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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1904, TO SEPTEMBER, 1904



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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. XIII.

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APRIL

1904,

TO

SEPTEMBER

1904

LONDON.

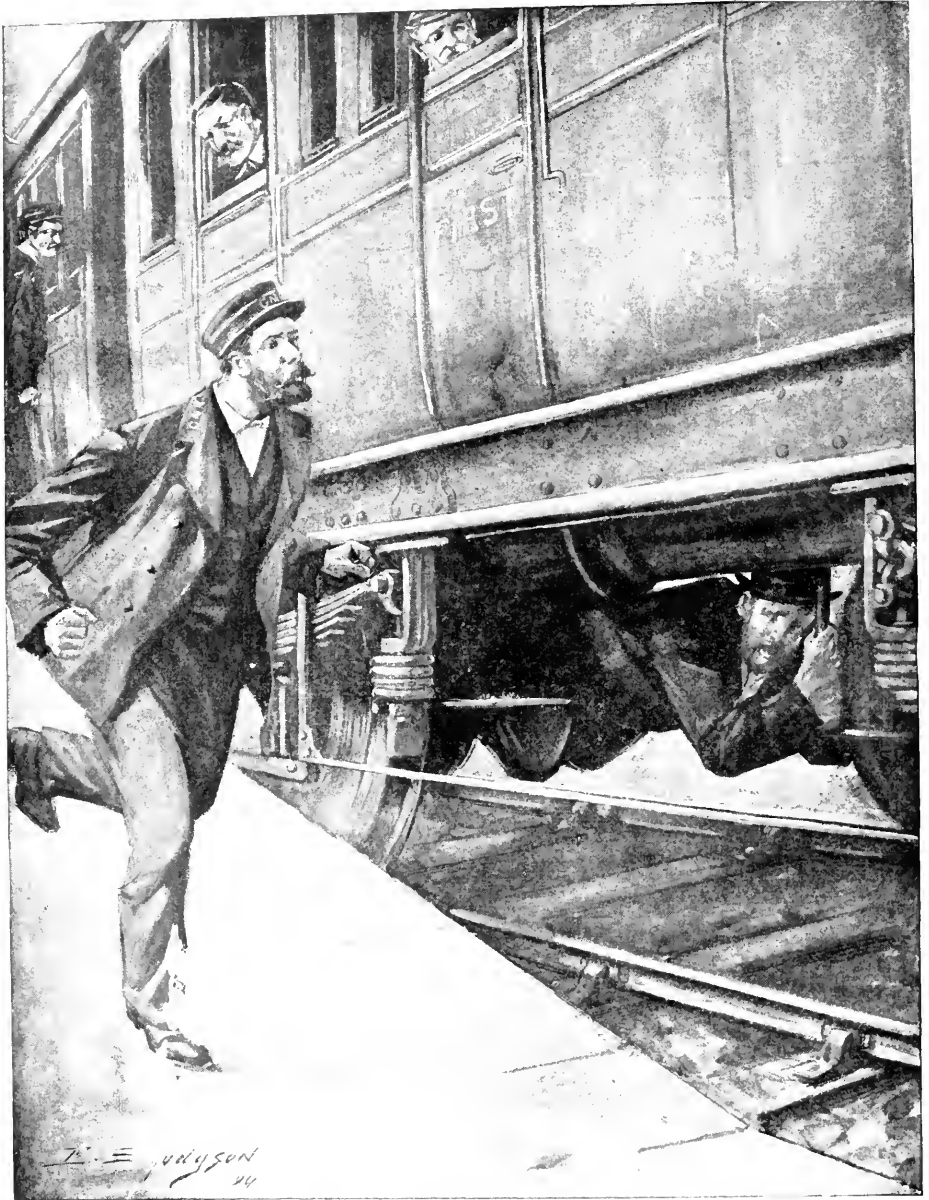
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STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, NOBODY THOUGHT OF LOOKING UNDER THE TRAIN."

(SEE PAGE 5.)

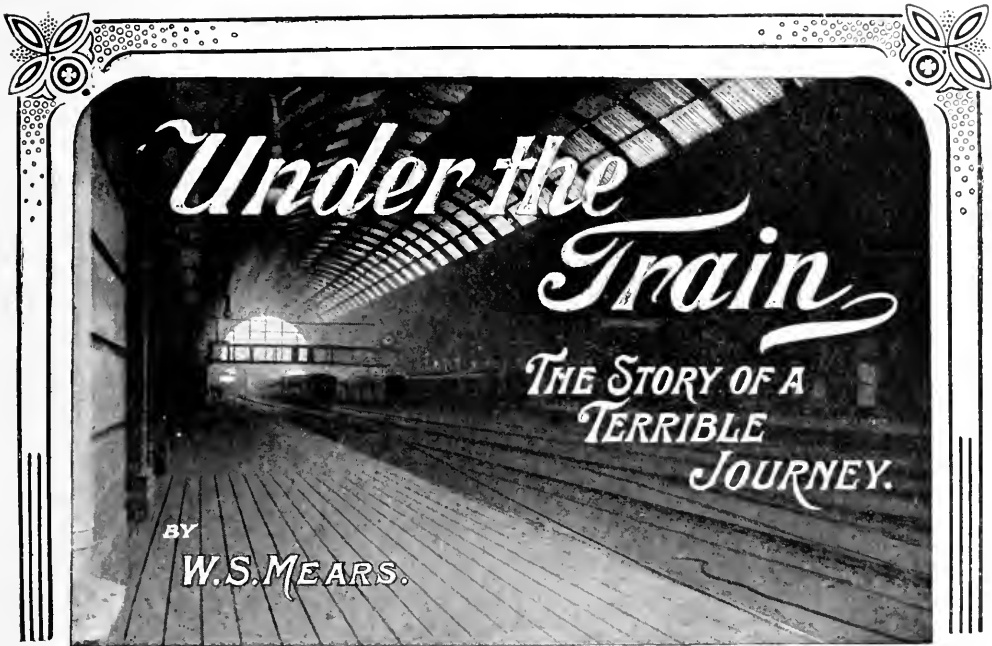


# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIII.

MAY, 1904.

No. 73



Being the unique experience which befell Mr. John Eke, a Great Northern Railway foreman. Clinging desperately to an iron rod, and with his feet braced against a brake, he travelled underneath the Manchester express from London to Grantham, a distance of over a hundred miles, at a speed of nearly seventy miles an hour. Only an iron will and extraordinary endurance saved him from a fearful death.



HERE are several trains leaving King's Cross daily for the North of England and Scotland which run for long distances at a rate of well over sixty miles an hour. A few of these trains make almost "record" daily runs of over a hundred miles from the Great Northern Railway terminus before their first stop.

The famous Manchester express, which leaves King's Cross every afternoon at 2 p.m., is one of the best known of these. It is timed to reach Grantham exactly at 4 p.m., and runs to that town without a stop. Now, Grantham is one hundred and five and a half miles from King's Cross, and so the express must on an average run close on fifty-three miles an hour for the whole journey.

As it takes some time in getting up full speed, however, and as there is now and then an occasional slowing down when signals are adverse,

or when the permanent-way is on an ascent, it is clear that in some portions of the one hundred and five and a half miles the train must be going considerably over a mile a minute in order to keep its scheduled time at the Lincolnshire town. As a matter of fact, I believe it is well known that these Great Northern Railway expresses to the North have often gone at the rate of over seventy miles an hour over a good portion of the line between King's Cross and Grantham.

Mr. John Eke is an unassuming, kindly-featured man, now about fifty-nine years of age. He has for some years held the very responsible post of a foreman at King's Cross Station. His work is to superintend the vacuum and Westinghouse automatic brakes attached to all the trains, and he must personally see that these brakes are in perfect working order before the chief expresses leave the platform daily on their great journeys. Mr. Eke is about the medium



MR. JOHN EKE, WHO TRAVELLED UNDERNEATH THE MANCHESTER  
From a) EXPRESS FROM LONDON TO GRANTHAM. [Photo.]

height, somewhat thinly built. He does not look nearly so strong as this story will prove him to be; yet his eyes are bright and keen, and his face suggests a wonderful amount of experience and confidence.

It certainly should do, for Mr. Eke had, nearly six years ago, such an experience as fortunately falls to the lot of but few men. As a trial of nerve and endurance it is probably unique. For this slightly-built quiet, unassuming man actually rode *under* the Manchester express, going at seventy miles an hour, from King's Cross to Grantham—and survived!

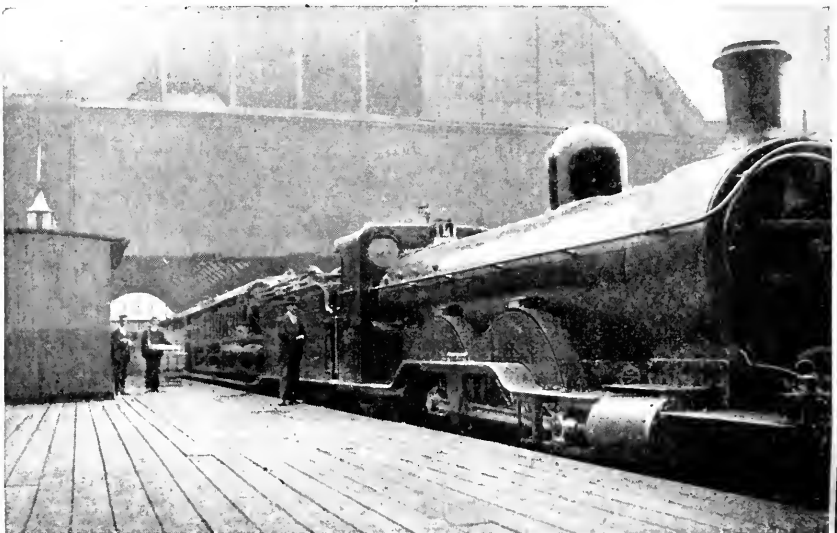
It was on Satur-

day, June 25th, 1898, that this terrible adventure occurred. Needless to say, the experience was both unsought and undesired. It arose from a pure accident, simple enough in its nature, but fraught with tremendous issues to Mr. Eke. Let me tell the story in his own words, as he has told it to me more than once.

The Manchester express, due to leave King's Cross at 2 p.m., was standing by its accustomed platform waiting for the signal to start. This platform was the one known to us as "E." My last observation as to the brakes being right is generally made by walking along the train on the side away from the platform, and on the afternoon in question I was doing this part of my duty as usual.

Whilst walking along I heard the slight hissing which betokens a small leakage in the vacuum brake, and I judged immediately that this ought to be made right in order to avoid any risk of accident. It would be a light, easy job, I supposed; and as there was, according to my reckoning, plenty of time to do it myself, I got down under the carriage to put it right. I certainly made a mistake in not calling out to the guard or driver that I was going to do this, but my mind was so intent on avoiding any risk to the train's passengers, and I expected the job to be so easily and quickly done, that I never thought about that at the time.

I fancy the work must have taken me longer than I anticipated, and in my anxiety to do it well and thoroughly I doubtless did not notice how time slipped by just then. The carriage was a composite one, and I was bending down



From a)

MR. EKE STANDING BESIDE THE ENGINE AT KING'S CROSS STATION.

[Photo.]

on the ground beneath it when I became conscious of a little jerk and of the train moving forward slightly. Of this, however, I took hardly any notice, nor did it alarm me in the least, for when the hand-brake is taken off previous to the starting of a train a jerk and movement of that kind is a perfectly usual thing. It was to this cause I attributed the motion, and I merely went on with my work, going forward for a step or two with the moving carriage.

I moved involuntarily, so to speak, for half-a-dozen steps. Then it dawned upon me that the train was really going faster. I was in a quandary which ever way I turned, as you will understand if you know the "make" of the underbody of a carriage. Getting out at the sides below it was of course impossible; the wheels would have caught me. Nor could I lie down and let the train pass over me, for owing to the construction of that particular carriage it would not have passed along without serious injury to me.

My resolution was quickly made. It came to me like a lightning flash. My only hope of safety consisted in lying flat on the brake itself. So I passed my leg across a transverse rod under the carriage, and placed myself lengthwise as far as I could stretch on the brake.

I am bound to admit that even at this point I had hardly grasped the fact that the train had actually started on its journey. What I have described took such a few seconds that I had no time to think about anything but what I have told you. I fancied that the express was merely moving forward a little for some purpose unknown to me there under the train, and that was why I did not shout out immediately I felt it move, or just after getting my body on the brake. My mind was full of the certainty that I should get out or be rescued from my awkward position within a minute or two, and I cannot say that I felt in any way afraid or even upset at my precarious situation.

A few more seconds, however, made a wonderful difference, both in my real danger and in my views respecting it. As I lay there I could distinctly feel the train gathering speed, and then, almost for the first time, there burst upon me with all its horror the dreadful truth



"I BECAME CONSCIOUS OF A LITTLE JERK AND OF THE TRAIN MOVING FORWARD SLIGHTLY."

that the express was fairly off on its long journey!

One hundred and five miles without stopping! Two hours' run; in some places going more than seventy miles an hour! And there was I, John Eke, lying full-length on the brake, with only that and the rod to cling to! Only physical strength, presence of mind, and terrible endurance could save me from an awful death. That was now clear to my mind.

I realized all this ere the train was away from the platform, and I called out loudly for help with all my might. I was heard by many people, for from my position I could see them running to the end of the platform and looking eagerly everywhere to see whence the cries came. But, strange as it may seem, nobody thought for a moment of looking *under* the train. They gazed at the top, at the carriages, at the wheels; they saw the permanent-way appear all right as the train passed along. I then tried to shout

out to them that I was under the carriage, but by this time we had reached the end of the platform and were going fairly fast, so I could not make anyone hear.

Then I almost despaired, for I saw no prospect of release. Yet, stay; one hope filled my breast at something I saw. I could make out from my cramped position that an official was running along the lines and over the metals, and I felt sure somebody had noticed my absence, had guessed its cause, and was running to the signal-box to get the train stopped. Yes, I thought I should be rescued, after all.

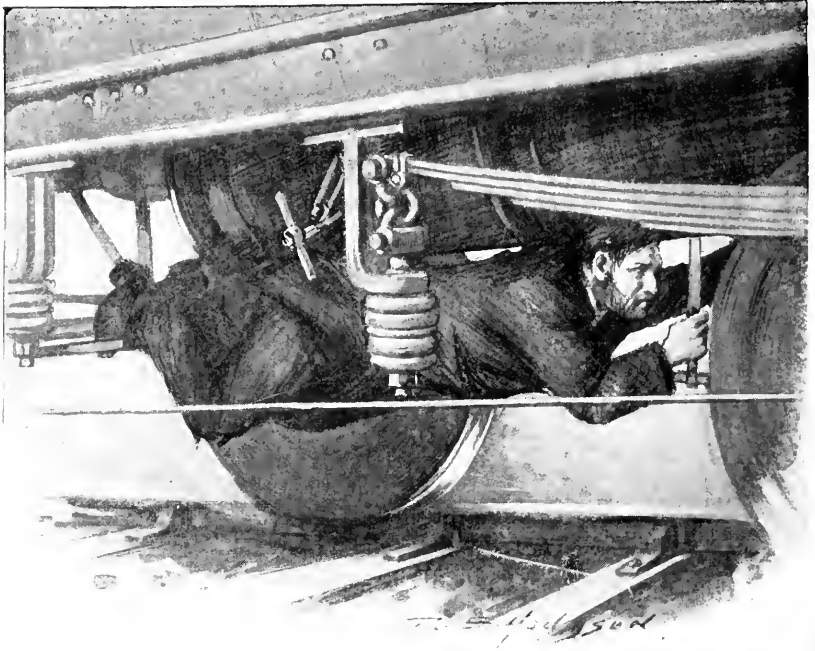
Alas, it was a vain hope! The porter, or whatever he was, could not have known anything about my plight; for, instead of the train being slowed down, I began to feel that it was going faster every minute. For a moment I seemed to lose all hope of living longer. The prospect was so terrible, it made my blood run cold to think of.

One hundred and five and a half miles without stopping—in two hours! Picture it to yourself, and try to imagine how you would feel if you were clinging for life to a narrow rod under a train, with the jarring and roaring of the wheels about you.

I am glad to say, however, that though the first prospect of the awful fact somewhat unnerved me, I kept perfect presence of mind, and it is to that I owe my wonderful escape. There were, after all, one or two things I had to be thankful for. The first was that I knew precisely what to do; the second, that the carriage I was under was placed almost in the centre of the train; the third was that this carriage had a peculiar pipe running along below it which I could grasp, a pipe other carriages were without. So I lay close down on the brake, twisted one leg round it, and tightened the other round the rod I spoke of before, which was above the brake. Then I grasped the

pipe firmly with both hands, to hold on by. I made myself both as comfortable and as secure as I possibly could, and husbanded my strength and courage for the tremendous tussle that I knew would come before and after leaving Peterborough.

Thirteen miles from King's Cross is Potter's Bar. I was getting badly cramped as we flew past it at a great rate, gaining speed every moment. The famous Welwyn tunnel—twenty-two miles



"I LAY CLOSE DOWN ON THE BRAKE."

from London—was the next goal that loomed up in my mind. My whole body, but especially my hands and legs, felt stiff and numb by the time Welwyn was reached. I shut my eyes as often and as much as I could, for the terrible speed made the ground—so close to my face—seem to be flying away from beneath me so fast that I got dizzy. I was also nearly blinded by dust. My face began to be cut with the small stones and grit that were dashing past me with the force of big hailstones in a severe storm, and the roar of the train deafened me and numbed my senses. The blasts of air that rushed past, too, were enough to blow me clean off my insecure perch. For we were, on leaving Welwyn tunnel, beginning to attain a regular speed of nearly a mile a minute, and the displaced air goes by with a rush, and no mistake, when the train gets to that speed!

I should probably have had to give up the

struggle for life, owing to the awful cramp in my limbs, had it not been for a lucky chance.

I was beginning to feel more comfortable in my strange position—at any rate, more secure—from having lasted out so far. But would my grasp hold good, or would my muscles presently refuse to do my bidding and send me hurtling down among these flying wheels, pounding along at fearful speed? That would assuredly happen unless I could obtain a little respite from the strain. So with some risk and with much nervousness as to the result, I let go with one hand to rest it, and clung only by the other. When I found I could manage this it was like a Heaven-sent help. After that I rested my hands alternately as we flew along.

Before we got to Peterborough the speed almost attained its maximum, being close upon seventy miles an hour. I knew that we should slow down a good deal in order to go through the station, and I yelled out my hardest as we did so in the hope that somebody either near the permanent-way or on the platform would hear me and effect my rescue. By this time my face was bleeding freely from the stone-cuts, for the flying pebbles cut like a whip-lash, and I can hardly imagine what I must have looked like, caked with dirt and dust.

We went through the station, and my heart sank within me, for no one heard my cries. In spite of this disheartening fact I remembered that we had gone seventy-seven miles—more than two-thirds of the journey—and I prepared for a last great fight for my life. After succeeding so far it would be terrible to succumb now, I thought.

I did not underrate the task before me. I knew my strength was failing; I knew my limbs might refuse to hold on any longer from sheer exhaustion, however clear my mind might be and however determined I was not to give in. I knew that the speed between Peterborough and Grantham, especially as we neared the latter, would exceed anything we had done so far. But I braced my nerves, breathed a quiet prayer, and resolved to do my utmost. How I survived that last part of the run I can scarcely tell you. We travelled at more than seventy miles an hour when near Grantham, and I was nearly killed by the cutting showers of stones and cinders from the track as we literally flew along. Though each moment brought me nearer to the "first stop" and to safety, the anguish of those last ten minutes was, perhaps, the worst phase of all the long-drawn agony of those awful two hours.

Did you ever dream of falling down a deep pit, and then, just as you were expecting to be

smashed to atoms at the bottom, wake to find you were in your own soft, safe, comfortable bed? Did you ever, after giving up all hope on a sinking ship, when death was awaiting you, suddenly see a sail and know it was coming to rescue you?

If you have experienced any sensations such as those you will guess how I felt as the train drew into Grantham Station and came to a stop alongside the platform there. Curious to relate, professional pride seemed to come over me the very first thing! I gazed from below the carriage at the well-known clock, and saw that its big hands pointed to exactly 4 p.m.! And you will think it strange that I felt, after all my awful experience, a sort of pride in the grand engines of the line I had worked for during so many years. One hundred and five miles in two hours—and I had ridden underneath the train all the way!

My hands were so stiff and cramped that I could hardly get them free from the pipe, and my feet clung heavily to the brake. As the man came round to test the wheels I crept stiffly out from my cramped position. He stared in utter astonishment, and no wonder, for I must have been a shocking sight. When he did find his tongue he naturally jumped to the same conclusion that I should have done had I met a stranger in similar circumstances at King's Cross.

"Halloa, old fellow!" said he—not unkindly, however—"so you've been having a ride without paying, have you? Been doing it on the cheap!"

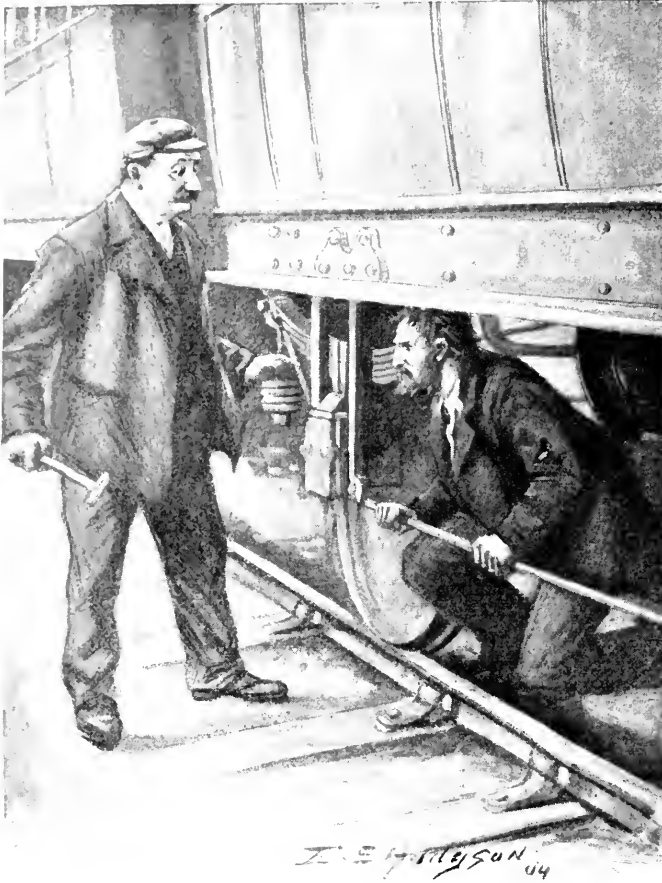
I could not help smiling grimly at his mistake, and he became, if possible, more mystified still.

"Yes, far too cheap," I retorted, huskily, and briefly explained to him my plight. He gave a short, quiet whistle, shook my hand, and stared again.

I climbed up on the platform and made my way to the office of the chief of our department at Grantham. I told him my story. I will pass over all the fuss they made of me, of the hero-worship they gave me. I am a quiet man, and even now care little to talk about that awful June day. I will merely say that they gave me a good wash and that I had a splendid meal, which I badly needed.

Strange to say, I was little the worse for my unique experience, and I returned to King's Cross the same evening—but, as you will guess, not in the same way! I went in an ordinary carriage, and felt much more comfortable and safe.

Mr. Eke usually stops when he has got thus



"I KEPT STEIFFLY OUT FROM MY CRAMPED POSITION."

far with the marvellous story of his escape. But those who, like myself, know him well will not allow his modesty to suppress an

interesting little episode which came later.

When he heard of Mr. Eke's extraordinary ride, the present King (then Prince of Wales) sent for him, asked him all about it, shook hands with him warmly, and offered his hearty congratulations upon Mr. Eke's nerve and his escape from such a terrible position. Mr. Eke received hundreds of kind letters and messages from all classes of people when the story of his ride became known, but nobody could possibly have been kinder or more sympathetic than was the King.

Mr. Eke still pursues his ordinary duties at King's Cross. Everybody respects him; and he is the hero of boys all over the district. You may see the spare figure of the foreman standing on the platform noting the testing of the brakes of the Scotch express, or watching carefully over the safety and comfort of the passengers by the famous Leeds dining-car trains. If you observe him closely, you may see him give a slight twitch when the 2 p.m. Manchester express—"First stop, Grantham!"—draws gracefully away from the platform to begin its long journey.

And then you can point out to your friends the man who rode under the Manchester express for two hours, at a speed of seventy miles an hour—and survived.



[From a Photo. by]

THE MANCHESTER EXPRESS ENTERING GRANTHAM STATION.

[J. Miller, Grantham.



# A Lonely Trans-African Tramp.

BY MAJOR P. H. G. POWELL-COTTON (LATE 5TH NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS).

## IV.—DODINGA TO KHARTOUM.

The "Wide World" is the first English magazine to publish an account—written by the explorer himself—of Major Powell-Cotton's great twenty-one months' journey across Central Africa from Mombasa to Khartoum. The expedition may be described as one of the most noteworthy of recent times, among its results being the mapping of a great extent of hitherto unknown country and the discovery of six new tribes. For over sixteen months the intrepid explorer was absolutely alone amid the savage tribes of Equatorial Africa.



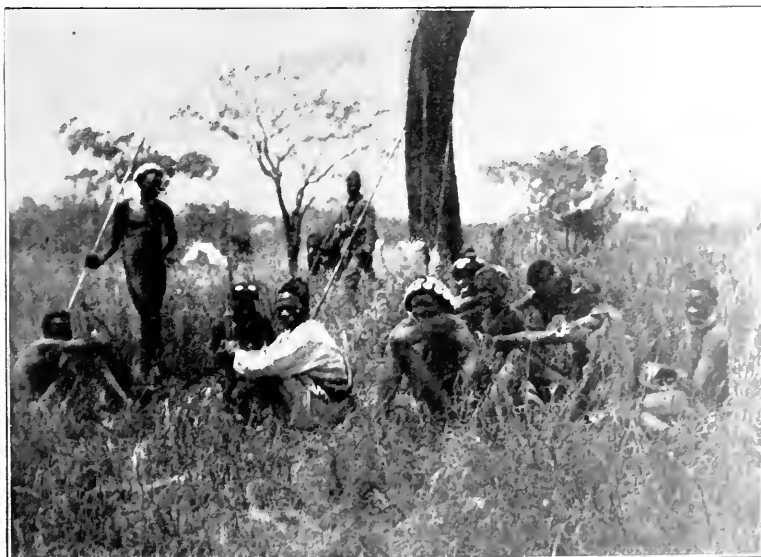
N the second day after entering the Dodinga hills, just as I was watering my mule at the bottom of a steep valley, my eye caught the flash of spears, and I found the long grass alive with armed men. My guide shouted a friendly greeting, but this did not stop them collecting behind a mass of rock that jutted out from the opposite hillside above and within spear-throw of us. They wore glittering head-dresses, which I at first thought were metal helmets, but which proved to be little discs of white beads attached to their hair, which was stiffened with clay and dressed in the shape of a pudding-bowl. Things looked very threatening; but as those I could see far outnumbered us, and there were probably many others close by, I followed my usual plan of sitting down unarmed and trying to look unconcerned. My native guide was imploring me to open fire before they speared us, but I tried to reassure him and told him to translate what they said. They seemed greatly surprised at

Vol. xiii.—2.

seeing a white man, and still more at the circumstance of his not being accompanied by a crowd of native soldiers.

At last some of them came down, and I was delighted to see they were replacing the leather guards on their spear-heads, a sign that they intended no immediate harm. They conducted me back to my caravan, and, after a long "shauri," showed us a camping-place. Here I luckily secured a few photos of them. In the one here reproduced will be seen my interpreter, who afterwards met his death at their hands. Guiding us to camp was the beginning and end of our peaceful relations, for all attempts at trading proved unsatisfactory.

They brought in but scanty supplies, seemed discontented with everything we had to offer, and asked extortionate prices. We therefore started for another large settlement farther west, and did a very long march along the hill-tops. I was told that it was only another hour along a good path to the village, so next morning I set out to look for game, while



A PARTY OF DODINGA—THE MAN IN THE WHITE SHIRT IS THE AUTHOR'S INTERPRETER, WHO WAS AFTERWARDS KILLED BY THESE SAVAGES. [Photo.]

the caravan marched with orders to camp by the first village they came to. My men made light of their loads as they strode off along the well-timbered path, for the hope of plenty of flour, milk, and other luxuries to be bartered from the natives lent wings to their feet.

When I struck the path again it led over a low pass, where I was surprised to see little cairns of quartz, such as one finds on every mountain pass in Western Thibet; but instead of coming on camp almost at once, as I had expected, it was far away in a valley at the foot of the hills. The path was narrow and very steep, most of the donkeys had broken down, and my things were lying scattered along it. When at length I reached camp I found it pitched among thick scrub in a confined valley, commanded on three sides by high hills crowned with stockaded villages, while, worst of all, the only possible water supply lay some distance farther up the valley.

Just after I arrived one of my men came in and reported that a party of Dodinga had fallen upon him, driven off three donkeys, and seized their loads, and then I knew we were in for trouble. For in all this part of the world a thief when caught is speared without mercy, while a raid is requited by a counter-raid, unless the injured party feel themselves too weak to retaliate. Such open violence, therefore, made it evident that the Dodinga fancied they had me in their power, and it was imperative for me to undeceive them before they became still more aggressive. Till my men were collected I could do nothing but warn them to be on their guard, and make such preparations as would not at once excite the natives' attention.

Next morning we tried to trade for flour, but, as before, with little result. It is the Swahili traders' custom always to surround their camp with a stout barrier of thorn. This I now caused to be done, making it extra thick, adding an inner ring for the donkeys and cattle, and clearing away the scrub for some distance outside. Then, at dusk—all my men and loads having

now arrived—I had a long "shauri" with my headmen, and decided to seize the Dodinga cattle as a means of enforcing the return of our property and of re-establishing our prestige.

Soon after dawn my men were back, having successfully raided nearly three hundred head of cattle. They had carried out their work so well that, with the exception of one native, who dashed into them when they were on their way to camp, neither party had sustained any casualties. In the course of the morning, not without much



*From a*

CARRIERS ON THE MARCH.

*[Photo.]*

tootling of horns, the Dodinga collected on the hill-tops overlooking our camp. When their first excitement appeared to have subsided a little my interpreter addressed them, pointing out in forcible language how my good deeds and intentions had been met by base and dastardly conduct on their part, and how even yet, by returning the stolen goods and paying a small fine of grain, they would regain possession of their cattle, and the incident would thus be closed.

From their reply the interpreter gathered that they intended spearing us all that night and dividing our property next morning, when, as one sportsman put it, the hyenas and vultures would be fighting over our hearts and livers. I felt it would be wasting time to argue further with such bloodthirsty ruffians; so I made my arrangements to provide them with the only kind of argument they could understand—viz., give them a warm reception when they came to carry out the first part of the programme.

As the sun set I struck all tents, put out the fires, and posted the men round the outside of the inner zareba. It was while I was going round to see that all was in readiness that the first spear came hurtling through the air and buried itself in the ground just behind my left side. There was no moon, so that we had to trust entirely to sound to tell us the whereabouts of our enemies. From the three hills we could hear bodies of men descending, blowing the little horns they carry. With derisive shouts



they hurled stones over the outer zareba, but they fell short, and we took no notice. Emboldened by our silence, they tried to drag away the thorn trees of the outer fence, but on my men opening fire they drew off. The same thing occurred time after time. There would be absolute silence for perhaps an hour, and then two or three simultaneous attempts would be made to force a gap, so that we were kept on the alert all night.

As it was pitch-dark we could not tell whether our volleys had done any execution, but they evidently created some impression, for when, next day, having watered our beasts and procured a supply for camp, we again opened negotiations, pointing out that they were powerless to harm us and very likely to get hurt themselves, we were so far successful that they agreed to return our property and to collect the grain I demanded as a fine. Unfortunately, the arrival in the afternoon of a large party from the villages where we had halted at first, and the foolhardiness of one of my men who, going too far to collect wood, was waylaid and severely wounded, encouraged them to renew hostilities. After leaving us in peace for the first part of the night, in the hope of lulling us into false security, they tried to force the zareba by stealth, but were once more driven off by our rifle-shots.

Next morning, the regular water party not having returned by the usual time, I sent out some more men to look for them. Soon afterwards the sound of shots alarmed us, the donkeys and cattle were driven in, and the camp put in a state of defence. After an anxious wait my men at last appeared, all huddled in one party, and I could see, from the wild way they were letting off their rifles and the absence of all gourds and water-vessels, that further mischief was afoot. From the accounts of the least demoralized of them I gathered that they had disobeyed my orders, and all moved up the river-bed in a crowd. The Dodinga, who had been lying in wait behind some big rocks close to the water-holes, suddenly sprang up and hurled their spears into them at close quarters. The interpreter and another man fell at once; the remainder turned and, throwing away everything but their rifles, fled, closely pursued by the enemy.

They would all have been speared had it not been for the presence of mind of a few who, recovering from their scare, took cover, and by their fire kept the Dodinga at bay while the others withdrew. Several received severe spear cuts, and but for the opportune arrival of the second party sent out matters would have gone harder with them, for the natives were pressing them closely. My proposition, that we should

at once return, endeavour to recover the bodies of the fallen, and secure a supply of water, was met by a stubborn refusal to move from all but three of my men. They protested they could do without water for that day, and that next morning I must lead them out of the valley. Considering that, even if I were able to reach the water with only three men, I could do little good, there was nothing for it but to agree to their suggestion. What with the men killed and disabled and the loss of a number of donkeys, I had a busy time redistributing the loads and destroying what we could not carry with us, which included the two large cow tusks we had found in the "elephant cemetery."

Except for the seizure of the cattle, we had hitherto acted strictly on the defensive; but now it was a question of withdrawing my demoralized caravan from a narrow, bush-covered valley without being cut up on the way, and I considered it my duty to use any means necessary to attain this end. Taking my Jeffery Männlicher and allowing a very full sight—for it was only sighted up to five hundred yards—I fired from under the veranda of my tent at one of the groups of Dodinga warriors who were watching us at nearly eight hundred yards distance. They at once scattered, and I felt sure my bullet had not been very wide of the mark. When my glasses detected a native crawling back among the rocks, raising a lifeless figure from the ground and bearing it away, I knew I had shot straight.

The effect this shot produced was more than I could have hoped for; my men, who had been doing nothing but picture their speedy death, began to regain courage, while the natives were now extremely careful of exposing themselves to my fire. That night masses of the enemy again came down and surrounded the camp; but after making various proposals more or less insulting to our intelligence and trying to induce the native guide to desert us and trust himself to their tender mercies they drew off, after assuring us of the fate in store for us.

With the donkeys and a small bunch of the cattle, surrounded as much as possible by men—the few of us who were unloaded scouting outside—we broke the zareba and moved out. Crowds of Dodinga at once swooped down, the majority to seize and quarrel over the cattle we had abandoned, the rest to pursue us in the thick bush on either side.

It was anxious work for some hours, and had they had the pluck to make a determined rush from two or three sides at once, nothing could have saved us from being speared to a man. Our march lay through thick jungle, by the side of a deep river-bed that might conceal any

number of enemies; our pace, with men and beasts so heavily laden, was necessarily slow, and the only gun I could rely upon was my own. Fortunately, our enemies proved a good deal more apt at making sanguinary prophecies than fulfilling them. I kept on moving from side to side and from front to rear of the column, taking a long range snap-shot at every black figure that offered a fair mark; gradually the pursuit slackened, then ceased, and, to my heartfelt joy, we got safely away.

After some days' march, when I thought we were far enough away to relax our vigilance a little, I spent some time in a fine valley covered with a luxuriant tropical vegetation, where game abounded. Here my wounded men and half-starved donkeys and cattle had a welcome rest and were able to recoup, while I made a varied bag of different animals, including a couple of lions, out of a troop that attempted to get at our cattle one night. From here we decided to visit another hill-tribe called the Meilley. As we drew near I could see the armed men collecting on the hillsides; moreover, for all the friendly signs we made by waving green boughs and throwing tufts of grass in the air, none ventured down to us; and as various parties sent out in search of water returned without any, we spent a thirsty, uncomfortable night, expecting to be attacked at any moment. However, next day we established friendly relations with the chief, who told me the Dodinga had sent him word that I was a very bad man and advised him to fall on us immediately, before we could seize his cattle. He answered them that he would first see for himself, as he had heard white men only punished bad people, and he had done me no harm.

A Monarch gramophone entertainment and the present of an antelope I had shot soon convinced them that I had no evil intentions, and put us on the most friendly footing. The chief

was continually bringing me little presents of flour and native beer, as an excuse to sit in the veranda and examine the treasures my tent contained. This was the first tribe I had seen who possessed firearms, which they barter from the Swahili traders for cattle. My Männlicher with its telescopic sight, some photos of Suk warriors, and a spring-tape for measuring horns interested them most after the gramophone, which latter they never tired of asking questions about; *e.g.*, did the man I had shut up in the box have plenty of food, how long was I going to keep him there, and had he been one of my enemies? These people, though not so tall as the Dodinga, are a fine race; several whom I measured gave an average of just under six feet. They were very anxious to secure the brass screws of my store-boxes to wear as pendants in their lower lips, and I was able to exchange some of these for a number of little curios.

A lucky fall of rain brought in large supplies of flour for sale, and a big gourd of honey as a gift for the rain-maker—myself! The honey was gathered in curious hives. A big log of wood split in two, hollowed out, and fastened together again, or a wicker-work cylinder with pieces fitted in the ends, would be perched high up among the branches of a tree, as shown in the picture below. The Meilley were all busy cultivating their plots. They use one of the

most curious agricultural implements I have ever seen—a pole twelve feet long, shod with a semi-circular piece of iron like a cheese-cutter, the outer edge sharpened. With this they both push and pull, breaking the surface of the ground and cutting the grass and roots.

A week later I reached the country of another hill-tribe, who cultivate a picturesque valley almost surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. On the morning after my arrival, when the market I had established under the shade of a fine tree was crowded with



A NATIVE BEEHIVE—A HOLLOW LOG STUCK IN THE FORK OF A TREE.  
From a Photo. by Mr. F. C. Cobb.

natives trading flour and grain, they all of a sudden began collecting their property and moving hurriedly away. At the same time the boom of a drum and the distant tinkle of a bell attracted my attention, and I made out with the glasses a long line of armed men descending the low hills that bounded the valley on the north-east. Many were armed with guns, while the greater number carried spears, and a couple of flags showed that they were the followers of some big chief. Presently all was bustle and excitement. I hurriedly questioned the Tubono Sultan as to who these were and whether they came in peace or for war. He replied they were Lorlaka's men, the most powerful chief in the neighbourhood, known to the Swahilis as "Tumbo," from the inordinate size of his belly, and that they were probably coming to visit me.

As they drew nearer they fired shots in the air and went through a variety of strange manœuvres, finally forming up in two lines, down which their leaders marched to my tent-door. One of them proved a most intelligent man, who had accompanied a trading caravan to Mumias and learnt something of the white man and his power; as he spoke Swahili, I was able to gather much interesting detail about the neighbouring tribes. But their visit had an unlooked-for result, for, being under the impression that Lorlaka's men had come to help me attack them, all the natives and their flocks disappeared during the night, and it was only after the departure of my embarrassing visitors that I induced the inhabitants to return and resume trading. After much negotiation I bought one of the curious head-dresses which I saw here for the first time. The greater part of the head is shaved—all of it, in fact, except a thick cone of hair that rises immediately above the forehead, and a patch on the crown, with a wart-hog's tusk fixed upright in it, and bordered by a band of small pieces of bone.

After leaving these people and crossing a low range of hills we reached Lorlaka's country. Here they were very friendly, and seemed so loth to do anything to forward my departure that they kept delaying the promised supplies, until I had to talk very plainly to the old chief. Most of the more important men were clothed, owning guns and from seven to ten wives apiece: their head-dress was a more exaggerated form of the Dodinga, being scalloped in front and brought down lower on the back of the neck.

From here we proceeded to Lamoro, the Latuka chief, whose much-dreaded warriors wear brass and hair helmets which were grown on the heads of their ancestors. He presented me with two of these curious head-dresses: the hair, which forms the groundwork of the whole, was stiffened with clay and made into a thick, felt-like covering close to the head, and on this were sewn strips of flat brass, hammered out of wire. His own village, where some thirty of his wives and children lived in tall, baycock-looking huts, lay at the foot of a huge, isolated mass of rock.

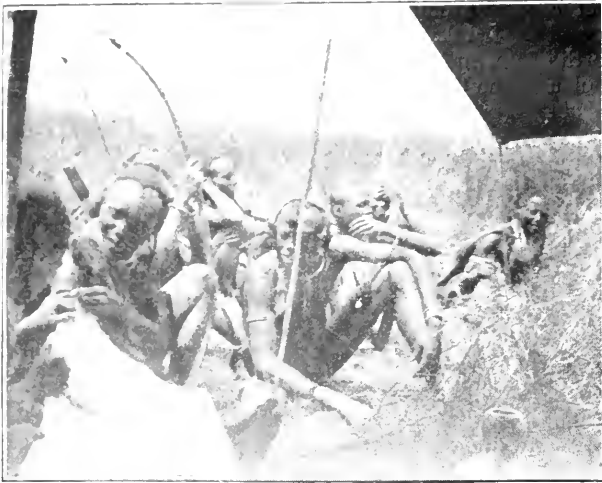
Although the sides of this rock were so steep that I could not walk up it without assistance, villages and groups of huts were dotted about on ingeniously devised platforms. In a hut at the top lay the war-drums, ready to roll out the call to arms to the villages we could see scattered about the plain.

From here I set out for Obbo, but the guides deserted, and I had to march through forest, swamps, and tall grass, aided only by my compass, till I reached the spot marked on the map as Obbo, where I found nothing but the ruins of long-deserted villages. However, search-parties sent out next day found some natives who guided us to the actual settlement.

Here some of my Kavirondo porters had a good time, for they spoke the same language and were greeted as kinsmen, being feasted and made much of. The women, as a rule, wore only the horse-like tails hung from their girdles behind, like those I had seen round Mumias, and in many of their customs one could trace a common origin.



SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S IVORY—"THERE WAS ALWAYS KEPT BY THE MEN  
From a] AMONG THE MEN TO CARRY THE LARGEST TUSKS." [L. 10



"THEY WOULD COME AND SIT ROUND  
From a] MY TENT DOOR." [Photo.

Under the guidance of these people, many of whom are keen elephant-hunters, I spent a most exciting three weeks. Here I was lucky in finding some big tuskers and in bagging two, the largest ivory weighing over one hundred pounds. There is always keen competition among one's men to carry the largest tusks. My "caravan leader"—the first laden man, not

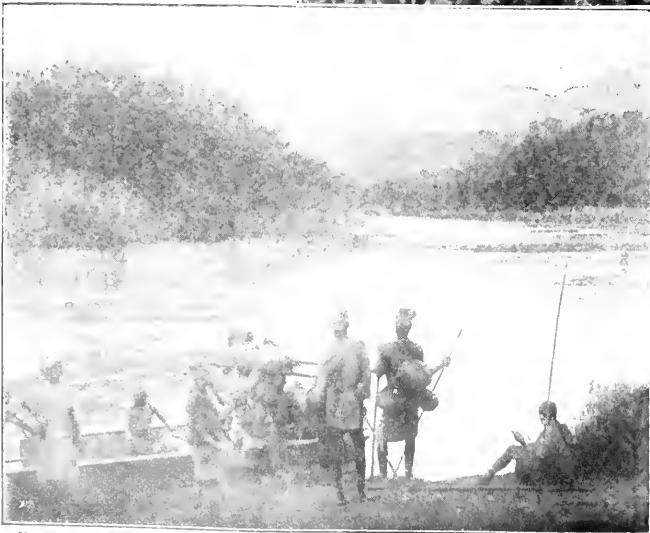


THE EXPEDITION CROSSING A SWIRLING AND  
ROCK-STREW'N TORRENT.

From a Photo, by Mr. F. C. Cobb.

measured off in "hands"—that is, from the tip of the forefinger to the elbow; and like them they were very fond of pictures, for Ward's book of horns never failed to interest them.

We struck the Nile just below the Assua, on which a steel ferry-boat has been established; a pleasant contrast to the other numerous unbridged streams and rivers on our road, some wide and sluggish, others rocky torrents, where it was easy for a man to lose his footing in the swirl of the water. Often I would have welcomed the roughly-built and



From a]

FERRYING ACROSS THE ASSUA.

[Photo.

frequently unsteady bridges of Kikuyu, which at the time I hardly appreciated, except as the subject for a photo. On our way we passed some picturesque rapids and reached Nimule on June 9th, where I was glad to see white faces again and hear news of the outer world, after my solitary trials of the past six and a half months.

After spending some time there I crossed the Nile into Congo territory, where I received a cordial reception, but it was the wrong season of the year for either sport or travel. High grass and heavy rains made the first almost impossible and the latter most disagreeable, so, retracing my steps, past some of the most beautiful of the Nile scenery, where the



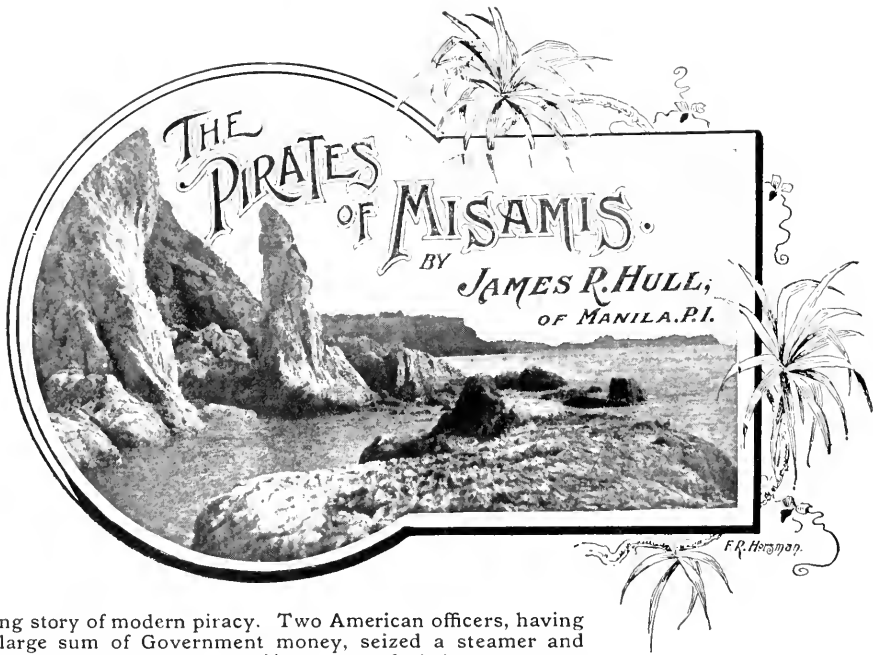
A KIKUYU BRIDGE—ROUGHLY BUILT AND OFTEN UNSTEADY, THEY ARE YET PREFERABLE TO FORDING DANGEROUS RAPIDS.

*From a Photo. by Mr. F. C. Cobb.*

Here it was interesting to see the different trades the British officer has to turn his hand to. A new guard-room was being built of stones set in puddled mud, and Captain Barlow, commanding the troops on the Uganda Nile, was every day to be found doing the work of architect, master mason, foreman carpenter, and, in fact, supervising all the other branches of the building trade, in addition to carrying on his military duties.

water tumbles and boils through many rocky channels, I reached Gondokoro, where I took the Soudan mail steamer for Khartoum. After a few days spent in this town I continued my journey through Egypt to Alexandria, whence a Messageries steamer carried me to Marseilles, and the next day, October 1st, I was once more at home, after nearly twenty-one months' travel, much of which had been spent in new or little-known regions.

THE END.



An amazing story of modern piracy. Two American officers, having stolen a large sum of Government money, seized a steamer and made for the coast of Borneo. The news of their escape was published far and wide, and cruisers and gunboats were sent in pursuit, but without success. Disaster finally overtook the conspirators in a most tragic manner.



THREE weeks ago at the moment of writing, Captain Herman and Lieutenant Johnson, of the Philippines Constabulary, were trusted officers of the Insular Government, enjoying the confidence and goodwill of the inhabitants of Misamis, Mindanao, where they were stationed. To-day, Johnson—with a bullet in

his brain—rests in a shallow grave on the east coast of Negros, and Captain Herman is a prisoner in the public *carcel* at Cebu, awaiting trial for piracy on the high seas; and were Johnson alive to-day he would share his comrade's imprisonment and disgrace.

The mad act that brought about the death of one of these young Americans and the arrest



from a

THE BEACH AT MISAMIS, MINDANAO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

[Photo,

of the other will be indelibly inscribed on the eventful pages of Philippine history. One might search in vain in fiction for a parallel to the extraordinary case of these two officers.

"Pedro," the garrison bugler of the little town of Misamis, Mindanao, had just blown "taps," and the notes of his instrument had scarcely died away when two officers of the Philippines Constabulary seated themselves at a table in what is known as the "office" of the barracks. Then, one following the other's example, they unbuckled their belts and carelessly threw their revolvers and equipment upon the table. The night was a hot one; the light burning in a chandelier above their heads attracted hundreds of insects, which kept up a constant and seemingly mad flight about the room. Through the window the officers could see the shadow of the guard as he passed to and fro on his beat, and beyond lay the lights of the club, where, day or night, any "gentleman" might have "a run for his money."

"I tell you what it is," exclaimed Lieutenant Johnson, supply officer of the post, "I'm up against trouble, and so are you. We're short, and we can't make good. What's more, the auditor knows it, and if we don't get out of

here they'll pounce down upon us one of these bright days and then we'll get Bilibid and no pardon, for Taft isn't easy with the officer who goes wrong—calls it setting a bad example for the little brown brother, you know," and Johnson took a disgusted swig at the glass of whisky before him.

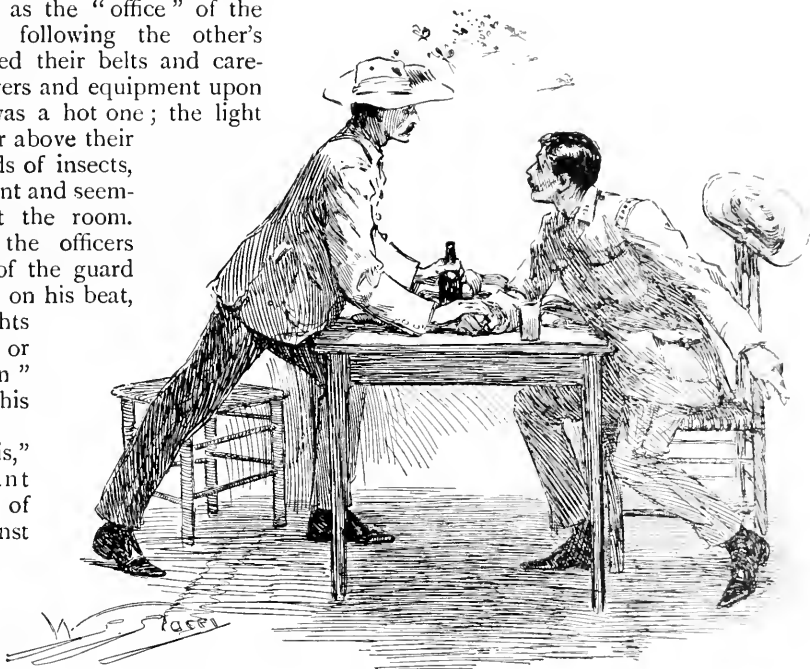
"Well, what's to hinder us making a dash for Borneo?" replied Johnson's companion and superior officer, Captain Herman. "The steamer *Victoria* is moored off the beach. We've got men who won't ask questions; guns, plenty of ammunition, and chow-chow. We're only short of money—that's the worst of it."

"Money! There's plenty of it in that safe," cried Johnson, pointing to a small strong-box that stood in one corner of the room. "It's in my charge, and all I've got to do is to open the thing and walk off with the cash."

Herman jumped to his feet. "Now, look here, Johnson," he exclaimed, "I don't want any monkey-work. Get that money. I'll call

the men and we'll break for the South Seas, live or die, sink or swim. We're soldiers of fortune, anyway, and this wretched country isn't up to much since the little brown brother became the chief object of consideration."

Both men were trusted officers of the Philippines Government, and had been commissioned in the Constabulary on account of the valorous



"NOW, LOOK HERE, JOHNSON," HE EXCLAIMED. "GET THAT MONEY."

service they had rendered their country as enlisted men in the Volunteers. They were young men, enjoying the best of health and brimful of spirits. Johnson, as supply officer, was responsible for several thousand dollars in Government funds, which he and Herman had lost over the green cloth at the "club." He had falsified his books in order to conceal the shortage, but recently the Constabulary auditor had inspected them, and had afterwards taken a rather cold adieu of Lieutenant Johnson.

At this time the Insular Government was waging a merciless war against dishonest officials, Governor Taft holding that they were setting a bad example for the Filipinos and giving the lie to the oft-repeated American boast that Spanish corruption would be done away with for ever. Accordingly, several provincial treasurers, supply officers, and bureau cashiers had been sentenced to long terms in Bilibid prison, and Johnson was well aware of what was in store for him in case he was tried and found guilty. The



light of exposure made him desperate, and angrily fell in with Herman's wild, piratical of making for the east coast of Borneo.

"Cabo!" exclaimed Herman to Corporal Fente, as the latter stepped into the room and called attention, "we've a dangerous mission to perform. Colonel Harbord has ordered us to break up the piratical hordes around Calipan.

about fifteen men who can't be trusted and won't ask questions. See that they are equipped with five hundred rounds of fine ammunition each and one week's rations. We sail at once on the *Victoria*."

Fente saluted and left the room. Then Johnson

opened the safe and

took out the Government

key, which he and

the man divided between

them. Each had a little

more than two thousand five

hundred dollars in United

States currency. They

then set about equipping

themselves for the trip.

It was the work of a few

minutes to fill their cartridge-

belts, pour brandy into

their canteens, and

roll up their blanket

rolls, each of which con-

tained several changes of

clothing. Having

checked on their revol-

vers and filled the magazines of their "Krag"

rifles, they left the quarters. On the parade

The sight of a Constabulary officer using such extreme measures came as a great surprise to the Spaniard. He didn't try to think, however. The revolver was sufficient argument to cause him to hustle up the gangway and call all hands on deck.

Five minutes later black smoke was pouring from the single funnel. Corporal Fente, in



"WE WANT STEAM, AND LOTS OF IT, AND QUICK, TOO."

answer to Herman's command shouted from the deck of the *Victoria*, brought the men off in a proa. They hurried on board and proceeded to make themselves comfortable.

"All aboard," shouted Herman.

"The east coast of Borneo, and no stops!" yelled Johnson in the captain's ear.

Under a full head of steam the little *Victoria* darted out of the harbour of Misamis and struck a bee-line to the south. The "Constabularios" had meanwhile made themselves comfortable on the deck, and were scattered about in picturesque attitudes, smoking cigarettes and singing native songs. Herman, Johnson, and Fente had their heads together up forward.

Daylight was just breaking behind the Mindanaoan coast when the *Victoria's* speed visibly slackened.

Johnson sought the captain. Amidst profuse gesticulations the Spaniard explained that he

"We're off for Borneo, savvy," yelled Johnson in the captain's ear, "and we want steam, and lots of it, and quick, too."



had run out of coal. Johnson communicated the bad news to Herman and Fuente, and for a time gloom of the deepest dye prevailed on board. The vessel was rolling in the swell, a thin veil of smoke coming from her funnel, when Johnson suddenly shouted: "Sail ho!" and pointed to the east. A small coast-wise steamer was heading for them.

Johnson and Herman stood close together, watching the approaching steamer and talking excitedly. Herman suddenly turned on his heel and approached the men, who had grouped together near the stern of the vessel. He gave a number of jerky orders, and the next minute the "Constabularios" were ranging themselves along the sides of the vessel, their faces tense with excitement and loaded carbines in their hands.

"Fire high at my command," cautioned Herman, as he rejoined Johnson.

A half-hour lapsed before the steamer was in range; then the captain of the *Victoria* was ordered to throw all his remaining coal in the furnace and head at full speed towards the stranger. Then Herman gave the command "Fire!" and the bullets sang through the rigging of the coaster. Herman sprang forward on to the bow of the *Victoria* and ordered the stranger

to lay to. Her officers and men could be seen rushing about her deck like so many madmen. Herman sent an occasional bullet from his revolver over their heads, "just to impress them with the seriousness of his intentions," as he said. By this time the *Victoria* had gained the side of the coaster and her engines were stopped. With trembling hands the stranger's crew let down the gangway, and a minute later the piratical "Constabularios" were on her deck.

A very badly frightened native skipper received Johnson and Herman amidships. They approached him with double-action Colts in their right hands.

"We want coal—and lots of it, too!" exclaimed Johnson.

"Si, señores! Si, señores!" ejaculated the Tagal, his teeth chattering with fright as Johnson half playfully pointed his pistol at him. "Su Harry Morgan never did a better job.

"Get your men at work filling the bunkers of the launch and be quick about it," cried Johnson. His command was instantly obeyed. The combined crews of both steamers set to work, and in an hour had filled the bunkers of the *Victoria* to overflowing.

