company and ordered Mr. Horro Alling, the manager, and his two men to furnish him a meal.



"DURING THE NIGHT THE TWO DESPERADOES SLIPPED THROUGH THE LINES"

"I'm Tracy, the convict," said the stranger. "I want something to eat right away. Be quiet, raise no fuss, and I won't harm you."

A launch lay at anchor near the tent, and Tracy ordered one of the men to call her captain to breakfast. The convict waited coolly till Captain Clark and his son had finished breakfast, and then ordered Clark to get up steam at once, as he desired to go to Seattle. Before leaving he tied Mr. Alling and the cook hand and foot and helped himself to any clothes that took his fancy. During the launch ride to Seattle Tracy remained at one end of the little cabin, his gun resting in his lap ready for use in case any of the actions of his crew appeared to him suspicious. For twelve hours the bandit was complete master of the situation. He was easy, unconcerned, and debonair, ready to joke and to laugh with his unwilling servants, but his steely eyes never relaxed their vigilance for a moment. Someone asked him where his partner Merrill was.

Tracy's face set hard.

"I killed him," he answered, quietly.

"Killed him?" reiterated his questioner, in surprise.

"Yes, I killed him. He had no nerve and he was a traitor. I read in the Portland papers after our escape that it was due to information from Merrill that I was caught in the first place — that time I stole the engine and was knocked senseless by a glancing shot. Merrill had told them where they could find me. Then, too, he was a coward, always ready to bolt. He was no good. The man was frightened to death all the time. It made me angry when the papers gave him half the credit for our escape. I told him he was a coward and he got huffy. Then we decided to fight a duel when we were near Chehalis. We were to start back to back and walk ten paces each, then wheel round and begin firing. He haggled so in arranging the terms that I knew he meant to play false. I couldn't trust him, so when I had taken eight steps I fired over my shoulder. I hit him in the back. The first shot did not finish him, so I shot again. He only got what he deserved. The fellow meant to kill me treacherously, and steal out of the country through the big timber, leaving my dead body among the leaves."

The finding of Merrill's body two weeks later proved the truth of Tracy's treachery toward his companion. He had evidently found that the other man was losing his nerve, and had got rid of him to save further trouble.

All day Tracy displayed the greatest carelessness in regard to human life. At one time he desired the captain of the launch to

run in close to McNeil's Island, where a Government military prison is located, in order that he might get a pot shot at one of the guards. During the day he dozed slightly once or twice, but, as his rifle was across his lap and the slightest movement awakened him, the crew dared not interfere with him. At Meadow Point, near the city of Seattle, Tracy finished his yachting trip, tied the captain and crew up, and went ashore, forcing one of the terrified men to accompany him as a guide. The ascendancy this man acquired over everybody he met is remarkable.

The outlaw headed toward the north end of Lake Washington, and was recognised more than once before he reached Bothell. Here he lay hidden till morning in the dense brush and secured some much-needed sleep. It was raining hard, but there is no doubt that the escaped convict found shelter from the storm under some big logs. Meanwhile Seattle was full of wild rumours about Tracy. Every stray tramp was an object of suspicion, and the greatest excitement prevailed among the people. Before night the excitement had increased tenfold. Harry Tracy, it was reported, had come into touch with two posses, had engaged in battle with them, killed three officers and wounded one, and had himself escaped unhurt!

Persistent reports came to the city of Tracy's presence near Bothell. It was said that he was surrounded in a brickyard; that he had several times been definitely identified by men who saw him skulking in the heavy timber. Sheriff Cudihee, of King County, a fearless and efficient officer who had a good record for running down criminals, at once ordered posses to the scene and hastened there himself. It may be stated in passing that from that moment to the time of Tracy's death Sheriff Cudihee hung doggedly to the trail of the flying bandit. Other sheriffs took up the hunt and dropped it when the convict had passed out of their bailiwicks, but Cudihee alone followed him like a bloodhound wherever he went until the question of Tracy's escape or capture came to be a personal issue between Edward Cudihee and Harry Tracy, two of the most fearless and determined men that ever carried a gun.

At Bothell the posse separated and every road was guarded. Two officials from Everett, several from Seattle, and Mr. Louie B. Sefrit, a reporter for the *Seattle Times*, started down the road toward Pontiac, part of them following the railway track and part the waggon road. About a hundred yards south east of where the railroad track and the waggon road cross again there are two small cabins standing in a yard which is much overgrown with grass, weeds, and old tree-stumps.

Three men, named Williams, Brewer, and Nelson, jumped through a wire fence and started toward the cabins, while the others went down the track to examine the cabins from that side. Said one Raymond to Sefrit, the reporter:—

"I believe Tracy is in that yard."

Sefrit answered that he thought so too, for the grass had been freshly beaten down. He pointed to a black stump some five yards in front of him. Like all tree-stumps in the Puget Sound country, it had been partly burnt.

"That's exactly where I believe he is," said Raymond. "Let's——"

He never finished the sentence. From behind the stump arose Tracy himself, his rifle at his shoulder. There came a flash, and Anderson, one of the deputies, fell. Still another spit of flame belched from the rifle, and Raymond fell back with a stifled cry. He was quite dead

service a farmer named Louis Johnson, with his waggon. He forced the farmer to drive him to Fremont, which is a suburb of Seattle. By this time the escaped convict was very hungry. He made Johnson hitch his team to the fence outside the home of Mrs. R. H. Van Horn, and then invited himself to dinner. Mrs. Van Horn at once recognised Tracy from his published photograph.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Food, madam, and clothing," returned the urbane murderer. It chanced that there was a man named Butterfield in the house, and from him Tracy coolly took the dry clothing which he wore. Being in a good humour, the bandit dropped into the kitchen and conversed with Mrs. Van Horn while she prepared his meal for him.

"I have never 'held up' a lady before," he



THE HOME OF MRS. R. H. VAN HORN—THE CROSS INDICATES THE SPOT WHERE TRACY SHOT POLICE OFFICER BREECE AND GAME WARDEN RAWLEY. [Photo.]

before help reached him. Sefrit took a shot at the desperado with a Colt's revolver, whereupon Tracy wheeled and let drive at him. Sefrit, realizing that he was in an exposed position, fell as if shot. The outlaw fired again at him, then waited watchfully to make sure he had killed his man. A bunch of grass lay between Sefrit's head and Tracy, but the reporter could see the convict crouching behind the stump and knew that the slightest movement meant death. So for some minutes the *Times* reporter lay there in an agony of suspense, expecting every moment to feel a bullet tearing through his breast. Then Tracy slowly began to back away in the drenching rain. Two more shots rang out, and Jack Williams, who had been coming forward from the rear, fell desperately wounded.

Tracy scudded away in the thick underbrush, and half a mile from the scene of battle relieved a rancher of a horse he was riding. This he presently discarded, impressing into his

explained, while eating the food. "I don't want to have to tie you when I leave. Will you promise not to say anything about my having been here?"

"For to night I will—but not to-morrow morning," answered the plucky little woman.

"That will be all right," said Tracy; "I'll be far enough away by then. I want to tell you, madam, that I haven't enjoyed a meal so much in three years." He then mentioned his "yachting trip," as he called it, from Olympia to Seattle.

At 8.30 o'clock a knock came at the door. Mr. Butterfield answered it and said that it was the grocery boy.

"If you tell him anything it will mean death to the men here," Tracy told Mrs. Van Horn, significantly, as she went to give her orders to the boy.

Nevertheless, she took occasion to nod her head toward the door and whisper the one

word "Tracy" to the boy. He understood, and two minutes later was lashing his horse along the road toward Fremont. When Tracy rose to depart an hour later Sheriff Cudihee lay in ambush within six feet of the Johnson waggon.

Tracy thanked Mrs. Van Horn for his meal in courteous fashion, then stepped down the path to the road with Butterfield and Johnson on either side of him. Meanwhile the vigilant Sheriff Cudihee lay in wait for his man near the waggon. As Tracy sauntered down the path the Sheriff of King County covered him every inch of the way with his Winchester. There was just a shadow of doubt in his mind as to which of the three was the man he wanted. He decided to wait until the outlaw climbed into the waggon.

Suddenly out of the darkness rushed Police-officer Brece, Mr. J. I. McKnight, and Game Warden Neil Rawley. Brece covered the convict with his rifle from a distance of about ten yards, and cried, "Throw down that gun, Tracy!"

The desperado wheeled and fired point-blank. Brece fell over, a dead man. Twice more the convict fired, this time at Rawley, and the game warden went to the ground mortally wounded. Tracy dashed through the fence and made for the woods. The sheriff levelled his rifle and fired twice at the disappearing convict, but owing to the darkness neither shot took effect. Harry Tracy, burglar, outlaw, and murderer, had again broken through the death-trap that had been prepared for him. Had it not been for the recklessness of interfering officials Cudihee would undoubtedly have caught or killed his man.

With the curious mania which he had for continually doubling on his tracks Tracy again headed for Bothell, near which point he held up Farmer Fisher for clothes and provisions. Cornered in a strip of country not twenty miles square, in the midst of which was a city of 120,000 population, though three bodies lay in the county morgue to attest his unerring skill and others lay wounded near to death in the hospitals, yet Harry Tracy still roamed the country like an Apache, uninjured and untamable. Whenever men bearded him he left a trail of blood behind him in his relentless flight. He himself condoned his crimes because, as he

said, he killed to satisfy no lust for blood, but simply to keep his cherished liberty.

In order to understand how one fearless man was able for so long a time to defy the law the nature of the country must be considered. The Puget Sound country is the most densely-timbered on earth. The underbrush is very heavy, and a rank growth of ferns some four feet high covers the ground like a carpet. A man might slip into the ferns and remain hidden for months within a dozen yards of the roadside provided the food question were eliminated. The one thing that Tracy feared was the blood-hounds which were set on his trail, and after he had shot these his mind was more at ease.

After "holding up" another household of John-sons, Tracy—accompanied by their hired man, Anderson, whom he forced to attend him as a human pack-horse—doubled back to Seattle by way of Port Madison. He skirted the city till he came to South Seattle, and then cut around the end of Lake Washington to Renton. At this point he made himself the uninvited guest of the Jerrolds family. Walking up from Renton with his unwilling companion, Tracy met Miss May Baker, Mrs. McKinney, and young Jerrolds picking salmon berries. Tracy stopped them smilingly. "I guess you have heard of me; I am Tracy," he said; then added, "You needn't be afraid of me. I never harmed a woman in my life, and I don't intend to begin now."

Talking easily with the women Tracy walked along to the house, in the rear of which he tied Anderson to a clump of bushes. He called the Jerrolds boy and handed him two watches, which he wished sold in order to buy two 45-calibre single-action Colt revolvers and a box of cartridges. He threatened to kill everybody in the house in case the boy betrayed him, but the lad was no sooner gone than he told Mrs. Jerrolds that this was mere "bluff." This iron-nerved murderer and outlaw actually shed tears at this point.

"I wouldn't hurt you, mother, for anything. I have a mother of my own somewhere back east. I haven't done just right by her, but I reckon all the mothers are safe from me, no matter what happens."

Presently Tracy brightened again, and was laughing and talking with the three women, just as if they had been old acquaintances. It was



ANDERSON, THE MAN WHO WAS FORCED BY TRACY TO ATTEND HIM AS A HUMAN PACK-HORSE. [Photo.]



From a] THE JERROLD HOMESTEAD, WHERE TRACY MADE HIMSELF AN UNINVITED GUEST. [Photo.

nearly time to prepare the dinner, and Tracy carried in wood and volunteered to get the water from the spring. Rifle in hand, he sauntered down to the railroad track and filled his bucket with water. As he did so a special train, bearing the posse which hunted him, came round the bend. He ducked into the bushes to let it pass.

"I reckon there are some gentlemen in that train looking for me," he remarked, carelessly, when he had reached the house. "I saw a reporter there. They are always in the lead. First you see a reporter, then a cloud of dust, and after a while the deputies. It's the interviewer I'm afraid of!" and he laughed.

There was much gay talk and laughter during the meal which followed, in which Tracy took the lead. His repartee was apt and spirited, and his sallies were irresistible. The Jerrolds boy had informed the sheriff's officer of Tracy's whereabouts long ago, and by this time the deputies were beginning to surround the house. Everybody was alarmed save the outlaw himself. He strolled to the window and looked out at an enterprising photographer who was trying to take a picture of the house.

"My trousers are too short and they're not nicely ironed," he said. "I like to be neatly dressed before ladies. I guess I'll go out and hold up a deputy for a pair."

Miss Baker was worried in case she might not get home before dark. Tracy reassured her, saying it was a pleasant moonlit night, and that he would be glad to accompany her if

he might have the pleasure.

As the day wore on the deputies gathered thicker and thicker around the house, cautiously drawing closer and closer, for they knew that the outlaw was a dead shot. Finally Tracy concluded that he had better be going. From his Chesterfieldian manner he might have been bidding his hostess good-bye after some elaborate function. From the back door-step he waved them all a merry good day and wished them all manner of luck.

As it happened, just at that moment poor

Anderson had been discovered tied to a tree. One of the deputies gave a shout and the others crowded round to see what was the matter. In the excitement Tracy quietly slipped down to the river and disappeared!

Day after day the chase after this extraordinary man continued. Hundreds of men beat the woods and patrolled the roads in vain. Once Tracy was wounded, but managed to keep under cover until he was again able to travel. He played hide-and-seek with the officers of King County for weeks, then suddenly broke away for the Cascades on horseback. Weeks later he turned up in Eastern Washington *en route* for his old stamping-ground, the "Hole-in-the-Wall" country. More than once his old fondness for loitering for days in the same spot showed itself. His effrontery knew no bounds. At one place he made use of the telephone to call up a sheriff, in order to tease him about his ill-success in capturing Tracy. Before he left, however, he gave the poor official one grain of consolation. "You've done better than the other sheriffs," he said. "You've talked with the man you want, anyway. Good-bye; I'm afraid you won't see me again."

But he did. Eastern Washington does not afford any such hiding ground as the big forests of the western part of the State. From point to point the telephone bonded on the message that Tracy had just passed. He doubted here, there, and everywhere; but he could not shake off his relentless pursuers, and did so they were by the telephone wires. Sheriff Cuddebo, how

thoroughly aroused, swore never to leave the chase till Tracy was taken. Sheriffs Gardner and Doust and Cudihee held the passes and closed in on him. For two days and nights the outlaw hung around the Eddy ranch until a young man who saw him there raced with the news to Sheriff Gardner, who hastened to the scene at once.

Meanwhile a party of five citizens of Creston stopped for ever the wonderful career of the man who had travelled four hundred miles and baffled thousands of pursuers. C. C. Straub, deputy sheriff, Dr. E. C. Lanter, Maurice Smith, attorney, J. J. Morrison, section foreman, and Frank Lillen Green, all armed to the teeth, proceeded to the ranch of Mr. L. B. Eddy, where the outlaw was known to be in hiding. The country hereabout is very rocky, and the party took every care not to be caught in an ambush. They saw Farmer Eddy mowing his hay, and while talking with him observed a strange man emerge from the barn.

"Is that Tracy?" asked one of them.

"It surely is," answered Eddy.

Tracy came from the barn and began to help his host unhitch the team. His rifle he had left in the barn, but his revolvers he still carried. Suddenly he saw his pursuers.

"Who are those men?" he demanded, turning sharply to Eddy.

"Hold up your hands!" shouted the officers, without waiting for the farmer's reply.

Like a flash Tracy jumped behind Eddy and the team and bade the terrified farmer lead the

horses to the barn. When near the door he made a break to reach his trusty rifle. A moment later he reappeared again, rifle in hand, and started headlong down the valley. Again his iron nerve had brought him out of an apparently certain trap. Two shots he fired at his pursuers, but neither of them had effect.

The man-hunters took up the chase at once. Tracy dodged behind a rock and began firing

rapidly. It was growing dark, however, and he missed his men. Then he made a dash for a wheatfield near at hand, the officers firing at him as he ran. Suddenly he stumbled and fell on his face, but dragged himself on hands and knees into the field. He had been hit.

Sheriff Gardner and his posse now arrived on the scene and surrounded the field. Presently a single shot was heard by the watchers. That shot sent the notorious bandit into eternity. In the early morning the cordon cautiously worked its way into the field, and presently stumbled upon Harry Tracy's lifeless body. The most famous man-hunt in the history of the country had ended. Crippled and bleeding, hopeless of escape, the bandit had shot himself sooner than let himself be taken.

After escaping from a dozen sheriffs, slipping cleverly out of death-trap after death-trap, and leaving behind him everywhere a trail of blood that would not have discredited an Apache chief, Tracy fell at last by his own hand rather than lose the liberty which he apparently prized more than life itself.



"HE STARTED HEADLONG DOWN THE VALLEY."

Paris to New York Overland.

THE NARRATIVE OF A REMARKABLE EXPEDITION.

By HARRY DE WINDT, F.R.G.S.

II.—YAKUTSK TO VERKHOFANSK.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we have secured the sole and exclusive right to publish the only illustrated account of Mr. de Windt's great feat which will appear in this country, the reproductions of the Kodak photographs taken during the expedition adding greatly to the vividness of the narrative. As a glance at a map of the world will show, the explorer's journey necessitated traversing some of the wildest and most inhospitable regions of the earth, where even the elements fought against the intrepid party. Mr. de Windt essayed the journey once before, but on that occasion the expedition came to grief on the ice-bound shores of Behring Sea, and the author barely escaped with his life from the hands of the savage natives. This time complete success has crowned the venture; but the adventures met with, and the unheard-of privations endured by the party, form a unique record of human endurance and dogged pluck.



A JOURNEY by reindeer-sled is the pleasantest form of primitive travel in the world. The paces of a reindeer are so gentle, and yet so swift, that one glides over the ground imperceptibly, covering huge distances without effort or fatigue. Our deer were weakly, miserable beasts, half-starved and exhausted with the winter's hard work, and yet, compared with the cumbersome horse-sleighs which had brought us to Yakutsk, our tiny sleds were as automobiles to wheelbarrows. A "narta," as a reindeer-sled is called by the Yakutes, is a narrow, coffin-shaped vehicle, about seven feet long by three feet broad, fitted with a movable hood. Six deer are harnessed, two abreast, the driver being seated on a miniature sled just behind the

leaders. He is armed with a formidable whip of cow-hide, which is, however, seldom used, for, if Yakutes have a virtue, it is kindness to animals.

At Yakutsk we had discarded civilized costume and assumed Arctic clothing, which is, perhaps, worthy of description. The reader

will realize what the cold must have been when I say that we often shivered even under the following mountains of material. Our underclothing consisted of two pairs of Jaeger singlets and drawers and three pairs of thick worsted stockings. Over these were worn a suit of Arctic "duffle," a mustard-colored felt of enormous thickness, and a pair of dragskin boots. A second pair of deerskin breeches had a "parka," or long, loose deer-skin garment reaching to the knees, com-



THE PARTY TRAVELLING THROUGH THE TIBERIAN FOREST IN AN OBSCURE REINDEER-LETT.



From a] LOOKING FOR THE TRAIL—A SCENE OUTSIDE VERKHJOYANSK. [Photo.

pleted the outfit. As headgear we wore two close-fitting worsted caps, also a deerskin cap with ear-flaps, and lastly a huge bearskin headdress, fastened under the chin. Two pairs of worsted gloves and one of bearskin mits covered the hands. It was almost impossible to walk ten yards in comfort under such a weight, and yet, as I say, we often suffered severely from the cold, not only in the open, but under a closely-fastened felt hood.

There is no road, in the ordinary sense of the term, from Yakutsk to Verkhoyansk. Most of the way lies through

dense forests, where the narrow track, vaguely indicated by blazed tree-trunks, was sometimes so narrow that axes had to be brought into requisition before our four sleds could proceed. This journey of six hundred miles is bad enough in winter, but in summer its dangers and discomforts are increased by swollen, unfordable rivers and deep, perilous swamps. Cossacks take a mail through twice each way during the open season, and many are drowned or perish of starvation in the marshes. Stepan, who accompanied my expedition, had once accomplished the trip and sincerely hoped he might never have to do so again.

The post-houses, about six or seven in number, between Yakutsk and Verkhoyansk are dignified by the name of "stancias," but are nothing but log huts plastered with mud, so indescribably filthy that we were sometimes compelled to forsake the warmth and shelter for the cold, cheerless road. Imagine a low, square building, with blocks of ice for windows and floors of



From a]

A WAYSIDE POST-HOUSE.

[Photo.

beaten earth, slippery with the filth of years. This apartment is occupied by the Yakute family in charge of the "stancia," travellers, and cattle, who roam about the place as freely as its human guests. A huge fire is kept blazing night and day, and the heat was sometimes so great that we suffered almost as much from it as from the deadly cold outside. But the stench was even worse to endure, especially when cooking operations were in progress, for the Yakutes care nothing for fresh, pure meat, but prefer it tainted, and the odour emanating from a mass of

"stancias" were too far apart to work on a schedule. We generally, therefore, left a post-house with very vague notions as to when we should see the next. For the first few days the cold was not very severe, about thirty degrees below zero being the lowest temperature. Hunger, however, rendered it infinitely harder to bear than twenty degrees lower with plenty of nourishment. Once only during the journey of eleven days to Verkhoyansk we were brought to a standstill, far from shelter, by a furious blizzard, which raged unceasingly for twenty-four



From a) A GROUP OUTSIDE A POST-HOUSE—MR. DE WINDT IS ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE.

putrid deer-meat, or, worse still, fish simmering on the embers, may be better imagined than described. On more than one occasion we suffered violently from *mal de mer* in these unsavoury shelters. Fortunately, however, we were never compelled to partake of this disgusting fare, but lived on "Carnyl" (a condensed food which I can recommend to the notice of explorers) and tinned provisions. But, had we known it, every mouthful we ate of our precious store now was heaping up days of agony for us in the Arctic, where we were fated on more than one occasion to suffer the pangs of starvation.

North of Yakutsk we travelled night and day without any attempt at making time, for the

hours and nearly buried us in snow. When the storm abated we struggled painfully on for about fifteen miles, and hailed the sight of a "povarnia" with delight, for it meant, at any rate, shelter and a fire. "Povarnias" have saved many travellers from death by cold and exposure on this lonely road. They are merely uninhabited sheds, often half full of snow and open to the winds, and yet these crazy, comfortless shelters were often as acceptable to my expedition as the sight of the snug Lord Warden Hotel to the cold and seasick voyager from France.

But the weather was not always gloomy and unpleasant, although in midwinter this is the

region of eternal darkness; but in our case spring was approaching, and on a fine morning I would throw open my "narta" and bask in the warm sunshine while contemplating a sky of sapphire and smoking a cigar, one of the last, alas! I was likely to enjoy on this side of America. On such days the pure frosty air would exhilarate like champagne, and there was only one drawback to perfect enjoyment — the body would be baked on one side by scorching rays and frozen in the shade on the other.

On the fourth



A GOVERNMENT "POVARNIA" — THESE UNINHABITED HOUSES OF REFUGE ARE ERRECTED AT DISTANCES OF ABOUT EIGHTY MILES APART

From a Photo.

day we came in sight of the Verkhoyansk range, a chain of snow-clad, precipitous mountains that will form one of the chief stumbling-blocks to the construction of the proposed all-world railway. Halting at a tenantless "povarnia" at the foot of the mountain we breakfasted in the hut in an atmosphere of ten degrees below zero, upon which a roaring fire made no appreciable impression, and, oddly enough, in this deserted shanty we came upon the sole sign of life which we had encountered outside the "stan-



From a

A HALT FOR FOOD—NOTICE THE EXHAUSTED REINDEER LYING DOWN.

[Photo.

cias" all the way from Yakutsk—a tiny field mouse which had survived the Arctic winter curled up in a tiny mound of earth in a corner of the shed. The poor little, half-frozen thing could scarcely move, but we gathered fir-boughs and made it a nest, and left with it a goodly supply of "Carnyl" and biscuit crumbs, which it devoured with avidity, and a grateful look in its black beady eyes.

Starting at midday we commenced the ascent of the mountain, which is crossed by probably the most remarkable pass in the world. From a few miles away it appeared as though a perpendicular wall of ice must be climbed to reach the summit. Previous to the ascent, iron horse-shoes were fixed to our feet by Stepan, who had thoughtfully brought them

could as they dashed down a snowy incline about half a mile in length to the plain on the northern side. But nearing the valley the pace increased until all control was lost, and we landed in a deep snow-drift at the base of the mountain, men, deer, and sleds being muddled up in inextricable confusion. At this point the Verkhoyansk mountains are from four thousand to five thousand feet in height.

From here on to our destination, about seven days, the journey was one of wondrous beauty. The scenery passed through recalled the most picturesque parts of Switzerland, and, although the pretty villages and fertile fields which enhance the charm of Alpine scenery were wanting, I can never forget the wild, desolate grandeur of that sub-Arctic forest, or the snow-



From a]

THE EXPEDITION ENTERING THE VERKHOYANSK PASS.

From a]

from Yakutsk for the purpose. This is the local method of securing firm foothold, but I discarded these awkward appendages after they had given me five or six bad falls, and my companions did likewise. Two hours of severe work, increased by the steep ascent and rarefied air, brought us to the summit, the reindeer and sleds being taken up by a longer but less precipitous route. In places a slip would have meant a dangerous if not fatal fall, for midway up a precipice of over a thousand feet is skirted by a narrow and insecure ledge of ice about three feet wide. On the downward side the reindeer were fastened behind the sleds, and we held them back as well as we

could as they dashed down a snowy incline about half a mile in length to the plain on the northern side. But nearing the valley the pace increased until all control was lost, and we landed in a deep snow-drift at the base of the mountain, men, deer, and sleds being muddled up in inextricable confusion. At this point the Verkhoyansk mountains are from four thousand to five thousand feet in height.

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A GENERAL VIEW OF VERKHUYANSK—IT IS SAID TO BE ONE OF THE COLDEST PLACES IN THE WORLD.

From a Photo.

reached Verkhoyansk, which, by the way, is said to be the coldest place in Siberia, if not in the world. Of this fact I am doubtful, for Sredni-Kolymsk, twelve hundred miles farther north, probably bears the palm in this respect. The error has perhaps arisen from the fact that Sredni-Kolymsk is practically unknown, even to officials in the most remote parts of Siberia. We were the first strangers from

the outer world to visit this desolate settlement—so justly dreaded by political exiles—for over thirty years.

Three days from Verkhoyansk the cold became intense and we suffered severely; indeed, at one post-house my companion, the Vicomte de Clinchamp, had to be carried from his sled and into the "stancia," a journey of twenty consecutive hours having temporarily deprived him of



From a

GROUP OF YAKUTS.

Photo

the use of his limbs. One of my feet was also badly frozen, owing, however, to my own carelessness in having neglected to remove my foot-gear at night-time. When this is not done the perspiration formed during the day congeals during sleep into solid ice, freezing a limb severely, and this is what had happened in my case. And, in truth, most of that journey was terrible work. I got into a way at last of classifying the various stages of frigidity on departure from a station, and this was the order: (1) the warm, (2) the chilly, and (3) the glacial. The first stage of comparative comfort was due to the effect of warmth and food, and generally lasted for a couple of hours, sometimes even three. In stage number two, one gradually commenced to feel chilly, with shivery feelings down the back and a sensation of numbness at the extremities. Number three stage was one of increasing cold, until the face was covered by a thin mask of ice, formed by the breath during the short intervals of sleep, or, rather, stupor. The awakening was the most painful part of it, and when the time came to drag oneself into some filthy "stancia" I would often have preferred to sleep on in the sled, although the loss of a limb, and perhaps death, might

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From a] A YAKUTE BELLE. [Photo.



From a] YAKUTE WOMEN. [Photo.

have resulted from this imprudence.

At last, one bright, sun-shine, we reached Verkhoyansk. I had looked forward to the place as a haven of warmth and rest (and perhaps safety) from the blinding blizzards that had of late obstructed our progress, but the sight of that desolate village, with its row of filthy, tumble-down hovels, inspired such feelings of aversion and depression that my one idea was to leave the place as soon as possible, even for the unknown perils and privations beyond it.

Verkhoyansk, with one exception the most remote settlement in the Czar's great prison-land, consists of a double row of log huts, containing some three hundred souls. The huts are alike in size and construction; mud-plastered wall, windows of ice, and a low, felt-covered doorway. The chief of police, Monsieur Katcheroffski, received us at the guest-house, which is always set apart by the Russian Government in Siberian settlements for the accommodation of travelling officials, and here we stayed for two days while fresh reindeer were brought in for our northward journey to Sredni-Kolymsk, twelve hundred miles distant on the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

There were over a score of political exiles in this place,

I will not here give details of their life, which, indeed, was pitiable enough, for the existence of their unhappy comrades at Sredni-Kolymsk is exhaustively described in the pages of the current *Strand Magazine*. But compared to the latter place Verkhoyansk is a paradise, and this is largely due to the fact that its "Ispravnik" is a gentleman and not a gaoler, like too many of his class. Katcheroffski's kindness and hospitality to the miserable survivors of the Arctic exploring ship *Jeanette* after the disaster of the Lena delta were suitably rewarded by the American Government, and this official's untiring zeal and energy might also have met

allowed by the Russian Government for their maintenance. This was seventeen roubles, or about thirty-four shillings per month, and this in a place where provisions are always at famine prices. Life, they told me, therefore, was one perpetual struggle for existence, except in summer-time, when fish was plentiful in the River Yana hard by, but mid-winter generally finds these unhappy people in a condition of semi-starvation.

I have said that Verkhoyansk is noted for its intense cold. Monsieur Abramovski, a Polish Nihilist, whose term of banishment was approaching completion, gave me some interesting

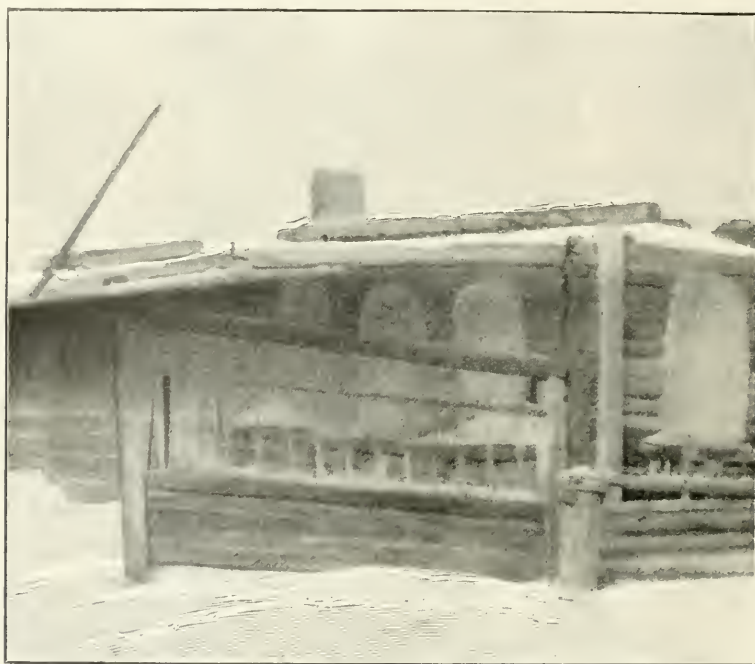


FIG. 100. HOUSE AT VERKHOYANSK WHERE MR. DE WINDT STAYED. THE WINDOWS WERE COMPOSED OF SLABS OF ICE.

From a Photo.

with some recognition at the hands of the Russian Government, for a more honest, conscientious, and universally popular official does not exist throughout the dominions of the Great White Czar.

There was little enough to do here, and time hung very heavily on our hands for two days, and yet some of the exiles had passed a lifetime at Verkhoyansk. Perhaps half-a-dozen of the latter were women, some still young and attractive, but the most pathetic sight was that of the little children born in exile, and destined perhaps to remain here for ever. All the exiles complained bitterly of the miserable pittance

statistics on this subject. Yakutsk, he said, bore the reputation of being the coldest place on earth, but this is a fallacy, for Verkhoyansk, he said, can beat the world for low temperatures. The result of Abramovski's careful observations for twelve years was as follows: Mean temperature for the whole year, four degrees below zero, Fahrenheit; in hard winters the thermometer was frequently seventy-five degrees below zero, and once touched the almost incredible point of eighty-one below zero. During our stay at Verkhoyansk only sixty-five degrees below zero was touched, but at the first station we reached on our northward way beyond

the village, and two hundred miles from it, the mercury fell to seventy-eight below zero. On this day the cold was so intense that the breath froze as it left our lips and fell to the ground in powder. These may sound extraordinary temperatures, but I can assure the reader that I have often felt the cold in Piccadilly on a damp, chilly November day more than on the coldest day in this part of Siberia. For the atmosphere is invariably dry, and does not permeate the frame like that of our sea-girt, foggy island. Fortunately for its inhabitants, Verkhoyansk is seldom visited by strong winds for while sixty or seventy degrees below zero are quite bearable in stillness, thirty or forty degrees higher, accompanied by a moderate gale, would kill every living thing before it. But Providence has humanely decreed that boisterous weather and a very low temperature shall never occur together. A few weeks later, when we reached the Arctic Ocean, the approach of a gale was always preceded by a rising thermometer, and clear, calm weather by a fall of the same.

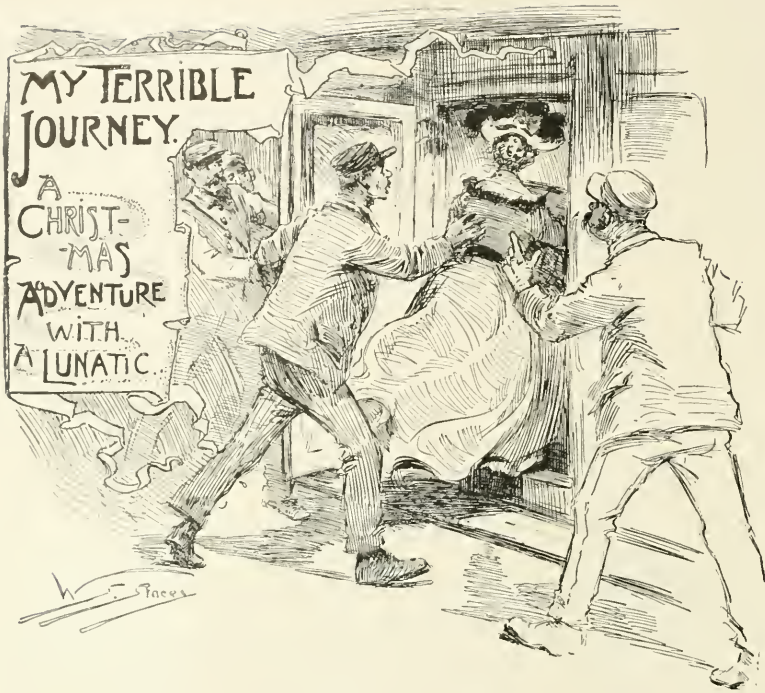
At Verkhoyansk, as at Yakutsk, nothing met me but difficulties, and a continuance of our journey was discontinued by everyone in the place. Sredni-Kolymsk, they urged, was twelve hundred miles away. With weak, exhausted reindeer it might take us a couple of months to reach the Czar's remotest settlement. This would bring

us into early May, and by the beginning of June sleighing is over and travelling becomes impossible. Even at Sredni-Kolymsk another sixteen hundred miles of wild and desolate country, almost bereft of inhabitants, would lie between us and Behring Straits. At Sredni-Kolymsk a famine was said to have killed as many dogs as human beings, and without dogs America was clearly unattainable. I don't think I shall ever forget the hours of anxiety I passed at Verkhoyansk. Should we advance or should we retreat was the question, and one which I only could decide. Detention at Sredni-Kolymsk for only three weeks after the middle of May would mean imprisonment in that dreary settlement until the following winter. It would be equally impossible to journey eastward or southward, for during the summer months Sredni-Kolymsk is as isolated as a desert island in mid-ocean, by hundreds of shallow lakes and boundless swamps, which can only be crossed in a frozen condition.

Altogether the future looked very black. Even later, in the dark days to come, when lost in the blinding blizzards of Tchaun Bay, or exposed to the drunken fury of the Tchukchis on Behring Straits, I have never passed a more unpleasant and harassing period of my existence than those two days under the hospitable roof of the chief of police, Ivan Katcheroffski, at Verkhoyansk, North-Eastern Siberia.

(To be continued.)





By MISS WOODCOCK.

Our lady readers will be able to sympathize with the authoress in the fearful predicament in which she found herself—alone in a long-journey express with a madman, who had an idea that there were too many people in the train, and that she must be thrown out to save the lives of the rest! Miss Woodcock relates how she strove by every means in her power to gain time, and how the lunatic was finally defeated.



IT WAS late and the train was on the point of starting, but I dashed at the first carriage I saw and literally flung myself in, utterly disregarding the angry shouts of the porters and other railway officials, who one and all did their utmost to prevent my risky entrance. The train moved off, and I congratulated myself on having escaped a weary two hours' wait, which would have been my fate had I lost this train. I had been up to town for a day's shopping, for the Christmas sales were on, and I, like most of my sex, take keen delight in getting bargains. I had been pushed and jostled, and had pushed and jostled in return, till I felt as limp as a rag. But what matter? I had come through it all in triumph with my coveted prizes! Then I had met several old friends, had been sweetness itself while lunching with a crotchety old aunt from whom I hoped great things, and, altogether, my day had been thoroughly satisfactory.

There was only one other passenger in the

carriage, a young man, neatly dressed in a suit of dark navy blue, who sat in the farther corner, apparently deeply engrossed with his own thoughts, which, to judge by his expression, were not pleasant. He took not the slightest notice of my somewhat undignified arrival, but continued staring in front of him just as if nothing had happened. My parcels were strewn all over the place, and I thought he might have picked some of them up for me, but, as he appeared oblivious of my existence, it was foolish to expect him to be aware of the parcels. So I gathered them up myself—what a lot there were!—and arranged them in a heap by my side. Then, feeling thoroughly pleased with myself and at peace with all the world, I leant back, closed my eyes, and gave myself up to pleasant thoughts while the train thundered on its way. It was an express, and there was no stop till we arrived at C—, which was my destination.

I must have dropped into dreamland, when I

was startled by being violently shaken, and a voice close by me exclaimed, "Quick! Wake up, wake up! this train is dangerous."

I opened my eyes and gazed bewildered at the pallid face and wild, dilated eyes of my travelling companion as he stood over me, pulling and tugging at my arms.

"What is the matter?" I asked, not unnaturally, considering the train continued its way as usual.

"Something terrible is going to happen; we stand on the very verge of a most horrible catastrophe," said my companion, excitedly. "There is going to be an accident. Can't you feel it coming, coming, creeping down on us like a great black nightmare out of the darkness?" And as he spoke he shuddered, and spread out his hands as if to ward off some unseen horror. Then he turned round, let down the window, and leant out for a few minutes, during which time the terrible fact that I was alone with a madman — and to all appearance a dangerous one — flashed

through my brain. The thought stunned me. What should I do? The communication-cord! I would pull it, stop the train, and give the man in charge! Yes; but where was the cord? I looked to right and left, but could see no signs of it. Before I had time to move the man turned to me again. He seemed calmer; perhaps the fresh evening air had cooled his fevered brow.

"Now," he said, speaking quite rationally, "let us consider what is best to be done. It is imperative that we should lose no time, for every minute may be our last."

Drawing a paper and pencil from his pocket he scribbled something down, and then said:—

"In this train there are exactly eight hundred and one persons. I've reckoned them all up, and there is just one person too many. You see, the train is only meant to carry eight hundred, therefore it is overcrowded, and that is always dangerous. Now, you were the last to enter. It was very foolish of you—even the porters said so. You really ought to have done as they told you."

How I wished I had! His voice sounded as if he were quite sorry for me, so I screwed up my courage—what little there was left—and exclaimed:—

"But I'm very light; I can't make any difference at all."

"That's nonsense," he cried, impatiently. "A train made to hold eight hundred people cannot possibly take any more."

I could not see the force of this argument, considering that there were no fewer than six unoccupied places in our carriage alone. Still, one cannot argue with a lunatic, so I was silent.

"However," he exclaimed, presently, "it's easily remedied."

"How?" I inquired, eagerly.

"By one of us two jumping out," was the cheerful reply.

My eagerness vanished. The reader will imagine what my feelings were on hearing such a totally unexpected answer. Imagine being in an express train with a dangerous lunatic who tells you with terrible calmness that either you or he must jump out of the window. What was I to do? A hundred thoughts flashed through my mind. My nerves were beginning



"THERE IS GOING TO BE AN ACCIDENT."

to give way. I tried to keep cool and collected, but while my head felt on fire my limbs seemed turned to stone.

"Of course," he went on, calmly, "it is a difficult jump, and it may hurt a good deal. It might even kill one; but think of the honour and glory of giving one's life to save eight hundred souls. Why, a V.C. is nothing to it! England will ring with the story and all the world praise it. But the thing is to decide which of us two shall have this honour and glory."

I had never considered myself a particularly unselfish being, but at that moment I was positively anxious to deny myself the great privilege so temptingly offered to me. The thought of lying dead and mangled on the line made the tears spring to my eyes.

"A man always yields to a lady," continued the maniac, "and I will give up to please you."

He seemed to take a fiendish delight in torturing me.

"Oh, no, no!" I cried, desperately, hunting about again for the cord: "please don't."

A cold shiver ran right through me. Would this terrible journey never end?

"Then there is nothing for it but to toss," said my companion. "I am a man and a gentleman, therefore I shall not take advantage of your generosity, though I thank you for it. We will toss; it will be more fair." He fumbled in his pocket for a coin, but not finding one turned to me, saying: "I have lost my purse; have you a penny?"

I produced a coin, trembling as to what his next move would be. The wild look in his eyes was becoming more intense, and his hand shook with excitement as he grasped the money.

"Heads you win, tails I—two out of three," he said.

He solemnly spun the penny in the air, and I watched breathlessly. Down it came. I breathed again—it was heads. Again he tossed, and this time he won. We were "one all," and now came the final.

"You have still a chance of giving your life for your friends," he remarked by way of encouragement, and no doubt I looked as if I needed it. Having no friend in the train that I knew of, his words sounded superfluous. For the third time he flung the penny upwards, and with a sinking dread I saw that I had lost!

"Madam," he said, putting his hand to his heart with the ardour and grace of a courtier of the olden days, which made me, even in that dread moment, wonder if he had ever been on the stage, so dramatic was his whole bearing, "I congratulate you. Yours is the coveted honour. The fates allow you to give your life

for eight hundred people! You are indeed to be envied."

I suppose I am rather stupid, but I could not for the life of me see where the envy came in. I was rapidly reviewing the whole situation. It was desperate. Here was I, in a train going at full speed, ignorant as to the whereabouts of the cord of communication and utterly at the mercy of a raving lunatic, who calmly suggested my throwing myself out of the window to save an imaginary eight hundred people! Again I thought of the dear ones at home who would be left to mourn my loss, and in my agony I prayed for deliverance as I had never prayed before.

Suddenly the train, which was going at full speed, gave a lurch to one side.

"There!" shrieked the man; "if you are not quick it will be too late. See how your weight pulls to that side."

"The window is too high," I protested, hoping to gain time. "I could not possibly jump from there."

"Oh, I will lift you up and throw you out," was the excited answer, as the maniac stooped to carry out his diabolical plan.

Then a sudden thought struck me that if I could only humour him in some way till we reached the station all might yet be well. As a drowning man catches at straws, I caught at my parcels.

"See," I cried, "these parcels, they are heavy; throw them out."

"Yes, yes, of course," answered my persecutor, who was trembling with suppressed emotion. Great drops of perspiration rolled down his face, and his eyes were like living fires. He dived eagerly at first one and then another of my precious parcels, all of which put together would not have weighed many pounds.

"All must go, all must go," he repeated, and dropped them one by one into the night. It was hard to sit by and calmly watch my valuable purchases, that had cost me such a struggle to get, to say nothing of the money I had had to give for them, rapidly disappear from sight, but it was infinitely preferable to being hurled bodily from the window into that black abyss beyond, where in all probability I should have been crushed to death; the very thought made me shudder.

"That's much better," I said, thinking I had come well out of a pretty nasty situation. The man seemed satisfied, and for a short time sat staring out into the darkness. But I was not out of the wood yet, as I shortly found. My worst anticipations were soon realized. The old restlessness was upon him again.

"It's no good, it's still too heavy; you must go," he said.



“ALL MUST GO, ALL MUST GO, HE REPEATED.”

“Throw out my umbrella and my muff,” I suggested.

With restless eagerness he caught them up and flung them out, but he was back immediately with that same weary cry: “Still too heavy.” Those terrible words sounded like a death-knell in my poor ears. Oh! should we *never* reach the station?

“Our boots must go,” I said; “they will make a lot of difference.”

He stooped down at once to unlace his own, and, in his excitement and feverish hurry, pulled the lace into a knot. This was a decided blessing, for it took him some time to undo. I glanced at my watch and saw we had still eleven minutes before we were due at C——. Could I hold out till then?

It was not long before his boots were off and he was clamouring for mine. He found me struggling with refractory laces that I had deliberately knotted and which I pretended to be busily undoing whilst my mind was hard at work trying to devise some scheme by which to escape from this awful dilemma.

“Let me help you,” cried my terrible companion. “We must use all possible speed, there’s so little time.”

He was shaking like a leaf with the intensity of his feelings. It was this dreadful earnestness of his that made me so frightened, for I

knew he would sacrifice my life without a scruple for the sake of that mythical eight hundred. Judging him better employed than idle, I gave way to him. Indeed, I had no option, for he had seized hold of my boot, and with feelings of satisfaction I watched while he pulled and tugged the knots tighter and tighter. At length, losing all patience, he broke the laces and tore off the boots. When they had followed in the wake of my other goods I ventured to suggest that his coat looked rather thick and weighty. It was off almost before the words had left my lips, quickly followed by his waistcoat. I hoped the cold would bring him to his senses, but he seemed oblivious to everything but his one wild idea of saving the train. He cried excitedly to me to take off my hat and jacket. My hat I gave, not without many misgivings, for it was my best, a Paris model. To see that madman clutch at it, screw it up in his hands as if it were a bundle of rags, and toss it out of the window! It was not pleasant, to say the least of it.

But to take off my jacket on that bitterly cold December night was not to be thought of. I was already half-frozen with cold and I had to be told to give up a nice warm coat was too much; especially as every minute I hoped to see the dear, familiar station. I hesitated and was

lost. My hesitation, momentary though it was, acted like a torch to a powder magazine on the poor demented creature.

"Your coat, your coat!" he literally screamed, rushing at me like a furious wild beast; "I tell you you will be too late. The train is already slackening speed, it can't carry such a load any longer. You must be thrown out."

And quick as lightning he caught me up in his arms as though I had been a mere feather-weight, and bore me off to the window. All my screams and struggles were of no avail. Another second and I should have been thrown on to the railway lines: but life was precious, doubly, trebly precious as its end seemed so near, and with the strength of despair I clung with might and main to the window-frame. Though the man hit and tore at my hands wildly he could not move them. It seemed hours before the lights of the station—never more welcome—appeared in sight and the train drew up. My prayer had been heard and answered—I was saved!

Two men who were standing on the platform called out, excitedly, "Here he is." And as they

opened the carriage door a mist rose before my eyes, a curious buzzing came in my head, and I fainted.

I learnt afterwards that my fellow-traveller had escaped that day from A—— Asylum, where he was looked upon as a particularly dangerous patient, with a fixed idea that the world was too full and that someone's life should be sacrificed to make more room.

My presence of mind was much lauded, and I am still looked upon rather in the light of a heroine. When I look back on that awful nightmare of a journey, I often wonder how it was my hair did not turn white from sheer fright.

I recovered a few of my parcels, more or less damaged, so that, all things considered, I did not come off badly. But I am very cautious now on entering trains. I have learnt to look before I leap in, and I always obey the porters!

My journey happened years ago now, but to this day I never travel alone without the terrible experience of that night being vividly recalled to my mind.



"HE BORE ME OFF TO THE WINDOW."



An amusing description of a visit to the wonderful Palace of Heilbrunn, where the Prince-Bishops of Salzburg used to play all kinds of tricks upon their unhappy guests. The footpaths turn into shower-baths and the dinner-table into a water-spout, and traps for the unwary are set at every corner.



IN this serious, practical age it is refreshing to come across a practical joke which has been kept alive for nearly three hundred years. Half an hour's drive from the wonderful old city of Salzburg, just over the Austrian border, lies the summer palace of Heilbrunn, where the Prince-Bishops of Salzburg were wont to entertain their guests in a somewhat remarkable manner. The palace is now a show-place, and an official in uniform conducts tourists over it at so many kreutzers a head; but the old jests are too good to be lost, and he never omits to play them off on likely visitors.

I had visited Heilbrunn decorously some years ago, but, finding myself at Salzburg the other day with nothing particular to do, I determined to amuse myself by seeing the old game played properly. Luckily I had met a Yankee in the train, coming from Munich, and his zeal for sight-seeing rendered him a ready prey. I told him, with perfect truth, that there was nothing like Heilbrunn in Europe, and that it was obviously his duty to make acquaintance with its surprises.

So we took a one-horse chaise from Salzburg, and, after driving some three or four miles along shady avenues, entered a monastic-looking building. We took tickets at a penny apiece and were given over to the custodian, whom I took aside for the purpose of explaining my fell designs on the Yankee.

The keeper first led the way to a group of three grottos on the ground floor. The one to the left was a very ingenious artificial ruin, dating from 1613. The whole roof seemed on the point of falling in. There were bricks and rafters which looked as though they were in imminent danger of burying us at any moment. Indeed, the bricks were so cunningly balanced that it seemed incredible they could remain as they were a week, let alone two hundred and eighty-nine years.

To the right was a grotto whose roof consisted of enormous artificial stalactites. By the farther wall was a fountain with a circular basin, round which revolved a mermaid, a unicorn, a dragon, and a dolphin, all exquisitely grotesque, and all breathing water vigorously. The custodian touched a spring, and all of a sudden the grotto was filled with the melody of birds.



THE GROTTO WHERE THE MECHANICAL BIRDS SING—BY TURNING A HANDLE A TREMENDOUS SHOWER-BATH IS MADE TO DESCEND ON THE VISITOR.

From a Photo. by Würthle & Sohn.

larks, nightingales, thrushes, cuckoos, and even owls. The sounds were obviously mechanical, but no less surprising.

In the central grotto was a fountain, presided over by a Neptune. On either hand was a seahorse, which blew forth clouds of water. In the centre I saw a grotesque mask, which every half minute rolled its eyes, protruded a long tongue, and slobbered out a mouthful of water. This mask was extremely fascinating, and I could have continued to watch it by the hour. However, I caught the eye of the custodian, and we strolled outside, leaving the American in an ecstasy over the ingenuity of the mechanism. Then the keeper turned a cock, and all of a sudden a tremendous shower bath came down from the roof of the grotto, deluging our friend to the skin. I retired convulsed, but the custodian was abject in his apologies, and the Yankee rushed out, inclined to be irate, though soon pacified.

I led him to one side and bade him admire the rainbow now playing upon the shower bath. Above us on either side of the entrance to the grotto was a stag's head. I winked at the custodian and withdrew a few paces. Our friend was wrapped in admiration of the exquisite effects, when suddenly from the mouth, nose, and horns of each stag a second shower-bath fell upon our unfortunate victim.

By this time he was beginning to grow

suspicious, though the solemnity of the custodian would have taken in anybody. However, we led him along a gravel path, where a set of five mechanical contrivances, in grottos framed with box-hedges, were set in motion. Each of them was about eighteen inches high, and they were wonderfully clever. The first represented a knife-grinder. There was a little man turning a wheel, while his wife held a knife to be sharpened and nodded her head excitably. On the floor was a small boy, flat on his stomach, emitting a shower of water from his mouth. Next we came to a group of two men: one with a dark brown skin was shaking his head and right arm, evidently to express decided refusal, while the other, with a lyre beside him on the ground, was tapping his companion's chest as though appealing for something in vain. They were said to represent Mars and Apollo, but I cannot remember any appropriate event in their history. After this we saw a little miller busily grinding corn, which came out in a stream of sticky-looking flour. The fourth group was, perhaps, the



THE DOORWAY WHERE THE AUTHOR'S AMERICAN FRIEND RECEIVED HIS SECOND DRENCHING.

(Photo.)



"THERE SHOT UP FROM THE EDGES OF THE PATH TWO SETS OF FOUNTAINS, WHICH
From a PLAYED WITH CONSIDERABLE FORCE." *[Phot.]*

quaintest of them all. In the centre was Andromeda bound to a rocky island, round which a black dragon floated very fast. To the right stood Perseus in full armour, with a drawn sword in his hand. Every time the dragon swam past him he brought down his sword with great violence upon its head, but the dragon passed on quite unperturbed and immediately came round again to receive another blow. Finally, we saw an ingenious representation of a potter, turning his wheel with his feet, in the act of completing a huge earthenware jar.

Facing these grottos on the other side of the road was a striking marble statue of Venus. At her feet were a dolphin and a large bouquet of bright flowers enclosed in a bell-glass such as careful people put over their clocks. The glass seemed to glisten strangely. I could vow it was moving. Then, to my amazement, I discovered that it was actually composed of water which issued from the dolphin's mouth! It was certainly the strangest and most beautiful illusion in all this garden of surprises.

Nearer the path was a basin some two feet in circumference. Over the edges of it projected two bronze tortoises, and their mouths were actually connected by a thin stream of water.

for all the world like a rod of crystal. My companion was loud and enthusiastic in his appreciation, and bent eagerly over the contrivance, trying to discover the secret of it. He had now evidently forgotten all about his recent drenchings. The custodian's eye twinkled as it met mine and we strolled ahead, leaving our friend in deep contemplation. Of a sudden there shot up from the edges of the path, at an angle of 45deg., two sets of fountains, which played with considerable force upon the unfortunate Yankee for a distance of several yards. He gave a cry of fury and leaped into the air before he quite realized what had happened. Then he fled like a madman, running the gauntlet through the water to our place of safety. For a moment I thought he was going to be seriously angry, but luckily he possessed a certain sense of humour, though it did not enable him to reach any lengths of uproarious merriment. Even the custodian was forced to unbind a little, and an approach to a grim smile played over his stolid countenance.

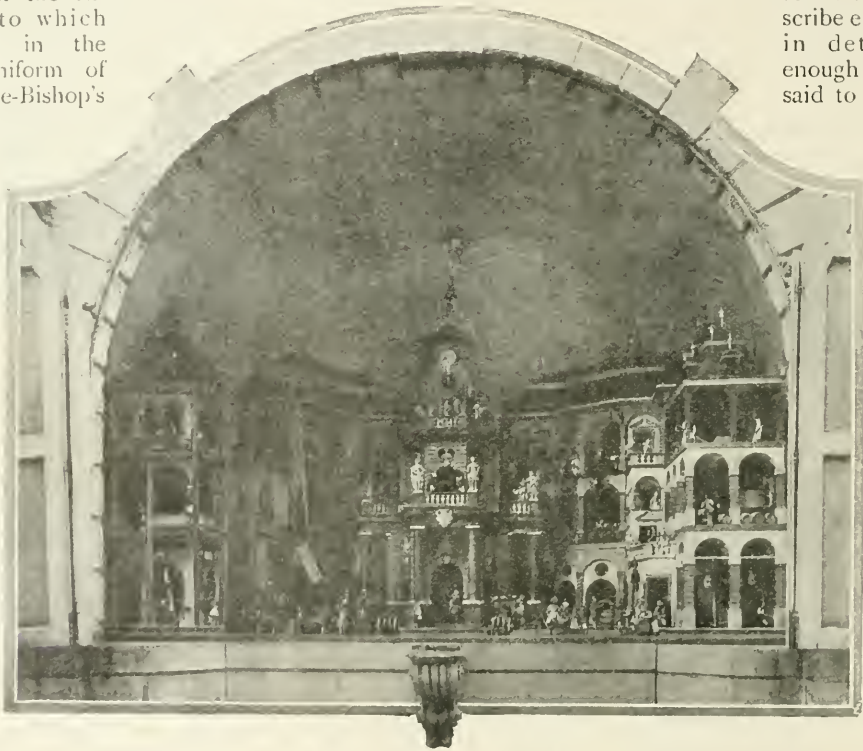
A few yards farther on we came upon the most ambitious feature of the whole place. Everything else dates from 1762, but this ingenious piece of work was not made until

1750. It is a mechanical theatre which, according to a Latin inscription, was erected by Andrew Jacob, Archbishop and Prince of Salzburg, with the objects "of resolving the doubt whether Art is superior to Nature or Nature to Art," and "of enabling a delighted posterity to behold this monument." It is some six feet high by ten or twelve broad, and crowded with little figures. I am told that there are in all one hundred and twenty which move and one hundred and forty-three which remain still.

The scene is laid in front of a gorgeous palace, at the entrance to which sentinels in the white uniform of the Prince-Bishop's

first floor, and a smith with bellows underneath. Weavers, tailors, etc., are also to be descried. In the foreground on the extreme right we have a barrel of wine on tap. Next come two peasants gambling on the top of a cask, and then a butcher is felling an ox. He raises a hammer and brings it down with a sharp blow, whereupon the beast falls on to its knees, but speedily recovers, so that the operation may be performed over again. To the immediate left of the entrance are some gunners practising with a cannon, and beyond them a portion of the garrison are piling their arms. It would be

tedious to describe every figure in detail, but enough has been said to give a fair



From a

THE WONDERFUL MECHANICAL THEATRE—IT CONTAINS A HUNDRED AND TWENTY MOVING FIGURES.

[Photo.

grenadiers are pacing up and down. At the doors and on the various balconies above we espy soldiers, courtiers, noble dames, turbaned Turks, and a negro who waves his hand incessantly. The rest of the piece represents an infinite variety of trades at work. On the upper floor to the left a number of builders are completing a wing of the palace, hoisting planks by a pulley and affixing them to the roof, carrying bricks, putting on mortar, etc. On the ground floor a hosier is dispensing his wares, and we see two white stockings set up over his shop as a sign. The right wing is given over to a baker upstairs, a wine maker on the

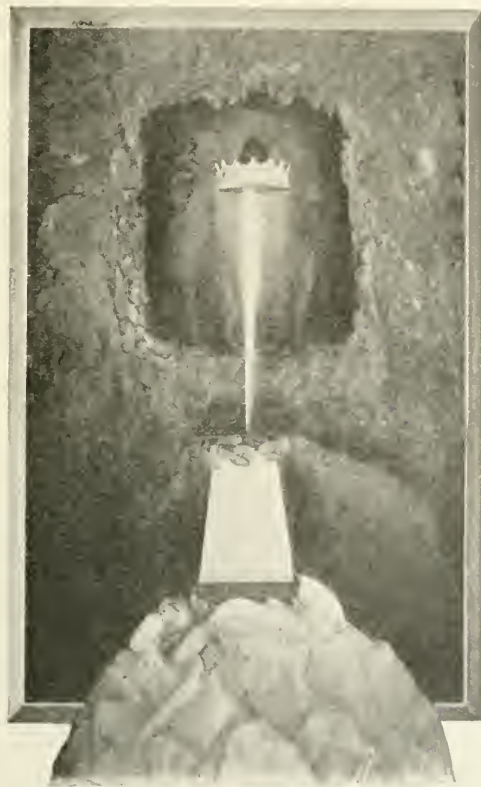
idea of their ingenuity and versatility. The noise also is very realistic, and the clatter of arms, the buzz of industry, and the sense of hurry are all appropriately rendered.

The custodian was moving to a handle in the wall, but the Yankee now took care to stand close beside him. A very fine shower-bath has been provided for the spectators of this unique theatre, but this time the turning of the handle afforded us a more agreeable surprise; an organ began to play. Like everything else here, it is mechanical and worked by water-power.

We now pass on to the Crown grotto, perhaps the most fantastic of the many wonderful sights

at Heilbrunn. It is a little house with four towers. The roof inside is decorated with artificial stalactites and the walls are covered with porcelain and other gaudy ornaments, which would be voted vulgar if they were not excused by their age. In the centre of the entrance is a strange pyramid, some three or four feet high. It is surmounted by a carved laurel wreath and a bright metal crown. We pass along a passage to the back and peer through an opening. Immediately in front of us is the crowned pyramid, and outside and beyond it is a huge marble statue of Apollo.

Something is evidently going to happen, and our Yankee remarks that at any rate he cannot be much wetter than he is. The crown is beginning to move in a mysterious way. It seems to be struggling against some unseen power in an effort to rise. At last it prevails, and we behold it very slowly ascending until it is suspended fully six feet above the pyramid, at the top of a jet of water. There it remains almost motionless with a ray of light playing upon it from outside, and by a curious optical illusion it seems, from where we are, to be poised over the head of Apollo outside. This grotto is provided with the most complete practical joke of any, for, while you are inside watching the uplifting of the crown, violent jets of water can



THE CROWN GROTTO—THE CROWN IS LIFTED INTO THE AIR BY A JET OF WATER.

From a Photo. by Würthle & Sohn.

be turned on from walls, floor, and ceiling, and you must compass a distance of fully twenty yards to get out into the open. And even when you emerge upon the footpath you are confronted by a statue of Minerva, from whose pedestal a fresh torrent of water plays upon you as though to drive you back.

After passing a small pond with metal figures of Actæon and his hounds we come to The Monster, one of the most celebrated sights of the place. Whether we believe its story or not, there is no doubt about the existence of full particulars in the local archives. Here are some

extracts from the official record, d. 1 January 17th, 1748.

"In the year of our Lord 1531, during the reign of his Princely Eminence Cardinal Archbishop Matthew Lang, etc., a forest devil or monster was caught at a hunt near Haunsberg, in the district of Laufen. It had a man's bearded face, eagle's claws, and the jaws of a dog. It avoided men's looks and sought refuge in all the corners of its cage. As neither force nor persuasion could induce it to take food or drink,

it presently died of hunger. . . . His Princely Grace Archbishop Marcus Sitticus, etc., having, one hundred and thirty years later, commemorated this event by a painting on wood at his princely pleasure-grounds of Heilbrunn, now therefore it has pleased his Princely Grace Archbishop John Ernest, etc., as a particular patron of hunting, to prepare two marble statues of the same."

One of these is now to be seen in the gardens, surrounded by a low wall. As it was carved two hundred and seventeen years after the capture of the "monster," it would be idle to expect a speaking likeness. At any rate, we have the representation of a very weird creature, suggestive of one of the beasts in the Apocalypse, and the expression of its face is as wonderful as it is horrible. The most probable explanation of the phenom-

enon is that some crazy person had taken to the woods and lived there the life of a beast for many years before he was captured.

Having exhausted this part of the waterworks and their various surprises, we passed on to explore the beautiful garden. Passing through an extensive park, where the Prince Bishops used to keep deer, we reach the Stone Theatre, which consists of a huge cave in the side of the rock. Hence we climbed up to the Monat-Schlosschen, "the little castle which was built in a month," and enjoyed a magnificent panoramic view over the park and gardens, right away to

the lofty mountains which surround Salzburg. Returning now to the Prince-Bishop's palace, we welcomed the sight of a restaurant after our long walk and many surprises. Our victim had by now been lulled to a sense of false security, and readily agreed to take his refreshment out of doors at the Prince-Bishop's table.

We came now to the finest and richest of all the Prince-Bishop's practical jokes. The famous table where he was wont to entertain his guests when a mischievous mood got the better of him stands in front of a semi-circular wall of mosaics. In the centre of this wall, beneath the Prince-Bishop's arms, stands the marble statue of a Conqueror, and on either side of the semi-circle are marble statues of Democritus and Heraclitus. On the other side of the table is an ornamental pond, where various fantastic statues are to be seen.

The table itself is long and low, with a hollow in the centre. There are three stools on either side, and one for the host at the top. Our Yankee took his seat at the head of the table, fortunately not noticing a suspicious little hole in the centre of his stool. At the suggestion of the custodian, half-a-dozen unsuspecting peasants who chanced to be present took

the other seats, while grinning waiters brought Gargantuan mugs of beer. "Now," said I to the Yankee, "you see you are in as democratic a country as your own. You are cheek by jowl with the lowliest in the land, carousing together at a table where the Prince-Bishops of Salzburg were wont to entertain their noble guests. The least you can do is to get up and propose a toast." He was tired and begged me to "shut up," but I persisted, reminding him of the traditional courtesy of his countrymen. He was inclined to be abusive, but I gave him just one more chance, saying that if he still declined to make a speech I should have to use more forcible persuasion. His only answer was to bury his nose in his beer-mug. Then I gave the signal.

From the centre of each stool, from the centre of the table, and from the neighbouring footpaths and statues there came vehement water-spouts. It would be too much to say that our friend and the six peasants were shot into the air, but the agility with which they leaped up, sacrificing their beer-mugs, and, soaked and spluttering, fled away, afforded as laughable a surprise as any I had beheld throughout that merry day.



THE PRINCE-BISHOP'S DINING-TABLE. AT A GIVEN SIGNAL A WATER-SPOUT RISES FROM THE CENTRE OF EACH STOOL, WHILE THE NEIGHBOURING STATUES ALSO FOUR TORRENTS OF WATER UPON THE UNFORTUNATE DINERS.

[From a]

[Photo.]

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

By HILL ROWAN.

Caught in a rainstorm in New Zealand, the author sought shelter at a lonely hut, only to find that his host was a noted desperado, badly wanted for a score of crimes. The eventful happenings of the night are described in the story.



HE name of Funeral Gorge is not an inviting one. One realizes the fact still more clearly when riding down its murderous track at one in the morning on a beaten horse and in a rising storm.

And when—just as the first angry rain-drops fall and the preliminary snarl of the New Zealand sou'-wester rushes down the gully—the turning of a corner discloses a stranger of peculiarly villainous appearance, even the trained bushman may be excused for feeling that there have been pleasanter situations in his life.

Such at least were my feelings when, in the year 18—, and at a spot which may not be too accurately located for the sake of those still living there, I was caught late at night in a “southerly buster.”

You always know when you are caught in a New Zealand sou'-wester. Like the New Zealanders themselves, the weather makes up its mind quickly and immediately acts upon it. You could time with a stop-watch the change from a broiling nor'-wester to a storm of ice-cold rain, you can almost see the glass rise and the withered grass grow, and the rain is worth pounds a minute to the weary “run-holder.” You don't “think it's going to be wet” or “expect the warm weather is over”; you turn your horse's tail to the wind and gallop wildly for shelter.

I did not hesitate, therefore, when the unkempt stranger I had stumbled across addressed me as “mate”—a word which the Colonial navy will use to an Archbishop or a Field Marshal—and offered me a shake-down in his shanty.

One does not in such circumstances ask for particulars of the antecedents of one's host, a reference to a clergy man, or a plan of the drainage system. I let him seize the bridle and drag me and my horse through some unrecognisable track in the manuka scrub to a small shanty thatched with the same manuka and built of rough-hewn totara wood. Hanging my horse up to dry, so to speak, inside a natural cave in the precipitous hillside, I crawled into the hut, negotiated a glass of whisky, and applied external heat to my dripping clothes in front of the fire.

In a house like this one may live on about five pounds a year, inclusive (keeping a horse and doing some chaff-taining), provided one makes clothes and bags out of sacking and cowhide and is a good shot. Moreover, if one's antecedents are doubtful the privacy is charming, and the host affords every facility for evading the mounted police, who come round occasionally with the photograph of some criminal of whom they are in search.

At least, however spotless one's innocence,



THE AUTHOR, MR. HILL ROWAN.
From a Photo. by Chancel or, Dublin.



"I APPLIED EXTERNAL HEAT TO MY DRIPPING CLOTHES IN FRONT OF THE FIRE."

there is a comfortable feeling that by keeping clear of the authorities altogether one can never be arrested for anything, and at a neighbouring sheep-run during shearing time the casual arrival of the police was generally the signal for every man in the shearing-shed to gallop for the open country.

In this reassuring environment I was to spend a night.

My friend quickly got ready a meal of the inevitable mutton and the eternal stewed tea and we sat down. On a closer inspection I liked the look of him still less than I had done at first.

As we talked he carefully examined my clothes, my boots, the ring on my finger—in fact, everything except my face, which he studiously avoided. His jaw was heavy and hung at an unpleasant angle, and irregular habits had set their unmistakable seal upon his brow. Yet under the rough veneer which a bush life invariably produces there were traces of education and refinement. But the more I

looked at him the more certainly the conviction grew upon me that I had seen him before, and under discreditable circumstances, though for the life of me I could not recall the occasion.

Tea was over, and with the storm shrieking furiously outside we sat down to entertain each other. First he invited me to throw for sixpences, but the dice were so palpably loaded that I felt the offer to be an insult to my intelligence. He then proposed euchre, to which I acceded (for low points, so that I could not be too readily robbed), glancing at the cards to see that the backs were not too obtrusively marked and that there were not more than six aces in the pack. I also furtively examined his coat-sleeves for a secret card-box or a "hold-out." He pressed me to sit where I should have a looking-glass behind me; I declined this, but manœuvred unsuccessfully for some time to get him to take that particular seat himself. We had each now asserted ourselves as keen men of the world who understood each other.

Something in the man's eyes puzzled me. I knew his face perfectly, yet a few questions convinced me that he had never seen mine. What was I to infer from this? Probably that I had been one of the spectators in some building where he had occupied a prominent position.

It is thus that we recognise some well-known actor or public speaker when we meet him, and feel surprised that the recognition is not mutual.

"Take your drink, mate; it'll keep the cold out," said my host.

I was so absorbed in thought that his voice sounded as distant as if he were in another room. He had seen suspicion in my eyes, and now I read it in his. I drank his villainous liquor mechanically; it might have been French polish, but I inclined to charitableness and put it down as only pain-killer.

"Your deal, mate," he prompted.

We were still at euchre—the national game of New Zealand, as it might almost be called. He won steadily, though I could see nothing

definitely unfair in his play. True, he held the jack and a "right bower" suspiciously often, and occasionally "bridged" the pack when handing it to me to cut. But I had had some experience of sharpening, and took out the "bridge" by gently squeezing the pack between my fingers. This increased his respect for me immensely.

Handing me the pack the next time his loose cuff fell right back from his wrist.

What was that on his forearm?

Only a blue tattoo mark of curious design, to be sure; but in a single instant it revealed to me the history of a lifetime.

Like a flash I remembered where I had last seen him—it was in the prisoners' dock! Good heavens! this was the professional desperado who had played the title-rôle in one of the most sensational cases in the annals of the Australasian law courts for the last ten years. I was in the power of a man who would think no more of cutting my throat than of eating his breakfast. His gang had carried on robbery under arms as

so many sentences that it was popularly reported that he would have been one hundred and fifty years in prison if he had served his full time!

My host's photograph and the extraordinary tattoo mark had been reproduced in all the leading newspapers. He had been captured, I remembered, sentenced, and then escaped—with the assistance of that public which is ever ready to supply with food and a hiding place the criminal who has been preying upon it for years.

I had now no doubt that my life might be in serious danger. He had seen the jewelled ring upon my finger, and in a single glance had taken in the points of the excellent hunter which I had been riding instead of the usual ten-pound stock-horse. I wore two spurs—an affectation of full-dress and "side" often peculiarly offensive to Colonial bushmen—and even this little fact disclosed me to be a man of social position, and therefore probably of substance. In short, I was worth murdering.

But good people are scarce, and, besides, I have had all my life a particular objection to



"MY CONVICT HOST GLIDED TO THE DOOR."

an organized industry. Their happy and peaceable household had included a forger, two murderers, an excellent cook badly "wanted" for bigamy, and a gentleman who—between reprieves and escapes from gaol—had received

being murdered. Problem: How to spend the night in this gentleman's society and insure being alive in the morning?

I had not so much as a knife in my belt, and even if I had should hardly have a chance in a

hand-to-hand discussion with an expert like this.

Stay! I put my hand in my pocket and felt for a small paper packet. I took it out unostentatiously. There was tobacco insecticide powder inside, which I had been using in my garden the day before; it was medicated.

Would it act as a narcotic or would it kill my man outright? I had to take the latter as an ordinary business risk; it was no time for going into intricate questions of chemistry or medicine. I should be only saving the hangman's fee in any case.

"Listen!" I exclaimed, as I started half up. "There's some one outside! I heard him sing out. If it's the police —"

I had touched the right chord. Instinctively feeling for some concealed weapon, my convict host glided to the door and instantly vanished. Of course, he was back again at once — it would have been strange if he *had* found anybody there — but the powder was already dropped into his drink.

"You must have a guilty conscience, mate," he observed, with some relief, regaining colour. "There was nothing."

"My horse, probably," I said. "Thought he'd get some more oats if he kicked up a row."

He did not take the hint, but sat down again beside his drink. It seemed a century before he finished it, and the game of cards was getting laboured; for the suspicion which I had noticed in his eyes had evidently given place to a certainty that I knew too much about him.

With supreme relief I saw the narcotic take effect. His eyes grew heavy, the cards dropped

helplessly from his hands, and I watched breathlessly for the moment when it would be safe to lash his hands and feet. Suddenly, to my utter dismay, I found myself giving way to exactly similar sensations! He had drugged *me!*

With the room fading before my eyes and a fatal numbness coming over my limbs, the only idea I could form was to make an effort to get outside into the fresh night air.

I stumbled from my chair. I have faint recollections of his doing the same. Then two people seemed to reach the door together and grapple. One drew a revolver and the other seized it and threw it across the room, whence neither of them had sufficient strength to fetch it. Then one of the men crumpled up like a paper bag and slithered on to the floor.

Then all was dark.

We recovered together next morning. He must have touched me with his foot when he awoke, for when I opened my eyes — surprised to find not only my windpipe intact but my watch and valuables still "there" — he was struggling feebly to his feet. The broad sunshine of a glorious day was flooding the room.

There was no need to throw myself on the defensive. My host approached me with the most obvious marks of respect and esteem and helped me to get up.

"You've done me, mate," he exclaimed, weakly, as he placed his hand upon my shoulder. "You've enough drugs inside your carcass to kill two men, yet here you are still as good as I am, and you've poisoned me somehow into the bargain."



"THESE TWO PEOPLE SEEMED TO REACH THE DOOR TOGETHER AND GRAPPLE."

My acuteness had so impressed him that he now obviously welcomed me in the light of a brother criminal, and without a tinge of professional jealousy he held my hand, meeting me with the easy frankness of one polished gentleman dealing with another.

"To tell you the truth, old chap," he went on, "my head's like a lump of lead. Just hold up till I cook some tea."

"I should like some," I answered; "my nerves are a shipwreck, and I'm gone in the knees. What was that drug you used, by-the-by?"

"Ah! that's a trade secret," he replied with a smile; "and, besides, these aren't 'business hours.' Don't talk shop; just lower this tea."

The tea, which had probably been simmering in the customary way for a week or two, was now re-suscitated into a *réchauffé* condition by the insertion of a little dried scrub into the fire. Neither of us could eat, but we drank at least a gallon apiece, and after a bottle of soda-water on top of that felt better.

He pressed me to stay a few days in order that we might exchange confidences, assuring me on his word as a man of honour that it would be "perfectly safe," but I declined. I would be sure to lose his good opinion by accidentally disclosing that I was not a professional criminal after all, and he would probably murder me in the end out of sheer contempt.

"Well, I won't press you, old man," he observed, as he followed me out to help in saddling my horse. "I expect you've got some job on hand somewhere else. But why didn't you tell me at once you were one of *us*? When I meet a regular stick-at-nothing scoundrel with no law or order or nonsense about him, why, I like it, that's all! I could see it in your eye the moment we met. Don't let that little

matter of last night stand between us. And, I say, if ever you're in trouble and want to put yourself away for a few months without fuss—well, you know where to come!"

I grasped the honest fellow's hand and continued my journey.



"I GRASPED THE HONEST FELLOW'S HAND AND CONTINUED MY JOURNEY."

Netting Tigers in the Jungle.

BY JOHN SWAFFHAM.

A description of a curious method employed by certain tribes in India for capturing tigers. Nets are placed at certain points in the jungle and the tiger driven into them. Once entangled in the meshes, the infuriated beast is easily dispatched. Needless to say, however, there is great scope for accidents, and the netting of tigers is dying out fast.



HERE can hardly be one man in a hundred, among all the thousands of Englishmen who yearly go out to India, who does not dream on the voyage of the day when, mounted in the broad back of an elephant, he shall shoot his first tiger. Five, ten, thirty years later the same man may return to his English home, when he will confess that he has never even seen a tiger in the wild state, or else be full of great tales of shikar, and the envy and despair of his son's sons. But if you ask one of these veterans if he has ever seen tigers caught with nets it is more than likely that his answer will be in the negative. He will answer vaguely that there used to be such a practice once upon a time, but that it has long passed to the place of forgotten things.

This dictum is to a certain

extent true, yet tigers are still occasionally taken in this manner by some of the more remote jungle tribes of Southern India. (The netting of a tiger in the Province of Madras is described in our issue for October, 1901, by a planter who witnessed the proceedings.—ED.)

One of these tribes is the Yorubas, a wandering race of hereditary hunters and professional trackers whose haunts are the dense jungles of Southern Bengal. They are an uncouth race, these Yorubas, yet often not without a certain wild beauty of feature. And as hunters they are unsurpassed.

To the quiet, stay-at-home person it must seem a recklessly mad idea to try and capture one of the strongest and fiercest of all wild animals in a frail net. On another count it must also seem an almost superhuman task to surround a tract of wild jungle,



From a

A TYPICAL PIECE OF TIGER JUNGLE.

[Photo.

with its huge trees, tangled creepers, and countless other obstacles, with an unbreakable line of nets slung upon poles. It must also be remembered that a tiger can easily jump a high stockade with a fair-sized bullock in his jaws—an achievement often surpassed when he is spurred by fear and mad with rage. Therefore a net must be at the least some twelve feet high at its lowest part if the infuriated animal is to find it any bar to his escape. Now nets of this height are not easy things to put up upon ground hampered with the dense and luxuriant growths of a tropical forest, and what is to be done must be done with speed, since the enclosable area cannot be made of more than a certain extent, and the tiger may shift his hiding-place.

Long training, however, has taught the native

of a band of Yoruba hunters encamped near by. Word went to them post-haste. The tiger, weary with abortive rage and gorged with a feed off the mangled body of one of his victims, was asleep in a thick patch of bamboo and other close-growing shrubs. This, with a silence and speed which must be seen before they can be credited, the Yorubas surrounded, and in a moment almost the nets were raised. Then, with unearthly tomtomings and cries, the beast was roused from his torpor. With the taste of blood fresh in his mouth, he issued from his place of concealment with a spring and a roar sufficient to strike terror to the heart of any hearer. But this time his assailants were no guileless hangers-on of a palace. He landed in the nets, which fell over him and



"HE ISSUED FROM HIS PLACE OF CONCEALMENT WITH A SPRING AND A ROAR."

hunters to set their snares with a speed and accuracy almost comparable to that with which a Thames angler wields his cast-net for the taking of the fry which are to be his bait for a larger quarry. Thus, lately, in a certain small State, a tiger escaped from the Rajah's animal houses and wandered at will through the great gardens. He could not escape because of the high walls which surrounded it, but he could and did establish a reign of terror which, when attempts at recapture had claimed the life of more than one victim, left him for awhile in undisputed possession of the territory. At this juncture a report came in of the presence

held him on all sides in a clinging embrace. The more fiercely he twisted and struggled the more tightly they enmeshed him. When he tried to rend them they opened out and entangled his claws, but would not tear. He was helpless.

This time the tiger was not destined to be slain, so the captors let him rage, helping the nets to envelop him the better by means of stout poles, which also they used to no improvement of his temper as means of insult, prodding him, and crying, native like: "Ari, my brother! Are they sweet, these enfoldings of the arms of thy love?" with many another gibe, bitter to be

borne by a self-respecting tiger who has hitherto had little care for an unarmed native of the jungles.

But let me conduct you to a tiger-netting expedition carried out in grim earnest. Imagine yourself in the camp of a party of Yorubas (sometimes called Korubas) or any other tribe which practises the netting method of capturing tigers. Word is brought of a recent "kill" by an animal whose haunt is known or of which the trail is sufficiently defined for it to be possible to try and track him. In a very few moments the men are up and their nets, all ready for transport, are shouldered by those to whom this part of the business is assigned.

close to hand. Should bamboo not exist in a particular jungle, the young poles of a hundred other saplings readily take its place. You must not suppose that it is even occasionally possible to literally "surround" the lair of the animal which it is sought to take. A line is drawn across the place at which it is probable the tiger will try to make his exit, and in the selection of this spot you may be fairly sure that the intuition of the tribesmen will seldom be at fault. At either end of this line short flanking nets are set up, so that, if the sight of the toils sends the frightened animal off in an endeavour to make a flank escape, he will be led to imagine that the snare is complete on all sides.



From a

THE SCREEN OF NETS IN POSITION ACROSS THE TIGER'S LINE OF RETREAT.

[Photo.

After a longer or shorter interval (it may be only at the end of a day's toilsome march) the particular spot is located whither the tiger has retired to sleep off the effects of his hearty meal.

Quick as thought each hunter does his part. Being savages there is no need for discipline, which is the apology of civilization for the loss of that initiative which is the birthright of those whose every need must either be self-supplied or go unsatisfied. Thus, in a shorter time than one could believe possible, the screen of nets is in position, supported on tall bamboos cut down from the endless stock which Nature supplies

A tiger is, after all, not much different from any other of the jungle beasts. Once in a way, if too closely pressed, he may become so stricken with panic that even the fiendish din of a host of native beaters will not dissuade him from an attempt to "break back." If he do so there is every chance that he will escape. Still, it is seldom that his courage is equal to this wild charge, apparently into the very face of the advancing danger.

When a writer speaks of the "cowardice" of such an animal as the tiger it must be borne in mind that man is every whit as fearful to a forest beast as the same beast is to the man.

Moreover the beast on this occasion was asleep when he was aroused by such a din as it may be supposed a thousand fiends could not render more horrible. From dreams such as an overfull stomach induces in man and animal alike, he was brought violently back to realities by this horrible uproar. Inevitably he can have had only one thought—how to get unobserved to some spot where it might be possible to safely call a halt for an inquiry into the reason for this fearsome invasion of the silent solitudes of his home. Thus he glided away silently as only the cat tribe may, but the noise followed after.

could not stop, however, before he could check the impetus of his huge body he had leapt into the nets.

Then there arose such a pandemonium as only the pen of a Kipling could describe. Headlong the tiger crashed into the snare, and the lithe nets clung about him. Snarl and rage as he would it was too late. Each new effort wrapped the tangle closer and yet more close about his mighty limbs, which had never yet found substance that a determined effort could not rend. Yet this strange thing was not to be rent, nor would any display of strength



"HIS ROARING AND STRUGGLING WERE APPELLING."

Perhaps it was the "ping" of a bullet from some old jezail, an extra vile crash upon a tom-tom, or an unheard-of effort issuing from the lungs of an excited bearer, but some atrocity in the way of sounds made him still more anxious to clear out, and at that he started off with a mighty rush, which was really a series of gigantic leaps. Suddenly he came face to face with the nets, though probably it was not these that his eyes recognised, but rather the line of dreaded human animals standing to attention and each holding at the "present" a gleaming something which no beast alive has ever seen and been under any misapprehension as to the meaning of. He

avail to put aside what the reasoned skill of a little child could disentangle in less time than it takes me to pen these words. All this time, moreover, the dread animal, man, was coming so close that their faces almost touched him as he dashed about in blind rage. Then those gleaming things in the men's hands came into play. First a clumsy fellow thrust at the tiger so that the sharp spear's end hit his flank, whereat his roaring and struggling were for a moment so appalling that no human being, savage and therefore unimpressionable though he might be, could help recoiling in horror. But the feeling passed with the tiger's mighty roar, and stabs and thrusts



From a]

TAKING HOME THE DEAD TIGER AFTER THE HUNT.

[Photo,

rained upon the infuriated brute inside the nets. The blows were tempered at first with a certain fear, but as his helplessness to retaliate became obvious they grew stronger and bolder, until at last the lord of the jungle lay dead among the leaves. The hunt was over!

Such a day as this takes its place among

those which a man will remember to his life's end. Not that in it he has done a great deed nor yet a brave one, but he has pitted craft against strength and mind against force. As a man he has asserted his mastery over a king of brutes, and that with only the tools of a savage, cunning though they be—his hands.



Christmas on a Tombstone.

BY MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE.

The well-known authoress relates how, after a week of Christmas festivities in Mexico City, she found herself absolutely alone on Christmas Day itself, which is not observed by the Mexicans. Accordingly, she and a friend planned a little picnic, which ended in their eating their Christmas dinner on an old tombstone!



T was a strange place on which to eat one's Christmas dinner; but it is the variety of life which makes its interest.

The 25th of December is as dull in Mexico as the City on a Bank Holiday. Christmas is, nevertheless, a tremendous festival in Mexico; for the preceding nine days there are fairs of all sorts and kinds, wonderful booths full of the quaintest little pottery figures made by the natives, such as cows, horses, pigs, leopards, monkeys, etc., most weird and strange, and nearly all made to whistle. There are the inevitable pea-nuts, paper decorations, candles, Chinese lanterns, Indian plaited baskets, pottery water-jars, and models of cowboys or matadors. Anything and everything is for sale in the booths, about which thousands of Indians are gaily flocking. But the great excitement centres round the *piñatas*, which queer things take the place of our Christmas trees. Every house, rich or poor, has a *piñata*. They are all made by the Indians, and generally consist of large paper figures, or boats, or animals, two or three feet high, inside which is a pot or *olla*, filled with sweets and little presents. The paper figures are very cleverly dressed up over laths of wood, those representing ballet-dancers and clowns being great favourites. Gold and tinsel and coloured fringes decorate these queer things, which are sold by thousands for Christmas and hung up in state, to be broken by some child in every home throughout the length and breadth of the land. The beggars receive generous alms from every passer-by, and for nine days all is giving and receiving.

For nine nights high festival is held, beginning with a religious ceremony, followed by processions, in which a *crèche* is carried in due pomp through the house of the Mexican to the chanting of prayers and hymns. Devotion is the order of the evening, and everyone is religiously inclined.

Formerly this religious ceremony continued for the whole nine nights; but now the succeeding eight are given over to merriment of all kinds,

ending up with what we should consider the real Christmas-keeping on the 24th of December. Our Christmas Day counts for naught among the Mexicans—it is a *dies non*. I had enjoyed those nine days of rejoicing, having been invited by the President of Mexico to his own family party: but when the real Christmas Day came—of which we think so much in England—I found I was alone—absolutely alone!

What a contrast to the preceding night! For on Christmas Eve one of the quaintest and most interesting parties I ever remember had fallen to my lot. The ninth and last night of the great series of Christmas festivals was the one chosen by Madame Diaz, wife of the President, to give her party. About eight o'clock the guests assembled in the beautiful house in Buena Vista. Inside was a huge courtyard or *patio*, full of flowers and palms. The stone floor was carpeted, and small tables arranged for supper were dotted about among the palms, which were gaily illuminated by Chinese lanterns and fairy lamps. Madame Diaz had introduced a little innovation for the occasion by requesting that every girl should wear a fancy dress composed entirely of paper, manufactured, if possible, by her own hands. The result was wonderful; indeed, it was one of the prettiest balls I have seen. The coloured paper had been deftly twisted by clever fingers into Red Riding Hoods, Charlotte Cordays, hospital nurses—indeed, into costumes of all sorts and kinds—until the effect was beautiful, and no one could possibly have imagined that the bright-hued, crinkled fabrics were merely paper. The Spanish-Mexican girls are lovely, glorious dark eyes and beautiful teeth being their chief characteristic.

The men wore red dress-coats, reminding one strangely of an English hunt ball, only in Mexico they wear black knee breeches and silk stockings and their hair is powdered white. It was the gayest of gay scenes, for it was Christmas Eve, the great night of all nights in the land of Montezuma. Spanish dances, Mexican *danzas*, waltzes, and quadrilles all came



"THE YOUNGEST GIRL PRESENT WAS TOLD TO BREAK ONE WITH A STICK."

in turn, the President's wife distributed silver souvenirs among her guests, fireworks and rockets were sent up, and about ten o'clock the great *pīnatas* were broken. They were hanging outside in the courtyard, and the youngest girl present was told to break one with a stick. As she shattered the earthenware pot in the interior of the beautiful ballet-dancer a shower of wonderful things descended. Sweets, toys, whistles, charms, crackers, bead necklaces, all sorts and conditions of things came out of the *olla*, and were scrambled for by the company. After three or four *pīnatas* were broken supper was served, and I had the honour of being invited to the private dining-room of the President and Madame Diaz for that meal.

It was all so gay and cordial, so charming, that I felt absolutely at home and quite happy and contented, although in such strange and unusual surroundings; therefore the dawn of the 25th of December, with no further prospect of gaiety, seemed all the more lonely, and the

distance from one's own belongings all the more unbearable.

A friend of my youth, an old kindergarten school friend, in fact, although it chanced to be a "he" and not a "she," was in like plight, and therefore we decided to spend Christmas together and make merry in our own way. We agreed to ride as far as it was possible to ride to a little village outside the city, taking our luncheon with us in a brown-paper parcel! Procuring that luncheon was somewhat amusing. There was a funny old French waiter at my hotel who was a particular friend of mine, and to him I confided my wants.

"But Christmas is a grand day in England," he said; "I was once there."

"Yes," I replied, glad of his sympathy, "but as no one seems to think much of it here, and as all the shops are shut, a friend and I are going out to see the old church at San Juan."

"I will give you a couple of fowls," he suggested, cheerfully.

"Not two!" I exclaimed, in horror.

"One would not be sufficient for madame and a gentleman," he persisted. "Would madame like lettuce and tomatoes, *éclairs* and wine?"

He insisted upon the two fowls, and, being afraid to damp his ardour, I finally agreed, thinking his idea of making merry must be to consume more than is necessary in honour of the occasion.

It was a lovely, bright day, the bluest of blue skies overhead, and when we left the city it was quite sunny and warm. We passed many queer things by the way, among them a cross at the entrance to a village, put up by the Indians to scare away the devil. Mephistopheles bows before the cross on the handle of the sword, and the devil never passes a cross in the land of the Aztecs. Hence, nearly every bridge in Mexico has this form of ornamentation, and most villages have one on their thresholds. Witches and devils exist for them, and strange and weird are the people's beliefs.

In two hours and a half we arrived at our village, and learning that there was a very pretty barranca or chasm at the back of the church, we decided to go there for our picnic. The way thither led through the churchyard; the sun by this time was tremendously hot, and as a pleasant breeze swept along the ridge of the hill, and caught the edge of the tombstones in that churchyard, I suggested that we might stay there and enjoy our repast on one of the ancient graves.

"What! Christmas dinner on a tombstone?" exclaimed my friend, in dismay. "Your ideas are not cheerful."

However, like all good men, he gave in to the whim of woman, and there we stayed.

It certainly was a strange performance.

"You have got to eat a whole fowl," I exclaimed. "the waiter insisted upon my having two. A good appetite is evidently his idea of Christmas festival."

The brown-paper parcel was undone, and, lo! each fowl was about the size of a pigeon! No wonder the poor, dear man had decided one would not be sufficient. Hard-boiled eggs, delicious French bread, and vile butter—for which Mexico is famous; or rather she is famous for the lack

of good butter—beautiful, crisp lettuce, salt in a paper packet, and everything in a very primitive and picnicky style was arranged upon a convenient tombstone, which was luckily in the shade of some large palm trees. The spot we had chosen commanded a magnificent view of the deep ravine, and those great, glorious, snow-capped volcanoes which are to be seen everywhere from the Mexican valley, and are some of the finest mountains in the world.

Softly he it owned, we were both unutterably homesick, and it was not over-easy to assume

that forced gaiety which is entirely artificial, and known to be such by the hearer as well as by the speaker.

What was everybody doing in England? Enjoying turkey, roast beef and plum-pudding, mince-pies and crackers, drinking healths, giving and receiving those delightful little surprises—presents which are to be found in every home. Fires were doubtless crackling cheerily on the hearths at home, snow, perhaps, was falling outside the window, and the whole atmosphere was generally Christmassy. The family assembled, augmented by a few dear friends, all enjoying the hospitality of the British home. The rooms were probably illuminated, and everyone warm and snug and comfortable. A happy family party, truly, in the dear old homes we both loved—we two lone folk away from our own firesides.

Here was, indeed, a different scene. Here it was hot and sunny and bright—an English August day, in fact—and wild strawberries formed an item of our fare. Here we were, childhood's friends who had drifted apart for the greater portions of our lives, to meet again in that far off land and eat our Christmas dinner together—on a Mexican tombstone.

We laughed over the chickens, we made jokes over everything, we tried to be happy and gay in our loneliness, when we suddenly discovered that we were not alone! It was a high tombstone on which our fare was spread—the shape of a stone table—and there on the other side a great, big pair of round, black eyes were peering at us. They belonged to a poor, starving mongrel cur, who had smelt our meal from afar, and was wistfully gazing at that strange feast. Never was dog so thin! Every rib showed through his emaciated form, his legs seemed grown by the yard, and yet the girth of his



"A CROSS AT THE ENTRANCE TO A VILLAGE PUT UP BY THE INDIANS TO SCARE AWAY THE DEVIL." (Photo.)

body was but a few inches. The drumstick of a chicken was quickly thrown to him.

"I thought chicken bones were bad for dogs," I remarked.

"But I have nothing else to give the poor brute," was the reply, and consequently, as the dog seemed to relish the savoury morsel, he was allowed to devour all our bones—not *our* bones, but the chicken's bones, of course. Not satisfied with these he finished up with the eggshells, and actually attacked the paper the

were hardly needed by a woman seven thousand miles from her own house, or chocolate sticks by a man who never ate chocolate. He was a funny old pedlar, and much regretted that we had nothing left to give him. He evidently envied the dog's fare; but he went off happy with a small gift of a few centavos, which he doubtless spent on that awful native drink, *pulquey*, made from the fermented milk of the maguey plant—an atrocious white fluid on which the Indians get deadly drunk.



"HE WAS MOST ANXIOUS WE SHOULD BUY HIS WARES."

things had been wrapped in. I could only imagine he relished the latter on account of the fat with which it was smeared. He ate everything, in fact, the only thing he declined being the salt!

At last he went away smacking his lips at the excellent fare. Immediately afterwards we had another visitor. Had the dog told him of our presence, or did the bits of egg-shell still hanging round the cur's jowl denote the fact that people were near?

This visitor was a pedlar. He was most anxious we should buy his wares, but sieves

After our quaint meal was ended we went to examine the church. Of course, it was Roman Catholic, built by the Spaniards some three or four hundred years ago, and there were some fine carving, beautiful silver lamps, and well-painted pictures, although it stood in an Indian village where the congregation was composed of half-bred Indians. But although the church was fine the surroundings were gruesome. Bits of old, destroyed coffins lay in heaps in one



"A SORT OF WAKE NEAR THE REMAINS OF THE DEPARTED."

corner of the graveyard: this was the poor quarter, where the people are buried for seven years and then dug up to make room for others. The coffins we saw were waiting to be burnt. The bones were all huddled together in a sort of cellar, for, although the Toltecs and Aztecs burned their dead, Roman Catholics do not cremate and will not burn skeletons. These pauper graves were marked by a post on which was a tin tablet with the date of interment, information necessary so that each grave may be dug up at the proper time.

Occasionally a cross marked the better-class burying-place. In the big cemeteries of Mexico City, however, there are splendid monuments and headstones of every kind, a very favourite mode being to enclose a portrait of the deceased in the marble slab, and a fashion prevalent in Mexico is on the birthday or saint's name-day of the dead person for the family to go to the grave, ornament it with artificial paper flowers or dyed grasses, set candles all round, and have a sort of

wake near the remains of the departed, leaving food, wine, and even tobacco for the use of the dead when they go away. Dogs are muzzled so that they may not steal the food intended for the dear departed.

As we rode home in the cool of the afternoon we had recovered from the depression of the morning and thoroughly enjoyed little jokes by the way, and the glorious and magnificent sunset which spread before us. Probably the finest view in the whole world is to be seen from the Castle of Chapultepec in Mexico City. The panorama in the evening lights is sublime. The snow-capped peaks of those great volcanoes bathed in coral pink, the blue sky, and soft grey clouds chasing one another over that vast expanse of heaven: the almost tropical verdure of the country round the town, the red and gold of the shimmering domes of the city, the wonderful colouring of the departing sun made a truly magnificent ending to a Christmas spent on a Mexican tombstone.

The Cruise of the Millionaires.

TOLD BY R. G. KNOWLES. CHRONICLED BY RICHARD MORTON.

The well-known comedian describes in a humorous fashion a voyage he recently made on the R.M.S. "Celtic." This great liner left New York for a pleasure cruise in the Mediterranean, having on board a large number of wealthy tourists, many of whom were American millionaires. The narrative is accompanied by a number of photographs taken by Mr. Knowles on the voyage.

I.

LET me set it down in plain black and white that I am not a millionaire. Some of my friends may affect to believe that I am—there are occasions when one's friends surely nourish such a suspicion—but I wish to have it understood that I am not anything of the kind. It is true I voyaged in company with some of America's millionaires—she has them to burn—but, though with them, I was not of them.

I did not penetrate into their society by any base subterfuge. I merely offered my money and myself to the care of the manager of the jaunt. It is a point in my favour that I was accepted as worthy to be on board, and it was lucky for me that nobody asked me to swear an affidavit that I had a million of money in the bank or in my pocket.

I will do the management this further justice, and state that not a soul mentioned a word about money to me beyond asking me to kindly hand over what was due to them for my berth. When that transaction was completed I found myself a tripper to the Orient, side by side with some of the gold kings of the U.S.A. I have detailed the matter in full because I want my best friends to know that I did not get on the ship under false pretences. On receiving this assurance, those who know me best will be pleased, if surprised.

We started from New York. They sent a band on board with us, and on the pier there was a

band that we left behind. The amenities of musicians are always interesting to me. In this case the band on the boat played loudly the appropriate tune, "If You Ain't Got No Money You Needn't Come Round." The one on the pier countered with the retort courteous, "We Don't Care If You Never Come Back!" It was one of the most soothing farewells I ever experienced. It was so nice to know that we never would be missed, even if the worst happened.

Thus we sailed away, on and on and on, passing the statue of Liberty, but nothing of an exciting nature happened until we dropped anchor—off Coney Island. We had commenced our voyage at three o'clock and we anchored about five, so there had really not been much

time for excitement. Our captain decided that our first stop should be Coney Island, and Coney Island it was. The place was not mentioned in the programme, but no extra charge was made. Many of our passengers then saw Coney Island for the first time, and were not favourably impressed. Some people do not care for the resort even in the summer, and in February it does not assume its most cheerful aspect.

In the morning we arose with the island still in view. Each traveller, moreover, was now equipped with a severe cold, which he had either smuggled

board or captured since the embarkation. It would surprise some folks to find how really human the millionaire becomes when he has a cold in the head.

At length the *Celtic* made a stately exit from



MR. R. G. KNOWLES.
From a Photo. by Maiccau, New York.

the lower bay, and then proudly faced the broad ocean. The trip to Madeira was passed in getting acquainted one with another, and our sensations were limited to the pretty sight of a sailing vessel with all sails set, and a view of another ship that had ceased its sailing and found a last dock in the bed of the sea, leaving visible only the tops of her masts.

It was on the second or third day out that I was approached by a very tall man with long, curly locks. He was armed with an ear-trumpet, and had a peculiar way with him



R.M.S. "CELTIC," IN WHICH THE MILLIONAIRES MADE THEIR CRUISE.
From a Photo.

which must have been very disquieting to his friends, for when he smiled he sighed. I do not know whether he intended to favour me with a smiling sigh or a sighing smile, but he certainly fixed me with both as he reached out his good right hand. His left carried the trumpet to his ear.

And he remarked, "You are one of us?"

I replied, "Oh, yes; I'm on the ship."

But he remonstrated, "You do not understand me. I mean, you are a minister?"

I took it as a great compliment to my appearance, but I was obliged to assure him that he had erred in his diagnosis. So he smilingly sighed himself away, and never smiled or sighed with me again.

Now, after being confined to a vessel for eight days (even in the golden company of millionaires), any sort of land looks good to the eye, but Madeira would have pleased us had we struck it the first day instead of Coney Island.

I found Funchal, its principal town, resting on the side of a mountain, seeking the shade on one side and inviting the cool sea breeze to fan its brow on the other. I dare say other travellers have found it in exactly the same situation.

A small river runs through the town. It has some water in it. I took a photograph to assure myself of this undeniable fact, which I am now prepared to swear to.

Of almost equal importance is the fact that the casino encourages a good band and a satisfactory quantity of gambling. Now, we had no fewer than seventy-six clergymen on board, and each felt it his bounden duty to warn us, his fellow-passengers, of the iniquity of visiting that casino. Having succeeded in giving the place good and bold advertisement, and having aroused in us a spirit of gaming which might otherwise have remained dormant, the ministers retired gracefully on their laurels, leaving us to act upon their sound advice.

Of course, we went off to the casino almost in a body, as quickly as we could get there. But a fair percentage of the parsons were there before us.

The streets of Funchal are calculated to warn any man to keep steady. They are paved with small stones, very evenly and firmly laid, and the road up the hill undulates like the waves of that ocean with which I had

become so familiar. There is a rapid transit system of travelling in vogue. It takes the shape of an ox-sled, the runners being steel-shod. When the boy driver wishes to accelerate the speed he shouts to the bullock, flourishes his stick, and then runs to the front of the sled and drops a piece of cloth, covered with grease, under the runner. He catches the cloth as the runner passes over it, and repeats the operation as often as is required.

Visitors to Funchal are in the habit of telling fearful and wonderful stories concerning a form of sport which is very much in fashion. It requires unlimited pluck and nerve, so they say, and consists of getting into a sled and sliding down the mountain-side—a terrible proposition, perhaps. These tales are calculated to raise one's hair, for the angle of descent becomes more acute and the speed greater each time the yarns are told. But I found the ride down the mountain-side just a refreshing trip quite a

novelty in its way, but with nothing particularly startling about it. I took a photograph on the spot showing how it is done, and when next I hear some romancer freezing the marrow in a stranger's bones with his version of the trip I shall bring him up short by showing him the picture.

The cleverest performance I saw in Funchal was that of the mudlarks. Now, mudlarks are birds of prey familiar in most ports, and I have seen many varieties of the species, good, bad, and worse—very few good, but quite a quantity of the others.

The Funchal mudlarks are really good boys, and quite deserve the harvest of pennies for which they dive. I am afraid they reaped only coppers, as usual, on the occasion of our visit. I expected to see the millionaires throwing sovereigns overboard—but, no! It was coppers once more. The boys dived from the boat-deck of our vessel, about seventy feet from the water.

During our short stay on the island one thing was impressed on me as a great and abiding truth, viz.: human nature is the same the wide world o'er, even in Madeira. So is milk.

I discovered this at the siesta of the milkmen of Funchal, for they were gathered, in ingenuous simplicity and faith, around the fountain in the middle of a public square. There they crouched and squatted, cans and all, with the clear, cool water squirting invitingly behind them. The picture was peaceful, pretty, and suggestive. I do not go so far as to assert that they utilized the water to fill up their cans; I merely say the fountain was their chosen resting place. They were *there*, and where good water is there will you generally find the milkman. There evidently must be some subtle sympathy between milk and water; one approaches the other, whether they mingle or not. But they do not always advertise their affinity so openly as they did in Funchal.

From Madeira we proceeded to Gibraltar, being met there by guides—by guides



BACK VIEW OF SOME OF THE MILLIONAIRES.
From a Photo.

who guided and guides who were misguided.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will go to the fortifications," announced one of these.

A lady with the party, severely and aesthetically garbed, interrupted, "No, no. Not to the fortifications. They have no interest for me. I want to see the galleries. I came on this trip to study art!"

And when the guide told her that the fortifications and the galleries are one and the same place, all the brightness went out of her life,

and Gibraltar was to her a barren and weary desert.

Most people imagine Gibraltar to be the strongest fortified town in the world. The idea is erroneous, and should be corrected at once.

For the Spanish town of Linea, just across



THE RIVER AT FUNCHAL—MR. KNOWLES TOOK A PHOTO, OF IT TO ASSURE HIMSELF IT CONTAINED WATER! [Photo.]

three-quarters of a mile of neutral territory, is more strongly fortified against the invader than is Gibraltar. Its strength lies in its smells. Each street has a separate and distinct one, and each inhabitant feels it his bounden duty to contribute as much as he can to the general effect. I am willing to wager that, if I were to be blindfolded on the outskirts of Linea, and then led through its principal thoroughfares, I could tell the names of each and every one by its own peculiar and predominant odour. But when I reached the public square, where all the streets converge, I should probably be lost. The combined effect baffles description, though some of our party made energetic and heroic attempts at it.

An odoriferous guide expounded to us the wonders of the bull-ring, which was built to accommodate ten thousand people. As Linea has only a thousand inhabitants the reason for this prodigality of space is beyond me. Still, that is a matter for the architect and the corporation of Linea to argue out between themselves. It scarcely concerns me; I do not pay taxes in Spain.

One poor fellow had been killed at a recent fight, and our guide, taking a sword from the wall, gave us a graphic description of the event. He said:—

"The bull-fighter he come by the ring wance"—he illustrated the man's walk—"so, ah! The bull he come by the ring wance—so, ah! The bull-fighter he make wan lunge for the bull—so, ah! He miss. The bull he make wan lunge for the bull-fighter—so, ah! He *hit*. His horn go in wan side—so. It come out the other—so! ah! And the man he die five minute before."

So it was pretty plain that the poor chap was dead before the fight commenced.

Our meditated stay in Gibraltar was considerably shortened, for we were promised a longer sojourn in Algiers if we left ahead of time. But we arrived there behind time. Pamphlets were circulated informing us that carriages were not ordered for our use in Algiers, as they would not be required. This was a beautiful example of the truth which is mighty and must prevail, for the majority of the passengers had to remain on board, and we should never have been permitted to use the decks for carriage drives. So we were grateful that the vehicles were not ordered.

Our consolation was that we could take peeps at Algiers at distances varying from two to five miles, and we also had the satisfaction of knowing that we could not be cast ashore and wrecked on an inhospitable beach while we remained so far away from it.

At last a few daring spirits who had risked everything and gone ashore were induced to return to us, and off we went to Malta, arriving there behind time. In fact, some of us never arrived at all, for once again we did not get close enough to the land to drop anchor. A few reckless millionaires ignored the warning of our careful skipper, and,



"MUDLARKS" AT FUNCHAL.—THEY DIVED FROM THE BOAT-DECK, SEVENTY FEET ABOVE THE WATER. [Photo.]

cluding his vigilance, made for *terra firma* in small boats. This time I kept them company.

Everything in Malta I found to be dry and dusty, but nothing was drier or dustier than the driver of the horse which pulled the vehicle which carried us to the nearest watering place. I say "watering place," but I do not mean the Water was the fluid they gave away, but they tempered their generosity with justice, and compelled us to purchase another liquid to mix with it.

There are many beautiful sights in Malta, but

nobody has ever succeeded in seeing them. Just as you are about to gaze on something beautiful a band of beggars puts in an appearance, and you turn away, willing to lose a glimpse of the beautiful in avoiding that which is decidedly not so.

We paid a visit to the Palace of Skulls, where they store the bones of the Knights of Malta. At least, that is what is claimed for the bones. Let me at once admit that bones are there—bones in abundance.

The walls and ceilings are tastefully ornamented with festoons of bones, and grinning skulls are arranged in original patterns. The remainder of the grim consignment is piled up in heaps, like kindling-wood in a grocery store. We had a millionaire soap manufacturer in our crowd, and he nearly died with envy at the sight of so much good material going to waste.

There is no charge made for admission to the Palace of Skulls. You pay as you go out, and you are so glad to get out that you are not particular as to the fee. The enterprise ought to return a good dividend to the shareholders.

Our guide next moved on to the Opera House, which we were gravely informed was all stone. The most careless observer would have been aware of the truth of the statement so far as the outside of the building was concerned, but when the guide stamped on a wooden stage and said "All stone," even we poor, ignorant travellers commenced to think, and when he pointed to a mirror and exclaimed "All stone," we began to doubt. So also when he shook the velvet curtains and cried "All stone," we knew it as well as he did, but had not the courage to tell him so.

As we were leaving I gave him a shilling. I thought he deserved it. He bowed low and removed his hat, exposing a bald head to view.

I tapped it with my forefinger, inquiring, "All stone?"

He smiled seriously and answered, "Yes, sir; all stone."

And so we parted.

We left the shore and made for our ship. Five passengers in one boat tried to obtain a certain amount of notoriety by being upset. It was not mentioned in the prospectus that such luxuries were allowed, and the rest of us were naturally jealous of the adventurous five for taking such a mean advantage of their opportunity.

When the boat upset, a tall, thin Pittsburger, with whiskers trained in the manner of a Yorkshire terrier, went under water with a long cigar in his mouth. When he came to the surface the cigar was still with him.

Once more he went below; perhaps he had forgotten something. Anyhow, the cigar did not forsake him. He returned to the top and was remorselessly

pulled on board, despite his struggles, with that cigar still between his teeth.

Somebody said to him, "You did hang on to your smoke."

"Yes," he replied, "but the blamed thing went out."

I must record a grand effort by a sailor who leaped to the rescue from the upper promenade deck, a distance of sixty feet. As it happened, his attempt was not wanted, for the men were rescued before he reached them, but his daring act was one more proof that heroism still lives at sea.

I expect that the elongated Pittsburger was properly cautioned not to repeat the incident of the capsized boat, or he might have inveigled another batch of passengers into taking a similar liberty with the programme. I really believe he was the ringleader in the whole affair; he was so cool all through it.

A lady of an inquiring turn of mind, much interested in sensations, asked him, "How did you feel when you came up for the second time?"

And his reply was, "Wet, madam; very wet."

(To be concluded.)



THE FUNCHAL MILKMEN TAKE THEIR SIESTA AT THE FOUNTAIN.
From a Photo.



We have pleasure in informing our readers that we have commissioned Mr. Bart Kennedy—whose graphically-told stories of his experiences in many lands have proved so popular—to tramp through the length and breadth of Spain, that most romantic of European countries. Mr. Kennedy knows not a word of the language, carries no outfit beyond a revolver and a camera, and will journey afoot right to the Pyrenees. This is not Mr. Kennedy's first experience as a tramp in a strange land, and his trip is proving full of interest and, of course, not a little adventure, seeing that some of the wildest and most inaccessible spots in Europe are to be found in the land of the Dons. It is safe to say that this journey has never been essayed by an Englishman under similar circumstances before.



THE day after the bull-fight Campito and I had dinner together. But our conversation was at first rather restricted, because of the fact that he knew no English and I knew no Spanish. "Buena" and "toro" were the only words of which we had a common knowledge, and two words between two men soon become overworked. We had, therefore, to take refuge in long but eloquent silences and fraternal looks.

I had met Campito at the Plaza de Toros just after he had killed his last bull, and the result was that we were now in the dining-room together working our two words for all they were worth—and more.

But a saviour appeared on the scene—Arturo Danino, interpreter and past-master in the art of guiding the befogged Briton. He told the torero everything I wanted to tell him about his dexterity and courage and address, and the great power he had with his sword, and of my

enthusiasm generally for bull-fighting. At least, I gathered that Danino must have told Campito all this, for Campito looked pleased and asked if it were not possible to show London the true inwardness and greatness of bull-fighting. Such a big town as London ought to have bull fights, argued Campito. "Londra! Plaza de Toros Buena!" he exclaimed, emphatically. I hedged a little at this by asking Danino to tell him that the difficulty in England might possibly be about the horses; and the conversation took a somewhat safer course.

Campito in build looked very like one of our own light-weight pugilists. He was about five feet four in height, and in weight just on to ten stone; a handy looking, quick, effective figure of a man. He was twenty-four years old, and belonged to Triana, a suburb of Seville. He looked like a pugilist with artistic leanings.

The dinner was a great success, despite the fact that Campito would drink but little wine. He had all the tenderness of the athlete as to

the matter of keeping fit and in condition. Had he been an Englishman, and a boxer, I would have backed him for all I was worth—and all I could borrow—to beat anybody his own weight.

When I told him of this, through Danino, he looked modest and shook his head. And then he confided to us the fact that he would not for the world fight anyone with his fists. He would be nervous. He did not understand the fists, he said. But the *cuchillo* (knife)! Ah! that was where he would shine! Give him a knife and he would tackle the best man going.

We were much observed by the Spaniards as we sauntered out of the dining-room, Campito and myself arm-in-arm, and the fluent Danino following in our wake. As we got near the door a Spanish gentleman got up from where he was sitting and bowed profoundly to Campito. The torero bowed in return. I bowed in sympathy. The fluent Danino bowed; and then we all bowed again and passed forth.

We went along to a café in the Sierpas—the main street—where I was presented to toreros of all shapes, sizes, and conditions. And over refreshments Danino interpreted to them my boundless enthusiasm for bull-fighting. We got on famously. Whenever I thought that Danino was not interpreting me adequately I made polite sweeping gestures filled with meaning—or intended to be.

It was in this café that I made the acquaintance of *aguardiente*, a fine, refreshing drink if diluted with water. Whilst we were here a torero came in named Eduardo Barrego (*Zocata*). All toreros, by the way, have a name other than their real name by which they are known professionally. *Zocata* was a first-class *banderillero*, who had seen service in Madrid with the famous matador Mazzantini. He was very pleasant indeed to me, was this *banderillero*, and he told me that I looked very like Mazzantini. He said that I was big and broad like the famous matador, and that I had the same kind of a head. I was so flattered that I at once insisted on standing a round of drinks. Whilst I suspected that the compliment was diluted with politeness, still it was only courteous for me to show appreciation. Evidently my boundless enthusiasm for the national sport had met with its due reward.

From the café Campito and Danino and I went to a *café cantante* in the Alameda. A performance was going on on a small stage—set up rather high—at the end of the café. There was no charge for admission; all that one had to do was to order drinks.

Campito was bowed to with the utmost respect by everyone in the café who could catch his eye. I myself came in for a good deal of attention—or rather, I should say, curiosity. As a matter

of fact, they can tell an Englishman a mile away in Spain. Moreover, I was wearing a pith helmet that I had got in Gibraltar to protect my head from the sun. This helmet aroused much interest, and a Spaniard who sat at a table near asked if he might examine it. I took it off and handed it to him. He looked at it most critically, balanced it carefully in his hand, and gave it back, saying, “Buena sombrero!” My helmet had met with his approval.

The audience in the *café cantante* was free and easy and most democratic. There were labourers, artisans, women with babies in their arms, family parties, Spanish officers, strangers, mule-drivers, and various others. All were sitting rather closely together, drinking water or coffee, *aguardiente* or *manzanilla* wine. A glass of water cost ten centimes (nearly a penny), an *aguardiente* cost thirty centimes, and coffee the same. The *camereros* (waiters) moved from one place to the other, crushing in between the close-sitting people. How they managed not to spill what they were carrying was something of a mystery. One had to keep twisting and twining and wriggling about on one's chair to let them squeeze past with their trays, which they carried poised up high on the tops of their hands. But no one seemed to mind them. Everyone was good-natured and free and easy.

On the stage there were about ten men dressed as tramps—an out-at-elbow, ragged, curiously-hatted crowd. They were burlesquing a street band, and one of them was in the centre of the stage, conducting in a humorous, exaggerated manner. They were armed with weird and wonderful instruments, and the noise they made was still more weird and wonderful. The man who played the big drum was especially funny—a low comedian of talent.

I was trying to get it into my head what the point of the whole thing was, when suddenly they stopped their discordant playing and began to sing in unison. And then it gradually became clear to me. They were singing a topical song. This I could tell by the way the audience laughed and by the expressions on the faces round me. At the end of each verse there was a short discordant interlude, in which the man with the big drum particularly distinguished himself.

I was thinking how funny the whole affair was when all at once the people in the audience began to turn and stare at me. Campito looked at me and laughed, and I laughed in turn, though I had not yet grasped the point of the joke. But it was soon revealed to me. I caught the words “Ingles” and “Boers” from the stage, and then Danino leaned over and told me that the comic gentlemen on the stage were

telling, with humorous and wonderful additions, of the way in which the Boers had beaten the English. At this I wisely laughed out more loudly than anyone else, and the incident passed.

What really impressed me at the *café cantante* was the singing of a boy named José Colorado. He sang Malagueñas—old songs of Malaga. He just sat down on a chair on the stage and sang, whilst a man accompanied him on the guitar. There was no attempt to get stage effect. The boy sat in a rather crouched-up position and gave out the song. And such a song! It was hundreds of years old and wild as the mountains of Malaga. It began with a sort of low croon, and then it burst suddenly out into an air strange and terrible. It was a song telling of blood and hatred and revenge—a song such as a hard mountain woman would sing to her infant son to spur him to avenge wrong and shame.

To wander alone through a strange foreign town at dead of night has about it the fascination that belongs to darkness and mystery and danger. You have no idea of where you are going, or what you will meet, or what will happen. Some rude stranger may suddenly appear and request you to lend him for an indefinite period all the money you chance to have in your possession. Or some still more impolite person may knock you on the head first and borrow your wealth afterwards.

On these nocturnal explorations it is as well for you to be armed and to be ready—and, above all, to take no heed of polite people who wish to enter into conversation with you. Just go on and look round—and be ready. And all will be well; you will find yourself awake next morning.

I had wandered in and out through narrow, dark streets till I found myself in the Plaza dei Museo. I knew it by the statue of Murillo that stood up aloft in the centre of it. I could just make out the figure through the darkness.

I walked towards a man who was sitting on a bench. Near him a lamp was burning. He sat listless and still, almost as if life had left him. At once I knew what was the matter with him. He was a man alone and penniless, and without friends. He was not a beggar, or he would have asked me for something as I stood looking at him. He was just a man who had gone

down in the world—the one of the outcasts of Seville.

I myself had sat in just such a way, listless and still, as this man was sitting now. I had sat in a great town, hungry, foot-sore, lonely, and alone, and a man had come up, given me a coin, and passed on without saying a word. And I handed this man a coin and passed on across the plaza



"WHAT REALLY IMPRESSED ME AT THE CAFÉ CANTANTE WAS THE SINGING OF A BOY."

An hour passed, and I had no idea now as to what part of Seville I was in. I had wandered aimlessly along, taking no note as to the direction in which I was going.

A fire had broken out in the town. The glare of the great flame was filling the sky. I hurried along towards it, and soon I was joined by others. On we went together through the streets, till at last we came out into the open space of a plaza. It was the Plaza San Fernando, and across it we could see a house in flames.

The shadows were deep and dark in the plaza as I ran across. I fell over a seat in the scramble, but I was up quickly, and in a moment I was standing with the crowd in front of the burning house. It was an inn, and it stood in a small street which ran directly off from the plaza. Already the fire had got well hold of it. It was crackling and burning and flaming away. Just over the burning house was the word "Tintores," in big letters. The word shone out steadily in the midst of the redness and the shining of the flames, and somehow attracted the eye more than did the house itself. I suppose it was the name of the street.

It was now something after two in the morning.

The street was narrow, and it concentrated the heat so that it was impossible to go up it. We just stood at the edge of the plaza and looked at the flames. I listened to the excited talk around me in the hope of hearing English spoken. I wanted to make a suggestion, or to do something, or to ask if there were anyone in the burning inn. But I heard no word I could understand.

No one was doing anything but talking, and pointing out, and shouting. There were no firemen about and no sign of any coming, and there seemed to be no water around, and no attempt to get any. "Agua!" I exclaimed to a man who was standing close up against me. "Agua!" he repeated, then shook his head. "No agua," he said, and so there was no water, and no attempt to do anything. And if there had been any wind going, all the houses extending from the street and along one side of the plaza would have been burned down.

I had never seen such a thing before. This was indeed the working out of the Spanish idea of "manana" with a vengeance. Nobody seemed to care. They were only curious. In fact, the only people who showed any sign of activity were a few watchmen, who were standing just in front of the crowd. They were armed with short lances, and every now and then one of them would turn and push against the crowd with the stock of his lance. They wished to show their authority by keeping the people

back. But they took no interest in the fire so far as the putting of it out was concerned. They were merely there to keep order amongst the spectators.

Half an hour passed and then a fire-bell began to ring solemnly from out of the darkness across the plaza. One could have laughed but for the fact of the danger. A fire-bell ringing out after the fire had been going half an hour!

After nearly another half-hour I heard the clattering of the hoofs of horses. Surely it was not possible that the firemen were coming? Yes, they were, for along came a small engine and three firemen. And now the watchmen performed wonderful deeds of energy. They dashed and jumped around, and rattled the butts of their lances on the stones, and pushed and shoved, to get the crowd somewhere. Where, I don't know. It was amusing. I thought they were going to eat us. Even after we had divided to let the engine pass, these watchmen performed their deeds of energy. I was disgusted. And I came near to punching one of them who had the nerve to try and shove me through the wall of a house.

Ah! Now we were getting there. A fireman was actually coupling the hose. But the fire itself was now getting into a rather parlous condition. It had gutted the inn and was dying down of itself. If the firemen were not quick it would be out before they could do anything.

At last! The nozzle at the end of the hose was pointed at the dying flames and the tap was turned on, and everyone became breathless. The crucial instant had arrived.

But nothing happened. The nozzle was simply like a gun that would not go off. There was no water after all!

But wait—hold on! There *was* water. A small, half-timid stream came forth, and the crowd cheered—positively cheered—as the fireman valorously directed the feeble jet of water on to the almost dead fire. I came away.

I dropped into the Museo Provincial to look at the pictures. But, to be quite frank, I can never appreciate pictures in museums.

I was looking round the museum when an attendant came up to me and bowed in a most polite manner. I bowed in return, and then he spoke to me at length in quick, fluent Spanish. I replied in English. Again he spoke in Spanish and again I replied in English. Then he took refuge in the French that is affected by guides and waiters. I know it now by its sound. I replied again in English, and then the attendant had recourse to a more primitive method of conveying ideas. He made signs, and at last I

got his meaning. He wanted to show me round and explain the pictures. He wanted to be my guide and mentor generally for the modest consideration of a couple of pesetas.

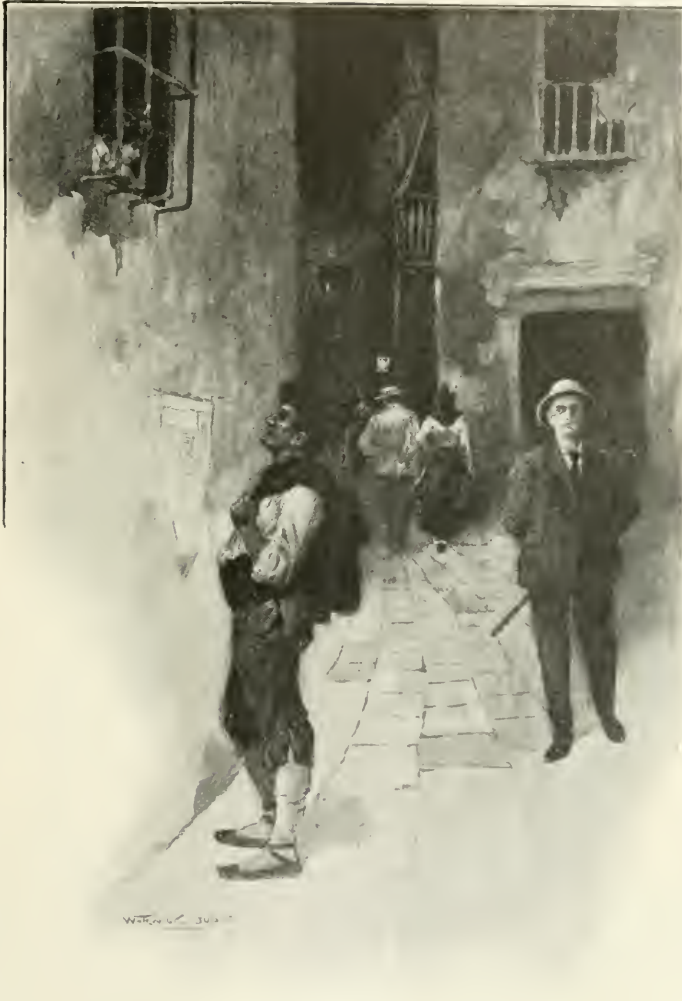
He made it clear to me that he wanted a couple of pesetas for showing me round, but he failed to make it quite so clear how he was going to explain the pictures. The situation had its humour. Here was I with eyes to look at the pictures, and here was a man who couldn't speak my language, and who wanted to explain everything for a consideration. I suppose he had to make his living.

In Seville one is struck with the fact that before all the doors and all the windows there is a barrier of strong iron bars. As you pass along through the streets at night you will get glimpses through the bars of brilliantly lit up patios, or courtyards. It is said that the Spaniard got the idea of the patio from the Moors. In the patios the people of the house sit and talk when the heat of the day has gone down. Here are palms and beautiful flowers, and often a fountain plays in the middle of it.

It is pleasant to catch a glimpse of such a place when you are going along a narrow, ill-paved street. It refreshes and cheers one up. The Sevillanos, by the way, don't bother them-

selves much about their streets. If there is a hole in the roadway, a man is supposed to know enough to walk, or feel his way, around it.

At night as you go along you will often see a young man standing outside the iron bars at a window and looking upwards. You might believe it exactly—but, well, this young man is making love. You will see as you go past, high up above him, on the other side of the bars, his lady-love. As you pass by you must only use the corner of your eye in taking in the scene. To turn and look round would be considered intrusive, and might cause the Spanish Romeo to get excited.



"AS YOU PASS BY YOU MUST ONLY USE THE CORNER OF YOUR EYE IN TAKING IN THE SCENE."

The Fabrica de Tabacos is a great building, at once square and picturesque. In it are employed between four and five thousand of the women of Seville. All day long they work, rolling and twisting and making cigars and cigarettes.

This is a workshop that was created by builders who were possessed of a sense of the harmonious and the beautiful. Over its portal stands a statue of Columbus, the great sailor who gave dominion to Spain. The entrance is at the end of the Calle de San Fernando, a broad, straight, well-kept road, along which the women pass to and from their work.

The women sit working here at tables in the long, dim rooms. All stars of women, gold and

young, and beautiful and plain; some of them with little babies. You will see a mother rocking a cradle gently and at the same time working.

At the end of each long, dim room one notices the soft shining of light. It is from an altar upon which candles are burning and upon which there are always fresh, beautiful flowers. The women put them there. Before these altars they bow as they pass, or stop and pray before the Virgin. Many people come to see them at their work.

I had never seen so many women together before. All of them were at the same time busy at their work and talking, looking up at us as we passed, and we came at last to a patio from which the long rooms ran out in many directions. It was as if one were standing in a centre of light from which ran many long,

dim roads, and these roads were all filled with the faces of women, and at the end of each of the roads could be seen a soft gleam of light—the altar. And the faces of the women were all turned towards the centre of light at the patio from all directions, and the eye followed the faces till they were lost in the dimness of the rooms, and had become blended with the soft light of the altars at the end. It was as if one were looking into the faces of all the women of the world. The effect upon one standing here in the patio was strange and not to be described.

Although there were so many workers here in the great factory, the general effect was one of quiet. There was no loud noise. And when I went back again to the patio it seemed almost as if the thousands of women were working in utter silence, while the dim altar lights gave to the whole scene a quiet dignity.



"THE GENERAL EFFECT WAS ONE OF QUIET."

(To be continued.)

Twenty-Five Years in Nigeria.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE, C.M.G., H.M. DEPUTY-COMMISSIONER FOR NORTHERN NIGERIA.

II.

An important article by an ex-official of the Royal Niger Company. Mr. Wallace has much that is interesting to say concerning "Ju-Ju" and the terrible cannibal tribes of the interior, and illustrates his descriptions with some remarkable photographs. Mr. Wallace is one of the only two Europeans who have ever set foot in the Sultan of Sokoto's capital.



MR. FREDERICK LUGARD, by his able and energetic administration, is gradually pushing civilization into the heart of the Soudan, and he has now removed the Government head-quarters from Jebba to a spot nearly one hundred miles to the eastward, in the direction of Kano. The new administrative centre is near Wushishi, on the Kaduna River, and here work is in rapid progress, thousands of natives being employed in transporting building and railway material to the head of navigation, whence a line of railway twenty miles long runs to the new capital. The Kaduna is very shallow during the dry season, and my first photograph shows the arrival of the British Commissioner in his large steel canoe. General Lugard

occupies a prominent place in the front of the vessel, which is being practically lifted over the shallows of the river by the crowd of natives. The next picture shows the primitive method of transporting material in vogue in this region. I took the photograph on the occasion of the removal of some material for the railway. On the banks of the stream are gathered thousands of excited natives engaged in handling the rails, while the canoe in the foreground is being paddled to the bank to the accompaniment of much tomtoming, in order to be loaded and dispatched on a six-day journey up river. This method of procedure is, of course, only adopted during the dry season, when there is not enough water for steamers.

The third photograph shows the palace of



From a

THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER AND HIS STEEL CANOE

View



DURING THE DRY SEASON ALL THE RAILWAY MATERIAL HAS TO BE CONVEYED IN CANOES.

From a Photo.

the King of the Canoemen, to whom I have already referred. On the banks of the river are to be seen quantities of railway material which have been landed from the steamers and are awaiting canoe transport. The line in question runs from the Kaduna River to Zungeru, a distance of twenty miles, and is one of the smartest bits of railway work ever carried out in the British colonies, for within five months of the material being ordered in England the line was in complete running order. I will leave it to the reader to imagine what expedition was necessary to accomplish this, merely pointing out that every minute portion of the plant had to be conveyed five hundred miles into the interior. It is true we have no *train de luxe* on this narrow-gauge line, but twice every day a train of one locomotive with long, heavy waggons

runs over the section. The engineers are now constructing a further ten miles of road to connect the line with better navigation on the Kaduna. Eventually this will most likely connect with the proposed line from Lagos to Kano. In my fourth photo. is seen the King of Wushishi, who, together with his suzerain, the Emir of Kontagora, was driven off by the



From a

THE PALACE OF THE KING OF THE CANOEMEN.

(Photo.



From a

THE KING OF WUSHISHI AND HIS "COURT."

[Photo.

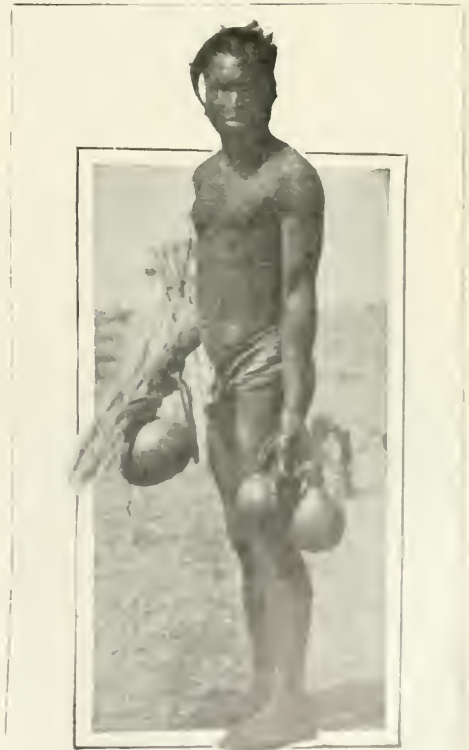
twelve years ago. He was an employe of the Niger Company, and was treacherously murdered. I have many times tried to obtain possession of this skull, but without success, as the people keep it as a "Ju-Ju."

Four and a half days' journey from the confluence of the Benue is Nupé, on the Niger, the scene of the next photo., taken by me in 1897, after the conquest of Bida by Sir George Goldie. The ceremony depicted is that of the coronation of Mallam Isa Ganna, who was installed by us

British. This man was formerly a great slave raider, but has now returned and settled down under British administration near the new capital.

We have next to consider a portrait of a magnificent specimen of the Munshi people, who are notorious for the deadly-poisoned arrows with which they are armed. No antidote has ever been discovered for this poison, which proves fatal to Europeans in about five minutes. During a former expedition on the Benue we lost six Europeans from this cause, all of them dying in convulsions within a few minutes of being hit. The individual who forms the subject of the picture had been captured by the Mohammedans and employed as a herdsman. He was released by the British and taken on as a carrier. The Munshi country extends from a hundred miles above Lokoja to near Ibi, covering an area of twenty thousand square miles on both banks of the Benue. It has not yet been entirely pacified, for the Munshis are a most intractable tribe, each man being his own master and responsible to no one for his actions. They are agriculturists and expert hunters, and, after killing their prey with their poisoned arrows, eat the flesh, after first carefully cutting away the infected portion round the wound.

The group of Munshis on the next page was taken this year, while on an expedition towards Lake Tchad. This tribe possesses the skull of an old friend of mine, whom they killed some



A MUNSHI—THE KING OF WUSHISHI, THE KING OF NUPÉ, THE KING OF BIDA, THE KING OF BIDA, THE KING OF BIDA.

From a Photo.



A GROUP OF MUNSHIS—THESE TRIBESMEN POSSESS THE SKULL OF A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR, WHICH THEY REGARD AS A "JU-JU." [Photo.]

as Emir of Western Nupé. He is the representative of the old race of Nupé kings whom the Fulanis had kept in luxurious captivity. Upon Bida being captured he was released. At the time the photograph was taken the coronation ceremony had just been completed, and the State trumpeters were blowing

a salute on their eight feet long horns, which emit curiously discordant sounds. Thousands of natives were assembled for the occasion, and the shouting of the people, the blaring of the trumpets, and the beating of the drums were enough to deafen a European permanently.

The next picture was taken at Lokoja last



From a

THE CORONATION OF THE EMIR OF WESTERN NUPÉ.

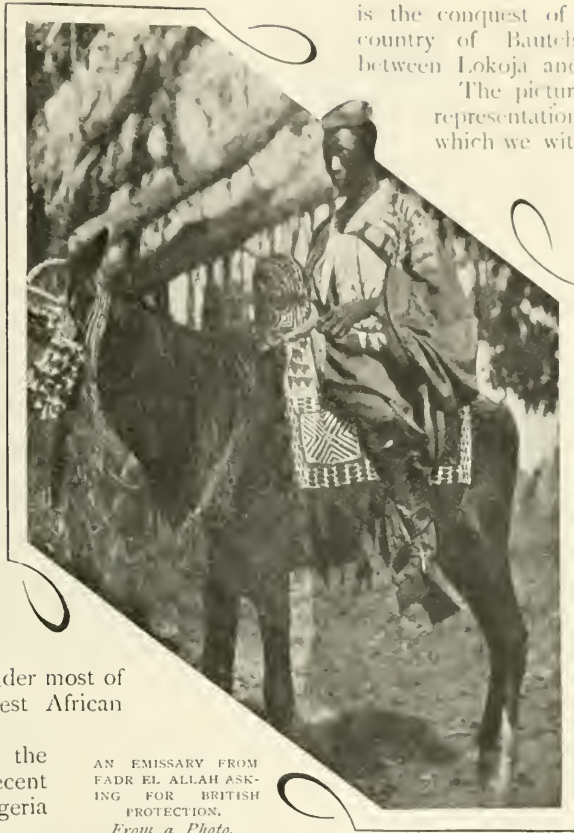
[Photo.]

year on the arrival of an emissary from the chief Fadr el Allah, the son of the late Sultan Rabeh, to ask for the protection of the British Government. Since then Fadr el Allah has been killed in a fight with the French. The trappings of the horse, as can be seen, are beautifully fashioned of multi-coloured Hausa leather hung with native bells. This emissary brought with him an escort of a hundred men all armed with different sorts of rifles. They were nice, smart fellows, mostly of Arab blood. On hearing of the fate of their leader most of them joined the West African Frontier Force.

Probably one of the most important of recent events in Northern Nigeria

is the conquest of the great slave-trading country of Bautehi, situated half way between Lokoja and Lake Tchad.

The picture introduced below is a representation of a remarkable scene which we witnessed on entering the Bautehi capital, for none of the inhabitants had seen a white man since the explorer Barth passed through during the fifties. Even the children were armed with spears, but I am glad to say no hostile demonstration occurred. All the same, the people maintained a sullen demeanour, and none of us knew how soon we should be attacked, or when the horsemen, who we learnt were up at the palace, would come galloping down upon us. The Emir fled, and we duly installed his brother, Omoru, a man forty



AN EMISSARY FROM FADR EL ALLAH ASKING FOR BRITISH PROTECTION.
From a Photo.



AT THE CAPITAL OF BAUTEHI—THE PEOPLE HAD NOT SEEN A WHITE MAN FOR FORTY YEARS AND WERE EXTREMELY HOSTILE.
From a Photo.

five years of age, whose portrait is here given, in his stead. A British resident was also appointed, and the new ruler—who is behaving very well under British tutelage—sent down his State band to perform for our benefit. My last photo. shows this motley crowd of "musicians" outside the walls of the palace. It will be noticed that drums predominate, all the other instruments being of reed. The musicians proved to be marvellous players, and they have such command over their drums that they can almost make them speak. They have brought signalling by means of drums to perfection.

I could go on relating incidents of Nigerian life, but it seems to me that I am already exceeding my limits, so I will conclude with one which befell me in 1888. Early in that year the Emir of Bida summoned me to his town, where were also assembled the foreign and British residents and merchants. A great durbar was held in the palace grounds, at which all his chiefs, arrayed in gorgeous costumes, were assembled. Suddenly he denounced me before the assembled multitude, and demanded to know why we (the Royal Niger Company) had taken his country and were collecting taxes. After haranguing his people he made a signal, and instantly two executioners



OMORU, INSTALLED AS EMIR OF BAUTCHI
BY MR. WALLACE.

From a Photo.

carrying beheading swords of great size appeared on the scene and squatted down on either side of me. On my refusing to promise to cancel our treaty rights regarding taxation of foreigners, I was led off the ground and, momentarily expecting to be executed, was conducted to a filthy courtyard, where I was imprisoned and watched by an armed guard day and night. I was warned that if I attempted escape I should be instantly killed. For seventeen days I was thus kept in durance vile, when, to my surprise and joy, I was again summoned before the Emir, who, on finding me obdurate, presented me with two ostriches for the Queen, and delivered back the company's flag which he had taken, and begged me not to mention what he had done. How gladly I left his town can be imagined, but I did not feel safe until I again saw the Niger.

Slave-raiding has during the past six years been practically stamped out in Northern Nigeria and the country has before it a great future. Safe and contented under British rule, the people are gaining confidence and coming back to the land. A large portion of the country devastated by cruel raids and savage rites needs repopulating. Thirty years hence Nigeria will be a populous and prosperous country.

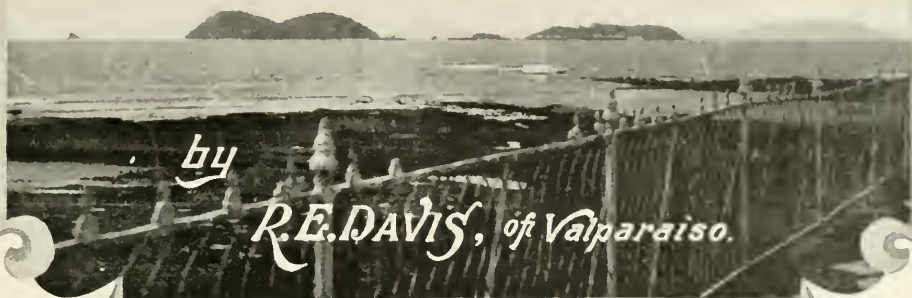


From a

THE EMIR'S STATE BAND.

[Photo.

THE SEIZING OF THE "LAUTARO."



An account of a remarkable act of piracy committed by the Government of the Republic of Colombia. One of the periodical revolutions was in progress, and in order to fight the rebel fleet the Government calmly seized and armed the Chilean steamer "Lautaro" in flagrant defiance of the law of nations. The narrative tells the story of the seizure, the battle that followed, and the tragic ending of the stolen ship's career as a man-of-war.

AT the beginning of this year the Republic of Colombia was convulsed by a great revolution. The rebels were playing havoc with the Government troops on land, and, not satisfied with fighting them on shore, they menaced the coast towns by sea, having secured and armed two small ships, with the intention of capturing Panama itself.

In order to destroy the insurgents' "fleet," the Colombian Government, being hard pressed for ships, suddenly seized the steamship *Lautaro*, a Chilean steamer which was then lying in the Bay of Panama. They manned and armed her, put her proper crew ashore, and then gave battle to the rebels with this ship which did not belong to them and to which they had absolutely no right. By so doing they committed an unpardonable act of international piracy.

The civilized world allows the turbulent republics of Central and South America to have revolutions, and to fight between themselves whenever they care to do so—which is pretty often—on condition that they respect the lives and property of foreigners; but the Colombian Government, by seizing the *Lautaro* in the way

they did, committed a grave breach of the international law that governs all civilized nations whether during a period of revolution or not. Such an impudent seizure on the part of any Government in these prosaic days may well occasion surprise. Had a European Power done such a thing the consequences would have been disastrous, but, seeing it was the act of an irresponsible South American republic, the matter ended by the offenders making an apology and paying the value of the stolen vessel.

The *Lautaro* was a single-screw iron steamer of 2,085 tons register, built in 1872 by Messrs. R. and J. Evans and Co., Liverpool, her name then being the *Rimac*. She was owned by the Compañía Sud Americana de Vapores, and made the regular itinerary voyage of that company up and down the West Coast of South America, from Puerto Montt, in the south of Chili, to Panama, and back to Valparaiso, calling at the principal ports *en route*. She was a good seagoing vessel and had comfortable passenger accommodation.

On what proved to be her last voyage she was commanded by Captain Herbert W. Luce.

Her crew consisted of three officers, four engineers, and a crew of about fifty, this number including the stewards, cooks, etc.

Captain H. W. Luce has been in the service of the Chilean steamship company referred to for many years. I am sorry that his modesty prevents me from being able to print his photograph in these pages, as his plucky conduct is deserving of all praise. He refused to leave his ship when all the rest of the crew went on shore, and stayed with her during the whole of her short and sanguinary career as a warship.

The *Lautaro* left Valparaiso for Panama on the evening of the 25th of December, 1901.

out the new warships that the Chilean Government had recently purchased. Her cargo consisted of the usual varied merchandise for the different coast ports.

She called at Coquimbo, Huasco, Taltal, Chañaral, Carrizal Bajo, Antofagasta, Tocopilla, Caletto Buena, and Iquique, where she arrived at 2 a.m. on January 2nd, 1902. She left that port the same day, heading direct for Panama without further stoppage in order to arrive there on the 10th of January to make the connection with the *Orinoco*, of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, which was due to sail from Colon for Plymouth on the 11th of January. No time was lost, therefore, and steaming at



E. S. Hoitgson

"THE CAFFRE" WAS INFORMED THAT THE COLOMBIAN GOVERNMENT REQUIRED THE VESSEL AND MEANT TO HAVE HER."

Many of the crew predicted that evil would befall through the vessel sailing on Christmas Day. Little they knew, however, as the lights of Valparaiso faded away astern that the good ship would never again plough through those silent waters!

Her passenger-list was some 420 odd, the majority being Chilean officers and sailors going to England (*via* Panama and Colon) to bring

her full power all the way she reached Panama at midday on the 9th of January.

The water being very shallow in the Bay of Panama, ships of large tonnage are obliged to anchor some three miles from the shore. The *Lautaro* accordingly took up her position close to Perico Island, and not far away from the American man-of-war *Philadelphia*.

However, the day that had been gained in

the voyage was not to be taken advantage of, as the rain was pouring in torrents and the sea was much too rough to think of disembarking the Chilean sailors. It was only at daybreak the next morning, the 10th of January, that they left the ship.

At about ten o'clock that same morning, after all the Chilean officers and sailors were well on their way to Colon, General Carlos Alban, Governor of the Province of Panama, came on board the *Lautaro*, accompanied by several officers of the Colombian army and about a dozen policemen. He inquired for the captain. Captain Lace was on shore, but a boat was immediately sent to fetch him.

He arrived an hour later, and, to his intense surprise, was calmly informed by General Alban that the Colombian Government had taken possession of the ship and intended to put soldiers and guns on board! The captain naturally protested, but he was politely informed that the Colombian Government required the vessel and meant to have her.

The perplexed captain thereupon called the officers and engineers into his cabin, and told them that the ship had been taken possession of by force. He advised everyone to stand by her and protect the interests of the company until some definite orders were received from Valparaiso. "You are at liberty to go on shore if you wish," he said, "but I would advise you to stay with the ship. I am going to stop on board myself."

The officers and engineers unanimously agreed to stand by him, and even to fight for the ship if Captain Lane thought such action advisable.

At two o'clock the captain went on shore and had a long interview with the Chilean Consul, Señor J. Ossa. This gentleman told him he thought it best that the whole crew should come on shore, because, as he rightly pointed out, if they stayed on the ship without receiving orders to do so from the company at Valparaiso, they were helping the Colombian Government and taking the law into their own hands. He told the captain that for the time being he was powerless to help him. The only thing he could do was to protest against such an outrage and cable to the Chilean Government for help, which he did immediately. In the interim, it was agreed between Captain Lace and the Consul that no one should leave the ship until an answer was received from the Chilean Government. Then, if the Colombian Government still persisted in keeping the vessel, everyone was to come on shore.

Meanwhile, General Alban sent word to the captain that the Colombian Government would pay all hotel expenses for the men who did not

wish to stay on board, but offered them all double pay to stop on the ship. No one would accept these conditions, taking this ridiculous offer rather as an insult.

The anxiously-awaited reply from the Chilean Government to the Consul's cable came on the 12th of January. It was addressed to the Colombian Government, and was couched in no uncertain language. They were ordered to leave the vessel alone, or else there would be trouble.

This strongly-worded cable seemed to have its effect, for that same afternoon General Alban left the ship and Captain Lace again took command of her.

Then another difficulty arose—the firemen went on strike and demanded higher wages, refusing to work until their terms were agreed to. This question was satisfactorily settled, however, and orders were given to get steam up to leave the next day.

The next morning Captain Lace went on shore for his despatches. He had hardly left the ship when General Jefferies (another officer of the Colombian army) came on board, accompanied by several other officers, and informed the chief officer of the *Lautaro* that the Colombian Government *must* and *would* have the vessel. To enforce his words about fifty soldiers armed with rifles came up on deck, and shortly afterwards two small six-pounder cannons and two field-guns on their carriages were brought on board. When Captain Lace came back to his ship he again found her in possession of the Colombian Government.

Once more he called his officers and engineers into council and informed them that they could please themselves as to staying on board or going on shore; but seeing that the Chilean Consul had advised them to leave the ship should the Colombian Government persist in retaining her, he thought it best to go. Thereupon everyone decided to go on shore.

It was just getting dark when they were landed, with their belongings, in Panama, leaving the *Lautaro* in the hands of the Colombian Government. The captain, officers, and engineers were sent to one hotel, and the rest of the crew to another.

Next day General Alban tried, by every possible means, to get engineers and firemen from on shore to work the vessel, but without avail. It was therefore utterly impossible for him to use the ship to go in pursuit of the rebels, and accordingly, in despair, he sent round an officer to the hotels reiterating his offer to pay the engineers and firemen double pay if they would sail with him. He managed to get one of the *Lautaro's* greasers to go as third engineer, and

one of her firemen was promoted to the rank of fourth engineer. A first and second engineer were secured from somewhere else, and so all the vacancies in the engine-room were filled.

On the 17th Captain Lacc received a cable from his company at Valparaiso, asking him and the chief engineer to go on board in the interests of the firm. The captain called the chief engineer, showed him the cablegram, and said that he was going on board the *Lautaro* to stay, what-

officers if they would accompany him, but they unanimously refused, so the next morning, in obedience to his orders, the plucky captain went back to his ship alone.

General Alban had given orders that the ship was to sail the next night for Toboga Island, in order to get a supply of fresh water, but it was in vain that the scratch crew in the engine-room tried to make the ship move — she would not; and the services of an engineer



"SOME DANCED, SOME SANG."

ever might happen. The engineer, however, refused to do so, saying that he did not wish to risk his life, as he knew the *Lautaro* was to be fitted out to chase the rebel gunboats.

Captain Lacc then asked each of the

from another vessel had to be temporarily enlisted.

At one o'clock in the morning of the 20th the *Lautaro* started, but something again went wrong with the machinery, and the sailing had

to be postponed until daylight, when the engines could be inspected and set right.

That night the miscellaneous Colombian crew broke open the liquor-store and every one of them got inebriated. Some danced, some sang, and free fights were the order of the night, the ship being transformed into a regular pandemonium.

The rebels were thoroughly posted as to what had been occurring on board the *Lautaro*, and they knew that she was to be employed as a Government cruiser for their capture. All night their little "fleet" of two vessels had been cruising quietly outside the bay, only waiting for daylight to come in to surprise the *Lautaro*, and, if possible, sink her.

The rebel squadron consisted of the *Padilla*, a little steamer of about 700 tons, armed with two quick-firing guns and with a crew of about a hundred, and the *Darien*, an ex-steam-tug of about fifty tons, carrying one cannon and some thirty men.

The morning of the 20th January broke beautifully fine. The labourers in Panama were just about leaving their homes on the way to their work when the two little rebel ships came steaming into the bay, on mischief bent.

They managed to get right alongside the *Lautaro* before they were seen by the men whose duty it was to watch, and who must have been soundly asleep after their night of revelry. At last, however, the drowsy Colombians saw the *Padilla* and the *Darien* coming,

and they shouted wildly that they were going to be attacked. The confusion on the *Lautaro* then became indescribable. Some of the soldiers, still staggering under the influence of liquor, flung themselves into the sea and swam for the shore; others stamped about the deck like madmen, tearing their hair and crossing themselves in their fright. A few, who had not quite lost their heads, managed to run the guns into position and to prepare the decks for action.

The *Padilla*, steaming on the port side of the *Lautaro*, came to within two hundred yards of her before she was fired upon. Then two loud reports reverberated through the morning air. The *Lautaro* had opened fire, and the battle of Panama Bay had commenced. Both the shots, thanks to the agitation of the gunners, missed the little steamer, going right over her bows. The *Padilla* made a slight curve, and then, steaming slowly ahead, fired both her guns into the *Lautaro* as she passed by. Her first shot went through the captain's cabin, shattering the woodwork into a thousand splinters.

Captain Lane was in bed when the projectile came tearing through his cabin, and only escaped injury by a miracle. He rushed up on to the deck, where a scene of wild confusion met his eyes. Hardly was he out of his cabin than two more shots from the *Padilla* burst therein, setting the ship on fire.

Meanwhile, the *Darien*, on the starboard side



"HER FIRST SHOT WENT THROUGH THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN."

of the Government ship, kept up a continual fire with her single cannon, aiming always below the water-line, whilst her crew raked the decks of the *Lautaro* with a deadly rifle-fire, to which the terrified soldiers on board returned but a feeble response.

The fort at Panama now joined in the fray and commenced hurling shells at the rebels, but the shots fell wide of their mark and did no damage whatever. The rebels continued to fire into the Government ship, and men dropped fast. General Alban was one of the first men to be hit. He fell mortally wounded, and died giving instructions for another general to be put in command.

The *Chucuito*, a little steam launch belonging to the Colombian Government, and under the command of General Jefferies, now put out from Panama to help the hard-pressed *Lautaro*. As soon as the rebels saw her coming they made for the open sea. They had done their work—the poor old *Lautaro* was sinking and would never be able to fight them again.

When the soldiers on board saw the rebels retreating and realized that their ship was sinking, a terrible panic ensued. A wild fight commenced for the two boats which were still water-tight, and when these were launched the occupants made for the shore with all speed, leaving on the burning ship many of their comrades and all their wounded, for by this time the *Lautaro's* decks resembled a shambles.

Upon seeing the plight of the men left behind on the burning ship, the United States

man-of-war *Philadelphia* sent a boat to bring off the wounded and the men who still remained on board. When the *Chucuito* arrived alongside the sinking ship great volumes of smoke and flame were issuing from her forward quarters, and she was settling down rapidly.

Captain Luce, who had been a horrified spectator of all these stirring scenes, jumped into the sea as the ship went down and was rescued by a boat shortly afterwards.



"A TERRIBLE PANIC ENSUED."



SEARCHING FOR GENERAL ALBAN'S BODY.—HE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO FALL, AND WENT DOWN WITH THE "LAUTARO."
From a Photo.

About ten o'clock the stricken vessel was seen to heave to starboard; then she righted herself for a few moments, and finally plunged down into the waters of the bay, turning on her side and settling firmly on the sandy bottom. That was the last of the poor old *Lautaro*. Her brief and inglorious career as a Colombian warship had come to a disastrous close!

Besides General Alban, the Colombians on the *Lautaro* lost three officers and seven men killed and seventeen wounded. It was after-

wards ascertained that the rebels had one man killed and fifteen wounded.

The news of the seizure of the *Lautaro* caused tremendous excitement in Santiago and Valparaiso, and the *Admiral Simpson*, a Chilean man-of-war, was ordered to proceed forthwith to Panama. Before she could start, however, a humble apology arrived from the Colombian Government, with a promise to pay the value of the stolen ship. And so ended a remarkable international incident.



From a

THE "LAUTARO" AFTER THE BATTLE.

(1. 2.)

THE BATTLE OF THE BANKS.

HOW A RAILWAY COMPANY FOUGHT A RIVER.

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

The mighty Missouri, like certain other Western rivers, has an awkward habit of changing its course at intervals, leaving its old bed quite dry and cutting a new one through the yielding soil. Some time ago it menaced the great steel bridge recently erected by the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company at Cambridge, Mo., and the engineers were at their wits' end how to check its ravages. Finally, however, a remarkable campaign was initiated which resulted in the complete defeat of the river and the reclamation of a large area of land.



SOME very eccentric rivers flow through the western part of the United States. They take advantage of the formation of the earth to twist and turn in all kinds of directions, and cause the people living along their banks much anxiety. The great Missouri, which is quite big enough to know better, is one of these streams—in fact, it is, perhaps, the most contrary of all. One season may find a portion of it flowing between its banks in a tolerably straight line. A year later the river decides to cut out an entirely new channel for itself, and the depression which formed its original bed will presently be a mile or more away—a mere dusty valley, containing not a drop of water. This sort of thing is distinctly inconvenient, to say the least of it, to the riverside population.

One of the most dangerous characteristics of the Missouri and other eccentric Western rivers is their fondness for eating away their banks on one side and depositing the material on the other, sometimes changing their bed in this way a hundred or two hundred feet in a year. When the currents thus wash away the banks large trees, houses, and other buildings are frequently under-

mined and fall into the stream. This "erosion," as it is termed, is especially feared by railroad companies whose tracks may cross the river, as the supports or foundations at either end of a bridge may be swept away and the structure collapse, entailing the loss of many thousand dollars and, perhaps, valuable lives.

The dwellings swept away by the river are usually mere wooden-frame structures and do not cost much to replace, but with a steel bridge half a mile or so long it will be seen that the capriciousness of the river is likely to be very costly to the railway company.

Some time ago the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company decided to span the Missouri River near the village of Cambridge, Mo., with a steel bridge. The company's engineers made an examination of the locality and found a place



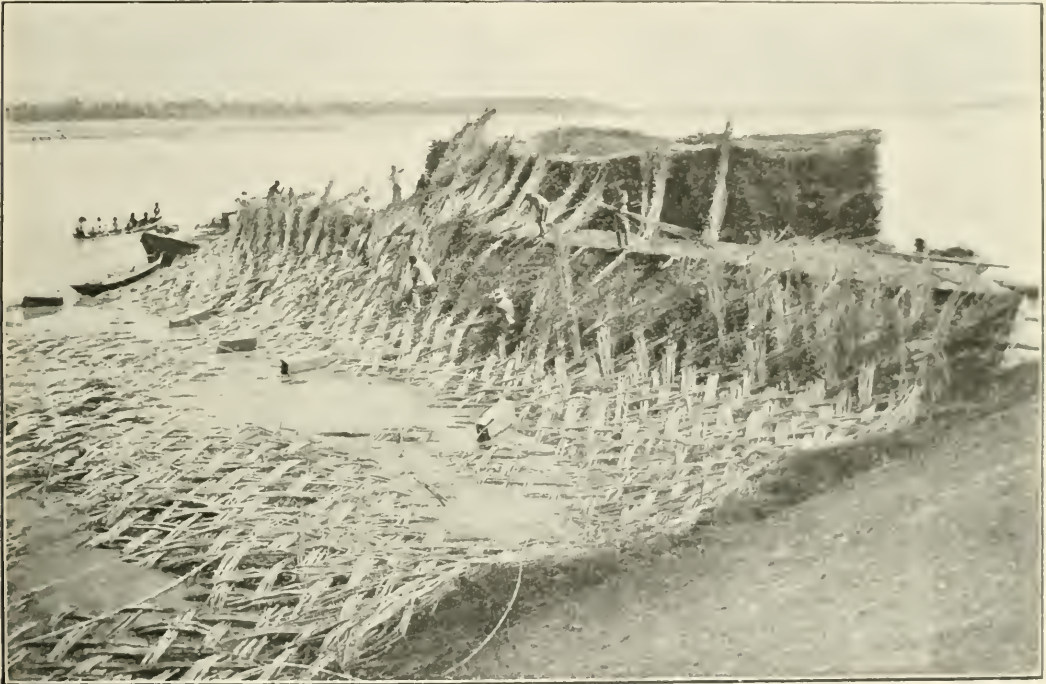
From a]

THE WRECK OF THE GOVERNMENT BREAKWATER.

[Photo.

where the bluffs offered a site for the necessary shore piers, but they had to be sunk deep into the soil in order to find a comparatively firm foundation. At the bridge site the river seemed to be quite well-behaved. The current forced the stream in a straight line between the banks, and examinations showed that only a small quantity of earth had fallen into the river even at times of flood. So the engineers considered themselves fortunate in finding a spot where the bridge could be erected apparently at the least expense. Construction trains were dispatched to the spot and orders given for the great steel trusses and girders on which the trains were to

upper Missouri. It filled the stream more than bank high, and sent a roaring, swirling torrent down the watercourse, flooding many miles of the valley, including the village of Cambridge and its vicinity. The bridge builders had done their duty well, for the great steel bridge withstood the shock of the flood and none of the piers were washed away. In revenge, apparently, for its failure to destroy the bridge the Missouri executed a flank movement, as a military man would say, and cut off a generous strip of the bank on one side dangerously close to the shore end of the bridge. Worse than this, however, the flood left an ugly current



From a

WEAVING THE GREAT MATS OF WILLOW BRANCHES.

(From

cross the waterway. Boat-loads of stone were brought to complete the piers in the water and those to be erected under the ends of the structure. The company took advantage of the summer, when the water is usually low in the Missouri, to push on the work, and, although the task was so extensive that it required the greater part of a year to accomplish, it was finished at last without any serious mishap or long delay, and the chief engineer and his assistants breathed easier, for they thought the arduous undertaking was completed.

But they reckoned without the river. One of those south-westerly storms which bring down a deluge of water in a single night visited the

behind after it receded, which worked steadily away at the place where the flank had been eaten out. The railroad men saw, to their alarm, that something must be done to ward off these attacks, or else that end of the bridge would be undermined and fall into the river, a tangled mass of metal.

The chief engineer was telegraphed for, and hurried to the scene from his office a thousand miles away. He summoned his ablest assistants and everybody else whose ideas were thought to be of value, for an order had come from the president of the great system to let off the river at any cost. All the officials carefully inspected the danger spot. Then they made



From a)

PULLING THE MATS INTO POSITION.

[Photo.

trips up and down the river, getting information as to the amount of water which usually flowed through it, and examining other places where it had conquered the land. In short, they reviewed the situation thoroughly. Then they held a council of war, which resulted in plans being decided on to wage war to the bitter end with their relentless enemy. It was literally a war—a contest in which the Missouri was only defeated after a long and hard-fought struggle, waged on a battle-ground nearly two miles long. The railroad men even used water from the river itself in attacking the Missouri, making use of every device which they could think of to win.

It is a curious country, this valley of the Missouri. The land for miles is a mixture of red loam and clay, which water seems to melt as the sun melts a snow-bank. A little rivulet will force its way through the surface so easily that

in a few days it has cut a crease perhaps ten feet deep. The soil seems to offer no resistance to water, so that even a slight eddy directed against the bank will steadily eat it out, sometimes making a sort of cave at the water-line, and cutting farther and farther back until the earth above falls in and dissolves.

It was therefore useless for the railroad men to think of putting wood or stone on to a substance which was almost as unstable as air. A strong



From a)

SINKING THE MATS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER WITH BIG STONES.

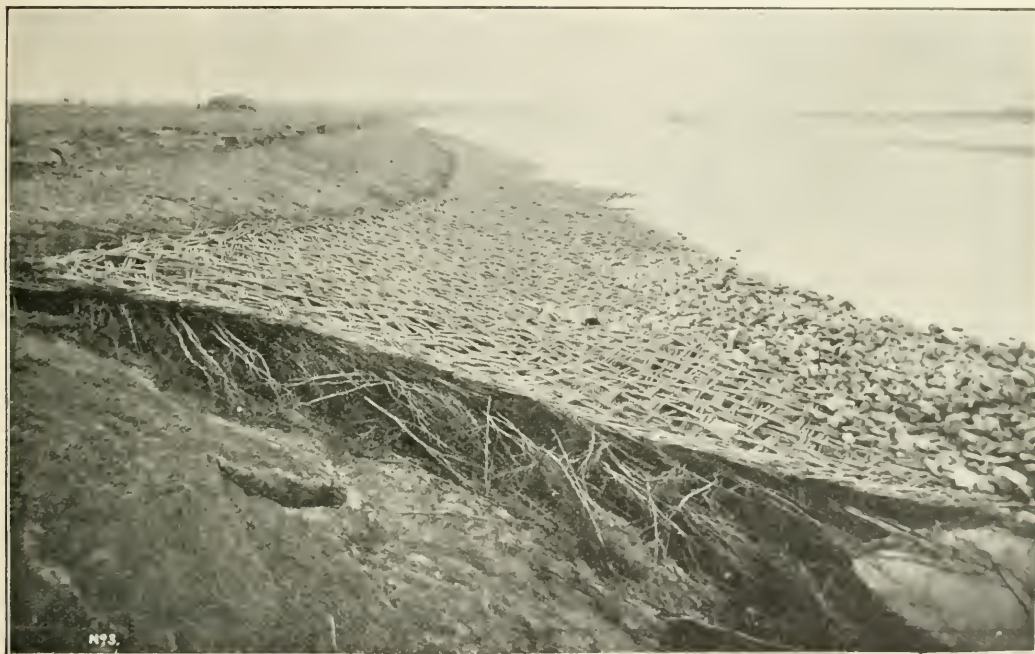
[Photo.

"breakwater," that the United States Government had placed near the spot to protect the town of Cambridge from being washed away bodily, had been itself wrecked, the river even making a small channel inside it, as if to mock the puny works of man. In fact, the banks were so loose from the continued onslaught of the waters that in places a man sank to his waist merely from his own weight.

The railroad people at last decided to make a bold move in their attack—to begin the fight right in the river itself, by trying to secure a certain area of the land then under water and reclaim it. The first thing they did was to send several hundred men with knives and axes

near the bridge, and were also to act as barriers against future attacks by the river. So the weavers of this strange carpet saw to it that every warp was carefully formed, and as fast as one was plaited it was further secured by being corded and bound with stout rope.

The mode of sinking the carpet was interesting. Left to itself it would float on the surface, on account of the buoyancy of the willow twigs, so it was necessary to ballast it with stone. Before sinking it, however, the mat was pulled tightly against the bank with ropes attached to blocks and pulleys, for it would not have done to have even a foot of space intervening between the artificial and natural embankments. After



From a)

A MAT IN POSITION BEFORE THE MAKING OF THE "JOINT."

1798.

into a forest of willow trees a few miles away. From the trunks were stripped all the young branches and slips, which were then piled on flat boats and carried to the battlefield. Here another force of men began a gigantic weaving operation, making a series of huge mats or carpets by interlacing the willow boughs and shoots in regular warps. These great mats were in some cases two hundred feet long and nearly as wide. As fast as a part of one was finished it was laid on the bed of the river, which was found on examination to be actually harder than the dry land of the banks.

These "carpets" were designed to form the foundation for a new piece of land, which was to replace that which had been washed away

being properly tied, huge pieces of rock—some of them brought over a hundred miles for the purpose—were thrown on the matting, and in this way it was forced to the bottom. Then came a fleet of flat boats loaded with smaller stones, gravel, and other material for building up the new bank. This was dumped on top of the submerged mat. In some places where the current was strongest a second and a third mat were put down between layers of stone to act as a binder, where the engineers thought more protection was needed. As fast as one carpet was laid the edge of the next would be fastened to it, so that all along the bank, for a distance of nearly two miles, a whole forest of tree branches was placed.



From a] WASHING DOWN EARTH SO AS TO COVER THE MATS AND FORM A "JOINT." [Photo.

But the laying of the mat was only a part of the contest. The land at its end, and against which it backed, had to be tightly fastened to it in order that the insidious tongue of the Missouri could not lick away the edges and gradually work its way to the back of the defence. After the rock and gravel had been

dumped in sufficient quantities to cover the submerged mats, a "joint" of the same material was made between the natural and artificial banks. Here the ingenious railroad people took advantage of the river itself, pumping it up on the bank, and forcing it in a powerful stream against the edges of the bank, causing them to crumble over the edge in the form of mud. In other words, the shore was literally washed away for thousands of yards, so that it overlapped the edge of the mat. Upon this a "binding" was placed, consisting of masses of rock and broken stone, which was laid evenly with the front sloping gently towards the river—not unlike the design of a fortress wall. For hundreds of feet at bends and other



From a] COVERING THE MATS WITH A FACING OF STONES. [Photo.

places in the stream where the current is strongest this stone revetment, as it is called, is eight and ten feet thick. Below it is seven or eight feet of earth, while underneath there may be as many as three layers of the willow matting, each supporting a tier of rock and stone. Altogether it forms a defence which seems almost impregnable, even when exposed to the attacks of the mightiest flood which may sweep down the valley of the Missouri.

Strange to say, loose as are the warps, this apparently flimsy structure makes a barrier through which the water cannot force itself into the soft material below with enough force to

missiles into the water. As already stated, the revetment is nearly two miles long, and in some places ranges back several hundred feet from the water edge of the mats. The space which has thus been taken bodily from the waterway would be large enough for the site of a big village, and a part of it will probably be turned into farm land, principally cornfields, as the roots of the plant assist in binding the earth together at the top where the stone does not cover it.

It is a notable feat thus to hem in a river which is nearly a mile wide at ordinary times, and often several miles wide when in flood. Many times the railroad people were compelled



From a

THE BREAKWATER COMPLETE—IT HAS SINCE SUCCESSFULLY RESISTED SEVERAL FLOODS.

View

cause damage. Nothing but a great flood with sufficient power to lift up the entire contrivance and carry it bodily away can affect it. Now, therefore, the mighty Missouri beats harmlessly against its artificial bank, conquered by the skill and ingenuity of the engineers.

In this strange fight with the river nearly a thousand men were employed at various times, some cutting the willows, others weaving them, some quarrying stone, while a regiment loaded the stone-boats and dumped their contents into the river. Over a hundred men trundled the wheelbarrows, which formed, so to speak, the artillery of the army discharging their weighty

to cease operations when the stream showed its enmity by rising several feet in a single night. Then whole strips of partly laid mat would be torn away and hurled down stream or against the bank, a tangled mass of wreckage. But patience and perseverance, it is said, conquer all things, and victory finally crowned the efforts of the railroad men. Several times since the embankment has been completed the baffled Missouri has dashed its highest flood-waves against it, but without success, thanks to the skillful way in which this wonderful texture of wood, rock, and earth has been literally woven into the river's bank.



Showing how the romantic young steward of an English steamship smuggled contraband goods in order to win the love of a Spanish beauty, and how an unkind Fate—in the shape of a mischievous set of officers—played havoc with his schemes.



UBBARD was our steward; he also cooked for the officers and engineers, and he was not a bad cook either, as seafaring "doctors" go. He hailed from a northern county, and possessed quite a remarkable fondness for feminine beauty. His was a romantic temperament.

One day our steamer, the *Flectwing*, had anchored off the port of Gijon, in the north of Spain. Hubbard was, as I have said, caterer to the officers and engineers, and as he was in need of some provisions the captain (who knew his steward's weaknesses and never missed an opportunity of having fun at his expense) told him where he could best obtain what he wanted in the town. He told him, furthermore, that he would easily know the shop by the wonderful beauty who presided behind the counter.

There went Hubbard. It was a corner store near the market-place. As he approached the doorway he saw a really handsome brunette of about eighteen years standing on the threshold. Quite abruptly he halted, his gaze fastened on her admiringly.

She saw him and noted the admiration written

on his face. Then she went inside. Hubbard followed her in, somewhat dazed and nervous, it is true, but nevertheless certain that he had come to the right place, for there could not possibly be in all sunny Spain another such face and figure.

The girl could speak enough English to be understood; a fact, coupled to her personal charms, that gained her parents the custom of all the Britishers calling at the port. To her Hubbard was a new customer, seemingly with plenty of money. As she served him she talked, her eyes on him and her mind on business; and Hubbard swore he had never heard anything half so sweet as her broken English. In ten minutes' time he was ready to storm Madrid for her sake, and had learnt more about excisable articles—especially edible ones—in the land of the Dons than he had ever expected to know in a lifetime. For the first time he became aware that imported food-stuffs, ready prepared, are in some cases so heavily taxed in Spain that they become delicacies simply because of their cost.

Whilst having his wants supplied by the siren of the counter the steward spied a tin

labelled "Herrings in crab sauce." It was British, and at home would probably cost something under a shilling. Hubbard asked for a tin (he must lengthen the interview by fair means or foul) and afterwards inquired the price, as an immaterial detail. In the act of adding its cost to his bill she told him that the price was five pesetas—about 3s. 8d. ! He was inwardly staggered. But, then, he had to sustain an Englishman's reputation for wealth. Besides, one cannot expect a goddess's tuition without paying a sort of celestial price for it.

Now, from the parochial bloater and the equally humble crab to love-making and romance may seem a very far cry. Yet it was from that fishy starting-point that Hubbard was really caught up into the silken toils of this divine purveyor of groceries. Pretending that he needed this, that, and the other article, Hubbard threw discretion to the winds and bought without discrimination. He had fallen head over heels in love with the little Spanish girl and went away most reluctantly, his head ringing with the subtly-conveyed information that the man who would circumvent her country's Customs for her sake to some appreciable extent would, indeed, be a gallant after her own heart. He had spent quite two pounds on unnecessary things, for which he would never be repaid—certainly not out of the money allowed him per head by those for whom he catered.

During the following week the officers and engineers of the *Fleetwing* wondered why on earth, or in harbour, their tea-table *menus* were so varied. Hubbard had always been a bit of a mystery to them, but now they began to think him something else. His manner became so preoccupied that the old chief officer several times asked Captain Spyke if he did not think their steward was a little touched. The captain smiled knowingly, winked his dexter eye, and said, "Wait." He was aware of Hubbard's daily visits to the beauty of the counter, and was watching the development of the little romance with interest.

The *Fleetwing* was making the first of a series of visits to Gijon, and her steward was sorely troubled how best to turn each voyage into a successful smuggling "run"—for to cheat the Spanish Customs authorities and win his divinity he was determined.

True enough, on the return voyage he squeezed through the Customs hands with quite a dis-respectable heap of contraband edibles. This success he owed to the *Fleetwing's* age and to the idiosyncrasies of her designer, her cabin being fitted with several curious and unsuspected lockers, wherein he hid such humble delicacies

as herrings in different sauces, golden wrap, bloater-paste, tinned rabbit, and condensed milk. These he slowly removed to the shore, one or two articles at a time, making presents of them to the brunette—the solid tins representing the gloves, flowers, and sweets of his tender passion. And she received them, graciously pleased at the offerings, and at once—practical girl!—put them on sale, sometimes making him return gifts of fresh vegetables, wine, and fruit.

On the second voyage to Spain Hubbard was just as lucky. But the third one proved his ruin—with the beauty, at least. And it was well for him that the end came so soon, or he would have been beggared completely.

The catastrophe was brought about by Captain Spyke. Towards the end of Hubbard's second big venture the "old man"—who had been making some pretty obvious deductions—made a secret survey of the half-forgotten lockers in the cabin. This was after seeing his steward go twice that day into the grocery store, each time with a suspicious-looking parcel. Our old sea-dog there and then stumbled on the truth. It was merely a case of one cripple detecting another cripple's halting step, a thief catching a thief. However, there were not enough contraband goods left to cause him any worry, and he determined he would see to it that the next "run" should teach his smuggling steward a lesson.

As to the proper officials taking the latter with his last parcel, there was plenty of chance but little likelihood. For the chief characteristic of Spanish preventive officers is their almost wonderful ability to keep seemingly awake and yet see nothing.

To make a success of his scheme Captain Spyke had to take his officers and engineers into his confidence, and this he accordingly did. Whilst outward bound from Cardiff to Gijon on their next voyage the engineers surreptitiously took Hubbard's tinned goods, one article at a time, into the engine-room. There the cans were carefully opened, their contents being replaced by foul-smelling bilge-water, old bones closely packed, bad onions in tar water, or any other malodorous rubbish that came handy. Then the cans were neatly soldered up so that Hubbard should not detect the trick played on him. Of his tinned delicacies, of course, private banquets were made.

On arrival of the ship at Gijon the unsuspecting steward began once more to carry ashore the material little declarations of his passion. By this time he and *Senorita* Castra were on terms of familiarity. Once, when taking his last leave during the previous visit, he had gone the length of snatching a tremulous kiss



"SNATCHING A TREMULOUS KISS AT THE BACK OF HER HAND."

at the back of her hand—the orthodox thing to do according to his school of ethics. Nor had she frowned him down at the action—a rich flow of colour over her warm complexion and a repaying smile had been his reward. But then a lover who always went full-handed—at some risk to himself and certain cost to his pocket—with things that pleased the palate and fed the till should not be snubbed when he offered a little extra attention. On this occasion she received him with true Spanish warmth, saying that she had sold every one of his former offerings, and that amongst local people of means her father's shop was gaining quite a reputation for English delicacies. Besides, he had now arrived just in the nick of time. She was having a birthday party that evening, and some of his tinned niceties would be highly relished by her guests. Whereat he covertly gathered the blushing information that there would be no special señor present, which was accompanied by an invitation, quickly accepted, to be there himself. For that particular reason he made another smuggling journey during the afternoon, and put in an appearance at the appointed hour with a third consignment of contraband edibles.

As the details of a Spanish birthday gathering are not necessary to this narrative, I will pass on to the *dénouement*, which came earlier, in a different way, and with even more dramatic

effects than the cunning Captain Spyke had anticipated. His object and expectations had been to get the young smuggler into disgrace and obtain him his *congè* through some of the "doctored" tins being sold to customers who would indignantly complain of their weird contents. For the very quantity of the goods Hubbard was smuggling, combined with his own long-since-past experiences with the pretty daughters of Spanish tradesmen, had led the skipper direct to a right conclusion as to the general trend of things. But instead of the upshot coming as the "old man" thought it would, it occurred at the supper table, when Hubbard appropriately capped his gifts by offering his services in opening the tins.

At that moment he was the object of all eyes. The young men looked at him as a matter of course—some of them not

over favourably—for he was in the special favour of their hostess and therefore a rival. To the ladies, a different nationality and a certain amount of good looks made him a decided attraction. Then, again, his occupation was of general interest to the whole company, for all they knew of these costly tinned delicacies was seeing them here and there in the shop. Hubbard knew all this. In fact, he had prepared for it by carrying a tin-opener in his pocket, and he had looked forward to this as the great psychological moment of the evening. If he could not join in Spanish conversation, dances, and games, he could and would show his utility in laying bare the delicious viands provided by his money, daring, and ingenuity—although, of course, no one but the Castras knew that no duty had been paid on the edibles.

As the steward raised the opener to give the initial blow at the can held in his other hand, there was an air of suppressed expectancy about the room. Not that Hubbard posed in the operation, although he knew that all eyes were upon him.

The spike of the opener fell sharply on the can; then he inserted the blade and began to cut the tin in quite a professional manner. Señorita Castra stood close by him, open admiration in her eyes.

When he was about half-way through his task a slight odour made its offensive presence

manifest in the room. Regardless of this he worked on, absorbed in his occupation. But when he raised the severed lid he abruptly stood back a pace, profoundly aware of whence the stench came and fully cognizant of its increasing volume. The brunette moved likewise in another direction, a handkerchief about her nose, surprise on her face, and wordless questions flashing from those fine eyes of hers.

Instead of herrings in tomato sauce the can displayed some half-picked bones in ship's pea-soup—which is not such soup as *restaurateurs* know.

Hubbard's features were rigid with consternation. The countenances of the others showed a mixture of wonderment, annoyance, and doubt. The steward made a dash at the tin and gave its contents a severe examination, half-disbelieving his senses the while. He could not understand this strange happening, he said. Feeling that he must do something to break the awkward silence and give a new current to the trend of things, he surpassed himself in a desperate attempt at a witticism that set his inamorata, and some others who understood it, rippling with laughter. Under cover of this he commenced operations on another tin, which proved to be the repository of bilge-water and pieces of coal in place of its original salmon.

The proceedings became more and more interesting as the moments flew by. Tin after tin was opened quickly, each one disclosing something unpleasant. As these operations progressed, threatening looks began to be fixed on the unconscious Hubbard by the gentlemen present. Would-be suitors for the hand—and grocery prospects—of Señorita Castra began to look on the Englishman as the brazen perpetrator of an unpardonable joke upon themselves. In a short time this clique and their partisans gathered about him. The aspect of the case was speedily and decidedly becoming black. This Señorita Castra saw, and endeavoured to counteract by becoming poor Hubbard's medi-

ator to the extent of avowing her hope that he had been duped in the matter of the tin. But all her intercession was not enough to save him from being hurried and hustled out of the house by the indignant Spaniards. Had it not been for the elders' influence, allied to Señorita Castra's, Hubbard would most likely have fared ill indeed on his way aboard. Thither the poor steward went at once, determined to recover his lost ground. A bright idea had dawned on him. He would be avenged, amply avenged, and that at once. He would gather up every good tin of British and American edibles aboard, and go straight back with them to the Castras' supper table. There was no time to lose if he meant to be soon enough to add his share to the natal feast. This he was resolved to

Tom Browne



"BEING HURRIED AND HUSTLED OUT OF THE HOUSE BY THE INDIGNANT SPANIARDS."

do, even though all the Customs officers in Spain stood ready to bar his way. It is wonderful what moral and physical strength love puts into some men—and what foolishness.

Within three minutes Hubbard had ransacked the *Fleetwing's* pantry and store-locks until there was not a tin of comestibles left. Every one of them stood there before him on the pantry table—all grouped in one little resolution-squad. What if the cabin table did go short of preserved dainties? He cared not a jot for such a trifling matter. Those wonderful eyes should look lovingly at him yet. He would put fear and skurry and consternation into the hearts of

those black-browed suitors who had thrust him so ignominiously forth—yes, by his troth he would! They should learn that when an English lover means to win he just wins, and there's an end of it.

He reviewed his metallic allies singly. There were bloater-paste to spread on her bread, golden syrup to make her cake sweeter, a half tin of condensed milk to whiten her tea, herrings in tomato sauce to put her friends into a better humour, tinned tongue for the epicures of the party, sardines and oysters to regain her parents' affections, and several other comestibles which could be eaten or put on sale. Stay! That afternoon he had let those unappreciative engine-greasers—euphoni-ously termed engineers—have a tin of lobster for their suppers. They were on shore. He would fetch it away and let them think that some thieving stoker or A.B. had walked off with the tin. Out of the pantry he went and forward to the engineers' mess-room.

The instant he was gone, out into the pantry stepped Captain Spyke, who had been watching him through a port-hole opening on to the dark deck.

Half-guessing for whom those ship's stores were meant, the skipper quickly changed them for the "doctored" canisters still left in the secret lockers, and was again in hiding when Hubbard returned with a wry face. The engineers had already supped—the too-eager *gourmets*. However, he would hurry off back to the revellers with what he had, and at once tumbled the tins into a bag. He took the opened one of condensed milk in his hand, wrapped in paper—for the wily Captain Spyke had seen the wisdom of not changing that—and hastened ashore.

Scarcely had he gone when the "old man" followed him, and sent two half-asleep Customs officers, who happened to be handy, in his wake. The captain thought that now was the proper opportunity to give his smuggling steward the tail-end of his lesson—a fright that would cost him nothing more. Ten minutes later Hubbard found himself seized as he walked along the street, and presently he and his bag were prisoners in the hut of his two captors. On the



"HUBBARD FOUND HIMSELF SEIZED AS HE WALKED ALONG THE STREET."

following day he was haled before an *alcade* as a foreign smuggler of a formidable kind. To prove his crime the tins were opened—the extraordinary nature of their contents causing intense surprise to everyone present except Captain Spyke. Innumerable questions were asked and answered in a manner that gave no key to the mystery. Finally, the mystified Hubbard was set at liberty, quite cured, for the time at least, of his desire to smuggle in the interests of love and beauty. But many days passed before he quite understood what happened to that last lot of tinned goods.

After Woodland Caribou in Newfoundland. *by* F.C. Selous

The famous African hunter here relates his experiences in a new field—the little-known interior of Newfoundland—whither he journeyed to shoot caribou deer. Mr. Selous met with splendid sport; and he illustrates his narrative with some very striking photographs.

I.



LANDED in Newfoundland early on the morning of October 26th, 1900, and started at once to Howley Station, where, a telegram had informed me, I would find my guide and camp equipment awaiting me. The journey by rail from Port-aux-Basques to Howley occupied nine hours, but the time passed quickly, as the country we travelled through was always wild and interesting. Much of the ground was covered with dense forests of spruce and juniper, but the individual trees in these wooded tracts looked very small and slight in comparison with the giant timber amongst whose tall and massive stems I had lately been hunting moose in Canada.

I must confess that all I heard and saw concerning caribou shooting on the evening of my arrival at Howley impressed me most unfavourably, and all I subsequently saw of shooting these animals from ambushes during their annual migration across the railway line confirmed my low esti-

mation of the attractions of this form of big-game killing.

As I stepped from the train I saw that there were several carcasses of freshly-killed caribou lying on the platform of the little railway station. These were all does and fawns, which I was subsequently informed had been killed that day whilst crossing the line quite close to the station. In addition to these entire carcasses there were several heads, skins, and haunches of stags, but not a good or even a moderate head amongst them. Seeing me examining these trophies of the chase, my guide, who had introduced himself to me as soon as I stepped from the train, remarked, jovially: "Ah! You've come to the slaughter house now! What a pity you weren't here yesterday; the deer were crossing the line all day, and everyone got lots of shots; it was just as if a battle was going on." The victims of this exultation tusilade, however, appeared to have been chiefly does and fawns, and amongst the deer killed none had good horns.



MR. F. C. SELOUS, IN THE WOODLANDS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.
From a Photo. by Mans & Co.

Since this article was written the Game Laws of Newfoundland have been very much amended, costing eighty dollars, entitling the holder to shoot five caribou stags and two does during September and November, the whole of October being closed time. The latter is a very bad time for the caribou, as the whole of the island as well as against British and American hunters, who when on their autumn migration from the northern parts of Newfoundland to the western railway line which intersects the island without molestation.

In the evening I took a walk along the railway line with my guide, and learned from him all I could about caribou and the way in which they were usually shot at this season of the year. Great numbers of caribou, I was informed—but by no means all, as I subsequently discovered—spend the summer months in the northern part of Newfoundland and winter in the south of the island. There are thus two annual migrations: in the early spring from the south to the north, and in the autumn—during September and October—from north to south; and as the railway traverses the whole island from east to west every caribou which migrates is bound to cross the line twice a year. On migration certain lines of country are annually followed, through which well-defined paths are made. These deer paths are known in Newfoundland as “leads,” and during the autumn migration the usual method of securing caribou is by watching a “lead” and shooting the animals from an ambush as they pass. In some cases the watcher is able to command a view of several “leads,” and from time to time a rapid change of position may be necessary to cut off deer coming along a trail out of shot of the central ambuscade; but the common practice is to sit and watch all day long, and day after day, from one spot, and during this time to do no walking at all except to and from the camp on the railway line. In watching for caribou the direction of the wind must, of course, be studied, as the sense of smell is well developed in these animals, and they will at once take alarm on scenting a human being; but when on migration they travel straight ahead, and in the autumn often come right down the wind; at such times they must trust to their eyes alone to give them notice of dangers ahead. Their eyesight is not nearly so quick as that of most wild animals, and unless they had just been shot at they always appeared to me to be absolutely unconscious that they were running any risk of encountering a lurking enemy on their line of march. I attribute this want of alertness—so very different to the constant watchfulness displayed by African antelopes, for instance—to the fact that in Newfoundland there are practically no carnivorous animals which habitually prey on the caribou. There are a few wolves, it is true, but these fierce and formidable creatures appear to be extremely scarce and, singularly enough, do not increase in numbers, whilst lynxes, although they are now numerous in Newfoundland, have only recently established themselves on the island, and are said to be the descendants of a few enterprising individuals which during a severe winter crossed the straits of

Belle Isle on the ice from the neighbouring coast of Labrador. These lynxes, however, although they may occasionally catch and kill a caribou fawn, are believed to live almost entirely on hares and willow grouse. The American black bear is also found in Newfoundland, but lives principally on berries, and, although he will eat the meat of a deer which he may find lying dead, is said never to kill one of these animals himself. Thus, unlike the African antelope, which, even in uninhabited districts, must be constantly on the watch against the stealthy approach of lions, leopards, cheetahs, and wild dogs, the caribou of Newfoundland has but one enemy—man; and even by man he is not constantly persecuted. In the year 1900 some six thousand caribou are believed to have been shot in the whole island—some seven hundred by American, British, and native sportsmen during the autumn migration, and the remainder by native meat hunters during winter, at which season the deer collect in large herds, and often approach the fishing villages on the south coast of the island; but, nevertheless, the great bulk of the caribou in Newfoundland—and I believe that there are still enormous numbers of these animals in existence—probably never see a human being, either in their summer haunts to the north of the railway or on their winter feeding grounds to the south.

On the night of my arrival at Howley I slept at the station, and the following morning, after an early breakfast by lamp-light, started with my guide eastwards along the railway in order to take up a position on a good “lead” as early as possible. As it grew light we found the face of the land enshrouded in so thick a mist that a caribou would have been invisible at a distance of fifty yards. So dense was this mist that when a little later I was sitting on a large stone on a piece of rising ground, from whence, had the weather been clear, I should have commanded a view over an open stretch of boggy ground, a large peregrine falcon all but perched on my head. I saw it flying through the mist straight towards me, and did not move until it was close to my face. Then I saw it was a big falcon, and at the same time it realized that I was not a part of the rock on which I was sitting. It checked itself suddenly in its flight, rose just above my head, and passed on, but I feel sure it had intended to perch on my head.

The mist now began to clear, and my guide said we had better go a little farther up the line and take up a position for the day on a very good “lead” he knew of. We soon passed two hunting camps, all of whose occupants were already out watching “leads.” When we were

some three miles from Howley Station we left the line and turned northwards along some open ridges intersected by boggy valleys. After having walked about a mile in this direction we sat down at the foot of a large pine tree. The mist was now clearing fast, and we were presently able to distinguish objects at some distance. The first living things we saw were not caribou, but three men watching for those animals on the same "lead" as ourselves, and within two hundred yards of us. My guide swore softly, and I found it difficult to adequately express my own feelings. We then walked up to our competitors, who proved to be natives of the island looking for meat; they were all known to my guide. Two of them were armed with muzzle-loading weapons, one of which was a long 8-bore sealing gun, loaded with slugs. The third carried a good breech-loading rifle. After a short talk with these men it was arranged that we should go a little farther on down the main "lead," and allow everything to pass but a stag with a good head. We therefore took up a second position on the top of another ridge some three hundred yards farther on. Here we sat until about one o'clock without seeing or hearing anything. By this time the mist had entirely cleared off and it was a bright, sunny day. Suddenly we heard a shot not very far away to the left. "That's someone on the next lead," said my guide; "now look out, as the deer may come this way." Some two minutes later I saw about twenty caribou—all does and

fawns, so far as I could make out—come trotting into the open and make directly towards the three gunners behind us. I saw two of these men run towards the deer and then sit down and fire into them without visible effect as they trotted past. Soon we saw another herd of does, followed by a stag, coming straight towards where we were sitting; but the man with the rifle ran in and fired at them when they were still some four hundred yards away from us. Then they disappeared in the hollow behind the next ridge to the one on which we had taken our stand. In a few minutes the does reappeared, coming straight towards us, the stag presently following at a slow trot some distance behind them. Looking at him with my glasses I saw that he carried a very pretty head, but he was not for me, for a streak of blood on his flank showed that he was wounded. The does now trotted down into the boggy ground below us, and presently came up to within twenty yards of where we were sitting at the foot of a big fir tree, and stood staring at us for some time, evidently unable to make us out. When I say they were within twenty yards of us I am not exaggerating, but really mean what I say; and my guide afterwards told me that cases were known where several caribou standing with their heads close together, looking curiously at a man who kept quite still, had been killed with one charge of slugs fired from a heavy sealing gun. Whilst the does were looking at us the wounded stag had halted in the



From a Photo. by]

A YOUNG CARIBOU PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE NEAR HOWLEY STATION.

bog below, and the man who had wounded him fired at him again from the ridge behind and broke his neck. He fell dead within a hundred and fifty yards of where we were sitting. He was a fine animal, with a very pretty and symmetrical head of thirty-seven points, both brow antlers being well developed.

I must say that I felt thoroughly disgusted with the whole business. In the first place, to sit on one spot for hours lying in wait for game is not hunting, and, although under favourable conditions it may be a deadly way of killing caribou, it is not a form of sport which would appeal to me under any circumstances, but when pursued in competition with, and in the midst of, numerous other gunners I could see no redeeming point in it whatever. However, I resolved to say nothing and see the day through. My guide seemed full of hope and confidence. Holding the horns of the dead stag, he pronounced it to be a very fair head; "But," said he, "we'll get better than that before the week's out," and presently he remarked, "The big stags are only just beginning to come across the railway; they are always the last to migrate south. If we could only get a snow-storm; that would move them, and then you would get a chance to pick some fine heads."

We then went back to our tree and watched the "leads" till late in the afternoon. About four o'clock a heavy fusillade broke out a few hundred yards down the "lead" in front of us. We counted fifteen shots. This showed how well-nigh hopeless our own position had been, as, all unknown to us, some other gunners were sitting on the same "lead" ahead of us, and would naturally have got the first chance at any stag that came along. We presently saw the man who had fired the shots. He told us he had killed a good stag, and declared he had only had two shots at it; but my guide, who knew him, afterwards told me that he was a man

who enjoyed a reputation for being somewhat inaccurate in his statements. I afterwards saw the head of the stag he had shot. It was quite a nice one, but not so good as the one I had seen shot in the morning. That evening I again slept at Howley Station.

On the following morning, leaving my cook and the guide's son to take my baggage on a trolley about a mile along the line and there pitch camp, I again went out with the father of the latter to look for a good caribou stag. I may here mention that within a hundred yards of where my camp was pitched the cook found the fresh-killed carcass of a fawn which had probably been shot by someone the

previous evening. The meat was perfectly good, and whilst it lasted I was saved from the necessity of killing a doe or young stag for the larder.

As my experiences of the previous day had thoroughly disgusted me, I told my guide that he must take me for a day's walk through the country, as I would not again sit on a "lead" and wait for caribou to

come to me. He acknowledged that it was a poor form of sport, but said that at this time of year it paid

better than walking and looking for caribou as the animals were all travelling, and so seldom gave an opportunity for a stalk, whilst the country was difficult to get about in, owing to the softness of the bogs and the density of the forests.

We had a good day of it, not getting back to camp till dark. The walking was certainly very hard, but I found I could stand it well enough. The whole country was level and divided into pretty equal parts of open bog and dense forest. In the bogs one sank over the ankle—and often much deeper—in water at every step, and progress was as slow and tiring as when walking in deep soft snow; whilst in the patches of forest the small spruce firs grew so close together, and were so tangled up with fallen trees, that it was a pleasant change to break through into the



CARIBOU DEER ON THEIR ANNUAL MIGRATION.
From a Photo.

open and plunge into a deep bog again. In the course of the day we came upon a fawn wandering disconsolately around all by itself, its mother having doubtless been shot, and later on four does and a fawn passed close to us, travelling due south towards the railway line. Of these does three were hornless, but the fourth had small horns. The ease and rapidity with which these animals traversed a stretch of open marsh whilst we watched them were most remarkable.

They seemed to glide over the surface without sinking in at all, and got along so quickly that no human being, I imagine, could have overtaken them, for in the wet bogs of Newfoundland you can't run, and may rather be said to wade than to walk. Neither horse, ox, nor ass can traverse these marshes at all, as they sink in and get bogged immediately, but the feet of the caribou are specially adapted for walking in soft ground, as not only can the broad, rounded hoofs be splayed out very wide apart and made to cover a large surface, but the dew-claws are also specially developed in order to assist in bearing up the animal's weight. On our way back to camp we came on two caribou feeding in a small marsh surrounded by forest. They were a stag and a doe, and the former looked a fine, large animal. I crept up to within seventy yards of, and had a good look at, him. I was very nearly shooting him, but after studying his head for some time I decided it was not worth having, as the tops of his antlers seemed very poor, so I stood up and let him see me, when he presently ran off. On getting back to camp I found that two acquaintances of my guide had come up from Alexander Bay to try and get some meat for the winter. One of them was armed with a sealing gun loaded with slugs, and the other carried a good rifle. This latter, an elderly man named Saunders, had killed during the day a very fine caribou stag with a head of forty-one points, not far from camp, just as it was crossing the railway. The horns of this stag, though not very long, were wonderfully palmated and very symmetrical. I took a photograph of it, and it was subsequently bought by one of the occupants of the next camp along the line for fifteen dollars.

On the following day I again tramped the bogs to the north of the railway, but failed to come across a good stag. Soon after leaving camp I met a doe and a fawn, and later on a small herd, consisting of five does and a stag, passed within fifty yards of the bushes from behind which my guide and I had been watching them as they approached us across an open bog. As the stag had a poor head



From a] A FINE HEAD OF FORTY-ONE POINTS, SHOT NEAR THE A. DOCK'S CAMP. (Photo)

I did not stop him, and all six animals passed on southwards quite unconscious of our near proximity. In the afternoon we had rather an interesting experience. Stroud (my guide) and I were resting on a stretch of dry sand just below the high and densely-wooded upper bank of the Sand River, a pretty stream some eighty yards in width. Sitting as we were on the open beach, we were, of course, in full view of any animal standing on the farther bank of the river. Nevertheless a herd of caribou, consisting of three old does, a fawn, and two young stags, presently made their appearance amongst the trees exactly opposite, and without appearing to notice us plunged one after the other into the river. They swam across to our side one behind the other, and heading a little down stream got into shallow water about fifty yards below where we were sitting. Here they stood for some minutes shaking the water out of their thick coats like great dogs. Presently, headed by one of the young stags, they waded out after



From a Photo. by]

CARIBOU SWIMMING ACROSS A LAKE.

[J. H. Beveridge, Esq.

the other back again into deep water, and swam in single file straight up the centre of the river, and again landed on the same side about two hundred yards above us. They certainly passed within thirty or forty yards of us, but, though we were in full view on the open beach, never appeared to notice us. As the wind was blowing up stream they very soon scented us after leaving the water, and they then showed the same alarm which is manifested by all other wild animals at the smell of man. As the taint entered their nostrils they each made a short dash to one side or the other; then they all stood still for a moment, looking eagerly for their unseen enemies, and then dashed off headlong. I noticed that when

swimming past us a few inches of the whole length of their bodies was above the water, whilst all their short tails were held straight up in the air like tiny sails, the snow-white underside being fully exposed to view.

During the following night heavy rain set in, which turned to snow before morning, the storm lasting till after midday. When the cook brought me my early breakfast before daylight, as usual, he informed me that the meat of the fawn on

which we had been living for the past three days was nearly finished, and asked me to try and shoot a deer near camp for the larder. Not long afterwards, on looking out of my tent through the fast falling snowflakes, I saw two caribou does standing just on the side of the railway and within fifty yards of our encampment. I at once got hold of my rifle and, pushing in a cartridge, looked out again. The two does had seen me when I first left the tent, and had trotted a short distance away, but were now again standing less than a hundred yards from me. So I killed one of them with a bullet through the lungs—the first shot I had fired at caribou. On the following day I shot another—a stag with too poor a head to keep—out of a



From a Photo. by]

BRINGING IN MEAT FOR THE CAMP LARDER.

[S. H. Parsons.

herd of six which trotted past our tent just after my return to camp late in the afternoon. I gave this animal to the man with the sealing gun, who had just killed a young stag out of the same herd. He was delighted to get two whole carcasses, and took them off home that evening on the slow train which runs over the line daily from St. John's to Port-aux-Basques. This train is called the "accommodation train," and it fully deserves the appellation. It travels slowly, time is of no object to it, and on being

it would not be much use our remaining any longer where we were. To my question as to whether we could not get into the country to which the deer had migrated, he replied that the difficulty of hunting in any district which was not either adjacent to the railway or accessible by water arose from the fact that in Newfoundland no pack animals could be used, and thus in a journey across country all provisions and camp equipment had necessarily to be carried on men's backs. He told



From a Photo. by

THE AUTHOR'S CAMP NEAR HOWLEY STATION.

S. H. Parsons.

hailed will obligingly stop anywhere, independently of stations, and take up passengers or deer carcasses.

On the evening of October 31st Stroud and I came home along the railway and took careful note of the tracks that had crossed the line since the snow fell. The snow had now been lying a foot deep on the ground for two days, yet the number of caribou tracks which had crossed the line since it fell, between Howley Station and Goose Lake, was very small, and, so far as we could learn from inquiry at the different camps, no big stags had been seen during that time. My guide now abandoned his original idea that a snowstorm would bring a number of old stags across the railway line, and came to the conclusion that the autumn migration was nearly over and that, therefore,

me, however, that if we moved to a station about a hundred and fifty miles east of Howley he thought we could get by boat to a country where no one else was at present hunting, and where there would be a good chance of finding caribou. I at once made up my mind to try this new field, as I was heartily sick of the neighbourhood of the railway. We got on board the train the same night, and reached Terra Nova Station at 11 a.m. on the morning of the 1st of November. For this excursion I engaged Saunders and Stroud's son in addition to the guide and the cook.

On leaving the train we lost no time in packing our traps on board a heavy row-boat, and forthwith made a start up the lake. The day was cold, with a strong wind blowing which sorely knocked us over a sea that we

were obliged to take shelter early in the afternoon behind a projecting headland and lie there for the rest of the day.

On the following morning the water of the lake was comparatively calm, as the wind had gone down during the night, so we lost no time



From a

THE PARTY ON THE TERRA NOVO RIVER.

[Photo.

in getting on the move. Stroud and I left the boat to proceed along the right-hand shore of the lake and up the St. George's River to an appointed spot where it was arranged we were to meet and camp that evening, and we then set off on a hunt into the country lying to the west of our last night's bivouac. After having followed the shore of the lake for a mile or so we made our way up a densely-wooded slope, which rose to a height of two or three hundred feet above the level of the water, and presently emerged upon an open plateau of level marsh, scattered over which were little islands of forest and outcrops of moss-covered rock, known as "barrens." We had been walking for perhaps a couple of hours, and were just entering a patch of burnt forest, a veritable wilderness of dead and bleaching poles, when I suddenly caught sight of the white neck and reddish antlers of a caribou stag. "Sit down," I whispered to my guide, who was just in front of me but had not yet seen him, and we both squatted at once. The caribou stag was less than a hundred yards away when I first saw him, and had he been a sharp-sighted animal would inevitably have seen us at the same time. However, he failed to do so, and came mooning along through the dead and leafless tree stems, evidently with a mind so much at ease that he had not the least suspicion that danger and death might be lurking very near him. I could not at once fire, as the

burnt forest through which he was slowly moving was very thick, so I waited for him to advance into more open ground. I must say he looked a splendid animal, his snow-white neck, with its shaggy fringe of hair depending from the throat, showing up in striking contrast with his grey-brown body and dark face; whilst the curiously palmated antlers when viewed from one side looked like some curious spiky growth of wood. He soon got into a little more open ground and gave me a very easy broadside shot at about eighty yards, so I put a bullet through his lungs, which killed him very quickly.

My prize was evidently an animal in his prime. Unfortunately, only one brow tine was broadly palmated, and on this side—the left antler—there were nineteen points. The other antler only bore eleven, as the brow tine was a long single spike. However, the head was a very pretty and regular one in all other respects, and I was very pleased to have secured it.

After cutting off the head of this stag and cleaning the carcass* Stroud and I had a long and heavy day's walking through the marshy upland. Soon after midday we came on two more young stags lying down. They were very tame, and allowed me to have a good look at them, but their heads were not quite large enough, so I left them alone. It was after dark when we at last reached the camping place agreed upon on the bank of the St. George's River, but our boat had not yet arrived there. However, in about an hour it turned up, by which time we had got a glorious fire burning. Although the day had been bright and sunny and almost cloudless, it had become quite overcast by the time the boat arrived, and before we could get the tents pitched rain had commenced to fall.

On the following morning, leaving our cook in charge of the tents, I set out with Stroud, his son, and Saunders on an excursion into the country lying to the west of our encampment. We travelled light, only taking tea, sugar, hard biscuit, and a piece of bacon in the way of

* When on our return the men went to get this meat, they found that much of it had been devoured by eagles.

provisions, and a light canvas sheet instead of a tent. I took a single blanket for myself, but the men had only one blanket between them. However, in Newfoundland an abundance of dry wood is almost everywhere to be found, and there is, therefore, no difficulty in keeping warm with the help of a good fire, without a blanket at all.

On this excursion we were absent from camp for five days, and travelled over a good deal of country. During the first day's march we crossed the tracks of great numbers of caribou. These tracks were all going westwards, and, though none were fresh, the greater part of them only seemed to be a few days old. Stroud fully expected that we should come up with the migrating deer on some open "barrens" just beyond a little lake known as Island Pond. We reached the lake late in the afternoon, and, leaving the other two men to arrange a shelter for the night, Stroud and I took a round over the undulating rocky "barrens" beyond. Late in the evening we saw three caribou does, but they were evidently stragglers, as the tracks showed that the main body of deer had passed on westwards. My guide thought that the snowstorm of the previous week had moved them, and feared they might travel too far to the southwest to allow us to overtake them. This, unhappily, proved to be the case. However,

north-west corner of the lake. This river has no name, so far as I could learn, and is only indicated by a dotted line on the most recent maps. It seems absurd to talk about getting into unknown country close to a railway line on a comparatively small island like Newfoundland—an island, moreover, which was discovered more than four hundred years ago. But the fact remains that much of the interior, both of the southern and northern portions of Newfoundland, has never yet been surveyed, although it has been traversed in various directions along its chief waterways. But between the rivers there are stretches of country which may be said to be absolutely unknown—pathless wastes of marsh and forest, studded with countless little lakes and ponds, never yet looked upon by the eye of civilized man: wild and desolate solitudes at present absolutely uninhabited.

We followed the course of the river I have mentioned for some distance westward to a point about three miles beyond a pretty little waterfall. Along the bank of this river I noticed many small spruce trees which had been beaten to pieces by caribou stags when rubbing the velvet from their horns in the early autumn. This fact convinced me that there were deer which passed the summer in this district and did not migrate in the spring to the northern part of the island. On question



From a]

ST. JOHN'S LAKE, NEWFOUNDLAND

[Facing

we followed on the deer tracks for two more days, trudging slowly and heavily along through spongy marshes and dense spruce forests.

Soon after leaving Island Pond we got into a country into which none of the men with me had ever previously penetrated, and passing over the high ground to the north of St. John's Lake came on to a fine river running into the

ing Stroud on this subject, he told me there could be no doubt that a considerable number of deer passed the whole year to the south of the railway. In his opinion the oldest and heaviest stags in the island would be found amongst this number. I cannot mention more of all this and determined to return to St. John's as soon as I ever visit Newfoundland again.

(To be continued.)

Sixteen Days Among Brigands.

BY SPIRO X. STAVROULOPOULOS, OF VOSTIZZA, GREECE.

Stay-at-home folks are apt to imagine that brigandage is extinct in Europe, but this story—the personal narrative of a wealthy young Greek gentleman—will probably make them alter their opinion. Mr. Stavroulopoulos was seized and held for ransom by a band of brigands, who threatened to kill their captive the moment the authorities got upon their track. The author describes his capture, the long days of suspense as a prisoner in the outlaws' cave, and his final escape.



On the 29th of May last, after my usual afternoon rest, I got up and started putting on a riding suit, intending to go to our counting-house at Temeni, a place about ten miles away from Vostizza, where I then was. Suddenly I heard footsteps in the courtyard below, and, going to the window, saw an untidy-looking man standing there. He was holding a letter in his hand and asking for somebody.

Thinking it was a letter for my father, I continued to dress, when, without even taking the trouble to knock at my door, the man I had seen below entered my room and silently handed me the letter he carried. It was addressed to myself, and ran as follows:—

“MR. SPIRO, — I have positive information regarding those masked men of last year. You are in great danger. I must see you at once. The bearer will lead you to a place where I can see you safely this evening at nine.—With regards, CONSTANTIN PANOPAULOS.”

Now, Panopaulos was known to me as a fugitive from justice who had also “borrowed” some two or three hundred francs from me a few months ago. He had lately become rather notorious, but people were to be found who insisted that he was a good man, unjustly accused in connection with a theft with violence.

This was his only crime so far as I knew, and he had always shown the deepest respect towards myself, my family, and my people. He had, moreover, taken an active part in trying to discover a band of masked ruffians who had paid us a surprise visit out in the fields the year before. I therefore determined to keep the appointment, and told the bearer of the letter to be in the town square about nine o'clock.

At 9 p.m. I was at the appointed place waiting for my guide. He was not long in coming, and soon afterwards we were silently walking together. We walked for about fifteen minutes, reaching the back of the small railway station, where my guide informed me Panopaulos would soon join us. I was rather disappointed at not meeting him at once, as I was not only impatient to know what news he had for me, but also wished to get the interview over as soon as possible, in order that I might return home in time for dinner. We usually dined at 9.30 p.m.

However, at about twenty minutes past nine Panopaulos made his appearance.

“Good evening, Mr. Spiro,” he said. “It is

long since I saw you last, and I have much to tell you.”

“All right,” I said; “out with your news quickly, for I want to get back in time for dinner.”



THE AUTHOR, MR. SPIRO X. STAVROULOPOULOS, WHO WAS CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS. [Photo.]

"I can't speak to you here," he replied; "we are almost in town, and I am afraid someone might see us. You must just sacrifice your dinner for to-night and come with me a little way."

I reflected that now I had come I might as well dine later, and so decided to follow him. After leaving the railway station about half a mile behind, I was rather startled at my companion's strange change of manner. He had familiarly taken my arm, and appeared to be holding me closely.

I was rather annoyed, and for a moment it occurred to me to shake him off; but I did not wish to offend the man, and thought I might as well pull my arm away slowly at the first opportunity. However, the next moment I felt his hand searching my pocket, and before I could prevent him he had drawn from it a small seven-chambered revolver which I always carried. Simultaneously I heard a whistle, and, my suspicions being now thoroughly aroused, I tried to shake myself free. The man's grip, however, tightened, and his companion seized hold of my other arm, whilst a second whistle was heard somewhere in front. Presently a man appeared carrying three rifles, one of which he gave to Panopaulos and another to Tsclepis, his companion.

The new addition to our company was a tall man of between fifty and fifty-five years of age, with a grey upturned moustache. He looked like a walking arsenal. He carried a Gras rifle, about two hundred rounds of ammunition, a yataghan or curved sword, an army revolver, and a small dagger.

The rifle he handed to Panopaulos was one of the French repeating Lebel type, and he also gave him two hundred rounds of ammunition, a revolver, a dagger, a telescope, and a leather bag.

All these preparations, the loss of my only weapon, and Panopaulos's unusual familiarity contributed to my increased uneasiness. However, I did not wish to make my apprehensions manifest; but I resolved to grasp the first opportunity of escape.

"Now that we are ready," said Panopaulos,

presently, "we might as well go and have our talk a little farther off, so as to be altogether out of sight."

To this remark I made no reply, and we began walking slowly towards the fields. Tsclepis—the man who had brought me the letter—walked about seventy feet in front of us, Panopaulos and I walked side by side, and Roumohotti, the third man, brought up the rear.

After walking for about twenty minutes Panopaulos sat down on a milestone and spoke to me with a great deal of irony in his tone.

"I have deceived you," he said. "I brought you hither because I want you to come with me for a couple of days, and help me to get a hundred pounds from your father in order that I can go to America with my companions. Don't be afraid, because we shall not hurt you in the least."

I had suspected something of this from his manner. "I don't see the necessity of coming with you and disquieting my father," I said. "I will go back immediately, and to-morrow morning you shall have the hundred pounds."

Panopaulos smiled grimly before replying.

"No," he said, "that won't do; you can't go back before I receive the money."

At this point I considered I might try a change of policy, so I suddenly turned and

started running towards the railway station, the lights of which could be seen in the distance, shouting loudly for help at the same time.

My dash for liberty was futile, however, for a few seconds later I received a heavy blow on the head which felled me to the ground, and I felt Panopaulos putting his knee on my chest and his dagger to my throat.

"Stop your noise," he said, fiercely, "or else I will put an end to you."

At the same time he beckoned to Roumohotti to gag me, and when this was done I was kicked to make me get up. Then my hands only held behind me and I was ordered to walk.

In this way we marched for a couple of hours and reached the small bridge between the Temeni and Rauriylo Hills. Here we halted, and were soon afterwards joined by a mil-

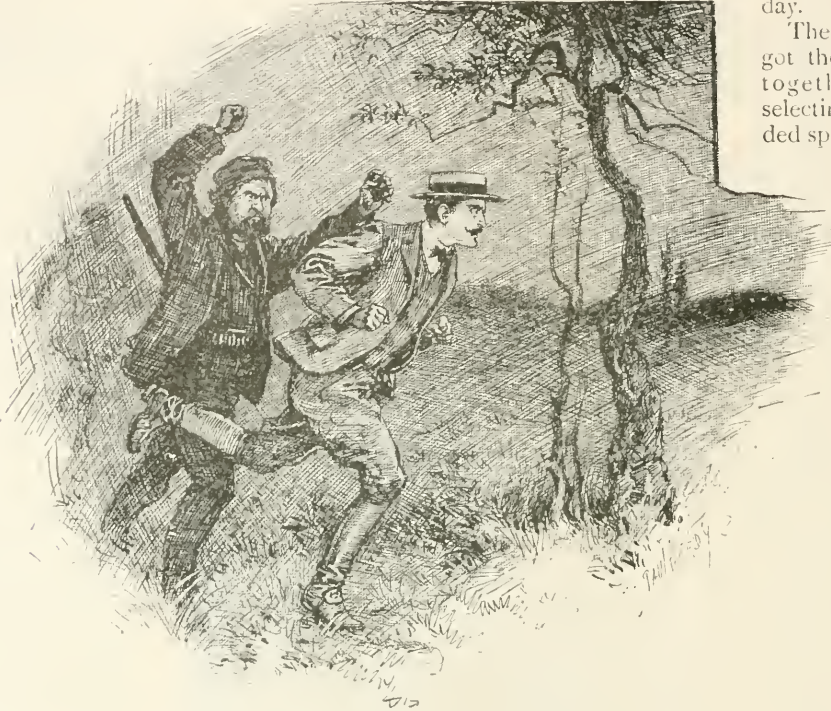


PANOPAULOS, THE CAPTAIN OF THE BRIGANDS.
From a Photo.

driver with two mules. This worthy produced bread, cheese, and a bottle of brandy, and the captain of the brigands—for such Panopaulos appeared to be told me with an ironical

Shortly before daybreak the muleteer left us, taking his mules with him, and we had to continue our journey on foot. Soon, however, we arrived at the Mamoussia Forest, where we camped for the day.

The brigands got their blankets together and, selecting a secluded spot, prepared



“MY DASH FOR LIBERTY WAS FUTILE.”

how that he was sorry he could offer me nothing better in compensation for my lost dinner.

I declined to eat anything, but drank some of the brandy. The brigands abstained from touching either the food or the drink, and they informed me that when I felt hungry I was to ask for refreshments.

After stopping under the bridge for about twenty minutes I was put on one of the mules, whilst Panopaulos mounted the other. Then we began our march again, in the following order: Roumeliotti led, on foot, about fifty yards in front of us; I followed on a mule, which was held by the bridle by Tselepis. Immediately behind me came Panopaulos on another mule, and last of all came the muleteer, marching about fifty yards behind.

During the whole night we travelled in this way, and passed right through the village of Mamoussia without arousing suspicions, notwithstanding that Panopaulos sang all the time songs of his own composition, quite in the old brigand style.

a bed for me. Food was again offered me, and again refused. Smoking was strictly forbidden.

Having made myself fairly comfortable, I lay down and fell asleep at once, Panopaulos in person keeping watch over the camp. I awoke at about ten o'clock to find Panopaulos by my side reading a Bible. He told me I had had a very disturbed sleep, and that I was talking almost incessantly. I must not worry, he said, as I was not going to be hurt in any way, but was only to be detained till my father sent the money that would be asked for.

We were now almost at the top of a thickly wooded hill, and from where I was I could see, thousands of feet below, the green valley of Vostizza full of currant trees, whilst in the middle of this valley the main road between Vostizza and the various villages wound along like a huge white serpent. High above us towered the wooded mountains of Kerpini.

Presently Panopaulos came up to where I was standing and asked me to give my special attention to what he was about to say.

“Look here, Mr. Spiro,” he continued, “I

must warn you. Do not attempt to move or to speak against my orders or else you are a dead man. The moment anybody sees us and we are discovered I shall kill you and then we shall flee."

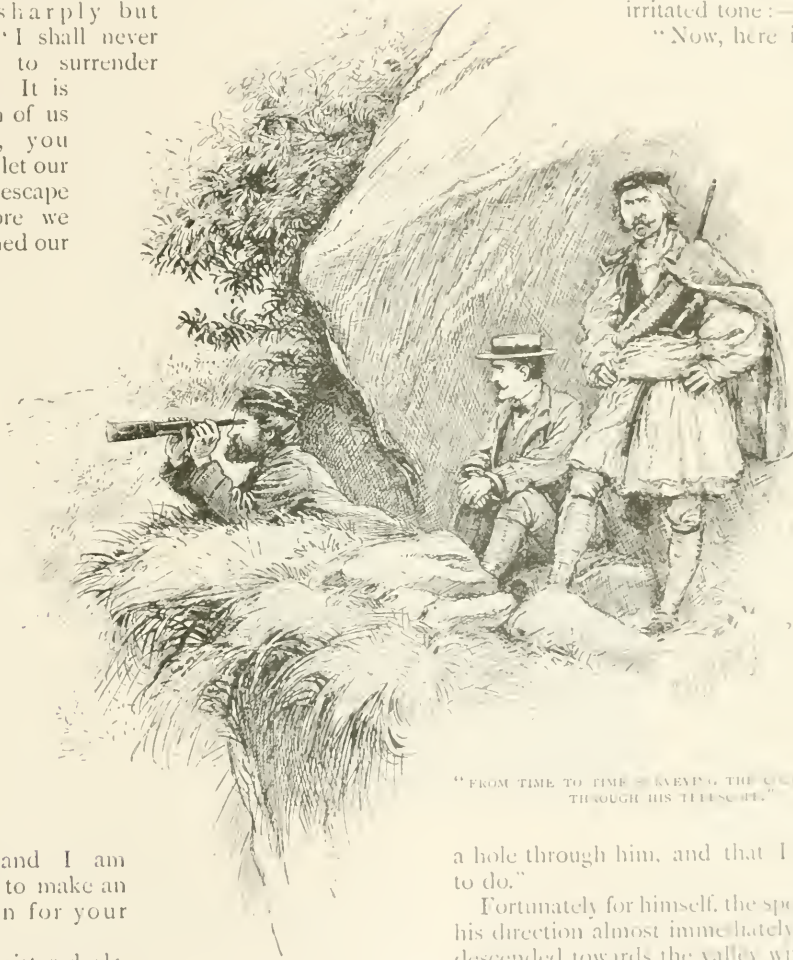
"Well," I said, "will it be my fault if my father informs the police or the authorities and they follow us?"

"Never mind," he retorted, sharply but politely; "I shall never be forced to surrender you alive. It is the custom of us brigands, you see, not to let our prisoners escape alive before we have attained our

Bible, from time to time surveying the country around through his telescope.

During the day we saw some travellers on the main road far below, but no one approached our hiding place. In the afternoon, however, we saw a sportsman hunting with three dogs. He came gradually towards us, and Pano Paulos, after looking at him with his field glasses, remarked, in an irritated tone:—

"Now, here is some bother for us! If that man comes near us I shall have to make



"FROM TIME TO TIME SURVEYING THE COUNTRY AROUND THROUGH HIS TELESCOPE."

purpose, and I am not going to make an exception for your sake."

This sinister declaration increased my fears, as I was pretty sure my father would take steps to recover me, and I actually became anxious lest the brigands were not hiding well enough.

At noon I ate some bread and cheese and drank some of the brandy. The brigands, so far as I saw, had nothing to eat or drink. The captain himself set the example to his men, and they neither smoked nor talked nor read. Pano Paulos, indeed, was the only man among them who *could* read. He continued looking at his

hole through him, and that I should be sorry to do."

Fortunately for himself, the sportsman changed his direction almost immediately afterwards, and descended towards the valley without seeing us.

At eight o'clock Tselepis was sent out to reconnoitre the country, and about half an hour later we all started again on foot. We marched continually for eight hours, only stopping once at a small stream from which we drank water, and another time outside a village, where in the darkness I failed to recognise. Here bread, cheese, and wine were brought to us by a man, who must have been expecting our arrival.

At dawn we reached our destination. This was a small, rocky hill, in the middle of which there was a low cave about fifteen by twenty

five feet, strewn with dried grass and furnished with two or three books containing stories of brigands, a small table with writing materials on it, two or three stools, and a small chest containing many articles of daily use, including some knives and forks, plates, etc.

Immediately we arrived we all went to sleep except Tselapis, who watched. At noon I awoke and made for the door to have a look round, but was not allowed to do so, the captain informing me that I should not be allowed to go out of the cave for that day. Our food again consisted of bread and cheese, and Panopaulos promised that it was the last day we should have this food. "From to-morrow," he added, "you can ask for whatever you like."

In the afternoon I heard a railway-train whistle, and I realized that the journey of the previous night was only a roundabout course taken in order to deceive me, as we had apparently not gone very far away from the place we had stopped at the previous day.

With the advent of daylight I was able to have a good look at my captors. Panopaulos, the captain, was a squarely-built man with very long hair tied in a knot over his head. He had a black beard, and his features were of the bulldog type. He was, however, well and neatly dressed, although he always walked in the Greek shoes called *tsaronchia*, which facilitate running and climbing uphill. He spoke Greek perfectly, and also knew French and Italian. He was an accomplished musician, often accompanying his songs with the *laouto*. He had rather dignified manners, always spoke with a sort of superiority to his companions, and was generally polite towards everybody. When he was angry, however, his face assumed a most ferocious expression.

Roumeliotti was a typical Greek brigand. He wore the usual *foustanella* costume of the Greek shepherds. As regards Tselapis, he was quite another type of man. He had begun his career as a butcher, became a horse-stealer, and was now going in for more serious crimes. He was almost always in an intoxicated condition.

That night I slept rather better, and woke up early the next morning to find Panopaulos smiling and showing me an array of eatables that had been brought in during the previous night. Meat, bread, fowls, eggs, cheese, lemons, coffee, sugar, milk, wine, brandy, and tobacco were there in abundance. Besides all these there was also a cask full of fresh water taken from a spring a little lower down the hill. It was a Sunday morning, and Panopaulos said we were to hold mass in the cave; this was carried out shortly, and after praying for about an hour breakfast was served. Then Panopaulos began talking about religion, and I was surprised to

discover yet another quality in this extraordinary man, who combined a savage and lawless nature with a deep religious spirit. It was by his great faith in Providence, he said, that he had succeeded in eluding the gendarmes and other officers of the law for the last seven years.

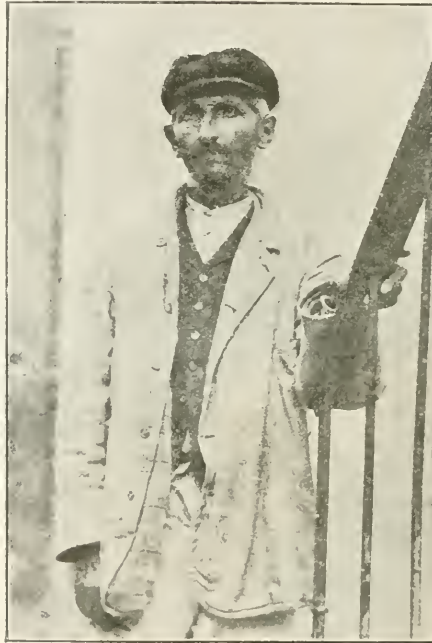
That day we ate boiled beef and roast chicken, and we read the newspapers. I was surprised to find nothing concerning my abduction, but concluded that my father had kept his own counsel. Afterwards we played at cards, and in the afternoon I slept for about an hour and a half whilst Panopaulos went away with his field-glasses, leaving me in charge of his two companions. When he returned he said:—

"Look here, Spiro, you must sit down and write a

letter to your father's friend, the Prime Minister, and ask him to recall the gendarmes that have been sent after us, because, as I told you before, if they find us you will be the first victim."

This I did without unnecessary protests, but, as the wording of the document did not quite please him, Panopaulos dictated another to me, which ran as follows:—

"RESPECTED PRESIDENT,—My position is terrible. From one moment to another my life is in danger. The brigands in whose hands I am will kill me first if they are discovered by the troops who are pursuing them. Please recall them till I am free and save my life.—With deep respect, the unfortunate captive, (signed) SPIRO STAVROULOPOULOS."



ROUMELIOTTI, THE BRIGAND WHO GAVE THE AUTHOR A HINT TO ESCAPE. [Photo.]

This I put in an envelope, and addressed it to "His Excellency Monsieur A. Zaimis, President of the Council of Ministers, Athens." Panopaulos gave the letter to the man that brought us food at night to be posted. As I afterwards learnt, it reached its destination two days later.

I asked Panopaulos if I might also write to my family and tell them where I was, so that they might not be anxious about my fate, but this he declined to allow, saying that I would be permitted to write only after ten days had passed. Then I begged him to let me write at once, picturing with vivid colours my father's anxiety, and I succeeded in getting him to change his mind and say he would probably let me write the next day.

Monday was the next day, and the captain got up early. After saying his prayers as usual and taking his morning cup of coffee he came to me and gave me a letter I was to copy and send to my father.

I grasped it eagerly, hoping the brigand's demands were not excessive. It read as follows:—

"Vostizza.

"FATHER AND MOTHER,— I do not know where I am or where I came from. I am in the hands of six brigands, from whom you will receive a separate letter concerning the amount of money required to buy my liberty. This is fixed at five thousand napoleons (twenty-franc pieces). This money must be sent in gold, as paper money will not be acceptable. The letter from the brigands will give you all the details regarding the way the money must be sent. My dear father, please comply with these demands and their instructions in every item, it being the only way to save my life, as I am in a terrible position and very unfortunate.—Your loving son, SPIRO."

Next day it was Panopaulos's birthday, and we were told that we should make the best of it. The cave was cleaned and made tidy with fresh tree-branches, and the arch-brigand was even more obliging than usual. Food, wine, etc., were more plentiful than on other days, and after lunch Panopaulos gave me a good proof of

his singing abilities. That day we also had rice-pudding after dinner. The day passed quietly, and on the next I wrote a second letter to my parents. The new letter was almost identical with the first, except the addition of a few lines, asking my father to exert all his influence with the Government so that the troops might not pursue us pending my release.

This new letter led me to guess that the man who brought us food each night, and whom I was never able to see, also brought news regarding the movements of the troops which had been dispatched against my captors.

On that day I had another evidence of Panopaulos's religious nature. It was a Wednesday—a fast day in the Greek Church—and he ordered fasting for himself and his companions; for me, however, he cooked a fowl, as I told him that I did not keep Wednesdays and Fridays, which, according to the rites of the Greek Orthodox Church, are considered as fasting days.

At four o'clock that afternoon repeated whistles from the railway line below drew us out from the cave, when we perceived two trains loaded with excursionists going to Calavryta from Vostizza, and I remembered sorrowfully that I had intended taking part in the excursion myself. That night, besides the food supplies,

we also received newspapers, and I was surprised to see a picture of myself in the paper *Empros*. However, I was not allowed to read what was said about me, as Panopaulos, having undertaken to read the paper in my hearing, carefully omitted everything connected with my case.

I guessed that the newspapers were talking a fuss about my capture, as Panopaulos became rather gloomy after reading them. The next morning, however, he announced that he had received good news during the night, and I was informed that the troops who were pursuing us had taken quite the opposite direction.

On that day Rounsbott asked me about noon what the time was. I took out my watch and told him it was nearly twelve, but the glitter of the gold watch seemed to impress



TSELPIS, THE THIRD BRIGAND.
From a Photo.

him, and after praising its beauty he asked me to make him a present of it.

This I was not eager to do, but as during Panopaulos's absence I was in the power of the other two I was anxious to make friends of them, so as to get better treatment and more leave to walk about the cave. So I gave him the watch, and he was very pleased. When Panopaulos came in, however, that happened, his watch having gone wrong, he asked me the time, and it was then that I saw for the first time what a savage beast he was capable of becoming.

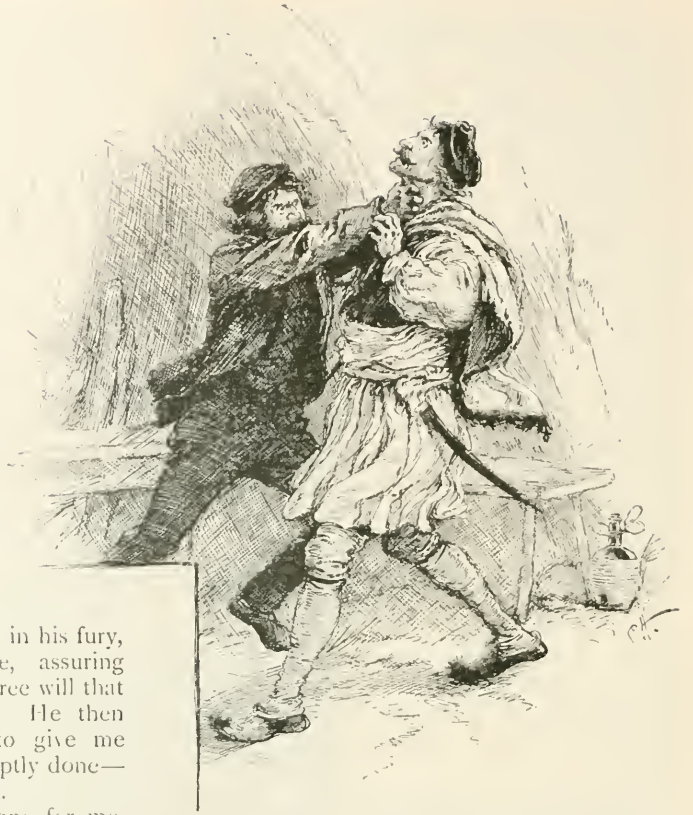
On hearing that my watch was in Roumeliotti's possession, Panopaulos jumped to the conclusion that he had taken it away from me, and without saying a single word he sprang at the man's throat, and would have choked him, in his fury, had I not hastened to intervene, assuring Panopaulos that it was of my own free will that I had given the man the watch. He then released him, but ordered him to give me back the watch, and this was promptly done—Roumeliotti walking away crestfallen.

The eleventh day was a critical one for me. From the early morning Panopaulos was hard at work telling me what to say when released, so as to mislead the authorities as to the identity of the persons who had abducted me. I refused, however, to say anything of the kind, whereupon Panopaulos, taking out his dagger, said, fiercely:—

"Before Heaven, I swear to kill you the day you try to set the authorities on my track; and not only that, but I will also blow up your father's house with dynamite." Roumeliotti came to my assistance, however, by assuring his chief that "the boy will do everything you tell him to."

At lunch that day Panopaulos was very quiet, and I remembered it was the eve of the last day allowed my father for the payment of the ransom of a hundred thousand francs. The rest of that miserable Sunday passed away as usual. The morrow also passed away, and still the money was not forthcoming, and I began to grow very anxious about my ultimate fate. However, at 3 p.m. on the Tuesday the ransom bearers were seen from afar by Panopaulos's telescope, and Tselepis and Roumeliotti started to meet them.

The bearers were to meet the brigands some



"WITHOUT SAYING A SINGLE WORD HE SPRANG AT THE MAN'S THROAT."

twelve miles from our hiding-place, and the counting of the money was to be carried out there, so that we were not to expect them back till early the next day (Wednesday). After they left we dined, and talked till about 9 p.m., when we went to sleep, I fervently hoping that that time next day I would be free.

On retiring for the night Panopaulos remarked: "I hope, Spiro, for your sake that the news the men will bring us to-morrow will be satisfactory, and that your father has sent me all I asked him to."

"I expect he has done his best within the time allotted him," I replied.

"We shall see," Panopaulos added, and turned away.

At last, at five o'clock on Wednesday morning, the two brigands returned, each bearing a heavy bag on his shoulders, containing my father's gold. When Panopaulos saw his companions returning with the money his features lighted up, and he seemed much relieved.

"Welcome" he cried to his men, as soon as they were within earshot. "How did you fare?"

His good humour, however, was unfortunately of short duration, for instead of five thousand twenty-franc pieces there were only four thousand nine hundred and fourteen. Panopaulos's wrath flamed up at once. His face became white with anger, his hands trembled, and he was unable to stand, but sat down speechless, looking at me askance the while I looked at him, thinking that my last hour had arrived, for I never expected he would spare me, so excited was he. When he recovered his speech and some part of his self-possession he said, addressing me:

"What is this, Spiro? Your father seems

and walked away. It was in vain that I followed him, telling him that my father ~~never~~ ^{has} been unable to procure any more gold, in view of the usual currency being in paper money. It was useless speaking to him, as he did not even seem to listen to me.

Shortly afterwards, however, he came back and announced that he had changed his mind, and that he did not wish to soil his hands with the blood of a plutocrat. Instead, he had decided to keep me for another fortnight and then ask for four thousand pounds more to be sent within a week from that date.



"What is this, Spiro?"

to think that he can play with me, but I will prove to him quite the contrary." He stopped to catch his breath and then continued: "I will pay him with the same money! I will cut you up into five thousand pieces and send him all but eighty-six." And now you can say your prayers till noon."

With this he lighted a cigarette and then rose

Then I thought I could find it no longer, and fell down weeping. I continued to cry a long time rather than wait for another day. — My cell as I told Panopaulos I had suffered so much from anxiety and suspense during the last weeks I had been in captivity that I could not bear more weeks of the same, he would consent to give me, without Panopaulos's aid

At 4 p.m. the brigand gave me paper and I wrote a letter to my father at his dictation, in which I informed him that owing to the deficit in the ransom he was to send another hundred thousand francs in gold. The letter was dated fourteen days ahead, and the money must be forthcoming within a week of that date.

Panopaulos took the letter and gave it to Roumeliotti to post. While passing in front of me on his way out the latter whispered, very low:—

"Spiro, you are in a very dangerous position. The captain is very angry. We are going away this evening and will return in two days. Think and act!" Saying this he put his finger on his lips, motioning me to be silent, and went slowly away.

At the moment, so numb were my senses from the suspense I had undergone, I did not grasp the exact meaning of his words; but when evening came I saw Panopaulos and Roumeliotti getting ready for a journey. I saw them take the two bags of gold on their shoulders, and then they went away, leaving me with Tselepis, who was told in my presence to keep a watchful eye on me till the next day, when they would come back. It was then that I understood Roumeliotti's words, which of course meant that I should utilize the opportunity thus afforded me to escape.

That night, however, action was well-nigh impossible, as Tselepis did not sleep during the whole night, and I was reluctantly compelled to postpone my attempt till the morrow.

The next day, in the afternoon, I had better

luck. The brigand, relieved of his chief's presence, made a heavier dinner than usual, taking with my help treble the amount of wine he usually drank. Its effects were immediately manifested, as without a moment's hesitation, after dinner was over, he went to sleep.

And then I considered my chance had arrived. I lost no time. It was at 8.10 p.m. that I darted down the little path that led for

eight miles to the main road. I soon realized that this was not my safest route, as the two other brigands might be on their way back, when I should find myself in a worse position than ever. So I decided to abandon the path and take to the wooded part of the hill on the right. After going to the right for half an hour I began descending the mountain from a place no human being had passed before.

I jumped down from rock to rock and from bush to bush, putting aside branches or tearing them down with my hands to force a way, until, owing to the darkness, fatigue, and my excitement, I fell down, unable to move a limb.

Thus I had a slight rest of about fifteen minutes, and then continued my arduous

journey. At last, after two and a half hours of this, I reached the railway line and made direct for the nearest signal-box, whose lights I could see half a mile away in the distance. There I was fortunate enough to meet a peasant, who was so good as to accompany me to the nearest railway station, Zachlorou, where I told the horrified station-master who I was, and asked him to wire for a special train to convey me to Vostizza.



"JUMPED DOWN FROM ROCK TO ROCK."

This he immediately did, although he had some difficulty in recognising me owing to my totally changed appearance, and he also did his best to set my mind at ease regarding my father's health. The official furthermore wired to the Government, the authorities at Vostizza, and my father, announcing my escape.

Finally the train arrived, and with it the Procureur du Roi from Vostizza, who pressed me with questions, which I could scarcely answer owing to my exhausted condition. At last, however, at three the next morning, we arrived at Vostizza, where I joined my father and my relations once more, and my sufferings in the clutches of the brigands seemed like some terrible nightmare.

Owing to the great sensation caused throughout Greece by the audacious capture of Mr. Stavroulopoulos, the Government decided to take exceptional measures to arrest the three brigands concerned, and to this end the Supreme Commander of the Gendarmerie, Colonel Staikos, was sent to the scene, and five hundred troops, including some two hundred cavalry, were ordered to join him at Patras. Colonel Staikos, in an audience he had of the King shortly before leaving on his mission, was earnestly requested by His Majesty to do his very best to arrest Panopaulos and his band. The Government furthermore issued a proclamation placing a price of ten thousand francs on his head.

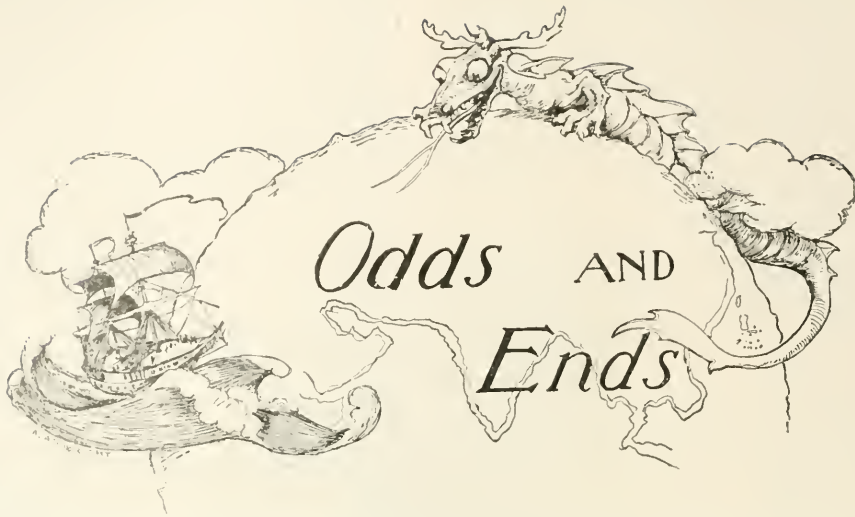
These measures made the position of Panopaulos and his companions very uncomfortable, and they decided that it would be best to divide the ransom money and separate until an opportunity occurred to escape abroad.

Ten days afterwards, however, information was given to the effect that one of the trio,

Tselepis, had been seen near the coast south of Vostizza going towards a village, and a capable officer with one police constable was immediately dispatched to follow him. The gendarmes were informed that Tselepis had during the daytime and marched at night. So on the following night, having waited for some time at a certain pathway, they saw him coming along slowly in the moonlight. As soon as he was near enough the officer darted forward, stopped a few paces from him, and ordered him to stop. Tselepis, far from surrendering quietly, brought his gun down from his shoulder and fired at the officer's head. The other policeman, however, came to the rescue, catching hold of the brigand from behind by the arms. The rest was comparatively easy. Tselepis was quickly disarmed, and was made to march to the nearest police post.

Panopaulos and Koumeliotti at that time had not been heard of since Mr. Stavroulopoulos's escape, and a fortnight more passed without any news, although troops had been scouring the whole of the country round, night and day. The authorities were both puzzled and anxious lest the brigands had got clean away. At last, however, some information as to their whereabouts was given by a person who wished to keep his identity secret, and the two outlaws were surrounded and captured in a house at Patras. Here they had been living in disguise since Stavroulopoulos's escape, waiting for an opportunity to escape into Turkish territory. The whole of the money paid by way of ransom was subsequently found hidden near the Fencus monastery of Mëga Spilaion. The photographs of the brigands which accompany this narrative were specially taken for THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE in Patras gaol, by the courteous permission of the Minister of the Interior.





A Seri Sleeping-Place—The Brandon County Tornado—The "Feria" at Seville—The "Bells" of Bhooga—A Travelling Bridge—The Cart Before the Horse, etc., etc.



TN Tiburon, a small island in the Gulf of California, between the peninsula of Lower California and the main-land of Mexico,

give the Seri Indians, the wildest and most primitive American aborigines extant. Many miles of territory in Mexico have never yet been traversed by white men; especially is this the case in the north-western section of the country. The mountain fastnesses there baffle the forces of the Mexicans, and make the maintenance of their original territory an easy matter for the Indians. Tiburon, naturally protected from the invader by water, like the neighbouring mainland, has successfully kept out the white man. For twenty or twenty-five years the Seris have allowed out-

siders to land in small parties for a period of twelve hours only. Anyone who remains longer than that time never returns. How they

are disposed of is a matter of surmise, for the Indians will answer no questions concerning them. One man only, a representative of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, succeeded in making their friendship and lived among them for several weeks. The climate is rather warm, and therefore the Seris construct remarkable sleeping-places of plaited wicker-work. The accompanying illustration shows one of these queer "sleeping-places," intended for the occupation of one person. It is an odd-shaped contrivance of basket-work, with a hole at the top, through which the occupier crawls at night.



ONE OF THE "NESTS" OF PLAITED WICKERWORK IN WHICH THE SERI INDIAN SLEEPS. (Photo.)



From a]

A DESTRUCTIVE CYCLONE IN MANITOBA.

[Photo.

Our readers will remember the striking article on tornadoes which appeared in our January number. We reproduce herewith a very impressive snap-shot taken on 9th July, 1900, in Brandon County, Manitoba, showing a destructive cyclone which visited that place. On the farm seen in the foreground a horse and eight sheep were killed, some of the poor animals being lifted high in the air and hurled an immense distance along the path of the cyclone. Fortunately, we in this country do not experience these terrible visitations, but, even if we did, it is doubtful whether anybody could be found sufficiently plucky to take a snap-shot as the cyclone approached.

The "Feria" at Seville, held

every year in the month of April, is famous throughout Spain, attracting thousands of visitors from all parts of the country as well as from the North of Europe. The atmosphere is most but good humoured and orderly crowded on the vast open square on the outskirts of the town, where the usual fairs for recreation are found. These are, perhaps, not quite up-to-date, but, on the other hand, the "Feria" is a very characteristic spectacle, many of the old Andalusian customs and costumes being seen. The municipality does everything in its power to make the event an attractive one by means of decorations, illuminations, fireworks, and the voting of a substantial

prize for the best-decorated pavilion. The prize was awarded this year to the Fine Arts Club for an excellently got up imitation of a typical Andalusian country inn. Horse dealers, fortune-tellers, beggars, and professional dancers swarm at the fair, which is packed with a typical Seville crowd. Many private families, in addition to the crowds,





From a] THE "BELLS" OF A CHURCH IN UGANDA. [Photo.

have pavilions in the fair grounds, where Spanish dances (more particularly the graceful "Sevillanas") are held at night in view of the public.

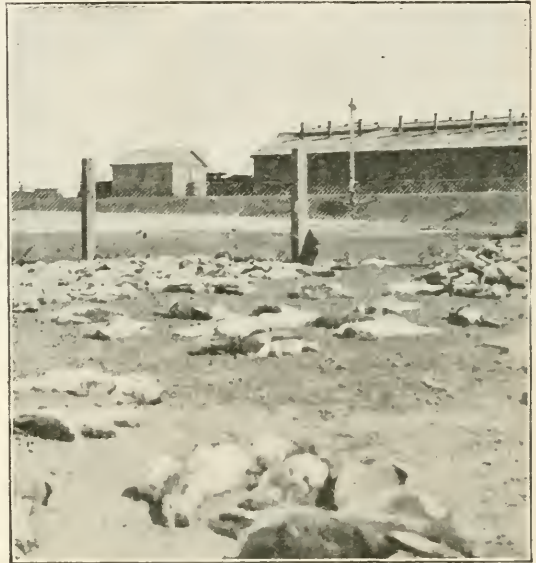
Missionaries in the wilds have to put up with a good many makeshifts for the church fittings and appointments which are customary at home. The above photograph—sent by a Church Missionary Society official at Bhooga, on the borders of Uganda—shows the church "bells" of that hamlet. Proper bells are, of course, unprocurable in this remote region, and therefore three native drums have been hung on a tree and, beaten in a particular manner, summon the people to church. The "bell-ringers" are very proud of their office.

The photo. here shown was taken from the deck of a steamer which recently called at Arorai, one of the Gilbert group of islands. This island is rarely visited by steamers, and the arrival of the big ship was quite an event among the inhabitants.



From a] GILBERT ISLANDERS VISITING A STEAMER.

The natives, interrupted in their morning's fishing, came alongside in their frail canoes, and one of these boats had two young sharks on board. They appear in the picture uncommonly like torpedoes. The steward lowered a lump of ice, wrapped in a cloth, over to the natives, its intense cold causing them much surprise when they touched it. Such a marvel must be shared with the rest of the tribe, so they started off for the shore to exhibit the curious thing. Their astonish-



From a] ONE RESULT OF A DROUGHT. [Photo.

ment on landing, when they discovered that only the cloth was left, was perfectly ludicrous.

The photograph shown above comes from a remote district in South Australia, and illustrates one of the many distressing phases of the terrible droughts which periodically afflict the country. The animals seen in the foreground are rabbits which have died of thirst, and their bodies cover the ground in thousands for a considerable

[Photo.

distance. The fence seen in the picture is a "rabbit-proof" one, and was put up expressly to keep the rabbits away from the railway-station buildings, over which they would have swarmed in overwhelming numbers in search of water.

Mr. Peter Gruber, better known, perhaps, as "Rattlesnake Pete," of Rochester, New York State, is the only individual in the world who owns a complete suit of clothes made out of the skins of rattlesnakes. Our photograph depicts this interesting individual in his strange costume. Not only are the coat, waist-coat, trousers, and hat made out of this unique material, but even the tie, the buttons, and the walking-stick are composed of the same skins. In the case of the stick the back-bones of the rattlers were called into requisition, ingeniously fastened together, and then covered with the skins of dead snakes. Mr. Gruber also possesses a belt, a small bag, and a pair of shoes, all wrought out of the skins and bones of these deadly snakes. Hundreds of rattlers were sacrificed in collecting the necessary material, and the suit represents an outlay of about £100. Not many months ago Mr. Gruber gave a rattlesnake banquet, the courses being composed of rattlesnakes, roasted, boiled, and stewed in various forms, so as to make tempting dishes, and the feast was declared to be a great success.

Our next photo. shows one of Colorado's greatest curiosities: the petrified stump

of a gigantic redwood tree. This stump, which is in an almost perfect state of preservation, is located at Florissant, not far from the great gold-producing region of Cripple Creek, Colorado. Although ever since the first exploration of this State numberless people have taken specimens from this stump aggregating many tons, it is still estimated to weigh fully 410 tons. To give a better idea of its size it may be well to state that it is 20 ft. in diameter and 10 ft. high. There have been many attempts to dig it up and place it upon exhibition, the last being a scheme to exhibit it at the great Exposition at St. Louis in 1904. Owing to its great weight, however, this had to be abandoned, and it still lies half-buried in the ground at Florissant, as there are no railway-cars capable of carrying anywhere near its weight. What, perhaps, makes it more of a curiosity is the fact that this Rocky Mountain region is a country of small trees, and that there are no giant redwoods within a thousand miles of this

stump — which goes to show that Nature has changed the entire vegetable growth of this section, as nothing requiring the semi-tropical heat of a redwood tree would grow at this altitude now.

Mr. Penney, of Denver, Colorado, is a man of original ideas. He writes as follows: "The accompanying photograph illustrates a little novelty which my wife and I arranged for the 'Festival of Mountain and Plain,' which is held



"RATTLESNAKE PETE" IN HIS SNAKE-SKIN SUIT. EVEN THE WALKING-STICK IS MADE OF RATTLESNAKE BONES. [Photo.]



ONE OF COLORADO'S GREAT CURIOUSITIES—A PETRIFIED REDWOOD TREE STUMP, WHICH WEIGHS OVER 400 TONS. [Photo.]



"THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE"—THIS CURIOUS TURN-OUT WAS AWARDED A PRIZE AT AN AMERICAN FAIR. [Photo.]

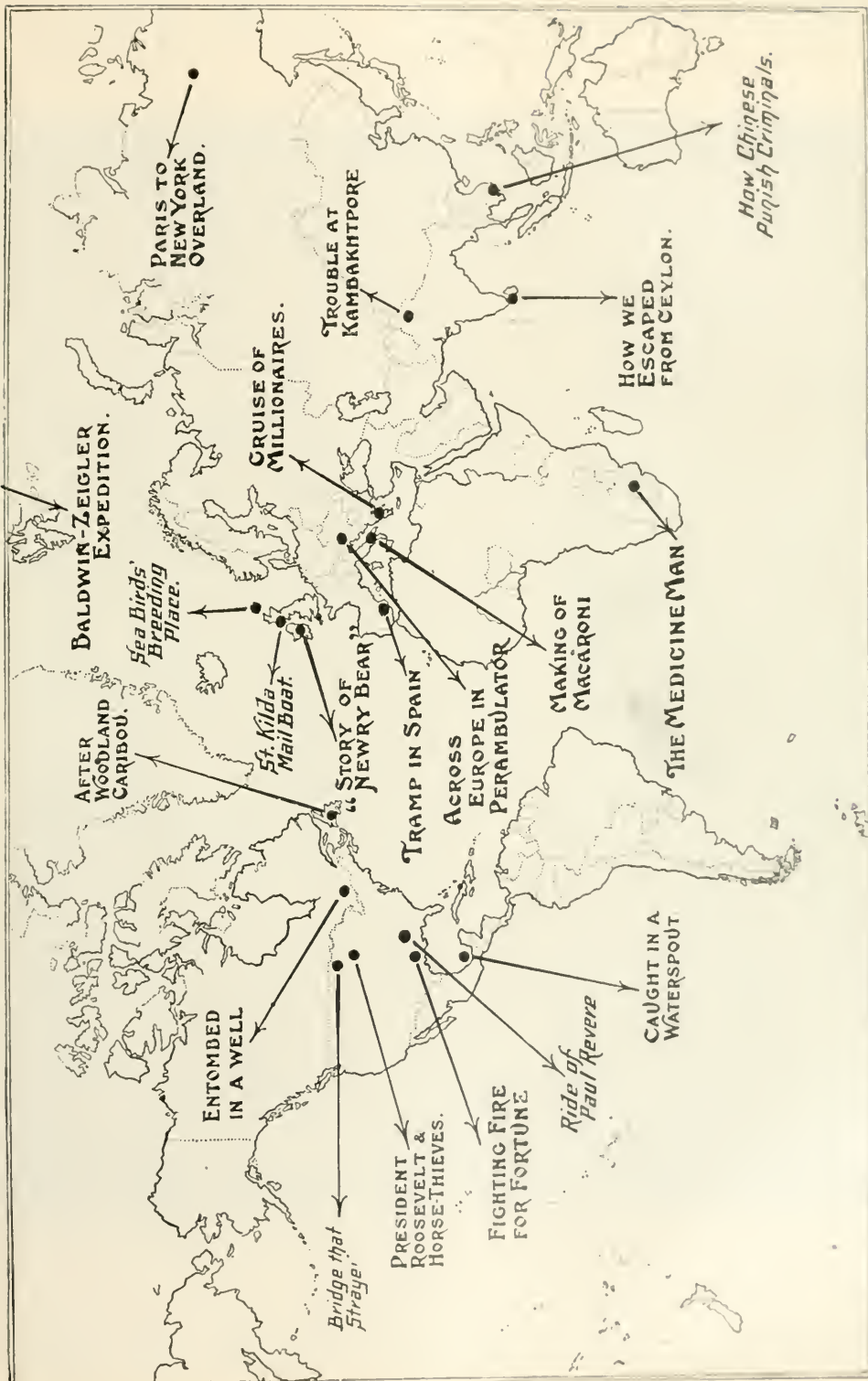
annually in Denver. We took our buggy and fixed the shafts on the rear axle, while our steering-gear was attached to the front axle. The horse was then harnessed into the shafts with his head towards the vehicle, and the reins led through rings on his harness and then back into the buggy, so that, when we wanted to stop, all we had to do was to pull on the reins. We also had a halter on the horse, so that when we wished him to start we could just pull it. My wife managed the horse and I did the steering. We went through the city in the great parade, and were awarded the first prize of 20dols. and two gold medals for 'meritorious display.' When the 'Pike County Horse-mobile' came along in front of the grand stand we could hear nothing but the applause and laughter of the 15,000 people there assembled. The whole affair only cost us about 5dols. to get up."

Our readers may remember the curious sect known as the Doukhobors, who, on their expulsion from Southern Russia, emigrated to Canada, where large areas of land in Assiniboia were placed at their disposal by the Government. These people have a number of curious ideas, one of them—which led to their leaving Russia being that military service is wrongful. Our photograph illustrates another of their remarkable beliefs. Although they possess good horses, they claim that it is

wicked to work any four-footed animal, and so they do all their transport work themselves. As the Canadian authorities will not allow the women to haul the waggons the men are compelled to do it themselves, which will, perhaps, bring home to them in time the absurdity of their objection to using horses.

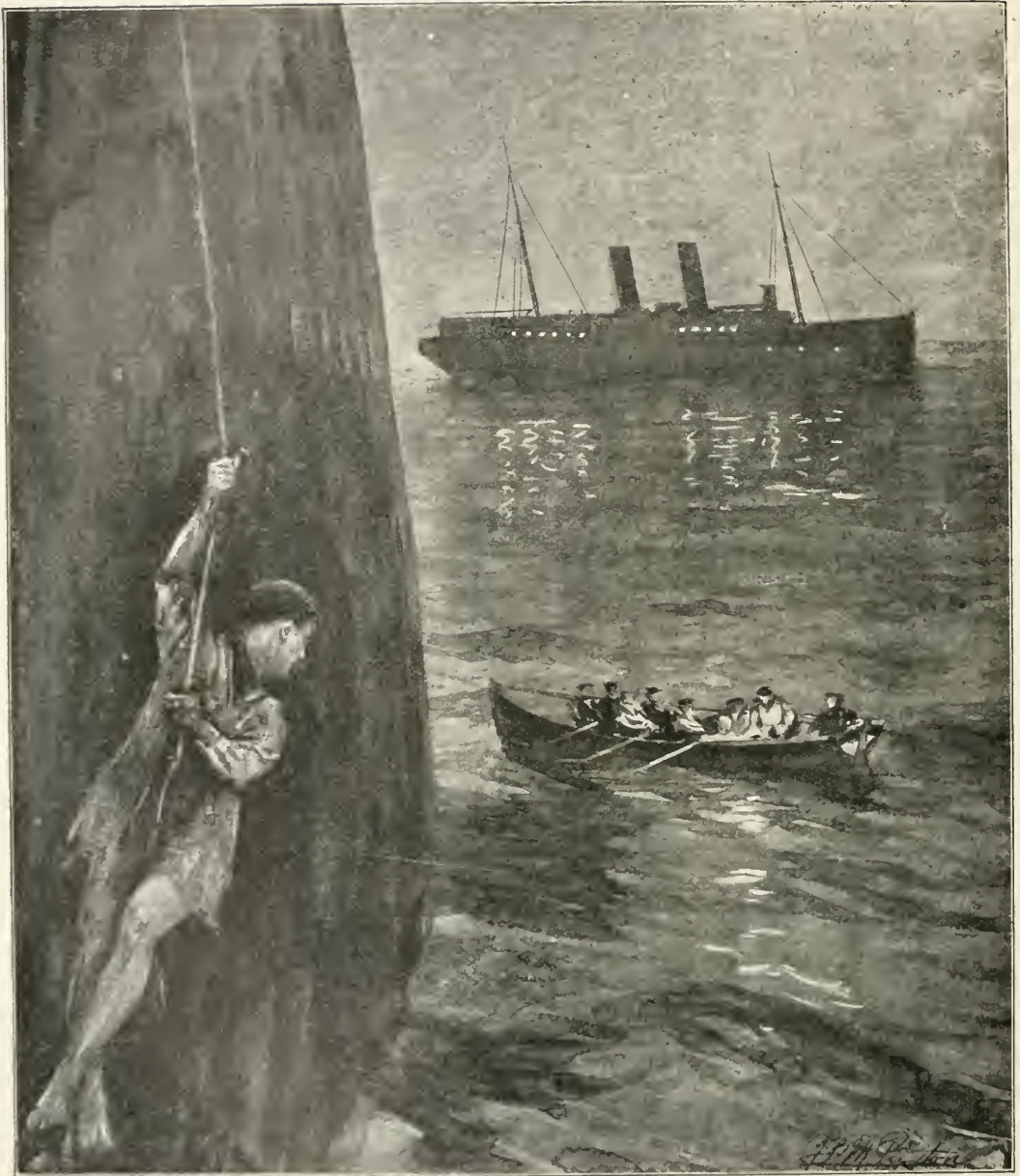


THE DOUKHOBORS DO NOT BELIEVE IN MAKING ANIMALS WORK, SO THEY PULL THEIR WAGGONS THEMSELVES. [J. T. Palmer.]



How Chinese Pupish Criminals.

THE NAME OF CORRESPONDENT WHO WROTE WORLD MAGAZINE, WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THE NUMBER.



"I SLIPPED OVER THE SHIP'S SIDE AND DOWN THE ROPE."

(SEE PAGE 320.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. X.

FEBRUARY, 1905.

No. 37.

How We Escaped From Ceylon.

BY EX-FIELD-CORNET WILLIAM H. STEYN, OF HEILBRON, ORANGE RIVER COLONY.

This remarkable story is told by the leader of the only five Boer prisoners of war who ever escaped from Ceylon, and throws some curious sidelights on Continental Anglophobia. The narrative was sent to us by Lieutenant R. D. Barbor, of the Army Service Corps. Writing from Stellenbosch, Cape Colony, Lieutenant Barbor says: "The following facts were communicated to me at Porterville Road, Cape Colony, by Mr. William Steyn, one of the Orange Free State burghers who came in at the declaration of peace. Mr. Steyn had been an officer on General Smuts's staff, and gave me permission to write down and publish his story."



O tell you the whole story of our escape from Ceylon and the many failures we endured, I had better begin at the time I was captured.

It was at Rhenoster River. I had been with General De Wet at the burning of the mails at Roodeval, and set the first light there.

I was at that time an acting field-cornet of the Orange Free State, and had been ordered by the general to hold an outlying position against Methuen's and Kitchener's advance. Deserted by our horse-holders, we were surrounded by the British, and there was nothing for it but to surrender. This was on June 11th, 1900.

We were taken direct to Kroonstad, and thence to Bloemfontein, and while there we were always on the lookout for a chance of escape. After a few days at Bloemfontein we travelled down to Cape Town, from whence we marched to Greenpoint Camp, surrounded by a guard and followed by a grinning, gaping crowd. At Greenpoint we were placed twelve in a tent, but on the whole were very comfortable, and from the moment we arrived there we commenced plotting to escape.

Let me describe the camp for the benefit of those who have never been prisoners of war. There was a barbed-wire fence all round us as an inner line of defence, and beyond that again a high fence made of strips of galvanized iron, so that it could be seen through. On top of this there were several strands of barbed wire. The space between these two fences was called the "danger space," and any prisoner of war

seen there was liable to be shot without warning. There was a third fence outside these two for the purpose of keeping out the public. The sentries were placed on high platforms, and at night the whole place was lit up with electric arcs, making it as bright as day. To climb the wires was virtually impossible, so we went to work in another way.

We resolved to start tunnelling. I dare say your Royal Engineers would have smiled at our efforts, but our only tools were our tin dinner-plates, dinner-knives, and our pocket knives, which we had been allowed to keep.

Our first effort was from the floor of the tent in which we were sleeping. Every tent had a wooden floor in four parts, and one of these parts we took up when all was quiet. The hole was made so as to barely let in a man at the mouth, but it widened as it went downwards, just sufficiently to allow one to kneel and commence tunnelling. I have done much hard work in my life, but nothing, I think, to equal the agony of digging in that tunnel, so hot and close that one could hardly breathe. The suspense and the wild fear of discovery



THE AUTHOR, EX-FIELD-CORNET WILLIAM H. STEYN.
From a Photo. by A. Morrison.

at every sound were terrible. Only those who have tried it can realize what it means. Our working hours were from 12 p.m. till about 4 a.m., and we took it in turns to dig, while the others took the clay and put it in their pockets, and one watched.

Our greatest difficulty was getting rid of this clay. There were inspectors constantly on the watch, and they would have known at once what



"THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO SURRENDER."

was happening if they had seen us with the clay : but we were allowed to wander about as much as we wished, and at night time we used to stroll about with the clay in our pockets. In these latter we made holes, so that the clay poured quietly out all over the place.

Every day our wooden floors were taken up and the ground inspected, so that it became necessary for us to carefully conceal our handiwork. This we did by placing a big box in the hole, and on top of that a half bag of sand which just reached the level of the ground. Over this we spread the soil, smoothing it down like the rest of the floor. We had completed about twenty yards of this tunnel when one day the tents were moved and our labour was all in vain ! I dare say that the tunnel is there to this day, with many others.

Discouraged, but nothing daunted, we deter-

mined to commence afresh. Warned by our last failure, we commenced the new tunnel from the lavatory. As this was full of buckets, we had no difficulty in getting rid of the earth this time, but just as we were on the eve of success a man named De Jongh played us false and reported the tunnel to the camp authorities.

Our third and last effort was started from the cook-house, but before we had been two days at work someone again reported us. Of the authorities we never had any fear : it was those who were our own kith and kin who were always our worst enemies. After these three failures we decided there was some fate against our escaping by tunnelling, and we cast about for some other plan of campaign.

There were three of us who were particular friends—Roos, Botha, and myself. Roos and I were old school friends in Heilbron, and Botha is a son of the magistrate of Philippolis. One day Roos discovered that at one place under the galvanized iron fence the ground sank a little

and the hole had been filled up with stones. This was, however, in the "danger space," and to be seen there meant certain death. We tossed up, therefore, for who should have the hazardous job of removing the stones and leaving a hole to crawl out through. Roos lost. He managed to cross the space unobserved, and after a time that seemed to us an eternity he crawled back to tell us that there were two wires across the place, and these would have to be cut before we could get through. Roos had had enough danger, so we tossed again, and this time I lost.

There were a number of our men in the camp who were occupying their time with fancy wire work, and from one of these I tried to get the loan of a pair of pliers, but he suspected my purpose and refused to lend them. However, I managed to borrow a file from a man who was a jeweller by trade, and set to work.

It was slow work trying to file silently through these two thin wires that stood between us and liberty, and I marvel to this day how it was that the sentry never heard me. Our plan had been to get the job finished by about eight o'clock, and then slip out and mingle with the crowd outside, so that even if the sentry did see us he could not fire, on account of the other people. Unfortunately, however, it was past eleven before I was able to creep back and tell my comrades that we could go. Everything was quiet in the streets now, and not a sound was to be heard save the measured tread of the sentry on his high platform. Had we gone then we should have been observed at once, being the sole occupants of the street, and nothing could have saved us from being shot, so we determined to wait until the morrow.

The next day was Sunday, and throughout the whole of that interminable day we sat watching and waiting, praying that the dark might come quickly. At last the evening set in, and once more we drew lots as to who should have the first chance to escape. Again the lot fell to Roos, and after shaking hands with us both he slowly commenced to crawl across the dreaded "danger space."

The sentry was standing at his post on the raised look-out, his rifle at the "order," and you may guess that we breathlessly watched for the slightest move on his part which should indicate that he had seen Roos. Roos, of course, had the corner of his eye in the same direction. Then a cold chill ran down my back, for I could have sworn that the soldier was staring straight at Roos, and we watched to give the alarm on the slightest uprising of his rifle. Staring at him he undoubtedly was, but he must have been in a brown study, for he made no sign. Roos, however, saw him and crept back to us at once.

"Did you see the sentry?" he whispered.

Nothing would persuade him that the soldier had not seen him, and was waiting to get a shot at him when outside the fence, but Botha and I felt sure that the soldier had not noticed him. However, we determined that we

would all try and go off together, and we were just about to make our attempt when we saw an officer, a sergeant, and some men coming straight for us! We rushed back to get inside the wires and out of the "danger space," but just as we got inside the party came up and we were taken in the very act!

I cannot attempt to depict our feelings. Botha burst out crying. He was a brave man, but the disappointment was a keen one, and we were sure that the discovery of our attempt to escape meant deportation to Ceylon for us. When we were taken back to our tent we did not find much sympathy there, but got nothing except abuse from the others for bringing them into discredit!



THE SENTRY ON HIS POST AT THE CAMP AT KANDY.

On the following day three hundred of us were shipped on board the ss. *Catalonia*, and taken a few miles out to sea. This was the 15th of November, 1900. We remained anchored out here until the 22nd of November, when we again put in to the harbour, and three hundred more of our countrymen were put on board. That day we set sail for Durban, *en route* to Ceylon.

Our escort was composed of the Gloucesters, and this was an excellent example of the fortunes of war, for amongst them I recognised many of the men whom we had captured at Nicholson's Nek at the beginning of the war. I had by this time been appointed a sort of chief commandant of our men, and as such I was responsible for their discipline.

On arriving at Durban we were in quarantine for some time, as measles had broken out on board, and we had time to watch the terrible sharks which haunt the bay until the 22nd of December, on which date we started off in earnest for Ceylon. I need hardly tell you that there were a number of us on board who had no intention of calmly landing in Ceylon without an effort to make our escape. We accordingly formed a desperate plan for taking possession of the ship, rushing the soldiers, and then steaming to Madagascar and burning the vessel. From here we could get back to Delagoa Bay in a week or so. It sounds a big undertaking, I know, but when I have explained our plan to you I think you will admit that it was feasible enough. I am convinced that it could have been carried out but for the one thing that ruined every big effort we made—treachery in our own ranks.

Our scheme was as follows: Every morning at 10 a.m. there was an inspection of the prisoners on their own deck by the military and ship's officers. These were all unarmed, and it would have been simplicity itself for us to overpower and gag them, for we were six hundred and they but ten or eleven.

Our quarters were the fore-part of the third deck, and the soldiers who were our guards occupied the after-part of the same deck. At inspection time, however, they were all mustered on the upper deck for their morning parade, all their arms and ammunition being left below in the after-part of the ship. There were two long passages, or alleyways, between our quarters and the soldiers', and to each of these passages there was a single sentry, with whom we frequently used to converse. Our plan was to capture Major Bishop and the other officers while they were passing round our tables, and, having gagged them, to go along and seize the sentries in turn. This we could easily have

done, as, of course, they would be absolutely unsuspecting; and what can one man, however brave, do against dozens resolved to be free?

Once the sentries were captured we would have rushed to the arms which were lying idle—their owners, all unconscious of the gathering storm, being on the deck above—and with the rifles and ammunition once in our possession everything was in our power, and the troops would have had nothing for it but to surrender. But traitors were at work, and those our own, I am ashamed to say. On the day we passed Madagascar the sentries on the two passages were quietly increased to twenty-five men, and we were locked in our quarters during the whole of that and the next day.

Nothing further of interest happened during the voyage, and at midday on Wednesday, the 9th of January, 1901, we arrived at Colombo Harbour, and on the next day one hundred and fifty men were landed and sent on to Diyatalawa, the prisoners' camp, situated about one hundred and thirty miles inland. On the 11th the train came back, and on Saturday another one hundred and fifty men were landed, the journey from the ship to the shore being made in little boats. I had to arrange who was to go on shore, and every morning at 4.30 a.m. I called out the names of those who were to be landed.

All this time I was thinking of but one thing—escape. I spoke to Roos, and asked him if he would like to be left to the last. He understood what I meant, but seemed to think that the thing was now hopeless. Botha, however, still hoped, but thought that the undertaking would be desperately dangerous, so we said nothing and waited.

The Ceylon newspapers were funny. They gave us and their readers to understand that we were the riff-raff of the Boers, and indeed of the earth, and they described us as a "dangerous set"! I am glad now, when I look back, to think that we were at least able to give a certain amount of justification to the "dangerous set" part of the description by our subsequent escape. I hope, too, that I may be forgiven if I mention with a certain degree of pride that our party were the only five Boers who ever escaped from Ceylon.

On Monday morning there were to be another one hundred and fifty landed. On Sunday afternoon I was seated on the deck, reading. I do not think you would care to know my thoughts that day, but they were mostly sad ones. Somehow everything appeared as black as black could be. No news from the veldt, no word from home, my farm ruined, myself a prisoner; kindly treated, yet still a prisoner. I was

awakened from my reverie by a companion touching me on the shoulder.

"Look at that gigantic ship," said he.

I took no notice until he added, "Why, she has three funnels!"

They say that nothing happens by chance, and I was afterwards thankful that I looked up. I had never seen a three-funnelled ship before, and I was therefore interested. I looked at the boat and also observed that she was carrying the Russian double-eagle flag.

The day passed slowly enough. Then, in the evening, I noticed on the port side two streams of water running from the side of the ship into the sea—evidently from the engine-rooms. They made a great noise, and like a flash it occurred to me that, if I could only get over the side without being seen, the noise of the falling water would prevent anyone hearing me as I dropped into the sea.

By way of preparation I got hold of a piece of rope, and made it fast to a post on the deck. Then I told one of our men named Morton that I meant to have a try at escape. I begged him not to tell Botha, because I knew what would happen. Botha, thinking of the risk, would remind me of my mother, and then my courage would evaporate.

It was no child's play to escape from this well-guarded ship. There were eight soldiers as guards on board in addition to the vigilant ship's officers. Besides these watchers on the ship, there were five boats patrolling all round us, and each of these boats had gigantic lanterns, which they swung to and fro from time to time, searching the sides of the ship and the water all round every ten minutes.

I was prowling about the deck when I noticed that there were others who seemed to have the same designs as I had. You will,



"LOOK AT THAT GIGANTIC SHIP," SAID HE.

perhaps, ask me why I was going to try and get away alone this time, but you will remember that every time I had tried to get up a general escape the plot was betrayed, and as I was determined not to be sent to the camp I thought I would risk this venture alone.

I noticed a German named Haussner wandering about as if he were seeking for a means of escape, and I went up to him and told him that I meant to go. He then said that he had been trying to bribe a sailor on board to let him through the hole out of which the anchor-chain slipped. I explained my plan to him, and before we went we had a look round to see if any more of our men contemplated an attempt.

I saw two boys from the *Frei Stille*, named Steytler, prowling about, and I asked them if they were trying to escape. They said "Yes." They had thought of my idea, only they had decided on the starboard side instead of the port. The objection to this was, of course, that there would be no noise of falling water, but, as there was on the other side.

Our next move was to find someone upon whom we could depend to keep watch for us, and I decided to tell Yoo A-wong, who comes from the *Brandenburg* and is now going

to escape. I asked him to help us, and he promised. Then I went below to have a look round. The others were all asleep except Botha, my friend, and when I saw the look on his face I knew that Morton had told him. His hand was trembling when he caught hold of me.

"For Heaven's sake, Willie," he said, "don't risk it! Remember you have someone depending on you."

I tried to reason with him, but it was of no use, and for the time being my resolution broke down.

At last I jumped up. "I don't care," I said, desperately; "nothing can be worse than this. I *will* go. We are wanted, you and I, and I am not going to remain here helpless if I can get away."

I looked at Botha, and I saw that I had won. He gripped my hand. "If you go, I go with you," he whispered, and the die was cast.

We then went on deck, and found that Steytler had fixed a piece of rope over the ship's side, on the starboard side, in the shadow of a cook-house. We now went below to make our final preparations. While we were still busy Van Aswegan rushed down to tell us that the younger Steytler had gone and seemed to have passed the look-outs safely.

Botha and I wanted to go next, but the elder Steytler insisted on following to look after his younger brother, and so we let him. We sat silent, our hearts beating madly, listening to catch the faintest sound, and wondering when our turn would come, and whether we should ever get through. Then Van Aswegan came down again to say that the elder Steytler was gone and safe through. Just as I was preparing to creep up on deck the German caught me by the shirt.