"Adios, capitan; just tell them that you saw us," cried Johnson, as he

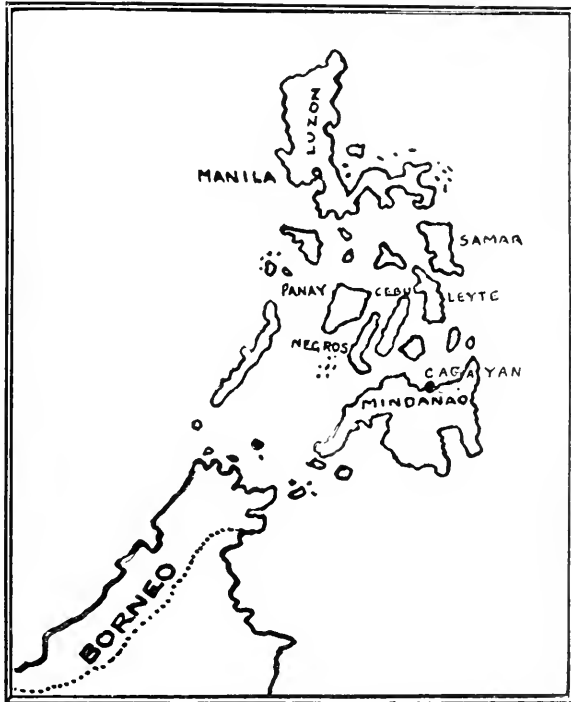
followed his men to the deck of the *Victoria*. A few minutes later she was off for the south, leaving a trail of bubbling foam in her wake, while the captain and crew of the plundered steamer watched her disappear below the horizon with eyes wide open with astonishment.

In the meantime the plundered safe at Misamis had been opened. A note was found on one of the empty shelves—left there by the robbers. It read as follows:—

"Natives have robbed this safe. I am unable to prove my innocence and have skipped the country with Herman.—Johnson."

The investigation that followed the dis-

covery of this note made known to the officials the full details of the flight. A telegraphic report was at once made to Colonel Harbord, Assistant Chief of the Constabulary, at his station at Zamboanga. The latter, in turn, called an account of the affair to General Allen, Chief of the Insular Constabulary, at Manila. While the authorities were puzzling their minds as to the best course to pursue against the pirates, the coastwise steamer that had been looted of her coal reached Misamis, and her captain made a full report to the Constabulary officials of the town concerning the outrage. He also turned over to the officers one of the "Constabularios"



MAP OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, SHOWING THE VARIOUS PLACES MENTIONED IN THIS STORY.

had deserted his comrades while engaged transferring coal from the steamer, and had concealed himself in the hold until the *Victoria* had steamed away. The evidence that this man was thoroughly confirmed the popular supposition that Herman and Johnson were heading for Borneo.

Colonel Harbord detailed Captain R. White, of the Constabulary, to proceed at once to Sandakan, the capital town of British Borneo, and secure if possible the co-operation of the British authorities in an effort to apprehend the fugitives. Both "Rajah" Brooke and his chief police, Captain Alfred Tucker Wardropp, received Captain White with perfect courtesy, and at once fitted out an expedition to patrol the east coast of Borneo. The commanding officer of this expedition had instructions to track the *Victoria* on sight if her crew showed up. However, no good came of this patrol, and Captain White returned to Zamboanga with a report that he did not believe the pirates had reached the coast of Borneo.

The belief now became prevalent in official

quarters from Manila. Their search for the pirates was futile. Governor Taft called upon Admiral Stirling for aid in the quest. The latter ordered the gunboats *Albay* and *Samar* to pursue the *Victoria*. The *Samar* sailed from Jolo and the *Albay* from Zamboanga. Two days later the gunboat *Pampanga*, commanded by Lieutenant Yates Stirling, son of the Admiral, joined in the search. She carried two six-pounders and two three-inch rapid-fire guns.

The authorities were by this time confident that Herman and Johnson had failed to reach the coast of Borneo, and the search for them was confined to the inter-island waters of the Archipelago. "Rajah" Brooke's patrol boats, however, kept a sharp look-out for the missing *Victoria* along the east coast of Borneo.

On the morning of October 1st the much-sought *Victoria* steamed into the harbour of Cagayan. She was immediately boarded by Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, of the Constabulary. Herman, Johnson, and Fuente were not on board, but their "Constabularios" were. The captain of the steamer had a strange story to tell. He related that in order to frustrate the



"THE CAPTAIN OF THE STEAMER HAD A STRANGE STORY TO TELL."

circumstances that the *Victoria* had met with an accident and her machinery was drifting in a disabled condition somewhere in the South Seas. A cruiser was accordingly dispatched from Hong-Kong, and two armed coastguard boats

were sent to the determination of Herman and Johnson to escape to Borneo he had run his craft on to a reef off the Bayan coast. Herman had threatened him with a pistol, but he had steadfastly maintained that it was impossible to clear the launch from

the reef without the assistance of another vessel. Thoroughly disgusted with the situation, the two Americans and Corporal Fuente had secured a banca, or native boat, and left the steamer, heading for the coast of Negros. The captain related with great glee how, after they had passed from sight, he ordered all hands to work, and the launch was floated without difficulty.

Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor immediately dispatched the coastguard vessel *Romblon* to the coast of Negros. Her commanding officer had instructions to capture the refugees dead or alive. The *Romblon* carried a strong detail of Constabulary and two small pieces of artillery. The *Ranger*, another vessel of the coastguard fleet, put to sea from Zamboanga, under command of Captain White, to co-operate with the *Romblon* in the search.

The "Constabularios" who had remained on the *Victoria* said that it had been the intention of Herman and Johnson to make for the east coast of Borneo up to the time that the captain of the *Victoria* had run his launch ashore at Bayan; that they talked freely of the possibilities of being attacked by a warship and meeting opposition from the British authorities of Borneo.

After leaving the *Victoria* in the banca the conspirators made straight for the coast of Negros. The proa or banca carried a large sail and had a nipa roof that protected them from the sun and rain, while six lusty proa-men

paddled her along. Having gained the protection of the Negros coast they decided that their only hope of escape lay in being picked up by a liner on the way to Australia, and accordingly hugged the shore for two days in the hope of encountering such a vessel.

On the afternoon of October 2nd the proa was coasting along the shore of Negros. Herman and Johnson were conversing under the nipa roof; Fuente was asleep in the bow. Two loaded rifles lay between the Americans and the proa-men, who were idly dipping their paddles in the water and casting sly looks of hatred at the Americans who had impressed them into their service.

Suddenly Herman uttered an exclamation and leaped to his feet. The next instant two rifle-shots rang out in rapid succession. Johnson uttered a groan and lay down in the bottom of the proa as if about to go to sleep. The bullet that a treacherous proa-man had intended for Herman missed its mark and penetrated the sleeping Fuente's collar-bone.

Before the proa men could fire another shot Herman had snatched up his "Krag" from the bottom of the banca and shot two of his assailants dead where they sat. He was just about to pull the trigger for the third time when a stalwart proa-man wrested the rifle from his hands and struck him across his right shoulder with a kris, the blow cutting deep into flesh and bone.

Herman regained his balance just in time to



"A STALWART PROA-MAN STRUCK HIM ACROSS HIS RIGHT SHOULDER."



THE NATIVE BOAT WHICH HERMAN AND JOHNSON SEIZED AFTER THE STEAMER RAN ON THE ROCKS. [Photo.]

avoid falling overboard. Before the kris-man could strike again Fuente shot him through the heart and he fell overboard, nearly upsetting the banca. When the rocking of the boat had ceased Herman brought his revolver into play, killing yet another of the assailants. The remaining two, now thoroughly frightened, sprang overboard, but Herman, the blood pouring from his wound, deliberately picked up his "Krag" and shot them both before they had made a dozen strokes. He then tore up an old shirt and rudely bandaged his damaged shoulder. He examined Fuente—who, covered with spear and bolo thrusts, had collapsed into the bottom of the boat—and gave him up for dead. Johnson was stone-dead: the bullet had penetrated his brain.

Although suffering intense agony from his wound, Herman managed

to navigate the proa to the shore, where he hastily improvised a pack and struck inland with no particular destination in mind.

The next day some native fishermen discovered the proa. They noted the dead men and the signs of a desperate struggle, and hastened to inform the presidente of the adjacent barrio, or village, of Duanguete of their discovery. The commandant of the local constabulary garrison was also notified, and at the head of a detail of his men was the first officer to reach the banca. A shallow grave was scooped out in a sand-hill and Johnson was buried in it. Fuente, although badly injured, evinced signs of approaching consciousness, and was removed to Duanguete for treatment.

Two days later Herman—the sole survivor of the mad enterprise—was captured in the hills of Eastern Cebu.

His wound had begun to mortify and he was starving. He surrendered without parley, and is now, as I have stated, in gaol awaiting trial for piracy. He is very repentant, and the nerve which carried him through so many adventures has now deserted him.

"It would have been better," he says, "if they had killed me too. I should have been spared what I am suffering now."



THE VILLAGE OF DUANGUETE, NEGROS, NEAR WHERE HERMAN LANDED. [Photo.]





ONE OF THE "SQUIRTERS" WHO PRECEDE THE PROCESSION TO CLEAR THE WAY. [Photo.]

briefly explains to the assembled public, as if they had not heard of it before, the meaning of the celebration, and goes to some extent into its history. Meantime the masked figures increase in number, a brass band comes upon the scene in full blast, and a motley crowd of men and boys disguised as various characters begin to crowd the streets, to the evident pleasure of the youth of Imst. The opening ceremony goes by the name of "Figatter," and as soon as it is completed the maskers depart in all directions, followed by the smaller fry.

At midday the carnival proper begins with a general procession to the "Ponter," a tavern where, in the presence of two very severe-looking town councillors and two members of the Festival Committee, the maskers unmask, in order that full particulars concerning them may be duly entered upon a register. The committee, by the way, is responsible from twelve to six o'clock for the proper behaviour of the carnival-makers. The entries being made, each masker has to contribute twopence to the festival fund to meet a possible deficit. On the stroke of twelve the procession starts and the populace begins its fun.

And a wet sort of fun it is at first. The head of the procession is composed of a set of active

young men who push their way through the crowd of onlookers with brass squirts or "spritzer," each about a yard long. Woe to those who do not give way, for an ice-cold stream of water in their faces or down their necks is the penalty they pay for non-obedience. The crowd understands full well what the squirts are there for, and in addition to his road-clearing duties each in common with his comrades acts as a sort of policeman. If, for instance, he notices in his progress a dispute amongst the spectators, he is supposed, like a London bobby, to settle the difference. His appearance upon the scene starts a spirited scuffle, for the squirter is expected ever to be ready for battle. If he does not exercise his power he has committed an unpardonable offence, and is ignominiously put out of the way into the nearest stable.

The squirts are followed by so-called "sackmen" and chimney-sweeps, all working actively to clear the way. Dressed in leather breeches, corduroy jackets, and sugar-loaf hats, the "sackmen" carry in their hands little bags of straw or dust, which they have no timidity in banging upon the heads of the male spectators, just as we, in our own "mafficking," use bladders. The ladies in the crowd are attended to by the sweeps, who bring soot with them for the especial purpose of blacking the faces of the local beauties. A dart here and a scream there



From a] A "SACKMAN" AND A "PAIL-MAIDEN" [Photo.]

shows that the operation has been completed, and that the sweep has passed on to attend to the next candidate for negrification. It is all, however, in the best good nature, for the crowd know what to expect, and their own cleverness is shown in their ability to get out of the way.

The decorated spectators are not, however, allowed to go dirty long, for a troop of female maskers with buckets appears, whose duty it is to clean the faces of those they pass. One dips her rag in the pail, rubs it on a bystander, and moves forward on her cleanly labours. One minds somewhat a smudge upon the face when put there by a dirty sweep, but who objects to having his face washed by a pretty girl, who, by the way, is not a girl at



A PRETTY "PAIL-MAIDEN"—IT IS HER DUTY TO WIPE THE FACES OF PEOPLE ATTACKED BY THE SACKMEN AND SWEEPS. [Photo. From a]

all? Therefore the pretty "pail-maidens" are immensely popular, and their oncoming is welcomed as strongly as their departure is deplored.

When the roads are sufficiently clear the most interesting figures in the procession appear, wearing by all odds the most interesting costumes of the day. These characters, called "Roller" and "Scheller," are of very antique extraction, for, according to an old legend, the "Roller" represents the noble ladies of the past and the "Scheller" the wicked giants who pursued them. The costumes are, indeed, unique, for nothing like them can, I believe, be seen in any other part of the world. The "Roller" wears short black breeches, white stockings, low-cut shoes with red bows, and white jacket with sleeves

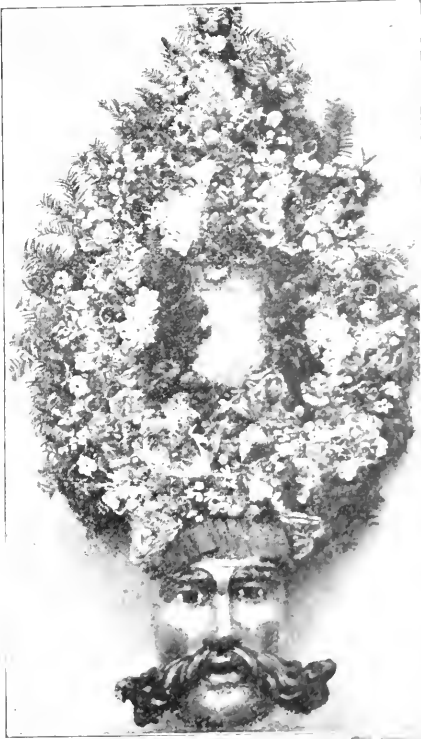


THE "ROLLER" AND "SCHELLER," WITH THEIR EXTRAORDINARY HEAD-DRESSES OF FLOWERS AND SPANGLES. [Photo. From a]. Vol. xiii.—4.



THE "ROLLER" AND "SCHELLER" WITH THEIR EXTRAORDINARY HEAD-DRESSES OF FLOWERS AND SPANGLES. [Photo. From a].





A NEARER VIEW OF THE REMAINING  
"SCHELLER" MASK AND HEAD-PIECE.  
*From a Photo.*

trimmed with red ribbons crosswise. From her right shoulder—for one must call her "Miss" although she be a boy—a sash as wide as a man's hand is draped as a scarf, decorated with ornamental beads, and round the body is worn a broad leather belt covered with small brass bells. As head-dress Miss "Roller" wears a flower-trimmed cowl, with miniature mirrors, plumes, and a coloured silk handkerchief. Over the head a white veil droops gracefully upon the shoulders, and a mask is worn, showing the face of a beautiful maiden. In the hand is carried a willow fan.

Mr. "Scheller" is dressed somewhat like his lady love, with the exception of the head gear, and a mask with male features of stern and

threatening expression. Instead of a veil he wears a red shawl, and around his body six or eight cow-bells of heavy weight and sonorous sound. He carries in his right hand a stick painted in various colours, on which is fastened a pie or a bun. It is impossible to describe the impression created by these two characters as they come dancing and jangling down the street, for the "Scheller" alone seems to be taken bodily from some old and dreadful mythology.

Their appearance is, however, hailed with delight. They dance their way along for money. Stopping for a moment in front of the houses of the gentlefolk, they kick up their graceful heels in exchange for "kroasgold," freely contributed by the householders. They vary the monotony of the dance by seizing hold of the spectators, which is considered at the time to be a special distinction, after which the captives are



THE "SCHELLER" AND "ROLLER" AT WORK. *Photo.*



politely led before the committee, who, for a trifling contribution, treat them to wine or cake, and decorate each with a small bow in order that he or she may not be troubled a second time.

Next comes a band, dressed in black frock-coats with white trousers and fez-like caps, pouring out from their instruments an ear-tearing and intentionally discordant noise, as a signal for the gathering of the witches. These, who are supposed to have come from their quarters in response to the signal, are diabolical indeed, and are armed with brooms. They sing and dance about, joining in a wild



ANOTHER VIEW OF THIS CURIOUS CARNIVAL.  
*From a Photo.*



THE "ROLLER" AND "SCHELLER" IN THE PROCESSION.  
*From a Photo.*

ballet led by an old witch with a giant broom, who is popularly regarded as the witches' mother. The witches brush the faces and dresses of those they recognise among the spectators. They wear black jackets with green sleeves, white caps and pig-tails, red stockings, and appropriate masks with crooked noses. With their band, which is their own, and quite apart from the other bands in the procession, they indulge in witch-like antics to the accompaniment of terrific noise.

The remainder of the procession is somewhat heterogeneous. A carriage containing elegantly-dressed "ladies" is followed by a car containing a merry-go-round, on which, according to the popular joke, old maids get a chance for another turn. Next comes a van with two coachmen dressed up as monkeys, and a matrimonial bureau on wheels, where shy young

men may be mated to the old maids for a trifling fee. In last year's procession a band of musicians, dressed in the costume of Meran, gave great delight to the public, and there was also a burlesque motor-car moved by two men as though on a hobby-horse, as a skit upon the previous year's automobile contest from Paris to Vienna.

A singing club for ladies and gentlemen also

The whole procession arouses extraordinary enthusiasm amongst the spectators as it files its way through the narrow streets of the village. The white-capped mountains in the background look down with dignity upon the frivolity of a sober town gone mad, and if the procession is stopped several times in the course of its peregrination by the populace it is merely from human curiosity. The exhibits may be old, but



*From a*

THE "OLD MAIDS' MERRY GO-ROUND."

*[Photo.*

takes part, a sort of modification of an older annual exhibit in which crimes and incidents of local importance were represented. A large black-board is carried in front, on which is displayed pictorially an awe-inspiring collection of twentieth-century witches and other spirits. Ballads about crimes are still sung at several places on the line of march to guitar accompaniments, and flower girls in pretty costumes distribute flowers and wine.

there is always something new to see, and the feather-capped, bare-kneed "Tiroler" vies with the merchant from Innsbruck or Landeck in his desire to see all that passes. When the procession is over a sigh of relief may be heard, for the five or six hours of unrestrained merriment have made everybody tired, and the maskers take their way to the tavern or their homes for a well-earned rest.

It is interesting to know that the masks,



From a]

THE "LADIES' BAND" IN THEIR DECORATED CAR.

[Photo.

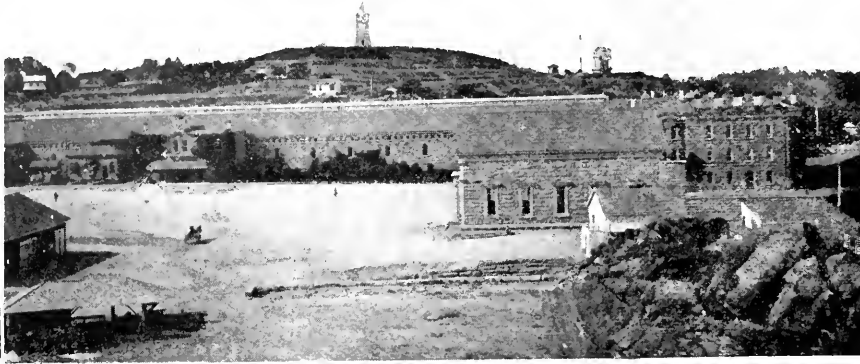
especially those of the "Scheller" and "Roller," the squitters, and other performers, are not newly made for each carnival, but are valuable and historic heirlooms. They are made from pine-wood, and most of them have been in Imst families for hundreds of years, handed down from father to son. So fond are the people of their masks that, when a house has caught on fire, the owner thinks of his other property after he has saved his masks. Men and boys only are allowed to take part in the procession. To

those who have never seen the masks before, it is perhaps a little confusing to take off a pretty female mask and find underneath a hale and hearty male face.

The procession sometimes numbers three hundred persons, and the dresses mean much in Tyrolean money. The head-dresses of the "Roller" and "Scheller," elaborate in workmanship and detail, are, to say the least, expensive ornaments, and on this account are worn with special care.



# THE GAOL-BREAK AT FOLSOM



BY  
**ARTHUR INKERSLEY** OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

On July 27th, 1903, there occurred at the California State Prison at Folsom one of the most sensational wholesale escapes on record. Thirteen convicts made a sudden dash for liberty, arming themselves from the prison armory and taking all the principal officers of the gaol with them as hostages for their own safety. Mr. Inkersley describes the exciting events which happened thereafter in quick succession, and illustrates his narrative with a complete set of photographs.



HERE are in California two State prisons — one at San Quentin, on the Bay of San Francisco, and the other near the old mining town of Folsom, in Sacramento County. To the latter are usually sent men condemned to imprisonment for long terms or for life, the discipline there being supposed to be more severe than at San Quentin. At Folsom Penitentiary there are about eight hundred convicts, many of whom are of the desperado type



THE ARMOURY AT FOLSOM PENITENTIARY, WHERE THE ESCAPED CONVICTS OBTAINED THEIR ARMS AND AMMUNITION. [Photo.]

common in Western America. They are men who have been convicted of murder, of assault with intent to murder, or of assault with deadly weapons; and, accustomed as they are to the use of revolvers and repeating rifles, they constitute a peculiarly dangerous class of criminals.

The remarkable and, so far as I know, unique feature about Folsom Penitentiary is that it has no walls surrounding it. The building containing the cells is substantially constructed of granite and seems

well adapted to its purpose. But on three sides the prison is entirely open, and, as it is situated in the midst of a rugged and thinly-settled country, it continually suggests attempts to escape. The prisoners are restrained, not by any physical obstacle such as a wall or fence, but by a circle of towers, numbering about eighteen, on which are stationed guards armed with repeating rifles. The more important towers are buildings of three stories, the lowest of stone and the two upper of wood. Some of the newest towers are built entirely of granite. In the top story of each of the larger "posts" there is a Gatling gun. These "posts" command the prison yard, the rock quarry, the stone yard, and other places where the convicts work. At night, after the prisoners have been locked up, the guards come in from the "posts," and the night patrol, aided by electric lights mounted on high poles, keeps watch.

These conditions and the remarkable amount of liberty permitted to prisoners in the West render it not at all surprising that plots to break gaol are constantly being formed. One of the most sensational and successful of these attempts took place on Monday, July 27th, 1903. At about seven o'clock in the morning four hundred men were being marched out of the prison to the yard on their way to the quarry. To the left of the gate out of which they were coming in single file is the office of the captain of the guard. The warden, Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, was sitting in the office, and with him were Mr. Harry Wilkinson, his grandson and

stenographer, Captain R. J. Murphy, and two or three other officers. Suddenly thirteen convicts fell out of the line of prisoners and rushed into the captain's office, brandishing knives and razors. The warden, the captain of the guard, and the other officers were overpowered and captured immediately. Some guards, among them being William L. Cotter and P. J. Cochrane, hearing the commotion, ran in from the prison yard. Though Cochrane had only a cane, he bravely attacked the convicts, but was

soon made prisoner. Cotter seized a chair and laid about him vigorously. Both Cotter and Cochrane were frightfully slashed, the former afterwards dying from his wounds.

Into the yard the convicts went, each holding an officer by the arm and brandishing a knife over him. The guards in the "posts" were deterred from using the Gatling guns or their rifles by the fact that each convict kept an official in front of him as a shield. Thus the party advanced to what is known as the "back gate," where they compelled James Dolan, who was on duty there, to open it by threats of killing the warden if he refused. With a yell the convicts

rushed out and ran up the narrow lane leading from the gate. Here J. J. McDonough, the general overseer, was caught and taken prisoner. In addition to those already mentioned, the officers captured by the convicts were Brown, driver of the prison ambulance; Jeter, Klondenorf, Vertrees, jun., James Dolan, Seavey, and Hopton, guards.

The next point of attack was the armoury.



"THIRTEEN CONVICTS RUSHED INTO THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, BRANDISHING KNIVES AND RAZORS."

which is in the base of the guard-post shown in one of the pictures. There were several guards in the armoury and the door was locked. The convicts demanded that it should be opened, threatening, if this was not done, to blow up the armoury and its occupants with dynamite, several sticks of which they had somehow obtained. The guards, seeing that they were powerless to aid the captured warden and officials, threw the key of the armoury to the convicts, who entered and helped themselves to ten Winchester repeating rifles, fifteen or twenty revolvers, and a quantity of ammunition. They then destroyed the remaining weapons so as to hamper the men who would soon be in pursuit of them. With the rifles on their shoulders and the revolvers stuck in the bosoms of their shirts or their trousers pockets, they pursued their way through the prison orchard. Here they were right under the Gatling guns, but the guards in the "posts" could not open fire, as the convicts kept themselves shielded by the "free men" they had with them. Soon the convicts and their unfortunate prisoners passed over the brow of the hill and out of sight.

Half an hour later the warden, hatless and walking as if in pain, was seen coming back over the hill. Some of the guards went out and assisted him to his house, where he at once set to work to plan the recapture of the desperadoes. He said that the convicts had compelled the officers to take off their suits and put on the striped garments of the prison. The band had gone straight to Mormon Island Bridge, which

crosses the South Fork of the American River about one mile from the prison.

In a little while Murphy, captain of the guard, and Harry Wilkinson, the warden's grandson, came in, the former minus his nether garments and the latter clad only in his underclothes. The convicts had released them about half a mile beyond the bridge leading to Mormon Island.

These two were followed soon by C. H. Ward, master mechanic, and Charles Jolly, a guard. Ward had been compelled to give up his cloth suit, but had not been hurt; while Jolly had come very near losing his life. In the woods beyond Mormon Island Bridge, Albert Seavis, a negro convict, threatened to "shoot the top of his head into little bits," but Frank Case, one of the escapees, interfered and saved Jolly's life. From the accounts given by the officers it was learned that the leaders of the desperadoes were J. Wood, a deserter from the United States Army in the Philippines, and R. M. Gordan,

commonly known as "Red Shirt" Gordan.

The news of the escape was at once sent to the sheriffs of Sacramento, Placer, and El Dorado Counties, and a message was also dispatched to the Governor of the State asking for military aid. In the afternoon a special train came in from Sacramento, the capital of the State, bringing doctors, nurses, officers of the National Guard, and a supply of rifles, revolvers, and shot-guns, to replace those taken by the fugitives. Company H of the Second Regiment of the National Guard arrived at Folsom City, which is three miles from the



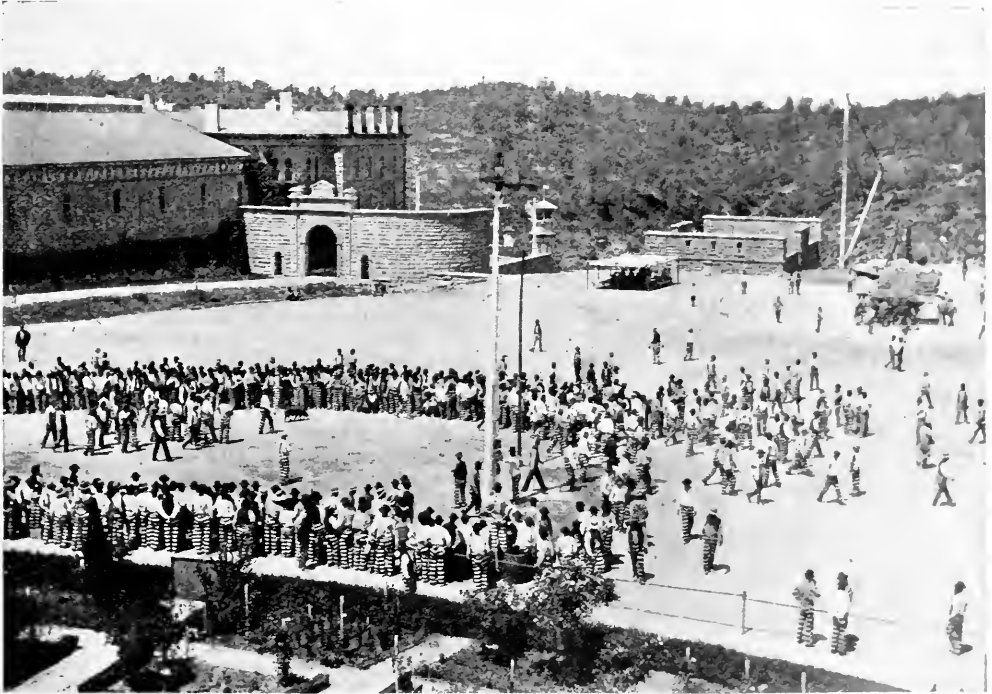
"THE CONVICTS KEPT THEMSELVES SHIELDED BY THE 'FREE MEN' THEY HAD WITH THEM."



Penitentiary, about four o'clock in the afternoon.

To return to the convicts. At Mormon Island Bridge a guard—Tom F. Ryan, who was on horseback—fired three shots at the convicts, but did not hit any of them. In the confusion Guard Vertrees dropped into the river and made his escape by swimming. At this point also "Red Shirt" Gordan left the party. The fugitives then proceeded up the waggon road toward Nigger Hill, which is about three-quarters of a mile from Mormon Island Bridge.

Pilot Hill, a small settlement consisting of a few houses, the principal one being a combined store, post-office, and hotel, kept by a man named Diehl, was reached at 2 p.m. The party now consisted of twelve convicts, seven guards, Joe Foster, Dan Schlottman, and a farm hand. The outlaws posted a guard round the hotel, and four of them with two captives went by turns into the dining-room to get food, which the hotel people were compelled to give to them. After the meal the convicts sat down in the shade near a spring and smoked the hotel-



From a]

THE PRISON YARD AT FOLSOM PENITENTIARY.

Here they attacked a farm-house, taking clothing and food therefrom. Meeting Joseph Foster, a Portuguese, who had a waggon drawn by four horses, they compelled him to turn round and drive them along the road to Bear Mountain, which is seven miles from Nigger Hill. On the way they fell in with a farmer named Dan Schlottman, driving home with a load of wood. Three of the guards were forced to throw the wood off, and the party then took his waggon, hitching both his horses and those of Foster to it. On reaching the foot of Bear Mountain the convicts left the waggon road and cut straight across country to Pilot Hill, which is on the road between Auburn, the county seat of Placer County, and Placerville, the county seat of El Dorado County.

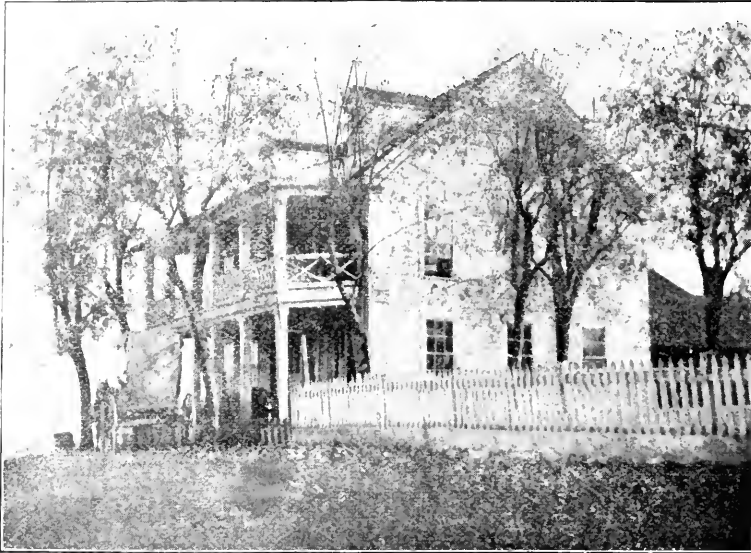
Vol. xiii.—5.

keeper's cigars, some of which they generously gave to their captives.

At 5 p.m. the stage from Auburn to Placerville arrived at Pilot Hill. Five of the convicts went out to meet it, and their leader asked the driver if he had seen any posses in pursuit. The driver replied that he had not, and was allowed to proceed on his way. A little while later a man, woman, and child drove up to the hotel in a buggy. The man was interrogated as to whether he had seen any posses, and when he replied "no" the convicts said they were all armed, and would force the free men to go with them, as shields in case of a fight with the posses in the woods, when they would be shot down. "We will stick together and die together," they cried, "and the first man to desert will be killed."

The fugitives next compelled their unfortunate captives to get into the waggon, and after climbing in themselves told the Portuguese to drive on. They had not gone fifty yards from the hotel when a perfect fusillade of bullets

to Klenzendorf to come to him, meanwhile endeavouring to throw an empty cartridge out from his rifle and put in a fresh one. Seeing that the cartridge was jammed, Klenzendorf paid no attention to the command, but ran to



[From a Photo. by]

DIEHL'S HOTEL AND POST-OFFICE AT PILOT HILL.

[A. Inkersley.]

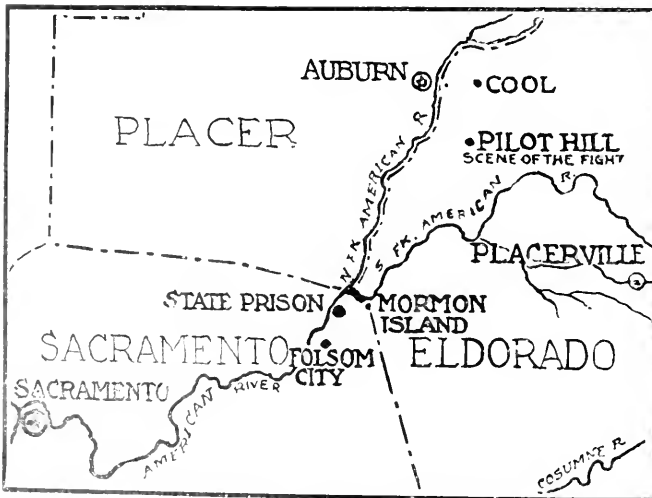
came from each side of the road. Yelling and cursing, the convicts seized the unlucky guards and held them in front of them as shields. Wood, the ringleader of the prisoners, seized Klenzendorf and with an oath said, "Jack, I have danced to your music long enough: now you shall dance to mine. You get in front of me and I will fire over your shoulder." A second volley of bullets came from the side of the road, and the convicts sent a shower in reply. While the bullets were distracting Wood's attention, Klenzendorf jumped over the side of the waggon into the road. Albert Seavis, the negro convict, nicknamed "Smoky," called out fiercely

the rear as fast as he could. Another convict ordered him to stop and fired three shots at him, but missed him.

In a short time Klenzendorf got back to the Pilot Hill Hotel, and spent the night there. He learnt that the attack on the convicts had been made by posses from Auburn and Folsom, who

had taken up positions on either side of the road, behind stone walls. Some of the bullets killed one of the horses, compelling the convicts to abandon the waggon and their food. Convict Allison was shot through the heart, and died shortly after.

Under the cover of approaching darkness the convicts, with five



MAP SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF FOLSOM GAOL AND PILOT HILL, WHERE THE CONVICTS WERE AMBUSHED BY THE AUBURN AND FOLSOM POSSES.



guards and two civilians as prisoners, got away from the ambush and marched up the road, soon turning off into the dense brush between Pilot Hill and the South Fork of the American River. After moving on, with occasional rests, for nearly two hours, at about 9.30 p.m. a council was held to determine their future course. Wood, Theron, and Eldridge said the game was up, and the best thing to do was to let the prisoners go. Seavis demurred, advising that all the guards be killed, but the others would not consent to this bloodthirsty suggestion. Wood, Theron, and Eldridge left the party and disappeared into the brush. The rest of the convicts would not allow Seavis to shoot, and about ten o'clock told the prisoners to go. Needless to say, the captives quickly did so, and, after getting out on the road again, rested till daylight. They then made their way to the hotel at Pilot Hill, about six miles distant.

After the fight the posses saw that pursuit in the darkness was impossible, the country being so densely overgrown with brush that the pursuers might pass within a few feet of the convicts without seeing them or having the slightest idea of their proximity. Under such circumstances the fugitives could pick off the pursuers as they chose.

Men kept coming in to Pilot Hill all night, and at three o'clock next morning there were about one hundred and twenty-five sheriffs and their deputies present, as well as the militiamen. Auburn, Lotus, and Placerville were the headquarters of other posses, and of the army of newspaper correspondents and photographers who had speedily assembled.

From this point onwards the difficulty of the pursuit became very great. As the convicts were all dressed in ordinary civilian clothes, much like those worn by the members of the posses, it was impossible for the officers to distinguish them from law-abiding citizens, or for a farmer to tell whether the strangers coming to his house and demanding food were pursuers or pursued.

At six o'clock on Thursday morning, July 30th, it was rumoured that the convicts were at Lotus, six miles from Pilot Hill, and were proceeding in the direction of Lake Tahoe and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The whole country became full of reports that convicts had been seen here or there, or had called at this or that farm-house for provisions. The towns in this region are very small, consisting of little more than a house or two and a few farms, and connected by narrow and little-travelled roads. The country is rugged, broken up by ravines, and densely covered with thickets of manzanita and chaparral, affording excellent cover. The

pursuers, not being eager to risk their lives in night conflicts, in which they would be at a great disadvantage, carried on their search almost wholly by daylight, whereas the convicts travelled chiefly at night.

The pursuit became utterly disorganized, for there were so many posses in the field that they got in each other's way, and there was more danger of being shot by the members of another posse than by the convicts. Ex-convicts living in the region threw the pursuers off the track of the fugitives by spreading false reports of the convicts' whereabouts. Moreover, jealousy sprang up between the various sheriffs and their deputies, each being anxious to gain the glory and reward of a capture. The proprietors of the small hotels, too, manufactured rumours likely to keep the posses hanging round their places, which did a rushing business day and night for a week or two.

Though nothing certain is known, it is supposed that after the conflict at Pilot Hill the escapees, in accordance with the plan determined upon before the outbreak, went northwards over the old "Robbers' Trail" to Greenwood, George's Slide, and Otter Creek; thence to Forest Hill and across the Middle Fork of the American River to the Rubicon country. This trail runs through the wildest regions in California, and few of the inhabitants, even of the mountain districts, have ever been over it.

By the 31st of the month the pursuit came to an absolute standstill, all trace of the convicts being lost. The under-sheriffs and militiamen, tired out with fruitless efforts, became weary of the chase. The National Guardsmen spent the 31st in the shade in the little town of Lotus. Sheriff Keena, of Placer County, said: "I believe the convicts have separated and skipped out. I thought several days ago that the men had escaped the posses, and I believe the search will be fruitless." Inspired by these sentiments, the sheriff of El Dorado County and the militiamen of Company H went back home to Placerville.

The very next day, however, the fugitives were heard from. Before noon on August 1st reports came pouring into Placerville from the houses to the effect that seven convicts had been seen making their way towards the boundary between the States of California and Nevada. Posses were organized and hurriedly sent out. Lieutenant Smith, of Company H, with five men and two waggons and provisions, rode about seven miles to the summit of Pilot Hill. The men's names were A. J. Smith, Bob, Will, and Festus Rutherford, Bruce, James, William, and Gill. About half a mile from the Grand Victory Mine they left the waggons and

proceeded in skirmish formation up Manzanita Hill, which is about two hundred feet high and almost covered with dense brush. When within fifteen paces of the undergrowth Lon Bell stepped on a log and saw a band of suspicious-looking men crouching in the chaparral. "There they are, boys!" he shouted. The convicts fired at once, killing Jones and Festus Rutherford and wounding Gill. Gill dropped behind a log and fired one shot. The other men

the bottom of the hill, so that it was considered impossible for the convicts to escape. At dawn it was decided to set fire to the brush on the hill and so force the outlaws to come out or be burned to death. At 6.30 a.m. the brush on the south and east sides of the hill was fired, and the posses prepared to receive the convicts, whom they expected soon to see emerging from the blazing undergrowth. Before the fire reached the scene of the previous day's fight fourteen



"GILL DROPPED BEHIND A LOG AND FIRED ONE SHOT."

in the party fired at random and retreated as fast as they could to the mine. Gill, bleeding profusely, crawled over the rocks to join his companions. Lieutenant Smith ran back to the waggons and instructed the people there to get reinforcements and doctors as quickly as possible. Messengers on horseback rode into Placerville and told the news. The townspeople, furious at the killing of their men, at once made up posses to go out and surround the hill where the fight took place. The night was marked by a distressing fatality. About two o'clock on Sunday morning a civilian named Will Stringer was met by William Blake, a member of a posse, near the mine. He was called on to halt, but, being deaf, did not hear the call. Blake fired and killed him.

The meeting between the convicts and militiamen had taken place at 4.30 in the afternoon, and at 7.30 in the evening the hill was surrounded, guards being stationed at intervals of twelve paces in all the ravines and gullies at

volunteers, led by William Rutherford and William Burgess, recovered the dead bodies of Festus Rutherford and W. G. Jones. Both had been hit by several bullets.

In the convicts' camp the members of the posse found three hats, three vests, a can of water, some rounds of ammunition, and two revolvers. A pair of field-glasses, stolen by Convict Wood from the store at Pilot Hill, was also picked up. After the brush had been burned and every part of the hill examined, it was discovered that the hunted men, apparently so securely surrounded, had somehow escaped from the cordon. From the articles left behind it was supposed that they had departed from the scene of the fight immediately. At 10.30 a.m. the pursuers, worn out from loss of sleep and having accomplished nothing except the recovery of the bodies of the two dead militiamen, returned to their homes, there being no clue to show in what direction the fugitives had gone after leaving Manzanita Hill.

For a day or two the air was thick with conflicting rumours, out of which nothing clear could be disentangled. At the end of seven days from the outbreak only one convict had been accounted for, and nearly all trace of the others was lost. Now and then news would come of some of them entering the cabin of a lonely miner or farmer and forcing him to supply them with food. But the luckless man could give no valuable information to the officers, as he had been only too glad to get rid of his unwelcome visitors and could not tell in what direction they went after leaving his place.

On Wednesday, August 5th, deputies from the sheriffs' offices of Sacramento and Yolo Counties found one of the convicts, J. P. Roberts, asleep in a thicket near Davisville, a small town thirteen miles from Sacramento. When he awoke he found himself covered by the rifles of the deputies, and although he was armed with a forty-five calibre revolver he had no chance to use it. After his capture he said that he and Howard had left the main body of the fugitives after the fight at Pilot Hill and had returned down the North Fork of the American River to Folsom City, where they procured food. All day Sunday they had remained in hiding, and at night had gone to Sacramento. Roberts's intention was to get down to San Francisco and ship on the first vessel leaving that port. Howard, his companion, was not captured.

Next day the conductor of a freight train, on arriving at Auburn, reported that he thought that Seavis, the negro convict, was on the cars. Charles Keena, Sheriff of Placer County, and one of his deputies, both armed with short-barrelled repeating shot-guns, loaded with buck-shot, hurried to the railroad station, each taking one side of the train. They soon caught sight of Seavis and told him to halt. The convict began to run, firing his revolver, but he hit no one. Then Sheriff Keena, kneeling down, took aim under the body of a freight car

and wounded Seavis in the legs. The convict dropped to the ground, threw away his revolver, and cried out, "Don't kill me! Don't shoot!" Keena replied, "Hands up!" and Seavis answered, "My hands are up; don't shoot!" In the gaol it was learned that he had got on the train at Newcastle, four miles below Auburn. The wives and children of the ranchers of the thinly-settled districts of El Dorado County were delighted to hear of the capture of Seavis, for they felt a peculiar dread of this bloodthirsty black man, who was always ready to suggest murder. After his capture the excitement subsided.

On August 23rd, long after the chase had been abandoned, Convict J. Murphy was captured at Reno, in the State of Nevada, and next day J. Wood, the leader, was caught in a barber's shop in the same town, as he sat in the chair, half his face shaved and the other half covered with lather. His revolver being in the pocket of his coat, which lay on a chair, he could offer no resistance, or it is highly probable that he would have shot the deputy and made good his escape. When told that he was wanted he asked, "How are you going to identify me?" "By this,"



"HE ASKED, 'HOW ARE YOU GOING TO IDENTIFY ME?'"

said the constable, drawing a photograph from his pocket a photograph and his name. The convict said, "Pard, it's all right." It is believed that Wood was captured in a barber's shop while Wood was shaving.

constable was so intent upon the capture of Wood that he paid no attention to Theron.

As regards the rest of the convicts, it is supposed that by twos or threes they made their way to the border-line of Nevada through a wild, rugged country, strewn with great granite boulders and lava from extinct volcanoes, or covered with dense undergrowth. The pursuit died out, the sheriffs and their deputies not relishing the arduous and dangerous work of traversing wild regions with small chances of coming up to the convicts, and the probability of being killed if they did stumble upon them. The rewards offered by the State were not considered large enough to recompense them for the risk, and many of them preferred to do their man-hunting along the roads in buggies and waggons, with hotels near at hand for refreshment and sleep.

As is clearly shown by the above narrative, only one convict was really killed or captured by the hundreds of pursuers. The others gave themselves away by venturing into towns. In the prisons of the West many, if not most, of the convicts acquire the habit of eating opium, which is "planted" near the prison and brought

in as opportunity offers. They become "dope fiends," and their craving for the drug leads them to run almost any risk to procure it. As Wood, the cleverest of the recaptured convicts, said, "The want of the drug led to my capture. I thought I could find out in the barber's shop where Chinatown was, and I expected to purchase opium there." Murphy, when captured, said, "I was tired out from a hard trip, and came into town to rest up. I knew it was foolish, but Miller and I decided to take the chance." The "rest" that Murphy was so desirous of probably meant the opportunity to get "dope."

The story of this outbreak illustrates once more the trite old maxim that "truth is stranger than fiction." Had a writer, familiar with the conditions that exist in the penitentiaries of Western America, told a fictitious story of a gaol-break so startling, so sensational, and so surprisingly successful as that of the thirteen convicts who escaped from Folsom, California, on July 27th, 1903, his narrative would have been regarded as incredible, overstepping the limits of reasonable probability—in short, as a ridiculous exaggeration.

PLEASE POST IN A CONSPICUOUS PLACE



ESCAPED CONVICTS



\$550 REWARD FOR EACH



A Reward of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be paid by the Governor of the State of California and an additional Reward of FIFTY DOLLARS by the Board of State Prison Directors for the arrest and detention until they can be reached by the State Prison authorities with due process, or the persons of the same can be positively identified by the same authorities, of each of the following named Convicts who escaped from the State Penitentiary at Folsom, California, on the 27th day of July, 1903.

DESCRIPTIONS

FRANK HOWARD (No. 4223)

Nativity Wisconsin, weight 170 lbs., age 30 years, height 5 feet 6 inches, build stout, complexion fair, color of eyes gray; color of hair red brown, muscular frame, square features, large muscular nose, long curly features, large sharp nose, slightly turned to right; deep-set eyes, left larger than right, large forehead, prominent ears, left larger than right, low narrow forehead, large mouth, dimple in chin. A white scar on left upper arm, small dark mole under right nipple.

JOSEPH THERON (No. 4419)

Nativity California, weight 155 lbs., age 30 years, height 5 feet 6 inches, build stout, complexion fair, color of eyes gray, color of hair brown, low forehead, large ears, thick lips, large ear right side of face, square jaw, pointing into throat, ear on right brow, mole right shoulder blade, India ink marks, American Coat of Arms and flag right upper arm, dagger pointing down inside of right forearm, ball-dancer on lower right arm, below it is a star and anchor, line dot between left index finger and thumb.

RICHARD M. GORDAN (No. 4748)

Nativity Ohio, weight 155 lbs., age 25 years, height 5 feet 1 inch, build medium at all, complexion fair, color of eyes hazel, color of hair dark brown, small ears, narrow chin, large prominent ears, full square forehead, small mouth, good irregular teeth, square shoulders, five lines on forehead, scar on nose on left upper arm, ear across chin, small moles right eyes, small ear on right side of back, India ink spot between thumb and index finger left hand.

RAY FAHEY (No. 4967)

Nativity Nevada, weight 145 lbs., age 25 years, height 5 feet 7 inches, build medium stout, complexion fair ruddy, color of eyes hazel gray, color of hair dark brown; long nose points to left, large mouth, good teeth, muscular arms; large wart top of right wrist; one wart base of 3d finger right hand, one wart 3d joint middle finger right hand, one wart index finger right hand, 2 large burns scars top of left forearm, back of neck covered with freckles; deep scar 1 1/2 inches long left side top of head.

EDWARD DAVIS (No. 5096)

Nativity Illinois, weight 150 lbs., age 24 years, height 5 feet 7 inches, build slender, complexion fair; color of eyes blue, color of hair light, large ears out from head; large nose; medium mouth; good teeth, discolored, sharp pointed chin; low narrow forehead; small ear right side outer back of head; one ear right side of upper lip, one round ear above right eyebrow.

FRANK CASE (No. 5099)

Nativity California, weight 120 lbs., age 28 years, height 5 feet 5 inches, build medium muscular, complexion black; color of eyes black, color of hair black, narrow thin features, low square forehead, thick nose, medium mouth, sharp pointed chin, ears close to head, deep water-etch side nose, varicose marks left upper arm; scar inside left forearm, scar on left thumb, scar left forefinger; a small black mole on back of neck, 2 on breast, and one on cheek, mole on left jaw, mole on left side head ear top.

H. ELDRIDGE (No. 5345)

Nativity California, weight 150 lbs., age 45 years, height 5 feet 8 1/2 inches, build stout, stocky; complexion fair, color of eyes blue; color of hair light brown; large mouth, good teeth, sharp pointed nose; medium ears, short thick hands; large varicose mark on left upper arm; scar outer back of head; mole center of forehead above left eye, large round scar right side center of forehead above ear; bald on top of head; scar on upper lip.

FRANK MILLER (No. 5358)

Nativity California, weight 160 lbs., age 20 years, height 5 feet 4 1/2 inches, build short, stocky; complexion fair, color of eyes blue; color of hair light brown; small ears well out from head; medium mouth; good teeth; square features, low narrow forehead; small irregular scar outer of forehead over left eye; large ear left mole on top of head; large teeth mark left side outer of back; large straight ear left side upper lip extending to chin.

Address all information to either of the undersigned: THOMAS WILKINSON, Warden State Prison, Folsom, Cal. H. S. BOSQUIT, Sheriff El Oorado Co., Placerville, Cal. DAVE REESE, Sheriff Sacramento Co., Sacramento, Cal. T. K. MORRAN, Sheriff Amador Co., Jackson, Cal. THE HARRY N. MORSE DETECTIVE SERVICE, 430 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

ISSUED BY AUTHORITY, HARRY N. MORSE San Francisco, August 25, 1903.



## THE ADVENTURES OF A MAKE-BELIEVE

BY *LUNATIC.*  
*John N. Raphael, of Paris.*

The amusing experience which befell a well-known Parisian journalist. In search of sensational "copy" he pretended to be insane, and got himself taken to the asylum. Once inside that institution, however, he discovered that it was much easier to get in than to get out, and underwent many trials and tribulations ere he was set free again. The photographs accompanying the story are careful reconstructions of the actual scenes.



NEWSPAPER men in search of special articles have many curious adventures, and latterly the craving for "sensation" stories has become very noticeable—even in the Paris Press, where formerly news was confined within the closest limits, and the articles, when non-political, were mainly literary and of a fanciful description.

During the last few years, however, several well-known Parisian journalists have made a speciality of what are technically known as *choses vécues* stories—stories, that is, of personal adventures happening to themselves, and the names of M. Vallier, Georges Daniel, Jeanne Brémontier, and others are famous all over France for the peculiar situations into which their search for "copy" has led them.

M. Daniel, for instance, to prove that the Louvre Museum's treasures were not guarded with sufficient care, contrived to hide himself in the sarcophagus of an Egyptian king, and spent

the night there. Another journalist, whose name escapes me, threw himself into the Seine, and then wrote a column on the failure of the Prefect's Newfoundland dogs to rescue him. Mme. Brémontier, the Helen of the Paris Press, disguised her dainty personality in the rags of a female costermonger and recounted her doings in the *Matin*, and as for the reconstructions of Messrs. Vallier and Daniel, they have been as many and as varied as those of Autolycus.

But of all these journalists, however, none were more unexpectedly notorious than the one which befell M. Vallier (and which has become a sensational story for the Paris Press) about the time that the *Journal des Débats* and Mariott, another journalist, were in the city, caused a certain stir as to the existence of the Paris madhouses, and the fact that a personal inquirer, who had been taken to a police asylum, the *Hospice de la Pitié*, called, would inter-study the various



From a "TURNING TO A LAMP-POST, HE BEGAN TO ARGUE OUT THE POINT WITH IT." [Photo.]

Tall, gaunt, and rather sallow of complexion, with dark brown eyes, of which the whites are somewhat abnormally large, M. Vallier—after rumpling his hair and beard and examining himself in the looking-glass—came to the conclusion that, when he wished, he could look mad enough for his purpose, and so he wandered out to look for a policeman and get himself arrested.

Fortune was with him, for, as he strolled along one of the Boulevards on the left bank of the river, he saw, not a policeman, but two plain-clothes detectives, whom he knew well by sight, and who did not know him. As he passed them the would-be madman burst into a yell of scornful laughter and began talking loudly to himself of "the insanity of the police, who are unable to protect His Majesty King Edward from the troops of his cousin of Sahara." He noticed that the two detectives strolled away from him, so as not to attract his attention, and, turning to a lamp-post, he began to argue out the point with it.

"You don't agree with me ?

That's simply because you insist on standing there and talking instead of listening to what I have to say. I tell you I am right and you are wrong."

The lamp-post, obviously, did not reply.

"You utter scoundrel!" shouted M. Vallier, warming to his work and shaking his fist savagely at the offender, while from the tail of his eye he noticed that the two secret service men were growing interested. "You utter scoundrel; I'll confound you yet!"

He interviewed that silent lamp-post at some length, and presently the two

detectives came up and inquired into his doings.

"Ah, gentlemen," said he, mysteriously, "I'm very glad to see you, but let us step aside so that he—nodding at the lamp-post—does not hear. You'll notice," he continued, oratorically,



"THE TWO DETECTIVES CAME UP AND INQUIRED INTO HIS DOINGS."

From a Photo.



"ALL THREE PROCEEDED TO THE OFFICE—NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN A POLICE-STATION."  
*From a Photo.*

"how cleverly that tall, impassive person pretends to be inanimate, but he is not"—here his voice sank to an impressive whisper—"he is the shining light of Jacques I.'s first Cabinet, Lampadaire, the Prime Minister, and he is here to spy upon King Edward. Hush! he's listening." And with another scowl at "Lampadaire," M. Vallier proceeded to grow confidential

"My name is Hopopoulo, and I am a delegate from the Emperor of Morocco. I've come on special business, and I want to warn King Edward of his danger. I really am a most important person."

The two detectives, convinced by now that M. Vallier was as crazy as he certainly appeared to be, bowed low to humour him. They then explained that if he would go with them they would escort him to a secret servant of His Majesty the King of England, so that the necessary warning might be given and His Majesty protected against the designs of his Saharan "cousin."

Upon their way, during a declamatory outburst of "Hopopoulo," the two detectives, with the

and some other of the... they went to the... proceeded to the office of the "secret servant" of King Edward," who, M. Vallier pointed out, would be extremely glad to see him.

The office need I say it? was nothing more or less than a police station, and King Edward's secret agent was the police commissary. He, just as convinced as were the two detectives of Vallier's insanity,

handed him over on some pretext to the two infirmity doctors, who took down—or



"HOPPOULO IS MY NAME, AND I AM THE..."  
*From a Photo.*



pretended to take down—his rather rambling statement.

It was at this point that M. Vallier's performance rose to a height of tense dramatic value. "Hopopoulo—Mr. Signor Herr von Hopopoulo is my name," he said, "and here is my *carte de visite*." He produced a big sheet of cardboard with a peculiar scrawl of hieroglyphics in red and black ink upon it.

One of the doctors made a sign to an attendant, and "Mr. Signor Herr von Hopopoulo" was accommodated with a white canvas jacket and seated upon a chair while the two doctors proceeded to examine him, turning up his eyelids to look into the whites of his eyes, and generally searching for symptoms which should enable them to classify the form of his disease. He was set down upon the official sheet as suffering from "neuralgic hypochondriasis," and at this stage the doctors ascribed the probable genesis of his case to "neurotic diathesis," or breakdown in a brain to all appearance congenitally perfect.

Vallier—who talked incessantly throughout the medical examination—caught a glimpse of the treatment which was being prescribed for him, and came to the conclusion that it would not suit his purpose, for he was to be taken away to the country and undergo a simple and uncomplicated treatment. He promptly made up his mind, and with a rapidity which, as he has since said, ought to have aroused the doctors' suspicions as to the genuineness of his case, became a roaring, raving maniac, whose violence was such that the two doctors found themselves compelled to put him into a strait-waistcoat, so that he should be unable to do himself or them an injury.

Either the doctors were lacking in experi-

ence or M. Vallier's acting as a madman must have been superb, for mania simulation is by no means so easy a matter as very many people think; and, although frauds are frequently perpetrated on the unscientific public by folk pretending to be out of their minds for some purpose or another, the doctors are rarely deceived. It is, in fact, almost as difficult for a sane person successfully to pretend to be mad, and to keep the deception up under the eye of an expert, as it is for a mad person to pretend successfully that he is sane. Of course, such frauds are sometimes perpetrated with considerable success,

but they are very rare, and usually fail by the forgetfulness or want of knowledge on the patient's part of some slight detail which proves to the doctor that his mental balance has not been overthrown.

As soon as they had got him safely into the strait-waistcoat the doctors hurried "Hopopoulo" off into a solitary cell, where he was left alone to think things out, and came to the conclusion that playing mad was not the easiest of work. He was left to his meditation for some hours, and when night came and he began to feel the pangs of hunger a very frugal

meal was brought him by a warder, who fed him like a baby and then left him to himself.

That night, though he was not in the most comfortable of quarters and the strait-waistcoat cramped him horribly, the make-believe lunatic slept very soundly, for his exertions had tired him a good deal. The next morning his hands were released and he was taken to the doctors.

Whether they had suspicions of him already, or whether these suspicions came later, I cannot say; but, however that may be, they explained to their patient, "seeing that just now you are absolutely sane," that his case was one which would require very severe and isolated treat-



"THE TWO DOCTORS PROCEEDED TO EXAMINE HIM."  
From a Photo.



ment. "You will be douched with ice-cold water several times a day," they told him, "and, above all, kept quite apart from anybody else in the asylum. The sight of other patients could not fail to excite you, and you have been very violent, you know."

Then M. Vallier began to think his efforts had gone far enough, and that, as he was now inside the citadel, a declaration of his real identity would be sufficient to induce the doctors to allow him to inspect their methods in a less exciting manner, and that he could as well, and far more comfortably, collect all other information he might need without any further maltreatment.

"I am a journalist," he said — "a journalist on the *Journal*, and am not really in the least insane."