"I want to go now," he muttered, fiercely.

"Why don't you go through your anchor-hole?" asked Botha. Upon that the man commenced to shout like a madman, and threatened to wake up all the others; so for safety's sake I said, "Go!"

I was seriously disturbed at this incident, because I was afraid the German would do something clumsy and give the alarm. However, after about a quarter of an hour Van Aswegan came down, and he could not help laughing in spite of the importance of the issue.

"Haussner is two hundred yards away, and you can still hear him blowing like a pig," he said. "Poor old Haussner always was a shockingly poor swimmer."

Now, all the boys in the Orange Free State are passionately fond of swimming, and spend a great part of their playtime paddling about in

the dams. Although I had never been in the sea before, I had reason that night to thank Heaven that I could swim a little.

It was now my turn to go, and with my heart in my mouth I crept up on deck on my hands and knees. It was now twenty minutes to twelve on the night of Sunday, the 13th of January. I came up on deck with a blanket under my arm, so that if anyone saw me I could say that I was just coming up to sleep on deck—a privilege that had now been granted to us.

The guard was just changing, and while the sentry was going over his orders, with ported arms, and the officer was twisting his moustache, Van Aswegan whispered, "Now's your time!"

Had any of the guard chanced to look my way I should have been lost, but luckily for me no such thing happened. It struck me as funny that I should be going by the Steytlers' way instead of my own, but at the moment it was the best. Cautiously, and holding my breath, I slipped over the ship's side and down the rope. I had nothing on but a shirt, but fortunately it was not cold; I had my handkerchief round my neck. In one corner I had a few pounds tied up, and in the other my O.F.S. badge.

The ss. *Catalonia* was now very high out of the water, and I had a long way to get down. I was just about half-way down when I happened to glance at one of the patrol boats. To my horror I saw a sailor in the very act of stretching out his hand to take up one of the lanterns with which the sides of the ship were searched every ten minutes! If I waited another few seconds I should be seen, so I slid swiftly down the rope, cutting my hands like paper. They felt just as if I were holding molten metal, and the salt water made them worse.

As I was only a few yards from one of the patrol boats I dived at once and came up again on my back to have a look round, with just my face above the water. Then I dived again and, after coming up the second time, could see that I was now comparatively safe.

It was the first time I had ever been in the sea, and my sensations were curious. First and most vivid was the stinging pain in my hands. Then for the first two hundred yards I was wretchedly tired. The little choppy waves dashed up in my face and the salt water down my throat made me feel very sick. After that a strange feeling of drowsiness came over me, and for a moment I found myself thinking that I might as well sink and end it all, but somehow I nerved myself and swam on with the idea of reaching a ship.

Botha and I had agreed to make for a French ship that we had chosen, and for this I now

swam, feeling better at every stroke. The two Steytlers and Haussner, the German, were going to a German boat which they had chosen out of the forty odd boats of all nationalities that lay at anchor in the harbour.

I was some distance from the French boat when I heard her anchor being drawn up. I swam as hard as I could, fearing that she might move off before I could get on board, and, sure enough, just as I was quite close to her—within hailing distance, in fact—she moved off. I dared not shout, because there was a British steam-tug passing that would have heard me and captured me, so I had to bear up against this bitter disappointment and make new plans.

I had now to make up my mind what other ship I should swim for, but as it was pitch dark I did not know where to go, fearing lest I should swim by mistake to some English ship. In despair I thought that I might as well make for the shore and trust to the kindness of the natives. Once I heard the swish of a fish's tail near me, and a cold shudder went through me as I thought of sharks. Then a brilliant idea struck me, and I almost shouted for joy.

The Russian ship, the one with the three funnels! While I could never distinguish a flag in the darkness, I could easily pick out the three funnels against the sky, and I thanked Heaven that I had got up and looked at the ship

when I was sitting on the deck that afternoon. Filled with new energy I began to swim. I thought she must be lying, and soon I saw the three great funnels looming up against the horizon, like great towers.

Curiously enough, they seemed to be exposing me on board! When I was about thirty yards away I noticed a sailor standing on the deck, and he beckoned to me. I went on to the side of the ship and immediately a rope was thrown down to me. I tried to scramble up, but was too exhausted, and fell back into the water, signing to the sailor that I could not climb up. He understood at once, and after a few minutes' delay a sort of seat arrangement was let down to me, on which I sat and was promptly hauled up. Two gigantic Russian sailors seized me as if I were a child and laid me on the deck, a free man!

By this time there were four or five sailors around me, and a man whom I recognised as being a Russian military officer. We stood staring at one another for a few moments. I must have been a strange-looking object, with my matted hair and the water dripping from me. I looked at a clock and saw that it was 2.10 a.m. I had been in the water two and a half hours.

The officer signed to the men, and without a word they led me away to the forecabin. They



“THEY MADE US DRINK TO OURSELVES AND WENT TO SLEEP.”

were so solemn about it that all I had ever read of Russia and the knout came to my mind, and I pictured myself with a shaven head, condemned to work in the mines for life because I had come on board without a passport!

Then I heard a voice saying: "I wonder where Willie is?" and as I came to an open door I nearly shouted with joy. There stood Botha, the two Steytlers, and the German! They had all got lost in turn and had remembered, as I did, the big boat with the three funnels. How we blessed those funnels! We shook hands with one another, and can you blame us because our voices were a little husky and our eyes a little dim?

It was now the morning of the 14th of January, and everyone on board seemed to be trying to shout their loudest. Soldiers and sailors were all making merry. We could not understand what was up until I remembered it was their New Year's Eve.

They made us drink to General De Wet, and Delarey, and to President Kruger. I was astonished to find that all these Russian sailors knew the names of our generals, and had quite a fair knowledge of the campaign.

An officer now came up to us. He spoke in very fair English, and asked us when we would be likely to be missed on board the *Catalonia*. I told him that we should be missed at 4.30 a.m., at which hour it was my own duty to call the roll of the prisoners who were for the shore that morning. Up to that time, I said, we were safe.

As a result of my statement there was a hurried consultation among the officers, and soon the anchor was weighed, and at 3 a.m. we steamed out of Colombo Harbour, our hearts full of joy at our new-found liberty. The ship, we were told, would call at Port Said, and we decided to land there and find our way back to South Africa.

On waking next morning we found that new clothes had been left for each of us, for, as you will remember, I arrived on board with nothing but my shirt. The new garments fitted us excellently, and after dressing we went on deck, where we were, so to speak, "on show."

There were very few civilians on deck, the ship having for its principal passengers about fifteen hundred soldiers returning from the operations in China. There were about ninety-four officers of all ranks with them, including three generals. These latter were very much interested in all that we had to tell them of the war in South Africa, and seemed to have a wonderful knowledge of the strategic aspect of every battle.

The kind treatment accorded to us on board

this ship was most touching. We were made first-class passengers at once, and everyone seemed to think of our comfort with a delicacy that was very gratifying.

Nothing of importance occurred till the vessel reached Aden. Then one morning, while we were still in bed, an officer came in.

"Now we are in Aden," he said. "Have the goodness to come up on deck."

We went on deck, and as we did so all the sailors and ship's officers were ordered to go below. The officer then explained to us that the news of our escape was certain to have been telegraphed to Aden, and that the British authorities would send representatives on board to search for us. It had therefore been decided to conceal us without the knowledge of the ship's officers, so that the latter could truthfully assert that they were unable to give any information as to our whereabouts.

A plate was then unscrewed from the side of one of the big funnels—the furnaces connected with which, I suppose, were not being used—and we all crept in and sat there in a fearfully cramped position on a sort of iron ladder for something over six hours.

At last we were released, and a pretty spectacle we looked—smothered from head to foot with soot and grime. We then learned what had happened. Directly the ship reached her moorings two English officers came on board and asked to see the captain. They then produced two telegrams, one from the Governor of Ceylon and one from the Russian Consul, stating that five prisoners had escaped, and that there was reason to believe that these men were either on board the Russian or the French ship that had left Colombo before daybreak on the 14th of January.

The captain claiming entire ignorance of the whole affair, the British officers insisted on searching the ship, but this the Russian captain refused to allow unless a large sum of money was deposited as a compensation for the delay, to be forfeited in the event of the men in question not being found. This plan, however, did not find favour in the officers' eyes, and so they went off disappointed.

At last we arrived at Port Said, where we intended to land. Of course, Port Said is an international port, and for that reason, if we had gone ashore, we could not have been captured there. However, it was extremely probable that our arrival would be noted, and we could be watched until we left Port Said, and then followed and captured. Consequently, one of the Russian officers went on shore to make inquiries for us. He found out that it was suspected we were on board, and if we

landed, therefore, we should be at once marked down.

What were we to do? How were we to get back home? In our dilemma the Russian officer suggested that we should go on with the ship and land in Russia, and then make our way across Europe to Holland, and from there get back to South Africa. It seemed an immense undertaking, but what else could we do? We gratefully accepted the kind offer. After this we passed to the Black Sea. The ship was to have called at Odessa to disembark her troops, but for some reason this plan was changed and we were landed at a place called Theodosia. Of course, as everybody knows, no one can land in Russia without a passport, and I believe we were the only men who ever got through Russia without a passport — and with official connivance.

There was only one way of accomplishing it, and this our kind friends on board arranged for us. We had to go as Russian soldiers! We put on Russian uniforms, and slipped the regulation haversacks on our backs. I am sure we must have looked very funny, and we certainly felt so. However, we marched along with the rest with our heads erect, and never lost step once.

When we got to the barracks there were a lot of sour-looking men waiting for us. These, I was told, were police-officers, who proceeded to count us just like a flock of sheep. It was a very undignified ordeal, but in Russia anybody may be a spy, and even the soldiers have to be watched by the police. They little guessed, however, that there were five Boers amongst them!

We put off the Russian uniform after the police had left the barracks. As soon as the German Consul heard that we were in Theodosia he very kindly invited us to stop with him while we were there, and, needless to say, we accepted. We stopped at his house for three days, when we left for St. Petersburg, travelling by the military train. We went in an officers' carriage with three Russian officers, and were very comfortable

indeed. At every station we came to we were feted and cheered, for somehow or other everybody along the line seemed to have heard that we were in the train. There were a few things that amused me very much. When the people saw us for the first time they said in surprise, "Why, they are exactly like ourselves!" They seemed to expect to see some peculiar kind of animal. Then we had to get out of the carriage and walk about and show ourselves for the edification of the gaping crowd. Nearly everybody offered us money, and every man, woman, and child whistled or sang the "Volslied."

One of the officers with us seemed keen on amusing the people. He had a pretty good idea



"WE MARCHED ALONG WITH THE REST WITH OUR HEADS UPRIGHT."

what they expected us to be like, and he determined they should not be disappointed. Accordingly he took off his tunic and put on his hat. Then he seized a large Bamboon and with a knife commenced hacking large pieces off. The admiring crowd shrieked with rapture.

"Look at the Boer chestnut-like hair being," they said.

Then suddenly the supposed Boer put on his tunic and military cap again and went back to the platform. The people saw they had been sold, and laughed again at the little joke.

The next place we arrived at was Vilna, and here the officers had to leave us, so we went on to St. Petersburg alone.

We had now to think of a way of getting into St. Petersburg, as we had no passports, and without them would be in a fix. However, some kind friends suggested an excellent plan. We were to go in as recruits for the army. They got us for this purpose some peasants' clothing. This consisted of a long overcoat reaching down to the knees, made of sheepskin with wool inside. We also wore immense woollen scarves, astrakhan caps, thick gloves, and knee boots made of a sort of compressed felt.

So attired we entered St. Petersburg. After a brief stay here we left for Berlin, and from thence went to Utrecht. There we saw President Kruger, just eighteen days after the operation on his eyes. The old man was seated in a neatly-furnished room in the hotel, with a large family Bible in front of him. He sat with his elbow on the table, puffing at his pipe. I was the first to enter, and he spoke in a voice which seemed to come from his boots.

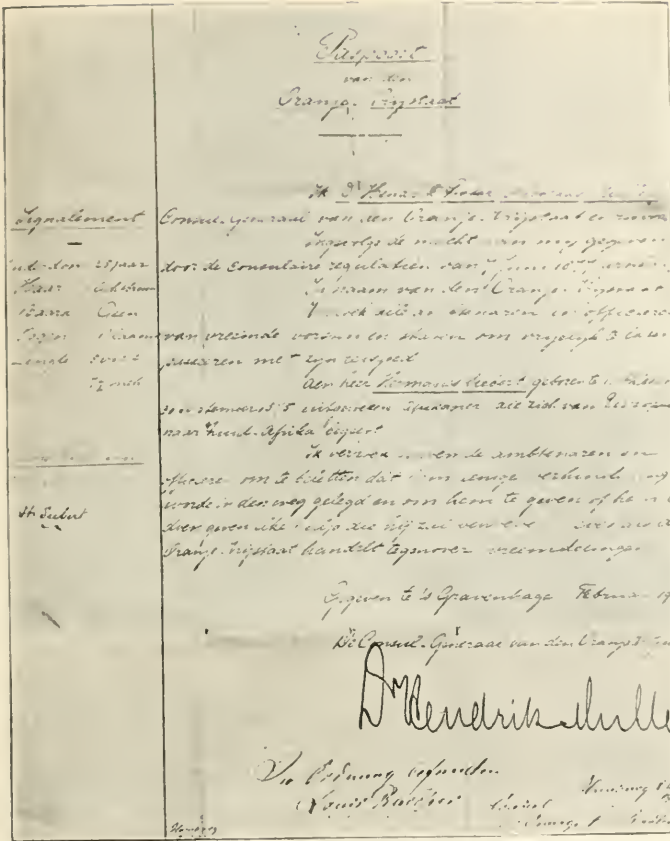
"Morgen, kinders," he said. "Is julle die vijf swimmers?" (Good morning, children. Are you the five swimmers?)

We had a long talk with him, never once mentioning the war, and told him that we were going back to South Africa. He offered us what money we wanted, but, as Consul-General Müller had already supplied us, we did not take any money from him.

Consul-General Müller had written to us, and so we went down to the Hague, where we met him, and he offered to pay our expenses out of his own private purse.

It was now the 1st of March, and the boat did not leave Hamburg till the 5th, so we decided to go to Amsterdam for a few days. We stayed there at the "Boeren Tehuis," a home for refugee Boers, supported by a committee in Amsterdam. On the 4th of March we left Amsterdam for Hamburg, with passports under assumed names. I took my passport under my mother's maiden name, and went as "Hermanes Siebert." A translation of the document is given on the opposite page.





THE PASSPORT ISSUED TO THE AUTHOR UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME.

PASSPORT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

Description. I, Dr. Hendrik Pieter Nicholas Müller, Consul-General of the Orange Free State, etc., etc.,

Age 25. By virtue of the power given to me by the Consular regulations of June 7th, 1877, article 19,

Hair, light-brown. In the name of the Orange Free State request all officials and officers of foreign Princes and States to allow Mr. Hermanes Siebert, born at Bethlehem, September 30th, 1875, an emigrant Afrikander, who is about to betake himself from Europe to South Africa, to pass at liberty with his baggage. I request the above-mentioned officials and officers to forbid that any hindrance should be put in his way, and to give, or cause to be given, to him every assistance, even as the Orange Free State acts towards foreigners.

Beard, none.

Eyes, blue.

Height, 5ft. 7½ in.

Signature of bearer. (H. Siebert.)

Found in Order, Given at the Hague, Feb., 1901.
 LOUIS RASHUER, The Consul-General of the O.F. State,
 Hamburg, DR. HENDRIK MÜLLER,
 Counsel of the Free State.

The boat for German West-Africa was five days long and we did not start till Sunday, the 10th of March, when we sailed for home again, and our hearts were full of hope as Europe grew fainter behind us.

On arrival at Angl. Popering we intended to go southward and across the Orange River near Warmbad, but we heard that the British were there buying up all the horses, so it was no use our going that way. We accordingly decided to go east.

For twenty-four long, monotonous days we trekked eastward, carrying our saddles, across an endless, sandy desert, with never a sight of man or beast to cheer us, until we reached Reitfontein. From Reitfontein we came down south on the German side of the border until we touched the Orange River. We swam this at Scuidrift, and then began moping as to the whereabouts of the commandoes.

We found that Contoy had just left Kokamas for Griquatland West, so we went after him, and got near Uppington. We found that we had twelve hours to go without water, and, as our horses were completely done, we had to

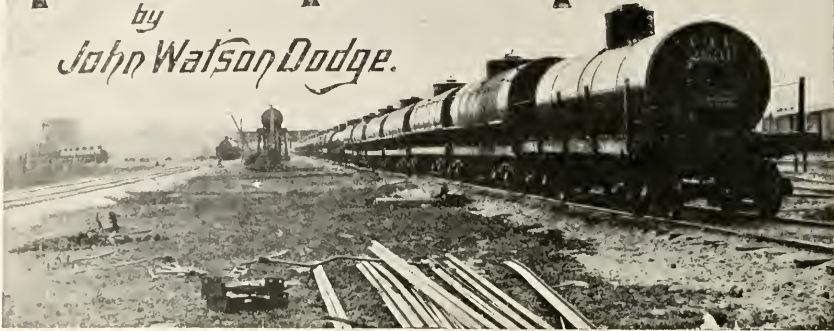
go back to Scuidrift. Here we gave the animals three days' rest, and then joined Maritz at Van Rhy's Dorp. This was the end of our travels across the world to rejoin our people, and the long trek of the only five Boers who ever escaped from Ceylon was at an end.

Williams. G. Steyn
 Hulbros.

THE SCOTLAND'S HERALD...
 THE ADVERTISER...
 THE SCOTLAND'S HERALD...
 1887

FIGHTING A FIRE FOR A FORTUNE

by
John Watson Dodge.



FR. Heroman

An exciting incident which occurred on the Louisiana oil-fields. One of the great "gushers," or oil-wells, caught fire, and defied all efforts to extinguish it. Five thousand barrels of oil a day went up in smoke, and the conflagration threatened to spread to other wells. Finally the distracted owners offered a reward of ten thousand dollars to anyone who could put out the fire. The story describes how an obscure "man in the street" came forward with a novel idea, and how he fought and defeated the fire and received the reward.



OR the past three years, ever since the new oil-fields in Texas were discovered, the South-West has been furnishing endless dramatic incident.

When the news was carried across the country that some of the greatest "gushers" of the world were being discovered daily a mad rush began, wilder than anything of the kind since the great race for gold in 1849; but, of course, the scene at this modern date was vastly different from the surge of the old-time pioneers over the parched prairies. In a fortnight the dirty little pinewood town of Beaumont grew from eight thousand to thirty thousand in population. The aristocratic adventurer paid five dollars for a space on the "hotel" floor sufficient to stretch out on, and a dollar for a cup of a doubtful beverage, called "coffee," and a sandwich. Land which had sold for one dollar an acre previously brought thousands. The big men held off, as they usually do, and let the little ones, eager to become rich, put their hard earned savings into the new "boom" and test the ground. Clerks who had purchased little homes by ten years of instalments mortgaged their property and invested in oil land, with other small capitalists, thinking to make a fortune in a month.

The demand for well borers and boring machinery was so great that the prices of these commodities trebled. Company after company of little investors with no experience bored in

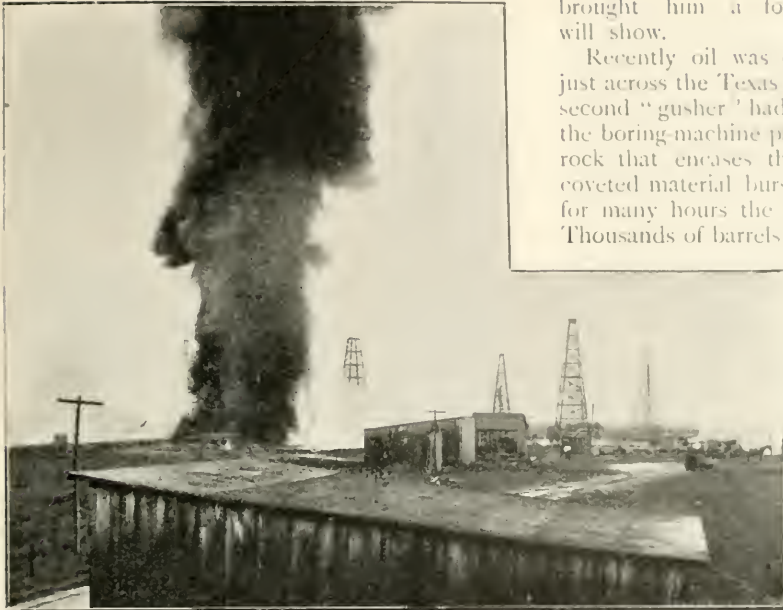
ground outside the "charmed circle" and got nothing for the sinking of their all but mud, mud, mud!

The railroads ran weekly excursions from everywhere with the inducement advertised: "See the great X— gusher gush!" The misery through which prospective investors who took advantage of these went compared with that of the California pioneers who crossed the country in waggons for the gold-fields, but was, fortunately, not of "so long duration." They packed the trains like sardines, each with a blanket and lunch-basket, to prevent being robbed for the necessities of life at the oil city.

After boring derricks had sprung up as thick as trees in a forest, and the oil area had been thoroughly tested by the little men, the big companies stepped in. Even the small capitalist who had been lucky enough to strike oil could go no farther in a great many cases for want of money, and had to sell out or become insignificant shareholders in huge corporations.

There were, however, some wise men who did not invest their money in oil, but got a living out of the crazed creatures who did. They opened restaurants and hotels in tents, and stores and shows—everything that would appeal to the strained nerves of the would-be rich. Five hundred per cent. profit was looked upon as small.

There was one man, Jack Ennis, who went in for a curious business. He did not



From a Photo. by

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRE.

(Duncan & Elkington.

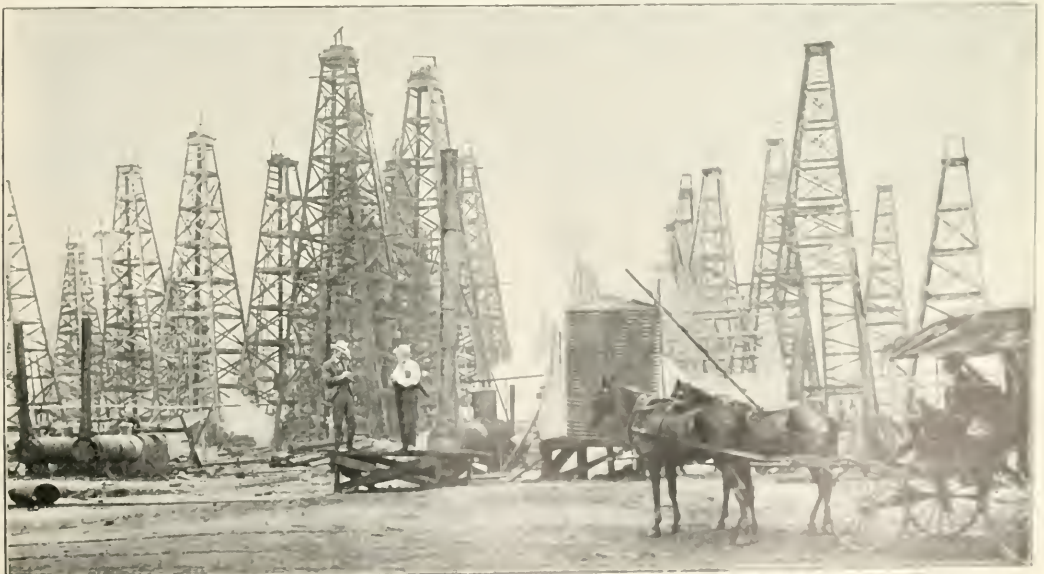
worry his head about opening a restaurant or running a store, but he made a study of the best way to fight oil fires. By dint of experiment with small ones that occurred through careless smokers throwing lighted matches on the saturated ground, or falling sparks from passing locomotives, he made one important discovery—that water will not extinguish an oil fire, but wind will. That discovery

brought him a fortune, as the narrative will show.

Recently oil was discovered near Ferris, just across the Texas border in Louisiana. The second "gusher" had lately been struck. When the boring-machine passed through the arena of rock that encases the oil in that region the coveted material burst forth with such fury that for many hours the pipe could not be plugged. Thousands of barrels of oil flooded the ground round about, saturating it and forming a sort of pools. A huge reservoir was immediately constructed to hold the oil. It was erected at what was considered a safe distance from the "gusher," in case it should ever catch fire.

The great tank was filled. It stood out there on the barren prairie "tempting Providence," as the

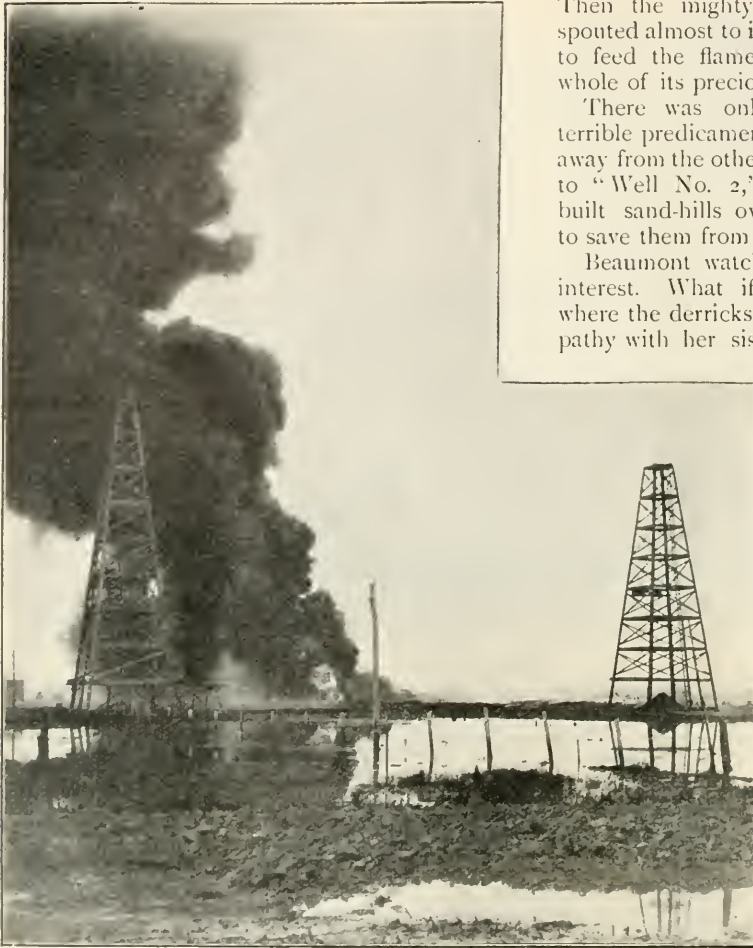
wiseacres said. In the summer thunder storms rage with fearful fury and frequency in that semi-tropical clime along the Gulf of Mexico. In just a fortnight along came one. The powerful attraction and the easy conductor offered by the tank the electric-charged atmosphere could not resist. A lightning flash at noon made the great reservoir an appalling blaze in less than half an hour.



THE DERRICKS AT BEALMONT—EACH ONE OF THESE DERRICKS WILL PUMP A TON OF OIL PER HOUR.

From a

ALFRED STURGEON'S



THE CORDON OF SAL AMMONIAC WHICH WAS PLACED ROUND THE BURNING OIL-WELL.

From a Photo by Duncan & Elkington.

Then the mighty "gusher" broke forth. It spouted almost to its full capacity, and threatened to feed the flames until it had given up the whole of its precious store.

There was only one consolation in this terrible predicament—the wind blew the flames away from the other derricks. Seeing the disaster to "Well No. 2," everybody set to work and built sand-hills over the nozzles of the others to save them from ignition.

Baumont watched the disaster with intense interest. What if a fire should occur there, where the derricks are so numerous? In sympathy with her sister the town sent over on a special train the only fire-engine she had. At Jennings four fast horses awaited its arrival. Hastily harnessed, they set off at full speed, covering the distance through the high grass in less than thirty minutes. But the engine was of no use; the flaming oil ran triumphantly over the surface of the water.

What a spectacle it was! Night and day the fire burned at its own sweet will. It could be seen by day for thirty miles around, and its glow in the darkness was visible for fifty. All day long the great pitchy volume roared and soared and rolled at the caprice of the wind, first rushing miles along the earth, sending the

spectators fleeing out of its path, then rising suddenly right up to the zenith and spreading out like a vast umbrella. At night it was indescribable.

During the six days and an hour that the fire burned the plans suggested and the experiments tried upon it were innumerable. It was first flooded with water, which only spread its area and rose in steam from its surface. Then car-loads of chemicals were brought from New Orleans, but when applied to the fiery cauldron they only suffocated and drove back their administrators.

Meanwhile five thousand barrels of precious oil per day were going up in smoke. In despair the distracted owners of the well offered ten thousand dollars to anybody who could extinguish the flames.

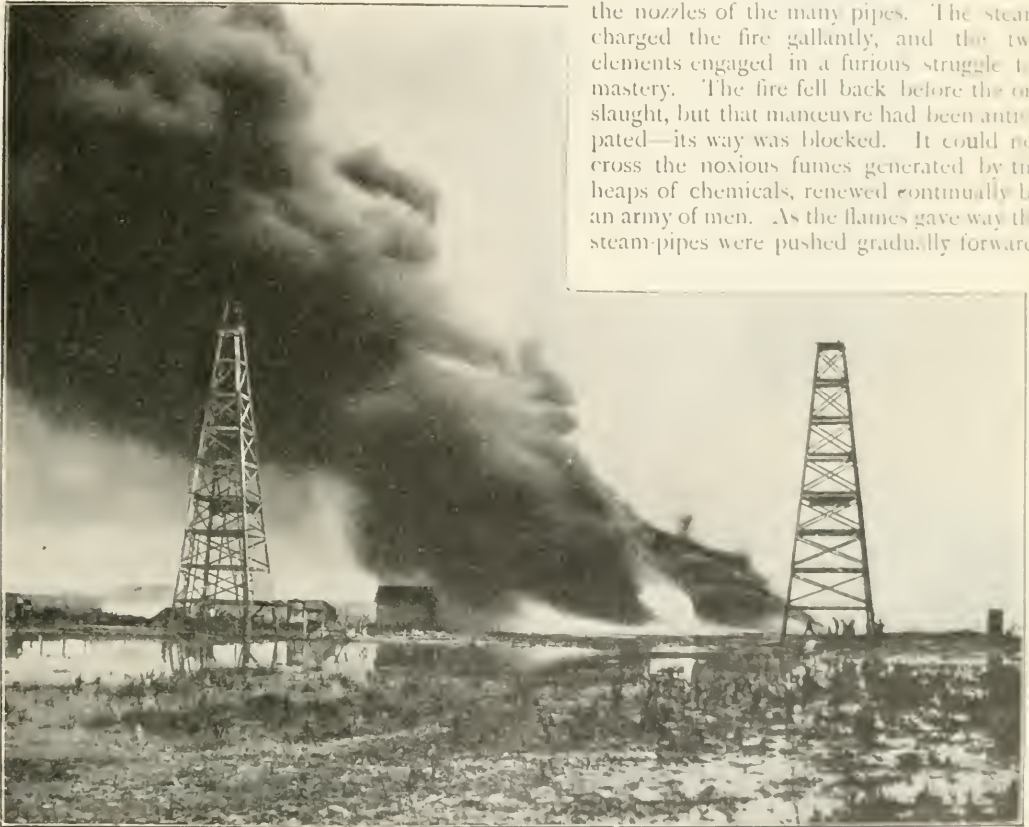
At this announcement our friend Jack Ennis hied himself to the scene of the fire. He was the only applicant for the ten thousand dollars.

The workmen left their lunch and hurried to the scene, but their best efforts availed naught. The flames laughed at them and leapt up and along as they saw fit, only bending to their friend the wind. The tank of oil alone would have been a serious loss, but the conditions of the field threatened a dire calamity. The great lamp would have burned itself dry in a few days, but the fearful heat from it caused the pools near at hand to give off inflammable gases.

It was a matter of only a few hours before the flames began to spread. The gases from all sides, drawn into the vortex, ignited. The fire leapt along the earth like a living thing—on, on to the great well. The terrific heat about the pipe sprang the valve, and the gas from it was licked up by the flames. Still more intense grew the heat, until at last the valve cap melted.

He laid his project before the Heyward Brothers, the owners of the well. His notion seemed absurd, for he suggested nothing less than *blowing out* the fire—a conflagration that water and chemicals had no effect upon! Such a thing might do on a little fire, but one like this—! Still, every other effort had proved futile; the cost of the experiment would be only a few thousand dollars; and if it were successful it would save as much in a

This was attached to the boiler and led up to the edge of the flame. Meanwhile steam was got up. A circle of sal ammoniac was laid around to keep the oil and the fire from being blown along the ground. When the carbon of acid was complete and all else in readiness Ennis gave his signal. Each engineer had his instructions to the letter, and, like the gunners of a battleship discharging a broadside, they turned on the steam simultaneously. A hiss so powerful that it roared burst from the nozzles of the many pipes. The steam charged the fire gallantly, and the two elements engaged in a furious struggle for mastery. The fire fell back before the onslaught, but that manœuvre had been anticipated—its way was blocked. It could not cross the noxious fumes generated by the heaps of chemicals, renewed continually by an army of men. As the flames gave way the steam-pipes were pushed gradually forward.



From a Photo. by

THE FIRE AT ITS HEIGHT.

[Photo by S. W. ...]

day. So, as a last resort, the owners consented to let the Texan try his scheme.

Ennis promptly telegraphed to every city within reasonable distance for portable steam-boilers. The following morning every railway train brought in one or more, and all day long they were being dispatched to the oil-field. There they were lined up on the windward side of the flames, as near to them as their operators could stand to work. Waggon-loads of four-inch pipe were arriving as fast as the boilers. Some of it was pliable hose and some heavy iron.

The fire fought hard for life, leaping back on poorly guarded spots every now and then, sticking firm, and in turn putting the fighters to harass. Finally, however, the flames began to fall and flicker. Their fate was sealed. When the last one left the surface a mighty blast went up from a thousand parched throats. As for the winning fire-fighter, Jack Ennis, he received five thousand dollars on the spot in cash—and well he deserved it. It was hours before the great black canopy of smoke panned out of sight to the westward; but the great well was saved.

A TRAMP IN SPAIN

By BART KENNEDY

III. HOW I SCALED

MULEY HASSAN



We have pleasure in informing our readers that we commissioned Mr. Bart Kennedy—whose graphically-told stories of his experiences in many lands have proved so popular—to tramp through the length and breadth of Spain, that most romantic of European countries. Mr. Kennedy knew not a word of the language, carried no outfit beyond a revolver and a camera, and made the journey afoot right to the Pyrenees. This was not Mr. Kennedy's first experience as a tramp in a strange land, and his trip proved full of interest and, of course, not a little adventure, seeing that some of the wildest and most inaccessible spots in Europe are to be found in the land of the Dons. It is safe to say that this journey has never been essayed by an Englishman under similar circumstances before.



WAS awakened by a loud knocking on the door. Sleepily I got up and opened it. Before me stood a man with a light. "Cuatro!" (four), he said, in his deep Spanish voice, and went away.

And then I remembered it all. It was four o'clock in the morning—as dark as pitch—and to-day was the day that I had to begin to tackle the Cerro de Mulhacen (Muley Hassan), the highest mountain in Spain, and only practicable for climbing in summer.

I had only had two hours' sleep, and the foolishness generally of climbing mountains struck me forcibly. To tramp along a good road was all right, but for a man to voluntarily climb a high mountain when no one was after him—well, to say the least of it, it was an un-called-for exercise. And I was half-determined to go back to my needed and well-earned repose. The night before I had been gazing out the sights of Granada and I felt tired.

But I was in for it; I couldn't go back. I had engaged the guide. He was to call for me this morning.

Down I went into the office and inquired for Fernando, the guide. To my joy I was informed,

through a sort of compound gesture, that he had not yet arrived. I pretended to be much annoyed. "Cuatro!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Why no Fernando?" And then I quickly retired upstairs. As I went to bed again I must confess that I hoped Fernando would forget the appointment, or work the "manana" act, or get lost, or do something or other that was intelligent.

I was asleep and dreaming of the Strand when I was again knocked into wakefulness. It was broad daylight now, and I opened the door with trepidation.

"Fernando!" said the man. It was the laconic gentleman who had roused me up before.

"Why didn't Fernando come cuatro?" I asked. "Four o'clock, as he said he'd come? No buena!" And as the man was departing along the corridor I relapsed into pure, pithy Saxon about things in general and mountain-climbing in particular.

But at last I was prepared, and standing under the great cool elms in front of the entrance to the Hotel Siete Suelos. Before me was the guide Fernando—a tall, rather slight, but toughened-looking man, with a very dark, intelligent face and large dark eyes. This man

was to take me to the highest peak of the Sierra Nevada and back again in three days. As he stood with his long gun slung across his back, he might at first sight have suggested an American backwoodsman with a touch of Indian blood in him. But the suggestion would be misleading. For one thing he had not the alertness of the man of the West, and there were other points of difference too subtle to describe. However, he looked a man who was absolutely to be depended upon. He had been sent to me by the English Consul.

Off we started with the two mules and the driver, Toma, a young fellow from the village near by. We had also with us Fernando's dog—Tula, a pointer. Food for three days, and blankets and sheepskins to lie on, and fodder were packed on the mules, which were strong, serviceable, quiet-looking animals. I walked between the mules whilst Fernando went in front with his dog, and Toma followed behind. We passed along the road to the left till we were out of the Alhambra Park.

We were now at the bottom of the road, and I was feeling distinctly better. I was no longer dwelling upon my foolishness in tackling the mountain. The fresh, cool, beautiful air of the morning began to inspire me. It was not such a great feat after all, I thought—only a small matter of between eleven and twelve thousand feet. There were men who would have eaten Muley Hassan, sotospeak—fellows who tackled mountains for the simple reason that they were high and difficult; and I began to think of the glorious and wonderful scenery that I would see in the course of the day. At this time I must confess that I was going along a fine, broad road.

We turned—

and there were the mountains! "Peacho de Veleta," said Fernando to me, pointing to the highest. We were to sleep on the slope of the peak that night.

It was a grand looking mountain—but it looked a good many miles away! Indeed, it seemed to me as if it might have been up in the moon, it had such a distant look about it, and there were great shining spaces of snow on it. It was only thirty-five feet lower than Muley Hassan, which lay off behind it, and which we could not see.

At the outside of the town Fernando stopped at a little wineshop. The three of us left the mules outside and went in to get a drink of aguardiente. The woman who kept the wineshop asked Fernando a lot of questions about the "Ingles"—myself. When Fernando spoke the words "Muley Hassan," it seemed to my observant eye she looked at me a bit strangely and smiled ever so faintly. Here Fernando got a skin with wine in it for himself and Toma, and I got a small bottle of aguardiente.

We were outside the town now, and facing on towards the distant clearness of the Peacho de Veleta. To me it looked like some far-off



starry ideal—something that wanted a lot of reaching. But I felt well enough in the coolish morning air. It was only coolish now, soon it would be blazing hot, and the thing was to make hay—or rather pace—before the sun got properly wakened up. In the South of Spain in the summer the sun is a force to be reckoned with.

We had not gone a great way before Fernando stopped one of the mules alongside a big stone and signed for me to climb up on to its back, but I politely dissented. In the first place I was not at all sure that I could stick on the mule's back. By the way, he went by the name of Repertore. Now, Repertore looked quiet enough; but, to my eye, beneath his quietude of aspect there was an expression of extreme pessimism and dislike of things in general. He might play all sorts of games with me once I was on his back. So I decided to trust to my own legs. Walking was good for me, and, besides, I thought I might as well show these Spaniards how well an Englishman could walk. I secretly determined not to get on a mule's back during the whole of the three days.

Without more ado Fernando got on to the back of the mule himself, and we plodded along merrily towards the far-distant peak. Nothing worth chronicling happened till another half-hour had passed. It was then that Toma stopped the mule he was driving and signed for me to jump up and take it easy. But again I politely declined, and Toma quickly followed the example of Fernando by getting on to the back of Turiddu, the second mule.

We must now have presented a most humorous spectacle from the Spanish point of view, for everyone who passed us grinned broadly. The fact of the financier of the expedition walking, whilst the guide and the driver rode, evidently seemed to them a most absurd anomaly. And I must confess that as the time passed and the sun got hotter it seemed a bit of an anomaly even to myself—an anomaly shorn of humour. Still, I had

made up my mind to walk, and walk I would.

All at once the sun seemed to blaze out like a furnace. We had got into the Sierras, and had entered a dip between two far-away mountains. As near as I could make out, it was these mountains that caused the heat, by stopping the breeze from getting to us. The sudden rising of temperature was one of the most curious things I have ever known—we seemed to pass into intense heat in an instant. There may have been some other explanation for it, but at the time there was little use in requiring involved explanations from Fernando. As a matter of fact, neither he nor Toma knew a word of English.

The scenery here was beautiful, but for me its beauty was tempered too much with sun, so to speak. I seemed to be walking in the middle of a furnace.

To properly appreciate the beautiful one must first of all feel comfortable, and I can't say I felt comfortable. I was in a sort of rain of perspiration, and ahead of me sat Fernando on his mule, looking calm and cool and collected. Over his head he held an umbrella to shade himself from the rays of the sun. He had two umbrellas, one of which he had offered me some time before. I had declined it, however, and it was now strongly borne upon

me that his asking me to ride on the mule in the first place was no mere empty politeness; he knew how I was going to feel much better than I did.

This walking up a steady incline in the intense heat was too much in the nature of work to suit me; and I began to gaze on the beauty of the scenery with a jaundiced eye. I was wishing Fernando would again ask me to get up on the mule; but he didn't. He seemed to be going on in a sort of a comfortable half doze. I would have asked to be let get up myself, but I felt rather ashamed; it seemed somewhat like giving in! I looked forward towards the Picacho de Veleta, but I could not see it. It had gone; where, I neither knew nor cared.



From a] THE GUIDE FERNANDO WITH HIS DOG TULA. [Photo.

"Fernando!" I shouted at last. And in a moment that sagacious man was down off the back of Repertore, and in another two moments I was up on the mule, seated comfortably on a bag of fodder, with an umbrella over my head. Fernando got up on Turiddu and Toma stationed himself behind Repertore and persuaded him gently along.

I had never ridden a mule before, and I was surprised to find how easy it was. Repertore had the slow, easy motion of a sailing ship going before a fair, moderate wind.

It was now that the full glory of the beauty of the Sierra Nevada broke in upon me. I could take it in in huge draughts from the back of Repertore.

The incline of the ascent became sharper, and off in the distance behind I could see Granada lying white and shining at the foot of the mountains. On the hills to the right I could make out the green of the trees round the Alhambra, the old palace of the Moors.

We were just about to enter a wide gorge when Fernando dismounted from Turiddu and came towards me. He tried to tell me something, but I understood him no more than the dead, and we stopped for a moment while he consulted Toma. Then Toma also tried to tell me this important something, but I understood him as little as

I did Fernando. I thought that they were trying to tell me something interesting about the scenery, but it turned out afterwards that they were not. They were concerned for my welfare and safety, though I did not know it at the time.

As we were going along the side of the gorge it struck me that my days of active sorrows would be suddenly cut short if Repertore were to make a slip. I should go hurtling down several hundred feet and the life would be knocked clean out of me long before I got to the bottom. And what added vividness to my thoughts concerning the matter was the fact

that Repertore had taken a fancy to walking on the very, very edge of the narrow path. I tried to rein him away, but he would persist. He was sure-footed, of course, but even a mule will sometimes slip. I got nervous, and for a moment I thought the best thing I could do would be to dismount and walk. But I had had a surfeit of walking and the path was so narrow that I hardly liked to chance jumping off. Repertore was going absolutely along the edge and I

didn't like to disturb him. Here I was sitting straddle on a mule in a most dangerous place, and if he slipped I should have the weight of him on the top of

me down the side of the gorge, hoping me in my sudden smashing into the next world. "Straddle-wise!" Why couldn't I turn and sit sideways out from the edge of the abyss, so that if the mule slipped I should have a good chance of falling

"REPERTORE WAS FEELING MORE ON THE EDGE OF THE PATH THAN USUAL."



forward on the path whilst Repertore negotiated his downward flight alone? No sooner thought of than acted upon. I worked my leg over to my left cautiously, whilst Repertore was stepping more on the edge of the path than usual. Indeed, at times it seemed as if half the brute's hoofs protruded out over the edge when he set them down.

When I had got myself safely round I heard Fernando say, "Buena, Señor!" He was a few yards behind me, and when I turned my head slowly to look at him he was nodding approval and sitting on his mule as I was sitting now on mine. Toma was walking between us, and then the whole thing flashed upon me. Fernando and Toma had been trying to tell me to sit like this before we entered the gorge. Not knowing a word of Spanish had in this instance been dangerous.

We were far away from the gorge now, and the heat of the sun was roasting. It bore down through the umbrella I carried and through my pith helmet, and turned my head into fire. We were up now, I should think, about six thousand feet, and one would have thought it would have got cooler. But such was not the case. It got hotter and hotter. I could almost feel the skin crackling on my face. Now and then I thought of Toma, who was walking a foot behind me, urging Repertore along. In a vague way I wondered how he contrived to manage at all, but I suppose he was used to the heat and to the mountains. As for me, I would not have got off the back of Repertore now for a king's ransom.

We stopped under the shadow of a great rock to get something to eat. Never was shade more refreshing. To recline in it was like reclining in some cool, delightful heaven—the beauty and charm of the shade of this rock far surpassed the beauty and charm of the whole of the Sierra Nevada lumped up together.

Repertore and Turiddu began to munch industriously at the surrounding herbage, and Fernando and Toma got out the provisions, whilst I reclined at full length and thought easily about nothing.

It turned out that the hotel waiter had forgotten two small trifles in the putting up of my provisions. These trifles were a corkscrew and some salt. Fernando had some salt, however, and shared it with me, but I had to dig out the cork from a bottle of Rioja with a broad-bladed knife, a slow operation when one is thirsty.

After eating I had a short sleep, during which I dreamed of the cool, green shades of the Alhambra. But the voice of Fernando calling out "Señor!" put a stop to the delightful rest, and I reluctantly pulled myself together and climbed up on to the back of Repertore.

Out into the sun. We were now going at a smart pace along the trail, and it seemed to me as if the heat were dying down slightly. That we were up high I could tell by the feel of the air in breathing. The wonder to me was that it could be so hot at such a height. We must have been up close on to eight thousand feet, and still the heat was trying.

At last we were well up over the snow line. The air was cooler, and we got to the Laguna de las Zezuas, a weird-looking mountain lake, almost ten thousand feet up. We rested for a while here, and Toma suggested to me by signs that I should go into the lake for a swim, but I would not have gone in on any account. Though a small lake, it looked weird and dark, and towards the centre it turned to blackness. It was a place of great depth in the middle of a vast amphitheatre formed by mountains. Snow had lain here through thousands and thousands of years, an eternal whiteness that threw into the lake a sinister reflection that was gradually absorbed in the darkness.

The breathing here was, for me, a little difficult. I noticed it most when I was lying down. In taking a long breath I felt now and then a sort of catch and a choke. At ten thousand feet one begins to feel the difference in the air.

It is usual for people to pass the night at this lake, and push on the next morning for the Picacho de Veleta, which was only a matter of about four miles away. But we had made up our minds to get on to the peak that night, and so we started.

There was no trail leading from here to the peak, and we had to follow Fernando, who went ahead, looking out the easiest way to ascend. He led one mule and Toma led the other; I followed behind. The ascent was too rugged and difficult now for us to ride.

And here it was that I experienced the first real, rough work of the journey, and but for the fact that the air was cool I don't know how I should have managed. I began to gasp from the exertion and the thinness of the air. I was in every way unfitted for the climb—I was out of training, I had had no sleep the night before, I was three stone too heavy for the work, and lots of other things. And, to make it more interesting still, I was not wearing the right kind of shoes for climbing in the Sierras. I had on a pair of "ammunitions"—English Army shoes with steel corner tips on the heels. I was slipping and sliding all over the place on those steel tips. What I ought to have been wearing were a pair of rope sandals without heels—such as Fernando and Toma wore; the shoes I had on were only good for tramping along roads.

Just as I was about to drop in my tracks from fatigue a wonderful idea came to me—an effective, simple idea—an idea of genius. I made a desperate spurt upwards and grabbed Repertore by the tail. I was saved! Of course, the mule might launch out and kick me across the mountains, but life isn't life if one doesn't take a chance or two. Yes, I was saved! Gallant, good old Repertore had too much work to do to think about kicking me off. He had to get himself up and drag me up the mountain too. Toma was leading him on at a smart pace, and I envied Toma. He was used to mountains and weighed only about ten stone; I hadn't seen mountains for a long time, and I was close on to fourteen stone.

I clung like a limpet to the noble Repertore, and lo and behold! we were on the top. The long day's work was over. Here we could rest, and eat

and sleep, and be thankful. There were three or four rough stone enclosures that had been built to give shelter to men and mules.

For me it was a glorious moment. I had completed successfully a hard day's work through the help of a simple luminous idea. All day long I had been doubting the soundness of my

intelligence for undertaking the journey at all, but that sharp, quick idea about grabbing the mule's tail! It brought back part of the respect for my intellect generally which I had had. I lay and chuckled about it, and when Fernando took me over to show me the Molinos near, and what he alleged was Africa, or some other continent, I still chuckled.

As usual, there was a mist lying over the mountain. I have never in my life known it to fail yet. Before you climb a moun-

tain you are filled with legends concerning the wonders that will be spread out before your gaze. You are told of strange, gorgeous sunsets, of sights of appalling magnificence. And you see nothing but a sort of thin mist that effectually hides things in the distance. A mountain climber must be a person blessed with unlimited faith and imagination. He must take things on trust, and

when he gets back to the earth again he must depend upon skilful and artistic lying for the getting of fine narrative effect.

To me the most impressive thing about mountains is the surrounding silence: one feels so alone.

Off over there lay Muley Hassan's miserable, sullen-looking mountain. To reach it and to come back here to the Pico de Ayete and back again to the Laguna de las Yornas was our work for the next day.

It was a little cold up here on the top of the mountain, but that did not bother me at all. It was otherwise, however, with Fernando and Toma. I suppose Spaniards feel cold more than do Englishmen. Fernando pattered round with a sort of shawl wound round his shoulders. He looked like a mild, calm brigand.



"I GRABBED REPERTORE BY THE TAIL."

Twilight was upon us by this time, and Toma had started a fire under the shelter of a rock, and had put on a pan filled with snow for the making of the coffee. He had brought up a small heap of snow from a drift near at hand, and he fed the snow into the pan as it melted, and soon the water was boiling merrily and the coffee was made.

It was then I discovered that the provisions I had got from the hotel were hardly the best suited for sustaining one in the climbing of mountains. The guide's provisions were much better at least, I liked them much better — so we made an exchange. He ate mine and I ate his.

Just as we were finishing our coffee we heard a shout, and Fernando went forward, returning in a few moments with two men. They were wild-looking fellows, wearing shawls, and my first hope was that they were brigands. But they were not; they were manzanilleros — men who gathered manzanilla up here in the mountains. It is a delicious-smelling herb, which seemed to me to be something like camomile. When they have got a big enough load of it, they carry it down on their backs into Granada to dispose of. One of the manzanilleros wanted to sell me some for three pesetas.

The twilight had by this time fallen into darkness, and we were all sitting round the brightly blazing fire. There was plenty of dried wood at hand to keep it going, and I felt very comfortable as I lay on a sheepskin. Toma was singing a Spanish song. After he had

finished I sang a song, and then one of the manzanilleros sang.

The voices sounded so strangely here on the top of the mountain. It seemed as if the thinness of the air robbed them somewhat of the

fulness of quality. But what they lost that way they must have gained in carrying power. One felt that they rang out over the dark solitudes for miles and miles.

Each of us stood up in turn before the fire as we sang, and the effect was odd and strange. It was especially so when Fernando sang. His song was a sort of chant, perhaps coming from the time of the Moors. The flickering and waving of the fire threw out behind him a long, contorted shadow, and there was an expression that I could not define or in any way understand in his face.

Being here on this mountain top was, perhaps, the strangest experience of my life. The solitude and the darkness, and the strange singing, and the waving, fitful fire, and the fact of not being able to exchange a word with my odd companions, altogether made an impression on me which was totally unlike any I had ever received before throughout the whole of an adventurous, up-and-down life.



"HIS SONG WAS A SORT OF CHANT."

When we turned in I lay on sheepskins in one of the rough enclosures, with a blanket over me. My revolver was under my head, ready to my hand. In life it is always well to be prepared. When we are prepared, nothing happens; everything goes smoothly. Fernando and Toma were all right, but I knew nothing of the manzanilleros.

For hours it seemed to me that I heard the voices of the Spaniards from one of the other enclosures. One could hear things with such distinctness up here. I tried to catch the drift of what they were talking about. But that was, of course, impossible, and in the end I fell asleep. The last thing I remember was noticing how dim the stars looked overhead.

In the grey of the morning we were again around the fire. Toma was putting snow into the pan for making the coffee. Fernando was moving about, looking more like a shawled brigand than ever, and the manzanilleros were bringing up wood to keep the fire going.

Whilst breakfast was being got ready I thought I might as well go round by the big boulders and see how the view was getting along. I wanted to give the scenery a chance to distinguish itself, but it was still modestly shrouded behind that everlasting thin mist.

I turned my eyes to the east to watch the rising of the sun. An English-speaking, travelled Spanish gentleman down in Granada had told me a marvellous tale concerning the way the sun got to work up in the mountains here.

He said that it wound up and up spirally, like a snake. Why the sun should behave in such an extraordinary manner in this part of the world puzzled me; but knocking round a lot had taught me to maintain an open mind in front of a traveller's yarn. For the thing one thinks to be impossible often turns out to be true. So I gazed in hopes of seeing the sun perform. But, alas! he came up in his usual calm, easy, time-honoured manner.

After breakfast Fernando looked at my "ammunitions" and decided that they were no good—"malo"—for the long climb before us.

So I made an exchange with Toma. He put on the "ammunitions" and I put on his rope-shoes. He had no climbing to do. His job was to take the mules back to the Laguna de las Zezuas and wait for us till we got back there that night. I signed to Fernando if it were not possible to take Repertore along with us, for I had visions of hanging on to his tail in trying moments. But Fernando made me understand that it was not possible, and the steep, sheer look of the ascents and descents before us bore him out. In the distance Muley Hassan seemed to go straight up; it didn't seem possible to climb it.

But I was feeling better now, and was "game" for anything another man was "game" for. And so we started, after bidding adios to the manzanilleros—Fernando, myself, and Tula, the pointer. We had what turned out to be fourteen hours' work before us, but I was feeling as right as a nail; I suppose the work of the day before had "salted" me.

We climbed and descended three mountains before we came to the foot of Muley Hassan, and after taking a breathing spell we began to work right up its face. I kept well in the steps of Fernando, and it turned out to be not such a hard mountain after all. Often this is the way with mountains that look sheer and straight from a distance.

Just at twelve o'clock we reached the summit—six hours after starting from the Picacho de Veleta. We would have a stiff journey back to the Laguna de las Zezuas—but what did that matter? We were on the top of the highest peak of the Sierra Nevada! There were the ruins of some huts that had been built years before. Men of science had come here to take observations, had built these huts, and had gone.

I walked to the edge of an immense, overhanging rock, and looked out and downwards. The view was now clear. The mist had rolled away. Far, far below stretched out the grand, bare, desolate roll of the Sierra Nevada. Off to my left and down through an immense distance I could see the shining of great waters.

(To be continued.)



An Irish journalist tells the story of an elaborate hoax innocently set on foot by newspaper correspondents. The reign of terror that ensued, the exciting incidents reported from different villages, and the final dilemma of the correspondents are all described by one who saw the whole remarkable affair "from the inside."



NEWRY, an important Irish seaport town, was sorely troubled in the early months of the year 1895. First came a severe epidemic, and after that—the bear; and the first terror was entirely eclipsed by the awfulness of the second. Now, the merchants of Newry drive an extensive trade with the retailers of Mid-Ulster generally. That trade was almost entirely paralyzed during the prevalence of the epidemic—such was the dread everywhere of "catching something"—and our travellers came home in the evenings with but a sorry tale of business done. When the bear came along all that was changed! No man was a more welcome caller than he who could tell at first hand the latest news from the very centre of the bear's sphere of influence; and many a good order was "booked" while a traveller, with the volubility of his tribe, recounted the tales of hairbreadth escapes to which Bruin's advent in our district had given rise. Our business rivals in Dundalk, Armagh, and other towns, it is true, were unkind enough to assert that our bear was of such stuff as dreams are made of—a pure invention; but we could afford to treat the base insinuation with the contempt it deserved.

With the advent of its ursine wonder, Newry entered upon a commercial renaissance the end of which is not yet. Recently the Chairman of

a Committee of the House of Commons congratulated the merchants of Newry on their business capacity and enterprise. Candour requires the admission that it was the impetus given the trade of the port by the frolics of our bear that suggested to the merchants the commercial potentialities of their town, one endeavour to develop which evoked the encomium just quoted. Yet the poor bear has not had so much as a vote of thanks passed to him! In a sunnier and less distressful country he would have been elevated to the chief totemship of the tribe. Let it be my privilege to write his biography.

Early on the morning of February 16th, 1895, two farmers met at Goraghwood railway station, the junction where travellers to or from Newry change from the main line. Said the first of these worthies: "The bear's out to-day."

Said the second: "Is that so? Man, it's fortunate we're not at home"

"What bear are they talking about, porter?" inquired a nervous old lady, who had overheard.

"A tame bear, ma'am, that Mr. W—, of M—, let out. He has done a terrible damage, I hear," said the facetious railway servant.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the now affrighted old lady, and she retired into the security of her

carriage, taking the precaution of pulling up the window. Presumably the lady lost no time in telling her story when she arrived at Newry. At any rate, the newspaper men got hold of it, and that evening a paragraph on the subject appeared in the *Belfast Evening Telegraph* from its Newry correspondent.

That was the genesis of the Newry bear. The evolutionary development of the (shall I say?) idea affords a most interesting study, and I hope to take my readers along with me in the amusing and instructive story of its expansion.

The *Evening Telegraph's* announcement consisted of a simple statement to the effect that a bear had made its escape from captivity. The local newspapers were able on the earliest opportunity to add something to that meagre intelligence. Take the following, from the *Newry Reporter* of February 19th, as an example:—

"A BEAR ON THE PROWL.—A bear which a gentleman in Markethill kept as a pet lately decided upon ending its confinement to improve its knowledge of the manners and customs of the country to which an unkind fate had brought it. Its roving days and roving ways, however, are likely soon to come to an abrupt termination, for a reward of £5 is offered for his capture alive or dead. Several domestic animals have been killed by the brute, the latest victim being a goat at Mullaglass last Saturday afternoon. . . .

"Since what precedes was written we hear that Bruin has been captured near Mullaglass and is now a prisoner in a barn, which, it is only fair to his bearship to say, he holds against all comers."

The next phase of the story is unfolded in a paragraph which appeared on the 21st. I again quote from the *Newry Reporter*:—

"The escaped bear, which, as we reported in Tuesday's issue, was captured and imprisoned in a barn, regained his liberty while his captors were holding a council of war as to how best to secure

him. The brute was seen yesterday at Magheranahely, and he is credited with having killed as many pigs and goats as would provision an army for a week. But of course these statements must be taken *cum grano salis*."

Folks now began to be alarmed, and every one began talking of the bear. Naturally the Newry correspondents of the *Belfast* and *Dublin* newspapers commenced to turn the distinguished visitor to account at a penny or so a line. All but one; that, however, is another story.

Their attention to the matter did not tend to allay the general fright. Every man became afraid now that he thought his neighbour was afraid also. In a day or two the correspondents were able to record that the bear had been "marked down" in a pretty little wood at Goragh, about three and a half miles from Newry. By the way, throughout the whole of his protracted wanderings the bear invariably selected his lair amongst the most attractive scenic surroundings.

The name of the person who had seen "the monster" was not given in the reports; the mere announcement, however, that he had been actually seen in the neighbourhood was sufficient to usher in a condition of panic in the immediate vicinity of his head-quarters. Children were escorted to and from school by their elders, or else kept within doors all day. Country folk who had marketing to do made it a point to be home before daylight had given place to night. Doors, formerly left "on the latch," were now





double-locked. Farmer after farmer came into town and reported the destruction of sheep and lambs, and even calves. One respectable farmer, whose word I have no reason to doubt, informed me that he had lost seven sheep in one night; and here is a list with which my Poyntzpass correspondent supplied me:—

"On the night of the 20th or early on the morning of the 21st, Mr. Edward Lockhart, Kilmonaghan, had two sheep killed and one badly wounded. The following night Mr. W. Henry, of Jerretzpass, lost a valuable retriever dog. On the same night Mr. John Lockhart, Jerretzpass, lost a very valuable setter. On the 23rd the bear worried a calf belonging to Mr. James Treanor, of Carrickrovaddy."

Altogether the local newspapers were informed of the destruction of perhaps forty sheep, and the bear was alleged to be the executioner in each case. Things got to such a pitch that at last the aid of the police was invoked, and two constables with bayonets, rifles, ball cartridges, and a bull-terrier, were sent in pursuit of the predatory brute. This number was then increased to four, and ultimately eight men were scouring the country in the search. On the police invasion of his retreat at Goragh the bear promptly made Camlough Mountain,

four miles away in a southerly direction, his base of operations.

Meantime the Dublin and Belfast dailies were greedily taking "Newry bear" matter in columns, and the Press Association and Central News were liberally providing for the wants of the other papers throughout the United Kingdom. The "Newry bear" was the staple subject of conversation from Fair Head to the Cove of Cork. Fortunately for the local correspondents theirs was a harvest easily gathered.

Every countryman they met was able to supply some item of interest. Indeed, the only difficulty of the scribes was the avoidance of tautology, and there were some nice results from their attempts. "Bruin" and "Caleb" were played upon with monotonous regularity, which was bad enough; one could even tolerate "the ravenous beast" as another version of the same; but when it



CAMLOUGH LAKE, ACROSS WHICH THE BEAR WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE SWUM.
From a Photo. by Chas. O'Hagan, Newry.

came to employing "grizzly" and "Polar" as synonymous terms, while the colour of the brute in one article was given as brown, in another as black, and in a third as grey, and when the sex was changed in every other contribution, it was too much. But let that pass.

In his new quarters at Camlough Mountain the bear was able to inspire terror throughout the populous district in and around the village of Bessbrook, and one organized pursuit by

hood received an awful fright and an unpleasant surprise. His family and himself were sitting huddled round the kitchen fire one night, busily discussing the visitation, when a cry from one of the children, "The bear! The bear!" chilled every heart and directed every gaze to the window, pressed against which could be seen the muzzle of some animal. Hastily snatching his loaded fowling piece from the wall the farmer aimed the gun at the animal and



"THE FARMER AIMED THE GUN AT THE ANIMAL AND FIRED."

countrymen armed with gaips and pitchforks was reported to me as having taken place while he was located there. It was at night, and the brute managed to make his escape by swimming across a lake a little over half a mile in width. Thus rudely disturbed from his second place of hiding, his bearship retraced his steps, left his first haunt at Goragh behind him, and took up residence for a short time in the neighbourhood of Loughbrickland. Here he was alleged to have made his escape from a hunting-party across the ice with which the lough was then covered. This again was at night. The course of the brute from one place of concealment to another was strewn with the carcasses of sheep wantonly destroyed, and the terror he had established in the district was gaining in intensity day by day. Men who had firearms now slept with them loaded at night by their bedsides, and many were the false alarms of his coming. While he was still reported as at Camlough Mountain a farmer in that neighbour-

fired. Evidence was not wanting that the shot had taken effect. However, the marksman, thinking, probably, that the bear might feign death in order to tempt him outside, prudently decided to wait till morning before investigating matters further. When morning came an inspection from an upper window revealed the dead body of a neighbour's donkey lying in the yard! It had strayed from its stall, and, unluckily for itself, was attracted by the light from the cottage window.

Notwithstanding the frequency with which he had been chased, the bear let remain hidden. The town of Newry itself was invaded! A respectable magistrate one day reported at the police office that the furred terror had been seen in a field at the rear of the adjutant's house. Two policemen set out immediately in pursuit. No bear, nor trace of one, could they see. One Friday night a plumber returning from the fever hospital, where he had been making an urgent repair, saw a strange form approach him

in the darkness, just on the confines of the town. Without a second's hesitation the gallant plumber leaped a ditch into a field and made for home as fast as his legs could carry him. The bear did not follow, but it groaned. The plumber accorded a couple of pressmen an interview on the following morning, and his description of his thrilling experience was duly set out at full length in the Monday's papers. It has been suggested that what the plumber really saw was a burly farmer, in a somewhat "elevated" condition, making the best of his way home on his hands and knees! A straying cow was found near the place in the morning, but was not somehow connected with the incident.

A night or two afterwards a barber, who had been enjoying a little holiday, conjured up a fearful form in one of the back streets, in which he had his place of business. Hurrying into the shop he bound an open razor to the end of the coloured pole by which he advertised his art and set out in chase. For over a mile he followed the monster, and then lost it in the neighbourhood of the quarries from which is obtained the famous Newry granite. And so the excitement grew.

All along, however, there had been some few people in the district who flatly refused to believe in the existence of the bear, and I think I am safe in saying the police were early converts to this scepticism. The then district-inspector of police (Mr. Dwyer) one day received a telegram from the colonel of the Hussars stationed at Newbridge, stating that some of the officers purposed coming down to Newry to hunt the bear, and asking him (Mr. Dwyer) to make arrangements for the stabling of twenty horses. Mr. Dwyer was convinced by this time that the bear existed only

in the imagination of the country people, and he wired the Hussars to that effect, and the bear-hunt did not come off. News of this action, of course, got abroad, and the reign of terror subsided almost as quickly as it had

arisen. If there was no bear, why should the people be afraid? Only the newspaper correspondents were afraid—afraid of their own Frankenstein! It is true that they reported only what they had heard and what most people believed; but would that satisfy the editors of the newspapers for which they wrote if they got it into their heads that they had been hoaxed? At a solemn meeting of the local correspondents the *doyen* of the corps suggested, and it was unanimously carried, that the bear be sent from the district at once. Accordingly a judicious paragraph was contributed to the next day's papers, in which it was stated that the bear had evidently left the Newry district, and was believed to have gone in the direction of Ballyronney. The Ballyronney correspondent was equal to the emergency. The following day there appeared a paragraph from his pen announcing the arrival of the bear at that place. However, the public interest in the sub-

THE BEAR STILL AT LARGE NEAR NEWRY.

Unfortunately the latest intelligence that can be imparted regarding the bear prowling about Newry is that he is still uncaptured, and the inhabitants of the district are afraid to venture outside their homes after dark. On the 22nd inst. he was observed in the vicinity of Camlough, County Armagh, and was pursued by several of the residents of the district. His footprints were traced to the lake, in close proximity to which bruin was sheltered from observation. A shot was fired by one of the pursuers, and scarcely had the report died away when "grizzle" darted from his hiding-place, crossed the lake, almost entirely frozen, and a distance of about half a mile, and escaped. On the following morning Mr. _____ of Sandys Street, Newry, was returning home from the Fever Hospital, where he had been doing some repairs, when the bear suddenly sprang from the side of the road and made at him. Fortunately he evaded the animal, and ran away with all the speed he could exert. The brute pursued him, and Mr. _____ only considered himself securely out of harm's reach when he safely gained a field, having scaled a wall six or seven feet high. He lost no time in communicating with the police authorities, and search parties were constituted and proceeded in pursuit of bruin. These included—Sergeant Durnan, Sergeant Kilcourse (Newry), Sergeant Keane (Camlough), Constables Campbell, McConnell, Gilmore, Fitzpatrick, Reilly, Sheridan, McCusker, and Mr. Richard Doherty. They made a minute search of the townlands of Tullyhappy, Clondoff, Searse, Knockduff, Crobane, and Shinn, but at no time did they come in sight of the troublesome animal. The country is being scoured by the police and olivillans, but so far bruin has not been captured. Reports from the country to the authorities show that the damage done by the bear has been very considerable. In one instance a flock of sheep was attacked by the beast, one being killed and many of the others injured. Of the sheep that was killed nothing was left but its fleece. Mr. David Martin, J.P., reported to the Hyde Market Barrack on the 23rd inst. that the bear had been observed in fields at the back of his house, off the Downshire Road. Head-Constable Williams at once sent Constables Phillips and Sheridan to the place, and after a minute search through all the fields in the surrounding districts they were unable to discover the object of their search.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAID—FACSIMILE OF A NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPH CONCERNING THE BEAR.

ject had evaporated, and the Ballyronney man rapidly "dried up." Perhaps—who knows?—the wearied bear may have laid himself down and died in that peaceful neighbourhood.

As late as the 18th of March an Enniskillen correspondent revived the brute, but with little better success than the Ballyronney man. I think, indeed, the following was his first and last paragraph on the subject: "The famous Newry bear, it appears, has migrated to County Fermagh. Last week a farmer living at Brookborough was surprised to see a large

brown animal killing his sheep, and, running into the house, he procured a shot-gun and fired two shots, but with no effect. Later in the evening Mr. Wilson, Ianhouse Water, Lisbellaw, saw the animal in a field and pursued it with a large sheep dog. It got off, however, and again made its appearance in Killynure Bog, near Enniskillen. The people saw it plodding through the bog in the dusk of the evening, but, not knowing what it was, did not meddle with it. It is at present in the neighbourhood of Ballinamallard. It is quite possible that a hunt may be organized to capture it."

I have said that the Dublin and Belfast newspapers eagerly accepted all "Newry bear" copy. There was an exception amongst the Dublin papers—the *Irish Daily Independent*. I was the Newry correspondent for that journal, and, disbelieving the story from the first, I contributed nothing on the subject to its columns. I wonder if the omission was appreciated? The bear was dispatched to Ballyrone about the 14th of March. Judge of my chagrin when I read the following, a fortnight after, in the very paper whose columns I had endeavoured to keep pure and undefiled:—

"A Ballintober telegram says: On Thursday great excitement was occasioned at Ballintober by the announcement that the escaped Newry bear had been captured at Carane, about two miles from here. It appears that about 6.30 on Thursday morning Thomas Snouge, the herd on the lands of Carane, was out on the farm when he espied a strange-looking animal. He at once gave the alarm, and in a short time about ten men turned out and went in pursuit. After an exciting chase of an hour's duration they succeeded in capturing the brute. He is of a brown colour, and seems to be incapacitated from the treatment he received. There were many sheep and lambs missed from the surrounding farms previous to his capture. The people of the locality generally believe he must be the Newry bear. Captain McTernan, R.M., has ordered the police to visit the scene. The brute is at present chained up in an out house on the land."

Was there a bear after all, and had I sacrificed the opportunity of earning considerable "lineage"? Was this the reward of my (fancied) virtue? With what relief I read in the *Independent* of the 2nd April this further despatch from the Ballintober correspondent:—

"Ballintober, Monday.—Yesterday hundreds of sightseers visited Carane, about two miles from here, to have a look at the bear which was captured there on last Wednesday by Thomas Leach, the herd (the discrepancies in dates and names are the correspondent's, not mine) on the lands, as already published in the daily papers. He is carefully chained up, and anything in the shape of carrion thrown to him he is ready to devour. Of course, no person can conjecture how he came to this part of the country, but I am of opinion he is not the missing Newry bear, as at first surmised. I will give a short description of him, which will help to satisfy the curious. He is about 2ft. 2in. in height; when he rests on his hoofs he is about 3ft. 6in. in height. He is in colour dark brown, with four black legs. There is a white stripe on each jaw, and a blue mark on the forehead. His coat is like sealskin. He is certainly a great curiosity. His custodian, Thomas Leach, who is caring for him well, is open to receive any reasonable offer for him."

How the mighty had fallen! This was a badger the Ballintober man had seen. It was a "Polar" or a "grizzly" that the Newry correspondents had written of. I was vindicated!

It only remains for me to explain the conversation at Goraghwood station reported early in this article. "The bear" to whom the two countrymen alluded was a writ server (so called on account of the urbanity of his manner), and their good fortune consisted in not being at home on the occasion of his visit. The Mr. W—, of M—, whose name the railway porter introduced, was a land agent (since deceased) for whom "the bear" (also deceased, I think) was acting. And this is the true history of the birth and death of the Newry bear!



II.

The famous African hunter here relates his experiences in a new field—the little-known interior of Newfoundland—whither he journeyed to shoot caribou deer. Mr. Selous met with splendid sport; and he illustrates his narrative with some very striking photographs.

IN the afternoon of November 5th we decided to turn back, as we then had nothing left in the way of provisions but a few biscuit crumbs and a little tea, and the caribou seemed to have gone right on westwards. We had determined to camp that night at the western end of St. John's Lake, which, however, we did not reach until late at night, after a most tiring scramble by moonlight for the last few miles along the bank of the river, which was often densely wooded to its very edge.

It was just commencing to rain when at last we reached the lake, but we managed to put up a lean-to, over which we stretched our flimsy bit of sail-cloth. Soon, however, the flood-gates of Heaven seemed to have been opened, as the rain, which had at first been light, became a steady downpour, and never stopped for one instant till two o'clock the following afternoon. I have experienced much heavier rain in tropical countries in the shape of storms which did not last long, but only once before have I known a steady downpour to be so long-continued. We made no attempt to sleep, as the rain beat into the front of our shelter, and the old canvas tarpaulin leaked so much that it was impossible to lie down without exposing oneself to the drippings from many places. Fortunately all round our camp there was an inexhaustible supply of fuel in the shape both of standing

and fallen trees, and by constantly piling great logs a foot in diameter on the fire we kept it going. We still had a little tea and a few crumbs of broken biscuit left, and so were not so badly off after all.

On the following day we were unable to move and had scarcely anything to eat—nothing, in fact, but a small ration of biscuit—as we thought it advisable to keep a little in reserve. As long as the rain lasted we occupied our time in chopping down dead trees and keeping the fire going; but as soon as the weather cleared, as it did early in the afternoon, we set to work to dry our things, and by nightfall had everything comfortable once more. The clouds had by this time completely disappeared in the most extraordinary manner, and the moon—now nearly at the full—was shining softly over forest, lake, and river. During the night there was a hard frost, and the next day—November 7th—was beautifully bright and fine. We made an early start, and getting on to the high ground as soon as possible—since all the low lands near the lake were deeply flooded—walked steadily all day. When the sun went down we were not more than ten miles distant from our camp, so we pushed on by moonlight and got in soon after ten o'clock. We had certainly walked a good many hours, but could not have covered any great distance, as our pace across the bogs had necessarily been slow.

We made two halts during the day, one in the morning to feed on some delicious berries

which we found growing in profusion on a mossy "barren," and the second in the afternoon to roast and eat three willow grouse which I had shot with my rifle. The above-mentioned berries are known in Newfoundland as partridge berries—partridge being the local term for willow grouse. I thought them most delicious, and made a good meal off them. The willow grouse allowed me to walk up to within ten yards of them as they sat on the ground, and I shot them one after the other, through the head. This may

the whole island except on the exposed, wind-swept "barrens." On these bleak wastes the caribou congregate, to feed on the white moss with which the ground is covered. In wet (and winters they are said to live entirely on another kind of moss, which grows plentifully on the spruce firs. As the chances of success seemed so small, and my absence from home had already been somewhat more prolonged than I had anticipated, I decided to rest satisfied with the experience I had gained on this, my first essay



From a]

MR. SELOUS AND HIS GUIDES CROSSING A NEWFOUNDLAND "BARREN."

[P. 1

possibly be considered an unsportsmanlike action, but, after all, these birds were not shot for sport but for use, as my companions and I were really hungry. The birds which I shot were almost entirely white, and in a very short time would have assumed their full winter plumage. In the summer their general colour on the head, neck, and upper parts is reddish brown, the flight-feathers alone remaining white.

On reaching our former camping-place we found that the tents had been shifted to a higher piece of ground, and we soon learnt from the cook, who had been left in charge, that the river had risen so high immediately after the great rain that it had overflowed its banks and converted the ground on which our tents had been pitched into a lake. Fortunately our cook was equal to the occasion, and very sensibly transferred all our belongings, including the tents, to the boat.

I still had a sufficient supply of provisions for another week's trip, but came to the conclusion that it was scarcely worth while undertaking it, since Stroud gave it as his opinion that, with the exception of a few stragglers, all the caribou had travelled so far to the south-west that we should not be able to come up with them. He told me that at this time of year they were accustomed to resort to the thick forests, in which it was very difficult to find them, and that they would not frequent the open country again until mid-winter. At that time the snow lies deep over

at caribou hunting, and to endeavour to turn it to account the following year. I had taken out a license which entitled me to shoot five caribou stags and two does, and I had had ample opportunity to shoot this number of animals. But it was not quantity but quality that I wanted, and I had actually only fired three shots—all very easy ones—and killed one good stag for his head and a doe and a young stag for meat.

On November 9th I got back to Terra Nova Station, and taking the next train to Port-au-Basques crossed at once to the mainland and returned to England *via* New York.

Before quitting my late companions I made arrangements for another hunt in the early autumn of the following year. Stroud was unable to undertake to go with me, as he was already engaged for the next fishing season and the early hunting in September. Old Saunders, however, a quiet, tireless, hard working man, always willing and cheerful, and to whom I had taken a great liking, agreed to accompany me and to find another good man. Our plan was to go to St. John's Lake by canoe in September, and to hunt the country beyond in the hope of finding some of the big old stags which passed the summer in that part of the island. How I fared on this second quest *via* a fine caribou head I will now relate.

On the afternoon of Saturday, September 7th, 1901, I landed at St. John's, Newfoundland,

after a pleasant and uneventful passage. The following day, Sunday, was a day of rest, but during Monday I took out my hunting license and bought all necessary stores and camp equipment for a three weeks' excursion after caribou. I then telegraphed to Saunders—with whom I had been in touch by letter since the previous autumn—to meet me at Terra Nova Station, and got away the same evening in the slow or "accommodation train." In addition to the provisions and cooking gear, which I bought locally, I carried with me a light waterproof tarpaulin, ten feet by fourteen feet and weighing seventeen pounds, a sixteen-foot Canadian basswood canoe, and an American collapsible canoe. Both these canoes

Day was just breaking on the morning of September 10th when—after a most uncomfortable night in that wretched "go-as-you-please" or "accommodation" train, already several hours late on schedule time—I reached Terra Nova Station. Old Robert Saunders was there ready waiting for me, and after a hearty handshake introduced me to the man he had brought with him for the trip, a fine young Newfoundlander named John Wells.

We lost no time in setting to work to get everything ready for our journey, and within an hour we had both canoes floating on the lake just below the station, with all our baggage packed aboard them. Saunders and I took the Canadian canoe—a most beautiful little craft,



From a

A SCENE ON THE TERRA NOVA RIVER, SHOWING THE CANADIAN CANOE.

[Photo.

did me yeoman's service, and without them I could not possibly have reached the country in which I wished to hunt. As for the tarpaulin, in a country like Newfoundland, where forests of spruce and birch everywhere abound, I consider it preferable in every way to a tent, especially in the matter of weight and portability. A lean-to made of light saplings, resting on a cross-pole fixed on two convenient trees, can always be put up in a few minutes, and over this framework the tarpaulin is stretched. A fire—as large or as small as you like—is lighted in front, which keeps the interior of the bivouac warm and dry, green spruce boughs are cut to lie on, and there is plenty of room, not only for several men, but also for stores and baggage of all kinds besides.

very strongly but, at the same time, lightly built—whilst Wells paddled the American, sitting amidships and using the long double paddle, like an Esquimaux in his "kayak."

It was just six o'clock when we said good-bye to the station-master and paddled away up the lake. The weather was bright and clear, and the air felt fresh and exhilarating, as there had been a light frost during the night. My companions were delighted with the canoes, and full of hope and confidence that with their help we should be able to reach a country where little or no hunting had been done—at any rate, of late years—and where, if, as my previous year's experiences had given me every reason to believe, a certain number of caribou were

accustomed to live the whole year round, I might hope to meet with some fine old stags.

After a couple of hours' paddling we halted for breakfast, and whilst that meal was being prepared I put a light fishing-rod together that I had brought with me, and caught four nice trout. These fish must have averaged nearly a pound apiece in weight, and two of them were

upside down to get rid of the water they had shipped. Early in the afternoon a heavy storm of rain swept over the lake, accompanied by thunder and a gale of wind. This, however, did not last long, and as soon as it was over the wind commenced to drop rapidly, and before long the sun was again shining brightly in a clear sky. It was four



From a]

RE-LOADING THE CANOE AFTER PASSING A RAPID.

[Photo

fried in bacon on the spot, the other two being reserved for dinner. They were most delicious. The fishing season for salmon and trout closes in Newfoundland on September 10th, but I believe it is considered allowable for a traveller to catch a few fish for the pot after the fishing season has legally closed. Until I got some caribou meat to eat I constantly tried to do so, but, curiously enough, I never got another fish to look at the bait which at first had appeared to be so attractive.

Instead of following the western shore of Terra Nova Lake, as we had done the previous year, when we ascended the St. George's River, we now made for the mouth of the South-West River, which enters the lake at its extreme southern end. By the time we had finished breakfast a strong wind had sprung up, against which we made headway only with the greatest difficulty, as it blew right in our teeth and knocked up a short, choppy sea. We were obliged to work along the shore for fear of being capsized, and were continually compelled to land, unload the canoes, and then turn them

o'clock when we at last entered the mouth of the South-West River, the water in which Saunders declared to be lower than he had ever seen it before—the natural result of an exceptionally dry summer. After paddling up the river for an hour or so we came to a section of it which perhaps could hardly be called a rapid, but through which it was impossible to paddle, as for a space of three hundred yards the bed of the river was studded with rocks, amongst which the water rushed at a great rate. With the help of ropes and poles—often wading themselves in water above their heads—Saunders and Wells got the canoes safely through all obstructions, and soon afterwards we camped.

When day broke the following morning the mist in the valley of the river was so dense that one could not see ten yards in any direction. By six o'clock, however, it had cleared a good deal, so we packed our gear and got under way. We had not paddled more than a hundred yards when I saw two large objects moving through the mist, not far

away on our left front. It was impossible to tell what they were; but as soon as I had convinced myself that they were moving I called Saunders's attention to them, and he at once said that they must be deer. They were travelling westwards and following the course of the river, which here (as we afterwards found, but could not then see on account of the mist) skirted an open tract of marshy ground.

I now landed on the near side of the river and made my way as quickly as possible across a bend in its course, in the hope of getting ahead of the caribou and obtaining a shot at one of them as they passed along on the other side of the river. I was too late, however, as I had not reckoned upon an obstacle in the shape of a mass of *débris*, washed down by the last spring floods and composed of dry sticks and poles of all sizes. In spite of my utmost precautions I found it impossible to pass this barrier without making some noise, and this must have alarmed the caribou, as when I sighted them again they had already passed the spot where I had hoped to get a shot at them and were trotting along the water's edge, and—as I discovered when the mist cleared off—were already two hundred yards away from me. I thought they were nearer, for, although their forms were somewhat ill-defined in the mist, I could see that the hindmost animal carried horns of some size, and was therefore a stag. I lost no time in firing at him and heard my bullet hit. He ran on a short distance and then stood still, evidently facing right away from me, as I could only see the white of his hindquarters. My second shot missed its mark, I think, for, although it hit somewhere, the sound was not convincing, and I fancy it struck the bank just in front of the stag. At any rate, he turned round immediately and came galloping back towards me along the water's edge. When nearly opposite he ran knee-deep into the water, and as I thought he was going to swim across to my side of the river I did not fire at him when he halted. For a few moments he stood nearly broadside on, within easy shot. Possibly he scented me, though there appeared to be no breath of wind stirring. At any rate, he turned suddenly and made for the bank again. I had been holding my rifle trained on to him for some seconds, and as he turned I still had a good sight on him, and should undoubtedly have killed him had I got in my shot at that moment. But in some way, since pushing in the last cartridge, which must have automatically cocked my rifle, I had unconsciously moved the safety catch. I tried in vain to pull the trigger, and by the time I had realized what was wrong and released the safety

bolt the stag was going up the steep bank of the river. I fired just as he was going over the top and know I hit him, but as he was going almost straight away from me my bullet probably hit him either in the flank or hind-quarters.

I now waited for some little time expecting the canoes to come up, but as they did not do so I ran back along the water's edge to call them. I had not proceeded far when a turn in the river gave me a view over the open piece of ground which I have spoken of before, which lay between the river and the forest, some four hundred yards distant. Here I immediately saw the caribou standing. He was evidently very badly wounded, as, although some minutes had now elapsed since I last fired at him, he had only moved a very short distance, and when I first saw him was standing still with his head down. Then as I watched he moved very slowly forward again towards the forest. At this moment the mist lifted a little, and I might have fired at the wounded stag again at a distance of perhaps three hundred yards, but I never thought of doing so, as I felt sure he was done for and as good as mine. Then the mist came down again and hid him completely from my view. I now ran back to the canoes and, accompanied by both my men, crossed the river as quickly as possible, in order to follow up the wounded caribou. We soon found a very heavy blood trail, which we followed easily for perhaps a mile in very dense forest. Then the blood began to show less distinctly on the wet leaves and soaking, spongy ground. At length we came to where the wounded stag had been lying down. He had probably only just got on his feet again when we were quite close to him, but the forest was here very thick. On rising the sorely tried but stubborn animal had not gone away at a run, but had just dragged itself off at a slow walk. We were, however, only able to follow at a still slower pace, as there was now but little blood to guide us, and we found it almost impossible to detect any sign of hoof marks in the wet, spongy moss with which the ground was everywhere covered. I know of no country where the track of a wounded animal, if there is no blood on the spoor, is so difficult to follow as in Newfoundland. Finally we gave up all hope of getting up to the stag by tracking it, and spent a couple of hours in quartering the dense forest in every direction in front and on each side in the hope of finding it, but this plan also met with no success, and at length we returned to the canoes empty-handed. I do not think that this caribou stag carried a very fine head, though, as well as I could judge of it

in the mist, it was a fairly good one ; but apart altogether from the value of its head as a trophy we wanted the animal badly for the sake of its meat, and above all I felt intense chagrin and mortification at the thought that I had mortally wounded a fine animal, whose death would profit no one. However, this is the only mistake of the kind that I have made in two expeditions after caribou. When we again reached the river the mist had entirely cleared off, but clouds were now coming up from the south-west, and we had no sooner re-embarked in the canoes than it commenced to rain heavily, and never left off again till after sundown. We therefore went ashore early in the afternoon, and pitched camp in a snug spot in the midst of some thick spruce trees. Then Saunders and I took a round in the rain up the river and across some large, open stretches of bog ; but we did not come across any more caribou, though we saw some pretty fresh tracks. We were wet through when we returned to camp—more from the water which had poured on to us from every tree and bush than from the rain itself. However, getting wet in Newfoundland matters very little. As long as you are moving it does not hurt you, and after getting back to camp you can soon get everything dried again before a glorious log fire.

On the following day the weather was fine and warm—a good deal too warm, in fact, as the heat of the sun revived numbers of little black flies, which I imagined had given up business for the season, as I had seen none previously, though I had heard that they were very bad along the rivers of Newfoundland in the summer months. I found that the bites of these venomous little flies, although scarcely noticeable at first, cause a great deal of irritation subsequently, which takes a long time to subside.

On September 12th Saunders and Wells had a very hard day hauling the canoes through innumerable rapids, or "rattles," as they called them, and our progress was necessarily very slow. As I could do little or nothing to help my men I went on ahead along the bank of the

river in the hope of seeing caribou, but did not come across any. Just at dusk the canoes reached the foot of a very beautiful though nameless waterfall, and here we camped for the night. The first thing to be done the next morning was to cut a trail through thick spruce forest, round the falls, and past the rapids above them. When this was accomplished we had to carry the canoes, as well as all our stores and camp equipment, along



From a]

THE NAMELESS WATERFALL ON THE DE LA SOUV RIVER.

[Contd.]

the path we had cut. This we did in three trips, and before midday had the two canoes once more afloat and all ready loaded for a fresh start. From this point another two miles or so of hauling through a succession of small, shallow rapids brought us to a fine lake, or "pond," as all lakes are called in Newfoundland. This sheet of water, which is two or three miles in length and over a mile in breadth, is known as Mollygojock, an Indian name the meaning of which I was unable to discover. After the slow progress we had made during the last two days of getting the canoes up the shallow, rock-strewn river it was a great relief to get into open water once more. While paddling up to the head of the lake we saw a caribou lying way off walking slowly along the shore. Presently he disappeared behind a wooded point near the top end of the lake, and close, as we afterwards found, to the mouth of the river which constitutes St. John's Lake with Mollygojock. We now



From a]

LAKE MOLLYGOJACK, WHERE THE AUTHOR MET WITH SOME GOOD SPORT.

[Photo.

paddled as hard as we could, and I landed in the shelter of some wooded islands near the mouth of the river, without having again seen the caribou. I lost no time in making my way across a wooded promontory to a piece of rocky ground on the river's edge, and, after standing there for some minutes without seeing anything, was just about to return to the canoe, under the impression that the caribou must have turned into the forest behind him, when I thought I heard a low grunt just opposite me, and almost directly afterwards the tops of the horns of a caribou stag appeared above some bushes on the farther side of the river. Soon the animal showed itself in full view and, standing three parts facing me, offered an excellent shot at a distance of about one hundred and twenty yards. I fired immediately and, as I subsequently found, my bullet passed through the upper part of the stag's heart. He did not, however, at once make a rush forwards, as animals usually do when shot through the heart, but first staggered about and I thought was going to fall. He recovered himself, however, and dashed into the river at full speed until he was chest deep, when he collapsed and died. He proved to be a fine young stag in splendid condition, the layer of fat over his loins and hindquarters being quite two inches in thickness. His horns were small and light, but wonderfully regular, and carried twenty points. Had I not wanted meat I should not have shot him for his head, but both my companions and myself were getting very meat-hungry. Better meat than that of a Newfoundland caribou stag, shot when in high condition in early autumn, is, in my opinion, not to be found the world over.

The following morning broke dull and grey, and the clouds hung low over lake and forest. Heavy rain soon set in and lasted till late in the afternoon. In spite of the unpromising weather I went out with Saunders in search of deer as soon as I had skinned the head of the stag shot

the previous evening, but we only got wet through for our pains, without encountering any caribou.

The next day was not only fine and warm, but actually sultry. After a substantial breakfast just at dawn Saunders and I made an early start, and after passing through the fringe of forest which skirts the lake got into a country of extensive open marshes, interspersed with rocky "barrens," dense spruce woods, and small lakes and ponds. The ground seemed ideal for caribou, and, as we knew that this part of the country had been absolutely undisturbed since the previous autumn, we expected every moment to meet with some of these animals; but although in the course of the day we trudged many a mile through bog and forest, and did not get back to camp till long after dark, we only saw one young stag. I crept close up to this animal and found that his horns were small and still in the velvet, so I let him alone. During the day we met with a great profusion of edible berries. These were of two kinds, which are known locally as "blue berries" and "partridge berries." They are plentiful, I believe, all over Newfoundland, wherever outcrops of rock sparsely covered with soil rise above the level of the marshes; and, besides being greedily eaten by bears, form the staple food in the autumn months of the willow grouse, which grow fat and attain a most delicate flavour in consequence.

Just at dusk, as we were passing a small sheet of water, a pair of great northern divers commenced to call vociferously. These fine birds are very common in Newfoundland, where they are known as "loons," and their wild and somewhat melancholy cry is often heard both by day and night. I have always loved to listen to the cries of wild creatures, especially by night; but I know of no sound in Nature more in harmony with the wild desolation of its surroundings than the mournful cry of the loon, as it echoes across the waters of some lonely lake in the little-known interior of Newfoundland.

On the following day we pushed on up the river which connects Mollygojack and St. John's Lake, reaching the latter sheet of water soon after midday. The stream which connects the two lakes pursues a most tortuous course through a densely-wooded plain, passing on its way through several shallow lagoons, the connection between one and the other being often somewhat difficult to find.

Whilst we were having our midday meal on the lake shore a young caribou stag came out of the forest within two hundred yards of us, and without appearing to observe us, though we were sitting in full view on some rocks, sauntered slowly along the water's edge for a short distance and then turned into the forest again. Before we had finished our lunch it came on to rain, and continued to do so, though not heavily,

an excellent view for a long distance along the shores of the lake, and also up the valley of the river. We also found the wigwags of some poles covered with birch bark in which the last party of Indian hunters had lived, some two or three years before the date of our visit. Except by these Indian hunters, who, I believe, were principally engaged in trapping beaver's and only occasionally shot caribou for the sake of the meat, Saunders averred that the country immediately to the south and west of St. John's Lake had never been hunted, and never even visited except by Mr. Howley—a surveyor in the employment of the Government of Newfoundland—and a lumbering party in search of timber, who had spent a winter half-way between St. John's Lake and Mollygojack in 1898. Certainly all the caribou I saw during the next few days were very tame.



From a THE YOUNG CARIBOU STAG SHOT ON THE SHORE OF LAKE MOLLYGOACK.

until nightfall. In the afternoon we paddled all along the southern shore of the lake, and by four o'clock reached the mouth of a considerable river flowing into it from the southwest. Here we camped in the shelter of the thick forest, which ran out to a point, in the angle formed between the lake shore and the southern bank of the river. We subsequently found that we had selected a spot for our camp which had been a favourite resort of Indian hunters, possibly for generations, as we found steps cut in the trunk of one of three large pine trees, which grew slanting towards the lake at an angle of twenty-five or thirty degrees. These steps had all the appearance of great age, and the tree in whose stem they had been cut had evidently been used as a look-out post from which to watch for deer. We found that it commanded

and showed so little fear at the sight of myself and my companions that we may well have been the first human beings they had ever seen. When we were entering the mouth of the river and paddling up to the camping-place I have just described there was a single caribou standing on the shore, which seemed so interested in the unwonted sight of our canoe that it would not move until we had drifted within seventy yards of it. Then, as we advanced towards it, it trotted slowly away, but halted and turned to stare at us again and again before finally entering the forest. A number of Canadian geese and black ducks which had been sitting on a mud bank near the mouth of the river were much less retiring and flew off long before we were within rifle-shot of them.

(To be continued.)



An amusing account of the trials and tribulations which befell a Kaffir trader who undertook to sell medicines to the natives. He had no medical knowledge, could not even read the labels on the bottles, and in consequence both he and his patients had some exciting experiences.



It was in the early days of my Kaffir trading experience, and when my qualifications to pose as a universal provider to the untutored black were not so distinctly palpable as I could have wished, that this incident occurred.

My store was a building of the ordinary bungalow type, situated immediately opposite the main entrance to a large Kaffir kraal, and it contained a stock which was as varied in its assortment as it was peculiar in its nature. At that time I had no knowledge of the Kaffir language, but most of the Kaffir men could converse in the Boer tongue, and, as I gradually acquired a speaking acquaintance with this language, we got on pretty well.

Although in the course of my daily round and common task my customers abused me with a liberality of invective that might have been extremely trying to bear had it been in the slightest degree intelligible, I made many friends among them; and it followed very naturally that when any of them fell ill I heard about it, and endeavoured to afford them relief by doses of medicine from the little stock of remedies which I kept for my own use.

Having been successful in curing several cases of malarial fever, and affording relief to the possessors of other minor ailments, it got noised abroad that I was possessed of great medical skill, and I was daily worried by would-be

patients who, refusing to accept my assurance that my stock of medicines was almost exhausted, lounged about the store, sat in picturesque but morose groups upon the floor, and waylaid me in ever-increasing numbers upon the stoep, until they became a positive annoyance. This state of things went on for some time, and when I found it growing worse instead of better I resolved to put an end to it. If the Kaffirs decided to have medicine they should have it—but they should pay for it.

The day I got that idea I closed the store an hour earlier than usual, saddled up my Basuto pony, and rode to the nearest telegraph-office, twenty-five miles away.

My agent in Johannesburg was an energetic man, and when he received my wire for "three gross bottles assorted medicine suitable for natives," he promptly set about complying with it. The next mail brought a letter from him to say that, as there did not seem to be any special medicines upon the market adapted solely for Kaffir use, he had purchased the requisite quantity of such Dutch medicines as were in common use among the Boers, and was forwarding same with my next consignment of goods.

It was just a fortnight later that a bullock waggon drew up in front of the store, laden high with packages consigned to "J. E. Franklin, Magato's Kraal, N.W. Transvaal"

Before it had come to a standstill I had climbed upon it in search of my treasure, and when the Kaffir driver pointed out to me the compact little case labelled "Fragile With Care," I trembled so that I was afraid to lift it from the waggon lest it should fall, smashing the priceless contents that were to bring relief to thousands—or, rather, three gross—of suffering humanity. With a great effort I steadied my nerves and managed to lift it down from the waggon, carry it through the store, and deposit it gently upon my bed. I would not open it at once: that must be done secretly, when the store was closed for the day and my attendant Kaffirs had gone to their huts. Meanwhile I sat and gazed upon it with longing eyes, the while my boys precipitated the remainder of my goods from the waggon on to the stoep.

There was some difficulty in getting the store closed that night; the number of my prospective patients had increased as the days went on, and when they knew that the medicine had arrived they were impatient to begin upon it at once. With a view to making them still more eager, and with an idea that it would be as well to look through the assorted medicines before prescribing, I refused to listen to their request; and telling them that the morrow would find me prepared to attend to them in my medical capacity—it is difficult to translate "medical capacity" into Boer-Dutch when you know as little of the language as I did—I pushed the last invalid out of the store, dismissed my house Kaffir, double locked the door, and retreated to my room, where the chest still lay upon my bed.

By the light of two small lamps I gently prised off the lid and revealed a layer of paper; beneath this came a layer of straw of some thickness, then some corrugated cardboard, another layer of paper, and then row upon row

of little glass phials. To the uncertain light I could see that their labels bore the names of the contents in large letters, while the directions made two lines of smaller print beneath. I picked up one bottle and held it to the light, and then a feeling of dismay took possession of me. The label was printed in Dutch!

I picked up another—that was Dutch. I grabbed at half a dozen and glared at them with something of the expression of a lost soul. They were all in Dutch!

I have said before that I had acquired a limited speaking knowledge of Boer-Dutch—

how limited I only now realized—but I could not undertake to read even the simplest words in that language. In fact, I do not think I had met with it in print before, and should not now have known what it was but for my agent's letter, which had spoken of these

medicines being "in common use among the Boers."

For an hour I sat beside that chest and tortured myself with thoughts of the morrow. Like the fleeting pictures of the cinematograph, I saw a vision of that coming day—a host of suffering Kaffirs, with a profound and childlike faith in my medical knowledge, coming to me to be relieved of their various aches and pains; and myself, helpless and hopeless in a confused struggle with three gross bottles of assorted medicines of whose properties I was completely ignorant.

I saw myself either refusing to sell them any of it at all, and by that course arousing their wrath as to make the whole tribe turn and rend me, or else serving them out indiscriminately with whatever bottle I chanced to put my hand on, until half their number had expired with grotesque and horrible symptoms upon my floor, while the other half coughed fairly hoarse to die.

Mechanically I turned those bottles out, one by one, and arranged them in accordance with



"I PICKED UP ONE BOTTLE AND HELD IT TO THE LIGHT."

the heathenish-looking names upon their labels, until the floor of my room was well-nigh covered with them. There were twenty-four sorts in all. Of one sort there would be only four or five bottles, and of another a dozen or more.

I looked at my watch; it was seven o'clock. At seven the next morning my store must be opened. I had just twelve hours in which to prepare! Then a great and noble idea came to me.

Could I heartlessly prescribe haphazard for those weaker brethren of mine, and listen unmoved to their piteous cries when one should happen upon a fatal dose? I could not. If anyone had to suffer it should be myself.

Not a year goes past, I reflected, but some valuable life is yielded up in the interests of medical science; why should I hold back? There were twenty-four sorts of medicine; there were twelve hours left in which to test them. That would allow just half an hour for each sort to work its bitter will upon me; possibly death would intervene at an early stage and save me from testing them all. Later I regretted that it did not.

I began with a compound that looked the most innocent of all. It was as clear as water until shaken, and then it grew disturbed and milky. Upon the label it said in large letters, "Oogen Droppels"; then came two lines of directions in smaller print. As there were two dozen bottles of it, I felt that it must be something that was more often needed than the other sorts. I took out the cork. A faint aroma, as of a newly-dug grave, made me pause for a moment. Then I poured out half a tea-spoonful and drank it down.

When I was able to think coherently again, I was paler but still resolved. I took hold of another bottle. I have forgotten the name of that mixture, but it smelt like tar and tasted like decayed ink. At the end of thirty minutes I was not only alive but almost cheerful. I tried a third. As that was tasteless I only gave it twenty minutes.

At the end of that time I found myself whistling some light refrain. I checked myself instantly; this was no time for levity. The fourth bottle contained a greenish fluid, so

thick and sticky that I thought it better to mix it with a little water. I made an attempt to swallow it.

The water went down all right, but the green stuff stuck upon my tongue, plastered itself upon the roof of my mouth, and cemented my palate. It did not taste of anything in particular; it only burnt. Looking back now upon that time, calmly and dispassionately, I am strongly of opinion that it was something for corns. Whatever it was, it undoubtedly saved my life.

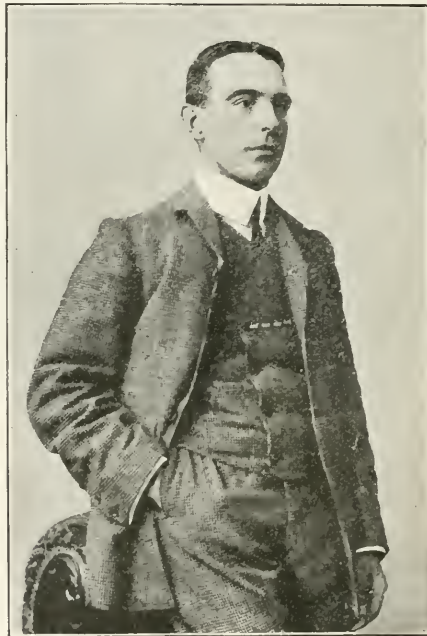
Everything I drank after that was bereft of all its natural strength and flavour; as soon as I got it in my mouth the corn cure seized upon it and scorched it into a state of hopeless nothingness. I had intended to make a list of all the different medicines, and set down against each a few notes upon its taste, smell, and general effect, but after the fourth bottle this was useless. They were all alike, tasteless and void of effect, until I came to the last one of all.

The sun was streaming in at my window—had been doing so for a couple of hours—when I came to that last dose. It was labelled "Benaardheitschiffichen," or something similar, and was of a dark, reddy-brown hue. With a feeling of thankfulness that almost amounted to intoxication, I poured out a spoonful of it.

The moment it touched my tongue something

began to fizzle and effervesce, then a strange feeling took possession of me, as though someone had secreted a siphon of soda-water in the back of my throat and the neck had suddenly flown off. My mouth was full of hot foam, the passage of my nose was stopped, and I became aware of an irresistible desire to breathe through my ears. When I regained consciousness there were flakes of some hard substance in my mouth—the corn cure had peeled off, and with it the skin of my tongue.

There was a knock at the door of my room. I opened it and let in the house Kaffir. He glanced curiously at me, then at the bottles, then at me again. I wondered if he would understand what I had been doing—recognise



THE AUTHOR, MR. J. E. FRANKLIN.
From a Photo. by W. W. Guinée.

the sacrifice I had offered for him and his people. His face, however, betrayed no emotion, and he said, quite calmly, "Coffee, Baas?"

I waved him from the room, then I sat down and solemnly wrote upon my incomplete list,



"HE GLANCED CURIOUSLY AT ME, AND THEN AT THE BOTTLES."

opposite the word "Benaardheitschiffichen," "Of great effect in cases where the patient has swallowed a quantity of tar, concrete, asphalt, or fish-glué." Then I carried the bottles into the store, arranged them in rows upon a red cloth-covered shelf, and threw open the front door with a magnificent gesture that might have meant anything or nothing.

It was my custom to close the store every morning from half-past eight till nine, while I had my breakfast. When I sat down to that meal upon this particular morning I spent the greater part of the time in reflection.

My mouth was so tender that the hot coffee was unpleasantly suggestive of the Chinese boiling oil torture, and what little food I did swallow went down like chaff. My throat felt as though it had undergone a severe rasping with a nutmeg grater, and my teeth were encrusted with a rich deposit of the most objectionable constituents of twenty-four assorted medicines. But I had already sold thirty-two bottles of those medicines, and I was conscious of a deep sense of thankfulness in the thought

that if they did not do any good they were equally incapable of doing any harm.

Later in the day I wrote to my agent, asking him to procure from the druggists a list of their Dutch medicines, together with an English translation of the names and directions printed upon each.

During the whole of that first day upon which I entered upon my medical career I suffered intense pain. The accumulated energies of twenty-four assorted medicines, working sometimes together and sometimes antagonistically upon my inner man, racked me from head to foot. Yet I stuck to my work with what strength was left me, and when night fell my stock of medicines was decreased by one hundred and twenty-two bottles.

I had firmly insisted on homeopathic doses in every case. Two to five drops of medicine in half a pint of water was what I recommended my female patients, and for the men I prescribed half a teaspoonful in the same quantity of water. It was difficult to get them to carry out even these simple instructions; the Kafir likes his medicine strong and nasty, and the quantity of water I recommended prevented it being to his taste. In most cases they conformed to it, under strong

pressure, and out of all my first patients one hundred and twenty appeared upon the following day to report progress.

The absence of the other two was explained by messages received during the day. One of them felt so much better that he had gone ploughing, and the other, in his anxiety to get well, had taken two doses as prescribed and then swallowed the remainder of the medicine neat. According to what I could gather from the messenger, at the time of sending off his message he was better, but still very weak.

Three days passed by and none of my patients died. I, too, was feeling better and could eat fairly well, although I was as yet unable to drink my coffee hot.

The excitement among the inhabitants of the kraal, caused by the advent of the asserted medicines, was palpably dying away. It seemed not sufficient for them that no one had died, what they were hankering after was a sensational cure, and I felt that, in consequence of the majority of my patients feeling neither much better nor worse, my prestige was likely to suffer

very shortly. I was rather touched by their want of gratitude.

All the while I had doctored them gratis they had recovered with a rapidity that was as pleasing as it was unprofitable, but now they had to pay for their medicine they persisted in remaining unwell, and I was almost beginning to doubt the efficacy of the system upon which I based my prescriptions.

The system came to me quite by accident—for want of a better; I called it the “colour system,” and had hoped it would prove a huge success. It was worked like this. The twenty-four assorted medicines were of different colours. They ranged in beautiful gradations through a variety of shades, from the dark, reddy-brown “Benaardheitschiflichen” up to the colourless water-hue of the undisturbed “Oogen Droppels.”

Now, my clients were also of varied colourings. They ranged in complexion from the deepest stove-black of the pure-bred negro up to the tawny, stale-pastry tint of the Hottentot. To the darkest-complexioned of my customers I gave the lightest-coloured medicines, to the lighter-skinned ones I gave remedies of darkest hue, and I prescribed from every sort in my stock with the exception of “Benaardheitschiflichen” and the deadly “Oogen Droppels.”

So far I had had no patient suffering from a tarry interior, so the former had not been needed; and the latter I thought of introducing to the Boers who occasionally passed my store as a newly-discovered poison for jackals.

When a week had passed only thirty-three of my old patients remained to me. Not more than half of this gallant company would buy any more medicine, and they were unwilling to go on with the homœopathic doses: while the remainder lounged about the store and grumbled volubly and long.

It was just before sunset one evening, and while the grumblers were combining in a universal parting growl, that a new patient arrived. He was a robust-looking Kaffir, and he came rushing into the store with an impetus that almost shot him over the counter.

I was standing at the medicine department when he arrived, and as soon as he said he had an acute pain over his heart I reached round for a bottle of a medium tint

—he was of a medium complexion—but before I could turn back again he leaned over and grasped my arm.

“Wait a bit,” he said, hoarsely, in Dutch. “The pain begins here”—patting his heart—“and flies up here”—indicating his shoulder.

I turned and seized a bottle of a rather lighter colour.

“Wait a bit,” he said again. “Then the pain flies over here and down here”—pointing over his back down to the calf of his left leg.

This was getting interesting. The grumblers had ceased their complaining to gather round and watch me deal with this painful case. My new patient went on with his recital.

“Two days have I suffered,” he said, “and though I have drunk freely of the Kaffir medicine, the medicine of my people, yet am I now in greater pain than before.”

I had endeavoured to raise a professional sneer at the mention of his Kaffir medicine, but I felt that it was not a success; moreover, the grumblers were looking at me with critical eyes. I felt it behoved me to make a great effort, so reaching forward I seized his pulse, and pulling out my watch stared gravely at the minute hand. The fact that my watch had stopped made less difference than you might imagine, because his wrist was so brawny I couldn't find his pulse, and if I had I shouldn't have been any wiser.

After holding him thus for what seemed like a space of twenty minutes, I released his wrist and sternly ordered him to put out his tongue. I knew not much more of tongues than pulses,



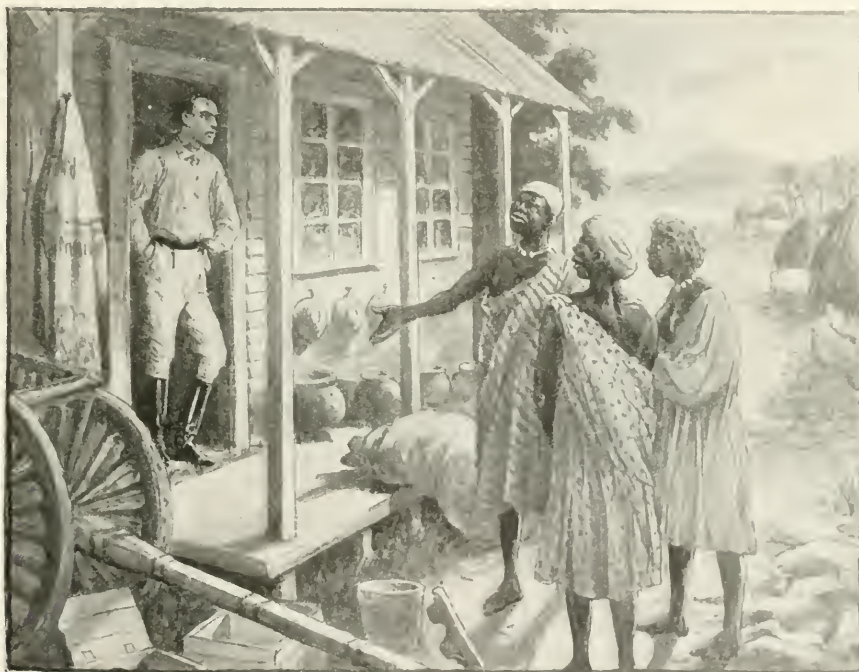
“I SEIZED HIS PULSE.”

but I am firmly convinced that Kaffir's tongue was the healthiest-looking specimen I ever saw. The grumblers were crowding round him now and seemed considerably impressed by my actions.

I took a sheet of note-paper and wrote upon it in large characters " $X - 1 + 2 = 3$." Then I turned hastily round, and picking up the first bottle that came to hand rolled it in the paper and gravely presented it to him. I recognised that he was no subject for the homœopathic treatment, so I advised him to take a spoonful neat every hour, to walk three times round the bottle, holding the paper in his left hand,

and I felt that I should never see him again, unless some of his relations should come and deposit him upon my stoep, a corpse. That night I slept but ill. I was restless and troubled, and every time I dozed I was pursued by a gigantic headless Kaffir, who carried a huge bottle of "Oogen Droppels" under his left arm. Daylight and business brought no return of happiness. I trembled at every sound, and when a party of Kaffir girls arrived with a bag of corn I thought it was the corpse done up in a sack.

Later in the morning, when my nerves were at their highest tension and the grumblers were



"I THOUGHT IT WAS THE CORPSE DONE UP IN A SACK."

before each dose, and to come to me the next morning. Then I charged him half a crown—my usual price was a shilling, but this seemed an exceptional case—and bade him farewell.

When I think of that evening a cold thrill embraces me even now, for when I had closed the store, and was looking through my medicine stock, I discovered that a bottle of "Oogen Droppels" had disappeared! Like a flash it dawned upon me that I had picked up a bottle haphazard for my last patient, and already he was probably imbibing that terrible "Oogen Droppels" at the rate of one spoonful per hour.

If I had had any idea where to find him I should have dashed out and secured that bottle by main force; but he was a stranger to me,

gathering round me to renew their daily torrent of abuse, something crawled wearily into the store and clung feebly to the counter for support. It was some time before I discovered in this wreck any likeness to my robust looking patient of the night before, and when I did I felt like a doomed man. I felt that he had come to denounce me as an impostor, and that henceforth my medical pretensions would become a byword and a thing of laughter. Just then he spoke.

"I have come for another bottle of the white man's medicine," he said, feebly. "I have drunk of the bottle that the Great One gave me yesterday, and, behold! my pain is gone. Also the medicine is very strong, so I seek yet

another bottle that the pain may be frightened utterly away."

For a moment I thought the "Oogen Droppels" must have touched his brain. Then, as I saw how calm, though feeble, he looked, I grasped the situation. I was loth to give him another bottle of that infernal mixture, but he pleaded so hard for it that I was obliged to let him have his way, only upon the condition, though, that he should not take more than three spoonfuls a day.

Before he went away the grumblers crowded round him, plying him with questions. I could not understand what he said, but from his gesticulations he had evidently found a powerful remedial agent in "Oogen Droppels." After he had gone the grumblers held a consultation upon my stoep. Then they returned in a body and demanded a bottle each of "Oogen Droppels."

I would not hear of it. I knew that only the strong constitution of my last patient had pulled him through the "Oogen Droppel" ordeal, and I was not minded to have these people's death laid to my charge. I suggested that it might be as well for them to try a change of medicines, and offered them their choice of any colour they liked; but they would hear of nothing but "Oogen Droppels." I turned them bodily out of the store and closed the door, thinking they would go home. When I opened it an hour later their numbers had increased threefold, and some among them had never had an ache or pain in their lives, but they were all clamouring for "Oogen Droppels."

They filled the store to overflowing, preventing the ingress of any of my regular customers, and they crowded up to the counter and fixed me with eager eyes lest I should be tempted to give "Oogen Droppels" to one of their number and refuse it to the rest.

When this had gone on for an hour, and

their numbers were still increasing, I harangued them. I said that "Oogen Droppels" was a fearful and wonderful medicine; that it was only intended for very special diseases—which Kaffirs never suffered from—and that it was very uncertain in its action even then.

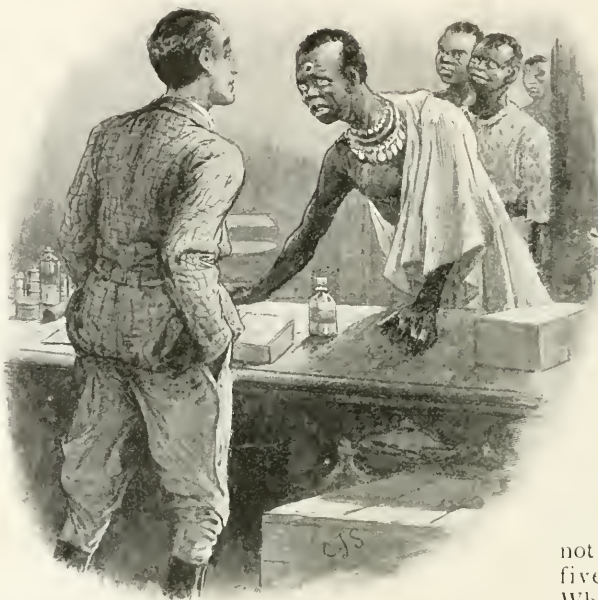
I told them that in nine cases out of ten it would prove fatal within the hour, and its victims would die a horrible death. When I paused for a moment they all held out their hands for a bottle of it! I implored them to take anything but that, and I gave them their choice of any colour that took their fancy—not even excepting the corn-cure and "Benaardheitschiflichen." And they unani- mously refused.

As a last hope I said that "Oogen Droppels" was a very rare and costly drug and could not be sold for less than five shillings a bottle. Whereupon those who had that sum immediately produced it and those

who hadn't went home to fetch it.

I had thought that the mention of such an exorbitant price would deter them, and kept it back for my last shot. When I found it was a useless subterfuge I felt faint and sick. But there was nothing else to be done now. I took down the bottles of "Oogen Droppels" one by one and handed them over to the clamorous crew with the air of a convicted wholesale poisoner. There were two dozen bottles originally, and I had only parted with two before this, so there were now twenty-two to dispose of.

There was much squabbling among the crowd as to who was to have them; but I handed them over to all such as had the money, irrespective of age or sex, and when all the bottles were gone those Kaffirs that had not obtained any of the fateful preparation followed after those who had and worried them just as they had previously worried me. I had another bad time that night, and cursed the idea that led me to imperil my legitimate business by embarking



"HE PLEADED SO HARD FOR IT."

upon such a dangerous career as that of medicine-man to a kraalful of fool Kaffirs.

The next day I began to feel somewhat better. The morning had passed and I had not heard of a single death; the afternoon brought me a score of fresh inquirers for "Oogen Droppels," and the evening witnessed the arrival of some of those patients who had purchased that confounded mixture upon the previous day, and who, though looking much thinner and weaker, were evidently not intending to expire.

The following day a deputation, consisting of all those who had purchased "Oogen Droppels"—and who, to my surprise, persisted in surviving—headed by the chief of the kraal, came to implore me to get a fresh supply of "Oogen Droppels" at once.

The chief was the spokesman. He acknowledged that he had not yet had the pleasure of tasting "Oogen Droppels," but he was very anxious to do so, and he begged me, on behalf of his tribe, to immediately procure enough to satisfy them all.

Now that my fear of depopulating the entire country was removed I assented, and sent off one of my Kaffirs with a telegram to my agent to forward, as soon as possible, ten gross bottles of "Oogen Droppels."

Meanwhile I began to look upon the subject of "Oogen Droppels" in a different light. From wondering if it could ever be of the slightest efficacy in the simplest of ailments, I worked myself up to a strong conviction that it was a sovereign specific for every ill that flesh is heir to. Not only that, but I began to congratulate myself upon having discovered it, thus conferring a boon upon my fellow-men which would yield me a very substantial profit—a thing which boons to fellow-men are not always in the habit of doing.

When my Kaffir returned from the post-office, bringing with him my weekly mail, I had just conjured up the vision of a huge building full of machinery, and large enough to cope with the demand of the whole continent; and upon the front of it was blazoned:—

"The Oogen Droppels Company, Limited.
Franklin's Marvellous Kaffir Cure."

With this pleasant picture still strong in my mind I looked carefully through my letters until my attention was caught by a package with the

Johannesburg post mark. It was ~~from my agent~~, and when I opened it the first thing that ~~caught~~ my eye was a typed, alphabetical list of Dutch medicines, with the English translation annexed. I smiled as I opened it at its uselessness now. Henceforth I would stock nothing but "Oogen Droppels." Carelessly I turned its pages. It came as somewhat of a shock to find that the reddy-brown "Benaardheitschifflichen" was intended to be used in a highly diluted state, as a lotion for the bites of poisonous reptiles—but there was worse to follow. I turned over till I came to the letter "O." There it was, the marvellous specific, the sovereign cure all. This is what it said:—

"Oogen Droppels, or eye drops. For ophthalmia, or any inflammatory affection of the eyelids. Three drops to be dropped in the eyes four times a day."

And this was my wonderful remedy! This was the miraculous medicine which was to make me famous! For awhile I sat there stunned. Then a thought came that made me wince. If only any white man got hold of this story! If a wandering trader should but happen that way and hear from the Kaffirs of Franklin's marvellous cure, and see one of those bottles with that confounded "Oogen Droppels" printed upon it in large letters! It only needed that to make me a laughing-stock from Cape Town to the Zambesi. And there were ten gross more of the stuff ordered! I writhed in my chair. Then, suddenly, a saving thought came to me. I shouted for my pony, locked and barred the store, and rode off to the telegraph-office like one possessed. I could hardly write the words that were burning into my brain.

"Have you dispatched 'Oogen Droppels' yet?"

That was the message I sent, and the two hours that I waited for the answer were longer than two average human lives. At last it came—there was hope yet. I could have hugged that unemotional agent of mine had the distance permitted it.

"No waggon yet; sending to-morrow," he answered.

Quick as thought I wired back again: "Send twenty gross 'Oogen Droppels' instead of ten, and *remove the labels!*"

Paris to New York Overland.

THE NARRATIVE OF A REMARKABLE EXPEDITION.

By HARRY DE WINDT, F.R.G.S.

III.—VERKHUYANSK TO BEHRING STRAITS.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we have secured the sole and exclusive right to publish the only illustrated account of Mr. de Windt's great feat which will appear in this country, the reproductions of the Kodak photographs taken during the expedition adding greatly to the vividness of the narrative. As a glance at a map of the world will show, the explorer's journey necessitated traversing some of the wildest and most inhospitable regions of the earth, where even the elements fought against the intrepid party. Mr. de Windt essayed the journey once before, but on that occasion the expedition came to grief on the ice-bound shores of Behring Sea, and the author barely escaped with his life from the hands of the savage natives. This time complete success has crowned the venture; but the adventures met with, and the unheard-of privations endured by the party form a unique record of human endurance and dogged pluck.



VERKHUYANSK is called by loyal Russians the heart of Siberia. Political exiles have another name for it, which would give it a distinctly warmer climate than it now possesses; this I will leave to the reader's imagination. And, indeed, life here must be intolerably dreary for those who have been used to a life of mental activity in a civilized world. Two exiles had lately committed suicide in the space of eighteen months, driven to self-destruction by the hopeless monotony of existence, and the rest complained bitterly of the miserable pittance allowed for their maintenance. On the banishment of a political offender his property is confiscated to the uttermost farthing by the Russian Government and he receives a monthly allowance, the sum varying in certain districts. As already stated, at Verkhoyansk it is seventeen roubles (or about thirty-four shillings) a month, and, if a wife voluntarily shares her husband's exile, *one rouble* is munificently added by a paternal Government for her subsistence. As provisions here are nearly always at famine prices, tea and sugar are unattainable luxuries, and candles are so dear that throughout the long, dreary winter the exile must be content with the dim light shed by flickering logs. But an amiable chief of police and a good library atone for many evils, and compared to Sredni-Kolymsk (twelve hundred miles farther north, near the shores of the Arctic Ocean), Verkhoyansk is a terrestrial paradise.

We left here on the bright, sunlit morning of the 2nd March, our departure being wit-

nessed by our good friend Katcheroffski and all the exiles. My small supply of reading matter comprised a "*Daily Mail Year Book*," and although very loth to part with this I had not the heart to take it away from a young exile who had become engrossed in its contents. For it contained many matters of interest which are usually blacked out by the censor. "I shall learn it all off, Mr. de Windt," said the poor fellow, gratefully, as the chief of police for a moment looked away and I handed him the tiny encyclopædia; "when we meet again I shall know it all by heart." But twelve long years must elapse before my poor friend bids farewell to Verkhoyansk.

Picture the distance from, say, London to St. Petersburg as one unending level, snowy plateau, and you have the region we now crossed before you. The distance may seem trifling to the railway passenger, but it becomes a very different proposition with intense cold, deep snow, scanty shelter, and sick reindeer to contend against. For the first seven or eight hundred miles we passed through dense forests, which gradually dwindled down to sparse and stunted shrubs until the tree-line was reached and vegetation finally disappeared. So few travellers enter this gloomy region that there is no attempt at a track of any kind, and we steered by compass and the stars. The so-called rest-houses were now two hundred miles and more apart, and we generally left one with a very vague notion as to when we should see the next. The first one arrived at—Aditscha—was filthier than any we had passed on the way up from Yakutsk, and, as usual, the only food procurable was tainted

fish and deer-meat, for the epicurean Yakute will not look at either until they are partly decomposed. So we were compelled to subsist on "Carnyl," a kind of palatable pemmican brought from England and intended for use in

Needless to say it swarmed with vermin, and so did we after a night pass-of here, to such an extent as to cause actual pain whenever we left the outer cold for a warmer temperature. Oddly enough, the rest-houses seemed to be



From a]

A WAYSIDE POST-HOUSE BETWEEN VERKHOFYANSK AND SREDNI-KOLYMSK.

[Kodak Photo.

the Arctic. We afterwards nearly perished from starvation in consequence of this premature indulgence in our "emergency rations."

The greatest cold experienced during the entire journey was at Aditscha, where the temperature sank to seventy-eight degrees below zero. But the heat and stench of the rest-house produced such faintness and nausea that more than once during the night I put on my furs and braved the outer cold. It was so great that in a few seconds a mask of ice was formed over the lips by breath congealed on the moustache. This discomfort became so incessant that on leaving Aditscha we dispensed with these hirsute adornments.

The Aditscha rest-house was, as usual, crowded with natives of habits as disgusting as their filthy exterior. A couple of cows and some calves also occupied the foul, dark den, with its slippery mud floor and windows of ice.

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always crowded with people, although outside them we never encountered a solitary human being all the way from Verkhoyansk to Sredni-Kolymsk. Nor did we see a single animal or bird, with the exception of a dead ermine which had been caught in a trap, and which our

Yakutes, with characteristic greed, promptly took from the snare and pocketed.

As we neared the tree-line storms were encountered, which increased in frequency and violence until, approaching the Arctic, they occurred almost daily as furious blizzards. On such occasions we had to, for it was impossible to stand up, much less make headway against the wind and driving snow.

The latter did not fall, as a rule, but was whirled up from the ground in dense clouds, and during the lulls an occasional glimpse of blue sky and cloudless sunshine had a strange effect. Fortunately for the traveller in these desolate wastes,



THE ONLY SIGN OF LIFE BETWEEN VERKHOFYANSK AND SREDNI-KOLYMSK -
From a] A DEAD ERMINE CAUGHT IN A TRAP. [Kodak Photo.



THE INTERIOR OF A "POVARNIA"—"IN POINT OF COMFORT THEY RESEMBLE ENGLISH COWSHEDS." [Kodak Photo.]

uninhabited sheds called "povarnias" are placed at intervals of fifty miles or so between the rest-houses, and we sheltered in these, when possible, during dirty weather. In point of comfort a "povarnia" resembles an English cow-shed. They were icy cold and generally half full of snow which had drifted through apertures in their wooden walls, while the ceiling was usually so low that we crawled about on all fours. The worst "povarnia" we occupied was called Sissana, or "the hundred doors," by reason of its draughty proclivities. And yet, cold and miserable as these places were, we often crept into them out of storms with as much relief and gratitude as though they had been palatial hotels in London or New York.

I was somewhat prepared for the terrible percentage of insane persons which I afterwards found amongst the exiles at Sredni-Kolymsk by the large number of Yakutes of feeble intellect whom we encountered at the rest-houses. In nearly every one we met with one or more unmistakable lunatics, and it afterwards struck me that, in a land where even the natives go mad from sheer despondency of life, it is no wonder that men and women of culture and refinement are driven to suicide from constant fear of insanity. Idiocy is more frequent amongst the natives, and in one "povarnia" we found a poor, half-witted wretch who had taken up his quarters there, driven away from the nearest rest-house by the cruelty of its inmates. He had laid in a store of putrid fish and seemed quite resigned to his surroundings, but we persuaded him to return to his home with us. This was an exceptional case, for the Yakutes are generally kind and indulgent towards mental sufferers. The kindness arises to a certain

extent from fear, for in these parts mad people are credited with occult powers which are said to enable them to take summary vengeance on their enemies.

Notwithstanding the gloomy predictions of Katcheroffski we reached Sredni-Kolymsk in less than three weeks. This was chiefly due to the untiring energy of our Cossack, Stepan, who now and on many subsequent occasions proved an invaluable ally. Stepan was well acquainted with this country, his duty being to convey political exiles from Yakutsk to the Arctic settlements. The journey, made under these circumstances, usually takes a year from St. Petersburg, for the Russian Government does not waste money

usually takes a year from St. Petersburg, for the Russian Government does not waste money



A YAKUTE LUNATIC—INSANITY IS TERRIBLY PREVALENT AMONG THESE NATIVES. [Kodak Photo.]

on travelling expenses for the benefit of "politicals." In the case of young and delicate women the hardships of this stupendous voyage can scarcely be over-rated. A lady political never travels alone, but is always accompanied by a fellow-exile of her own sex.

In appearance Sredni-Kolymsk is something like Verkhoyansk, but smaller, while its wooden huts are so low in stature that the place is entirely concealed a short distance away by the stunted trees around it. Only the tottering spire of an old wooden chapel is visible, and this only overtops the neighbouring buildings by



THE COSSACKS WHO ESCORT THE POLITICAL EXILES—ON THE LEFT IS STEPAN, WHO ACCOMPANIED THE EXPEDITION. [Kodak Photo.]

a few feet at most. I thought the army of desolation had been reached at Verkhoyansk, but to drive into this place was like entering a cemetery. We arrived on a bright, sunlit morning, but the sight of those squalid huts, knowing, as we did, the unspeakable misery they contained, seemed to darken the face of Nature like a coffin borne by mistake into a

brilliant ball-room. Imagine an avenue of dilapidated mud-hovels, surrounded by more hovels scattered baphazard over an area of perhaps half a mile. All around a desolate plain of snow fringed by gloomy pine-forests and bisected by



[From a]

A GENERAL VIEW OF SREDNI-KOLYMSK

[Kodak Photo.]

the frozen Kolyma River—and over all the silence of the grave. Such is Sredni-Kolymsk as it appeared to me, even in that glorious sunshine, the most cheerless, hopeless, God-forsaken-looking place on the face of the earth.

Space will not admit of a description of the political exiles I found here who had seen no stranger from the outer world for over thirty years,* but I may say that of the fourteen

years, and from Moscow to the Island of Sakhalin I have generally found them humanely conducted. I cannot therefore believe that the appalling state of affairs here is known in St. Petersburg, for there is only in winter one mail to the capital, and in summer no postal service at all. As I have said, exiles take a year and more to reach this place after indescribable sufferings, and once here 30 per cent.



From a

THE MAIN STREET OF SREDNI-KOLYMSK.

[Kodak Photo.]

exiles here only two were guilty of actual crime. These were Madame Akimova, convicted of an attempt to assassinate the present Emperor at his Coronation, and Zimmerman, who destroyed the Lodz Government factories by dynamite a few years ago. Both were sentenced to death, and respited—a doubtful mercy, seeing that they were afterwards banished for life to Sredni-Kolymsk. With these two exceptions the exiles were absolutely innocent of active participation in the revolutionary movement, and would probably have been regarded as peaceable citizens in any country but their own. I met men and women here who are branded in Russia as dishonoured outcasts, but whose friendship and esteem I shall always recall with sincere satisfaction. I have up till now defended the Russian penal system against attacks, which I have found, by personal inspection, to be unjustified. My experience of Siberian prisons extends over a period of ten

become insane from the silence and solitude, and from the fact that they never know, towards the end of their term of exile, whether it will not be indefinitely prolonged. A doctor here, himself an exile, told me that nearly every woman over thirty years of age in the settlement was suffering from a hysterical form of insanity more dreaded than death. Within two years there have been four cases of suicide in a colony of twenty exiles. The Government allowance of eighteen roubles (or about thirty-six shillings) a month is so absurdly inadequate that most of these unhappy people were living in huts abandoned even by the filthy Yakutes, and subsisting in winter on putrid fish. Being unable to purchase warm clothing, they suffered agonies from the ferocious cold for nine months out of the twelve. Sredni - Kolymsk is notoriously unhealthy, but no provision whatever was made for the sick. Only a few weeks before my arrival a young Polish exile blew out his brains after being flogged by the chief of police, who was himself shot dead the next day by another

* Mr. De Windt's full account of Sredni-Kolymsk and its political exiles appeared in the Christmas number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.—ED.

exile, a friend of the dead man. As an official here owned that these tragedies occasionally occur, I assume that they are not uncommon. In short, ten days here convinced me that this

were political exiles, and a score of police under a chief of police. The remainder consisted of Cossacks, criminal colonists, and Yakuts. The first-named are employed as guards, but this



From a

THE TUMBLE-DOWN CHURCH AT SREDNI-KOLYMSK

[Kodak Photo.]

accursed spot should be wiped off the face of civilization, and I live in hopes that these lines may meet the eye of the one being on earth who has the power to bring this about. And I may add that in his clemency, and his alone,

precaution is quite unnecessary, for starvation would be the inevitable result of an attempt to escape. A criminal colonist is allotted a grant of land by the Government after a term of penal servitude, and I have never beheld, even in



From a

THE WRETCHED HUTS OF THE "BULLHOUNDS"

[Kodak Photo.]

every miserable outlaw in this Arctic "inferno" has implicit faith.

Sredni-Kolymsk has a population of about three hundred souls, of whom only thirteen

Sakhalin, such a band of murderous cut-throats as were assembled here. They were a constant terror to the poor Yakute villagers, and even officials rarely ventured out of doors after dark.

These officials, by the way, seem no better off than the exiles as regards the unutterable dreariness of daily existence, although large salaries (for Russia) provided them with warm dwellings, good food, wine, and other comforts which alone can render such a place as this inhabitable. Nearly all the information anent politicals in this article was obtained from "employés" in the police-office, and may therefore be regarded as unexaggerated and correct. A clerk in the office told me that a prominent symptom of the hysterical mania I have mentioned was the tendency to mimic the voice and actions of others, and this fact I personally verified. While walking in the street one day my arm was seized by an old Russian woman, who repeated, with weird accuracy, a sentence in French which I was addressing to my companion, the Vicomte de Clinchamp. The accent was perfect, although the speaker had never been nearer France than the city of Yakutsk.

At Sredni-Kolymsk my difficulties culminated, and I nearly gave up the voyage in despair. For a famine was raging, our own provisions were practically exhausted, and a journey of two months through a desert of ice lay before us. Dogs would now be our mode of transport, but they were very scarce. And, lastly, the Tchuktchis, on



AN OLD RUSSIAN WOMAN — SHE SUFFERED FROM THE HYSTERICAL FORM OF MADNESS PREVALENT AMONG THE FEMALE EXILES. [Kodak Photo.]

people have a wild and unreasoning fear of the Tchuktchis, whom they regard as bandits and murderers, although few of them had ever even

seen one. But at last, after endless difficulty and the consumption of much vodka, five sleds were got together, with a driver and twelve dogs to each, and we set out for Behring Straits about as suitably equipped for an Arctic expedition as a man who, in England, goes out duck-shooting at Christmas-time in a suit of silk pyjamas. For the only provisions that I could purchase at Sredni-Kolymsk would barely last three weeks, by which time I hoped to reach the first Tchuktchi settlement. If not, starvation seemed unpleasantly probable, or



From a] HALF-BREED YAKUTE WOMEN. [Kodak Photo.]

perhaps death from exposure, for our only shelter was a thin canvas tent. Our oil was exhausted and no more was procurable, so that artificial heat—that essential of Arctic travel—would have to be entirely derived from the drift-wood only occasionally found on the shores of the Polar Sea.

Leaving Sredni-Kolymsk our way lay along the frozen Kolyma River for about three hundred miles to Nijni-Kolymsk, an almost deserted collection of log-huts surrounding a little wooden chapel, now in ruins. The journey down river was not unpleasant, for we generally passed the night in the hut of some trapper or fisherman, who regaled us with tea and frozen fish. It took us five days to reach Nijni-Kolymsk, for our miserable, half-starved dogs travelled so slowly that my heart sank at the thought of the distance of our goal from the Kolyma River. During those anxious days America seemed almost as unattainable as the North Pole itself.

Nijni-Kolymsk contained about forty or fifty souls and perhaps as many gaunt and hungry dogs, for both men and animals were suffering severely from the effects of the famine. I doubt whether half the human population survived that winter. Another tedious delay occurred here owing to our drivers striking for higher wages, but the dispute was settled by a Polish exile, who, oddly enough, also fulfilled

the duties of chief of police. To lose his work was not onerous, for here we found only one other political, one Jacob Yartseff, exiled for life for smuggling coffee into Russia across the Austrian frontier. Yartseff was a kind of Russian Mark Tapley. His resigned cheerfulness under miserable conditions excited my admiration. Jacob had friends in New York and desired that they might be informed of his existence, a commission I

afterwards faithfully fulfilled. I encountered Yartseff on one occasion holding a frozen fish, which he pathetically informed me was his "menu" for the next ten days!

Leaving Nijni Kolymsk we again proceeded along the frozen river for another hundred and fifty miles to its mouth. Here is a tiny settlement called Sukharno, the very last outpost of the Czar. It consisted of a single hut, so buried by storms that we had to crawl into it through a tunnel of snow. The occupant was an aged Cossack, who lived amid surroundings that would have repelled a well-educated pig; but we often recalled even this dark and fetid den as a nest of luxury in the gloomy days to come. A furious blizzard detained us here for three days before we could again set out.

And while it was yet in sight I often glanced back for a last look at that lonely, snow-covered hut. For it was our last link with civilization—indeed, with humanity.



A LADY IN SIBERIAN WINTER COSTUME—SHE CARRIES A REVOLVER IN HER BELT. (Photo. From a)

(To be continued.)

Entombed in a Well.

BY A. M. MANLY.

A terrible experience which befell a young well-sinker in Canada. While working at the bottom of a deep shaft he was buried by a sudden fall of earth. Rescuers set to work to dig him out, only to be driven back by another subsidence when quite close to their unfortunate comrade. All hope of saving him had been abandoned when sounds were heard from a pipe leading down into the well, and again an attempt was made to reach the entombed man. At the risk of their lives the rescue party dug tunnels and made cuttings until at last, after nearly five days' imprisonment, the poor fellow was brought safely to the surface.



NOT often in the world's history has a man been buried in a well for more than four days, with great masses of earth and bricks above his head, and yet come out alive. Such, however, was the strange experience that befell a man named Joshua Sandford, while at work in a well situated on a farm near the town of Paris, in the Province of Ontario, Canada.

The Skelley farm on the St. George Road, about three miles from Paris, was the scene of the accident which so nearly proved a tragedy. On Tuesday, the 24th of June, 1902, Sandford and several other men were engaged in deepening a well on the farm. The well was bricked at the sides, and was dry. Sandford was at the very bottom of the well. At two o'clock in the afternoon the men above noticed that the sides of the well lower down were commencing to cave in. It is hardly necessary to say that they lost no time in getting to the surface of the ground. Arrived there they at once commenced to haul up Sandford, and would have succeeded in this but for the fact that, when their comrade was only half-way up, the earth near the top also began to cave in, and with a rush a great mass of it descended upon their unfortunate companion, completely burying him.

It did not take long for a crowd to gather, all discussing the terrible fate which had befallen the young well-sinker. Suddenly, however, a rapping was heard on an iron pipe that descended into the well, and those above at once came to the conclusion that the falling earth had in

some way formed an arch above Sandford, while the earth which had caved in lower down had filled up the well below him, thus preventing him from being crushed to death.

At the top of the well there was an opening in the pipe where four and five inch tubes joined, and through a crevice Dr. Patterson, of Paris, was able with difficulty to communicate with the entombed man below. Sandford was not able to reply in the same way, although for some time a certain amount of air reached him by means of this pipe—a supply augmented by pumping air down.

A system of signalling, however, was arranged, in accordance with which Sandford would tap on the pipe a certain number of times in response to questions asked. In this way it was discovered that he was well, had some few feet of space around him, and was prepared to hold out for a day, if such a length of time were necessary to effect his rescue.

The first plan adopted for getting Sandford out was by digging away the earth above him, but City Engineer Jones, of Brantford, arriving on the scene, soon persuaded the rescuers to desist from this, as being unwise and in the highest degree dangerous. The "bridge" above the imprisoned man, he pointed out, was no doubt caused by the weight of earth and bricks resting on the side of the well. If this pressure were interfered with, the whole mass of earth would in all probability collapse.

The idea of tunnelling into the well, which was thought of, had to be abandoned, as several days would have been required for this



YOUNG SANDFORD, THE WELL-SINKER, WHO WAS ENTOMBED FOR NEARLY FIVE DAYS.
From a Photo. by Cockburn.



From a]

THE SCENE AT THE TOP OF THE WELL-SHAFT AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

[Photo.

operation. The plan finally adopted was the digging of a new well or shaft about six feet from the old one, and this was accordingly sunk to a depth, in the first place, of about forty-three feet, the men working like Trojans. To reach Sandford it would, of course, be necessary to tunnel from the new well into the old one, and here a very formidable difficulty presented itself. To tunnel into the old well above Sandford might mean instant death to him, for in this way the superincumbent mass would be released. To tunnel below him would also give rise to great danger: it was necessary to make an opening into the well just at the very spot where Sandford was. He was asked—by way of the tube—if he could hear the men at work, and replied that he could.

When the workers had reached the depth mentioned above they were afraid that they were not yet low enough, but Sandford again and again affirmed that they were. Finally, after considerable consultation, it was decided to proceed with the tunnelling, and carpenters set to work to erect supports in the new well, so as to diminish the peril run by the rescue party. That this peril was a very real one was soon apparent. Suddenly a loud crash was heard, the timbers cracked and appeared to be giving way, and the men below were hastily drawn up to the surface. The cause of the disaster was soon explained—the earth above Sandford had settled! Again

and again the rescuers tapped on the pipe—their only means of communication with the entombed man—but no response was heard, and poor Sandford's fate was now considered sealed. With heavy hearts the little band of men, who had worked so heroically to save a comrade's life, gathered up their tools and dispersed.

It was at about 11.20 a.m. on the Thursday—two days after the first subsidence—that this second cave-in occurred, and during the afternoon the unfortunate man's father, quite by accident, came to the farm to see his son, having heard nothing of the caving in of the well and the entombment of his son. He was naturally quite overcome by the sad news, but was persuaded to return to his home in Galt, being assured that everything possible would be done to save his boy.

After all work had been abandoned a Mr. James Wheeler, of Paris, out of curiosity went to have a look at the well, and while standing there fancied that he heard a sound as of tapping. Another gentleman, who was standing near, at once went down into the new excavation, and reported that he had received a distinct response to his rapping. Without a moment's delay men were hurried to the spot, and the workers, though much fatigued by their previous long exertions, renewed their plucky struggle for a man's life. At 2 a.m. on Friday, the 27th, the third day of his imprisonment, the rescuers

were able to communicate with Sandford again, and ran iron pipes through the wall of earth to convey air to him. Sandford informed the men that he was ten feet below them, and they at once set to work to deepen the shaft. After this Sandford—no doubt worn out by his long and anxious vigil—is thought to have become delirious. He was heard crying, "Come down! Come down!" and moaning pitifully.

Meanwhile willing hands that eagerly volunteered for the perilous task toiled on unflinchingly in the depths of the new shaft. Sandford's father—who had returned to the scene—sat for the most part silent, making no remarks on what was being done, but with his eyes fastened steadfastly on the mouth of the shaft leading down to the scene of operations below. In the house close at hand two sisters of the entombed man hoped against hope that their brother might be brought up alive.

When the shaft had been deepened to a depth of sixty feet, and the tunnel cut through to the old well, the rescue party found that they were too far down, and the tunnel had to be filled up and the whole laborious business of cutting a new one higher up commenced. All the tunnel work, by the way, had to be carefully "cribbed" with timber to prevent caving-in.

The hole that was now bored was found to be above Sandford, but, nothing daunted, the workers toiled on, and by a lower boring he was finally reached. Sandford was discovered lying on his side, very pale, and muttering indistinctly. The fresh air that reached him caused him to revive somewhat, and after the administration of some hot water and milk by the physicians he gained strength in a remarkable manner.

"My body is free," he explained to his rescuers, "but my legs are caught. I can move them slightly, and they are not crushed, but they are so tightly gripped that they will pull off before they will give an inch. None of my bones are broken, but I am sore all over. My head hurts and my eyes burn, but I am not hungry." He expressed an opinion that he would be able to get out.

For twenty-four hours the men laboured incessantly to release Sandford's leg, by which he was firmly held. Having failed to succeed in what had at first appeared a comparatively

simple task, it was finally decided that a new tunnel would have to be dug, in order to get at the foot and clear away whatever held it. Mr. Jones, the engineer, declared against this scheme, as involving too much peril for Sandford's would-be rescuers. But, in spite of all warnings, the men determined to take the risks and proceed with the work. They chose to take their lives in their hands, and the event justified their daring.

Sandford, on being consulted, agreed to the men's plan of tunnelling in two feet below him, immediately underneath the imprisoned leg. Over him they built an arch to provide against a possible cave-in when the sand and bricks below should be moved. Round his body a rope was fastened, attached to a pulley on the other side of the crib-work, and above ground half-a-dozen men held this rope, prepared, in case a fall of earth did occur, to adopt the desperate remedy of attempting the prisoner's rescue by a prompt and vigorous pull.

A small opening only was made in the side of the well, and every inch of it was protected. At length, by the light of a portable electric lamp, Sandford's trousers were seen. The foot itself was presently discovered, wedged in between an iron pipe, the bricks of the well, and a heavy board. In removing these obstructions, as had been feared, Sandford slipped down, and it is said that not till then did this long-enduring man express alarm. He only

descended a few inches, however, and after some stimulant had been administered the last brick was removed without any catastrophe occurring, and the prisoner was free.

At 5.30 on Saturday afternoon—the fifth day of his entombment—Sandford was released, after exactly a hundred hours in the well. At 5.35 he had regained the upper air, having escaped from the gloomy vault that had for so long threatened to engulf him altogether. The rescued man's coolness was evidenced by the fact that before being drawn up he requested that water should be sent down and his face washed. He did not want to make his appearance with a dirty face, he said.

When Sandford reached the surface there was no noisy demonstration, though doubtless the two thousand people gathered around would



MR. JOHN CARNIE, WHO SUPERINTENDED THE RESCUE OPERATIONS. HE WORKED CONTINUOUSLY FOR SEVENTEEN HOURS.
From a Photo. by Cockburn.

have liked to relieve their feelings with a hearty cheer. The doctors had requested that in the interest of the rescued man silence and quiet should be maintained, and their wishes were respected. As he was placed on a stretcher preparatory to being conveyed to the house of Mr. Scott, Sandford shook hands with the man who had brought him up and asked for Carnie,

Sandford thus describes his sensations during his long sojourn underground —

"When the first collapse came there was a roar, and I found myself in a small, chamber-like space. The bricks formed an arch over and underneath me. I could stand upright and even walk around, and I soon discovered that through the iron tube I could hear what was said by the



[From a]

THE ARRIVAL OF THE RESCUED MAN AT THE TOP OF THE SHAFT

[Photo.

who, along with others, had laboured heroically to effect his rescue. When the well-digger appeared Sandford said, gratefully, "Carnie, you are a hero," to which Carnie modestly replied: "Well, that's as may be, but you're the biggest brick in Canada."

On reaching the house Sandford was taken in charge by two trained nurses, to one of whom he said, when she proceeded to adjust his pillow, "You needn't do that. I've had a pillow of stones all the week, and I can stand this." The crowd meanwhile dispersed, and very soon the bells and factory whistles of Paris noisily proclaimed the successful rescue.

The doctors upon examination found no bones broken, and Sandford's leg had been more injured by his own efforts to release it than by the cave-in itself. The sand, however, had worked its way into the skin of his face, necessitating the application of poultices. He was suffering from a bad cold at the time of the accident, and this was naturally aggravated by his long imprisonment in such an unfavourable situation.

workers above me. I distinctly realized my danger, but still I thought I was going to get out.

"I was sitting down when the second crash came, and I felt the top arch fall in and knew that I was caught. I then dug into the side of the well. The bricks were loose and I burrowed a hole in them, into which I squeezed my body. I realized that if another move of the bricks came I should be crushed to death. The air was still good, and I could hear the men at work; but after a while another crash came, and I felt that I was being slowly smothered. My head was pushed to one side by the weight of earth. I think I lost my senses then, and do not remember much else until I was rescued, when I felt my face grow cold, and a man touched me. Fortunately, I must have slept a great deal."

In spite of his long fast Sandford did not feel hungry; but it is the opinion of the physicians in attendance that the young well-sinker could not have stood many more hours of the terrible ordeal he so bravely endured.

President Roosevelt and the Horse-Thieves.

BY FREDERICK MOORE.

An exciting incident of President Roosevelt's life as a rancher in Dakota. A gang of fugitive horse-thieves stole his boat, thinking pursuit was impossible, but Mr. Roosevelt, accompanied only by two cowboys, promptly got upon their track, captured the whole gang, and, in spite of great difficulties, succeeded in taking his prisoners three hundred miles and handing them over to the authorities.



T was the last days of the winter of 1886 and Dakota was fairly quiet, for the secret organization of ranchmen banded together for mutual protection had made a raid in the autumn and cleared out all the bad characters. They missed, however, three individuals who were especially deserving of their notice. These saved themselves by stealing the boat of a law-respecting citizen and lurking in hiding all the winter. That the ranchers would have been glad to lay their hands on them will be evident from the fact that the men were murderers, cattle-killers, and—worst of frontier criminals—horse-thieves. Death waited for the precious trio at every ranch in the Bad Lands. This they knew, and wisely lay low and waited for a chance to bolt.

To travel across the rugged Dakota country on horseback meant certain capture for them, but to go by boat down stream on the flood of the spring freshets was safe and quick, for below Medora the country bordering the Little Missouri was virgin wild, and where it met the big stream the desperadoes would be lost in comparative civilization. Accordingly they constructed, or stole, for the journey a flat-bottom boat, and collected a lot of Mexican saddles, intending to "procure" horses to fit them in their usual way when out of the danger zone. Then they set to work to kill game and cure the meat in readiness for the trip. But their boat was old and leaked badly, so they concluded that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's trim, clinker-built skiff would be a safer and speedier craft for their purpose. His was the last ranch in Medora, and the skiff the only thing afloat on the river. The land along the banks was of a character that would not permit of a chase by mounted men, and, according to the logic of the

potential fugitives, it seemed that a chase would be impossible. They, therefore, decided to take the skiff, being firmly convinced that the unfortunate owner would be unable to pursue them.

Before breakfast one morning, late in February, one of Mr. Roosevelt's cowboys came in with the startling information that the boat was gone—stolen, for the rope had been cut. It had been done by the men lower down, said the cowboy, for he recognised the red woollen mitten which the thieves had left behind on the shore-ice.

The skiff had been specially brought out from New York for the purpose of crossing the stream, for the Little Missouri River bisected Mr. Roosevelt's ranch. On the side opposite the house there was a choice bit of pasturage,



"ONE OF MR. ROOSEVELT'S COWBOYS CAME IN WITH THE STARTLING INFORMATION THAT THE BOAT WAS GONE."

enclosed by natural walls of rock, in which the ponies were left. The loss of the boat was not only annoying, but would prove serious if it prevented the men from getting across for any length of time. As luck would have it, just at that particular time a wandering band of Grosventre Indians were encamped not far away. These Indians were professional horse-thieves, and if they once discovered that the horses were unprotected they would, without a doubt, make off with the whole "bunch."

Some kind of a boat had to be built—there was no alternative—and that at once; there was not a moment to lose. Sewall and Dow, two of Mr. Roosevelt's men, were the best carpenters on the ranch. Fortunately there were plenty of boards and nails about, and the ranch possessed a good tool-chest. Mr. Roosevelt spurred his men on by an inspiring promise of retaliation on the thieves.

Mr. Roosevelt knew that the three desperadoes had been encamped a short distance below his place, and that they were anxious to "skip the country." He was aware, furthermore, that the precious band thought him "soft" because he did not care to bring about a lynching by putting the ranchers' "Vigilantes" on their track.

Now Mr. Roosevelt's logic went a little farther than the robbers'. He figured out correctly that they would deem pursuit impossible. If he could find a way to overtake them, he reasoned, they would be caught completely by surprise. And to pursue and catch the thieves he was determined. In the wild border country, where the power of the law is neither felt nor heeded, and where every man has to rely on himself for protection, one is soon taught by bitter experience that it is unwise to submit to any wrong whatever without immediate retaliation, no matter what the risk or trouble.

The boat was finished in three days. Thanks to the exertions of the cowboy carpenters Flour, coffee, and bacon for a fortnight, blankets in plenty, guns and ammunition, hunting knives, and a mess kit were then put on board. Mr. Roosevelt and the two constructors were to form the crew, and the voyage was to be in chase of the thieves. The boat was loaded pretty deeply when it started down the icy current, but the three on board had no uneasy anticipations of the encounter they hoped would soon come—provided they could keep out of ambushes. But the gullies, scerried walls, and battlemented hill tops which are to be found everywhere in the Bad Lands made ambuscades easy—provided the thieves knew they were being pursued. But this eventuality Mr. Roosevelt and his companions had to risk.

When a man does a day's hard work in the open in the dead of winter he has a ravenous craving for fresh meat. In preparation for the journey Mr. Roosevelt had gone out shooting and had bagged three deer. It was late at night when he got the animals, and he had only time to clean them and sling them up to the branches of a high fir in a secluded dale. Returning next day there was nothing



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.
From a Photo. by N. Lazarwick, New York.

but bones and horns left, and the tracks of cougars. Fearing, however, that the thieves would get too good a start, the party left directly the boat was finished, depending on killing what game they required in the unexplored country through which they would have to pass.

Paddling was impossible, or, at least, useless; for the men were hard at work the whole day keeping the floating blocks of ice from staving in the sides of the boat, which drifted along with the current. Despite their heavy dress they were numb with the cold when the afternoon came, and they landed to try



"PADDLING WAS IMPOSSIBLE, FOR THE MEN WERE HARD AT WORK KEEPING THE ICE FROM STAYING IN THE BOAT."

and shoot something for the evening meal. They longed for deer, or bear, or buffalo meat, but not a trace of any of these animals did they discover. At nightfall, disgusted, they shot a half-dozen prairie fowl. Breakfast brought no change of *menu*. It was supposed that the prowling Indians had driven all the big game out of the neighbourhood, and so the three men proceeded cautiously lest they should encounter the red men themselves. About mid-day, on rounding a curve, they sighted the red-skin camp. Cautiously they drew in to the bank, and proceeded to reconnoitre the place in order to ascertain the number of the band and judge if it would be safe to drift by in the daylight. The village, however, was deserted. It had been abandoned apparently for several days, and the tracks fortunately led away almost at right angles from the flow of the stream. There was nothing more to fear from the Indians.

Prairie fowl for dinner, prairie fowl for supper; but just before dark the trail of a white-tail stag was discovered. Long before daybreak Mr. Roosevelt and Sewall were on his track, leaving Dow in charge of the stores—the penalty of being a good cook. After several hours' tracking they heard the animal "challenging" far ahead.

Hurrying noiselessly on till within range, they saw the stag standing beside a small lake, and waited to see if an answer would come. It did at last, faint, in the distance. After awhile the replying animal got to the other side of the little lake and, sniffing but a moment, plunged in. A combat between two powerful creatures of this kind is tame in the extreme. They rush at one another fiercely, invariably catching the blows on their horns. They inter-lock them and push

and pull, but they could go on like this for ever without either seriously injuring the other. When they had their heads together in this manner, shaking them slowly, each in contemplation of his next move, Mr. Roosevelt and Sewall—each selecting an animal, brought them down almost together, their horns still locked. The game was cut up where it lay, the selected portions dragged over the snow to the boat, and after a hearty breakfast the party set off in high spirits, with enough fresh meat to last them for some time.

That day, the third of the pursuit, they kept a keen look-out, for they were nearing the place where they might expect to overtake their quarry. They thought it probable that the men they were after would not hurry down the river, thinking themselves safe from pursuit, and early in the afternoon a curl of smoke attracted their attention. Drifting a mile farther on, they suddenly saw the stolen boat tied up to the bank, proving the fire to be that of the thieves.

The moment for action had come! Taking off their great buffalo coats, the pursuers tested their rifle locks and quietly ran their boat ashore. Mr. Roosevelt was in the bow, and, with his rifle cocked, jumped out and ran up the bank to cover the landing of the others.

Each knew his place and his work, and a

glance from their leader was all that was necessary. A grim look was on their faces, and a thrill of keen excitement tingled in their veins and kept them warm as they crept cautiously in the direction of the smoke.

They surveyed the outlaws' camp carefully, studying it with Indian sagacity.

There was only one man to be seen—a German, busily engaged in curing game. Coming to the conclusion that he was the only man in camp, the others having probably gone off hunting, Mr. Roosevelt suddenly shouted "Hands up!" and the three men marched in from different points of a triangle on the astounded desperado.

It was a matter of but a few minutes to give the terrified man his instructions. He was not to sound a warning note to his companions, or to make a suspicious movement, under penalty of death. Dow was given charge of him. The two sat opposite each other over the fire, the one armed and watchful, the other stripped even of his pocket-knife.

Meanwhile Mr. Roosevelt and Sewall proceeded about a hundred yards in the direction from which the two other thieves were most likely to return. Here they took up a position on a point of vantage, from which they could survey all or most of the probable paths leading to the camp.

One of their adversaries was a half-breed of the French-Indian-Canadian border type; the other, Finnigan, a typical scoundrel of the early Western days. The half-breed inherited a soft tongue from his red mother, but Finnigan had a loud, coarse voice that carried over the flinty rocks and the hard snow like a trumpet-blast. Had it not been for this voice the pair might have fared better, or they might have fared worse.

From a long way off there presently came to the ears of the watchers the vulgar speech of Finnigan, interspersed with profanity, and as it grew nearer and nearer it told the watching men behind the rocks the way that their quarry was coming.

Mr. Roosevelt and Dow accordingly took up positions behind a stone ridge at a spot where its top was just high enough to serve as a convenient rest for the guns. The men would have to pass within a few yards of it. Mr. Roosevelt did not wait, however, until they were as close as that, but gave them the order "Hands up!" when at a distance of about ten yards. The half-breed's gun dropped instantly and he obeyed orders with alacrity, but Finnigan hesitated. His eyes grew fairly wolfish when he saw that the "tenderfoot ranchman" he despised had got the "drop" on him. Seeing his hesita-

tion, Mr. Roosevelt lowered his gun a few inches, just so as to cover the centre of the man's breastbone, so that in case the trigger had to be pulled there would be no danger whatever of the bullet going over the mark. Keeping his gun aimed thus, he advanced round the side of the rock and repeated "Hands up!" warningly. The man dropped his gun at once, looking steadily down the "business" end of Mr. Roosevelt's rifle, and slowly and disgustingly raised his arms above his head.

Quickly Sewall collected the guns and stripped the men of their pistols and knives, and they were then marched in front of the victors to meet their companion. It was too late to start down the stream that night; it was bitterly cold, and, moreover, a thin coat of ice formed on the river each night. So captors and captives camped at the thieves' den.

Having captured their men, the question now was how to keep them. Their hands and feet could not be tied, for in the intense cold they would freeze; yet no chance of escape or revenge must be given them. It was certain they would never show the mercy they were receiving. If Finnigan, for instance, had ever got a "bead" on Mr. Roosevelt he would not have troubled to shout "Hands up!"

Ultimately a good idea was thought of—the outlaws were made to take off their boots. The ground round the camp was thickly covered with prickly cactus, over which it was certain they could not run very far in their socks. They were then made to roll up in blankets, out of which they could not get without a noticeable effort. Their weapons were done up in a spare blanket and tightly corded, and on this bundle the guard sat. A watch was arranged of two men a night, leaving each man a full night free every third day. The three bundles of men were laid close to the fire, for humanity's sake, and also in order that they could be seen well. The guard took up his post a little distance behind them in order that they could not overpower him by a sudden spring, and, besides having his revolver, kept across his knees a double-barrelled shot gun heavily charged with buckshot.

The night passed without incident, and next morning a well-laden flotilla started down-stream, for the prisoners had a good deal of plunder with them which it was not unwise to keep behind. Mr. Roosevelt selected Finnigan—the most dangerous of the band—as his special charge, and posted him in the bow of the scow, facing forward, so that he could always keep his eye on the desperado's trick. In their own leaky scow, already heavily laden, and with but one paddle, the other two scoundrels were put,



"HE ADVANCED AROUND THE SIDE OF THE ROCK AND REPEATED 'HANDS UP!'"

and made to keep always in advance. Dow and Sewall brought up the rear in the scow they had built for the chase. This order, camping ashore at night with the same regulations that had been observed the first day, was the monotonous routine day after day.

One morning the ice began to get thicker around them as they pushed on, and finally the little fleet had to get as near shore as possible and land Sewall, who went ahead to investigate the trouble. As was expected, he found that an ice-jam blocked the river, half a mile below the boats. The current was sucking logs and small blocks of ice under the great mass, and it would be dangerous to go any nearer, but the whole jam was moving slowly. So the party landed, and the captors held a consultation. It was impossible to go back against the ice with those heavy scows; to walk across country would mean the abandonment of much valuable material and a harassing burden of food and blankets; and there was no carrying the boats past the block. There was nothing to be done, in short, but drift along behind it when it chose to move faster.

Slower and slower went the ice-pack until the pressure behind it got so great that the middle

was forced out. It closed up again almost immediately, but nevertheless the new jam moved along at about double the pace of the old.

After seven days of this weary movement the food began to give out. The fresh meat had gone, and in consequence the demands on the bacon, coffee, and flour grew heavy, for, while prairie fowl and wild geese were plentiful, they got tiresome to the men, who craved for meat.

On the morning of the eighth day the party came upon the outlying camp of the "Diamond C." ranch—named, as all ranches are, after the brand of its cattle. There was but one cowboy in the small, low hut on the outskirts of the cattle range, and he had very little food to offer the strangers. He had several bronchos, however, one of which he lassoed for Mr. Roosevelt. It was arranged that the latter should fetch a waggon from Dickenson, the nearest town—thirty miles away—to take the captives across country. Mr. Roosevelt jumped into the saddle, delighted at the change, but he was no sooner in than his mount began bucking vigorously. The rider lost his eyeglasses, his pistol, and his hat, but he stuck to the saddle and presently set off for Dickenson.

He was back next day with an old "prairie schooner" drawn by two bronchos, and driven by a typical, long, lean plainsman. Sewall and Dow said good-bye to Mr. Roosevelt, and started back up stream with the skiff and as much of their own belongings and the thieves' as they could carry. The three "bad men" were seated in a row on a plank behind the driver, while Mr. Roosevelt, combining safety and exercise, walked ten paces behind the cart.

with you all; any other man would have strung you up." "And you couldn't get away from a man like that!"

So Mr. Roosevelt assigned the plain man to the small room and the others to the bunks, while he took up his post in a chair tilted against the door leading out of the plainsman's room. It was a long and anxious vigil—three desperate scoundrels in front and a possible enemy behind, but the embryo President never faltered, and



"HIS MOUNT BEGAN BUCKING VIGOROUSLY, BUT HE STUCK TO THE SADDLE."

There was no danger of the captives running away, for there was nowhere to run. There was no road to Dickenson save a straight cut across the prairie, which had been recently ravaged by fire and was now covered with a six-inch mantle of snow.

At night they struck a squalid frontier house with one small spare room and a larger one with two bunks in it. Mr. Roosevelt was puzzled for a while as to how he was going to guard the whole party, for he was suspicious of the plainsman from sundry muttered scraps of conversation he had overheard: "Chicken-hearted tenderfoot."—"How long you been comin'?"—"Ten days?"—"He's a fool for takin' this trouble

morning dawned without any untoward incident having occurred.

About six o'clock in the evening of the next day the waggon rolled into Dickenson with Mr. Roosevelt still marching doggedly behind it—his thirty-sixth hour awake. The sight was hardly noticed, for the bringing in of prisoners was a common occurrence in the border town. The three outlaws were safely lodged in gaol, and for his services in arresting the three men and bringing them over three hundred miles Mr. Roosevelt received the liberal Government fee of fifty dollars. And so the last of the horse-thieves were safely "rounded up."

The Cruise of the Millionaires.

TOLD BY R. G. KNOWLES. CHRONICLED BY RICHARD MORTON.

II.

The well-known comedian describes in a humorous fashion a voyage he recently made on the R.M.S. "Celtic." This great liner left New York for a pleasure cruise in the Mediterranean, having on board a large number of wealthy tourists, many of whom were American millionaires. The narrative is accompanied by a number of photographs taken by Mr. Knowles on the voyage.



ATHENS! The artist, the poet, the sculptor — each has dreamed of Athens, each has sighed for it. I think some of our millionaires had caught the same complaint, for they displayed their erudition when we struck classic soil. One gentleman, standing on the Acropolis, which he quaintly referred to as the Necropolis, remarked, "Is it not grand to linger on the mountain and let the voice of the city talk to

One of our party was scornful. He thought it was utterly and criminally careless for the authorities to allow magnificent buildings to go to ruin like that. He owned two living-houses and a factory, he told us, and he spent thousands of dollars every year on repairs without regretting them, for it prevented decay. The state of the public buildings in Athens was a disgrace.

Our amusements were catered for by various



[From a]

THE MILLIONAIRES INSPECT THE ACROPOLIS.

[Photo.]

you in the language of Diogenes?" I said, "Yes, very nearly," thinking it best to agree with him.

Another one revelled in the fact that he was standing where once Phidias had stood. I took a more personal view, and was interested in finding myself within the precincts of the first theatre the world ever saw.

groups of wandering minstrels. One troupe made a great feature, in its announcements, of a performing camel, and the animal was certainly very clever at standing still. I did not see him do anything else.

Another visitor was the King of Greece, who called at the ship, but we had no time to return the call. I expect he was very sorry.

You see, we were in a hurry to get to Constantinople. We accomplished the feat in due course and dropped anchor in the Golden Horn one evening about six o'clock. From the deck of the ship Constantinople presented one of the loveliest pictures it is possible to imagine. We were enchanted, and agreed that it was the most beautiful city we had ever seen. This was our opinion as we stood on the deck of the ship.

When we landed we changed our minds. When we returned aboard we changed our clothes. The place is remarkably odorous. We coughed, we sneezed, we made grimaces, we commandeered gallons of eau-de-Cologne. But our efforts were idle; we were forced to settle down to grin and bear it—to try to forget it. But we never shall.

We had been regaled with startling tales of the ferocious wolfhounds that roam wild in the thoroughfares of Constantinople, and many of us carried life-preservers, for we expected to find the dogs ready and willing to tear us to pieces. I think we were terribly disappointed to find nothing in the wolfhound

line of business except numbers of poor, mangy curs curled up in the middle of the roads, sound asleep, and so lazy and dispirited that they preferred being run over to moving.

Oh, those travellers' tales! We had heard that each ferocious dog has his own special and allotted district, and has to remain in it, on the penalty of being torn to pieces by the animals of any territory he might invade. It was also averred that, if he wished to call on another dog or do business in a foreign district, on producing satisfactory proofs that his intentions were peaceable and honourable he would be provided with a guard while on strange ground, the enemy agreeing to an armistice and furnishing the escort to accompany him and see him safely home.

I spent many weary hours searching for

canine courtesies of that kind, but without success. There were no personally-conducted dog excursions in Constantinople while I was there.

Our own excursion voyaged on to Smyrna, where we landed for a brief space. It was not nice. We recalled the old adage, "Of two evils choose ye the least," so we went back to the ship. A number of the passengers forsook us at Caifa, intending to visit the Sea of Galilee and to journey to Jerusalem on horseback. The rest of us disembarked at Jaffa (where the oranges come from—and the plague, and small-pox, and other trifles). The mouth of the harbour is filled with snags, looking like teeth in need of a dental operation. But the boat-

men are a skilful race, and we were landed without a accident, rather to our surprise.

They hurried us through streets that, in some places, were too narrow for carriages, and hustled us into a train bound for Jerusalem. It seemed so prosaic to journey thither behind an engine that I almost regretted I had not travelled



From a

A STREET BARBER IN JERUSALEM.

[Photo

on horseback with the rest of the party.

I have often heard the ejaculation, "Oh, Jerusalem!" but I never realized its full significance until I reached the city itself. The phrase should be spelt "*Owe* Jerusalem," for everybody there seems to be under the impression that you owe them something. I owe myself an apology for having gone there at all.

The native whines for backshish, and generally gets it. The streets are narrow, dirty, and foul. You are dragged around almost by the hair of your head to look at places which they endeavour to make interesting by the elaborate methods of lying they employ.

Here is an instance. On the way to Bethlehem we were shown the cave where Elijah was fed by the ravens. Mount Scopus also supplied us with the cave where Elijah and the ravens



From a]

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

[Photo.

banqueted. On the Mount of Olives we again had pointed out to us the cave where the ravens treated Elijah as a guest. The passengers who travelled from Caifa assured us they had seen several caves, each one of which was the very identical spot where those ravens ministered to the hunger of the prophet. And, as we were on our way to Jericho, with great ceremony the guide pointed out *the* cave where Elijah was waited on by the ravens. He waxed indignant when we, instead of being impressed, gently remonstrated with him. He affirmed that he spoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So we were obliged to believe him, and the conclusion we ultimately came to was that the prophet must have become enamoured of the original experience and repeated it whenever he came across a convenient cave.

The village of Jericho, as it exists to-day, would never inspire the beholder with a sense of its importance. One of our millionaires summed it up as "a one-horse show," and he was near the truth. There are three or four hotels for tourists, and a collection of mud huts which seem to grow out of the ground without any reason for the act, and what sustains them is a mystery to me. Jackals were supplied free of charge to sing their song of praise beneath my window at night, and the friendly mosquitoes organized a remarkable chorus of welcome. We were fresh meat for them after a long course of natives.

So we were not sorry to be routed out of our beds at four o'clock in the morning to start for the River Jordan. We drove through what had once been the bottom of the Dead Sea, and the journey was sensational enough to suit the most energetic seeker after excitement. There were eleven upsets, and the marvel is that nobody's neck was broken.

One of the most wonderful sights I have ever seen was that of the sun rising over the mountains of Moab—like a red fire-ball whose rays seemed to plunge into the sacred Jordan for its morning dip before smiling on

the world. I think that sounds poetic, and, unlike some poetry, it is true.

The Dead Sea was visited on our way back to Jericho, and from the latter point we journeyed back to Jerusalem, arriving there in time for dinner that evening, tired, dusty, and worn-out in every respect except appetite.

Our next jaunt was, by way of Jaffa and Alexandria, to Cairo. We were landed at Alexandria in barges, after being drawn a distance of about seven miles by tugs. We had commenced by being lowered in chairs from the deck of the ship to the barges, and the discomforts of the entire trip resulted in many passengers suffering from *mal-de-mer* before they got to land. But we found all our troubles at an end when, after a hot and uncomfortable journey, we arrived at the Continental Hotel in cool, comforting, curious Cairo.

It is possible to thoroughly enjoy life in Cairo. The movement and colour form a most attractive picture. It was in its neighbourhood that Napoleon observed to his army, "Forty centuries look down upon you." At least, I am told he said so. I did not hear the remark.

Now there is another century to be taken into account, and the Sphinx looks down upon the festive electric car conveying the golfer to the links, that are situated right under her mysterious eyes.

One of the wily guides who grew fat on our party at this period took a remarkable fancy to me. I tried to avoid him and to induce him

to believe that his affection was misplaced, but he would not be gainsaid. He told me I had been more than kind to him, and that gratitude was part of his nature. He would willingly lay down his life for me if I would allow it. I strongly objected to such a sacrifice, there being really no occasion for anything so heroic. I

centuries—he seemed uncertain which would he would not have parted with it for wories except to me, the only man worthy of it.

I took it to oblige him. I forget how much I gave him in exchange, but I know that I felt rather proud as I showed it to one of our millionaires. He told me its market value was about twopence-halfpenny, and that he thought of sending a chest or two of them over to the States as an investment.

I went upstairs and composed a proverb. This is it: "People who boast of their generosity are never generous, seldom just, and frequently mean."

Having achieved that, I was ready for the route, and the route was ready for me. Naples was our next point. Now, I have heard discussions in many parts of the world as to the relative beauties of the Bay of Naples and the harbours of Sydney and Rio Janeiro. I have visited two of these spots out of a possible three, and I must candidly confess that I prefer St. James's Park. But, it will be urged, there is no harbour there! No, I reply: that is why I prefer it. I plead guilty to not being a lover of the sea, though I admit that it serves a useful purpose when one cannot travel by land. It enables us to visit such cities as Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice. It enabled me to journey out to Egypt, climbing back through the ages till I reached the



From a

THE MILLIONAIRES VISIT THE SPHINX.

[Photo.

said I was satisfied with the offer, made in a well-meaning spirit, I was sure, and I would let it go at that.

This was more than he would do. If I would not accept his miserable existence as a present, he would at least bestow upon me a scarab, one that he would have refused to his own father.

I told him I did not want it. He insisted that I did, and I began to believe him. I had to have it, he said. He won the day.

He brought it, and swore by his family, his religion, and his life that it was priceless. It had been in his possession for six years, or six

pyramids, and then climbing down again, from the year B.C. 2000, by way of Italy, to the commonplace of to-day.

Rome satisfied my cravings. In my mind she, with her ancient ruins and modern grandeur stands alone. I am proud of that remark, and repeat it wherever possible.

Of course, we saw all that the traveller is obliged to see. It was but a step from the Colosseum to the Forum, passing these two lovely arches, that of Constantine and that of Titus. You can read all about them in the guide-books, as I did.

A visit to the Catacombs was rendered

decidedly interesting on account of the unconscious humour of our guide, a Trappist monk, a Hollander, who had learned all the English he knew by listening to the tourists. But he was acquainted with every inch of the ground he took us over. As the Catacombs is the City of the Dead, so is the city laid out in underground streets, and we wandered through them listening to the chatter of the monk. He seemed to masticate his words before he spoke them, and his quaint dialect added to the general effect.

"Dere are more dan a million people puried here," he said; "eight and nine stories high, and de leedle children on de corners—*ait way!*" "This way," he meant, and he immediately backed into one of the little streets. They are only just wide enough to admit one person at a time, but our guide never missed his mark, though he walked backwards all the while.

His crowning effort came when he brought us to the place where there is a statue of St. Cecilia, illuminated by electric lights. There are three cuts on the neck of the statue, filled in with red paint to make them appear more ghastly. With the utmost gravity the guide observed, "De statue of St. Cecilia; she got it in the neck three times!"

An irreverent American must at some period have made that remark in the hearing of the monk. At any rate, the good man has included it in his descriptive oratory, and appears likely to perpetuate a slangy and rather gruesome jest.

The monk continued: "But it did not kill her. Then they boiled her in a pot. And she died. But she still retained the beauty of her form. We have the original, but we only show the statue."

And then we thought we would leave.

Florence was interesting until we struck the subject of Michael Angelo, and then I understood the meaning of monotony. You cannot get away from Michael. Florence is famous as his birthplace. He was the most wonderful man that ever lived. He had so much time on his hands that he did not know what to do with it. But he lived a fairly active life, and died eventually, regretting the fact that, though he had accomplished much, he had left so much undone that his life had been wasted.

Michael is credited with having lived a certain number of years, and during that period he carved out many statues; but, having so much time to spare, he built a few churches, and, that not satisfying his appetite for work, he painted considerably. Still he had vacant moments, so, when Charles V. besieged his native city,

Michael fortified it against him and defended it so successfully that Charles retired in disgust before the architect-painter-sculptor-general.

After carefully figuring out the number of hours this wonder lived and the work he is credited with, I find he made a point of turning out one completed statue of the first class every month, besides leaving behind him enough unfinished sculptures to keep ten men busy till the end of their days. This was the total of his work; his other deeds must be set down as play. As one of our millionaires soberly and feelingly said, "He took the cake."

At Venice we once more came face to face with guide-book lore—Venice, the City of the Sea, by the sea, and in the sea. It is of the past; I found little of to-day worth looking at. Of course, we duly noted the gorgeousness of St. Mark's, the Doges' palace, the square, and the campanile, of which I took a snap-shot. This was before it fell. I hope I didn't precipitate the catastrophe.

Directly opposite where the campanile used to be is the clock-tower, and my fancy was taken by the ancient clock with its wonderful mechanism. It has no dial, but Roman numerals show the time every five minutes. There are multitudinous complexities concerned with the signs of the zodiac, the earth, the moon, and the sun. The earth revolves on its axis, the moon around the earth, and the sun around them both. I hope I have it right. It is what I was told.

Over the globe is a gilded statue of the Virgin, and mechanical figures pass before it at certain periods. On the top of the tower is a great bell, and on each side of this is a large bronze figure holding a sledge-hammer, with which they strike the hours on the bell. Some years ago one of these figures committed murder. A party of visitors were on the top of the tower examining the figures, when suddenly one of the latter gentry prepared to strike the hour. In carrying his hammer back he hit one of the tourists, knocking him clear over the edge of the platform to instant death.

The works of the clock were made four hundred and fifty years ago, and were intended by their inventor to perform all sorts of remarkable feats, but it is likely that he never expected them to proceed to the extreme I have indicated.

To conclude with a personal incident. On my first night in Venice I thought I would take a walk. So I stepped out at the main entrance to the hotel. When I came to they were about to hold an inquest on me, and I found that I ought to have been drowned.

Caught in a Waterspout.

BY J. E. PATTERSON.

An experience in the Bay of Campeachy. The author describes how his vessel was nearly wrecked by a waterspout, which circled round the ship in a most extraordinary manner, sinking the cargo lighters moored alongside, and disappearing at intervals only to return with renewed force.



MORNING it was, in the Bay of Campeachy. A thick heat-haze hung over the smooth, greasy face of those tropic waters. There might never have been a breath of wind in the whole heavens, the atmosphere was so

oppressive. A heavy groundswell was rolling leisurely inshore. We (the *Diamond*, an ocean tramp of a rather good class) lay at anchor in fourteen fathoms of water, discharging railway material. Captain Gray, our skipper, said that we were "in for a duster," and gave the chief engineer orders to have steam up ready for instant use, for he thought we should probably have to put to sea before the day was over. But no man is a prophet in his own country, and no sailor is ever considered an accurate weather prophet by his shipmates *pro tem*. So the "old man's" precautions were secretly laughed at.

On the previous evening a couple of shore-men had come off to spend a night aboard with the "old man," at cards and whatever

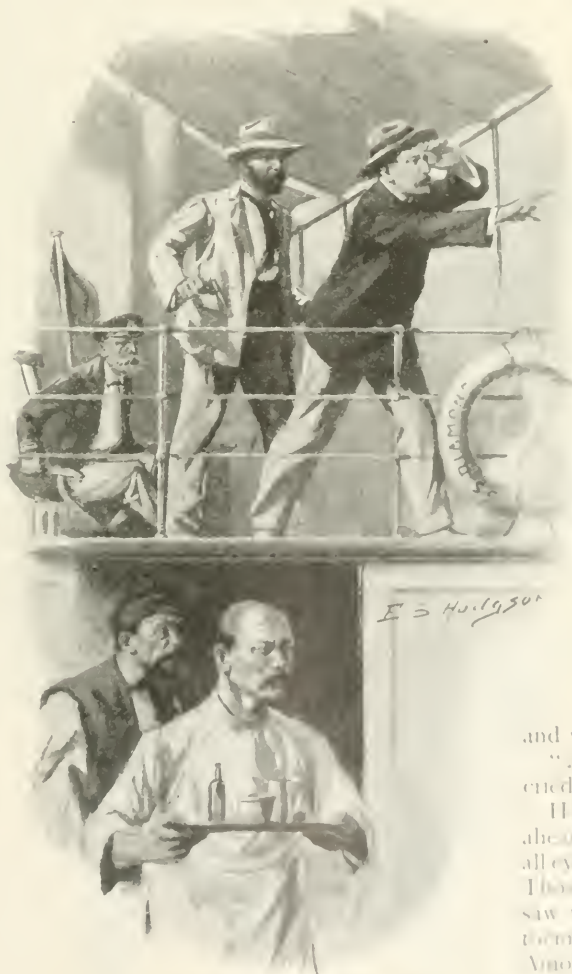
else they could find to amuse themselves. At 3 p.m. they were still aboard, on the poop, making revolver practice at the black dorsal fins of sharks which floated lazily by, almost on the surface of the bay. Under that terrific haze we bubbled at every pore, our greatest exertion

being complaints on the weather. It was like being in a measureless oven, moist with a peculiar vapour. In the holds below the Mexican half-breeds — certainly the most lazy cargo-workers I have ever met — lugged and swore, but swore more than they lugged. Captain Gray said the glass was falling rapidly, and gave his chief officer and engineer strict orders to have everything in readiness for speedily getting under way.

Suddenly there went up from the poop a shout that stopped every hand within hearing of it. The cry came from one of our visitors

and was to its ungodliness: "A spout! A spout!" he cried, excitedly.

He was pointing away ahead, and in that direction all eyes were instantly turned. I ran by towards the poop, saw what he meant. With them, my excitement cooled. Amongst us, who could not see clear of the vessel's bows



"A SPOUT! A SPOUT!" (ENLARGED ILLUSTRATION)

because of the midship erections, wonder and curiosity were the principal emotions.

From the fore deck came a confusion of warning cries. At once, everywhere, there was wild hurrying to and fro. Faces blanched by fear were turned towards the fore-castle head, over which peered many pairs of staring eyes. Every tongue had something to say at the same time; every man looked for a leader, yet at the same time obeyed his own impulse. Up from the holds, like rats from a burning well, came Mexicans, half-breeds, Yankees, and representatives of six or eight other nations. On the lighters around us fear and excitement ranged higher, for the men there were in greater danger owing to their craft being smaller than the *Diamond*.

Officers and engineers shouted men to their posts. On to his bridge rushed our skipper, elderly and near-sighted as he was. At his heels ran one of the visitors; the other supported his fainting wife on the poop. Roused to action at last, some of us tore forward in the mate's wake to the work of getting up our anchor.

Now it was, from the fore-castle head, that we came in full sight of the advancing terror. Surmises as to what had formed it I leave to scientific minds. Apparently it had come into being within about a quarter of a mile of where we lay. In shape like a mighty funnel, with its spout thrust into an inverted one, it towered up from the surface of the water into that heavy bank of clouds and haze overhead. But it

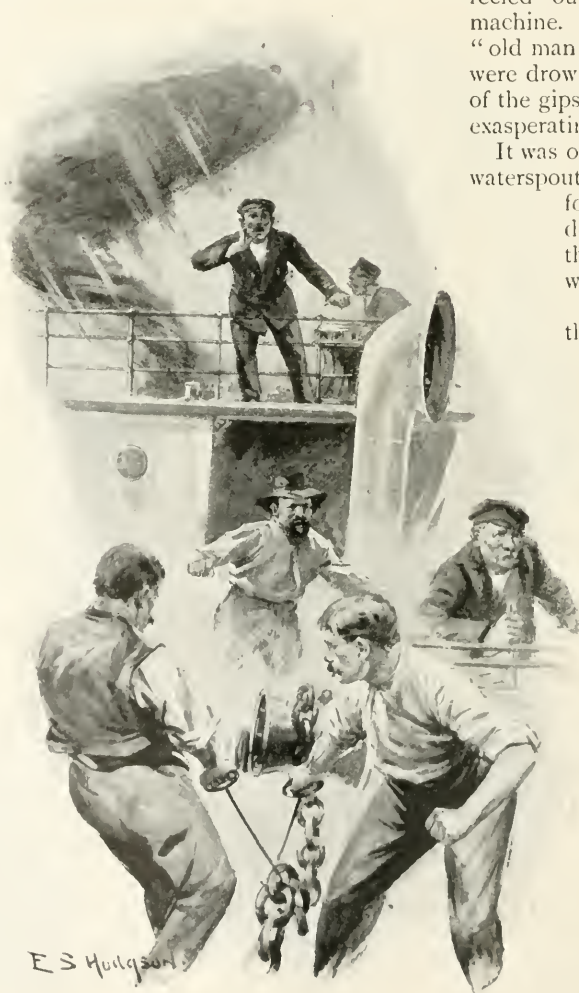
did not keep any definite shape for many minutes together. At times the narrow part sank inwards until we thought the fearsome thing would snap there; at others it swelled out till the spout was one sheer pillar of upright water; then it lessened off at the face of the bay, making us think that it was about to draw up altogether, only to spread out again and become somewhat bell-shaped. Another variant was caused by the narrow portion working up and down, being sometimes high as our main-truck, then low as a vessel's deck.

About the windlass we leaped and tumbled, doing the necessary work, Heaven alone knew how, yet doing it, and in frenzied haste. We might have been a prize gun-crew, drilling for the Navy's chief guerdon; but, instead, we were six dirty merchant seamen, blinded by perspiration, working for our lives. Meantime, the mate reeled out orders like a tape-machine. From the bridge the "old man" shouted others, which were drowned in the noisy rattle of the gipsy-chain that worked the exasperatingly slow windlass.

It was only too obvious that the waterspout was making straight for us. The air thundered with its deluge; the water around its base was dented like a saucer.

Clap, clap, clap fell those windlass-palls; palls of death or palls of life, which were they to be? We could have seized the cable with our hands and almost torn it up. Captain Gray had begun to yell an order to unshackle and slip the cable. Abruptly the deafening whirl of our gipsy-chain stopped—not an uncommon happening. There was a moment's dead silence.

"What's the matter?" roared the mate to the A.B. at the steam-winch, by the aid of which we were heaving up the



“WHAT'S THE MATTER?” ROARED THE MATE.

anchor. The man shouted back that he did not know what was wrong, trying his best to restart the winch. The mate swore. We stood around, numbed to inaction by the new phase of our position. The cargo-workers began to make tracks for their empty lighters, thinking to get away ashore and out of danger in one of them.

"Unshackle! Unshackle and slip it! Why the dickens don't you unshackle, Mr. Eyson?" yelled the "old man," running frantically from end to end of his upper bridge, and every time he crossed it unceremoniously thrusting aside his guest, who would persist in getting in the way with advice to "shoot at the thing and burst it." Added to the hubbub on deck the engines were blowing off steam as though their boilers would split. Instinctively some of us

At last the "old man's" order to slip the cable made an impression on the mate, who repeated the command to "chips." Another rush was made forward and up the ladders. Feverishly and wildly we laboured at the task of securing the fore-part of the cable so as to slacken up the after-part for the purpose of unshackling. Eyes smarting with sweat and mouths almost parched dry, jammed fingers and accidental blows were all alike unheeded. As my seamen readers will probably surmise, the pin was rusted in its shackle. This occasioned delay, and before the task showed any signs of finish there came a newer and more alarming phase of the matter.

Suddenly that terrorizing pillar of water stopped its slow progress and began a quick march towards us. Straight on it came, so fast that we could see it moving over the surface. Not a point, not a degree did it deviate. The thunder of its



"WE STOOD DUMBFOUNDED BEFORE THE TERRIBLE PICTURE."

glanced at the waterspout. It was not more than a cable's length away! Do its work the winch would not. Madly the mate, apparently oblivious of Captain Gray's shouts, leaped down from the fore-castle head and ran to the winchman's side. Some of us followed, all seized with the one idea of restarting the winch, yet all impotent as babes.

impact on the water became a suddenly deafening. Surely landsmen never saw a worse-looker than in its awful simplicity, awful simplicity and threatening tragedy. A smooth bay marked only by a heavy ground swell, a thick haze of suffocating heat, a dense bank of unbroken cloud, and a mighty pillar of rising, swollen water striking directly at us. We stood dumbfounded before the

terrible spectacle. Not a prayer, not a sound, not a movement came from any one of the sixty odd souls who gazed at that oncoming avalanche of water. Even one's thinking powers seemed paralyzed for the moment. It was the instant of dead silence and inaction that usually precedes the mad panic consequent to such fearful occasions.

A second more and every man on board had turned on his heel and dashed for what seemed to him to be safety. Each for himself and Heaven for us all, that was the keynote of the situation. The sole idea with most of us was how and where to get away from the awful thing that menaced us. The result was a pell-mell rush aft. No prize racer on ancient or modern ground covered his course at the rate we went from forecastle head to poop. Almost before we had fully realized what we were doing, or why we were doing it, we stood in a mass on the poop-deck—officers, seamen, cargo-workers, and foremen. Such of the lightermen who had made for their craft were busily casting the vessels adrift, thoroughly assured in their own minds that the spout was about to march from the steamer's stem to her stern—in which case the poor old *Diamond* would be obliterated.

Up from the stoke-hole and the engine-room, in a mad haste of inquiry at the stampede we had just made along the decks, came stokers and engineers. Seeing us gathered there on the poop was enough for them. Like grains of steel to a powerful magnet they sprang to join us. It was at this juncture that one common idea seemed to strike the crowd—*i.e.*, in running from danger to fancied safety we had but put some three hundred feet between us and destruction. As one man we leapt to repair the evil, our single thought being the lighters! There had previously been two of those craft on our port side, empty; but their crews had made off with them at the first signs of danger. This caused a mad general rush at the three remaining ones to starboard, yet fate had not willed that we should so escape.

At the moment of our second stampede the spout had been, so far as we could then see, within a fathom or two of the *Diamond's* stem. When we reached her side to leap into the lighters we saw that our terrible enemy had swerved from its course just enough to clear the ship, but had not abated its speed perceptibly.

On it came, and there we stood—gazing transfixed at that frightful manifestation, which we could almost have touched with a boat-hook. It was appalling. Fright is reputed to have turned men grey in a single night. That scene, added to the numbing proximity of the water

spout, was almost enough to blanch the face of a negro. Move we apparently could not.

Like the inevitable march of some omnipotent demon of destruction the waterspout came on. The foremost lighter, half-filled with cargo, went down as though it were a match-box under a bucketful of water poured from an altitude of a dozen feet. Then the spout paused, as if considering the advisability of destroying another barge.

That was the moment of our deliverance from the spell which had held us in its subtle and resolute grasp. Back from the rail we fled—some to the opposite side of the deck, others on to the bridge, some forward, and some aft—anywhere, everywhere, wherever we could get away from that devastating fall. A panic was on us, but only for a moment. Captain Gray and the mate rapidly recovered their senses, and as quickly resumed command over the crowd—I write "crowd" because the cargo-workers' actions showed that, in all things appertaining to an escape, they were now one with us. Whatever order was issued, they sprang to obey it as though part and parcel of our crew.

As we had done before, so we did again—tackled the slipping of our cable. Surely never previously was a shackle-pin so stubborn. Budge it would not. Again came shouted queries from Captain Gray to Mr. Eyson as to why we could not get the pin out, and whether or not we ever should. These but served to muddle him and flurry us even worse than the still threatening danger was doing. As a result the mate took the mall and bolt from "chips," made an attempt himself on the immovable shackle, failed to strike straight, and smashed his thumb with the blow. Back to the work sprang "chips," whilst one of the men tore off the mate's shirt-sleeve and roughly bandaged up the damaged hand. Then came an A.B. with some paraffin to loosen the pin of the shackle.

During this operation—as I afterwards learnt from some who more closely watched the danger—the spout sheered off a little way. Then it returned, struck the second lighter, and sent it head-first to the bottom of the bay. With the third and final lighter it played—yes, actually seemed to play! No other word would so accurately describe the manner in which the column moved about the craft—now taking its very stem into the downpour, yet not putting more than a few bucketfuls inside; now wandering along by its gunwale, passing it by, then returning. Finally it moved off a few fathoms, made a small circle, hurried back, and filled the lighter in an instant. That was one of our momer's of greatest excitement.



"THE MATE SMASHED HIS THUMB WITH THE BLOW."

When it came, the visitor who wanted to "shoot and burst the thing" was still worrying Captain Gray with his idea; but now, like a mouse from a cat, he fled—literally jumping off the upper bridge in his mad haste to get away. Not so with the skipper; he kept his place, there on that narrow piece of planking so peculiarly his. The lighter last to be swamped and sunk was an empty one moored amidships. Consequently, when the waterspout passed over it (as the fearsome thing did), there seemed to be absolutely no escape for the *Diamond*. But, its waters falling sheer down by her side, the spout stopped its march almost directly opposite the upper bridge, its nearer edge washing the plates as it fell.

All work was abruptly ended. It would have been something superhuman to continue in the face of that horror, and we were but men, although men who had, in one form or another, faced death more times than we owned fingers.

Every instant was an age—an age of expectancy and horror. We thought of nothing but that rushing power of water. We might have been turned to stone, petrified by that liquid horror, for all the movement any one of us made.

The skipper gave a splendid example of heroism. He stood at the port end of the upper bridge, his back against the railing, on which his hands rested, awaiting practically certain death as though it were but a morning cup of coffee being brought him by the steward. It was the personification of duty in the face of death.

Then came a marvellous change. The spout took an upward turn. In place of the deafening thud of its waters on the bay, there was a tremendous whizzing noise as it whirled on high. Our vessel's previous slight cant to starboard, occasioned by the spout's impact, was reversed. She listed to port, drawn over by its upward attraction and the inverted cup-shaped mound it made on the water's face. With this our expectation of calamity altered only in form. Instead of looking for the spout to wreck us by passing over the *Diamond*, we thought it would break and fall, sinking the ship in its downfall. For it had suddenly narrowed about ten feet above the bridge until no thicker than a man's middle.

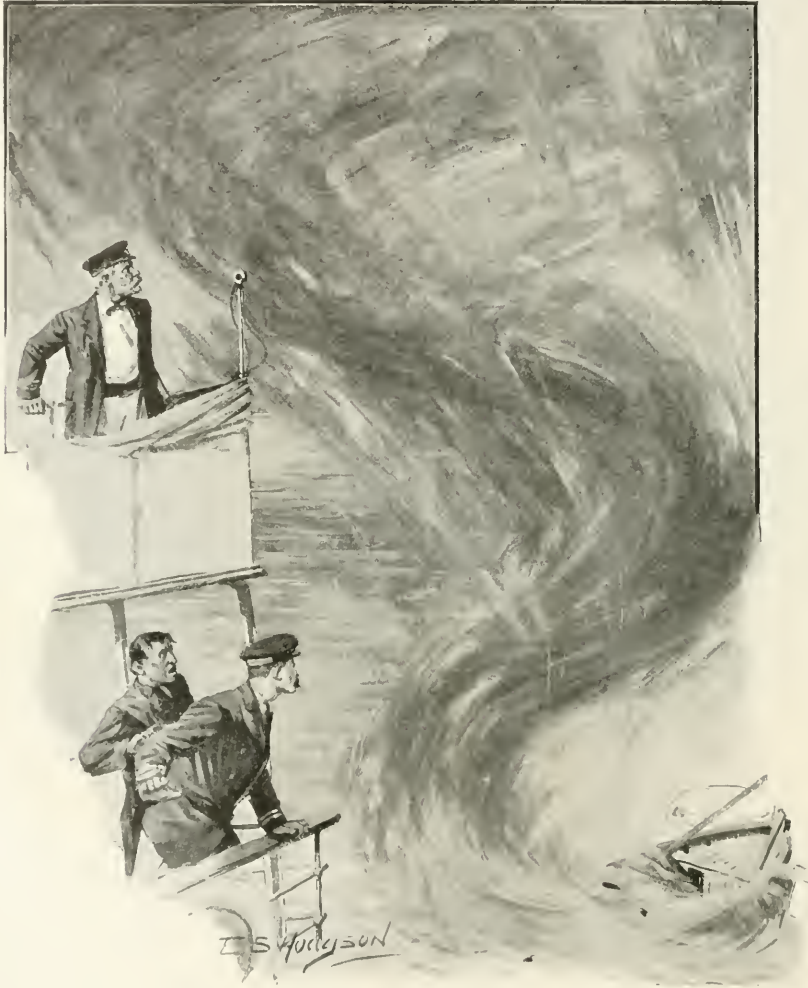
Part of what we expected immediately came about. The spout broke off and went up, up out of sight.

In a moment the scene was as if no waterspout had been. Only the missing lighters and our own haggard faces spoke of its late presence. Like men suddenly and strangely aroused from a long, deep sleep we turned and looked at each other. Could it be—could it be that we had really escaped? Had so dreadful a visitant really been close to us, and so lately, and yet gone away without destroying us? These were the questions our faces asked, but no tongue uttered a word. Maybe every heart was too deeply engaged in giving thanks for that unexpected deliverance. Perhaps the sensation of the moment was merely one of wonderment, coupled with pardonable doubt as to whether or not all of us were, or had been, doomed. But whatever the feeling was, we were not long left in possession of it.

As the crack of a whip came wind that brought us sharply to our bearings. It was a squall alongshore from the direction whence

the waterspout had come, and it quickly showed us that the *Diamond* was dragging her anchor. This was a new danger, as the bay curved across our stern, but it was a danger to which we were accustomed. It gave us all fresh energy, fresh

windlass gipsy flying round, to hear the deafening rattle of the cable drowning the whistling wind! Out of the maw of what had appeared to be inevitable and speedy death into one of the commonplaces of our normal existence, and



"HE STOOD AWAITING PRACTICALLY CERTAIN DEATH."

possession of our senses, fresh life. We sprang to work with a cheerfulness that made toil light.

The "old man" rang his engine-room telegraph, "Half speed ahead." Down below went engineers and stokers in wild haste.

"Give her some chain, Mr. Eyson," roared Captain Gray. "Run out to the forty-five fathom shackle! Quick now! She's dragging!"

And quick it was. On to the forecastle head we leaped again, and out ran our cable, after a plug had been hurriedly replaced in the assaulted shackle-pin. How glorious it was to see the

all so rapidly that there was barely time to realize what had taken place!

Now the *Diamond* forged ahead almost imperceptibly, yet enough to allow her anchor to settle itself in the bottom of the bay. Then the engines were stopped. She drifted astern, and we were thankful to see that she did not drag. The anchor had taken new hold, and we were spared the work of finding a new anchorage. With a general feeling of relief all hands turned from the windlass, to be startled by the cry, from several pairs of lips:

"There it is again!"

And there was the waterspout, all too truly, away on our port beam. Scarcely, however, had the warning shout been uttered when it again disappeared—to return a third time within half our vessel's length from us—and what a roaring thud was that when it struck the bay! It was like the impact of two great mountain torrents striking end-on. The *Diamond* shivered and trembled like a living thing. I have sat on a steamer's bare deck when she ran on a coral reef, and experienced the shaking of craft under heavy ocean seas, but I have never known a vessel to shiver as the *Diamond* did on that occasion; more humanlike it could not have been.

That third approach of the waterspout, marching direct for our port quarter, was even more unnerving than its first appearance. It seemed to say that before it had but played with us; now it meant devilish business. Ere an order could be issued it had reached within a couple of fathoms of the *Diamond's* poop. There it stopped as though brought up by an invisible hawser. Again we were deafened by its thunder, this time accompanied by the noise of the wind. We could see Captain Gray wildly gesticulating and shouting orders, and could discern the movement of his lips, but did not hear a word he said. The mate sent a man to learn his

wishes. Whilst he went we watched the spout. It had changed its course and was moving inward slowly, like the creeping of a tide on a man lashed to rocks which the tide would submerge. Diagonally it came, ever so slightly, in a line that would bring it aboard by the main rigging.

The man sent to bring Captain Gray's orders returned with a command to slip the cable at the first shackle. We proceeded with the task, instantly and instinctively expecting to feel the thud of that devastating spout on our decks. Whilst so engaged we felt the throb of the engines below. The *Diamond* gathered way, her helm hard a-port. (For this information I am indebted to a cargo foreman who watched the manœuvre.) The vessel went ahead, steal-

ing away foot by foot from the roaring down-pour and turning her stern gradually from it. Scarcely was she past the spout when it rushed off at a right angle across her stern and disappeared. That instant the wind dropped, and rain came down as only in the tropics it can, but not for more than two or three minutes. Then all was still. The heat-haze had gone; the ground swell had subsided; the air was clear; and we lay, our cable unslipped, in a scene of absolute peace. The whole strange occurrence had not occupied more than a quarter of an hour—but during that period we seemed to have lived a lifetime.



"THE WIND DROPPED, AND RAIN CAME—A SCENE IN THE TROPICS."—H. S. ADAMS.

Across
EUROPE
IN A
PERAMBULATOR



Anton Hanslian,
of Vienna

An extraordinary feat recently accomplished by a Vienna turner named Anton Hanslian. For a prize of two thousand dollars, offered by a wealthy sportsman, he wheeled his wife and little daughter through the length and breadth of Europe in a specially-built perambulator, taking not a penny with him and earning his living en route. Hanslian covered nearly fifteen thousand miles in twenty-two months, and met with many hardships. The story of this unique journey is told in his own words.



TWO years ago, at the time of the Paris Exhibition, a remarkable spirit of adventure blossomed out among the citizens of Vienna. Wonderful and out-of-the-way feats were attempted almost daily, and people did most extraordinary things in order to gain notoriety. One man, instead of using the railway, drove to the French capital in a cab, another walked all the way on foot, and a third tried to reach Paris on stilts. Yet another made a barrel which he intended to roll to Paris full of Austrian wine.

It was reserved for a man named Anton Hanslian, however, a turner by trade, to make the most curious pilgrimage of all. He also desired to visit the exhibition, and made up his mind not only to do the journey to Paris on foot, but at the same time to push his wife and infant daughter before him in an ordinary perambulator. This plan he carried out successfully in May, 1900.

Hanslian found this kind of travelling so much to his taste that as soon as he had got back to Vienna he determined to make a journey through the whole of Europe in the

same way. He accordingly had a special perambulator made, strong enough for such an extensive tour. The conveyance was a kind of cross between an old-fashioned three-wheeled perambulator and an invalid chair, and was fitted with a linen hood which could be raised in bad weather.

Hanslian asserted that he was induced to undertake this remarkable journey not only from a love of adventure and a desire to see all the countries of Europe in as cheap a way as possible, but also in order to win a substantial prize offered him by a well-to-do man whose acquaintance he had made in Paris. The condition of winning the prize was that he should traverse the whole of Europe—that is to say, all the important countries and towns—within two years, making the journey entirely on foot, and pushing the perambulator containing his wife and daughter in front of him. Other conditions were that he should start on the journey without a penny in his pocket, and that he should prove that he had traversed the prescribed route by sending post-cards from each place he visited, and by obtaining certificates from local officials.

On 12th September, 1900, Hanslian put his wife and child into this curious perambulator and started off on his long tour, pushing the "pram" in front of him.

The incidents of the tour are best described in the turner's own words:—

During our journey of almost two years we lived chiefly on the sale of pictorial post-cards, of which we got rid of more than fifty thousand. I earned money, too, by exhibiting myself and my family in itinerant circuses; and I sometimes gave lectures about our journey. But, to be quite frank, we often had to have recourse to the charity of kind-hearted sympathizers, especially at those times when my wife fell ill. This happened on three occasions, and once her sickness lasted nearly four weeks. But, in spite of all that we earned or were given, we were often hungry, cold, and thirsty. As I know only the German language and a little Czech, it was often terribly difficult to make myself understood, and in those countries where I could not speak the language and where few Germans live I could, of course, make nothing by one of my sources of income—the lectures. Often for days and weeks I met not a single soul with whom I could converse, and when I could not tell our story, where we came from, and where we were bound for, the people of course took no interest in us and passed us by without paying us any attention. This was natural enough. How should they know that we were traversing Europe afoot with our perambulator? Probably many of those who passed us by indifferently thought that we lived in the next village, and that I was taking my sick or lame wife out for a little airing. This was the reason, I suppose, why the population in many of the countries we visited appeared to us anything but friendly, while in others we were received most sympathetically and well supplied with money and provisions.

When we left Vienna on 12th September, 1900, full of hope and joyous anticipation, we had, of course, no idea what toils, difficulties, and dangers were before us. We had only a few months before made a pilgrimage to the Paris Exhibition in the same fashion, and as everything went so well then we felt no anxiety about this longer journey. At first, moreover, all went smoothly. The weather was good and the people friendly, and the post-cards we sold and the lectures I gave in the village inns brought us in a goodly sum of money.

At the end of the first week we crossed the German frontier near Passau, and I remember with pleasure the four weeks we spent in Germany on our way to Holland. The weather

was glorious, and the people took so much interest in my undertaking that, so far from suffering want, we lived literally in the lap of luxury. We passed Ratisbon, Nuremberg, and Würzburg, and then struck the Rhine at Coblenz, and followed it down to Cologne. From there I pushed my perambulator to Düsseldorf and at last reached Holland, where I first turned my steps to Amsterdam. In this country we could hardly get even a glass of milk given us for our little girl, and I had to make inroads upon the savings we had made in Germany. Lectures were, of course, out of the question, for I knew no Dutch, and the sale of post-cards was not so good as it might have been. We went from Amsterdam to Rotterdam and thence into Belgium. Here we passed through Antwerp and Brussels, and at the beginning of November, 1900, crossed the French frontier in pouring rain. I now wanted to get to Paris, and as I could not speak French and had heard that the French were not fond of Germans I pretended to be a Czech, and in this way did well enough. My purse—which the stay in Holland and Belgium had somewhat severely depleted—now began to fill again most satisfactorily. After a short stay in Paris I turned my steps to Calais, where we took ship for Dover.

In England we spent ten weeks, and I cannot pretend that they were among the pleasantest of our journey. Up to this time we had often got shelter for the night without any difficulty in peasants' houses or other private dwellings, either free or for a very small payment. This we found especially easy in Germany, but we could hardly get taken in anywhere in England; and as we had to keep our savings untouched for the so many journeys we had yet to make, and so could not spend much on inns, we often had to pass a night in the open, protected only by our blankets and reserve clothes and by branches of trees against the inclement weather, and it must be remembered that the time we spent in England extended from November till the end of January! Our humble meals, too, we took mostly out of doors, and they often consisted of nothing but potatoes, which we baked in a wood fire. It is no wonder that, living as we did, my wife fell ill, and so delayed us several days. We had passed through London, Oxford, Birmingham, and Manchester, and were on our way to Liverpool when this occurred. A miserable, tumble-down hut which I found gave us some kind of shelter; but as my wife had fever, and I could not leave her and the child to get food, we began to suffer much from hunger, which made the little girl cry incessantly. However, on the third day I saw by good chance a dog straying



"I ROASTED HIS FLESH OVER A FIRE."

about the fields near us. Hunger knows no law, I thought, so I took my revolver and shot him, and then roasted his flesh over a fire on a stick. The water we drank came from a pond near the hut. Those were among the darkest days of our journey.

After this involuntary delay we reached Liverpool and there took ship for Ireland, landing at Dublin. Here I started to push the perambulator to Belfast. From thence we crossed once more to Scotland, visiting Glasgow and Edinburgh, and then turned our faces to the south again. We went through Newcastle to Hull and there took leave of England.

From Hull we sailed to Hamburg, and a week later reached Denmark, where we spent the first week of February, at the end of which we arrived at Copenhagen. From here we sailed by ship to Malmö, in Sweden, and passed through Gothenburg and Christiania on our way to Stockholm. I had hoped to do Sweden and Norway in four to five weeks, but my wife unfortunately fell sick again and had to spend nearly four weeks in hospital. I employed this time in earning some money at my old trade of turner, but when we left the ship which had taken us from Sweden to Stettin in Germany, in the middle of April, 1901, I had no more money in my pocket than I had had seven months before when leaving Vienna—that is to say, none at all.

But in Germany things went well again. When people saw the inscription on the peram-

bulator—"On Foot Round Europe"—they became interested, besieged us with questions, and readily bought our pictorial post-cards. Indeed, they often gave us money and food without being asked. This enabled us to renew our clothes, and when, on the 16th of May, 1901, we passed the Russian frontier (we had in the meantime travelled through Berlin, Bromberg, and Königsberg) I had again a nice little sum in my purse.

We spent more than ten weeks in Russia, going first through Riga to Reval, and thence by boat across the Gulf of Finland to Helsingfors. From here we walked in ten days to St. Petersburg, *via* Wiborg. After a short stay there I pushed the "pram" through Düna-burg, Vilna, and Warsaw, and so to the German frontier again. We had looked forward to the Russian part of the journey with a certain amount of anxiety, but we got through it much better than we had expected, apart from some trouble with the police and the gendarmes, who put us in prison more than once as suspicious characters. In Finland the people were very friendly, and the Poles, too, treated us well. With the latter my knowledge of the Czech language enabled me to make myself understood. But the treatment we received in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg was rather bad.

From the Russian frontier we turned our steps towards Breslau, and in a week reached the black and yellow posts which mark the

Austrian boundary. Hungary was our next goal, and after passing Pressburg we reached Budapest towards the end of August. In this country we suffered great want, for we saw little of the boasted Hungarian hospitality, and we went hungry, more or less, all the way to Belgrade.

I must not forget to mention a rather serious adventure which we encountered shortly before reaching Budapest, in the neighbourhood of Neuhäusel, in Hungary. One hot afternoon I was laboriously pushing the perambulator in front of me, while the child and my wife had

by the outcry, left the road and moved off into the bushes at the side. If I had hit and only wounded the animal (which I afterwards learned had escaped from a menagerie) we should in all probability have been torn to pieces. After leaving the spot I kept on turning round again and again to see if the beast were coming after us, and we were heartily glad when we reached a village in safety an hour later. We often spoke afterwards of this adventure, and jokingly said that the tiger had not cared about attacking us because we had not enough flesh on our bones.



"I REMEMBERED MY REVOLVER AND DREW IT FROM MY POCKET."

fallen asleep, when there suddenly appeared right in front of us, on the high road, a large animal which I almost immediately recognised, with a thrill of horror, as a tiger! The fright this gave me I shall never forget. I stood stock still for several seconds, as if paralyzed, unable to think or act, and stared helplessly at the tiger, which walked slowly towards us. At last I remembered my revolver, drew it from my pocket, and fired, but the shot failed to have any effect, either because the aim was bad, in consequence of my excitement, or because the bullet did not carry far enough.

At this critical moment, however, my wife and child, awakened by the shot, shrieked loud and long, and the tiger, somewhat startled

From the middle of September till the 17th of November, 1901, we tramped through Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumania, but, as the Turkish officials would not allow us to enter Turkey, I could not carry out my plan of journeying to Constantinople, and accordingly turned back through Philippopolis, Sofia, and Nish. We traversed the whole of Bosnia, and after passing Sarajevo reached Hungary again on the 1st of December. We experienced very hard times in the wild Balkan countries. Hardly anything was to be gained by the sale of our pictorial post-cards, and the days on which we had enough to eat I could count on my fingers. The unfriendly and, indeed, directly hostile behaviour of many people in Bulgaria and Servia was a source of great

alarm to us. Disputes with the passers-by were common enough, and I often had to show my revolver before I could get rid of unpleasant characters. In this part of the world it was the rule, and not the exception, that we had to pass the night in the open, protected only by our blankets, and it is a marvel that we did not all become ill, for the nights had already become bitterly cold, and we often had to put up with the additional discomfort of driving rain and even snow.

Our way now lay through Croatia to Trieste. This took us two weeks, which passed not unpleasantly. From Trieste I pushed my "pram" past Venice, Bologna, Florence, and Rome to Naples, and then back again once more through Rome to Livorno and Genoa. We spent nine weeks altogether in Italy. We had expected more from this beautiful country, but had to put up with want of food often enough, and I used sometimes to push my "pram" the whole day with out having eaten more than a bit of dry bread.

The following example will show how we fared in Italy. I knocked one day at the door of a monastery and asked for some soup, but received the surly reply, "We have no alms for Austrians." It often happened, too, that the dogs were put on us to drive us from a house where I had asked for shelter for the night.

After leaving Italy we journeyed along the French Riviera, past Toulon and Marseilles, and on the 24th of February last reached the Spanish frontier. In Spain we did splendidly. As we crossed the Pyrenees I met a German who could speak Spanish, and he kindly trans-

lated the inscription on my perambulator—"On Foot Round Europe"—into that language. I must regard this man as a regular benefactor. Those few words in Spanish were sufficient to awake the interest of the people, and so it came about that those who had hardly enough for themselves readily let us share their meals and gave us shelter for the night. The route we took led us through Barcelona and Madrid to

Lisbon, from Lisbon through Salamanca and Valladolid, and so back to France again.

We took our way past Toulouse and Lyons to Geneva. This took us three weeks, from 30th April to 21st May. After the weeks of prosperity in Spain these seemed but bad times to us, and it happened often enough that we had to spend a night in the local lock-up for want of a better shelter. At one place in the neighbourhood of Lyons I crept, together with my wife and child, into the public baking oven, which stood in the middle of the village, and we spent the night there well enough, though next morning we were as black as chimney-

sweepers. In another place we slept excellently in the churchyard, in the tool-hut of the grave-digger. Anyone who has walked steadily for months like we had done can sleep anywhere, even in a churchyard.

From Geneva I pushed my perambulator through Switzerland, passing Lausanne, Berne, and Zürich, as far as the Lake of Constance, which we reached on 10th June, and one month later we arrived home in Vienna. The last few weeks took us over the Arlberg Pass, still deep in snow, and through Carinthia and Styria, and made great claims on our endurance. Even in



"I RECEIVED THE SURLY REPLY, 'WE HAVE NO ALMS FOR AUSTRIANS.'"

our own country we had often to go to sleep hungry, content with a barn for a shelter, while the almost continual rain made the roads terribly bad, so that the pushing of my heavy perambulator was fearfully hard work. But all weariness and exhaustion were forgotten in the hearty and enthusiastic reception which the people of Vienna gave us.

Hanslian returned to Vienna on 10th July, 1902, and so was only twenty-two months on the way, and as during this time he had traversed the whole of the route prescribed, passing through a score of countries on his way, and had complied with the other conditions, he won the prize of two thousand dollars offered by his wealthy patron. But besides this he has gained the glory of being the most enduring pedestrian in Europe. In the twenty-two months his journey lasted he covered a distance of no fewer than fourteen thousand nine hundred and eighty English miles, pushing all the way a perambulator which weighed, with its occupants, about thirty-five stone. That it is a truly wonderful performance will be evident when one remembers that the journey had to be continued in all kinds of weather, and that the heavy "pram" had often to be pushed for days or weeks over execrable roads sometimes deep in snow.

The hero of this unique performance is now thirty-seven years old. He is of middle height, and no one would suppose to look at him that he could have performed such a feat of endurance. When he reached Vienna he looked sunburnt, but thin, and his face was lined with deep furrows; one could see without

asking that he had met with great privations, and that a journey on foot through Europe without money is no trifling undertaking. The costume he wore when he arrived in Vienna consisted of a pair of low shoes—the thinnest pair since beginning his journey—a pair of bicycling knickerbockers much the worse for wear, stockings, a sweater which bore abundant marks of hard usage, and a cap. Hanslian's arms, which projected beyond the sleeves of the sweater, were tanned to a brown-red by wind and sun and weather. All the rest of his wardrobe and all that he required in hot or cold weather were carried in the "pram," where, too, were stored up the garments of his wife and child, with some blankets to be used when it was necessary to bivouac in the open, besides a store of provisions and some cooking utensils.

Frau Hanslian's face also betrayed the toils and privations which were endured during that twenty-two months' tramp. But in contrast to her parents the six-year-old girl looked round-cheeked and bright, though her face and hands were as brown as those of a gipsy child. Poldy, as she is called, sat almost always on

her mother's lap in the perambulator, so she had none of the toils of the journey and was able to enjoy it, and during all that long time was not once ill. This was the more remarkable as the weather during most of the journey was unfavourable.

It is Hanslian's intention to go to America, where he will make a long-distance march from New York right across the continent to San Francisco. He hopes to cover the long thousand three hundred miles in a hundred days.



From a)

"THE LIFE OF THE HERO"

(1902)

The Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition.

By E. BRIGGS BALDWIN.

I.

The first authoritative account of the work of this important expedition, written by the leader of the party. Mr. Baldwin illustrates his narrative with some particularly striking photographs, which will give our readers a vivid idea of the rigours attending exploration work in the ice-bound Arctic.

WHEN on the 27th of July, 1901, the steam yacht *America*, of the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition, left the northern port of Vardoe, in Norway, on her voyage of exploration and discovery in Franz-Josef Land, there were not a few who expressed doubt as to the probability of the safe arrival of the yacht at her intended destination. Her burden of coal and stores, fifteen Siberian ponies, more than four hundred dogs, and the forty-two members composing the expedition made her float very deep in the water. Moreover, the heavy cases of acid to be used in the generation of hydrogen gas for the balloons forced her nose unusually low into the water, while great bales of pressed hay for the ponies were piled up here and there—along the bulwarks on deck, in the space abaft the deck cabin, high amongst the rigging fore and aft, and on the very bridge itself. No better manner of stowing so large and so various a cargo was possible, considering the limited space at our dis-

posal, and we were therefore obliged to put to sea courting the smiles of Providence.

Fain would we have replenished our coal supply before leaving the last port within the pale of civilization, but this could not now be done without gravely increasing the perils incident to manœuvring such a heavy and deep-laden vessel amongst the pitiless ice-floes which in a moment might cut right through her sides and send her to the bottom like a stone. Nevertheless, we steamed away to the north with good courage, and soon sunshine and heat gave place to the fog and cold amid which we had started.

In latitude 76deg. 30min. north we met the great ice-pack, grey, sullen, and forbidding-looking. Two and a half degrees farther south a great ragged tongue of the main pack had been met with, and along the western edge of this we steamed in a general direction toward Cape Flora, the headquarters of the English Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition.

Upon meeting the main ice-field a sharp look-out was maintained in order to speak any of the Norwegian



MR. E. P. BALDWIN, THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION—TO THE LEFT IS CAPT. JOHANNSEN, OF THE "AMERICA."

From a Photo. by Watt and Sons, Dundee.

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sealing schooners which annually frequent the Barents Sea, especially that portion of it off the south-eastern coast of Spitzbergen. There are to be found the favourite feeding grounds of walruses, seals, and Polar bears.

One day we chanced to speak one of these schooners whose skipper had received no home news since the early part of April. He and his brother—the skipper of a similar craft—had not heard of each other since separating for the chase amongst the ice-floes. It was our sad duty to inform him of the tragic death of that brother. While in the pursuit of game the accidental discharge of a rifle had caused his instant death, whereupon his companions at once returned to Norway, where we had learned the news which we now broke as gently as possible to his relative.

Still later, when far within the ice-plains, we met a third schooner, a tiny, helpless-looking little craft with waves and floes leaping up and down around it. Nevertheless we had faith in the skill and courage of her skipper, and entrusted to him our last messages. We then parted company with mutual good wishes, and forced our way farther northward into the pack, dense fog eventually checking our progress.

chained upon the fore-castle deck, we were obliged to remove them hastily to the main deck, in order that they might not be carried into the sea. Fortunately, however, after rounding a number of threatening ice masses the *America* escaped into smooth water. That the tiny ship by which we had dispatched our letters likewise weathered the storm safely we learned more than a year later.

After this storm our sturdy Arctic yacht at length succeeded in finding a long, narrow opening leading northward toward our first destination in Franz-Josef Land. This consisted of a series of small open-water areas united by short, narrow leads, or "straits," between enormous ice-floes. Oftentimes there was barely room enough for the ship to pass from one water-space to the next one. Sometimes, too, this could only be effected by waiting for tide or current or wind, to separate the ice and widen the passage. During such delays we employed our time in shifting coal into the bunkers and in replenishing our tanks with fresh water, of which, on our Arctic ark, we were obliged to have a large quantity both for ourselves and the dogs and ponies.

This photo. shows the *America* stuck fast



From a]

THE "AMERICA" STUCK FAST IN THE MAIN PACK.

Then followed, a few hours later, a wind-storm of such violence that heavy ice-cakes rose and fell upon one another with a rumbling, growling noise terrible to hear. Heavy seas threatening to sweep away such of the dogs as had been

in the main pack. In the foreground are two fresh-water pools, formed by the melting of snow and ice on the surface of the floe. This water is pumped by hand from the pool through a long rubber tube leading over the bulwarks

and thence into the tanks. Great care was necessary in selecting pools in which the water was free from salt, or else sickness, if not death, almost invariably followed. Such ice-ponds, however, are not always at hand, and then it becomes necessary to obtain ice from a berg—if one can be found—and then melt it. The water from such a source is always fresh. But even these resources were not available at all points, and in consequence of the use of brackish water more than thirty of our dogs sickened and died before the *America* came to anchor in her winter harbour. This was at Camp Ziegler, which we established on the south-eastern extremity of a small island six miles in length by two in width, in north

ship. One of the three portable houses had been put together, the dogs were made fast to long whale-lines round and about the camp, while the ponies were allowed to go at liberty. The third hut had already been put up on the south-western extremity of the island, and was known as West Camp Ziegler.

Owing to the number of icebergs and floes which ever and anon threatened the safety of the yacht at this point, it was decided not to establish the main head-quarters of the expedition on the south-west corner of the island as first intended, but to place it six miles farther east. Moreover, the "landing" at the east camp was ideal, as shown on the next page. The ice-foot, which terminated abruptly in the



From a

ESTABLISHING THE WINTER QUARTERS OF THE EXPEDITION AT CAMP ZIEGLER.

[Photo.]

latitude 80deg. 23min., and east longitude about 56deg. 37min.

The above photo. illustrates the establishing of this camp as the main head-quarters of the expedition. The yacht had been moored to the remnant of a stranded iceberg on her port bow, while her stern was within three or four rods of the land itself. The keel of the vessel astern rested upon a sand bottom formed at this point by the discharge of a small stream which flows during mid-summer down the eastern declivities of the island.

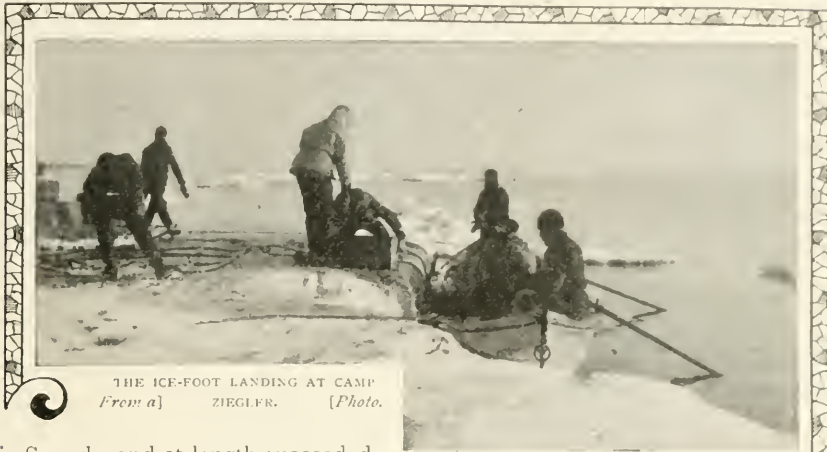
The winter berth of the *America*, resting as she was upon land, water, and ice, could not, upon general principles, be said to have been ideal. One was never certain that some movement in the sea-ice might not force her still farther upon the land and so unbalance her as to render living on board impossible. Camp Ziegler was only three hundred paces from the

water, greatly facilitated the discharging of our cargo. Here it was that the *America* finally came to anchor for the winter on the 12th of October, 1901, and she was completely "frozen in" five days later, on which date the sun disappeared, not to be seen again for one hundred and thirty days.

For sixty days preceding the dropping of anchor for the winter at Camp Ziegler the *America* had vainly endeavoured to find a way farther north. The British Channel—which two years previous was open early in August and permitted the Italian Expedition, under the Duke of the Abruzzi, to steam even beyond the eighty-second parallel—remained heavily blocked this year with ice throughout the whole of the month of August. This was equally true of Markham Sound; while the ice in that portion of Austria Sound between Hall Island and Wilczek Land remained as impenetrable as in

the dead of winter. On the 24th of August the supply steamer took her departure for Norway, taking with her a large number of bear skins and walrus hides. For more than a month after this date the *America* continued her endeavours to penetrate the ice of Markham

fourth and last vain attempt to cross the straits into Austria Sound was made. Following this fruitless effort to get north by that avenue, an attempt was made to round the east ends of Salm Island and Wilczek Land. One day, when close to the former, our heavily burdened ship



THE ICE-FOOT LANDING AT CAMP
From a Photo. ZIEGLER.

and Austria Sounds, and at length succeeded in crossing the former, which, in that portion lying to the north-west of Alger Island, had gradually become clear of ice. Fourteen distinct efforts were made before the attempt resulted in success.

One day, while forcing the yacht against heavy ice, the stock of one of the main anchors hanging low against the bow was broken, and we were thus left with only one reliable anchor. After a time, however, a new stock was ingeniously improvised from one of the spare davits, and the accompanying photo. shows the engine-room department employed upon this very important piece of work.

Contemporaneously with our struggles to break through the ice we effected the capture of seventeen large seals, several bears, and half-a-dozen large walrus. On the 23rd of September a

ran amuck among rocks and remained aground for several hours. Not until a portion of the cargo had been shifted and high tide had come was it possible to clear her. In this same locality thirty years previous the *Tegethoff*, the discovery ship of the Austro-Hungarian Expedition, got aground and remained fast until broken up by the relentless grip of the ice, which held her upon the rocks until long after the departure for civilization of the brave explorers.

Our next illustration was taken at the southwestern extremity of McClintock Island, a remarkable cape of 100000 which now bears the name of Judge John F. Dillon, of New York. This photo. also shows a few of the characteristic



THE ENGINE-ROOM STAFF MAKING A STOCK FOR ANCHORS
From a Photo.

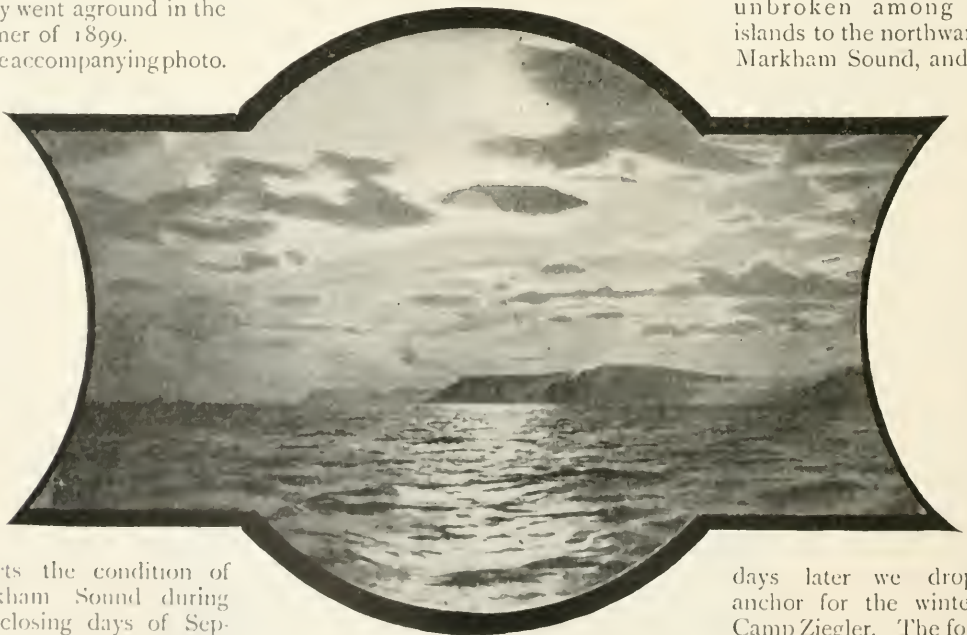


From a] CAPE JOHN F. DILLON, MCCLINTOCK ISLAND. [Photo.

forms of icebergs which are almost always to be met with off the south coast of McClintock Island, drifting to and fro from east to west with each change of tide and current. Off the south-eastern extremity of this same island is an islet near which are the dangerous submerged rocks upon which the *Capella* nearly went aground in the summer of 1899.

The accompanying photo.

In the background are shown the glaciers and cliffs forming the north coast of the Sound. To the eastward of this line of cliffs there extended a wide belt of thick, hard ice, through which it was impossible to break a way—at least without extravagant expenditure of our precious coal. The use of both dynamite and gunpowder at this point proved also to be of little advantage. The 10th of October still found the ice unbroken among the islands to the northward of Markham Sound, and two



From a] OPEN WATER IN MARKHAM SOUND. [Photo.

depicts the condition of Markham Sound during the closing days of September, 1901. It shows that portion of the Sound lying to the north-west of Alger Island, or perhaps more properly to the north of Aberdare Channel.

days later we dropped anchor for the winter at Camp Ziegler. The following night a violent storm arose. Too little cable having been paid out, the anchor dragged. The wind howled fiercely in the rigging and the waves

struck heavily on the port side of the labouring ship. The darkness of the night was intense and we knew not where we were, till suddenly huge, grey forms appeared like overwhelming spectres round about us. The *America* had been driven right amongst a fleet of icebergs! With one of these we momentarily expected to collide: not a man but expected death. Presently there came a cry from the fore-castle deck: "The chain's broke and the anchor's gone, sir!" Then, "Full speed ahead," went the order to the engine-room, while Porter and myself sent the wheel "hard-a-starboard," all the others having gone forward for the purpose of heaving in the anchor—now, of course, at the bottom. All night we steamed slowly and cautiously about, with difficulty keeping clear of the masses of ice which menaced us on every side. Fortunately, I had ordered a light to be kept burning at the window of the little hut on shore, and this served as a most welcome beacon till the twilight of the next day, when the *America* was moored to the stranded iceberg in the harbour as already described. The surface of the sea now froze with such rapidity that we were "frozen in" before the sailing-master had an opportunity to turn the ship about so as to rest with her head toward the land. The iceberg, therefore, served as our winter anchor.

In one of the huts of Camp Ziegler lived seven of our party—those whose duty it was to watch and care for the ponies and dogs. This was no small task—especially the peace-making part of it—for deadly encounters among the dogs were of frequent occurrence. Most unfortunately, ere the Arctic night began about sixty of these useful draught animals died from the ravages of internal parasites, and before the spring sledging began more than half the pack had disappeared.

The presence of so many noisy creatures doubtless had much to do in keeping our camp clear of bears. Nevertheless they occasionally visited us. On one occasion an enormous brute

walked deliberately up to a pile of walrus meat lying near the hut and, notwithstanding dogs, men, and boats, roared loudly demanding the food intended for the dogs upon a waddlesoon bullet crashed through his brain and laid him flat upon his stomach. This fortunate gentleman is shown in the next photographic group.

In course of time we learned that several of the dogs had evidently been trained to hunt bears, and they were therefore designated as the "bear dogs." One of these was named "Jackson" by his master and driver. He was not only fond of sport, but also of work, and did rather more than his share when pulling in the traces. One day Mr. Leffingwell and I ex-

posed to a large bear, which fled into an ice cave beneath the face of a glacier. Right into the cave after him went "Jackson," down an almost perpendicular descent of fifteen feet. We expected to hear the bear tear him into pieces, but the nimble dog proved too quick for old Bruin, and eluded every attempt upon his life. A lucky shot from my rifle presently killed the bear instantly and "Jackson" was rescued. A few weeks later, however, he lost his life, to our great sorrow. A large bear having



From a THE BEAR THAT VISITED THE CAMP. [Phot.]

approached the ship, "Jackson" and another dog were sent out to hold him at bay until Mr. Bergendahl, Lucas, and myself could arrive with the rifles. For a time the dogs played their part well, but ere we arrived with our firearms the bear had reached a large open water space. Into this he threw himself and made good his escape. But "Jackson" was nowhere to be seen! We had thus concluded that he had disappeared among some neighbouring ice hummocks, when Mr. Leffingwell arrived and came upon the lifeless body of his favourite dog, crushed to death by the bear's jaws, floating in the water between two blocks of ice.

The danger of summer navigation over the expedition settled down to steady work for the winter. This entailed cooking enormous

(Indian maize), mush for the dogs, caring for the ponies, sledging large quantities of ice from neighbouring bergs in order to obtain our fresh water by melting the ice on board, taking regular meteorological and astronomical observations, photographing by moonlight and flashlight, sketching and painting, tailoring, making tents, enlarging the fur sleeping-bags, repairing and making sledges, etc. The following photo. illustrates a phase of our active life

the typewriter is Assistant-Secretary Dickson, who has joined the force who are plaiting sennit, with which the loads are to be lashed to the sledges. Beside Mr. Dickson, on the sofa just beneath the library, are Messrs. Vedoe and Vinyard, while beneath the engraving of President Washington are Doctors Seitz and De Bruler. Hanging above the portrait of Washington is one of the antlers of a large reindeer picked up by the author on a small



From a

WINTER WORK IN THE DECK CABIN—PREPARING FOR THE SLEDGE JOURNEYS.

[Photo.

during the long spell of darkness and intense cold which now awaited us. The picture shows the interior of the "office"—that is, the deck cabin, which, as the work of preparing for sledging enlarged, was converted into a veritable workshop. In order to save the coal for navigation and the petroleum for use on the sledge journeys, our electric lights and petroleum lamps gave way to candles and blubber-lamps, as may be seen by examining the articles on the table. The black appearance of the erstwhile white walls of the cabin was caused by the smoke from the blubber flames. In front of

island to the westward of Alger Island. In front of Dr. De Bruler sits Meteorologist Loth, while the Dundee whale-line from which the sennit is being made is in evidence in every part of the room.

Not only were the dogs abundantly fed and shelters built for their protection and a watchman employed constantly among them, but they were given conscientious medical attention as well. Nevertheless, as I have said, more than half the pack succumbed ere the return of the sun—a serious loss to the expedition.

(To be continued.)

The Trouble at Kambakhtpore.

By A. RATNAY.

An amusing incident related by an Indian police-official. An audacious robbery perpetrated by a band of dacoits at a remote village, and a threatening letter addressed to the native inspector, threw the local police into such a condition of nervous agitation that a curious accident which happened one night gave rise to a most ludicrous situation.



As there was a native police-inspector in charge at Kambakhtpore I felt there would be no need for me to go out to personally investigate the dacoity* which was reported to have occurred there. News of this was already circulating in the bazaar, although no official information had reached me. It was the hottest period of the warm weather, just before the break of the monsoon, and I was glad to be saved the sultry fifty-mile drive. In the course of the day, however, I received the following letter from my inspector, which quite upset my comfortable anticipations :—

“Kambakhtpore.

“Honoured Sir, It is with a faltering penmanship that I have to inform your honour that dacoity been committed last night at house of Gunga Din, shopkeeper. Having pain in stomach I was unable to catch evil-minded dacoits. For same reason—viz., pain in stomach—I am unable to pursue investigations. I enclose certificate from apothecary-babu, showing that doubtless my stomach is morbidly inclined under Police Regulation XXII., section 3, sub-section A. Head-constable tell all about dacoity. Police have letter written by anonyma, but supposed by dacoits. Head-constable will show. May your honour make all serene through you noble courage and come up smiling like Jonah out of inside of whale. And, as in duty bound, I shall ever pray.—I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,
“SHADI LALL, Inspector.”

There was nothing for it but for me to go to Kambakhtpore myself and “pursue investigations” in place of the afflicted inspector. So I arranged to start as soon as the “dāk” could be laid out, which operation consisted in sending on overnight relays of ponies, so that at every ten miles or thereabouts I might find a fresh animal with which to drive on to the next stage.

It was very hot when I set out for Kambakhtpore next morning, but I was glad to observe that several of those heralds of the rains, the adjutant birds, or great Indian storks, had arrived, and were collected about the margins of such ponds and streams as had not altogether dried up. Their arrival, I knew, was a sure sign that the anxiously-awaited monsoon

was not far off. Hot and dust covered, I reached the dāk bungalow, or rest-house, about midday, and was received with a very good imitation of a military salute by the half-dozen or so constables who awaited my arrival. They seemed embarrassed at my inquiry about the welfare of the invalid inspector. One of them unsuccessfully struggled with a broad grin which overspread his hot and shining features, and the head-constable, who could speak a little English, hitching his white trousers, graveley reported, “The inspector-babu still got pain inside.”

I spent the rest of the day in investigating the evidence about the dacoity. I found that a one-eyed desperado, named Ali Khan, was supposed to have been the leading spirit in the affair. He and his friends had conducted it on lines of oftentimes proved efficacy. They had first dug a hole in the mud wall enclosing the various huts which formed Gunga Din's residence, and one of the gang, entering thereby, had opened the gate to the rest. The robbers then made for the worthy tradesman's bedroom. It happened that the old man and his son were both sleeping there that night and the latter resisted the intruders, wounding one of them with a spear, whereupon he was speedily knocked down senseless. Gunga Din, for his part, restricted his own efforts to rolling himself up in his bedclothes and, in the intervals of half-smothered groans and vernacular ejaculations indicative of a troubled mind, calling upon his various gods to come to his aid. His half-inanimate body had been shoved aside, and while three of the gang guarded him—one sitting on his head, another on his stomach, and a third on his feet—the remainder dug up the ground where his bed had been laid, and where, according to immemorial Indian custom, his money was buried. After securing this they tied and gagged Gunga Din and his son, and, with a final volley of brutal imprecations and ominous warnings on the retribution which would follow any communication with the police, they departed. By way, apparently, of emphasizing these admonitions, they had sent Gunga Din an anonymous letter of a most vitriolic character. Here is the translation :—

“We send thee our salams, and would have thee understand, thou squat toad, that we keep

* A burglary or robbery



"THE SON RESISTED THE INTRUDERS."

thee in remembrance, both thee and thy son who dared to lift his hand against the person of a true believer. We will stuff thee and thy fry with gunpowder and blow thee up, and this shall be done very shortly. As for that corpulent one, the police-inspector, we will roast him in his own fat if he seeks to trouble us and sets the sahibs upon us. Let him remain at home in peace, lest evil befall him. It is written: 'O true believers! Consider these infidels, how they wax fat in idleness, whilst you, O true believers, toil for a handful of parched grain. Surely this thing is an abomination. Amen.'

This letter had so depressing an effect on the unhappy tradesman that he felt inclined to suppress all news of the burglary and bear his loss in silence. But he was overruled by his more energetic son, and, after much anxious deliberation, the police were communicated with. I thought I saw in the letter an explanation of the inspector's sudden illness. I suspected that he, too, had been sorely troubled in spirit by its

perusal, and had straightway fallen sick from sheer fright. He was, therefore, likely to remain an invalid until the storm-clouds had definitely rolled by, so to speak, and the demeanour of the constables who had received me on my arrival showed that they had their suspicions of the true condition of their superior officer. It by no means follows, however, that he fell in their esteem; tolerant good-humour was probably all that his frailties evoked in their minds.

It was evening before I returned to the bungalow. With the lengthening shadows the country-side had re-awakened into life and activity after the rest and silence imposed by the fierce heat of an Indian summer day. Women carrying large brass or earthenware pitchers on their heads gathered at the village well, and laughed and gossiped as they drew up their supply of water. A herd of buffaloes under the charge of a small boy returned lazily along a dusty road to their pen in the village. Walking clumsily in the water, or by the side of a large tank or pond, were five or six of the great adjutant birds, ever and anon grubbing in the shallows for worms. In the growing dusk their great white bodies seemed extended to giant size, and their long beaks, with the shimmer of the water upon them, had the aspect of formidable steel poniards.

As the weather was oppressively hot I decided to sleep out on the flat roof of the little one-storied bungalow, and accordingly had the necessary apparatus carried up. The staircase, by the way, was on the outside of the building, constructed on arches against the wall.

An inexplicable nervousness came upon my people as night fell. The venerable Kurream Buksh, the khansameh, or butler, who could recount tales of "Lât Clive Sahib" and "Warren Istinks Sahib," received at first hand from his grandfather, was ill at ease at dinner, and did not even smile when I asked him whether the mangled form which appeared in the chicken curry was that of the proud and aged bird I had seen strutting about the premises on my arrival. He had probably heard the little joke from generations of sahibs, but the smile of welcome for an old friend had never hitherto been absent. The head-constable somewhat anxiously inquired how many sentries I should like to have placed out. I was doubtful whether this apparent alarm proceeded solely from nervousness at the known adventurous character of the one-eyed Ali Khan, or whether they knew of something definite which they were unwilling to tell me. The reserve and

reticence of the native mind are hard to penetrate. I inclined on the whole to the view that, like the "invalid" inspector, they were in a state of nervous terror. I resolved, however, to keep my revolver near at hand in case of need.

I settled myself after dinner in a long cane-chair to read the last-arrived batch of English papers, with a camp lantern on a table beside me. The night was very dark, and I noticed how clearly some lights in the village shone in contrast with the black gloom. A subdued murmur of conversation came from my people below, mingled with the gurgling sound of their "hubble-bubbles" or hookahs, that ever-present sojace to a native. Presently the blood-curdling, maniacal shrieks of a pack of jackals rose on the night air from some thicket close at hand, and were answered like an echo by the voices of a more distant pack. Being under a mosquito curtain I was protected from the insects attracted by my lamp, round which they circled in a resonant swarm.

I suppose it was due to the slight reduction of the temperature which came about as the night wore on—I dare not say it was the soporific influence of the newspapers—but I dozed off into a state between sleeping and waking. The lamp by my side and the murmur of the insects about it faded out of consciousness, and presently the whole universe seemed to resolve itself into a solitary watchful eye observing me out of an infinite abyss of darkness. I looked hard at it. "Certainly," I said to myself, dreamily, "that is the eye of Ali Khan, the dacoit." Presently I seemed to hear light footsteps on the stairway. "It is the rest of Ali Khan," I thought, "coming to join that eye; he is feeling uncomfortable without it."

Suddenly I woke up with a start, for a mosquito had got under the curtain and bitten me badly. I was looking for the intruder when I heard what sounded like stealthy footsteps mounting the stairs. I listened, and concluded there was undoubtedly someone there, and I took hold of my revolver so as to be prepared for an emergency. Just then the jackals once more set up their hideous chorus, drowning every other sound. It was at its highest and most terrible notes when suddenly a great white figure, with what looked like a long, glistening dagger in its grasp, sprang upon me from the black space behind my chair. With a bound I jumped away from it, upsetting the table and lamp in my struggle to escape from the threatening danger. Gaining my feet once more I turned round, and, seeing the white object still standing there in the gloom, I raised my revolver and fired. The figure threw up its arms and fell with a thud.

The flash of the discharge had scarcely leaped from the barrel when a great uproar broke out among my people below, and cries of "Thieves, thieves!" "Kill, kill!" reached my ears. I ran to the parapet to ascertain what had happened, but in the darkness could make out nothing but dim, excited figures, who, to judge from the noise,



were engaged in a desperate battle with some invisible foe. I wondered whether it was really possible that the adventurous Ali Khan and his band could be attacking the bungalow, and had begun operations by attempting to murder me.

Several people were now hastily coming up the stairs, and I turned to face them. As they reached the roof I found from their voices that they were my own men, and the head-constable, who led them, exclaimed, excitedly: "Sahib, sahib! Thieves, thieves!" Apparently he thought I was asleep. "Have you caught them?" I asked.

"There were many. We have

"No, my brother"—this from a man who was no relative of the speaker's—"it was the left shoulder he struck. I saw the blow given."

"You are right, Gopal Singh," said the man addressed. "Truly it was the left shoulder."

"Where was the sentry?" I asked the head-constable. "How is it he did not give warning of the approach of the thieves?"

"He has become incompetent," was the grave reply. "He is mortally wounded!"

"Well," I said, "fetch him up, dead or alive." By this time a crowd from the village had



"A FIGURE WRAPPED IN A WHITE SHEET ADVANCED."

gathered about the bungalow, and a good many people had made their way to the roof. From their midst a figure wrapped in a white sheet advanced, and, after salaaming, in-

formed me in a weak voice he was the sentry.

formed me in a weak voice he was the sentry.

"Tell me all about it," I said.

"We have given and received many blows. It was a fight for our lives. It was doubtless Ali Khan and his gang," chimed in Kurreem Buksh.

"Certainly it was Ali Khan," said someone else. "The one-eyed shaitân (Satan) struck me a grievous blow on my right shoulder."

"I was resting," he began, but the head-constable hastily interrupted with: "Oh, my brother, what are you saying? Tell your tale in a plain and straightforward manner"; and, addressing me, he added by way of explanation, "He has received grievous blows on the head. Doubtless he is confused."

"I quite understand," I remarked.

With more circumspection the sentry went on: "I was carefully going my beat, looking this way and that, when just at half-past twelve, or it may be twenty-five minutes to one, I heard, on the opposite side of the house to that where I was, a noise as of contending armies. I rushed to the fray, but did not fire upon the enemy, being unable to distinguish friend from foe. Four or five of the thieves came tumultuously at me and struck me down, no doubt being fearful when they saw an armed man."

"Certainly," commented the head-constable. "It was natural."

At this point the attention of the crowd was arrested by a cry from Kurreem Buksh, who now, for the first time, noticed the white object I had shot lying huddled up behind the table and chair. The crowd peered forward to look at it, and then edged away as far as they could.

"Have you any matches, Kurreem Buksh?" I exclaimed.

With trembling hand he produced a box from some recess in his clothes, and we lit the lantern. The crowd squeezed itself still farther away, and as I moved, lantern in hand, towards the recumbent object, those on the top of the stairs got ready to bolt at a moment's notice.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, startled in my turn, as I recognised what the mysterious thing was; "it's an adjutant bird!" And then the explanation of the evening's adventure flashed suddenly across my mind.

I have already stated that I had noticed some adjutant birds by the tank or pond near the bungalow. Some of the birds, attracted by the light on the roof, had doubtless walked towards the building during the night, and one of them had mounted the stairs, which were on the outside, as I have previously stated. It was this bird which I, half awake, had mistaken in the darkness, caused by the extinction of the lamp, for a midnight assassin, and shot down. The report had roused the sleepers below, and they, their minds full of mysterious impending dangers

from the ferocious Ali Khan and his gang, had immediately evolved from their excited imaginations a burglarious attack on the bungalow, and proceeded to belabour one another vigorously, each man under the impression that he was dealing with a dacoit!

The crowd, as soon as they perceived the real character of the recumbent figure, began to press close about me to have a good look at it, and the head-constable announced to all and sundry, as though he was making an important discovery, that it was an adjutant bird.

"Certainly, certainly," responded a score or so of voices: "it is surely that bird."

"We passed some of them on the road as we came along," added one of the crowd.

"I agree with you all," I exclaimed, "but what of the burglars? Where is Ali Khan and his merry men, with whom the head-constable and Kurreem Buksh and the rest have been engaged in deadly combat? Where is the bold burglar who mortally wounded the sentry when that hero rushed into the fray, musket in hand?"

I suppose the truth was beginning to dawn on their minds, for little chuckles of laughter reached my ears from the villagers in the rear.

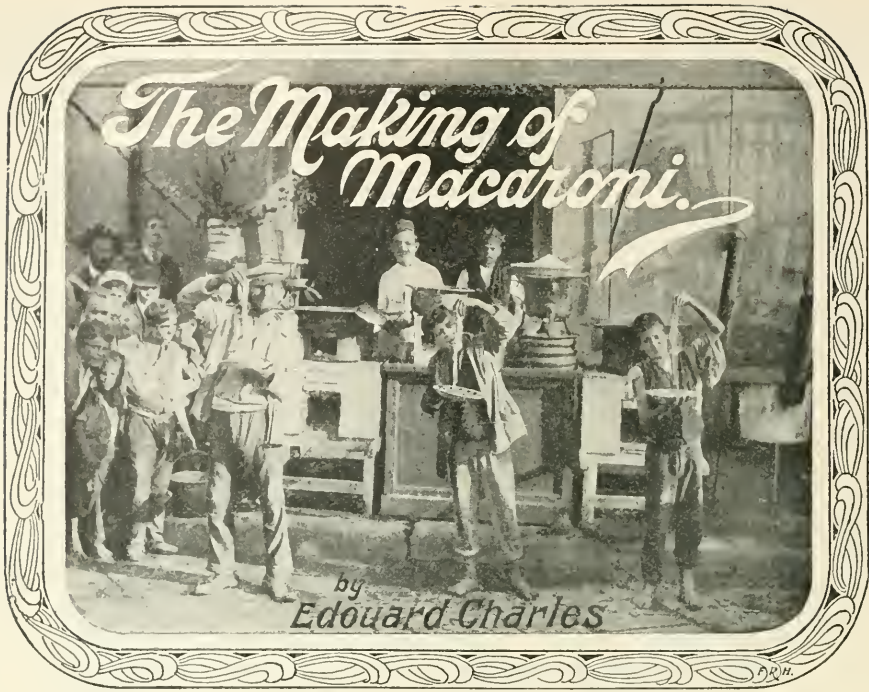
"I think you had all better go down," I continued, "and talk the matter over among yourselves."

The crowd now dispersed, and by the sounds of laughter which presently came from below I gathered that the mystery of the "attack" on the bungalow had been solved.

The victim of that night's adventure was, in due time, carefully stuffed in memory of the scene in which he had taken so prominent a part. With outstretched wings "Ali Khan," as he is now christened, stands a noble and awe-inspiring figure and a striking memento of the dacoity at Kambakhtpore.

As to the real Ali Khan, it was many a long day before he was caught, but slow-footed justice at length overtook him, and he is still "doing" his life sentence in the Andamans.





From a Photo. by A. C. Abèmacar.

Very few persons in this country have any idea how macaroni, the national dish of Italy, is prepared; some people have a hazy notion that it grows like wheat! The author has visited some of the largest factories in Naples, and describes the processes which the macaroni goes through. It is made in upwards of sixty different ways, and is gradually becoming, like bread, an international institution.



POETS have sung the charms of Italian life and scenery in verse, writers have raved over them in prose, and painters have transferred them to canvas; in fact, with all artistic souls sunny Italy always has been and always will be a favourite country.

There is one thing, however, for which Italy is as justly famous as for its sights and scenery, and yet one which the visitor almost entirely overlooks. Consequently the celebrated macaroni—that most agreeable and nutritious of national dishes—has, unlike the roast beef and plum pudding of Old England, found few to recommend it outside the land of its manufacture. As an article of daily diet its possibilities have not been understood nor its dietetic benefits appreciated by the stranger without the gates, but the Italians point with triumph to the fact that no foreigner resides long amongst them ere he succumbs to its subtle attraction. Moreover, like bread, it is gradually becoming an international institution.

It is not, however, the intention of the writer to descant here on the merits of this farinaceous accessory to the cuisine, admirable though it

may be as a daily dish, though he may remark *en passant* that there are more kinds of macaroni, made in different shapes, with different flavours, and capable of being prepared for the table in equally innumerable fashions, than he dreamt of or thought possible.

The best-known variety of macaroni in this country is the long hollow tube branded as *Napoletoni* and *vermicelli*. The former is used in England for making puddings and the latter for soups; but there are about sixty other different forms, ranging in size and shape from tiny grains to a one-inch diameter piece of piping, and taking in by the way little letters of the alphabet and sea-shells.

The process of making macaroni is more likely to appeal to the visitor than the eating of the article; that and watching, when the opportunity occurs, how the Italian partakes of and enjoys his national meal. There are some people—and they are not all in England either—whose acquaintance with macaroni begins and ends with the use of the word as an insulting term for Italia's swarthy sons, and such a one I once heard advise an Italian to return to macaroni harvesting rather than stay here



From a Photo. by]

MACARONI DRYING IN THE SUN OUTSIDE A FACTORY.

[J. C. Albenus.]

playing a street organ. He evidently thought that macaroni grew much like a field of corn or wheat and was reaped every year! Even although the origin of macaroni is lost in the mists of centuries he might have been expected to know better.

Macaroni can be traced back to the time of the Romans; in the kneading of flour they used a cylinder known as a "maccaro," whence the origin of the word *macaroni*. To-day it is manufactured all over Italy, at Leghorn, Florence, and Genoa, and outside the country, notably in Algiers, but the centre of the industry is Naples, and the true land of macaroni has been always, and always will remain, that which borders on the Bay of Naples, from San Giovanni to Sorrento.

The above photograph, illustrating the drying process, was taken at one of the largest macaroni factories in Naples, where hundreds of tons are turned out yearly to be dispatched all over the country and exported abroad. In the manufacturing process there is nothing particularly intricate. First the flour is mixed into a paste and at the same time any flavouring that is to be imparted to the macaroni is added. This is accomplished in large vats capable of holding great quantities of the paste, which—if it is to come out in elongated tubes—is then taken to

the room containing the warming cylinders and put through them. If it is destined to be cut into shapes of different thicknesses and moulded into various designs it goes under rolling machines.

In this room the workmen are found going about their labours wearing the lightest of garments and with feet innocent of any covering, which is not to be wondered at in view of the high temperature at which the place is maintained. Outside it was blazing hot, the sun burning in a blue expanse unflecked by the smallest cloud, and here inside the heat seemed to go right to one's brain, turning one drowsy and sick. On either side of the chamber large cylinders were set up, into the interiors of which the paste was poured, to emerge, under great pressure, through a perforated plate in long tubes which were caught across a stick placed beneath and kept moving along by the man in front until it had received its complement of macaroni. Then the stick, with the macaroni hanging down some six or more on either side, was seized by a couple of men stripped to the waist and borne on their shoulders to the exterior. As they are clothed so scantily it may be wondered that the men do not take cold on passing from the inside to the outside of the building, but

then it must be borne in mind that in the open a fierce sun blazed, so that they did not pass into cool air, for not a breath of wind was stirring. Faces, arms, bodies, and legs were tanned to a dark brown by the sun's fierce rays; in fact, they had been so baked that perspiration was with them a thing of the past; they were simply impervious to heat.

Outside in the full light and warmth dozens of poles, each supporting many pounds of macaroni, were hung up in order that their loads might dry. For hours it is allowed to hang there until quite brittle, when it is taken away to the packing-room to be done up in boxes and sent away. It is dried in the open air, because it thus acquires a sweeter flavour than if dried indoors. Where it is hung out in the street in front of the factory, as sometimes occurs, the young Neapolitans, as might be expected, do not miss their opportunity. When the watchful eye of the guardian is not on them they surreptitiously help themselves to a morsel or so and promptly make themselves scarce, devouring their ill-gotten feast in solitude and safety.

Although the Italian may partake of half-a-dozen dishes at one sitting, he would not think the meal complete unless his beloved macaroni entered largely into it, forming a course by itself and taking a part in two or three other courses.

He will take it with soup or in place of soup, but it turns up again with the *entrée*.

But the picturesque side of macaroni-eating is that witnessed in the streets, where it forms the staple food of the same class of people as patronize coffee-stalls here. With the lower orders it is the chief and often the only dish, day in and day out, from one year's end to another, and it must be admitted they look wonderfully well on it.

The street vendors of macaroni do a roaring trade pretty well throughout the whole of the day. The picture below shows quite an elaborate open-air restaurant with a large choice of dishes ready for the workman's consumption.

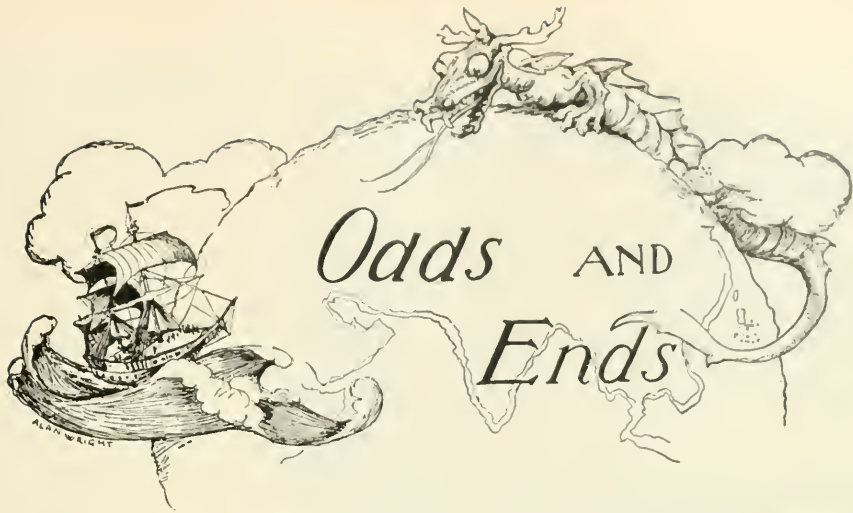
At ten each morning business begins to be brisk for the street merchant, who is kept constantly busy serving out steaming hot dishes of macaroni to a crowd of men and boys. A large and satisfying plate costs only a penny; for a halfpenny more a roll can be purchased; and the comparatively wealthy can indulge in a pint of wine (of sorts) to wash the meal down for the equivalent of another penny. Knives and forks do not worry them, and they are content to take their luncheon standing, dropping the macaroni into their mouths with their fingers and eating with heads aslant, their faces expressive of keen enjoyment.



From a Photo. by

"THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF MACARONI-EATING IS WITNESSED IN THE STREETS."

[A. C. Abénicar.]

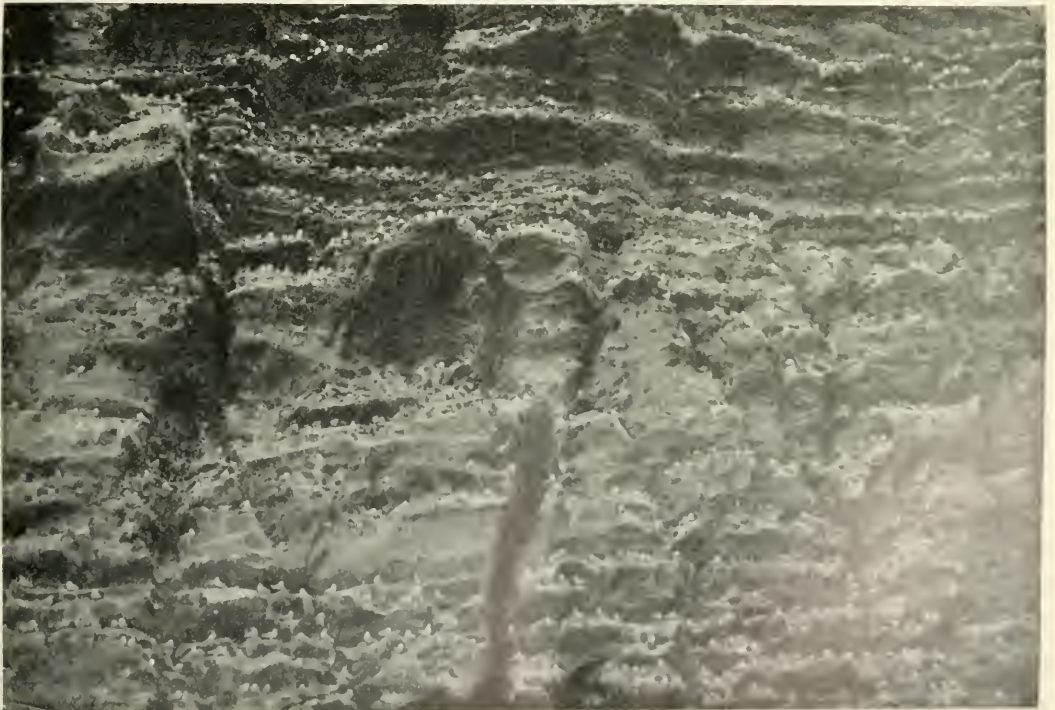


The Sea-Birds' Breeding-Place—A St. Kilda Mail-Boat—The Bridge that Strayed—The Ride of Paul Revere—How the Chinese Punish Criminals, etc., etc.

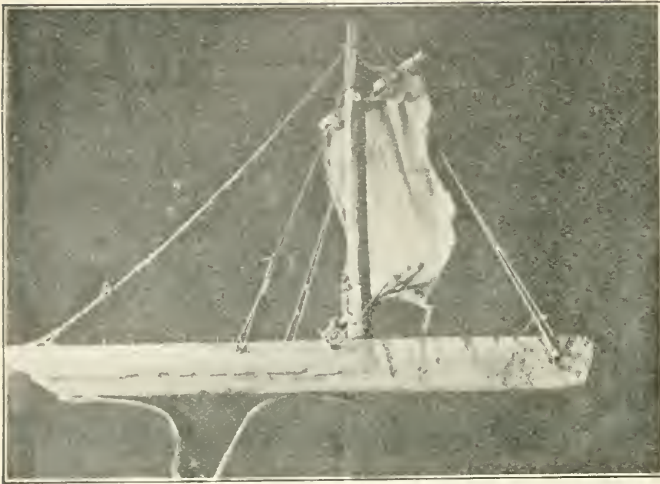


HE striking photograph here shown depicts a portion of the cliffs at the remote Island of Noss, Shetland. This island is a great breeding-place for sea-birds, and the photograph will give our readers an idea of the immense number of birds which congregate there.

The cliffs are fully six hundred feet in height, and every available nook and crag is crowded with birds. From the sea these cliffs present a most remarkable appearance, dotted as they are with countless myriads of birds, which make the air resound with their weird cries.



THE CLIFFS OF NOSS, SHETLAND—EVERY AVAILABLE NOOK AND CRAG IS CROWDED WITH BIRDS.
From a Photo by A. and J. L. Jernally.



From a] THIS CURIOUS LITTLE CRAFT IS A ST. KILDA MAIL-BOAT. [Photo.

Here is a very interesting photograph, showing one of the curious little mail-boats which are periodically sent off from the remote Island of St. Kilda. This quaint despatch-vessel was picked up on the shore at the Island of Pabbay, in the Western Hebrides, and occupied seven days in making the journey of about thirty-five or forty miles. The boat measured three feet long and four inches deep, with an eighteen-inch mast. The rigging, sail, and iron keel were all carefully suited to the size of the boat. Carved out in the deck was a small recess containing five letters, one of which asked that the finder would be good enough to forward them to their respective destinations. This was duly done by the gentleman who found the boat. It is safe to say that this remarkable mail-boat finds no place on the list of vessels authorized to carry the Royal mail. It is now announced that the Post Office authorities have made arrangements whereby St. Kilda is to have the benefit of a fortnightly mail service during the winter, so that the islanders will not have to depend on their little messengers, which, owing to their being entirely at the mercy of wind and tide, are not always quite so reliable as could be wished.

In Italy, as in many other Continental countries, lotteries are quite an institution in the lives of the people. Everybody, from the peasant to the highest in the land, takes tickets in the lotteries, and many people lose money in this way which they can ill afford, often going without food and clothes in order to buy chances. The most important lottery is that known as the "Royal," which has offices in Bari, Florence, and Naples. The result of the drawings is announced each week at five o'clock on Saturday afternoons, when a large crowd assembles and the excitement is intense. Our photograph shows the



ANNOUNCING THE WINNING NUMBER IN AN ITALIAN LOTTERY.
From a Photo.

number which wins the "big prize" being announced to the expectant crowd.

One might guess for a very long time before discovering the identity of the weird-looking creature hanging round the neck of the man seen in the little snap-shot herewith. As a matter of fact, the picture shows a coolie belonging to the Somaliland Field Force carrying a baby camel over his shoulders. It is a very common sight, but one which always looks ridiculous, for a more extraordinary-looking mass of legs and neck than a young camel it is impossible to conceive, the animal's tiny body being out of all proportion to its limbs.

We have next to consider a remarkable accident which happened to a bridge. In the early spring of 1899 the ice some distance below the Dawson County Bridge, near Glendive, Montana, got wedged into a kind of dam, thus raising the level of the water so high that the first and third spans of the great bridge were lifted bodily off their piers by the ice and carried away down stream, to be finally stranded several miles below their starting point. Each span was 360ft. long, and constructed of steel. The ordinary water level is at least 20ft. below that shown in the photograph, and eleven people were drowned in the disastrous flood caused by the jamming of the ice.

It is not often that a man



WHAT IS THIS MAN CARRYING?
From a Photo.



THESE SPANS BELONGED TO THE DAWSON COUNTY BRIDGE, MONTANA. THEY WERE LIFTED OFF THEIR SUPPORTS BY AN ICE-PACK AND CARRIED SEVERAL MILES DOWN STREAM.
From a Photo.



From a THIS MINER HAS BEEN APPROXIMATELY IN SEARCH OF GOLD. *Photo.*

undermines his own house in search of wealth, but that is precisely what the prospector whose hut is shown in our photograph had to do. He had staked out his claim on a placer-ground at Adfin and built his house upon it, but after putting in a considerable amount of work discovered that the long-looked-for "pay-streak" lay right underneath his domicile. Nothing daunted, he went to work to burrow under his cabin, propping up the four corners with posts, and digging away the foundations until at last he had to climb in and out of the shanty

by means of a ladder. It is pleasing to know that his perseverance was well rewarded. Several mining towns in the West are said to be built on very rich ground, from the gold miner's point of view; but indiscriminate burrowing is forbidden.



From a

A NEGRO GRAVEYARD IN ALABAMA.

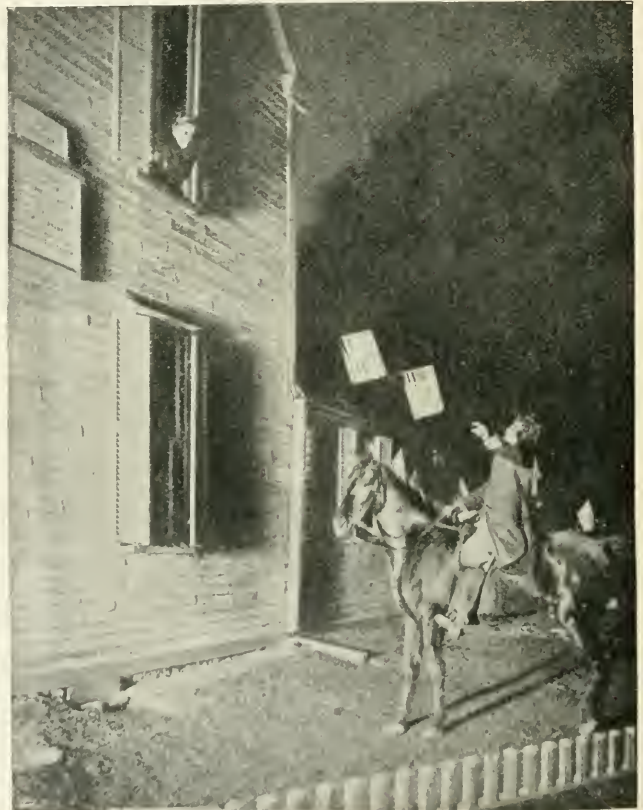
[Photo.

One would not think that the above snap-shot depicts a graveyard—the place looks more like a dumping-ground for odds and ends of broken crockery. As a matter of fact, however, the photograph shows part of a negro graveyard at Selma, Alabama, and the broken crockery is put on the graves by way of decoration. It is a peculiar custom among the negroes of this section to store up during the whole year all their broken glass and chinaware. On “Decoration Day” all these fragments are collected, and a huge procession is formed and marches to the cemeteries, where each family disposes of its collection of oddments on the graves of its relatives. The more crockery they can place upon their graves the better pleased are the negroes. If this curious custom obtained among the lower orders in this country one would be better able to understand certain disconcerting idiosyncrasies displayed by the average Mary Jane.

Everybody has heard of Longfellow's famous poem, “The Ride of Paul Revere,” which describes how, in the troublous days of 1775, Paul Revere rode through the New England villages at midnight shouting “The British are coming,” and arousing the sleeping people to arms. Very few people are aware, however, that this incident has given rise to a most interesting custom—

nothing less than a yearly revival of the midnight ride. On the night of April 18th each year a well-mounted young Bostonian, dressed in the costume of 1775, rides through the villages of Medford, Arlington, and Lexington, and so on to Concord, shouting “The British are coming.” Our illustration is from an instantaneous flashlight photograph taken at midnight at Lexington. The lady at the window asked the horseman not to make such a noise, as the men-folk were asleep. “Noise!” replied the rider; “you will have enough noise directly. The British are coming!” And then he put spurs to his horse and dashed off to Concord.

In the Southern California mountains there are many species of strange life to be found, but the most unique and curious are, perhaps, the fleet-footed, bright-eyed lizards with detachable tails. Mountain tourists often amuse themselves and while away the lazy hours of



A CURIOUS NEW ENGLAND CUSTOM—“THE RIDE OF PAUL REVERE.”

From a Photo.

summer by tossing stones and sticks at these odd little creatures as they dart from rock to rock or from tree to tree, just to see if they will drop their tails. For if suddenly startled or caught in close quarters the lizards invariably dispense with their appendages and flit sadly away, "leaving their tails behind 'em."



A SOUTH CALIFORNIAN ROCK-LIZARD—THESE LITTLE ANIMALS SHED THEIR TAILS WHEN ALARMED.
From a Photo. by Helen L. Jones.

The old tail cannot be readjusted when once off, but Nature is kind, and sees to it that another growth soon takes the place of the old, and that the lizard is made as good as new again. The reason for dropping the tail is precisely the same as that which actuates a man pursued by wild animals to throw away his hat or his coat in order to gain time for flight.

The gentleman whose photo. is here shown would, perhaps, have preferred to have had his portrait taken in a less public and uncomfortable position. He has, however, offended against the laws of his country, and is expiating his crime by exposure in a cage for the period of one month. The scene is a street in Canton just outside Shamien (the European concession), and the photographer

was enabled to take the picture unobscured by onlookers through the good offices of the commander of the guard house near by, who kindly stopped all the traffic during the operation. In former days exposure in this cage meant certain death, for the prisoner was fastened to the top of the cage by his queue and could only

just stand on tiptoe, the consequence being that he died in about three days from the combined effects of fatigue, cramp, and starvation. In the present instance, however, the man could change his position by squatting on his heels when tired of standing up, and, moreover, he was only exposed during the day, being taken back to gaol every evening. Notice the large bamboo hat placed on top of the cage to shield him

from the rays of the sun; also the "tiger-head board," whereon is written the nature of his offence. This method of punishing criminals would be a refreshing innovation in our own country, and on streets would gain greatly in human interest by a judicious sprinkling of caged and labelled malefactors, who



From a

HOW THE CHINESE PUNISH CRIMINALS.

(Contd.)

would serve as valuable object-lessons of the consequences of evil-doing.