"Of course not," said the doctors, soothingly; "of course you're not insane. We should be mad to think you were. But you are far from being well, you know, and a little needle-douche will do you a great deal of good before you go to see His Majesty King Edward."

"Ten thousand demons fly away with His Majesty!" shouted poor "Hopopoulo," who saw the doctor's hand upon the bell. But in spite of his



"HE CAME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT PLAYING MAD WAS NOT THE EASIEST OF WORK." *[Photo.]*

thought and good fortune, he was fortunate enough to find a newspaper man among the things that he brought out again.

During these hours of thought Vallier suddenly remembered that in his pockets somewhere was a *carte d'identité* or *coupe-fils*, a little card signed by its owner and countersigned by the Prefect of Police, which, pasted on a photograph of its possessor and stamped with the official seal of the

Préfecture de Police, enables a newspaper man in Paris to explain who he is to all and anybody when such explanation becomes necessary.

Vallier was so insistent with the man who took him food that the warden eventually consented to inform the doctors of the existence of this card, and in Vallier's own presence his coat was gone through and the *coupe-fils* found. The doctors were by no means pleased, but "Hopopoulo" chuckled and declared his firm intention of putting them as noses and coats and putting up a list of doctors with the first opportunity. He then returned to his prison cell.



"I AM NOT REALLY IN THE LEAST INSANE." *[Photo.]*

establishment went for poor "Hopopoulo" with wet towels, flapping, buffeting, and stinging him till he was nearly crazy in reality instead of make-believe.

I fancy that the open door he spotted as he raced down a corridor was purposely left open, and that it was not quite by accident that his hat, jacket, and overcoat had been laid upon a chair beside it. He did not stop to ask for leave to go, but fled, and it was with a sigh of the deepest satisfaction that he arrived at the *Journal* office in the Rue Richelieu some hours later, and sat down to write out the story of his adventure.

A few days afterwards, when it appeared in print, he called upon the doctors, and the three went through "Hopopoulo's" story again together. Of course, the medicos declared they knew he was attempting to deceive them from the outset; and equally, of course, Vallier is certain that they took him for a genuine lunatic until they saw his *carte d'identité*. But whether he succeeded in deceiving them or no, one thing is very certain, and that is that "Hopopoulo" will not make the acquaintance of a lunatic asylum again—at least, not on purpose.



THE THREE "PUT THE DOCTOR'S" STORY AGAIN TOGETHER."



THE THREE "PUT THE DOCTOR'S" STORY AGAIN TOGETHER."

marked. This is a very serious matter, and it is a very serious matter. Your name is seen as Hopopoulo's—

—S. The doctor's name is not to be mentioned. The doctor's name is not to be mentioned.

—The doctor's name is not to be mentioned. The doctor's name is not to be mentioned.

—N. The doctor's name is not to be mentioned. The doctor's name is not to be mentioned.

—The doctor's name is not to be mentioned. The doctor's name is not to be mentioned.

# The Graveyard of the Grand Banks.

By P. T. McGRATH, OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

All about Sable Island, the terrible "Graveyard of the Grand Banks" which has been the scene of more wrecks than any other place in the Seven Seas. The author describes many of the terrible disasters which have taken place at this lonely isle, and illustrates his narrative with some impressive photographs.



NE hundred miles off the Atlantic seaboard, between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and right across the track of ocean travel lies a midjet island of sand, a yellow barrier of shelving dunes notorious the world over as the "Graveyard of the Grand Banks," the scene of more wrecks than almost any other dangerous zone in all the Seven seas.

This is Sable Island, the "Isle of Death" of the earliest navigators and the "graveyard" of those who followed after. Ever since the dawn of discovery in the New World this terrible islet has lured ships to their doom. Some of the most awful catastrophes in marine annals have occurred on this sandy spit, and the Admiralty charts record over two hundred known wrecks there, while countless fishing and trading vessels are swallowed up bodily and leave no trace of their end.

Only last spring some fishermen trawling there came upon the hull of a big steamer submerged in ten feet of water, though none knew of such a disaster and no wreckage had driven ashore. She was, doubtless, a freighter bound across the Grand Banks, and struck on a steep sunken ridge, being engulfed by the breakers with all hands. It is estimated that the bones of five thousand human beings are buried in the shifting sands, and that property to the value of millions of pounds has met destruction there.

Sable Island is a vanishing landmark, and herein lies its greatest danger. Scientists regard it as the last visible remnant of the submerged territory now known as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and say that within twenty years it too will have been obliterated and obliterated by the ceaseless action of waves and waves. The billowing, shifting seas are disintegrating, the everlasting wash of the ponderous breakers frets away the unstable shore, and the furious gales which flog the

surface spread the sand in drifts over the shallow waters, hurrying the work of destruction.

The Caribs, after discovering Newfoundland in 1497, started and sailed this lonely reef of sand. The Basques and Portuguese discovered it. During the sixteenth century explorers, colonizers, and adventurers trooped ashore there. De Lery in 1571, St. Lawrence in 1576, and Lestart in 1611, besides others, all of whom made a permanent settlement there. In 1713 it was the scene of many naval battles, and those days were full of the horrors of fire and current, and Sable Island at that time was of many a merchant's ruin, the wrecking of their vessels or sailing overboard of their crews and goods.

In those times the isle was a barren, rocky, and very low-lying two hundred miles long, and was covered with its forest of birch and spruce, and the sea. Gradually the isle was being eroded, weakened and its sandy dunes were being blown away. Its visible area is less than one-third of its length and one-fifth of its width, and the elevations are only a few feet high, and the entire end stretches out for a distance of a few feet below water level. The isle is now represented by the high dunes, and the few ships which still come to anchor in the bay are the only ones which are not wrecked there. The isle is now a barren, rocky, and very low-lying two hundred miles long, and was covered with its forest of birch and spruce, and the sea. Gradually the isle was being eroded, weakened and its sandy dunes were being blown away. Its visible area is less than one-third of its length and one-fifth of its width, and the elevations are only a few feet high, and the entire end stretches out for a distance of a few feet below water level. The isle is now represented by the high dunes, and the few ships which still come to anchor in the bay are the only ones which are not wrecked there.

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From a

THE LIGHTHOUSE AT THE EASTERN END OF SABLE ISLAND.

[Photo.

and the Admiralty had a ship locating new reefs there all one recent summer.

In winter the island is unapproachable, through storms, ice-floes, and contending currents. The latter circle the whole area, and carry casks and wreckage and dead bodies round it many times. Of what happens there between December and May the world has had no means of knowing hitherto until spring, for it is not connected by cable with the mainland, but the Canadian Government has just voted twenty-five thousand dollars to instal wireless telegraphy on the island, and henceforth the frequent disasters which take place during these months will be reported as they occur, and the anxiety of friends of survivors relieved by the names of the rescued being made public. American fishing vessels, in the frozen herring trade with Newfoundland, are the chief victims then, and when they strike they usually go to pieces and drown all hands. Carrier pigeons were employed some years ago to convey the winter reports, but though one brought news of a wreck two months before it could be otherwise reported, the intense cold was too great for the birds and their employment had to be abandoned.

One of the first disasters at Sable Island of which we have note was that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's ship *Delight*. The gruesome list of marine horrors enacted during three centuries includes frigates, galleons, pirates, merchantmen, privateers, fisher craft, and the liners and freighters of more modern times. One cannot visit the island and stroll along the sloping shore without seeing countless wrecks of all sorts and sizes and nationalities, wooden ships and iron steamers, in every stage of collapse, fringing the terraced coast-line, their

naked ribs and gaping hulls projecting through the sands like the bones of some dead and gone monsters.

In the summer of 1902 a hurricane exposed an upturned boat that had been for years buried deep in the drifting sand. Beneath it the skeletons of twenty-four persons were found, but no trace of their identity. They had probably been part of the crew of some ship wrecked on the sunken ledges outside who had escaped and rowed to the land, where, finding no shelter from the elements, they turned over their boat to huddle beneath it, and while they slept perished by its being overwhelmed by the sand-storms. An idea of the force of these may be gained from the fact that in 1881 a gale removed bodily from one section of the island an area a quarter of a mile long by seventy feet wide, and the next swept away thirty feet of the whole width of the island.

With its grim record in ancient times it early afforded employment to wreckers and ghouls, descendants of convicts sent there by France in 1598 and ruffians who joined them subsequently. At first these vagabonds lived in shelters built from the planks with which the shore was strewn and dressed in the shaggy skins of seals killed each spring. But gradually they enriched themselves with the salvage the waves gave up, the jewels and money found on dead bodies, and the plunder secured from the valuable cargoes in the stranded hulls.

Terrible tales were told from time to time of ships lured to destruction by false beacons, of the bodies of the dead being mutilated to get the rings from their fingers, of murder, even, being done to secure the property of the survivors. Pirates, too, it is said, buried their

boards in the sandy soil, and at intervals the French and British authorities, as each ruled Nova Scotia, deported the disreputable gangs from the island on the complaint of some tortured wretch who had escaped from their hands.

In 1780, during the Revolutionary War, the troopship *Hermes*, bound to New York, drove ashore there with seven hundred souls aboard. Every boat launched from her was swamped by the fearful waves, and scores were swept away as they crowded the decks. Eventually a line was got to land by lashing it round an empty barrel and letting the waves drive it ashore. By means of this a daring seaman swam in, got a hawser along and fastened it to one of the oaken ribs of some previous derelict, and in this way three hundred and eighty were rescued. On landing they found themselves almost without sustenance, and had to hunt down the cattle and horses left by the Portuguese two centuries before and a cargo of sheep and pigs sent there some years previously by a Boston philanthropist for the use of the castaways who might be driven to seek shelter on this lonely isle.

In November, 1797, the *Princess Amelia*, from London, was wrecked there, twenty-five persons being lost and thirty saved. Among the latter was Lieutenant Cochrane (afterwards Earl of Dundonald), who patched up the long-boat, decked her with canvas, and sailed across to Nova Scotia, where he obtained a vessel to return and rescue the others. Two years later the *Francis*, bringing the equipage, valued at eleven thousand pounds, of the Duke of Kent, was lost there, every soul perishing. The plate and costly furniture subsequently found its way into the cabins of the fisherfolk of Nova Scotia, and the Legislature in 1801, influenced by stories of the pillage and murder of survivors of this ship, passed an Act providing for the protection of shipwrecked property, making it unlawful for anybody but coastguards, subsequently to be appointed, to reside on Sable Island, and regulating the salvage and disposal of wrecked goods. The same year the Duke sent Captain Torrens, a military officer, there, to seek for some of the lost valuables, but the ship *Harriot*, in which he sailed, was also lost on the island, and Captain Torrens and two others alone escaped.

Tradition has it that that night, as he sought shelter in a hut, the form of a lady appeared to him, from whose hands the fingers had been severed to secure her rings. She held up the mutilated members, and he, understanding her purpose, promised to bring to justice those who had committed this crime, which he subsequently did. There are, of course, many other

ghost stories and legends attached to this island of ill-repute. One is that a Parisian gentleman frequently appeared to wrecked Frenchmen, complaining of Henry IV. for banishing his wife there with the convicts of 1598. Another is that one of the regicides of Charles I., who chose this for his hiding-place and died there, marches round the island on the 29th of May each year, with his broad-brimmed hat on, and singing psalms so loudly as to be heard above the storm.

Until 1820 there was a deep lagoon, which would float small ships, in the centre of the island, with a wide channel from the open sea. In that year, however, a hurricane blocked it, enclosing two vessels, which never escaped, and the lagoon is now a lake eight miles long and quite shallow, lying between two parallel ridges of sand and shaped like a crescent.

Fresh water is obtained everywhere, strange to say, by digging eighteen inches into the sand. The absence of a harbour increases the difficulty of communication with the island. When the Canadian Confederation was formed in 1867 the island was transferred to the Dominion, and the Marine Bureau undertook its administration. Settlement there was forbidden, save by the coastguards, and the erection of substantial lighthouses and shelters was ordered. A most efficient service has been maintained ever since, in spite of physical disadvantages, for it is only in fine weather and with smooth seas that boats can land through the surf, no other access being possible; and if the weather is adverse a steamer must go forty miles to sea, for the ocean area nearer than that is a mass of breaking combers. The Government steamer *Aberdeen* was two weeks last summer delivering supplies for the station there.

A notable wreck was the French frigate *L'Africaine* in 1822, whose two hundred and ten men were saved by the coastguard boats, as her own had all been stove in. Louis XVIII. sent a silver cup filled with gold coins and a special medal each for the guards, in recognition of their services. The next year two British transports, the *Hope* and the *Wellington*, with four hundred and twenty-seven souls aboard, met their end here, though all on board were saved, thanks to the same efficient agency. In 1846 the crew of the fishing schooner *Iron*, twelve men—driven violently towards the island by a fierce gale, saved themselves from destruction by casting oil upon the troubled waters, the incident being witnessed by the coastguard, who testified that the storm was one of extraordinary violence, and that the vessel passed unhurt through mountains of broken water, leaving a storm-track behind her.



THE STEAMER "GEORGIA," OF HARTLEPOOL.  
From a Photo.

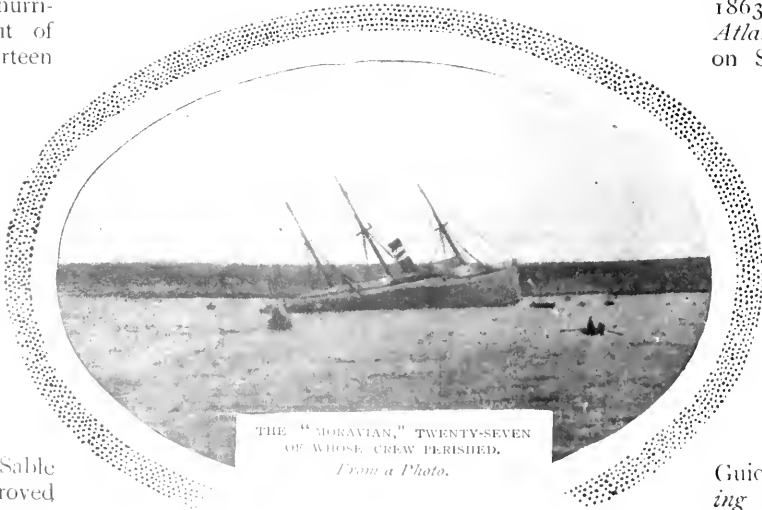
In December, 1854, the brigantine *Bennett* struck on the inner bar, but all on board—some fifty-five, including the captain's wife, sister-in-law, and infant three months old—were rescued by means of a line, though dreadfully frostbitten; and two of the coastguards were drowned in the surf in trying to save them. All these people had to remain on the island until the following May, as there was no means of their leaving it, but the authorities always stored a bountiful supply of food there, and horses were shot to obtain fresh meat. In 1859 the barque *Zone* was driven ashore by a hurricane, and out of her crew of thirteen only one escaped, a Finn named Nanderson, who slipped his arm through a ring-bolt in a deck-plank and was washed ashore.

Even for modern steamers in later years Sable Island has proved

a menace to navigation and a peril to travelers along the great ocean highway between the Old World and the New. In 1860 the steamer *Hungarian* was lost there in a fog, and two hundred and thirty-seven lives perished with her. In 1862 the new steamer *Georgia*, of the National Line, from New York to Liverpool, having met a chapter of accidents, first stranding in Long Island Sound and then striking on Nantucket Shoals, finally found her grave on Sable Island. She had a valuable cargo and eighty passengers, and all these fortunately escaped. In 1863 the steamship *Atlantic* was lost on Sambro Shoal,

a continuation of the Sable Island reef nearer the coast, and while four hundred and fifteen were saved, five hundred and forty-six perished. In the same

year the Guion liner *Hyming* struck on the



THE "MORAVIAN," TWENTY-SEVEN  
OF WHOSE CREW PERISHED.  
From a Photo.

north-east bar, but got off after throwing over-board twenty thousand pounds' worth of cargo. She sent a boat's crew ashore for assistance, but sailed away, leaving them on the island. The *Moravian*, again, in 1881, was lost off Sable Island, and twenty-seven went down with her, and it was only a few miles from the lonely isle that the French liner *Burgoyne* was run into by the ship *Cromartyshire* in 1898, in which marine horror nearly six hundred persons perished.

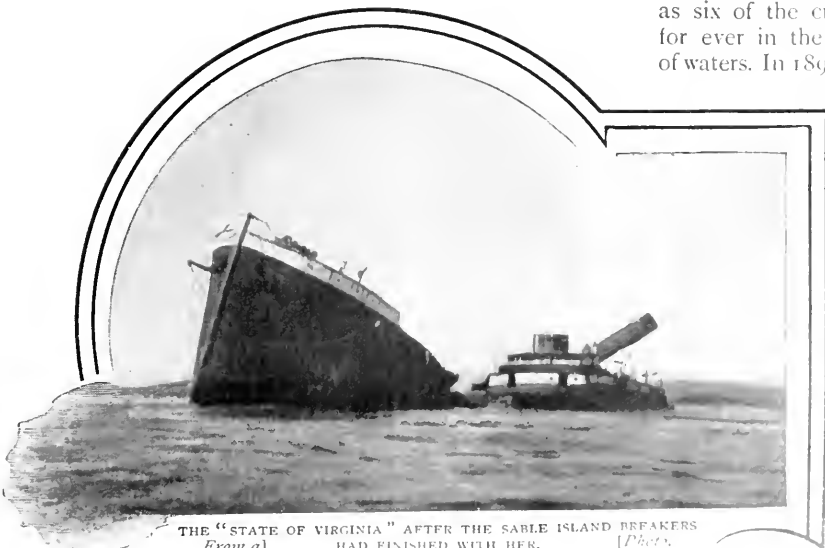
Despite the introduction of every contrivance to safeguard navigation the terrors of shipwreck there remained undiminished, and in view of its



THE LINER "STATE OF VIRGINIA" AS SHE APPEARED SOON AFTER RUNNING ASHORE.  
From a Photo.

drive ashore, and a year later another terrible tragedy occurred. The American fishing schooner *Revere*, with thirty men, went to pieces in a November gale and all hands were lost. In 1879 the State Line steamship *State of Virginia*, with two hundred and sixty-four souls, met her doom, and in landing one boatload of passengers the craft upset, when nine were drowned. In 1884 thirteen

persons from the steamer *Amsterdam*, which had struck there, with two hundred and sixty-seven persons aboard, met death in the same way, and in 1886 the barque *Britannia* was battered against the reef, and the captain's wife and six children, as well as six of the crew, vanished for ever in the raging swirl of waters. In 1895 the steamer



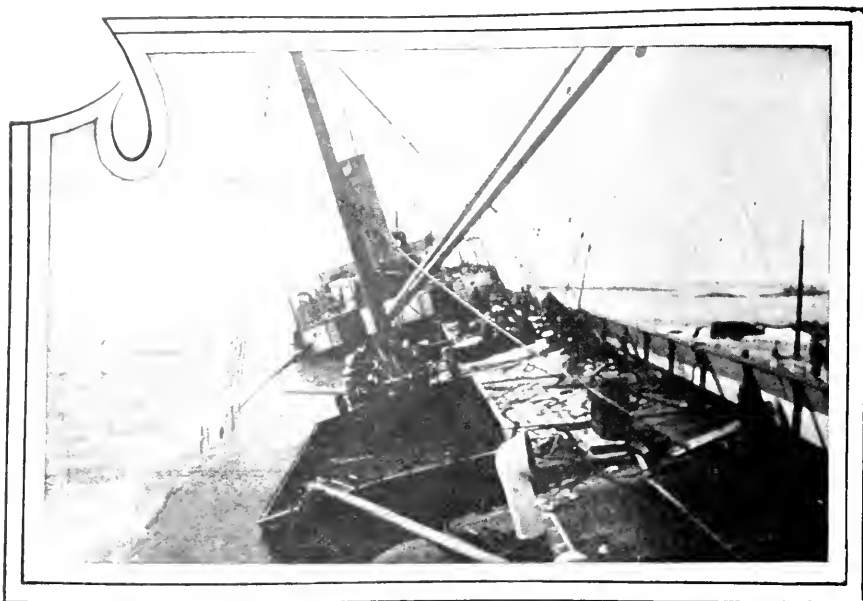
THE "STATE OF VIRGINIA" AFTER THE SABLE ISLAND BREAKERS HAD FINISHED WITH HER.  
From a Photo.

sombre possibilities an attempt was made in 1877 to moor whistling buoys off the shoals, but they were gradually buried by the sand.

Ships befogged or becalmed still continued to

*Ashantee* struck there, and the crew were rescued by a boat upsetting as they rowed.

The winter wrecks are also numerous, and for frost and snow add their acc-



THE STEAMER "AMSTERDAM," WHICH WAS WRECKED ON THE ISLAND WITH OVER TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PEOPLE ON BOARD. [Photo.]

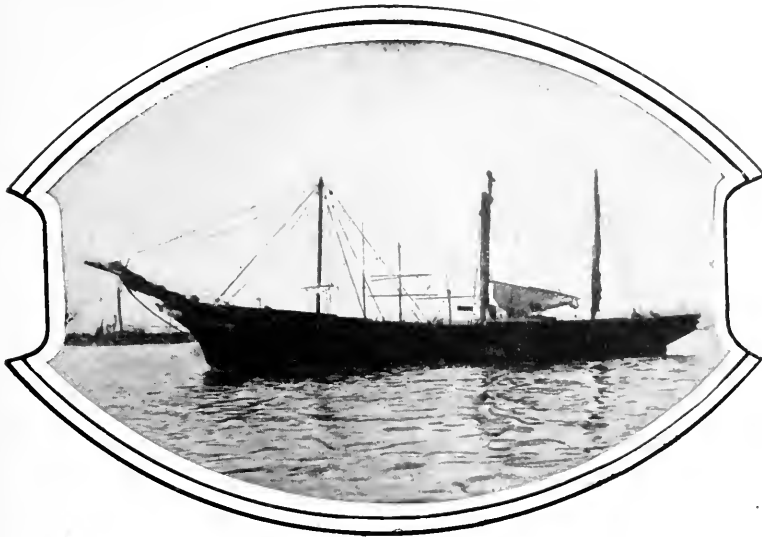


THE BARQUE "BRITANNIA"—THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE, SIX CHILDREN, AND SIX MEMBERS OF THE CREW WERE KILLED. [Photo.]

wrought by wind and wave. In March, 1864, the American fishing schooner *Gilmore*, from Newfoundland with herring, had two men frozen to death before rescue could reach them. In February, 1870, the *Robbins*, another United States vessel, lost five through the same cause. In November, 1879, the *Peasley*, a third, drove ashore a derelict, every soul having been washed off her decks. In March, 1882, the *Williams*, which had been nearly two months frozen fast in the ice-floe, drifted against the reef, and her crew of sixteen were got ashore, all hands frost-bitten and starving. In December, 1884, a French fishing vessel, the *A.S.H.*, of St. Pierre-Miquélon, went to pieces there. Out of fourteen persons only the captain, mate, and steward succeeded in getting ashore. The mate made his way in a blinding blizzard to one of the stations, but the other two perished in the drifts before they could be found. In January, 1884, the American fishing vessel *Edwards* was lost there with all hands, the frozen bodies being visible in the rigging, and in March, 1901, the *Atalanta* also came to her doom with her whole crew of eighteen.

Never a week passes without some gruesome memento drifting ashore to tell the sorrowful tale of death. The trawlers on the Banks are the uncounted victims of Sable Island. Scores of these craft are





From a THE SHIP "WILLIAMS," WRECKED ON THE ISLAND IN 1882.

[Photo.]

clippers and ancient tramps, and all leave their ribs to bleach on the undulating waste of sand. The strangest case is that of the *Crofton Hall*, a big freighter, which went ashore on the island in 1898, and is still as upright as the day she struck, appearing so unhurt that passing ships from time to time make report to signal stations like Cape Race of "a liner ashore on Sable Island," which causes a stir in shipping circles until the matter is investigated.

The fishermen of the neighbouring Nova Scotian and Newfoundland coasts are profes-

demolished there and splinters of wreckage thrown up on the beach, or else the battered hulls with corpse-cumbered holds find their way to the island. French bateaux, American dories, and Canadian skiffs, in which the bankmen ply their calling, drive shoreward, and the life-savers are ever on the alert for the starving wretches they may contain, as men are often days adrift in these frail craft, without food or water, careering aimlessly about in fog and storm until the crest of a galloping comber flings them out on the shore of this lonely isle. Often the boats contain only dead men, who find a resting-place in the little island cemetery; more often they drive in bottom up, their occupants having gone to swell the mighty host whose bones strew the Grand Banks. Occasionally some emaciated wretches will be rescued who have subsisted for days on raw cod or upon the upper portions of their long leather boots.

The larger ships come from every quarter, and no line or nation enjoys immunity or escapes its toll of loss. To and from the great trading centres they are bound, with passengers and without, laden to their hatches or flying light in ballast, crack

sional salvors, and when a wreck occurs swarm to it from every cove and creek. They will unload a ship with neatness and dispatch and the dexterity born of long and varied experience, being equally at home in stripping a liner and a smack. Their houses are literally packed with treasure-trove, for, though the law requires them to report every article removed, it is a regulation more honoured in the breach than in the observance. To them the sea is usually a demon who works havoc on them by flood and gale when their vigilance is relaxed, but at times showers wealth upon them in the form of salvage, so that they can get "half their

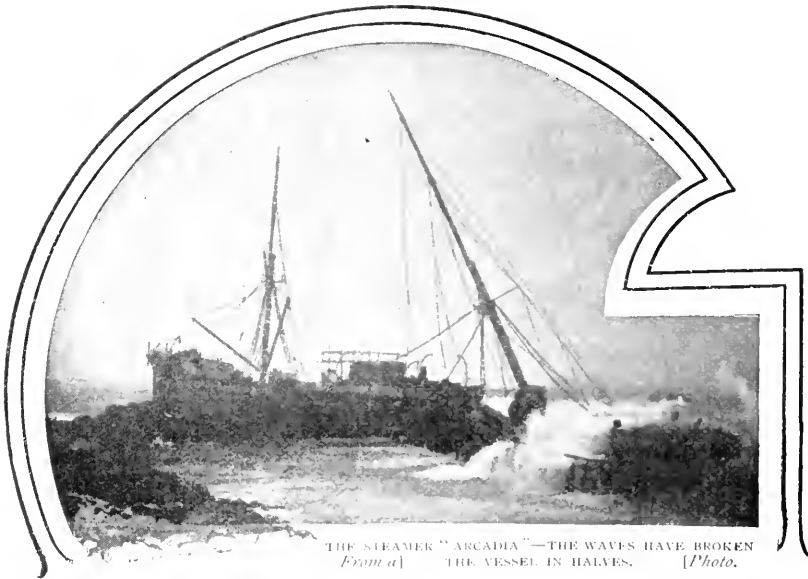


hand," *i.e.*, fifty per cent. of what they save, besides being able to drink champagne out of their tin pannikins and dress their women in costly silks. To them everything comes from the same source. A clergyman wearing a fine new great-coat visited one of his parishioners on the Newfoundland coast a few years ago, and the old fisherman, observing it a while, fingered it lovingly and then inquired: "Did you get this out of a wreck, sir?"

A specially horrible chapter in the history of Sable Island between 1850 and 1860 was that insane people of whom their friends wished to be rid were shipped there from Nova Scotia to serve as helpers to the coastguards. One cultured gentleman had spent eighteen years

lifeboat each from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia as gifts for the island.

Strange to say, the vessel which brought them was lost on the Nova Scotian coast near by, and they had to be duplicated. But in November, 1853, they were landed, and a week later the ship *Arcadia*, from Antwerp to Boston, with one hundred and sixty-eight souls, struck the island in a dense fog. One of the new boats was launched and rowed to her, making six trips before nightfall and saving eighty lives. Then, as all their oars were broken, they had to abandon further efforts until daybreak, though agonized by the cries of those on board and on shore: families had been separated in the work of rescue, and now piteous appeals were



THE STEAMER "ARCADIA"—THE WAVES HAVE BROKEN  
FROM A] THE VESSEL IN HALVES. [Photo.

there and become quite imbecile. In 1853 Miss D. L. Dix, an American philanthropist interested in founding institutions for the insane, visited the island, and her exposure of the revolting events of which it had been the theatre caused the initiation of reforms which put an end to the practice for ever. While she was there the schooner *Guide*, of London, became a wreck, and all the crew got ashore except the captain, who had become a raving maniac. She pleaded with them to return and bring him off, which they did, tied hand and foot, and cast him on the beach. She loosened his bonds, cared for him, and ultimately had the satisfaction of knowing that he recovered his reason. Finding, too, that the life-saving apparatus was antiquated, she, on leaving the island and returning to the United States, secured a metallic

made to the boatmen to continue, though in the gloom this was impossible. At daybreak, new oars having been obtained meanwhile from another station, the boat was launched again and took off every living soul in ten trips. The wreck itself went to pieces that night, and had the disaster occurred twenty-four hours later than it did scarcely a soul would have survived to tell the tale.

As illustrating the rapid destruction of the island, the experience of the Canadian Government with the lighthouses erected there is instructive. In 1873 two such structures were built at a cost of forty thousand dollars each, one on the east and the other on the west end of the island, at points thought so remote from the coast line as to be out of danger of collapse.

But in 1882 the sea made tremendous inroads

on the western end, abrading great sections rapidly, and the bluff on which the lighthouse stood collapsed, wrecking the structure. It was rebuilt again a mile farther east, but in 1888 had to be removed two miles beyond, while in 1896 a further removal was rendered necessary, and still another will soon become imperative. The eastern light did not require to be changed, for, curiously enough, a submerged barrier is being formed beyond that spit, so that wrecks now take place sixteen miles from the eastern lighthouse, and the island is building up there, though not so rapidly as it is vanishing at the other end.

The maintenance of the life-saving force, with the lighthouses and shelters on the island, costs sixteen hundred pounds a year, of which Canada provides twelve hundred and England four hundred. The entire crew comprises sixteen, and with the wives and children of the married men the total number of souls is forty-five. As the two lighthouses are each several miles from the central station, where the lifeboat crew is housed, a school is maintained there with a dormitory, the children riding over on their ponies on Monday mornings and returning Friday evenings. The different stations are also connected by telephones, and so fierce are the sand-storms at times that the poles and lines are drifted over in a night.

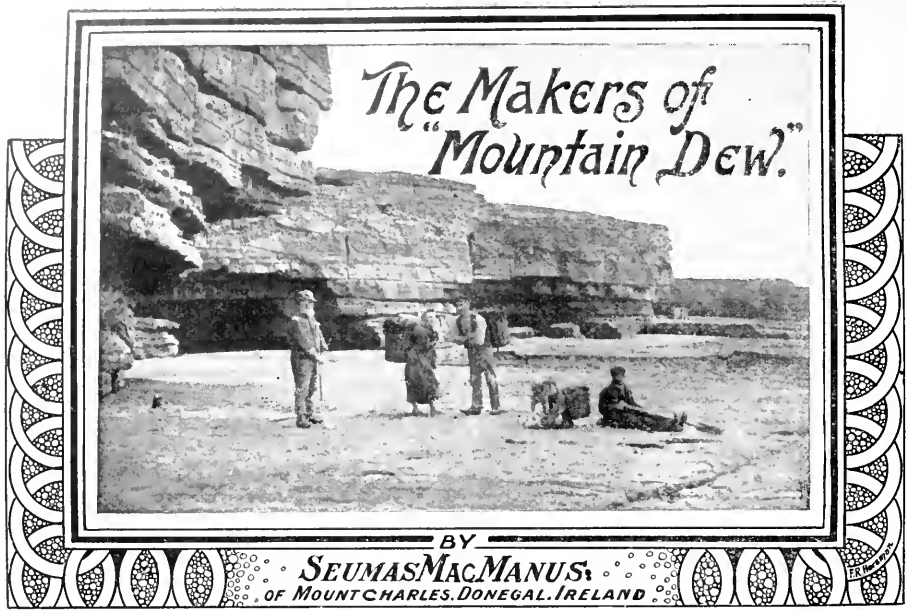
Though the physical formation of the island is almost pure sand, potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables are grown, as are also wild roses, lilies, and asters, as well as strawberries, blueberries, and cranberries in abundance. Wild fowl and birds frequent it, and rabbits were formerly numerous, but rats from wrecks killed the young and the broods declined. Then cats were imported, which speedily made an end of both rodents and bunnies. To exterminate the cats dogs were now brought over, and then the rabbits were re-introduced. But white owls preyed upon these later, and the attempt to breed them was abandoned.

It is a noteworthy fact that, lonely and desolate as the island is, its few inhabitants are loth to leave it, the grown folks returning eagerly to its peace and quietude after a vacation, while the children think the world has no such place, with

its sand-hills everywhere and ponies to ride on. No liquor is allowed on the island, and frequently "dipsomanias" apply to the Canadian authorities for permission to reside there. The ponies are the descendants of the horses placed on the island three hundred years ago, and are quite wild, though they can be tamed easily. They live in the open, defy the winter's rigours, and browse on the scanty grass which covers the surface. Formerly they numbered four hundred, but are now reduced to about one hundred, the natural increase being sent to the mainland every year and sold. Some are broken to harness and draw the lifeboats to and fro when needed, as well as convey the stores to the different stations, of which there are seven in all, the central head-quarters, two lighthouses, two look-outs, and two shelters, each equipped with provisions, bedding, and apparel for castaways, while every foot of the shore is patrolled daily by the sixteen men who form the life-saving crew. This vigilance is essential, for the sand-storms change the whole outlook frequently and recent wrecks disappear, while others, unknown or new, are brought to view.

Canada, in 1901, in the endeavour to arrest the wastage of the island, imported and planted there eighty thousand shrubs of pine of the different species used in holding together the sand-dunes of Brittany and the low-lying shores of other European seaboard — cluster pine, Scotch pine, Riga pine, Austrian pine, and spruces, cedars, and junipers, besides more common trees and shrubs, berry bushes, and creepers, the whole designed to form a thicket along the water's edge and withstand the fretting of the sea.

Many thousands of the plants perished from the dry gales and lack of soil, though specimens survived in sufficient number and variety to make it clear that the experiment will considerably retard the inevitable dissolution of the island; but ultimately more practical efforts will have to be taken to prevent the shipping of the North Atlantic from being menaced by the existence of fifty or sixty miles of shifting quicksand, submerged beneath a treacherous and tempestuous sea.



From a Photo. by Watson, Donegal.

Mr. McManus describes the ways and wiles of the illicit whisky-distillers who haunt the wild moors and mountains of the remoter parts of Ireland. He was privileged to witness a night "running" in an underground cave, and heard many amusing stories of the subterfuges used to baffle the police.



**I**N Ireland "Mountain Dew" is the rather poetic name given to that which plain men call "poteen" and the limb of the law calls "illicit whisky." It is worthy of note that in the mountains of Kentucky, in the United States, where the trade is likewise carried on, there is given to this illicit whisky a name equally fanciful to that given in Ireland—to wit, "Moonshine"—and those who follow the illicit whisky traffic there are called "Moonshiners."

In Ireland the making of "Mountain Dew" has been carried on chiefly in the mountain regions around the west coast, because in such regions the traffic is most likely to be undisturbed by the meddling "peeler" (policeman). "Still-hunter" and "dochill-stabber" are the unwelcome names that he receives from the country people, whom he annoys much by spying amongst them for illicit stills and, with the sharp iron rod which he carries, stabbing all the soft ground where he suspects a still may be concealed.

The ways of the poteen-maker, as may well be supposed, are not always ways of quiet, nor are his paths paths of peace, for day and night in the regions where poteen-making prevails the "peelers" are on the prowl in pursuit of stills. They travel in bands of three or four; the sergeant carries the dochill-stab—an iron rod four or five feet long, pointed at one end.

Another carries a gallon measure in anticipation of a seizure—for in that case it will have to be estimated for report—and a third man carries a rifle for emergencies. A field-glass, too, is frequently carried by one or other of the party, and with these glasses, from a commanding position, they sweep the countryside, noting where an unusual smoke arises, and making that smoke their objective.

The still-hunting party will travel from ten to twenty-five miles over moor and mountain in a day in search of a still-house, and they may go upon these journeys on an average three times a week. If they succeed in making a couple of seizures in the year they consider they have done well. On the other hand, considering that not more than one brewing in a hundred is captured by the police, the poteen-maker considers that he has done better.

Furthermore, every seizure made does not mean a conviction against a poteen-maker, for in at least half the cases the brewers of the "Mountain Dew" escape, leaving only the material and instruments to be bagged by the still-hunters. A conviction secured means a nominal fine of one hundred pounds, which fine is almost always reduced to six pounds or a month in gaol.

On a December night—the sort of night that makes a man feel comfortable when he is within doors before a glowing fire, with a bright

lamp at his elbow and an interesting book in his hand—I was indulging in the luxurious feeling that is the resultant of all these, when my latch was lifted and a big man, with a wing of the storm, came in at the door, which he forced to behind him.

"God's blessin' with all here," he remarked.

"And yourself likewise, Denis. And is it you is in it?" I said.

"Well, it's all that's for me, anyhow; and it's well the storm left even this much of me."

It was Denis a-Gallagher, of Carrickdown, one of the most famous distillers in the mountains of North-West Donegal, who had come in to me.

"Denis," I said, "take a chair and tell me all the news."

"No, no," he said; "no chair for me." Here he banged down upon the table a large bundle which he carried.

"You wouldn't guess what's in that?" he said.

I sized up the bundle with my eye for a moment, and then I said, "Well, Denis, seeing it's you who carried it, I would guess that maybe it's a 'worm.'"

"Right you are," said Denis; "and a 'worm' it is."

"And that means," said I, "that you have work ahead of you."

"Ahead of me," said he, "and behind me, and above. There's not been a 'peeler' in the country for the past two days. They're off at the 'shutting of the gates' in Derry, and we have been 'running' now since last night. The 'worm' we have isn't the best, and this is one Ned Maginn the tinker was putting a bit of solder on. I'm now goin' home with it, an' as I often promised ye a night at our 'running' I thought I would call to see if you were ready to go the night."

"It's stormy," I said; "but I'll go with a heart and a half."

"It *is* stormy," Denis said; "but that's all the better for us—all the more secure."

I wrapped myself up warmly in a coat, and in a short time both of us were pushing our heads against the storm, on the long white road that goes like an arrow over the Altbeag moor. With all its discomforts it was the sort of night that, when one moved rapidly, made one's blood bound till we were exhilarated enough to want to whoop.

When we had been travelling somewhat more than an hour, and had crossed hills and hollows, forded several streams, negotiated many marches, and leaped numerous bog holes, we began ascending a mountain-side, and when we reached an altitude of nearly a thousand feet Denis suddenly stopped, saying, "Here we are."

I looked all round me, for the moon was now out, and I perceived only the bare mountain-side, with here and there a boulder. Nine or ten yards beyond us, to our right, there was a gulch, through which

I heard a streamlet falling; but indication of still-house there was none or sign of place where a still-house might be. Amazed, I looked at Denis and asked, "Where?"

Denis laughed at my puzzled face. In his hand he had a stout ashen staff; then he, as it seemed to me, rested it upon the ground—just as a man would in walking. One instant I observed the staff so set, and the next there was no staff there.

It had disappeared through the ground, and very soon, before I had recovered from my surprise, a bit of the mountain immediately in front of us, about three feet square, began to

move. It rose up and went to one side, leaving an opening through which came a glare of light, and likewise the sound of cheery voices and laughter. Then the top of a ladder projected from the opening.

"Don't be afraid," said Denis, laughing at my surprise. "Go in."

Then I laughed myself. I stepped upon the ladder and descended into a spacious chamber. Denis followed me. The ladder was pulled



"DON'T BE AFRAID," SAID DENIS, LAUGHING AT MY SURPRISE.

down, and the bit of mountain moved back into its place again.

I was in the still-house. There were about twenty people, young and old, present. Three or four of them had their coats off and were busied about a large still which sat upon a great peat fire at one end of the place. The remainder sat and lay here and there upon the floor around the walls, chatting and laughing gaily.

"Yous is welcome, both," they said to us as we came in, and most of those present shook hands with me and inquired after my health and happiness. Then they gave me a sod seat in a corner close by the still fire.

I saw that two sides of the place were solid rock and the remaining ones earthen. The sides sloped to the top, which was ridged. The cavern was not very high, but in the centre a man might only reach the highest point of the roof by upraising his arm. On the other side the men had to bow their heads in moving about.

I had been puzzled at first to know how the air got in and how the smoke escaped; but I soon found that the air came in on a level with the ground at the lowermost end of the cavern. The still fire was built at the uppermost end, and the smoke was conveyed by a long funnel out into the little gulch through which the streamlet ran, a short distance away. From this streamlet, too, a pipe conveyed water into the cavern. The still which sat upon the fire was of tin, and presented the appearance of a gigantic saucepan with a great wide head. This head was closely fitted, and made air-tight by a tough preparation called "lutin." Out at one side projected a spiral tube—the "worm"—in which the steam from the brew was received and condensed by passing through a tub of cold water, whence it fell in liquid form into a receiving vessel at the outer end of the spiral.

When Denis came in he took up the shell of a goose-egg and, walking up, held it under the fall of liquor and sampled the stuff.

"Well, how does it go, Denis?"

"It's very fair for 'singlings.' Try a drop of

it," he said, catching another portion in the shell and handing it to me.

I found it both mild and palatable. I said, "I like it very well, Denis."

"Och," he said, "wait till it's doubled. It's then you'll like it all out, for the 'singlings,' after all, is only the ghost of the whisky; it's the 'doublings' that gives it body."



"'Och,' he said, 'wait till it's doubled. It's then that you'll like it.'"

"It's a ghost," said a wit who was sitting by, "that I'd like to meet every day—an' every night, too."

"I'm thinkin', Johnny, the same ghost wouldn't frighten you," said another wit, drily.

As Denis was making a special brewing this night, he brewed from barley, after the old and tedious, but superior, fashion. He was brewing against a double wedding that was to take place in the next townland some ten days later. For this particular brewing Denis had, some time before, sunk several bags of barley in the deepest hole in the Eaney river—in a hole so deep and black that even the keen eye of a still-hunting "peeler" couldn't see the bottom. After it had been a few days thus sunk, and had got thoroughly soaked, he lifted it and spread it over the floor of his barn, and at intervals turned it with shovels during the space of two or three days. Denis had a pair of querrins (mill-stones turned by hand, the implements by which our people in former times always ground their corn, and which all distillers who distil from barley still need). In these querrins he next crushed the barley, and then placed it in kieves,

or big tubs, with hops and boiling water, for about a day and a half, when it was fermented. The kieves that held the fermented barley were placed underground and carefully covered with turf, for fear of detection.

It was this fermented stuff, or "wash," as it is technically called, that, when opportunity for brewing offered, was put into the still and boiled upon the fire, the steam of which, being condensed in the "worm," furnished the "first-shot," or "singlings," which is about half the strength of the perfected whisky.

As has been stated, it was the "singlings" which was running now to the accompaniment of song and joke and much general merriment from those in the still-house. When it was completely run out the still was re-prepared and the "singlings" cast into it again for a second "running." The "worm" was set, the head fixed on, and the fire piled anew. In short time the condensed steam from the "singlings" began to drip into the receiving vessel, thus furnishing the "doublings," or perfected poteen.

All the "singlings" was now in kegs by the kieve-side, and these kegs, so far as they went, furnished seats for those assembled.

"Aren't you afraid of a surprise, Denis?" I asked.

"I have little fear of that," Denis said. "Only in two ways could the 'peelers' find out this place. One is by means of an informer—and that, thank goodness, we haven't got in this country—and the other is by seeing the smoke. But then, as it is only at night we do the 'running,' and as the smoke runs out into a gulch and very often creeps about and scatters a good deal before it rises, it isn't easy detecting it. And furthermore, for double assurance, we take care to find out the movements of the 'peelers' and to do our 'runnings,' as far as possible, when there are very few in the country, most of them being drafted off on some special duty—east or west—as on this occasion."

"I see you are pretty secure," I said; "but still, I think if I were in your place I would keep scouts on the look-out."

"Ha! ha! ha!" Denis laughed. "When any man is 'running' a still, all the countryside is his scouts."

"Does every person in the countryside know, then, when you are 'running' a still?"

"Every man, woman, and child," said Denis, "no matter whether I run a still or anyone else runs a still. There's not a soul in the five townlands around you but knows of it. An' any of them who likes is always welcome to look in at the still-house and sample the stuff, the same as you see the neighbours that are gathered here."

Vol. xiii.—8.

"And yet," I said, "the information never leaks out to the authorities?"

"Barrin' once in a winter it never does leak out," Denis said. "The 'running' of a still is a dead secret, and yet it's no secret."

"Yet the 'peelers' sometimes make a seizure?"

"Well, at a rare time they do. They stumble on it, like the cow killed the hare."

"They made a seizure at Big Neil Kennedy's of Altcar, I am told, last month?"

"They did," said Denis.

And "They did," said several voices around.

Said Denis, "They made a seizure there last month, and they missed one there last week."

A triumphant cry went up from the twenty throats.

"They did, they did; they missed one there, sure enough."

"He's a clever lad, is Big Neil," said Barney McGrath, as he piled fresh fuel under the still. "He's a clever man, with a head on him as long as Midsummer Day; and if he had been at home the day the first seizure was made it would never have happened. To prove it, the day he *was* at home—last week—they missed the seizure."

"How did they miss it, Barney?"

"I'll tell you, an' you'll admit yourself that it's a Prime Minister Neil deserves to be, instead of a poteen-maker. Neil, seeing he had been seized on the month afore, an' lost all his brewing, and a big fine into the bargain, resolved to make the Government pay for its own fun by making a bigger 'running' than ever again, so, on last Monday was eight days, he had a fine 'working' under way, one of the biggest 'runnings,' I am told, there has been in this part of the country for the last five years. It was the opening day of the assizes at Lifford, and by reason of that Neil knew that every 'peeler' who could would be there, and few or none left for still-hunting; so he thought he was as safe as a mouse in a meal-chest. But lo and behold ye! at about four o'clock in the evening, when a youngster of Neil's was strolling out to the byre for to fodder the cow, in again he comes in an instant, roaring like a bull, 'Here's the peelers!'

"Neil himself jumped to the window and looked out, and there was the two lads of them, who had pretended to have gone off to the assizes and turned back again by a trick. They were coming up the hollow to the house at the rate of a wedding, and were within fifty more than a hundred yards of the window at the view of the door. Neil, he was as pale as himself, and of all the 'peelers' being away, that it was in his own house, for convenience sake,



he was doing the brewing. He had three small kegs filled with whisky and six with 'first-shot' scattered about through the kitchen, and the still working away prime on the fire.

"'Heaven help us, Neil,' said the wife; 'we're done for at last.'

"'Do you think we are?'" says Neil. 'I doubt,' says he, drily, 'they'll never seize a keg of it.'

"He jumped for a rope that was hanging over a chair, and while ye would be saying 'knife' he had an empty keg into the rope and it slung over his back, and he out of the open door almost in the very teeth of the 'peelers,' who were hardly thirty yards from him now. Both of them let out a roar when they saw him bounding out with the keg on his back, and then off they went after my brave Neil. Now Neil in his youth went by no other name than the *garriadh ban* (white hare), and that for good reason, for there wasn't a lighter-footed lad on this side of the mountains. But he was knowing, and, though he could have distanced the two men that were after him, he never let himself get farther than fifty yards ahead. Sometimes he would make a purposeful mis-step at a ditch or a drain, and he would let the 'peelers' almost have their hands on him before he would be up and off again, just by way of giving them encouragement. He fetched the poor beggars over ditches that nearly broke their necks and through bogs that almost buried them, for the devilment was so hot in him that he took them to every bad spot in the country.

"Howsomever, when he had the two 'peelers' as good as six miles from the house, and hardly a sound stitch of clothes on them, with

the tearing and tumbling they had got, and the breath gone out of them, he, pretendin' to be put too hard upon, as he come near the Lough Na-mann-fionn, hurried straight for the lough, and when he come to a steep brink of it, just under Denis McCallion's garden, he flung the keg from him as far as he could out into the lough, and then dashed off again. Well, the keg was all the 'peelers' wanted, because, as they believed, the proof was in it, and they could get Neil any day. So the two lads let him run and pulled up themselves on the brink, looking down at the keg, and, cold and frosty as

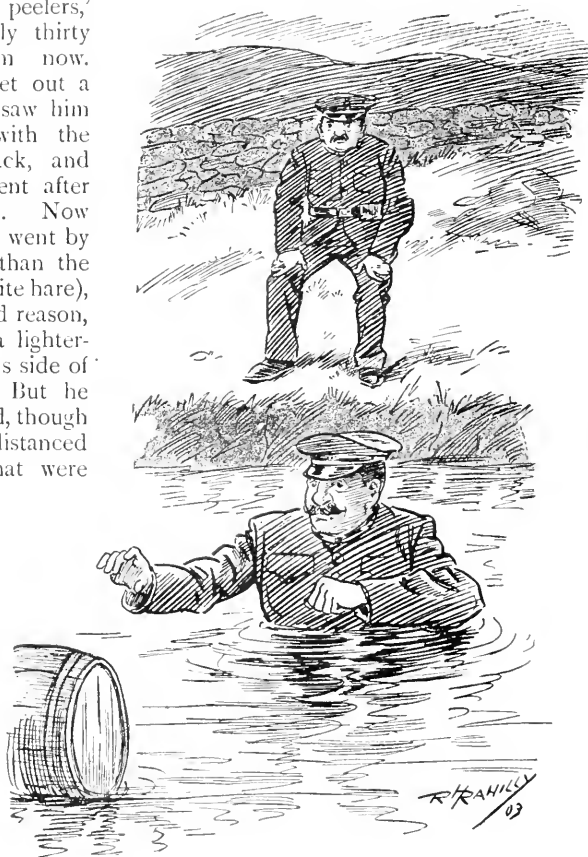
it was, after a good deal of debating, one of them—sure he would get his stripes for it—jumped, clothes and all, into the icy water, and after a deal of trouble landed—an empty keg! There wasn't even the smell of poteen in it.

"And the like of the rage that them two 'peelers' was in was never beheld afore nor since. It was little use their going back to Neil's then, for they knew well that whatever had been there would be too well buried and hid long afore they could get back. And that's how Neil got square with the 'peelers'; more power to him!"

The "first-shot," or first flow of the "doublings," was now running. It is the sweetest of the whisky, and the most coveted portion. Every invalid in the countryside and every old man suffering from rheumatism sends a bottle and bespeaks "a dhrup of the first-shot"—it being considered a sovereign cure for all ills.

In thanksgiving for Neil's victory over the enemy, the egg-shell, brimming with the fragrant "first-shot," now circled the group.

They were now "doubling" the whisky, and as this process went forward, quickly and satisfactorily, tale and joke and laugh went round; but most of the tales were at the expense of the still-hunters, showing their stupidity and how often they had been outwitted.



"ONE OF THEM JUMPED, CLOTHES AND ALL, INTO THE ICY WATER."



"Yous may tell plenty at their expense, boys, the night," Denis encouraged them, "for there's sure to come none of them here."

Then they told anecdotes of the cleverness of one Maura Monaghan, who was the famous wife of a famous distiller—her extreme cleverness in outwitting the police and saving her husband from many a seizure.

On one occasion, a week after a brewing, Ned Monaghan, with that laxness which is characteristic of all great men, had a keg of poteen lying in his room when the police were seen stepping up to the door. Ned was dumfounded and completely lost his presence of mind. Not so Maura. She shook him up and ordered him to fly into the room and bring the keg into the kitchen and place it to one side of the fire. And Ned, not knowing what to think of such an apparently absurd order, but at the same time not daring to question it, did as Maura bid him, and when he seated it by the fire Maura sat down on it, letting her skirts fall over it to the ground. And the instant that the police stepped in at the door she looked up from her knitting so unconcernedly, and bid the strangers time of day with such apparent ease of conscience, that, though the sergeant and his men went through the form of searching the house, they felt that it was only a form, and before leaving the sergeant felt it his duty to apologize to the good woman, who kept her seat and knitted all the time in the chimney-corner.

Another time—when in the very same dilemma—she saved the situation by the simple device of swinging the dark keg up to the black rafters of the well-smoked roof; and while the policemen looked into every mouse-hole in the house, and went back and forward fifty times under the keg, none of them ever thought of bending his neck and looking upwards; so they went away disappointed again.

But Maura's greatest and cleverest feat was, they told me, one time that the sergeant and a comrade walked into the house even more unexpectedly than usual, and went up the stairs to the new second story that they had got built upon the house, and to their intense delight laid hands upon a twenty-gallon keg of poteen,

almost full—he could not only feel but see for he put his eye to the spigot, and that he was unfitted with a peg. Maura had recently been drinking from the keg. His delight at catching the notorious Ned Monaghan at last was great indeed. He dispatched his comrade back post-haste to Donegal—five miles—to fetch a cart in which they would bring home their senate; and meanwhile, knowing well from past experience the wonderful cleverness of Mrs. Maura Monaghan, he determined that she would not get the shadow of a chance of outwitting him this time; and consequently, with his rifle bent across his knees, he sat upon the keg itself. It was alleged, too, that he taunted her and said: "Now, Mrs. Monaghan, I'm told ye boasted that you couldn't only blindfold me—the sergeant—but that you could blindfold and outwit the devil himself if he come here in a uniform looking for poteen. I'm thinking you're at the end of your tether, and you'll neither outwit the devil nor me any longer."

"They say it is a bad thing to halloa until one is out of the wood, and so it proved with Sergeant Brannigan, for when at length his comrade arrived with the cart to take home their booty, and the two of them, with the aid of the carman, went to lift the keg, lo, it came up like a feather

for it was now empty. While the sergeant was flinging his taunts from above the clever Maura was using an auger to good purpose beneath. Through the floor

she tapped the keg, and they had the twenty gallons safe, and the "peeler" wouldn't find them. So disgraced was the sergeant, so much ashamed and so much afraid lest the authorities would know how he had been outwitted, that he dropped the case, not daring to prosecute Ned Monaghan that time.

Denis a Gallagher told me that some of the poteen to country people at marriages and weddings; but the poteen was taken by the police from the villages around, and some of the such capital whisky at first they thought that they would give for the poteen they could very well afford to pay the price of



"HE SAT UPON THE KEG ITSELF."

entailed. The kegs of whisky were conveyed to the publican chiefly after dark; but they were often brought into the village, even past the police barracks, and delivered to the publican

in the barrack-yard the sergeant's disappointment was rather great at finding there was no poteen in it.

The fact was that the man with the grey horse



THE GAP OF BARNESMORE, A FAMOUS HAUNT OF THE ILLICIT DISTILLERS.  
From a Photo. by Watson, Donegal.

in broad daylight, being concealed in a cart of turf (peats).

And apropos of this method of delivering the poteen, one of those present told, too, how Sergeant Brannigan had been done once more by a cute fellow.

"From information received," the sergeant stopped a turf-seller who, driving a grey horse in his cart, had brought a load of turf for sale to the town and insisted upon buying the load, even when the dealer named for it a figure that was twice the usual price of a cart of turf. Indeed, the sergeant would have given four times the figure sooner than let the cart pass him, for, according to his information, there was a keg of poteen in the centre of the turf-cart. When, however, the cart of turf was "heeled"

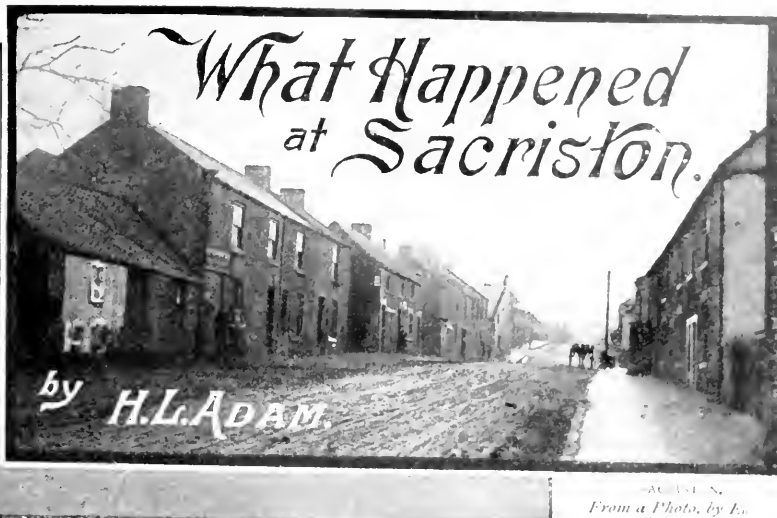
got wind, before coming into the village, that the sergeant was on the wait for him, and as he had a keg of poteen concealed in his cart, and meant for a local publican, he and a fellow turf-dealer unhooked horses and exchanged carts; and while his fellow-dealer delivered the load with its concealed keg to a publican who lived next door to the barrack, the friend for whom he did the good turn disposed of his load for him at double the price, and virtue was rewarded.

The sun was just coming up over the range of mountains facing us to the east when I came out of the mountain-side and bade good-bye to Denis a-Gallagher and his revellers, and the mountain-side closed behind me.

And that wondrous dew, which often drops both night and day, I left still dropping.



"THE SERGEANT STOPPED A TURF-SELLER WHO HAD BROUGHT A LOAD OF TURF FOR SALE."



From a Photo, by E. Durham.

The story of a man who was entombed for ninety hours in a flooded mine, of his awful experiences face to face with a veritable "creeping death," and of the heroic efforts by which, in spite of seemingly insuperable difficulties, he was rescued alive. The story has been compiled on the spot from the narratives of those concerned, and is illustrated with special photographs.

**B**ETWEEN four and five miles from Durham lies the little village of Sacriston, a mere collection of miners' cottages. There was recently

briefly reported in the newspapers as happening at this place one of those keen reminders of the perils to which miners are subject—a stirring narrative of sudden disaster and loss of life, of appalling suffering, in the dark places underground, and of heroic life-saving efforts in the very face of death. It was for the purpose of laying bare the full facts of the case in the words of those actually concerned, for the benefit of WIDE WORLD readers, that I journeyed to Sacriston.