Visitors to the city of Jaipore, in Rajputana, are always struck by the curious "Hall of Winds," or "Wind Palace," which forms part of the Maharajah of Jaipore's palace. The only part

highest houses. Aladdin's magician could have called into existence no more marvellous abode." The building thus described is part of the quarters assigned to the ladies of the zenana. Much of it—in spite of Sir Edwin's appreciative remarks—is a mere mask of stucco, but



From a

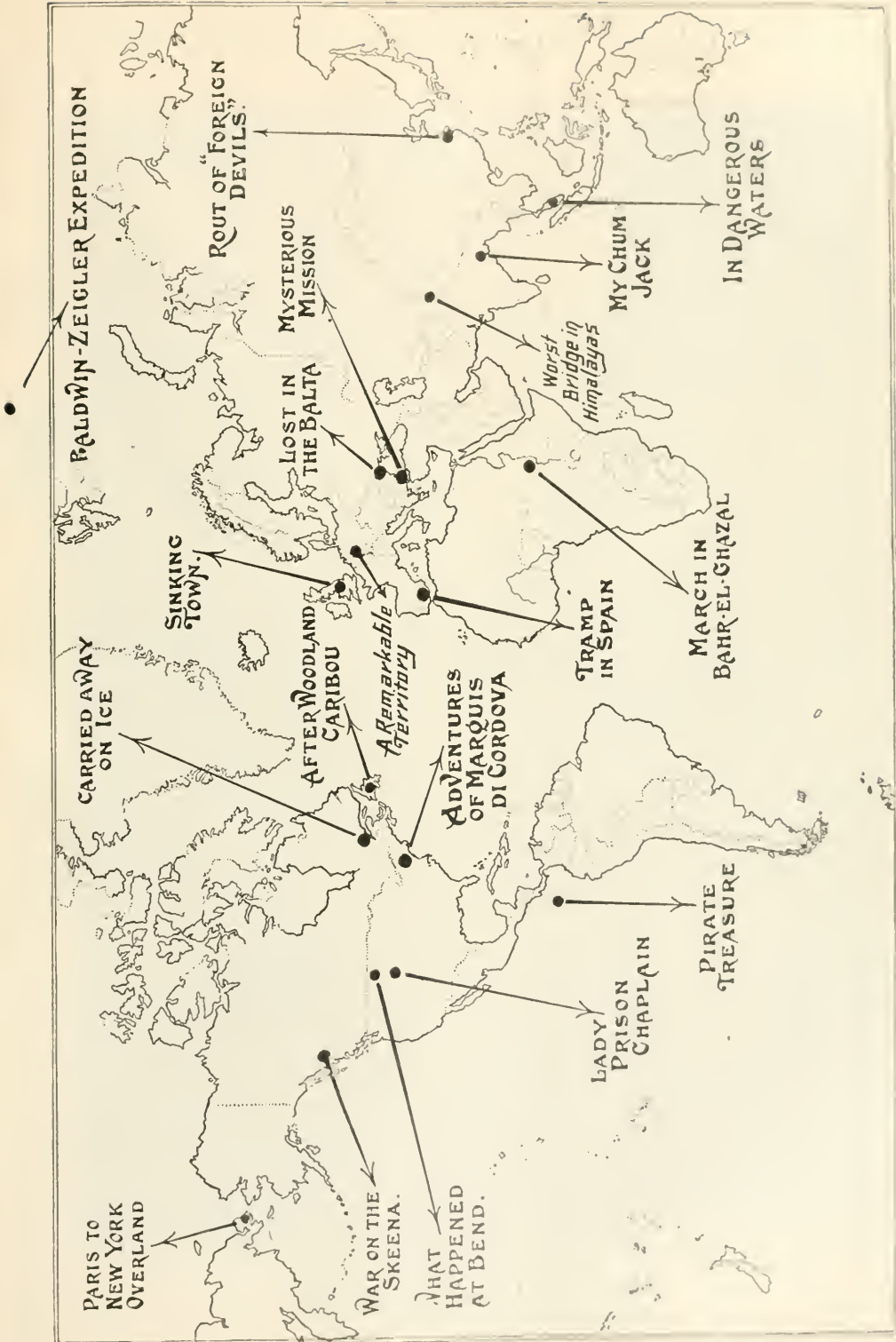
THE "WIND PALACE" AT JAIPORE.

[Photo.

of this remarkable structure visible from the street is the frontage seen in our photograph, which has been described by Sir Edwin Arnold as "a vision of daring and dainty loveliness—many stories of rosy masonry, delicate overhanging balconies, and latticed windows, soaring with tier after tier of fanciful architecture in a pyramidal form, a very mountain of airy and audacious beauty, through the thousand pierced screens and gilded arches of which the Indian air blows cool over the flat roofs of the very

nevertheless the "Wind Palace" is a unique bit of Indian architecture, which never fails to impress those who behold it for the first time.

As will be seen from the picture, the building has upwards of fifty bay windows of various shapes, filled in with different kinds of lattice-work. It is safe to say that if it could be transferred to London and deposited in Whitehall or Piccadilly the "Wind Palace" would create a decided sensation.



THE ABOVE ACCOMPANIES "THE WILD WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND SUBJECT OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.



"HORSE AND MAN WENT DOWN, DOWN THROUGH THE AIR
TO THE ROCKS BENEATH."

(SEE PAGE 424.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. X.

MARCH, 1903.

No. 3.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE BEND

A STORY OF THE U.S. MAIL.

BY D. F. SETON-CARRUTHERS.

The mining camp of Pine Creek, Montana, was seething with excitement when the author arrived there. The Indians were on the war-path, the miners were up in arms against their employers, and the neighbourhood was infested with daring "road-agents," who had prevented the running of the stage-coach. A reward of five hundred dollars was offered to anyone who would drive the coach safely through to the nearest railway dépot. Mr. Seton-Carruthers undertook the task, and here relates the appalling catastrophe which happened on the journey.



HIS happened eleven years ago in Montana. The period was a wild and troublesome one, even for that wild and turbulent State. To begin with, there had been great unrest among the Indians, culminating in several bands of aspiring, bloodthirsty bucks breaking out of their reservations and going on the war-path. Then there was trouble in the mining districts. The mine-owners thought they could rake in larger profits by the importation of Chinese labour, and proceeded to do so; the miners admitted the possible correctness of the theory, but protested against its being put into practice by lining up at the approach to the mines and taking pot-shots at the "Johns" as they went to work the day after their arrival. The smiling Celestials took the shooting as a joke at first and by way of a salute—just a pleasant little whim on the part of the "Amellican man"! By the time a dozen or two had dropped to the ground, killed or wounded, the remainder came to the conclusion that the joke had lost the savour of humour even to the point of tragedy, and as one man they gathered up their voluminous nankeen slacks and, without a thought as to the order of their going, fled promiscuously, with pigtails wildly streaming in the wind. The subsequent proceedings consisted of a house-to-house search for stray "Johns," but not a single pigtail could be found. Every one of the eight

hundred who had arrived the day before had vanished as completely and as effectually as if the ground had opened and swallowed them up! Then the "boys" rejoiced and indulged in more "rye," and guessed they had taught the owners a lesson and vindicated their rights as American citizens.

A third element of danger to the peace of the country was the formation of bands of road-agents, who waylaid and robbed and murdered all and sundry with strict impartiality. That things were "lively" at Pine Creek is proved by the fact that three sheriffs were buried and a fourth elected within one calendar month, chiefly owing to the township being overrun with "bad men" and "toughs,"

attracted to the centre of friction from all parts of the State by hopes of gam.

It was at the height of these doings that I arrived, cleaned out save for two dollars thirty cents, a prospecting hammer-pick, a single change of raiment, a Smith and Wesson revolver, and forty spare cartridges. I was also very sore-footed, generally worn out, and with a hunger and thirst upon me that would have caused a panic in any well regulated restaurant. But they were used to both in an exaggerated form at the Creek, and the manner in which I disfigured and reduced the joint and loaf placed before me at the Spread Eagle caused no comment. Carefully depositing my valuables



THE AUTHOR, DR. D. F. SETON-CARRUTHERS.
From a Photo.

behind the bar and intimating to Tim O'Brien, whom I knew of old, that I should want a room and board for a few days, also that I was "broke," and receiving a cheery reply thereto and the freely proffered loan of as many dollars as I wanted until I "struck oil," I hitched my revolver into a handy position on my hip and strolled forth to view the town and see what was going on, and what prospects there were of raising the wind.

The first two men I met whom I knew were "Long Jim" and "Montana Bill," both my one-time brother cowboys in the ranks of the "Three Bar Outfit," both trusted friends, and the former my instructor in all I knew about the handling of cattle and the revolver.

Montana Bill had that day been elected—unopposed—to the post of sheriff, and, to use his own expression, was "just tickled to death at the notion." As Long Jim, his inseparable "pard," happened to be in town and available, he had promptly appointed him his deputy. Montana Bill's chief qualifications for his billet were unerring precision with any make of revolver at any kind of target within range, a lightning-like rapidity in drawing his weapon, and nerves of steel. His deputy was, if anything, slightly his superior. Pine Creek was in a state of simmering excitement at the dual appointment of two such capable men. The respectable portion—those with something to lose and average ideas concerning the rights of property—were delighted, and speculated openly on the speedy wiping-out of all objectionable characters. The "objectionables," on the other hand, determined to be rid of the new men as quickly as

chance might permit. We hailed each other with delight.

I mentioned to the sheriff and his deputy my desire to raise a few dollars by some safe and honest employment. They promptly offered me the clerkship to themselves at five dollars a day and—a free funeral. It was tempting, and I accepted at once. But the post would not be vacant—except in case of an accident—for a week. The present holder of the office had come to the conclusion that Pine Creek was not a health resort and that life therein was held too cheaply, therefore he hankered for the East and safety—even at a reduced salary. But his month's pay was not due for six days, and he wasn't so badly scared as to forfeit that and tramp to New York. Hence the vacancy, and my chance of filling the same.

In the meantime I had a week to myself. I called at the post-office to see if there were any letters or papers from home, but found there had been no mail for five weeks, the coach between Sundon and the Creek having stopped for want of drivers, every attempt to run the stage through during that period having been frustrated by road-agents, who had, as a rule, shot the drivers and guards, and invariably looted the conveyance of everything worth carrying away, horses included. As the telegraph wire—there



"AS LONG JIM HAPPENED TO BE IN TOWN HE PROMPTLY APPOINTED HIM HIS DEPUTY."

was only one—had been cut, the town was completely isolated from the outer world, and business, except of a local nature, was entirely at a standstill. The Express Company was at its wits' end. Their offices were crowded with parcels, letters, and a hundred oddments which they had accepted and undertaken to transmit to Sundon,

the nearest railway depot, and they could not get a stage through for love or money. An escort of troopers was impossible, because they were all engaged—aided by scores of volunteer cowboys—in suppressing the Indian rising, while the miners were occupied with their own troubles. Thus it came about that the road-agents had things mostly their own way; also that a notice was posted up outside the company's offices offering five hundred dollars to anyone who would successfully drive the stage through to Sundon and return with the mails. The journey there and back was roughly eighty miles, over anything but a model road, consisting chiefly of a sandy trail across the plateau to the backbone of mountains which ran through its centre; these were pierced by a deep and narrow canyon, half-way up the right-hand wall of which the road ran for a mile along a shelf of rock twelve feet wide, seemingly hung between heaven and earth. This road sloped steeply to a sharply curving bend at its centre, bounded on the left by a perpendicular cliff two thousand feet high, and on the right by a low wall three feet high, the sole barrier between the traveller and a sheer drop of eight hundred feet to the rocks and raging torrent below! A glance over the frail rampart at this point into the shadow-haunted depths beneath was enough to make the strongest draw back with shuddering dread and speculate with horror upon the results of a spill. And so little would cause one: a second's loss of nerve, the fall of a horse, an unexpected obstacle, and—eternity!

I have said the road was twelve feet wide, but in places it was barely nine, especially at the bend—"Bloody Bend," as it was known locally, on account of the loss of life for which it was responsible. Here the sand and refuse from the rain-washed cliff above had drifted against the low wall in a solid, sloping bank. But this bank of drift, though an ever-present source of danger, could also be converted into a means of safety in an emergency—as will appear later.

I thought of the road and its natural dangers, then of the artificial ones in the shape of road-agents and possible bands of prowling Indians, but I thought most seriously of all about the pay. Five hundred dollars—one hundred pounds, roughly—was worth a little risk, I fancied. Besides, I was terribly hard up, and inclined to take almost any chance to recoup my exhausted finances. Another thing, I was a good whip, and had been coached in, and then complimented upon, my handling of a team by the most accomplished exponent of the art in England—his Grace the late Duke of Beaufort.

also I had unlimited confidence in my own ability as a useful possession in a tight corner. Therefore, I thought I would go in and see the manager. I did so, stating my willingness to try and take the coach through. He looked me keenly for a full minute, and then said "Garn, you know it's almost certain death?"

"So I've heard, but I imagine the dollar are more certain," I replied.

He nodded and, smiling grimly, observed "You can drive six, I reckon?"

"Anything from a Shetland pony to a steam-engine," said I.

"And shoot?"

"Just a trifle," I replied, adding, casually, "Long Jim taught me to handle a 'gun'!"

"Is that so? Waal, I guess you'll do, for he's the slickest shot I ever saw. Say, when will you be ready to start?" he concluded, briskly.

"Now," I returned, briefly.

"Good!" he exclaimed, and added, quickly, "I'll get the horses hitched-to and the mail-bags and parcels stowed away in the coach at once, and you can start in an hour. I reckon you won't be troubled with an overflow of passengers," he concluded, drily.

I nodded, and observed I hoped he would keep the start a secret, to prevent information reaching the road-agents, as I was not keen on a fight if one could be avoided!

Then I went up to Tim's and borrowed a second revolver, dropped in on the sheriff and his deputy and said good-bye, and reached the stage office as the coach and six were being brought round to the coach. I carefully inspected the horses' shoes, the traces, and every buckle of the harness, also the bits and reins. There were no passengers, but the coach was filled inside and out with bags and parcels, and nicely balanced on its springs. The horses were beauties, a trifle fresh, perhaps, and fidgety after their weeks of idleness, but good 'uns to go—which was what I wanted. As I took my seat on the box quite a little crowd collected, and as I gathered up the ribbons "One-Eyed Pete," the guard, hurried up and attempted to take his accustomed place. He had been with the coach on its last three journeys and had come through 'at-ty, although each of his unfortunate drivers had been killed

shot in the back, too! Of course, it may have been only a coincidence, but I had no desire to figure as a fourth victim. I said:

"All right, Pete, you needn't hurry. You're not wanted this trip!"

"Not wanted? What on thunder do you mean? I'm guard of this coach and I guess I travel with her—every time, too!" he concluded, viciously.

"Not when I'm on the box, Pete," I laughed; and then, slowly, "I guess you're too unlucky—to the drivers."

The men had by this time gathered in a big crowd to see the start, and greeted my sally with roars of laughter. I had the reins in my left hand and my right on the butt of my revolver, which I had wedged between the cushions to be handy; also I had the corner of my eye on Pete. As his hand flew to his "gun," I jerked mine clear and covered him in a flash, remarking: "Hands up, Pete! I've got the drop on you."

He put his hands up suddenly, and his one

speaking, because I had the drop on him and had made up my mind to dispense with his services at any risk, knowing the former course would be less dangerous than his company.

Long Jim had whispered a word to his chief during my reply, and at its termination he stepped up to Pete and said: "Guess you've got to come with me, sonny; what the younker says is about O.K.; if you didn't do the actual shootin' I reckon you know who did. So I arrest you on suspicion."

Pete glared fiendishly at me for a second, and then turned to Long Jim with a sour laugh.



"I COVERED HIM IN A FLASH, REMARKING: 'HANDS UP, PETE!'"

eye glared at me vindictively. Fortunately, the sheriff arrived at that moment and took in the situation at a glance. "Got no use for a guard, English Frank?" he asked, addressing me by the nickname I was best known by in the mining camps.

"Not a cent's worth. There's enough danger ahead without carrying any behind," I rejoined, grimly, amid the renewed laughter and approving nods of the assembled miners. All had entertained suspicions concerning Pete, but as he was very free with his "gun" and would shoot at a word and accurately, too—they had indulged in whispers only. I had no hesitation in

and said: "You're takin' big chances, deputy, and I guess I'll make you sit up for this."

"Likely enough," returned Long Jim, coolly. "if you're not hung first!" The crowd grinned expansively. In the momentary diversion which followed Pete whipped out his revolver and, turning like a flash, fired point-blank at me. There were three almost simultaneous reports, and he dropped in his tracks, shot through the head in two places.

"I'm sorry, pard. I thought you were off guard," said the sheriff to me, as he replaced his smoking revolver on his hip. I might have been, but I had half expected something of the

kind, so I had kept my eye on the guard. I nodded and smiled my thanks, and carefully reloaded the empty chamber of my revolver. Then calling to the "boys" to stand clear, I trotted the team a little way up the road and swung them round smartly and was off—with the cheers and hearty good wishes of the crowd in my ears and a queer feeling in my heart, half exultation, half dread—on the drive that was to prove the most wildly thrilling and dangerous one of my career—a drive which gave rise to the most appalling and blood-curdling catastrophe I have ever witnessed or expect to witness. Even now I go through it all at times in my dreams and wake with a cry and in a cold sweat as its last terrible incident takes form in my mind.

The first eighteen miles I negotiated in safety and tranquillity and at a fair pace: then I eased the horses slightly and got them well in hand for the effort that was to carry us safely through the dangers of the ledge-made road and its terrible downhill sweep to "Bloody Bend," and the last mad gallop up the steep ascent beyond to the post-house and safety. If I was stopped anywhere it would be while descending the steep decline at the usual slipping-sliding walk while all my energies were concentrated in keeping the horses on their feet; that was when and where all previous robberies had been accomplished. And there was only one way, and that a desperate one, of defeating the aims of any who might be waiting for me at that spot—to take the descent at a gallop, swing round the sharply curving bend, and up the opposite hill as fast as the horses could go. It might mean death, and a sudden and horrible one. A touch or a falter would do it, but it was possible that I might just scrape through. If I proceeded tamely and halted at the word, the half-bred mongrel who led the road-agents would shoot me for a certainty, and for the sheer lust of killing. I preferred a gallop and the slight chance of avoiding both bullet and abyss which it afforded.

When within a quarter of a mile of the head of the pass I noticed four horsemen trot out of the pine-scrub on the right, turn on to the ledge, and slowly descend towards the bend. Word had evidently reached the gang of the departure of the stage, and they were bound for the old spot of interception. It was too risky to attack the coach on the open plain and in broad daylight, because, for all they knew, I might have picked up one or two passengers on the cross-roads farther back, whose ready revolvers could have been used with effect; but on the narrow ledge it was different. There, passengers or no passengers, the odds were all in their favour.

The sight sent the blood in a hurry to my heart and brain, afterwards leaving me cool and collected, and with never strongly believed in the coming ordeal. Leaning far forward over the foot board, I gripped the reins low down and bunched them securely in my left hand, placing my smaller Smith and Western firmly in my belt, as the handiest place to get at quickly. Then I stood erect, bracing myself firmly—the back of my left leg hard against the seat, and the right outstretched and pressed against the ledge of the foot board. Then, seizing the whip, I lashed the leaders and centres and the wheelers into a gallop, encouraging them with voice and blows into an even more furious pace as I topped the slight rise and commenced my mad career down the steep slope to the bend. Placing the whip between my teeth and seizing the reins with both hands, I yelled and shouted and tugged hard at them to increase the speed of the already half-maddened and flying, but as yet perfectly controlled, animals. I had caught up and was almost upon the slowly descending horsemen in an instant. At my cries and the din of my approach they glanced back over their shoulders, and for a brief space reined in their horses appalled. Then three dashed spurs into their steeds and fled forward, while one drew quickly to the left and flattened himself and his mount against the cliff. It was a vain hope and vainer effort. In a second I was upon him, in another my team had flashed by; then followed a crash and a terror-stricken yell, and glancing back I saw a riderless horse shivering against the side of the cliff in spirit-broken fright. I could only guess then what had happened.

I was within a hundred yards of the bend now, and could give neither pity if I possessed any—nor thought to aught but the desperate work in hand. Taking a tighter grip of my horses, and bracing my nerves for the last great effort of all, I slightly touched the off-side reins and put the corresponding wheels of the coach on the slanting bank of *adobe* I have already referred to, thus giving the vehicle an upward cant towards the cliff and away from the grandly abyss that yawned dark and awful but one feet away on my right. I hoped the momentum would counterbalance the outward swing I knew would occur when drifting round the bend at the terrific pace I was then making, for the smooth, slippery rock ahead of the post building for both horses and wheels. And an open well, it meant a crash against the wall and the pitching it to the depths below of coach, horses, and driver.

But fortunately no plan answered, and I

rounded the bend at a gallop, with the coach at an inturned angle of fifteen degrees. Then happened the catastrophe! In the keen, tense concentration of mind necessary for steering my maddened team round the curve I had almost forgotten the three horsemen just ahead—not more than a length at most. And their presence came home to me with a shock. As we all tore down the short, but still sloping, stretch of road beyond the bend and between it and the steep ascent to the plateau above, the leading outlaw's horse stumbled, the others cannoned into it, and two came down with a crash. I was almost on top of them, and quick as thought I lashed my leaders into jumping the obstacle before they could shy or swerve, and, with a touch, put my off-side wheels on the bank again. The horse of the third road-agent, the leader, frightened at the uproar, reared, backed against the cliff, and then bounded across the road, to be hit heavily on the quarters by my off leader. It fell right across the low wall, frantically pawing space with its forefeet. Its fear-stricken rider tried to throw himself from its back, but his feet caught in the stirrups, and horse and man went down, down through the air to the rocks beneath. Even while I glanced at them the coach bumped itself clear of the bodies of horses and riders, and I was free to continue my way up the ascent at leisure.

But that I could not do; I was too shaken and appalled to stay near the spot an instant longer than the utmost speed rendered necessary. My own desire was to get away from it and the horror of it. Now that the danger was passed the reaction had set in, and I shivered, wet through with perspiration and shaking in every limb. I lashed my panting horses into a still more furious pace up and up the ascent, over the ridge, and along the half-mile of level ground to the post-house, where the appearance of the stage was received with mute astonishment at first and then with a cheer, which instantly ceased as, dropping backwards from the box, I turned and faced them, red-eyed and haggard, and blindly staggered to the bar, whispering hoarsely, "Whisky—brandy—water—anything: quick!"

and hung on to the counter for support. Eager, curious looks were exchanged, and a cowboy stepped up and placed his hand on my shoulder and asked kindly, but laconically, "Had a shakin', sonny?" I nodded. I couldn't speak; I had a glass to my chattering teeth and was trying to swallow. "Cherokee Bill try to stop you?" queried another. Again I nodded. "Then how did you get through?" asked a third, incredulously. "Because I took the ledge and the bend at a gallop and rode them down," I blurted out. "You'll find three in the road back there; and Bill—Bill went over the wall, horse and all. Now give me a fresh team; I'm going through to Sundon."



"HE ASKED KINDLY, 'HAD A SHAKING, SONNY?'"

They did so mutely and with rapidity. I reached my destination at five o'clock. Two days later, escorted by six cow-punchers, who "guessed they were going to see me safely home," I drove the coach on its return journey and pulled up at the Express Company's office, sound in wind and limb, and drew my five hundred dollars. Three days later I took up my billet of clerk to my old friend the sheriff, debt free, and a greatly respected man.

A TRAMP IN SPAIN

By BART KENNEDY

IV. IN GRANADA.
COURIERS,
POLICEMEN
BEGGARS
& GIPSIES



In this instalment Mr. Kennedy gives his impressions of Granada. He tells of the ways and wiles of the courier and the beggar, the policeman who does nothing, and the strange gipsy people who live in the mountain caves. That the unique undertaking of our "Tramp in Spain" has not been without excitement will be apparent from the instalment which will appear in our next issue, wherein our commissioner narrates a remarkable night adventure which happened to him just before leaving Granada.

seems to me to be a blend of Jewish and Spanish, with a colouring dash of Moor. His English is strange-sounding and misleading. How his Spanish is I don't know.

His knowledge is all-embracing, and his honesty and probity are as sound and as solid as the Rock from whence he hails. And he is a great linguist: the tongues and the dialects of the earth are to him as simple, open books.

These facts he will tell you of in his fluent, misleading English. You will probably have only a faint idea of the other things he discourses upon. You will most likely be puzzled. But you will have no doubt at all as to his honesty and omniscience: he will manage to impress it vividly upon you. He is a person who realizes the value of iteration.

One of these couriers has just done me out of two duros (ten pesetas). I can't go into all the details of the transaction, but sufficient is it to say that I was done—done brown. I thought that I was sharp and that I knew the ropes, but, alas! when I thought thus I had no idea that the time would come to pass when I should have to measure wits with a rock scorpion—a courier from Gibraltar. And not only did this courier do me out of two duros, but he also palmed off a bad duro on me as a climax. But I wish him well. He was one of the pleasantest and most interesting soundbites I have ever had the good fortune to meet.

On the night that he did me out of the two duros we drank together and vowed eternal friendship for each other. He told me how



HE courier who accompanies the verdant British traveller through Spain is usually a most interesting person. He knows much more than is good for the traveller. Circumstances having compelled me to stay in Granada longer than I expected, I have had many opportunities of studying him as he has passed in and out of this ancient town with his quarry. He hails from Gibraltar, where he has hooked his guileless tourist-fish. He is a person of presence and understanding, and has villainy written all over him. The Spaniards call him *Escorpion de la Roca* (a rock scorpion).

It is, of course, needless to say that he is violently and aggressively and most patriotically English. He not only raises his hat, but he kneels, so to speak, when he hears the National Anthem. And I can't say that I wonder at it. The English are really his friends. They trust him with their pocket-books, which is saying a lot.

As to the genesis of the breed of the courier—well, my eyes are not sharp enough to fairly detect it; but I should say it was complex. It

proud and glad he was to meet me—a man who had been, as I had been, all over the world! I must digress slightly here, and say that as a kind of balance against the oft-recurring recital of his deeds of honesty and omniscience I had been forced to tell him of some stirring deeds of my own in various parts of the planet. It doesn't do to allow a narrator of strong talent to have things too much his own way.

His English was a trifle less unique than the English of couriers in general, and we were, therefore, able to understand each other fairly well. He told me that if I only knew French and Spanish I would have made a first-class courier myself. This may not have been a compliment of the most ethical order, but, coming as it did from such an acute and observant quarter, I must say that I value it as endorsement of my keenness and sharpness generally. I am sure that he meant it at the time.

That night was one of the pleasantest and most jovial nights of my life.

It was not till the day but one after he had departed—with his tourist quarry—that I found out how he had done me. But I don't regret it. He was an interesting man.

But let us come with more directness to the point I am trying to bring out. The only good reason that an Englishman should take a courier through Spain with him is because the courier has to live. A man who is not intelligent enough to ask how much he is going to be charged at an hotel ought to do one of two things—either he ought not to travel at all or he ought to travel with his parents. Such a person is unfit to face this rude, bleak world alone. His going around without a proper guardian only makes it harder for more intelligent people who have less cash. He raises the price of things.

A courier is simply a man who tells lies in bad English. To the student of human nature he is, of course, invaluable—a mine. He is worth whatever price he may think fit—or be able—to exact. But he is no use whatsoever to the verdant, trustful British

tourist whom he is leading blindfold, so to speak, through Spain. Besides robbing him at every hand's turn his information concerning things has at best but an individual value; I mean individual in the sense that it is original with the courier—his very own. He is a man with a strong, confident imagination.

And there is another point. His quarry—or, rather, his tourist—can't call his soul his own. A person who takes a courier to lead him by the hand is naturally a person not over-endowed with strength of head or character. And the result is that he must do what the courier says. He must go here or there or see this or that according to orders. He has sold his soul through laziness.

I remember one day talking to a tourist outside the hotel, and just as we were in the middle of the conversation his courier came up and positively ordered him to come away. Something had to be seen! The tourist was in no violent hurry to see this thing—whatever it was—but he went off like a lamb.

It may be, of course, that there are couriers who at once



'HE WENT OFF LIKE A LAMB.'

know all places, know all languages, and at the same time are truthful and conscientious. But I should think that they were the rarest of rare

birds. I should think that they don't often adorn this incomplete world with their presence.

But even if they existed it would be much better for a man to blunder along of himself. The only way to get to know anything about a people or a country is to try your level best to understand them or it yourself.

I go at some length into this question, not from any particular sympathy with the verdant tourist. The law of life has it that a pigeon must be plucked. But it is as well to clear the air. It is as well to explain to travellers generally what sort of a man the courier usually is—at least in Spain—and what are his aims.

As a matter of fact, there doesn't seem to be any exact or reliable information about anything in Spain. It is the great charm of the country. And the courier but adds to this charm.

But he is a costly luxury.*

The Spanish policeman is a mild, inoffensive person who carries a revolver and a long sword. He is paid at the rate of one and twopence a day—English money—and how he manages at once to uphold the majesty of the law and to keep his family is a problem. But I suppose he solves it somehow. Things are cheaper in Spain than they appear to the foreigner.

His uniform is a shabby cross between an English postman's uniform and that of a Spanish officer. And he has to provide it out of his one and twopence a day.

He goes slowly about doing nothing—doing it in a modest, unobtrusive way. This I have never seen in a policeman before. And here I must say that different policemen have different ways of doing nothing. An English policeman does it with dignity. An American policeman does it with truculence. A French policeman does it autocratically. But a Spanish policeman does it with modesty.

I like him. He can't tell me much about anything, but still I like him. There is a live-and-let-live air about him: an air that I have never before seen hovering about a Government official.

He is a quick shifter of *aguardiente*.

The Spanish beggar is a different person altogether from the Spanish policeman. He has boldness and craft and in-

sistence—and, indeed, every quality that goes for the making of success in the world. Why such a gifted person should be a beggar I don't know. It is impossible to know everything.

He gets in front of you, he comes from behind, he comes from the side—an untiring, vigilant person, demanding alms. In the beginning he calls you "Señor" in a caressing voice. Should you pass him by, however, the "Señor" becomes packed to the full with scorn—something like the "Thank you!" of the London cabman when you have given him his just and proper fare. Should you give him alms he often enough asks for more.

Perhaps he is at his worst when he is young. When he is old you have some slight chance of getting away from him by walking fast. But when he is young, and the weather is hot, you must either give him something or suffer. He



will follow you for a mile or more if necessary, deluging you at every step with interesting allusions to his poverty and your own grandeur of appearance and natural goodness of heart and benevolence. You may not know a word of Spanish, but you will know he is telling you that you are the finest thing that ever happened, and that he is very, very hungry. You can feel that he is telling you this. He has the art of making himself understood. He does not look hungry, but he has a hungry voice. In fact, the beggars of Spain look remarkably well-conditioned. They are, of course, not dressed well. Often they are in rags. But then they are artists.

One hot day I was coming up the steep road that leads to the Alhambra. It was the sort of a hot day that is really hot. No surface heat such as one gets in London, but a heat that got right into your blood. I was wishing that I was somewhere else than in the South of Spain.

Suddenly, as I was toiling wearily along, two beggars of the youthful variety came out of the shade of some trees and tackled me. I groaned. By this time I had been tackled by so many beggars that I fear I had become hardened to the expression of their woes. I had become uncharitable.

"Cinco centimos, señor!" they demanded, as they got one on either side of me.

I turned and swore at them.

But it was of no use. They smiled and told me how good-looking I was. "Bonita señor —buena señor. Cinco centimos, señor; cinco centimos!"

"Anda!" (go) I shouted.

"Tengo mucha hambre — mucha hambre, señor." (I am very hungry—very hungry, sir.)

I knew well what they were saying, for I had heard it so often. I knew it by heart. And I would have given them ten centimes each to go, but I knew from experience that this would not have been effective—at least not in this case. They would have still followed me on general principles.

They kept by me as I toiled in the heat up the steep road. Their voices and themselves surrounded and oppressed me. I had no idea what to do. Giving them money would not have absolved me from their company. I was in for it.

Finally, I suppose it must have dawned upon them that I would give them nothing, for their remarks began to take a scornful and abusive turn. "Malo hombre!" (bad man). "Malo!" they began to shout.

And then they dropped suddenly behind.

I began to breathe with more ease and

freedom. I had beaten them after all! But just as I was congratulating myself a stone whizzed past my ear. I turned, and there they were, something over fifty yards away. One of them was in the act of aiming a stone at me, whilst the other was gathering some up from the road.

I dodged and ran towards them. But they slipped in amidst the trees on the side of the road. I might as well have tried to chase the wind. So I turned and made up to the Alhambra as fast as I could. An idea had occurred to me.

All the while the stones kept flying past me, but I took no notice. And in time they ceased altogether. It would not do for them to follow me too far up.

At last—at last I was talking with my friend, old José Lara, a Spanish policeman. With many gestures, and a word or two of vigorous, bad Spanish, I made plain to him what had happened.

He was most indignant. And as I had taken the precaution of giving him a peseta in advance his indignation soon mounted up to working pitch. I suggested pursuit and he agreed, and we started to run down the road together.

Ah! There they were!—just slipping out of the trees nearly a hundred yards in front of us. I shouted out, and José Lara valorously tried to draw his sword. It was this confounded drawing of the sword that undid us, for it enabled the beggars to improve the start they already had. Poor old José tripped and fell as he was trying to get it out of the scabbard, and I had to stop and pick him up.

He was up now, running alongside me and waving his sword. He was hardly the most effective ally I could have had, but he represented the law. He clothed my pursuit of the beggars, so to speak, with dignity and legality. I represented force, he represented law, but the beggars represented swiftness!

And the beggars won.

When they were altogether out of sight we stopped to take breath. And then Lara be-thought him of his whistle. He got it from his pocket and blew, and in a moment there appeared three more policemen, to whom Lara recounted the story of the happening. They were becoming indignant. And then Lara sheathed his sword. The incident was closed. I gave him another peseta and, taking his arm, I came back with him up the road.

After all, everything has its uses, everything performs some duty. Philosophy has it so, and I am driven to the conclusion that philosophy is right. The beggars of Granada perform the duty of keeping the town awake.



"POOR OLD JOSÉ TRIPPED AND FELL AS HE WAS TRYING TO GET IT OUT OF THE SCABBARD."

It is the slowest and sleepest town I was ever in. Nothing ever goes on, no one ever does anything. And, like the policemen, the people of Granada do nothing in an honest, modest, unobtrusive manner. At a glance you can tell that they are doing nothing and that they never intend to do anything. Granada is a town that sleeps under the shadow of great mountains. Visitors come from the outside world to see the Alhambra. But when they walk through the streets of Granada they are manifestly out of place. They are foreign, bustling, disturbing human atoms.

But for the beggars Granada would sleep and sleep till it died. They embody insistence, persistence, and tireless, indomitable energy.

To me the most impressive thing in the cathedral of Granada is the tomb wherein lie Ferdinand and Isabella, the Reyes Católicos (Catholic Kings). The cathedral itself is in no way to be compared with the cathedral in Seville—that is, from the standpoint of sublimity of effect. I can't imagine a more wonderful place than the Seville Cathedral. It is as if it

were the work of a power more than human.

The cathedral of Granada is only a big, ornate, curiously built church. I was in no way impressed or thrilled by it. True, it has some magnificent altar-pieces done by an Italian artist. But a church cannot be judged as a work by any individual, however great. It must be judged by the measure it gives of the effect it was intended to give—that of sublimity and awe. And the cathedral of Granada has no more the effect of a place of worship than has St. Paul's Cathedral in London. In the cathedral of Seville the impulse to kneel might well come upon one. But in the cathedral of Granada one simply feels curious—just as one might feel in some museum filled with unique treasures and objects of history and art. One walks about. One

looks here and there. There is no vague, surrounding effect of mystery and solemnity.

One is not in a place of God.

The Alhambra is the expression of a race near to death—of a race that had lost its greatness—its men. There is no vigour in it. It has grace and beauty and subtlety and charm—but no power. One can well understand that the race that built the cathedral in Seville would have the power to crush the race that built the Alhambra. Architecture is the key to the character of a nation. It is the ultimate expression of the men of the time.

The Alhambra is the remains of a great harem—a palace of pleasure built on a hill, a magical and marvellous embodiment of sensuousness and the enslavement of man to his senses; a place of fountains, and gardens, and courts, and slender, effeminate, marble pillars; a monument of voluptuousness, subtle, and strange, and deadly; and a place of cruelty. Stories are told of terrible happenings. In one of the courts a family was exterminated.

Cuesta de los Muertos (the Road of the Dead)—When the moon shines brightly along this strange road it illumines these massive square towers. They were built in the beginning by the Moors when the Moor was man, when they were in their strength. They are the places wherein lived the Mohammedan soldiers of the guard. From them was kept the watch through the day, and through the night, and through

the years. From them rang the challenging voices of Arab sentinels. Three massive square towers. From them at sunrise rang out the clear voices of the East in prayer. Three towers which tell of the time when the Moors were austere and strong—when they would have hurled the Spaniards back from Granada. These towers are of the time when the Moors fasted and prayed and were heroes. They guarded the palace—the Alhambra that in the end became the sign of enervation and death—that sheltered a Boabdil.

These noble and beautiful towers that stand along the Road of the Dead: for hours I have stood and watched them as they showed forth clearly in the light of the moon. I have stood in their shadows and listened for the clank of the steps of the sentries—sentries that were gone seven hundred years. And it seemed to me as if I heard the ghost-sounds of the steps of soldiers as they were moving on guard. It seemed as if the towers were filled with the ghosts of fighting-men—as if sounds came of the steps and the moving of soldiers, and of the clank of arms—sounds living in the strange, deep silence and darkness of the past.

I care nothing for the curious and wonderful palace of the Alhambra, with its pillars and courts and gardens. But I have reverence for these three Moorish towers that stand along the Road of the Dead.

In them lived men.

Gipsies have lived here in caves in the side of the mountain through hundreds of years. Before that they lived in an unsettled way in the mountains that surround Granada. Where they came from in the first place no one knows. They were here in the time of the Moors. They were here in the time of the Romans. Their ancestors saw the gleam from the swords of Roman soldiers as they marched along in the distance of the valley beneath them.

The Albiacin. This is the name of the quarter. It joins Granada, but it is as distinct from Granada as the gipsies are from the Spaniards themselves. The few Spaniards that are here look strange and foreign and out of place.

It has one rough, tortuous street that follows by the mountain face. On one side of this street are the caves where the gipsies live—on the other side the great valley stretches out and down. The sierras tower up behind the Albiacin, and again they tower up in the distance across the stretch of the valley. It is a strange place.

There are crosses here and there in the rough, tortuous street, but they belong no more

to the Albiacin than do the Spaniards. They are out of harmony. The religion of the gipsy goes back far beyond the religion of the Christian or even the religion of the Jew.

The gipsies are an old people. Their impulse of worship belongs to a time that is dead tens of thousands of years—a time primal and old as the sierras themselves. It may be that the gipsies are unconscious of the fact that this impulse is an impulse of worship. It may be that they have forgotten the far-distant traditions of their race. But this impulse of worship lives in their blood. It finds expression in a strange dance.

The gipsies beg, but they beg with an air. They have grace and self-poise and the subtle, mysterious charm that is called manner—that only exists in people that for a long time have come in an unbroken line from the same people—that fine, subtle charm that surrounds the personality as an atmosphere—manner. The gipsies possess it. It shows in their carriage, in their eyes, in their gestures, in their dress. The little half-naked children have it as they come up in the bright sun to ask for coppers.

I was in the cave and Lola was dancing a dance of strange rhythm. The light from a lamp above fell upon her face, which was aflame with a strange expression. The rest of the cave was in darkness. I could hardly make out the forms of those who sat round watching the dance.

The light was full upon Lola as she moved in the dance. Her great, dark eyes shone as fire shines in darkness. Her body swayed and undulated to music that had lived since the beginning of her race.

She was a priestess now, and performing a sacred rite—a rite coming from a time when was worshipped the tremendous mystery of life itself. She was a reincarnation of some Lola that had lived thousands upon thousands of years before. She knew not that she was a priestess; but the spell of the old, long gone time had come to life in her blood.

There were times when she danced softly, and there were times when her dancing was wild and expressed the vigour and the magic and the joy of life. And times when there was devilry in it—strange, sinister devilry, expressing hate and destruction.

Around the scene was darkness. It was as if darkness enclosed a flame and the flame enclosed Lola—as if she were the priestess Lola that had been summoned by the might of some terrible spell from a time long dead and forgotten—summoned in a halo of flame to perform in this cave a Phallic rite.

Her arms waved strangely; her body moved to the weird music. And I began to think of this dance as it was danced in the past under the full light of the sun. What manner of people were they that witnessed it in the time gone by tens of thousands of years? Were the secrets of life and of the worlds laid open before them? Were they a race past us as angels would be past men? Where had they gone? What had become of them? Was all that was left of their memory but a single rite of their religion?—this dance that expressed the beauty and mystery of the body.

It had now become wonderful, maddening, here in the dark cave. It fired the blood, and still it had in it an influence of fear. It caught and lifted one, and still left one trembling as though confronted in the darkness with something unknown.

It seemed to me as if Lola had been dancing through a long, long time. For me the moment contained years.

It is not years that make up life. It is the vital, supreme moment that comes through the lapse of time as the oasis comes in the desert. One may live through years in a moment. And through such a moment I passed as I watched Lola dance. I had no thought or heed for those who were watching with me. They were but strangers whom I had met in passing, and who had come here with me to the cave. They would be gone. I would let them pass from my mind.

A great rafter stretched across the roof of the cave. From it pended the lamp that bore the flame that fell upon Lola. The body of the lamp was of brass, and formed into the shape of a serpent lying in a circle. It swayed gently as Lola danced beneath it.

And now the music grew softer and Lola began to move slowly backwards as she danced.



"HER ARMS WAVED STRANGELY; HER BODY MOVED TO THE WEIRD MUSIC."

And the music grew softer and softer still, and Lola sank to the ground. Faintness had come upon her.

And so was ended this strange dance—this rite of the religion of an old people—a people older than the oldest of the world's nations, a people older even than the oldest of the world's traditions. They lived here in caves in the mountains, a strange remnant of some mysterious people who had once, long, long ago been of power and of might in the world—a people who had outlived some civilization, magical, wonderful, and profound.

(To be continued.)

The Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition.

BY E. BRIGGS BALDWIN.

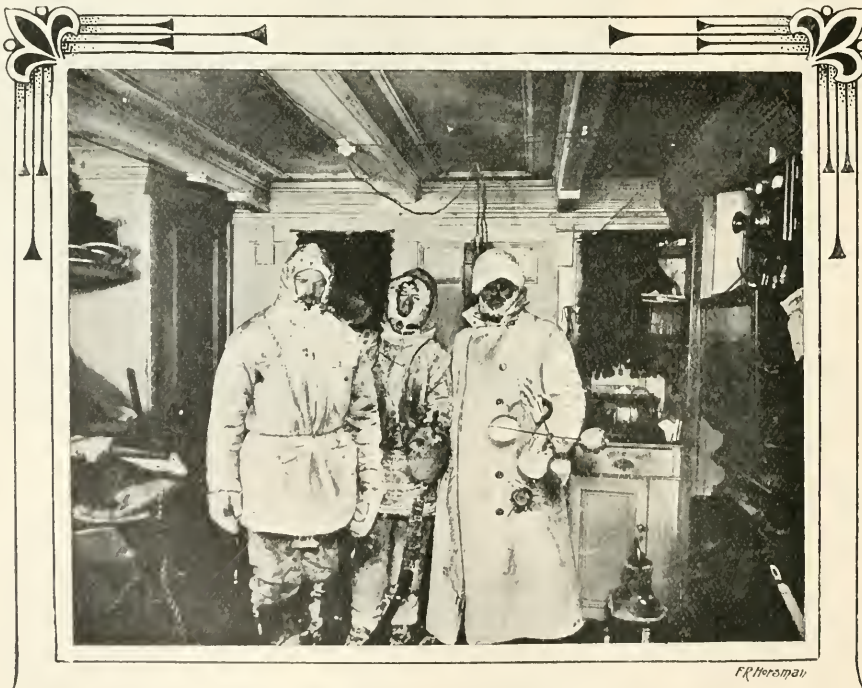
II.

An authoritative account of the work of this important expedition, written by the leader of the party. Mr. Baldwin illustrates his narrative with some particularly striking photographs, which will give our readers a vivid idea of the rigours attending exploration work in the ice-bound Arctic.

IN the course of the winter wind and weather quite covered our good ship with snow. This rendered our abode much warmer for ourselves, and also afforded a convenient burrowing place for such of the dogs as were of a peaceful disposition, and were, therefore, permitted to run at large. Round the ship there accumulated a great embankment of hard snow, between which and the sides of the vessel many

violation of this unwritten, but nevertheless universally understood, law was punishable by death at the hands—or rather teeth—of the aggrieved animals.

During violent storms it was absolutely necessary to turn all the dogs loose in order to prevent them from being suffocated by the great masses of snow, which at times formed a great white snow-dome over the camp. On such occasions two watchmen were always



F. Herman.

From a HOW THREE OF THE PARTY LOOKED AFTER A TOUR OF INSPECTION MADE DURING A GALE.

[Photo.

of the dogs sought protection during bad weather. Between these dogs and those on land at Camp Ziegler there grew up a deadly feud, neither party permitting a member of the other to intrude upon its sacred precincts. Any

on duty. Immediately the storm was over busy scenes attended the digging out of the trenches and the restoration of order. The above photograph—taken by flashlight—shows how three of us looked, with

the snow and ice-particles driven into our clothing by the furious wind, immediately after entering the deck-cabin following a tour of inspection of the camp and observatories in the course of a violent gale last February. Near the feet of the writer is shown one of the ship's lanterns, which was carried about the camp, as all the others were immediately extinguished by the wind, the velocity of which attained eighty-six miles per hour. The tempest continued for four days, but, strange to relate, not a single animal perished. The ponies, too, withstood the storm bravely. A shed in which three of them were confined was finally completely filled with snow, the watchmen being obliged to tear away the roof in order to let the ponies escape over the walls of the shelter. In this same photo. is shown the telephone by means of which communication between the ship and the camp was maintained. This telephone was of great service to us, especially during stormy periods.

As preparations for sledge work drew to an end the various members of the expedition took turns in the work of advancing supplies from the ship ere the final start should be made.

This was begun in January and prosecuted almost daily until the final departure of the field party on the 27th of March.

On two occasions several members of the expedition came near losing their lives while engaged in hazardous sledge expeditions. This was owing to their having been caught unawares in storms which overtook them while endeavouring to return to the ship. On each occasion, however, search parties were sent out after the missing men and brought them in safely.

Owing to our inability to force the *America* through the hard ice, it was necessary to undertake the establishment of enormous depôts in the extreme northern part of the Archipelago by means of sledges or else to return south

utterly defeated, with the objects of our expedition unfulfilled. Therefore, mid-winter work was rendered absolutely necessary not only to train both the members of the party and the draught animals, but also to ensure the establishment of these depôts before the disintegration of the ice between the islands on the proposed line of march rendered sledge journeys impossible.

In February it was noticed that great cracks were forming in the sea-ice, and by March it had become so thin in places through the action of the sea-currents as to show salty efflorescence on the surface. On one of the sledging trips during that month one of the ponies, which was drawing a sledge burdened with a thousand pounds of corn-meal, suddenly disappeared beneath the sea-water and broken lumps of ice. Both the pony and the sledge, however, came

to the surface again and were fortunately saved. The pony, on being hauled out, was promptly blanketed and exercised, and evinced no ill-effects from his cold March bath in Arctic waters. He not only survived the trying ordeal of establishing the depôts upon Rudolf Land and elsewhere, but also of the return voyage to Norway.



From a

THE PHOTOGRAPHER GETS A SNOW-BATH.

[Photo.

But the thinness of the ice was not the only element of danger with which we had to contend, for almost invariably the cracks and fissures which had formed in the ice were bridged over by drift snow, and through these we often fell as we trudged along. My next photo. shows Photographer Fiala in the full enjoyment of a snow-bath, as he endeavours to extricate himself from one of these pitfalls. Sketch Artist Hare appears to enjoy the fun equally as much as he proffers a helping hand. It frequently happened, however, that ugly bruises resulted from unexpected falls of this kind, thus incapacitating the unfortunate victim for active field work. It was an accident of this nature that rendered Mr. Wellman a cripple

can testify. From the foregoing incidents it will be understood why extended journeys by sledge cannot be safely taken during the period of Arctic darkness.

Since Siberian ponies figure so prominently in the work of the Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition, it may be appropriate to say a few words concerning these very useful draught animals. Of the fifteen taken to Franz-Josef Land twelve survived, rendering invaluable service throughout the sledge journeys. Of the remaining

three, one, having injured itself in the course of the voyage to Franz-Josef Land, was shot shortly after our arrival there; one was shot for food late in October, 1901, owing to a supposed lack of provender for the entire number; while the third died from the effects of hard work and recurring attacks of colic. This last-mentioned was a handsome young bay stallion. He was the pet of the stall, and we called him Billy. Being of a less robust nature—of "finer grain" than the others—he was less capable of withstanding the rigours of the Arctic toil. All



F.R.H.

MR. BALDWIN FALLING THROUGH A SNOW-BRIDGE.
From a Photo.



IF THE FISSURE HAD BEEN A FEW INCHES WIDER HE
From a] WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN SEEN AGAIN. [Photo.

for months following his journey Poleward in 1899. In the case of glaciers such pitfalls are especially dangerous, owing to their great depth and uncertain character. Sometimes the walls of the fissures are perpendicular and sometimes curving, running down for hundreds of feet till a bottom of either ice or water is reached. It was in such a chasm as this that Meteorologist Verhoeff, of the first Peary Expedition, probably lost his life, while attempting to cross a West Greenland glacier. The top photo. shows the writer after an unexpected "drop" through a snow-bridge on the slope of a glacier on President McKinley Island, in May, 1902, while in the next photo. the top of the pit itself is seen. Had it been just a few inches wider this article would never have been written—at least by me—as Photographer Fiala



LUCAS AND BILLY THE PONY—HE WAS A UNIVERSAL FAVOURITE, BUT DIED FROM THE HARDSHIPS ENDURED.
From a Photo.

winter, with two others, we housed him on board, a light being kept burning from feeding time in the morning till bedtime at night. The extinguishing of the lights he almost invariably protested against by a vigorous pawing of the ship's deck, prolonged oftentimes till the early hours of the ensuing morning. In the photograph at the bottom of the preceding page are shown Lucas and Billy ready for action in the field.

On the sledge journey six men were sufficient to handle the thirteen ponies, each pony usually hauling two sledges burdened with a total weight of about seven hundred and fifty pounds. These faithful creatures were quite as good travellers as the dogs and gave infinitely less trouble, not only while in camp but also on the march. They seldom quarrelled among themselves, and kept close together whenever allowed

the canine contingent. This too was method in our arrangement of the order of precedence.

During stormy weather, when we were unable to find our way ahead, the dogs readily found protection by curling up and permitting the snow to cover them. Not so, however, with the ponies, who, although usually blanketed with a sail-cloth lined in part with *vadmel*, a coarse stuff of Norwegian wool, could only find protection behind either the sledge or the icebergs near which we frequently encamped—notwithstanding the well-known Arctic axiom that icebergs should be avoided wherever possible. We, however, nearly always selected flat topped bergs as being less liable to capsize, and never met with mishap. Those of other forms, however, we have known to topple over, breaking up the ice for a considerable distance around. The



THE CAMP AT THE "TABLLAR ICEBERG"—OBSERVE THE DEEP COVERING OF SNOW OVER THE SLEDGES AND PROVISIONS. [Photo. From a]

to run at large. The dogs, however, were jealous of any preference shown them, and availed themselves of every opportunity of chasing the ponies from the camp when turned loose. On the march the dogs were especially jealous whenever the ponies were put at the head of the moving column. This, it is needless to state, was frequently done in order to bring out the full motive powers of

accompanying photo. shows the famous "tabular iceberg" alongside which we encamped for more than a week, while advancing provisions and equipment northward across Markham Sound. Behind it twenty-eight human beings, thirteen ponies, and one hundred and sixty dogs often found protection while the Arctic storm-demons tried in vain to rout us and drive us back. The photo. shows our sledges and provisions

deeply buried beneath the snow after one of these terrible conflicts.

About ten miles south of the tabular iceberg, on the sea-ice, one of our relay depôts was located. We made a march and return march daily to this place, till the entire depôt had been brought up to the tabular iceberg camp. Our next photo. shows this depôt quite buried beneath the snow, with the tent also heavily weighted down with the same element of discomfort. We were obliged to remove the frozen snow with shovel and spade and pick nearly every time the sledges were loaded. The toil at "Camp No. 3" typifies the labour done at the eighteen or nineteen other camps and

Rudolf Land, latitude 81deg. 44min. The last-mentioned depôt consists of thirty-five thousand pounds of condensed foods, and is within sight of the head-quarters established by the Duke of the Abruzzi. Farther progress in this direction was prevented by an open sea extending southward from the head of Toeplitz Bay, a stretch of about thirty miles. For a considerable distance before gaining the shore on Crown Prince Rudolf Land we were obliged to travel over a wide expanse of thin, salty ice, the last loads being deposited in great haste as the sea-ice broke up around us, threatening to cut off the return of the party. The second depôt consists of five thousand pounds of



DIGGING OUT THE STORES AT "CAMP NO. 3."

From a Photo.

relay depôts, before all the provisions and equipment intended for future use on the great dash for the Pole were concentrated at the three main points—Kane Lodge, Greeley Island, latitude 80deg. 56min. north; near Coburg Island, latitude 81deg. 32min.; and at Toeplitz Bay,

condensed and other foods, and is placed upon an islet about twelve miles south of Rudolf Land. The Kane Lodge station consists of a house well filled with provisions and equipment, and is located in the centre of a region abounding in walrus and Polar bears.

(To be concluded.)

The Adventures of the Marquis di Cordova.

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

The personal narrative of the Marquis di Cordova fu Lorenzo, a nobleman of Spanish descent. He relates the amazing series of adventures into which he has been plunged by his attempt to regain possession of a lost inheritance. A more remarkable and romantic story of dark intrigue and relentless hatred has seldom been unfolded.



HOUNDED by secret foes — merciless, remorseless, relentless — who have pursued me across two continents, I feel that my only safety lies in publicity. I therefore avail myself of the opportunity afforded me by this Magazine to place my strange case before the world. I do so in confidence that a broad publicity must make every honest man of the English-speaking race my ally and my safeguard.

I am not insensible to the fact that, in these prosaic times, it is difficult for people to comprehend that acts which they would readily accept as true if related in connection with some mediæval conspiracy could possibly still be perpetrated. In order that the reader may judge my story without prejudice he must know who and what I am, and the chain of circumstances which led up to the remarkable events herein related.

My name is Carlo Cattapani, Marquis di Cordova fu Lorenzo; but as I care little about titles I have taken out my first naturalization papers in the United States as Carlo Cattapani, an American citizen. I was born in Mantoba, Lombardy. My father was a colonel in the Italian army and my mother was the Baroness Maniniconico.

My father was anxious for me to enter the army. I objected strongly to this, but was nevertheless sent to the Military School of Caserta, where I remained until just before I would have received my commission, when my father — having satisfied himself that my tastes hardly fitted me for a soldier — procured my honourable discharge

through the recommendation of his friend, the Secretary of State for War.

Upon abandoning the art of war I took up what had been a passion with me from boyhood — the fine arts. I became a student at the Royal Academy at Naples, where I worked under Morrelli and Pallizzi. Here I took a prominent part in everything connected with student life, and was elected president of the Young Artists' Club in opposition to the Duke of Cirrella. I was now in my element and making rapid progress. My social standing and my artistic positions took me a great deal into society. I lived in a whirl of excitement, amidst most congenial surroundings.

But the vicissitudes of life are many, and one knows not what a day may bring forth. A beautiful young lady of high rank looked upon my addresses with favour, and in the love I bore her came my undoing. One evening at a grand reception, while strolling alone in the shrubbery, away from the gay throng of dancers, I heard voices in a conservatory. As I drew

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THE MARQUIS DI CORDOVA—THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE."

near I fancied I recognised one of the voices, and turning a corner I witnessed my beloved in the arms of an army officer, a friend of my own. I scarcely know what I did or said, but a duel followed, in which my antagonist fell mortally wounded. I received two sword-cuts, one in the side and one in the hand.

Depressed and despondent, all the brightness having temporarily gone out of the world for me, I took refuge and found solace in the Benedictine Monastery of Cava, near Naples, where the Knights of Malta and the Hospitallers of Jerusalem had their origin. Here I shut myself up and devoted myself to religious meditation and study. But I never took the vows. With the lapse of time the poignancy of my grief less-

ened somewhat and there came a change in my feelings. It dawned upon me that the Church was not my vocation, although I had contracted a most intimate friendship with Cardinal the Duke Sanfelice, Archbishop of Naples, and had made a visit to the Pope at Rome.

I turned again to art. But the affairs of my



LORENZO CATTAPANI, MARQUIS DI CORDOVA, THE FATHER OF THE PRESENT MARQUIS—HE COMMANDED THE IMPORTANT ITALIAN FORTRESS OF GAETA. [Photo.]

family had become greatly embarrassed, entailing privations upon my mother and sister, for my father was dead. I therefore began to make inquiries regarding an estate which, in the family circle, had frequently been referred to as rightfully belonging, in whole or in part, to my father. I determined, should my investigations warrant the attempt, to recover it. Thinking from what I could gather that there was a fair promise of success, I resolved to set to work at the task, making the recovery of our inheritance my



THE MONASTERY OF CAVA, TO WHICH THE MARQUIS RETIRED AFTER HIS DUEL. [From a Photo.]

main aim in life until it should be accomplished. I decided to devote to it all my earnings with the brush.

Our right to this property, which is located in Spain—near Barcelona—in France, and in Cuba, arises from the circumstance that my family descends from one of two brothers, in whom the title was originally vested. This brother, my great-great-grandfather, came to Italy in 1700 with a commission from the King of Spain. For some reason or other he did not return to his native country, but settled in Italy, where he made a large fortune. After this he appears to have taken no interest in the Spanish estate until he was notified of the death of his brother and was requested to visit Spain in order to settle up his affairs.

He was old, and the journey, which in those days was full of difficulties, appalled him. He never went. The estate still remains in the hands of the Spanish branch of the family.

As the first step in my undertaking I left Italy and took up my residence in Paris, thinking that city would afford me a better field for my art work. Here I completed my artistic education and, while doing so, executed two religious paintings on a commission from Monseigneur Petron, for the Chinese Mission. They have since, by the way, been destroyed by the Boxers.

I made arrangements for the co-operation of a French detective agency, and soon afterwards removed to London, where I thought I could make more money than in Paris. I was not disappointed. Not long after my arrival in London I received a visit from my French detective, who informed me he was on the track of some missing papers connected with the Spanish estate. The papers referred to, he said, were of vital importance to me. Taken together with those already in my possession, they indubitably established my claim to the estates. Now, these documents I had never been able to locate. They should have been among my grandfather's effects; but as he was a man of notoriously careless habits, and was, moreover, not interested in the Spanish

estate, it was thought they had been irrevocably lost. The detective stated that they had been taken away in an iron casket by my grandfather's secretary, Pinto, and that he believed they were at that moment somewhere in Colorado, in the United States, whither they had been taken by the secretary.

It was subsequent to that interview with my agent that my troubles began in earnest. Some little time after I went over to Italy to visit my mother, and on my way back stopped at Monte Carlo. One evening, while walking along the street, a bullet sang close to my ear. Although somewhat startled, I gave little heed to the occurrence, supposing that in some gambling fracas a shot had missed its mark.

When I arrived in London again I found that the newly-appointed Italian Ambassador to the Court of St. James was an old family friend. I called on him, and through his courtesy was introduced into London society.

After becoming somewhat acquainted with my new surroundings I started to develop a long cherished idea of mine, that of improving the artistic taste of the English people through art applied to trade. With the aid of my newly-made friends I organized a manufacturing art company. The company met with great encouragement and was soon doing a flourishing trade. Some time

later it became necessary for me to travel in the interests of my business. While visiting Birmingham I left my hotel one morning, and remember nothing more until I woke up in a hospital. I was told I had been found a little way out of the city forty-eight hours before, badly cut and bruised and quite unconscious; but all my valuables—including my watch and money—were intact. The Birmingham papers noticed the occurrence as "A Mysterious Accident to a London Manager," but no explanation could be given of the incident, nor were my assailants discovered.

My secretary came to fetch me, and when we reached London I had another interview with the French detective. He was inclined to think



CARDINAL THE DUKE SANFELICE, ARCHBISHOP OF NAPLES,
WHO BEFRIENDED THE MARQUIS WHILE IN THE MONASTERY.
From a Photo, by Gaetano Romano, Naples.



THE C.I.V. COMMEMORATIVE GROUP DESIGNED BY THE MARQUIS OF CORDOVA—THIS WAS PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES
From a (NOW KING EDWARD VII.) [Photo.]

there was a connection between the Birmingham mishap, a fire which had destroyed my studio, and the shooting at Monte Carlo. By his advice I began to take some precautions, and seldom went out alone at night.

My affairs continued to prosper. I executed a commemorative group of the City Imperial Volunteers, which was presented to the Prince of Wales (now H.M. the King) by Mr. Pearse, and was engaged in making sketches for the decorations of the National Museum of British Art, when I received a message from my detective requesting me to join him as soon as possible in America, whither he

had proceeded in order to obtain the documents he was after.

Accordingly, I set about making my preparations for the journey. But, while doing so, I attended one night a party at the house of a well-known art critic. I reached my rooms, 10, Hestercombe Avenue, Fulham, rather late, and went immediately to bed, after locking my door. I should add that I was alone in the house.

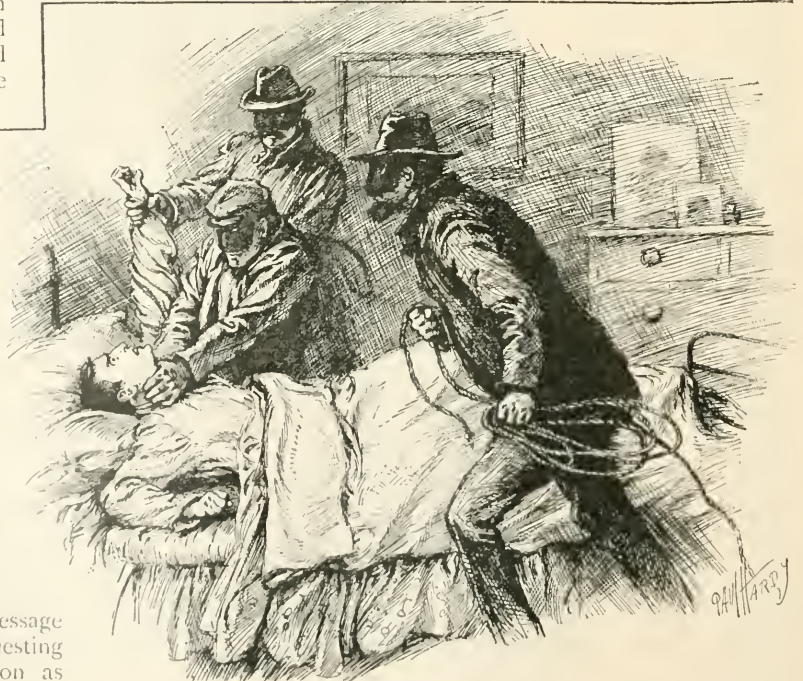
At about three o'clock in the morning I was startled roughly from slumber to find myself in the clutches of three masked men!

I struggled desperately. Heavy with sleep as I was, the sight of those cloth-covered faces, behind which eyes glittered so balefully, brought to my mind a complete and awful realization of my danger.

My antagonists uttered not a word as they held me down on my bed. I put all my strength, and all the skill I had acquired during my military training, into a tremendous endeavour to free myself from their clutches, but the seizure had been made when I was at too great a disadvantage, and I was soon bound and gagged.

I lay there, helpless, while the miscreants turned up the gas, which I had not extinguished, and made a deliberate search of my apartments.

Their quest—whatever it was they sought—



"I STRUGGLED DESPERATELY."

was fruitless. But not one of the three uttered a word that would give evidence of chagrin or disappointment. The act that followed was one worthy of the vilest of assassins. They first extinguished the gas and then turned it on again, afterwards setting fire to the window curtains. Then they fled hastily into the hall and so out of the house. And I, bound and helpless, was left to my fate—either to be burnt miserably where I lay, suffocated by the gas-fumes, or killed by the explosion which was certain to follow.

I was saved by the timely arrival of some working men who were on their way to light some furnaces just behind my house. They extinguished the flames and turned off the gas just in the nick of time. It was discovered that one of my assailants had been secreted in a cupboard in the room, and after I had fallen asleep had crept out and admitted his companions.

After this terrible event my friends would not allow me to remain alone, and I made my home with several of them in succession until I left England for the States.

For several weeks I stayed with a particular friend in Crondace Road, Fulham, who has since written to me that he observed men, strangers to him, watching his house even after I had gone.*

I reached New York in the steamer *Majestic* in April, 1901, taking a letter of introduction to a lady who had married an English nobleman. My detective met me, and told me that he was in hopes of securing the missing papers shortly. He had cabled for me to join him because it was necessary for me to be present to identify them before any reward was paid.

I instructed him to go straight to Colorado, where he thought the papers still were. I remained in New York to await his return. Meanwhile—as he would probably be away for some length of time—I opened a studio and went to work.

One day in September I received a communication requesting me to go to the Mission House, South Ferry, where friends would give me important information, which, for reasons of prudence, they could not send to my rooms. I went as directed and met a foreigner, evidently neither an Englishman nor an American, who gave me the private sign of recognition which had been agreed upon between my detective and myself. The stranger asked me to step into a waiting cab so as to drive to the place where the papers were. I thoughtlessly

complied. The man closed the door, mounted the box with the driver, and we started off.

I thought the stranger's conduct rather peculiar, and, too late, regretted my compliance. I had expected my guide to enter the cab with me; but on second thoughts I concluded that his action—he being a foreigner—arose from deference to my rank. Nevertheless, I felt annoyed and ill at ease.

We were now moving at a rapid rate. While hesitating what to do, unable to make up my mind to any definite course of action, a sense of drowsiness and suffocation came over me. I endeavoured to rouse myself by peering out of the tightly-fastened windows and sitting up straight, but gradually my efforts became more feeble, listlessness took complete possession of me, and I became oblivious of everything.

When I revived I found myself lying on the floor in a room bare of furniture, save for a common pine table. I was not left alone for long. Every hour or so a masked man visited me, or sometimes two men—men who reminded me of my midnight assailants in London. They never said anything, but each time they offered me drink, which, owing to my semi-conscious condition and raging thirst, I took with avidity. Almost immediately after taking the liquid I relapsed again into complete insensibility.

After what must have been several days of imprisonment my faculties one evening for some reason cleared up more than usual. I heard voices near me, and so I sat up and listened. There was only a board partition between my room and the one adjoining, and on the other side of it my captors were talking. I could not make out all they said; but I could distinguish that one spoke with a foreign accent, while the other's speech was that of an American. From what I could gather it seemed to me they were worried about orders they expected which had not arrived. Finally, the American, who called the other one "Pintal," said, distinctly, "If there is to be any blood, I am not in it."

This was ominous. I listened no more, but at once concentrated my energies upon making my escape. How was it to be done? I was so weak from the continual drugging and want of food that I could scarcely arouse myself to the effort.

The room contained no door excepting that leading to the one occupied by my guards. There was, however, a small iron barred window, rather high up, through which the moonlight was now streaming. Unpromising as it appeared, I determined to try to loosen these bars and get out.

As noiselessly as possible I moved the table

* This gentleman, whose name and address we possess, has been communicated with, and fully bears out the Marquis di Cordova's statements as to the attack by the three masked men and the spies who watched the house in Crondace Road.—Ed.

against the door to the next room, in order to at least obstruct the entrance of the scoundrels should they discover my attempt. I then went to the window and, grasping the bars, found to my joy that, though they themselves were formidable enough, the framework in which they were fixed was quite rotten. It did not take much of a push to tumble the whole crazy affair outwards. I quickly scrambled up after them. I found that my room was on the ground floor and that the drop from the window was inconsiderable.

Time was too precious to make an inspection of the place; but, as I jumped out and ran, a quick glance showed me that the house was a one-story frame shanty—apparently one that had been unoccupied for some time, for it was surrounded with weeds and bore a general aspect of neglect.

Continuing in a straight line, with all the speed my enfeebled condition would admit, I presently reached what appeared to be a main road. Taking this, I went on until I came to a park. Here I threw myself on the ground and almost at once—as the result, I suppose, of exhaustion—went to sleep.

At about four o'clock in the morning I was roughly awakened by a policeman, who wanted to know what I was doing there. Only half conscious of my surroundings, for the curious coma which had held my senses captive for the past few days had not yet left me, I mumbled: "I live in the neighborhood and have come here to take a nap."

He did not appear to be satisfied, and kept disturbing me every now and then. It was fully eleven o'clock in the morning before I became entirely awake. Upon inquiry I found I was in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. I accordingly started towards home, at 230, West 124th Street, where I boarded. Walking all the way—for I had no money on me—I reached there about ten o'clock that night.

Safe in my own rooms, and refreshed by a

hearty meal, I pondered over my adventure. Reflection convinced me that the very desperation of my enemies was an augury for my own success. I could not conceive of any other explanation of their conduct except the apprehension that my agent in Colorado must be on the right track. Somewhat consoled by this idea, I settled again to work. Blessed with a

strong constitution, I soon recovered from the treatment I had undergone.

With the hope of locating the house where I had been detained—which I was unable to do personally—or of inducing the American (who, in the conversation I had overheard, did not seem to be in entire accord with his companion) to divulge something, I inserted in the *Herald* and *World* an advertisement, cautiously worded in language that would serve either of these purposes. This step was taken with the approval of the New York detectives, who were also investigating the kidnapping. A few answers were received, but they were evidently from practical jokers and no attention was paid to them.

My affairs now went along without anything unusual happening, though it would be idle for me to say that I felt any sense of security or that I was not constantly on the watch. On June 1st, 1902, however, I received a communication signed "Smith," in which the writer requested me to meet him the following evening, between six and seven o'clock, at the statue in Madison Square, where he

would be leaning on the railing, and would be recognisable by a large red neck-tie he would wear. It was thought that this note might be in answer to one of my advertisements, and so I decided to keep the appointment.

As the hour arranged was early in the evening, and at a place usually crowded with people, I thought it would be safe to go alone. The stranger proceeded directly to business, without any preliminaries. He stated that he had heard



"THE DROP FROM THE WINDOW WAS INCONSIDERABLE."

I was looking for some papers, and that he thought he could place one of them in my hands. But in order that he might get out of New York at once he would have to have a hundred dollars of the reward down.

"I haven't so much with me," I replied.

"Well," was the confident rejoinder, "you can get it. When you get your estate you will come down handsomely—eh?"

After some further talk in the same line, in which he gave me an idea of what the papers were, I agreed to meet him on the following Saturday night, June 7th, at the corner of 196th Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

When the night arrived, determined not to be caught in a trap again, I took with me my secretary, Mr. Atillo Gajo; Mr. Vincent Cassalle, a gentleman I had known in Italy, but now resident in New York; and Mr. William Hogan.

We met the man Smith at the appointed place and time, and, with the expenditure of very few words, I paid him a hundred dollars for the paper he held, which proved to be a map showing the exact spot in Colorado where my grandfather's secretary—according to tradition—had buried the iron box containing the missing papers. I placed this precious map in a gold card-case which I carried, and then all of us, without having met with any adventure, parted for our respective homes.

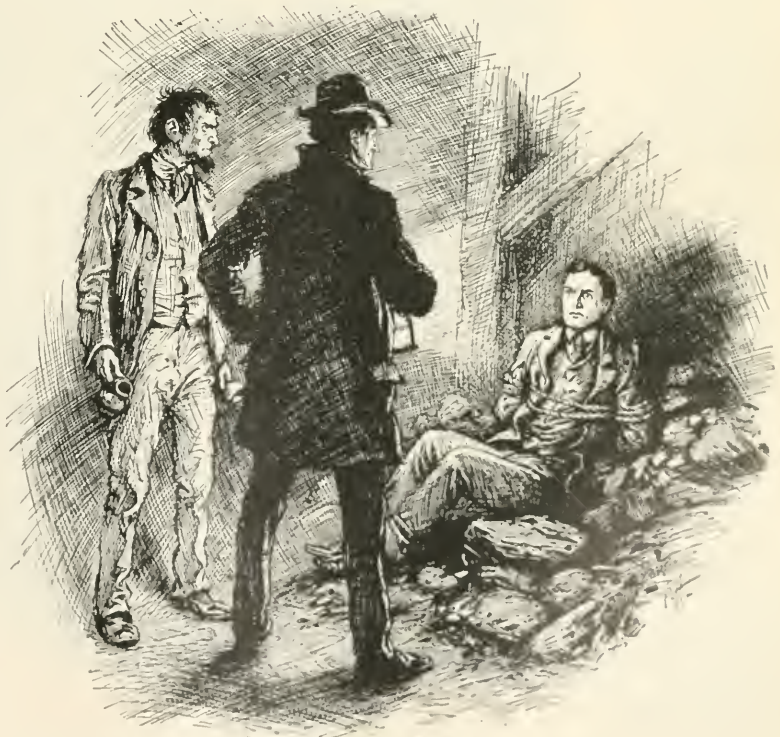
I reached my house, No. 58, East 86th Street, whither I had removed, towards two o'clock in the morning. I had unlocked the front door and was about to put my key into the vestibule door when someone dashed up the steps and asked me for a light. The voice had a foreign accent, and I took alarm at once and turned quickly. Before I had got fairly around, however, I was knocked down, but struggled to my feet again. Two or three men confronted me. After that I can recall nothing for a period of several hours.

When I recovered my senses everything was dark about me, but I could feel that I was bound hand and foot. As I grew more accustomed to the situation I

became aware that I was in a cellar, evidently amongst the coal. How long I had been there I could not even conjecture. Presently I heard footsteps, and then there came a glimmer of light as if from a lantern. Two men now appeared, and one of them spoke to me. Addressing me respectfully by my title, he said that if I would sign a document which he would bring me they would release me. I indignantly refused. The man did not attempt to argue, nor did his manner change. I demanded to know by what right I was deprived of my liberty and by whom, but he remained provokingly silent. I felt terribly thirsty, and at last remarked: "You might give me something to drink."

The other man—the silent one—promptly poured a liquid he appeared to have ready into a goblet and handed it to me. By the uncertain light of the lantern it looked like a light wine. I drank it almost at a gulp and asked for more. But the men turned and left me. I heard them going up wooden steps and afterwards walking overhead.

Left alone, my first thought was of escape. But, bound as I was, I recognised the utter futility of any such idea. Hopes of rescue came into my mind. Friends, no doubt, were searching for me. I even fancied I heard



"TWO MEN NOW APPEARED."

cheering words spoken in familiar tones. I peered into the darkness in the direction from whence they came. The voices blended into music, which was succeeded by a medley of fantastic shapes through which the life-like faces of my mother and sister floated. Then came a long period of unconsciousness. I suppose the drink had been drugged again.

Consciousness returned with a sense of chill and pain. Though still confused and stupefied I recognised that I was lying upon my side, in utter darkness. A terrible storm was raging. Rain was falling in torrents, and lightning flashed and thunder roared above. Everything seemed new and terrible to me, and I think that for a little while my mind wandered.

I tried to move my limbs, but found I could not, and, exhausted, I gave up the attempt. The pain in my cramped muscles increased, and with it my faculties cleared. Again I tried to move, but the attempt was futile; I was fairly swathed in ropes from head to foot.

Suddenly contact with ice-cold metal sent the awful truth flashing through my mind. I lay stretched out, bound and helpless, upon a railroad track! Instantly my overwrought mind conjured up approaching trains. The horrors of my destruction beneath the flying wheels became vividly present, and mentally I

died a hundred deaths in the next few seconds. Suddenly a locomotive head-light loomed up in the distance. My fearful anticipations were about to be realized! I writhed in my agony, and found to my joy that, although I could not move my limbs, I could roll a little. The train came on, its roar growing steadily louder. With a terrific effort I rolled myself off the tracks, scarcely knowing whither I went. A moment later the train went by with a thunderous roar. Involuntarily, in the extremity of my terror, I called out, "Help! Help!"

The night remained silent. There was no response.

I realized that my only hope of succour lay in attracting attention. Summoning all my remaining strength, I cried again:—

"Help! Murder! Help! Help!"

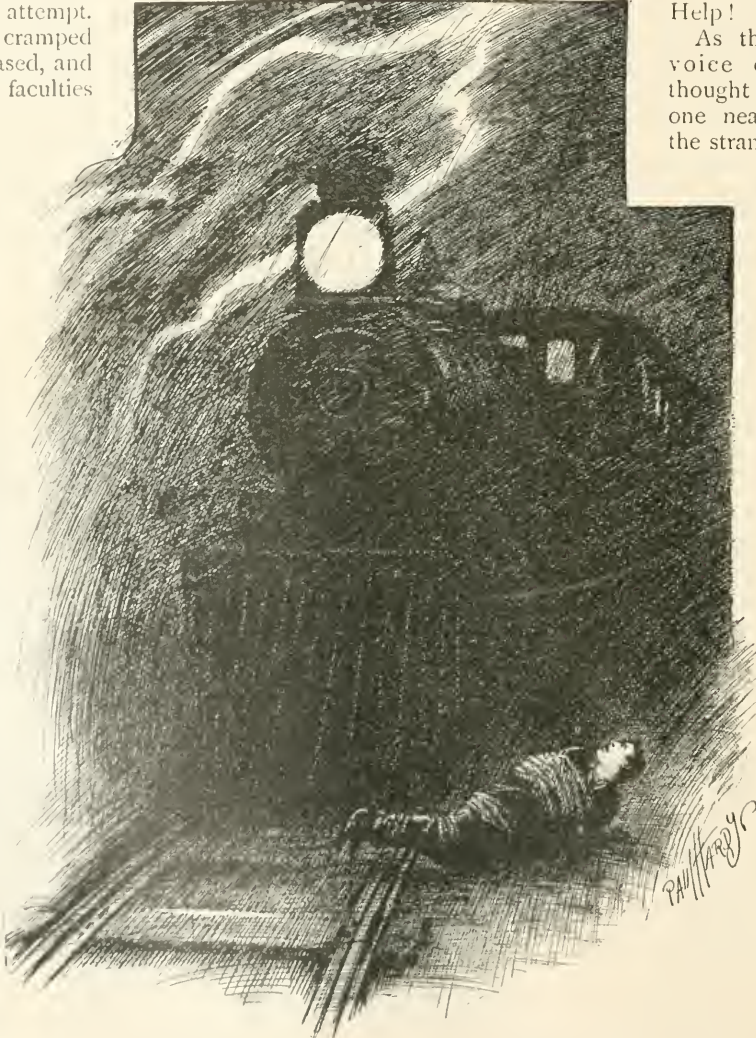
As the echo of my voice died away, I thought I heard someone near. And then the strangest words that

ever greeted the ear of a man in distress reached me.

"Can't you wait until I get a policeman?" said a voice.

"No," was on my lips. But I thought, "If I say that he will be afraid and will not come," so I answered: "Yes, yes! But be quick!"

Shortly afterwards I heard steps approaching, and soon someone stumbled over me. It was my rescuer. He had not waited for the police-



"WITH A TERRIFIC EFFORT I ROLLED MYSELF OFF THE TRACKS."

FIRST SECTION.

NEW YORK HERALD, SUNDAY, JUNE 15, 1902.

Missing Marquis, Found Bound on Railroad Tracks, Tells Marvellous Tale of Kidnapping and Coercion

FACSIMILE OF A HEADING IN A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER ON THE DAY AFTER THE MARQUIS WAS FOUND.

man, but, reassured by my words, had come alone, bringing with him a lantern. After an exclamation of astonishment, he set to work to unbind me. Two policemen came along a little later, and they fetched an ambulance, in which I was placed and taken to the J. Hood Wright Hospital. They told me that I had been laid on the tracks of the Hudson Railroad, at the 115th Street Crossing, within the limits of New York City. Needless to say, my terrible experience was the sensation of the day in the New York papers next morning.

On the way to the hospital I again became unconscious, but, owing to the care I received at the institution, I was able to leave it on Sunday morning, though for more than a week afterwards I was confined to the house.

After this adventure I determined to leave New York, and have now taken up my abode in Philadelphia.

I feel, however, that I can never consider myself safe anywhere, and so I have decided to tell my strange story to the world, thus placing myself under the guardianship of that inborn sense of right and justice which dwells in the hearts of honest men.

Since receiving the above the following additional information has been forwarded to us:—

In August last the French detective employed by the Marquis discovered near Pueblo, in Colorado, a number of important documents.

The first is a written acknowledgment, under the Cordova seal, from Giorgico, Marquis di Cordova, the great-great-grand-uncle of the pre-

sent Marquis, stating that he holds only in trust the estate and personal property of his brother the great-great-grandfather of the present Marquis. He engages to return the property intact to this brother upon demand.

Another document is a letter written by the son of the great-great-grand-uncle referred to, Lorenz di Cordova, to Antonio di Cordova, the son of the great-great-grandfather of the present Marquis. In this letter Lorenz di Cordova admits that he is not the owner of the estates which he holds, and begs his cousin, the real owner, to come to Spain and take possession of his patrimony, allowing him (Lorenz) some portion of the property by way of remuneration for his services as caretaker.

The third document is the original patent of nobility, granted by Charles I. of Spain, of the Marquisate of Cordova.

The fourth and last document is the only existing copy of the genealogical tree of both branches of the Cordova family, dated and sealed in 1795 by the Heraldic Institution in Madrid, from which the original document has disappeared.

These papers are in the possession of the detective, who is now prosecuting a search for further documents in Italy, as his work in the States has been finished by the discovery of the casket of documents taken away by the secretary, Pinto. What now remains to be done is to secure corroborative documentary evidence in Europe. Both civil and criminal proceedings have been instituted in Madrid.

NO TRACE OF THE KIDNAPPED NOBLE

First Attempt to Balk the Mar-
quis de Cordova so Far
Successful.

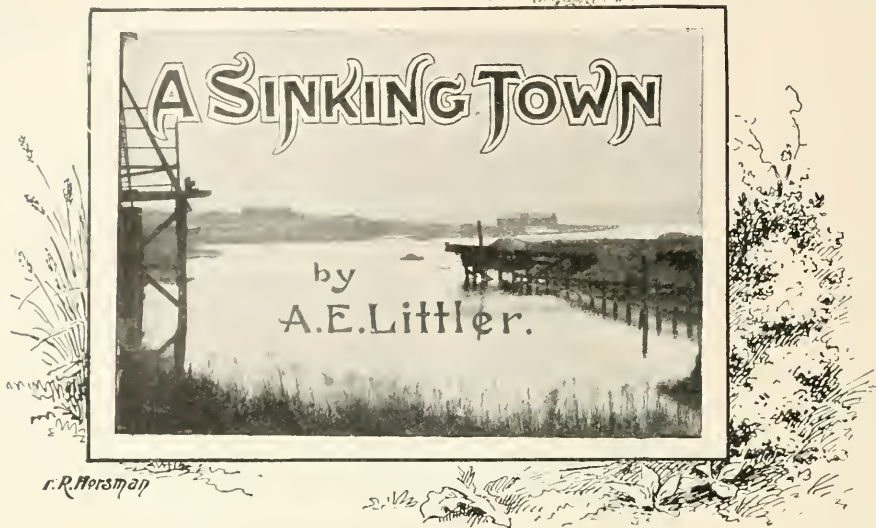
WORLDSEARCH FOR CASKET

Contains His Titles, and He Has
Visited Many Countries Pur-
sued by Hidden Enemies.

THOUGHT TO BE IN PUEBLO

It Was Just After He Had Obtained This
Information That the Abduc-
tion Took Place.

ANOTHER NEWSPAPER HEADING WHICH APPEARED SOON AFTER
THE ABDUCTION OF THE MARQUIS.



A description, by a local journalist, of the curious state of affairs which prevails in the salt district of Cheshire. Owing to the pumping away of the brine, gradual subsidences of the earth's surface are of frequent occurrence, and the authorities have a hard struggle to prevent houses and roads disappearing. So peculiar, however, is the character of the sinkage that virtually little danger exists and life has rarely been jeopardized. The article is illustrated with some very interesting photographs.



IN no English town, village, or hamlet, save the quaintly interesting Cheshire salt town of Northwich, has there been witnessed the remarkable sight of shops and business premises, ranging from the humblest lock-up establishment to the most pretentious of country hotels, being slowly yet none the less surely raised—pumped up, in fact, by the most ingenious of hydraulic pumps—pumps which can raise many tons apiece, doing their work so gently and evenly—if carefully operated—as to cause no inconvenience whatever to the occupants of the buildings dealt with.

The High Street of Northwich, like many other parts of the salt district, is sorely afflicted by the terrible scourge known as “subsidence.” The popular—but fortunately erroneous—impression of these subsidences is that they mean a sudden swallowing up of shops and houses; aye, and even of men and women. But the yawning gulf, the gaping chasm, and the hapless people engulfed therein, if not absolutely creations of the imagination, are at any rate the least sinister form of the salt-sinking evil. Rarely indeed does a subsidence take place so rapidly as to jeopardize life and limb; albeit it is on record that years ago an office fell on its back in a single night. The first photo. on the next page

shows the office I have mentioned—a solicitor's, by the way. It assumed the position shown in the snap-shot in twenty-four hours. On another occasion a horse was swallowed up by the collapse of a stable floor, and one of the photographs depicts a subsidence in Castle Street, close to the place where the horse perished.

On an average the Northwich High Street sinks from six to eight inches every year, and, naturally, as the roadway sinks, the shops on either side settle in like degree. The River Weaver bounds the thoroughfare—which forms a part of the main road from Manchester to Chester—on one side, and when the water-level is reached the local governing authority and the County Council of Cheshire find it necessary to restore the roadway by raising its surface a height varying from three feet six inches to four feet.

This novel form of restoration has recently been successfully completed, and a stranger viewing the line of smart shops now standing would scarcely credit that the street had passed through such an ordeal. An ordinary town would be paralyzed by such a necessity. What would become of the property? Experience, however, has been a great educational force in Northwich, and in the “sinking” portions of the district a novel system of framework buildings,



From a

THE BUILDING THAT FELL ON ITS BACK IN A SINGLE NIGHT.

[Photo.]

known locally as "composite," has been adopted—not from choice but from sheer necessity. Thus, when a building sinks it can

be restored to its original position without damage, and thus in the most ingenious fashion it is possible to realize. Another photograph shows a typical "elevation" completed. In this case the building—a handsome new hotel—has been lifted bodily for several feet. Stout wedges have been placed underneath, subsequently replaced by brickwork, a flight of steps fitted, and the building is itself again, so to speak.

Northwich and its surroundings, and the great and terrible penalty which is being paid for its mineral wealth—the brine—form a most

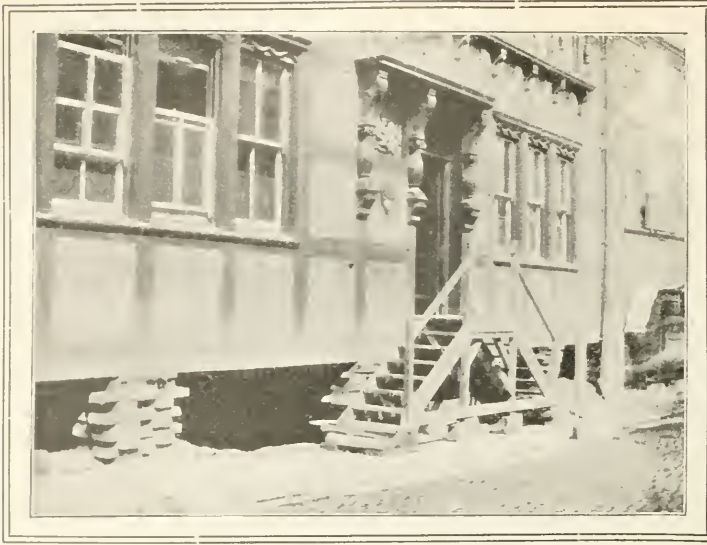
fascinating study. There is nothing exactly like it in any other part of the world, and, before describing in detail the latest phase of "shop-



From a

THE CASTLE STREET SUBSIDENCE, CLOSE TO WHERE THE UNFORTUNATE HORSE WAS SWALLOWED UP.

[Photo.]



A TYPICAL "ELEVATION"—THIS HOTEL HAS BEEN RAISED BODILY FOR SEVERAL FEET, WEDGES PLACED UNDERNEATH, AND A FLIGHT OF STEPS FITTED TO THE DOORWAY.

From a Photo.

lifting," in which even the kleptomaniac plays no part, the story of the quest for salt, with illustrations, must be outlined, for it is the ceaseless pumping of the brine which has caused the subsidences which have devastated a considerable tract of country.

The ancient history of Northwich may be dismissed in a sentence. Here the Romans found the natural springs of brine bubbling through the earth, and here they made salt by evaporation in pans which were very little different from those in use at the present moment, twentieth century though it be. Labour-saving machinery has been continually sought after, but even to-day an open pan filled with brine, a fire beneath, and a man with a rake are the main elements in the manufacture of the beautiful white saline crystals which play so important a part

in the culinary department and form the staple of all chemical manufacture.

Two hundred, three hundred, and four hundred feet from the surface of the earth are to be found, throughout what is generically known as the Cheshire salt field, beds of rock-salt of a thickness in some instances of two hundred feet. The strata is a veritable treasure-trove to the geologist, but the property-owner looks with a less kindly eye upon it, although, with the feeling in his heart that he cannot have his cake and eat it, he has to some extent become philosophical. In the bad old days, before it was necessary to aid Nature in bringing forth her store of brine, the seeds of much subsequent subsidence mischief were laid by the

improper mining of the rock-salt beds. Water found its way into the shafts, the salt pillars were eaten away, and in fell the mine. In 1750, or thereabouts, a mine in this way collapsed near Northwich, and subsequently the neighbourhood of Marston, some two miles from the town, underwent a complete transforma-



ONE OF THE HUGE LAKES, OR "FLASHES," FORMED BY THE SUBSIDENCES—THE MAIN ROAD TO WARRINGTON FORMERLY RAN ALONG TO THE RIGHT.

[Photo.]

tion by reason of old or disused mines succumbing to the erosive action of the water which had found its way to the salt. More than a dozen such mine-workings are said to be covered by lakes, and between Northwich and Marston many acres of land have disappeared, leaving in their place huge lakes or "flashes." One of these lakes, of great depth, is seen in the previous photo. The winding path on the far side to the right indicates what some years ago formed the main road to Warrington.

served the Romans and their successors and were controlled by many strange laws—was found to be utterly inadequate to meet the increasing demand for salt. The taking of a bucket to the brine well was too slow a process for the modern manufacturer, and, with mushroom-like rapidity, pumping-shafts sprang up here, there, and everywhere. The brine (which is formed by water passing over the beds of rock-salt, with which it charges itself in its passage) was first pumped up by means



From a THE LONDON ROAD SUBSIDENCE—THE ROAD AS IT APPEARED WITH ITS "BACK BROKEN." [Photo.]

Daily in the Marston district the authorities are engaged in fighting the subtle foe, which works ceaselessly and insidiously. One road was, thirteen years ago, finally abandoned and claimed by the subsidence fiend, and now the track over which it was diverted, and which forms the highway between two important centres, is only maintained with ever-increasing difficulty.

So much for mining and the salt lakes. But, after all, it is to the pumping of brine that Northwich owes at once its trade and its unenviable position as a "sinking city." Over one hundred years ago the brine rising to the surface of the natural springs—which had

of windmills and then by steam. Faster and still faster the water ate away the rock salt. The earth's backbone was being removed, and, as a natural consequence, the crust cracked and broke. The area of subsidence, it is true, was not large, but the signs were grave. Mr. Thos. Ward, F.R.G.S., who has made the subject one of earnest study, estimated that not less than twenty-five million tons of salt have been made in the Northwich district from brine pumped off the upper bed of rock-salt, which is the most fruitful source of trouble; while hundreds of thousands of gallons of brine are annually consumed in the chemical works.

The same authority has calculated that the



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LONDON ROAD ACCIDENT—OBSERVE THE LARGE POOL OF WATER WHICH FORMED.

From a Photo.

extreme points showing subsidence are included within fifteen hundred acres, while the most

The roadway was seen to crack and bend; then the earth began to trickle downwards; the cavity

acres, so that it will be seen that the subsiding district—remembering always that it is a gradual sinkage—is focused to a comparatively small point.

Let us turn for a moment to the more recent examples of serious sinkage. Separated from the High Street by about one hundred yards, and practically a continuation of the same street, London Road has proved a source of gravity to the authorities. Our illustrations depict a somewhat sudden subsidence which occurred here in November, 1898.



A FIELD AT MARTON—WITHIN A FEW DAYS HALF AN ACRE OF LAND SUBSIDED, FORMING A PIT A HUNDRED FEET DEEP AND MANY YARDS ACROSS. *[Photo.]*

serious subsidences are contained in an area of six hundred acres. The main area where buildings are affected extends to three hundred

increased and grew deeper and wider; water began to rise in the hole; and a builder's office and an inn commenced to topple. For-

unately, all this happened slowly. The road was closed to traffic, the gas mains, the water mains, and the electric cable were deranged, and serious inconvenience was occasioned. Ultimately a goodly length of the road had to be reconstructed upon a huge timber framework. One of the photographs shows the road as it appeared when it broke up, while the second shows the pool of water which formed.

On Whit Sunday last a visitor who had journeyed to Marton, four miles from Winsford, with the object of examining the numerous lakes, fissures, and other evidences of subsidence, was crossing a field path when he observed cracks forming. Within the next few days half an acre of cultivated land had sunk, forming a pit one hundred feet deep and many yards across. One of the photos. depicts the field at Marton, which before the subsidence was perfectly level.

But it is only when house property is affected that much attention is paid to the salt subsidences. This is to be expected, for it is this form of the evil that presents the most difficult problems and is so exceedingly costly. An outlay of many thousands of pounds is represented by the restoration work recently completed in the High Street of Northwich. New buildings and old buildings alike have had to be dealt with in the same way. In the "composite" structures the brickwork is built upon and between beams and crosspieces of timber. When the order to "elevate" is given, the lower courses of brickwork and foundations are removed, and beneath the main beams little hydraulic jacks are placed. Each of these derives its power from about a pint of water, yet is capable of raising fifty or more tons. A lever is attached to each jack; this is worked up and down like a pump-handle, and, hey, presto! the building begins to rise in the world. It is skilful work, demanding much exactness; the jacks have to be operated evenly; and in the case of the

newer property a building can be raised anything from a foot to six feet without disturbing a pane of glass or seriously interrupting business. Difficult raising operations, for instance, were carried on at the shop shown in my last photograph without a day's cessation of business.

In the examples shown in our illustrations the raised property is entered by temporary steps; the wedges are gradually replaced by brickwork,



"BUSINESS CARRIED ON AS USUAL"—A SHOP BEING RAISED ON TEMPORARY PROPS WITHOUT ANY CESSATION OF BUSINESS. (Photo. From a)

the surface of the street is restored in the ordinary way, and the town once more settles down to a contemplation of the annoyance and loss entailed by the subsidences.

Time was when the owner of a sinking house or shop received no compensation. But after one of the most memorable struggles ever experienced, a special Act, at present applicable to Northwich only, was obtained. Under this the pumpers of brine contribute threepence per thousand gallons of brine pumped, and this goes to pay for the damage done. When the Act first became operative claims amounting to almost thirty thousand pounds were laid before the Compensation Board. Many were for damage anterior to the passing of the Act, and were accordingly disallowed, but between three and four thousand pounds a year has since been paid out. Even with this aid the owners feel the burden sorely, for nothing in the form of improvements is allowed for, and the claims are properly subjected to much critical examination and reduction.

IN SEARCH OF PIRATE TREASURE.

BY GEO. KIRKENDALE, OF VICTORIA, B.C.

The narrative of a member of an expedition which left Victoria, B.C., last year to search for the enormous treasures which are said to have been buried at various times on the remote Island of Cocos. Mr. Kirkendale's story opens up a fascinating vista of possibilities, for, according to all accounts, two vast treasures, aggregating £6,400,000 in value, are hidden somewhere on the little island and only await a lucky finder.

PIRATES and buried treasure!" I can hear matter-of-fact people saying; "all that romantic business belongs to past ages, before the days of steamships and banks."

In spite of this, during the year 1902 no fewer than four expeditions were fitted out to search for buried pirate treasure on a small rock in the Pacific Ocean known as Cocos Island. This island is about fourteen miles in circumference, and lies in Lat. $5^{\circ} 33' N.$ and Long. $87^{\circ} W.$,

Vague reports are in circulation of vast amounts of treasure buried in several different places on the island, but many of these stories are mere legends on which no reliance is to be placed. The stories with the best foundation of truth concern two treasures, the one known as the "Devonshire treasure," of the estimated value of £3,400,000 in gold and silver bricks, and the other the "Keyton treasure," of about £3,000,000 in jewels and coin.

The information available concerning the

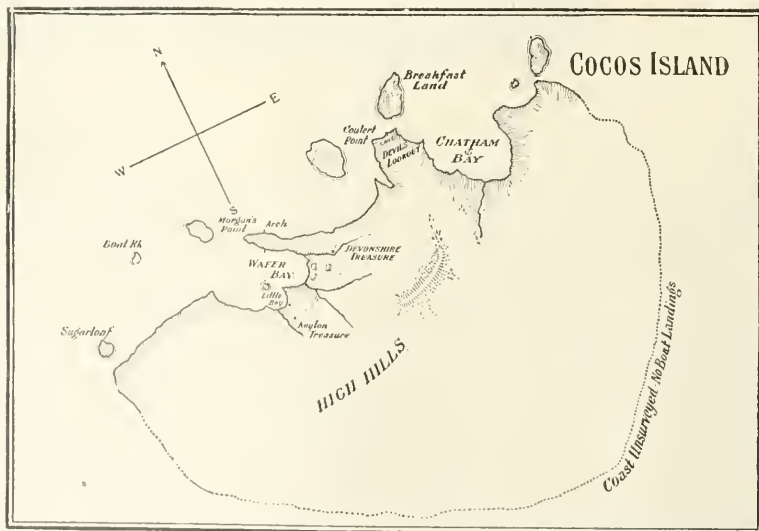
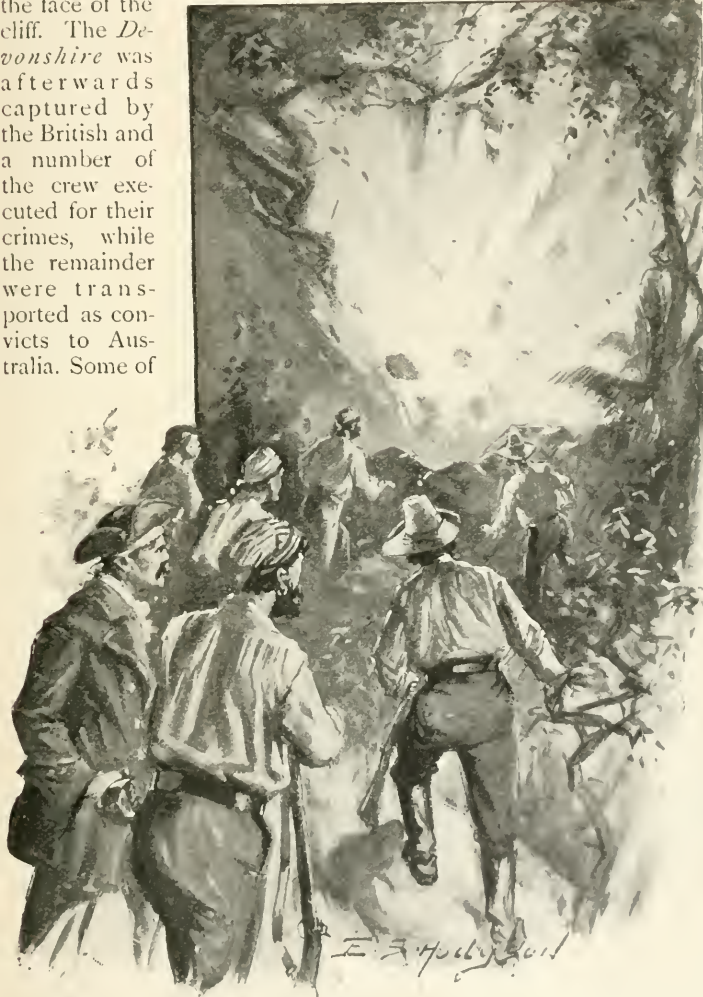


CHART OF COCOS ISLAND, SHOWING THE TRADITIONAL LOCATION OF THE "DEVONSHIRE" AND "KEYTON" TREASURES.

in that huge, sweeping bight between North and South America. The nearest land is the coast of Central America, about three hundred and fifty miles distant. The island is thus entirely isolated and very difficult of approach by sailing ships, owing to the frequent calms and the light winds which prevail in that region. It is not remarkable, therefore, that Cocos has been the rendezvous of pirates ever since the time of the Spanish conquest.

"Devonshire treasure" comes from Mr. Hartford, a former resident of Victoria, B.C. He says: "In 1821 my grandfather shipped as a surgeon on a British warship, the *Devonshire*, for a cruise on the west coast of South and Central America. The vessel captured such a vast amount of treasure from the Spaniards that the crew, overcome by cupidity, mutinied and seized the ship, afterwards continuing the cruise as pirates. They made Cocos Island

their head-quarters and built a small settlement there, the remains of which may still be seen in Wafer Bay. The British Government sent several ships in pursuit of the pirates, and they, fearing capture, finally melted all their treasure down into bricks and stored it in a cave in a bank near their settlement. To hide the spot they placed a keg of gunpowder at the entrance of the cave and exploded it, blowing down the face of the cliff. The *Devonshire* was afterwards captured by the British and a number of the crew executed for their crimes, while the remainder were transported as convicts to Australia. Some of



"THEY EXPLODED IT, BLOWING DOWN THE FACE OF THE CLIFF."

these convicts afterwards returned to Cocos Island, seeking for the treasure, but so far as is known it was never taken away."

This ship *Devonshire* seems, so far as I can ascertain, to have been identical with the *Realmbargo*, the ship of the celebrated pirate known as "Bonita." She was H.M.S. *Devonshire* when she left England for the West Indian

station, but, as I have shown, the crew mutinied and sailed her to Cocos Island under the new name of the *Realmbargo*.

The story of the "Keyton treasure" is even more romantic. During the war between Chili and Peru, in 1835, Lima, the capital of Peru, was threatened by the Chilean army, and for safety the Peruvians removed their Crown jewels and, in fact, most of their portable wealth to the strong fort in the seaport of Callao. This fort was in turn attacked and captured, but before surrendering the Governor removed the whole of the treasure aboard a Nova Scotian barque, the *Mary Deer*, that had come into the harbour seeking cargo. He fondly expected the treasure would be perfectly safe under the British flag, but no sooner was it aboard than the *Mary Deer* cut her cables and slipped away to sea. The treasure was taken to Cocos Island, and buried either in Wafer Bay or the Little Bay there. Here is the story as given by Thompson, mate and afterwards captain of the *Mary Deer*:-

"In 1835 I shipped in Bristol, with a crew of twelve men, on the barque *Mary Deer*, bound for Valparaiso, with a cargo of coal. On the way out the captain died, leaving eleven souls all told on board. We discharged our coal and went up the coast seeking cargo. At that time a war was in progress between Peru and Chili, and while we were in Callao Harbour the city was attacked. The Crown jewels and other treasures of Peru had been brought from Lima to Callao and placed in the fort for safety, but the Peruvians, afraid of it being captured, put it all aboard our ship, under the protection of the British flag. We were tempted by the glittering millions, and in the night we cut our cables and put to sea. When the Peruvians found we had actually run away with the treasure they gave chase, but our barque was a swift sailer and we soon left them behind.

"What to do with the treasure was a puzzle,

but at last, after a consultation, we decided to bury it on Cocos Island. We accordingly anchored in a bay and landed on a sandy beach where a small stream ran out. Stretching back from the beach is a piece of level ground about two acres in extent. We followed the stream, and near its head, at the foot of the hill, on the piece of level ground, we selected the spot where we buried the treasure. What the value of the treasure was I do not know, but it must have been many millions, as there were ten boatloads of it. (It was fifteen million dollars, according to the official statement of the Peruvians.) After leaving the island, however, we were pursued and captured by a Peruvian vessel and taken to Callao. We were there tried as pirates and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was duly carried out on eight men, but myself and two companions were pardoned on agreeing to divulge the spot where the treasure was hidden. Thinking there might be some chance of escape, we said the gold was on the Galapagos Islands. Before reaching these islands, however, for some reason we put into the Bay of Dulce, where nearly all the crew—including one of my companions—died of fever. Anchored near us was a whaler, and one night she put to sea. As she was passing the two of us jumped overboard and swam to her, and were taken on board. The captain was glad to have us, as he had lost some of his own crew from fever. We were on the whaler for several years—saying no word about the treasure—and then went home to Nova Scotia."

In 1842 Thompson died at the home of Mr. Keyton in Cape Breton, but before dying told Keyton the story and gave him directions for finding the treasure. In 1844 Keyton shipped on a whaler, and when they put into Cocos Island for water he went ashore alone, found

the treasure, and hid what he could about his person. He returned safely to Nova Scotia with his money, and in 1846, in company with a man named Bogu, fitted out a small schooner for the ostensible purpose of pearl-fishing in the Bay of Dulce. They crossed over to Cocos Island, and both Keyton and Bogu loaded themselves with what gold they could conceal. They at once returned to Panama with their wealth, but while landing their boat was capsized, either purposely or accidentally, and Bogu was drowned. Keyton clung to the boat and was saved, but he never could muster

courage sufficient to return to Cocos. He carried away in all about twenty-two thousand dollars in the two trips.

And now for our share in the romance. Last year a stock company was formed here in Victoria, B.C., under the name of the "Pacific Exploration and Development Company," for the purpose of seeking and recovering any treasure to be found on Cocos Island. Mr. Justin Gilbert, the organizer of the company, had invented an instrument for locating silver, and Mr. Enyart, a gentleman from Spokane, had an instrument for indicating the presence of gold, and on the strength of these two useful contrivances, together with the information furnished by Captain Hackett, a former neighbour of



THE BRIGANTINE "BLAKELEY," IN WHICH THE TREASURE-SEEKERS SAILED FOR COCOS ISLAND ON JANUARY 6TH, 1902.
From a Photo.

Keyton, the company was organized. The stock consisted of one thousand shares at ten dollars per share, and with the capital thus raised a brigantine, the *Blakeley*, of one hundred and fifty tons register, was purchased and fitted out with supplies for seven months. On January 6th, 1902, we were towed out of Victoria Harbour amid a salvo of cheers from the large crowd assembled at the dock to bid us farewell and good luck. The tug dropped us about ten miles out and, with a parting salute, returned to Victoria, and we were

fairly started on our voyage to seek the pirate treasure.

For the first month we had a continual succession of heavy gales; but, luckily, the *Blakeley* proved an excellent sea-boat, and beyond losing our two topgallant sails we came through without a mishap.

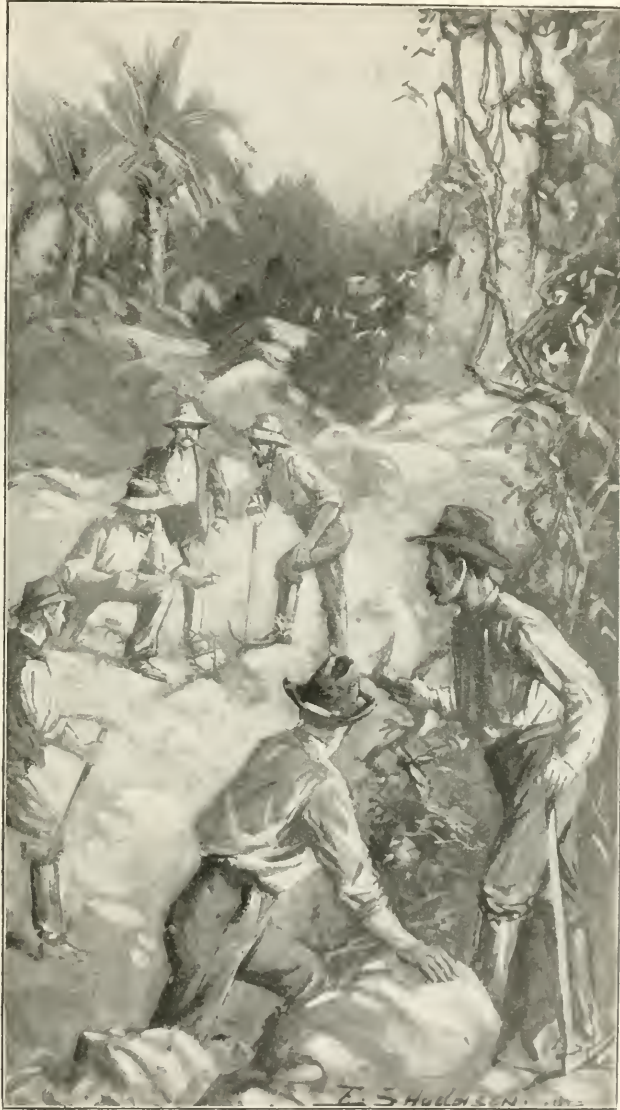
Our crew consisted of the skipper, Captain Fred Hackett, with Captain Whidden and Mr. George Powell as first and second mates, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Enyart, and Mr. Raub with their instruments, the cook, the steward, and six A.B.'s—fourteen all told, quite sufficient to handle our little vessel when once we had left the heavy weather behind.

After leaving the Lower California coast we ran south to the line, and then put in a dreary, monotonous two months and a half trying to work eastward through the "doldrums." We rolled and tumbled about in a continual succession of calms and light head winds, drenched with incessant tropical showers, with nothing to relieve the awful monotony except the occasional capture of a shark or porpoise.

Turtles proved quite numerous, and furnished us with several excellent dishes of soup and curry. At length, when nearly worn out both in body and temper, we reached the neighbourhood of the island, and found that our chronometer must be astray. We knocked

about for several days, till luckily we spoke the Danish ship, *Singalese*, when we found we were three and a half degrees farther west than our reckoning! We therefore stood due east, and next day, to our great joy, sighted Cocos Island in the distance.

From the sea the island has a bold and rugged appearance, being composed of a succession of rocky peaks, ranging from four to eight hundred feet in height, and covered to the summit with a dense mass of tropical vegetation. It is nearly square in shape, about fourteen miles in circumference, and rises abruptly from the sea on all sides. Owing to the continual heavy surf, Chatham Bay—which we selected for our anchorage—and Wafer Bay, where the treasure was supposed to have been buried, are the only places where a landing can be safely effected with a small boat. The rocky shore is worn and hollowed, by the ceaseless roll of the ocean surges, into holes and caverns, sometimes of enormous extent. The second mate and I pulled into one of these



"HIS INSTRUMENT HAD DISCOVERED AN 'ATTRACTION.'"

caverns one day, and after passing through a tunnel of about a hundred feet we found ourselves in a chamber so vast that the swell could scarcely be felt. We pulled about in it, but it was too dark to see the extreme limits. In my opinion a better hiding place for treasure

than this cavern could not be found, but no one seems to have thought of this spot as a likely place to search.

It was April 17th before we dropped anchor in Chatham Bay, and a portion of our party at once landed in Wafer Bay and commenced the search. The first day ashore Mr. Enyart claimed that his instrument had discovered an "attraction," and you may be sure we all went to work with a will at the spot indicated. We made an open cut in the bank down to the hard-pan, twenty-two feet in depth, and being then below the bed of the little stream and nothing in sight, we abandoned that place in disgust. "Attractions" were found by the instruments in a dozen different places on the flat, and in each of these we dug, with a like result.

We had, of course, had many predecessors in the search, and some of these had left behind things which proved very useful to us. Seventeen years previously a gentleman named August Geissler had come to Cocos in the employ of a New York company, furnished with all necessary tools and implements to prosecute the search for the treasure. He built several corrugated iron houses, cleared part of the flat, and started a banana plantation, but after many years of patient but unsuccessful digging he abandoned his Robinson Crusoe life and returned to San Francisco the previous Christmas, empty handed.

We reaped the benefits of Mr. Geissler's efforts, living in his houses and eating his bananas—roots of which were rotting on the ground. Coconut trees are very plentiful, as well as bananas and papaw, so we had plenty of fruit while ashore. We also got plenty of fresh meat. Over a hundred years ago Captain Vancouver stocked the island with hogs, and these furnished us with many a hearty meal of fresh meat. Running wild for such a length of time, they have lost all the characteristics of the hog except the shape. They are wilder and more difficult to approach than deer, and their flesh looks and tastes

like a cross between venison and mutton. The only other animals to be found on the island are cats and rats which have come ashore from ships, and these—especially the latter—simply swarm. There are no snakes on the island, but lizards in millions. Numerous centipedes and scorpions are to be found on the rocks, while land crabs and the most hideous-looking water crabs abound along the beach. Fish, especially rock cod, were plentiful, and by exploding half a stick of dynamite at the mouth of the creek we could raise them by the dozen. The greatest pests are the little red ants. These are to be found everywhere, and their bite is almost as painful as the sting of a bee. Mosquitoes were numerous, but we had so much rain that they were almost washed out of existence.

Unfortunately for us we struck the island just at the commencement of the rainy season, and for four months we had scarcely twenty-four hours' dry weather. And such rain! It was just as if all the rain-clouds in the universe had been massed together over our devoted heads and made to discharge their watery contents. One day, after about an hour's rain, I noticed four and a half inches of water in a bucket. Then the rain would suddenly cease and the tropical sun would pour down upon us, causing the steam to rise from the ground in clouds and keeping us in a continual vapour bath. Being continually wet it is wonderful how we all

escaped fever, but, luckily, we pulled through with pretty fair health. A person becomes so enfeebled and enervated by the intense heat and moisture, however, that it is almost impossible for a white man to do labouring work in that climate. When we knocked off digging in the evening we were covered with mud up to the very eyes, and our first act was simply to jump into the sea, "all standing," to clean ourselves. The rain is almost like hot water and the sea about the same temperature, so that it tends to weaken instead of refresh the system.



THE AUTHOR, MR. GEO. KIRKENDALE, OF VICTORIA, B.C., WHO WAS A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF
From a Photo, by TREASURE. [J. P. Scannell.

Meanwhile the weary search for those elusive millions went on day after day. For nearly a month we worked like beavers, removing hundreds of tons of earth and rock and boring fully a hundred auger holes, and then we reluctantly came to the conclusion that our labour was all in vain. Not the least trace of any treasure, or of one ever having been there, did we find throughout our search. We

consoled ourselves, however, with the reflection that we were not the only fools in the world. At least twenty expeditions have been to Cocos Island in quest of this treasure, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent to no purpose. The whole of the flat is honeycombed with holes, tunnels, and cross-cuts made by different treasure-seekers; and as these pitfalls are thickly overgrown with "morning glory" vines, it is very dangerous to attempt to move about. In fact, so thickly do these vines grow on the island that it is impossible to make your way about without first cutting a trail with a machete through the vegetation.

On May 11th, after nearly a month of useless hard work on this inhospitable "Treasure Island"—the grave of so many fond hopes—we lifted our anchor and started for home. The return trip was very similar to the outward

voyage, as we had two months of calms and light head winds, with daily or almost hourly rain-squalls, before we struck the N.E. Trades. After we got into these we made a splendid run home, reaching Victoria, B.C., on August 7th. It was a joyful day when we picked up the tug off Cape Flattery, as we had scarcely enough provisions left to keep ourselves alive. Our canned goods were all gone, as well as our potatoes, tea,

and sugar, and for the last month we had lived on nothing but salt beef and pork and mouldy flour. When we reached the dock we had scarcely strength sufficient to make the vessel fast, and we hardly stopped to greet the crowds of friends and well-wishers who were there to greet us and to learn what luck we had had before we made a break for a restaurant and had a good square meal—the first for many a long day.

And so ended our search for the buried treasure of Cocos Island. Perhaps there never were any treasures, although there seems no reason to doubt their existence. But if they were really buried on Cocos Island there are only two alternatives—either the precious hoards have been discovered and secretly removed by one of the many expeditions, or

else—and this is the most probable hypothesis—the treasure lies buried at some out-of-the-way spot which has never yet been searched, probably in one of the many caves I have mentioned. If so, then fabulous wealth, literally "beyond the dreams of avarice," awaits the lucky finder on that remote and rocky Pacific isle.



"THE WEARY SEARCH WENT ON."



After Woodland Caribou in Newfoundland

BY
F. C. SELOUS



III.

The famous African hunter here relates his experiences in a new field—the little-known interior of Newfoundland—whither he journeyed to shoot caribou deer. Mr. Selous met with splendid sport; and he illustrates his narrative with some very striking photographs.



HE morning of September 17th ushered in a fine, bright day, with a strong wind blowing from the southwest. After an early breakfast Saunders and I started out for a day's ramble through what we deemed to be practically our own private hunting-ground. Almost immediately we saw a doe and a fawn coming along the lake shore, and I stood and watched them until they were within a hundred yards of our camp, when they got our wind, and after running backwards and forwards and staring at us for some time finally trotted off.

We then followed the course of the river for two or three miles, when, coming to a little tributary brook, meandering through an open, marshy valley, we made our way along it, and after a time sighted a small caribou stag, and about an hour later a large one. This latter came out into the open marsh from a strip of forest about two hundred yards ahead of us, and then, turning, walked straight away from us. I walked after him as fast as I could in the soft, spongy bog, stopping whenever he stopped and only moving when he did. Presently I was within a hundred yards of him, but did not care to fire a shot at his hind-quarters, so I kept my distance from him and waited for him to turn.

After a time he neared a low, rocky ridge, and in climbing on to this changed his direction and for a moment presented his broadside to me. I took as quick an aim as I could and fired. The stag dashed forward and disappeared over the ridge, but I felt sure I had hit him,

though I did not hear the bullet tell. In a few seconds the animal appeared coming towards us again some fifty yards farther along the ridge, and, staggering down to the marshy ground below it, fell dead. He proved to be a very large and heavy animal and was excessively fat. Judging by the appearance of his teeth he must have been very old, but his horns, though of good length and fair thickness in the beam, only carried twenty-six points. My expanding bullet—a Government "Dum-Dum"—had struck him just behind the shoulder and torn a large hole through the upper part of his heart, yet I could not find a single drop of blood on his tracks after he had been hit, though I examined the ground carefully right up to the spot where he lay dead.

After cleaning this stag and cutting off his head we hunted round for another couple of hours, through what seemed beautiful country for caribou—a land of marsh and swampy forest, diversified by outcrops of rock, covered with a thin layer of soil on which grew a profusion of berries and white moss. Though recent tracks were numerous, however, we saw no more of the animals that had made them, so we returned to the dead stag and carried his head home. During our absence John Wells had seen two caribou—a doe and a fawn—cross the river a little above our camp, and a large flock of Canadian geese, disturbed by our approach, flew up from the same mud-bank on which we had seen them sitting the previous day. I may here say that from the farther bank of the

river opposite our camp there stretched, between the forest and the lake, a wide expanse of mud and sand, which appeared to be a favourite resort of ducks and geese, and, as it afterwards appeared, of caribou as well.

I had just had something to eat and was commencing to skin the head of the stag shot in the morning when Saunders announced that

I was, and I began to be afraid that the wind might shift and give him warning of my approach. So, taking what I thought was a steady aim, I fired. At the shot the stag rolled over on his back, but, recovering himself, got on his legs and came running towards me. I let him come on to within a hundred and twenty yards and then put another bullet into



From a

THE FIRST STAG SHOT AT ST. JOHN'S LAKE.

[Photo.

there was a deer on the lake shore beyond the river, about a mile away from camp. On looking through my glasses I saw at once that it was a big stag, and as I could see, too, that its antlers just above its head were very much palmated, I judged it to be an animal worth shooting. I therefore got Saunders to paddle me across the river at once, and we then skirted the open ground in the shelter of the forest. When at length I got opposite to the stag I found that he had lain down right out on the bare ground.

For twenty yards or so beyond the edge of the forest there grew a fringe of rough grass, but when I had crept to the verge of this there was absolutely not a vestige of cover on the level expanse of mud between myself and the recumbent stag, which I judged to be something more than two hundred yards away from me. He was lying broadside on to me, but with his head turned away, and I lay still and watched him for some time. Several times he lay flat down on his side, but never remained long in this position. I believe that I could have crawled quite close up to him over the mud; but I thought I could hit him from where

his chest, which must have pierced his heart, as he made a short rush forwards and fell over dead. On going up to him I found that my first bullet had entered his body too low behind the shoulder.

He carried a truly magnificent head of forty points. The number of points, though high, was, however, not its strongest claim to excellence, as the horns were palmated from base to tops, and the great secondary "shovels" above the brow antlers were extraordinarily broad and strong, as were all the points on the upper portion of the horns. Had both the lower "shovels"—the palmated brow antlers, which are sometimes interlocked above the face of a caribou stag—been of equal size, it would indeed have been a head of extraordinary strength and beauty. One of the brow antlers, however, though palmated, was inferior to the other in size.

Still, taken altogether, it is a wonderful head, and personally I have never seen a better in any museum or private collection, although, no doubt, old sportsmen like General Dashwood, Admiral Kennedy, and others who hunted caribou in Newfoundland many years ago could

show something to beat it. It was an extraordinary piece of luck that I, who have only seen such a limited number of caribou stags, should have happened to come across such a splendid old veteran!

Saunders was very pleased with this head, and said that, although in the course of his long experience he had seen a few stags with somewhat longer horns or more points, he had never yet seen a handsomer all-round specimen. I at once sent him back to camp to fetch my camera and call John Wells to help to cut up the stag. Whilst he was away another stag with a small head came out of the forest and, after walking along the water's edge till he was just opposite to me, lay down on the mud within two hundred yards of where I was sitting on the body of the dead giant.

Presently Saunders and Wells came paddling towards him in the Canadian canoe, and it was most amusing to watch the play of his varying emotions as he gazed at the unwonted sight. Fear and curiosity both possessed his soul, and as the canoe advanced he kept alternately advancing towards it and then trotting away along the shore. He let my men land within a hundred yards of him, and all the time we were photographing, and afterwards skinning and dismembering, the old stag, he remained on the open mud-flat, gazing curiously at us from a distance of less than three hundred yards.

Towards nightfall the strong wind, which had been blowing hard all day long from the south-west, died away, and rain came on which lasted till nearly noon next day, when the clouds cleared off and the weather became beautiful. As I had two caribou heads to skin and prepare I remained in camp, whilst Saunders and Wells went for the meat of the first of the two stags

shot on the previous day. Whilst they were away I interrupted my work at short intervals, and reconnoitred the mud-flat across the river. Early in the day a doe caribou made her appearance and presently lay down on the open ground, and later on a fine stag, after wandering about for some time but never approaching the doe, finally took up its position for the day within four hundred yards of our camp, but quite three hundred from the nearest cover on the bank of the river. I could see with my glasses that this stag carried a fairly good head and

was quite worth shooting, though a much inferior animal to the monster of the day before.

I now watched for the return of my men, who had gone up the river in the canoes, and as soon as they came back I crossed to the other side, and was soon on the edge of the nearest cover to the sleeping stag. I was, however, still quite three hundred yards away from him, and, not caring to risk a shot at that distance,

resolved to crawl out to him over the open mud. This I did without difficulty, as the sleeping beauty never once looked up, though his head faced towards me as he lay, but continued to dream the happy hours away till his slumbers were rudely disturbed by my first shot, which struck him too low, as, lying flat on the ground as I was, I had underestimated the distance. As he struggled to his feet I sat up and killed him with a second bullet. He was a fine old stag, very fat, like all the others I had shot, and carried a very pretty and regular head.

I had now shot four out of the five caribou stags that I was entitled to kill, and I was not long in getting the fifth. September 19th was a soaking wet day, rain falling steadily all the time. Saunders and I went for a long tramp, but saw



From a

A MAGNIFICENT CARIBOU HEAD.

[Photo.

nothing except a single doe caribou, and I fancy that in wet weather, during the summer and early autumn, these animals do not usually travel in the open marshes, but lie up in the shelter of the thick spruce woods, where it is very difficult to find them. In the afternoon the rain came on more heavily than ever, and fell in drenching showers without intermission until after midnight, when a strong wind, almost a gale, came on from the north-west and quickly blew off all the rain-clouds.

On the following morning the weather was bright and cold, with the north-west wind still blowing hard. Saunders and I again went up the river and into the country to the south-west of our camp, and when within a few hundred yards of the spot where I shot the first stag on the 17th I suddenly saw a doe and a fawn jump out of a patch of forest into the open marsh about one hundred and fifty yards to our left and a little behind us. As my companion and I were also in the open ground and were moving, they, of course, at once saw us and stood looking towards us.

Whilst watching them I saw another doe or very young stag in the bush behind, and immediately afterwards a great stag with white neck and broadly palmated antlers loomed big amongst the dark shadows of the spruce trees. The doe and fawn which had first come out into the open now commenced to trot slowly forwards, but soon stopped, and again stood looking at the strange objects which had alarmed them, while the big stag with its smaller companion came trotting slowly in their tracks.

The old stag looked really grand, and I lost no time in firing at him as he was moving across the open, marshy ground about one hundred and fifty yards away from me. My cartridge, however, hung fire for some time after the cap exploded, and when the shot finally went off my sight was off the stag. The report of the rifle, however, did not appear to disturb him, for he never

looked round nor altered his pace, but just kept trotting slowly forwards. I lost no time in throwing out the cartridge which had played me false, and, slipping in a fresh one, fired again. This time my bullet sped true, and my second-best caribou soon lay dead on the marsh. He proved to be a magnificent animal, with a very handsome set of horns, carrying thirty-five good points and two doubtful ones, with very large double interlocked brow antlers and first-rate tops, the whole forming a head of great beauty and perfect symmetry.

It will be noticed that with the exception of the four deer which I had last seen, and which Saunders pronounced to be a stag and a doe with two fawns of this and last year, all the caribou I had observed (with the exception of the does, some of which were accompanied by a fawn) were solitary, and I take it that these animals, in the southern part of the island at any rate, are accustomed to live alone during the summer and early autumn. The last stag I shot, on September 20th, was the only one I saw with a doe.

In the spring, when the snow begins to melt, the great northward migration takes place, and it is generally supposed, I believe, that all the caribou in Newfoundland cross the railway line and spend the summer on the cool, wind-swept barrens in the northern parts of the island. This, however, I feel sure is a mistake, and I am quite certain that a good many of these animals pass the summer in the country in which I was hunting in September, 1901.



From a) HOMEWARD BOUND—THE CANOES LOADING WITH CARIBOU HEADS AND MEAT.

[Photo.

The evidence in support of this is overwhelming. I found summer tracks in the sandy or muddy ground all along the course of the river I followed, and also round the shores of the lakes. Besides this, I came across numerous small spruce and juniper trees which had been battered all to pieces by stags when rubbing the velvet from their horns. The branches of some of these trees had been freshly broken at the end of the summer that was just over, but the damage done to others had been inflicted in previous seasons.

It is very evident that caribou stags which clean their horns in the country round St. John's Lake must have passed the summer in the neighbourhood. Moreover, both Stroud and Saunders, who have spent all their lives in

day one or more of the migration paths along which these animals move southwards in the autumn; for most of the stags with fine heads which used to migrate annually to the northern parts of the island have probably been picked out whilst returning south during the last few years. There are probably a good many caribou living in the central portions of the southern part of the island which are never shot at at all unless they approach the fishing settlements on the south coast in the winter. It is so very much more satisfactory to get into a country where no one else is hunting than to make one amongst a small army of sportsmen congregated in a narrow area.

Personally, I have found caribou in Newfoundland very easy animals to approach and



From a)

THE CANOES APPROACHING A RAPID ON THE TERRA NOVA RIVER.

[Photo.

Newfoundland, hunting, trapping, fishing, and catching young wild geese, both positively assert that a large number of caribou remain in the south of the island all the year round, never crossing the railway line, though they move backwards and forwards through the vast untrdden solitudes to the south of that point.

My advice to sportsmen in search of good heads is to try and get into the interior of the country to the south of the railway line, and hunt round after caribou, rather than to camp on the railway line and watch day after

kill; in fact, I look upon them as the very easiest to stalk of all the wild animals I have yet encountered. The wind must, of course, be studied; but, this being right, there is little difficulty in approaching to within easy range of them. Any small-bore rifle carrying a bullet which expands on impact but does not break up—a .303 bore, taking the Government "Dum-Dum" bullet, for example—will be found to be an excellent weapon for caribou.

With the death of the stag which I killed on September 20th my hunting came to an end,

for he made the fifth and last caribou stag that I was entitled to kill by the terms of my license. Besides the five stags I was certainly legally entitled to shoot two does, but, of course, as I did not want their meat, I had no wish to avail myself of this privilege. The greater part of the meat of the five stags was, I am sorry to say, unavoidably wasted. We always carried the best of it to camp, and hung it up in the hope that Indians might visit us, but they never did. All we could do, therefore, was to eat as much of it as we could ourselves.

We brought away with us the hides, all the fat, and as much meat as the canoes would carry when all our other belongings were on board. Two of the hides we sewed together and lashed under the Acme folding canoe, in order to preserve the canvas from damage by friction against the rocks whilst descending the numerous rapids in the Terra Nova River.

Of my return journey there is nothing of interest to recount. The weather was fine, and we found the water in the lakes and rivers we had to descend at least a foot higher than it had been in the early days of September, after the long summer drought. I finally reached St. John's on September 24th, and returned home in the good ship *Carthaginian*, which started for Glasgow two days later.

I think I never enjoyed an outing more than

my last little trip to Newfoundland. I got off the beaten track, found plenty of caribou, and of the five stags I shot two carried very fine heads and two others very fair ones, the fifth being a small one. The wild, primeval desolation of the country and the vast, voiceless solitudes—where the silence is never broken save by the cry of some wild creature—have an inexpressible charm all their own. You feel that you stand on a portion of the earth's surface which has known no change for countless centuries, a land which may remain in its natural condition for centuries yet to come. The one danger lies in its spruce forests. The trees composing these are small, and of little use for timber; but they may be found valuable for pulp and paper-making. If not, there is nothing else, I believe, in its bogs and ponds and barrens to tempt the cupidity of civilized man.

I cannot close this article without saying a word for the two men who accompanied me on my last trip. Their names are Robert Saunders and John Wells, and the permanent address of both is Alexander Bay, Bona Vista Bay, Newfoundland. Better tempered, more cheerful, hardworking, and willing men I have never met, and I can most confidently recommend their services to anyone who wishes to travel or hunt caribou in Newfoundland.



From a]

THE GUIDES SAUNDERS AND WELLS RESTING AFTER NEGOTIATING A "POSSAGE."

[Photo.

The War on the Skeena.

BY ROGER POCOCK.

The Indians of the Skeena River were deeply incensed at the shooting of one of their number by a policeman. They announced that by way of revenge they would kill the first white man who went to a certain village. The missionary, who was on furlough, flatly refused to return, and the author volunteered to take his place. Mr. Pocock describes what happened when he arrived at the village, and how the fearless courage of a magistrate averted what might have been a serious rising.

“**WAR** on the Skeena!” The moment I heard the news I got a friend to write out a telegram offering my services to the *Montreal Witness* as a war correspondent “at the front.” “All right,” replied the *Witness*, laconically, “expenses limited twenty pounds.”

I was in hospital at Kamloops, in British Columbia, at the time, suffering from a severe disagreement with a horse, half crazy with pain, and badly in need of a change. Of course, being now a full-fledged war correspondent, it would be ridiculous for me to linger any more in hospital, so I cleared out and asked for directions to the Skeena. Nobody had ever heard of the place, or who was fighting, or what the war was about, but on searching an atlas I found that the Skeena was a river away up north near Alaska, in a part of the map scrawled over “un-explored.” The distance was one thousand miles.

Taking the first train to Vancouver, and the earliest steamer bound northward up the Pacific Coast, in eight days I reached the mouth of the Skeena, which is a black tide sluice a couple of miles broad winding between enormous mountain walls. In the anchorage lay a cruiser and in the woods a battery of Canadian artillery, both of them hopelessly stuck for want of wings. The land was an impenetrable jungle, the river a tumultuous rapid, and neither soldiers nor sailors could get within a hundred and sixty miles of the scene of the trouble. There, in the heart of the wilderness, twenty-five white people were holding out against four thousand savages, while twenty-seven special constables in a mortal funk were hastening by canoe to the rescue. Let me now relate the cause of the

trouble and how the war correspondent turned missionary.

Up to that time (1888) the Gaetkslian and Nishgar tribes had never heard of the Province, the Dominion, or the Empire wherein they lived. They had never even heard of the Government. With the whites they were well acquainted; knew at least thirty specimens in a district the size of France, and perhaps as many more down on the coast—a small tribe with a deplorable mania for preaching, a taste for shopkeeping, and a rabid hunger for gold. The chief of this white tribe they knew well by name—King George, and next to him in importance was Charley Clifford, who kept the Hudson’s Bay store at the Forks of Skeena.

In the autumn of 1887 this gentleman took to evil courses. He sold measles to the Gaetkslians mixed up with his brown sugar! I have this on the authority of the medicine-men who knew all about it, and saw him mixing the measles with the sugar, which he sold as prime Demerara. Two hundred and forty Indians died, but not a single white, which was clear proof, of course, of

Charley Clifford’s guilt. Then the medicine-men advised their laity, just by way of reasonable precaution, to massacre all the whites.

Of course the whites are accustomed to that sort of thing, and in any savage country would get quite uneasy if they heard no rumours of impending massacre. They would think there must be some plot.

But on top of the usual rumours came the lamentable tragedy of Gaetwintgul Jim, which brought matters to a dangerous crisis. Jim was a very nice Indian, with a shrew of a wife and



THE AUTHOR, MR. ROGER POCOCK.
From a Photo. by W. Watson Robertson.

two little children. The family tramped for days through sopping snow to a tribal feast, where most of the people had measles, and all were wringing wet. When the children died of measles Jim blamed the Hudson's Bay Company, but Mrs. Jim accused Nealth, the family medicine-man. So Jim went and shot the doctor, and Mrs. Jim, as the latter's heiress, inherited all Nealth's blankets. She scored.

was nagged to such a pitch of desperation that he no longer minded being killed, when a letter arrived from the coast. The letter was from Mr. Todd, Indian agent, advising Jim to surrender and take his trial. Jim, being unable to read, was hugely pleased at receiving a "strong paper," and concluded that it was to protect him from the police. No longer afraid of arrest he left his wife and went for a holiday,



"JIM WENT AND SHOT THE DOCTOR."

Gaetwinthgul Jim being a most respectable man and a model husband, and having done the correct thing as regards the family doctor, now called together all the relations and friends of the lamented Nealth, appraised their losses by their bereavement, and came down handsomely with a copper shield charged with the tribal arms, a bale of blankets, and some guns, all of which he pitched down a hill to the assembled mourners. After the scramble their grief was quenched, the tribal law was satisfied, and everything was all right.