On Monday, the 16th of November, 1903, between eleven-thirty and noon, a number of men—hewers, putter-boys, and a deputy-overman—were working in a new and remote district

of the Sacriston coal mine, known as the Busty seam. This was situated about a hundred fathoms below the surface and about a mile and a quarter from the pit shaft. It will

be well for the reader to bear this circumstance in mind. Behind this seam, all unknown to officials and workers alike, there lurked an ever-menacing danger in the shape of a huge body of water accumulated in an old working. As ill fortune would have it, one of the workers pierced the seam with his pick, when instantly, with a mighty roar, the pent-up flood burst through the aperture, throwing down the seam of coal. Then, in an ink-black mass computed to be nine feet high and twelve feet wide, the water tore through the workings, sweeping away everything before it.

Two men were caught outright, and one died heroically, and one



ROBERT RICHARDSON, WHO WAS IMPRISONED FOR NINETY HOURS IN THE SACRISTON COAL MINE.  
From a Photo, by Bailey, Sacriston.

was cut off and held prisoner for nearly ninety hours. This man's name is Robert Richardson, and to his personal narrative of his appalling experience I will now revert.

Richardson lives in a small cottage but a few yards away from the mine that was the scene of his nerve-racking ordeal. He has a wife and two young children. He is a typical pitman, muscular, stolid, with the pitman's familiar pallor of face, very much accentuated upon the occasion I saw him, as a result of the terrible adventure he had gone through. His wife, who had herself endured acute mental suffering, is a robust, hearty Yorkshire lass, and the child that was present was a sweet-faced little girl with a head of golden curls. We all sat round a roaring fire for the country was simply buried in snow and the wind had a razor-edge—and Richardson gave me an account of his experience. In effect it was as follows:—

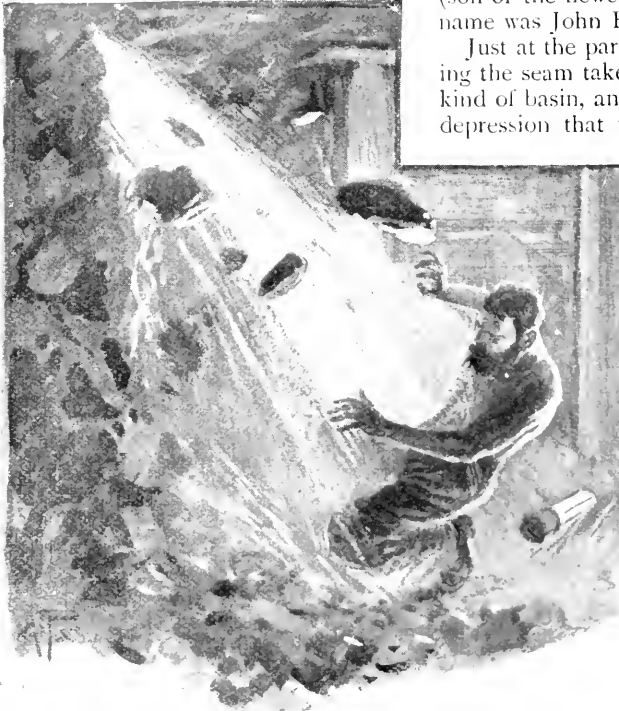
On the Sunday I was rather unwell, and my wife strongly advised me not to go down the pit on Monday. But I'm not one to make a tuss about a trifle, so I said that no doubt I should pull round when I got down and things would be all right. It's no use talking about how different things would have been if I'd taken the wife's advice, because what's got to be has got to be. At ten o'clock on the Monday morning two hundred of us, forming the "back shift," went down the shaft. Eight of us, five hewers—I was a hewer—two putter-boys, and a deputy-overman, went away to a new working, called the Busty seam, over a mile from the shaft. That part of the mine was rather strange to us and we didn't quite know our way. I ought to explain that every week all the working

places in the pit are "cavilled," or balloted for by the hewers, and I was now visiting the Busty seam for the very first time. The other hewers besides myself were McCormick, Whitaker, Bell, and Stenlake. The putter-boys' names were Caine and McCormick (son of the hewer), and the overman's name was John Hall.

Just at the part where we were working the seam takes a dip and forms a kind of basin, and it was down in this depression that my four mates were situated. I moved a few yards farther away on to higher ground. I was working quite by myself and could neither see nor hear my companions, for sound doesn't travel underground like it does up above.

I had with me a day's food, a bottle of water, my lamp, pick, wooden tub (a small truck), and a number of baulks of timber to use for supports. The tub or truck we use is a large one, about a yard high.

I had been working for about twenty minutes, picking at the coal, when suddenly I heard a noise that made me stop and listen. It was a faint rumbling sound, like distant thunder—a sound that, although fortunately seldom heard by the pitman, is only too familiar to him. I also felt a sudden rush of air, and knew at once that water had burst into the mine, and that it was high time to think about getting to the distant shaft. Throwing down my pick I made a dash in the direction of the shaft, but hadn't gone more than a few yards when I ran right into the water. I pushed on through it, hoping to find a means of escape, but it rose higher every moment, until it reached my armpits. It was deepening at every step I took; so finding I could not hope to reach the other side of the flood I turned round and retraced my steps, walking out of the water on to the dry ground I had left. Then, and not till then, I realized what had happened to me. I was cut off from escape—imprisoned in the mine!



"THE FLOOD BURST THROUGH THE APERTURE."

I walked to the spot where I had been working and sat down for a few minutes to consider. What should I do? The place where I was shut in was very small; I could not stand absolutely upright, and the sides were very shallow. The distance between the edge of the water and the wall of the working was very little, and appeared to be lessening every moment. Presently I got on to my feet again and thought I would have another try to escape. I waded into the black-looking water again as far as my shoulders, but found it hopeless to proceed farther; the flood was rushing round the corner of a working with a loud roar, and there was no chance of my getting past, so once more I went back to my post above the water.

I took out my watch and looked at the time; it was half-past twelve. I knew that a rescue party would soon be at work, and would get at me at the very first opportunity, so I made up my mind to sit and wait, taking up as safe a position as I could find. I turned the coal out of my truck, on the highest ground I could find, and stood the truck end-up. Then I got the planks I had with me and placed them across the heap of coal and the tub, thus making a kind of platform. On this I laid myself down.

I lay there for an hour or so, listening in a half-drowsy way to the noise of the water and the ceaseless lapping as it gradually crept up towards me. The water was still rushing in, climbing slowly and relentlessly higher, as I could see by the light of my lamp. It would be a race between the flood and the rescue party.

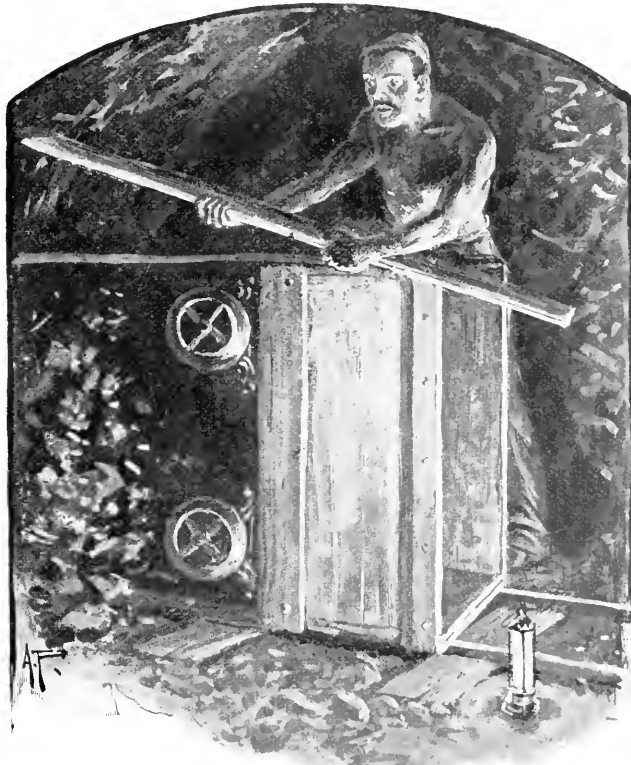
I took out my "bait" (food) and ate a portion of it and drank some water. Then I took out my watch again and found it was past

two. After that I fell into a doze, a kind of half-sleep, during which I could still hear the constant lapping of the rising water, but the sound I was hoping and longing and praying for—a human voice—did not come.

I lay for a long time in this semi-stupor until I began to feel very faint. Then I roused myself, and finished the remainder of my food and water. This revived me a great deal, putting fresh life and hope into me. It was a precious consolation to me to know, or to feel sure, that I was being sought for, and that no pains would be spared to get at me. This was, in fact, the one thought that never left me the whole time. It kept me up, and prevented me from entirely losing hope, when things looked at their very worst.

I examined my watch again by the light of my lamp, and found it was evening—between six and seven. That awful water was nearer to me than ever and was still rising steadily. When would the rescue party come—or would they be too late? Lying down again, I made a sort of bed of my planks and dozed, but dared not go to sleep. The dull rush and lap of the flood continued the whole time, the rushing always the same, but the lapping growing louder and more distinct as the water advanced towards me.

When I sat up again it seemed a long time since I had finished my food. I was feeling very faint and my head was growing dizzy. The air seemed to be half-stifling me—it was the choke-damp, of course, and in the dim light my prison appeared to be shrinking. The ticking of my watch sounded very loud, horribly loud; it jarred upon my ears. Presently a thought flashed through my mind and set my heart beating wildly: perhaps by this time the water



"I GOT PLANKS AND PLACED THEM ACROSS THE HEAP OF COAL AND THE TUB."

is subsiding! I slid off my planks on to the ground in order to see. Pulling myself together, I walked towards the water. Alas! I had gone but a few steps when I walked *into* it, so near was it now to my resting-place! Aimlessly I staggered through it—it was a relief to get even a few steps nearer freedom. I went a short distance and then paused, holding my lamp above my head, and gazed out towards the rushing water. No hope there—no sign of hope—for five yards away the water was level with the sloping roof of the passage! I was indeed buried alive! I stood there, watching it in a dazed manner and listening eagerly, but no sound reached me but the horrible rush and roar of the flood, still pouring into the mine. Then I turned round and staggered back, with a heart that seemed to sink at every step. It was the first feeling of real despair that had taken possession of me.

I crawled back on to the planks and lay down. Must I die after all, with death creeping towards me by degrees, inch by inch, in this living tomb? My mind began to play me odd tricks, and I experienced a stifling fear that I should never again see the light of day. A variety of questioning thoughts ran through my mind. How had my mates fared? McCormick, Whittaker, Stenlake—what of them? I felt that I must fall asleep, yet— “No, no, Bob,” I told myself; “that won’t do. Keep yourself alert and all will be well. The rescuers are sure to come; they may be here at any moment. They’ll never leave you here to perish.” Then I thought of my wife and her last words to me, and the youngsters, and our cosy little home—the only bit of sunshine in a pitman’s life. Should I never see them again—*never*! The thought seemed to turn me to stone. I sobbed aloud and called for help, but the only response was the muffled echo of my own voice.

Then a strange thing happened. Suddenly some noise seemed to cease, and the silence that followed I felt for the moment was crushing me. What was it? A moment after I knew my watch had stopped. I took it out and saw by the light of the lamp that it had stopped at ten minutes past twelve. I had no key with me, so could not wind it up. I replaced it in my pocket and lay down again. My head was getting dreadfully heavy, my limbs were stiff and sore, and the perspiration was running down my face.

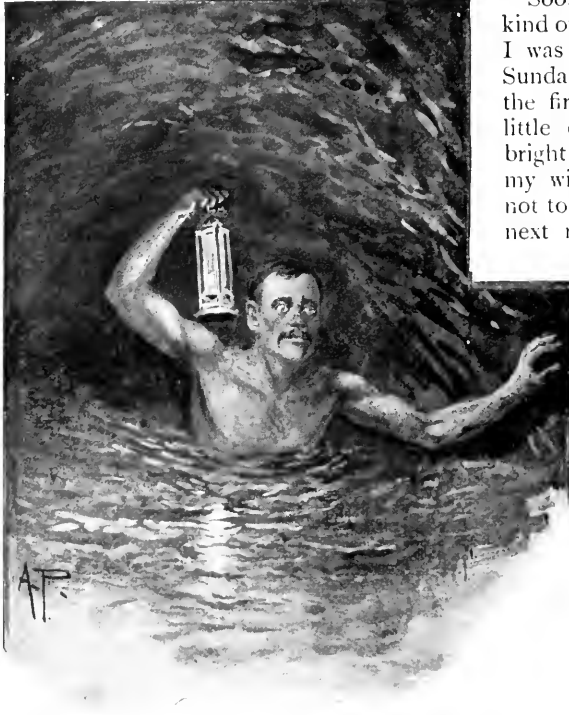
Soon after this I fell into a kind of doze and had a dream. I was back at home. It was Sunday, and I was sitting by the fire with my wife and the little ones. It was a very bright and cosy scene, and my wife was persuading me not to go down the mine the next morning, as I was not feeling very well.

“Don’t go to-morrow,” she was saying; “don’t go, Bob!” The words rang in my ears—it was the real thing all over again. I saw and heard it all quite plainly. Suddenly I awoke from this pleasant dream to the grim reality of my subterranean tomb, and it was very cruel—very cruel! I looked round, and—were my eyes failing me? No; my lamp was going out, extinguished by the

foul air! Gradually it sank lower and lower until it disappeared, and then I was in utter darkness, alone with the flood. How long would it be before the noxious gases overpowered me, or the water—

The water! I could not see it, but I *felt* that it was still rising, coming nearer and nearer to me every second, lapping, lapping up the coal. The suspense was awful. Presently it occurred to me that if the rescuers were anywhere near they might not know of my presence unless I made a noise of some kind. So I began “jowling” (thumping) on my tub, and continued this as often and as long as I could.

I lay asleep, or half asleep, for a very long time—I cannot say how long. I remember



“I STOOD THERE WATCHING IT IN A DAZED MANNER.”

once crawling along for some distance in the water, and then crawling back again. I also felt instinctively that the flood—thank Heaven!—had ceased rising at a certain period, but I don't know when. I did not know how the hours and days were going; I lost all count of time. My only recollection is of a very long period of black and suffocating night, with my strength gradually giving way, and my mind and eyes always turned in the one direction—the way that rescue must come.

Either my hearing was failing or the sound of the waters had ceased. I could no longer hear the rushing noise; everything was still save for a slight and gentle lapping. I suffered very much from thirst, and twice filled my bottle with flood-water, which I drank. It was horrible to the taste—like tar—but I was glad to drink it.

I was always listening, and at last I thought I heard the sound of a voice. Could it be possible, or was it my fancy, for my head was full of strange notions. I listened very intently. Yes, there it was again—"Hoy!" As well as my weakness would let me I shouted back "Hoy!" Then I heard a splashing of water, and again a voice, "Where are you?" "Here!" I shouted back, staggering to my feet. Then the splashing became louder, a light appeared, and somebody dashed into my prison and stood before me. I was saved! It was Mr. Blackett.\*

When I came out I thought it might be Wednesday, but found it was Friday; I had been entombed for about ninety hours! I am very grateful to my rescuers, very grateful indeed, for they saved my life at the risk of their own. They are splendid fellows! I heard of the deaths of my mates, Whittaker and McCormick. Poor chaps—poor chaps! My dear wife has suffered a great deal; I am very glad to be back with her and the little ones, and I thank God for it.

Thus the narrative of Robert Richardson. It must, of course, be borne in mind that it is

made up from material supplied by a man still suffering somewhat from mental disability. It will be weeks ere he is fit for work again. Curiously enough, among the periodicals supplied him by his kindly doctor was a copy of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, which Richardson showed me. His devoted wife was proud to say that, prior to his terrible experience, "her bonny, good husband had never lost a shift."

We will now turn from this thrilling story of mental and physical endurance to the account of as valiant, persistent, and devoted an act of sustained courage as ever graced the annals of heroism—how a band of rescuers went voluntarily and calmly into the very jaws of death, holding their own lives at naught, in an apparently hopeless attempt to save that of a fellow-creature. Mr. W. C. Blackett, the general manager of the mine, is one of the bravest men I have ever met, and like all such folk he is most modest. But it is all the better for the world at large that such bravery as his should be well and widely known. It was due to his dauntless courage and that of his comrades that Richardson's life was saved. But for one brief period on the Thursday—when, pale and haggard, he came to the surface for a much-needed breath of fresh air—Mr. Blackett was down the mine the whole time, wrestling with the overwhelming waters, and urging on his companions to renewed efforts.

The following is Captain Blackett's story. Perhaps I ought to explain that he is a captain of Volunteers, as well as a mining expert:—

On Monday, November 16th, we received a telephone message from Mr. Noble, manager of the mine, to the effect that there was a water-burst down below. At first we attached but little importance to the news, as this sort of thing on a small scale is incidental to all mining and can usually be quickly and easily remedied. However, soon after there came a second message of a more urgent nature. I then realized that it was a serious matter, so I



CAPTAIN BLACKETT, WHO ORGANIZED THE RESCUE PARTY AND WHO WAS THE FIRST MAN TO REACH RICHARDSON.

*From a Photo. by Barclay Bros., Edinburgh.*

\* Chief mining agent for the Sacriston and Charlaw Collieries, and a mining engineer of great repute.  
Vol. xiii.—9.



summoned the various officials, and we all descended the shaft. Mr. Noble had already made us aware of the locality of the burst—the district known as the Busty seam—and having arrived at the bottom we made our way in this direction. There we found Mr. Noble, Mr. Green (under manager), and others standing at the water's edge. We at once realized the very serious nature of the mishap. The water was "roofed"—that is to say, flush with the roof—and it seemed hopeless to suppose that anybody cut off or overtaken by it could have survived or be rescued.

It was known that in this district five men, one deputy, and two boys had been working. Of these the boys, the deputy, and two men had succeeded in getting safely away, all having very narrow escapes, to which I shall refer again later on. This left three men missing, their names being Richardson, McCormick, and Whittaker. The fate of the two latter seemed in our minds painfully certain, but concerning the first-named there was a glimmer of hope. I will explain the reason of this. The seam here takes a dip, forming a kind of basin, in which the two men, Whittaker and McCormick, were working, and probably had little or no chance of escaping; but Richardson was working on higher ground, and might have been able to reach a place of safety.

All access to the missing men being blocked, I at once set to work to make a way through. I made up my mind that, God willing, I would not relax my efforts until I had found the men, dead or alive. I decided to immediately put in an electrical pump, which was then working in one of the other collieries belonging to the firm. Let me here mention that the rescue party included Mr. T. F. Brass; his son, Mr. John Brass, manager of a colliery at Barnsley, but who happened to be in Sacriston at the time; Mr. Simon Tate, J.P., Mr. T. T. Greener, Mr. R. Embleton, and

Mr. W. Walker, H.M. Assistant-Inspector of Mines. All worked splendidly.

The pump was soon fetched from the other mine, and within an hour was in the Sacriston pit, the electricians having in the meantime laid

one and a quarter miles of electric cable for the purpose of working it. A rope-pump was also started soon after, and men and carts were scouring the district for every available water-pipe that they could lay hands on. The water was still pouring in, but found plenty of outlets in the slope of the workings.

After a time we went into the old workings, which were above the level of the entombed men, to explore. Here I and Mr. John Brass stripped off our clothes and plunged into the water, wading about in every direction as far as we could, to try and find a way through to the poor fellows on the other side. We even swam occasionally where it was too deep for wading, but all in vain. We discovered, however, the point where the water was flowing through into the new workings, so we decided to build up a temporary dam in order to check the inrush, and so give the pumps a better chance.

We soon got men to work on the dam, which consisted of two rows of timber with clay rammed between. In the meantime several men were dispatched to Newcastle-on-Tyne for another and more powerful electric pump and cable. It was during Monday night they were sent on this errand, and by 5 a.m. on Tuesday they were at the doors of a big electrical firm, waiting for admission. About eleven the same morning they were back at Sacriston with a powerful pump capable of throwing a thousand gallons of water

per minute. The work of erecting it and laying the cable was immediately commenced; there being no less than four miles of the latter to lay. It really did one's heart good to see the men working, as though every moment was the last of their lives; no praise can be too great



MR. SIMON TATE, J.P.  
*From a Photo. by Bacon & Sons,  
Newcastle-on-Tyne.*



MR. JOHN BRASS.  
*From a Photo.*



MR. W. WALKER, H.M. ASSISTANT-INSPECTOR  
OF MINES.  
*From a Photo. by Mackintosh, Kelso.*

THREE MEMBERS OF THE RESCUE PARTY.

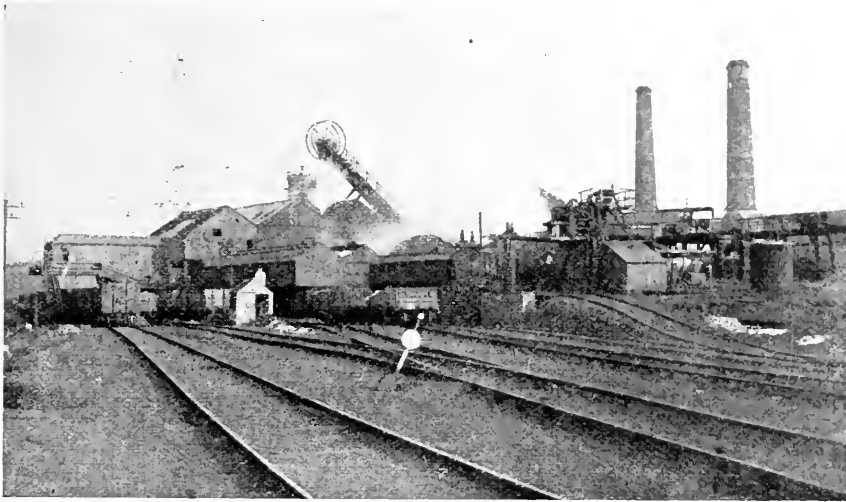


for their splendid discipline and their untiring energies in the service of their luckless fellow-workers.

It was a grateful and encouraging sight to observe, soon after the pumps had got well to work, that the flood had lowered a little—only a little, but it meant a great deal to us. Spurred on by this we made attempt after attempt to get through the icy-cold water, wading and swimming, but failed on each occasion; our efforts were of no avail, and with very heavy

—the morning that the big electric pump was got to work—the water was lowering only one inch per hour, in spite of the fact that no less than one thousand two hundred gallons were being pumped out every minute. In order to mark its descent we stuck pins into the supports of the roof at the level of the water. During our vigil we were occasionally visited by Mr. Wilson, M.P., and other gentlemen.

On the Thursday morning, accompanied by Messrs. Tate, Walker, and John Brass, I again went into the district and made another determined attempt to get at the men, but once more we failed. In the afternoon Mr. Brass paid a further visit to the dam, and found the water rapidly rising on the other side. He then went into the district where the men were entombed, and to our consternation reported that for an hour and a half the water had not



From a Photo. by SACRISTON COLLIERY, WHERE THE DISASTER OCCURRED.

[Edis. Durham.]

hearts we unitedly agreed that it appeared hopeless that any of the men could be reached. We were working in considerable danger, for if the dam we had built had given way we must certainly all have perished. Moreover, the atmosphere was very foul—so foul that the ordinary lamps would not burn, and we had to use electric hand-lamps.

Periodically Mr. John Brass visited the dam to report upon its condition. In order to do this he was compelled to wade up to his waist in the water, the cold of which was intense. It was found that the water kept steadily rising at the dam, which increased our apprehension as to its strength and the possibility of its giving way. Had it yielded, as I have said, our lives would not have been worth a moment's purchase, and the knowledge that at any time this might occur added to the anxieties of our position. In defiance, however, of this danger we pressed on far past the dam—in fact, as far as we could get. Luckily for all concerned the barrier held fast, in spite of the great pressure of water behind it.

The strain of waiting for the flood to subside was very great. Early on the Wednesday morning

moved at all, although the pumps were working splendidly! At first I, in common with the others, fell into deep despair, but after considering a little I was able to find a satisfactory explanation of this disconcerting phenomenon, and so to lighten the hearts of the others. What is known as the "water blast" had occurred. This is caused by the pressure of the water flowing into the passages compressing the air, which, when the pumps have lowered the water sufficiently, in its turn presses the water, causing it to rise at the point of least resistance—in the neighbourhood of the pumps.

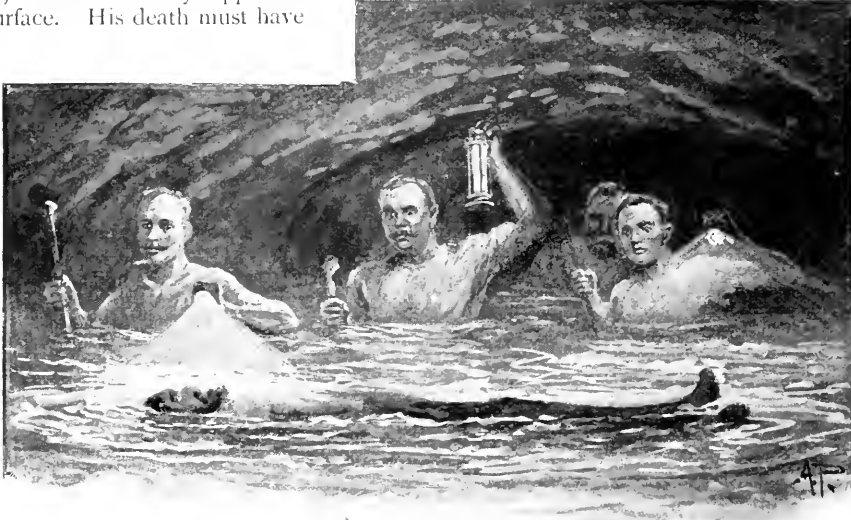
On Thursday night we most reluctantly came to the conclusion that this was the limit of time that any entombed man could live, so we determined to make one more strenuous effort to win through. The party consisted of the same members as before. When we first entered the flood it was impossible to proceed far, so we returned and waited at the water's edge for some time. It was then a quarter of twelve o'clock. Stripping ourselves and starting again, we again entered the flood. We found ourselves with us, and with both these and our feet felt our way through the water, which in many places

was about five and a half feet deep. The first mad rush of the flood had swept away all the timberings and props, and huge falls of roof had taken place, while every now and then a fresh one would occur, threatening to destroy us or to cut us off like our unfortunate comrades. The foul air, mixed with explosive gases, was also a serious danger.

We went in single file, and had not proceeded more than four hundred yards when one of us must have touched the body of poor Whittaker, which suddenly appeared on the surface. His death must have

McCormick, lying in a few inches of water, face upwards. Like Whittaker's, his end must have been swift. The body was immediately conveyed to the shaft.

But what of Richardson? We were all satisfied that it was impossible that he could be alive. However, I decided to push through as far as I could reach, and waded into the water until it became rapidly deeper. I was well ahead of the others, while the water was up to my chin—



"THE BODY OF POOR WHITTAKER SUDDENLY APPEARED ON THE SURFACE."

been mercifully swift, for upon his coal-stained face there was an expression of quiet repose. His body was at once conveyed to the shaft.

I can assure you that this work of wading forward through the darkness, expecting every moment to come across the bodies of the hapless victims, was extremely trying to the nerves. At this juncture I lost one of my little band of explorers. Mr. John Brass collapsed and had to be taken to the surface. He had had no sleep since Monday, and had been constantly wading in the icy-cold water. He worked splendidly, and all honour is due to him.

I think the recovery of Whittaker's body put fresh energy into us, and at midnight of Thursday we made another dash through the water, but after a most exhaustive search had to confess ourselves beaten. The party on this occasion consisted of Messrs. Tate, Weeks, Noble, and myself. However, at about half-past three on Friday morning we made yet another effort. We proceeded to the Third West district of the Busty seam, where the water first broke through. Here we made another discovery—the body of

there being about a foot space between the surface of the water and the roof—when my progress was suddenly arrested by a sound like "jowling" (thumping). I turned round and called out to Mr. Tate, who was nearest me, "Did you hear anybody jowling?" He replied in the negative. I then shouted "Halloa!" and, to my utter astonishment, a reply "Halloa!" came back, very faint, and like the echo of my own voice. Shouting back to the others, "He's alive—this way!" I dashed towards where I thought the voice sounded. I then found I was going in a wrong direction, so shouted again, "Where are you?" and the reply came back, "Here!" I was then able to locate it, and made all haste towards the spot. Making my way through a brattice door I came on to higher ground, and there I saw Richardson, standing with his back towards me. He was probably looking for me in another direction. At first I was almost afraid to speak to him, so critical, I thought, might be his condition. So I motioned him to sit down. Then I asked him how he felt, and he replied, "Pretty

bad. I should like to be out of this." He also said, "You've been a long time coming." Then Mr. Tate came through, and we both took Richardson by the hand and congratulated him. I had had some soup kept hot in case of an emergency, so I waded back through the water and fetched some, into which I put a strong stimulant. When Richardson tasted this he exclaimed, "My word, but that is nice!" Poor chap, it must indeed have been delicious after his long abstention and imprisonment!

The spot where I found Richardson was over a mile from the shaft, and exactly where he was working. He had preserved his life by sitting tight. If he had made a determined attempt to escape he must have been lost.

After giving him the soup I went in search of a stretcher, for Richardson was too far gone to walk, and the place was a most awkward one to get out of. Having found one I returned with a band of willing assistants. We soon got Richardson on to the stretcher, and after a deal of congratulatory hand-shaking he was conveyed out of the place. For about twenty yards there was only just room between the roof and the surface of the water to admit of the stretcher and its occupant passing through, the heads of the unfortunate carriers being meanwhile held in a horizontal position, their bodies entirely submerged beneath the slimy flood.

Thus our energies were at last crowned with some success. The feeling of elation that possessed us all at having saved even one life was a wonderful restorative to our erstwhile drooping spirits, and made our struggles and difficulties appear light as air.

Of the others who escaped, one of the putter-

boys saved himself by leaving his pony behind, which was drowned. But the most miraculous escape, next to that of Richardson, was that of the two men Stenlake and Bell. Hall, an overman, got an early view of the advancing water.



"I SAW RICHARDSON STANDING WITH HIS BACK TOWARDS ME."

He gave the alarm to the two other men, and exclaiming "Follow me!" made off. Stenlake at once took to his heels, followed by Bell. The district was new to them, and they were not familiar with the way out. Stenlake struck his foot against some obstruction and fell. As he did so he shouted to Bell, "Don't leave me: I can't see." At this Stenlake returned to his mate's assistance, and then discovered that they had been running towards the flood, in which they must inevitably have been overwhelmed and drowned. They then turned off in the right direction, and having waded through the water up to their chins reached a place of safety.

Finally, let me pay a well-deserved tribute of praise to all those brave men who endured and struggled with me through that long period of suspense and arduous labour. Their conduct was always splendid.

This is the first serious accident that has happened at this colliery since it was started about fourteen years ago—a very gratifying record. The Humane Society have had the matter in hand, and as a result silver medals have been awarded to Messrs. Buckett, Tate, Walker, Brass, Hall, and Blackburn. This is the first occasion on which silver medals have been awarded for mine rescues. It affords me, having in view the apparently insuperable difficulties which these devoted men encountered in the bowels of the earth, that such an honourable distinction has been so justly earned.

# ON FOOT TO THIBET

by  
*Chas. H. Simmonds*

## III.

The conclusion of this interesting narrative. Mr. Simmonds describes his journey across the remote and almost unknown regions which lie on the threshold of forbidden Thibet, and his little excursion into the Closed Land itself, illustrating his account with some striking photographs.

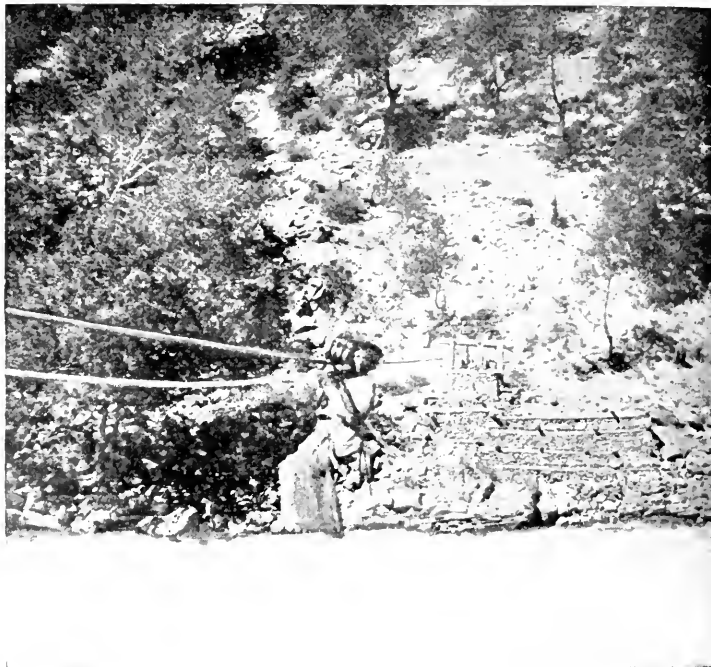


N our way back to Paari I saw an old leopard trap by the road, made of boulders. There was a small inner place, intended for a young dog, whose yelps would attract the panther. On the latter seizing the dog and dragging it a catch would be released, which dropped a baulk of timber behind the leopard, making him a prisoner, where he would be quietly shot or speared in the morning.

Returning from a walk to Rala, I had to take my baggage, servants, and self over the Sulej on a weird contrivance called a "jula." This consisted of a wire rope stretched taut, passing over beams on each side of the river, and then fastened into the ground by means of rocks and baulks of timber. There was a travelling block on the rope, to which a seat was suspended by goat's-hair ropes, with a guy attached. One was thus hauled swiftly and safely across, dangling over sixty feet above the water; the river was nearly a hundred yards across. The Thibetan dog was the only thing that gave us any bother, and we

had eventually to blindfold him. One of my servants held him strapped down in his lap, and thus brought him over safely. The photograph below shows one of the men going across the river on the "jula."

Our next route led us up through a forest



From a]

CROSSING THE SULEJ ON A "JULA."

[Photo.

of edible pine trees, growing amid boulders, through Kangi and Talangi, to the main Hindustan-Thibet road, and so on to Pangi. It was a great treat getting on to a broad, level path even for a day, after some of the awful tracks we had been following. All the coolies took snuff every now and then, from different-shaped mulls. This was the first time I had seen any snuff-taking in this part of the world.

After a time we left the main road again and proceeded up the right bank of the Kozhang River for a few miles; then crossed a native bridge and up the left bank, camping on an exposed plateau in a heavy, cold wind and rain. While prospecting here I saw a colony of marmots, and right up between the bare boulders, almost above the limit of vegetation, was very much surprised to find a great number of moths, that apparently live amongst the stones. In some places I disturbed crowds of them at every step.

We next climbed up about four thousand feet and crossed over the Asrang Pass. There was a thick, cold, white mist all the way, so that we could see only a few yards in front. This was a great pity, as there must have been some good views from the top. I noticed my Kunowari men whistling forcibly while we were crossing the pass; they said that by doing so they would bring on a wind which would dissipate the mist. Sailors, of course, have a similar superstition concerning "whistling for a wind."

The following day I started and prospected the place where some ore had been found in the *débris* of a landslide on the other side of the river. By doing some gymnastic feats on the cliff above and being spread-eagled for five minutes on its face, unable to move until four of the hill-men got hold of me hand and foot, I discovered the lode. On my way there I disturbed a chikor, with about a dozen tiny little chickens; they ran and hid like mice, but the old mother came up close to me and made an awful disturbance, so I seized the opportunity to take a photograph of her. After this we came down the right bank of the Taite River to Lipe,

through pines, boulders, and an occasional field of barley.

Lipe appeared to be a regular Buddhist village. There were Lamas' gompas, which looked very imposing at a distance, *manis* one hundred feet long, ten feet high, and ten feet wide, chortems, praying wheels, and fluttering flags. The praying-wheels were put at the end of the *manis*. They were something like small barrels, up-ended on a pivot, about nine inches high and the same in diameter. The chortems at the entrances to the villages were made to span the road, and one had to pass beneath them. The villages in this district are a curious-looking lot of rabbit-warrens, one house on top of another, with galleries, doors, and balconies all mixed up together. In passing through one saw dirty human forms everywhere, peering at one from high up above or down below. All the houses consisted of pine



"THE VILLAGES ARE A CURIOUS-LOOKING LOT OF RABBIT-WARRENS, WITH GALLERIES, DOORS, AND BALCONIES ALL MIXED UP TOGETHER."  
From a]

slabs, stones, and flat roofs strewn with earth on which apricots were drying. Everything was most grotesque. A typical village of this kind, with the houses piled higgledy-piggledy on top of one another, is shown above.

On the way down to Lipe I met a lot of ponies going up to the summit of the mountain at the head of the Taite River. There were many of the looking black Spit'i ponies, and a few of the grey-and-white ones from India. They were taken up to the mountains at night, and practically allowed to run wild there.

We next proceeded to Labrang, high up on the right bank of the Sulej. I found the country here had none of the forests and snow which we had met with elsewhere. The mountains were absolutely barren of everything but bare boulders and shale, the villages having the only vegetation there was, which here, at this season, is almost exclusively barley, apricot trees, and two kinds of poplars. The *manis* at the entrances to the villages were whitewashed with a sort of kaolin, made by the decomposition of some of the shaly slate.

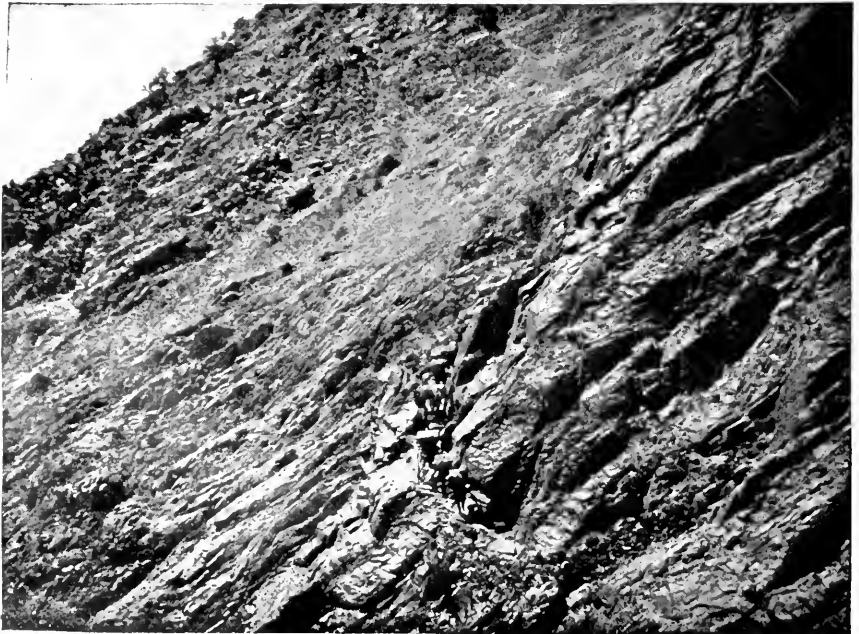
We continued our journey up five to six thousand feet over the Ruhang Pass, and down the same distance the other side to Sungnam, on the Thanam River—a long, stiff march, lasting from 6.30 in the morning until 5.30 at night. The Ruhang Pass is fourteen thousand feet high, and the snow had very nearly all melted on it. Sungnam is a large village. The poplars that surround the villages hereabouts are grown for the sake of their small branches and leaves, which are cut in autumn and then stacked on platforms above the snow to serve as fodder for the stock in the depths of winter. I saw a great number of blue rock-doves at Lipe and Labrang, feeding in the barley-fields.

"When one is in Rome," etc., says the proverb, so to please the villagers I always made it a rule to leave the *manis* on my right hand, so as to conform to their Buddhist customs—for leaving them on one's left hand means a curse on the village. My non-Buddhist servants were amused at my punctiliousness, so I made them do it as well.

A few days after we had a twelve-hours' solid tramp to Spuch, and got in awfully tired. The most of the way was along a track running by the side of the cliffs high above the right bank of the Sulej. The path was narrow, awkward, and somewhat dangerous, as will

be seen from the accompanying photo. Spuch is a regular border village, half of the inhabitants being Kunowaris, with a mixture of Tartar blood in them, and the remainder being pure Thibetans. The barley in the district was more like the home variety, being thicker and having grains larger than that grown farther down. We passed through Chasso on the way; both there and at Spuch apples are grown, also poplars, apricots, and raspberries. Away from the villages the country is quite barren, except for an occasional sage or absinthe plant, with its sickly smell. The orchards and fields are kept going entirely by irrigation, the mountain streams, fed by the melting snows, being diverted above the cultivation into little rills, which are brought laboriously along the face of the mountains. The women here have large, stiff earrings of turquoise, and beads and necklaces of the same material. They wear tight woollen trousers under their long coats, and their hair is plaited into about thirty ringlets, while a dirty red sash encircles their waists. Even the Kunowari men I had with me could not make themselves understood, as the language was quite different. I met a pure-blooded Chinese family here whose home, they said, was one year's journey away. At this village, by the way, I got some fine, large gooseberries; I had not seen any for years.

The bear cub got quite drunk here one day through eating too much fruit, and rushed round



From a)

A DANGEROUS TRACK ON THE ROAD TO SPUCH.

[Photo.



excitedly, knocking its head against any obstacle that got in its way. It was a most comical sight, and my tent was crowded with sightseers, men, women, and children. The following snap-shot shows this cub and my Thibetan dog tied together, trotting along most amicably behind me, on the march.

Continuing on our way we crossed over a



THE AUTHOR'S BEAR CUB AND THIBETAN DOG ON THE MARCH.  
*From a Photo.*

decidedly shaky but substantial wooden cantilever bridge, where the Sutlej has narrowed down between steep cliffs, crowded with blue rock-pigeons. Thence we went along the track up the left bank of the river, through Dabling, Dabling, and Khab villages to Nangea, where we camped under the apricot trees, loaded with capital ripe fruit, on which the baggage-coolies simply gorged: I saw one, as Sam Weller's father said, "wisibly swelling" before my eyes. At each village I was met by the headman and a crowd of sightseers, with baskets full of fruit, brought me as a present. Women meeting one on the track stop to salute you with a respectful "Julay," which, I suppose, is the equivalent of the Hindustani "salaam." The cliffs on the opposite bank of the river hereabouts were stupendous, towering up for thousands of feet. On their precipitous summits ibex were common.

The Thibetans round this part were rather overbearing in their demeanour; they shouldered up to you as if you were quite beneath

them, and demanded tobacco, money, or flour in a most insolent manner. One could wonder at this when they can step as they like their territory as they like, while they have no perfect right to come and go in ours; so they think, of course, that the Chinese are our masters. I purchased some Chinese brick tea from one of them at one rupee four annas per *coz.* This tea reminded me of the "post and rails tea" I used to get on cattle stations in Queensland; but this sample beat even that dreadful stuff, as it was absolutely nothing but sticks and wretched large leaves.

Although at this place we were at an altitude of more than eleven thousand feet, the heat on the river banks was most intense. It was, however, a heat that one could work in.

The coolies had a very stiff walk up to the top of the Shipki Pass, where we camped. We must have ascended five or six thousand feet, and the height at which we were camped was, I should say, about seventeen thousand feet. I hired two half-bred yaks for myself and servant, and walked and rode

alternately. The next snap-shot shows me on my strange mount. My servant and one or two of my men had splitting headaches owing to the thinness of the atmosphere at this great height, and were quite helpless. From the summit we had a grand view of mysterious Thibet, as this pass is higher than most of



*From c]*

MR. SIMPSON'S YAK.

the mountains to the east. There were a few green spots where the villages were, down near the Sutlej, but all the remainder was bare, rugged rock alternated with landslips. There had been a Thibetan guard at this pass until a little while previously, to prevent any Europeans entering, but when I arrived they had been withdrawn. Some idea of the delights of travelling in this region may be gleaned from the picture herewith, which depicts a rocky bit of road.

My coolies had to camp on the bare hillside, with a high cold wind blowing, but they were all cheerful and laughing, and brought me a big

The view over Thibet was most absorbing. Looking across the lofty heights and through the mountain gorges, I saw the mist being driven and tossed by the wind up the ravines to the tops of the mountains, and then whirled down again, until about noon it gradually cleared away. All the time, on the Indian side of the pass, it was blue sky and bright sunlight. I saw up here a good many greyish-white flowers, which I took to be edelweiss, but as I do not know that flower I could not be sure in my identification.

I camped in a dogri of Shipki village, whence I went down and had a look at it and



From a]

A "ROAD" ON THE THIBETAN BORDER.

[Photo.

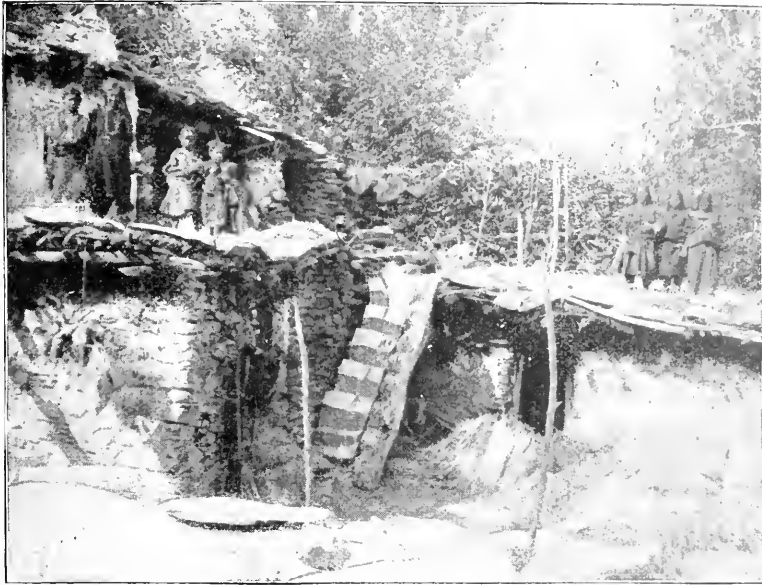
bunch of pink primroses. There was a sort of currant-bush growing above Nangea, the fruit of which, the villagers said, would ripen in a few weeks. It seemed strange to think that one was actually in Thibet itself—the Closed Land about which so much has been written and remains to be written. Ten burrel were seen after we pitched camp, and snow-pheasants were heard, but I had had quite enough climbing for one day, and sufficient experience of the difficulty of breathing when climbing to go after them. At this altitude one had to stop to get breath every fifty yards.

I had a look for the burrel, but there was such a thick white mist I could see only a few yards away, so was unsuccessful. I saw a good many snow-pheasants, but none near enough to shoot; they looked something like ptarmigan in the distance.

took some photographs, one of which is next reproduced. I found the village, the fields, crops, etc., differing not at all from Nangea and Spueh, down below. The same Thibetan language was spoken, there were the same *manis* and chortens, the same poplars and apricots, irrigated barley, broad beans, and millet. The houses were also similar. The inhabitants, however, were dressed differently and were absolute Mongolians, with no half-bred mixture amongst them. The men wore loose woollen robes, girded in the middle, with long coloured puttoo boots up to their knees. The women also wore a loose robe, woollen knickerbockers, and the same kind of boots. The men all carried snuff-mulls, from which they offered a pinch, shaken out on the thumb-nail, to each important acquaintance they met.

I noticed on the roof of a house where barley





From a)

A VIEW IN SHIKPI VILLAGE.

[Photo.

was being thrashed that a flail, almost precisely similar to those used in old-fashioned English farms, was in use. On the same roof there was an old Chinese gun on supports, which they said was put there to frighten the crows from the grain. I doubt if it could have done anything else—except perhaps kill the rash gunner who dared to fire it. The women wore their hair braided in ringlets, as already described. There were stacks of fuel round each house, composed entirely of the thorny wood of the wild-rose tree. Everyone presents you with a nosegay of flowers, and expects a present if you are their superior; but among themselves it is only an act of courtesy. One bunch, given me by a young lady, consisted of the sweet-smelling old English wall-flower!

No European is permitted beyond this village, and cannot pass farther unless he uses force and brings his own coolies from some other country. No Kunowari coolie will go with you, and the headman is authorized by the Chinese Government to refuse to

lend coolies, and to use force if one persists in going on. Nor will the Indian Government protect you, although, as I have said, the Tibetans can come and go as they like in India.

The valley of the Sutlej farther on looked bare, mountainous, and uninviting, as the annexed photograph well shows; but beyond where I could see I understood it opened out into upland grazing plains. Yaks were feeding on all the upland pastures, and marmots and



From a)

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SUTLEJ.

[Photo.

choughs were common. The men and women all wore necklaces of turquoise and amber beads. The turquoise comes from Turkistan, but is, I believe, originally of Persian mining; it is certainly not obtained from India.

There are four or five hamlets farther up the Suttlej, for a few miles after which there is no

above, was swaying wildly in the wind, and I fancy one would want pretty good nerves to tackle it, as the steps are wide apart. Only those living near, who understand its peculiarities from constant use, care to cross, and they carry sheep and goats over it on their shoulders. Villagers from a distance are quite timid in



*From a]*

A SNAP-SHOT IN GLOOMY AND MYSTERIOUS THIBET.

*[Photo.*

village until Chaprang, a seat of Chinese Government, except camps of yak-hide huts for the natives in charge of the grazing herds.

Gartok, a large mart where traders meet from all parts of Asia to barter and exchange, lies ten days' journey somewhere north-east; here a sort of fair is held for six weeks in the early autumn, when all the passes are open.

On the opposite side of the Suttlej, half-way up the cliffs, which are here several thousand feet in height, is perched a solitary Lama gompa, or monastery, where monks retire for two or three years, to pray, and read, and ruminate. It is a strangely inaccessible-looking place. About two miles away are two villages owned by the monastery, and the inhabitants of Namgea do their field work for them, having to cross a grass-ladder bridge over the Suttlej to get there. This bridge, as seen from one mile

crossing it. The burrel near the gompa are not allowed to be shot, so I was told, and in consequence have grown almost as tame as the Lama's sheep.

Whilst I and three of my men were out prospecting one day, a large boulder from above came unexpectedly bounding down the cliff. One of the men crept or fell under a huge rock, and how the rest of us ran both ways along the shelving cliff was a caution! It went between us and over the man under the rock. Result—no casualties.

Having by this time had a good look into Thibet—how I wished I knew some way of penetrating farther into the country and getting safely out again!—I bade farewell to that mysterious and little-known land and retraced my steps towards the south and comparative civilization.

# Riddell the Ranger.

By COLONEL JULIUS G. TUCKER.

The history of Colonel John Riddell, Texas Ranger, whose troubles, according to himself, "began and ended with a woman." Colonel Tucker describes Riddell's gallant rescue of a young girl who was about to be forced into marriage with a man she abhorred, and his curious experiences with a rich widow who fell in love with and married him.



NE of the most interesting specimens of the old frontiersman—a race now almost extinct—was Colonel John Riddell. He was about seventy years old, straight as an arrow, standing six feet two in his stockings, eagle-eyed, afraid of nothing living, and with a face that often reminded me of pictures I had seen of the "Grenadiers of the Guard" under the first Napoleon. He had been a "Texas Ranger," a gambler, a sheep-raiser, and a ranch-owner; had been all over Mexico, and knew the whole frontier from the mouth of the Rio Grande to California.

Such was the man who approached me one day on my ranch in Cameron County, Texas, and asked for a position as overseer which had recently become vacant. I had known him for some years as a sober, honest, and industrious man, he having acted as overseer upon the ranch of a friend of mine.

Upon being asked how much salary he wanted, he replied, "I am not worth a great deal, nor do I want much, and I will leave that matter in your hands." Thus it came to pass that Colonel Riddell became my overseer, and one more willing to do his duty faithfully I have never known.

After he had been working for me about two years he approached me on one of my visits to the ranch and said, abruptly, "Colonel, I am going to quit working for you."

"Well," replied I, "that is your privilege; but may I ask you why you want to quit, or why are you dissatisfied?"

"I like you better than anybody on the frontier," he replied, "and would rather work for you than for anybody else, but I can't stand the idea of taking a man's money when I feel that I am not earning it. My work is too light and not worth what you are paying me."

"Hadn't you better wait until I complain?" said I.

"No," said he; "I know you, and I also

know that you would not complain, and that is exactly what worries me."

It took me fully an hour to convince him that his services were valuable to me, and that he fully earned his salary, before he would consent to remain.

Colonel Riddell was of a taciturn disposition and rarely spoke about himself or of his earlier life; but upon one occasion we were sitting by a roaring fire at night while a fierce cold "Norther" was blowing, and, our conversation flagging, I asked him to tell me something about his life as a Ranger, and also about his married life. This last request seemed to stagger him, and he remarked, "I did not know you were aware of the fact that I had a wife."

"I have heard it rumoured," replied I, "and as we were talking about olden times I thought you might tell me something about her and about yourself, in order to pass away the evening."

"Well," said he, "I have not spoken about her for many a long year, and she may be dead for all I know. But it is early yet, and as we have nothing better to do I will tell you something about my early life."

He then related the following history, which I have set down as nearly as may be in his own words:—

I was born and raised on a farm in Indiana, and was the oldest of five children—three boys and two girls. I received my education, such as it is, in the district school, which I attended during the winter. My parents were good, honest people, who strove hard to bring up their children decently. I worked upon the farm until I was twenty-one years of age, when I told my parents I wanted to see the world, and although they tried to dissuade me, I remain, I left them with but a few dollars in my pocket and started westward.

At this time Ben McCulloch was leading a

company of Rangers, which I joined, and finally came to Texas with them. It was a free and wild life, and we soon got to fighting Indians, and as I was a good shot, and never got "rattled" in a fight, they made a sergeant of me.

I had been several years with the company when we moved down to Llano County, Texas, and we had not been there more than three months when my troubles began. I may as well tell you at once that they commenced and ended with a woman.

It came about in this way. As I have said, we were down in Llano County, about fifty miles from the Rio Grande, when I went out scouting one day accompanied by two of my men. We stopped at the ranch of a rich Mexican, whom I knew, named Savos Hernandez, and, although he was not at home, we were invited to spend the night there, which invitation we accepted.

After supper, while walking in the garden, I was startled to hear a woman crying in an arbour close at hand. Upon investigation I found it to be Anita, the pretty daughter of the rancher. Upon asking what ailed her, she told me, with many sobs, that her mother intended to marry her to a man much older than herself, whom she despised and feared: that the priest had been sent for and would arrive the following day; and that she would rather die than marry the fellow. Moreover, she was secretly engaged to marry her cousin Antonio, whom she loved, and who lived with his parents on a ranch some twenty-five miles away. If she could only get to her uncle's house, she said, he would protect her.

While she was pouring out her sorrows I was thinking very hard, and finally decided to help her: so I said, quietly, "Anita, dry your tears and listen to me a moment. I think I see a way to save you and to get you to your uncle's house. But tell me frankly, do you trust me?" She replied that she knew me to be a gentleman, and would be guided entirely by me if I saw a chance to help her.

"Very well, then," I said: "go quietly into the house and put up a bundle of such clothes as you absolutely need, and come back here with it as soon as possible. While you are gone I will saddle my horse and meet you behind the hedge and take you to your uncle. Be careful, and don't let anybody see you leaving."

"Señor Riddell," said she, "I have no right to put your life in danger, because the moment they miss me, and miss you likewise, they will be after us: and if they overtake us they will certainly kill you."

"Don't think of me, but of yourself, Anita," replied I: "if you do not get away to-night you will be married to-morrow to the man whom you say you despise—and as for killing me, don't worry about that, for I shoot pretty straight myself." I finally prevailed upon her to save herself, and she left me to get what clothes she needed.

I hunted up my companions and in a few words told them of my plot. I asked them to go into the house and talk to the mother and the prospective bridegroom, so as to give Anita a chance to get away unobserved. Then I arranged a place for us all to meet on the third



"I SAID, QUIETLY, 'ANITA, DRY YOUR TEARS AND LISTEN TO ME.'"

day, telling them that if I did not show up then they were to return to camp and report the matter to the captain. We shook hands, and after wishing me luck they entered the house, while I procured my arms, quietly saddled my horse, and led him to the rear of the arbour. After waiting about ten minutes Anita arrived carrying a small bundle. I lifted her upon the horse behind me, told her to hold on tight, and started away at a canter.

It was a warm and beautiful night, and although there was no moon it was bright enough to see some distance ahead and behind. I cantered along easily, as I did not want to strain my horse, not knowing how hard I might have to ride before I got through with the task I had undertaken.

I had ridden only about a mile when, as bad luck would have it, one of the Mexican cowboys of the ranch came out of the chaparral just in front of us, and before I could speak to him darted back into the brush. I called to him, but he did not stop.

I knew the cowboy had recognised me as well as Anita, and that he would give the alarm instantly. I dismounted for a minute to tighten my saddle-girth, and soon was away at full speed. Anita had not uttered a word, but as we swept along at a gallop she said, "Señor Riddell, I have entrusted myself to you, and if the people come after us don't spare them, but shoot to kill—for they will surely kill you if they catch you."

Then I realized what stuff this black-eyed Señorita Anita was made of, and I replied, laughingly, "Have no fear: they will not catch us, for they will have to come up to us to do so, and my rifle is handy. Don't you think I know how to shoot?"

"Yes, I know you do," she replied; "but I have made up my mind that if they should shoot you I will take your pistol and shoot myself sooner than marry that odious wretch."

We had ridden at full speed and had covered about ten miles, when I halted to let my horse breathe for a second. Hastily dismounting, I threw myself on the ground to listen, and sure enough heard the tramp of galloping horses in our rear, but I judged it to be at least a mile away.

I remounted at once, and we were off like a flash. "Now, old Tom," said I to my horse, "show what you are made of and don't let these greasers catch us." And as though he understood my words he quickened his stride, and we went like the wind.

Anita laughed and said, "Oh, this is glorious, if only those fellows behind don't catch us. If we have to fight, look out, señor, and save a

bullet for that beautiful bridegroom of mine." And she laughed again.