So the long winter passed, the five months during which all communication is barred with the outer world, but when the ice ran in the river the white people—always interfering with somebody—sent a message seven hundred and fifty miles to their nearest village, and imported five policemen to arrest Jim of the Gaetwinthguls. So Jim and Mrs. Jim turned their house into a fortress and declared war against the whites. Whereby the shrew had Jim all to herself, and she talked him silly. Indeed, the poor wretch

travelling down from Gaetwinthgul to the river. When a policeman came and arrested him at Gaetwangak for murder, naturally Jim thought there must be some mistake.

He bolted, and the white man shot him dead.

The Gaetkshians, infuriated by this outrage, assembled upwards of six hundred men with rifles to massacre the white folks at the Forks of Skeena. Those who knew best feared most, for the tribes of this region are always dangerous.

The Gaetkshians, massed at the Forks of Skeena, expected to see the white men paralyzed with fright, and they were greatly annoyed on finding that church and school, trading and loafing, went on exactly as usual. What is the use of killing men who are not afraid to die?

The real peril came from outside, when the Indians found themselves taken quite seriously by the whites with elaborate preparations for war. The arrival of a warship, a battery, and a war correspondent at the mouth of their river gave them an inflamed idea of their own importance, and they all had swollen heads when they saw no fewer than twenty-seven special constables arrive at the Forks to throw up fortifications. They saw that the white men were frightened.

When the "Fort of Refuge" was finished the missionary and his wife, invited to take shelter within the walls, strolled down to inspect the work. "What," said the missionary, "you don't expect my wife to live in this pig-sty!" The Indians saw the two stroll back arm in arm to their house, an act of unconscious courage which did more to protect the settlement than any stockades or bastions. This brave couple, strolling arm in arm along the ragged edge of Death were watched by a thousand awe-struck

and on learning the state of affairs flatly refused to go back to his parish. So the Anglican Diocesan Synod appointed him to a village on the coast, and, not having time to procure a proper person from England, they looked about to find a layman to hazard Gaetwangak. The laity of the coast were not likely recruits, sure to corrupt the morals of the natives, and much too well off to want a mission stipend of only ten pounds a month. On the other hand, it was no use appointing an inexperienced but



"THE INDIANS SAW THE TWO STROLL BACK ARM IN ARM TO THEIR HOUSE."

savages, who sent word throughout the valley that the whites were as gods.

Some days afterwards Captain Napoleon Fitz-Stubbs, the magistrate, came alone and unarmed from the coast, and was assailed at once by a volley of eager questions from the chiefs. "What on earth," they asked, "is wrong with the whites? Are they going to break out?"

"Get to your villages," said the magistrate, "and don't make fools of yourselves."

"All right," answered the chiefs, "we're only going to kill one white man in return for Jim. The Gaetwinthguls will kill one man on the spot where Jim was murdered, the first white man who goes to Gaetwangak."

Now the missionary incumbent at Gaetwangak, being absent on furlough, had married a wife,

enthusiastic youth who would indulge himself in the glories of martyrdom. The synod was in despair of finding a *suitabile locum tenens*.

I was away at the time with an Indian family making a voyage by canoe in Alaskan waters, but when I came back stony-broke in the autumn, still keen to report my "war" for the *Montreal Witness*, I was instantly grabbed by that despairing synod as the only possible candidate for the vacant post at Gaetwangak. For an ex-trooper I was mild of speech and, being only twenty-two years old, preserved some shreds of good character. Moreover, I professed a lively distaste for martyrdom, and had plenty of cheek. I was solemnly warned as to the kind intentions of the Gaetwinthguls, and then the synod put me to the proof by making me preach in Metlacahtla Cathedral. Getting

killed was a joke compared with that ordeal, and I still go cold with horror when I think of my first appearance in the pulpit. But they decided to send me up the river.

Winter was closing in when, after outfitting at the Forks of Skeena, I dropped down the river again with six months' provisions in a canoe. My village of Gaetwangak lay thirty winding miles below the Forks.

The houses are built of massive timber, like barns, their low-pitched gables fronting upon the river and guarded by lofty cedar trunks carved from base to summit with heraldic beasts. Within, the barns hold several families each camped on their own part of the floor, and in the midst, under the smoke-hole, burns the log-fire, which is never allowed to die out, smouldering from generation to generation. Two miles away up the river was the place of the Tumbling Waters, with the comfortable log-house of the mission and a cluster of cottages for four convert families.

Every morning I tramped to the village to visit the sick, then rounded up my congregation either for church or school. Every day, too, the medicine-man sat on his roof to curse me as I passed and lavish imprecations on the children, and no evening went by without a fresh rumour as to my impending death. Lonely and scared, I buried my revolver, lest it should tempt me to a display of feeling. It is beneath the white man's dignity to depend on weapons as though he were afraid.

Now, Captain FitzStubbs, as magistrate, had orders to visit the several tribes, making proclamation that the Indian law was dead, and that the white man's law had taken its place. Last of all he came to my village, camped in the school-house, arranged for a council, and sent an old

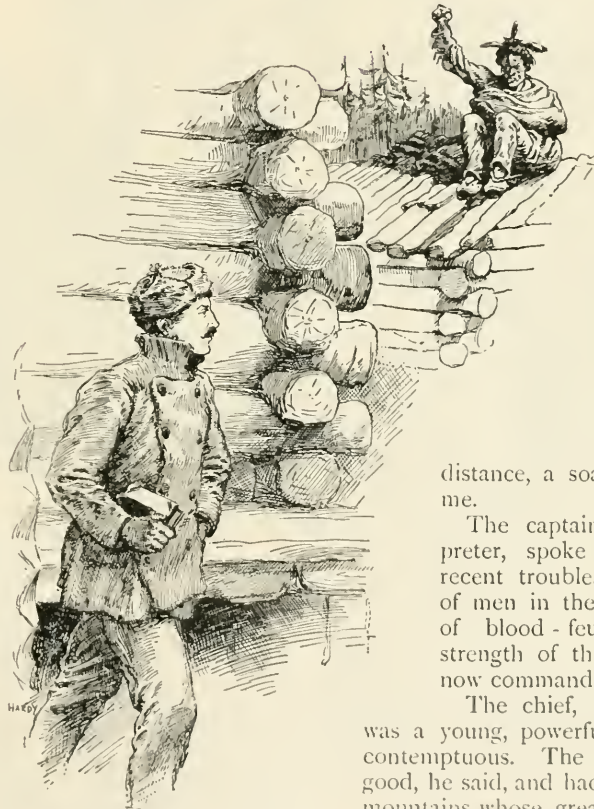
woman with a letter asking me to attend. He had just engaged a new interpreter, a Mission Indian, a vociferous expert at praying. This ingenious person waited until the tribe had gathered in the chief's house, to the number of two hundred and fifty, the men all armed, but with their weapons hidden, and all arrangements quite complete to kill the magistrate and myself as an act of justice, avenging the Gaetwinthgul's for the murder of Jim in their village, and then he came to the school-house and told us that everything was all right.

We entered the council hall together. We found the great ceremonial fire burning in the midst of the house, casting flickering crimson lights upon the smoke-blackened rafters over-head and on the faces of the people massed against the shadowy darkness of the walls. Facing the fire at the far end, in the chief's place, a chair and table were set for the magistrate, and on his right, at some distance, a soap-box was placed for me.

The captain, through his interpreter, spoke cheerfully as to the recent troubles, the frequent killing of men in the valley, the foolishness of blood-feuds, and the mighty strength of the British power which now commanded their allegiance.

The chief, Gillawa, replied. He was a young, powerful, manly chap, frankly contemptuous. The Indian law was very good, he said, and had lasted as long as the mountains whose great white spires went up above our heads. The white man's law was new, feeble as a baby, too weak to govern even the little children. Let the white man go back to the salt water, and take his law with him, for fear of its getting hurt.

The people were silent, the light of the flames gleaming on their eyes. Sometimes a councillor would get up and speak for a while, and then would come dead, breathless silence. I sat in my place, my nerves strung up, ready to spring to the magistrate's side. If the worst came to the worst, we could get back to back and die that way.



"THE MEDICINE-MAN SAT ON HIS ROOF TO CURSE ME AS I PASSED."

At last a young man rose, who spoke at length, crouching down meanwhile, and creeping slowly nearer and nearer to the magistrate until he was well within reach. Then shouting, he flashed a long knife from under his blanket, and brandishing the firelit blade pretended to strike. Then he drew back and, yelling, rushed forward again, standing over the captain while he struck to within an inch of his ribs.

pletely cowed. One speaker after another rose up, attempted to face the white man's steady eyes, talked himself out, and retired impotent. At last the captain, yawning, turned to me. "Come, Poccock," he said, "I'm sick of this. Let's go."

We walked out of the house, where we had been so near, so very near, to death. The sun was setting in glory over the great white Alps.



"HE STRUCK TO WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS RIBS."

Again and again he rushed up, and made ready to strike, only to fall back, working up an ecstasy of passion before the final blow.

"I'm an old man, unarmed," said the captain, gently, "an old man with white hair, and I have not long to live." He laughed as the knife came close to his ribs. "You seem to be young and strong," he continued—then raising his voice—"You infernal coward! Are you afraid to strike?"

The Indian fell back astounded. He went muttering back to his place and sat silent, com-

"Stuffy in there, wasn't it?" said the old magistrate, coolly. "Well, good-bye. I'm off to the Forks."

"Won't you stay for the night?" I said; for I did not like the idea of remaining there alone.

"No, thanks," said the captain, "but we'll have a long smoke next time you're up at the Forks." He stepped into his canoe and was gone.

And so ended the trouble on the Skeena—ended by the matchless nerve of the old magistrate.

The Rout of the "Foreign Devils."

BY B. J. HYDE.

This curious and exciting adventure was related to the author by Mr. Erle Salambo, a well-known music-hall artist. A too realistic entertainment roused the superstitious fears of the Chinese spectators, and the "foreign devils" barely escaped with their lives.



IN 1888 I was in Shanghai, and Sing Loo, the enterprising manager of the Chinese theatre there, came and offered me a two nights' special engagement, to take part in a Chinese play that he was then running.

Now, a Chinese play is a tedious affair according to our Western notions, sometimes running on night after night for eight or nine consecutive weeks before the curtain finally descends upon the last scene! The dialogue is written up as the plot "homeward wends its weary way."

With a fresh part to study for each night, the life of a Chinese artist can scarcely be one of unalloyed bliss.

This particular play had been running for

about three weeks, and in the course of its meanderings the principal actors were forced to make a two nights' sojourn in the lower regions. It was to lend a realistic effect to these two nights that I was engaged.

At the time I had a sketch entitled "Hades," the scenery of which was supposed to represent the lower regions. The "show" consisted of fire-blowing and electrical effects, the former predominating. Weird little flaming imps were made to appear unexpectedly from fantastic jars, and my wife—then "Miss Olivette"—and myself (dressed as Mephistopheles) blew sheets of flame eight feet long from our lips across the stage.

An ominous silence greeted our performance, and the entire theatrical company came and



"A LARGE KNIFE CAME WHIZZING ACROSS THE STAGE."

stood at one side of the wings, watching us with suspicious and scowling faces.

Suddenly, without any warning, a large knife came whizzing across the stage. Believing it to have been an accident, however, we continued our performance. We were soon undeceived. "Miss Olivette's" brother, who was with us acting as our Chinese interpreter, suddenly shouted to us to run for our lives, as the audience and actors mistook us for real demons! Devils and malignant spirits play a large part in the daily life of the Chinese, and our show had been too much for their superstitious minds.

baskets, and the usual stage paraphernalia, and so out into the street. Here we paused—as well we might—for our make-up was hardly suitable for the public street.

Everything had happened so quickly, and without the slightest warning, that even now we hardly realized our danger till the mob poured out from the stage-door behind us and com-



"WE TURNED AND RAN FOR OUR LIVES."

We hesitated at the warning, not knowing quite what was the matter, till a couple of revolver shots rang out and a perfect hail of knives stormed on to the stage around us.

Then we made a dash for the only exit, which we succeeded in gaining unhurt, while the Chinese actors rushed yelling across the stage in pursuit. The exit, fortunately, was narrow, and we gained time whilst they scrambled through.

Down a long room we sped, and then along a narrow passage, half choked with scenery,

menced firing and throwing knives at us again. One unlucky bullet struck "Miss Olivette" in the forehead, but fortunately glanced off.

We turned and ran for our lives towards the European quarter, pursued by as outlandish-looking a crew of monsters as ever man conjured up in his wildest nightmare.

Like ourselves, many of our pursuers were in their stage costumes—and the theatrical rig of the "heathen Chinese" is distinctly "peculiar." Nearly all the actors wore weird masks, and many of them the enormous grotesque heads

that we were wont as children to gaze at with such awe across the footlights of a Christmas pantomime. Had we not been flying for our lives I have no doubt the spectacle would have been most ludicrous to behold — two Mephistophelian figures fleeing from a host of grim, truculent ogres and dragons that howled blood-curdling threats and weird Mongolian menaces from the cavernous recesses of their monstrous headpieces, and belched genuine death-dealing fire and smoke in the shape of revolver shots.

Encumbered as most of them were with their paraphernalia, we were fast outdistancing our pursuers, when an unfortunate shot struck "Miss Olivette" in the leg and brought her to the ground. I raised her in my arms and hurried on again as fast as possible, her brother covering our retreat as well as he could.

The crowd now began to gain on us fast, when we espied a group of police ahead. They

saw something was wrong, and ran to our assistance just as the crowd closed on us.

The bullets were being better aimed now, and how we escaped without further injury is a marvel, for my long flowing cape was literally riddled with bullet holes.

It was a neck-and-neck race, but the police won, and hustled us into a house close by. They had the greatest difficulty in preventing the frantic mob from setting fire to the rickety little wooden shanty, but eventually, with the assistance of reinforcements which presently came up, the crowd was driven off, when "Miss Olivette" was conveyed under escort to the hospital. Fortunately the wounds turned out not so serious as we had feared at first, and we were soon able to resume our travels. But I do

not think I shall ever forget being mistaken for a real demon. It was a compliment in a way, but the Chinese way of being complimentary is too exciting for me.



MR. ERLE SALAMBO AND "MISS OLIVETTE" "FIRE BLOWING"—ONE OF THE FEATS THAT CONVINCED THE CHINESE THAT THEY WERE DEMONS.
From a Photo.



Carried Away on the Ice.

BY MRS. HAROLD TREMAYNE.

The terrible experience which befell a Canadian clergyman and his wife. Whilst they were crossing the "ice-bridge" over the St. Lawrence the frozen masses gave way, and the unfortunate pair went drifting down the river on a small ice-floe to what appeared certain death.



HE REV. MR. ARMSTRONG and his family were deservedly popular and very highly respected in Point Levis, where he had the charge of a small church—small, as not many of the inhabitants were Protestants. Point Levis, just opposite Quebec, is a picturesque town perched on a high hill, and seems to look with a certain amount of defiance at her rival across the river. It is an important place, having been for years, till the North Shore Railway was built,

Before doing so, however, I must give a short description of the ice-bridge between Quebec and Point Levis. The ice-bridge over the River St. Lawrence is formed in two ways. When the water freezes smoothly over it is delightful to drive, walk, or skate over the bridge, but when it "takes" with a storm in progress, what is called a "jam" bridge is formed, and that is not fit for skating, nor is it at all comfortable to walk or drive on. In the latter case it is full of *cahots*, which have a kind of switch-



[From a]

THE ICE-BRIDGE AT QUEBEC.

[Photo.

the only means that Quebec had for communicating either with east or west.

The tale of how Mr. Armstrong and his wife were carried away by the ice was told me so often by the worthy clergyman that I cannot do better than try and relate it in his own words.

back effect as one drives over them. The bridge does not "take" every year—in fact, now that the ferry steamers, built with the idea of keeping the river clear, ply backwards and forwards, even during the night, in very frosty weather, it is only by an accident that the river freezes at all.

Before the steamers were built, however, it was very inconvenient for the inhabitants of Quebec when there was no ice-bridge. As I said before, they could only start for either the east or west by the Grand Trunk Railway from Point Levis, and to cross a river filled with huge, thick pieces of floating ice required no little nerve. Country supplies were cheaper when the bridge "took," and people, both in Quebec and Point Levis, rejoiced when there was easy and safe communication between the two towns.

It was a fine day in the beginning of April when Mr. Armstrong and his wife started from their house, Pine Cliff, Point Levis, to cross to Quebec. I will try to tell the story in his own words.

On the day we crossed, or attempted to cross, to Quebec we had been invited to a large banquet, a political dinner. We left Pine Cliff about noon. The day was beautiful, with just enough frost in the air to make driving agreeable. The roads leading to the river, however, were absolutely atrocious, slushy and full of *cahots*, and Robin, our old nag, was rather nervous. Once he nearly fell by putting his foot in a hole in the snow which was filled with slushy water. I had to drive very carefully—in fact, I practically led the horse all the way down the steep hill towards the river. On the way we met the *curé*, and stopped to exclaim at the badness of the roads.

"Are you not going to the dinner to-night?" I asked. He shook his head.

"I am afraid to risk the crossing," he replied. "The ice is not very good now, and as I should have to return late at night I have given up the idea. Surely you are not returning to-night with Mme. Armstrong? I am sure it would not be safe."

We smilingly replied "No," and went on. About a yard or two farther on we heard his voice again, shouting a warning. "Be very careful, there are several nasty places in the bridge," he cried, and we said we would.

By this time it was about one o'clock, the state of the roads making it necessary to proceed at no more than a walking pace. Mrs. Armstrong began to be uneasy as to the time we should arrive. We had promised to be in Quebec for lunch at one, and it was already lunch time and we had not even reached the river. I hastened to reassure my wife, but she had several little purchases to make for the evening and refused to be consoled.

"If we have taken so long to get to the river, how shall we ever reach Quebec in time?" she said. "You heard what the *curé* said; I do hope there will be no accident on the bridge."

I laughed at my wife's fears; how often had

we crossed the ice: why, we had made hundreds of journeys during the twenty years that had elapsed since we left "Auld Scotia" to find a home so many thousand miles away. I tried to comfort her, and at last she was quite herself again. By this time we had arrived at the river, and I drove carefully down to the ice, which was certainly very slushy. The poor horse was up to his ankles in water all the time, and seemed anything but happy; to tell you the truth, by this time I was anything but happy myself. On looking across I could only distinguish one cariole rapidly nearing the opposite shore. There were also a few pedestrians in the distance, all on the Quebec side. I tried to appear cheerful, but it was with a heart full of misgivings that I began our crossing. Splash, splash went the horse's hoofs in the wretchedly cold water. "*Marche donc*," I cried, and poor Robin tried his best to go quicker, but in vain; he could do no more than crawl. The unfortunate beast must, I think now, have had some sort of premonition of what was going to happen. Slowly we proceeded; splash, splash, bump, bump, over those horrible *cahots*. "Would we ever get to the opposite shore?" I thought. My wife by this time was quite cheerful again; she chatted about the evening's pleasure, and was absolutely unconscious of any danger. I was only too thankful for this, for if we had to suffer, the longer she was in ignorance of our probable fate the better, and I tried to reply quite calmly to her remarks. Suddenly my blood ran cold; I had seen a few yards from us a rift in the ice. "On, on, good horse," I murmured under my breath. "Save us from a horrible death."

The rift seemed to come nearer and nearer. I glanced at my wife, but, happily still unconscious of the terrible fate we were likely to meet, she was laughingly teasing me about the speed of our poor steed, who by this time was absolutely overcome by the fear of some approaching danger. I tried to answer her, but my lips were trembling and my tongue felt too parched to utter a word. She turned suddenly to me.

"What is the matter?" she cried: "are you angry?" but the words died on her lips, for she told me afterwards my face was livid, and just at that moment we heard a sound as if artillery were booming around us. The cariole gave a sudden jerk and nearly slipped, but with a supreme effort Robin dragged it out of the water which was circling round us. It was a most terrible moment. The ice-bridge had broken up!

We were left stranded on a piece of ice not much larger than the cariole. I looked at my poor wife, she was deathly white, but in this

moment of awful danger her splendid courage reasserted itself. What could we do? Nothing at all, save allow ourselves to drift. If we were not rescued in time, and the piece of ice did not break, which was improbable, then it might

We had not spoken for several minutes, but I felt that my dear wife must be told of our probable fate. It was one of the most terrible moments of my life when I had to say to the woman who for over twenty years had been my devoted helpmate that there was practically no hope. She was gazing round in every direction,



"WITH A SUPREME EFFORT ROBIN DRAGGED IT OUT OF THE WATER."

be our fate to be carried after several days' misery right to the Gull.

I looked around. There was nothing to be seen but pieces of ice floating about us, some of which every now and then collided with our fragment and nearly precipitated the cariole into the water, which seemed to seethe from the shock of the sudden break up. There was nothing to be done. If we were fortunate enough to be carried near the south shore, where the current seemed likely to take us, there was a chance of our being rescued by some of the inhabitants, yet that was almost impossible. How could any boat put out from the shore with masses of ice several feet deep crowding the river? It would be crushed to atoms and more lives lost. No, all that remained for us was to prepare for death.

frantically clutching at the sides of the cariole whenever we collided with a floe.

"Janet," I said, "do you know we are in great danger?"

"Yes," she replied, softly, almost in a whisper.

"I can see no way of escape," I went on. "Nothing short of a miracle can save us. Oh! my dear wife, that I should be the one to bring you into this awful danger!"

She looked up with one of her sweet smiles. "Dan," she said, "I am only too thankful that I am with you. I do not mind our dying together; the only thing that is making me unhappy is the thought of the children." Here her voice broke, and I heard the sound of suppressed sobs.

I could not speak either. My eyes were

filled with tears and my heart with anguish as I thought of our children, happily unconscious of their poor parents' fate. I had not long to indulge in vain regrets, however, for a larger piece of ice than we had before encountered dashed against us, and all but swamped us. Then I saw that there was only one thing to be done—that was to sacrifice Robin, whose weight threatened to destroy us. Already our piece of ice was getting deeper in the water. It was a terrible thing to do, but I had no alternative. My wife was not strong enough to lie on the snow, and I must try to keep the cariole for her, so overboard the poor horse must go. I am not ashamed to say that tears flowed down my cheeks as I loosened his harness for the last time. I suppose I was a fool, but before pushing him over into the icy waters I whispered in his ear, "I would not do this to save my own life, but it is for your mistress." Then I shut my eyes. I could not bear to see him drown.

Fortunately my wife by this time was in a

someone might be near, but there was no one to be seen. A little lower down, when we were not more than two or three hundred yards from the shore, I saw a man standing there, and waved frantically to him, but he evidently thought "discretion the better part of valour," and though he saw us could or would do nothing to help us.

Down, down we floated, sometimes fast, sometimes slowly, and occasionally we came to a complete standstill. I gazed round at the other pieces of ice, when we were stationary, in a wild hope of being able to walk ashore, but it was absolutely impossible.

We had by this time reached the Island of Orleans, where the river is narrower, and here I hoped that the looked-for help might be found. But to my horror we began to move much more swiftly down the stream, and our piece of ice still seemed to be getting deeper in the water, which reached the interior of the cariole. There was no help for it, we must let the cariole follow poor Robin. Hastily arousing my wife,



"I COULD NOT BEAR TO SEE HIM DROWN."

sort of drowsy state and did not see the last of the poor animal. I had covered her up as warmly as possible with buffalo robes, and presently, to my great joy, she fell into a kind of troubled sleep. We were now nearing Indian Cove, where a friend of ours had his country seat, but the place was shut up for the winter. I eagerly looked around in a vain hope that

I wrapped her in the sleigh robes, and then pushed the cariole into the river.

How to describe those next few hours I do not know. We kept moving, moving onwards, with the water rising slowly, but relentlessly, over our floe, till at last both of us were soaked through with the icy fluid in which we crouched. Fortunately, I had my pipe, but as the evening

approached we both became hungry. My wife had rescued from the cariole a cake which she had made for the children, and this we ate, but our condition was most miserable. Our teeth were chattering with cold, and we had given ourselves up for lost.

While we could still see our danger it seemed more bearable, but the darkness tended to lend new terrors to our awful situation, and clasping each other's hands we prepared for the worst. To increase our misery snow now began to fall—a blinding storm which cut our faces—and at each bump of our piece of ice we felt sure the end had arrived.

At last, feeling no answering pressure from my wife's hand as I held hers, I lit a match to look at her face, and found to my horror that she had dropped off to sleep. It was so cold by this time that I knew sleep would be fatal; she would be frozen to death, and I tried my best to rouse her. Her one idea, however, was to be left alone, and at last I was almost in despair when the sudden shock of our piece of ice grounding against some obstacle roused her, to my great delight—though at the same time I feared she would only be thoroughly awakened in another world.

We waited in fear and trembling for what would happen next; but to our surprise the ice remained stationary. For the next three hours we sat there in the darkness, shivering with cold and terror,

till at length the welcome beams of the morning sun showed us that we were aground on some land. Rising to our feet, we hastened ashore over the broken ice as quickly as we could in our stiff and frozen condition. Our clothes were so stiff with frost that we could hardly walk; but we forgot everything in the joy of being saved. There were no houses to be seen, so I persuaded my wife to wait for me while I reconnoitred. I had not gone more than half a mile when I came across a house and, rousing the occupants, told them my story. I then found that we had come ashore at St. Pierre, one of the parishes in the Island of Orleans. The family were extremely kind, and immediately harnessed a horse to a cariole, in which we went to get my wife. We had soon exchanged our wet clothes for some homespun apparel belonging to our hosts, and I don't think we ever enjoyed a meal more in our lives than the one we had then, though it only consisted of some black bread and cheese, followed by curdled milk and maple sugar.

It was three days before we managed to cross to the mainland, and when we arrived home we were welcomed as though we had risen from the dead. Strange to say, we neither of us felt any ill-effects from our terrible fifteen hours' journey on the ice, but to my dying day I shall never forget the horrors of that awful voyage.



"I LOOKED TO MY WIFE TO FIND THAT SHE HAD DROPPED OFF TO SLEEP."

On the March in the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

BY CAPTAIN H. E. HAYMES, OF THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

I.

An interesting account of one of the little expeditions of which the general public hear next to nothing, but which accomplish a vast amount of useful work. Captain Haymes was a member of a small but well-equipped expedition which, under Colonel Sparkes, C.M.G., was sent to re-occupy the Bahr-el-Ghazal province. The author illustrates his narrative with some extremely striking and curious photographs.



N November 29th, 1900, a small force, consisting of five British officers and about two hundred and fifty Soudanese irregular troops, under Colonel Sparkes, C.M.G., left Khartoum in order to take effective re-occupation of the Bahr-el-Ghazal province, made famous by the Marchand incident. We steamed up the Nile—each boat towing two barges—passing Fashoda and Tewfikish, and so on to Lake No, where we left the main river, the White Nile, and entered the Bahr-el-Ghazal. This river soon became so narrow that the barges had to be towed astern instead of alongside. At a distance of about two miles from either side of the river trees could be seen. The upper decks of these barges, by the way, were occupied by our men and their wives and children, whilst the lower were given up to the donkeys and mules. Papyrus, growing about eight feet high, lined the stream, extending back for a tremendous distance, for no real banks existed. Hippopotami were very numerous, a dozen heads often showing at once. Whistling teal, too, rose in clouds before the steamer, and it was obvious that this great marshy waste teemed with game.

On December 13th we had apparently reached the end of the Ghazal River, or, at least, that portion of it which was navigable. We accordingly landed in the midst of high grass on what subsequently proved to be an island.

The tall grass was soon burnt down and the tents pitched, and then all hands were set to work unloading the boats. The donkeys and mules seemed quite delighted to get on land once more, after their cramped quarters on the boats.

Messages were sent to all the neighbouring villages telling the people of our arrival, and asking for porters to carry our baggage. Meanwhile a few Dinkas visited us in their quaint dug-out canoes, made from the trunk of a single tree. The Dinkas are very clever in steering these canoes, and get along at a great pace.

Paddles are used in deep water, and a pole in shallows where the bottom is sound. The boats,

however, are easily capsized, and generally leak freely. Any holes in them are simply stopped up with mud, and one man is kept busy baling all the time.

A brisk trade was done with the visitors in chickens and goats, small white beads or empty brass



From a STEAMING UP THE BAHR-EL-GHAZAL. (Photo.)



THE RIVER CAMP.
From a Photo.

cartridge-cases being given in exchange, one of the latter being sufficient to buy a goat. We were evidently looked on with suspicion, however, for although all the local sheiks, or headmen, came in, bringing the stereotyped presents of sheep and goats, very little information could be obtained from them. We had, therefore, to have recourse to the allurements we had brought. The gramophone and musical-box were turned on, much to the wonderment and delight of the natives, and presents of cloth, beads, and brass distributed freely. These had some effect, and we then asked for porters. They were promised, but never turned up.

After three days' waiting we decided to start on our march into the country, relying on our own donkeys and mules to carry our rations, trade goods, baggage, etc. We had six mules and eighty-four donkeys, by the way.

As we did not know how we should be received by the various tribes, it was necessary to take a strong armed force with us. It was arranged that we should march one hundred and twenty miles to a spot on the Tong River which had been previously occupied by the French.

In order to leave our island we found it would be necessary to wade for about three hundred



LOADING THE DONKEYS FOR THE MARCH
From a Photo.



From a

ALL HANDS AT WORK PULLING UP THE "SUDD" TO MAKE A BRIDGE.

Photo.

yards through water three to four feet deep, which would not do at all for loaded donkeys.

All hands were accordingly turned on to pull up the weeds and *sudd* which grew in the water, and to pile it up so as to make a kind of

temporary bridge over which the animals could cross. In two days our roadway was completed, and then men and animals passed over safely to dry land.

Snakes were found to abound in the rank



THE EXPEDITION CROSSING THE "SUDD" BRIDGE.

From a Photo.

vegetation, and, though no one was actually bitten, they caused us much annoyance. Although we had only been a few days in the country many of the men were down with malaria; the mosquitoes, too, were almost unbearable. Fortunately, the men had been provided with large curtains, which would accommodate twenty-five of them lying down.

A guide had been obtained for the expedition, and he proved a fair sample of all the guides we met with in the country. When asked how far we were from the nearest water he would say "Quite close." After marching for a couple of hours he would casually remark that it was "a long way," and if he saw that this did not please he would announce, "It is in front." Granting

heads. Every man also carried either a pick-axe, spade, or felling-axe, and eighty rounds of ammunition. Each of the officers was allowed one donkey for his baggage, and as this meant bed, table, bath, clothes, gun, etc., for what turned out to be a nine months' trip, it will be seen that we were going rather light.

A march of ten miles through tall grass and scattered bush brought us to a broad khor, or water-course. This caused some delay, as many of the animals fell down in the water with the loads on their backs, and could not get up till their saddles had been removed.

We marched another four miles in the evening and camped in a Dinka village, where water was so scarce that it was long after midnight



THE EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH.

From a Photo.

that we were moving in the right direction, this was so obviously correct that it always closed the discussion.

The going was very difficult, as the accompanying photo. will show. The grass had not yet been burnt, and was in places eight to ten feet high, and no track of any sort existed.

A great deal of time was spent in weighing out loads for the donkeys, rations, ammunition, etc., and a further complication arose when the soldiers' wives insisted on following their husbands! They are wonderful women, however, and can march all day with a fifty pound load on their heads, and come in smiling at the finish. The men carried their rifles slung over their shoulders, with blankets, mackintosh sheets, change of clothes, biscuits, etc., on their

before all the donkeys had had a drink. Three shallow wells were opened, but only yielded about a bucketful of milk-white water at a time. A guard was placed over each well after it had been emptied to allow it to refill.

We were now in the land of the great Dinka tribe, by far the most numerous of all those in the Bahr-el-Ghazal province. Physically, the Dinka is a splendid man, seldom standing under six feet, often six feet four inches. He scorns any form of clothing, wearing only a cone-shaped straw hat, ornamented with ostrich feathers. He also wears heavy ivory bracelets on the upper arm and a string of beads round his neck and loins. The incisor teeth of the lower jaw are always removed. He carries two or three long spears and a heavy wooden club.

The hair is shaved from the forehead as far back as the ears, and the short back hair is worn in plaits. The Dinka can always be distinguished by the three incisions in the skin, running on either side from the base of the nose across the forehead, in an upward curve, to behind the ears. Numerous small brass earrings are worn by men and women.

The chief occupation of the Dinkas is cattle-breeding, many of the big sheiks possessing as many as a thousand head. They also do a good deal of fishing. They are, without exception, the most lazy people we had to deal with. Very little corn is cultivated, seldom even sufficient for their own consumption. They depend on their neighbours, the Jur tribe, to supply them with what they require.

Cattle are of great value, as with them wives are bought. Twenty-five to fifty cows are even now paid for one woman, and before disease decimated the herds five hundred was said to be no uncommon number.

Owing to the cost of wives few of the Dinka men can afford to marry, but the sheik makes up for the rest of the tribe by always having a large number. Five to ten is usual, whilst I have known one millionaire who owned to possessing twenty-five.

During the early days of the expedition we found the Dinkas difficult to get on with. Wherever possible our guide avoided their villages, and we generally had to put up with a poor water supply.

The country was perfectly flat and park-like. We saw constant signs of elephant, and also herds of tiang every day. Giraffe were seen frequently and also ostrich. Guinea-fowl abounded, and also crested crane and partridge.

We were never short of meat, but had said a long good-bye to bread and vegetables when we left the river. Our chief dish consisted of curried adz (lentils) and rice. Our cook, an old Turk, was excellent. Give him almost anything and a bottle of curry powder, and he would turn you out a first-class meal in twenty minutes.

It was very amusing to see our worthy *chef* driving his donkey, covered with chickens and

pots and pans, and carrying the funnel of the gramophone with a bottle of gin sticking out of it. Owing to frequent upsets of the cook's load we soon ran short of salt. This was a great blow—how great only the traveller in the wilds knows. Two things that no explorer should ever be without are salt and Worcester sauce. A careful combination of these ingredients will make elephant equal to sucking-pig.

On entering the outskirts of a village we generally halted and sent our guide forward to bring out the sheik, or headman. This important individual arrived in due course, his body and face white with ashes. The manner of greeting is curious. After removing the quid of tobacco from his cheek and placing it behind his ear, he extended one arm straight in front of his body on a level with the shoulder. The



THE TURKISH COOK—HE COULD PRODUCE A FIRST-CLASS MEAL FROM "ALMOST ANYTHING AND A BOTTLE OF CURRY POWDER." [Photo.]

hand he bent upwards and backwards as far as possible, whilst the fingers were widely separated.

He then said, "Amādi, Amādi," with each word making a gesture of repulsion with the outstretched hand. He generally brought us a very lean goat as a present, swore that he had no milk, sheep, or eggs, did not know how far it was to the next water, and thought that Tong, our destination, was a day farther than we had expected. He received his own present with no expression of delight, and maintained a stolid appearance of indifference to all our proceedings. This was the invariable reception we received.

After three days' marching most of us were suffering from sore feet. Many of the men, moreover, had fever, and there were also a few mild cases of sunstroke.

We noticed many hollow tree-trunks about six feet long, and open at both ends, stuck up horizontally on poles and in trees, apparently for no purpose. These mysterious objects turned out to be native bee-hives. Bees are to be found



THIS HOLLOWED-OUT LOG IS A NATIVE BEE-HIVE.
From a Photo.

The bee-bird, an insignificant little fellow rather like a hedge-sparrow, is commoneverywhere. He is to be heard almost every day on the march, chattering away and fluttering from tree to tree in front of you. Once you start following him he leads you straight to one of these hollow trees where honey is to be found. He then stays close at hand and waits till the honey has been taken, when he is pretty sure to get his share of comb and grubs. It is quite pathetic to see

the state he gets into if one passes straight on without noticing him.

The ostrich, although pretty wide awake when the grass is burnt, is easy to approach at dawn or when the high grass almost covers you. One morning, as the



THE LANCIPPE RIVER AT DEM ZUBER.
From a Photo.

all over the country, and when they swarm frequently take possession of these hollow logs and soon fill them from end to end with comb. The native is very fond of honey, and takes absolutely no notice of stings. I have seen their faces and hands literally bristling with bee stings, which they have not taken the trouble to remove.



AN OSTRICH HOMESTEAD—EACH ANIMAL IS TETHERED TO ITS OWN PARTICULAR LEG.
From a Photo.

day was breaking, some of our men who had lost their way in the dark followed a string of ostriches, thinking they were the donkeys. On one occasion we shot one for meat. The flesh is white, but very hard and stringy. The soup, however, is excellent. We had decided not to shoot giraffe unless absolutely obliged to do so for meat. This became necessary once out towards Dem Zubier. The skin is very thick, and too heavy to be of much use in a country where transport is so difficult. The flesh has a most unpleasant odour, which does not disappear in the cooking. I tackled giraffe soup and curried giraffe, and for days after everything I ate tasted giraffe. The natives consider it the best food obtainable, and prize the tail highly.

Since leaving the river mosquitoes had almost disappeared, and our curtains were no longer necessary. The climate was lovely; the maximum temperature seldom rose above roodeg, and the nights were beautifully cool. Our march was not without excitement, as we were frequently told that the Dinkas in front had vowed that we should not enter their country. All we feared was a sudden rush through the long grass; for anything else we were prepared.

Our caravan extended for about a mile, and constant halts had to be called in order to allow stragglers to close up. Snakes were seldom seen, but we killed two or three puff adders—one of the most deadly species known. Most villages which we actually passed through we found deserted, and all the sheep and cattle driven off. The Dinka huts are very small, but picturesque. They are circular, the walls made of mud, and the roofs thatched neatly with grass.

All round the huts numerous pegs are driven into the ground, to which sheep, cattle, and goats are tethered. Each animal, curiously enough, has its own particular peg. The preceding photo. gives a good idea of a small Dinka homestead in the early morning, and shows the animals tethered to their posts.

All along the road we saw numerous lulu trees. They are very like an English oak in appearance. The fruit, which resembles a walnut, is collected and stored by the natives. The green outer husk is sweet and not unpleasant, whilst the kernel, which looks like a horse-chestnut, when dried and crushed produces a brown, thick, oily mess, which is excellent for cooking, taking the place of butter or suet. It is stored in earthenware jars and will keep for months. Several of the trees hereabouts yield rubber, the best quality being obtained from a creeper.

We reached the old French post of Tong ten days after leaving our boats. The walls of the houses were still standing, but the roofs had been burnt. The station was well situated on the banks of the Tong River. Large herds of white-eared kob could be seen feeding on the plain across the river. I went over in the early morning and saw four hippo basking in the sun on a sand-bank. The river swarmed with crocodiles, but I saw none remarkably large.

The kob were not at all shy, and I had no difficulty in getting two fine bucks. The following day we made our first acquaintance with the Bongo tribe, and found them a great contrast to the Dinkas. They are short, well made little fellows, with a keen sense of humour. Their



From a)

THE HOISTING OF THE BRITISH AND DAKIAN FLAG AT TONG.

[Photo.

weapons consist of bows and arrows and spears. Several of them carried guns and rifles of sorts, but ammunition was scarce. They are fond of clothing, and even the meanest always wears a loin cloth. Cotton is grown in all their villages, and they make a very serviceable rough material from it.

Messages were sent to all the natives in the district summoning them to come in and witness the hoisting of the Union Jack and Egyptian

had to march half the men and all the women back to the river—a hundred and twenty miles. The donkeys and mules, too, were sent back to bring up food for those who remained. This scarcity of corn proved our chief obstacle all through the expedition.

Not only had we to select posts and to build and occupy them, but, when we had done so, it was with the greatest difficulty that sufficient food could be found to keep them going. Our



FIGURE OF THE EXPEDITION—MAJOR BOULNOIS, R.A.; CAPT. PIRIE, D.S.O.; CAPT. HAYMES, R.A.M.C.;
From a AND COL. SPARKES, C.M.G. *[Photo.]*

flag, and at the appointed time this impressive ceremony was duly carried out.

The tarboush, or fez, worn by our men did not create a very good impression among the natives, as it reminded them of the old slave-trading days. We were always spoken of as "Turks," and even after an occupation of eighteen months this idea still existed.

The locusts had devastated all the crops and the natives had not enough food for themselves. We found it quite impossible to buy corn, so

donkeys began to die off in about six weeks, and only two or three of the original eighty-four were alive after six months.

The question became entirely one of transport—how to feed posts a hundred and fifty to two hundred miles from our base with a totally inadequate number of animals. It was a most important matter, too, for to form a station and then have to evacuate it in three months was hardly likely to inspire confidence in the minds of the natives.

To be continued.)

Lost



in the

BALTA

BY ROOK CARNEGIE, OF BRAILA, ROUMANIA.

Mr. Carnegie is the Roumanian Correspondent of the "Daily Express," and here describes an awkward adventure which befell him in the vast marsh-lands of the Danube.



T was in the summer of 1886 when, one afternoon towards three o'clock, I took my pike-rod and walked down to the quay at Braila, and hiring a canoe was soon out on the broad breast of the Danube. Dropping some way down, I landed on the opposite shore. I was now in what is called in Roumanian the "Balta," a vast area of marsh-land intersected by large and small water-courses, while here and there are great sheets of water, all teeming with coarse fish. This marsh-land lies between the two branches of the Danube, the principal one and the lesser, known locally as the Machin branch, but in reality the ancient bed of the river. This "Balta" is some sixty miles long and fifty broad, its face changing continually as the flood waters rise or recede.

All the afternoon I spun one stream after another, but with indifferent success. The only thing I got was a shalan—a fish resembling the bass—of about three pounds. The banks of these lakes are too reedy and muddy to allow of spinning with comfort, and the native canoes or *lodka* too cranky to use for fishing.

From one water course to another I wandered on, crossing them sometimes by the rough stockades built by the wandering fisherman.

Whilst standing at one stream—happily just having wound in my line—I suddenly heard behind me a rustling in the bushes, and, swinging round, saw coming towards me a whole drove of wild pigs. These brutes are turned loose in the summer and live on what they can find in the marsh-land. I had often been warned as to their savageness, but, as I had more than once encountered droves without anything happening, did not altogether believe the tales told of their ferocity.

This time, however, it seemed I was to be undeceived. Within a few yards of me stood a great boar, with his teeth gleaming in the dim light, his great red ears flapping angrily, and an evil look in his little slits of eyes. Behind him stood a crowd of sows and younger porkers.

For a second I thought of dashing at them with a yell, but then it struck me, "What will happen if I don't frighten them off?" There was only one thing to do—to walk quietly towards a stockade which crossed the stream a little farther up. But as soon as I moved piggy moved also; in fact, he made a rush at me. I did not wish to have my leg ripped open by those wicked-looking tusks, so I simply took to my heels and ran, with the whole drove grunting and squealing after me. Just as I seemed

to feel the boar's nose touching me I made a mad, flying leap for the stockade, which did not touch the bank by several feet, and—how I do not know—landed on it. My rod flew from my hand, but by great good luck the hooks of my spoon-bait caught on one of the poles and so saved it.

I was now in a difficult position. If I crossed to the other side I felt sure the pigs would take to the water and follow me. I had my Smith and Wesson in my hip-pocket, but if I shot the boar, which I was not at all certain of doing, it would do no good. Moreover, the herdsmen who live in the marshes to watch the pigs (the only men for whom the brutes have any respect) might come up, and then it would be a case of "out of the frying pan." So there I sat and watched the setting sun slowly sinking over the marshes, making the pigs' burnt flanks look redder than ever, as they watched *me*.

Suppose I could send off the boar, would his family follow him? I determined to try and chance the results. Aiming at his flank I pulled the trigger of my revolver. There was a report, a shrill squeal, a chorus of grunts, and, at racing pace, away went piggy, followed by his whole family.

My fear now was that the sound of the boar's squeals might bring up the half-savage herdsmen, so, clambering along the stockade, I jumped for land and then "legged" it once more, until I had put many a bed of reeds between me and the water course. Panting, I pulled up, put my rod together, and looked round to take my bearings. I did not seem to know where I was; I saw no familiar landmark. I started off in what I took to be the right direction, making for a clump of willows that seemed to be familiar. From there I meant to take a circuitous route back to the river, so as to avoid any possible rencontre with the same herds. I had not gone very far, however, before I came to the unpleasant conclusion that I was going over ground I did not know. I must, in my wanderings as I fished, and

afterwards in my run for safety, have got over much more ground than I thought I had. I presently found myself confronted by a broad water-course, which I did not remember ever to have seen before.

It was now growing rapidly dark. I made my way towards what seemed in the half light to be a small hillock, hoping to get a look round and perhaps espy some object familiar to me. But my eyes had played me false; it was only a patch of reeds higher than the general growth. What on earth was I to do? I looked at my watch: it was nearly eight o'clock.

I now began to be genuinely alarmed, for in those great tracts of marsh and forest there roamed nomad bands of gipsies—not to speak of the half-savage Roumanian and Russian fishermen—who would think nothing of murdering me for the clothes I stood up in. I had heard of people who had been lost in the "Balta" and never again heard of, and now these stories came back to my memory with peculiar distinctness. How often, almost weekly, did the local papers report cases of bodies being thrown up on the Danube's banks with all the evidences of foul play on them? That was all there was to be said in the matter, for the mystery of their deaths was never solved.

I looked at my revolver, one cartridge from which had gone on the boar, and then I put it carefully in my left hip-pocket, being a left-handed person. I could now scarcely distinguish objects a hundred yards from me, and the heavy banks of miasmatic mist rising made it still more difficult to make one's way among the thick, matted masses of rank vegetation, intertwined with long, prickly brambles. Every step I took, too, disturbed swarms of hungry mosquitoes, which crowded buzzing round my neck and face.

To crown all, signs of malarial fever—a disease which is very rife on the lower Danube and from which I had been lately suffering—began to make themselves unpleasantly evident. Still



THE AUTHOR, MR. ROOK CARNEGIE, OF BRAILA, ROUMANIA.

From a Photo. by G. J. Maisner.

I plodded on, following blindly the turnings and windings of the stream, hoping thus to reach the river bank. To my dismay, however, the water-course suddenly emptied itself into a lake, the dimensions of which I could not in the darkness determine.

The fever was now making me stagger like a drunken man, and more than once a bramble stretched across my path brought me to the ground. My head began to swim, a loud singing filled my ears, and in my veins seemed to run molten lead. I strove to struggle on, but my legs gave way beneath me, and I sank to the ground—fainting and delirious.

On coming to myself it was some time before I could collect my senses, but the sound of voices near quickly roused me to my situation. I started up, and my hand instinctively went to my hip-pocket. As I rose, however, two figures nearly stumbled on to me, and then sprang back with a curse in Roumanian.

I saw a long-barrelled gun aimed at me in the moonlight, and I must thank the fever which

What could I do; I was at the fellow's mercy. "Yes," I replied; "why?" I must keep a bold front.

The man gazed at me curiously, then he turned to his companion.

"Radu, it's not a soldier," he said; "it's a *neamtz*" (*neamtz* is a word used in the Balkans to distinguish anyone from west of the Carpathians).

"Good!" replied the other, coming up.

"What are you doing here?" I was next asked.

In a few halting words, for the fever made my teeth chatter, I explained.

"Then you don't know where you are?" queried the men.

"No, I wish I did. Can't you get me back to Braila? Are you fishermen?"

There was a consultation in low tones. I had sat up and was rubbing my face and hands, bitten out of all recognition by the mosquitoes.

One of the men turned to me. "Can you walk?"

With difficulty I got to my legs.



"I SAW A LONG-BARRELLED GUN AIMED AT ME IN THE MOONLIGHT."

just then sent me tumbling to earth again for saving my life. There was a pause, and then one of the men, keeping his musket at the ready, came towards where I lay.

A big sheepskin cap surmounted his brown, sunburnt visage, and his fierce, fiery, dark eyes gazed down on me inquiringly.

"Are you alone?" demanded he.

"Now, sir, if you can hold your tongue and will swear not to mention meeting with us when you get back to Braila we will help you; if not, you can stay, and you know what that means?"

"I'll swear anything you like if only I can get away from here," I answered. So the cross handle of a dagger was held out over me whilst I swore never to mention that I had met these

two men, and I dutifully kissed the hilt afterwards in the orthodox fashion.

Then, supported by the arm of one of these mysterious men of the marshes, I was led away slowly along a narrow path into a bed of tall reeds, the men drawing the reeds together behind us as we went. Who could they be? I wondered. Perhaps they were brigands and I was to be ransomed. A pretty look-out!

A turn in the path brought before me a curious scene. Under a lean-to of poles and



"A TURN IN THE PATH BROUGHT BEFORE ME A CURIOUS SCENE."

reeds burned a wood fire, by which, partly covered with long sheepskin coats, lay two men in the Roumanian militia uniform. I understood at once. My companions were deserters!

A few rude wooden utensils lay about and the remains of an evening meal. Some dried fish were suspended to the poles of the shelter, together with a string of garlic.

The soldiers looked up surprised as I approached in the company of their comrades, but a hurried explanation from the leader soon put me on good terms with them. "Come by the fire," said one, "and roll yourself in this cloak, and as soon as you perspire the fever will go." So, out of the-way as the whole experience was, I coiled myself in the cloak and was soon asleep. I only remember waking once, and sitting in the dim light of the fire a man who had been left doing "sentry-go" come in, whilst one of his companions left to take his

place. They were naturally in constant dread of a military search-party finding them.

Early next morning I awoke with the fever gone, feeling fit and well. One soldier was frying some perch which he had caught, and to these I did ample justice, though eaten from a bowl with a pocket-knife.

The men told me they belonged to a fisher band. They had been seized to do their military service, and the regular life and hard work of barracks soon became unbearable to

them, so they had deserted. There were some of their fisher-folk comrades who knew of their whereabouts, but no one else but myself. "That is why we swore you to secrecy," added my informant. "When you rose up and dropped again I thought you were one of a party of military coming to surprise us, and I nearly shot you; had you advanced, I am sure I should!"

It was now time for me to start on my homeward tramp. The deserters gave me full directions as to how to reach the river, and I departed, after giving them the few francs I had on me. I also gave them my address, promising them more if they could come or send. Then I bade them "Good-bye," and by evening was once more at home.

The world is very small. Two years after at Bucharest, at some State festivities, whilst walking along with an officer friend whose men were lining the streets, I noticed a soldier grin and look hard at me. In an instant there flashed through my mind that "Balta" episode.

"Wait a minute—there is a man I know," I said to my companion.

"Yes! It was all in vain," said the deserter, as I stopped beside him; "we got caught at last, and our poor backs paid for it. They sent me up here, and my companions I know not where, after keeping us in prison some months. If you should by chance see my friends, say I am here. If they get away they'll make for the 'Balta' again."

I pretended to examine the man's accoutrements as the officer stepped up, but when I went away I left a little "ammunition" in his cartridge-pouch.



BY OCTAVIUS BARTLETT.

The author had a tame python called "Jack," of which he was very fond. Having occasion to leave his bungalow for a couple of days, he locked up the house, leaving Jack inside. During Mr. Bartlett's absence the leader of a band of dacoits reconnoitred the bungalow with the intention of ransacking it. The strange tragedy which happened afterwards is told in the story.



I AM very fond of animals, and take a pride in taming any and every wild animal I can get hold of. The most difficult creature I ever tried to tame was a young python, which I christened Jack. Now the python, as most people know, is the largest snake to be found in the world, but fortunately its bite is not poisonous.

I bought Jack from a native *shikari* when I was stationed at Asansol, and added him to my small collection of pets, which at the time consisted of a young bear, two tiger cubs, a black panther, a jackal, and a fox-terrier and pups, with a large aviary of birds. When I got Jack I thought it probable that I should have to go to the expense of buying a cage for him as he began to grow larger. At the time, however, he was only about 6ft. long and did not seem very formidable, so I simply got him a box and put a door on it. But I had to watch

him very carefully for the first day or two, as I thought other pets would, perhaps, try to master him, or that he might endeavour to get hold of some of my birds. He behaved very well, however, and did not attempt to interfere with the birds or animals or they with him, and very soon they all became quite friendly, so that Master Jack was allowed the run of the bungalow. The only person who did not like him was my bearer (native servant). When I had had Jack a few days this worthy told me he should have to leave me if I kept the snake, as he was afraid Jack would kill him. "Very well," I said, "if you are afraid, you can go; but I shall keep the snake." As he knew I meant what I said, the man elected to stay, but he never made friends with Jack.

Well, as time went on, Jack began to grow at a great rate. He had everything he wanted—plenty of milk to drink, a fowl or kid when he was hungry, and a large bath to splash about

and cool himself in. Altogether he was in clover, and he began to get overbold at times and misbehave himself. At meal times he would come gliding round and, not satisfied with his saucer of milk, would knock over the things on the table. If I corrected him with the stick he would bowl table, myself, and all over with his big body. Even if I gave him a thorough thrashing it was of no use, for the more I thrashed him the worse he got, and I always had to give way at the finish. It was lucky for me that pythons are not poisonous or I should not be alive to tell this story, for Jack bit me many times in the battles we had for mastery. I took very good care never to let him get his coils round me, or I should have been done for at once, as the crushing power of these great snakes is something terrific. They can crush a pig, a deer, or even a buffalo as easily as you or I could squeeze an orange.

Jack was all right when he was in a good temper, but a very demon when roused. Although I was not afraid of him ordinarily, I always kept a loaded revolver and a hunting-knife handy in case of emergencies. I very nearly had to use them one night, as Jack—who often coiled himself up on the foot of my bed—must have got restless during the night and coiled himself round the bed and me



MR. O. BARTLETT.

From a Photo. by J. Emberson.



"I WAS MET BY THE EUROPEAN INSPECTOR OF POLICE AND A NUMBER OF HIS NATIVE CONSTABLES."

and began to squeeze. I managed to slip out in the nick of time, just as the bed gave way under the strain and everything was crumpled up.

Jack was getting both big and expensive, and as all my friends were afraid to come near me when Jack was out and about, I had to shut him up when I had visitors—a proceeding he did not like at all. I therefore thought seriously of selling him. I had already refused him to several people, as I was fond of him and he had got to know me, but he was getting most decidedly in the way as a pet.

I was at this time a guard on the East Indian Railway, and one day I left for Calcutta with my train. As usual, I left Jack loose inside my bungalow, which I locked up, as the bearer would not go inside while I was away, for fear of the python. He did not mind the other animals in the yard, which I chained up before leaving, as he had to feed them and was on very good terms with each.

I was away on my journey for a day and a half, and when I got back about three o'clock one afternoon I saw a lot of people standing on the station. As my train drew up my bearer came running up to me, shouting excitedly: "*Sahib, sahib! Sam b*

adamie mergahi." ("Sir, sir! Snake man killed.")

At first I thought the python had got out of the bungalow and had killed someone, so I jumped out of my brake-van hurriedly and advanced towards the crowd. I was met by the European inspector of police and a number of his native constables. He told me that someone had been trying to break into my bungalow whilst I was away. The robber had been killed, he thought, by a big snake I kept. The police, however, dared not go in to see, for fear of the wild animals I had in the yard.

Forthwith I set off with the inspector for my bungalow, followed by an excited crowd. One of the shutters was broken and the window open. I looked in, but it was too dark inside to see anything, as all the windows were shuttered up. Accordingly I went round to the yard. Directly my bearer opened the door I at once saw that something was wrong, as all the animals were in a high state of excitement and began howling and growling when I went in—a thing they had never done before. After I had quieted them somewhat I unlocked the house door and threw it open, calling "Jack, Jack," as I always did when going in.

When I got inside I saw the python coiled up on his box beside the window, and everything appeared as usual. But what was that curious object on the floor? Surely it could not be a man, that long, thin, brown thing?

But it was. It was a native, naked save for a loin-cloth, and with his body greased all over.

He was stone dead. His bare limbs and greasy skin had not saved him from my silent guardian, the sinuous Jack. A brief examination of the room told the whole story of the strange tragedy which had been enacted in my little bungalow.

The robber—who was identified as the leader of a gang of dacoits who had been ravaging the neighbourhood for some time past—had obtained access to the room by filing off the catch of the

shutter. The noise thus made probably woke Jack up, for he was very susceptible to sound and would listen for hours with evident pleasure when I used to play the accordion. All unaware of the watcher within, the dacoit next took out a pane of glass and unfastened the window. Then he opened it and stepped inside, no doubt pleased at the ease with which he had gained admittance. Poor fool! he did not notice that shining thick rope gradually moving nearer to him, or see that flat head and those two little star-like eyes coming close to him, as the irritated snake examined the intruder.

Nor did he know that if he could have said "Jack" just then it might have saved his life. But of all these things he was ignorant, and exulting in the prospect of loot the greasy scoundrel went forward to his doom.

It came swift and horrible. There was a rushing sound in the darkness, a sharp hiss like that of an angry goose, only much louder, and the awful coils were around him. I have seen Jack kill goats—pythons will not touch anything dead—and I know the lightning rush with



"THE AWFUL COILS WERE AROUND HIM."

which those awful, slimy coils must have seized the robber.

Too late the poor wretch realized the awful fate which had come upon him, and as he felt those coils tighten round him, gripping him like steel, he dragged out his knife in a frenzy of despair, while his screams rent the air. His comrades waiting outside must have heard those terrible cries from inside the bungalow, and they realized that their comrade was in dire distress. Forthwith they bolted — for all dacoits are cowards when face to face with an unknown danger. Their fellow-robber was left to his fate. Once Jack had seized his coils round and his teeth fixed, he would have had to be shot or cut in two before he would let go his prey.

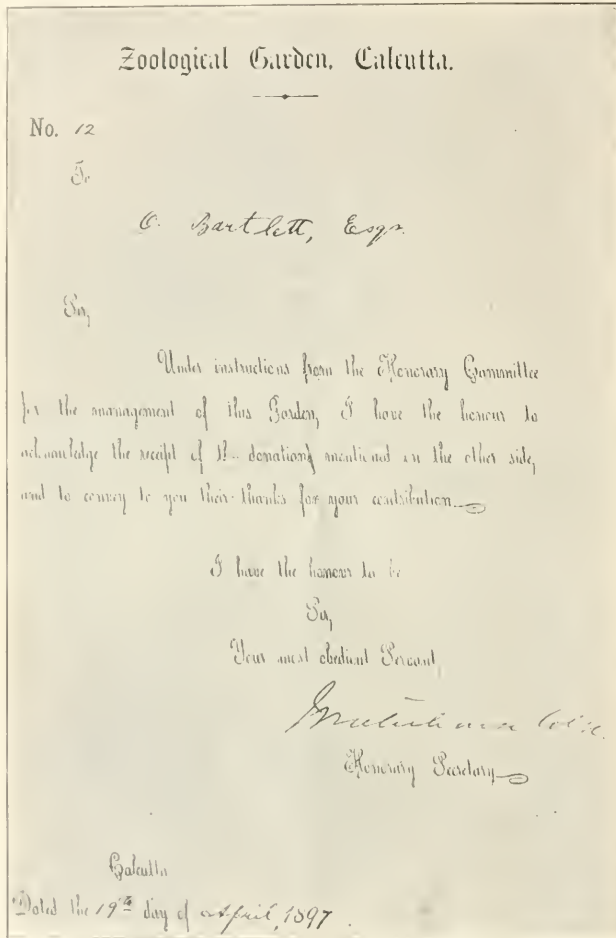
And so the crafty plunderer of homesteads, the dread of the district, met his death. After killing him Jack, not being hungry, left him as we found him with every bone in his body broken and crushed by those terrible coils.

Having given my faithful friend a saucer of milk, I examined him to see if he had been wounded at all by the dacoit's knife. I found one cut, not very serious, about a yard from his head — a scratch which would be all right in a day or two.

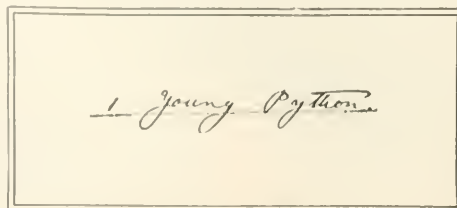
The native police were very much impressed by the tragedy, and told me I must get rid of Jack, as he was dangerous. "No," said the inspector, "if everybody kept such good watchdogs as the python has proved, the dacoits would have a very hard time of it."

Needless to say my bungalow was never broken into again, and as I abandoned my intention of selling him, Jack remained with me till I left India in 1897. Then, to my sorrow, I had to part with him; as I could not conveniently bring him home, I gave him to the Zoological Garden at Calcutta, where

I knew he would be well looked after and have a nice easy life. So far as I know, he is there still.



THE LETTER FROM THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, CALCUTTA, TO MR. BARTLETT ACKNOWLEDGING THE RECEIPT OF THE PYTHON.



ENTRY AT THE BACK OF THE ABOVE LETTER.

A MYSTERIOUS MISSION.

By J. E. PATTERSON.

An out-of-the-way experience which befell the author one night in Constantinople. He was accosted by an Armenian who with infinite secrecy conducted him to a mysterious house, where he saw and heard curious things. Finally he consented to deliver a parcel of papers for the conspirators—for such the occupants of the house were—and in the fulfilment of his mission passed through some exciting experiences.



I HAD found a seat, my feet just above the gentle ripple of the blue Bosphorus, down the upper part of which night was slowly creeping. Over the eastern hills a single star bespoke the end of day.

Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, whilst a low voice said, in curiously masterful tones, "What you sit there for? You want to die?"

Somewhat startled, I glanced up, and in the dusk dimly discerned an Armenian. Something about him seemed familiar, and further scrutiny proved him to be one of the spectators to a set-to which I had with a brawny Turk that day in Stamboul bazaar. The Armenian suggested that my late opponent might chance along and push me into the Bosphorus. I rose to my feet, venting an English lad's careless boast.

"You like to learn some new thing?" said the Armenian, suddenly. A touch of mystery in his manner seemed to promise something rare and good, so I readily answered "Yes." He was equally laconic. "Come," he said, and together we set off up the side of the Bosphorus.

The night, the occasion, the strange man at my side, a curious, undefinable something springing from yet connecting all three, the moon shimmered blue waters with here and there a gliding *caïque*, and the occasional passing of men in picturesque garb, all blended in what was to me the very essence of witchery. Our march was a silent one, until my companion half-whisperingly bade me follow him without appearing to be with him.

At length we were treading an ill-lighted thoroughfare, on to which abutted the walled-in premises of various houses.* My guide paused exactly under an apology for a street lamp,

* It is not my intention to say here exactly where that street is situated. My sympathies are too much with those to whom I chanced to be of service and with the Young Turk party to give possible clues to the Sultan's secret agents.

surreptitiously beckoned me forward, looked at his watch, and muttered "Good!" The next moment I found my hand in his soft, firm grasp. We were going forward, close to the irregular walls adjoining the sidewalk, he whispering, "Mind nothing you see—go with me, and say no word till I speak to you."

Barely had he finished his injunction when my companion stepped directly into an open doorway on his right, quietly drawing me with him. The door closed behind us, and bolts were almost silently shot into their sockets.



"A SET-TO WITH A BRAVNY TURK IN STAMBOUL BAZAAR."

We were in the absolute darkness thrown by the high wall separating us from the street. Someone brushed past me. I heard footsteps preceding us. My blood began to flow more quickly, my heart to beat as though it had been suddenly weighted. Questions trod on each other's heels through my head as to the wisdom of my bearing this peculiar stranger such unquestioning company. With these ran a strong feeling that love of discovery had now carried me into a truly foolish action. Incidentally, I felt that I would give much for a good revolver.

These thoughts were speedily cut short by

the Armenian, still with my hand in his, moving forward after the unseen one. When a second pair of folding-doors had swung to behind us, still in darkness, we were led around a heavy arras into a lighted corridor, where my hand was released. At this point I discovered our guide to be a Turk in dress, but when he opened his mouth I knew at once that he was an Irishman.

"The mistress awaits you, sir," said he, quietly, to the Armenian, giving me only a passing glance.

We went forward and the Irish-Turk retreated. I began to cast about me for the usual fictional elements of an Eastern household—eunuchs appearing at the clap of hands as if from nowhere, guards with strangling-cloths, and other properties of the novelist. The lack of these was making me doubt my whereabouts, when the Armenian suddenly drew aside a great curtain. I was in part pushed, in part led past it, into a room so brilliantly lighted that my eyes were quite dazzled. Whilst shading them I heard a low, pleased cry in a familiar feminine voice. My hands fell, and I stood face to face with a Turkish young lady I had met in the bazaar that morning; it was the scrutiny I paid her which had led to the aforesaid set-to with a burly Turk. Now she wore no *yashmak* over the face I had rightly guessed to be handsome. That she was glad at seeing me again her tones gave sufficient proof as, with hands out, she smilingly said, in broken English, "How you come here?"

"With him," I replied, simply, nodding at the Armenian. Forthwith she began to question me as to whether or not I had met that big Turk since the morning, and how I came to be here in company with the Armenian; who had witnessed the scrimmage and yet made no acknowledgment at the time that he knew her.

Much that followed I pass over as of no importance. For some time I had been talking more or less aimlessly to the Armenian and to the "bazaar" lady's mistress—a most richly-attired and beautiful being who reclined on a sumptuous divan at the farther end of the apartment—when I suddenly became keenly interested in the conversation. They were arranging for me to carry a small parcel to a place in Pera, my reward for the service to be fifty piastres. This sum did not represent their meanness, but their wisdom in not arousing my suspicions as to the importance of the parcel. However, whilst they talked I drew my own conclusions, and decided that there was more in the affair than appeared on its surface. If not, why had I—an obscure English sailor-lad—been brought so stealthily to this mysterious house by night? So I spoke out boldly. If I was to carry their parcel, I said, I wanted five hundred piastres. This ultimatum rather staggered them. They asked my reasons for demanding so large a sum, pretending to smile. I stated my suspicions bluntly, avowing my belief that the parcel contained dangerous or treasonable matter.

Finally we came to an arrangement. I was to carry the parcel straight to its destination, to give no one any inkling of it, and guard it with my life until delivered; the money to be paid on my delivering the parcel. Within ten minutes the thing had been strapped fast under my clothing; a password was given me, and my insular tongue coached in the use of it. Then a slip of paper was handed to me, bearing half-a-dozen curious signs, and the Armenian and I were on our way to the portal by which we had entered this strange house. He whispered cautions as to my conduct whilst in possession of the parcel, and exhorted me to keep a sharp look-out for any chance watchers of my movements. The



WITHIN TEN MINUTES THE THING HAD BEEN STRAPPED FAST UNDER MY CLOTHING."

"lady of the bazaar" bore us company as far as the first dark room. There she slipped into my hand what I afterwards discovered to be a silken purse containing two half-lira notes on the Ottoman Bank and ten silver coins.

But I was not destined to leave the house so easily as I had entered it. On our way out I looked for that quaint Turk from the Emerald Isle, but saw nothing of him until we drew near the outer doorway. Then he suddenly appeared out of the darkness. The Armenian paused, checking me by his hold on my hand, and whispered in English, "Any one there, Mustaph?"

"Oh," thought I, "Turkish even to the name."

The door-keeper's reply was that a couple of suspicious-looking persons were lurking outside. My companion cautioned me to be quiet as the grave, then advanced and carefully examined the fastenings of the door. Mustaph remained by me. A minute later I dimly discerned the Armenian's head amongst the foliage of a tree some eight or ten feet to the right of the doorway, just where the high wall cut the poverty-stricken light of the street. But for a slight rustling of the leaves in the night breeze, not a sound was to be heard.

When undertaking my curious mission I had not thought of serious trouble in connection with the business, but had looked on delivering the parcel as a simple certainty. Now I began to imagine all sorts of hindrances and happenings, and probably a calamitous termination to the whole affair, ending in my lifeless body being found floating in the Bosphorus. Regret at embarking on such a risky enterprise was gradually filling my mind, when I felt the Armenian at my sleeve. He led me to a ladder by the wall, gave me a small pair of very powerful night-glasses, and motioned me to ascend, following closely at my heels. When perched as he had been, I was directed to examine two stationary figures through the glasses. They were on the opposite side of the street, one about fifty yards to our right, the other the same distance to the left. On descending I was bidden to bear the watchers in mind, their dress and size, and keep clear of them wherever I chanced to see them, lest they were spies. This convinced me once for all of the reasonable and dangerous nature of my task. Still, I had pledged myself to carry the matter through, and the five hundred piastres were something of a spur to the goal.

Presently Mustaph came hurrying towards us, agog with suppressed excitement. There was something so unwarrantably wrong in front of the house—he had evidently been indoors

during our vigil up the ladder—that his brogue grew perceptibly thick whilst he whispered to the Armenian. The latter quickly decided that the house was no suitable place for me. I was to be let out on the instant, and so eager to get clear of it was I that I temporarily forgot the incriminating thing upon me.

The Armenian told me he would go to the left, while I went off in the opposite direction. I was to creep slowly and quietly along by the wall, so that watching eyes across the street would not perceive my movements in the intense darkness. Then, when some distance off, I was to walk away like an ordinary pedestrian; but to be especially careful to evade the approach of any person, till I reached a main thoroughfare.

With infinite care Mustaph withdrew the bolts, while the Armenian watched like a cat from the top of the ladder. I buttoned my reefer jacket and turned up its collar to hide the white collar beneath.

Slowly—so slowly that no watcher should see it moving—Mustaph drew the door inwards. I stepped through the aperture, stood flat against the outside of the wall, and the door closed behind me. I could not hear the fastenings being replaced, but in imagination saw the pseudo-Turk securing them. Now, if the spies were coming, I stood alone! My breath came long and laboured. I felt the Armenian straining to see me over the top of the wall, yet anxious not to be seen himself. Why did he not come forth? Was he cheating me about his going the other way? Or was the whole business a dream? What had I done? I was in all probability risking my life for a beggarly five pounds four shillings and twopence! A pretty show of precocious bravado! I, a humble young English sailor, abetting some conspiracy to overthrow the Government or to kill the Sultan—for that some such scheme was afoot I felt morally certain from the manner and language of my mysterious employers.

Furtively my scared glance flashed from right to left and back. Not a soul could I see, yet a quaking seized me, and I momentarily expected to be pounced upon. Why had I been fool enough to join the miserable, idiotic business? Stay! I could drop the wretched thing and so be safe if taken and searched. My right hand moved to the buttons of my coat, then British instincts sent it back in shame. No! I had given my word to do the thing, and I would go through with it.

Probably I had stood against the wall a couple of minutes, though it seemed as many hours. Forgetful of the Armenian, I now began

to move off as he had bidden me, thinking the while what my tactics should be if interrupted. Ere twenty yards were covered I had decided on as many modes of repulsing that number of different attacks. Instead of continually sweeping the open space with my glance, I spent a second or so in gazing behind, then ahead. Thus it was that I came to turn my face forward and abruptly found a Turk only some six yards from me. He was quietly approaching slantwise from the other side of the street. Instantly my thoughts connected him with the watcher whom I had seen in that direction. He was coming to me so, I considered, in order to get a hand on me before I could bolt. How could I frustrate this intention—by a dash forward or a bolt the other way? Then I remembered his fellow spy in my rear. What was *he* doing?

By this time the man was not more than three yards away, and I saw that he was certainly watching me closely. A step to his left and he could have barred my path between himself and the wall. To make for the middle of the thoroughfare would have put me at a disadvantage, by forcing me to double him. I must act. My foot fouled with a stone the size of a half brick, in a moment it was in my hand—the next it went whizzing against the new-comer's face!

Like a rat before the certain fumes of sulphur I leapt forward, the Turk spluttering a yell of pain as an accompaniment. On, on—on up the short inclined street I tore, recollecting that I must take the first turn on my right and that it was an abruptly downhill one. Round the corner I dashed, flying like a human ball between two half-tipsy Turkish soldiers staggering up the hill arm in arm. My force parted them abruptly, sending both to earth. I fell down, too, cutting both my hands and grazing the side of my jaw on the rough roadway. I

was up and away, however, as if from a catapult, long before the sprawling warriors thought of rising.

On passing the end of the street on to which fronted the house whence I had come, a tumult some way down it attracted my attention. "The police have entered the house," I thought. Naturally I needed no spur to get clear of the locality, yet I went the faster now that the reality of my peril was coming home to me. Moreover, a hurried backward glance, just as I turned a bend in the street, showed me dimly the man at whom I had thrown the stone, in hot altercation with the two soldiers. They seemed to have taken him for the man who had knocked them down and were preparing to retaliate in their own way. For this I was duly thankful, knowing that if they but detained him five minutes I should then be well out of his reach—if no other obstacles arose.

Luckily for me pedestrians were then rare, and riders rarer, in that

part of Galata. Away below I could see the moonlight glinting on the top of the Sultan's white palace and shining on the gilded crescents surmounting the very tall minarets of his adjacent mosque.



"IT WENT WHIZZING AGAINST THE NEW-COMER'S FACE!"

As my feet flew over the ground and silence marked the way behind I began to think of the wisdom of slackening my pace lest I should draw undesired attention from some passer-by. Hence I slowed down, taking care, however, to make good headway and to keep in the shadow as much as possible.

Just after making the fifth turning I came to a hat shop. It was open, for the night was still young, and I was nearing the main thoroughfare. My jacket collar had now been turned

back to its proper place. Here, thought I, is an opportunity to make a slight change in my appearance and so the better evade detection. In a minute the peak was torn from my naval cap, and a little pulling about turned it into a kind of skull-cap. This I did so as to obviate the possibility of the shopman afterwards saying that a youth with such and such head-gear bought a hat on this particular evening. First I peeped into the shop to see that no other customers were there to detain me. None were there, and so I entered, picked a French straw hat from the counter, tried it on, paid for it, and was away with it ere five minutes had passed. Yet I had been careful not to seem in a hurry. Ten yards from the shop my despoiled cap was thrown into a dark corner, and the straw hat took its place. On turning this corner, a little off the main street, someone jostled against me. Sideways I sprang, like a cat at the growl of an unsuspected dog. My surprise can be guessed, for the feeble light of the adjacent lamps showed me the unmistakable figure of that mysterious Armenian! Without appearing to see or know me, his face half-averted, but with the askant gaze of those deep, keen eyes on me, he made a motion which I read as meaning—"Silence!"

Amazement held me perfectly still. Queries, surmises, and wonderment were stampeding in my silly head. Not for a second did my late companion pause, nor make the slightest change in his slow, careless gait. To me he made a scarcely perceptible move of impatience and command. That peculiar, subtle, restrained mastership which had so characterized him when he bade me follow him at the edge of the Bosphorus, which had fallen from him like a silent cloak in the house of the Turkish lady, was here more in evidence than ever. Moving solely under the influence of his gesture, I crossed behind him, wondering dumbly if I was the dupe of some plot, the butt of a tremendous joke.

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Once free of his magnetic eyes I felt to ascertain if the parcel was in its place. Yes, it was, and my movements grew quicker. Presently I entered the main street of that part of Galata, my thoughts now moving with more freedom. A bright idea came to me: I would charter the Turkish equivalent of a fly, be driven to the British Embassy, little more than a stone's throw from the destination of the uncomfortable package, alight there, walk to the place indicated, and receive my money before the night passed. At once the thought was put into action. What a pleasing sensation it was, being whirled away towards the Pera tunnel! Still keeping a sharp look-out for possible opponents to my liberty, I took the parcel from its hiding-place, put it into the more handy receptacle of an inside pocket, and then made a careful examination of the silken purse and its contents.

On alighting in front of the Embassy I handed my Greek driver two of the coins from the purse, whereat he appeared especially satisfied, and drove away. Whilst his gaze was on me I moved slowly towards the Embassy, keeping my head bowed so that the brim of my new hat should shadow my face. The moment he had driven off I halted, seemed to be debating something, then turned to stride

away—as if my mind had changed—and was almost knocked down by the Armenian coming from the direction I was about to take! An involuntary ejaculation leaped to my tongue; but his flashing eyes stopped it at the second word. His right fingers, hanging downwards, moved spasmodically towards the rear. In Turkish he apologized for the collision and then passed on, as any stranger might. The meeting had perhaps occupied twenty seconds, not more. Evidently, in order that I should properly deliver the package, he was shadowing me. "How important these papers must be," I thought, "when the plotters dare not deliver



"SIDEWAYS I SPRANG, LIKE A CAT AT THE GROWL OF AN UNSUSPECTED DOG."

them, and yet they are in such a feverish state of anxiety about them!" Now I felt the importance of this mission and my situation more than ever. The presence of the Embassy, however, gave me new assurance. The wanderer was almost on his native soil, I thought, for who dare hurt a Britisher with the Union Jack flying over him?

In a very short time the well-described shop, where I was to deliver the parcel, was found. A careful reconnaissance proved it bare of customers. The quiet street was almost as much to my liking, though I had not the least doubt that the Armenian was watching me from some post of vantage. I entered the place, instantly finding myself eye

to eye with a keen-featured, thick-set Turk. I at once knew him to be the one whom I sought, so well had he been described to me. At my entrance he had arisen from a low seat behind the counter. Quickly and quietly I drew near and spoke the password in a low voice.

He started back just for a second, his saffron face paling, and his bright eyes flashing looks from me to the doorway, and then back again. Next he leaned eagerly and fearfully forward, spoke the word I had been taught to listen for, and put out his hand. Thereupon, acting on my instructions, I placed the slip of paper bearing the cabalistic marks in his palm. He glanced at it, and then held it in a gas jet whilst repeating the counterword. Again his hand came forward.

"What do you want?" I whispered.

"The papers," answered he, in English that bore but a slight foreign accent. Then, whilst I dwelt on the word papers, he added, "Oh, you want five lira?"

"Ten," I remarked, softly, taking a step backwards, so as to be nearer the outlet. A

powerful dislike to him had sprung up in me, along with a fuller realization of the transaction. Why should I endanger my life in this fellow's interest and not be paid for it? Here there was not the witchery of beauty nor the mysterious magnetism of subtle mastery, which the Turkish beauty and the Armenian had exercised over me—only a repulsive, ghoulish expression on a face that was painful to look at.

"But you agreed to bring them here for five hundred piastres," was the low reply, his eyes glinting passion.

"For them, yes; but for *you*, no." I do not quite know now what the distinction was in my mind; I only know it existed.

"Well, I shall give you no more."

"All right, the Turkish Government will," I answered, airily, backing with care and inwardly praying that no confederate of his was outside to hear me.

"Where are you going?" he hissed, yet I detected a ring of fear in his voice.

"To the English Embassy," said I, with all the coolness at my command, "where they will give me an escort to the proper authorities." I had no more real intention of going there than of flying!

"Come back!"

This came in a louder tone, with some evidence of terror and a movement as if he would spring after me.

"Yes, for the ten lira—stay there! The instant you come over that counter I will shout 'A conspiracy!' through the street." Experience had taught me the fondness of Asiatics and Latins for knives. Besides, he was much heavier than myself, and I was unarmed.

"Come in, then."

His softer tone reassured me. I took a step forward, saying, "Now, quick, the thousand piastres before a customer comes in, or you may be in prison before you sleep and never come out again alive."

"But how do I know that—that you are



HE GLANCED AT IT, AND THEN HELD IT IN A GAS-JET WHILST REPEATING THE COUNTER-WORD.

the right person, or that where *is* the parcel?"

"It is useless to waste time like this," I interrupted, in a flood of wisdom occasioned by feverish eagerness to be rid of the dangerous package. "Here it is; give me the money and take it."

"Come, then, give it to me."

"The money first."

"But how do I know that——"

"Put the money down on that counter and then stand back in the corner there"—I pointed to the farthest one, some eight feet from where he stood—"and I will exchange the papers for it."

He hesitated. I returned the parcel—which I had withdrawn—to my pocket for safety. "Smart, now!" I said, audaciously. "The Government will give me two thousand for it, so make haste or I go."

A footstep sounded in the street. Momentarily expecting a hand on my shoulder—so works a guilty conscience—I turned to the door, to be brought back by the sound of the shopman climbing over his counter. "I'll shout," said I, warningly. He paused on his knees, looking at me as if the dearest wish in his heart was to wring my neck. The footsteps without died away. I began to think that he might shoot me and then get the package before anyone arrived, afterwards saying that he had shot a would-be robber in his own defence. But he slid backwards, venting a sigh of impotence. Without further ado he rapidly produced a bag, flattened it on the counter, and my glance fastened on English gold amongst the mixture of Turkish notes and French and Greek francs.

"You may as well give me ten sovereigns whilst you are about it," said I, still in the same low voice; "they will save changing. Besides, they have a better look about them and are more homely to me." After some demur the ten pounds were put down.

He was moving away as agreed, with the bag, when there came again the regular soft thud, thud of native shoes. He put his hand over the gold. I turned for the doorway. A terribly anxious minute passed, and then the pedestrian went by. The conspirator was backing into the

corner indicated by me when I said, "You had better put a little

Turkish silver with the sovereigns—a handful will do. It will come in handy for loose change." His reply was a glare of hate. "Hurry up," I enjoined; "there are eight shillings and fourpence due to me yet on the ten lira."

He dribbled out about a score of piastres, then retreated as desired, scowling horribly. I drew forth the package again. Keeping a watch on him, the money was mechanically

picked up with one hand, the other holding behind me the parcel, which was

dropped on the counter, as though it were a live adder, the moment those gold and silver coins were in my fist. I stood back with the action. Forward he sprang, glanced at some signs on the cover of the parcel, then thrust it out of sight amongst his clothing. I could have danced a hornpipe of joy. Then I offered to buy something, as a proof of brotherly feeling. He roughly bade me begone, and I went.

Scarcely fifty yards from the place I met the Armenian on a crossing, and gave him a silent laugh as I passed. I had come well out of the affair, and so could afford to laugh.



"I'LL SHOUT," SAID I, WARNINGLY.

A LADY PRISON CHAPLAIN.

BY RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA.

The Rev. Mrs. May Preston Slosson, of Laramie Penitentiary, Wyoming, is the only lady prison chaplain in the world, and possesses an extraordinary influence over her convict flock. She has already averted one dangerous mutiny, and has done much to ameliorate the lot of the prisoners.



It would probably be impossible for anyone to state accurately the number of women in the world who are fully qualified ministers of religion. There is only one, however, so far as is known, who exercises her devout calling within the walls of a prison, to which she is the accredited chaplain. She is the Rev. Mrs. May Preston Slosson, and her cure is the prison of Laramie, Wyoming.

For at least one other reason Mrs. Slosson occupies a unique position in the world of women, for she received the first degree granted to a woman at Cornell University, where she worked for two years after she had received the Master's degree at Hillsdale College, Michigan. After graduating she accepted the Professorship of Greek at Hastings College, Nebraska, and was married, in 1891, to Professor Edwin E. Slosson, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Wyoming, in Laramie.

Wyoming is the State to which that part of the womanhood of the world which believes in the enfranchisement of the sex will always turn with grateful recognition. First among the communities of the civilized world, its Legislature declared that womanhood was no barrier either to the exercise of the franchise or to the holding of public office.

In Wyoming the prisoners of the State penitentiary were at one time kept without work on account of the opposition of the trades unions to their employment. Men deprived of the saving grace of work, no matter to what part of the community they belong, soon become thrown out of their balance. That happened

to the prisoners, who got into a peculiarly morbid and unruly condition. It was in that frame of mind that Mrs. Slosson conceived the idea which the authorities permitted her to put into practice: she arranged for a series of Sunday afternoon talks and experimental lectures by the professors of the University. She herself gave two lectures before the convicts, and when the minister who was acting as chaplain left the town the prisoners petitioned the governor to appoint her chaplain. He was

a clear-sighted man and acceded to the request, and since July, 1899, she has filled the office, not only to the satisfaction of the authorities, but, what is far more important, to the satisfaction of those who are the enforced members of her congregation.

The prisoners number some 220 and consist for the most part of young men who have gone West from a spirit of adventure, and have got into trouble either through drink or from "getting the brand on the wrong cattle," as cattle-stealing is euphoniously referred to by the men themselves. Women are for the most part conspicuous by their absence, though within the last three years there have been three. One of these was a white,

but the other two were negroes.

To interest as well as instruct the inmates has been Mrs. Slosson's idea. A great French statesman once remarked, "Men will do most things for those they love; everything for those they fear." Perhaps if Mrs. Slosson were asked, her experience would make her rather reverse this proposition, and, without criticising the truth of the phrase as applied to ordinary mortals, she would declare that, so far as those within the



THE REV. MRS. MAY SLOSSON, THE ONLY LADY PRISON CHAPLAIN IN THE WORLD.
From a Photo. by Jukes, Laramie, Wyoming.



MRS. SLOSSON'S "PARISH"—THE PRISON OF LARAMIE, WYOMING.
From a Photo.

walls of a prison are concerned, "Men will do most things for those they fear; everything for those they love."

To get their interest is, indeed, her chief desire, and to this end she uses everything in her power, for she has found that, interest once won and confidence obtained, the rest is comparatively easy. One of the negresses was particularly hard to interest, and refused to attend chapel on the ground that she was a Roman Catholic. Mrs. Slosson began by taking messages from her to her priest, and in this way the woman naturally got to tolerate, if not, indeed, to look forward to, her visits. In time, in the course of conversation, Mrs. Slosson found out that the thing of all things the woman desired was a skirt-pattern. A skirt-pattern for a prisoner shut out from communion with her fellows! It would be comic if it were not so exquisitely pathetic. Instead of ignoring the request and pointing out that the woman could have no need of a skirt-pattern under the peculiar conditions of the life she was leading, as a man would have done, and as probably nine hundred and ninety-nine philanthropists out of a thousand would also have done, Mrs. Slosson went out, bought a skirt-pattern, took it to the prisoner, and in the course of a few days that woman not only went to the chapel of her own free will and accord, but during the rest of her stay attended regularly at every service.

This negress and the other were, indeed, peculiarly fond of fashion plates, and Mrs. Slosson made a point of keeping them supplied with these while the women remained there during their

imprisonment for petty larceny, for which they were convicted. It will probably interest many people to know that the white woman had a sentence of six years for manslaughter, but was released last year for good conduct.

The men differ from the negress in that, instead of objecting to go to chapel, they look forward to it, and regard it as a punishment if they are not allowed to attend the services. It is not difficult to understand why this should be so, for the service is made as attractive as possible, and the prisoners, who are

rarely allowed to speak, are permitted to take part in the singing, while they are emotionally moved by the vocal and instrumental music, which is given by the best talent obtainable. Indeed, a choir has been organized among the convicts, and to the music, prayer, Scripture reading, and a short but earnest sermon of a practical character are added during the hour which the service lasts. Variety, which is the spice of life among free men, is the aim of Mrs. Slosson among her prisoners, and she draws freely from the best literature for her moral lessons. Any author whose work will serve her purpose is impressed into the furtherance of her end, and she has used work so dissimilar in character as Robert Louis Stevenson's "Aes Triplex," Ian Maclaren's "Bonnie Brier Bush," Olive Schreiner's "Dreams," Maeterlinck's "Wisdom and Destiny," Richard Le Gallienne's "Greatness of Man," Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis?" Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night," and Dr. J. M. Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvie."

The chapel itself is reproduced in one of the illustrations, which shows the room decorated with flowers and further ornamented with many flags. On the little platform stands the pretty, slight, dark-haired woman who has brought brightness into the dreary lives of these convicts. Mrs. Slosson never wears any ecclesiastical robes in her ministry, but ordinary walking costume, which in the summer is usually white. She invariably, too, wears flowers, as she believes the men like to see them; and, if the prison regulations permitted, it is by no means improbable that they would be given the blossoms after the service is over.

How great is her influence one of the prisoners unconsciously testified when he said one day: "She is a little woman, but if there should be an insurrection she could control a thousand men by the lifting up of her hand." She once did more than that without even the necessity of raising that hand. A mutiny was planned in the prison shops to be put into execution on the following Monday. At the Sunday service, however, Mrs. Slosson's address on "Duty" had such an effect that when the time came for the revolt every single man who had agreed to take part in it backed out, simply

earnest and sincere feeling, which is not in the least of the "goody-goody" character, but is the result of real comradeship with those with whom she is brought into contact, a comradeship shared by her husband. Although he is one of the busiest and most hard-driven of professional men, writing for many papers in addition to doing his work at the University, he yet finds time to help the prisoners in their studies, to advise them in any course of reading they desire to pursue, and to make them welcome at his own house when they leave, where they are treated just like ordinary guests. If the men

remain in Laramie they often call on Mr. and Mrs. Slosson, stay to tea or dinner, and make themselves as much at home as if they were members of the family or the most honoured guests possible.

It says much for the intellectual attitude of those who have the direction of the prison that not only in the library are many books which would not be expected to be allowed to convicts, but from the library of the State University others are borrowed for the use of the prisoners, and these books include Latin and French

classics, historical and sometimes theological works, as well as mathematical ones, while treatises on surveying and even the fearsome differential calculus are provided for the use of those who have been guilty of some offence against the State. It is curious to be told that often the worst cases turn out the best, and that the murderers and cattle "rustlers" often become good men and useful citizens, only about 2 per cent. of those who have been in prison returning later on.

Mrs. Slosson is invariably known to the prisoners as the "Little Mother," and they always refer to themselves as her "boys." Evidences of their regard for her might be quoted almost *ad infinitum*, but none could possibly be more striking than the following. One man who knew that pecuniary help would certainly be



THE PRISON CHAPEL DECORATED FOR SERVICE.
From a Photo.

because of her eloquent words of the previous day. One of the prisoners, in speaking of her in her official capacity, told a friend: "At the first sound of Mrs. Slosson's voice the prison walls faded away. I forgot utterly where I was for the half-hour she talked to us, and then woke with a start to its realization when she ceased. The world which had been so bright grew dark again, yet not quite so dark as before." As for her influence, a boy declared: "She is the first person I ever met whom I really believe in. She loves everybody."

Perhaps that is the mainspring on which the whole machinery of her life turns. The one thing the men seem to feel the need of is, in Mrs. Slosson's experience, that somebody cares whether they fail or succeed. With her that caring is no mere perfunctory expression, but an

forthcoming for him on leaving the penitentiary if he wanted it, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Slosson, boasted to his comrades that he was "going to 'work' the chaplain for money when he got out." Whenever prisoners are leaving the penitentiary Mrs. Slosson always invites them to call on her, if they desire to do so, and few, if any, fail to avail themselves of the invitation. This man went. His reception was evidently so different from what he expected—a fellow convict once described it as "lacking anything perfunctory or professional"—that he changed his mind and never even mentioned the subject of money! The other convicts, however, who imagined that he would put his threat into execution, made up a purse from their earnings, in order to repay Mrs. Slosson what they supposed she had given him. It was only in that way she found out that her visitor had meant to "work" her, as he termed it.

Practical evidences of the men's regard,

while she has had innumerable pen-holders, watch-chains, etc., from them. When, last year, her little son died there came a great box of asters, the child's favourite flowers, with a card, "From your boys." The men had actually sent to Denver for the blossoms, and any number of them wrote kindly letters of sympathy to the bereaved mother.

Among these prisoners are men from all parts of the world—Swedes, Chinese, Indians, even English subjects. One man who had come from Wales one day approached Mrs. Slosson with a request. "What is it?" she asked. "Will you write a letter to my mother for me? She's a Welshwoman and she doesn't know any English, so will you write it in Welsh?" Unfortunately the letter could not go in that form, as it need hardly be said Mrs. Slosson does not know the language. It is safe, however, to assume that that mother was not left without a communication from her son through the intermediary of a third person. Similar requests



THE LADY CHAPLAIN PREACHING TO THE CONVICTS.
From a Photo.

indeed, are visible all over Mrs. Slosson's house. Her afternoon tea-table is of beautiful carved ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and was made and given to her by one of her "boys," while another made her a work-basket of carved horn and silver, and a pair of bison horns came from a third. Many silver inlaid boxes which are in other rooms came from others, and yet another presented her with a silver water set,

have been made for letters to their kindred by Chinese and Swedes.

A prison is hardly the place to look for humorous incidents, yet at times these have occurred. Among Mrs. Slosson's congregation at one time was a Shoshone Indian, who had killed his wife for breaking his rifle. He was very brutal and equally stupid at first, but under the influence of the place he began to get quite

friendly and civilized before he left. He particularly enjoyed the singing of the hymns on Sunday, and would stand so absolutely impassive that he looked for all the world like a carved image rather than a man. Indeed, a lady visitor who accompanied Mrs. Slosson to the service one day noticed the Indian and actually mistook him for a wooden effigy carved by the prisoners. She nearly fainted when at the end of the service the "image" moved away with the others.

Humorous, too, with the humour of pathos, is the invariable attitude of the prisoners towards little children, to whom, as a rule, they are passionately devoted. Six feet of cowboy once declared in that prison, "A baby is the only thing in the world I ever did want to steal. I can hardly keep my hands off them when they come with their mothers to visit their fathers in the penitentiary."

When the prisoners leave, even if they go to

a manly nature hiding away in a poor fellow's heart, and a little sunshine of love brings that out. The deadly mood is that of discouragement, and I have preached hope to them—hope in this world, I mean—until I had to stretch my conscience a little to do it." The seed she has thus sown has not only taken root but has also blossomed and produced fruit, for many of them have succeeded—succeeded, as they admit, through the unseen but still present influence of their friend. One of these men once said: "I was ready to give up trying, for no one seemed to trust me, and then I thought of Mrs. Slosson and how disappointed she would be, and I just set my teeth and went at it again." Another one declared: "I knew it would just break her heart if I went back to my old profession of gambling, so I pulled up and didn't."

No one can possibly underrate the inestimable good which male prison chaplains have wrought,



MRS. SLOSSON'S HOUSE AT LARAMIE—IT IS FULL OF LITTLE PRESENTS GIVEN HER BY GRATEFUL PRISONERS.
From a Photo.

other towns, they still keep in touch with the woman who during their incarceration kept life in their hearts with the prospect of a rehabilitated life, and the hope of re-created self-respect before them. True, it is difficult for a man turned loose on the world with a new suit of clothes, a sovereign, and a lost reputation to get a start, but nothing is impossible. To help evolve the possibility into a probability, the probability into a certainty, is Mrs. Slosson's ambition, for she was once heard to say: "The men who show me such a lovable side to their natures are murderers, cattle and horse thieves, burglars, and forgers, yet there is often

but if a few women were to emulate the example of Mrs. Slosson and seek employment within the "stone walls" which, in spite of the poet, do "a prison make," a new force might be brought to bear on convict life, a new influence introduced into prisons, and a fresh impetus given to the evolution of that work which seeks to diminish the population of our convict establishments, and can best do so by transforming the character of the inmates, while other influences are at work to prevent the rising generation taking to the ways whose end leads directly through the prison doors into the gloom and degradation of the prison cell.

INDANGEROUS WATERS

BY W. C.
Jameson
Reid.



The author describes a narrow escape from crocodiles in the Malay Peninsula. While rowing down a crocodile-infested river to visit a friend he shot one of the reptiles, which in its dying struggles smashed in the stern of the boat, so that the little craft began to sink. Then ensued a desperate race against time, with the swarming monsters in hot pursuit.



WAS stopping at a little lumber settlement named Mudang, in the Malay Peninsula, when my first, and I hope my last, experience with crocodiles occurred. Having several months to spare, I had left the civilized delights of Hong Kong and, after entrusting myself to the swarthy captain of an East Indian tramp "mugger" for the run down to Singapore, had soon grown tired of its filth and squalor, and in order to enjoy a little quietude had gladly accepted the invitation of a friend, one of the largest lumber factors in Singapore, to make a visit with him to some of the up-country lumber camps.

On the day in question I was remaining in camp awaiting the return of my friend, with whom I intended to return to Singapore on the following day. The sound of the axe-strokes and the shriek of the gang-saws sounded faintly up the muddy current of the Mudang, while below, at the temporary jetty, the Dyak labourers were loading cargo on the little flat boats to the droning chant of some improvised ditty.

Mr. Mankstrom, the German superintendent of the works on the other side of the river, had just sent over word by one of the coolies that he was on his way back to tiffin and such repose as the heat and mosquitoes would permit him, and that he would like me to drop over and help him kill time if I felt so disposed. Glad to find anything to relieve the monotony of a day in camp, I sent back word that I would start over immediately, and calling one of the Dyak labourers from his task I ordered him to

bring up the small boat and row me across. All sounds of work were soon left behind when the boat emerged upon the lagoon where the Mudang River widens into a long, sinuous arm of the sea. Here the low shores, which were grown about with reedy jungle at the upper end, where the water is nearly fresh, were fringed with mangrove forests. Here and there, in coves invisible from the main channel, little Malay fishing villages were perched high on posts above the water, but they were quite out of sight, and the scene about me had the preternatural stillness of the tropics.

The sun poured its untempered rays upon the hot earth from a pale, brassy sky. The black waters of the lagoon were gently parted by our row-boat, forced noiselessly along by Jabor, the Malay boatman, who crooned a native rowing-song in time with his softly dipping oars.

The lagoon was without a breath of air. The humid, invisible vapour rising from dank jungle and murky water-surface served only to make the heat more oppressive. The buzzard-perched silently in dead trees; long-legged adjutant birds, standing at the water's verge, were asleep; and water-snakes floated motionless on the surface, with flattened heads resting upon their coils, until disturbed by our advancing boat, when they swam, writhing, to left or right. The lagoon's inscrutable depths suggested mysterious dangers, but looking down into their blackness I could only see some long, pallid fish which flickered ghostly upward toward the surface, only to disappear again from view. But the face of the lagoon indicated

danger unmistakable to whoever might find himself in those treacherous waters. Dark objects like floating wood-knots at rest, or slowly moving onward before a faint ripple, revealed to the experienced eye the presence of crocodiles, which are nowhere fiercer than in the Malaysian rivers. A score or more of these great saurians lay in the sun side by side, upon a bank of slimy mud against the farther shore, scaly and motionless, like fallen trunks of the cocoa-palm.

The boat in which I was sitting—once the captain's gig of an English trading schooner—did not inspire in me any degree of assurance, for it was an old, patched-up craft condemned years before as unsafe to meet the buffetings of ocean waves, but still deemed fit for use on inland waters. Although I did not apprehend danger of any kind, still, as I pulled nervously at the tiller ropes, I wished myself safe at Mankstrom's bungalow, round the long bend two miles below.

At this moment loud sounds behind us caught my ear—grunts and squeals, a crashing and splashing.

"Halloa! What's that?" I cried, and looked round. "Wild pigs crossing the river! 'Bout with the boat, quick, Jahor! Row for them hard!" Here was a chance for a capital bit of sport, and my hand fell upon the rifle that lay by my side. Up the river-channel a herd of grey, long-nosed, bristling animals burst from the jungle, plunged pell-mell into the river, and swam toward the opposite bank. As, in obedience to my instructions, Jahor brought the boat about, I placed the rifle ready to hand across the thwart and set his course back toward the river's mouth; but, in spite of the boatman's superhuman efforts, our boat was too heavy and clumsy to make any headway, and the herd, helped by the current, began to draw away from us rapidly, and I knew that there would be no chance of overtaking them.

"Stop rowing, Jahor!" I cried, in disappointment. "It's no use. They'll be across long before we can get half way there. But look at the crocodiles swimming for them!"

As I spoke, all the floating logs that had lain so inert upon the face of the lagoon, and others invisible before, were now moving fast toward the swimming herd, their direction indicated by long, converging lines of ripples. The reptiles on the mud-bank became suddenly alert; each ugly head was lifted attentively, and, as if by a concerted movement, they swiftly wheeled or backed into the water to join their companions in the silent race for prey.

Half-way across the river one of the pigs, lagging, suddenly gave a loud, startled squeal, instantly smothered by water as it was dragged down by an unseen assailant. A commotion in the water, and the sight now and then of a scaly back or tail or long upper jaw, showed that several of the ugly monsters were disputing for the possession of the victim. The pigs, as they swam, kept together as well as they could, making a splashing which seemed somewhat to deter the pursuing crocodiles from attack. The larger pigs, swimming in advance, were unmolested, but the weaker ones, falling behind, did not fare so well.

Before the herd gained the opposite shore first one and then another luckless straggler was dragged shrieking below the surface. The foremost, as they clambered up the bank, were crowded hard by those in the rear; and with the loss of three of their number the animals disappeared in the jungle, leaving the water behind them all astir with their pursuers.

I had been so busily engaged in watching this scene that I did not notice that Jahor, without waiting for orders, had returned the boat to its course and was fast rowing away from the spot. I was on the point of asking him his reasons for such unexplainable haste when, to my alarm, I became aware that several of the crocodiles were swimming up near the boat. I wondered a little at their unusual boldness, but as I did not think for a moment that they would molest us I dismissed my fears and, picking up the tiller ropes, resumed my steering.

Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, Jahor gave a tremendous start, his swinging oars



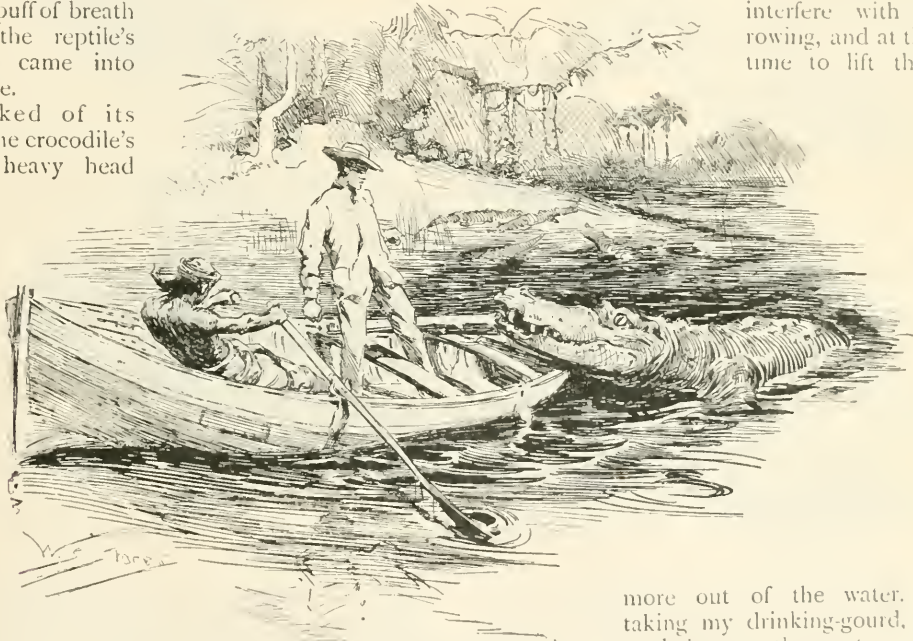
MR. W. C. JAMESON REID.
From a Photo.

poised motionless for an instant in the air. The Malay's full black eyes suddenly dilated, his face became ashy brown, and its lines set in an expression of horror.

"Sahib! The crocodile!" he shrieked, and dipped the oars in a mighty stroke that made the frail boat jump ahead with a quiver.

I turned my head to the left toward the sound of a faint splash. An oar's length away the dead black water upheaved as a hideous snout emerged from it, opening wide into vast jaws set about with serrated pointed teeth and long canine fangs. Completely unnerved by the suddenness with which danger had been thrust upon us when so little expected, I sprang forward into the waist of the boat as it shot ahead, and the great jaws and serrated teeth clashed so close that a puff of breath from the reptile's throat came into my face.

Balked of its prey, the crocodile's long, heavy head



"THE GREAT JAWS AND SERRATED TEETH CLASHED."

rested for an instant upon the quarter of the boat, sinking the stern almost to the water-line. Then the scaly body came into full view, and the grey underpart was partly upturned as the reptile backed and swung free from the end of the boat. To seize my rifle and empty several shots into the creature behind the shoulder was the act of a moment. The ugly monster, hard hit, whirled in the water, and his lashing tail caught the stern of the boat a terrific blow, shattering the gunwale and part of the side. But he had had enough of the encounter, and did not attempt to pursue us as Jahor pulled rapidly away.

Other crocodiles, however, excited by the crossing of the wild hogs, followed the wake of the boat as they had pursued the swimming herd. There was no time for me to shudder over my narrow escape, for we were still menaced by serious danger should any other of the monsters take it into their heads to attack us. In the boat's stern a gaping hole extended down almost to the water-line, and below this opening the seams were so started that water was pouring into the boat in a dozen tiny rills. As we were at the widest part of the lagoon mouth this new discovery gave me a fresh thrill of horror, for should we sink or capsize our death would be but a matter of seconds.

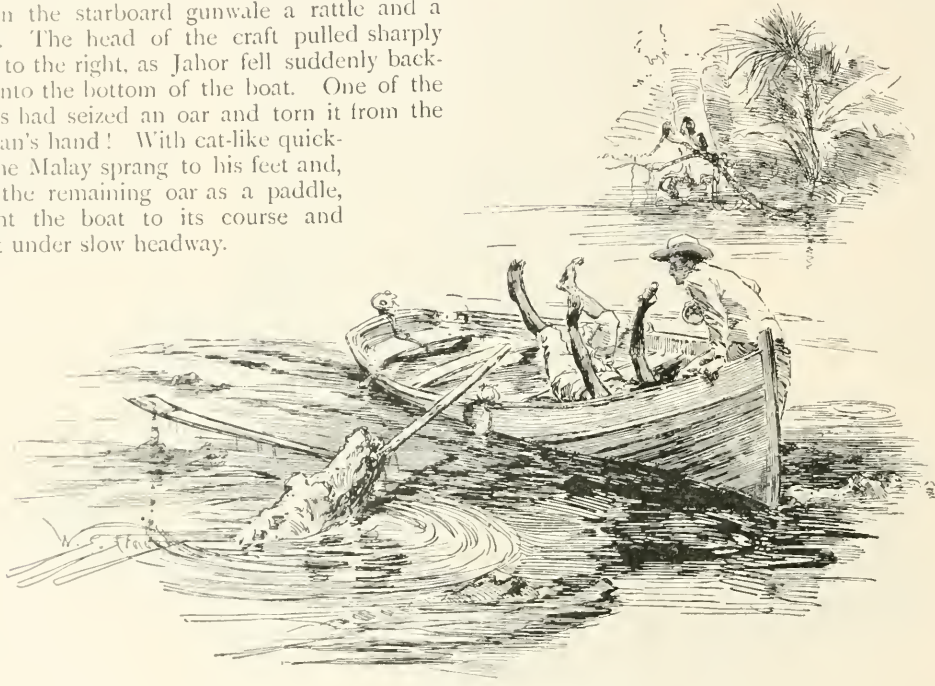
My first act was to take my position up in the bows so as not to interfere with Jahor's rowing, and at the same time to lift the stern

more out of the water. Then, taking my drinking-gourd, I began to bale out the water with the energy of desperation.

Meanwhile Jahor tugged at the oars, shaping the course of the boat toward a strip of sandy beach that marked the beginning of the mangrove forest about two hundred yards away. To attempt a landing at a nearer point of the shore would be to incur the risk of running aground in soft, muddy shallows. Swiftly, relentlessly, the water came in through the wide rents in the shattered stern. It flowed forward and gathered in a deepening pool, against which I could make but small headway with my shallow gourd. Lower and lower down in the water the boat settled, and nearer and nearer after it came the ominous ripples made

by the swimming saurians. Off on the quarter, a dozen yards away, one long streak of agitated water marked the wake of a crocodile of unusual size, following steadily at the exact speed of the boat. Taking a few seconds, which I could ill spare, from baling, I hastily reloaded my rifle and laid it across the thwarts ready for action in case the ferocious assailant, who was following us so relentlessly—almost as if possessed of human subtlety—should close in on us.

At this moment there came a swift wrench, and on the starboard gunwale a rattle and a splash. The head of the craft pulled sharply round to the right, as Jahor fell suddenly backward into the bottom of the boat. One of the reptiles had seized an oar and torn it from the boatman's hand! With cat-like quickness the Malay sprang to his feet and, using the remaining oar as a paddle, brought the boat to its course and kept it under slow headway.



“ONE OF THE REPTILES HAD SEIZED AN OAR.”

With the loss of speed and the gradual lowering of the boat the water came in faster and faster, and the fierce swimmers about the craft became bolder, while their numbers increased. Working away with all our might, totally oblivious of the tremendous heat, and only actuated by the grim determination to escape those vindictive pursuers, I exchanged glances of despair with Jahor as we lifted our eyes from the fast filling boat to scan the stretch of black water that still showed between us and the shore.

Out from the dull green mass of the mangrove forest came an unexpected sound—a woman's voice, a woman's laugh. A native girl, in mirth or derision, spoke and laughed shrilly, so loudly that this token of human presence came over the water to us like a ghastly mockery. Jahor,

on first hearing this sound, dropped his paddle and, turning in the direction whence the sounds came, placed his hands tube-wise to his mouth and gave, strong and clear, a peculiar cadenced cry, like the note of a wild bird. It was the call to comrades by Malay fishermen in distress.

There was an instant's silence, the laugh of the woman was hushed, and then back from the mangroves came a man's answering call. Again Jahor called, this time with another intonation, a note vehemently reiterated. As the answer

came back he began to throw water out of the boat with the oar, while a great load seemed to lift itself from my mind as I understood the meaning of his call and its answering signal.

Now from the shore, where no signs of human life could be seen, came sounds of quick movement faintly heard; calls and answers, sharp voices of command, the rattle of oars thrown down. Then somewhere in the forest's recesses I heard oars moving fast in rowlocks.

Would they be too late? The water was gaining on us now so rapidly that I knew the boat could not keep afloat much longer, and I shuddered with dread at the despairing thoughts which surged through my brain. Jahor flung his arms upward and once more gave his cry, the embodiment of agonized appeal. But the boat was settling deeper and deeper, despite

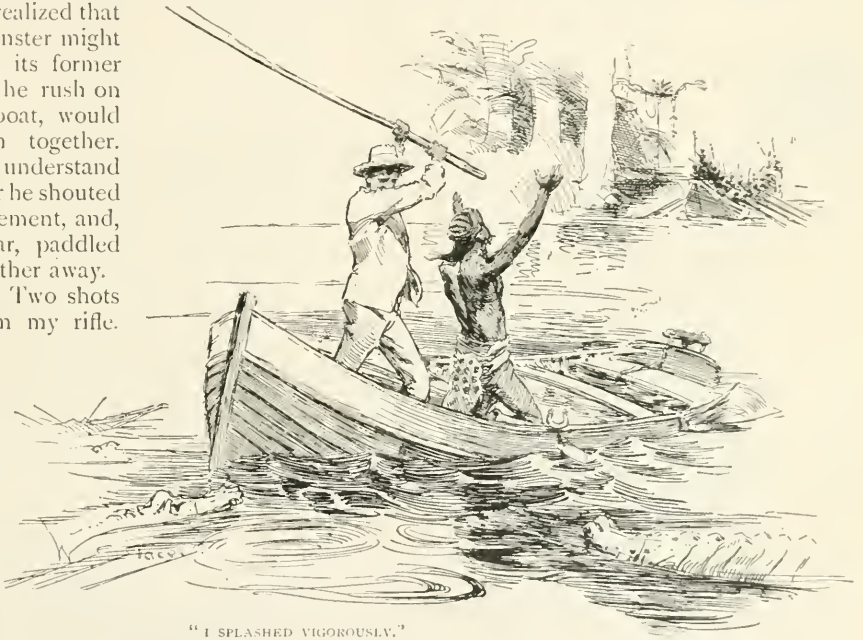
our laborious efforts to keep down the water, and the swimming reptiles came closer, only kept aloof a little now by the sounds of the desperate baling.

But the great crocodile which had followed us so persistently on the quarter came slowly, steadily onward and paused by our side, two oars' distance away. He swam high, with all his great length shown, his head at the surface and his eye fixed upon us with a cold stare almost demoniacal in its baleful intensity. To see him resting there was too great a tax on my overworked nerves, and, stopping for a moment, I seized the rifle. Slowly, smoothly, the vindictive monster turned in the water, so as to face the boat. Still I hesitated to fire, for I realized that if hard hit the monster might in its agony forget its former wariness. Should he rush on us we, men and boat, would go to destruction together. Jahor seemed to understand my predicament, for he shouted a word of encouragement, and, picking up the oar, paddled the boat a little farther away.

Bang! Bang! Two shots spoke sharply from my rifle.

There was an up-rearing, a great swirl, a swash of water against the boat that made the farther gunwale dip beneath the surface and sent a fresh flood in at the stern. Floundering in agony, blinded by the shot, the monster darted away on a zigzag course, sinking and reappearing, and leaving behind him a wake of foam and blood. With at least this, the most powerful and savage of our assailants, put out of the struggle I gave a gasp of relief. A second later a joyful ejaculation from Jahor caused me to follow the direction of his outstretched finger, where, out of the mouth of the cove, several hundred yards away, came a fishing proa, manned by eight swarthy oarsmen, pulling powerfully. In the prow and amidships were men grasping spears, kreeses, and matchlocks.

"*Yarama, yarama, widdi, iddi yarama!*" rose loudly the rowing-song of the Malay boatmen. With a flashing of bright steel, a glow of red caps and turbans and checked *sarongs*, the gleam of silver bracelets and armlets on tossing arms above the sides, their great craft came skimming onward in answer to the call of a tribesman for succour. I knew that our boat could not keep afloat much longer, but as the proa was drawing up on us rapidly I seized the oar from Jahor's hand and splashed vigorously in the water about us to drive our remaining assailants to a farther distance. Down upon us, with driving oar-splash and a roll of foaming water beneath the sharp



"I SPLASHED VIGOROUSLY."

prow, darted the proa. Before its coming the baffled reptiles sank like stones from sight. Alongside now came the swift rush of the Malay craft. On its nearer side the oars were shipped with a clash; a dozen eager hands reached out. The surge of its wave, rolling over our shattered boat, sent it to the bottom, but, as the planks sank from beneath our feet, with a last desperate leap Jahor and I sprang aboard. With wild cries we were caught and drawn to safety on the proa, while our rescuers' shrill yells of triumph scared even the roosting buzzards from their perch in the jungle trees.

Paris to New York Overland.

THE NARRATIVE OF A REMARKABLE EXPEDITION.

BY HARRY DE WINDT, F.R.G.S.

IV.—ON THE SHORES OF THE ARCTIC: FROM THE KOLYMA RIVER TO CAPE NORTH.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we have secured the sole and exclusive right to publish the only illustrated account of Mr. de Windt's great feat which will appear in this country, the reproductions of the Kodak photographs taken during the expedition adding greatly to the vividness of the narrative. As a glance at a map of the world will show, the explorer's journey necessitated traversing some of the wildest and most inhospitable regions of the earth, where even the elements fought against the intrepid party. Mr. de Windt essayed the journey once before, but on that occasion the expedition came to grief on the ice-bound shores of Behring Sea, and the author barely escaped with his life from the hands of the savage natives. This time complete success has crowned the venture; but the adventures met with, and the unheard-of privations endured by the party, form a unique record of human endurance and dogged pluck.



OWARDS evening on the day of our departure from Sukharno we encountered another blizzard, of such terrific force that it compelled us to halt for several hours. On this occasion a breast-plate of solid ice was formed on our deerskins, and an idea of the intense and incessant cold which followed may be gleaned by the fact that this uncomfortable cuirass remained intact until we entered the first Tebukichi hut nearly three weeks later! To reach this remote settlement, six hundred miles distant, was now my chief anxiety, for the details of its location given me at Sredni-Kolymsk were of the most meagre description. It was "somewhere" on the eastern shores of Tebaun Bay, unless its inhabitants had retreated into the interior of

the country, in which case starvation seemed unpleasantly probable for us. A Patagonian savage set down in Piccadilly Circus and told to make his way unassisted to the Mansion House would have had an easy task by comparison with ours, certainly so far as the important questions of food and shelter were concerned.

Our first "poorga" (as Arctic blizzards are here called), although a severe one, was as nothing to the tempests we were destined to encounter some days later. A "poorga" is one of the greatest perils of this coast. Its fury resembles that of a Chinese typhoon, for while it blows you cannot see a yard ahead for driving snow, or, if the wind be adverse, travel, while the dogs generally lie down and howl in terror. The situation then becomes one of great danger, for these storms sometimes last for two or three



From a

A MIDDAY HALT.

[Kodak Photo.

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days on end. I afterwards met a Tchuktchi who, noticing an unusual mound of snow the day after one of these gales, examined the heap and found a sled and the frozen remains of its driver and dogs. They had lain down to die in despair within twenty yards of the man's hut!

Imagine a tract of country, say, from Calais to St. Petersburg, as barren as a snow-clad Sahara, absolutely uninhabited for the first six hundred miles, and then sparsely peopled by the filthiest race in creation, and you have an idea of the region traversed by my expedition for nearly two months of continuous travel, from the last Russian outpost to Behring Straits. Place a piece of coal sprinkled with salt on a white tablecloth, a few inches off it scatter some lump sugar, and it will give you, in miniature, a very fair presentment of the scenery. The coal is the bleak coast-line, continually swept clear of

would flash like jewels in the full blaze of the sun's rays, while blocks of dark green ice in the shade, half buried in snow, would appear for all the world like emeralds dropped into a mass of whipped cream.

But we had little time, or, indeed, inclination, to admire the beauties of Nature, which are robbed of half their charm when viewed by the possessor of an empty stomach. Did not Dr. Johnson remark that "the finest landscape in the world is spoilt without a good hotel in the foreground"? Time in our case meant not only money but *life*, and we were therefore compelled to push on, day after day, week after week, at the highest rate of speed attainable by our miserable dogs, who, to do them justice, did their best. The poor beasts seemed instinctively aware that our scanty rations would only last for a very limited period. When the coast



From a)

THE THIRD DAY OUT FROM THE KOLYMA RIVER—TRAVELLING ON THE ICE-BOUND ARCTIC. [Kodak Photo.]

snow by furious gales, the sugar sea-ice, and the interval the frozen beach on which we journeyed for nearly fifteen hundred miles. The melancholy, dreary landscape never changed, but occasionally the cliffs would vanish, and our way lie across the "tundras"—vast plains which in summer encircle the Arctic plain with verdure, but which in winter-time are merged with the frozen ocean in one boundless, bewildering wilderness of white. In hazy weather land and sky formed one impenetrable veil, with no horizon as dividing line, when, at a short distance away, men and dog-sleds resembled flies crawling up a perpendicular wall. But on clear days, unfortunately rare, the blue sky and sunshine were Mediterranean, and at such times the bergs and hummocks out at sea

was visible we steered by it, travelling from 6 a.m. until we struck drift wood, the traveller's sole salvation on this cruel coast. Sometimes we found it and sometimes we didn't. In any case, it was never more than sufficient to boil a kettle, and bodily warmth from a good fire was an unattainable luxury. During a fairly long life of travel, embracing many of the wildest portions of the earth, I can safely say that I have never suffered as I did during those first three weeks along the shores of North Eastern Siberia. We were often compelled to go without food through the whole twenty four hours, our frozen provisions being useless without a fire to thaw them. At night, after a cheerless and miserable meal, we would crawl into sleeping bags and try to slumber in a temperature

varying from 35deg. to 45deg. below Fahrenheit. And very often, lying sleepless, miserable, and half frozen under that flimsy tent, I resolved to give up my project and make an attempt to return to the Kolyma River, although retreat would now have been attended with some peril. And yet, somehow, morning always found us on the march eastward, although, at our snail-like speed, America seemed almost as unattainable as the North Pole itself. On the beach we got along fairly well, but steep, precipitous cliffs often drove us out to sea, where the sleds

minor evil that increased our sufferings during those dark days of cold and hunger.

And yet, if all had gone well, all these troubles—added to intense cold and semi-starvation—would have been bearable; but everything went wrong. First it was the dogs, as famished as ourselves, who dragged their tired limbs more and more heavily towards evening as the weary days crawled on. Every morning I used to look at their gaunt flanks and hungry eyes and think with despair of the thousand odd miles that lay between us and

Behring Straits. Then the Russian drivers turned nasty and threatened almost daily to desert us and return to their homes on the Kolyma. All Russians have a deadly fear of the Tchuktchis, and these were no exception to the rule. One morning they arrived in a body and vowed that nothing should induce them to proceed a mile farther. The Tchuktchis, they averred, were openly hostile, and instead of finding the food we expected at the first settlement we should probably meet with death. Finally, force had to be employed to keep these cowards together, and, luckily, we were well armed, which they were not. But this trouble necessitated a watch by night



[L. 101-1]

"PRECIPITOUS CLIFFS OF ICE DROVE US OUT TO SEA."

[Kodak Photo.]

had to be pushed and hauled over rough and often mountainous ice, about the toughest work I know of. We then travelled about a mile an hour, and sometimes not that. The end of the day generally found us all cut about, bruised, and bleeding from falls over the glassy, slippery ice, and the wounds, although trifling, were made doubly painful by frost and the absence of hot water. I enter into these apparently trivial details as at the time they appeared to us of considerable importance. The reader may think them unnecessary, just as a man who has never had toothache frequently laughs at a sufferer. Toothache, by the way, was another

as exhausting as it was painful in the pitiless cold. Only ten days out from Kolymsk we were living on a quarter of a pound of "Carnyl,"* a compressed food, and a little frozen fish a day, a diet that would scarcely satisfy a healthy child. Bread, biscuits, and everything in the shape of flour was finished a week after leaving Kolymsk, but luckily we had plenty of tea and tobacco, which kept life within us to the last, especially the former.

Then sickness came. Owing to the frequent

* "Carnyl" is the most sustaining food in a small compass which has ever come under my notice, and I can most heartily recommend it to the notice of other explorers.

dearth of fuel our furs and foot-gear were seldom quite dry, and during sleep our feet were sometimes frozen by the moisture formed during the day. One fireless night De Clinchamp entirely lost the use of his limbs, and a day's delay was the result. Four days later he slipped into a crevasse while after a bear and ruptured himself. This Polar bear, by the way, was the only living thing we saw throughout that journey of six hundred miles. Then I was attacked by snow-blindness, the pain of which must be experienced to be realized. In civilization the malady would have necessitated medical care and a darkened room. Here it meant pushing on day after day half-blinded and in great agony, especially when there was no drift-wood, and therefore no hot water to subdue the inflammation. Sleep or rest of any kind was impossible for nearly a week, and for two days my eyes closed up entirely, and I lay helpless on a sled until we struck a fair quantity of wood and halted for forty-eight hours. About this time one of the dogs was attacked with rabies, brought on, I imagine, by hunger and cold, and bit several others before we could shoot it. We lost over a dozen dogs in this way before reaching Behring Straits. And yet, notwithstanding these hourly difficulties, privations, and hardships, I am proud to say that I never once heard a word of complaint from a single member of our party. And I may add that no leader of an expedition could wish for three more courageous, cheerful, and unselfish companions than the Vicomte de Clinchamp-Bellegarde, George Harding, and last, but not least, the Cossack, Stepan Rastorguyeff, whose invaluable services throughout this arduous journey will, I am informed, be suitably rewarded by the Russian Government.

About one day in four was bright and sunny, and would have been almost pleasant under other circumstances; even our chicken-hearted drivers would become less gloomy under the genial influences of blue sky and sunshine, and join together in the weird songs of their country until darkness again fell, bringing with it disquieting fears of the murderous Tchuktchis. A favourite air was a weird, melancholy ditty, said to have been composed by a native of Kolymsk. With this the poor wretches used to beguile the hours of travel—when the sun shone. But this was seldom, and most of that terrible coast journey was made through ever-recurring snowstorms, gales, and "poorgas." We met three of the latter between the Kolyma River and Cape North, the last one striking us on the twentieth day out as we were crossing Tchaun Bay, which is marked upon most English maps. A "poorga" generally gives no warning, and although the weather just before had been clear

and still, in five minutes we were at the mercy of such a tempest that men and dogs were compelled to halt and crouch under the sleds to escape its fury.

During a temporary lull we got under way again, and for seven of the longest hours of my life we floundered on. Every few minutes the weak, half-starved dogs would lie down, and were only urged on by severe punishment which it went to my heart to see inflicted. But to reach land was a question of life or death, especially as at this season of the year floes are often detached and blown out to sea. It was truly tough work! Sometimes the coast would loom ahead through the blinding snow, but we had to steer chiefly by the compass, which for some occult reason was that day useless, for it pointed east and led us due north towards the ocean. At last we reached land, exhausted and badly frost-bitten, but safe. Some drift-wood and the shelter of a friendly cavern were handy, or I think some of us must inevitably have perished that night from the ferocious cold. After the evening meal every mouthful of food we had left was two pounds of "Carnyl" and six pounds of frozen fish. This was for nine men and sixty dogs! Hitherto we had joked about cannibalism. Harding, we said, as being the stoutest member of the party, was to be sacrificed, and Stepan was to be the executioner. But tonight this well-worn joke fell flat. For we had reached the eastern shores of Tchaun Bay, and this was where we should have struck the first Tchuktchi village. When the sun rose next morning, however, not a sign of human life was visible. Even the genial Stepan's features assumed a look of blank despair, but the plucky Cossack aroused our miserable drivers as usual with his merciless "nagaika" (Cossack whip), and compelled them to make a start, although the poor wretches would willingly have resigned themselves to a death which undoubtedly overtook them a few days later.

We had lost three dogs during the blizzard on Tchaun Bay, and the rest were so weary and footsore that it seemed little short of brutal to drive them on. But to stop here meant starvation, so we struggled painfully onwards to the eastward, growing weaker and weaker every hour. At times I felt as if I must lie down in the snow and give way to the overpowering feeling of drowsiness produced by weakness, cold, and hunger, and Harding and De Clinchamp afterwards confessed that they frequently experienced the same feeling. But Stepan, the Cossack, perhaps more inured to hardships than ourselves, was the life and soul of our miserable party during that



From a

THE EXPEDITION CROSSING TCHAUN BAY.

[Kodak Photo.]

interminable day. And it was probably due to his dogged determination (combined with a small slice of luck) that on that very night we sighted our goal—the first Tchuktchi settlement, and the relief with which I first beheld those dingy walrus-hide huts cannot be described. For even this filthy haven meant salvation from a lingering death.

Our first reception by the Tchuktchis was so unfriendly that I began to think there might have been some reason for the repeated warnings

of our friends from the Kolyma. Two or three woebegone beings in ragged deerskins crawled out of one of the three huts the place contained, and surveyed us with surly, suspicious looks, when a driver, who knew a few words of Tchuktchi, begged for shelter and a little food. But these unattractive natives gruffly replied that there were neither, and pointed at the same time to a black cloth flapping mournfully in the breeze over the nearest hut. I knew this to be the Tchuktchi emblem of death. Our inhospitable hosts then indicated a dark object some distance away upon the snow, which Stepan discovered to be several corpses of men and women in various stages of decomposition. An infectious disease was

raging, and we beat a hasty retreat from the hut, where several sufferers lay upon the ground. I imagine the malady was small-pox, for a lengthened experience of Siberian prisons has made me familiar with the characteristic smell which, according to Russian physicians, generally accompanies the confluent form of this disease. On the other hand, "kor," a malady only outwardly resembling small-pox, occasionally rages amongst the Yakutes, and I may have been mistaken in my very cursory diagnosis.

We ascertained with considerable difficulty from the natives that the next settlement was at least nine "sleeps" away, which meant, according to the Tchuktehi dialect, the same number of days. Fortunately I had brought "vodka" for trading purposes (a Tchuktehi will sell his soul for alcohol), so it got us some seal-meat for ourselves and the dogs. I can

our own sleds. In this there is a certain art somewhat difficult to acquire, for dogs will at once discover a change of driver the moment the latter opens his mouth and become accordingly troublesome. The rudiments of the craft are easily picked up. There are, of course, no reins of any kind. To start off you seize the sled with both hands, give it a violent wrench



THE FIRST TCHUKTEHI SETTLEMENT—THE BLACK CLOTH OVER THE HUT IN THE BACKGROUND INDICATES THAT AN EPIDEMIC OF SMALL-POX IS RAGING. [Keduk Photo.]

safely say that this is the most nauseous diet in creation! But we devoured it greedily and gratefully, for another twenty-four hours must have seen us starving. There were about thirty people in this place who had escaped the prevailing epidemic, who seemed so hostile that our timid drivers were once more paralyzed with fear. That night we were all too exhausted to keep the usual watch, and when we awoke late next morning our Russian friends had turned tail and bolted, taking some seal-meat and most of our "vodka" with them. There can be no doubt that the runaways have perished trying to reach their homes on the Kolyma River. Panic had deprived them of the reasoning powers to take a sled and dogs, and they had not even a compass, which, however, these poor ignorant Moujiks would probably have been unable to make use of! The food they took was perhaps sufficient for a week, not for a journey of (at least) a couple of months on foot.

We pushed on after a night's rest, now driving

to one side, and cry, "P'tak," when the team starts off (or *should* start off) at full gallop, and you gain your seat as you best may. To stop, you jab the iron hook into snow or ice and call out "Tar," but the management of the brake is by no means easy, especially with strong and unruly dogs. Frequent fights necessitate the constant readjustment of the traces—no pleasant job in a very low temperature. Laplanders and Eskimos have each their methods of dog-driving, but the above is that practised by the Tchuktehis on the northern coasts of Siberia.

On leaving the first settlement we had just enough food for ten days (on short rations), but in a week we reached the second village, which was more prosperous, with plenty of seal-meat. Here most of the natives had never seen a white man, and we were, therefore, regarded with the greatest curiosity, especially by the women, who continually opened our tent to gaze inside—much to our discomfort on account of the cold. There were about fifty people here who badly wanted our "vodka," but the latter was dispensed



TCHUKTEHI GIRLS PEEPING INTO THE TENT.

From a Kodak Photo.

very sparingly, for a drunken Tchuktehi is a murderous fiend. Half-a-dozen dogs, some tea, and tobacco were therefore exchanged for food, and after a short rest we set out again. The journey of eighteen days from the first settlement to Cape North was chiefly ice work (at sea), which weakness, caused by cold and hunger, rendered us almost incapable of. But we pegged away cheerfully enough, although there are not twenty miles of that miserable

coast that do not recall some harassing anxiety connected with weakly dogs and scarcity of provisions. Above all, we travelled so slowly that Koluitchin Bay (eight hundred miles away) would probably be found broken up and impassable, in which case an entire summer would have to be passed amongst the treacherous natives of this dreary coast.

Finally, Eumati, a large village near Cape North, was reached, and here we found dog-food and even deer-meat, which latter, although old and putrid, was most acceptable. From here on to Cape North villages became more frequent and the natives more friendly. In one place the sight of a San Francisco newspaper filled us with joy and a pleasant sense of proximity, although it *was* two years old! We traced it to an American whaler — for the trade of this coast is now no longer in Russian hands, but in those of the whaling fleet from the Golden Gate. At present there is no communication whatsoever



From a

THE TCHUKTEHIS INVESTIGATE THE BAGGAGE-SLEDS.

[Kodak Photo.]



From a]

THE LAST TCHUKTCHI VILLAGE ON THE SHORES OF BEHRING STRAITS.

[Kodak Photo.

between the Tchuktchis and the Kolyma River, as we had already found—to our cost!

At Cape North (which we took so long to reach that we named it "Cape Despair") we actually obtained flour and molasses—priceless luxuries. Pancakes fried in seal oil may not

sound appetizing, but we found them delicious. And the welcome news that Koluitchin Bay would remain frozen until late in May enabled me to hope that we might now eventually reach Behring Straits, a contingency which only a few days before had seemed extremely remote.



CAPE NORTH—THE EXPLORERS NAMED IT "CAPE DESPAIR," BECAUSE IT TOOK THEM SO LONG TO REACH IT.

From a Kodak Photo.

(To be continued.)

Odds and Ends.

Fly-catching Extraordinary—The Squid-Fishers' Village—A Remarkable Territory—A Junk-shaped Pine Tree—A Climatic Freak in Michigan—The Worst Bridge in the Himalayas, etc.



* PEOPLE OF FLIES AT WINNIPEG.—THE FLY-PAPERS HERE SHOWN WERE QUITE NEW WHEN THE MEAL COMMENCED! [Photo.]



CORRESPONDENT in Winnipeg sends us the remarkable snap-shot here shown. He writes as follows: "This photograph was taken just as we had finished tea, and shows how

we have to partake of our meals at the time of writing on account of the lively little house-fly.

There is a regular plague of them just now, and all the eatables have to be placed in the centre of the table, covered with muslin, and flypapers placed on top of the whole. Each time we want anything we have to go fishing, as it were, under the muslin. The fly papers shown in the photograph were quite new when we sat down, so you will get an idea of how we

enjoy ourselves. This is a grand country for studying insect life!"

The accompanying photograph shows the squid-fishers' village near Monterey, California. This village is a miscellaneous jumble of wooden shanties—many of them supported on piles—and is occupied exclusively by Chinamen engaged in squid-catching. The squids, which seem to be the young of a species of cuttle-fish, and are only a few inches in length, swarm off the coast at certain seasons. They are caught in nets by the Chinamen, sun-dried, and then shipped to China, where they are esteemed a great delicacy. The peculiar-looking boats shown in the foreground are of Chinese manufacture, and are constructed entirely without

nails, wooden pegs taking their place. The sides of these boats are of double thickness, with an air space between, and the body of the craft is divided by partitions into a rude semblance of water-tight compartments—a comparatively modern invention with us, but known to these remarkable people for centuries.



[From a]

THE CHINESE SQUID-FISHERS' VILLAGE NEAR MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

[Photo.]



THE FRONTIER OF MORESNET, THE ONLY NEUTRAL TERRITORY IN EUROPE.
From a Photo.

It is safe to say that very few of our readers have ever heard of the territory of Moresnet, which alone among the countries of Europe is completely neutral. Moresnet is situated between Germany, Belgium, and Holland, and the whole length of the district can be traversed in about an hour. In spite of its small size, however, Moresnet has a population of over 3,000 people. The story of how the place came to be declared neutral ground is rather curious. The capital of Moresnet is Altenberg, which possesses a valuable zinc mine, now nearly exhausted. For upwards of fourteen years, between 1816 and 1830, a dispute raged between Germany and Belgium as to the possession of this territory, as both countries coveted the then valuable mine. As, however, there seemed no hope of settling the quarrel, it was finally agreed that the district should be made neutral ground, and since 1839 it has been governed by a Mayor and a Council of ten members. Some of the laws of the neighbouring States are in force here, but the descendants of the original inhabitants are exempt from military service. Our photograph shows the frontier between the three countries, with German, Dutch, and Belgian gendarmes.

A correspondent in Peking sends

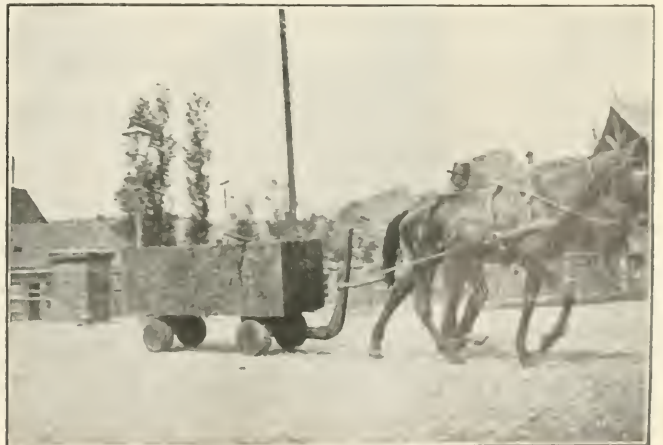
us our next photograph. This shows a big pine tree which has been cleverly trained into the shape of a Japanese junk. The high stern, rounded sides, masts, and yards are all there, and the whole thing is a fine example of what can be done in the way of tree-training. This particular tree is situated in the grounds of the Kinkakuji (or Gold-Covered) Temple in Kioto, Japan. The grounds of this temple are full of similar curiosities, and most of the landscape gardens of Japan are copied from it.