About five or six miles farther on Anita said, "I am afraid they have divided and will head us off at the lone pine, just five miles from my uncle's house. If they have, what then?" "Well," I said, calmly, "then there will be some shooting."

The "lone pine" she mentioned stood on the bank of an *arroyo*, or dry creek, the banks of which were very steep and afforded but few crossing places. Should our pursuers find a ford lower down the creek, they would in all likelihood, I thought, get to the lone pine as soon as we; but there was no help for it now.

I drew my Winchester out of the holster and handed it to Anita, telling her to hold it securely and give it to me when wanted. Soon I reached the bank of the *arroyo*, and dashing down without slackening speed old Tom carried us up the other side like a two-year-old. We had not gone more than a hundred yards farther when I heard some fellows coming pretty close to us. Presently they came in view and began to fire their pistols, but this did not trouble me, for I knew they would not shoot straight at me for fear of hitting the girl.

Now my time for action had arrived.

"Look behind you, Anita," I said, "and see if your beloved is in the crowd."

She turned a little, then answered, "Yes, he is there. He is riding a grey mare. I know her well, and I do not think she can hold out another mile."

"I do not think she will hold out another hundred yards," replied I. Bringing my horse to a sudden stop, which almost made Anita lose her hold, I took the rifle from her, aimed quickly at the rider of the grey mare, and fired. I saw him reel and fall from his horse: then I was off again.

This stopped the fellows for a moment, but they soon resumed the pursuit, and I said to Anita, "I must teach these fellows another lesson, for now they are shooting to let. Don't you hear how the bullets sing as they pass us?"

"Yes," said she, "but singing won't hurt us," and she laughed and seemed to enjoy the sport.

"Well, my beauty," I thought, "it will hurt you that you are engaged to marry a greaser. I don't know but what I won't marry you myself, for you are certainly a plucky girl."

We were now within two miles of the ranch, and old Tom was blowing like a steam engine. I thought I had better stop a bit and give the horse more fighting, as I feared to tire him by pushing on. Accordingly I came to a bank of the *arroyo*, and aimed at the foremost of the pursuers. He fell. The party promptly parted, and I returned to the

fire. Then I became the aggressor, and riding towards them shot another fellow, after which the rest turned and fled, with me after them as hard as old Tom could go, but he was nearly played out.

After firing five or six more shots, and the



"THE REST TURNED AND FLED, WITH ME AFTER THEM."

pursuers having vanished, we turned and rode at a walk into the ranch. Señorita Anita was received with open arms by her aunt and uncle, and, best of all, by her sweetheart.

The story of our escape being told, a consultation was held, and it was decided to let Anita and her cousin be married at once, before any more trouble could come between them. So, after partaking of a hearty meal, the whole family started off in a carriage to the house of a priest some distance away, while I carefully looked after my good old horse Tom and turned in for a night's rest, of which I stood much in need. I did not lie down, however, until I had securely locked and barricaded the door of my room.

The following morning I started on the road to regain my camp, some eighty miles distant, and to meet my companions at the place agreed upon. After reaching camp I reported the matter to my captain, who said he would protect me against the authorities, although he thought my tenure of life was but short, as the Mexicans would try to assassinate me, especially if any of the men shot by me had been killed.

We learned afterwards that only one man was killed — the prospective bridegroom — but that three others had been wounded, so that I had put one half of the attacking force *hors de combat*.

A week later a Mexican rode into camp carrying a box directed to me. On opening it I found it contained one quarter of a wedding-cake, a silver-mounted pistol, a lady's red necktie, and a long letter from Señorita Anita, her husband, and his parents, thanking me in hearty terms for the service I had rendered.

This girl scrape was the beginning of my troubles. About three weeks later we broke camp and moved up the country, and for the space of six months were constantly on the go, rounding up cattle thieves and killing outlaws and Indians, until we finally reached El Paso, near

which town we encamped.

One evening I rode into town and was induced to visit a gambling-house on the outskirts. I entered a large room filled with men who were playing "Monte" and roulette. I sat down at a "Monte" table and in a few hours had won several hundred dollars, when a quarrel arose at another table over a bet. The first thing I knew, pistol-shots rang out all around me. As I gathered up my money and placed it in my pocket I suddenly felt a pain in my arm and knew I was shot, whereupon I drew my shooting-iron and blazed away.

Then the lights were put out, but that did not stop the shooting, for everybody kept on

firing until his pistol was empty. When the smoke cleared away and the candles were re-lighted there were three Mexicans and two Americans stretched out dead upon the floor and about half-a-dozen others, myself included, wounded.

I was shot through the fleshy part of the arm

Mexico to save myself. I got upon my horse and crossed the Rio Grande, thus deserting the service of the United States.

After living in several places in Mexico for about two years, my capital had dwindled down to only a few hundred dollars, with which I found myself in the State of Chihuahua.



"IT WAS ABOUT THE LIVELIEST SCRIMMAGE I HAD EVER BEEN ENGAGED IN."

and not much hurt, but had two bullet-holes through my hat and one through my coat. Taking it all in all, it was about the liveliest scrimmage I have ever been engaged in. But, with the fellows dead upon the floor and so many wounded, I knew it meant gaol for most of us, and so I concluded to "light out" into

Vol. xiii.—11.

I went to the ranch of a rich widow whose "fieste" was going on, and spent the evening. The widow was young, and handsome, and we danced frequently together. At the end of the week, when the "fieste" was over, I had to go. I was going away, but she begged me to stay another week and assist her to get her



her sheep, of which she possessed many thousands.

But the week turned into a month, and we were together almost all the time. When I again told her I must go she burst into tears and begged me not to leave, saying that if I did not like ranch life she would go with me wherever I went.

Now, the fact of the matter was that the ranch and the sheep business suited me exactly, and so did the widow; but as I had nothing except my horse, rifle, pistol, and a few hundred dollars, and she was rich, I had never thought of asking her to marry me, and, in fact, did not want to marry her, fearing she might throw it up at me some day, and then there would be a split. My fears were well grounded, as you will presently hear.

As she kept on crying and begging me not to leave her, I told her plainly that I possessed nothing but my horse and arms, and, therefore, was afraid to marry her, as she might think I was marrying her for her possessions. To this she replied that all she had was mine, even to her heart, and that she loved me and wanted me to marry her.

So at the end of the month I gave in and married her. I found myself in possession of a fine ranch, a handsome wife, and about forty thousand head of sheep, which, I think, is enough to make anybody happy and contented.

We got along as nicely as two peas in a pod for several years. Our flocks increased to such an extent that I concluded to thin them out by selling about fifteen or twenty thousand head; and as mutton was very scarce in California I made up my mind at last to drive ten thousand sheep there for sale.

It was not an easy matter to convince my wife that it was a good speculation, but she

finally consented, and with two thousand dollars in my saddle-bags and a drove of twelve thousand sheep I started. I had a hard time of it; there was a drought all over the country, and many of my sheep perished for the want of grass and water; when I did find water I had to pay a high price for it, and whenever I had to cross a river I was robbed in paying ferriage.

At last I reached California with about half of the number of sheep with which I had started alive. I sold them at a large profit, however, and realized more for the remnant than the whole lot would have brought at home.

I paid off my men and sent them home, but remained behind myself in order to make up the loss sustained on the road before going home, and thus it came to pass that I resumed gambling again. This had been my only great vice before I was married, but I had, I thought, overcome it since. In this, however, I was mistaken; it had lain dormant, but was not dead.

At first I was successful and won a pile of money, and was thinking of returning home when suddenly my luck changed, and in a short time my finances were at a

low ebb. I stayed about six months longer trying to regain my loss, but things went from bad to worse, and after a time I found myself back in old Mexico, approaching my ranch like a thief in the night.

In those days I feared neither man nor devil, but it is the honest truth that I loitered about the ranch all night like a coward, fearing to face my wife. At daylight I plucked up courage and went into the ranch. My wife was greatly rejoiced to see me and received me with many signs of affection, and so did all the servants, and she sent out invitations to our neighbours to come to the ranch that night to a "fandango"



"SHE REPLIED THAT ALL SHE HAD WAS MINE."



(Mexican dance), and the fatted calf was killed and I lived in clover for about a week.

During this time I had not said a word about the sheep, but when the excitement of my homecoming had worn off my wife began to inquire about them, and as an honest man I told her the whole sad truth. After I had finished my tale she arose and went out of the room without saying a word.

I soon learned that she felt and resented the loss deeply, and I could not understand exactly why, for we had plenty left. After this she tried to quarrel with me and to find fault; but as I was not brought up that way, and never quarrelled with a woman, she generally had the best of it.

I would make no reply, which made her more furious, and in this way she drifted from bad to worse. I soon became aware of the fact that she was acting under the delusion that I was afraid of her. I stood this disagreeable existence for about a year, and my patience was very nearly exhausted when one day, in one of her bad moods, she threw up at me that I had come to her ranch a beggar.

That was the straw which broke the camel's back, as the saying is. I arose from the table at which we were seated, without saying a word, went to the stable, saddled my horse, took a few hundred dollars, about the same amount I had originally brought to the ranch, filled my saddlebags with what clothes I wanted, took my rifle and pistol, mounted my horse, and left the ranch, never to return.

I had ridden about five miles when I heard shouting behind me, and on looking back saw one of the servants coming after me full tilt. I stopped and let him approach within speaking distance, when I halted him, drew a bead on him with my rifle, and ordered him to return to the ranch, saying at the same time that I would kill him if he uttered a single word.



"I LET HIM APPROACH WITHIN SPEAKING DISTANCE, WHEN I HALTED HIM."

He was evidently satisfied that I meant what I said, for he turned about and rode away, and I pursued my course. From that day to this I have never seen or heard from my wife.

"But if she is dead," I remarked, as he stopped, "the property is yours; why don't you inquire about it?"

"I don't want the property and don't need it, and as she had many poor relations with, although 'greasers,'\* were very good people, I am perfectly willing for them to have it all. Moreover, as I have paid no attention to her for forty years, I am sure I shan't recognize her when it now. If she is still alive, I hope she is enjoying herself. Poor thing," he said, "she had no business to marry you."

Thus ended the old Ryan's story. I had heard for upwards of ten years that he had married me faithfully; and he died in the same way.

# Through Manchuria on a Transport Train.

BY A. HALL HALL, F.R.G.S.

This article will be found of special interest in view of the state of affairs in the Far East. The author travelled right across Manchuria in a Russian military train, and his description of what he saw of the "evacuation" of the country is very significant.



ARMED with revolvers and more formidable-looking passports, we arrived at Manchourie, the first station on the Manchurian branch of the Siberian Railway. Here all was confusion: the station buildings were packed with soldiers, and many were encamped outside. Officers, naval as well as military, with a sprinkling of officials of every department of the State, filled the dining-rooms and were clamouring loudly for food. Passports were seized by the police and a pretence made of examining baggage on the part of Russian officers representing the Chinese Customs officials. After a delay of fifteen hours—an inconsiderable period from a Russian point of view—we found that the train was ready and the scramble for seats already begun. The guard unlocked a compartment that had been reserved for us as the result of a conversation with him an hour or two before, and we entered, deposited our baggage and the ubiquitous tea-kettle on the lower bunks, and then spent some time in finding congenial companions to share our train-cabin.

Our journey across Siberia had been in the company of emigrants with a few officers. We now found ourselves in a transport train carrying hundreds of soldiers eastwards towards Vladivostock and Port Arthur, with their officers as the sole occupants of the partitioned cattle trucks that had been set apart for those who had paid

a few roubles extra for "second-class" accommodation.

The train was composed for the most part of open trucks, into which the soldiers were so closely packed that but few could sit down at a time. Two or three trucks, inferior to the fourth-class of the Siberian section, were specially cleaned and reserved for second-class, and at the tail-end one car, painted white and marked with a large red cross, contained half-a-dozen beds and accommodation for the two hospital nurses who accompanied the train. At the other end was a mysterious little car which attracted our attention and aroused our curiosity from the first. What did it contain? It had

but one window, was well painted, and fitted with a chimney from which wreaths of smoke would occasionally arise. A couple of Cossacks entered it at regular hours.

The mystery was solved a few days later in the following way. I was sitting one day looking out of the train window, and waiting with no little impatience for the ever-hungry officers to finish

their sixth dinner. To pass the time I made a rough sketch of a tall and imposing-looking general who was chatting with a few friends on the platform. He was evidently a person of considerable importance, as everyone laughed at his jokes and treated him with the greatest respect. I was still occupied in this way when I heard a laugh behind me, and looking round recognised one of the nurses



From a

A TRAIN ON THE MANCHURIAN RAILWAY.

[Photo.



From a)

A WAYSIDE STATION.

(Photo.

from the hospital car. She was greatly amused at the sketch, and promptly brought the general to see it. He in turn was equally amused, and showed the drawing to his friends. I imagined this was the end of the incident, but next morning one of the two Cossacks whom we had previously noticed appeared at the door of our cabin and requested us to follow him. I did so, and he showed me into the mysterious car, and here I found the general comfortably seated in an arm-chair, very much at his ease, and surrounded with every luxury. I soon discovered that he was a director of this section of the railway, a fact which accounted for the civility of the station officials *en route*. A steaming samovar stood in the corner of the little room, and in a few minutes we were enjoying glasses of Russian tea and having a pleasant chat.

A few days later I was photographing a group of coolies when I noticed that I was being narrowly observed by a police official, who had travelled with us for the last two hundred miles. I had felt a little uneasy while under his observation, but had thought no more of it an hour later. I was peace-

fully feeding on the little dining room when I was startled by the approach of an officer, who abruptly and rudely demanded my passport. I gave him the precious document, with which I should not have ventured to continue my journey, and with it he disappeared into an office adjoining the station, and I was left to possess my soul in patience and speculate for nearly an hour on my impending fate.

At the end of this time a magnificent individual arrived on the scene, and I saw by his epaulettes that he was a general. He was attended by the official who had taken my passport, but this latter, though formidable enough at first, now sank into comparative insignificance behind the general, who was evidently boiling over with official zeal coupled with righteous indignation. So ferocious indeed was his whole bearing that I began to wonder if I had done anything, quite unconsciously, to imperil the existence of the Russian Empire. But my curiosity was soon satisfied. He spoke in perfect English.

"You have been photographing; that is strictly forbidden," he said, coming at once to the point. "I must ask you to give me your camera and photographic things."

I was wondering how I could continue to save my exposed films at least from his clutches (for my luggage would, of course, be searched



THE PHOTOGRAPH WHICH GOT THE AUTHOR INTO TROUBLE.

while I was detained in the refreshment-room), and wondering at the same time whether I was to be made acquainted with the interior of the local gaol, when my friend of the mysterious car approached, came to my rescue, and explained that I was a comparatively harmless individual. A whispered conversation took place between the two men, as the result of which my passport was restored to me and the magnificent individual became as friendly as he had formerly been ferocious. Had it not been for the kindness of the director things would have been different, and I should no doubt have received rough treatment from the authorities. As it was both officers joined our table, and the party became a merry one. At the end of the meal they warned us not to take any more photographs "while in Russia."

"But where does Russia end?" I said, producing a map and spreading it on the table.

"Here," said one of them, with a smile, placing a finger on the map a few miles from Peking. Outside the door of the refreshment-room I was amused to find a Cossack standing at attention over a pile of photographic goods —

our photographic goods — which were collected together on the platform, forming a free exhibition, round which a crowd of inquisitive coolies were standing and staring open-eyed. The exhibits included a sponge, together with soap and nail and tooth brushes, which were evidently regarded as photographic goods, or at any rate as dangerous weapons of some kind! At a word from the magnificent individual these were all collected and bundled into the cabin, and we resumed our journey in peace.

The railway time-table is one of those blessings of civilization which are unheard-of in Manchuria. An influential passenger may stop the train at any time and for any reason, and the progress of the train largely depends on the eating and drinking powers of the more important pas-

sengers. It is no uncommon thing for the entire train to be detained for an hour or two at an unimportant station while a couple of thirsty officers are drinking all the wine that the station officials can produce.

At one station the general was so amused by the antics of a Manchurian minstrel that the train had to wait while he repeated the songs and dances again and again. The former were unintelligible to us, but the latter formed a truly original sight. The songs (so a bystander told us) referred to the late Chinese war, and the accompanying dances represented a series of

hand-to-hand conflicts. A furious encounter with an imaginary foe brought the minstrel to a state of frenzied excitement, and the climax was reached when the Allies were apparently defeated in a last desperate struggle and driven from the field of battle. This performance was repeated time after time, while the great man smiled his approval — and the train waited. At last, with the reward of a piece of silver, the songs came to an end, and the delighted minstrel, after one grateful



THIS MANCHURIAN MINSTREL'S PERFORMANCE SO DELIGHTED A RUSSIAN GENERAL THAT HE DELAYED THE TRAIN TO WITNESS IT. [Photo.]

and surprised look at his benefactor, seized on the coin, a half rouble, equal to about one English shilling, or from five to six hundred local Chinese coins, and fell on his knees, pressed his forehead into the mud, and remained in that position till lost to view.

On another occasion a delay was caused by the fact that a native Chinese magnate had halted his mule-cart across the line. He made no attempt to move on the approach of the train, but when it had stopped gravely stepped down from his cart with the assistance of half-a-dozen servants, and having chosen a suitable compartment entered it with calm dignity and sat down in a seat in which he quietly slumbered for two days. The fact that he had no ticket seemed not to affect him in the least, nor did he go to the trouble of eating any food.



THE CARRIAGE OF THE CHINESE MAGNATE WHO STOPPED THE TRAIN BY DRIVING ACROSS THE LINE.  
*From a Photo.*

The Manchurian Railway was constructed at the rate of three miles a day, and with this fact in view it is hardly surprising to find that the engine frequently leaves the rails, and that a breakdown of some kind is an almost daily occurrence. It was after we had passed the summit of the Khingan Mountains, when the train was rushing down a steep descent at an alarming speed, that the most serious delay occurred. We were just then no less than seventy hours late according to the time-tables at Irkutsk, and it seemed as though the driver were trying to make up those seventy hours during the descent from the hills. The upward journey had been painfully slow; there being no tunnels the route was devious in the extreme. We scrambled laboriously to the summit, where the rough boulders and great rocks towered above us, their sides often but a few feet from the train window, and now the train was rushing downwards to the plain below. Suddenly there was a terrific crash. The passenger opposite me was thrown into my arms, while his head struck the woodwork behind me.

The seat on which we were sitting was broken by the fall of a heavy wooden box from the bunk above, and the floor at the same time covered with the contents of the broken box and with an assortment of tea-kettles,

bundles, rugs, etc., from the shelves overhead.

The other passenger opposite, who had been asleep, now found himself on the floor half buried by the objects which had fallen upon him. My friend and I escaped unhurt, but the man who had been thrown into my arms had now sunk to the floor, half stunned and with blood trickling from his mouth. I feared at first that he was badly hurt, but was relieved, after a hasty examination, to find that his injuries were limited to two broken teeth and a badly-cut lip.

Our fellow-passenger on the floor extricated himself from the *débris*, and though greatly bruised

had received no serious injuries. Soon heads were to be seen out of all the windows, everybody shouting to his neighbour to know what had happened; and in a few minutes the passengers had all descended and were comparing notes as to injuries. Luckily no one was seriously hurt, though many had received cuts and bruises, and these were speedily attended to by the doctor and nurses.



*From a*

THE SUMMIT OF THE KHINGAN MOUNTAINS.

*Photo.*

At the foot of the hills a pagoda was visible, rising above some trees a mile or so from the line. I took advantage of the fact that the train had stopped to rapidly collect a party of seven or five Russians and ourselves—and approached the engine-driver with a view to having the train kept while we explored the temple. A rouble produced the necessary effect, and we jumped into rickshaws, which we found at the station door, and started off full speed in Indian file towards the native village. The place was of great interest to the Russians as the scene of a hard-fought battle during the seizure of Manchuria. The streets were full of Cossacks, for a body of these troops had recently settled in the locality, and formidable-looking barracks commanded the town.

We stopped the coolies at the temple gate, called for the priest in charge, and persuaded him to show us over the temple buildings. He pointed out the various features of interest—a wooden statue of Buddha before which were set a dozen bowls filled by the faithful with rice and other food; and groups of statues beautifully carved and painted, showing the punishments in store for the wicked in the world to come. In each of these an infuriated god stood in the centre, round which were

arranged smaller figures representing the attendants of the god inflicting the most horrible tortures on the unfortunate objects of his displeasure. In the wall of the temple several bullets were to be seen, and the pagoda itself showed signs of having suffered from Russian guns. We had no time to see all that the priest was willing to show, but after giving him some coins as a recompense for his trouble called up the rickshaw coolies and were soon splashing back through the muddy streets on our way to the train. A whistle was heard in the distance; evidently the driver was anxious to proceed, so the coolies increased the pace

and we stepped out at the station half an hour after leaving it.

At Harbin, the newly-built Russian centre for the operations connected with the occupation—or, as it is humorously called, the "evacuation"—of Manchuria, the scenes at Manchourie Station were repeated on a larger scale. The station and neighbourhood were packed with soldiers to such an extent that it would have seemed impossible to find room for more, and yet every day a train-load more men arrived from Siberia, to be moved on in time to make place for more.

From Harbin the line runs in three directions: South, to Port Arthur, branching near Niuchang towards Peking;



A BREAKDOWN—AT THE TIME THIS OCCURRED THE TRAIN WAS NEARLY THREE DAYS LATE! *[Photo.]*



*[From a]* A PAGODA VISITED BY THE AUTHOR. *[Photo.]*

south-east, to Vladivostock; and north-west, towards Siberia. Week by week the trains came in to this centre from Siberia, bringing tons of supplies and hundreds of men. Thousands of soldiers were being hurried southwards every month towards the Korean frontier, and all this, of course, to help in the great evacuation. It seemed, in fact, an evacuation as in a looking-glass.

M. Witte's "Railway Guards"—a splendid body of men and the pick of the Russian army—have been permanently settled on a strip of land bordering the entire length of the line and measuring thirty versts in breadth. These are no doubt required for the protection of the line from the attacks of the Chunchuses, for even now some slight trouble is frequently caused by their descents on the line, and only a short time after I had passed through the country the great bridge over the Sungari River was almost destroyed as the result of an attack by these irreconcilables.

But there is some difficulty in understanding the connection between these little affairs and the arrival in Manchuria of an enormous Russian army of occupation, which, judging by my own observations on the spot and the opinion of others in that quarter of the Far East, must now number at the least two hundred thousand men. And still the evacuation continues: coal and ammunition and supplies of all kinds arrive at Port Arthur—men and wheat and other supplies—while on every passenger train is an hospital-car equipped with nurses. It is a sickly kind of evacuation that



From a) A COSSACK POST IN MANCHURIA. [Photo.]

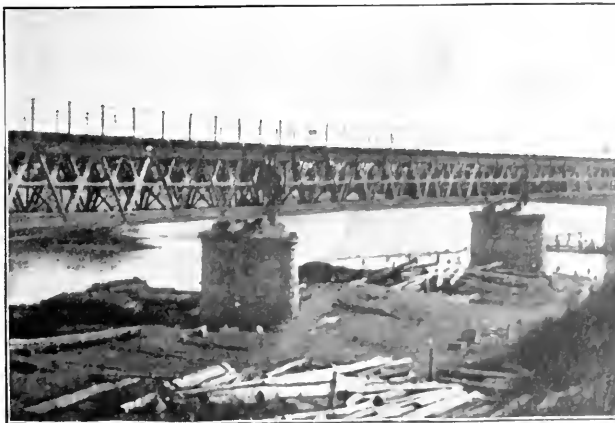
require to be carried out by an ambulance. It may, in fact, be truly said that the word "evacuation" has constituted a standing joke in Manchuria since the first mile of the railway was laid.

Our pleasant train party was broken up at Harbin, and we now found ourselves in a new train with new travelling companions bound for Port Arthur. Bearing in mind the incident occasioned by

my taking photographs at an earlier stage of the journey, I was careful not to expose my Kodak in the neighbourhood of Port Arthur. And after hearing the fate of a couple of Englishmen who were seen to have cameras in that part of the world,\* I think it fortunate that I refrained from committing the unpardonable crime of exposing a plate or film on the Liao Peninsula.

As we journeyed southwards the Cossack encampments grew larger and more numerous. It seemed as though the Chinese population had been bodily removed, as only Russians were to be seen; a few Chinese shops remained by the side of the line, but the man in charge was more often than not a Russian soldier. The station servants, signalmen, and others employed on the railway were also Russians, and the green hatband of the "Cossacks of the

East" was so continually in sight that when thinking of Manchuria the green hatband and the businesslike grey uniform of the Russian officer came to be one's mind, and stand out vividly as the "local colour" of the evacuation of Manchuria.



THE GREAT BRIDGE OVER THE SUNGARI RIVER—IT WAS ALMOST ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY THE CHUNCHUSES SOON AFTER MR. HALL PASSED HERE.

From a Photo.



# Adrift on the Arctic Ice.

BY CAPTAIN JAY JENSON.

The plain, straightforward narrative of a hardy Baffin's Land trader. While endeavouring to get an invalid fellow-trader to his station, Captain Jenson was blown out to sea on the pack-ice, which was fast breaking up! In this awful situation he remained for six days and five nights, alone and entirely without food!



On July 7th, 1892, I set sail from New London, Connecticut, in the whaler *Era*, en route for the south-east coast of Baffin's Land, where I had engaged to act as mate at the Signua Point Trading Station, on the shores of Cumberland Gulf, for a period of "one year or more," as my articles stated.

The station was the property of a Boston firm, and was in charge of Captain T. F. Clisby, of Nantucket, and he and myself were the only white men about the place, our next-door white neighbours being at Blacklead Island, over two hundred miles away. As travelling in the Arctic is never very easy, and is, indeed, at many times absolutely impossible, it can be readily understood that we did not see very much of the white inhabitants of Blacklead Island.

We employed some thirty natives at our station, who were fed, clothed, and supplied with weapons and ammunition, in consideration of which they handed over to us all the spoils of the chase—whales, ivory, and furs being the chief things received. In addition to their maintenance every man received a bounty in proportion to the value of the "trade" he brought in, and in this way many of the more skilful hunters received goods to the value of several pounds every year.

At the time I first went up to the station I knew not a single word of Eskimo, but



CAPTAIN JAY JENSON, THE AUTHOR, WHO WAS FOR SIX DAYS ADRIFT ON THE PACK-ICE.

*From a Photo. by Foster, Boston.*

was at that time living some twenty-five miles along the coast, and in a starving condition, and the native messenger brought an urgent appeal for immediate help from the stricken man. The weather was exceptionally bad when the Eskimo reached our station, and it would have been little short of madness to have set out for Duval's camp with the elements as they were; so I was compelled to postpone the start for a couple of days, chafing at the enforced delay, and wondering whether I should reach poor Duval in time. On the third day after the native's arrival at our station I determined to delay the start no longer, and although the weather was still very bad indeed I set out on my journey, accompanied by one



CAPTAIN T. F. CLISBY, WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF THE SIGNUA POINT TRADING STATION.

*From a Photo.*

as we had only one native in our employ who was acquainted with English I soon began to pick up the lingo, which is, I have no hesitation in saying, one of the most difficult in the world. But for the misfortune which befell me during my first winter in the Arctic, and which I purpose narrating in this story, I am very doubtful as to whether I should have acquired the knowledge of the language which I now possess.

With this brief introduction to explain my business in the Arctic, I will proceed with the story of my terrible experience on the drift-ice.

One day in January, 1893, word was brought to the station that a white man named William Duval, who was living some twenty-five miles along the coast, was at that time living some twenty-five miles along the coast, and in a starving condition, and the native messenger brought an urgent appeal for immediate help from the stricken man. The weather was exceptionally bad when the Eskimo reached our station, and it would have been little short of madness to have set out for Duval's camp with the elements as they were; so I was compelled to postpone the start for a couple of days, chafing at the enforced delay, and wondering whether I should reach poor Duval in time. On the third day after the native's arrival at our station I determined to delay the start no longer, and although the weather was still very bad indeed I set out on my journey, accompanied by one





THE AUTHOR IN ARCTIC COSTUME—HE IS THE FIGURE SITTING DOWN.  
*From a Photo.*

of the station natives, named Omeratur, and a sledge and dog team with provisions and stores for Duval.

Travelling was so bad that we could only progress a few miles a day—in fact, it took us three days to cover the twenty-five miles to Duval's camp, which we ultimately reached very exhausted with our journey, but cheered to find that he was still alive, though very weak and ill.

I did what I could to make him comfortable, but saw at once that he was not in a fit condition to be left alone. As it was impossible for me to stay away from our own station for any length of time, it was decided that we should set off for Signuia Point the following day, taking the sick man back with us on the sledge, and so we camped with him that night, starting on our long return journey the following morning.

If travelling had been bad on our journey to Duval's camp, it was ten times worse on our way home, and the ice was so bad and the progress we made so slow that after travelling about five

miles from the camp we thought to abandon the sledge and attempt to push on to the station on foot. After a brief rest, the two of us, with our weary tramp across the snow and ice, carrying such provisions as we could. The pace of a party is of necessity not the pace of the fastest but of the slowest, and owing to Duval's crippled condition we could only get along very slowly.

After covering another two miles or so Duval collapsed altogether, and I immediately realized that it was now utterly impossible for him to proceed farther. Carrying him was out of the question, for Omeratur and myself were beginning to feel the effects of our long journey, and as the sledge had been abandoned we had no means of transport. It was accordingly decided to make the sick man as comfortable as possible and then push on to the station, leaving him to await the arrival of another sledge and team. With all possible speed we built a snow hut to shelter him from the elements, and leaving him in it with the dogs and plenty of provisions, started for the station once more.

Our course now took us over one of the many rocky mountains which are to be found all along the coast in these parts, and in my exhausted condition the ascent and descent of this proved too much for me, and it was all I could do to reach the level ground once more in safety, when I also collapsed. Short of provisions as we now were— we had left the greater part of them with Duval in the snow-hut—it was impossible for the two of us to carry for any



*From a*

SIGNUIA POINT TRADING POST.



"DUVAL COLLAPSED ALTOGETHER."

lengthy period, and so I told Omeratur to push on to the station with all speed and report the condition of things to Captain Clisby, who would, I knew, send help with all possible dispatch. Assuring me that he would travel his fastest, Omeratur left me alone to wait for relief.

Night fell and I slept out in the open, in the midst of the snow and ice, for I was too weak to build a snow-hut. With the first signs of light the next morning, however, I started off for the station again, although my progress was of necessity exceedingly slow. Travelling on the land was so bad that I decided to get out on to the ice, as there is generally less snow there, and it was the snow which rendered travelling so difficult. I was at this time about sixteen or seventeen miles from the station, and hoped to be able to make such progress that I should meet the relief party before night fell. The weather was calm, but it was snowing heavily when I started, and continued to do so without ceasing all day. Hour after hour I continued on my weary tramp over the rugged, snow-covered ice—tired, hungry, and thirsty, for my provisions were exhausted, and I had not a morsel of food of any kind left. But I kept steadily on my way, cheered by the thought that every moment was taking me nearer the station. I little knew what fresh misfortunes were in store for me!

Towards night a gale sprang up from the south-west, driving the closely-wedged pack-ice off shore, and almost before I realized what was happening there was a space of open water

between the ice I stood on and the pack which remained fast frozen to the land. *I was adrift on the ice!*

As soon as this terrible fact became evident to me I endeavoured to reconcile myself to circumstances, and determined to make the best of a very bad job. I knew that it would almost certainly be at least a day or two before the drift-ice on which I stood could make up to the land again, and so I did not buoy myself up with any false hopes of a speedy release from

my precarious position. I was fully aware of the danger of the ice breaking up, and quite realized that such a catastrophe would mean certain death. Moreover, I had no provisions—not even a crumb of biscuit—and if the gale continued I might die of starvation and exposure long before the drifting masses reached land again. And yet, looking back on those terrible days and nights alone on the floating ice, I can confidently affirm that I never once gave up hope of ultimately reaching shore; and I am certain that had I once lost heart I should not now be penning these lines.

The night was as dark as pitch, and the merciless gale grew stronger and stronger, driving the ice farther and farther off shore. Snow fell heavily almost without ceasing, and although this made my position more trying than it would otherwise have been, still, it was in a way my salvation, for it enabled me to quench my thirst to a certain degree—and without the snow which fell during the time I was adrift there is little doubt I should have died miserably of thirst before the ice reached the shore again.

Day broke without the gale showing any signs of abating, and I awoke feeling rested and refreshed with my sleep, for I had managed to obtain some rest, although I was without any shelter and quite exposed to the elements.

All day the gale continued, and by nightfall my floating prison was, so far as I could judge, about twenty miles off shore. There was not enough snow on the ice to build a hut, and all I



ARCTIC PACK-ICE—THAT ON WHICH CAPTAIN JENSON WAS ADRIFT WAS WEDGED  
From a MUCH CLOSER TOGETHER THAN THE ICE SHOWN HERE. [Photo.]

could do to keep myself warm was to continue walking round the rugged cakes of ice, which, being what is known in the Arctic as "new ice," kept breaking up rapidly—so rapidly, in fact, that at times it was all I could do to get on to another cake before the one I was on went to pieces. Under these distressing circumstances I passed the second day of my vigil in that icy prison, longing all the time for a change in the wind to set the pack inshore again, but although the gale dropped somewhat by nightfall it was still blowing a pretty fresh breeze, and I knew that I must brace myself to stand another night or two on my fast-crumbling prison.

The second night passed in a similar manner to the first. Indeed, the awful monotony of my situation—alone in that desolate expanse of ice and sea—was very trying. By this time, as may be imagined, I was ravenously hungry, and I should have welcomed the appearance of a seal, if only to have roused me from the lethargic state into which I felt myself slowly sinking—the prelude of utter collapse. During the whole of the time I was adrift, however, not one single animal came near enough for me to kill it with my seal spear, which was the only weapon I had with me.

The third day and night passed like the preceding ones, but

towards evening the gale began to moderate, and by daybreak on the fourth day I was greatly cheered to find that the wind had almost died away, and the break up of the ice was, in consequence, less alarmingly rapid. My chances of being saved became brighter and stronger as the hours passed.

During the morning of the fifth day it seemed to me that I had been marooned on the ice for ages—an accident befell me which might easily have cost me my life, and was distinctly responsible for

the loss of my toes. In jumping from one cake of ice to another I fell into the water and got both legs up to the thighs and my right arm wet, whilst I lost the only weapon I had—my seal spear. Fear of getting my hands frozen compelled me to throw away my mittens, and after that I had to carry my hands covered up under my "koolatang." My trousers got frozen stiff in a few minutes, and every step I took rubbed the skin off my legs. When I ultimately reached the station there were raw places on them as large as the palm of my hand.

By way of compensation for this misfortune, as the day wore slowly on the weather became better, and to my intense joy the wind, which had so long played me false, changed to the



"IN JUMPING FROM ONE CAKE OF ICE TO ANOTHER."

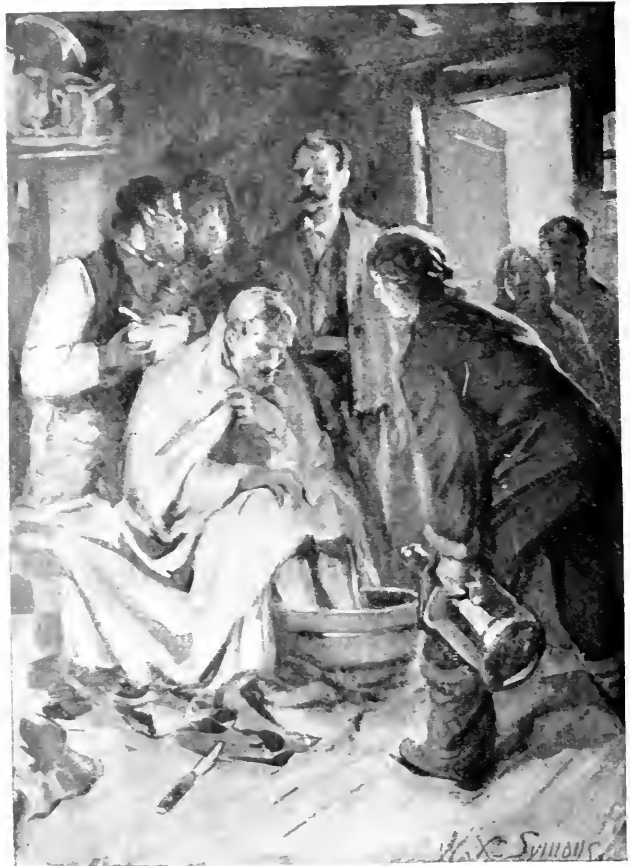
north-east, setting the ice inshore once more, and this continued all through the night. When I woke the following morning—for I slept now from sheer exhaustion—I found, to my intense joy, that the ice was only about three miles from the shore, and that during the night new ice had formed on the open water intervening. Cautiously I tested this, and found it strong enough. Then, with a thankful heart, I walked across it to the shore. My terrible imprisonment was at an end, after six days and five nights of awful suspense and suffering!

I landed about five miles from the station, and almost as soon as I reached good ice was fortunate enough to fall in with four of our natives. They were taking Duval—the man I had set out to save—to the station, for Captain Clisby had sent men in search of us as soon as Omeratur had reached the station with the news of the desperate plight we were in.

How I managed to cover those last few miles to the station I do not know, for, although I did not quite realize it—or if I did so I was too exhausted to take any notice—both my feet were by this time badly frozen, and I was in a state bordering on utter collapse. However, we got on as best we could, and no one can tell with what feeling of thankfulness and relief I hailed the

appearance of another party of natives when we were about a quarter of a mile from the station. They brought with them a bear-skin, and on this I was laid and dragged to the station, where, I am not ashamed to admit, I broke down completely and fainted. As soon as I was got into the building my frozen clothes were cut off me, for it was impossible to get them off otherwise, and my feet and legs were looked to to get the frost out. This was done by soaking them in a tub of paraffin oil for about half an hour. Then I was fed—after my six days' fast this had to be done very carefully—and put to bed, where, needless to say, I slept like a log.

The following morning I did not feel very much the worse for my experience, and it was thought that my feet would be all right, but in two or three days the poisoning set in badly



"MY FEET AND LEGS WERE LOOKED TO TO GET THE FROST OUT."

in both of them, and it was decided that all the ten toes and the side and heel of the right foot would have to come off at once if my legs, or indeed, my life, were to be saved. There was no chloroform or other anæsthetic at the station and no surgical instruments suitable for the operation, but the best had to be made of a bad job, and Captain Clisby succeeded in amputating the frozen parts successfully, by means of a razor and a saw made out of the mainspring of an American clock.

The operation was concluded on January 22nd, 1893, and it was four months to the day before I stood on my feet again—or rather on what remained of them—although I had, of course, been lifted out of bed several times before then. And that is the story of my six days and five nights' vigil, alone and without food, adrift on the Arctic ice.

## With the British to Sokoto.

by  
Captain G. Foulkes, R.E.

### V.—ON THE BORDERS OF THE SOKOTO COUNTRY.

The fourth article of this interesting series appeared in our October number. Since then, owing to the remoteness of the region and the disturbed state of the country, there has been great delay in the receipt of news, and many mails have miscarried. In this instalment, Captain Foulkes describes the meeting with the French Commissioners and the anxious march towards Sokoto.

**L**ATE in February the French Commissioners arrived on the scene and found us at Junju, in the Dallul Mauri. The presence of the joint commission was made the occasion of a number of state visits being paid to the international camp by all the big chiefs from a considerable distance around. Perhaps the most influential of these was the Seriki of Dosso, who came in with a large retinue of horsemen as well as a number of dismounted swordsmen and archers. All were, however, armed similarly to the warriors we had been accustomed to see throughout the whole of this warlike district, excepting that we found some broad-bladed spears here for the first time.

On ceremonial occasions the chiefs wear long, flowing white robes and turbans, and their faces are almost entirely hidden by a cloth wrapped round them, the eyes only being visible through a narrow slit.

Immediately preceding the Seriki or King mounted trumpeters ride, carrying long, brass-jointed instruments, from which particularly

discordant and penetrating sounds are produced, each trumpet being apparently only two parts of the key-note and fifth of its scale. Following these were numbers of drummers, both mounted and dismounted, energetically engaged in beating large, deep-toned drums, suspended to the horses' saddles in the former case, which were to the King, and riding behind him a single solitary man loudly singing his praises, and expressing his ideas of things in general, by the varying notes of a slender drum suspended to the arm—a quaint instrument, shaped like a



From a]

THE FRENCH COMMISSIONERS AT



*From a*

A SERIKI, OR KING, WITH HIS STATE TRUMPETERS AND DRUMMERS.

*[Photo.*

exists by means of which any formidable combination of tribes could be effected; some day, however, it may be forthcoming, when perhaps the prestige of the white man is not so great as it is at present, and when some of his dreaded "bindigas" (rifles) find their way to the other side.

In this remote region patriotism has not the same significance that it possesses in more civilized communities; but Sennussi-ism, a mysterious secret religion that has been quietly

hour-glass, and giving out different sounds according to the degree of pressure exerted on the series of strings which connect its two skin faces.

After the usual presentations, displays of horsemanship were given by our visitors, which consisted in individual horsemen galloping by for a distance of one or two hundred yards and then drawing up their horses suddenly on their haunches. After a while the King himself, mounted on a magnificent charger, took up his position and started off at a gallop with spear uplifted, whilst before him two other horsemen fled at their utmost speed, glancing fearfully backwards from time to time over their shoulders.

The finale, a combined cavalry charge, was never omitted, and was always worth seeing.

The steadiest of troops and the best of shooting would be necessary to withstand such a charge delivered by some hundreds of these savages had they sufficient incentive, such as religious fanaticism, to carry it home. At present no such incentive

spreading of late years from the far side of the great desert, may at some favourable opportunity kindle the fighting spirit which without doubt lies dormant among the great mass of human beings under our rule in Nigeria. None of the big chiefs profess to know anything about this sect, but it is well known that it already possesses many fanatical adherents round the northern shores of Lake Tchad and elsewhere, and a general profession of ignorance cannot be regarded as a reassuring sign.

During the few preceding months little news had reached us with regard to the movements of the big expedition that was to advance on Kano. We had previously heard that a general



DOSSO CAVALRY—THEY GAVE MAGNIFICENT DISPLAYS OF HORSEMANSHIP IN HONOUR OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

*From a Photo.*



From a]

A VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL CAMP.

[Photo.

move from head-quarters was timed for the 1st of January, but up till now no further reports had reached us, in spite of the extraordinary rapidity with which news flies in Africa.

Presently, however, rumours began to arrive to the effect that Kano had been assaulted and occupied by our troops, and that the latter were even then on their way to Sokoto. The situation now began to grow exciting, as our own position was none too secure.

Of the two hundred native troops composing the Argungu column one hundred and fifty were in Argungu, fifty miles away, in readiness to join General Kemball's force on a given signal. The remaining fifty, of which our escort consisted, was necessarily split up in parties of ten and twenty so as to allow the work of delimitation to proceed.

We all hoped, naturally, that it would be found that even these could not be spared from the battle that was believed to be inevitable at Sokoto,

Vol. xiii.—13.

and that, in howsoever other we should find an opportunity of assisting at the same.

This was the situation at the end of February, when it was decided that we should push on to Illela, a town near the frontier and ninety five miles due north of Sokoto. Before leaving the Arewa country, however, a little incident occurred which showed that the lessons taught there a few weeks previously, when our troops attacked and destroyed the two stockaded towns of Giwar and Lidu, had not been sufficiently taken to

heart by the truculent tribes that had been selected for punishment.

The Seriki of Gisamo, a chief whose hostile attitude towards our party had already been evident, had as yet made no peaceful overtures; on the contrary, his subsequent behaviour had been such as to make his capture desirable, without, if possible, an undue sacrifice of life. A small party accordingly, consisting of half-a-dozen Yoruba soldiers under an officer, was one night quietly collected in the darkness and set



From a]

DOSSI WARRIORS LISTENING TO THE SPEAKER.



off on horseback for Gisamo, timing their arrival for the coming dawn. Such, however, is the almost miraculous manner in which intelligence is received and conveyed by the natives that, in spite of every precaution of secrecy and a long gallop directly the town came in sight, the Seriki got away just before the soldiers entered his house. However, the soldiers did not have their ride for nothing, as a number of the chief's horses—his personal property—were carried away in the nature of a fine, as well as his arms, of which a fine iron spear inlaid with rings of brass found its way into my collection.

The whole of the country round the north of Sokoto is of the same character everywhere, and consists of deep sandy tracks, which wind through the most dreary expanses of bush. This bush, as well as the few trees that are to be seen, is stunted and powdered with a fine grey sand deposited from the thick haze that still obscures the sky, a state of things in which it was extremely difficult to photograph, and which is sufficient excuse for the bad quality of some of these pictures.

The heat, too, was now becoming intense, the thermometer rising to 110deg. F., 112deg. F., and even higher in the shade after midday. During the Harmattan it was extremely difficult to erect our tents, as will be seen by reference to the photo. showing a number of the natives struggling with the canvas.

Naturally, owing to the universal scarcity of water, game is scarce, and such as there is consists only of a few of the smaller species of antelope and a few birds. Elaborate traps are laid for antelope on the less frequented

bush paths, and the native device adopted for snaring guinea-fowl is most ingenious. Basket-traps, too, are "set" for the birds, worked by a string attached to some neighbouring bush or tuft of grass, behind which the woolly head of a small boy can generally be distinguished.

The long march to Illela had of course to be accomplished with every military precaution, as a sudden cavalry charge was possible at every foot of the ground, of which no warning could be expected other than the thunder of hoofs and the clashing of spear on shield.

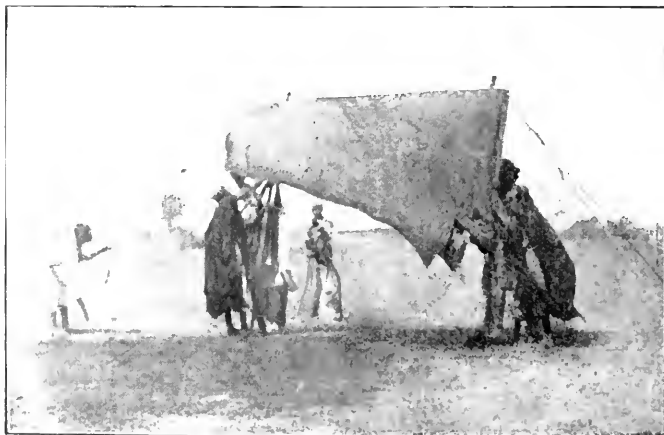
The force with which I moved was far too small to admit of effective scouting, and all that could be done was to keep the convoy well closed up and to so dispose the soldiers that at short notice they would be able to close up and meet any attack.

Our chief safeguard, however, lay in the fact that we should be almost sure to hear of any hostile movement through our native followers, who would be informed of the fact by the inhabitants of the country through which we were passing. Not that the latter had any natural friendly feelings for us, but then they had no strong sympathy for the Fulani, and were, besides, sufficiently intelligent to recognise that the gradual advance of the "Vaturi" (white men) from the sea northwards was irresistible. Any advantage that was to be gained by a show of friendliness they were eager to reap, and though always treated well and fairly by us the strain on their meagre resources was considerable, and they were doubtless glad enough to see our backs turned.

The Emperors of Sokoto had long pursued



A SOLDIER OF THE ARGUNGU GARRISON—THIS LITTLE FORCE WAS CUT OFF FROM SUPPLIES FROM A] FOR SIX MONTHS. [Photo.



FROM A] TRYING TO PITCH A TENT DURING THE "HARMATTAN" WIND. [Photo.



a fixed policy with regard to safeguarding the approaches to their capital. This consisted in destroying all villages—and at least one large pit full of remains that I have seen testifies to the immense loss of life involved in the process—in certain wide belts, and preventing any cultivation or subsequent inhabitation over these areas. Consequently at the present day, in any direction that one moves, within several days' march of Sokoto these desert tracks—sometimes measuring as much as forty miles in width, without water or any sign of life—have to be crossed. Of course, a certain provision can be made for one's carriers and transport drivers, but with proverbial African improvidence they quickly exhaust their stock of drinking water.

Once towards the end of one of these long dry stages I heard a joyful cry go up from the head of the column, and the next moment loads were put down—not too gently—and a

trek of over two hundred miles. Even then there was no news of the capture of Sokoto, nor could we hear any rumours that would enable us to locate our columns. It was possible that the latter had suffered a check, in which case attention might be turned to us at any time, necessitating an ignominious retirement on one of the French posts over the frontier.

Intelligence, however, was soon sent in from the Seriki of Tchara, an intriguing and powerful chief, whose capital lay some seventy miles to the south-east, to the effect that the King of Kano had fled from his country and was then in or near Gober.

It appears that some eleven years ago, when the present King of Kano had usurped the throne with considerable bloodshed (in which his brother, the reigning Emir, was put to death), the Emperor of Sokoto, the paramount chief and religious leader of the whole of Hausaland, looked with some disfavour on the new-



From a]

A SCENE AT A WAYSIDE WATER-HOLE.

[P. 77.]

general rush was made for a small, shallow pool formed in the pathway by a recent shower of rain, where men on their hands and knees fought among the feet of thirsty horses and donkeys and lapped up the thick, muddy water, seeming never to be satisfied.

We crossed two such desert areas before arriving at Illela, and suffered many discomforts on the way. The gentleman who sang

Coffee full of flies,  
Cheese that never dies,

would have found abundant material here for an encore verse or two. However, Illela was finally reached on March 8th after an arduous

comer. Relations became strained, and were finally broken off altogether between Kano and Sokoto, and remained in this state for a number of years.

Kano, although acknowledging a nominal sovereignty to Sokoto, was, nevertheless, much too powerful to submit to any dictation on the part of the latter. When, however, the old Emperor died some months before the events which are now being recalled took place, the King of Kano was persuaded to stand that his presence would be necessary at the ceremonies attendant on the installation of the new Emperor, and he accordingly betook



From a]

THE EMIR OF KANO.

[Photo.

himself to Sokoto in considerable state about the time probably when it was first definitely decided to send an expedition against him.

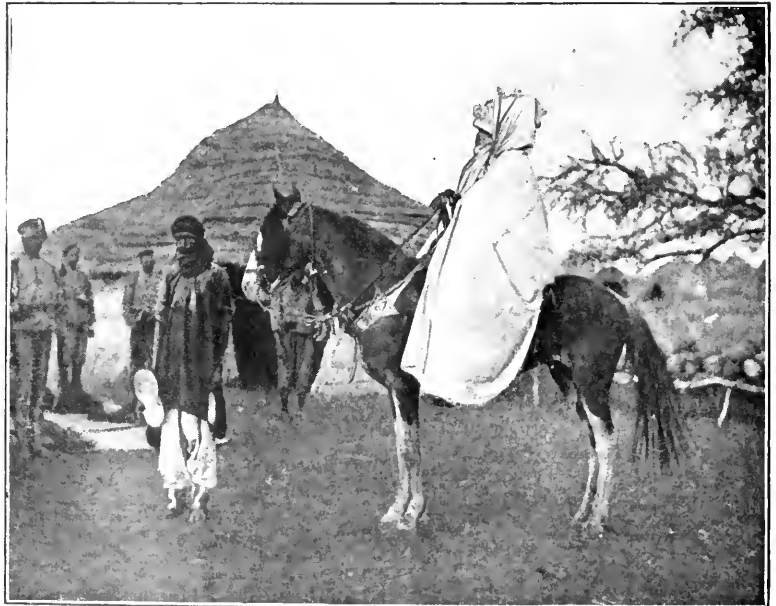
Two or three months passed, during which time Kano had been taken and its fighting men had fled. The latter retired towards Sokoto, to take part in any further fighting that might be decided upon, and met their King, now on his return journey. They implored him to lead them against the strangers, but the King, recognising that resistance to the force that had been collected against him was useless, tried to dissuade his followers from further action, but failed, and so they parted. The horsemen, some thousands in number, turned back again towards Kano, and soon afterwards

met a small force of mounted infantry, at whose hands they suffered a crushing defeat.

As regards the King of Kano himself, he was made a prisoner and brought into Illela about a week after our arrival there, as the result of the information that we had received as to his whereabouts. A deep-voiced, middle-aged man, with a very black skin and twinkling, intelligent eyes, the Emir has a dignified demeanour and the resignation to fate of a true Mussulman. After separating from his army he had proceeded in the direction of Katsena with half-a-dozen men armed with rifles, six of his favourite wives—demure young women—and a convoy of camels laden with treasure—silver cloths and perfumes.

At Gober (Chiberi it is now called) he was stopped by the Seriki of that place, who robbed him of his horses and some of his camel loads; the remainder he failed to secure, but in exchange for them he offered the King of Kano his liberty. The King, however, was too broken-spirited to take advantage of this opportunity, and, moreover, set far too high an estimate on his remaining treasures to value life without them.

And so it came about that when the Seriki of Gober was asked to give him up he complied, eager, no doubt, like every chief in the country, to make what capital he could in the changing order of things. Kano was thereupon led away into captivity on March 13th, two days before our troops arrived outside the walls of Sokoto.



From a]

THE EMIR OF KANO ON HIS FAVOURITE HORSE.

[Photo.

(To be concluded.)

# Odds and Ends.

A Unique Easter Custom—Indian “Big Wheels”—House-Moving Extraordinary, etc., etc.



OMPATIVELY few of the many tourists who visit Florence every spring witness the unique festival that takes place there on Easter Eve, the “Scoppio del Carro.” It is probably the only commemoration still existing of any event as remote as the Crusade of 1088, and is well worth seeing. The name “Scoppio del Carro” means, literally, “Explosion of the Chariot,” which sounds somewhat enigmatical. The “chariot” is a huge, ungainly, and venerable wooden structure closely resembling the top of a church spire mounted on wheels. The “explosion” is produced by festoons of fireworks with which the “chariot” is decorated. Of course there is a tradition concerning the custom, and a few words about it may not come amiss. In the year 1088 a young Florentine noble, Pazzino de Pazzi, with his followers, joined the forces of the famous Geoffroy de Bouillon, who was on his way to attempt to liberate the Holy Land from Mus-sulman dominion. On Easter Eve of that same

year—1088—De Pazzi succeeded in being the first to plant the cross upon the walls of Jerusalem. In reward Geoffroy granted the Florentine captain the right to wear the De Bouillon arms and permission to carry back to his own country, together with the glad tidings, the Holy Fire from the Sepulchre. In due time the fire was placed in the Church of San Biagio, in Florence, and the De Pazzi family decided to have a yearly commemoration of the event, which continues until the present day. The “carro” one sees is not the original

structure—it fell to pieces from sheer old age—but one dating from the seventeenth century. Early in the morning on Easter Eve the ponderous chariot is taken to the Piazza del Duomo, drawn by four huge white oxen decked with gaudy ribbons. In front of the cathedral, opposite the baptistery, the procession stops, the oxen are detached, and a rope is extended from the “carro” down through the church—a matter of some three hundred feet—to the high altar, for along this rope a rocket, supposed to resemble a dove, and consequently styled “Colombina,” rushes to ignite the fireworks outside, after having been lighted with all due ceremony by the priest officiating at the mass.

Immense crowds gather to witness the scene, as one can see from our photograph. Tens of thousands come in from the country, for the superstitious peasants believe that an even flight of the “dove” rocket will ensure a plentiful harvest. All at once, just as the midday gun booms out, a sharp hiss is heard all over the Piazza as the “Colombina.”



THE “SCOPPIO DEL CARRO,” A UNIQUE FESTIVAL THAT TAKES PLACE ANNUALLY IN FLORENCE ON EASTER EVE. *From a* [Photo.]

leaving a trail of smoke, rushes from the church door. The bells all over the city begin to peal in joyful confusion, and simultaneously a tremendous explosion is heard, followed by countless others in ear-piercing succession. A thick cloud of smoke makes the mock-battle effect most realistic, and the small boys do their best to render the whole thing more deafening. After five minutes or so a final terrific explosion puts an end to the fring, and the “Scoppio del Carro” is over.



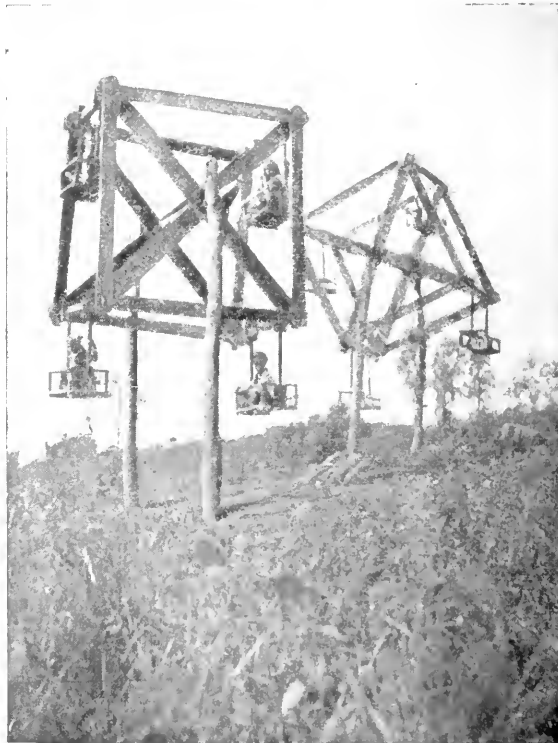
A BOULDER IN ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF A BRITISH COLUMBIAN TOWN.  
*From a Photo. by N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.*

"Here to-day, gone to-morrow, nobody's business and nobody cares" seems to be the motto of some of the "mushroom" mining towns in British Columbia. At least, so it would appear if we may judge from the above view of a boulder which reposes serenely in one of the main streets of Rossland, a town which sprang into life after the finding of the famous Le Roi gold mine. The boulder, it will be noticed, is a rock about eight feet high and takes up half the street, yet no one in this happy-go-lucky community has thought it worth while to have it blasted away and removed. The rock would be a nasty obstacle for the British Columbian equivalent of a "scorching" motorist to bump up against on a dark night.

Is there anything really new under the sun? The Chinese claim to have known and discarded the steam-engine long before Watt and

Stephenson brought forth their inventions; and many savage races can show forms of "wireless telegraphy" which are quite as effective as that of Marconi, if more obscure in their working. But at least, one

would think, some of the up-to-date "sensation" amusements are novel! "Looping the loop," for instance — surely that was not practised by the Egyptians? Facts are stubborn things, however, and the photograph here reproduced goes a long way to shatter the idea that modern amusements are novel. The picture comes to us from Jalpaigurie, Chalsa, India, and shows hill coolies amusing themselves. The square wheels shown have four cars attached to them for passengers, and have been in use for many generations. "They might well," says the correspondent who forwards the picture, "have been the models for the

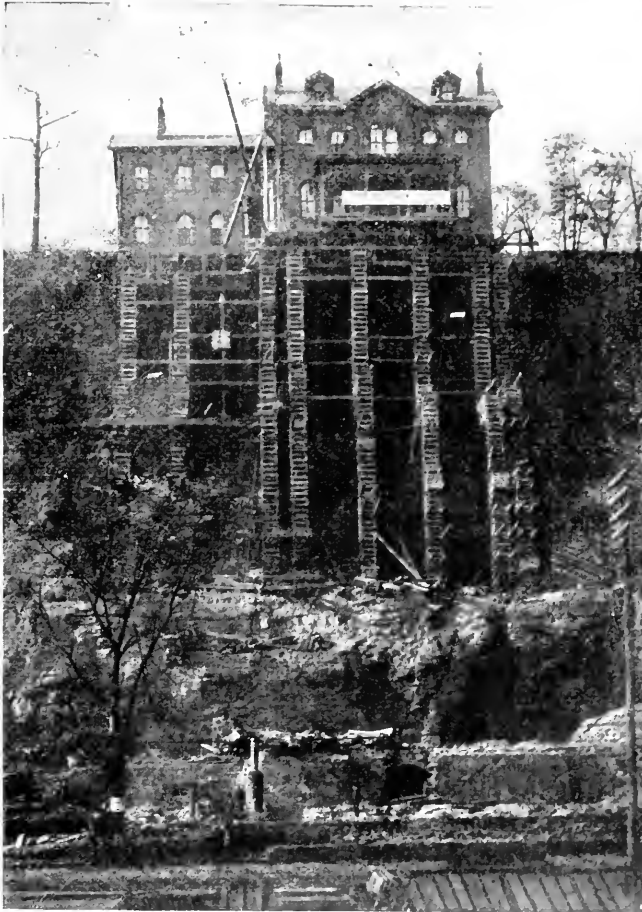


"THERE'S NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN"—INDIAN HILL COOLIES AMUSING THEMSELVES WITH PRIMITIVE "BIG WHEELS" IN USE AMONG THEM FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL. *[Photo.]*

'Great Wheels' at Earl's Court and elsewhere."

A wonderful undertaking has recently been successfully carried out at Pittsburg. This was the raising of a brick mansion, weighing more than eleven hundred tons, one hundred and fifty feet up a perpendicular cliff, and moving it over five hundred feet back from its summit to a new foundation. All the more marvellous is it when we consider that the house is half a century old and is fitted with projecting porches, wings, etc. The house in question was the old Brown homestead, situated on the west bank of the Monongahela River, about ten miles from Pittsburg. Having been born and bred in the old mansion, Captain S. S. Brown, a Pittsburg millionaire, had a strong affection for it, so that when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad desired to pull it down to make improvements on their road, which ran close to the house, he found his love for the old homestead so great that it was impossible for him to part with it. After consulting the leading contractors of the country it was decided that the only thing to do was to lift the house up bodily and place it on the high cliff above. To find the man who was willing, regardless of the cost, to undertake the work was the next consideration. Contractors from all over the country were called upon for their bids, but the required Napoleon for the difficult task was not to be found until a Pittsburger stepped forward, agreeing to under-

take the work at a charge of thirty thousand dollars. So delighted was Captain Brown that he promised to add three thousand dollars, if the house was "delivered" at the top in perfect condition. The work was begun on July 20th, eight large timbers, about forty-five feet long, having been placed under the house-



HOUSE-MOVING EXTRAORDINARY—THE RESIDENCE SEEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS LIFTED A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET UP A CLIFF AND FIVE HUNDRED ALONG THE TOP WITHOUT THE DISPLACEMENT OF A SINGLE BRICK. [Photo.]

together with two iron eye beams of the same length, running from back to front. In the opposite direction were placed three timbers eighty-four feet long and two others forty-five feet long. With the aid of one hundred and eighty jacks placed under these timbers the house was gradually raised half an inch at a time. Under the supporting timbers and beams were placed ten piles of pine blocks, six inches square, and when the maximum height to which the jacks could raise the mansion had been reached, blocks were substituted for the jacks, the jacks were readjusted, and the work continued. At regular intervals

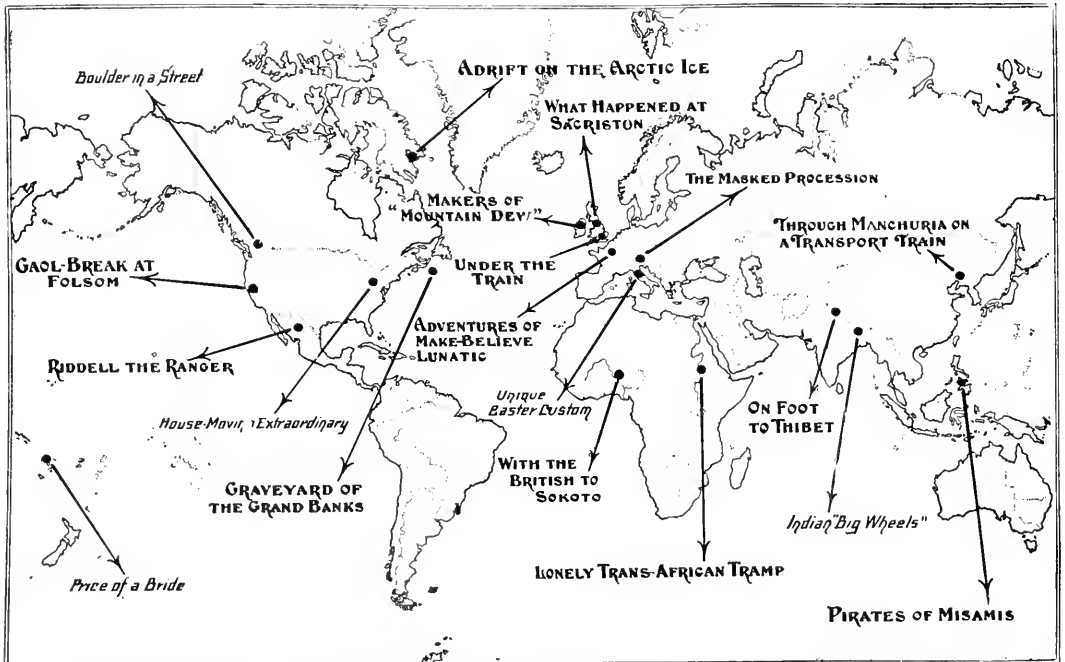
benches were cut into the side of the bluff, and when these were reached the structure was moved back into the bench. Day after day this delicate and difficult work continued, the distance nine inches being the estimated daily rise. To-day the house stands securely on its new foundation, looking down upon a spot five hundred and fifty feet below. This extraordinary achievement reflects great credit upon the contractor. Our snap shot shows the house as it was with the cliff-top, but before it was moved upwards to the selected site five hundred feet to reach



THE PRICE OF A BRIDE—LEATHER MONEY PAID TO A PACIFIC ISLAND FATHER AS COMPENSATION FOR THE LOSS OF HIS DAUGHTER. [Photo.]

In some islands of the Pacific it is necessary for the prospective husband to deposit with the grief-stricken parents of his would-be bride something substantial in the way of compensation for the loss of their daughter. The accompanying photograph shows one of these solatiums, paid in leather currency by a wealthy bridegroom to the bride's father. In spite of

the imposing appearance which this bulky gift presents as it is brought before the now slightly-comforted father, its intrinsic value only amounts to about five pounds. This form of currency would scarcely be useful as "pocket-money," seeing that several stout porters are required to carry even a small quantity of it.



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





"I'M GOING TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM YOU BY MYSELF," HE GROWLED.

— 113 —



# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIII.

JUNE, 1904.

No. 74.

## The Transvaal Treasure-Trove.

By S. WARD HALL, OF JOHANNESBURG.

We publish this remarkable narrative exactly as set forth by the author. It is perhaps the most enthralling story of sunken treasure put before the public in recent years, and should create a sensation not only in this country but throughout South Africa. The author describes the manoeuvres by which the Government of the late South African Republic sought to accumulate a war-chest for use against the British; the duplicity of their secret agents; and the strange series of events which culminated in the wreck of a ship carrying four hundred and fifty thousand pounds' worth of gold ingots on a lonely part of the South African coast. The story of Mr. Hall's search for this vast treasure reads like the most fascinating fiction. Not only had all the machinery of the law to be contended with, but even the forces of Nature appeared to be leagued against the explorers. Torrential rivers, deadly reefs, crocodile-haunted lakes, and shark-infested lagoons—all these accessories make up a narrative of unique and surpassing interest. Wherever possible official documents and extracts from newspapers bearing upon the story will be reproduced in facsimile, together with photographs showing the different phases of the quest for the sunken gold.

### I. —THE STORY OF THE TREASURE.



BEFORE I commence my story I must give a few particulars about myself and how I came to be connected with the most remarkable treasure-trove case of modern times.

I am a prospector by profession, and in the course of a long career have visited every field in South Africa, acquiring, developing, and reporting on properties, and generally looking after the interests of my various employers. I think it was in 1887 that I first went to Johannesburg; but after spending some time there I took up a mining appointment in India, and subsequently went to South America, where I prospected right through from Chili to Peru, returning to South Africa some seven or eight years ago.

In October, 1898, or thereabouts, I was staying at Long's Hotel in Johannesburg. I was seated one morning in the

bar of the hotel, sipping a drink and gazing with languid interest on the motley crowd which filled the room. There were brokers, merchants, journalists, clerks, and "dead-beats" in search of a drink at somebody else's expense, and the hum of conversation rose high above the clinking of the glasses. My attention

was suddenly attracted by the entrance of a tall, well-built young fellow, whose brisk movements and business-like air proclaimed him a commercial traveller. I recognised him immediately, and he bore down upon me with hearty greetings. It was Jack Mantell, an old friend of mine, and the representative of a large firm of wine and spirit merchants. We were naturally overjoyed to see one another, and indulged in mutual reminiscences. Presently, however, he said he had some startling information to disclose to me, regarding a



"HE BORE DOWN UPON ME WITH HEARTY GREETINGS."

gold, in which the Transvaal Government itself was implicated. This, he said, would not only interest me greatly, but might put a good deal of money in my pocket. Needless to say, I at once became eager to hear the story, and accordingly we retired to a more secluded spot, out of the way of possible listeners. Mantell premised his narrative with the remark that he had got the particulars at first hand from a man named Fagg, who was a subordinate member of the gang of criminals concerned. Then he went on to tell the story. It is sufficient to say here that the recital filled me with amazement and excited me not a little, for I saw the prospect of a fortune in it. The details, as supplied by Mr. Mantell, were unfortunately a little meagre, but I set to work at once to gather more information, and after some weary weeks of surreptitious inquiry (for, as you will see presently, I did not dare to raise the suspicions of the Transvaal officials) I was in possession of the whole of the facts. These I will now proceed to set before you.

Some time prior to 1896 the Transvaal Government, inspired by Dr. Leyds, came to the conclusion that the political situation in South Africa rendered it desirable that they should follow the example of certain of the European Powers and form a war-chest—a large reserve of ready money with which arms and ammunition might be purchased without the necessity for sums of money being openly set apart for that purpose out of the revenue.\* Most Governments would have proceeded to form this war-chest by withdrawing or purchasing coin, but the astute S.A.R. Government knew a trick worth two of that. They knew that gold-mining was the principal industry of the Republic. They knew also that the mines were largely in the hands of the Uitlanders; and that notwithstanding all precautions there were numbers of men on the Rand who made their living by illicit dealing in gold stolen from the mines. And this gave the authorities a great idea. The Government, through secret agents, would buy up every

ounce of this stolen gold which it could lay its hands upon, and turn it into coin. Thus the necessary money would be got quickly and cheaply—and at the expense of the Uitlanders! A scheme more agreeable to the Pretorian oligarchy, or more in keeping with the general spirit of their policy, was never devised.

Among other agents entrusted by Dr. Leyds with the buying and collecting of the gold was a man named S—, an ex-Italian count, and an adventurer of the worst type. This man had a peculiar and extensive acquaintance among habitual gold-thieves, and from these people he was empowered to buy gold at the rate of something like sixty-seven shillings per ounce. The



\* THIS MAN HAD A PECULIAR AND EXTENSIVE ACQUAINTANCE AMONG GOLD-THIEVES.

market price, by the way, is from three pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence to four pounds per ounce. As a matter of fact, however, S—, —like most of the Government agents—had a game of his own to play, and, instead of sixty-seven shillings, he paid only from thirty-five to forty-five shillings per ounce, buying gold for himself with the extra money. His operations were under the protection of the Transvaal Criminal Investigation Department—at the time a most corrupt organization—and in this way, of course, he was secure from the stringent laws,

modelled after the famous "I.D.B." (illicit diamond buying) laws of Kimberley, relative to the buying and selling of stolen gold. That there was urgent need for such laws will be evident when I tell you that in one year the leakage from the mines was estimated to be not far short of seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds!

The following instance will show you how real and powerful the protection of the C.I.D. was. About the middle of 1898 S—— and one of his accomplices were arrested by some over-zealous detectives, and bail being refused they were lodged in the charge-office for the night. The following morning they were arraigned before Mr. Van den Berg, the First Criminal Landdrost of Johannesburg. S—— asked to be allowed to make a statement, adding that he was sure there was some mistake, as he was in a position to make it decidedly uncomfortable for all concerned unless Mr. Van den Berg ordered his immediate release. After consultation it was decided that the Public Prosecutor should wire to the State Attorney for instructions. Intense excitement prevailed all over Johannesburg, and the reply was awaited with great interest. It soon arrived, and was to the effect that *the State Attorney declined to prosecute!* Thereupon, of course, the Public Prosecutor was compelled to withdraw the charge and the prisoners were discharged. Both the *Johannesburg Times* and the *Standard and Diggers' News* strongly commented on the curious action of the State Attorney, the *Times* going so far as to threaten further disclosures. This promise, unfortunately, was unfulfilled, the too-candid paper having to "close down" shortly afterwards. Towards the end of the year S—— instituted proceedings against the *Standard and Diggers' News* for libel, and was actually awarded nearly one thousand pounds damages! And so the game went merrily forward.

S——'s special friend and protector at the C.I.D. head-quarters was a man named F——, one of the acting chiefs, who, in consideration of his services in various ways, shared with the Italian the profits of his perfidy. The illicit gold bought for the Transvaal Government was handed over to the Under-Secretary of State, Mr. Krigs, who placed it in the hands of the Transvaal National Bank, sole bankers to the Government, who saw to its disposal. In this way one million pounds' worth of gold changed hands, the money for its purchase coming from the swollen Secret Service Fund. This throws a lurid sidelight on the way in which the Secret Service money was disposed of, concerning which there has been much conjecture.

S——'s method was to get "in" with the battery managers — the men who had charge of the amalgamating plant at the mines. It is the duty of these officials to extract as much gold as possible from the ore before the residue is sent to undergo the cyanide process. They are usually assisted by three "amalgamators," or assistants, who work one at a time in eight-hour shifts. It was comparatively easy for a dishonest manager to send away his assistant on some trifling errand and then remove a few ounces of the gold deposited on the plates. Detection was almost an impossibility, for the battery managers being skilled chemists and their work highly technical, the directors were more or less at their mercy.

One of S——'s chief clients and coadjutors was a man who held a position in the Simmer and Jack mines. This man had the complete confidence of his directors and the shareholders, and, moreover, had absolute control of the working of his battery, whose output he manipulated to suit himself. Another confederate of the Italian was a Dr. K——, a disreputable quack, who was popularly supposed to have murdered a physician out in the United States

### ILLICIT GOLD BUYING.

Licensed by the Cabinet.

#### Another Disclosure.

#### To Provide Secret Service Funds.

The following astounding correspondence appears in the *Leader*:—Johannesburg, Feb. 17, 1898. We, the undersigned, hereby certify that we are engaged, and are authorised by the Secret Cabinet of the Transvaal Government, to buy native gold and amalgam. This document is drawn up for our mutual protection, and to be used in the event of failure of the Government to protect our interests. On January 30, in response to a telegram from R. J. H. Fortuyn, first officer of the Secret Cabinet, we visited Pretoria. The following day we were ushered into the presence of the following members of the Cabinet, viz., Dr. W. J. Leyds, State Secretary; Judge Gregorowski, State Attorney; and Mr. R. J. H. Fortuyn, first officer and disbursing chief. We submitted samples, taken from Johannesburg, and, after having satisfied the gentlemen that we were in a position to give them a regular supply of 1,000 oz. of retorted gold per week, we were formally taken into the service of the Cabinet by Mr. Fortuyn, both Dr. Leyds and Judge Gregorowski giving their endorsement. Judge Gregorowski advised that we be given full authority to work out the details of the business as we chose, guaranteeing to us the full protection of the Government in the event of our being trapped by the local detective force, or getting into any other embarrassing difficulty. At this time we were unaware of the existence of other men in the same line of business as ourselves, but we have since learned from other members of the service of the formation of a systemised corps of buyers. Our salaries were guaranteed from the first of the year (£30 per month), and we were assured that any and all necessary expenses would be met by the service. We were authorised to open an office in the African Trust Buildings, and rent and furnishing expenses were furnished by the department.—John J. Evans (burgher of the State), S. Warren Fursej. is witnesses—A. W. Mabbett, T. Froes.

A CUTTING FROM THE "NATAL MERCURY" OF AUGUST 19TH, 1899, DEMONSTRATING THE COMPLICITY OF THE TRANSVAAL GOVERNMENT IN ILLICIT GOLD BUYING. THE AGENTS MADE THE AGREEMENT PUBLIC AFTER A QUARREL WITH DR. LEYDS AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE SECRET CABINET.

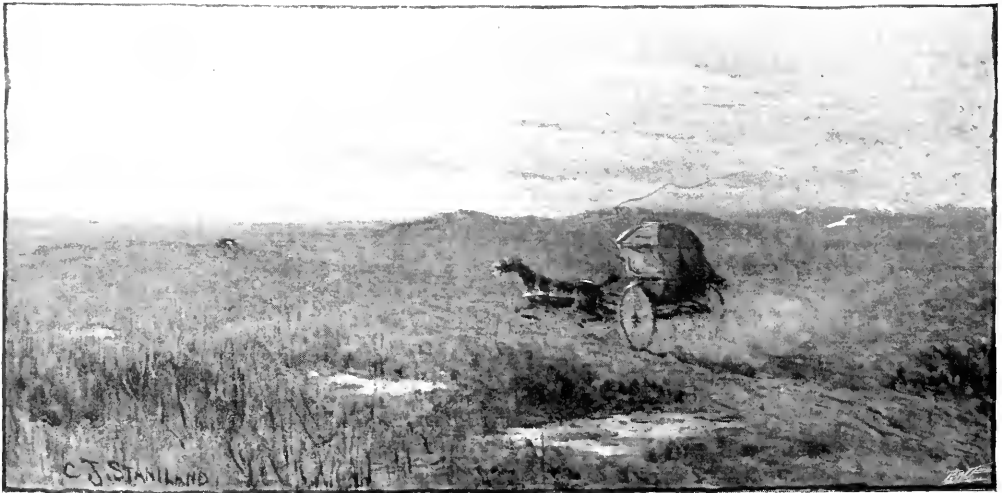
in order to obtain his diploma, subsequently, of course, adopting the name of his unfortunate victim. His "practice" was in reality nothing but a blind to cover extensive operations in illicit gold. F——, whom I have mentioned elsewhere, had actually been told off by the Government to keep an eye on S—— and K—— and see that they acted honestly, but, as a matter of fact, he was hand in glove with them. Such were the officials of the late "South African Republic."

The last member of this precious band was a man named Fagg, whose duty it was to make periodical trips to Delagoa Bay with S——'s gold. Just on the outskirts of the bay there is a huge flat, extending about eighteen miles inland—a level, lonely desert, covered with fine

consultation took place between the chiefs of the gang, and ultimately the whole of them took the train for Delagoa Bay, where they hoped to find some means of smuggling the precious metal out of the country. The mine official resigned his position at the Simmer and Jack, and all of them made arrangements to flee the country.

It was out of the question to ship the gold in the ordinary manner, as the awkward formalities of the Portuguese Custom-house blocked the way. F——'s influence, of course, counted for nothing in Portuguese territory. The conspirators were almost at their wits' end how to get the gold away, when an unlooked-for opportunity arose.

They found that a small Swedish barque of

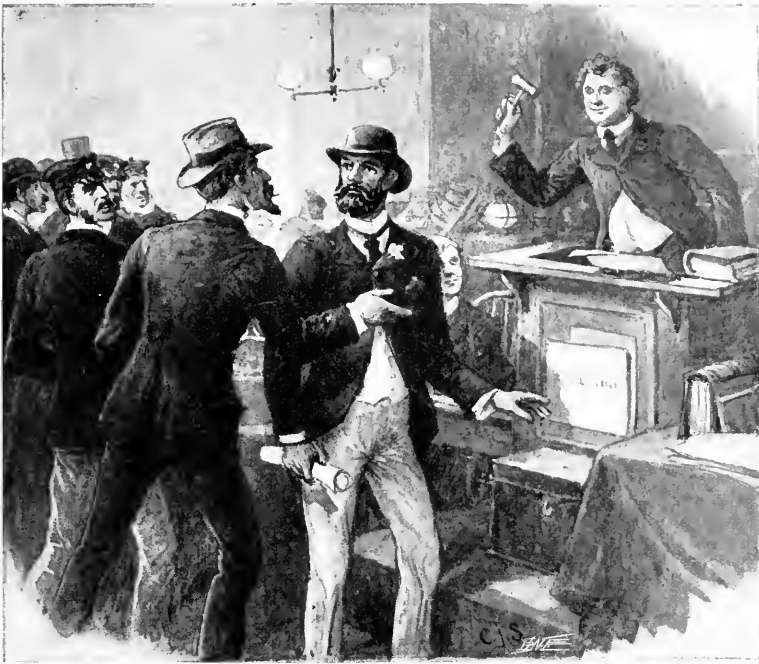


"IT WAS ON THIS DESOLATE WASTE THAT THE STOREHOUSE OF THE GANG WAS SITUATED."

sand, and with no vegetation to speak of. Here and there on its fringe are to be found the houses of the railway employes; but even these are widely scattered, the whole district being shunned by white people on account of the malaria which haunts the bay, and which is particularly deadly during the months of January, February, and March. It was on this desolate waste that the storehouse of the gang was situated—an empty house, standing well apart from any other habitation. To this place Fagg brought the gold, F—— smoothing away all difficulties of transport so far as the railway was concerned.

S——'s private hoard accumulated at the rate of from six to eight thousand ounces a month; and after some considerable time—when something like one hundred and twenty thousand ounces lay in the house at Delagoa Bay—the question of its disposal became acute. A long

six hundred tons register, named the *Ernestine* which had been condemned as unseaworthy was for sale. A Durban firm of shipping agents, Messrs. Chiazzari and Co., were desirous of buying her for use as a coal hulk, and Mr. Frank Chiazzari proceeded to Delagoa Bay to bid for her. The auction was actually in progress, and the ship was about to be knocked down to Mr. Chiazzari for four hundred pounds, when S—— rushed into the room and offered Chiazzari fifty pounds for his bid. This the latter accepted, and the Italian became the owner of the *Ernestine*. His idea was to make her seaworthy once more, secrete the gold on board, then run her across to the River Plate, and there land the gold with the ballast. Once ashore, it could be easily disposed of and no questions asked, the South American Governments being peculiarly accommodating in this respect.



"S— RUSHED INTO THE ROOM AND OFFERED CHIAZZARI FIFTY POUNDS FOR HIS BID."

Now, unfortunately, Delagoa Bay is not an ideal place in which to refit a ship. To begin with, there is no slip on which she can be hauled up, and therefore the barque had to be beached on the bank of a little river which empties itself into the bay. Another drawback was the scarcity and consequent high price of all kinds of ships' stores—ropes, canvas, spars, etc. However, S— was not dismayed; he sent down to Durban and engaged the services of Captain Vibart, a man well known on the coast of Natal and a thoroughly practical navigator. Captain Vibart was to act as superintendent of the refitting operations. The ship, he was told, was to be made as seaworthy as possible at Delagoa Bay, and then taken down to Durban, a distance of three hundred miles, for a final overhaul on the slip, after which she was to be used in the coasting trade. This plausible tale quite deceived the captain, who took up his duties with great energy, and something like twelve hundred pounds was spent in providing the barque with new running gear, etc.

When the refitting of the vessel was nearing completion, Captain Vibart began to have suspicions that all was not quite right about the business. After work had been suspended for the day, members of the gang would stealthily board the *Ernestine* and engage in mysterious operations below. So worried did the worthy sailor become at the sight of these underhand doings that at length he bluntly asked one of

the conspirators what was afoot, with the result that shortly afterwards S— sent for him and told him that after consideration they had decided to abandon their enterprise. Captain Vibart was accordingly paid off, S— being good enough to say that his services had been highly appreciated, and he then returned to Durban. The captain's suspicions were not altogether dispelled, however, but having now no further connection with the barque he gradually forgot all about the matter.

With Vibart out of the way, the gang completed the work which had first excited his curiosity. This was nothing less than the stowing away of the gold on board. A place was selected in the forehold of the ship, round the base of the foremast, on either side of the keelson, and here the treasure—contained in twelve Transvaal ammunition boxes and three leathern bags—was placed, to the approximate value of four hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Cement was then placed over the precious packages to a depth of three or four inches until the whole was set into one solid mass. Over this came two hundred tons of sand—ostensibly to ballast the ship—and the gold was thus effectually hidden. The next move of the gang was to engage a Norwegian captain, and he was entrusted with the task of getting a crew for the vessel. Now this was a particularly difficult undertaking. Fever, as I have said, is terribly prevalent at Delagoa Bay, and white men fight

shy of the place in consequence. However, by dint of unheard-of efforts the captain at last got together a number of men. A very scratch lot they were, as you may suppose, and the majority of them did not possess even the most

intending to catch the mail steamer to Durban and there await her arrival, first making arrangements to have her placed on the slip on her arrival. When her seams had been re-caulked and her hull newly sheathed with copper, they



"CEMENT WAS THE PLACE FOR THE PROPER PACKAGES."

elementary notions of seamanship. However, they could be trusted to ask no questions.

Before leaving Durban the name of the ship, for some obscure reason, was altered to *Dorothea*, but the old name, *Ernestine*, elaborately carved on the bows and stern, was allowed to remain. The barque left Delagoa Bay somewhere about December, 1898. The weather is usually pretty stormy at this time of year, and the captain trembled for the safety of his ship, with its leaking seams and lubberly crew. Once out at sea, she proved even more cranky than had been anticipated. There was not enough ballast on board to steady her, the pumps had to be manned night and day, and the crew were of little or no use. For a few days, however, luck was with them. The weather remained fairly fine, and the *Dorothea* made a good offing.

The whole of the gang did not go on board her. Dr. K——, Egg, and the mine manager went, while S—— and F—— (who had run down from Johannesburg—ostensibly on duty to assist his comrades) remained at the bay,

intended to take out papers for the ship as "Cleared for Guam," a common nautical phrase which means that the vessel is going to cruise from port to port in search of freight. In reality, of course, they would sail straight for South America and there dispose of the gold. F——, however, ultimately decided to pay a flying visit to his office in Johannesburg, just to obviate any inconvenient inquiries as to his whereabouts, and S—— went on to Durban alone.

Any shipmaster who sighted the *Dorothea* must have thought curious things concerning her skipper's seamanship, for the sails were set anyhow, and she was so cranky on account of her lightness that the greatest care had to be taken lest she should capsiz. Bitterly the trio of conspirators regretted that they had not been able to secure a steamer, but this had proved an impossibility. Steamers are more or less rare on these coasts, and the cost of hiring—even if one were obtainable—would have been almost prohibitive.

The Norwegian captain, to do him justice,

was a thoroughly competent seaman, and he did his best with the deplorable material at his command. After a few days, however, the fine weather broke up and a heavy gale came from the south-west—a most unfortunate quarter for the *Dorothea*. The barque pitched and rolled horribly, and the crew simply lost their heads altogether, whilst the terrified gold-smugglers cursed them for their incompetence. Finally they got the sails reefed somehow or other, but by this time the ship had drifted in close to the land. Seeing this, the captain let go his anchor and paid out the whole of the cable. The vessel promptly came head to the wind, but she pitched to such an extent that the anchor failed to hold and she drifted slowly towards the coast. They were now off Cape Vidal, in Zululand, at a point where a dangerous reef extended parallel with the shore close under the vessel's stern. The skipper made every effort to save the ship, but it was all in vain. She continued to drag her anchors, and at last he announced to the conspirators that if they wished to save their lives they must take to the boats. Needless to say, this information came as a crushing blow to the hapless trio. Everything depended upon their getting the ship to Durban, and here was she driving fast on to the rocks on an uninhabited and desolate coast. K—— and the mine official stubbornly refused to leave the ship. They had been drinking heavily to drown their terror as the barque plunged slowly nearer and nearer to the terrible surf, and were all but incapable of understanding their peril.

Under the captain's orders the two boats were safely launched, and one of them got clear away. The other lay beside the ship, waiting for the word to cast off. The skipper, who appears to have been the only brave man in the party, came back to the two con-

spirators crouching under the shelter of the poop, and asked them for the last time to leave the ship. The mine manager, after a few protests, was bundled into the boat, but K—— absolutely refused to leave, pouring forth foul abuse and brandishing his bottle. "I'm going to navigate this barque by myself," he growled. "You don't play any tricks on me, I can tell you. I'm captain now, and when I get to port she's mine, and everything in her."

At last the captain lost patience completely, clambered over the side, and gave the order to pull away. The last they ever saw of K—— was a raving, cursing figure sprawled on the poop, hugging in its arms a bottle of brandy, and babbling senselessly about the gold.\* Shortly afterwards the poor old *Dorothea* struck the terrible reef stern first. She recoiled like a horse thrown back on its haunches, then pitched forward once again, and almost immediately broke her back.

Although the shore was so close the two boats were unable to make for land on account of the boiling surf, in which they could not have lived for one moment. Accordingly they pulled seawards in the hope of being sighted by some passing vessel, but soon got separated. After many hours of aimless tossing hither and thither, drenched to the skin and expecting

\* It will be noticed that the paragraph reproduced on the next page, concerning the picking up of the *Dorothea's* crew, says nothing about anyone being left on the wreck.—E.D.



"SHE THEN PITCHED FORWARD ONCE AGAIN AND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY BROKE HER BACK."

to founder every moment, one of the boats at length caught sight of a large steamer some distance out, and to their joy succeeded in attracting her attention. She turned out to be the well-known Union liner *Greek*, engaged at that time in the intermediate service, and bound for Durban. The castaways were taken on board and kindly treated, and in due course they landed at Durban. The men in the other boat were picked up by the German steamer *Koenig*, and landed at the same port.

Here the mine manager and Fagg met S—, and acquainted him with the terrible catastrophe which had wrecked their enterprise. The Italian was naturally heartbroken at the loss of the barque. He had staked his all on this great *coup*, and he had lost. He dared not return to the Transvaal, for by this time the authorities would know the full measure of his duplicity. Disaster had already overtaken F—, for on returning to Johannesburg he found that sundry changes had taken place at the C.I.D. He was peremptorily summoned before his new chiefs, subjected to a searching cross-examination, and finally dismissed from his

office on suspicion of having had dealings with the fugitive S—.

These various blows thoroughly disheartened the gang, as may be imagined. The mine official, however, having ascertained the exact position of the wreck, returned to Johannesburg, hoping to be able to raise sufficient money to equip an expedition to go down and salve the treasure. Unfortunately for the success of his scheme, however, the new head of the Transvaal C.I.D. was an honest man, energetic and incorruptible, and presently the worthy manager, who had adopted illicit gold-buying as a handy and familiar means of raising the necessary cash, was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment! Upon this he lodged an affidavit making a clean breast of the whole business, exposing S— and F— completely and giving away their entire plan of campaign. He also pleaded for special consideration on the ground that *he had sold much gold to the Government!* Whether on account of his turning State evidence, or in consideration of his obliging them with gold, the sentence was reduced to twelve months' imprisonment. F—

### THE ABANDONED BARQUE

#### SAILORS AT DURBAN.

DURBAN, Thursday night (Reuter).—In connection with the abandonment of the barque *Dorothea*, it is stated that the Union steamer *Greek* saw a small boat, off Kosi River, sailing up the coast, but it gave no signals. The shipwrecked men in the other boat, who were rescued by the *Greek*, will be taken charge of by their respective Consuls. At present they are at the Sailors' Rest.

#### SECOND BOAT'S CREW RESCUED.

#### SMALL GRIEVANCES.

DURBAN, Friday (Special).—The second boat belonging to the *Dorothea* was found by the German liner *Koenig* about fifty miles north of Durban, and brought here last night. The whole of the men of the ill-fated barque have now been saved.

THIS CUTTING, REPRODUCED FROM THE "JOHANNESBURG STAR," OF FEB. 4, 1893, DESCRIBES THE RESCUE OF THE CREW OF THE "DOROTHEA" BY THE "GREEK."

Monday the 1<sup>st</sup> day of February 1893.  
 LOG of the Union Steam Ship Company's Ship "*Greek*" from *Delagoa Bay* to *Durban*

Hour	Wind	Sea	Temp	Remarks												
1 12	W	3	29.0	0.10 Light breeze from W. Sea 2. Dist 49.												
2 12	"	"	"	0.45 Cape Point about 41'												
3 12	"	"	"	1.00 Steamer <i>Greek</i> about 41'												
4 12	"	"	29.50	2.00 Light breeze and fine clear weather by 22												
5 12	"	"	"	3.12 Portland 3' from dist 41'												
6 12	"	"	"	4.00 Comber weather. Fog 46												
7 12	"	"	"	4.25 Steamer <i>Greek</i> about 41'												
8 12	"	"	"	5.30 Steamer <i>Greek</i> about 41'												
9 12	"	"	"	6.12 Black Sea about 41' by 42												
10 12	"	"	"	7.00 Comber weather by 44												
11 12	"	"	"	100.00 Wind and sea. Fog 44												
12 6	"	"	"	4.20 Cape Point about 41' by 45												
				4.30 Light and fine of observation one of <i>Greek</i> <i>Dorothea</i> 90 yds. off. Capt. and passengers taken by life boat and clear.												
<table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th>Sick Report.</th> <th>Hours out.</th> <th>Hours Straining</th> <th>Fuel Consumed.</th> <th>Fuel Remaining.</th> <th>Fires</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td></td> <td>✓</td> <td>2. 20</td> <td>15</td> <td>811</td> <td>all</td> </tr> </tbody> </table>					Sick Report.	Hours out.	Hours Straining	Fuel Consumed.	Fuel Remaining.	Fires		✓	2. 20	15	811	all
Sick Report.	Hours out.	Hours Straining	Fuel Consumed.	Fuel Remaining.	Fires											
	✓	2. 20	15	811	all											

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE LOG-BOOK OF THE LINER "GREEK"—THE REFERENCE TO THE RESCUE OF THE CREW OF THE "DOROTHEA" IS INDICATED BY A CROSS ON THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE, AND READS: "11.30, STOPPED AND PICKED UP SHIP WRECKED CREW OF BARQUE 'DOROTHEA' (NINE HANDS), CAST BOAT ADRIFT AND PROCEEDED."



fled the country directly he heard incriminating evidence was forthcoming against himself, and S—— was last heard of at East London, where he was picking up a precarious living by his wits. Fagg, deserted by his old comrades and unnoticed by the authorities, was almost in a state of starvation when he came across my friend Mantell, from whom I gained knowledge of this all but incredible narrative.

This, then, was the astonishing story which, little by little, I was enabled to piece together from the scanty details supplied by Mantell, and supplemented by my own investigations.

Mantell knew that I had a little capital of my own, and, moreover — which was, perhaps, of equal importance — that I knew Zululand well, having often been over it on prospecting and shooting trips. He and I talked the matter over at considerable length, and finally it was decided that I should go down to Cape Vidal and examine the wreck with a view to forming a salvage party to recover the sunken treasure.

We knew that the ex-mine official had in his affidavit informed the Transvaal Government of the exact situation of the wreck; and it was also rumoured that one of the chief detectives of the C.I.D. intended to organize a little expedition on his own account to look for the gold, quite independently of the authorities. One curious and almost universal characteristic about the officials of the late South African Republic, by the way, was their penchant for using their official positions for purposes of private gain, often even at the expense of their Government. The detective's little enterprise, however, was nipped in the bud by his being transferred to the Illicit Liquor Department.

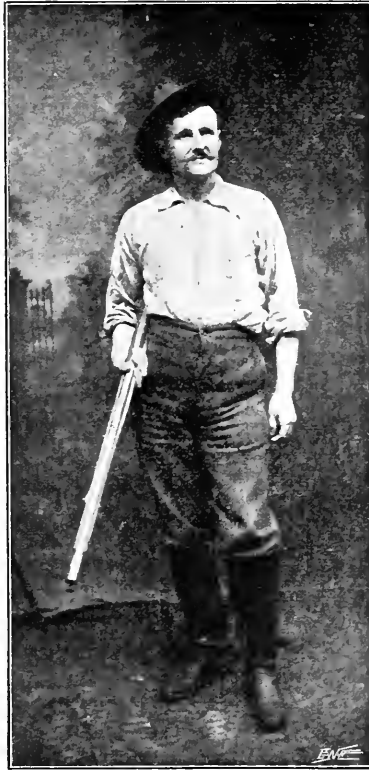
By some means or other the authorities became aware that I was interested in the salvaging of the *Dorothea*, and Mantell got rather anxious lest my freedom of action should be curtailed. "You had better look out, Hall," he said. "These fellows are going to follow you and take advantage of your knowledge of the country." And from my knowledge of the Transvaal officials I knew that they were quite capable of

shadowing me to the coast and then reaping the results of my experience. You see, not very many people in Johannesburg (or, for the matter of that, in Natal) knew anything about the interior of Zululand, for many parts of the country have a bad name on account of the fever and the dreaded tsetse-fly.

I knew that the only way of putting the spies off the track was to make out that I was bent upon some business not even remotely connected with the treasure. As I was bound for Natal, they would know at once that I was not on a prospecting trip, so I had to cast about for some plausible errand. Ultimately I found a way out of the difficulty, albeit one that was highly distasteful to me. You must know that there exist on the Rand a large number of illicit liquor syndicates — gangs of scoundrels who make it their business to supply the natives in the mine compounds with villainous spirits. Needless to say, there are stringent laws against this loathsome traffic, but the dealers — who are nearly all Polish and Russian Jews — club together to meet the heavy penalties, each putting a certain sum into the general indemnity "pool," which is used for paying fines in "red-handed" cases and — under the old *régime* — for bribing the officials of the Illicit Liquor Department.

I selected two of the most notorious Jew dealers on the Rand and paid them to accompany me on my journey, hoping that the authorities, on the "birds of a feather" principle, would believe me interested in the liquor business. My new companions were anything but desirable fellow-travellers, and I shrank from associating with them, but it was not to be helped if I wished to divert suspicion from myself. You see, the Transvaal Government did not intend to be done out of its gold if it could be helped, and the officials were prepared to detain on almost any charge anyone whom they suspected of being after it — particularly if the suspect stood any chance of getting it. Knowing this, and not being exactly sure how far I might go in safety, I had to be extremely careful.

After some little time I discovered that we



THE AUTHOR, MR. S. WARD HALL, WHO HERE TELLS HIS STORY OF THE SEARCH FOR THE *From a* TRANSVAAL TREASURE-TROVE. [Photo.

were indeed being watched, as I had anticipated. When we arrived at Ladysmith a very affable gentleman boarded the train and entered into conversation. Very soon I saw that he was trying to draw me, but for the life of me I could not make out whether he was after the liquor traffic or the treasure, and naturally I felt correspondingly uncomfortable. If I disavowed the gold I might get arrested as a suspected dealer in illicit liquor; while if I let it be thought I was after the gold I knew that

know Maritzburg well, and, besides, one hardly expects to find professional guides in a South African town. I said as much.

"I am trying to establish a new business here," he explained, somewhat awkwardly. "I believe there is a good opening for a really intelligent conductor—a fellow who can show visitors round and explain things."

The story was a little too thin, however, and I asked him bluntly how he came to know my name. He was not quite prepared with an

answer to this question and betrayed his confusion plainly. He was a painfully poor spy, this boy, if he had been set to trap me. Nevertheless, I pretended to be satisfied with his halting explanations and invited him to come into the Horse-shoe, close by, where I plied him with whisky. Presently, under the influence of the spirit, the youth became communicative. He informed me, with charming candour, that he was acting on behalf of the Natal police authorities and was to follow me up as a suspected person. I asked him about my companions, but he seemed to have no instructions concerning them; I



"A VERY AFFABLE GENTLEMAN ENTERED INTO CONVERSATION."

arrest on some pretext or other would probably follow. Or it might be that another expedition under Government auspices would be dispatched to cut me out. All I could do was to keep on changing the conversation whenever it took a dangerous turn; and as it did this about every five minutes my desperate efforts no doubt made the discourse very illuminating. The man seemed rather disappointed at not getting the information he was after, and at Estcourt he left the train. Needless to say, I was extremely pleased, for the strain had been terrible, and I knew that a slip of the tongue might be fatal to my plans. Curiously enough, he did not interrogate my companions, which was perhaps fortunate.

We arrived at Maritzburg without further incident, and here I and my encumbrances left the train, putting up at the Plough boarding-house. Next day, as I was strolling along Church Street, I met a young fellow of nineteen or thereabouts, who, addressing me by name, asked me whether I wanted a guide. Now, I

(To be continued.)

was the man he had to watch. More than this I could not get out of him, and finally I put him in a cab and sent him home to my hotel, where he slept off the effects of the whisky.

With the youth out of the way I sat down to review my position. Evidently the authorities had not been altogether deceived with regard to my travelling with the Jews. That much was clear; and it was also obvious that, once the youth had reported to his chiefs, Maritzburg would not be a healthy place for me to remain in. The Natal police, warned by the Transvaal people, had come to the very natural conclusion that some mysterious business—probably illegal—had brought me to the "Garden Colony," and accordingly they were determined to keep a vigilant eye on me. Now, my conscience was clear as to my errand in Natal; but, on the other hand, I could not take the authorities into my confidence and tell them I was after the gold, lest the ground should be cut from under my feet by an official expedition. It was a difficult situation, and called for delicate handling.

# THE BLACK BEAR

BY James Barr.



Last summer the author made a canoe trip through the wilds of Northern Quebec towards Hudson Bay. At the Rosemont House, at Mattawa, the assembled trappers, guides, and frontiersmen told him many stories of their adventures. The amusing experience here set forth was narrated by a lumberman who was staying at the hotel.



LEADING of bear reminds me of my first visit to this very village. It was before the days of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and Mattawa was the metropolis of the woods—the greatest summer resort for black flies and bear, moose and mosquitoes, in the world. Only on rare occasions a stranger blew in from the outside world, and was made very welcome. I blew in—and learned something to my advantage.

The evening of my arrival was a beautiful one in early July, and I was seated, one of a dozen, smoking and telling stories on the veranda of Drouillard's tavern, when along came a sanctimonious-looking young fellow selling lottery tickets. The money was to be handed over to the church, so he told us, and the price was fifty cents a ticket. I hadn't more half-dollars than I knew what to do with, but it

turned out that every one on the veranda had chipped in, and so I, a stranger, could not refuse. So into the fund went my half-dollar. I looked upon it as so much money gone, and by next evening, when the same crowd gathered at the same place to attend to the same business as the night before, I had forgotten all about the charitable illegality.

Suddenly a man seated near me stretched out his arm and pointed with his pipe up the street.

"A bear!" he exclaimed.

We looked, and sure enough there *was* a bear: a big, lumbering, black fellow, his hair hanging in unseemly patches, and his huge leathery head swaying from side to side as he pantled along. On either side of the brute was a man gripping a chain with the energy of despair, the chains being fastened to a strong collar round the bear's

neck. Each chain appeared to be about twelve feet long, and the men on the ends leaned at an angle of forty-five degrees, straining to keep away from the savage thing as they guided it along. Every twenty yards or so the bear made a dash for one or other of his guides, only to be snubbed up short by the other guide before mischief could be done. Such a surly, savage, shaggy brute I had never seen.

He was not long in arriving opposite the veranda whereon we sat. The men made a half-hitch with the ends of the chains round two

The man shook his head knowingly.

"Neither did the feller that raffled this bear, I reckon," he said.

This was rather staggering. While I stood gazing at the awful brute the man who had first called our attention to the beast slowly removed his pipe from his mouth, critically ran his eye over the cause of my bewilderment, and drawled:—

"He's a mighty good-lookin' b'ar, he is. Stranger, you might go a long way without meetin' such another b'ar, take my word."



"HE'S A MIGHTY GOOD-LOOKIN' B'AR, HE IS."

posts and then set busily to work wiping the perspiration from their foreheads with the backs of their hands. This done, one of them ran his eyes along the row of smokers on the veranda, finally fixing them on me.

"Your name Johnson?" he queried.

"It is," I admitted.

"Well, we've brought you your bear."

"You've made a mistake," I replied. "I own no bear."

"You chipped half a dollar into the raffle, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, your ticket drew the bear, and here he is."

"But I don't want a bear," I cried, in alarm.

"But I can't do with a bear," I protested. "I've no use for a bear. I won't have him."

"He's a mighty fine b'ar," muttered the man.

"But I say I don't want a mighty fine bear, nor any other kind of bear."

Paying no attention to me the man went on:—

"Just now, o' course, b'ar is out o' season. His pelt is worthless, because he's moultin', and thar's no grease on his bones. But you see that thar b'ar in the fall, along about November, and coat and grease! I'll lay he's worth fourteen to seventeen dollar."

"Fall!" I shouted. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what I'm to do with the brute till fall! I can't take him into the woods with me in a canoe, can I?"

"No, stranger, I reckon you can't."

"Well, I've got to go into the woods, see?"

"Seems a pity. He's a mighty fine b'ar," persisted my tormentor. "He is dirt cheap at fifty cents to a man as wants a b'ar."

"You don't happen to want a bear, I suppose?" I asked, sarcastically, in my wrath.

"I wouldn't mind havin' him in the fall. He'll be a mighty fine b'ar in the fall, that b'ar will."

"This isn't the fall by a good many months," I shouted, "and that bear and I dissolve partnership at once."

"Seems a pity, but I'm not buyin' now," muttered the man. "I hate to let a b'ar like that b'ar go, specially as I reckon you are disposed to let the animal go middlin' cheap like."

"Cheap! Cheap is no name for it. I'd——"

At this point I was interrupted by one of the bear's late guides.

"We'll leave you the chains on the bear until you can get others. We've got to go now to deliver the lynx that No. 43 ticket drew."

"Hold on!" I shouted, in agony. "Don't leave me with this murderous creature on my hands. You must help me out——"

"Sorry, but we're through with him. We've had trouble enough."

The man made off, his moccasins padding the dust. His fellow sedately followed.

As I stood there, speechless and helpless, round the corner of the tavern came a boy seated bareback astride a clumsy farm-horse. Notwithstanding the shout of warning that arose from a dozen throats the horse very nearly bumped up against the bear before it noticed what lay in its path. Then for a second it stood rigid, with eyes bulging, hoofs planted wide, and nostrils extended to their full. Presently it reared frantically in a fit of convulsions and stood in the air, where, heart-failure or something of that sort coming over it, it fell flat upon its back and lay wildly pawing the air with its four legs. From this cyclone the terrified urchin crawled out bawling at the top of his voice, but luckily quite uninjured. He hopped up on to the veranda. The next instant we saw the terrified steed disappear, a cloud of hoofs, tail and dust, down the street.

"Dangerous thing to leave your bear right there in the middle of the traffic. That boy might 'a' got hurt," said the occupant of the chair nearest to me.

I could find no words suitable to reply, so simply glared at him. The bear sat down on his haunches and watched the disappearance of the horse, apparently meditatively speculating on what would have happened had the steed

but come within sweep of him at the moment. He took a serious interest in every animated thing, that bear did.

"Just because you own a bear I don't reckon that gives you the right to fasten him up alongside the road to scare the hind legs off horses and things. The boy might 'a' got hurt," reiterated the protester.

"If you object to the present location of the bear, perhaps you'll shift him," I said, frigidly. "I give you full permission."

"It ain't my trade, shiftin' black bear ain't. I'm in the raft line myself, but if I was buyin' bears like you, mister, I wouldn't leave them pawin' round in the public roads, I wouldn't. That boy might 'a' got hurt."

The bear moved round to watch a little girl who was trundling an old barrel hoop along the dusty street. He gazed calm-eyed at the girl, without anger or remorse in his looks. You could tell that he regarded her as so much animated foodstuff, and was trying to figure out how many meals she would cut up into.

The "mighty fine b'ar" man had arisen, and now, hands in pockets, sauntered round the savage beast, examining him point by point. Meanwhile, the bear lurched this way and that, hoping to break free and be at the lot of us. Having finished his examination, the man glanced up and inquired:—

"Is this Hewson's b'ar?"

Someone answered "Yes."

"The b'ar that clawed Jim Massey?"

"Yes."

"He's a mighty fine b'ar: there's loads of fight in him yet."

"You seem to be a connoisseur in bears," I said. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you that bear."

The man shook his head.

"I'll give you a dollar to take the bear," I added.

Again the headshake.

"I'll make it two dollars!"

"I don't like to disoblige a stranger, but I can't see my way to clinching the bargain. He's a mighty fine——"

"I know he is; but I want to get rid of a mighty fine bear. I'll give you five dollars if you will take the beast off my hands. That's as high as I'll go."

"Done!" shouted the man, with such emphatic suddenness as to take my breath away. "Hand over the cash."

I pulled off a bill from my pocket and passed it over.

"Drouillard," bawled the protester, "take your critter back to his kennel. I've elected a new member for the Bear Club."

A laugh ran along the veranda and a general, genial air of rejoicing spread over the company, while a decided majority of the backwoodsmen drew the backs of their hands across their mouths preparatory to indulging in a delectable drink. Drouillard and his hired man undid the chains and led the bear round to the back of the

quickly lined up and drank heartily to the Black Bear's New Cub—me. The five dollars were passed over to Drouillard, who, after taking out the price of the drinks, deposited the change in a large decanter. "More dan eighteen dollar dere now," he said.

"Now, stranger," said the "mighty fine b'ar"



"MORE DAN EIGHTEEN DOLLAR DERE NOW," HE SAID.

tavern. I noticed that the beast seemed to know exactly where it was expected to go.

"He's a mighty fine b'ar," said my friend, stroking the five-dollar bill, "and he has been a good friend to this company on many a dry occasion. You'll learn to look upon him as one of your best friends, stranger, now that you are one of his cubs."

Drouillard reappeared and made straight for his post behind the bar.

"Gentlemen, you're all in this," said the purchaser, stalking into the bar room. They

man when we had finished our glasses, "any time you are broke or can't afford a drink, or don't *feel* like paying for liquor, you are entitled to walk up to this bar and demand a drink. So long as the Black Bear has anything in the treasury the drink's yours. The treasury has never yet been empty, for somehow"—with a smile—"the stranger's raffle-ticket always draws the b'ar."

Later we visited the bear at the back of the tavern, where, in most comfortable quarters, it awaited the coming of a fresh victim.

# A POCKET CORPORATION

**BRAINS WILL TELL**



THE UNIQUE  
ARMS AND MOTTO  
OF THE  
CORPORATION.

By W. H. KNOWLES, OF BLACKBURN.

In North - East Lancashire there is a tiny hamlet called Worston, which, though it consists of only about half-a-dozen houses, has possessed a "Mayor" and "Town Council" from time immemorial. Mr. Knowles gives some amusing details concerning this comic-opera corporation, whose mayor is always a "Sir" even if the town clerk has to make him one!



ALTHOUGH present-day education is well advanced, there is probably not a school-boy in this country (except the few in the particular district referred to) who could name off-hand the whereabouts of Worston. In fact, you would have great difficulty in finding it on the latest Ordnance map, at least without the aid of a magnifying glass applied to the places indicated by the smallest type. But it does not follow, because

the name of a place is printed in minute characters on a Government map, that therefore no importance need be attached to it. As a matter of fact, Worston is as full of importance as though its name were displayed in large capitals; and if you hint to the good people there that their village is rather small, they will give you to understand that Worston is a *borough*, and to convince you will

show you the archives of the mayor and corporation, whose history goes back into the far distant past; they will invite you to their Town Hall, where, in the mayor's parlour and council chamber, they will show you evidence that greater people than you have thought something of the borough of Worston; that, in fact, they have been acknowledged by Royalty itself! If you are still doubtful, you will be shown the town's coat-of-arms, and all



From a Photo. by]

GENERAL VIEW OF WORSTON

these things will be calculated to make you speedily alter your opinion and regard the borough of Worston as something, indeed, far above the ordinary run of boroughs. In the sincerity of your conversion you will feel almost inclined to petition the authorities in London to be careful, when the next Government survey map is issued, to do justice in the matter of type to this ancient and loyal municipality.



A CORNER OF THE "MAYOR'S PARLOUR."  
From a Photo. by W. H. Knowles, Blackburn.

True enough it is that to find it on the map you must first of all discover Pendle Hill, that famous Lancashire mountain which dominates the lovely valley of the Ribble. Having found this eminence you will discover on its western side, in small type, the name "Worston." You then take train to Whalley, one of the pleasantest and most interesting villages in England, and thence drive or walk for several miles through the loveliest of lanes. By and-by you will reach, at the foot of the hill, a sweet little hamlet—some half-a-dozen houses—which the first inhabitant you meet will tell you is Worston.

What inspired this tiny hamlet to abrogate such dignities to itself is not clear, but the fact remains that for longer than the oldest inhabitant can tell it has possessed a corporation, with a mayor at its head, and every year an election is held.

Of all the elections that take place in Britain, not even excepting a general election, none arouses greater interest or excites as much fun and good humour as this mayoral election at Worston, under the shadow of Pendle Hill. As we have said, the annals of the corporation

go back to time immemorial, but until a few years back they depended chiefly upon tradition. Then a proper deed was drawn up and duly signed, sealed, and stamped, placing the authority of the corporation permanently in writing for all time, as befitted such an important and august municipality.

The annual elections are always lively and interesting affairs, as may readily be imagined when it is considered that woman's suffrage is allowed, and the houses and farms are all furnished with voting-papers, whilst the gate-posts, barn-doors, and even the chimneys are utilized as hoardings for the display of election "squibs."

The motto of this quaint little corporation is as original as it is unique. No high-flown Latin conceals its meaning; it is blunt and to the point—"Brains will tell!"

It is the proud boast of this miniature municipality that it can always command a "Sir" for its mayor. If the selected candidate is not a knight to begin with, he is promptly made into one, for if the King has not time to run down to Pendle Hill the knighting is done all the same, by a patent process known only to the town clerk, who, it may be assumed, stands as well in law as he does in his gown.

Many have been the lively doings, in times gone by, at the Worston elections, many the keen contests of rival candidates. Why, when "Sir" John Finch—one of the locally-made knights—was elected mayor the contest was one of the most thrilling in the annals of the borough. "Sir" John was a most powerful candidate, being over six feet in height, and in the intervals between his corporation duties he was a railway-platlayer. This was his address:—

To the Burgesses of the Ancient Borough of Worston.  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The time for the election of this important borough being close at hand, and having had a large and influential deputation requesting me to offer myself for election, I have after mature deliberation, in calm and contemplative manner, consented to their wishes. I am well known to you all as a man of few words, though of goodly length, a picked man of metal, and one accustomed to work on the straightest lines, and shall be no sleeper when matters of paramount importance require attention, always endeavouring to thoroughly



exhaust the *point* in question. There are some striking alterations which I contemplate, but I have thought it wise to curtail expenses.

Should I receive your confidence, by being returned at the head of the poll, it shall be my utmost endeavour to carry out your wishes, and thus maintain the integrity of Worston and the British Empire.

Yours laboriously,

Mansion House, Worston.

JOHN FINCH.

It will be observed that Mr.—I crave pardon, "Sir"—John Finch was under no delusions as to the importance of his village. "Worston and the British Empire," he says, and there is the whole thing in a sentence. If the Empire is to go ahead and prosper, Worston must be ably ruled. Without a prosperous Worston the Empire is like a ship without a rudder.

There was only a difference of a vote between the rival candidates, but a recount was insisted upon by "Sir" John, and the state of the poll was by some means emphatically reversed. It was afterwards noticed that "Sir" John, or some of his supporters, had fixed up during the night, on his rival's chimney, a "banner with the strange device"—"Vote for Finch!"

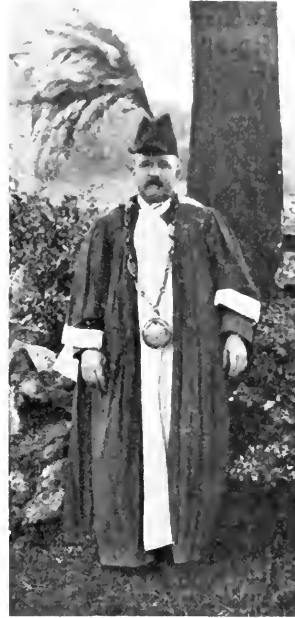
"Sir" Thomas Boothman, too, was a most popular mayor. When you look at his picture, hung up in the council chamber, you cannot help being convinced that he was a most comfortable old fellow, and after all it is the comfortable people—"gradely foak," as they are called in Lancashire—who are most liked. His election motto was at least sonorous:—

"Vote for Boothman, the Protector of the People, and the Terror of Evil Doers."