In spite of modern innovations there are still many quaint sights to be seen in Holland, as the accompanying photograph will show. The weird-looking, prehistoric vehicle seen in the photo. was constructed entirely of wood, from the stout, box-like body to the solid little wheels, and the primitive harness of the tired-looking horse consisted principally of rope and odd bits of leather. The shape of the single bent-up shaft reminds one of the old-fashioned Dutch skate, and the same pattern is to be seen on many Dutch vehicles.

The photograph at the top of the following page was taken in Michigan last May, at half-past seven in the morning, and shows a



JUNK-SHAPED PINE TREE AT KIOTO.
From a Photo.



A QUAIN OF THE COUNTRY. IT IS CONSTRUCTED ENTIRELY OF WOOD, FROM THE BOX-LIKE BODY TO THE SOLID RUBBER WHEELS.
(From a Photo.)



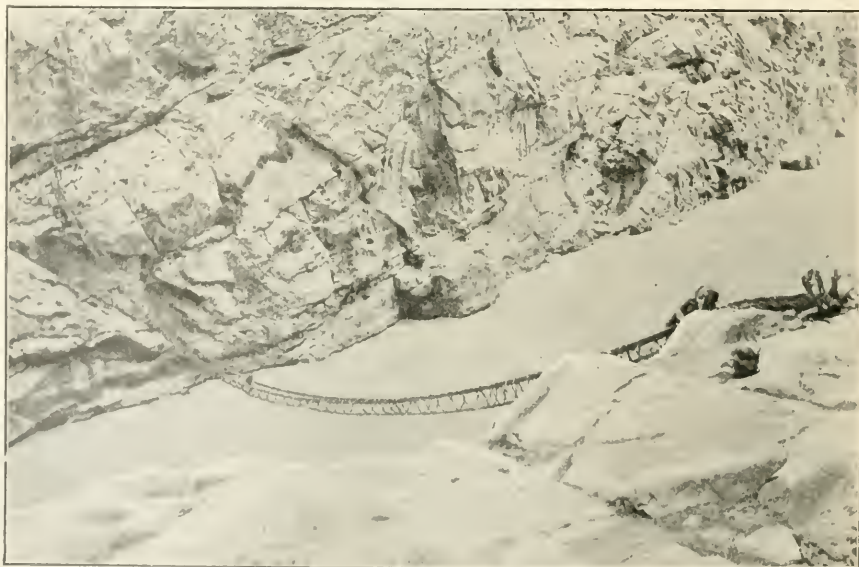
THE RESULT OF A SUDDEN CHANGE OF TEMPERATURE—APPLE TREES IN FULL BLOSSOM LADEN WITH SNOW. [Photo.]

number of apple trees in full blossom, heavily laden with snow. Between the hours of midnight and 5 a.m. a fall of no less than 35 deg. took place in the temperature—a change which in the ordinary way would have been absolutely disastrous to the fruit-growers. Four inches of snow fell at the same time, however, and, forming a protective mantle, saved many of the trees from severe injury by frost. A few hours after the photograph was taken the snow had disappeared, and spring went on as though no interruption had ever occurred.

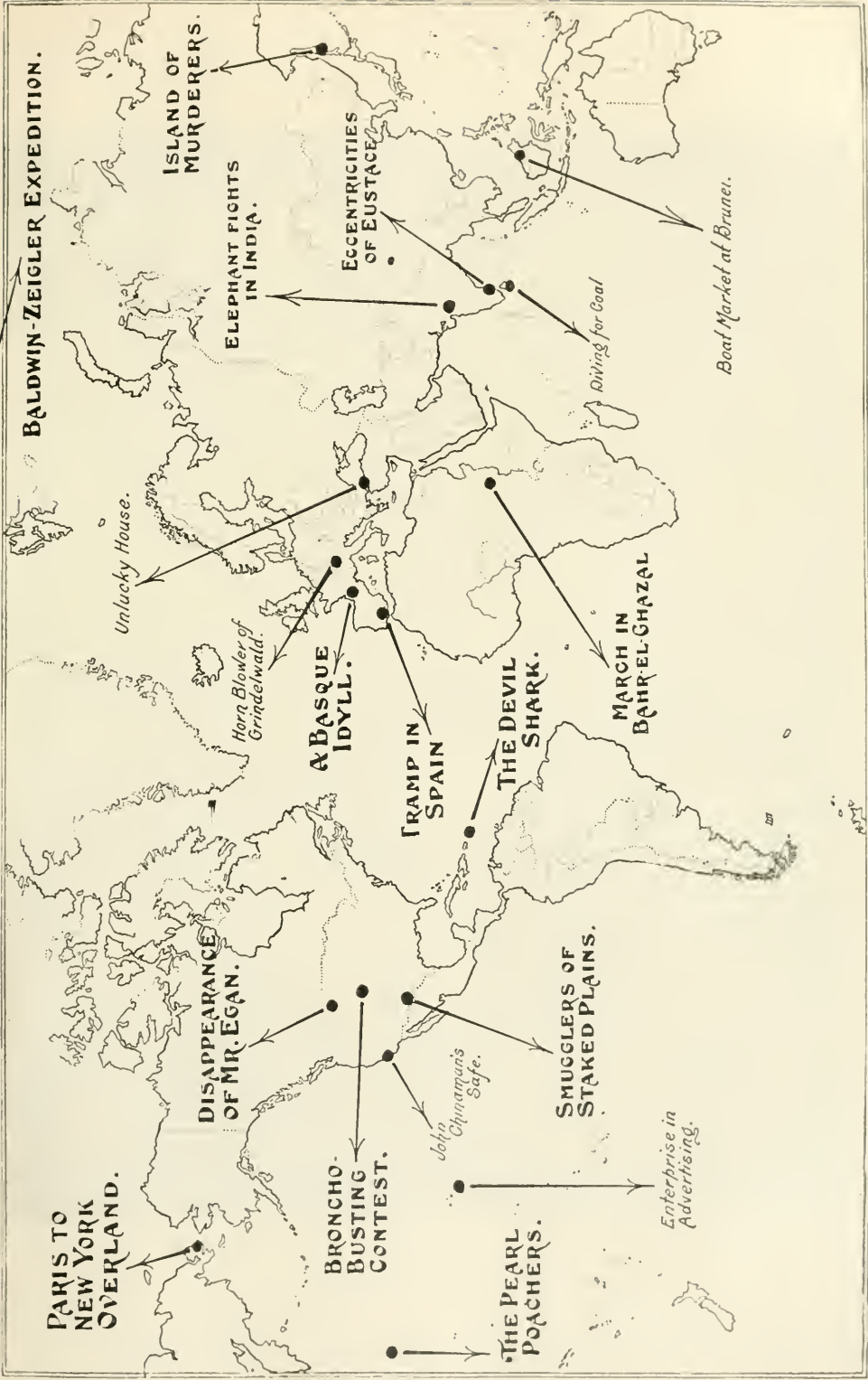
Our next photograph shows a remarkable bridge over the River Indus at Rondu, in Northern Kash-

mir. This frail-looking structure—which crosses a rocky gorge, through which the river runs at a tremendous rate—consists of three ropes, one foot-rope and two side-ropes, joined together by short lengths of rope at intervals of a few feet. The three main ropes consist of long switches of brushwood roughly bound together, the two side-strands being kept apart by forked stakes at intervals of twenty feet. Needless to say, the crossing of these swaying, swaying structures is not a very pleasant experience, and in-

trepid mountaineers have been known to turn sick with terror in the middle, although the native coolies cross most light-heartedly with heavy loads. The bridge seen in the photo. has been described as one of the worst in the Himalayas.



"THE WORST BRIDGE IN THE HIMALAYAS"—INTREPID MOUNTAINEERS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO TURN SICK WITH TERROR IN THE MIDDLE. [Photo.]



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



"THE SHARK ROSE OUT OF THE SEA, HIS BODY TOWERING ABOVE US."

(SEE PAGE 528.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. X.

MARCH, 1903.

No. 60.

The "Devil - Shark."

BY COLONEL JULIUS G. TUCKER.

While acting as U.S. Consul at St. Pierre, Martinique, the author paid a visit to the Caribs of Dominica, the descendants of the original inhabitants of the islands. He found the natives almost starving, as they were unable to engage in fishing owing to the attacks of a monster "devil-shark," which had already carried off two men. Colonel Tucker relates how he went in search of the "devil-shark" and succeeded in shooting it.



In the year 1896 I resided as Consul of the United States in St. Pierre, Martinique. I shared the expenses of housekeeping with a young Englishman named Stanley Cumberland, a native of Richmond. He was the cashier in the local branch of the Colonial Bank of London.

During the year we lived together Mr. Cumberland obtained leave of absence from the bank for the purpose of visiting the remnant of an ancient tribe of Carib Indians living on the Atlantic side of the Island of Dominica. Two tribes of these Indians once lived in the Island of St. Vincent, the black Caribs and the yellow Caribs, but, as they were constantly engaged in mortal strife, the yellow Caribs were transported from St. Vincent to Dominica by the British Government, who allotted them land to live upon. They were said to retain in that inaccessible spot the primitive manners and customs of their forefathers, who originally inhabited all the islands of the Lesser Antilles. This remnant of an ancient people, however, retain nothing of the fierceness of bygone ages, for they are now gentle and timid in demeanour, and are rarely seen away from their allotted homes in the district, called by the few other inhabitants of the island the "Indian country." The Caribs are still skilful hunters, and will venture out fishing in a sea the roughness of which would appal the best boatmen of the Leeward Islands. They possess a few oxen, ponies, and sheep, and support themselves by hunting, fishing, basket-making, and the cultivation of small fields of maize and vegetables.

They live in rudely constructed huts, wear but few clothes, and speak a jargon known as "pigeon English."

Mr. Cumberland carried out his intention of visiting their country, but failed in his attempt to reach the Caribs by reason of having been deserted by his guides, whom he had employed in the town of Roseau, on the Caribbean side of the island. He informed me on his return that there were thirty miles of trackless forest to traverse before reaching the Atlantic side of the island, and that it would be well to take a compass along if I contemplated the journey. He himself, I regret to say, was never able to visit the country again, for although of powerful build he succumbed to the trying climate of the West Indies, and was buried in the beautiful little cemetery on the hillside of St. Pierre.

In due course I made up my mind to visit these curious people. Poor Cumberland had informed me that guides were to be obtained in Roseau from an old negro called Cockroach, and I set to work to make my preparations for the journey. I purchased a water-tight Carib basket and a lot of cheap jewellery as presents for the women, took only a change of clothes for myself, and filled the basket with canned provisions and a bottle of rum. I carried besides an excellent English double-barrelled shot gun of No. 10 bore, and plenty of carefully loaded shells, as well as a thin but stout cotton rope to assist me in crossing swollen streams, as I am not a strong swimmer. Thus prepared, I intended to spend a week with the Indians.

After having applied for and obtained leave of absence, I started for Roseau and inquired for Mr. Cockroach, whom I found to be a grizzled old negro. Having made my wishes known regarding the hiring of guides, the old man remarked: "Master, I'se getting too old to go to the Indian country myself, but you can have my son and another boy named David, who know the road well." Cockroach sent for his son and David, an agreement was soon entered into, and we started at five o'clock the following morning, setting our faces towards the distant mountains. There is only one industry carried on in Dominica—the raising of "limes"—but cultivation only extends about five miles beyond Roseau, after which you enter the virginal forest, where no sign of a path or road is to be seen. Relying upon the sagacity of my guides I plodded laboriously onwards, fording

early, not having traversed more than six or seven miles. Making an early start the next morning we travelled slowly until noon, when another terrific rainstorm set in, which compelled us to go into camp, as travelling was almost impossible. During the morning I had heard young Cockroach grumbling, and after getting into camp he remarked: "Master, I'se done lost the road, and I tinks we better turn back." "How can you lose a thing which doesn't exist?" I asked. "You may say that you have lost the direction, but that makes no difference, for I have my compass, which always tells me which way to go. Both of you must understand that there is no going back for me until I have visited the Indians. If you desert me now I will find the road by myself, but rest assured that if you leave me I shall find you in Roseau upon my return and shall not only



"RELYING UPON THE SAGACITY OF MY GUIDES I PLODDED LABORIOUSLY ONWARDS."

shallow streams which crossed our path, or climbing steep mountain sides.

We had travelled thus for several hours when lowering clouds heralded the approach of rain, which soon descended, not in drops, but in bucketfuls. It seemed as though the bottom had dropped out of the sky and that all the water which had been accumulated for years was now being poured out upon our devoted heads. Under these conditions we made but slow progress and accordingly went into camp

not pay you a cent, but make things hot for you."

This little speech had the desired effect, for after I had asked young Cockroach what he intended to do, receiving the reply that he would "stick to me," David on his part declared, "I sticks to you too." Peace being thus restored we started out again, and after swimming many streams and enduring the hardships of mountain climbing we reached the Indian village at noon upon the fifth day after leaving Roseau.

Upon entering the long, straggling street I

stopped suddenly and looked about me in amazement. The village seemed deserted: there was not a living human being in sight. What astonished me even more was the fact that a number of dogs were lying about the huts, but not one of them uttered a bark or even raised his head to look at us. "There is something wrong here," remarked I to Cockroach, who seemed frightened by the strange silence of the place. I walked right into the middle of the village without encountering a living being. I had stopped again, puzzled, when suddenly an old Indian stepped to the door of a cottage. Addressing him I asked: "What is the matter here? Are all the people dead?"

"No, master," said he, "we are not dead yet, but we are starving."

"How is that possible," I asked, "when I see fields of corn growing near here?"

"Yes," replied the Indian, "the corn is growing, but it is not ripe yet."

"Where does your headman, Watson, live?" I next inquired.

"Over there," said he, "in that long house."

I crossed the street to the house indicated, the door of which stood open. Rapping on the panel, a grizzled Indian appeared. He was a man over fifty years of age, of solid build, but with a drawn and scared look upon his face.

"Are you Mr. Watson?" I said.

"Yes, master," replied he.

"I am the American Consul of Martinique," I continued, "and I have come to pay you a visit."

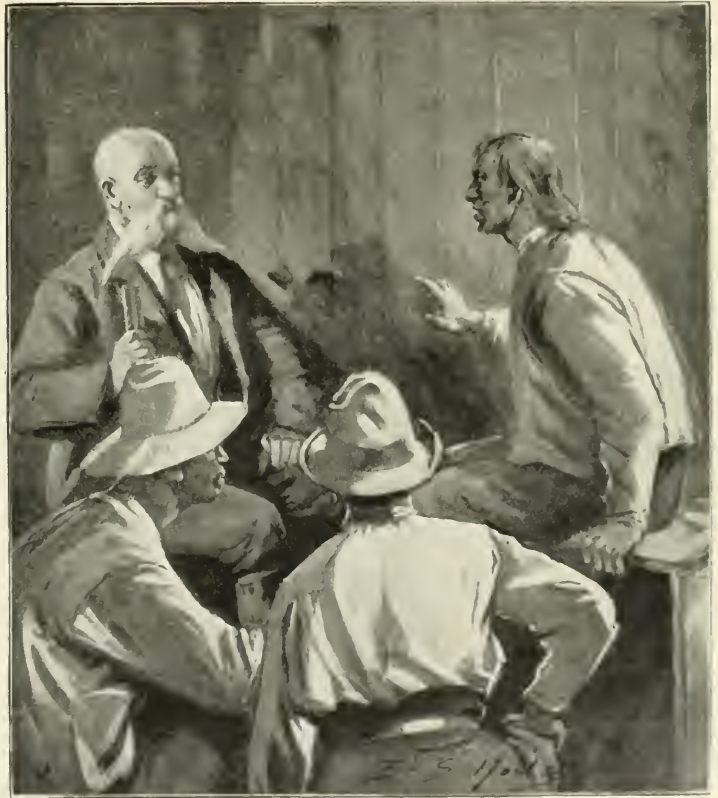
"You are very welcome, master," replied the Indian: "but we have nothing to eat—we are starving. But step into the house and I will tell you about it."

Entering the long, narrow room—from the farther end of which I had heard sounds of wailing, as of women and children, which suddenly stopped upon my entrance—I seated myself upon a low chair, while Cockroach and David, who had followed me into the house, squatted upon the floor. The headman, after having seated himself upon an empty box, began his tale as follows:

"Master, we are starving, for we are hemmed in by a devil."

"Hemmed in by a devil!" I repeated. "What kind of a devil?"

"He is a devil-shark," replied the old man, solemnly. "Three weeks ago yesterday we were all happy. We had plenty to eat, for we live by fishing, and then all at once trouble came. I went out in the big canoe with six men fishing, when suddenly the devil-shark appeared close to the canoe. He raised his head, looked at us, then dived down and came up under the canoe, upsetting it. He then grabbed Pete, one of our men, and swam off with him. We all got back into the canoe and



"MASTER, WE ARE STARVING, FOR WE ARE HEMMED IN BY A DEVIL."

rowed for shore as hard as we could. We were all too scared to go out again fishing, but when our provisions gave out we were forced to go. That was ten days ago yesterday. We went out again, and had been fishing about half an hour when the devilshark he come again; he raise his head clear out the water and look at us. Then he dive under the canoe, upset it, and swim off with Bernard. We al got to shore again as hard as we could, and

since then have had no fish, for we dare not go out. We don't know what to do, for if we move farther along the shore the devil-shark he sure to follow; and if we cross over the other side of the island we have no land and must starve. I have called a meeting for to-night of all the people to talk it over and see what is to be done."

Then he hung his head and groaned. Whilst he was relating his tale of woe the thought occurred to me—could I not help these poor people by killing the shark for them? My resolution was soon taken. Looking at Watson, who sat with bowed head opposite me, I arose, walked over to him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder. "Hold up your head and listen to me, Watson," I said. "I am not afraid of this devil-shark: I have caught and shot sharks before. I have an excellent gun here with me and plenty of ammunition, and if you can furnish me with a boat's crew I will rid you of the monster. How many men does your biggest canoe hold?"

"Eight men," replied the headman.

"I only want six," I said, "and you to steer. When your people meet this evening I will call for volunteers for the work, and we will start out early in the morning and pay a visit to his Majesty the Devil-Shark."

Turning to Cockroach and David, who had listened with open mouths and terror-stricken eyes, I remarked, "I suppose I can count on you two boys to go with me to hunt the 'devil,' can't I?"

To which Cockroach with alacrity replied, "No, sir; I've come with you to carry your traps and bring you to the Indians, and I don't want to hunt no sharks. What do you say, David?"

"I no hunt no sharks nuther," said he.

After eating a light supper I repaired, accompanied by Watson, to the meeting-ground, where I found all the members of the colony assembled. Watson, in introducing me to the crowd, started off by saying that the Great Spirit had sent them a deliverer, a mighty hunter who had come to kill the devil-shark, so I soon stopped him by asking him if he had any beans in his house. "Only a very few," he replied. Whereupon I asked him to send a boy to bring me a handful. The boy presently returned with the beans, and from among them I selected six white and six coloured ones, which I placed in my hat. Then I called for volunteers to accompany me the next morning on my hunt



ALON STARTED OFF BY SAYING THAT THE GREAT SPIRIT HAD SENT THEM A DELIVERER.

for the devil-shark. Quite a number of young fellows stepped forward. I selected twelve of these, standing them in a row and explaining that I only wanted six men, but that they should draw lots, by each taking a bean out of the hat. The men drawing white beans were to remain at home, while those drawing red beans should go with me. The drawing being completed, I returned home, after having told my men to be sure and be at the landing at sunrise the next morning. On our way I asked Watson how long the shark looked at them before attacking the canoe.

"As long as it takes to count one, two, three, four, five, six," he said.

This was quite time enough for me, as I intended to shoot the brute through the eyes as soon as he appeared above the water.

I told Watson that I wanted him to steer the canoe, and, although seemingly badly frightened, he agreed to go. I instructed him to have a small keg of water placed in the canoe, and also some ropes. I told him, furthermore, to bring the fishing-tackle along, as we might not see the devil-shark after all.

When I reached Watson's house I saw Cockroach and David seated on the ground outside engaged in close conversation. After a few moments Cockroach entered the room and said, "Master, will you be kind enough to step out a moment? Me and David want to talk to you." Complying with this request I stepped out of doors, when to my surprise Cockroach came close up to me and in an agitated voice said, "Master, me and David have talked over the matter of your going to hunt the devil-shark to-morrow and risk your life for these Indians, and we come to beg you not to do it. You is a good man, and we don't want to see you eaten up by a big devil-shark, and all for a lot of wild Indians. Don't risk your life, master, but come back with us to Roseau."

When he stopped speaking I actually saw a large tear roll down his cheek. David stood by with bowed head and never uttered a word.

"What do you say, David?" queried I.

"I says the same, master," replied he, "and beg you to come home with us to-night and no fight no devil-shark."

I felt much affected by this show of feeling on the part of these semi-civilized boys. Reaching out my hand I grasped and shook theirs heartily, saying: "You are good boys, and I thank you for your advice, but I cannot accept it, as I have promised to help these poor people by ridding them of this monster shark, of which I have not the slightest fear. In order that you may not be the losers, however, in case anything

should happen to me, I will pay you the money due you for bringing me here, and for your return." I added an extra allowance to the amount and handed it to them. They took it without asking the total or even looking at it, simply saying, "Thank you, master," and shaking their heads.

I then went inside and wrote a certificate for both, setting forth that they had served me faithfully, and this I handed them, again shaking hands with them. I left them standing there looking sorrowfully after me as I re-entered the cottage.

Before sunrise the whole population of the village was gathered on the shore. Prior to entering the waiting canoe I addressed Watson and the six men. "I want you to understand," I said, "that you must obey promptly every order which I may give, as our lives may depend upon it," to which Watson replied, "Yes, master." I then fastened my own rope around my waist, tying the other end to the head of the canoe, and, having procured a strong fishing-line, I tied one end to the rope and the other end to the stock of my gun. This was so that I should not lose it in the event of the canoe being upset. I wore only a blue flannel shirt, trousers, and hat. In the pocket of my shirt I placed my supply of ammunition, and thus equipped stepped into the canoe, followed by the six men and Watson, whom I especially warned to pilot us carefully through the breakers, as I did not want my gun to get wet. We passed the surf safely and rowed out about half a mile beyond to the fishing-grounds, where we stopped and commenced to fish. The sea was as smooth as a lake: not a ripple disturbed the surface, and while the men were busy fishing I lay stretched out in the bow of the canoe keeping a sharp look-out for the shark. We had fished thus for fully half an hour with much success, when suddenly the man nearest me called out in terror, "Dar he is, dar he is!" "Whereabouts?" asked I. "Dar, dar!" shouted several voices, pointing to an object some eighty yards distant.

Looking in the indicated direction I beheld, sure enough, an enormous fin sticking out of the water and approaching us slowly. "Throw down your lines and sit perfectly still," I commanded. As I looked around at them I found that the whole of my crew had changed colour. There was not a yellow Carib amongst them; their faces were of an ashy grey colour, and all looked badly scared, while some were trembling violently. "Keep steady now, boys," I said, with a smile. The latter was done to encourage them, for I did not in the least feel like smiling. Meantime the shark had approached in a direct

line to within about thirty yards of us, when he suddenly sheered off, and I thought he was going to pass us by. Presently, however, he turned and approached parallel with the canoe, and when within fifteen yards stopped and raised his enormous head clear out of the water. My gun was levelled at him, and as soon as his eye appeared above the surface it spoke twice—bang! bang! At the report of the weapon that awful head disappeared.

While I was quickly shoving two cartridges into the chamber the shark rose out of the sea, his body towering above us and his white belly gleaming like molten silver in the sunshine. "Pull, pull—for your lives!" shouted I, at the same time emptying both barrels into the shark. He fell into the sea with a tremendous splash, missing the canoe by not more than six feet. Had he hit us we should inevitably have been swamped, and as it was we came very near it, for the sea leaped aboard of us, filling the canoe two thirds full of water.

I had never taken my eye off the shark, and as he now lay still upon the surface of the water I knew he was dead. "Cease pulling!" I said, but, instead of stopping, the Caribs, now thoroughly terrified, only pulled the harder. "Cease pulling!" I shouted again, at the same time bringing the now empty gun to bear upon Watson; "cease, I tell you, or I'll blow your head off!" This he understood at once and changed his course. As we came alongside the shark, who lay with his belly turned towards the sun, I asked the man nearest me for his knife. Plunging it into the belly of the fish, I made a long gash from which the blood spouted, and on seeing this the Indians began to realize that the dreaded devil-shark was dead. Watson now rose and, drawing his knife, plunged it into the shark, saying, "This is for Pete." Then withdrawing it and making another lunge, he said, "This is for Bernard"; and once again repeating the stroke, "This is for me." This action was instantly followed by every man on board, each one repeating, solemnly, "This is for Pete," "This is for Bernard," and "This is for me"; after which there arose a shout of victory, long drawn out and shrill. The cry was heard upon the shore, from whence a faint answer reached my ears.

During the stabbing performance I sat quietly by, taking in the scene and inwardly rejoicing that the monster lay dead before me. I now told Watson to make fast to one of his fins and to his lower jaw, which hung open in the water, the second shot having broken it on its pivot. This order was quickly obeyed and we then proceeded towards the shore, slowly pulling the shark along. Before reaching the first line

of breakers a novel sight met my eye. There appeared a canoe upon the crest of the wave, in which was standing a tall Indian girl, using her long paddle with desperate energy. When about fifteen yards away from us she suddenly dropped her paddle, jumped into the sea, and approached the shark, taking from between her teeth a long, keen-edged knife, which she repeatedly plunged into the monster, the while uttering shrill cries. After this she swam back to her canoe and paddled to the shore. Not a word had been uttered by any of us, but after she gained her canoe and paddled away Watson said, quietly, "She is the wife of Bernard."

In a few moments more we were surrounded by men, women, and children, some astride of a couple of sticks, some in canoes, and some simply swimming along, but all happy and laughing. Watson, who now seemed to have regained full control of himself, ordered some men to return to shore to bring down a pair of oxen, in order to help drag the devil-shark on shore, for he was now stranded in about three feet of water. Ropes were also brought and manned, and with the help of the oxen, who were driven into the sea, the monster was finally safely landed on shore.

My task being done I stepped on shore, and then began to realize that I had been exposed to the hot sun for several hours. I felt faint and thirsty, and accordingly seated myself under a stunted tree on the shore, where a calabash of fresh water, brought me by an Indian girl, soon revived me. At this moment Cockroach and David came running up, carrying a pail of fresh water and some clothes, and apparently wild with joy at seeing me alive. They rudely shoved aside the natives who had gathered around me at a respectful distance and began to pour the fresh water over my head and neck, which greatly refreshed me.

A few moments later Watson appeared, leading by the hand a young woman, who, upon approaching me, fell at my feet crying, and speaking so rapidly that I did not understand a single word she uttered. Turning to Watson in my perplexity I inquired, "What does she want?"

"Her be the wife of Pete," replied the headman. "She come to thank you for killing the devil-shark. Her thank you for avenging Pete; her say her your slave; her want to brush your clothes and clean your boots; her say her want to be your servant and wife and to go with you wherever you go."

Here was a nice proposition for a married man! "Tell her that I am very glad to have killed the devil-shark," I said; "tell her I thank her for her offer to be my servant and wife;

tell her I have a wife already and can't have two, but tell her that I thank her very much."

After Watson had told her what I said the woman kissed my feet, much to my disgust, and walked away, but the headman returned im-

other victims. Fires were built in every direction, and shark meat was being fried, boiled, and broiled. I was not forgotten, for the fins, which are considered the *bonne bouche* of a shark, were reserved and served up to me. Even the



"A YOUNG WOMAN FELL AT MY FEET."

mediately to inform me that the wife of Bernard—the woman who had stabbed the shark—was ill from the excitement, but had begged him to thank me for having avenged the death of her husband, and to tell me she would be my servant as soon as she was well again, to all of which I sent her a friendly and consoling message.

During this time a very lively scene was being enacted on the beach. The shark had been cut open, and a large brogan shoe, such as sailors wear, was found in his stomach; but when I inquired if it had belonged to either Pete or Bernard I was informed that they had worn sandals, so that the brute had evidently had

dogs had found their tongues again, for they were barking and growling at one another.

The following morning my guides left me, as I had decided to spend a week with my newly found friends, who promised to conduct me to Roseau whenever I wanted to leave, as they knew the nearest direct route. I spent ten days with these children of Nature, having a good time hunting and fishing, and was offered the whole village with all it contained if I would but stop with them. When I finally left for Roseau half the people accompanied me part of the way, pouring blessings and farewell benedictions on the white man who had rid them of their devil-shark.

Paris to New York Overland.

THE NARRATIVE OF A REMARKABLE EXPEDITION.

By HARRY DE WINDT, F.R.G.S.

V. CAPE NORTH TO BEHRING STRAITS.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we have secured the sole and exclusive right to publish the only illustrated account of Mr. de Windt's great feat which will appear in this country, the reproductions of the Kodak photographs taken during the expedition adding greatly to the vividness of the narrative. As a glance at a map of the world will show, the explorer's journey necessitated traversing some of the wildest and most inhospitable regions of the earth, where even the elements fought against the intrepid party. Mr. de Windt essayed the journey once before, but on that occasion the expedition came to grief on the ice-bound shores of Behring Sea, and the author barely escaped with his life from the hands of the savage natives. This time complete success has crowned the venture; but the adventures met with, and the unheard-of privations endured by the party, form a unique record of human endurance and dogged pluck.



HE journey eastwards from Cape North to Behring Straits would, under ordinary circumstances of travel, have seemed a severe one. But we had become so inured to hardships between the Kolyma River and "Cape Despair" that we could now (with well-lined stomachs) afford to laugh at the cold and despise even perilous blizzards, with friendly shelter never more than twenty or thirty miles distant. Our diet was, perhaps, not appetizing, consisting as

it did for the most part of oily seal and walrus meat, but driftwood was now much more plentiful and we could occasionally revel in the luxury of a good fire. Moreover, there was now little difficulty in finding settlements, one of which was reached, on an average, every twenty-four hours. But it was necessary to keep a sharp look-out, for the low, mushroom-like huts of the Tchuktchis are invisible a short distance away, and are easily passed unnoticed during a fog or in driving snow. Fogs, by the way, were



From a

THE ARRIVAL OF THE EXPEDITION AT EAST CAPE, BEHRING STRAITS.

[Kodak Photo.]

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very prevalent as we neared the Straits, and became denser in proportion to the approach of summer and consequent rise of temperature.

East of Cape North we had no bother whatever with the natives—who, in many places, refused payment for food and assistance. At Kolyuchin, a large village situated on an island in the bay of that name, we were received with open arms by the chief, who spoke a few words of English, picked up from American whalers at East Cape. Professor Nordenskjöld's old ship, the *Vega*, wintered near here some years ago, and some of the natives showed us souvenirs

But blue sky, dazzling sunshine, and perfect stillness enabled our now nearly exhausted dogs to carry us across in under seven hours—and I was not sorry to reach the eastern shore, for great lakes of open water off the beach on every side betokened that we were not a day too soon. From here all went well, and on May 16th we reached East Cape, the north-easternmost point of Asia, after a voyage of nearly two months from Sredni-Kolymsk. I can safely say that that coast journey by dog-sled along the Arctic Ocean was the most trying mental and physical experience that I have ever undergone.



From a

EAST CAPE, THE EXTREME NORTH-EASTERN POINT OF ASIA.

[Kodak Photo.]

of the Austrian explorer's visit in the shape of clasp knives and tin tobacco boxes. The irony of fate and obstinacy of pack-ice are shown by the fact that one early autumn all on board the *Vega* were expecting an easy passage through Behring Straits to the southward, and yet within twenty-four hours were compelled to remain for another winter, securely ice-locked off this dreary Siberian settlement, until the following summer!

Kolyuchin Bay was negotiated in beautiful weather, much to my relief, for I had experienced some misgivings after our terrible experiences while crossing the Bay of Tchaun.

during a fairly long life of travel throughout the wildest portions of the world.

East Cape village consists of a few walrus-hide huts, which cling like limpets to the face of a cliff overhanging the Straits. In windy weather you can't go out without danger of being blown into the sea: so we moved on to Whalen, a village a few miles away, to await the revenue cutter which the American Government had kindly promised to send to our rescue when navigation opened. But not a sign of open water was yet visible. We were kindly received at Whalen—too kindly, for our arrival was the signal for a feast, and in a



A TCHUKTCHI CHIEF AT WHALEN.

From a Kodak Photo.

Two hours every man in the settlement was mad with drink. I had an experience of this in North-Eastern Siberia in 1896, and feared the result. Fortunately, the chief remained sober, and we hid in his hut until the orgie was over. But all that night men were rushing about the village yelling, firing off Winchesters, and vowing to kill us, although they had been quite friendly when sober. We did not pass a pleasant night; but the next day all was quiet, and it remained so until the arrival of the first whaler a few weeks later with more whisky. When a Tchukchi gets drunk his first impulse is to get a rifle and shoot. He prefers a white man to practise on; but if there are none handy he will kill anybody, even his mother, with out compunction, and be very sorry for it when he is sober. Many whalers have been slain on this coast during the past ten years, and while we were at Whalen two natives

were killed, also a German trader on the Diomed Islands, in Behring Straits.

Teneskin, the chief of Whalen, was, luckily for ourselves, a very different type of individual to the ruffian, Koari, with whom Harding and I passed such an unpleasant time in the autumn of 1896. We were then attempting this journey in a contrary direction, and, having successfully crossed Alaska (no easy matter in those days), were landed by the American revenue cutter *Bear* at Oum-waidjik — a settlement about two hundred miles south of Whalen. No sooner, however, had the ship sailed away than Koari seized our provisions, confiscated our arms and instruments, and informed us that we were virtually his prisoners. Fortunately a belated whaler, the *Belvedere* (the last to leave the Arctic), noticed our signal of distress, and after some exciting experiences we managed to board her and return in safety to San Francisco. Had Captain Whiteside not taken us off we must have remained in this terrible place until the following month



From a

A TCHUKTCHI GIRL FEEDING THE DOGS. [Kodak Photo.]

of July, but it is improbable that either of us would have survived the life of unspeakable privation and suffering imposed upon us for such a lengthened period.*

At Whalen, however, the people (about three hundred in number) were friendly enough; and beyond our filthy surroundings and the deadly monotony of our existence, without mental recreation of any kind, there was little to complain of. Every now and then a drunken feast would necessitate close concealment in Teneskin's hut until the orgie was over, but this was practically the only annoyance to which we were

were luckily teetotalers, and were always ready to protect us, by force if necessary, against the aggressions of armed inebriates. Indeed, had it not been for these three giants I doubt if the expedition would have got away from Whalen without personal injury, or perhaps loss of life.

Teneskin was the proud possessor of a rough wooden hut built from the timbers of a whaler wrecked here some years ago, and in this we took up our abode. But the building had one drawback. Although its walls were stout enough, a roof was lacking, and our tent was a poor



[From a]

THE CHIEF'S HUT AT WHALEN, WHERE MR. DE WINDT STAYED FIVE WEEKS.

[Kodak Photo.]

subjected. On one occasion, however, Stepan ventured out during one of these outbursts and was instantly fired at by a band of ruffians who were reeling about the village in a state of drunken frenzy. The man who fired the shot was, when sober, one of our best friends in the settlement, and luckily for the Cossack his aggressor was much too drunk to shoot straight! This incident was, therefore, a comparatively trivial one, although it served to show the unpleasant affinity between a barrel of whisky and bloodshed, and the undesirability of Whalen as a seaside resort for a longer period than was absolutely necessary. Our good friends, Teneskin and his two stalwart sons,

substitute. As the spring wore on strong gales, accompanied by storms of sleet, drove us to seek the warmth (and filth) of Teneskin's residence, which adjoined the former. The chief's hut was of walrus-hide, about forty feet round, and fifteen feet high in the centre. There was a large outer chamber for fishing and hunting tackle, where dogs roamed about; and inside this again a small, dark inner room, formed of thick deerskins, where the family ate and slept. In here seal-oil lamps, continually burning, make its average about eighty-five degrees throughout winter. There was no ventilation whatever, and the heat and stench of the place were beyond description. At night everybody stripped almost naked, and even then the perspiration poured off them. At the daily meal we

* See "Through Alaska to Behring Straits," by H. De Windt (Chatto and Windus, 1909).



From a

A SPRING DAY AT WHALEN.

[Kodak Photo.]

lay on the floor by a long wooden platter, and lumps of seal or walrus meat were thrown at us by the hostess. Rotten goose eggs and stale fish-roe, flavoured with seal oil, were favourite delicacies. The Tchuktchis are probably the filthiest race in creation: it would be quite impossible to describe even the least repulsive phases of their daily life. The nights in that hut were worthy of a place in Dante's "Inferno."

On the other hand, the hut of our host was certainly the cleanest in the place, for the foulest den in the London slums would have appeared attractive by comparison with most of the others! Some of the men at Whalen spoke a few words of English, picked up from the whalers who call here every summer, and I was therefore enabled to gather a considerable amount of information respecting Tchuktchik manners and customs. These people only number about 200 thousand in all. About half of them are known as "Reindeer-men," who roam about the plains and mountains of the interior with their herds of deer, and have



THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER (ON LEFT) HAS HER PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN.

From a Kodak Photo.

little or no communication with their brethren of the coast. Both tribes are justly proud of the fact that they are the sole Siberian aborigines who successfully resisted the invasion of the Cossacks, and the respect which these natives have instilled into the Russians of the Kolyma district is probably due to this fact. On this coast north of Kolyuchin the natives know nothing about Russia. America is the only country they acknowledge, and we therefore displayed the Stars and Stripes instead of our now tattered Union Jack. None of these natives



A VISITOR FROM A NEIGHBOURING SETTLEMENT.
From a Kodak Photo.

had ever heard of the Czar, for his officials never come here; but the captain of the grimmest Yankee whaler is treated as a king, for every summer he brings arms and whiskey. The men are copper coloured, powerfully built, and clad in deerskins. They are fine sailors, and will put to sea in any weather in their flimsy skin-boats. Most of the time is passed in seal or walrus fishing; and when a whale is landed there are drink and debauchery for three weeks on end. The women are undersized little creatures, dressed in deerskin garments and huge boots of



From a

THE AUTHOR AND ONE OF HIS NEIGHBOURS AT WHALEN.

W. A. Photo.



From (2)

PAYING AN "AFTERNOON CALL."

[Kodak Photo.]

walrus-hide. Some are pretty, but most have battered, weather-beaten faces, as they work in the open even harder than the men. Many have

wonderful teeth, which, however, seldom last long, for they are soon destroyed by the constant chewing of sealskin, to render it pliable for boots



From (1)

THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER PRESENTS MR. DE WINDT WITH A PRETTY PAIR OF DEERSKIN BOOTS.

[Kodak Photo.]



From a] THE FIRST SIGHT OF OPEN WATER AFTER FIVE WEARY WEEKS OF WAITING. [Kodak Photo.

and other articles. A wife here is selected, not for her beauty, but for her physical strength, and there seemed to be no restriction as to the number of wives. The Tchuktchis appeared to have noreligion. When a man died he was carried some distance from the settlement and devoured by the dogs, although the Reindeer Tchuktchis of the interior are said to cremate their dead. The most curious thing about the coast races is the difference of language in villages sometimes only ten miles apart. Even at Whalen and East Cape they are entirely different. For instance, a duck at Whalen is called *gallia*, and close by, at East Cape, *tigumak*, and so on.

consist chiefly of pills and inoculations. But their unfortunate dupes have a firm belief in these men and their powers of healing. The latter are not only medical advisers, but are consulted on



IN TOUCH WITH CIVILIZATION ONCE MORE—ARRIVAL OF THE WHALER "WILLIAM BAYLESS."
From a Kodak Photo.

Next to irresponsible and armed inebriates our greatest anxiety during this dreary time was caused by the medicine men, of whom there are about a score at Whalen, and who never lost an opportunity of setting their patients against us. Medicine men are all-powerful amongst the Tchuktchis, although their notions of treatment are absolutely unconnected with drugs of any kind and

everything pertaining to the affairs of life, from marital differences to a bad attack of measles.

The "Kamitok," or killing of the aged, is practised here as I saw it at Ounwaidjik in 1896. When a man gets too old to work a family council is held, and it is decided to dispatch him to another world. On this occasion whisky is imbibed until everybody is more or less intoxicated, and the victim is then shot or strangled with a walrus thong. This practice is probably due to the barren nature of this desolate land, where every mouthful of food is precious.

Sometimes we went seal-hunting with our

trying, with absolutely nothing to do or even think about; almost our only occupation was to sit on the beach, now almost denuded of snow, and gaze blankly at the frozen ocean, which seemed at times as though it would never break up and admit of our release from this dull, unsavoury village. Day by day, however, large brown patches of earth peeped through their wintry covering, and wild flowers even began to bloom on the hillsides; but the cruel waste of ice still appeared, white and unbroken, from beach to horizon. One day someone fashioned a rude set of chessmen out of driftwood, and this afforded some mental relief, but only for a



From a] THE U.S. REVENUE CUTTER "THETIS," WHICH TOOK THE PARTY ON BOARD. [Kodak Photo.

friends, but this is poor sport, especially in damp, chilly weather. The outfit is very simple, consisting of a rifle, snow-shoes, and spear. A start is made at daylight until a likely-looking hole in the ice is reached, and here you sit down and patiently await, perhaps for hours, until a seal's head appears above water. In warm weather this might be an agreeable occupation, but on cold days it seldom induced us to leave even the comfortless shelter of our filthy hut.

The days here passed away with terrible slowness and monotony. On the *Lena* we had experienced almost perpetual darkness—here we had eternal daylight, which was even more

few days. Carlyle's "French Revolution" had been read into tatters, and even a "Whitaker's Almanack" failed us at last—for this was our sole library. Sometimes we visited our neighbours and friends, when we were always kindly received. Presents were even occasionally made us. On one occasion the chief's daughter worked me a pretty pair of deerskin boots, and the operation of trying them on is shown in the illustration on page 536.

So five weeks crawled away, and the "grey hag Despair" was beginning to show her ugly face when on one never-to-be-forgotten morning Harding rushed in with the joyful news that a thin strip of blue was visible on the horizon.

Three days after wavelets were rippling on the beach. Then a whaler, the *William Bayliss*, of San Francisco, appeared, and we greeted civilized beings once more. Provisions were showered on us by kindly Captain Cottle, but he also brought whisky, and when the ship steamed away an orgie had already commenced

pack-ice off Cape Prince of Wales. The land, seven miles off, was unapproachable, but the Eskimos ashore launched a canoe and paddled and carried their boat over the floes to the ship. There was nothing for it but to take to the ice, which was slowly drifting to the southward. It was nasty work in a stiff breeze. The *Thetis*



"FAREWELL TO ASIA"—THE "THETIS" LEAVING WHALEN FOR THE AMERICAN COAST WITH MR. DE WINDT'S PARTY.
From a Kodak Photo.

which lasted two days. This was the occasion upon which Stepan ventured out, only to be instantly pursued and fired at.

At last, when we had been at Whalen five weeks, the revenue cutter *Thetis* appeared. Some years back this vessel rescued Greely from Smith Sound, but I do not think even he was more relieved to see her than we were. I now hoped that trouble was over; but that evening the *Thetis* was bucking into heavy

gave us three cheers and hauled away to the Arctic, as we paddled and baled our tiny craft away through a heavy sea. Soon we landed on jagged ice, to slip and stumble for perhaps a mile and then launch the boat again. Once we drifted away on a smaller floe and had to jump for it. It took us five hours to land on the American coast, which we did on the morning of the 19th June, six months to a day after leaving Paris.

(To be concluded.)



A pretty little story from the Basque country, related to the authoress while staying at the village where the incidents occurred. The young couple on the eve of marriage were separated by an unlooked-for misfortune, but remained true to one another, and after many weary months of waiting were re-united and happily married.



ITXASSOU is a charming spot in the Basque Pyrenées, about three miles from Cambo-les-Bains. It can hardly be called a village, for the houses are scattered about over the hillsides. The inhabitants thereof are a sturdy race of mountaineers, not unlike our Scottish Highlanders. Those who live at the far end of the parish think nothing of a walk over the hills for ten miles or so, on a Sunday morning, in time for mass at the parish church at six o'clock, after which the men will spend their time at the country inn, where there is a good "pelote" court, playing the national game, until the vesper bell rings, when they all file into church. In the summer, when the days are long, "pelote" is again in requisition after vespers; and then the women sit around watching the game, applauding and encouraging their husbands, brothers, or lovers.

Being so near the Spanish border a great deal of contraband trade is carried on, but it very seldom happens that the smugglers are caught. Some say that the *douaniers*, or revenue officers, are not very anxious to stop it, as they come in for their share of the contraband goods; but whether that is so or not I cannot say.

There are about thirty men in the barracks at

Itxassou, but this does not prevent things of every description being smuggled over the border almost daily. The people talk quite openly of their contraband goods. When we first arrived at the inn at Itxassou I asked for some coffee, and the landlady told me it was smuggled. She seemed quite proud of it. I used often to visit her sister, pretty Marie Dargatz, who helped her aunt, old Jeanne Dargatz, to keep the village shop, where many of the goods displayed came from over the border, but had never seen the inside of the *douane*. She asked us one day to go with her and see the "pelote" match, which took place at the time of the *fête* and was at the Place.

After the "pelote" match was over a table was brought to the square and a bench placed upon it, then three musicians took their seats thereon and dancing commenced on the green, with much throwing of confetti, seemingly a great delight.

The Basque girls were all nicely dressed in well-fitting, neat dresses, and their hair was done most elaborately. They cover the coils at the back of the head with a black silk handkerchief pinned round. They never wear any head-covering except when they go to church, when they pin a lace veil over their hair.

One day when I was talking to my little friend, Marie Dargatz, in her tiny shop she told me the following interesting story:—

Dominica Etcheverry was a pretty girl, the daughter of the village blacksmith of Itxassou. She had lovely hair with a golden light through it, which she dressed according to the Basque style, standing high above the forehead and puffed out at the back, the coils in the centre being covered by the usual black silk handkerchief pinned neatly round them. She had large brown eyes and small, well-shaped features, and was considered quite the prettiest girl in all the countryside.

The village *fête* was about to take place, and Dominica had prepared herself to go and see the "pelote" match, in which her *fiancé*, Salvat Etchegoya, was to play. Her dress, which was pink, was made in the latest fashion, and her slender waist was encircled by a broad pink ribbon fastened by a silver buckle of rare workmanship.

A maiden aunt, her father's sister, lived with them and looked after the household, as her mother was dead. This old lady did not care for the delights of the *fête* and was very averse to her niece attending it, but after a good deal of coaxing on the part of Dominica she agreed to let her go with her married sister, Gabrielle Goyaden.

Gabrielle lived near by, and her husband, Jean Baptiste, was to be the partner of Salvat Etchegoya in the great "pelote" match which was to take place that day, so both sisters were interested in the result of the game, and it formed the topic of their conversation all along the road on their way to the Place, where it was to be held. The match was against Ascain, a village about ten kilomètres from Itxassou.

When Dominica and Gabrielle reached the Place they seated themselves on one of the seats at the side of the court and soon the match began. The Ascain men did their best. They were good players and thought much of in their own village, but Salvat was much their superior. He was strong and athletic, had a keen eye and a long reach, and scarcely ever missed a ball, while Jean Baptiste Goyaden was a very efficient assistant.

Dominica watched her *fiancé* with the greatest interest, her bright eyes beaming with delight when he made a specially good hit, and at intervals she clapped her hands and stood up with a heightened colour to nod her approval to him.

At last the game was won and Salvat and Jean Baptiste were proclaimed the heroes of the day, with a hundred francs to divide between them as prize money.

Dominica then gave Salvat his jacket, which she had been holding for him during the game. He put it on, and came and sat down beside her to rest and talk.

Salvat and Dominica had known one another from childhood. His father was the village carpenter, hers the blacksmith, and their homes were within a hundred yards of each other.

He was four years her senior, and from their school days upwards it had been settled between them that some day they would be man and wife.

When this story begins Dominica was twenty and Salvat was twenty four. He was tall and straight, with well-cut features, a good-natured face, and soft brown eyes that looked tender and true—at least to Dominica. He did not trouble himself much about the girls of the village, though more than one of them admired him and were not a little jealous of his *fiancée*. Willingly would they have changed places with her, but he took no heed of their sighs, nor did he notice their admiring glances; he was too much wrapped up in his little Dominica, who was very dear to him.

The couple sat for some time talking, and then Gabrielle Goyaden came up and told her sister that it was time to go home.

Salvat walked with them, and presently he confided to them that he was "going out" that night. There would be no moon, and he had ascertained that none of the *douaniers* would be in the direction in which he and his friends were going. The *douaniers*, by the way, sleep out regularly on the hills, constantly changing their direction, but the smugglers always make a point of knowing where they are, and so avoid them.

On this occasion there were six young horses to be got across the border, and Salvat had agreed with two other men to do the business for the owner. They were to be well paid for their trouble, but there was something in the danger of being caught, and the delight of eluding the officers of the law, that fascinated the young man, and it was more for the love of adventure than for the love of gain that he undertook the enterprise.

Dominica begged of Salvat not to undertake this business, but Salvat said he had pledged his word and could not back out. He must carry through what he had undertaken, he said, but it should be the last time, as after he was married he would not "go out" any more. It was then within six weeks of their marriage, and Dominica's trousseau had been preparing for some time. Little Dominica had perforce to be content with this promise and hope for the best, trusting that he would come off scot-free as hitherto.

After leaving his *fiancée* at her door Salvat went home to make his arrangements for the night. Having taken his supper he put on a pair of *espadrilles* (the noiseless shoes with rope soles which all the Basque people wear), took his *mahkila* (a strong stick with an iron point) in his hand and placed his beret, or round bonnet, on his head, then walked out in his shirt sleeves, as is the Basque fashion, with his jacket thrown over his left shoulder.

Soon he began climbing a mountain path, and before long was joined by two other stalwart young fellows. They walked noiselessly and quickly in single file until they reached the place where they were to meet the horses. It was high up on the mountain top, among heather and brushwood, on the frontier-line of the two countries. Here the trio lay down and waited until it was time for the men from the Spanish side to arrive with their animals.

It was a dark night, just what they wanted for this work. They conversed in whispers as they lay side by side in the heather, but they dared not smoke for fear of the *douaniers*. After a time Salvat put his ear to the ground and said he heard the animals coming. Almost immediately afterwards there appeared out of the blackness of the night three men, each leading two horses.

They exchanged a few whispered words with the watchers, but soon departed, as there was no time to lose. Salvat and his two friends, each taking a couple of horses, started on their homeward journey.

They had to go very cautiously, as they had some most difficult ground to get over, and the place where they actually climbed down into the road at last was almost perpendicular and strewn with great boulders, so that it seemed a marvel how they ever got the animals down without breaking their legs. The horses were

unshod, so as to make as little noise as possible and give them a surer foothold.

Having reached this road, which runs alongside the River Nive, the smugglers paused and listened before proceeding farther, as the *douane* barracks were scarcely a mile away. Hearing nothing, however, they got into the fields as soon as possible, so as to reach the ferry, with the intention of crossing the stream and getting to Bayonne before it was light.

So far they had met nobody and seen no one.

They were congratulating themselves on their success, for once they got across the ferry they would each mount a horse and lead the other, and so trot on quickly to Bayonne. It was now two o'clock in the morning and very dark, and there was not a sound to be heard but the monotonous wash of the river, not a soul to be seen. Salvat went forward to untie the boat while the other two held the horses.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a dozen *douaniers* jumped out upon them from the bushes where they had been concealed. Two of them seized Salvat from behind as he was stooping over the boat and pinned him before he had

time to defend himself. Then one of the men hit a *douanier* over the head with his *mahkila* and laid him prostrate; the horses broke loose and began plunging about in all directions; and Salvat's two companions, taking advantage of the confusion, got away from their assailants, jumped into the river, and swam to the other side. It was too dark for the *douaniers* to have identified them, and probably none of them felt inclined to plunge into the dark river in pursuit. Having secured Salvat they were satisfied with their night's work, though one of their number had been badly hurt by the blow he had received.

As for Salvat himself his feelings were any-



DOMINICA AND SALVAT ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.
From a Photo.



"TWO OF THEM SEIZED SALVAT FROM BEHIND AS HE WAS STOOPING OVER THE BOAT."

thing but pleasant. There was no doubt that they had been betrayed; someone must have warned the *douaniers* that they were to cross the ferry that night, and he raged inwardly at the idea, particularly when he thought of his little Dominica and the marriage that was to take place in six weeks.

When he had been seized from behind his arms had been pinioned, otherwise there would have been little chance of holding him, as he was strong and athletic.

There was no doubt he would be taken to prison and would have to stand his trial, but there was just a chance that he might get off with a fine.

After the men had secured the horses they moved off to the barracks for the rest of the night, and by the six o'clock train next morning he was taken to Bayonne and lodged in gaol. Long before that hour it was known all round

the countryside that Salvat had been taken on the mountains, and several of his friends went to the station to see him, his father accompanying him to the town. Salvat asked him if Dominica knew what had befallen him, but the old man did not know, as he had not seen her. As a matter of fact, she did not hear of her *franc's* capture until after the train had left for Bayonne.

She had gone to the six o'clock mass, and as she came out of the church her sister met her and told her what had happened. It was a dreadful blow to the poor girl, and when she heard that they had taken him to prison she threw herself into her sister's arms and sobbed as if her heart would break. Gabrielle, after trying in vain to soothe and comfort her, led her away to her own house, and then to her own room, where Dominica became calmer.

They discussed what could be done to free Salvat. They found out by going to the house

that his father had gone with him to Bayonne, so they hoped to hear on his return that he had been able by paying a fine to obtain his release.

After the arrival of the last train the two sisters went to the old carpenter's house, but found him very sad and dejected. He told them that Salvat would not say anything. If he would have told the name of his employer he would have got off with a fine; but he would not, nor would he give the names of his companions. He was asked which of them knocked down the *douanier*, but he said he did not know, as he was busy with the boat and it was too dark to see what occurred, but, at any rate, he would not give the names of any of them.

Gabrielle took her sister to Bayonne the next day, and they tried to get leave to see Salvat in his prison, but they were not allowed to do so, and Dominica returned home sadder than before.

Before long the trial came on, and Salvat was condemned to a year's imprisonment. If he would have given information the sentence would have been more lenient, but he obstinately refused to do so. He told Jean Baptiste Goyaden—who obtained leave to visit him—that he would not tell the names of his companions because one of them was a married man with a wife and little children to support, and if he, the breadwinner, were locked up, what would become of the family?

Jean Baptiste suggested that he had Dominica to think of, to which Salvat replied, with tears in his eyes, that that was his greatest trial—the separation from her and the long, sad year that had to go by before their marriage could take place. As he said, ordinary years passed swiftly enough, but this one would have feet of lead. He told Jean Baptiste to tell his sweetheart to be patient and not to fret, as he felt sure there would be happiness for them in the future. But poor Dominica could not help fretting when she thought of her Salvat and all he must suffer. She lost all her bright, happy ways, and went about looking sad and grave. She worked hard at the household duties, so that even the old aunt had no fault to find with her, and she never cared now for fun or frolic, and would scarcely leave the house at all save when Gabrielle came and took her out so that she should have fresh air and exercise. She

was always thinking of Salvat; of the pain and misery of his prison life, and of the privations and sufferings he must endure. But she would not parade her grief. No one but Gabrielle knew how much she suffered, and no one but her sister was ever witness of her tears.

When Jean Baptiste first obtained leave to see Salvat she sent a tender little note and received a few loving words in answer, but this only happened very seldom. The little pencilled notes that Jean Baptiste brought her were read and re-read many times, and with many tears and sighs, but though the words were full of comfort the pain of separation seemed all the harder to bear when she read the expressions of Salvat's devotion.

But the year went by at last, as even the longest and dreariest will, and the period was

drawing near when Salvat would complete his sentence and be able to return home again. Dominica grew very restless and could not settle to her work. She wondered if he would be changed; if the long year of privation would have undermined his health. During the last few days she was in a sort of fever and could neither eat, drink, nor sleep.

But at last Salvat arrived and went straight to the house of his little *fiancée*. What a joyous



"THE LITTLE PENCILLED NOTES THAT JEAN BAPTISTE BROUGHT HER WERE READ AND RE-READ MANY TIMES."

meeting it was! Salvat's health had suffered a good deal, he was very pale and thin, and so changed in appearance that some people scarcely knew him.

The marriage soon took place, and Itxassou rose nobly to the festive occasion, for Salvat was very popular and everyone was so sorry for his misfortune. No one thought of blaming him for his share in the smuggling, but everyone praised him for his loyalty towards his comrades, and thought what a hero he was for suffering as he had done because he would not divulge their names. And so the wedding ceremonies passed off merrily, and Salvat and Dominica took up their abode at their country home at the foot of the great mountains, where they are living happily to-day.



There was recently held at Denver, Colorado, a "World's Championship Broncho-Busting Contest," to decide who was the best "broncho-buster" in the States. Valuable money prizes and a champion belt were offered, and some magnificent horsemanship was displayed by the competing cowboys, the coveted honour being finally awarded to an ex-cowboy attached to "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West Show.



IN the middle Western States of America there are immense open ranges as well as large private ranches—many of which consist of hundreds of thousands of acres—devoted to horse, cattle, and sheep raising, and quite a small army of cowboys are required to herd and care for the stock. It naturally follows that thousands of horses are needed for their use. It is upon the cowboys that the task falls of breaking to the saddle, or "busting," the almost untractable "bronchos" that are raised both for this purpose and for the open market.

Naturally, on a large ranch which employs many cowboys, there is much rivalry among them as to who is the best rider, or "buster," so that when a horse is found that has thrown everyone who has attempted to ride it, and possibly killed a man or so, it only makes the "boys" all the more determined to finally conquer the beast.

From this local rivalry among the cowboys of the large ranches of Idaho, Wyoming, Texas, and Colorado sprang the several State contests at which, besides the many handsome prizes which were given, a "State champion" was declared. Prior to 1901, therefore, there were

many so-called "champions," which naturally caused considerable discussion as to who was really the best man among them.

Almost every year since 1896 there has been held at Denver, Colorado, a great State fair, called the "Festival of Mountain and Plain," and the directors of the fair, looking around in 1901 for a good special feature for the year's "festival," saw the possibilities of this cowboy rivalry as a great attraction, and decided to hold a "world's championship" contest, giving, in addition to the several cash prizes, a suitable "world's championship" belt to the victor, to become his absolute property if won three times in succession. To properly govern the contest a strict set of rules was drawn up, so as to eliminate all but the very best riders.

The championship belt is a handsomely engraved and embossed affair, composed of eight square silver plaques linked together. Three of these plaques are plain, and are reserved for the names of the different winners. Three other plaques represent a buffalo head with rubies for eyes, an Indian head, and a rider on a bucking broncho. The belt is beautifully designed throughout, and represents a cash value of five hundred dollars.



From a

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUND WHERE THE CONTEST TOOK PLACE.

[Photo.

Invitations were published in the papers, giving the date of the contest and the rules governing the same, and asking all those who wished to enter to send in their names. The whole Western country was scoured over for the

wildest and most vicious "outlaw" bronchos that could be found. The more sinister their reputation the more they were desired, the aim being to get the worst possible horse and the very best rider, expense not being considered.



MARTIN T. SOWDER, WHO WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1901 AND 1902—HE IS NOW WITH "BUFFALO BILL'S" WILD WEST SHOW.

From a

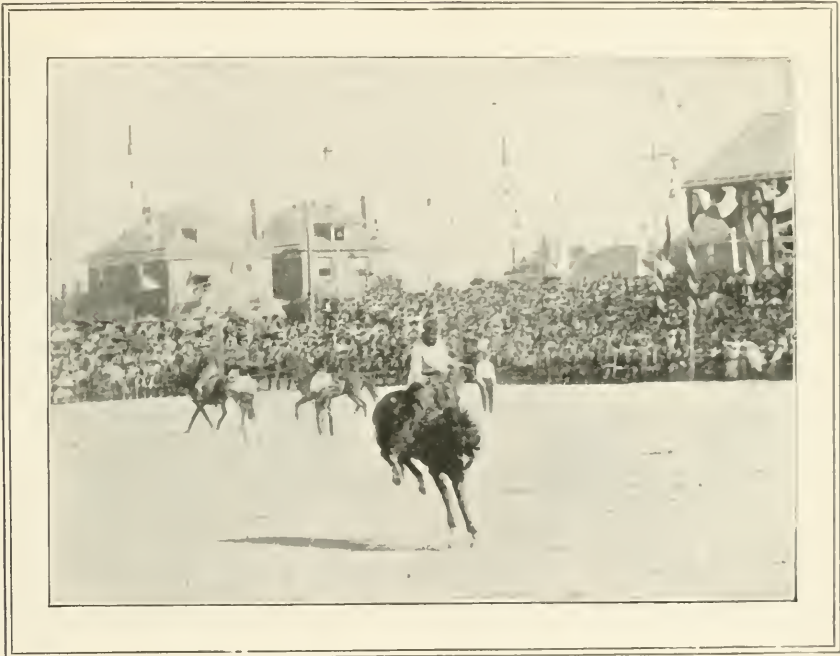
[Photo.

An immense circular grand stand was built to accommodate upwards of twelve thousand spectators, with boxes in front and tiers of seats behind. Several feet ahead of the front row of boxes heavy posts were set in the ground, on which very strong fencing wire was stretched, to prevent the horses bolting into the crowd.

This being the first real championship contest there was an immense crowd present—a good idea of which will be obtained from the photos.—to witness the struggle. Thousands of the spectators had come from surrounding towns, every one of the many competitors bringing a small crowd of enthusiastic supporters with him. Everything went smoothly, but, owing

ment with his Wild West Show, touring Europe, during which time he would proclaim him champion, and that there were also cash prizes of several hundreds of dollars, it was seen at once that, beside the belt, there was something well worth fighting for, and naturally the interest in the competition was widespread.

After his victory of 1901 Champion Sowder had obtained an engagement with "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West Show, and two days before the contest he arrived at Denver to defend his title. Among the fifty or sixty other competitors for first place were T. F. Minor, champion of Idaho; Harry Brennan, of Wyoming, who had won a five hundred dollar belt given at the



From a

A BRONCHO DOING THE "CROW-HOP."

[Photo.

to the great number of entries and the splendid riding of the cowboys, two days were necessary to reach a decision, when the judges—all well-known horsemen themselves—decided that Martin T. Sowder, of Wyoming—whose photograph is given on the previous page—had done the best, and he was accordingly given the belt and declared to be the "champion broncho-buster" of the world.

On October 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th, 1902, the second annual contest was held, and on account of the fact that the contest of 1901 had proven a strictly genuine one, and that Colonel W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") offered to the victor of the present contest a two years' engage-

ment with his Wild West Show, touring Europe; Jack McGuire, of Colorado; and Frank Stone, of Wyoming.

Of all these competitors only some twenty-five or so qualified for the actual contest, but they represented the very best riders in the country. Unless one is aware of the technique of the contest he is not apt to understand the finer points of the riders. There are three general movements of the typical broncho that must be understood to properly appreciate the sport.

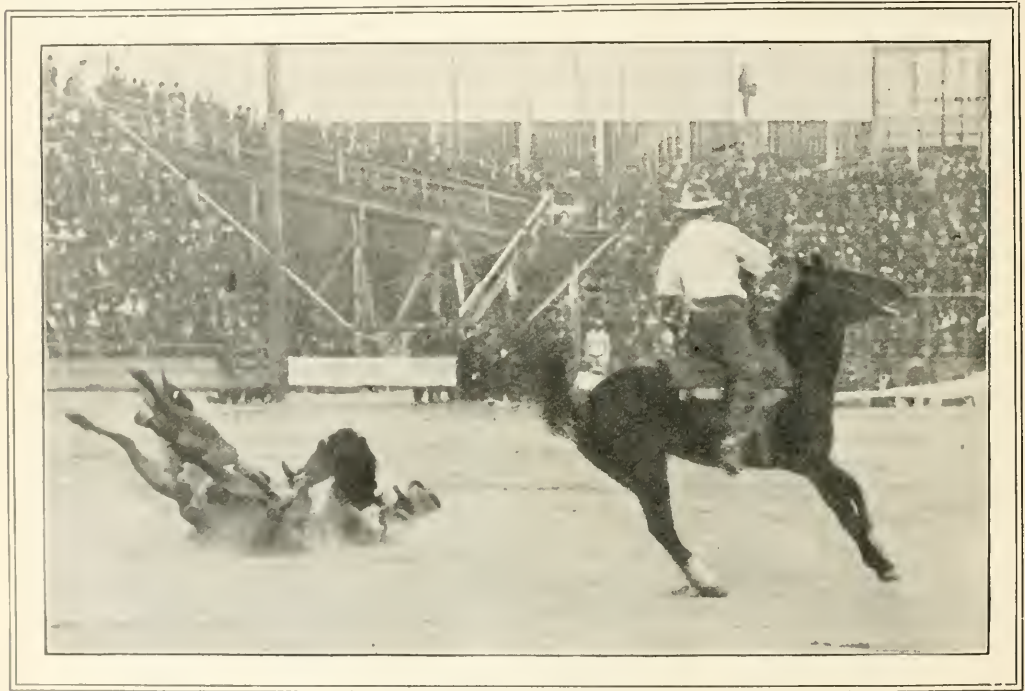
All bronchos are different individually, but the ways they try to throw their riders may be classed under three heads. The first is known as the "crow-hop." The rider gets on a wild horse and immediately the steed bunches itself

up like a goat, holds itself stiff in limb and body, and bucks promiscuously. It jars the rider, but the horse that only does this is considered easy and tame. While it lasts, however, the "crow-hop" is very interesting to the spectators.

Another movement is known as the "sun-fish." This is where the horse bucks, and while doing so tilts to one side and then the other in its endeavour to unseat the rider. There is also a forward and backward movement not unlike the "sun-fish," but even this is ineffective with the best riders, although much feared until finally mastered.

This movement unseated many a rider during

seriously hurt. In this movement, as soon as the rider is mounted the animal bucks and "cavorts" for a while, and then blindly makes for a fence or post, or any other obstruction. The rider must be ever on the alert, and if he fails to guess the way the horse will turn he is liable to have a nasty tumble or even be killed. This is one of the most difficult points in riding (particularly so as one of the rules of the contest disqualifies the rider who holds to the saddle to keep from falling), and is the cause of more fatalities while "busting" than any other. It was while riding a horse of this kind that one of the best riders in the contest had his leg broken. His horse bolted for the fence, striking



[From a]

A COMPETITOR GETS A BAD FALL.

[Photo.]

the recent contest, however, and it was a broncho named "E. A." (who used a combination of "sun fish" and "twister") that proved the hardest to ride, and, according to some eye-witnesses, compelled even the champion to catch hold of his saddle-horn to save himself from falling, or, as the cowboys say, made him "hunt leather." This, however, was not proved against him—luckily for him.

Besides the many snaky, jerky, corkscrew actions of the full-fledged broncho, the other general movement is known as the "stampede," and unless the rider is a quick thinker and can jump at the right time he is very likely to get

it with such force that the rider was thrown out of the saddle, his horse falling backwards on him, breaking his left leg. Owing to the excellent riding of the "boys," however, this was the only really serious accident, although several men took very bad falls.

Another very difficult broncho to ride is one that, failing to unseat its rider by any other means, rears up on its hind legs and pitches over backwards. It is the "pitching" broncho that the competitor must watch very closely.

The rider is allowed a helper to saddle the horse, but once seated he must allow his mount full control of his head and not hold to

his saddle to prevent leaving it (which would disqualify him); a clean throw is also fatal to his chances. It will, therefore, be seen that to ride some of the vicious brutes provided is no light task, and it may truly be said that in many cases the "buster" takes his life in his hands when he mounts some of the worst bronchos. This is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that the rider has no previous knowledge of the characteristics of the animal he may be called upon to ride.

Three days was all that the contest was billed for, but owing to the close riding of some of the contestants a fourth day was necessary to make a final choice, and it was on this day that some of the most reckless, yet splendid, riding was exhibited, particularly by Brennan (the horse show champion). The form shown was so good that really all the difference between the champion and Tom Minor was the fact that, although every bit as good a rider, Minor endeavoured, according to the judges, to check to a small extent the freedom of the head of the last horse that he rode.

The spectators, too, were considerably divided in opinion, and cries of "Brennan," "Sowder," and "Minor" showed the divergence of views. After considerable debate, however, the belt and

cash were distributed as follows: M. T. Sowder to retain the championship belt and receive 500dols.; T. F. Minor, Idaho, 250dols.; Frank Stone, Wyoming, 175dols.; Harry Brennan, Wyoming, 75dols.; McGuire, Schley, Colorado, 50dols.; and Denison, of Colorado, 25dols. This in the opinion of the judges was the best way out of a very difficult problem.

The small amount of the secondary prizes made the fighting for first place very spirited, and as several people claimed that Sowder, during his last ride on the vicious "E. A.," had "pulled leather," there was considerable feeling among some of the competitors as to the way in which the prizes were awarded.

Brennan and Minor each challenged Champion Sowder for a ten thousand dollar purse, five thousand dollars a side. This, of course, was useless, as the very best men procurable were selected as judges, and their decision must be abided by for at least one year.

The contest was a sight well worth witnessing, for with the increase of population in the Far West the day is surely coming when

the picturesque American cowboy and his superb horsemanship, like the fast disappearing Indian and buffalo, will eventually become a thing of the past.



A "PITCHING" BRONCHO—HE REARS UP ON HIS HIND LEGS AND ENDEAVOURS TO FALL BACKWARDS ON HIS RIDER.

From a Photo.



A TRAMP IN SPAIN

By BART KENNEDY



OW the row started I haven't the faintest idea.

We were all together in a wine-shop in the Calle de los Reyes Católicos — a street in Granada. It was after twelve o'clock at night, and Rafael was imparting some interesting information to me at the top of his voice. What the information was about I don't know. But I was listening with the gravest attention and nodding acquiescence whenever I felt the right instant had arrived. One learns to be polite in Spain.

All seemed to be going well, when suddenly I noticed Rafael's eye wandering. He stopped talking and turned quickly round to a Spaniard, who was not of our party. They glared at each other, and then Rafael made a plunge forward and caught the man by the throat.

And that is all I know about the row. It may have been an old feud, or it may have been that the man attacked had made some impolite remark bearing upon the information that Rafael was imparting with so much vigour to myself, or it may have been anything. Whatever it was remains as much a mystery to me as what Rafael was talking about. All that I know is that the next instant I found myself at one end of the wine-shop with Rafael, Castro, Joaquin, and somebody else. In front of us was the man who had been attacked, and his friends.

I hate bar room rows. Being in one is more dangerous than being in a firing line. Men are apt to be killed before they know where they are. Men advancing on a position have some

V.—HOW I WAS SENT TO GAOL.

Our commissioner here describes how he became involved in a disturbance by night in the streets of Granada—which he brought to an abrupt conclusion by the use of his revolver. For this he was arrested by the Spanish police and lodged in gaol. His subsequent experiences, and the sidelights he affords of Spanish methods of justice, will be found particularly interesting.

chance for their skins, but this hand-to-hand business is always ugly.

I got between the two parties and tried to explain. But as I knew, practically, no Spanish, my explaining powers were handicapped.

“Malo, Inglés!” shouted a man to me—the man who had been attacked by Rafael. I may as well say that when the first hostile move had been made I had turned quickly round and slipped my revolver from my breast-pocket down to my right-hand jacket-pocket. Thus, whilst I was talking peace I had my finger full on the trigger of my revolver, and was pointing it through the cloth of my coat in the direction of the man who had shouted “Malo!” It is always well for the peacemaker to be fully armed and prepared. If he is not, he is more than apt to get hurt. Peacemakers are unpopular.

During all this the din on both sides was deafening. I thought Rafael would burst. He shouted and gesticulated so furiously. I had to get on one side so as to dodge the sweep of his arm. Indeed, it was a bit hard to keep one's head through it all. I had no idea that Spaniards could work so hard. They shook their fists in each other's faces, and waved their arms and hands, and roared out maledictions, and made all sorts of excited, compound gestures.

It was then that I got with my back to the wall and began to study the scene. And one of the quick conclusions I came to was that the Spaniards were a people possessed to the full of concealed energy.



"THE REVOLVER MADE A REPORT LIKE A CANNON."

The only calm person in the wine-shop was the stout old señora who kept it. She sat behind the counter, close to a big black wine-skin. Her face wore an expression of peace and rest. I suppose she had seen rows before.

And now the gallant Rafael rushed to the door of the wine-shop, flung it wide open, waved his arms over his head, and ran out. His back was to us as he waved his arms above his head, and the figure he cut gave to the scene a needed touch of comedy.

Everybody ran out after him. And I ran out, too. And then I gathered Rafael's meaning. He meant that they should go out into the street and fight it out. To tell the truth I was rather glad of this, for I was curious to see

how the Spaniards conducted a fight. As yet no blows had been struck, and I was beginning to think that they did not mean business.

In the street there was a sort of a pause and then somebody whipped out a knife and flung it—I think, at Rafael. But it nearly hit me. It fell clattering on the stones behind me, after whizzing past my shoulder.

This was too interesting, and I jerked the revolver from my jacket-pocket and fired just in front of a man who was coming towards me. Being knifed in an affair that wasn't my affair didn't at all strike my fancy.

The revolver made a report like a cannon, and had the effect I knew it would have. Everybody scattered, leaving me the street all to myself. A revolver in the darkness is a quantity very much unknown.

I had aimed the shot down just in front of the man's feet. I had no intention of hitting him. What I wanted was peace. When the knife was flung I had at once seen that if the row were not stopped someone would be killed—perhaps myself. And I had stopped it in the only way I could stop it—by putting the fear of death into them all. Had I threatened with the revolver it would have been fatal. The only way was to make them feel that business was meant—to let the actual music come suddenly on their ears.

Peace now reigned in the Calle de los Reyes Católicos.

All were gone: Rafael, Castro, Joaquín, the ally whose name I didn't know, and their opponents. Both friend and foe had come to the conclusion that my room was better than my company.

I put my revolver back into my pocket and turned to walk away. At almost the first step my foot struck against the knife that had been flung. I picked it up and looked at it. It was an ugly-looking affair, and would have done for any man it struck fairly.

Hardly had I gone fifty yards when I saw the flashing of lanterns in front of me, and in another moment I was surrounded by half-a-

dozen *serenos*—night policemen. One of them put the point of his lance right against my breast, another held his revolver to my head, whilst the others held their swords ready to cut me down.

I was arrested.

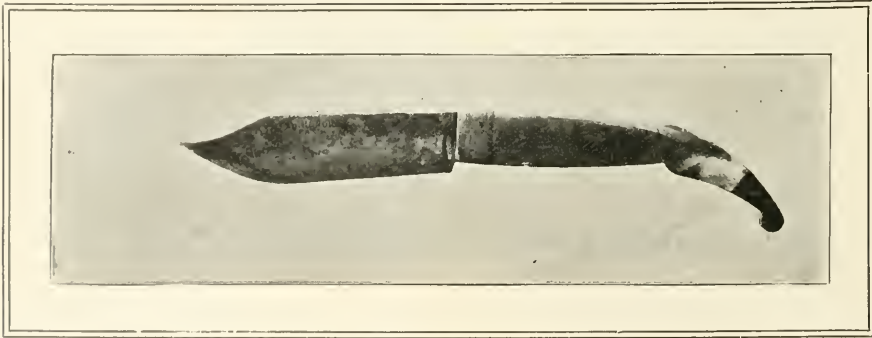
There was not the least use of my showing fight in this case. For one thing the odds were too many, and for another I had no ambition to clash with the might of the Spanish law—when it was really aroused. I had five shots in my revolver, and my finger was on the trigger. But this time I could run no bluff. I would have had either to kill or wound someone—and a hundred to one be killed in the end myself.

I laughed and stretched out my hands—empty—towards the *serenos*, and the one who held the point of the lance against me lowered it and came up close to me. He searched me quickly and found the revolver. The finding of it apparently satisfied them, for the *sereno* who was holding his revolver in a line with

had found the revolver upon me was, so to speak, deputized to relate what had occurred.

He told the story in a most graphic and tragic manner. One would have thought that I was just after killing a dozen men. He would point to me every now and then in a most impressive and dramatic way.

He began by describing the hearing of the shot. He imitated the sound, thus giving me a clue to his narrative. And he went on telling the whole affair—half in pantomime, half in words. When he got to the part where he was describing his searching of me I could have laughed, but for the fact that it seemed to me to be a time for gravity. Just as he finished his yarn he took my revolver out of his pocket and laid it on the table with impressiveness. The sergeant picked it up and tried to unlock the cylinder, but he did not quite understand the mechanism of it and he handed it to the *sereno*, who also tried to unlock it. He, too, failed. And then I made a sign that it should be



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KNIFE, OVER TEN INCHES IN LENGTH, WHICH WAS THROWN AT MR. BART KENNEDY.

my head dropped his hand and put the weapon away into his belt. He then took my arm, and I was escorted up a street which lay off to the left from the Reyes Católicos. They talked excitedly during the whole time, but I said not a word.

We had not gone very far before Joaquin and Castro appeared on the scene. They had not deserted me after all. The *serenos* stopped as they began to talk volubly concerning me. In Spain everybody is polite—everybody listens to everybody else.

What my friends said I, of course, don't know, farther than that it was something to the effect that I was a person of a most respectable and peaceful calibre. This I could tell by the way the *serenos* shook their heads.

The parley ended by our all going together to the police-station.

At the police-station the *serenos* all began to talk together, but in the end the *sereno* who

handed to me. Without any hesitation the *sereno* handed it over, and I pressed down on the thumb-piece, unlocked the cylinder, and ejected the cartridges out on to the table. This seemed to relieve the tension of the situation. The sergeant picked up the five cartridges and the empty shell and looked at them with care. And then everybody looked at them in turn. They were even politely offered to me for my inspection. In the end they were put into an envelope and laid beside the revolver.

I must confess that I was treated with the utmost politeness. I might have been some high foreign official who had dropped in to see them. The police-sergeant gave me a cigarette, and listened with deference to Joaquin and Castro as they again set forth glowingly my virtues and general peacefulness of character. In fact, everybody was polite, from the sergeant to the *serenos*. And in a grave sort of a way they seemed pleased to have met me. I suppose

they were grateful to me for giving them something to do.

Indeed, so polite was the sergeant that at one stage of the game I thought I was going to be let off. It was when I produced my license for the use of arms. He bowed most profoundly as I handed it to him.

But in the end I began to grasp the fact that I would have to go to gaol. Joaquin and Castro protested, but it was of no use. The sergeant apologized in a most profuse manner. He was respectful and sympathetic. But, nevertheless, to gaol I had to go. With many "buenas noches" (good nights) and bowings and handshakings I was escorted out of the police-station by the *serenos*. Castro and Joaquin accompanied us.

The gaol was in the Calle Molinos, about a quarter of a mile away. Here again I encountered extreme politeness. The night director deferentially took my name and age and height, and the colour of my hair and eyes, and what I was charged with, and everything else he could gather in connection with myself, my past, and my present. He sat at a rickety table—a pale-faced, delicate-looking young Spaniard—and entered these interesting and exciting details into a book of moderate size. His method of gleaning the information was first to ask me a question. I would not understand, and then Castro or Joaquin would turn to me and ask me what I suppose was the same question. I would say something in reply which they did not understand, as neither of them knew English. At this they would quickly turn and translate to the delicate-looking young Spaniard what they themselves had not understood. When my measure had been taken fully and satisfactorily, so to speak, the young Spaniard signed a paper and handed it to one of the *serenos*. It was a receipt for my safe delivery into gaol.

And then everybody who was able to do so left. I felt lonesome as I saw the big door closing upon the *serenos* and upon my friends,



"I WAS ESCORTED OUT OF THE POLICE-STATION."

Joaquin and Castro. For a moment I felt as a man might feel who was being left alone on a sinking ship. But I quickly recovered my spirits. My friends had assured me that they would be round to see me early next morning.

I was not put in a cell, but I was allowed to sit in the big room with the night director and his brother and the gaoler and two guards. The room was a primitive-looking, tumble-down sort of place, with a low ceiling and strongly barred windows. It had a rather dirty but comfortable air, and it struck me that I might have got into a worse place.

And then I began to make myself agreeable. I found out that the director's name was Juan

Puente, and that his brother was named Luis, and that the gaoler's name was Miguel. How I managed this it would be difficult to explain. It was partly by means of gestures and partly by odd words of Spanish. All were friendly disposed towards me, and that, of course, helped.

Puente! It was the name of a famous baritone, and it suggested to me the idea of letting them know that once I had sung in opera as a baritone. I managed to convey this with some ease. This was a lucky stroke of mine, for it turned out that Luis Puente, the director's brother, was an amateur baritone, and that he had sung in opera in Granada. He wrote the names of the parts he had sung on a piece of paper.

It was thus that relations were set up of a most sympathetic order.

After that I managed to explain how I had been all over the world, and what a great man I was generally. They seemed much impressed. And then I managed to tell them how I had once heard Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, sing in South America. This Spanish tenor was the greatest and the grandest singer that had ever existed! I pictured to my listeners the unutterable and boundless enthusiasm and emotion that had possessed me when I heard him sing. And then I slid skilfully to another theme. Spain was the finest and most wonderful country in the world, and as for the sport of bull fighting—well, it was *magnifico! grande!* And so I went on. We were all like brothers. The only rift in the lute, so far as I was concerned, was the fact that I happened to be in gaol.

By this time daylight was coming in through the barred windows, and I suggested that we ought to have refreshments. The suggestion was received with favour, and I gave one of the guards a peseta to go out and see what he could do. He came back with a waiter from a restaurant that had just opened up. We gave our orders, and soon we were regaling ourselves with hot coffee and biscuits and aguardiente.

After this Luis Puente suggested that I should lie down. And I went and laid myself down on his brother's—the director's—bed and was soon asleep.

When I woke up I began to reflect upon the situation and to wonder what they were going to do with me. The glamour had passed off—the glamour that had been thrown upon the situation by my efforts of a few hours before in the direction of fraternity.

The all round politeness was, of course, consoling, but not knowing the language made me feel uneasy. I could not tell exactly what the charge was against me. And I was afraid that

something might have happened during the night, and that I would be blamed for it. One could never tell. I had, of course, witnesses to prove that I had really done nothing, but still I felt uneasy. I would have given the world to have been able to understand Spanish.

The idea came to me to appeal to the English Consul. He surely would be able to get me out of the bother. But when I turned the idea over in my mind I rejected it. I had a strong feeling that it would be better to take my chance with the Spanish law. I felt that bringing in the Consul would only inflame and complicate matters. He would probably have to communicate with Madrid, and a big thing might be made out of nothing. I had broken the law of the country by firing off a revolver at dead of night, and there was the end of it. And I determined to take my chance with the Spaniards. It was the manlier course, and besides it struck me that it was hardly fair to overwork the British Empire.

My reverie was cut short by hearing someone speak my name in a loud voice. Bartolome! Someone was telling someone else a yarn in Spanish in the big outer room, and my name kept recurring in it. I knew it must be about my exploit of the night before. I listened hard, but I could make no connected sense out of it, though I could hear every word distinctly. It was about me, and still I did not know what it was. And I passed through a most uncomfortable and anxious moment. This voice might be saying all sorts of things against me, and here was I unable to reply by even a word. As I listened there came upon me a curious feeling of helplessness.

For a while I lay quietly. And then I got up suddenly and walked into the outer room. It was better for me to face it, whatever it was.

The sun was now shining strongly through the iron barring of the window, and for the moment I was blinded. The voice stopped as I entered the room.

And then I made out who it was that had been talking. It was one of the *serenos* who had arrested me the night before. He was standing in the middle of the room in front of a man in a blue uniform—a man whom I had not seen before.

I looked at this man, and he looked at me. He was evidently a person of importance in the prison. I could tell this by the *sereno's* manner as he stood in front of him. I liked his face. It was at once intelligent and kindly. He signed to me to sit down.

I sat down and looked around. Luis Puente and his brother were gone, and there were two guards in place of the guards I had last seen.

The only one that was left of my friends of the night before was the gaoler, Miguel. He was sitting half asleep in a chair, with a cigarette in his mouth.

I looked hard at the *sereno*, and waited for him to continue his narrative; but he did not speak again. He went and sat down near the door.

And then the man with the uniform came over and tried to talk with me, but it was a failure. All that I could understand was that he meant to be really kindly.

I endeavoured to ask him if I would get my revolver back, but I failed to make him understand. At last I made a rough drawing of it on a sheet of paper, and after a great deal of work he got my meaning. He then let me know that I would get it back—because I had a license. I found that I could understand him much more easily than he could me.

Our attempts at exchanging ideas were interrupted by a loud knock on the big door. Miguel went and opened it, and let in a man of the Guardia Civil (Civil Guard). With the guard were two men—one of them handcuffed. He remained standing near the big door whilst the guard and the other man came up to the table where the *director del arresto*—the man with the blue uniform—was now sitting. The guard spoke to the director for a while and then the prisoner was asked some question, to which he answered "Si" (Yes). The director then filled up a paper, which the guard and the other man signed.

At this point I struck in and asked what the man was arrested for. The director understood my question and made an answer. But I could not understand.

The man who was handcuffed was a middle-sized, powerful-looking young man with black eyes and a square, strong face. He did not look like one who belonged to Granada. He had the look of the mountains about him. His skin had the darkness that comes of exposure to wind and sun—added to its natural darkness.

I was sorry for the man who was handcuffed. He was a fine, resolute-looking young fellow. He was something between twenty-three and twenty-six years old. What his crime was I don't know. Probably something serious. He

looked like a man who would do something serious if he felt that the occasion demanded it.

I spoke to him and smiled. And he smiled back. We were in the same boat—fellow-prisoners.

And I put my hand into my pocket, got out a peseta, and held it towards him. "Aguardiente," I said. But his hands were held so tightly together by the handcuffs that he was unable to take it. Miguel, however, came to the rescue. He put the peseta into the young fellow's pocket.

The formalities, whatever they were, were over now, and Miguel opened the big door again, and the guard and the

man who was handcuffed and the other man passed out.

It was about nine in the morning now, and it struck me that my Spanish friends should have arrived by this time. But the best thing for me to do was to wait patiently. In fact it was the only thing possible to do. I was absolutely powerless in the matter.



"WE WERE IN THE SAME BOAT—FELLOW-PRISONERS."

An hour passed, and I got anxious. During that time Enrique Tejada—the *director del arresto*—and I had been trying to talk. But ten o'clock, and no one turning up made me feel uneasy. Again I thought of the English Consul, but I had the same strong feeling that I had had at first against making any move in that direction.

Suddenly it occurred to me to send a note to Santiago, the manager of the hotel where I was staying. I wrote one out and gave it to Tejada, telling him as well as I could that I wanted it to be sent at once to the hotel. Tejada said "Si" most obligingly, but—well, he laid the note on the table. Again I spoke to him—and I pointed to one of the guards, meaning that I wanted him to act as messenger. Also, I took two pesetas out of my pocket and offered it to the guard. To this Tejada said "Cinco minutos" (five minutes). But twenty minutes passed, and still the note remained on the table. Then I tried another plan. I asked if one of the guards couldn't take me to the hotel as his prisoner. There I would be able to see and talk with Santiago and Constant and arrange what could be done. After much labour on my part Tejada seemed to understand and to assent to my proposition. I was overjoyed. It had now got very hot in the prison, and being there, together with the anxiety of not knowing what was going to happen, had got on my nerves. I had given up my Spanish friends.

I stood up, and the guard stood up and buckled on his sword. It seemed too good to be true—that I was going to be let out into the open air. And it was too good to be true. For when I moved towards the big door and signed for myself and the guard to be let out, Tejada shrugged his shoulders and said "impossible."

I could therefore neither send a note anywhere nor do anything, and for the first time the whole business looked really serious. I would be taken into court—I would not understand a word—and all sorts of things might be said against me! I was now at a loss altogether. Perhaps I had been accused of something serious. Everybody

was extremely polite to me, but for all that, I was shut up here in gaol and unable to get out even a message.

And then it was that something happened. A quick, sharp knock came on the door. Miguel opened it and, to my joy, in stepped José Castro.

Never, during the whole course of my life, was I so glad to see anyone. Here was indeed a friend. One who knew the language—one who knew what had happened—one who was on my side! He knew no more English than did Tejada, but that mattered nothing. He was one of the friends who were going to get me out!

After greeting me with the utmost warmth he bowed to, and shook hands with, Tejada. And then he went over to the telephone. I had thought of trying to use the telephone before he came in, but I had given up the idea. The bigness of the task had appalled me. I could never have made the telephone people understand what I wanted.

Castro was now talking to Santiago over the telephone, and telling him all about it. I, too, went to the telephone, but as Santiago's English



"A MAN ENTERED AND LAID A PAPER BEFORE ME ON THE TABLE."

was of the shaky, uncertain variety—and was not improved by coming over the wire—I made way again for Castro.

Santiago would be down in *veinte minutos* (twenty minutes). Castro assured me that all was well. I would be out of gaol in *dos horas* (two hours).

Soon Santiago arrived with Constant, a French mining engineer, who spoke both English and Spanish fluently. They laughed and shook hands with me, and assured me that all was well. And then Constant and Santiago and Castro left me, saying that they would be back soon with an order for my release.

And sure enough they were back in something over an hour—back with the order which they exchanged with Tejada for myself.

I was now free to go, and after shaking hands with Tejada and Miguel and the guards I stepped out with my friends through the big door to liberty.

But that was not the end of the affair.

The next day I was sitting writing in my room when a knock came on the door. A man entered and laid a paper before me on the table. There was no use of my asking him what the paper meant, though I knew well that it bore some relation to the injury I had inflicted on the Spanish law the night but one before.

I made the man sit down, gave him a cigarette, and called for my friend Constant. Constant came and explained that the paper meant nothing—absolutely nothing. It was only a request from the abogado to call on him next day at one o'clock. The abogado was a counsellor who acted as judge.

"It is a mere nothing, señor," said Constant, reassuringly. "You but call to see the judge."

By this time I was beginning to get it into my head that these mere nothings often meant a good deal in Spain. The Spaniards were great in the art of covering with velvet the grip of steel.

"Must I go to court?" I asked. "Does the judge sit in court?"

"Yes, he do sit in the court. But it is a mere nothing. I go with you. Santiago go with you. All is well. It is nothing."

"But is it necessary for me to go?" I asked again. "Can't some other way be managed? Going there to-morrow will make me lose a day's work."

"Ah, that is bad. But you but go to the court."

"Look here, Constant. If I don't go, will I be arrested?"

"Perhaps. I do not know well."

"Oh, let's have it straight! Will I be arrested if I don't go?"

Constant shrugged his shoulders and looked at me.

"Yes," he answered, after a pause.

And then he went out along with the man who had served the summons.

As I was going to court the next day with Constant and Santiago and Castro the nature of the defence to be set up on my behalf was explained to me. It seemed that nothing at all was to be said about the row. The story to be told to the judge was that I was explaining the mechanism of the revolver to Joaquin, and that in the handling of it the trigger was accidentally pressed, causing it to go off.

"I will interpret for you," said Constant.

It was a simple and ingenious defence, and it had the quality that defences usually have—that of being calculated to set forth in a glowing light the innocence of the person accused. It was my innocence first and verity second. But I was completely in the hands of my interpreters. I was, so to speak, as wax.

Constant explained to me that if it became known that there had been a row it would then be plain that the revolver was fired with intent. Intent was nothing, of course, Constant explained in his usual style; but—well, if it were proved, I might possibly have to go to prison. The law in Spain was very odd when the question of intent had to be considered!

As a matter of fact, my only intent in firing off the revolver at all was a peaceful one—to stop the row. I had stopped it, and most probably saved life, and for reward I had been clapped into gaol and afterwards had to go through all this bother. I had received the peacemaker's usual reward.

We were in the court punctually by one o'clock. It was a small court adjoining the great court, and the abogado sat in a big chair. Above him was a picture of the young Spanish King, Allonso XIII. The picture was in the centre of a great, square piece of stiffened red cloth, which ran nearly up to the ceiling and then was curved forward, so as to throw a shade over where the abogado—the judge—sat.

We all bowed to the abogado, who motioned to us to sit down. And then I noticed that Joaquin—my companion of the adventure—was sitting next to the abogado. Joaquin came from his place of honour and shook me warmly by the hand, and the abogado smiled in my direction. This looked promising. It seemed that Joaquin was an advocate, a barrister, who did not quite get the number of briefs to which his talents entitled him. It was he, I found out afterwards, who was the engineer of my defence.

The abogado was a man of about forty five. He wore a full, dark beard. His forehead was

intellectual, and in his face was a fine, high expression.

To people living in England it is impossible to describe exactly the character and the air of this Spanish court of justice. It had not the severity nor the forbidding coldness of look of an English court, nor its absoluteness. It was much more human. One felt that under certain conditions a greater degree of justice and equity would be rendered in a place of justice such as this. In a place of justice such as this subtler things than a mere cognizance of facts would count. Sympathy would count. There would be a full considering and a full account taken of provocation. Here in this court the truth would be grasped that the provoker is at the very least equally guilty with the provoked—that truth of which the English law takes so little heed. In an English court an undue reverence for the thing that is called "a fact" often causes rank injustice to be dealt out by a judge.

I contrasted the bearing and manner of the abogado with the bearing of some of the men who deal out justice in the courts of London, and I must say that the abogado by no means suffered in comparison. True, he smoked cigarettes whilst in court; but, on the other hand, he was not rude. He would not be the man to take advantage of his position to insult people who were in trouble. Neither would he make feeble, pointless jokes anent the misfortunes of others.

No one was sworn. The proceedings began by the questioning of the *serenos*—two of whom were in attendance. In the meantime my revolver and the cartridges had been brought in and laid upon the table before the abogado, and the *serenos* told of my arrest and of the finding of the revolver upon me. I was then asked—through Constant—if I had fired with intent.

"No," I answered.

The *serenos* were then asked if I had fired with intent. The answer was that they did not know. They had not seen me fire the shot.

Everybody in the court was smoking cigarettes—all but myself. I had some in my pocket in a case, but I hardly liked to take one out, for it struck me that perhaps it would not be considered etiquette for the criminal of the party to smoke. I thought that perhaps that was the reason why Constant or Santiago had not offered me one. But the not offering of a cigarette to me may have been an oversight.

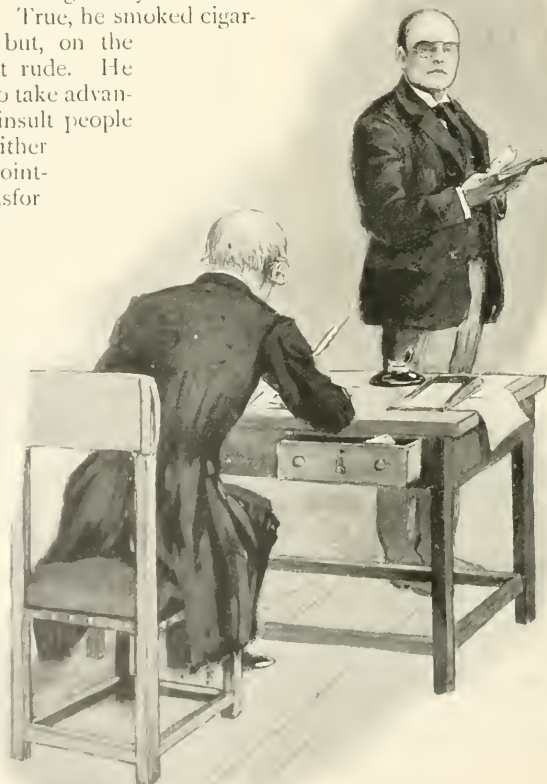
Off in front of me sat a very stout Spaniard, who looked for all the world like a typical English bailiff of the county court. He had the same big, heavy build, and the same florid colour of face, and the same dull, aggrieved expression. He, too, was smoking a cigarette.

At last the abogado opened the pages till he got to the place he wanted he beckoned to Constant.

Constant went over and got the book, and then I was shown the passage relating to the firing off of firearms within the limits of a town. The fine for the same was between five and fifty pesetas. Constant translated it to me, and told me that the abogado had decided to fine me only ten pesetas. This I at once paid, and I was given a receipt for it from a grave old Spanish gentleman who wore spectacles, and whose cigarette was nearly smoked to the end. I offered him one from my own case, which he accepted with a "Gracias, señor."

I put the case back into my pocket without taking one out for myself.

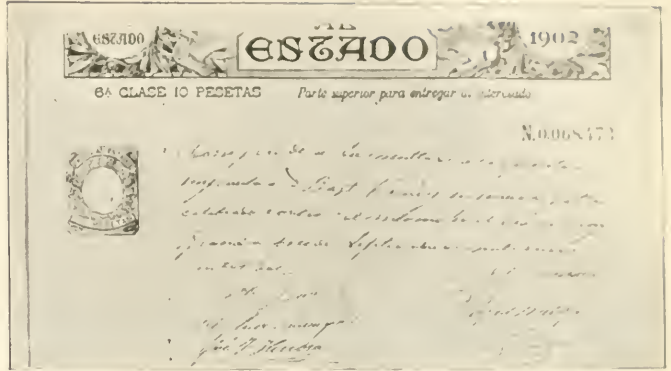
I was not yet quite sure of my ground. Just after this Santiago came up and acquainted me with the fact that



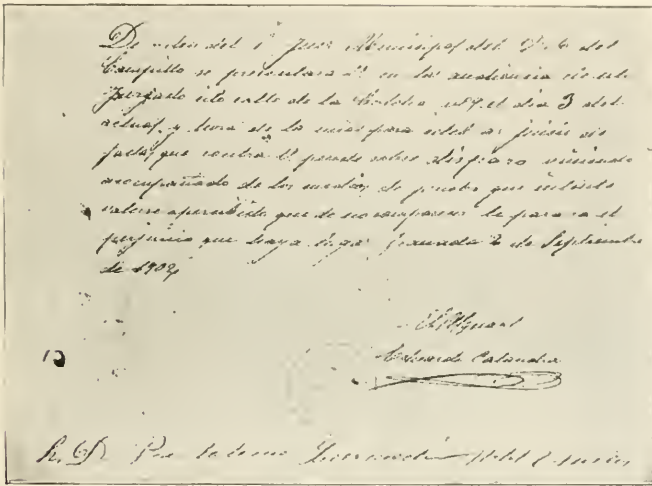
"I AT ONCE PAID, AND WAS GIVEN A RECEIPT."

I had to pay the costs of the court—eighteen pesetas. Again I shelled out and again I was given a receipt by the grave old Spanish gentleman with the spectacles. Things seemed to be going with much smoothness. I was supplying oil to the wheels of the law.

But was I going to get back my revolver? It was one of the best revolvers that could be got in London, and everybody in Granada had admired it—policemen and everybody—and I was afraid that some official might pay it the deli-



THE LEGAL INSTRUMENT SETTING FORTH MR. KENNEDY'S "CRIME" AND THE



THE SUMMONS SERVED ON THE AUTHOR FOR FIRING HIS REVOLVER IN THE STREET.

Even the stout Spaniard who looked like an English county court bailiff—even he wore an air of contentment. I felt contented myself. The trial had lasted something over an hour.

Suddenly I noticed the judge looking at me. And then he spoke to me from his chair of judgment. Constant translated what he said. He was asking me if I were pleased—if I were satisfied with the trial.

I stood up and answered, through Constant, that I was very much pleased—that I was very satisfied indeed—and that I was more than delighted to have had the honour of meeting the judge. The uniqueness of the question—of a judge asking one who had been a prisoner

cate compliment of confiscating it—even though I did possess a license for the carrying of arms.

I spoke to Constant of my fears in a low tone, and he walked over to the abogado and conferred with him. The result was satisfactory, for the abogado smiled and beckoned to me. I

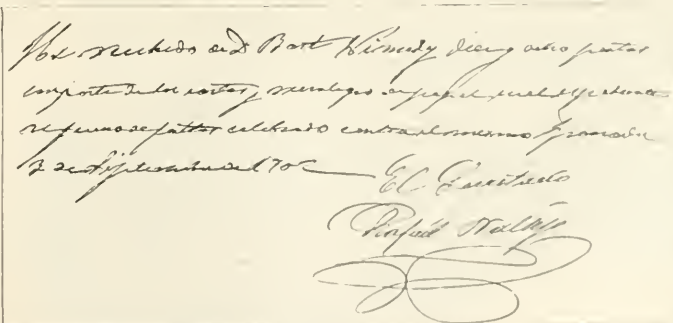
walked up to the table and he handed me the revolver, along with the five cartridges and the empty shell. I thanked him and went back to my seat.

The trial was over now, and everybody looked satisfied.

if he were satisfied with his trial—appealed to me. I wondered if an Englishman had ever been asked such a question before.

And then Constant and Santiago and Joaquin and Castro and I rose and shook hands with everybody in court. I even grasped

the hand of the stout, bailiff-looking Spaniard with fervour. And I managed to make the judge understand I shook his hand for the second and last time. (Oh, I hoped to see him again while in London.)



THE RECEIPT FOR THE COSTS OF THE COURT

(To be continued.)

On the March in the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

BY CAPTAIN H. E. HAYMES, OF THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

II.

An interesting account of one of the little expeditions of which the general public hear next to nothing, but which accomplish a vast amount of useful work. Captain Haymes was a member of a small but well-equipped expedition which, under Colonel Sparkes, C.M.G., was sent to re-occupy the Bahr-el-Ghazal province. The author illustrates his narrative with some extremely striking and curious photographs.



ON January 7th, 1901, Colonel Sparkes and I, with twenty-five men of the Soudanese troops and twelve donkeys, started on a patrol to the west to visit the old Government zareba on the Waw River, about seventy miles distant. Our object was to select a spot in that part of the country for building a station. Twenty-five men, with a native officer, were left to build barracks at Tong, while the remainder, with Boulnois and Pirrie and all the animals, returned to the river to bring up rations.

We started marching due west through thick bush; no road existed, and for some miles we had to cut our way with axes. We took with us a small canvas boat in two sections, capable

of holding three men. This boat only weighed about ninety pounds—just a nice load for one donkey. Twelve miles took us to the ruins of an old zareba, which had been one of the chief centres for collecting ivory—both white and black*—some thirty years previously. Four miles farther on we struck a small Bongo village, where we were well received, and halted for breakfast. Two of our donkeys had fallen so lame that they had to be sent back to Tong and their loads divided among the others. In the evening we moved on to the Mullmull River, where we found the remains of a bridge made by the French. Khors, or waterways, are numerous hereabouts in the rainy season, although most of them are quite dry in

the early months of the year. It is no unusual thing for a khor to rise six or eight feet in a few hours, a peculiarity which is apt to prove awkward to anyone camped in its vicinity. The accompanying photo. shows a primitive native bridge thrown over one of these khors. The man seen standing beneath the bridge on the extreme left gives some idea of the height to which the water rises.

We spent a miserable night, as the



A NATIVE BRIDGE ACROSS A KHOR, OR WATER-COURSE—THESE STREAMS SOMETIMES RISE SIX FEET IN A FEW HOURS.

From a Photo.

*Slaves were usually referred to as "black ivory."—ED.

mosquitoes simply swarmed, and they were extremely voracious. On the following day the country changed considerably, becoming park-like and undulating. Ironstone in huge slabs was scattered about everywhere. Several old native furnaces—made of clay and shaped like an hour-glass—were seen. The natives obtain a rich ore near the surface, which, after treatment in these furnaces, produces an excellent soft metal, from which they make their spears, knives, axes, etc. Antelope were to be seen every day, and we had no difficulty in getting plenty of meat.

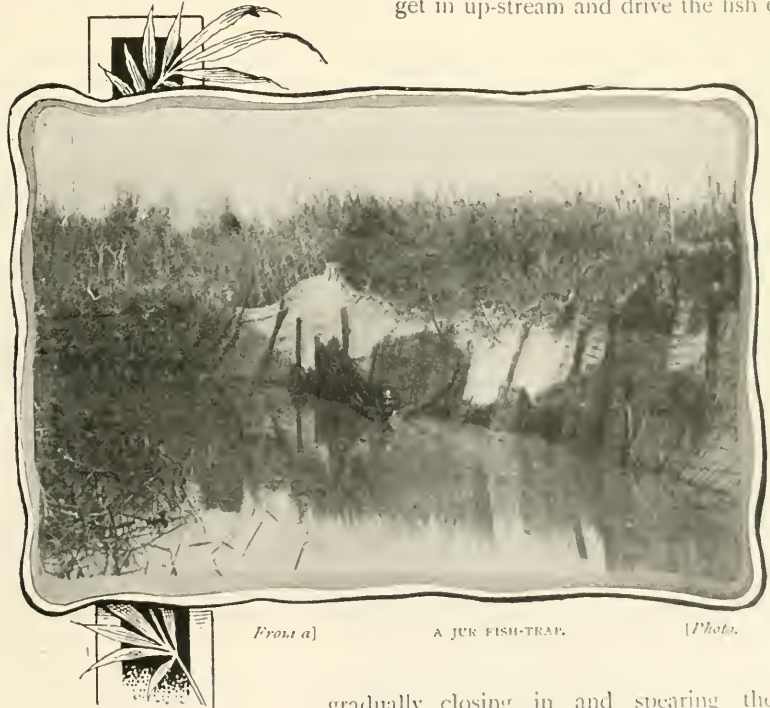
Owing to the great distances between the watering-places, it was often necessary to march at night, as after the sun had gone down the men and animals did not suffer so much from thirst. The country in many places was terribly cut up by elephant tracks, and as we stumbled along in the dark, men and donkeys were continually falling.

Next day we came upon a Bongo grave, which merits description. A large pile of ironstone covered the spot, and the trunk of a tree stood at the head, cut off about eight feet from the ground. The tree was roughly carved into what looked like an old-fashioned bed-post. The Bongo method of burial is peculiar. An ordinary grave is dug about five feet deep, and in one side of this a recess is scooped out, into which the deceased is placed in a sitting posture, with a few logs to keep him in position. The grave is then filled in. The idea appears to be to prevent the earth from falling directly on the body.

A march of five days took us to the Jur River, which is some hundred and fifty yards broad, with banks twelve feet high. The boat was launched to take us across, and the donkeys swam over without any mishap. Some natives belonging to the Jur tribe met us on the other bank and took us to the outskirts of their

village. The Jur resemble the Dinkas in many ways, although they speak a distinct language. They are fine big men and cultivate large quantities of grain.

The chief occupation of the Jur is fishing. When the rivers are low most of the fish are speared. It is a very pretty sight to watch some twenty men fishing in the shallows: a dark night is chosen, and each man carries a lighted torch in the left hand, which he swings round and round his head. In his right he carries a spear, which he throws at the fish which come near, attracted by the light. They have a great respect for crocodiles, never attacking them unless very small. I have seen a whole party of them break up in terror at the very mention of the word "crocodile." When the rains are on these ingenious people make a barrier of grass matting right across the small rivers and khors. One or two men stand by this stockade, spear in hand, whilst others get in up-stream and drive the fish down,



Front a

A JUR FISH-TRAP.

[Photo.]

gradually closing in and spearing the fish against the matting. The above photo. shows one of these fish traps in position.

The Jur also made use of baskets exactly on the same principle as our own eel traps.

A long march through dense bush brought us at last to the old Government zareba on the Waw River. On the way we disturbed some elephants, but did not get a shot at them. The Waw is in places most beautiful; large trees overhang the banks on either side, affording an

excellent shade. The whole country, however, was deserted, the nearest village being twelve miles off. Colonel Sparkes decided that it would be better to select a spot on the Jur River as a site for the station. We therefore started down stream, Sparkes in the canvas boat with two men, the remainder marching. The distance of ten miles took us to the junction of the Waw and Jur Rivers, where we camped for the day on a sand-bank. Hippos were numerous, as many as eighteen heads being seen at one time. News was brought to us here that the natives were going to oppose our further progress, so that it behoved us to keep our eyes open. We intended going to an old deserted French fort, four miles down stream, as we thought it probable that they had selected a healthy spot for their station, so Sparkes again went in the boat, the rest of us marching through high grass.

We kept a constant look-out for surprises, but never saw a soul. On the way Colonel Sparkes landed to try and get a guinea-fowl, but to his intense surprise stumbled on to two lions. As he only had his shot-gun he beat a hasty retreat.

We found the remains of a good fort built with ironstone, well situated on high ground commanding the river, and guns had evidently been mounted there at one time. All the other buildings had been burnt, and the whole place was completely grown over with thick bush. As it appeared in every way suitable and a healthy spot, Colonel Sparkes decided to build our new station there.

We at once started a garden and planted all sorts of European and Egyptian seeds.

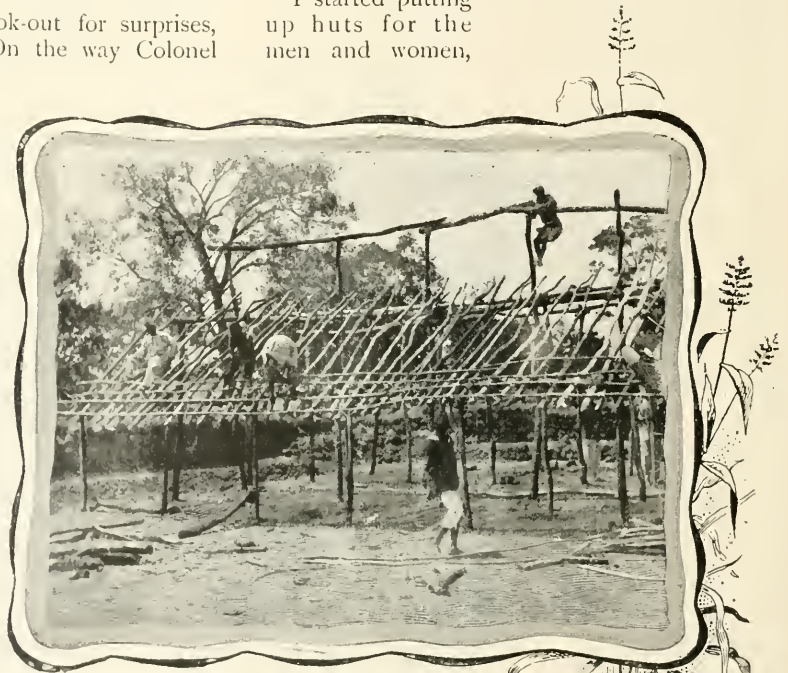
The natives proved friendly and brought in corn and sheep, which they sold readily for cloth and beads. The locusts had not done much damage in the district, and there seemed every probability of the new station being able to support itself locally.

After a stay of five days we started on our return journey to Tong—going by a different route. From there Colonel Sparkes and Captain Pirrie, with about fifty men, started on a long

patrol to the east, with the object of selecting positions for posts, visiting the various tribes, and meeting the Belgians at Kirro, on the Nile. Meanwhile I returned to Waw, with twenty-five men and their wives, to build the station.

At every village I passed I did what I could in the medical line. Medicine is popular in Africa, and I soon had a number of patients marching stolidly along with me in the hope of receiving a pill. There was a great run on Epsom salts, which seemed to please the native palate. They were not at all afraid of the knife, and I was able to relieve a good deal of suffering one way and another. Chloroform was looked upon with great suspicion. I was administering some to a patient once on my camp bed, when suddenly he gave a jump, went clean through the canvas, and disappeared into the bush.

I started putting up huts for the men and women,



BUILDING A "NUZL,"
OR STOREHOUSE.
From a Photo.

F.R. Hermsley

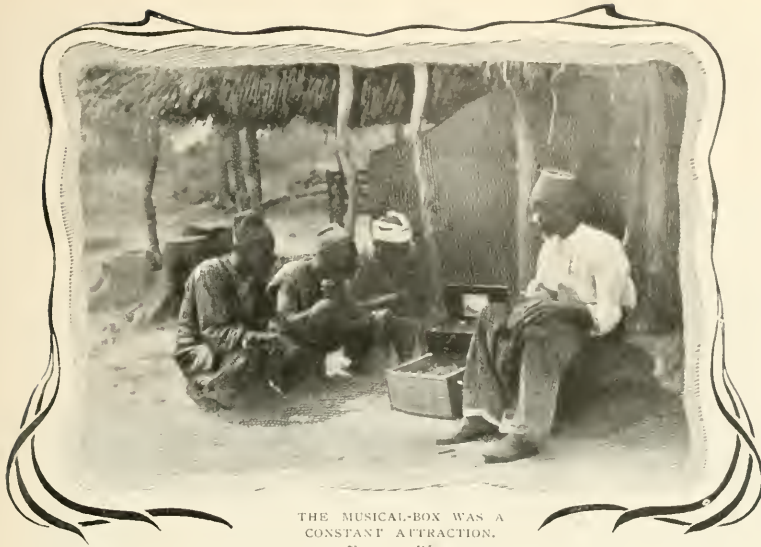
and also built a "nuzl," or storehouse. The photograph above shows the work in progress.

We had plenty of axes, and there was no lack of material close at hand. Bamboos were to be had at a distance of four miles and were brought in on donkey-back, and excellent rope for binding the rafters was made from the bark of a

party were housed I started to clear a large space in the bush for our own crops. All hands were set to work cutting down trees, and even the women worked well at clearing the ground. In about two months sixteen acres had been cleared and planted with durra.

The baboons proved a good deal of trouble, as they scratched up the grain before it sprouted and ate the heads before they ripened. Antelope and birds, too, required watching, so a couple of huts were put up in the field and men kept on guard night and day.

Durra grows to a great height—often fifteen to eighteen feet—and if planted just when the rain begins requires very little attention. The accompanying photo.



THE MUSICAL-BOX WAS A
CONSTANT ATTRACTION.
From a Photo.

creeper. No nails or ironwork of any kind were used. It proved somewhat difficult to get grass for the thatching, as most of it near the station had been burnt, but everyone worked well and the place soon began to take shape. Meanwhile many of the surrounding sheiks came in to see us, always bringing a present of corn or sheep. They were chiefly of the Golo tribe—the most civilized and intelligent we had yet met. They are good gardeners and have a fair notion of sport. The men all wore a loin cloth and many of them also skirts; they carried spears, bows and arrows, and often rifles, but ammunition was, as usual, very scarce.

A big Golo sheik, by the way, has generally from ten to twenty wives, each one having a house to herself, the huts of the wives being usually built in a circle round that of the sheik. All the chiefs seemed anxious that I should marry, and one went so far as to offer me his daughter—a little girl of about twelve—for four bits of cloth, some beads, a lump of salt, and a pair of boots. As I was short of the latter, however, I was unable to close the bargain!

Our musical-box caused endless amusement, and soon became famous all over the country-side. The above photo. shows the keen interest that was taken in it by the natives.

Durra was brought in regularly, and we were able to supply the station until the following harvest. As soon as all our

height—often fifteen to eighteen feet—and if planted just when the rain begins requires very little attention. The accompanying photo.



THE PRODUCT OF A FEW GRAINS OF DURRA THAT I TOOK HOME BY
CHANCE ON STONY GROUND. *Photo*

shows the product of a few grains that took root by chance inside the fort on hard, stony ground.

There was any amount of game close to the station, and we were consequently never short of meat. Lions were heard almost every night, and I was lucky enough to kill a couple of lionesses the first month I was at Waw.

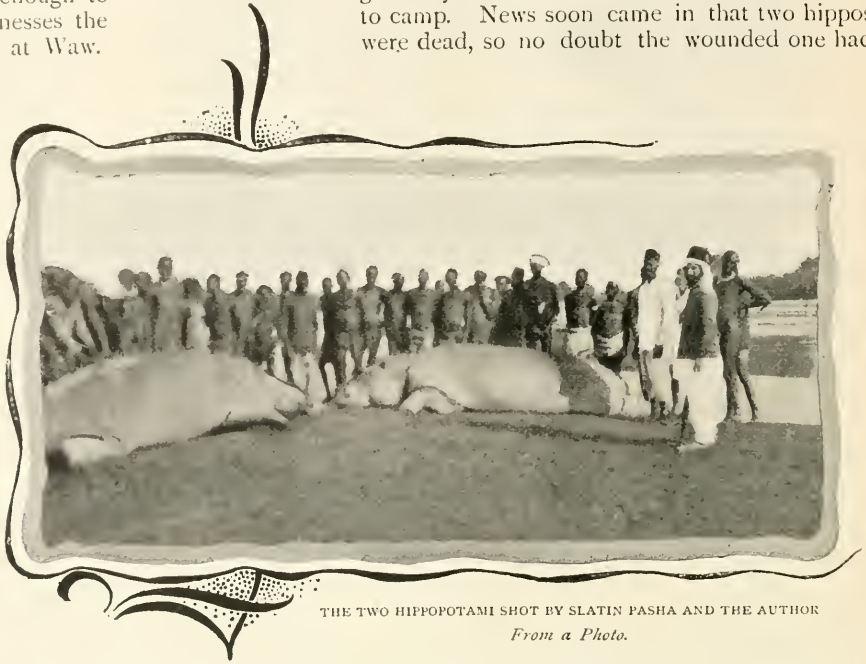
Wart-hog were common, and, although not exactly Mohammedan diet, were appreciated by most of the men; if killed when young I consider them a great treat. Roanantelope, tiang, hart-beeste, and kob were the most common animals in the district. None of these, however, carry any fat, which makes their flesh decidedly

uninteresting from a gastronomic point of view. The hippos, on the contrary, produce enormous quantities of fat, and are thought highly of by the natives. Although they swarm in all the rivers they are seldom killed in this part of the country, as the Dinkas and Jur are very much frightened of them. The hippo is said to be a dangerous beast when wounded, and there is no doubt that he will occasionally land and face his adversary. I once saw this happen myself, under the following circumstances. When Sir Rudolf Slatin, the Inspector-General of the Soudan, came to visit Waw, a great many big sheiks came to greet him, bringing with them about four hundred followers. As we had to provide food for all these for several days we decided to shoot a hippo. We went to the nearest pool, where about twenty hippos were to be seen. Slatin Pasha was some way down stream, and fired at a big fellow, wounding him in the head—whereupon the brute made straight for the bank, landed, and charged.

Slatin's boy bolted at once with all the ammunition, as did also all the natives, and the Inspector-General, being left with an empty rifle, very wisely followed their example, and

succeeded in escaping in the long grass, which was here quite ten feet high.

In the meantime I had managed to kill another hippo at the top of the pool, so leaving some men to wait till he floated, which they generally do in about four hours, we went back to camp. News soon came in that two hippos were dead, so no doubt the wounded one had



THE TWO HIPPOPOTAMI SHOT BY SLATIN PASHA AND THE AUTHOR

From a Photo.

returned to the river and died. I succeeded in getting a photo. of the two dead monsters.

Although at first we appeared to have a large excess of meat, in twenty-four hours nothing was to be seen of those hippos save the skulls and ribs. The natives cut the meat into long thick strips, which they dry in the sun, and then partially cook; these keep more or less good for several weeks.

I may mention here that our garden proved very successful, the tomatoes doing especially well, also the cucumbers and marrows.

On March 3rd I was joined by Major Boulnois, who brought me the first intimation of the death of Queen Victoria. He was passing through Waw on his way to visit Dem Zubier, about two hundred and fifty miles to the west, and I cannot describe the treat it was to speak to a fellow-countryman again. He brought some whisky and salt with him, and I remember we had a royal feast. I received orders to return at once to the Tong post and from there push on one hundred and twenty miles to Meshra Rek, where our boats were to bring up food and trade goods for Waw. I started with twelve men the next day, and covered the distance of one hundred and ninety

miles on foot in eight and a half days. We had great difficulties with water, which was very scarce, as the rains had not begun. Often both men and animals had to be put on a very limited supply of carefully-measured, muddy water. One night, whilst marching along the banks of the Tong River, I saw an extraordinary sight—about fifty hippos grazing on the plain in the moonlight. The moon was shining on their wet backs, making them look like gigantic glistening foot-balls. One fellow stood right across my path and never stirred till I

poked him with my stick, when he dashed off to the river, taking a header off a six-foot bank. He was instantly followed by the whole lot, each one rushing wildly into the river, scattering the spray in the moonlight. It was a most extraordinary spectacle.

The road proved so devoid of water that I decided to march back by a more direct route. The donkeys were dying fast, and I found it impossible to carry back what was necessary with the few animals at my disposal. Several fine bullocks were accordingly bought and trained to carry loads of one hundred and twenty pounds. One of these curious pack animals is shown in the above photo. being loaded up for the return journey to Waw.

I found that a regular station had sprung up on a little island at Meshra Rek. Good huts had been built for the men and women, also an hospital and store-house. Sheep and poultry were to be bought, and a brisk trade was carried on by the natives.

The hyenas, however, had been giving a lot of trouble carrying off poultry and lamb, and even entering the huts at night and stealing anything eatable. One morning one of these brutes was found drowned in a pit half full of muddy

water. The old women were pelting him with anything they could find and heaping curses on his father and mother. It is a curious habit amongst Mohammedans, by the way, to curse the parents of any person or creature they may happen to dislike, and not the individual.

A much shorter route was found for the return journey to Waw—only one hundred and twenty miles in all—and the water supply was fair. My road

once more lay through the Dinka country, and I was well received at all the villages. On one occasion I was serenaded by a weird Dinka band. The performers knelt



OWING TO THE SCARCITY OF DONKEYS THE EXPEDITION HAD TO TRAIN BULLOCKS TO ACT
From a Photo.



THE WEIRD DINKA "BAND" WHICH SERENADED
THE AUTHOR. From a Photo.

on the ground in a row with an aspect of preternatural gravity and blew into a species of clarionet made of bamboo. The "conductor" held in his right hand a rattle made out of a gourd containing a few pebbles, and with this he beat time, working his clarionet

hair, which is worn in short plaits. The annexed photo. shows a group of women in the centre busy with their morning toilet, while the lady to the left is making baskets.

The natives were encouraged to bring all their disputes to be settled by the representative of the Government. This they readily did, and in most cases went off well satisfied with the decisions given. All small grievances were left for decision by their own sheiks, whilst things of greater importance were settled by us. Their chief disputes were about cattle and wives; several cases of murder also came before us. It was soon recognised that European ideas of justice were quite inapplicable to these people, and our code had to be modified considerably to start with. The native customs were studied and the opinion of a number of the head men of various tribes taken on all affairs; their views were modified to meet ours as far as



From a

NATIVE WOMEN AT THEIR MORNING TOILET.

[Photo.

with the left hand. As the "tune" proceeded the "musicians" gradually shuffled nearer and nearer until they got within a few inches of one another, when the music ceased abruptly. They have no idea whatever of harmony, but a very fair notion of time.

At Waw I found great progress had been made with the buildings and also in the garden. Many natives, chiefly Golo, had settled near the station and provided a fair supply of poultry and vegetables. I found them an intelligent and willing people; the women do their share of the work and are clever basket and mat makers. They spend a good deal of time in dressing their



FR. Hornman

HOW THE DINKAS "STAND AT EASE."

From a Photo

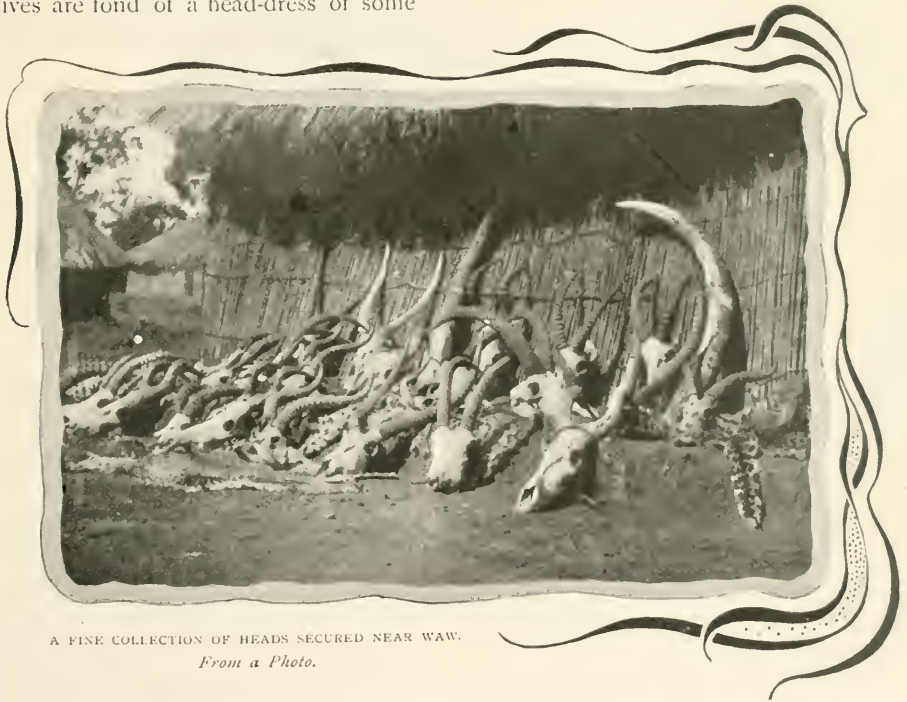
possible, and a decision ultimately arrived at which satisfied both parties.

The curious position of rest adopted by the Dinkas and referred to by most travellers is well shown in the preceding photograph. One leg, generally the right, is raised and bent until the foot rests on the left knee, whilst the body is balanced on the straight leg. The natives often chose an ant-heap to rest on, as it affords a good view of the country. To see the figure of a Dinka in this position, silhouetted against the sky, reminds one of some strange prehistoric bird.

It will be seen that the boys in this photo. are wearing extraordinary hats, somewhat resembling the straw cases off bottles. They are the only ones of this kind I ever met with. Most natives are fond of a head-dress of some

successful. He had formed a post at Sienka on the Nile, and decided upon Komok as a second. This lay in the country of the Awit—a warlike tribe who afterwards gave a good deal of trouble. Colonel Sparkes had been unexpectedly received by the Belgians and had settled—for the time being, at any rate—the disputed question of the boundary line. Game had been plentiful and water scarce. He and Captain Pirrie had each shot an elephant and Sparkes had also bagged a rhino. Major Boulnois also returned about this time from Dem Zuber, having done a big march and visited many important sheiks.

He had left a few men at Dem Zuber to form a station, intending to send the remainder



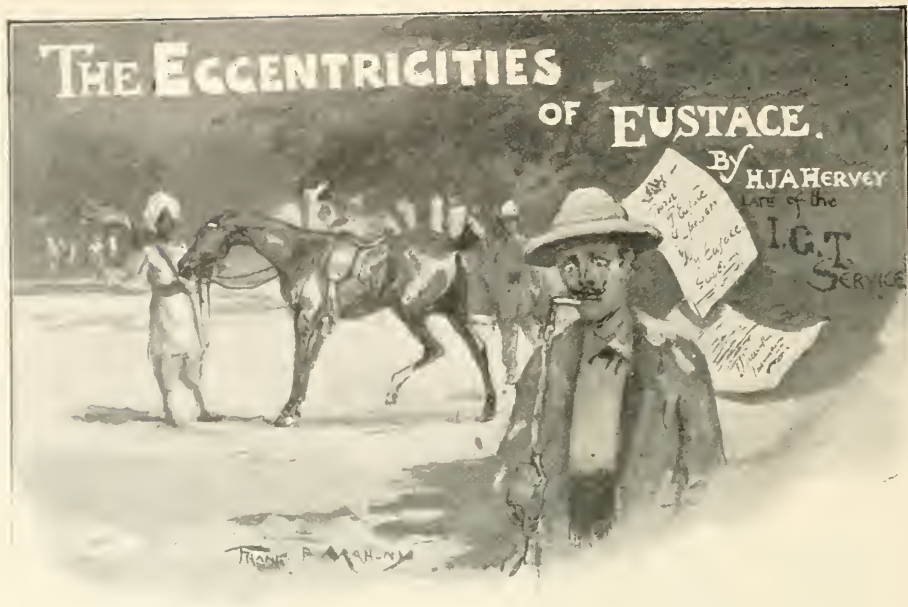
A FINE COLLECTION OF HEADS SECURED NEAR WAW.
From a Photo.

kind, and I was immensely surprised to see them turn newspapers into the old-fashioned nursery cocked hat, which they can never have seen before. One such hat was made entirely out of an advertisement for popular pills, which it stated plainly were worth a guinea a box!

Early in April Colonel Sparkes returned from this eastern patrol, which had proved very suc-

as soon as he could get sufficient transport. Up to this point road reports and maps had been made of all routes, and we began to see whereabouts our various stations were situated. The last photograph reproduced in this number shows a collection of heads of animals shot near Waw, including the most common varieties.

(To be continued.)



An amusing story of Indian "red tape." Eustace was a telegraph officer who was temporarily discharging the duties of a superior. In his dual personality he mystified callers, wrote letters to himself, and gave himself a reprimand! He delegated some portion of his duties to the author, whose attempts to carry out his instructions gave rise to a most ridiculous situation.



EUSTACE was inspector in charge of the Presidency Signal Office and Town Lines; I was his assistant; and a man named Alpin, the superintendent of Presidency Circle, lorded it as "boss" over us both. There was a yet higher authority in the person of a certain Mr. Blyster, the director of the division, far too august a personage for Eustace and me to have much to do with, officially or socially.

It so happened that Mr. Blyster went away on a week's leave, having issued instructions that Alpin should act for him, while Eustace undertook his—Alpin's—duties of superintendent in addition to his own substantive signal and town line charge; I, the writer, to remain as I was.

Messrs. Blyster and Alpin were departmental bigwigs, drawing salaries of twelve and eight hundred rupees a month respectively. They lived together in the suburbs; whereas Eustace and I, from the nature of our appointments, had to occupy quarters in the telegraph office. Out of official harness my chum was a right good sort; but once mounted on his bureaucratic stilts there was no getting him to come down again till the day's business was over. In all matters relating to work he was painfully punctilious; I—among others—had only too good reason to think so; but it was not until

he enjoyed, for a few days, a higher authority than usual that I learnt he was capable of carrying his scrupulousness to the verge of downright absurdity—to use no stronger term. I shared his office-room proper, sitting at a table beside his, and both facing the archway looking into the instrument hall. Alpin, whose superintendent's office was on the floor above, had, in virtue of his acting directorship, moved to Mr. Blyster's room on the still higher story, thus vacating his own chamber for Eustace's use. My friend oscillated between his own and Alpin's office like a veritable pendulum, and many a hearty laugh did his singularities in this respect cause me during that memorable week.

"Eustace," I said to him, while in his own office the first morning of his two-horse duties, "I want to go and see the Civil *v.* Military cricket match at eleven."

"The superintendent only can grant informal leave," he replied.

"Well, you represent Alpin now! Say 'yes'; I'm in a hurry."

"Write a demi-official application," he answered, gravely, handing me a docket slip.

"Whom to?"

"To me—as inspector in charge of the signal office and town lines; I'll forward it."

I stared in astonishment; then wrote as directed and placed it before him.

He made an endorsement on the back and then gave me the paper. I read what he had written:—

“Forwarded to the Superintendent, Presidency Circle, for favourable consideration.

“(Sd.) T. EUSTACE,

“Inspector in charge Presidency Signal Office and Town Lines.”

I now more than stared; I gasped. Before I could make any remark he said, “Bring that to me when I go up to the superintendent’s office.”

“What for?” I asked, more in a fog than ever.

“To present your application for leave; unless you prefer sending it up.”

Policy forbade my giving vent to my opinion of such goings-on. The fact remained that, however hail-fellow-well-met out of office, he was officially my immediate superior, and under existing circumstances the spirit of sheer “cussedness” which possessed his soul might make him unpleasant if I attempted expostulation or comment. After signing some drafts he went upstairs to Alpin’s office. I followed, and gave him my application. He actually *read* it, also his own endorsement; and then addressed me as follows: “The inspector in charge of Presidency Signal Office and Town Lines forwards for my favourable consideration your application for a day’s informal leave; I sanction it; the order will be made out in due course and you can avail yourself thereof in anticipation.”

He was perfectly serious; there was not the quiver of a muscle, the tremor of an eyelid, to denote the slightest suspicion that he was secretly amusing himself at my expense; he was in sober earnest. I saw no use in making any rejoinder, so left the room.

I could not tell what oddities he had been up to during my absence; but when I came home, and looked into the instrument-room before dinner, I noticed a general air of suppressed hilarity among the signallers, whereby I guessed they had been enjoying some of Eustace’s jack-in-the-box eccentricities. Of course, I did not ask the lads for particulars; but for all my silence I am afraid they saw that my own features wore an expression of sympathetic appreciation of the universal joke. No sooner had I joined him at dinner than Eustace became his usual self; but he steadily repelled all my efforts to draw him out on the subject of his grotesque performances of the day.

We were seated together the next morning in the inspector’s office when Antony, the English-speaking *duffadar*, or head peon, came in with a card and presented it to Eustace.

“Mrs. Clark,” he said, glancing at the paste-board. Antony was instructed to introduce the visitor, and she presently entered the room—a portly, handsome woman, somewhat out of breath from the climb up the steps.

“I wish to see the superintendent of telegraphs on business,” she said, regarding us inquiringly in succession.

“Oh,” observed Eustace, concernedly, “his office is on the second floor, madam. Antony!” he bawled to the *duffadar*, “conduct this lady to the superintendent’s office.”

Antony, escorting Mrs. Clark, disappeared. I wondered what was coming.

After allowing the lady sufficient time to negotiate the tedious flight of steps Eustace left the room; I, in the capacity of his assistant, felt bound to follow—I wanted to see the matter out. We entered Alpin’s office on each other’s heels and found the stout Mrs. Clark seated in a chair, breathlessly fanning herself. Eustace got into position behind the table, while I looked on, an interested spectator.

“What can I do for you, madam?” he suavely inquired.

“You can expedite the appearance of the superintendent,” she replied, smilingly: “I am rather pressed for time.”

“I am the superintendent,” rejoined my chum, more suavely still.

Mrs. Clark opened her eyes. “Then why could you not have listened to me downstairs, instead of sending me toiling all the way up here?” she inquired, in a tone of very natural amazement.

“Because you asked for the superintendent: this is his office. Pray command me.”

“Oh, I see,” she observed, musingly. “Well, I have come about this message,” taking a paper from her pocket and referring to it. “It was handed in at Bombay yesterday noon, received here at two o’clock, and not delivered at my house till fifteen minutes past four in the evening. I wish to complain of the delay.” As she concluded she tendered the message.

“I much regret the delay, madam,” said Eustace, without taking the paper from her, “but the investigation of a matter such as this is not in my province; you should see the inspector in charge of the signal office and town lines. I will have you conducted to his office at once. Antony!”

“Yes, sar!” exclaimed the ever-ready *duffadar*, entering by a side door.