The present mayor, "Sir" William Bulcock, must be equally popular, for he has been elected several years in succession, and wears with becoming dignity the flowing robes, feathered cocked hat, and the heavy brass mayoral chain and pendant. The said pendant, by

the way, bears a suspicious resemblance to a saucepan lid.

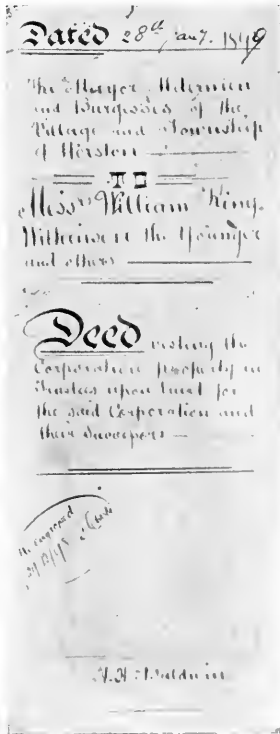
As with certain other corporations, the annual banquet is one of the most important functions in the year, and from the variety of the *menu* and the tone of the speeches it is easy to conceive that the finances of the borough are in a flourishing condition, though it is questionable, as a point of etiquette, whether the public auditor, if he is to be strictly impartial, should be invited to the feast. Turtle soup is not to be found at this banquet, its place being taken by "Lancashire hot-pot," which forms the *pièce de résistance*.



THE "MAYOR" OF WORSTON,  
"SIR" WILLIAM BULCOCK.  
From a Photo by W. H. Knowles,  
Blackburn.

When the mayor, town clerk, aldermen, and councillors

are assembled in conclave in the council chamber of the Worston Town Hall, problems for the welfare and advancement of the borough, however difficult or intricate, always receive the deliberate and careful consideration of the meeting. Indeed, if one sitting is not sufficient to settle the matter in hand, it is adjourned to an early date, when the members cheerfully foregather again, and a solution of the difficulty is satisfactorily arrived at, for of course "brains will tell," as the corporation motto has it; and the worthy members of the Town Council endeavour to live up to their motto as closely as may be. If, for example, the inhabitants of the ancient borough desire an improved form of clothes-prop, for mutual use, or if the finger-post in front of the Town Hall requires repainting and decorating, or if any other vitally important development scheme is presented, they have nothing to do but give the mayor a hint as he passes along the street, and to his daily work—for the Worstonians, in spite of their knighthood, are busy men, and sons of toil—and the matter is settled, and done at the earliest possible moment, for it is more than you can say for five boroughs.



THE LEGAL DEED SETTING FORTH  
THE AUTHORITY OF THE  
"CORPORATION."

The Worston Corporation, too, is nothing if not loyal. Given a public procession of any merit, whether by torchlight or otherwise, and you will see the mayor and his officials and councillors, in their resplendent robes, with their unique coat-of-arms, figuring prominently, to the huge delight of the crowds gathered to watch them.

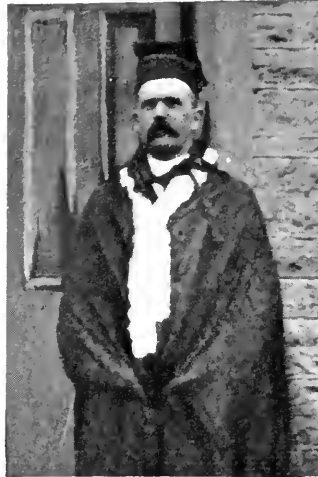
Eleven years ago, on the occasion of the marriage of T. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of York, not to be behind towns of far greater magnitude but not of more ardent loyalty, this nutshell borough sent a finely illuminated address of congratulation. In a few days a bulky envelope was delivered by the rural postman, which caused no end of excitement in the borough, for it was addressed: "On Her Majesty's Service—The Town Clerk, Lancashire," which shows you that the York House authorities know a borough when they see it. The envelope contained the following typewritten letter, which now hangs framed in the mayor's parlour at the Town Hall:—

York House,  
St. James's Palace, S.W.,  
July 15th, 1893.

Sir, I am directed by T. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of York to convey to the citizens of the village of Worston the warmest thanks of their Royal Highnesses for the kind address of congratulations and good wishes which the mayor has been good enough to send them on the occasion of their marriage.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
DEREK KEPIEL, Captain,  
Esquerry in Waiting.  
Amos Duerden, Esq.,  
Town Clerk, Worston.

Four years later the loyalty of the corporation and burgesses was stirred to its depths, for



THE TOWN CLERK.  
From a Photo, by W. H. Knowles, Blackburn.

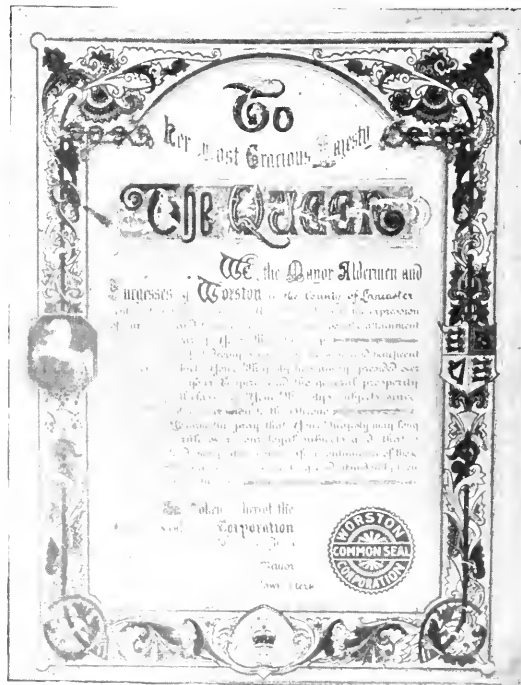
it was the occasion of her late Majesty's Jubilee. Was it likely that so ancient a borough could be neglectful of its duty at such a period of national rejoicing? The financial condition of the corporation was speedily gone into, a special rate was promptly levied and raised without even passive resistance, and the address shown in the photograph, most beautifully illuminated, was dispatched to the Home Secretary.

But, alas! it was not even acknowledged! The indignation of the wee but loyal little borough may be better imagined than described. It transpired, however (a few years afterwards!), that a letter of acknowledgment had not been sent, simply

because at the Home Office the "Borough of Worston" could not be traced; and at the Duchy of Lancaster Office, where the matter was also discussed, they were equally at sea! Is it any wonder that the Foreign Intelligence Department was weak in the matter of South African geography when the Home Department

was at fault in regard to an ancient and historical place like Worston? Imagine the Home Office and the Office of the Duchy of Lancaster being unable to locate a whole borough!

But little rebuffs like this do not disconcert Worston for long. It knows it is a borough, whatever other localities, jealous of its renown, may say; and in proof thereof it points with conscious pride to its mayor and corporation — that unique body whose history goes back into the dim recesses of the past.



THE ADDRESS PRESENTED TO H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA BY THE CORPORATION ON THE OCCASION OF HER DIAMOND JUBILEE.  
From a Photo by W. H. Knowles, Blackburn.

# A Disastrous Honeymoon.

BY MRS. G. A. LINDSTRÖM.

The story of a sailor's bride, and the thrilling experiences which befell her and her husband during their honeymoon at sea. It falls to the lot of but few young wives, fortunately, to go through the long-sustained ordeal described by Mrs. Lindström.



TO have a petticoat on board is to the minds of some sailors—though few, I hope, are so ungallant—as productive of ill-luck and calamity as to set sail on a Friday. But my husband had never heard of this dark prophecy, and would have scoffed at it if he had, little dreaming that in our case events should seem to justify it, and that, amongst those who, like

that my husband was captain first and lover afterwards, and it was with supreme content that I yielded myself to the unique experience of having on my honeymoon a rival for his attentions whose claims—and I well knew them to be almost incessant—would be considered before my own.

Nor, till the last quarter of the honeymoon was well-nigh spent, was there any hint of the misfortunes and perils that awaited us close locked in the mystic store-room of the Future. I have delightful memories of Antwerp, of Durban, the "Gate of the Garden Colony," and of South Australia, where it became my pleasant duty to hold "At-homes" on board in response to the cordial hospitality of the chief residents of the ports we visited.

And with sailors' blood in my veins it was but



THE AUTHORESS, MRS. G. A. LINDSTRÖM.  
*From a Photo. by Thompson, Sunderland.*



CAPTAIN LINDSTRÖM, OF THE  
THE COMPANY  
*From a Photo. by Thompson, Sunderland.*

himself, were losers by the catastrophe here set forth, there would not be wanting one or two to draw attention to his previous long record of prosperous and fortune-favoured voyages, and infer therefrom that the honeymoon and, therefore, the woman—alas, the woman again!—were at the bottom of the dire disaster that befell the good ship *Lotos*.

However, could any fell influence be attributed to the feminine presence on board, it must, indeed, have been wholly occult and unconscious. For from the first I had been proud to know

natural that I should be permitted to sail the ocean, finding, from childhood, the more delightfully exhilarating breeze, a buoyant boat, and a favourable breeze. For buoyant floetness and dapper gallantry.

however, the *Lotos* was, perhaps, not to be commended. For she was a Dutch-built vessel, though she now carried the Russian flag, and was shaped rather for cargo capacity than for speed and grace.

But she was a staunch and goodly vessel, nevertheless, and many were the compliments I had heard about her both at home and abroad as she lay in the docks. She was a solidly-built iron ship, especially strong in the hull, full-rigged, and of one thousand one hundred and ninety-seven tons register, and her class in the French Bureau Veritas corresponded with that of *At* at Lloyd's.

Her large deck-house was in keeping with the rest of her—solidly built and wholly devoid of ornament. In the fore-part were the mess-room and berths of the mates and steward, then the spacious, square centre cabin, and beyond that was our own cosy dressing-room with berths, and next to this the chart-room, bath-room, and store-rooms.

From her build, however, the *Lotos* was what sailors call a very "wet" ship and rolled pretty badly. But I am a stranger to the qualms of sea-sickness, and her violent caprices troubled me little. To be sure, it was more exciting than agreeable to have the sofa break from its moorings and, with me upon it, make bewildering excursions to the other end of the room; and it is a little trying to the best of tempers to have your dinner continually pitched into your lap or over the floor. To cross the cabin was often a perilous undertaking not to be frivolously attempted, while the making of one's simple toilet was fraught with difficulties enough to make one weep.

But—for there is a "but," thank Heaven, to every bad as well as to every good thing on this side of the grave—it was glorious to sit on deck on a blowy day and watch the foaming billows sweeping by and the albatrosses circling round. And little did a sailor's daughter and a sailor's wife anticipate the graver discomforts and perils in store.

On the 11th of June, 1902, the *Lotos* left Wallaroo, South Australia, with a cargo of lead concentrates for Cartagena, Spain. Lead concentrates is a particularly heavy and—in such weather as

we were destined to encounter—a specially dangerous cargo to carry. Twelve cubic feet of it weighs a ton, and, under the surveyorship of the Adelaide underwriters, a special trunkway was built for the cargo in accordance with Lloyd's regulations.

We were seventeen all told, to say nothing of the dog—a frisky little terrier-pup given me by the pilot at Antwerp—a pet kitten, a couple of prime pigs, and a small flock of fowls.

On our second day out we were caught in a furious gale, and the *Lotos* began to roll horribly. It became simply impossible for me to keep on my feet, the experiment resulting in my toes being almost broken as I was flung against walls and furniture. No good purpose being served by my persisting in it, I was glad to take my husband's advice and keep to my bunk, where he bolstered me up with rugs and pillows so that I might not be tossed to pieces.

The fury of the storm did not abate for any length of time, but for thirteen days was almost unceasing. Each tremendous lurch of the vessel weakened and imperilled rigging and stays, and men were constantly aloft busy with vain repairs. As fast as they mended the storm tore loose, and the hearts of all must have begun to sink as they saw the futility of their endeavours.

Lying in solitude in my bunk, listening to the wild howling of the wind and the crash of the billows against the glass of the port-hole, I became aware of the piteous whining of my dog, Perro, as, vainly attempting to make his way to me, he was sent sliding from one side of the cabin to the other, and I felt compelled to



"IT WAS GLORIOUS TO SIT ON DECK ON A BLOWY DAY."

get up and fetch him. Once on my feet, the principle that one may as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb impelled me to alay at the same time my curiosity as to what the deck looked like in this terrific weather. Cautiously I guided myself to the mates' mess-room, in the door of which was a small round window, through which, when no one was in, I had often watched the Zulus at Durban unloading the ship.

As I stood so, vaguely anxious about getting back to my bunk, I saw a man fall from aloft—the upper foretopsail yard—and, making vain clutches at ropes and ratlines as he came hurtling through the air, drop with a sickening thud to the deck. It was the bo'sun, an oldish man, and one of the best men my husband had on that ill-fated voyage.

The sight made me feel ill. But to efface myself as far as possible was not only my duty, but the best service I could render, and I turned away and, with my shivering Perro in my arms, began my risky passage back to my berth. The man, however, I learnt from my husband later, was not killed, but had sustained some severe internal injuries as well as some damage to the knee. For the rest of the voyage he was confined to his bunk and was a source of additional anxiety.

During the few and brief spells of better weather the sea was still terrific, and the violent rolling of the ship was therefore but little bettered. For fifty-three days we lurched our difficult way along—for we could scarcely be said to sail—through continual storm and sleet. Then, one howling midnight, came the beginning of the end.

I was sitting at the cabin stove, preparing, under great difficulties, a hot drink for my husband and his mates. A white squall had now

sprung up, and the vessel, with its dead weight cargo, had lost steerage way in the trough of the sea. With me were the first mate—who had just come in from his watch—and the steward, both of whom had been deprived of their night berths by Father Neptune, and were now preparing to snatch forty winks on the two sofas fitted into a deep recess on either side of the cabin. My husband was on deck.

We had just remarked on the unabating fury of the weather when our words were cut short by an appalling crash—a crash like the crack of doom! Simultaneously came utter darkness and a mighty avalanche of icy water that almost felled me.

I gasped for breath. In the instant of light that lasted after the crash I caught sight of the steward's face, white and panic-stricken, as he whispered hoarsely, "Heaven help us!"

The crash itself had the effect of a violent blow on the head, seeming actually to strike and stun it, and out of the chaos of blank horror in which it and the sudden total darkness left my mind just two thoughts projected themselves: "We have struck an iceberg. This is—the end!"

Then all was blank horror again, as the ship shuddered and reeled under the blow, and then, in its terrific lurches, flung me to and fro



"I CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE STEWARD'S FACE, WHITE AND PANIC-STRICKEN."

across the cabin. Words are powerless to convey the horrible sensation of that helpless dashing backwards and forwards in the utter darkness, while the billows came crashing down from above.

The mate had vanished to leave the steward the frightful smash. But the very next instant had reached out a hand to help me. Then something tripped me, and I was dashed from him. We were all now waist-deep in water! Frankly, I do not recollect of our

kinds, charts, sea-boots, and what not were flung up about us. Then—all this had happened in an instant—I heard the steward's voice in the darkness:—

"Madam, unless you can find my hand and hold on to it, you will surely be dashed to pieces! If I could reach you, I'd take you to the mates' room. It's nearest. I am here at the table. Reach out your hand!"

He groped hold of my hand at last, and with difficulty—for my skirts, clinging like seaweed to my limbs, hindered my movements, and we could not see an inch before us—guided me to the mates' room, where, with a word of encouragement, he left me and made his way on deck.

And after this, don't talk to me of Women's Rights—at least, not so very much! When you have been face to face with death, my sister, and have learnt for yourself that in the hour of danger it is a very rare and a very poor specimen of manhood who will not think first of the woman, you will feel consoled—aye, almost rewarded—for being the "weaker vessel."

Soaking from head to foot, I crouched up on a bunk, and here, too, came all sorts of things floating about me on this indoor sea.

Here, as in our cabin, the skylight was gone and torrents of water came roaring down through the great gap in the roof. The tumult of storm and billow overpowered every other sound, and for what seemed an age—in reality two hours and a half—I heard not a voice, not a footstep. For aught my senses could tell me, I might have been alone on a sinking ship.

And now the horror came upon me that the accident, announced by that tremendous crash, had killed my husband, and twice I wriggled myself free of my clinging garments and, getting

up on a bench and holding on by the roof, called out his name. No answer—only the howling of the storm and the roaring of the billows.

Then a stony calm settled upon me—the resignation of despair. I groped my way back to my unfamiliar and unseen perch and held on to it with all the weakening strength of my numbed fingers. Crouched there in my sopping clothes I stared out through the port-hole into the blackness beyond, broken only by huge masses of foam, and thought began to busy itself with memories of the friends at home,

happily unconscious of our wretched plight, and then with dim speculations as to the secrets Death holds in his keeping.

My life, though it held bright compensation in many valued friendships, had been so strangely full of startling episodes and tragic sorrows that now it seemed quite natural—though none the less bitter and horrifying—that its curtain should be rung down on some such scene as this. Tears were too poor, too paltry a resource for the utter despair that was in my heart, and never have my eyes been drier than through those long, black hours of frozen misery and solitude, and the awful days that were to follow.

At last I became aware of someone near me; then I heard the voice of the first mate, as he made a couple of futile attempts to strike a light from a soddened box of matches. A dim flicker rewarded him at last for a second or two, and he surveyed me with pitying consternation.

"You are wet through," he said, "and the whole place is full of water, and the lamps are smashed. This is dreadful for you! But I came to tell you that it is nothing so terrible after all, thank Heaven! It is only the boats



"I STARED OUT THROUGH THE PORT-HOLE INTO THE BLACKNESS."

that have been swept away, and they took the skylights and compass with them."

Only the boats! But even as he spoke the thought flashed through my mind: Then, whatever else happens, the worst has *already* happened—we are imprisoned on the ship! I kept the thought to myself, however.

"Have you seen the captain?" I asked.

"No," he returned. "I have been looking for him."

"It's strange you haven't seen him. He must be on deck—if he's alive. If you see him will you manage to let me know? I don't want him—only to know he's alive and not hurt."

"I will certainly let you know. I am very sorry for you. The steward is trying to bale out the cabin, but till we have time to get the roof boarded over it's useless work. You're best here for the present."

I was alone again. But now that I had seen the mate, hope for my husband returned, and, getting up once more, I called his name. And then, to my intense joy, I got an answer. He lived—was at the door—but was disabled, almost helpless.

He had been struck by a spoke of the wheel on the thigh just across the artery when he went aft to help the men, and had been swept overboard, but, getting hold of the main-braces where they go through the blocks fixed to a

How, with his leg so hurt and swollen, he had managed to crawl through the swamping deluge, is almost a marvel. He could scarcely stand alone. The mate and the steward now helped him into bed, and there, torn by anxiety for his ship and crew, he had to lie helpless the whole of the next day.

Here in our bunk we found poor Perro had taken refuge, bringing with him more water than it already contained. Everything was wet through, the walls were streaming with the steam caused by the cabin fire, which the sea had quenched, and the broken glass and soddened articles with which the floors were strewn were dashed up around us by the water, that reached up to the knees.

The tremendous gaps in the deck-house roof were now boarded over, a miserable little lamp was unearthed from somewhere and shed a gloomy light on the murky scene, the water was baled out as well as possible, though the swish of it still sounded from cupboards and corners, and a fire was made once more in the cabin stove.

Next day my husband, though almost unable to stand without support, was dragging himself about through the sea of foam on deck, and the pain and anxiety which I knew he must feel were a heavy addition to my own. I had been used to a good deal of hard luck in my time, but these misfortunes of his were truly the first in his life, and, raining down on him on our very honeymoon voyage, seemed to me the disastrous result of his union with me!

One accident after another had followed upon that of the bo'sun, and the fore-castle now looked like an hospital ward. One man had fallen into the lower hold and hurt himself severely, another lay in the violent shivers of ague, a third had rheumatism, the first mate's hands were both terribly swollen with salt-water boils caused by the intense cold, and, of those who were physically well, one seemed to have gone half mad with fear, and besought his mates and the captain to shoot him.

The crew was one of mixed nationalities, and it was a consolation to me that this craven spirit did not belong to England, nor was either Swede or Finn. However, without recourse to



"HE HAD PRESENTLY BEEN HURLED BACK AGAIN."

bumkin outside the rail, he had presently been hurled back again and for some time had lain stunned on the deck, the men being lashed to their place at the wheel and unable to help him.



revolvers, he was got out on deck and put to such use as his scattered wits permitted.

In this wretched state, with swaying, weakened masts and a much reduced crew, we were now nearing Cape Horn, and could scarcely hope that better weather would set in and our fortunes mend ere we had rounded that corner of evil repute.

As was to be expected, the fury of the storm increased instead, and two days after the boats had been swept away a yet more appalling crash

wheel himself, the men who were able being aloft repairing the gear of the mizzen-mast, and it was some consolation to me to stand at the aft door of the cabin, which, however, the storm and sea obliged me to keep shut, and, opening it a little from time to time, look out and see that no further accident had befallen him.

Later in the evening we sat together in the cabin for a while, he and I, the first mate and the steward. It was a grim, murky scene. The once so charmingly white and spotless walls were black with smoke and soot from the stove, the place was hung with lines of sea-soaked clothes, and in the feeble light of the wretched lamp we watched with consternation the ominous swaying of the mizzen-mast, which passed through the cabin.

"We must get you to the fore-part of the ship before it comes down," said my husband; "for the chances are that when it does it will smash the cabin."

"It will come down to-night," I said, and shuddered.

"I think it will last a day or two

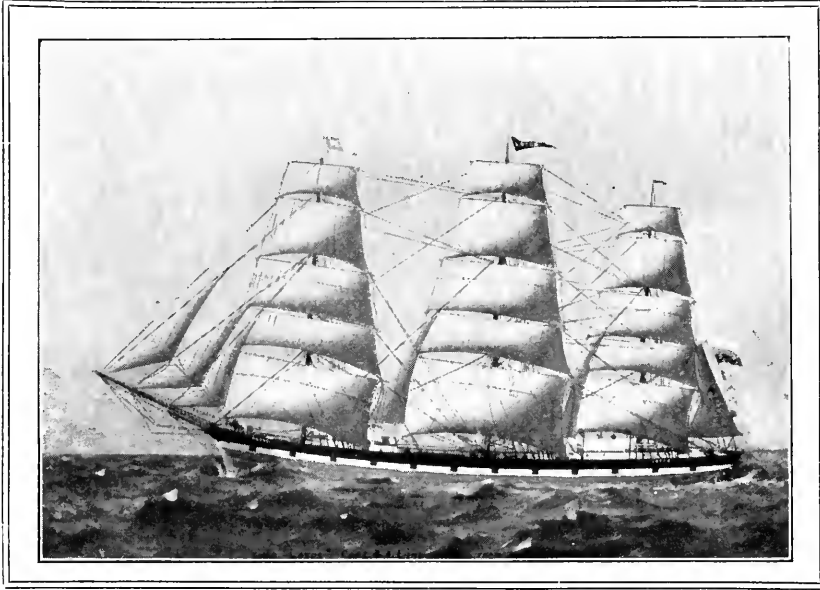
yet," observed the steward.

"I doubt it," said the mate, anxiously. "But there is such a terrific sea on deck, and the ship lurches so badly, I don't see how we can get a lady across. However——"

"You need not worry about me at all," I interposed. "The prospect of being smashed with the cabin is truly a horrible one, but I am convinced that no one can run away from Death. I will stay here, and I don't want to be a trouble to anyone."

I had survived the horrors of two imaginary deaths already, and these had now, to some extent, prepared and nerved me for the real one when it should come.

We had had no sleep and little to eat for the last two days, for the galley had been flooded as well as the store-rooms, and cooking was well-nigh impossible. The steward had, besides, to lend a hand on deck so often, in addition to his other duties, that regular meals were out of the



THE SHIP "LOTOS" IN WHICH MR. AND MRS. LINDSTRÖM SPENT THEIR DISASTROUS HONEYMOON.

announced that the main-mast had gone overboard.

It was in the early morning, and the darkness intensified the horror. There was a loud cry of "Tarpaulins, for Heaven's sake! The deck is smashed!" and then the sound of scurrying feet as some men rushed for tarpaulin and others for axes with which to cut away the rigging and gear that now began to thud heavily against the ship's side.

The vessel heeled over incessantly, so deeply that the deck was at times almost perpendicular, and one felt as if with each violent lurch she must "turn turtle," and it seemed a marvel that she could right herself, though, no doubt, the heaviness of her cargo would have hindered her capsizing.

An overpowering desire to be somewhere near my husband when the end of it should come compelled me to take all risks and get up.

Being short of hands he had now to take the



question even for this reason alone. A little tepid thick coffee, some bits of salt junk, and some undercooked beans were all he had been able to set before us. The anxiety and excitement of the past days had, however, banished all appetite, all thought of food, and, for my own part, in addition to being so weak and frozen that words but feebly describe my condition, I suffered most from thirst. But in the face of the hardships and peril of all on board my own individual wants seemed to me so paltry that I hesitated to give trouble by voicing them.

As my husband helped me back to my bunk he reproached himself bitterly that he had brought me with him into such misery and danger. But I could truthfully assure him that, but for the fact that I seemed to have brought this sad change of fortune upon him, I infinitely preferred having shared it all with him to having sat in comfort at home and after long months of suspense learnt of the loss of the *Lotos*.

Just as I spoke the ship gave a terrific lurch, and another appalling crash announced the fall

weather, was left, too, in a more unimpaired. The mast had snapped off six feet above the deck-house roof, and there kept up an incessant rolling and rumbling, the sound of which was sufficiently alarming; while once more the men had to make every effort to cut away the gear with all possible speed, lest it should cause further and swifter disaster. The fore mast, too, despite the constant endeavours to strengthen it, now threatened to go overboard with each tremendous lurch of the vessel.

We had got round the Horn at last, but, alas! how little it mattered now. That we were imprisoned on a ship that was doomed not a soul on board could doubt. Our boats were all lost; two masts were gone, the swaying third as good as gone: the sea was getting into the hold, the fore-castle had scarce a sound man in it; and the captain himself was likely to be disabled for many a day. To crown all, the *Lotos*, no longer a ship, but a derelict beyond control, was being slowly but surely driven by a strong northerly wind down towards the South Pole and out of the track of other vessels. A gruesome death amongst the icebergs, or a swift one



"EARLY NEXT MORNING THE GOOD SHIP 'KILMORY' HOVE IN SIGHT.

of the mizzen-mast. Those awful crashes! They will surely never leave my memory while life is in me.

But the cabin, the shelter of which was so badly needed in the bitter cold and the violent

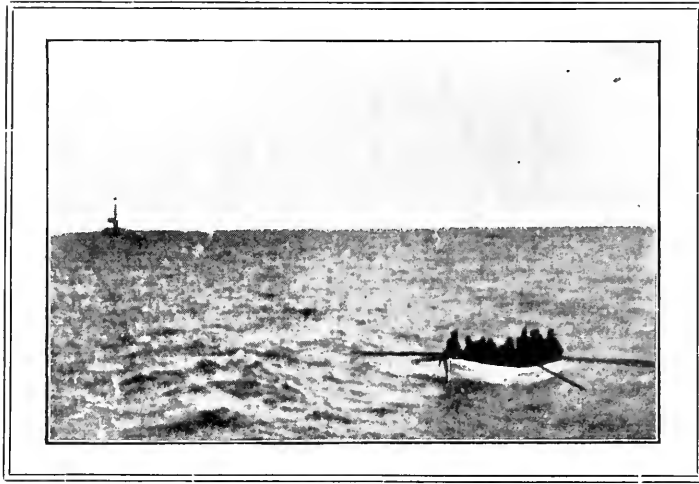
beneath the mast, and all we could expect. I had not time to think that we might be given strength to make port, but now such plans were all in vain; in mute anguish I begged the ever kind Creator that some vessel would come our aid. Early next morning the good ship *Kilmory*,

of Liverpool, hove in sight—and oh! how fine, how stately, how glorious she looked to us, poor shipwrecked souls, as, seeing our pitiful plight, she bore down upon us and, backing her sails, stood by, as the hearty voice of her captain

seemed to mock her desolation, we left the sinking *Lotos* to her fate. And as I looked my last upon the ruined ship that had been our future hope and our dear-loved honeymoon home, where I had met so many now far-distant

friends whom I might never see again, my heart seemed like to break, and I knew how keen must be the sorrow of her captain, who, in addition, saw the long, slow savings of a life go down with her.

Soon we were on board the *Kilmory*, which was bound for Caldera, Chili, and I was speedily refreshed by a good wash, which I wanted badly, and a cup of deliciously hot tea, while my husband's injuries were skilfully attended to by Captain Farmer—who, I may perhaps mention in passing, is a brother of the gifted tragedienne, Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer—and a little later all the injured from the *Lotos* filed in and came, one by one,



A SNAPSHOT SHOWING THE LIFEBOAT OF THE "KILMORY" TAKING OFF THE CREW OF THE SINKING "LOTOS."

called out, "Do you want to abandon the wreck?"

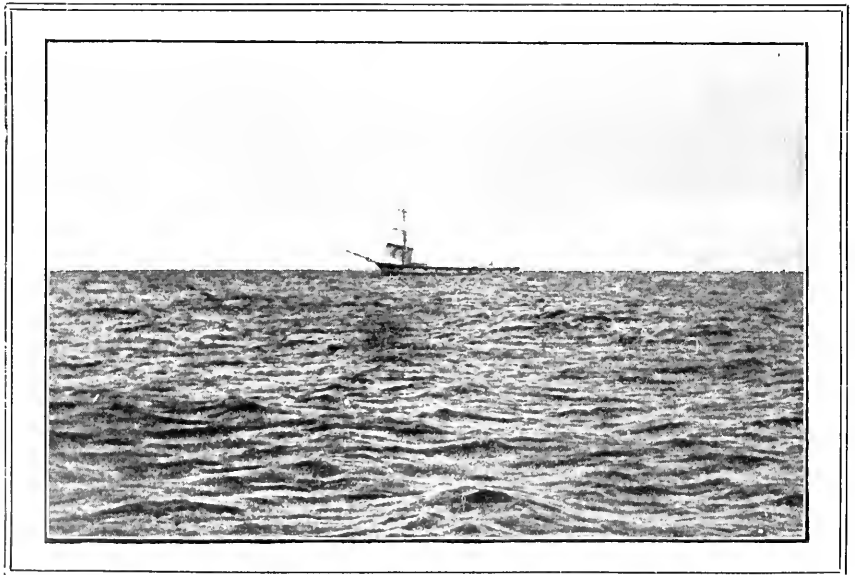
Alas! yes, the *Lotos* was doomed. Her hurts were beyond all help. The best of crews could do nothing with her now.

I hurried to see what I could save. Some wedding-gifts that I had taken with me on this ill-starred voyage—only these and nothing more. In each of my trunks was only a pulpy, unrecognisable mass, mysteriously mingled with cinders and ashes. All that was left of my little trousseau were the dripping garments I had on, one small bundle that held a change of soaking linen, and the little gifts I have mentioned.

And there, with a smiling sky above her now and a sparkling sea around that

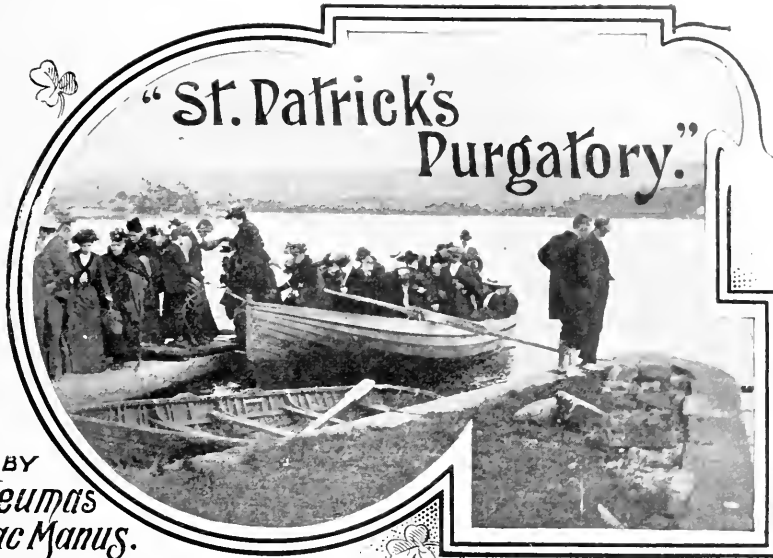
under medical treatment.

At Caldera we found many warm-hearted friends in our distressful plight, foremost among whom must be mentioned H.B.M.'s Consul, Mr. H. B. Beasley, who—there being no Russian Consul at this port—most generously did all in his power to assist us.



THE LAST THAT WAS SEEN OF THE "LOTOS," FROM A SNAPSHOT TAKEN ON BOARD THE "KILMORY."

## "St. Patrick's Purgatory."



BY  
*Seumas  
Mac Manus.*

F.R. Harcourt

A remarkable place of pilgrimage on an island in Lough Dearg, in the wilds of Donegal. To this island come pilgrims from all parts of Great Britain, and even from America and Australia. The photographs illustrating the article, showing pilgrims "running the stations," will be found particularly interesting.



IRELAND is pre-eminently a land of holy wells and pilgrimages. There is hardly any large district in the country without its hallowed spot, to which, from time immemorial, pilgrims have thronged in search of health—spiritual and physical; but the place of pilgrimage which, in the Middle Ages, was perhaps the most famous in Europe, and which to-day is the most remarkable in Ireland, is "St. Patrick's Purgatory," situate upon an island in a lake embosomed among the wild and desolate mountains of Donegal, in the north-western part of Ireland. Lough Dearg, the lake containing this famous island, is situated about twelve miles from the town of Donegal, and separated from it by ranges of wild, uninhabited mountains. Bleak mountain and dreary moor completely encircle the lake, entirely cutting it off from civilization and the world, and making it an ideal spot for seclusion, reflection, devotion, and penitence. At most times there hangs about the lake an air of loneliness, of desolation, and of melancholy that befits the place, and well suits those who, quitting the world for this brief pilgrimage, come here to do penance.

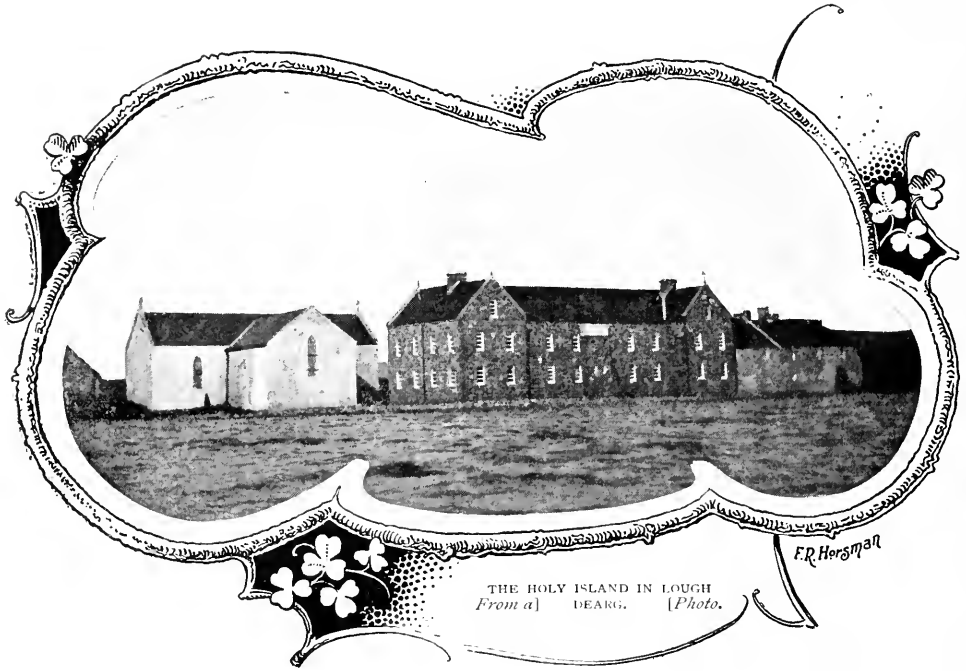
As mountain loughs go, Lough Dearg is comparatively large, measuring a few miles each way. It contains several islands, some of which, in striking contrast with the barren, treeless, shrubless stretches of moor and mountain that surround the lake, are covered with trees and bushes or with green verdure; and one other island—quite a small one—in still more striking contrast with the desolate, uninhabited tracts beyond, seems covered and crowded quite down to the water's edge with houses. Did the stranger set foot on the island, however, he would find within the circle of houses a large open space, rugged and stony, with many complicated paths among the stones, worn deep by the barefooted pilgrims that, during considerably more than a thousand years, have walked the trying penitential rounds. Of the buildings which crowd this islet two are chapels, one a priory, and the remaining nine or ten houses of hospitality for the accommodation of the pilgrims.

This, the Holy Island, is the place which is known as "St. Patrick's Purgatory." It derives its name and its sanctity and its power of attracting pilgrims from the various parts of

Ireland, from England, Scotland, America, and distant Australia, by reason of the tradition that St. Patrick, when he was alive, more than fourteen hundred years ago, was wont to retire to a cave on the island for a

parting blessings to them as they go to take their part once more in the worldly struggles which, for a little time, they have learned to forget.

Thousands of pilgrims come to Lough Dearg each summer. They chiefly hail from the



THE HOLY ISLAND IN LOUGH  
DEARG. [Photo.]

period of prayer and penance. The saintly men who succeeded St. Patrick in Ireland revered much his place of prayer, and St. Dabheog built a monastery here in the year 610. The monastery was destroyed by the Danes, but rebuilt by the Augustinians in the twelfth century; and from that time till the seventeenth century the island, this famous place of pilgrimage, was in their charge.

It was during those centuries that this little islet on a lone lake of wild Donegal attained its most extraordinary fame. It was written about, read about, and talked about in all the languages of Europe, and seems to have been the Mecca towards which prince and peasant from the various Continental countries turned their eyes, wishing to journey there and do penance before quitting the world.

The pilgrimage now opens on the 1st of June of each year, and extends till August. On the morning of the closing day many boats bear away crowds of the last pilgrims of the year—crowds filled with sweet regrets at leaving and singing the homely hymn of "Farewell to Lough Dearg," while the aged prior, standing upon the shore, prays and signals his

northern half of Ireland, but some come from every corner of the country—some even from America and far Australia. It is not by any means unknown for an Irish miner to drop his pick in Montana and start for Ireland, chiefly for the purpose of making a promised pilgrimage to Lough Dearg. A person coming upon the island at any time during the pilgrimage is likely to meet there a strange medley of rich and poor, of many ranks and many callings. It is the most democratic place imaginable. On the one pleasant green knoll which, rising in the centre of the island, affords a place of rest and relaxation for wearied and footsore devotees, the rich lady and the beggar may be seen sitting side by side, chatting with wonderful familiarity; and at the bare deal table in the hospice it would not be strange to find an American bishop having a welcome cup of black tea and sharing half an unbuttered oatcake with a country cobbler, the ease of manner shown on both sides being such as it is impossible to find and improbable to dream of in the outside world. No formality whatsoever characterizes intercourse of one with another upon this remarkable island. Once landed on its shores

everyone, without introduction or previous acquaintance, is friend and familiar with every one else, and rich and poor unite in “running the stations” together, the latter almost always leading the former.

The penitential exercises are three—praying, fasting, and watching. The pilgrim gets only one meal per day for each of the three days, and this meal consists of unbuttered bread—chiefly hard-baked oatmeal—and tea without milk. This meal cannot be eaten before twelve o’clock in the day. It is usually taken between two o’clock and four, though some let it go as late as six o’clock. Smoking is permitted, and any amount of water may be drunk. The water of the lake is supposed to have very sustaining properties. It is taken boiled and sweetened

both; and during the first station the knees of the tender-footed involuntarily yield many times, but as the pilgrim proceeds his (or her) feet get hardened to the work, and feel the stones and gravel less. Doing a “station,” or “running a station,” means the circling a certain number of times of St. Brigid’s Chapel and of various saints’ “beds,” which adjoin each other on the centre of the island, and all of which are surrounded by foot worn paths. Certain prayers have to be said upon each circling of chapel or bed. A “station” is begun by the pilgrim visiting the altar of St. Brigid’s Church and praying there. He next visits St. Patrick’s Cross—an ancient monument outside the chapel—and then goes to St. Brigid’s Cross, where, standing with outstretched arms and upturned face, he, in a loud



PILGRIMS “RUNNING THE STATIONS.”  
*From a Photo.*

with sugar, and is certainly palatable. A great deal of this is drunk during the day and night, and in its prepared state it is technically known as “wine.”

The pilgrimage is begun by the penitent uncovering head and feet, and these are kept bare throughout. Walking upon the naked feet is a trying portion of the penance, since the paths that the pilgrim has to tread are either gravelly or rocky, with fairly sharp points of rock protruding, or they are a combination of

voice, renounces the world and all its vanities. After that, rosary in hand, he circles the chapel seven times, repeating the appointed prayer for each circling. He then goes round the outside of the enclosing wall of each bed, makes the circuit of the inside of the wall, and then of the entrance to the bed and at the corners and the centre, saying the appointed prayers at each circuit and at each halt. When all the “beds” have been passed the pilgrim goes down upon the shore on the eastern side

of the island and, walking a few paces into the water, stands praying towards the east: then, retreating a few steps, kneels upon the gravelly shore, and prays again towards the east. Then he visits St. Patrick's Cross once more, and finally reaches the altar of St. Brigid's Chapel, thus concluding one "station." Expert pilgrims, whose feet are not over-tender, may do this "station" in very little

chapel to watch and pray till morning, this being the ordeal substituted nowadays for the older imprisonment in St. Patrick's Cave. This is probably the most trying portion of the pilgrimage, for, until the night following, it is not permitted to sleep. Sleepy, indeed, it may well be believed the pilgrim is on this first night, after a day's sore fatigue, and still sleepier he becomes in the close air of the chapel, in which many fellow-prisoners are with himself confined; and between nightfall and daybreak many



PILGRIMS STANDING IN THE WATER PRAYING  
From a] TOWARDS THE EAST. [Photo.

more than an hour, but it will take others nearly two. Three such "stations" have to be performed each day of the three days' pilgrimage. Between the "stations," and again after the third "station" of each day is performed, the pilgrims find relaxation either in lying upon the green knoll in the island's centre, conversing with brother and sister pilgrims, or rowing off upon the waters of the lake and visiting the other interesting islets. In addition to the pilgrim's three daily "stations" there are, of course, a number of general chapel services, beginning with mass at 4.30 a.m. and winding up with benediction at 9 p.m., which the pilgrim also attends.

On the evening of the first day the pilgrim enters "prison"—that is, he goes into the

a head involuntarily drops with a jerk, only to be brought up again, for it is his neighbour's duty to see that the pilgrim be not permitted a moment's oblivion. Neil Gallagher, an old man from the neighbourhood, has the nightly office of leading prayer in "prison." At intervals some pilgrim of musical talent presides at the harmonium and leads the "prisoners" in sacred song. There are but few seats in the chapel; the floor is in part of brick and in another part of rough concrete, upon which, if their numbers are large, the greater portion of the prisoners kneel and stand, or stand and kneel, alternately throughout the night. Altogether, ere he leaves the island, the pilgrim finds that his experience has proved a greater strain upon



PILGRIMS AT THEIR DEVOTIONS—THREE "STATIONS" HAVE TO BE PERFORMED EACH DAY. *[Photo.]*

...there was and in ill-health, none are ever known to suffer evil effects from it. Sometimes the pilgrims do their "stations" in the midst of those constant downpours of rain which are common to the mountain regions of the West of Ireland: yet cold or illness, it is said, has never been known to result. Those who come in poor

his knees than upon his feet. After the nine o'clock benediction on the second night

those who had been in "prison" the previous night hurry to their beds and, after their forty hours' vigil, are able to sleep without the aid of opiates. But the bell sees them astir again, brisk and fresh, at four o'clock in the morning, and half an hour later they are thronging out of their several lodging-houses and hopping over the rocks and gravel to chapel and mass.

Severe as this pilgrimage seems, it is



ONE OF THE PRIMITIVE LODGING-HOUSES ON THE ISLAND. *[From a Photo.]*



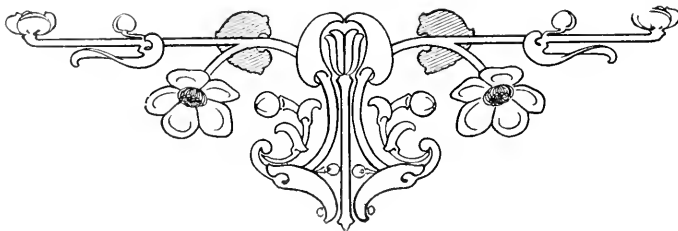
health almost invariably go away better and stronger. The pious pilgrims say, and sincerely believe, that no one can suffer in doing this pilgrimage.

It is a remarkably healthful spot, this tiny island, with its blend of mountain and sea air, and the rain that falls upon it, too, is soft and warm. In addition to the natural healthfulness of the place, I believe that the wonderful faith of the pilgrims and the intensity of their devotion lead to spiritual exaltation, obliterating all sense of physical discomfort. The sincerity shown by one and all is a refreshing and edifying thing to find in this materialistic world.

As the great boat, weighed down with pilgrims, who feel shoes and hats awkward after their

recent emancipation, creeps away from the island on a morning, there is no heart of all those in the boat that does not grieve at leaving the spot which in their three days' pilgrimage they have come to love with an abiding affection. From the depths of their hearts they join in the simple and expressive song of farewell, composed long ago by some homely country balladist, and sung through many years by thousands of parting pilgrims:—

Oh ! fare ye well, Lough Dearg.  
Shall I ever see you more ?  
My heart is filled with sorrow  
To leave your sainted shore.  
Until life's day is passed away  
With pleasure shall I dwell  
On the happy days I spent with you—  
Lough Dearg, fare ye well.





# THE ROMANCE OF A LOST MINE.



BY EDMUND G. KINYON, OF SOLOMONSVILLE, ARIZONA.

The story of a fabulously rich mine, discovered and lost in 1859. Thousands of men have searched for it, large sums of money have been spent, and many lives have been lost in the quest. To-day, after forty-four years of fruitless effort, the interest taken in the recovery of the mine is greater than ever, and more men are engaged in the search.



WHILE sojourning, at various times, in the two south-west territories of the United States, I heard many remarkable stories of mines of unparalleled richness which had been lost through a variety of circumstances, and which could not again be found.

The great majority of these tales have no foundation in fact whatever. I investigated several of them, and found nothing but hearsay evidence, many times removed, the thread of the legend growing more and more fragile as it led back into the dim, romantic past of that wild region.

Chimerical as are these fantasies of the desert, however, they have lured many hundreds of men on to dreadful hardship and even death for the sands are unmerciful, and the desolate mountain passes have no pity for too venturesome prospectors.

It is remarkable, indeed, upon what a slender string a man will hang his life when there exists

the slightest prospect of finding gold in its native casket. Fired by a senseless rumour he will lead his pack burro into the heart of the desert, only to leave his bones as a pilot mound for the next adventurer who follows the glittering mirage. If, perchance, he escapes and returns, empty handed, he is more convinced than ever that the gold exists—only he took the wrong trail, misinterpreted the landmarks, or gave up the quest too soon. I never met a prospector who would admit the possibility of a doubt that these mines of his fancy would some day be re-discovered in all their pristine richness and glory.

From the mass of lost-mine legends in the south-west there is one which stands out prominently and which seems to have a firm foundation of fact. It is the story of the Adams Diggings, found and lost in 1859, and never re-discovered.

The probability of the recovery of the Adams has, at different times, excited the interest of thousands to a fruitless search.

and several human lives have been sacrificed in the quest. The existence of the mine is believed by men of high standing in mining circles, and during the past five years several companies have been organized to carry on the search in a thorough and systematic way. To-day, after over forty years of failure, the interest in the recovery of the mine is greater, and more men are actively engaged in the search than ever before.

The location of this mythical mine is supposed to be somewhere near the line dividing New Mexico and Arizona, either in the Mogollon Mountains, on the south fork of the Gila River, or farther north in the Blue Mountains, on the San Francisco River. Adams, the last survivor of the party which discovered the mine, described the location as being near three mountain peaks, which lay in the form of a triangle, two streams coming together at the foot of the central peak and the mine being on the right-hand stream. No mountain scene answering this description has been found during all the years of search. Adams himself headed a large party in 1883 which attempted to cover the entire Mogollon district, but the Apaches were still dangerous, and the search was given up before the leader could locate his triangle. The final campaign against the Indians was then on, and Adams went to California to await its termination before continuing his quest. He died soon after, leaving his mine undiscovered.

The history of the finding of the mine and its loss, and the subsequent efforts made for its re-location, is as follows:—

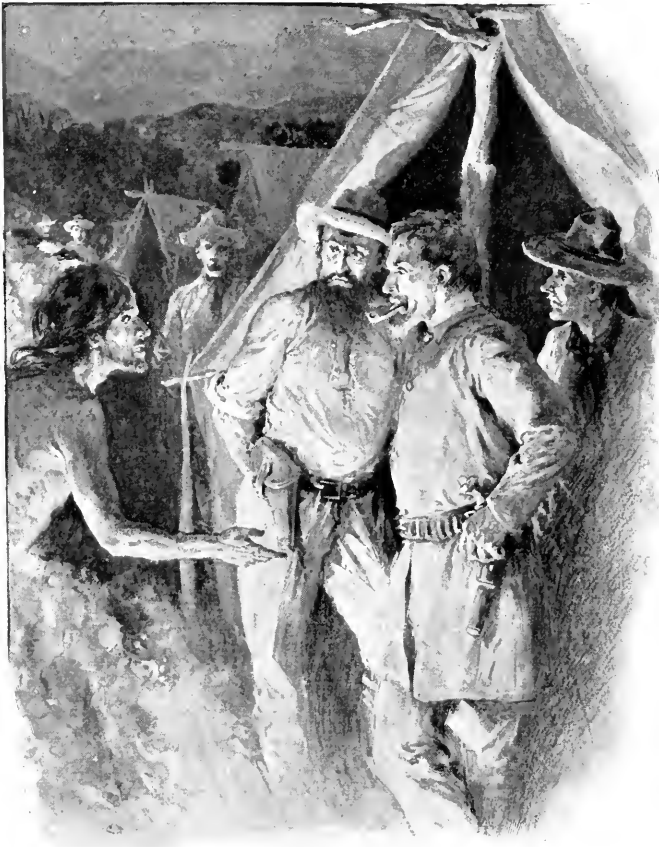
In the fall of 1858 a party, consisting of twenty-two men, was organized in California for the purpose of penetrating the unknown desert country of the south-west, in the hope of locating placer mines, rumours of the existence of which had floated in over the sands for several years. The party was well equipped with saddle and pack animals and outfitted for several months' hard work. In due time the men arrived at old Fort Yuma, at the crossing of the Colorado, and camped for a short rest. Here they attempted to make inquiries of some Yuma Indians as to the best route across the desert to the Rocky Mountain ridge, which was their objective point. They had difficulty in making

their wants known to the Indians, but finally one of the number spoke up and addressed them in Spanish, giving the information desired. Looking closely, the prospectors observed that their informant was not an Indian at all, but a Mexican. That night the man sought out the leader of the prospecting party and spoke as follows:—

"Señor, I am a Mexican. I was born on the banks of the Rio Grande, in Texas. The Apaches killed my parents and made me a captive. I remained with them several years, was then traded to the Mari-

copas, and in turn to the Yumas. I am a slave and a drudge. Have pity, señors, and buy me. If you will, I will show you where there is more gold than your horses can pack."

The prospectors were naturally much interested, and questioned the Mexican closely. He refused to give them any further informa-



"I WILL SHOW YOU WHERE THERE IS MORE GOLD THAN YOUR HORSES CAN PACK."

tion unless they would buy and take him with them. Negotiations were opened with the Indians, and a deal for his release finally consummated.

The story the young Mexican told was that while the slave of a band of White Mountain Apaches, several years before, he had accompanied them on a long march to the headwaters of the Gila River. The trip was made by the Indians for the purpose of securing a supply of what they called "white man's money," which they bartered to other tribes and to occasional whites.

Their "white man's money" was nothing more or less than lumps of pure gold obtained from an immensely rich placer field in the midst of the mountains.

From Yuma the Mexican led the prospecting party up the Gila River for a distance of over three hundred miles. One day he stopped and pointed out three mountain peaks standing in the form of a triangle.

"The gold is at the foot of the central peak," he said.

Camp was made, and early the next morning the guide, accompanied by two of the party, went ahead on foot to pick out a route for the caravan, as the country was very rough. Within a mile of the camp they were attacked by a band of Apaches and all three killed.

The main party paused for a day or two and then pushed ahead with great caution. In due time they reached the foot of the central peak and found the placer field just as the Mexican had described it—vastly rich in gold.

A rough cabin was erected, claims staked, and for several weeks the men worked at gathering the gold by means of crude ground-slucing. They kept on until they had an amount estimated in value at forty thousand pounds.

But supplies were running low, and tools for the work were badly needed. Moreover, it was necessary that the large wealth they had accumulated should be sent to San Francisco, and accordingly a trip to Yuma had to be undertaken. Lots were drawn and twelve men selected for the journey, which, it was thought, could be

accomplished in six weeks. The remaining eight were to work the claims for the benefit of all.

Six weeks passed away, but the men did not return. Two more weeks were allowed to pass, and then two of the miners started to climb one of the peaks in the hope of sighting their companions. Reaching the summit, they looked back toward the camp they had just left. The cabin was in flames, painted savages swarmed over the ground—their comrades were being murdered before their eyes! In terror they fled down the other side of the mountain toward the Gila River.

Reaching the river, they followed down its



"THEIR COMRADES WERE BEING MURDERED BEFORE THEIR EYES!"

course for several miles, when they suddenly came upon the scattered bones of the twelve men who had left them two months before. The party had been ambushed in a rocky defile and slaughtered to the last man. The gold was missing.

This is Adams's story of the discovery and loss of the mine. As corroborative evidence, the narrative of a United States army officer is introduced:—

"In 1859 I was stationed at Fort Bliss, New Mexico, and received orders to proceed with a

detachment to the head of the Gila River and explore the country as far west as the Mogollon Mountains. While carrying out these orders we came upon two white men, nearly naked, and delirious from exposure and lack of food. In a pack which one of them carried were gold nuggets, valued at several hundred dollars. The men were cared for and taken to Fort

When Adams came east the second time he had no doubt of his ability to ride straight to the scene of his former operations. But he became confused, the landmarks were unfamiliar, no triangle came into view. Many people believe that the location is farther north on the San Francisco River, which is a fork of the Gila, and that both the Mexican and Adams



From a]

THE MOUNTAIN RANGE WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO CONTAIN THE LOST MINE.

[Photo.

Bliss, where they partially recovered. They stated that they were the survivors of a party of prospectors, which had discovered a rich placer mine in the Mogollon Mountains."

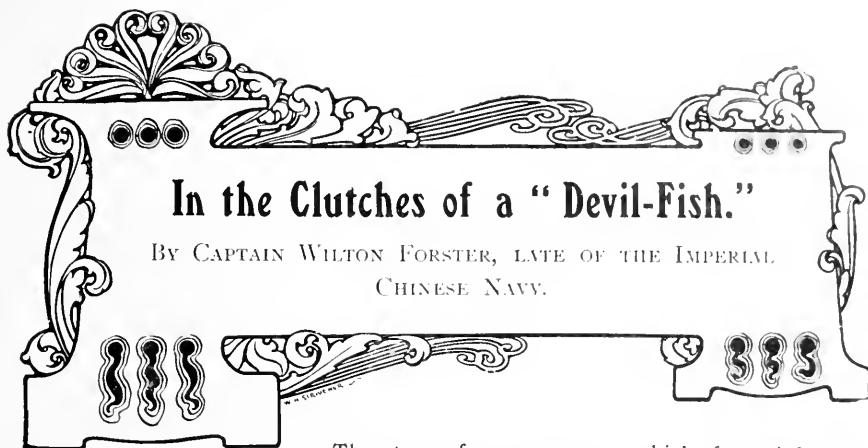
From Fort Bliss the two men were taken to Texas and afterwards went to California, where one of them died from the effects of the hardships endured on the plains. The sole survivor was Adams, before mentioned. The war coming on, he joined the army and served his country as a soldier. Then he went into business in San Francisco and accumulated considerable property. In 1883 he organized a party to search for the lost mine, with the result already stated.

Hundreds of people knew Adams in California and firmly believed his story. The army officer, afterwards a resident of New York, had no doubt of its truth. But where are the three mountain peaks in the form of a triangle? Where is the placer mine?

were mistaken in their descriptions. But the Blue Mountains are as devoid of triangles as are the Mogollons.

It may appear strange that after all the years of search there can remain any doubt of the non-existence of this mountain scene. But it should be remembered that the country is vast and rugged and extremely difficult of exploration. Rich gold, silver, and copper mines are operated in various localities, and that the entire section is highly mineralized was long since demonstrated. Minor placer deposits have been found and worked with profit, and the development of the country goes steadily on.

But the mystery of the Adams Diggings seems to deepen as the years go by. That a rich mine was really discovered there is but little doubt. How, then, can it remain hidden so long from the keen eyes that are searching for it?



The story of an experience which, for weirdness and concentrated horror, it would be difficult to surpass. Captain Forster describes what happened on board his little schooner one moonlight night in the China Sea.