“Show this lady downstairs—to the inspector’s office.”

Another move, I going first this time, anxious to witness the *finale*: then came Antony and the lady. By the time Mrs. Clark arrived I

was seated at my table as if nothing was happening.

Presently in came Eustace, who forthwith ensconced himself in his office chair and repeated the same formula, "What can I do for you, madam?"

The lady's jaw dropped, and she regarded her interlocutor with a look of incipient alarm. "I do not quite understand you, sir. Why could you not have attended to my complaint upstairs?"

"Because the superintendent, in whose office you made it, has nothing to do with cases of the kind; so he referred you to the proper authority, the inspector in charge of——"

"That he didn't!" she interrupted, hotly. "You are the only person I spoke to upstairs."

"Nevertheless, you were speaking to the superintendent."

"Namely, yourself, I suppose. Well, you sent me downstairs again to interview the inspector: where is he?"

"Before you, madam—at your service."

She gazed at him, stupefied, murmuring something which the formation of her lips plainly translated as the word "mad."

"I *must* credit my own senses," she continued. "Surely you are one and the same man?"

"I am," he replied, gravely.

"I first saw you in this room, the inspector's room?"

"You did."

"Why, then, did you send me trudging up to the superintendent's room when my business was with you, as it turns out?"

"You asked for the superintendent. I could not take upon me his business, so referred you to him."

"Although *you* are the superintendent, apparently. What folly!"

Eustace merely bowed, quite unmoved by the rebuke.

"Well, then," continued the lady, "having ascertained the nature of my errand while we were upstairs, why did you not deal with it there? Why send me downstairs—again to yourself?"

"In order to fit in with my existing dual individuality, madam," explained Eustace. "I temporarily represent both superintendent and inspector. I cannot allow their several duties to clash, although conducted by one and the

same person. Upstairs I am superintendent; downstairs—here, in this room—I am inspector, the correct authority to deal with your complaint. Pray command me."

"If I made any command at all it would be to command you to march off to the lunatic asylum!" exclaimed the lady angrily, and giving Eustace a withering look she flounced out of the room.

I nearly choked with laughter; Eustace's face was a study.

That night a "contact" occurred on the town



"I WOULD COMMAND YOU TO MARCH OFF TO THE LUNATIC ASYLUM!" EXCLAIMED THE LADY.

lines; and as they had been giving trouble lately Eustace resolved to take advantage of Mr. Blyster's absence and go out himself with a working party to release the "contact," and at the same time remedy anything else that might be wrong. Before turning in he wrote an official letter—in his capacity of superintendent—making known the inspector's inten-

tion of going out on the morrow, and during that gentleman's absence delegating to *me* his duplex duties—those of superintendent and inspector. The next day, therefore, I was clothed with triple functions: a species of *triad* or *trinity*; for Eustace in his letter had said that my temporary assumption of his duties was not to prejudice my own work.

He left at six, and I knew enough of what he had in store to feel confident that he would not be back before nightfall; so I made up my mind to carry on his little game and have some fun out of it, too. I had no idea, however, of trudging to and from the superintendent's office and making others do likewise. I therefore summoned Antony, and had a spare table brought in and placed in line with the two already there. This done, I daubed on three large cards, the words:—

“Superintendent Presidency Circle.”

“Inspector Presidency Signal Office and Town Lines.”

“Assistant to the Inspector.”

With these cards I placarded the three tables from right to left, and took my place at the lowest—my own. The effect of these measures on the signalling staff was distinctly exhilarating, for frequent explosions of irrepressible mirth emanating from beyond the dividing archway taxed my own powers of command.

I was seated at the superintendent's table signing some papers when a gentleman came in to ascertain the message rate to Ontario. I immediately skipped to the inspector's table, much to the visitor's surprise, and gave the necessary information. While there the head signaller brought me the log-book. It recorded the fact of Signaller Sullivan having slept on watch during the previous night—the most important night in the week. I investigated the case, wrote my recommendation in the margin, and told the head signaller to take the log-book, together with the delinquent, to the superintendent for orders—indicating the table to my right. Head signaller and delinquent—both more or less suffering from smothered hysterics—moved as ordered, while I jumped sideways into the superintendent's chair, and with the most profound gravity asked what they wanted. Head signaller, with a broad grin on his face, again pointed out the entry; delinquent, imagining that under the existing state of affairs he would get off lightly, grinned too; but when I pronounced judgment—three rupees fine and extra night duty for a week—Master Sullivan set up a most lugubrious howl. I intended to frighten him—nothing more, for he was a well-behaved lad.

“Look here!” I said, sharply. “Stop that

row and listen to me. This is your first offence of the kind, isn't it?”

“First offence of any kind, sir,” sobbed the boy, regarding me beseechingly through his tears.

“In whose watch did he sleep, Ryal?” I inquired of the head signaller. Eustace and I always divided China Mail nights between us.

During Mr.—Mr.—Hervey—during your—stammered Ryal, at a loss how to individualize me.

“During Mr. Hervey's watch, was it?” I remarked, solemnly. “Now, look here, Sullivan,” I added, “go to Mr. Hervey at that table there”—pointing to the farthest—“ask his pardon, and I dare say he will intercede for you.”

Sullivan, now thoroughly alarmed, with all the mirth frightened out of him, straightway ran off to my table and set to apostrophizing my empty chair in a loud blubber!

“Here!” I shouted, essaying to get to my own table. “Hold on! Let me—”

But it was too farcical: I sank back in my seat and fairly roared. The whole signalling staff, who by now had congregated under the archway, lost all control and bubbled with merriment. The disturbance abruptly ceased, however, as the outer door opened and in walked Mr. Alpin, director *pro tem*.

“Halloa!” he ejaculated: “what's all this?”

Head signaller, delinquent, and staff slunk off to instruments and desks, leaving me to “face the music” alone. I took Alpin by the arm into our private room and there explained the whole thing. I then gave him Eustace's letter of instructions to peruse. He had sufficient appreciation of the ridiculous to abstain from making a fuss beyond telling me not to allow the signallers to desert their posts in the manner he had just witnessed. “As for Eustace,” he said, “I think his brain must be softening; he grows daily more inclined to split straws and go in for unnecessary correspondence about trifles; I must get Mr. Blyster to recommend him a long furlough home. But what are those placards?” he asked, on returning to the office.

“Well,” I replied, seating myself at the right-hand table, “here I am you and Eustace.”

“I see; well?”

“Well,” shifting to the centre table, “here I'm myself and Eustace.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” he laughed. “And the third?”

“Here I am myself solely,” I explained, joining in Alpin's merriment as I plumped down into my own chair proper.

“Poor Eustace, he's mad!” I heard him mutter as he went out.



"I SANK BACK IN MY SEAT AND FAIRLY ROARED."

During the remainder of that memorable week Eustace seemed worried and preoccupied; something in the course of his inspection of the lines had upset him. A large party was engaged doing the repairs, and he himself rode out several times to Lât Bagh, the limit of his charge. But try as I did I could not persuade him to confide his trouble to me. I knew that he had not seen to the lines as frequently as he ought, and I inferred that he had found them in a bad condition—one of the results being the "contact" aforesaid.

In due course Mr. Blyster returned, Alpin reverted to his own appointment, and my chum was relieved of his extra responsibilities.

A day or so afterwards I was called for by Alpin. "Read that," he said, tossing an official letter across to me. I read:—

"From T. Eustace, Esq., Superintendent Presidency Circle.

"To T. Eustace, Esq., Inspector in charge Presidency Signal Office and Town Lines.

"SIR,—I have the honour to express my unqualified dissatisfaction with the state of the town lines, as inspected by me on the 12th inst.; their condition is disgraceful, and I now direct that you take immediate steps towards thoroughly improving the lines from end to end. I further call on you to explain how you permitted this important part of your charge to fall

into so disreputable a state.

"I have the honour, etc.,

"T. EUSTACE,
"Superintendent
"Presidency
"Circle."

"It's a wiggling from himself to himself!" I said, aghast.

"Exactly!" laughed Alpin. "Now read this," handing me a second letter, which ran as follows:—

"From T. Eustace, Esq.,
Inspector in charge Presidency
Signal Office and Town Lines.

"To T. Eustace, Esq., Superintendent Presidency Circle.

"SIR,—With reference to your letter of the 15th inst., I have the honour to report that thorough repairs to the town lines were completed to-day.

"(2) I have no explanation to offer, as called for by you. I acknowledge that I have been very remiss, for which I express my sincere regret, coupled with a promise to be more careful for the future.

"I have the honour, etc.,

"T. EUSTACE,
"Inspector in charge Presidency Signal
"Office and Town Lines."

He had written an apology from himself to himself!

The only plausible theory for Eustace's extraordinary conduct that I can offer is that his unexpected elevation for a week to the superintendentship, acting on a brain already too finely strung with regard to official matters and routine, induced a temporary aberration of intellect, which might or might not have developed graver symptoms had it been given scope. As it was, unfortunately for Eustace, the authorities did not lose sight of this incident in his career; for though he was otherwise a good telegraph officer, and possessed some influential interest, he did not rise to any appreciable degree and resigned the service before his age limit had arrived.



The author is one of the only two or three Englishmen who have ever visited the Russian prison-island of Sakhalin, which numbers no fewer than eight thousand murderers among its small population! Mr. Hawes paints a most impressive picture of the terrible life led by the convicts in this grim land of despair and desolation.

IF all the penal settlements in Siberia the Island of Sakhalin has the worst reputation. This is not surprising when we remember its great distance from the central administration and that it is the prison-island to which all the worst criminals are sent. There are probably not a dozen free-born individuals outside of the convicts, ex-convicts, their wives and children, and the officials and native tribes. On January 1st, 1898, there were on the island 22,167 convicts and ex-convicts. Of these, 7,080 were engaged in hard labour, and of this number alone no fewer than 2,836 were convicted of murder, so that out of the total number of convicts and ex-convicts a moderate estimate would give 8,000 as murderers!

Of the 2,836 murderers the large proportion of 634 were women. Perhaps this is to be explained by the brutality of husbands under the influence of drink and passion, for many of these women had stabbed or poisoned their partners in life. It is not surprising, therefore, that Sakhalin is a name not to be mentioned in St. Petersburg. To do so is a greater *faux pas* than to talk of Botany Bay in Sydney. But bad as things were reported to be, I was fully aware that great strides had been made in the reform of prisons and prison management since

the time when Mr. George Kennan visited them on the mainland in 1885, but I thought it extremely probable that the footsteps of reform had lagged behind the farther east one tracked them, and that on Sakhalin—if one could only get there—the condition of affairs would reflect the state of things that existed on the mainland ten years ago. And so I found it. No Englishman, with the exception of Mr. de Windt, who paid a flying visit to the island in 1896, when his ship called, had visited the prisons, and none had ever penetrated into the far interior. Another Englishman was wrecked off the extreme south coast, at Korsakovsk, ten years ago, but his story of adventure among the natives was discredited to me by Russians who were living there at the time.

After sundry adventures and many difficulties overcome I succeeded in getting away from Nikolaevsk, which is situated on the mainland near the mouth of the River Amur, to the island. At the very last moment I was pacing the deck of a tramp steamer which stood in about two miles from the shore, and the captain was signalling again and again. He despaired of being able to land me, though he good naturedly delayed, and at length a tiny tug, used for dragging lighters loaded with convicts, put out, and to my surprise I was allowed to board it;

but no sooner had I ascended the steps of the wooden jetty than a military officer stepped forward and demanded my business. To him I made reply in the scantiest of Russian that I had a letter of introduction to an ex-convict merchant. His was a strange and sad story, for in early days he had been heir to large estates, through which the traveller from Berlin to St. Petersburg passes. The only answer I received was that the ex-convict merchant was now at the coal-mines and would not return for another twenty-four hours, and that I must remain there in custody. I looked around the log-built room and thought I had slept in much worse places than that; then I went to the door, but was stopped by a sentry, of whom, however, I demanded my baggage. From the window I could see my ship preparing

Their hopes, like the sun, sink sooner or later into the dark waters of utter despair.*

I had come to study the wild tribes on the island as well as the working of the penal system, so that putting the former purpose to the front and by the help of an exiled nobleman and a drunken merchant (!) I was allowed eventually to remain at large under surveillance.

Some weeks later I shared the log-house of a petty official engaged on the jetty, and so was able to wend my way to the place of my late detention to watch the batches of convicts arriving. One lot from Siberia had tramped the two thousand and seventy-five miles from Nertchensk to Nikolaevsk, with an occasional lift from a steamer, and the journey had occupied them three months.

I know what it is to have had to struggle for



From a

THE ARRIVAL OF A BATCH OF MANACLED MURDERERS AT THE ISLAND.

[Photo.]

to leave, and in this lay my great hope; for although the authorities might lock me up they would not be able to send me away for some time.

Here I was a prisoner, but how enviable was my lot to that of those who had to spend the remainder of their lives on the island. As I stood looking out to sea the sun was setting behind a fiery red cloud bank. To me it pictured the passionate longing of those exiles whose eyes were straining ever westward to the land of the sunset, to the homeland, the land of friends and loved ones, so long ago left behind.

a bare bench in a fourth-class Russian railway carriage whereon to sit and try to sleep at night, and this was my home for a couple of weeks through a frozen country. But what was this to the lot of those poor convicts who, hungry and weary after a long day's march, failed in the wild scramble to obtain one of the miserable plank resting-places allotted them, and had to lie on the filthy floor. Even there a stronger

* Speaking of the Sakhalin convicts in our issue for July, 1902, Mr. Foster Fraser says: "They are dead to the world; their names are taken away 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."

neighbour often crushed them, for the most brutal tongue, the hardest fist, got the best place, and the timid and weak went to the wall—or the floor. Such is the description we have heard in the past. Is it true to-day? In the main—no; but in my experience—yes!

For at Nikolaevsk, when I was there, special causes were producing, let us hope, exceptional conditions. The Imperial ukase abolishing deportation was to come into force in four months' time and demanded considerable alterations in the prisons, so that prisoners intended for Sakhalin were being hurried along before the frost set in and blocked navigation.

Three hundred miserable convicts were crowded into a disused old prison, described five years before as a "rickety structure, rotting with age, and by no means weather-proof."

Since 1879, however, prisoners from European Russia bound for Sakhalin have been sent from Odessa via the Red Sea, Singapore, Nagasaki, and Vladivostock. The preceding photograph shows the arrival of one of these batches by the convict steamer *Yavoslav*.* I had sauntered down to the jetty one day on hearing that a ship-load of convicts had arrived from the mainland. It was bitterly cold and long icicles decked the rail of the jetty. A great wooden gateway, guarded by a sentinel, blocked my way, and here a group of convicts and ex-convicts was gathered—ostensibly for the purpose of buying stores from the ship, but in many cases in the hope of smuggling vodka ashore. The sentry allowed me to pass to go to the petty Customs officer whose rude abode I was

sharing at the time. At the end of the jetty I found the prisoners ranged up in line between files of soldiers. They were dressed in unbleached cotton shirts and trousers, with socks—or pieces of cloth wound around their legs, puttee-fashion—and shoes. Over all they wore the "khalat," or long, ulster-like frieze. All were in chains, and at their feet were their worldly possessions—small bundles and kettles, one or two of the latter of Tartar shape. Some property had been missed by the captain of the ship during the voyage, and so all the convicts had to be searched on the jetty. Such is the slackness and laxity of the officials that the ship's manifest, the captain's report, and the check-over or roll-call all differed as to the correct number of convicts, the figures being respectively 147, 149, and 137.

If accuracy is of no importance neither is time an object, for the steamer that brought the convicts and carried the mails started off for Korsakovsk, in the south of the island, only to discover that she must put back to the mainland for two sailors left on shore by mistake; and when I arrived on the jetty that very afternoon I learnt that when leaving for the mainland to pick up these, she had actually left the assistant engineer and two men behind, and so would again have to put in at Alexandrovsk! On the following day between seven and eight hundred more prisoners arrived. The roll-call finished, the soldiers, with bayonets fixed, took up their positions, and then a sudden painful clanking of chains struck on my ears as the woe-begone column moved up the road to the prison.

The next picture is taken from an official publication, and shows the interior of the chief

* A description of this vessel and the appliances for controlling her human cargo appeared in our issue for May, 1902, in an article written by Mr. Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S.—Ed.



From a]

THE INTERIOR OF THE ALEXANDROVSK PRISON.



THREE LONG-SENTENCE CONVICTS—THEY ARE ALL MURDERERS.
From a Photo.

ment, that of chaining the convict to a wheelbarrow, which is never detached either by day or night, has been abolished on the mainland; but on Sakhalin to-day there are still two men who are undergoing this miserable punishment.

Five of those who in 1896 were thus chained, and whose names are Cosulsky, Patschenko, Schirokehoff, Ogourzoff, and a Caucasian, are seen in the next two illustrations. All represented in these two photographs are in chains and are murderers, both men and women. Those in the first picture were confined in the prison of Dui, and those in the second at Alexandrovsk. In the latter picture the first man on the left with the wheelbarrow had previously made his escape twice. This form of punishment, the officials say, is necessary to keep them from escaping. The clean shaving of half the head is also intended to render escape more difficult and identification easier.

The authorities at Alexandrovsk expressed surprise if ten days elapsed without any escapes, and I ventured to ask the chief of the Dui Prison how such a state of things was allowed to exist. He replied: "We haven't sufficient

prison, that at Alexandrovsk. In the foreground is what is called the "Reformatory" prison, in which those with a sentence of four to twelve years are kept, and behind the farther stockade is the worst prison, where those whose sentence is twelve years or upwards are incarcerated, mostly in chains. The photograph given above shows three of these long sentence convicts, all murderers. One degrading form of punish



ANOTHER GROUP OF MALE AND FEMALE MURDERERS—HALF THE HEAD IS SHAVED CLEAN TO RENDER IDENTIFICATION EASIER IN CASE OF ESCAPE.
From a Photo.

soldiers; it is a question of expense." "But," I said, "you sentence the sentries to the penal regiment if escapes occur. On the one hand you say they are not sufficient; on the other hand you punish them for not doing what is admittedly beyond their power." Of course, he could answer nothing. The question of expense has always had a great deal to do with the dark side of Siberian penal administration; but life might be secure from these escaped and desperate convicts if only the officials would rouse up and not spend most of their time gambling, drinking, and worse.

Only one hundred out of the six hundred

us through the forest into which these six convicts had plunged. There were two roads before us, one traversing the forest and the other being merely the sandy beach. The latter was impassable at high tide, but had this advantage, that one had only to defend oneself from human—or, rather, inhuman—assailants on *one* side. An ex-convict who had given us hospitality begged us not to take this forest road. Now, of course, there is freemasonry among the convicts and ex-convicts, and while he told us that they were armed with guns more particularly he would not divulge. Seeing us still unpersuaded he backed up his statement by telling us how the post,



From a]

CONVICTS CHAINED TO WHEELBARROWS—THEY ARE NEVER DETACHED NIGHT OR DAY.

[P. 15.

convicts in the worst prison were being sent out to do hard labour in the mines or road-making; it was not surprising, therefore, that the dreadful ennui drove some of the remainder into risking attempts at flight. The night to choose for an escape was when a storm was raging. It was on one such night of my stay that six in the Alexandrovsk Testing Prison, under cover of the darkness and the howling storm, lassoed the tops of the twenty-foot stockade and, clambering over, dropped down and successfully evaded the patrols. The storm that night did us as good a turn as it did the convicts, for returning from a seven hundred mile journey, mostly accomplished in a dug-out canoe, we (my interpreter and I) had entered on our last stage which took

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which I have seen leaving Alexandrovsk, twelve miles distant, carrying beside the driver one armed official and two soldiers with bayonets fixed, was held up on this road, a few miles out of Alexandrovsk. So we determined to take our chances of the rising tide and try the beach route, though we had just heard that the youth who lived with us at Alexandrovsk had been murdered on the sands for the sake of the gun he carried.

We started in darkness with an lantern, for that would have rendered us a mark, and the wretched *telegi* moved along at a snail's pace. We sat back to back, revolvers and daggers handy in our belts and loaded rifles in hand. We had instructions from the police to fire if we should see any moving form. Little, hidden,

could we make out—though we could imagine a great deal—as we peered into the dark forest on our way to the beach. We had dragged on at this miserable pace for about a mile and a half, longing for a *troika* with its galloping steeds, when suddenly the storm burst upon us.

alone, but heard that the man had been seen hovering around our hut. He had already eight murders to his credit!

It is almost impossible for these "brodyagas" (passportless vagabonds) to get away from the island. From the prison they escape into the



From a]

A CONVICT GANG AT WORK IN THE OPEN.

[Photo.

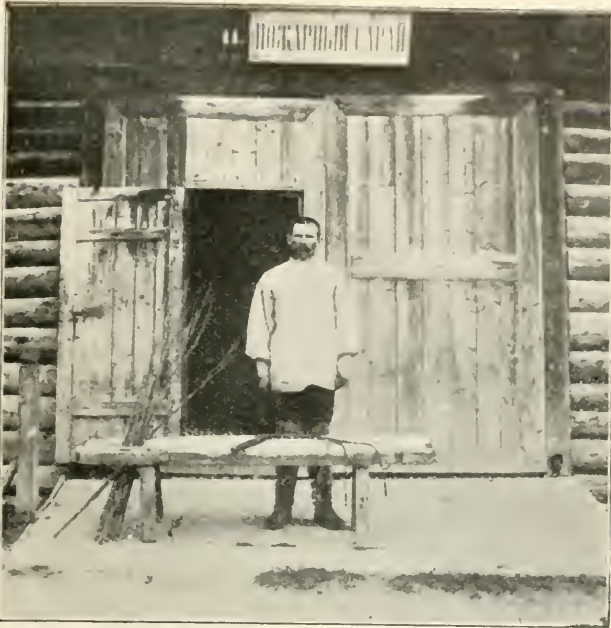
To keep our guns dry and be ready for an attack was impossible, and I confess I was not sorry to be compelled to take refuge in the hut of a convict, which the howling of dogs announced to be near by.

It is not, however, only fugitives from the worst prison who commit murder. Walking towards the jetty one day I met two drunken men. It was a feast day and they were companions from the "lazaret"; one of them in his drunken good temper lurched over towards me and wished me "Zdravstvete, kak vi puzhivaete?" (Good morning! How do you do?) The next evening at half-past six I heard that he had been murdered by his companion in the market-place for the sake of seven roubles he possessed! On the same road a man passed me one morning about whom I noticed nothing particular; but my interpreter warned me of him. I was about to return to the town

forests, and there in summer they manage to exist on bilberries, cranberries, mushrooms, and roots, and add to the little given them by comrades, whose sentences have expired, by waylaying passers-by. But when winter comes on, with its seven feet of snow and a temperature occasionally touching forty degrees (Fabr.) below zero, with no food to be obtained and rags for clothing, they find their way back to the prison. After giving themselves up here they are flogged with the cruel "plet," and received back again with an additional sentence.

The next photograph shows the instruments of the executioner—the "kobila," or bench, on which the convict is strapped; the birch-rods, which are dipped in hot brine; and the heavy three-tonged "plet," with leaded ends. These are the instruments in use at Rikovsk Prison.

Another photograph shows the public executioner at Alexandrovsk, Golinsky by name.



THE EXECUTIONER'S INSTRUMENTS—THE BENCH ON WHICH THE VICTIM IS STRAPPED, THE BIRCH-RODS DIPPED IN BRINE, AND THE THREE-THONGED WHIP WITH LEADED ENDS. [Photo.]

The "palatch," or executioner, is chosen from among the convicts themselves. Prisoners who are refractory in prison are birched, but sometimes this punishment is given for no other reason than that the chief of the prison, of whom it would be difficult to say anything too bad, happens to be in a fit of ill-humour when they go before him to prefer some simple request. My own interpreter, himself a man of rank, told me that in common with all the rest of the convicts and political exiles he paid tribute money in the shape of food to the executioner, so that, should he be ordered the "plet," the leads should be brought down on the underside of the board and not on his bare body. Corporal punishment for women has been done away with by law in Russia, but in February of last year two women were flogged with birch-rods dipped in brine, and afterwards put in chains for refusing to obey their villainous overseers.

Here and there I met a good-natured official, but they are rare and their influence is very small, for it is not to the interest of the others to allow reforming tendencies to have play. To give them their due, it must not be forgotten that their surroundings are demoralizing. They have an awful class of convicts to deal with, whom their own injustice and brutality are responsible for making worse. The system allows of stages of improvement in a convict's

condition, and if well behaved he may, during the latter part of his sentence, live out in barracks and do a fixed amount of hard labour. All this allows the miserable convict to hope, but there is another side to the picture which takes the soul out of most of them. Few convicts ever leave this dreaded isle of punishment. They have no spirit left to struggle with Nature in the swamps, and they sink into despair. They join their companions of the forest, and one crime leads to another.

The soldiers, plunging as far as possible into the dense forests, track these outlaws or "brodyagas." We in our journeys passed small parties of soldiers on the trail. The Gilak natives are also employed to hunt them down, and one of these Gilak overseers had shot a "brodyaga" two or three days before we reached the scene, on our way across to the Pacific coast. On another occasion we were in time to rescue a convict

who had been not unnaturally mistaken by the Orotchon natives for a "brodyaga." Hunted down by soldiers and tracked by natives, with starvation staring him continually in the face, the "brodyaga" lives a most precarious existence. Many were the times that I passed his roughly constructed raft by which at night he stole down the river, braving the perils of bears. If he be caught by the soldiers the latter often wreak their vengeance upon him for



GOLIN KY, THE EXECUTIONER WITH THE THONGS. 1887. [Photo.]

the trouble he has given them, or the loss of one of their number. Then he is mercilessly beaten and pounded with the butt-end of their bayonets.

Sometimes the alertness of the authorities renders it necessary for the "brodyagas" to go far afield, but I was astonished to find traces of them within less than twenty miles of the farthest spot north to which any white man has ever penetrated on the east coast. Below is a photograph of what I found—a solitary cross in an illimitable forest waste. This haunt of the wild reindeer must have given shelter to four or five convicts. No white man besides my companion and myself had ever seen this cross before, or probably since. But its story was written clearly for us to read.

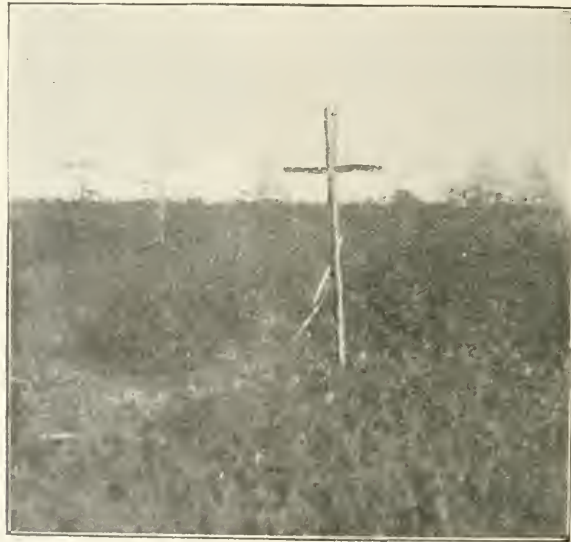


ONE OF THE NATIVE TRACKERS EMPLOYED TO HUNT
DOWN ESCAPED CONVICTS. [Photo.]

There were three

place of one who had at last found release from the terrible Island of Murderers.

or four, at least, in the party, and one had fallen ill, and must have lingered for some time. Possibly for that reason they had chosen this out-of-the-way spot for a camp. Quite a little path had been worn to and from the cross, and there were bones and antlers of several reindeer. I brought away with me a piece of one of these antlers as a souvenir of this tragic episode. The end was clear; subjected to endless privations and without medical aid, the poor convict had died and been buried by his comrades, and they had erected a cross—a Russian cross, with its second cross-piece pointing earthwards and skywards—to mark the final resting-



"THE FINAL RESTING-PLACE OF ONE WHO HAD AT LAST FOUND RELEASE FROM THE
TERRIBLE ISLAND OF MURDERERS." [Photo.]

THE SMUGGLERS OF THE STAKED PLAINS



BY CAPTAIN G. DES BARRÉS,
ROYAL IRISH RIFLES.

Before entering His Majesty's service the author spent some time in the Western States of America. Whilst in El Paso, Texas, he joined a party of men who were engaged in smuggling horses over the United States frontier from Mexico. The desperate expedient of taking the herd across the terrible Llano Estacado, or Staked Plains, was resolved upon, with the result that the whole enterprise came to grief, many of the men losing their lives in those awful solitudes of salt and sand, whilst others were captured and shot.



DURING a residence of five years in the West I naturally experienced some fairly tough times in endeavouring to support myself "the best ye know," as the Yankees say. Undoubtedly the hardest trail I ever took was that across the White Plains; and this is how it happened.

In the early part of 1890 I was working on the Carrizozo Ranch in New Mexico, which was owned by an English syndicate and bossed by Jimmy Alcock, of County Wexford, and possessing thirty thousand head of cattle. Four of us were sent off to meet the foreman at El Paso, at which place he was soon due with horses for the spring round-up. (I remember his name was O. B. Scott, an old Westward Ho boy; poor fellow, he met his death four years later at Tulerosa.) Our party consisted of "Slim Jake," a Chicago man; Bob Carson, from Wyoming; Enistache, a Mexican; and myself.

After an uneventful four days' trip over the plains in a buck-board waggon we came in sight of the green trees growing on the banks of the Rio Grande, which notified the presence of the town of El Paso, situated on both sides of

the river, the two parts being connected by a bridge. The American portion consists of a fine little modern town, while across the water it is still the primitive city of old. There is a yarn out West that in the old days an American dollar was worth a dollar and ten cents in Mexican money, while a Mexican dollar was worth a dollar and ten cents in Yankee currency. The price of a drink being ten cents, a man would walk across the bridge into Mexico with an American dollar, get a drink and a Mexican dollar, and then would recross, get another drink, and obtain his original coin!

On arriving we put up at a wooden hotel, handed in our arms, and then visited the local barber to get into shape. In the evening we patronized the Gem Theatre of Varieties and mingled with the crowd. The show was about finished when a long haired fellow with a black sombrero, who had apparently been stung me up for some time, came over to me and started talking. Finding that I was waiting for our foreman and likely to be in El Paso for some days, he suggested that I should join in a "trail" he was "bossing," which would last about a week or so. He said he was hunting for a few men and that there was a bit of money in it. "Only keep your slinger (tongue) still," he said, "and meet me in the morning at Doran's

Corral." I said nothing to the "boys," but turned up at the appointed hour. I found about a dozen men present, and among them the sly Enistache, with whom I had bunked all night without hearing a word of the affair; he winked at me and looked away.

It was a curious crowd. There were four Indians, two of whom I recognised as Apaches; the others were as tough a set as one could meet. Each man wore overalls, blue or brown, top-boots, and a flannel or buckskin shirt. I confess to feeling they were not the kind of men who would be sent out as hired guests to a tea-party, nor was my confidence restored when the "boss" (Bo Ganning by name) commenced with something like this:—

"Pards, this yer's likely to be a hard trip, lasting ten days maybe: the pay if the biz goes through will be fifty dollars each man, but ye're under my orders, and if I say it ye're got to help me come out top."

I had been long enough in the West to guess that something was premeditated against Uncle Sam, as the pay was enormous—a dollar a day with "chuck," or food, being the usual figure. However, I held my "slinger" while Bo went on with: "All of you have got Winchesters an' guns (six shooters); ye must get 'munition, an' we start to-night. If any feller cares ter drop out, let him; I nor my pards ain't against no man."

Now, I ask anyone if it was likely that I, a Britisher and sportsman, twenty years of age, with sixty dollars in the world, was going to stand out of an enterprise which promised both excitement and money? So again I held my "slinger." It was arranged that we should leave El Paso in parties of threes and fours, fifteen in all. Enistache, an Indian, and myself were to go together and work down to Aldama, north-east of Chihuahua, some two hundred miles south. We were to take no notice of one another there, as the authorities might be suspicious at the presence of so large a body of

strangers in their town. Luckily, I had all my wealth with me—the sixty dollars aforementioned—so I hunted about for a horse. I found a "greaser" from San Diego who had a pacing mare to sell. She was roan in colour, standing 14.3 hands, and scaling about seven hundred and fifty pounds, so that for an animal of her height she was fairly thick-set. I give these particulars as this little mare was destined to save my life, stronger and bigger horses going under. She was a sweet little thing, with a long grey mane and a tail reaching to the ground; very shy, yet trustful as a child.

My supplies consisted of a box of '44 cartridges, two plugs of tobacco, matches (an empty pint bottle, which I put in my saddle-pocket), some flour, bacon, and coffee, together with a frying-pan and tin pot. Enistache, with less than thirty dollars, raised a mean-looking, big-hocked lump of a pony of Indian breed. Together we "pulled out" of the town at nightfall, overtaking our Indian some two miles south of the river. It was only when on the jog-trot that I fully realized that there might be something serious in view; however, I meant to see the business through

now, and, after all, nothing really mattered, for life out there was a very hard struggle.

The Indian, knowing Chihuahua well, acted as our guide. He said that seven men had already passed him going south. The trip was slow and uninteresting, and does not need description.

We reached Aldama on the noon of the fifth day and put up at White Billy's. It is a poor, straggling little town. Lynch law prevailed, which meant one punishment for all crimes. We stayed there two days, during which I cared for my little "Silvermane," who was somewhat thin, giving her oats and corn and continually rubbing her down.

On the third night we rode out towards the west to a place called Secco Arroya, and after waiting some hours took over a herd of horses.



THE AUTHOR, CAPT. G. DES BARRES, ROYAL IRISH RIFLES.
From a Photo. by R. Harvey, Kimberley Photographic Studio

Now for the first time I learnt the real nature of our enterprise, for these animals were to be smuggled over into United States territory. From the size of the herd I should think there were about four hundred head, but to this day I cannot tell who were the men who handed them over to us. They assisted us in getting the herd spun out, one man going ahead as a "pointer" and the herd following in column, thickening into a wedge-shape at the tail, where the lazy and footsore animals stuck; but by dint of using our blacksnakes, or long leather whips, and quirts we pushed them on.

I was riding well up on the right, and when day broke failed to see any of the strangers; they had gone as mysteriously as they had come, and only our own men now jogged along with the bunch. We halted some hours after sun-up at a Mexican ranch, where we watered the horses. As there was no grass in the place four of us took the herd on while the others stayed behind for food. Carrying out water in empty molasses cans, we made a fire some four miles away and breakfasted on bacon, coffee, and fried *tortillas*. The horses having fed and rested all day, we returned with them to water in the evening and then struck out once more in an easterly direction.

On the third day no one seemed to know where we were. There were no ranches or inhabitants to be seen, and once, finding no water for thirty-two hours, we lost about thirty head through weakness. The horses were well knocked up and straggling over some miles of ground, when we finally struck a river and crossed. Hard work it was, too, the horses sticking up to their stomachs in the water and refusing to move. Opinion was divided as to our whereabouts. Some said it was the Rio Grande, others that it was too small and must be the Rio de Los Conchas; while an Indian said we were off to the north, near Tres Castillos. I only knew we had been going north, as each morning the sun came up on the right, but whether we were moving north-west or north-east I couldn't tell, and no man out there

carries a compass. It, however, we were on United States soil, it would be necessary to move on at once in order to avoid the Rangers patrolling the river. We accordingly set off, while men went out on all sides to scout, a few remaining to take the horses inland to feed.

I gathered from the talk that unless the Rangers showed up in force we were to keep them off, as they must be some days from a station and consequently without reinforcements. This was undoubtedly the meaning of seeing Bo "come out top." I fully realized what this meant if we were caught—ten years in the penitentiary—and needless to say that, with the others, I was ready to object down to my last cartridge to giving up so many years of my life.

The horses having been brought back in the evening and the scouts having returned without sighting anything a council was held. As is usual in the West the talking was half in English and half in Mexican. It was agreed to move to the north-east, thus escaping the alkali desert which lay inland of the Rio Grande, for we had agreed that this river must be it. There were dissentients to this course, while I heard the dreaded words "mui poco awa" (very little water) mentioned more than once.

It was a curious sight, that council, and one that will ever be implanted in my memory. The night was fine, starry, and clear; the river dragged lazily along, looking like thick black oil; on the sand at the foot of the bluffs were gathered the horsemen,



THE SADDLE USED BY CAPT. DES BARRÉS DURING HIS RIDE THROUGH THE STAKED PLAINS.

From a Photo.

talking and gesticulating, while up and down the river wandered the poor brutes who never drank again. I filled my molasses can and bottle with water, took a good drink, and then bit off a piece of "Climax plug," for I knew full well what was ahead now. I had been on the terrible Llano Estacado (Staked Plains) of Texas, and I fully believed we were unknowingly about to enter that awful tract. However, I was a "tenderfoot" and supposed to know nothing, so I held my "slinger."

We bunched up the herd, riding round and

round till we got them in shape, and then started off. As the river was left behind I somehow smiled and thought a bit, but I said nothing, only I felt we were going to our death.

All that night we travelled without a stop, driving and hustling the herd. The morning dawned with that dark-blue colouring so peculiar to Mexico; as the stars disappeared the sky eastwards turned a flaming red, while all around was of a smoky grey. When the light increased sufficiently to see back across the plains I noticed that the horses were already badly spun out and that there were gaps here and there, while the wedge in rear had increased, more men being behind. At sun-up we rested the herd for a couple of hours and ate the *tortillas* made the night before; no fires were lighted. Again we took up the trail with a very weary lot of horses, which in spite of our efforts scattered out, while one by one they dropped down and were abandoned. The sun shone fiercely upon a dry, hard soil, dotted here and there with patches of withered brush and dead buffalo-grass, a weird species of vegetation which dies as it grows. Higher and higher mounted the sun, sending down its burning rays out of that fearful stillness upon the wretched horses, who tumbled along under the crack of the cutting blacksnakes.

Again and again some wretched brute was permitted to fall back and was abandoned, while the white alkali dust the hoofs kicked up rose to one's throat and nostrils, causing a salt, sticky sensation. On touching the precious tin containing my store of water I found it quite hot. Away back to the horizon stretched the abandoned horses, looking like connecting links with the life we were leaving behind, some standing still with lowered heads, while others followed slowly after the bunch, occasionally emitting a shrill neigh as they dropped farther and farther in rear. Silvermane had a lot to do in keeping up our portion, and nobly did she respond. Still we went onward, until about midday we left the solid ground and struck the most fearful of this world's deserts—the Salt Plains.

Miles and miles ahead stretched the white, glistening salt, dazzling and blinding to the eyes, while here and there arose a small hummock of earth from which protruded some long, thin reeds like lances. Of life there was no sign; only, stretching away on all sides, myriads and myriads of large cobwebs, which in the distance and with the sun glistening upon them somehow looked like large lakes, out of which the small humps of land would show up like



THE WRETCHED HORSE TUMBLED ALONG UNDER THE CRACK OF THE CUTTING BLACKSNAKES.

little islands. I saw the men in front binding handkerchiefs and cloths around their faces. Without these protections, I afterwards heard, a man is apt to be blinded by the awful whiteness.

Although not yet twenty-four hours from water the whole bunch of horses were now done up, for they had been travelling hard for some days before we got them. It was only by moistening one's lips every hour or so that breathing in that atmosphere seemed possible; plug tobacco had lost its power to excite the salivary glands, so that great reliever of thirst was gone.

Onwards, ever onwards, crawled the wretched horses, struggling through the hot salt and sand. The sun went down with the herd spun out many miles. Away back I could see a man with a little bunch of horses. Occasionally he would jog them up and then walk his horses until they fell behind again. Behind him again were stragglers, with men urging them up, but these I could not see. No one was near me now. I tried hard to keep up my set, but first one and then another slipped by me. At dark I ran into the head of the herd, which had been halted and bunched up in case of accident; for if the wind blew now the trail of those in front would be obliterated and the disconnected part lost. The herd was hard to hold that night, moving around and trying to break out of the circle. It was nearly daybreak before all of them were in, and then two of the men were sick.

We rested until sun-up, then started out again. One man was bound on his saddle, but he was behind me, so I didn't see him. This time I was in the middle, but the same old game soon started—the herd lengthened out. There was no cursing or swearing now, and no one spoke, only the long blacksnakes worked harder. Some of the horses which had lain down could not get up, and so were left. Always we were among those ghastly mounds of earth and salt, stretching to the horizon, with nothing in the distance, and not the smallest indication of water.

Slower and slower crept the herd, and wider grew the intervals between the stragglers; at midday the herd stretched back out of sight. Here and there was a horseman with a little bunch connected to the bunch behind by a few stragglers, there a gap and a horseman alone, while away back was an indistinct mass, showing movement only by its dust. Luckily, the riding horses had been prepared for this grim struggle, for it was on his horse that a man now relied for life.

As the forenoon came on the heat rising from the salt felt like hot flannel to the mouth and

face; the air grew curiously heavy, while I felt as if under the influence of alcohol. One's mind wandered; it was as if one had two minds, one foolish and the other reasoning and argumentative.

The man who started about two hundred yards after me at sunrise was now nearly a mile behind and was riding alone, while between him and the moving dust behind there were only a few scattered horses. I saw him quit his horse, which did not respond; finally he got off and, drawing out his Winchester from under the saddle, moved wearily off into some broken ground and lay down. I took a small lick at the bottle hidden in my saddle-pocket, got off, and, blowing into Silvermane's nostrils, cleaned out the accumulated sand and dirt.

The trail was up—finished! It was easy to realize this, for we covered a half-mile of frontage, and the pointer and those who were following him had come together. Horse after horse now slipped by me, and eventually I rode forward and joined a man called Adams. He told me that the Indians had separated and left the trail, and that we had better "pull out," as in the mad struggle for life that was about to begin we might be shot for the sake of our horses. It was for that reason that Francesco, the man behind me, had abandoned his exhausted horse and drawn out his rifle; he meant to get another mount at all costs, for without a horse in that awful desert a man was practically dead. One could see plainly now that the horses had been abandoned, for the men were in threes and fours and moving on. Adams said he, too, was a "tenderfoot," so that we had better stick together and clear out, firing on any man who approached to try and get our horses.

As the general direction seemed north, we struck off for the east. My new pard's horse was a good one, but poor little Silvermane was done up; her eyes were nearly stopped up with sand. Poor, gentle thing, she must have thought me a regular demon, but I could not help it, and with a heart crying with pity I forced her stumbling on. At about four that afternoon a feeling of madness came over me—that feeling which a man experiences when realizing that he is going towards his death. My water was finished long ago and there seemed no hope, no way out of this awful wilderness. True, we had got out of the salt and were upon sand, which relieved the eyes somewhat, but the same finish must overtake us in the end. The horses could not go on much longer; already I had dropped my Winchester and saddle-packets, flour and stuff, to lighten the load, but at midnight I knew Silvermane must fall, and then—what?

I felt sick and giddy. My mouth was dry and parched, my teeth felt like dry stones, and my tongue as if made of leather, although it hurt to talk.

I cannot distinctly remember what happened afterwards. I know we travelled all that night and struck foothills in the morning, where, picking up a buffalo wallow (a beaten-down path made by buffaloes in the olden days and leading to water), we held on until we came to the top of a hogback, or small hill, which, when followed up, brought us to a corral of dry reeds, in which there were a trough and water. I had great trouble in getting the bridle off the little mare, as she put her head deep into the water.



"WE ALL DRANK TOGETHER."

We all drank together, while Adams's prayer of thankfulness was: "I'm done with that awful Mexico!"

When we unsaddled the horses rolled and rolled again, Silvermane staying down, while Adams's animal wandered off to feed. I lay down against the corral and chewed a piece of "Climax plug." Our long agony was finished, we knew; there must be a habitation near, but we never stirred—only to get up and drink a little more. Presently we left our gear in the corral and followed up the path, coming to a

stone-built shanty about twelve feet square, which we entered, and hunting up some food lit a fire of soap-weed sticks. The owner turned up at nightfall, creeping around the house with a Winchester, thinking we had "jumped" his water-hole. He said we were about sixty miles from Sierra Blanca, on a spur of the Guadalupe Mountains.

We rested with him for three days, while the horses fed around the water hole, there being grass on the mountain-side. We then left for Las Cruces. While there we heard that the police and some United States cavalry were patrolling the Rio Grande looking for us; that two of our men had been captured, and that two more had been shot by the Mexican Police. There was no account of the others. Not one of the party regained El Paso—so the Mexicans

employed in Doran's Corral related—so that the Staked Plains must have taken their death-toll of the others. Naturally, it was our duty to keep out of the way, so following the river up to Albuquerque we sold our things, and through an agency got employment in the mines at Ouray, in Colorado. I got no pay for the part I had taken in that awful trail, and to this day I think that the whole herd of horses was stolen, and that it was not solely to escape Uncle Sam's small taxation that that desperate attempt was made to take them over the White Plains.

The Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition.

By E. BRIGGS BALDWIN.

III.

An authoritative account of the work of this important expedition, written by the leader of the party. Mr. Baldwin illustrates his narrative with some particularly striking photographs, which will give our readers a vivid idea of the rigours attending exploration work in the ice-bound Arctic.



From a

THE EXPEDITION ENTERING COLLINSON CHANNEL.

[Photo.



BX TENDING in a south-westerly direction from Kane Lodge is Collinson Channel, nine or ten miles in length. In the accompanying photograph we see the expeditionary force entering this picturesque avenue, with the snow and ice-covered slopes and cliffs composing the eastern termination of President McKinley Island in the background. At the very entrance to the channel the current of the sea is swift and much compressed between close-approaching shores. The ice, therefore, readily disintegrates, and open water prevails at that spot all the year round, save during periods of extreme cold. About the middle of March, 1902, the writer, with seven men and

thirteen ponies, crossed the ice at this point for the first time. The ice was then about a foot in thickness, very plastic, and lay in undulations as though the waves of the sea had suddenly congealed. In spots, especially near icebergs, open water was observed. Three weeks later this entire field of ice had disappeared, save a narrow belt which still clung to the shore, barely permitting the passage of our caravan into Collinson Channel. The rapid formation of this great water-hole right across our line of march led me to send back to Camp Ziegler, thirty miles distant, for one of the row-boats, as we had with us only our canvas canoes, or "kyaks," and might find the wooden boat to be indispensable before the conclusion of our



From a

LUCAS AND MICHAEL RETURN TO CAMP AFTER AN ARDUOUS MARCH TO FETCH THE BOATS.

[Photo.]



[From a]

THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAMP, SHOWING THE EAST COAST OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ISLAND.

[Photo.]

sledging. For this purpose the faithful assistants Lucas and Michael were dispatched with two of the ponies and one sledge. Besides the boat they brought along various other articles, which considerably increased the already heavy load for the ponies. Nevertheless, they returned to camp on the third day none the worse for wear and in good cheer, not a word of complaint escaping the lips of either man. They had made a forced march, and loss of sleep and extreme cold rendered the trip a most trying one.

I relate this incident as a tribute to the loyalty of these two men and as an illustration of the great utility of ponies in Arctic service. In the photo. given we see the two men and the ponies as they came to a halt immediately after arriving in camp just beyond the southern entrance to Collinson Channel.

Another snap-shot shows the ponies halting at the outskirts of our camp at the southern extremity of the channel. They have just returned from one of the numerous trips taken to Kane

Lodge. In the next photo. the writer is observed removing snowballs from the ponies' feet. This important duty had to be performed regularly before setting out on a day's march, and oftentimes *en route*, for the snow collected quickly.

Nine miles by sledge from Kane Lodge in a north-easterly direction is the site of one of our favourite "camping grounds" on the sea-ice off the east coast of Kane Island. Early one morning we were awakened by a sudden outcry among



[From a]

REMOVING SNOWBALLS FROM THE PONIES' FEET.

[Photo.]

the dogs, and upon going outside my tent I discovered a large bull-walrus slowly making his way into the camp. A few moments later a cartridge put an end to his progress and furnished our dogs with three good "feeds" of strong, wholesome food that did much to expedite the removal of the provisions from our Kane Island camp. Upon following the tracks left by this walrus we came upon another one of his kind, a yearling calf,

which had climbed high upon the shore, evidently with the intention of observing the movements of his companion and protector. Both walrus were probably searching either for open water or some fissure through which they might gain access to the sea. The nearest open-water hole from where they were found, however, was



From a] MR. BALDWIN TEASING A YOUNG WALRUS. [Photo.

attitudes the animal might assume under ill-treatment. A series of photos. were taken of these as a study in zoology. It was found that the walrus invariably offered defence by suddenly darting forward his head and neck as though desiring to strike with his head or snout.

The establishing of the famous depôt at Toeplitz Bay, Crown

Prince Rudolf Land, is represented in the next photo. There were assembled here at one time twenty-eight men, twelve ponies, and one hundred and sixty dogs. During the entire journey we had lost but one pony (Billy) and one dog. By this time the hair on every man's head had grown long, in many instances reaching quite to the shoulders; and this gave us a very curious appearance.



From a] THE DEPÔT AT TOEPLITZ BAY, CROWN PRINCE RUDOLF LAND.

ten miles distant. Very likely they had been either frozen out or shut out by some movement of the ice while asleep upon the main pack.

The first photo. on this page shows the author teasing the young walrus, in order to note the

With the establishment of this one splendid depôt we might well have rested content, and when I announced that it contained more provisions than I had ever thought it possible to convey by sledge to Crown Prince Rudolf



From a]

EN ROUTE TO NANSEN'S HUT—THE SILK TENT IN WHICH THE EXPLORERS SLEPT.

[Photo.

Land the party cheered heartily. When I announced that there remained time for the formation of other depôts and the prosecution of other exploration work, nearly every man found himself both willing and able to respond to the call. As a result of this cheerful spirit we can now point to the two other depôts established, and to the journey to Nansen's hut, etc. Besides these depôts we also have the two houses at Camp Ziegler. One of these is full

in Rudolf Land, I set out on a journey to find the winter lair of Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen, accompanied by Artist Porter and Photographer Fiala. In the accompanying snap-shot will be seen the little silk tent in which the three of us ate and slept while on the journey. The dogs will be noticed fast asleep by the upturned sledges. On this occasion our camp was about three miles east of Cape Norway, the site of the winter hut of which we were

in search. Just as we had fallen asleep after supper on the evening of our arrival at this point a huge she-bear and two large cubs suddenly put in an appearance. In spite of the fact that the dogs had been tied singly round the upturned sledges, both teams decamped in pursuit of the bears, which, alarmed at

the noisy rabble following them, climbed the slope of a glacier and disappeared behind a rocky knoll.

Owing to a partial snow-blindness which had overtaken me I was unable to see the bears until they were quite beyond the range of my rifle.

The interesting photo. here given shows Nansen's world-famous "hut" exactly as we found it two days after the incident with the bears,



NANSEN'S FAMOUS "HUT"
DISCOVERED BY MR. BALDWIN
AND MARKED WITH A FLAG.
From a Photo.

of provisions, and much of the original equipment is also available for a future expedition, not only at the camp, but also on board the *America*.

Upon the return of the sledging party to Kane Lodge, after the formation of the depôt



THE EXPEDITION ON THE RETURN JOURNEY
From a] TO CAMP ZIEGLER. [Photo.

excepting, of course, the unfurling of the American flag upon the hut. The "flag-staff," by the way, consisted of a strip of frozen walrus-hide, which I stumbled upon along the beach while searching for the hut itself. Round about this historic locality were the white bones of many a bear which the hardy explorers had picked clean. Setting to work with an ordinary alpenstock and a tin can, we at length removed the snow which completely filled the hut. We then found the small blubber-lamp, black and oily, just as the two men had left it, after having cooked their last meal in the hut, and also the little brass cylinder with its stopper of wood, and, within the cylinder, the document which Dr. Nansen had written and deposited upon taking leave of his lonely dug-out dwelling on the 19th of May, 1896. For two days Photographer Fiala, Artist Porter, and myself were steadily employed securing photographs, colour sketches, and making notes of the memorable spot.

While in the vicinity of Cape

Norway, Fiala and I embraced the opportunity of extending our journey to Cape Hugh Mill. This we did on foot through a blinding snowstorm. Fortunately upon our arrival the weather cleared, and we beheld one of the most magnificent basaltic headlands in the world. Every day of this exciting trip witnessed some stirring episode, either with bears, walrus, treacherous ice, or stormy weather.

Once more arrived back at Kane Lodge, the entire party set out on the return journey to Camp Ziegler. Having only our camping equipment the teams were lightly burdened, and the drivers themselves rode in order to control the dogs and ponies to better advantage. This return journey is shown in the above photograph.

Shortly after our return to head-quarters we



FILLING ONE OF THE BALLOONS BY WHICH THE EXPEDITION OBTAINED ITS WIND-ROVING.
Fiala Photo.



CUTTING THE "AMERICA" OUT OF
From a THE ICE. *[Photo.*

began to dispatch messages to civilization by means of balloons. Altogether fifteen balloons and three hundred messages were given to the winds in the course of June. In a photo. on page 591 we see the inflation of one of these aerial messengers. Every one of the messages bore an urgent request for coal, as our supply was so short by the end of June that we had only sixty-seven tons on board. This was in part owing to the very early breaking up of the ice, which compelled us to get up steam several weeks earlier than had been anticipated, in order to save the yacht from being crushed by the numerous

icebergs which drifted about the open-water hole into which we had been thrust. In the photograph Secretary Barnard is seen immediately in front of the balloon; while Mr. Rilliet, in charge of the balloon section, is in the background. Another member of the party stands close to the hydrogen-gas generator, while yet another is adjusting the balloon net. Another photo. shows a string of twenty cork buoys, each containing a message, being borne aloft by the balloon. Attached to



THE MESSAGE BY A BALLOON CARRYING TWENTY CORK BUOYS CONTAINING MESSAGES.

[Photo.

the net surrounding the gas-bag itself are duplicate messages contained in copper floats, Royal baking powder tins, and other receptacles, etc.

On July 1st, 1902, the *America* took her departure from Camp Ziegler on the homeward voyage. During the time of embarkation heavy drift-ice closed in round the vessel, and exciting work attended the taking on board of the remaining five ponies and the one hundred and fifty dogs. Some of the incidents of this work are well shown in the annexed snap-shot.

For sixteen days the struggle to get through the ice which blocked Aberdare Channel for about fifteen miles south of Camp Ziegler continued without cessation—a trying ordeal for everyone on board. The task was at length accomplished, however, through the



MAKING A CHANNEL THROUGH THE ICE FOR THE BOATS CONTAINING THE PONIES AND DOGS. [Photo. From a]

combined efforts of steam, dynamite, and muscle. In one of the illustrations our party will be observed sawing away the ice from the sides of the ship, while the last photo. shows three dynamite explosions taking place on the ice.

Mr. Fiala is busy taking a series of bioscope pictures of the scene.



HOMeward BOUND—BLASTING AWAY THE ICE WITH DYNAMITE IN ORDER TO MAKE A PASSAGE FOR THE SHIP. [Photo. From a]

THE PEARL-POACHERS.

BY D. F. SETON - CARRUTHERS.

The story of a remarkable enterprise. A party of young Englishmen fitted out a vessel for the purpose of visiting an island where there were reputed to be fabulously rich beds of pearl-oysters. The island—although never annexed and quite uninhabited—was nominally claimed by Japan, whose gunboats occasionally visited it and meted out summary punishment to anyone found pearling. The author describes how the quest for pearls progressed; the fight at the island; how the Japanese authorities were “bluffed” into supplying their quarry with coal; and the final successful termination of the expedition.



NE morning towards the end of June, 1892, my friend, J. W. Travers, and I were seated at breakfast in the chambers we then shared. We were fast friends and partners always in any speculation which turned up and promised fair profits. Our last jaunt had been to Australia, where Fortune had played us more than one scurvy trick, but finally rewarded us handsomely. As a result we had run home to England for a few months' holiday. But now we were getting satiated with civilization, and there were times when we longed for the wilds again. On the morning in question we had received a letter from Archibald Gordon. That is not the whole of his name—“Burke” adds two more to those I have given—but it is the abbreviation by which he is known in Australia and the islands.

From the letter we gathered that he was organizing another venture and was eager that we should join him. We were more than willing. Consequently, eight days later we were on board the P. and O. liner *Orient*, en route for the trysting place. I will pass over the incidents of the voyage—which were few and trilling—over our arrival at Sydney, and over the first ten days of our stay there. On the morning of the eleventh, punctual to the second, Gordon presented himself at our hotel, cheery and self

possessed as ever, and apparently without a serious thought for anything in the world. A cordial greeting all round and he began to unfold his plan, which was this. On one of his hundred trips among the islands he had accidentally discovered one of the secret pearl fisheries claimed by Japan, a fabulously rich one, and known by repute to every soul in the “trade,” but never previously set foot upon by a European. This island lay about fifteen hundred miles north-west of the Bonin Islands and a similar distance east of Yokohama. Though claimed by the country named, her ownership was doubtful in the extreme. She had not officially annexed it, nor was it charted as inhabitable—merely as a “reef,” and marked “Dangerous; no anchorage.” Both the latter



“HE BEGAN TO UNFOLD HIS PLAN.”

statements were pure bluff and intended to mislead, as appeared later. Gordon therefore contended — and as a barrister I could not but agree with him — that he had as much right to fish it as anyone. Only the Japs thought otherwise, and would treat such exploiting of their preserves as poaching — and punish it accordingly. Therein lay the danger and spice of his proposal. He had acquired an option upon a splendid yacht of about eight hundred tons, and could purchase her outright for a mere song; she had belonged to a rich American who had gone to great expense in having her fitted with a description of turbine engines as an experiment. Though similar to the Parsons turbine they differed in several material points and were greatly inferior, so much so that the idea of making them of commercial value was abandoned shortly before the yacht became our property. After pointing out the dangers we ran of confiscation and worse if caught at the reef, Gordon invited us to become

overhauled and the huge quantity of stores required purchased and safely stowed away, without, we hoped, attracting undue attention to the bulk or nature of them. Also an ordinary quantity of coal had been shipped — that is to say, as much as her bunkers would hold; for it would have looked queer to have lumbered the decks of a trim yacht with the additional tons that were absolutely necessary to take us to the reef and from there to some place of safety. We therefore made arrangements to meet Sandy MacGregor, captain of the Melbourne tramp-steamer *Melba*, at a point down the coast where we could tranship at sea, out of sight of prying eyes, as much more as we wanted. The remainder of the cargo he was instructed to take to an island where our partner had an agent, and deposit it there against the possibility of a shortage on the return trip. If discovered while “fishing” and compelled to flee under forced draught, a half-way house would be necessary for us to replenish our stock

of fuel — for coals simply melt under such circumstances. Lastly, a splendid crew had been got together. This task had been entrusted to a gentleman whom I will call Captain Saunders, a one-time brilliant naval officer, who had left the service to avoid a court-martial because of an arrant coquette and a blow struck a superior officer on her account. As my gallant friend now holds an important command in a foreign navy, I do not consider it fair or expedient to particularize more fully.

About 2 p.m. on the day in question Travers and I joined Gordon on board the *Swallow*. All was ready for an immediate start — decks cleared, boats swung inboard, men at their stations, and Saunders on the bridge. At a sign from Gordon the former shouted: “Ready there, for’ard — let her go!” There was a quick movement among the men in the bow, followed by a rattle and a splash as our cable was slipped and buoyed. Next moment our propellers were in motion, and presently the yacht swung round and made straight for the Heads.



THE STEAM YACHT "SWALLOW," WHICH THE AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANIONS FITTED OUT FOR THEIR PEARL-POACHING EXPEDITION. (Photo.)

equal partners with him in the venture. We jumped at the chance, and by subscribing two thousand pounds apiece each of us became a third-owner in the vessel and entitled to a third of whatever profits were made.

We were at Stevens's, the shipbrokers, the following morning on the stroke of ten; by 10.15 the purchase was completed; at 10.30 we were on board the *Swallow*, as the yacht was named, vying with each other in stringing together words of praise concerning her.

Ten days later the vessel had been thoroughly

We were within two hundred yards of the passage when a revenue cutter shot out from behind the rocks and signalled us to "lay to." Saunders turned his head slightly towards us and raised one eyebrow. Gordon shook his head; the engine-room bell tinkled sharply thrice, and with a bound we were tearing through the water at racing speed, apparently without having seen the signal! But we were not going fast enough to please our captain. There came another sharp tinkle of the bell, an advisory word to us to hold on tight, and we were flying over the incoming wavelets, under forced draught, at twenty-six and a half knots, our funnels red hot, and the beautiful boat, like a live thing, quivering through every plate and beam. The cutter's best speed was nineteen, and it would take her half an hour to reach that. We, with our turbines, sprang into our stride almost instantly. At the time we were not certain whether they wanted us to stop for the observance of some formality we had forgotten, or because an inkling of our real object had leaked out. Afterwards we learned that the purchase of so many diving costumes had aroused suspicions; we were therefore wise in turning a blind eye to the signals.

But the Customs' folk were not to be shaken off so easily as we hoped. The plucky little launch, failing in her attempt to cross our bows, kept close in our wake, tooting her whistle shrilly and repeating the signal to "lay to" at intervals. We cleared the Heads with a quarter of a mile in hand; in an hour we could scarcely see her smoke-stack, a good seven miles astern, and by five o'clock we were completely below her limited horizon. At six we altered our course and reduced speed to fifteen knots, at which rate we proceeded until we picked up Captain MacGregor. That was at 3 a.m.; by nine o'clock we had transhipped all the coal we could carry and were once more *en route*.

As the coast of Australia melted into a blue haze astern, Gordon requested Saunders to call all hands aft. They were a smart looking lot, and fell in with a promptness and air of discipline unusual among merchant sailormen. They explained with sheepish grins that most of them were R.N.R. men, and had done one or two trainings! And we let it go at that, though we knew better, especially Saunders, who had dug them out of the dens most favoured by naval deserters. They were chiefly those who had been lured from their duty by the fascinating stories of suddenly made fortunes, so common among those who only know Australia by repute. Gordon looked them over with the eye of a born leader, and got to the business part of his speech at once.

"My lads," he said, "I've asked Captain Saunders to call you together so that we can understand each other from the start. We are not on a pleasure trip, but on a business one—pearl-fishing, to be exact—and expect to make large profits. In those profits you shall share, if all goes well, to the extent of 10 per cent., divided among you all on the scale used in the Navy when apportioning prize-money. Most of you know how that works out," he added, with sly emphasis, and the men looked at one another under their eyebrows and grinned and shuffled their feet. "The chief risk we are exposed to is that the Japs consider they have some sort of claim to the fisheries and will regard us as poachers. If we are caught in the act we shall have to bluff, run, or fight. What we want to know is, can we depend upon you all in any event?" As Gordon concluded there was a stir among the men, with much whispering; then Williams, the bo'sun, was pushed to the front and, with a preliminary hoist of his slacks and a salute, said: "I'm to tell you, sir, that the men like the sound of the job and will stand by you, fair weather or foul. An' if so be as them rummy little Japs comes any o' their nonsense—why, we'll oblige 'em with a dust-up, just for the fun o' the thing," he concluded.

"Thanks, my lads, that's what I wanted to hear," said Gordon. "By the way, did any of you learn how to handle a Hotchkiss while in the—R.N.R.?" he added, with a twinkle in his eyes.

After a moment's whispered consultation a man named Smith was pushed to the front. "Beggin' your pardon, sir, I was gunner's mate on board—for some time," he corrected hastily, amid the grins of his shipmates, "and know a bit about them, an' Bill Andrews here," jerking a thumb towards the man on his left, "was the best shot we had."

Bill blushed and became interested in the foretop until nudged by Smith, when he suddenly hitched up his slacks, saluted, and said, hurriedly, "Aye, aye, sir."

"All right. Report to Captain Saunders in the morning and we will see what you can do," ordered Gordon, with a nod and a smile. That and a tot of rum for all hands concluded the proceedings.

Five days later we called at Gordon's Isle and picked up the twenty Sandwich Islanders who were to act as divers. At sundown we weighed anchor again and started upon the last stage of our journey.

Seven days later we caught the first glimpse of our goal—a patch of blue haze right ahead on the edge of the horizon. As we drew nearer it took shape and showed us a long, low island,



"BILL ANDREWS HERE WAS THE BEST SHOT WE HAD."

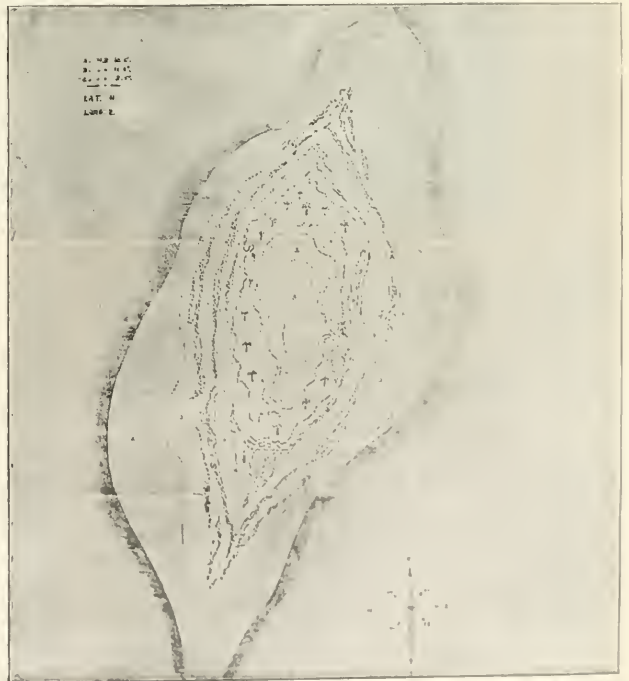
covered with palms, dewy wet, and blazing like burnished gold in the sun's early rays. But there was not a sign of life or habitation, not a sound save the dull roar of the surf. This rejoiced us greatly. We kept a good offing, however, and steamed completely round to make sure no vessel was at or near the island. Then carefully sounding, groping our way yard by yard, we made the passage of the outer reef and dropped anchor between it and the inner one. (See map.) Excitement ran high among us all. The crew were gathered for'ard, talking in whispers. The Sandwich Islanders were there, too, but squatting, stolidly munching their breakfasts. An island more or less was nothing to them. As for the pearls—well, they looked upon our eagerness to secure them with tolerant contempt. If our hunt had been for blue or scarlet beads, now, they could have understood it; but those grey-white seeds—bah!

Taking the bo'sun and four hands, also our sporting guns and water-kegs, as a feasible excuse for landing should there be a Japanese guard on the island, we lowered the whale-boat and pulled for the opening in the inner reef. Three minutes later we beached her on a spit of sand. After

crossing this the inner lagoon oval in shape and some two miles in length by about one in breadth—lay stretched before our view. Its shores were palm-clad right down to the glistening sandy beach, as were the tiny hills which surrounded it and formed a belt about half a mile wide between it and the outer reefs and ocean. On our right was a hill a hundred feet or so high, and another and lower one on our

left. The island was partly volcanic, but chiefly coralline in formation.

Gordon led us forward to the clearing at the foot of the larger hill, and, pointing to a row



THE CHART OF THE PEARL ISLAND, PREPARED BY CAPTAIN A. SPOONER DURING THE STAY OF THE LARK.

of neatly-constructed bamboo cottages, explained laconically, "Fishermen's quarters. They housed a hundred odd Japs last time I was here. Glad they're still standing. They'll save rigging up sheds for the men. Now come and look at the beds." Leading the way to the edge of the lagoon he called our attention to several large, grey-black patches dotting the bottom. Travers and I peered eagerly down. It was our first glimpse of "pearlers," and our imaginations ran riot as to their contents, especially as to the probable value of the same.

The remainder of that day was spent in

alteration was carried out by means of canvas screens painted brown, and complete with false portholes, etc. The disguise was perfect; her own builders would not have known her.

The following morning fishing commenced in earnest. The rafts were rapidly constructed and anchored over likely "beds"; the well-oiled islanders, naked save for a girdle round the waist, containing a heavy knife, ready and standing on the edge of the raft, each with a foot in the leaded noose that would carry them to the bottom like a flash at the word of command. Each carried a basket wicker-crate attached to the raft by a second line. This it was their



"THE WELL-OILED ISLANDERS."

getting ashore the provisions, hammocks, diving apparatus, torpedo-like floats for constructing the rafts from which the divers would descend, the cauldrons, and other impedimenta. While this was going on Saunders and half-a-dozen tars were altering the appearance of the *Swallow*, so that the description any vessel which chanced to call could give of us would be useless and merely lead to the wildest of wild-goose chases.

And this is how it was done. The tapering masts were stripped of their top hamper and reduced to the inelegant "stumps" common to most steamers; the ochre funnels were daubed black, and a third—a dummy—placed between the two genuine ones. Lastly, the deck cabins were extended in width to either bulwark, and in length to the fore and mizzen mast. This

duty to fill, a jerk on the line signalling the accomplishment of the task to those on the surface, who promptly hauled the basket up.

The excitement caused by the arrival of the first few cratefuls of oysters was almost painful. Travers and I were eager to open them at once. But Gordon's orders were strict on the point, because of the damage which might occur to the dainty treasure we hoped each contained. Consequently we controlled our curiosity, and made haste to transfer them to the stretch of beach farthest from the camp—and well to leeward of it! There we spread them out to rot in the blazing sun, when the shells could be displaced with a touch of the finger, the decomposed flesh taken out and dropped into a bucket for after inspection, for many valuable specimens get embedded therein, and the pearls, if any,

removed and placed in a basin of clean water. This task was under the supervision of Travers and myself. Personally, I have opened and carefully examined six and a half score of shells, and found only one miserable, misshapen seedling, barely worth two shillings. But from the hundred and thirty-first I took one nearly the size of a sixpence, perfectly round and full of iridescent colours, worth one hundred pounds good in the trade, and one you would be asked two hundred guineas for at a West-end jeweller's. In that same shell I found a second pearl worth eight pounds, and embedded in the flesh and almost hidden from sight a third worth quite twenty pounds. It is this glorious uncertainty, the knowledge that at any moment you may find a gem worth five hundred pounds, which, despite the hours of unrewarded toil, gives the work such a fascination. And it requires a fairly strong attraction to induce a man to go through the dangers and terribly hard work entailed, to say nothing of enduring the stench, the horrible, putrid stench, in the midst of which the work is carried on. It is an odour which can be smelt seven or more miles away at sea if you are coming up the wind, an odour which clings to your clothes, which gets into your throat and nostrils, and remains there to flavour everything you eat or drink, and which recurs to you months afterwards at the mere sight of an oyster.

At the end of three weeks' unremitting labour, during which about three hundred thousand oysters were raised and laid out to open at their unsavoury leisure, Travers and I struck for a day or two's change of occupation. We thought we would like to try diving. We had never been "down"—in that sense—and determined to try it. Both Gordon and Saunders tried all they knew to dissuade us, but we were not to be moved. The company of live oysters, we said, could not be any worse than that of their defunct relatives.

It took us twenty minutes to get into full diving kit. As soon as the breathing tubes were tested, the leaded rope ladder adjusted, and the additional security of a life-line fastened round our waists, we commenced the descent. My first sensations were weird in the extreme—for all the world similar to the one experienced when a lit commences a rapid and unexpected fall. I could have sworn that some powerful force was trying to push my feet up through my body and out at the top of my head! Then the latter commenced to buzz and sing, and felt as if it would split open. And I wondered what would happen if it did! Also I caught myself thinking quite kindly of the odoriferous friends I had left above on the

beach. I also decided that though the earth and air and sea and all that in them is might belong to man, the bed of a lagoon was no place for him.

As I got lower the feeling of pressure from below seemed to get on top of me as well as surround me on all sides. But I mentally resolved that, even if I got flattened out to a pancake or exploded, I would go as far as the bottom, fill my crate, return to the surface, and casually mention that I didn't see much sport in diving, and rather preferred the handling of dead to live oysters. When I did touch bottom, however, there was a fresh difficulty to overcome—I couldn't keep my feet down without crouching and bending my knees. The instant I stood erect, first one leg and then another and then both together would flutter off the bed and wave aimlessly about. I seemed to have lost all control over them, and I began to wonder whether diving and an intimate association with deceased oysters could bring on a sudden attack of locomotor ataxy. I have since discovered that I merely lacked sufficient lead in my boots.

Having switched on the electric light attached to my helmet I looked round for Travers. All I could see at first was an opaque glimmer, pale green in hue and as easy to pierce as a sea fog. Everything seemed distorted, unreal, and out of proportion, and things that appeared near enough to touch got farther away as they were approached. The upturned, tapering seaweed had the staggers badly, and even the firmly-rooted spirals of coral seemed to have the ague in an acute form. Travers, when I at last caught sight of him, looming up on my right, appeared of gigantic size, and in anything but a sober condition.

After the first attempt at verbal utterance I talked to him in pantomime. The din my voice raised in the helmet and the vibrations it set up nearly deafened and stunned me. From the signs Travers made I gathered that he, too, was anxious to return to the upper world. Seemingly we were at one as to going up with full crates, for together we made a vigorous attack upon the beds, and by one means and another managed to detach sufficient for our ends. And how gladly I gave the signal to hoist up! I got to the foot of the ladder somehow and gripped it hard, paused for an instant, and then commenced to ascend. But the labour, the sickening dread and horror of it! An irresistible force seemed to be holding me back; my head felt as if it must burst; lights danced before my eyes; the ladder seemed to sink under me and soft music sounded in my ears; then a feeling of "don't care" came over

me, and I thought how nice a few moments' sleep would be - only a few, just a -

When I came to my senses I was lying on my back on the raft, feeling sore all over—I was the centre of an anxious group. Gordon and Saunders were kneeling on either side alternately rubbing and pounding me, throwing in a little passive movement by way of variety. "Near squeak, old man, but you'll do now," said Saunders.

"Do?" I echoed. "Of course I'll do. What the dickens is all the fuss about?"

"Why, about the breathing tube. It fouled somehow, and when you fell from the ladder you broke it altogether and were nearly suffocated. If it hadn't been for the life-line and these islanders you would have died," Gordon explained.

"Great Scot! That's why I felt so queer, I suppose," I said. "I thought they were part of the business, those beastly sensations and fireworks. But Travers - where's old Jack? Is he all right?"

"Right as rain," responded that individual, heartily; "and now I vote we go ashore. We're not cut out for divers, I'm

afraid. I'm shiking as if I had the ague, and my tube didn't foul."

"Travers," I said, solemnly, as we were rowed ashore, "I propose we stick to the decomposed side of this business. It may not be exactly savoury, but -"

"Just so!" laughed Travers. "I'm with you there. We'll leave the diving racket to the heathen." And we did so from that day.

The ensuing six weeks saw the more promising "beds" stripped clean, though there was still a large area to be fished. Our haul of pearls was a splendid one, and beyond our wildest dreams. They were of all shapes and sizes, from the tiny seedling to the lordly gem of much weight and many lustrous hues, which Gordon valued at one thousand pounds! There was No. 1 parcel containing a hundred and

seventy-three matched specimens worth a hundred pounds apiece; No. 2 containing fifty-three valued at forty to forty-five pounds each; and No. 3 about seven hundred, calculated to fetch three thousand pounds the parcel. No. 4 was made up of two thousand eight hundred and forty pearls, worth a similar amount, and No. 5, the ruck of the collection, was estimated to realize about one thousand pounds—roughly, twenty-seven thousand pounds in all. The night the tally was completed we rejoiced greatly. Then I looked at Gordon and proposed an immediate departure. But he had located a wonderful bed of "ancients" and was eager for an additional week, suggesting that as

we were in a hurry the cauldrons could be substituted for the rotting process. "Very well," I replied, though I felt an unaccountable dread at prolonging our visit. "If you say stay we'll do so, but the best like the worst of luck must turn, and I for one want to be miles away before it turns into a Japanese gunboat."

"All serene," laughed Gordon; "we'll risk it



"I WAS THE CENTRE OF AN ANXIOUS GROUP."

for another week and then quit." And we did so, to my bitter regret.

Those "ancients" yielded a fabulously rich harvest, and even my fears fled at the sight of some of the magnificent pearls obtained. But all the same I got leave to remove most of our effects on board the *Swallow* ready for instant flight. Saunders backed me up in this, and got the yacht ready for a quick departure, nor was he content unless she rode with a spring on her cable and banked fires. The guns, too, were raised from the hold and got in position.

Our intuitive dread of trouble was soon justified. We were to have knocked off "fishing" on the Friday and sailed on the following day. At five on Thursday our "look-out" on the higher hill reported a smoke patch to the north-west and making straight for the island—that is, approaching the opposite side to that on which the *Swallow* lay.

In an instant all was flurry and excitement, a common instinct prompting everyone to seize the most valuable of their belongings and make for the shore. But Gordon called a halt, dispatched Saunders to the hill-top, and gave each of us our task. Ten minutes later Saunders fluttered his handkerchief thrice.

"A Jap, by all that's unlucky!" exclaimed Gordon. "Now, smartly, my lads, but no scrambling and no panic!" and he tapped the butt of his revolver significantly. In another ten minutes all was finished and we were at the landing-place. It took three journeys to

get everything on board, and we knew that the gunboat might heave in sight at any instant round either end of the island. If he did so before we negotiated the passage of the outer reef we should be trapped and either have to make a dash for it or fight. Passive surrender never entered our heads, for there was no hope of a fair trial where the rights of the case could have been threshed out—only the certainty of a secret and life-long imprisonment. We vowed

to put up a fierce fight before that came to pass.

As Gordon, Travers, and I stepped on board Saunders, who had preceded us, roared from the bridge:—

"Cast loose that boat there—no time to hoist her in. All ready for'ard?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Then let go all."

There were a rattle and a splash as the cable slipped through the hawse-pipe. The engine-room bell tinkled sharply and almost immediately we were under way. Just as we got into our stride the gunboat appeared round the northern extremity of the island, but *inside* and not outside the reef as we expected. The instant she sighted us up went the

signal to "lay to," emphasized by a blank cartridge. Saunders's language was a trifle profane, but very much to the point, as he signalled for forced draught, and also ordered our forward gun crew to stand by the weapon. The men responded with eager alacrity.

The passage lay about midway between the two vessels, each now racing its hardest, and though we were the faster the distance both had



"ALL SERENE," LAUGHED GORDON; "WE'LL RISK IT FOR ANOTHER WEEK."

to traverse was so short that the result would be a near thing—a very near thing. I have gone through one or two exciting episodes during my short career, but never through such a nerve-racking one as that. The mad bounding of the *Swallow* under the impetus of forced draught, the quivering decks, the incessant roar and whirl of the machinery, the erstwhile placid waters roaring and seething past in clouds of spray and foam, the speed-made wind of our reckless dash for freedom, the maddening mental repetition of the only thought the brain was capable of forming—"Shall we do it?" "Shall we do it?"—worked me up to such a pitch of excitement and mental exaltation that I think I would have dared or done anything.

masks to our identity—and the boats cut and splintered by the leaden hail.

Our blood was thoroughly up by this time. They had asked for a fight and they should have one.

Another shell, timed to a second, and poor Bill Andrews fell as he was about to fire our forward Hotchkiss. At a glance and a nod from Saunders I sprang from the bridge and took his place.

I carefully trained the gun on their forward quick-firer, aiming at the mechanism and legs exposed below its shield. The Hotchkiss is a dainty weapon and an accurate one, and can pump out death and destruction quicker than any gun I know. In thirty seconds their deck



"I CAREFULLY TRAINED THE GUN ON THEIR FORWARD QUICK-FIRER."

The supreme moment of all, however, came when Saunders shouted: "Look out, there! Lie down all; they're training their forward gun upon us."

Almost before we could draw breath there was a dull report and a shell burst over the bridge. Then another and another came in rapid succession, and a fourth which carried away our dummy funnel. A reckless laugh, ending in a cheer, went up from us all as it toppled over the side. The Japs were within twelve hundred yards now, and opened fire with rifles and machine guns. In an instant our painty bulwarks were full of clean-drilled holes, and our deck furniture—including the canvas

forward was in a worse mess than ours, their gun out of action, and poor Andrews paid for six-fold. Then I depressed the gun and ripped open a few feet of the gunboat's bow-plates as near the water-line as possible, each shot as it told being wildly cheered by our men. The Jap was barely three hundred yards from the passage now, we nearly two hundred. But our position was the better, inasmuch as the passage through the reef was in a line with the course we had to steer for the open sea. With the gunboat it was just the reverse; they would have to reduce speed and make a sweeping curve three parts of a circle in extent before they could enter and follow. As we darted into the

opening Saunders shouted, "Quick! The after gun is all clear; pump it into her amidships and low down as she slackens to make her turn."

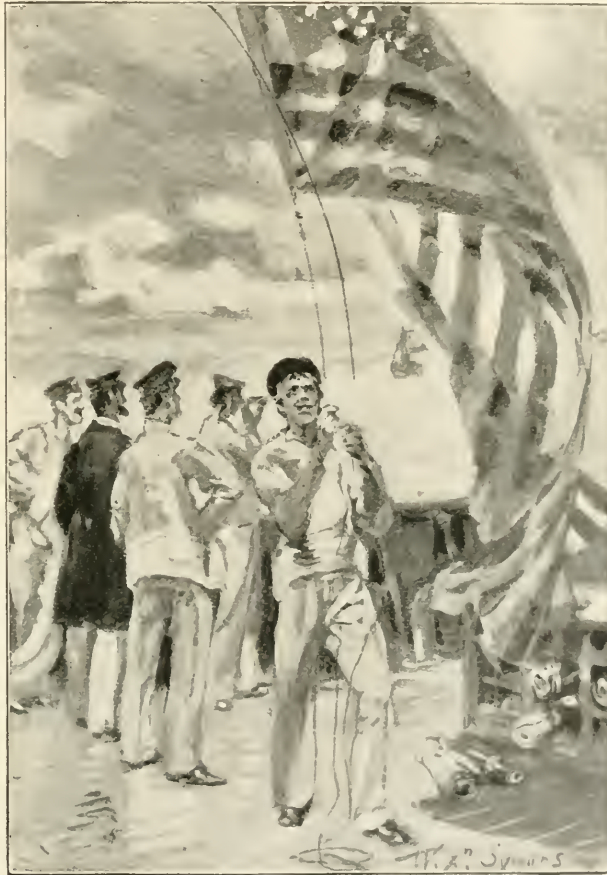
I sprang aft in a dozen bounds. If I could only put a stream of chilled steel bolts into her machinery while she was broadside-on we were saved.

Just as I was on the point of firing, however, an unlooked-for catastrophe happened. The gunboat struck with terrific force on a submerged portion of the inner reef, up which her momentum carried her for a distance of thirty feet. There she stuck, firm as a rock and as harmless as a stingless snake, her masts and funnels gone by the board, her decks split, and half her bottom torn away. On seeing this we reversed our engines and brought up short, to save what lives we could should she slip back and founder. Our intentions were misunderstood, for, from the only workable gun left, the quick-firer amidships, the plucky little gunboat belched out a hail of shell. We replied to this by dipping our flag three times in ironical salute, though we cheered her gallant commander for the pluck and spirit he had shown.

Then, seeing that the Japs were in no immediate danger, we resumed our course at full speed, bringing up that night at a small island marked on the chart as possessing a good anchorage. At daybreak all hands were engaged in obliterating the tell-tale marks of conflict. The remnants of the canvas screens were pitched overboard, the bulwarks plugged and patched, the shattered glass of the deck-cabins replaced,

the torn deck-planks relaid, the top-masts and square yards of the foremast replaced, and finally six large drums of white paint were brought up from the hold—to which the Hotchkiss, etc., were now relegated—and the vessel was painted white throughout. Also her name was changed to the *Seagull*. On the morning of the third day we weighed anchor and steered for Gordon's Isle. Towards evening we sighted a smoke patch astern. As we

were well off the beaten track of liners and freight boats, and even of "tramps," the discovery caused no little excitement and speculation. The stranger lay low in the water and was exceptionally fast. For a second I caught myself wondering whether a miracle had happened, and if it could be the gunboat. Saunders smiled grimly at the idea. "Elswick and all its staff could not repair her under a month, if at all," he said. He then went aloft, and in five minutes joined us again on the bridge, exclaiming: "Another gunboat—a Jap, too—and twin-sister of the other. They're evidently hunting in couples. I think we had



"WE RAN UP THE STARS AND STRIPES AT THE MIZZEN."

better edge down and speak her. There's no chance of being recognised in our new guise," he concluded, with a broad grin.

So we took his advice, considering audacity the better policy. Presently the gunboat sighted us, showed her ensign, and signalled her desire to speak. By way of reply we ran up the Stars and Stripes at the mizzen and the red ensign at the fore. Then the signallers got to work, and we learned that she was the Japanese torpedo-gunboat *Tokio*, and she that we were

the American-owned *Seagull*, of 'Frisco—hence our hoisting of the American flag—hired by Lord A—— and friends for a trip round the world. Then we asked permission to send a boat on board. They were delighted at the idea. Our reception was a cordial one. We learned that the *Tokio* was in search of a rascally pearl-poacher, which had not only raided their richest preserve, but had fired upon and disabled a sister-boat. We looked and professed profound astonishment. What kind of vessel had committed this outrage? we asked. Was she a Chinese pirate-junk? No; she was neither Chinese nor a pirate, but a steamer, rigged as a fore and aft schooner, painted grey, with three yellow funnels—one of which would now be missing. Also her deck cabins extended from mast to mast (good old canvas screens!) and concealed whole batteries of quick-firing guns. Had we seen such a boat? Not much, as you can guess. But it didn't matter. They knew her hiding-place and where she kept her secret store of coals. That made us jump a little; but we smiled amiably. As the *Tokio* was going straight to the poachers' private coaling-station, would we be good enough to report what we had heard to the first Japanese vessel we met and cable a message for him at the first port we touched at? Of course we would. Then we said a cordial "Good bye!" and hastened on board the yacht. We were too short of coal to make the run to 'Frisco, and Gordon's Isle was now no place for us. Therefore we determined on a bold stroke: we would go straight into the lion's mouth—Yokohama—and deliver the message personally. The grim audacity of the joke tickled our imaginations immensely.

As soon as the Jap was out of sight, therefore, we altered our course, and two days later—jubilant, but on the tiptoe of excitement—reached our destination with barely a ton of coal in our bunkers. The danger of our venture was great. As they had learned of the island they might have learned more—enough to warrant a search, and that meant ruin. Therefore we were glad to see a British man o'-war in the harbour; her presence guaranteed us

fair play at least. Slowly and demurely and as if such a thing as danger did not exist, we proceeded to a convenient spot and dropped anchor. Then we delivered our message and incidentally mentioned our shortage of coal. As much smokeless as we could carry was instantly placed at our disposal, and we had the greatest difficulty in making them accept payment for it. They took it at last, however, and we felt happier. About noon a grimy dinghy pulled alongside, and the gruff tones of Sandy MacGregor were heard inquiring if Archie Gordon were on board. We had the worthy Scot in the cabin in a trice. From him we learned that as he was discharging the last ton of coal at Gordon's Isle the *Tokio* had appeared on the scene and demanded his reason for unloading at an uninhabited island. Therefore MacGregor had drawn upon his imagination for a reason. But the Jap was still suspicious, having got a hint from Sydney that a poaching expedition was on foot. "But you've been there and heard all this from your agent," concluded Sandy.

"Not much," laughed Gordon; "we met the *Tokio* half-way there while in our present guise, and were regaled with a mutilated account of our doings and of the 'accident' to her sister-boat. Of course, we sympathized and volunteered to act as her messenger, while she proceeded on a lone hand effort to trap the raiders—and here we are, and with full bunkers, too."

We sailed that night, not caring to take any further risks from delay. We did not know what might happen from hour to hour.

A week later we entered the Golden Gates and in a couple of hours were in 'Frisco. The following day our party broke up. Gordon and Saunders were to stay and dispose of our spoils; Travers and I to lounge across America to New York. Two days after our arrival at the latter city I received the following wire: "All sold. Net profits £12,800 each."

"Travers," I exclaimed, joyfully, as I tossed the telegram across to him, "there's more in oysters than I thought."

With which he agreed.

Elephant Fights in India.

BY HERBERT LYNDON.

It will come as a surprise to many people to know that elephant fights still take place in India. By special invitation of the Maharajah of Baroda the author was present at one of these remarkable functions. He illustrates his description with a set of very striking photographs.



ANY will doubtless be surprised to learn that the historic "sport" of elephant fighting survives in the twentieth century, and lives, like the more brutal and offensive bull fighting, in this year of grace 1903. No fewer than three of these elephant fights were witnessed by the present writer at the beginning of the year 1901 at Baroda, the capital of the State of that name in India, and, as will be presently described, the sight was not at all a disagreeable one. In this respect, as in many others, it is in strong contrast to the revolting and degrading bull fighting spectacles so common in Spain to-day.

The elephant fights take place in a large rectangular arena called the Hâghuroo, enclosed by solid brick walls about six feet thick, having openings every twenty yards or so, just large enough for a man to run through.

Our first illustration shows an elephant being brought into the arena, ridden by his mahout and surrounded by elephanta-

dors, coolies, etc., watched by eager throngs of natives. The arena itself is two hundred yards long and one hundred yards wide, according to my measurement. It has wide entrances at either end. These can be closed by means of large square sliding baulks of timber, three to each entrance, which are drawn horizontally across from one slot to another. The baulks of timber, which can be seen in our illustration just above the head of the mahout, are about five feet apart and require many coolies to move them, but when drawn across prevent an elephant escaping from the arena when frightened or pursued by a too-powerful opponent.

On the first occasion on which I saw one of these remarkable fights we received invitations from His Highness the Maharajah Gaekwar Sahib (to give him his full title), with an intimation that the proceedings would begin at four o'clock punctually, after which hour it would be difficult to get to one's seat. As we drove up to the pavilion or grand stand, which



From a

BRINGING IN THE FIRST ELEPHANT.

Photo.

we did by entering the arena at the southern end and driving straight down and across its centre, we were courteously shown to our seats by His Highness's master of ceremonies, an official in picturesque costume and coloured pugri. Every point of vantage round the vast arena was occupied by natives, the tops of the walls were filled with a closely packed mass of human beings, mostly in white with brightly-coloured turbans, and the trees and houses outside were likewise densely crowded, besides which there was a row of female elephants, with many natives on their backs, standing on a mound overlooking the arena just outside the walls opposite the grand stand. I was informed

elephants had reached up with their trunks and pulled down and trampled on members of the audience, the walls were heightened and standing room made on the farther sides of them.

Before proceeding to describe the entertainment provided for us—which, by the way, H.H. the Gaekwar informed us was identically the same as was arranged for our present King on the occasion of his visiting Baroda during his tour in India when Prince of Wales—I must mention that in the centre of the arena, at about forty yards distance from either end, is a circular brick erection.

This is shown in our second illustration. The head of the elephant stables and director of the



THE DIRECTOR OF THE LIGHTS (ON THE PLATFORM TO THE LEFT) SUPERINTENDS THE ENTRANCE OF THE SECOND ELEPHANT.
From a Photo.

that these she-elephants very much enjoy watching the fights.

The sight was indeed a fine one. The brilliantly coloured pugris and sashes of the crowds of natives and their white dresses stood out boldly in the bright sunlight against a background of bright green trees and blue sky.

In former days, before the walls were raised, the natives clustered thickly on their tops, which, being flat, afforded most advantageous positions from which to view the sport. In order to obtain these coveted positions people would go down early in the morning and spread brilliantly-coloured rugs on the top of the walls, which action was acknowledged as reserving the space so covered, but as on one or two occasions the

fights, dressed in white, with a European riding whip in his hand, is seen standing on this erection, and directing the operation of bringing the second elephant into the arena. At the other end of the arena is another building about ten or twelve feet high, and of the same diameter as the first, but it is composed of a thick circular wall, with openings in it similar to those in the outer walls, already described. The use of these structures will be seen farther on.

The grand stand, on which we found ourselves, was on the western side of the rectangular arena and towards the northern end of it, placed in this position in order to be in the shade from the hot afternoon sun. It was a building some thirty yards long by ten wide,

jutting out into the arena, and resembling in many respects a grand stand on an English race-course. The lower part was bricked up for about twenty feet with a strong wall, having openings into it like the other walls of the arena. The first story had chairs, etc., arranged on it, the next story being supported by columns, and the third story had windows covered with reed mats, through which the ladies and women of the Court could witness the sports in the arena without themselves being seen. This story had, of course, a private entrance, so that the women could get to their places without being seen; they came from their apartments in the old palace at the back, and we should not have been aware of their presence had we not been told that they were there.

The front row of seats on the grand tier was composed of arm-chairs for the European guests, with a sofa in the centre for His Highness and his children, or any of his guests whom he might from time to time invite to sit and converse with him.

Behind were seated his nobles and officials of state, a low, wooden balustrade being in front of all. Servants fanned the Maharajah with large hand punkahs during the whole of the entertainment, as, although it was only the

end of January and the Indian winter, the days were quite hot, while the nights and early mornings were often cold. On the present occasion His Highness was accompanied by three young Princes and a daughter of ten years; the eldest of the Princes is about seventeen, and has recently been entered at Oxford University.

A type-written programme was handed to each guest. It was in English, and ran as follows:—

SPORTS IN THE ARENA.

1. Parrots' performance..	.. 4	to 4.15 p.m.
2. Sword Fights..	.. 4.15	4.30 "
3. Wrestling 4.30	5.30 "
4. Ram and Buffalo Fights 5.30	5.45 "
5. Elephant Fights 5.45	6.45 "
A Horse pursued by an Elephant	6.45	"

I will not delay with an account of the first four items on the programme, but proceed at once to the *pièce de résistance*—the elephant fight. Before describing the actual fight it will, perhaps, be advisable to explain that the elephants belonging to the Maharajah are very carefully trained to fight in a small arena near the elephant stables, which are some distance off, great care and skill being bestowed on their teaching, the methods used being the result of years, if not centuries, of experience.

Elephants are only used for fighting when in



" THEY WERE LED INTO THE ARENA WITH THE FORE-FEET CHAINED TOGETHER AND THEIR HIND FEET SECURED BY STRONG IRON CHAINS HELD BY GANGS OF COOLIES." Phot.



"THE GREAT, UNWIELDY-LOOKING BRUTES RUN TOWARDS EACH OTHER RAPIDLY AND BUTT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER."
From a Photo.

a state of "musth," which is a semi-mad state male elephants experience about once a year, and which lasts for a period of, perhaps, three or four months, and this condition can be intensified or even induced by a special diet. The keeping of elephants is at all times an expensive luxury, even in India, where labour is so cheap as to be almost costless; but each animal requires three or four attendants besides his mahout, such as grass-cutters, water-carriers, etc., so that each elephant costs probably £200 a year to keep. At present the Baroda State owns about forty of these interesting animals, but in the time of the previous Gackwar, Khundi Rao, there were as many as two hundred beasts in the stables. The females are kept for "shikar" or hunting purposes, and both sexes are used for riding in processions, weddings, and similar occasions. Some few male elephants will always fight whether in a state of "musth" or not, but these are useless for any other purpose, and are at all times very difficult to manage and dangerous to their keepers and all who go near them.

The two elephants selected to fight on the present occasion were fine tuskers, the one named Kanaya and the other Ganesh Guj. The former was thirty-two years old and eight feet nine inches high at the withers, and was one of those elephants that will fight at any time, although more fierce when "musth."

Ganesh Guj, or the "wise fighter," was forty-two years old and eight feet five inches high, and they were both about ten feet long from the top of their foreheads to the root of the tail. Kanaya cost five thousand nine hundred and fifty rupees and Ganesh Guj four thousand rupees, but when and where these prices were paid I did not learn; perhaps many years ago. They were led into the arena with the fore-feet chained together and likewise their hind feet secured by strong iron chains, and chains again from these, which were held by ropes by gangs of coolies, as shown in one of the photographs. Each elephant had his "nara," or rope-saddle, on his back and his collar of ropes round his neck, in which his mahout buries his feet when riding.

Each was ridden by his own mahout, carrying his goad, and was surrounded by a dozen or more "Dāt-mari-wallahs," or elephantadors. Each of the elephantadors carries a spear some twelve feet long with a sharp-pointed head and a haft of bamboo. The animals were now led or dragged to opposite sides of the arena and backed towards one of the narrow arched openings previously described. The chains from their hind feet, or, rather, ankles, are taken through this opening and held from without. The chains are then taken off the front feet, the mahout descends, and the elephants are ready to rush straight at each other as soon as the remaining chains on their hind legs are freed.

frequent intervals. During one of these interludes Ganesh Guj found one of the coping-stones of the circular building opposite the grand stand was slightly loose, and he prised it up in his anger and overturned it. It afterwards took no fewer than eight coolies to move it back to its place! If allowed to continue long enough one elephant would eventually push the other over and then proceed to dispatch him by trampling on him and tearing him with his tusks and so ending matters. But the animals are too valuable, and, moreover, such cruelty would not be allowed by His Highness, and so the fight is always stopped in time. This is done by the letting off of very large



From a

"THE FIRST MAD RUSH OF THE FIGHTING MONSTERS."

Photo.

Directly they are released the great, unwieldy-looking brutes run towards each other rapidly and butt their heads together, and each strives to push the other over, their tusks not being used and their trunks only waved above their heads, hanging down between their tusks, or twisted and turned about in various ways. A good idea of the first mad rush of the fighting monsters is given by the above photograph. I did not once observe that the trunks were used to fight with. The animals remain pushing each other for some time and then break away, and perhaps run round the arena before coming together again and struggling with each other at

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squibs of gunpowder, which make so much smoke and noise that the elephants are terrified and run to different parts of the arena, where they are secured and led away in the same manner as they entered. I should explain that in all cases the ends of the tusks are cut off straight, but whether to render them less dangerous, or, as is most probable, to prevent their getting chipped or split up, I am unable to say. Another phase of the fight is shown in the photo, on the following page, which shows the animals re-engaging after a breathing space.

The final item on the programme was the



From a

"THE ANIMALS RE-ENGAGING AFTER A BREATHING SPACE."

[Photo.]

introduction into the arena of a very large and fierce elephant, who was permanently in a state of madness, and who had lost one of his large tusks in some previous misadventure. His mahout was never able to go within reach of him, and he was only led into the arena with great difficulty, the spears carried by the elephantadors being frequently used to urge him to advance in the direction required. When loosed he at once made a dash for the nearest man, who saved himself by running for an opening and disappearing into it, followed often only too closely by the elephant's trunk. This part of the entertainment is called the "Sâtmari," and those taking part in it are the "Sâtmari-wallahs." When running away the spearman trails his spear behind him, and often escapes by the animal turning all his attention to the spear, catching it with his trunk and breaking it up in his mouth like matchwood. This part of the show is altogether senseless and unpleasant, and should more properly be called elephant baiting. It is considered a great act of courage for one of the spearman to run close up to or pass in front of the elephant and trust for his safety to his swiftness of foot, or the attention of the assailed animal being diverted by some of the other elephantadors or "Sâtmari-wallahs." On the present occasion one rather old man was tripped up and seized by the elephant just as he was nearing safety, but the squibmen were so quick in letting off their fireworks that the old

man was quickly rescued without being much hurt, and I afterwards heard that Her Highness the Maharani sent him a handsome present of money and inquired repeatedly after his health. After this stupid game had gone on for some time a man entered the arena on a good Arab horse, and was at once pursued by the elephant. Elephants have a great dislike to horses, which is reciprocated in kind, horses, in fact, being often most terrified at meeting an elephant, even when walking along the street. The horseman can always escape by reason of the greater swiftness of the horse, and by taking advantage of the previously-described circular buildings in the centre of the arena and running round them, his pursuer being unable to turn round so quickly as the horse. After this, one's interest was arrested by the great difficulty experienced in catching and securing the now much-enraged and excited elephant, who was more fierce and vindictive than ever. In order to secure him it was necessary for some of the men to run in behind the animal, while his attention was diverted by others in front, and spring on to his hind legs large pincers, or "climpkas" as they are called by the natives. This is a very difficult and dangerous achievement, and called for great pluck and agility on the part of the men so engaged, as at any moment the huge animal might have turned round and caught them with his trunk, when he would have thrown them on the ground and trampled the



THE PICTURE OF THE ELEPHANT FIGHT PAINTED BY MR. LYNDON FOR THE MAHARAJAH OF BARODA.

life out of them in a minute. When two or three of these "climpkas" had been attached to each hind leg the animal was easily secured, as he could no longer walk without causing himself great pain. By the time this last item on our programme was finished it was already getting

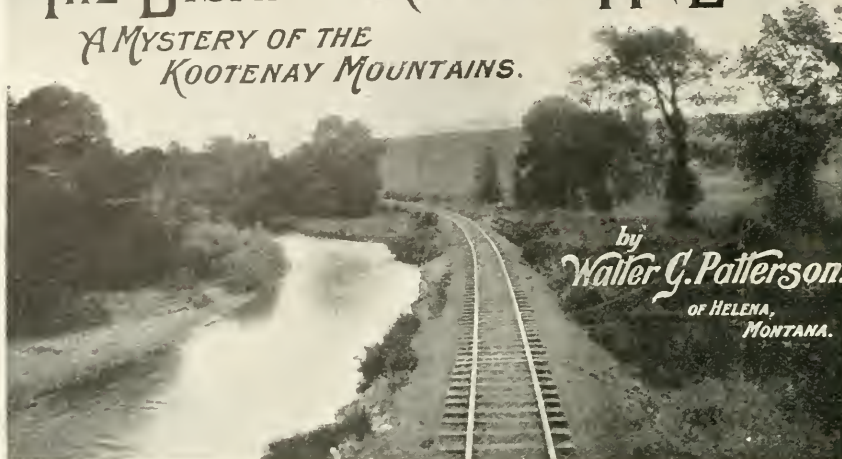


From a. A GROUP OF ELEPHANTADORS WITH THEIR IMPLEMENT. (Phot.)

late and near the time for the evening meal, for both natives and Europeans, and we drove home in the cool of the evening without our sun helmets, through the crowded streets of the old town of Baroda, thinking of the remarkable medieval sport we had just witnessed.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. EGAN

A MYSTERY OF THE
KOOTENAY MOUNTAINS.



by
Walter G. Patterson.
OF HELENA,
MONTANA.

Mr. Egan was the General Superintendent of the Great Northern Railroad Company of America, and went on a shooting trip in the Kootenay Mountains with a party of friends. The other sportsmen duly returned to the appointed trysting-place, but Mr. Egan failed to put in an appearance. From that day to this no trace whatever of the missing man has been discovered, although hundreds of men, including skilled mountaineers and Indian trackers, have scoured the mountains. Mr. Egan's mysterious disappearance caused a great sensation in Montana and the West, and all sorts of theories have been advanced as to his fate.



CASE which caused a profound sensation throughout the West, and which eclipses in interest every happening of the kind within re-

cent years, is the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Benjamin F. Egan, General Superintendent of the Great Northern Railroad Company of America, who in November last embarked on a shooting trip in the Kootenay Mountains, and has never been seen since.

On Tuesday, November 4th last, Mr. Egan and a party of friends and servants left their comfortable quarters in the city of Kalispell, Flathead County, for a "chicken shooting" and deer stalking jaunt into the mountain range known as the Kootenay, an offshoot of the Rocky

The writer of this article had some acquaintance with the missing man, but a much more intimate friendship with Mr. Daniel Doody, a Belton (Montana) mountaineer and guide, and many of the facts contained herein were furnished by the latter gentleman.



MR. B. F. EGAN, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD CO. (Yonah) OF AMERICA. [Photo.]

Briefly stated, the facts of the disappearance are these: Mr. Egan and two companions, gentlemen named Houston, brothers, had been for several days prior to their actual departure enthusiastically anticipating a few days' relaxation from business cares with their rifles. They intended to pay particular attention to bagging a few deer, reports having reached them through a trapper-friend that these animals were unusually abundant in the vicinity



THE CITY OF KALISPELL, MONTANA, FROM WHICH THE SUPERINTENDENT'S PARTY STARTED.
From a Photo.

of "Lake Five," in the Kootenay range, only a short railroad trip from Kalispell—not only abundant, but in prime condition, having been but little hunted in that section. Everybody inclined to this sport had been, like themselves, awaiting the first fall of snow, without which, of course, their chances of a full bag would be slight.

On Tuesday, 4th November, there came a light fall of snow. Inquiry by wire showed that the storm, such as it was, had been quite general, and included the neighbourhood of "Lake Five," which is about three miles from Belton, the latter a small Great Northern Railroad station.

Ordering out his special car, Mr. Egan and the small party who were to accompany him boarded it. A locomotive was attached, and they started on the journey from which one of their number was never to return alive.

The sportsmen left the car a short time before Belton was reached, at a point more accessible to "Lake Five," the train afterwards proceeding to Belton in charge of the servants. The members of the party were all to rendezvous at this place

when tired of shooting deer or such other game as they might encounter. They at once decided to work separately, every man for himself, and a bag of game for them all.

The elder Houston suggested that when any one of them got ready to return he should fire his gun according to a prearranged signal. Mr. Egan thought this might involve a cold wait for the first man going in, and amended it by suggesting a small cairn of stones being placed on the platform of a bridge they must all cross in returning, by each one in turn as he passed in.



From a

MR. EGAN'S SPECIAL CAR.

[Photo.]

This would inform the later arrivals as to how many had preceded them, and this plan was adopted.

Arriving at the shores of the lake, which is

still absent, and, though faint with hunger from their vigorous exercise, the party waited two hours for the missing superintendent and then dined without him. The car was provided with



From a "LAKE FIVE," NEAR WHICH THE SHOOTING PARTY COMMENCED OPERATIONS. [Photo.]

here in plain sight from the passing trains, the elder Houston and Egan were still within hail of each other, and the latter called out, "I'm going over yonder a little way to take a look around." He pointed to the east directly away from the railroad—a section where none of the others had gone.

This proved to be the last that has ever been seen of the unfortunate man, and those were the last words he spoke, so far as is known.

The country all about "Lake Five" is rough, and much broken up with gullies and huge boulders. A few hours' tramp through it cooled the ardour of the other hunters, and they started back for Belton in the early afternoon. The last one of the Houston brothers to cross the bridge noticed that one member of the party must be still out, one cairn of stones being missing.

Arrived at the car in Belton the last arrivals found that Mr. Egan was

all the essentials for a "square meal," and full justice was done thereto.

As the day waned the members of the party at the car, who had now been joined by Dan Doody, a trapper and guide, and two other men, began for the first



From a THE PLACE WHERE MR. EGAN WAS LAST SEEN. [Photo.]

time to be anxious at Mr. Egan's continued absence.

Within a radius of a few miles from "Lake Five" there are seven scattered cabins, or hunting lodges, used occasionally by hunters and prospectors, but otherwise unoccupied. Provisions—bacon, corn meal, and the like—are stored in three of them in case of emergency. As fears began to be expressed that some accident must have befallen Egan, Doody remarked that the chances were that he had "bumped up against" one of these cabins, had been thereby reminded that he was hungry, and that here was a chance to "feed." Doody told the writer later, in confidence, that he said this only to cheer the men up. Privately, he felt that it was "all up" with Mr. Egan, as at about this hour one of the fiercest mountain blizzards he had ever witnessed sprang up

city, striving to outshriek the torments of Nature, and thus signal Mr. Egan into the proper bearings if it should perchance fall upon his cars.

The night passed, the following day came and went, a week elapsed, and not the slightest trace was discovered of the unfortunate superintendent. Rewards aggregating one thousand dollars were offered by the railroad company and individual friends. No fewer than four hundred searchers were scattered over the country—some for the sake of the reward itself, most from nobler motives. Despite the bitter cold, despite the fact of there being four feet of snow on the level and drifts of unfathomable depth, these brave men persisted. They traversed a vast territory, and fought their way to well-nigh inaccessible heights and depths through the driving storm, which unfortunately



THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE STRETCH OF LINE UP AND DOWN WHICH THE WHISTLING LOCOMOTIVE RAN ALL NIGHT TO GUIDE THE MISSING MAN BACK TO THE CAR.

suddenly. A blizzard in the Rockies, I may explain, comprises a tornado of wind, and snow in avalanches, completely blinding the chance traveller. The cold grows intense; and every gully and ravine quickly becomes blocked with snow. Even the hardiest mountaineer cannot make one hundred feet an hour against the fierce gale, nor see a foot ahead of him into the whirling clouds of snow and sleet.

And now it certainly began to look serious for the missing man. Night closed in, black and desolate. Nothing could be done to render aid—excepting one thing, and that of doubtful efficiency in the howling pandemonium prevailing. But this one thing was done. All the long night through the big locomotive which had hauled the superintendent's car ran up and down the line, three or four miles in either direction, its whistle shrieking at its full capa-

continued almost incessantly for a whole week. At night each little party made its camp wherever overtaken by darkness.

All but one of the seven cabins were reached, and found to be unoccupied, during the first four days of the quest. On Sunday one of the countless rumours to reach civilization was to the effect that the seventh cabin, perched high up on a mountain crag, was within the sight of one search party, and a messenger had been sent back to notify the distracted wife and the five little children, who held lonely vigil in the husband's car at Belton, as close to the scene as they could come, that smoke had been seen issuing from the cabin, and that joyful tidings might follow at any moment. The next to be heard of this comforting and encouraging rumour was a statement of its falsity from the very men who were supposed to have sent back the message. They

had actually gained access, after herculean struggles, to this seventh cabin, only to find it wholly unoccupied, as in the case of the other six.

Among other search parties were several made up of Flathead Indians. Their reservation is a few miles south of Kalispell, in the adjacent county of Missoula. Skilled as they are in intricate mountain work of all kinds, hardy, enduring, inured to privation—the human prototype on the mountain to the camel on the desert—great things were expected from their joining in the search. Many false rumours of their success promptly arose.

One story of this sort which gained widespread credence was to the effect that Mr. Egan had been seen by a party of four Flatheads plunging through the storm on a ridge of the mountains above their own position, shouting meaningless words, and gesticulating wildly with his arms—seemingly insane from his awful experience. He had paid no attention to their shouts and firing off of guns, and two fleet young braves had started around the base of the ridge to head him off and, if need be, overpower him. The rumour proved to have no greater foundation in fact than that there *were* Indians aiding in the search.

Besides Indians and white men, all taking part in scouring the storm-swept Kootenays, prying into every cranny which might conceal a human body, plunging oftentimes into snowblocked pitfalls, there were also a dozen Japanese, employed ordinarily as common labourers by the railroad corporation.

On the second day of the search two of these Orientals lost their way somewhere north of the lake and were not found by their compatriots for nearly twenty-four hours. They were partially frozen and nearly famished.

They related an improbable yarn about having been chased off the trail by a fierce grizzly bear, claiming to have seen several of these animals, and they and their countrymen, upon again coming together, united in absolutely refusing to take further part in the search. They built up a huge fire of pine logs, and settled down

to a comfortable vacation from railroad or other labours on full pay, at the expense of their employers. The whole affair was regarded by these Japs, according to the version which reached town, as a mere “job”—an affair in which they had no personal interest or humane sentiment. If this selfish action is proved against them the Japanese will have their employers and possibly some others to reckon with, for Mr. Egan was a very popular man. Western Americans take great pride in their individual and collective “squareness” and humane qualities, and they insist upon it in others, where they can. It is quite possible, therefore, that there may be some tragic happenings, owing to the callousness of

these railway labourers. Every man of the four hundred searchers was needed to cover the vast territory satisfactorily. No single person can cover more than a very limited area under the conditions prevailing, and do his work well.

Another incident in connection with the search, and then practically all has been said up to this date that can be said. Nothing was left untried in this peculiar man-hunt that love, humanity, or money could bring into being.

Four intelligent men started out from Kalispell to locate the lost hunter solely at the instance of a fortune-teller, or clairvoyant medium. It was

clearly demonstrated to the men that this medium could never have seen Mr. Egan, nor his photograph, nor have had any verbal or written description of his personality. This fact was irrefutably proven by circumstances it is not necessary to go into here. Yet this occult person described the missing man with the minutest accuracy—every slightest detail of his features and physique—and then told her startled hearers exactly where they would find the dead body.

The outcome of their quest was anxiously awaited, but nothing came of it, and the mystery of Mr. Egan's disappearance remains unsolved. He has disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him. Hundreds of brave, earnest men have searched



A TYPICAL FLATHEAD BRAVE THESE CLEVER INDIAN TRACKERS ASSISTED IN THE SEARCH FOR MR. EGAN.
From a Photo. by J. W. Britain, Kalispell, Mont.

over every foot of accessible ground, traversing, in so doing, an area of over fifty square miles; hopeful that they might, perchance, come to the one little hummock of earth out of the thousands which dot that region like giant ant-hills behind which the man had fallen exhausted. In wandering amongst these one can easily become bewildered, until, further confused by blinding clouds of sleet and snow, the shutting down of night finds one unable to crawl another step.

When the great majority of the many thousands who watched the progress of the search had given up all hope of Mr. Egan being rescued alive, fourteen skilled mountaineers, men expert in woodcraft, were kept on by the railroad corporation, hoping in some untried drift to discover the last resting-place of the missing man.

Mrs. Benjamin F. Egan, his wife, hoped to the last that her husband would be found alive. With her little ones she is patiently waiting for news at the home of friends in the city of Spokane, State of Washington. She bears up bravely.

Within the past few years there have been four cases, all somewhat resembling the Egan mystery, of individuals becoming lost in the mountains of North-Western Montana.

In the first case, seven years ago, a party of four set out on a hunting trip into the mountains adjacent to the small railroad town called Thompson's Falls. They lost their bearings the third day and wandered about for another three days before striking the proper trail, it being late autumn, with a little snow. One of the four was taken sick the day the right track was discovered; hunger and weakness forced the other three to abandon him, and the relief party later sent out for the sick man found him dead.

The second instance was that of a man named Goodkind, who lost himself in the very same locality. He perished in a storm and his body was not found until the ensuing spring, some five months later.

The third person to become lost was a young lad of fifteen, Harry Ryan, who wandered away from his companions while the party were out in the low, timberless foot hills which surround the city of Anaconda. He became separated from the others in the broad light of day; and although a search for him began within a few hours, and these foot-hills barely furnish protective cover for a rabbit, eighteen months have now passed, and not the slightest trace of the missing boy—neither his body, nor any of his possessions, clothing, or rifle have ever come to light.

This was a very mysterious case, which has never yet been plausibly explained. The search for him, for miles in every direction, and into adjoining mountains and gulchments, was vigorously prosecuted for ten months. Large rewards were offered and the matter given the fullest publicity in the Press, but all absolutely without result.

When one visits a locality like that which Mr. Egan and his friends selected to shoot over on this fateful 4th of November he ceases to wonder, as the writer did, that an experienced huntsman could become so hopelessly astray, but to marvel, instead, how he could possibly prevent such a culmination.

Rumours and theories are still rife concerning this mysterious case, although the search has now been finally abandoned until the spring. Even the discovery of Mr. Egan's body would be some consolation to his sorrowing relatives—preferable, at any rate, to the uncertainty which now prevails as to his fate.

The following additional matter from Mr. Patterson has reached us just as we go to press:

One of the last parties to continue the search consisted of a mountaineer named George White and three Flathead Indians. I asked White what, in his opinion, had been the cause of Mr. Egan's disappearance and where he thought the body would eventually be found.

"I have said several times," he replied, "that it would be discovered, when the body was found, that Mr. Egan had met with a gun accident of some description; either he tripped up over his weapon and shot himself in a way that crippled him so that he couldn't go on, or some similar hard luck had caused him to take a 'header' into one of the thousand holes around Lake Five; and that his body will be found next summer some time—if it's ever found at all—sitting backed up against a rock or tree where he had crawled, or at the bottom of a pit.

"It was perfectly useless looking for him after the first few days at this season of the year. The snow would have covered him completely in no time when he once stopped moving. But no man wants to refuse to join in the hunt, and only to satisfy his own conscience."

Not from all those whom I questioned did I receive the frank responses Mr. White so cheerfully vouchsafed. On the other hand, a strange underlying spirit of secretiveness manifested itself on all sides, and from the most naturally unexpected sources.

For a time I was disposed to attribute this to corporation influence—that peculiar policy common to railroad and other companies of

seeking to hide the detailed truth of any matter concerning them from the public.

But I persisted, and at last my efforts were rewarded by bringing to the fore a number of strange rumours concerning the cause of Mr. Egan's disappearance and the manner in which the unfortunate man had met his doom. Plausible as they may seem, they had never once occurred to me.

When I found that several well-intentioned and usually affable individuals were seeking to evade me—among them one or two whom I knew corporation restrictions could not touch—I suspected that something had been discovered which they preferred to keep to themselves.

I failed at every effort to make a personal appointment with my friend, Dan Doody, the well-known mountain-guide. Letters seemed to miss him, and it took a rather hotly-worded telegraphic appeal to fetch him.

I append some extracts from a letter I received from him directly after:—

"Nyack, Mont., December 18th, 1902.

"Dear Sir,—Your letter of December 11th received yesterday, your message to-day, and will say that I don't think it advisable to express my opinion as to when and how his (Mr. Egan's) body will be found, because if I did that I would put parties on their guard. I could write you the particulars up to date, but could not do any more at present. But I will write you the particulars later on in the spring; for I am sure he will be found if there will be a search made for him [then], and I also think there will be a big excitement here when his body will be found: for I certainly think he was shot and killed—and not by himself, but by some other party, and surely by accident. . . . I am living close to where Mr. Egan was lost, or where he left the train to go on that unlucky hunt, and I know every foot of the country around there. . . . I remain, as ever,

"DAN DOODY."

Although Mr. Doody has naively revealed in this letter those very opinions and suspicions he thought best to keep concealed for a time, yet I do not feel that I am violating any confidence in giving this letter to the readers of *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE*. Before this narrative appears a considerable period will have elapsed—sufficient, doubtless, to prevent its publication from giving the untimely warning which he fears.

It does not call for any violent stretch of the imagination to grasp the meaning of what the writer hints at. Mr. Egan may have been shot, entirely by accident, by some other sportsman.

It takes almost supernatural courage to face a responsibility such as this. In other distressful cases of this kind self-preservation has prompted the unhappy hunter to secrete the dead body where no human eye would ever behold it, nor any prowling wild beast desecrate it. Perhaps some after accident has revealed this, perhaps a troubled conscience has acknowledged it, or perhaps it has for ever remained an unsolved mystery.

My comments upon Mr. Doody's letter are intended as nothing more than an elucidation of their meaning. I am not sure that I even agree with him in his surmise—if it be merely a surmise on his part. If he has positive knowledge on the subject, he has promised a completed statement later on.

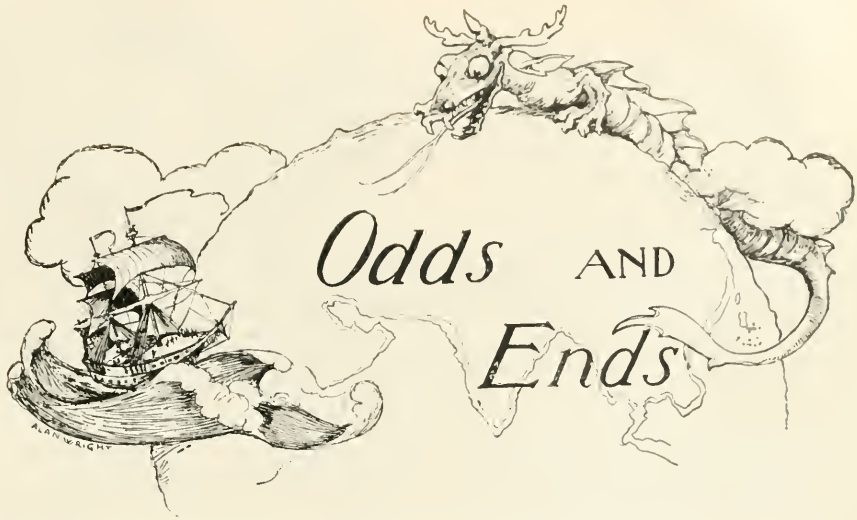
Within the present year (1902), and only a few miles distant from the scene of Mr. Egan's disappearance, a locomotive fireman met instantaneous death from the stray bullet of a huntsman, whose exact location when the shot was fired is not known. And this happened while the fireman was seated at his cab-window, with the bell-cord between his fingers and the train moving along at top speed! How much more possible the other accident would have been!

I would point out in this same connection that upon the November afternoon when Mr. Egan disappeared other sportsmen were heard firing their guns in the near distance.

Again, the carcass of a deer which had been lately shot, but which had been allowed to lie where it had fallen unclaimed, was run across toward evening of that day in the same general locality.

These facts, and the probability that yet other hunters were out that day in pursuit of game, are all pertinent subjects for reflection, and in the light of the present limited information it is unfair that suspicion should fall upon any particular person or party of persons.

Of all the opinions I have sought and gained upon this sad affair even the best must yet be rated as naught but guesses—guesses at as puzzling a mystery as has ever perturbed the West.



“Prepare to Mount!”—Dismantling a Fort—What Happened to the Pasha's House—The Boat-Market at Brunei—The Bedouin and the Dog—Diving for Coal—John Chinaman's Safe, etc., etc.



HE remarkable photo. we here reproduce shows a group of elephants belonging to one of the heavy batteries in India. The elephants have just finished their morning meal, and the sergeant in charge of the parade has given the order “Prepare to mount!” At this signal the mahouts place their feet on the elephants' outstretched trunks and take hold of their ears.

At the next order, “Mount!” they climb nimbly up the trunks of their monster charges, seat themselves on the animals' necks, and ride back to the elephant stables. These battery elephants are almost human in their intelligence, and it will come as a shock to many Anglo-Indians to hear that the military authorities are contemplating the abolition of the elephant batteries on account of their expense.



From a

“PREPARE TO MOUNT!”—A SCENE IN THE BARRACK-YARD OF AN INDIAN ELEPHANT BATTERY.

[Photo.

The photograph here shown illustrates in a striking manner a somewhat unusual event—the dismantling of a British fort and the hurling of its guns into the sea. Sliema Fort, at Malta, was recently dismantled, and its four guns—two

middle of the unfortunate pasha's house, tearing away the front of the two centre rooms. A week later the *Cephalonia*, another Greek steamer, was sailing along the European side when her steering gear broke down. Swinging round, the



From a] DISMANTLING A BRITISH FORT—THROWING THE GUNS AT SLIEMA FORT INTO THE SEA.

[Photo.

thirty-eight ton and two eighteen ton muzzle-loaders being considered obsolete, were thrown into the sea, as it was not thought worth while to incur the expense of sending them home in order that the metal might be utilized. The four "Woolwich Infants" now lie in one fathom of water near the fort. Our photograph shows one of the guns in the very act of toppling over the wall into the sea.

big ship made straight for the same house, and with her bows crushed in the rooms to the left of those previously destroyed, leaving the intervening rooms uninjured. It is not surprising to learn that after the first accident the Turkish pasha moved out his furniture and abandoned his ill-fated house. Two such out-of-the-way catastrophes occurring within the brief space of a week must surely be unprecedented.

The photograph next reproduced shows a singularly unlucky house, situated in the Turkish village of Canlidja, a suburb of Constantinople, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus. The house is the country seat of a pasha, and was wrecked, as shown in the photograph, in a most curious fashion, having been run into on two separate occasions by large ocean-going steamers. It is very seldom that a large vessel leaves the usual course along the European side of the Bosphorus, but on October 15th last a Greek steamer called the *Messatia* was seized by the strong current and drifted across to the Asiatic side, where it crashed into the



AN UNLUCKY HOUSE—TWO STEAMERS RAN INTO IT WITHIN A WEEK, LEAVING IT IN THE CONDITION HERE SHOWN.

From a]

[Photo.



A COMBINATION OF PIETY AND UTILITARIANISM—A GOD WHO ALSO SERVES THE PURPOSE OF A SCARECROW.

From a Photo.

The weird-looking object seen in the above snap-shot represents a god, and was photographed in an Indian field. A more remarkable combination of piety and utilitarianism it would be hard to find, for by placing the figure in this position it is made to serve the purposes of both a god and a scarecrow at one and the same time! Perhaps it is the consciousness of its dual responsibilities that causes the complacent grin on the face of the figure.

No doubt many of our readers who have visited Grindelwald, in Switzerland, have seen the man with the big Alpine horn shown in the next snap-shot. For a consideration this person blows a short

call of a few notes on his gigantic instrument, whereupon most exquisite echoes come back from the surrounding mountains, taking the form of distant peals of church bells and organs playing. This phenomenon is a never failing source of attraction to tourists, and the horn-blower makes quite a lot of money during the season.



THE FALL OF THE MIGHTY—THE WILD BEDOUIN TRIBESMAN [From a] RETREATS BEFORE THE IRISH TERRIER. [Photo]



THE HORN-BLOWER OF GRINDELWALD—A FEW NOTES ON HIS INSTRUMENT BRING MOST EXQUISITE ECHOES FROM THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS.

From a Photo.

The amusing little snap-shot shown above comes from the British camp at Aden. The photograph was taken up-country in South Arabia, and depicts the wild antics of a Bedouin tribesman who has been attacked by a playful Irish terrier pup. The haughty son of the desert, wild with terror, is skipping nimbly round the dog's owner, who is convulsed with mirth. Evidently the bare calves of the Bedouin possessed an attraction for the dog which their affrighted owner did not at all appreciate.

At various times we have published in this section photographs of curious bridges. Another erection of this kind is here shown. This bridge, so to speak, leads from nowhere to nowhere, and stands in an open yard near

reality it depicts a scene in the curious boat-market at Brunei city, the capital of the Sultanate of Brunei, Borneo. This town of about ten thousand inhabitants is built entirely on piles in the water, and consequently all



A BRIDGE LEADING "FROM NOWHERE TO NOWHERE"—IT WAS BUILT TO TEST THE ABILITIES OF AN ENGINEER.
From a Photo.

the railway station at Seringapatam, in the Mysore Province of India. Its history is rather a curious one. When Mysore was a mighty kingdom under the rule of Hyder and Tippu, the latter, who was also affectionately known as the "Tiger of Mysore," wanted to build a suspension bridge. A French engineer volunteered to do the work, and in order to test his abilities the amiable Tippu asked him to give a practical demonstration of his powers. Thus it was that the bridge represented in our photograph came to be built. It is constructed of bricks, and, although built nearly a hundred years ago, is still in very good condition. The bridge is about one hundred feet long, and if one goes to the centre of it and jumps the whole bridge oscillates, only coming to rest after some minutes.

The accompanying photograph might almost be taken for the great crush of boats at some Oriental Healey; but in

communication is carried on by means of boats. The dealers in the market of this Eastern Venice are nearly all women, the young men not being allowed to leave the house. The number of boats jammed together in this remarkable floating market is immense, and as the people wear huge mushroom-like hats to protect them from the hot sun the general effect is very peculiar.



From a

THE CURIOUS BOAT-MARKET AT BRUNEI CITY, BORNEO.

[Photo.



From a

DIVING FOR COAL AT COLOMBO.

[Photo.

Everybody has heard of diving for pearls and sponges, but diving for coal seems a distinctly novel occupation. The photograph we next reproduce, however, shows some native coal-divers at work in the harbour of Colombo, Ceylon. The coal the natives bring up is that lost overboard from steamers coaling in the harbour. When a vessel has finished replenishing her bunkers and sailed from the port, the natives moor a lighter over the place where she lay and lower a large round net to the bottom of the harbour, which is at least thirty feet deep. One of the men immediately dives, and remains under water as long as possible, filling the net with lumps of coal. This operation is repeated again and again, and a large amount of coal recovered which would otherwise be lost.

The photograph we next reproduce affords a good example of how a difficult problem has been solved by local ingenuity. The vehicle seen in the picture is a *Gemmi-wägen*, and is the only vehicle in which it is possible to drive to the top of the well-known Gemmi Pass in Switzerland. Owing to the very steep gradients and zigzags on the road to the Pass it is practically impossible to keep one's seat in

an ordinary vehicle, the passenger being in danger of falling out backwards on to his head, or forwards over the horse's back. The quaint little *Gemmi-wägen*, however, is swung on a pivot, so that one is able to sit comfortably upright even on the steepest piece of road. Owing to the difficulties of the road the horses have to be led.

Enterprise in advertising sometimes leads to curious results. Look, for example, at the snap-shot shown at the bottom of this page,

which was taken in the capital of the Sandwich Islands. It shows the municipal water-cart at work, the sides and end of the vehicle being covered with advertisements. The idea of advertising alcoholic beverages on a water-cart is distinctly comical, and at first sight, misled by the shape of the cart, the astonished visitor is apt to think that the streets of the Hawaiian capital are being "watered" with beer!



From a

A SWISS "GEMMI-WÄGEN."

[Photo.



From a

ENTERPRISE IN ADVERTISING AT HONOLULU.

[Photo.

At first sight the annexed photograph might be taken for a view of an open-air slaughter-house, but it is nothing of the kind. The picture shows an immense herd of cattle swimming across the Wilge River, in South Africa, which possesses extremely steep banks. In the photo, the animals will be seen crowded together close up to the bank, and unable to climb up owing to its steepness. Many of the poor beasts were drowned in their frantic attempts to get out of the water.

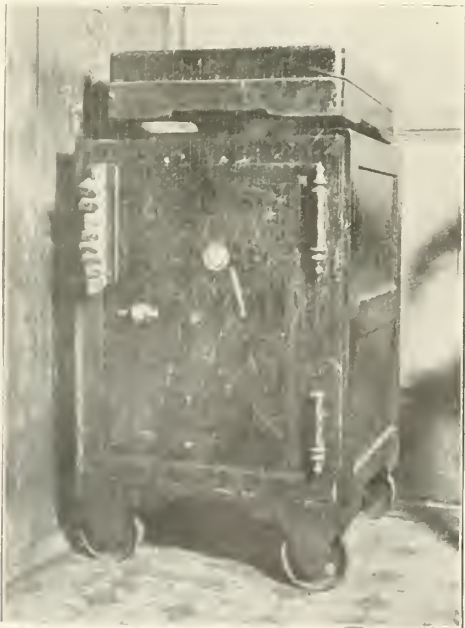
The photograph reproduced herewith was



A HERD OF CATTLE CROSSING THE WILGE RIVER, SOUTH AFRICA—OWING TO THE [From a] STEEPNESS OF THE BANK THE ANIMALS COULD NOT CLIMB UP. [Photo.]

erner, and is not above adopting Western ideas when he sees merit in them.

The gentleman shown in the next photograph is a very well-known figure in the market-place of the quaint old town of Berne, in Switzerland. He acts as a kind of public executioner of fowls. It is the custom in Switzerland to buy your fowl alive and have it killed afterwards, so as to run no risk of the flesh being stale. This man has invented a patent guillotine for killing the fowls humanely, and this will be seen in front of him. The fowl-executioner charges one penny per bird for his services.



JOHN CHINAMAN'S SAFE—IT HAS EIGHT LOCKS, AND CANNOT BE OPENED UNLESS ALL THE EIGHT PARTNERS ARE PRESENT. [From a Photo.]

taken in a Chinese restaurant in Chinatown, San Francisco. It shows the safe of the establishment, the curious thing about which is



[From a] THE PUBLIC FOWL-EXECUTIONER OF BERNE. [Photo.]

that it cannot be opened unless the whole eight partners of the concern are present. The safe has eight locks and each partner holds the key of his own lock; it is thus obviously impossible for any member of the firm to abscond with the cash. The arrangement shows that John Chinaman can safeguard his interests just as well as a West-

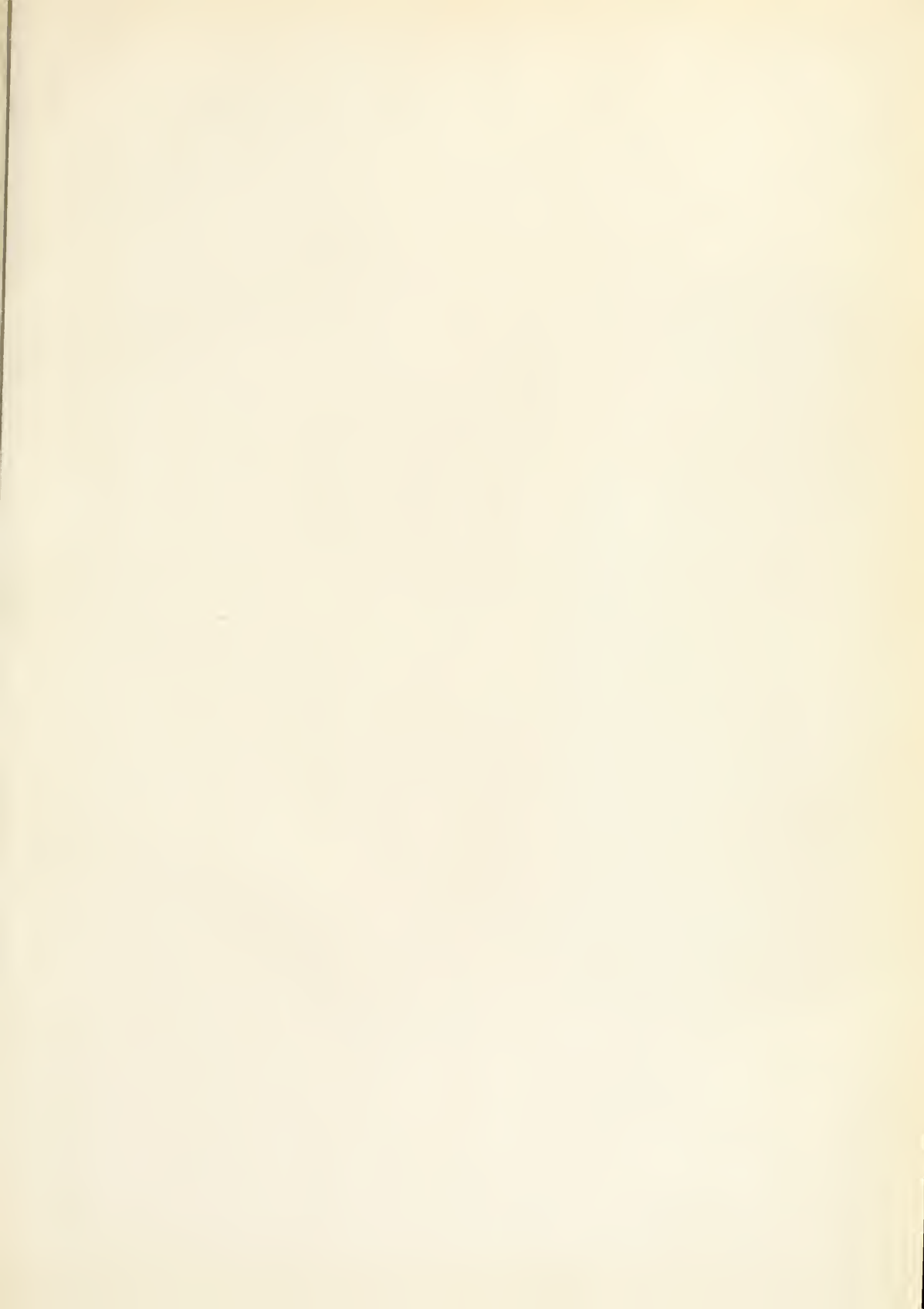
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