**D**ON'T think I should have cared to write an account of this weirdly horrible adventure of mine if I had not some two or three years ago chanced to come across a statement in the Press of how half of just such another repulsive sea monster as I met with had been washed ashore on the coast of Ireland, after a succession of unusually severe storms, and that the two largest tentacles of that giant octopus measured nearly eighty feet between them from tip to tip, even in their then battered and shrunken state!\*

But I must begin my story from the very beginning, in order to make it clear how my terrible encounter was actually brought about. I had at that time charge of a small steam guard-boat, a sailing schooner, and a fast native vessel, captured from her former piratical owners. All these three small craft were about the same measurement—eighty tons, or thereabouts. Now I and others were then doing our utmost to suppress piracy in the delta of the Canton River, for these desperadoes had been reported to His Excellency the Viceroy as "having been peculiarly active of late, and rather more bloodthirsty than usual," which meant a good deal!

This was because the native as well as the British trade was increasing by leaps and bounds, and many rich cargoes, entirely unpro-

tected, were in consequence exposed to their attacks. So at last the Chinese and British Colonial authorities—effectually roused by the audacity and cruelty displayed in these gentry's operations—actually agreed to work together harmoniously and energetically in order to wipe such pests out. No sooner was this seen to be the case than the disposal of these pirates' plunder in the usual markets became impossible, owing to the surveillance maintained over them. The Cantonese authorities then somehow contrived to discover that the pirates were disposing of their plunder in a new direction—at Lammas Island, just opposite Aberdeen Docks in the British Crown Colony of Hong-Kong. Now, as the shopkeepers of the only small town on this island were not habitually receivers of stolen goods, but were merely unable to resist the temptation to purchase valuable cargoes "dirt cheap," it was naturally supposed by the Chinese authorities that the Tupo and elders of the place would give every assistance to an English officer were one to be sent to recover the stolen property. But I had my doubts as to this being the case, believing from former experience that these old men would be afraid to interfere, even if they were not by then actually under the thumb of the pirates, who would probably be masters of the situation while trafficking with the townspeople. So when I received orders from His Excellency the Viceroy to take this matter in hand, I was none too well pleased. In the first place, great tact would be required to win the British Colonial authorities to a course which was not to be ruffled for your own sake; and British jurisdiction could be interposed in a good deal

\*The controversy concerning the existence of the gigantic "devil-fish," octopus, or squid was finally settled in 1873 by Mr. M. Harvey, LL.D., F.R.S.C., of St. John's, Newfoundland, who secured a perfect specimen measuring no less than fifty-one feet across from tentacle-tip to tentacle-tip! The body was eight feet long and the girth six feet! A portion—nineteen feet long—of one of the arms of another monster, which had tried to sink a fishing-boat, was also obtained.—Ed.

beyond a three-mile radius from the shores of Hong-Kong! So I at once decided to employ my British-built schooner, and that both I and my men would land in uniform, accompanied by a Cantonese official interpreter, so as to leave no possibility open for our authority or purpose to be disputed. Then, too, as the townspeople were Puntis, I decided that thirty-five out of the schooner's crew of forty should be of that nationality. For the severe storms and seismic disturbances that had prevailed recently had culminated in a terrible typhoon and made good seamanship a *sine qua non* if any small sailing craft ventured to put to sea before the weather became fairly settled again. The men I selected were mostly "tankars"—*i.e.*, born on board boats—who, although not for a moment to be compared to my fine Hakka fighting-men, were much smarter seamen and far better able to handle the little schooner, which, though a handsome vessel and very fast, required careful management, being a long, narrow craft, that sat very low and lightly on the water. These details must be borne in mind, because they have a direct bearing on future events.

As I wished my "friendly" visit to be also a surprise one I timed it for just after dark, about half-past six in the evening, which was just before the rising of the moon—there being no twilight in those latitudes—after which it would be as light as day. The lamps of Aberdeen Docks were just discernible as glowworm-like specks in the distance when my small schooner glided into the calm waters of the sandy bay, on the inside of which the little town had been built; and though we had set every stitch of canvas that she could carry, the breeze had been so baffling—constantly veering and shifting—that, just as we rounded the headland forming the extremity of the harbour, to my intense disgust a great disc of burnished silver rapidly rose above it, quickly throwing every part of the bay, except the corner overshadowed by the high hills above the town, into strong relief. Half-a-dozen searchlights could not have shown up our entrance and subsequent movements so well. The cloud of white canvas, the low black hull of the schooner, I and my men in uniform—even the Dragon flag at the stern—must have stood out with startling distinctness to the people on shore in that flood of brilliant white light. But, anticipating at the least a civil reception from the local authorities, I allowed the pilot to bring the schooner to an anchor in his own leisurely fashion. He had just done so, the two whale-boats were being lowered, and the landing-party had fallen in on deck, when the sound of angry voices, speedily followed by

loud shouts and a great beating of gongs, which apparently proceeded from the corner of the beach still in shadow, quickly made me suspect that all was not as it should be. The schooner's sails were in by this time, except a rag of the mainsail to keep her steady as she swung by a light grass cable and small native anchor—a precaution always adopted in strange waters, because these could be cut adrift instantly. Ere I had time to give any orders three bright red flashes from the end of the town that lay in darkness were instantly followed by the sullen roar of heavy metal and the whizz of a round shot just overhead! This quickly enlightened me as to the views that the folks ashore entertained regarding our visit! My gorgeously-attired Cantonese interpreter—a Puntis—despite his long silk and satin garments, disappeared in a flash from my side through the widely open cabin skylights—displaying a harlequin-like agility and adroitness in performing this feat that I should never have supposed such a learned and correct classical scholar to have been capable of. In sharp contrast to the interpreter's mad panic, my Hakka orderly, who stood behind me—though a mere youth—stuck to his station without so much as blinking at the near shave we had had, coolly pointing out with a grin the hole that the round shot had made where it passed through the foot of the mainsail. Then for a minute or two there was confusion on the schooner's deck, whilst I shouted in quick succession for the drummer to beat to quarters, the landing-party to hoist the boats in, the gunner to unlock the ammunition chests, then beside the guns on deck, and to the sleepy-eyed look-outs—with appropriate adjectives for their blindness—to sever the grass cable. Then I watched the guns' crews slue round the two long brass nine-pounders we carried amidships, one pointing forwards and one aft, so as to bring both to bear on the spot where the battery was situated. These guns I always kept loaded when cruising at sea, though of course the percussion tubes and lanyards by which they were fired were on the breech *beside* the covered vents, not *in* them.

Instead of danger coming from the three-gun battery, however, it arose in a totally unexpected quarter. The measured rasping creak of long sweeps and the slight splash of many paddles were now distinctly audible out of the darkness, and this was soon followed by the appearance of several "snake-boats," these being evidently but the scouts of a number of others that were rapidly being got ready under cover of the darkness, in which the corner of the harbour farthest from us was still enveloped.

Then it dawned upon me that my "surprise

visit" had been a greater success than I had anticipated or than was quite convenient, as I was not prepared to drop on the townspeople's piratical friends as well as the greedy shopkeepers who had been trafficking with them! Clearly, unless the wind freshened, the schooner, with her small crew of thirty-five men, was caught like a rat in a trap! Fortunately, freshen it did, and in the nick of time, and to such purpose that the little vessel fairly lay over to the squall. Once under way, we soon spread-eagled the clustered snake-boats coming out to attack us. Then an idea struck me, and I ordered my men to shorten sail again. Now, whether the pirates imagined that this was in consequence of something being amiss with our spars from the effects of the fire from the battery, I cannot, of course, say; but, anyhow, it caused some half-a-dozen of the swiftest snake-boats to dash out ahead and attempt to cut us off from the point that we had to round to reach the open sea again—which was exactly what I had counted upon! I ordered the two gun captains to cram the "nines" to the muzzle with bags of grape, and then, taking my place beside the quartermaster—one of my most trustworthy Hakkas, an enormous fellow,

nicknamed "The Bull," I ordered him how to keep the schooner's bows I didn't feel too sure of, and I ordered my three dozen Hakkas to be ready to succeed in beating the pirates' greatly superior numbers. Everything being ready, I whistled for more wind, and waited results. We had been only slowly slipping through the smooth water up to then, almost hidden from the pirates by the deep shadow of the hills on their side of the bay, full sail being on her again. Then another smart squall reached us, and the instant it caught the schooner she shot out like a racer. All too late the pirates in those half-a-dozen snake-boats, clustered together ready to dash alongside, saw their error. The guns, now in line with our bows, blazed out at less than fifty yards range, the grape-shot and a volley from my men's carbines being pretty impartially distributed amongst the crowded boats: the jarring clang of the heavily-charged brass guns, the rattle of the carbines, and the shrieks and imprecations of the trapped pirates forming a fitting prelude to the tearing and rasping sounds which ensued as the schooner's heavy, knife-like fore-foot crashed through the canoes



"THE SCHOONER'S HEAVY, KNIFE-LIKE FORE-FOOT CRASHES THROUGH THE CANOES."



like craft that barred her course as easily as if they had been so many huge egg-shells! "I think those rascals got the worst of that deal—eh, 'Bird'?" I remarked. As, however, the taciturn "Bird" made no audible reply, merely looking as cheerful as his saturnine countenance permitted, the old pilot chipped in with "Yessar, but my think more better you go Aberdeen makee port jessee now." Mr. Chop-dollar meant that it was very advisable that I should be the first to report this affair to the British authorities, lest we should be accused of molesting "peaceable traders" who claimed British protection! "So I will, Chop," I said.

But my intention was frustrated, and in a very singular manner. We were just clear of the small bay and were slipping through the smooth sea in the brilliant moonlight beyond—the wind being abeam again—when the two look-outs (whose sight was rendered phenomenally acute by the dread of what was in store for them for their neglect to report certain suspicious signs before we were fired on in the bay) called out that something had fouled our bows. Going into the eyes of the schooner with my orderly and marine servant, Ah Sam, both of whom had lanterns with powerful reflectors, we soon made out that the "something" was some wreckage jammed against the stem and apparently held there by a mass of tangled cordage that had fouled our fore-foot. This on closer inspection proved to be part of one of the snake-boats, with—to my horror—a man, apparently either dying or dead, fast to it, he being partly entangled in the gear and partly held up by a large, shaggy-coated dog, a fine but savage-looking animal, such as one occasionally sees doing "harbour watch" at nights on board the huge Noah's Ark-like trading vessels of the "Chin-chu" men.

I quickly made the look-out men fish the wounded pirate out with the aid of their bamboo boat-hooks, and as the dog gripped one of these the instant it touched his master's jacket he was hauled up on deck along with him. The wreckage was then shoved clear whilst I examined our prisoner.

It was easy to see that his days were numbered, and, indeed, but for that wonderful tenacity of life which this class of native frequently exhibits, such ghastly wounds as his would have already proved fatal. My Cantonese assistant-surgeon did his best, however, and patched the man up as far as his hopeless state permitted, while the mat on which he lay was put against an open gunport, so as to give him the benefit of the cool breeze. Tea and fruit were put beside him, but he was too far gone to eat, though both mar-

and dog drank water eagerly. As I walked aft, after seeing my prisoner attended to, I wondered what kind of a colossal fool he must take me for, seeing that he was perfectly aware, had our positions been reversed, I would have been promptly flung to the sharks.

It rather surprised me, therefore, when, an hour or so later, the dying pirate sent to say he had something to tell me. On my going forward and seating myself on the rail just over his mat, after fixing his small, shifty eyes on my face as if to read my very thoughts, he slowly and painfully gasped out, "If I give you some information, will you have my body taken to where my father and mother can get it, instead of flinging it to the sharks when my time is up?"

"That depends upon the value of your information," I said, sternly.

"I can tell you where to find the two vessels that left us in the lurch to-night, else I hadn't been here now," he snarled, fiercely enough, though but in painful whispers.

"Yes, if you can do *that*, I will promise to give your body to your relatives for burial," I said.

The great desire of the Chinaman—to die un mutilated and to be buried by his own people—being attained, a change came over the pirate's sullenly stolid countenance and, though very weak and evidently dying by inches, he contrived to raise himself painfully on his elbow. He described the position in which he had left the pirates' vessels clearly and carefully enough. To reach the place indicated involved a run of some thirty miles or so out to sea, to the vicinity of a small island, a mere cluster of rocks off the west coast. When, in making for this place, we had run some considerable distance seawards the breeze slowly died away, and, as often happens at a period of seismic and elemental disturbances in the Pacific, the weather was about the hottest, if not *the* hottest, that I recollect in the China Seas, the blazing sun seeming to pour its red-hot rays persistently and pitilessly down all day. The atmosphere, too, was close and sultry to a degree that defies description. The sea seemed torpid and almost oily in its glassy calmness, whilst slime and small marine insects floated in thick patches upon it, as if the recent great storms had never so much as ruffled its placid depths. This state of affairs lasted the whole day, during which my little vessel was stationary and still as if but "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Darkness brought neither change nor any appreciable relief from the sultry closeness.

To remain below was out of the question. The men, who had been almost too limp and



listless to eat their evening meal, were lying about the deck, trying to sleep. They had begged permission to furl the awnings amidships and for'ard, so as to get as much air as possible.

I had had my mattress placed on the wooden top of the cabin skylight, the open flaps of which, on each side of me, alone prevented my rolling off on to the deck, as I tossed and tumbled all night through in the stifling heat. Sunrise came, but not a breath of air with it, though this state of dead calm had already lasted over twenty-four hours.

The sea seemed to be growing more and more turbid and slime-covered. The pitch bubbled up between the deck-planks, despite the awnings rigged up fore and aft. As far as the eye could reach round the horizon, too, not a sail or sign of life or movement was visible.

That night, despite the risk of moon-blindness from sleeping in the powerful rays of the tropical moon, the men again furled the awnings amidships and for'ard, covering their eyes with their sashes or cotton under-jackets, as they lay on the heated deck gasping for air.

The double awning over the stern shaded the cabin skylight—on which my mattress had again been placed—from the strong white light in which ship, sea, and sky were then bathed. The height of the skylight from the deck enabled me to see all over the little vessel, and as I lay in the shadow of the awning every object on her flush deck showed up with startling distinctness—the brilliance of that flood of pure white light being almost inconceivably dazzling. Meanwhile the schooner might almost as well have been hard and fast on a sandbank, she sat so still on the water. Not a sound came from her sleeping crew—worn out with the intense heat and loss of sleep the previous night—only at intervals a low moan

from the stricken pirate, who lay gasping for breath at the open port, his face already pale with the ashen hue of death. His dog crouched beside him, restless and uneasy. But for these signs of life the whole thing might have been a dream; everywhere, everything was so glaringly and painfully white—the snowy canvas of the furled sails, the faultlessly holly-stoned deck planks, the awnings and rails, the linen jackets of the sleeping crew, even the brilliantly polished brass guns, which had their white covers lying over them. These guns were loaded and ready, as usual at night when we were cruising, the muzzle of one pointing seawards in line with the pirate's head, the other pointing for'ard across the leeward side of the deck. All these small details impressed themselves on my brain as I courted the sleep that would not come. The stifling atmosphere and maddening flood of light irritated me to an extent that effectually drove off all sleepiness. So I tried my men's plan, bandaging my eyes with my silk handkerchief—and that made me feel hotter.

Finally, in sheer desperation, I flung off my bandage and sat bolt upright on my mattress. As I did so, something that seemed like a faint scream caught my ear. Supposing that the dying pirate was in the last extremity, I glanced over to the open port where he lay. Now, though I didn't know what fear was in those days, and if questioned should have been puzzled to explain what was meant by "nerves," still I must confess to a curious sensation that



"SOON THE GEEB-DOG WAS ENVELOPED."

the roots of my hair, and a feeling as if my eyes were slowly melting down my cheeks. At that awful sight I then seemed compelled helplessly to witness. Just even the head of the dying man—who, but for a moment of maddening horror in his eyes, had not stirred since I

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the roots of my hair, and a feeling as if my eyes were slowly melting down my cheeks. At that awful sight I then seemed compelled helplessly to witness. Just even the head of the dying man—who, but for a moment of maddening horror in his eyes, had not stirred since I

should have believed to be unconscious—there quivered and wriggled a huge sucker-like object, like an enormous serpent, that gradually settled upon and entwined the wretched man lying helpless on the mat below it. Hardly had I grasped the awful nature of the living death that had come aboard ere another huge tentacle was surging to and fro—a wriggling, quivering, slimy object upon the background of strong white light. Soon the great dog at the dying pirate's side was enveloped just as its master had been, its angry growls stifled in the slimy coils, which it bit and tore at till crushed into helplessness.

Fancying that I might be suffering from some horrid nightmare or hallucination, I pinched myself viciously and shut and opened my eyes as I did so, but all to no purpose. The horror remained. The huge tentacles that had closed on their prey were now raising the motionless bodies in mid-air, while two other shorter arm-like feelers had appeared over the rail and hovered over those of the sleepers on the deck who were nearest to the port. Now, I have already said that the schooner was a very narrow little craft, low in the water, and very sensitive—"lively," as sailors say. Moreover, as I had not expected to go far out to sea, I had not put a great amount of ballast on board, so that she might pull well if her long sweeps or oars were needed. Hence, before I had shaken off the horror that had seized me, the little vessel, after seeming first to vibrate curiously, took a visible list to windward. This woke the sleeping crew, and only in the nick of time, for one thick tentacle was then just around the davit of the whale-boat, whilst the other seemed to hesitate which amongst the waking sleepers should be its victim. Then in an instant the air rang with the yells and cries of my terror-

stricken men as they rushed or tumbled headlong down the open hatchways to escape the horror that hovered over them, their dash down below being so instantaneous that the quivering arm, suspended in mid-air above their heads, failed to secure a single victim.



"THE AIR RANG WITH THE YELLS AND CRIES OF MY TERROR-STRICKEN MEN."

The stampede finally roused me and, making a determined effort, I sprang down on to the deck and blew my call. Then, picking up a short, sharp, broad-bladed chopping-sword—one of the weapons my Hakkas, like the pirates, always preferred to use at close quarters, and which lay on the deck near me—I ordered the petty officers to drive the men up from below aft with their cutlasses, so as to attack the monster in whose clutches our little vessel appeared to be. But only my Hakkas rallied to me, though the gunner and pilot crept aft, more

dead than alive from abject fear. Telling my four followers to take their double swords—*i.e.*, one for each hand—and slash right and left when those horrible tentacles approached us, I walked warily forward, albeit the horror that faced me seemed to paralyze my limbs.

For there, just at the open port, showing up well above the schooner's low rail, was a vast bulk, a huge, reddish mass of something soft, gelatinous, and slimy, which seemed to be rising slowly out of the water, whilst as it did so the schooner canted more and more over, evidently through the horrid thing clinging to the little vessel's side, the enormous arms of the monster having seemingly closed round her hull. The creature's awful head, with its half-devilish, half-corpse-like eyes, staring and horny, loomed above the open port. It was to the centre of this terrible object that the bodies of the man and the animal that those powerful tentacles entwined were evidently being conveyed. My Hakkas,

albeit their faces turned to a sickly, ashen grey, stayed by my side, silent but for the horror-struck young orderly's cry of "Capitan, the ship is in the clutches of the 'great sea-devil!'"

The schooner's dangerous list still increasing drove me to a desperate deed. Dashing out to the gun, without daring to look above me at those hovering tentacles, I flung off the canvas cover, depressed the muzzle, knocked the leaden casing from the vent, pressed the percussion tube down in its place, and sprang back faster than I had ever done in my life—to the full extent of the lanyard. The sharp jerk I gave it was instantly followed by a blinding flash, a loud roar, and a thick cloud of white smoke which entirely enveloped the whole amidships section of the schooner. When it slowly lifted not a sign of the monster was to be seen above the water-line! The whole body of the creature that was in line with the deck had literally been blown to atoms by the

effect of the discharge, the result of the solid nine-pound shot and heavy charge of grape being doubtless heightened by the concussion and the splinters torn from the rail, which had been blown outwards for several feet in front of the heavily-charged long gun.

My Hakkas yelled with joy. But still I saw we were not yet done with the fearful creature, even in its almost destroyed and terribly mangled state, and of this we soon had ocular evidence. Whilst the Hakkas attacked the last remaining tentacle, which still clung obstinately to a back-stay, with their heavy chopping swords, the gunner and pilot, recovering somewhat from their state of abject terror, came out to join us

amidships in order to "save face." As they passed the boat's davits "Chopdolla," the pilot, got under one of the awful arms that still clung to them. Although my Hakkas' swords cut it to pieces as quickly as possible, the old man, failing to realize that all danger was past, sprang down the open hatchway, lustily yelling, "Tah-celo, tsui—kwai-koon!" ("I am struck

dead by the great head water-devil.") The enormous monster was practically destroyed, however, and this was evidenced by the schooner righting herself and the scattered remains of the disgusting creature that floated on the water and befouled my spotless deck, now almost coated with a horrid, gelatinous, evil-smelling substance, half fluid, half blubber, which was intensely revolting to sight, smell, and touch. It was some consolation to me, however, I grimly thought, to be able to punish my cowardly crew, by starting them (in that heat) to work at the long sweeps. For I was determined not to remain many more minutes in this neighbourhood, lest

another such monster might appear. I intended to give my men, when fatigued, a spell by ordering them to cleanse the slimy deck.

My temper had been fairly roused by their desertion and cowardice, which might have enabled the devilish brute to capsize our small craft, and thus have cost the lives of every soul on board her. So I ordered my Hakkas to fix their sword-belts, to reload their carbines, and then, with my own revolver, marched down into the crew's quarters.

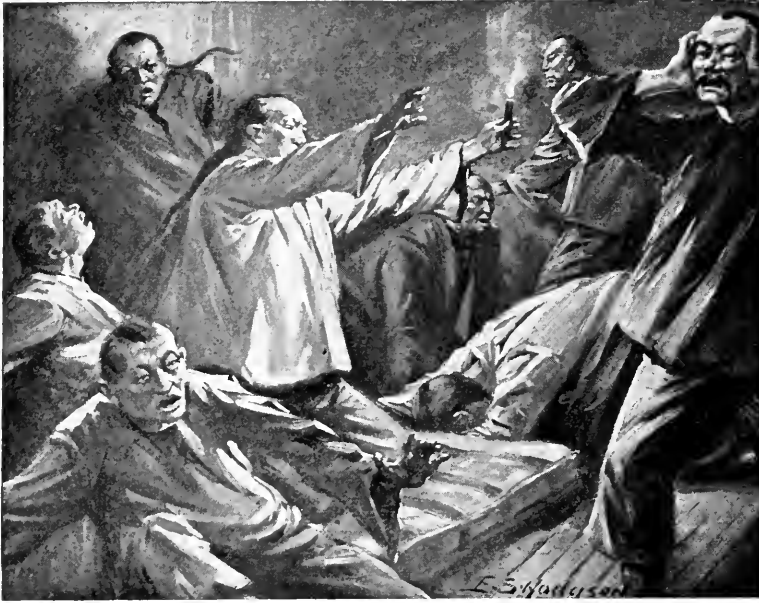
There a most extraordinary state of panic prevailed. Some were "chin-chinning Joss," some



"THE SHARP JERK I GAVE IT WAS FOLLOWED BY A BLINDING FLASH."

were lighting demon-candles, many had their heads buried in their bedding, and a few grovelled on the deck, apparently half mad with terror. Finally, after infinite trouble and

schooner, with scarce a rag of canvas set, was driven through a rapidly rising sea—already lashed into sheets of white foam—at a speed of some twelve or fourteen miles an hour, until



"A MOST EXTRAORDINARY STATE OF PANIC PREVAILED."

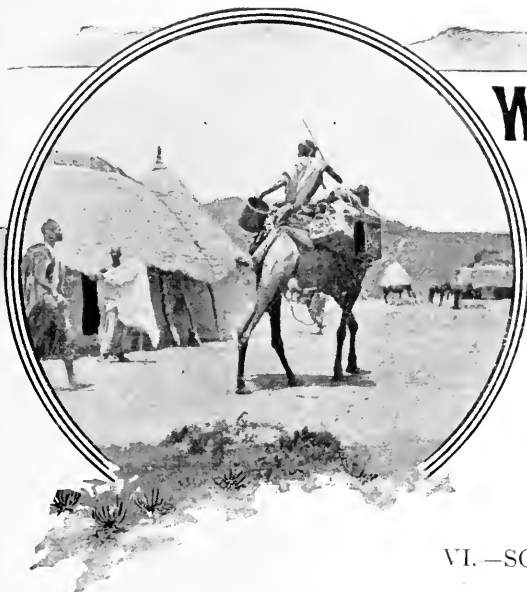
assurances, rubbed in with proddings from bayonet-points and thumps from carbine-butts, the seamen at last started to go on deck, but not till a couple of the most cowardly and obstinate of them had been put in irons and dragged there, any absolute refusal of duty being impossible in face of the Hakkas' loaded carbines.

Once on deck I soon had the whole three dozen of them tugging away at the long sweeps (oars), and to my great relief we then commenced to move slowly through the water, and gradually to leave the scene of these uncanny happenings far astern. Strange to say, within less than an hour of the destruction of the sea monster clouds began to gather round the moon, which they finally covered like a pall, the sky assumed an inky blackness, and then a sudden deluge of rain drenched us to the skin, and this, after the intense heat to which we had been exposed, seemed to chill everyone to the bone. Terrific squalls followed, and the

we found shelter at last at the entrance of the Canton River.

I should mention that since this adventure of mine I have heard that a gigantic ten-armed Architeuthis octopus, whose head and body measured about ten feet in length and whose arms were thirty feet long, was actually caught and exhibited; also that another had been killed whose body was twice that size. But the type usually found in the Pacific is, I believe, quite one-third smaller than this. Now, although the giant octopus is a lurking beast by nature—as distinguished from the shark tribe—it can, and does, act on the aggressive in self-defence.

It will undoubtedly pull fishermen out of their boats or a seaman off the side of a sailing ship. Possibly the devilish creature we met had been roused to fury by fouling the schooner's hull under water, after which the unfortunate pirate and his large dog lying at the open port near the water-line had attracted the huge monster's powerful tentacles to the deck.



# With The British to Sokoto.

*ERHorsman.*

by

**Cap<sup>t</sup> Chas. Foulkes**

*R. E.*

## VI.—SOKOTO AT LAST.

The final instalment of this interesting series. The author describes how, after many weary marches, the expedition finally entered the mysterious city of Sokoto, crossing on their way the battlefield where the fanatical hordes of the Sultan were finally put to rout. Captain Foulkes illustrates his description of Sokoto with some curious photographs.



HE flight of the Sultan of Sokoto and the occupation of his city by our troops occasioned for a short while a general panic among the inhabitants of the whole of the surrounding country. Large and populous towns were completely deserted, trade was paralyzed, and large numbers of slaves took the opportunity of escaping from their oppressors to their own villages, which were in some cases hundreds of miles distant.

Far to the north of Sokoto, on the borders of the Sahara, we met parties of from twenty to fifty fighting-men, armed with spears and carrying bows and arrows slung on their shoulders, who had evidently taken part in the Sokoto campaign. They made no show of hostility, however, but slunk away into the bush on either side of the road at our approach, though on one or two occasions we had no soldiers with us.

The measures taken by the High Commissioner soon restored confidence among the natives, and a few weeks later, when the nature of our work necessitated the Boundary Commissioners marching to Sokoto, the country had resumed much of what had been, I suppose, its ordinary appearance.

As may well be imagined, we were anxious to explore the famous Hausa capital—the sacred and mysterious city in which, until the arrival of

the British, but one living European had set foot. We had heard a report that years ago a French officer had been secretly smuggled inside the walls, disguised as one of a party of Arab traders, but I could obtain nowhere any confirmation of this rumour.

About the time that Sokoto was taken our own party—a little way to the north—was experiencing some very unpleasant climatic changes. The dense Harmattan mist had been partially washed down by the first showers that warned us of the approach of the rainy season, and the terrific heat had become somewhat more bearable. Violent sand-storms preceded the regular rain, and during this period we had to put up with a great deal of discomfort.

We shall probably long remember our first experience of a Soudanese dust-storm. We were sitting in a native hut in a village one afternoon about tea-time when a sudden commotion became noticeable among the market people just outside. It was very hot at the time, and the air was perfectly still. On looking out we could see people running about in every direction seeking shelter; little girls scampered away laughingly with their grass wigs, the women covered with small pyramids of native cowrie shells, while stout old women, armed along, clutching in both arms large calabashes piled high with raw cotton.



*From a*

THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER'S HUT IN A NATIVE VILLAGE.

*[Photo.]*

A "boy" ran excitedly into the hut and began to stuff up the little openings that served as windows with anything he could lay hands on. A couple of miles away along the valley we could see the tornado sweeping down toward us; its progress could easily be followed, as the bushes were being bent over almost horizontally on the hill-tops, and a long line of churned-up sand rapidly approached. Soon it struck us, and we wasted no time in rushing indoors and blocking up the doorway. For about twenty minutes the wind howled outside and the sand could be distinctly heard as it drove with terrific fury against the grass-thatched roof of the hut, through which it penetrated, falling on us in powdery clouds as we sat huddled up inside with our collars turned up and breathing through handkerchiefs.

A fine layer of dust soon covered everything, including the nautical almanacs and other books with which we had taken the precaution to cover our mugs of tea. When it was all over we went outside, grimy and very uncomfortable, and found that long strips of heavy "zana" matting had been torn from some of the fences and whirled against the walls of other buildings, where they remained plastered.

Loose articles that had

been lying on the ground, such as empty wooden cases, had been lifted up and hurled for considerable distances. Coming from the next hut we could hear the cries of a "boy" who was being reasoned with (!) for leaving his master's blankets out in the open. One of them could be seen a good way off, half buried in sand; the others were missing. Later on these sand-storms were invariably followed by a heavy fall of rain, into which the natives stepped from their huts for a wash down.

The wet weather did a great deal of harm to our transport animals and

numbers of our camels died. Of those that remained there were few that did not require a good deal of persuasion before they could be induced to get up with their loads at the commencement of each march.

These camels have very little pluck when in difficulties, and, unlike most other animals, will make no attempt to help themselves when, for example, they have slipped off the path and sunk into a quagmire.

During this march, although water was plentiful, none could be obtained fit to drink. The approach to the wells is dangerous in the sodden condition of the soil, and we were reduced to getting our supply from the various "tubkis" (pools) that were found in chance depressions of the ground, in which, of course, was collected



*From a*

"PERSUADING" A REFRACTORY CAMEL TO RISE.

*[Photo.]*



the surface drainage of the whole surrounding country; generally an extra shade of colour was added by cattle being driven through it by wandering bands of Fulani herdsmen. To make matters worse all the filters had succumbed long since to the gentle handling of the servants.

The natives we now met showed every disposition to be friendly, and soon after arriving each day at the spot selected for camping shelters would be very quickly put up for our accommodation.

Roofs from buildings in the village were carried out bodily by numbers of men walking underneath them, to the accompaniment of tom-tomming and songs, and after a rough circle had been described on the ground, of the same diameter as the roof, holes were

sand was inches deep in spots, and the streams were formed rapidly, carrying a man away and depositing him in some shallow "tubki" (pool). Five minutes after the rain stopped the water had disappeared into the dry, sandy depressions.

Unfortunately, snakes, scorpions, and centipedes sought shelter in our huts during these storms, and on one occasion I had blown out my lamp, and was about to turn in, when I felt a snake moving under my hand! I managed, however, to step to one side before any harm was done.

On another occasion one of our party was stung by a scorpion while in bed, much, for some reason, to everyone's amusement—excepting his own. As we came nearer to Sokoto bushes and trees almost entirely disappeared from the landscape, and the young green guinea-corn, now about a foot high, made the whole country look like a vast cabbage-field, very different to the silent, grey, dust-powdered scrub we had been used to see for the last six months.

On the roads foot passengers became more frequent. Most of them carried heavy loads on their heads for the market, and when we reached the ford over the Sokoto River, just outside the town, there was a continual stream of people and animals crossing over, while little groups of women squatted on the



BUILDING A SHELTER FOR THE BRITISH OFFICERS—"ROOFS WERE CARRIED OUT BODILY BY NUMBERS OF MEN." (From a) (From a)

soon scooped out of the sand at intervals along the circle and forked uprights placed in them, on which the roof finally rested.

The walls consisted of a length of zana matting placed round and bound to the uprights, an open doorway being formed by the mat failing to completely encircle the hut. These huts were not always secure against the wind, and I remember on one occasion having to call in a number of servants and soldiers to help in holding up the roof during a storm, as the uprights were on the point of collapsing.

Following the tornado season came tremendous thunderstorms, which sometimes hung overhead for an hour at a time, while rain descended in torrents and vivid flashes of lightning played across the sky. Soon the thirsty

banks waiting for the day-out crop, which was being poled backwards and forwards from one bank to the other by way of a ferry.

On reaching the far side of the river, crossing a gentle rise we saw the massive walls of a great city stretching out to the left as far as the eye could see. I saw also, were numbers of green trees, of which the predominant one was the baobab, the Hausa towns for their shade.

After crossing the river, the undulating plain, the scene of which grim relics still remained, it was difficult to believe that its vegetable gardens and through which little streams trickled, was only a short



From a)

THE FORD OVER THE SOKOTO RIVER.

[Photo.

with thousands of ferocious, white-robed spear-men, above whose heads little wisps of smoke from the shrapnel-bursts melted away; while their leaders, mounted on chargers, spurred up and down among them striving to check the growing confusion, and urging them with the lash and with promises of future happiness to stop the advance of the accursed infidel.

All this is now forgotten, and the market-place is probably as full as it ever has been, though slavers no longer exhibit their human merchandise in public. And so we reached Sokoto.

The city walls are about fifteen feet high, and the ditch outside it is by no means so formidable an obstacle as many we came across in our previous travels. Just inside each of the many gates rows of market women squat all day, on both sides of the roadway, with little piles of cowrie shells at their sides and their wares spread out on the ground in front of them, consisting of fruit, vegetables, narrow rolls of native cloth, salt, and so on.

The town itself is divided up into a number of compounds, each of which belongs to some important personage and contains his household and his domestic slaves. The compounds are enclosed by a mud wall just high enough to prevent a mounted man from seeing over it; the houses also are built of mud, the roofs being nearly flat and finished off with a kind of cement for keeping them water-tight.

None of the buildings are impressive, even the mosque being an ordinary mud structure with a flat roof, which is drained by a row of earthenware pipes projecting from it.

The Sultan's compound has nothing to distinguish it from any of the others; the gateway is unpretentious, and there are no high archways such as we saw at Gober (and subsequently at Kano), nor could I find any moulding or other

attempt at ornamentation.

The compounds in the town are not crowded together, as is usually the case in Nigerian cities, and there are large open spaces between them, green with grass or under cultivation.

But although the town itself

is in a certain measure disappointing, the inhabitants and their various occupations are full of interest. None of them, one would imagine, lead a very strenuous existence, and the community appears to consist of three distinct classes—the merchants, the manufacturers (cloth-weavers, basket makers, etc.), and the field-labourers.

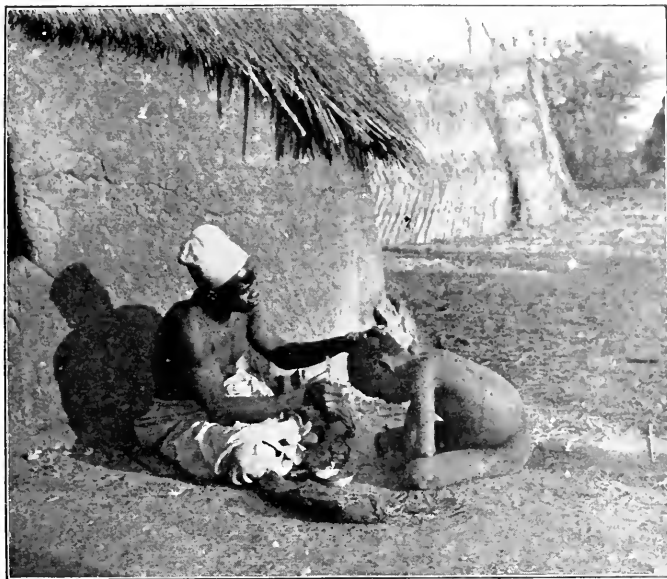
The women are simply slaves, and are employed in drawing water, collecting firewood, and in the evening pounding guinea-corn, which is the staple food.

The market-place of Sokoto is very similar to that of any other town in the country, but is, of course, much bigger and more animated. In a large open space hundreds of little grass-woven shelters have been put up without regard to order, and the intervals between them are the streets. Prosperous-looking merchants can be seen holding up for inspection native-made gowns and rolls of cloth, some of which have made the long and dangerous journey across the Sahara from Tripoli.

In the different stalls everything can be found that is likely to be required by a primitive community, such as bundles of firewood, snuff, leaves of tobacco, strips of dried meat, fish, baskets, saddlery, etc., and in prominent positions wrinkled old women can be seen dispensing water from uninviting-looking earthenware jars or calabashes, at the amazingly cheap rate of one cowrie a drink! (A hundred cowries go to the penny.) There is plenty of noise and chatter, but the general impression left on one is that time is of no object whatever to anyone. Our approach created a good deal of interest, and scowls and dark looks were frequently directed towards us.

In the thickly-populated districts of the country one very rarely sees beggars, but in





From a] A NATIVE BARBER AT WORK IN SOKOTO.

[Photo.

Sokoto they abound. They are nearly all blind or deformed or diseased in some way. Some of the men and women we saw sitting in the shade at the street corners had little calabashes placed on the ground in front of them, into which from time to time passers-by threw a few cowries.

Close to the market we found a barber at work, sitting on the ground with a small boy kneeling in front of him having his head shaved. The razor in use was of native manufacture, made from the soft iron, smelted locally, and had a remarkably good edge. A thin lather is worked up from a dirty-looking liquid contained in the tin pannikin seen in the photograph, and the price demanded for this particular operation was one hundred cowries.

I once saw in a distant village a curious illustration of native surgery. The local medicine man set out to "cup" a youth, and began by shaving away a circular patch of hair at the back of his head. He then produced a hollow ram's horn from a mysterious leather bag, and after a cut had been made on the bare scalp the horn was placed over it base downwards and a vacuum was formed by drawing

out the air through a hole at the tip, which was then sealed up with clay. After a few minutes the horn was removed, full of blood. The object of this operation, I was informed, in answer to a question through an interpreter, was "to make his head no pain him to-morrow."

We saw many native looms at work in quiet parts of the town, and the apparatus employed is very ingenious. Coarse thread is made from the raw cotton by women, who deftly twist it up in their fingers, and numbers of these threads are arranged together (some of them dyed so as to make a pattern) with their ends tied to a sliding weight, which is gradually drawn towards the operator as the weaving proceeds. Narrow strips of a strong coarse cloth, three to six inches wide, are thus produced,

which when sewn together are made into various garments, the best of the latter being embroidered in elaborate patterns.

Travelling musicians are frequently met with in Hausaland, and weird sounds are produced from a number of musical instruments. One of these is a sort of fiddle, made by securing a stick to the half of a small calabash, the drum



From a] A BLACKSMITH WITH HIS PRODUCTS

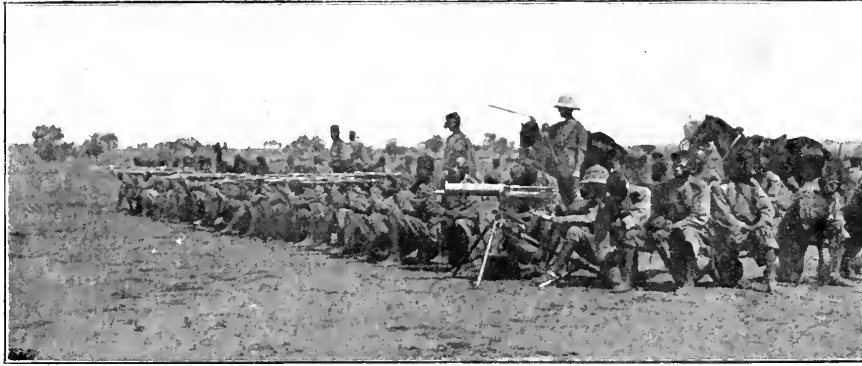
being a piece of crocodile skin stretched tight. The single string is made of twisted horse-hair, and the bow consists of a number of hairs fastened to the extremities of the curved rib of some small animal. The musician uses ordinary resin, and the sounds he produces, although

traders across the desert to the Mediterranean ports, where it is known as the Morocco leather of commerce. A native blacksmith we saw at work in this quarter, with his primitive forge and tools, was also very interesting.

A mile and a half to the south of Sokoto a

Residency has now been built. Near it is the fort — an earth redoubt — in which two companies of native infantry are at present quartered, together with field-guns and Maxims.

The fort was in course of construction at the time of our visit, military working parties being



[From a]

THE BRITISH GARRISON AT SOKOTO.

[Photo.]

employed in place of the labourers from the town, who had been tried at first but found unsatisfactory.

monotonous in their endless repetition, are not unpleasing. The wall enclosing Sokoto is built in a rectangle, roughly speaking, with the corners rounded off. It has a dozen gateways in it, and there are several large gaps, where the construction has been left uncompleted.

Outside these are extensive suburbs, the population of which is engaged in various industries. For example, there are dye works, where basket-loads of the indigo plant are burnt and then mixed with water in cement-lined wells; in these, after considerable stirring, cloths are dipped and are then beaten with wooden mallets on a smoothed log, so as to give them a glaze, which is much admired.

Goat skins are treated in tanneries here, too, in a peculiar manner, and the final product is carried in exchange for other goods and in large quantities by Arab

employed in place of the labourers from the town, who had been tried at first but found unsatisfactory.

And so the *pax Britannica* has been established in what was for so long a period the centre of slavery, fanaticism, and misrule, and the effective occupation of another outpost of that Empire on which the sun never sets is an accomplished fact.



[From a]

CONSTRUCTING THE FORT AT SOKOTO.

[Photo.]

THE END.

# THE BREATHITT COUNTY VENDETTA.

By CORA WILSON STEWART, SUPERINTENDENT OF COUNTY SCHOOLS, MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY.

Our readers will peruse this remarkable narrative with feelings of amazement and horror. That such lawless deeds can be enacted in a civilized community in the twentieth century seems all but incredible, but the facts set forth are now writ large in the history of Kentucky.



ANY theories have been advanced as to the cause of the prolonged warfare in Breathitt County, Kentucky, which has added a sanguinary page to the history of the State and startled the world, by its utter disregard of legal and social rights. Politicians have claimed that it was a political feud, romancers have declared that it originated in a love-affair, while others have found its inception in less plausible causes. As a matter of fact, however, this awful vendetta, which has cost scores of lives, thousands of dollars' worth of valuable property, and an enormous sum to the State treasury, began over the possession of a mountain farm.

The Kentucky mountaineers of the past were large landowners, and the man who owned the biggest tract of land was the most popular and honoured among his neighbours. In "The Panbowl"—a tract of land enclosed by a bend in the Kentucky River, and so named because the river winds seven miles around it, coming back within sixty feet of its starting point—lived three families. "The Panbowl" was the most fertile portion of Breathitt County, and, being near the thriving town of Jackson, was a desirable tract of land. John Hargis, sen., Jerry South, and Thomas P. Cardwell, the heads of the three families, vied with each other as to who should excel in farm products and accumulate the most from the sale of them. Hargis, being the largest landowner, was much envied by his two neighbours, who were related by marriage, and still more closely drawn together by their mutual antipathy for their neighbour and their jealousy of his prosperity. This hatred became even more intense when John S. Hargis was elected to the State Senate, and rose in influence and power above his neighbours in "The Panbowl." During Senator Hargis's term in the Senate he was stricken with apoplexy and died, but his sons, James, Alex,

Ben, John Tide, and Elbert, continued the work on his large and fertile farm.

Another year passed and Thomas P. Cardwell died. It was found that, in trying to keep up appearances, he had burdened his farm with debts and mortgages, and his administrator found it necessary to sell the farm in order to discharge these debts. Great was the mortification of Thomas and Jerry Cardwell, his sons, when, on the day of the sale, their father's farm was bid for and bought by their Hargis neighbours. The rivalry and hatred of the fathers had been transmitted to the sons; and many times, as little boys, they had met and disputed fiercely over the value of their respective fathers' possessions. These bickerings continued until the boys attained the age of manhood; and now the Cardwells saw their home pass into the possession of their enemies, and they went to the home of Jerry South defeated and deeply chagrined. But together with the sympathizing Jerry South and his sons they laid plans that night by which they hoped to recover the land, and next day they went to Jackson, the county seat, and instituted a suit against the Hargis brothers. Litigation over the land went through court after court and lasted for years, causing much unpleasant friction and frequent threats and altercations between the two families. During this time old Jerry South passed away, and the Cardwells lost their best friend and counsellor.

Soon afterward the land suit was decided in favour of the Hargises, and the vendetta, which had so long hung threateningly over Breathitt County, burst forth.

Previous to the beginning of the suit, Jerry South, jun., had a daughter, named Lula Hargis, a sister of the late Senator's son, and the union, instead of mending the breach, had made it more intense between the feudists, and the hatred was more intense.

One night in October, 1890, Deat Sewell, a half-brother of the Hargises, was making molasses in a field near his home. As he followed the tread of his horse, whistling and singing alternately that favourite song of the mountaineer, "The Sourwood Mountain," a bullet whizzed by him. Alarmed, he turned and ran toward the house, but another shot followed with fatal

families—were wrought up to the highest state of excitement and dread. Many, through fear, left the cars at wayside stations and walked several miles to their destination. Finally the tragedy came. A fight was started by some drunken men near John Tide Hargis. During the uproar that followed Cardwell fired and killed Hargis. When the train reached Jackson



"ANOTHER SHOT FOLLOWED WITH FATAL EFFECT."

effect, and he fell dead. This was the first murder committed, and the Hargis faction promptly accused their brother-in-law, Jerry South, leaving no stone unturned to fasten the crime upon him. In the meantime they kept their trusty rifles carefully oiled and loaded, and anxiously sought to meet their brother-in-law, but he just as anxiously sought to avoid them. Before sufficient evidence could be secured to warrant his arrest he was killed in a brawl at a country picnic in Morgan County, where he had fled for refuge. His murderer had not been connected with the vendetta, but the Hargis brothers employed counsel and laboured in his defence until he was acquitted.

A few months later a crowd came up on the train from a picnic at Beattyville to their homes in Jackson. Among this crowd was John Tide Hargis. On the same train was Jerry Cardwell, a policeman appointed to keep order on the train. The two men watched each other like tigers ready to spring, and the passengers—who knew the state of affairs between the two

all the passengers had left the coaches and fled, leaving only the train crew and the murdered man.

Jerry Cardwell was tried for the murder of Hargis. He pleaded self-defence, but was convicted of manslaughter. Through the efforts of influential friends, however, a pardon was secured for him the day he was convicted. This emboldened the Cardwell faction, and a few months later Ben Hargis was murdered by Thomas Cockrill, a brother-in-law of the Cardwells. His sentence resulted in a pardon also, and the Hargis clan were infuriated.

The leaders on both sides of the vendetta moved from their country homes in "The Panbowl" to Jackson. Here they played at politics, laid plots, and accumulated funds to carry on the feud and to prevent the imprisonment of their allies, who were now warring openly in the country. One home after another was burned, and kinsman warred against kinsman with the ferocity of savages. The struggle went on intermittently for a few years, lulling



shook their heads and said, "It's comin', boys, it's comin'"; and you'd just as well prepare for it. Jim Hargis ain't the man to let all his blood and kin be shot down and nobuddy shot or stretched up fer it."

Others tried to calm their uneasy neighbours by arguing that the feud was for ever quelled, and that Hargis was a man of broad, deep principles, whose official oath was sacred to him.

Breathitt County's old-timers were not mistaken in their fears. One June evening in 1902, Dr. B. D. Cox was leaving his office early to spend the evening with his family. He was the guardian of Jerry Cardwell and Thomas Cockrill, and through his efforts they had been kept from prison. Beyond this, however, he had not been connected with the vendetta. But his activity in these cases had directed the wrath of the Hargises against him, and it had been often reported that he was a "marked man." Friends warned him repeatedly, but their warnings were unheeded. On this fateful evening his last thought was of peril, but when he had walked but a few steps from his office door a volley of shots was fired at him from the court-house opposite. He was dead before assistance arrived. No one was convicted of the murder, but the Cardwells accused Curt Jett, the man whose lawless daring was known throughout Kentucky and whose name was whispered with terror by the people of Breathitt County.

A few weeks later young James Cockrill, town marshal of Jackson, was shot down in the street a few steps from the spot where Dr. Cox had fallen. The fatal shots were fired from the court-house, and the bullets were found to be of the same calibre as those that ended Dr. Cox's life. Young Cockrill was a brother to Thomas Cockrill, and was related to the feudists on both sides. The Cardwells and Cockrills were loud in their accusations against their cousin, Curt Jett, as his murderer.

During the few months that followed many random shots were fired in the street, and the good citizens of Jackson became absolutely terrorized. The court-house—the temple of justice—had become the hiding-place of the assassin. The courts were denounced as a farce by one faction. Judges were intimidated, juries failed to convict, and chaos seemed in sight. Circuit Judge Redwine refused to hold his court in Breathitt County owing to the lawlessness. The governor appointed some of the most able and fearless attorneys in the State to go to Breathitt County as special judge, but each politely declined the honour. Then Judge Ira Julian, of Frankfort, consented to go there and hold court. Nothing was accomplished during his session. Finally Judge John E. Cooper, who

had been judge in the district which included Rowan County during the close of its "war,"\* and who was experienced in feudist tactics, was sent to Breathitt County. His session of court went on record as a futile one, and the people all over the State declared that Breathitt County officials and Breathitt County jurors were not seeking to convict.

During these two troublous terms of court James B. Marcum, the attorney, had been untiring in his efforts to hunt down the murderers of Dr. Cox and James Cockrill. He had previously defended Thomas Cockrill for the murder of Ben Hargis, as well as appearing as attorney in the election contest suit. Marcum had become the bitterest antagonist of the Hargises, and was notified that he was a "marked man." He ceased to visit his office, and was virtually a prisoner in his own home for months, his wife and daughters transacting all business which required appearance in public. Several times they discovered armed men in hiding near their home. Finally, one of these men, Tom White, whom Marcum had once befriended, became stricken with remorse and came to Marcum's house, where he laid bare the plot to murder him. Marcum left home before daylight the next morning, boarded a train by stealth on the outskirts of the town, and was on his way to Washington before his enemies knew it. He remained away for several months; but, despite the protests of his friends, returned to Jackson in March and resumed his professional duties. He took the utmost precaution, however, for safety, and for many days did not appear on the streets of Jackson unless accompanied by a woman on either side or carrying a child.

When court convened in Jackson on May 4th, 1903, James B. Marcum went early to the court-house to file some suits. He dispatched his business hastily and was leaving when he met his friend, Deputy-Sheriff B. J. Ewen, in the hall. Placing his hand on Ewen's shoulder, he stood talking for a moment, when Tom White passed in front of them. He stopped and looked long and insolently at Marcum.

"I am afraid of that man," said Marcum.

"Yes," replied Ewen, "he looks as if he would like to injure you. No doubt he is paid to do it. Be careful, Jim, and don't come to this place any more."

"I am a free American citizen, and I will come here when my business demands it," said Marcum. "They dare not—"

Just as the last word left his lips a shot was fired from the rear of the hall, and Marcum fell. Ewen rushed out of the house and shielded

\* See "The Rowan County War," in our issue for July, 1902.—E.D.

himself in an embrasure in the wall, but the assassin rushed forward and, placing his revolver against the prostrate man's head, fired again. Everyone immediately rushed from the court-house seeking a place of safety, and for some time all were afraid to go to the assistance of the stricken man, such was the dread of the feudists' vengeance. Finally, some of his friends plucked up sufficient courage to carry Marcum's dead body to a drug store near by.

As soon as the excitement had to some extent subsided, Sheriff Callahan ordered Deputy-Sheriff B. J. Ewen to search the court-house. He did so, but, of course, found it deserted—the murderer had escaped. But one thing Ewen found that had never been detected before, and that was a trap-door in the rear of the hall, where one could appear or disappear in the twinkling of an eye.

For days the identity of the murderer remained a mystery. The terror of death hung over Breathitt County. Fear had seized the entire community, and sealed the lips of those who were eye-witnesses to the cold-blooded assassination of James B. Marcum. The Governor offered a large reward for the apprehension of the murderer, and the people all over the State were horror-stricken at this bold crime. There was much speculation as to the assassin, and eventually it leaked out that

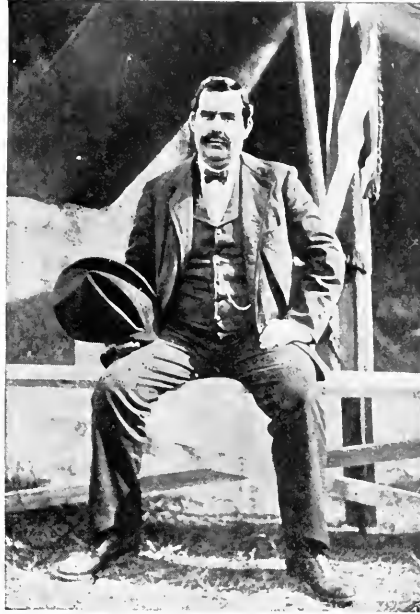
B. J. Ewen and several other citizens had recognised the assassin, but feared to mention his name. Protection was promised them, and Ewen left Jackson and went to Lexington, where he swore out a warrant for Curt Jett.

In a few days the desperado was arrested at his mother's home in Clark County, and confined in the Winchester gaol. Judge Redwine then called a special session of the grand jury to investigate the murder of Marcum, and asked for the State Militia to protect the witnesses and citizens.

The grand jury was empanelled on the 26th and indicted Curt Jett as the assassin, with Tom White as his accomplice. Captain Bell, with ten soldiers, went to the home of White's mother, twenty-six miles out in the mountains, and arrested him that night. He was placed in gaol with a company of soldiers, with a Gatling gun for emergencies, was placed on guard.

After a few days, in which the defence played for time, there began one of the most sensational trials ever known in America. Not a single

Breathitt County man was allowed to act as juror, but a special trial jury was summoned from another county. Every man was searched at the court-house door before he was permitted to enter. Soldiers surrounded the court-house, and the 23d W. I. were ordered to remain at their homes to the



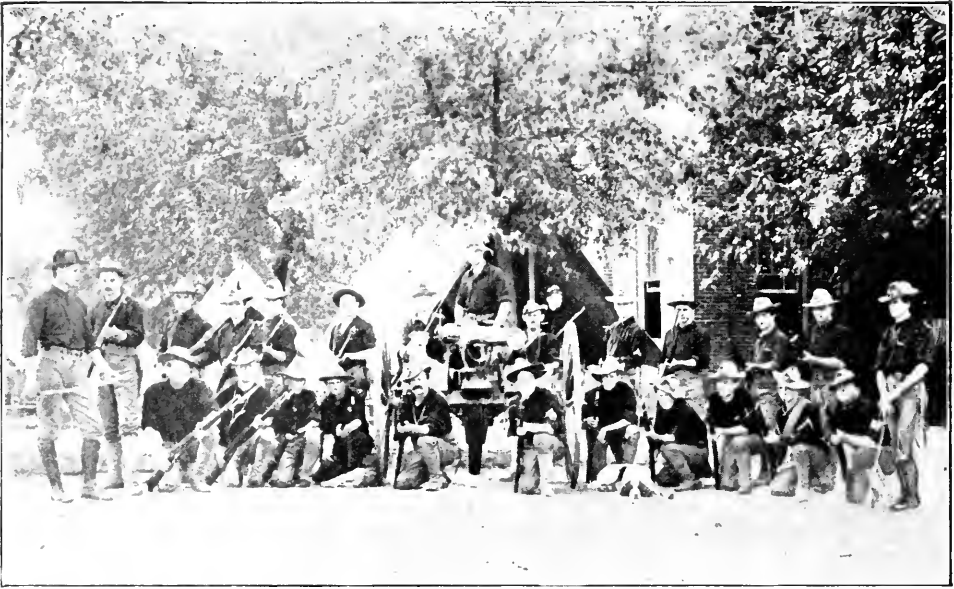
DEPUTY-SHERIFF B. J. EWEN, WHO WAS WITH JAMES B. MARCUM, THE ATTORNEY, WHEN HE WAS SHOT BY CURT JETT. [Photo. From a]

Jett, and a picked company of soldiers, with a Gatling gun for



"PLACING HIS REVOLVER AGAINST THE PROSTRATE MAN'S HEAD, HE FIRED AGAIN."





THE FIRST COMPANY OF THE STATE MILITIA WHO WERE CALLED OUT TO PROTECT THE WITNESSES AT THE TRIAL OF CURT JETT. [Photo,  
From a]

court-house and back again by a detachment of soldiers.

It was believed that B. J. Ewen was the chief witness, and that upon his testimony hung the fate of Curt Jett. The night before he was called to the witness stand two masked men appeared at his home and offered him a bribe of five thousand dollars to alter his testimony so as not to incriminate Curt Jett. Ewen was in-

dignant, and refused to accede to their demands, threatening to prosecute them. After ordering him to leave the town, and menacing him with immediate death if he remained, his unbidden and unwelcome guests departed.

The soldiers were sent to Ewen's home early the next morning, and he was escorted to the crowded court-house. He took the witness stand amidst vindictive glances from the



B. J. EWEN WITH HIS GUARD OF SOLDIERS—HE WAS OFFERED A BRIBE OF FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO ALTER HIS TESTIMONY SO AS NOT TO INCRIMINATE CURT JETT. [Photo,  
From a]

feudists, but with soldiers standing on guard all around him. He was brief but positive in his statements. Tom White, he said, passed in front of Marcum and looked meaningly into his face, and then walked on. Then a shot was fired and Marcum fell. He (Ewen) rushed out of the way, and saw Curt Jett advance with a fiendish expression on his face and, presenting his revolver at the fallen man, fire again.

The wildest excitement prevailed after Ewen's statement. Jett himself appeared unconcerned, but both his friends and his enemies were livid, some with anger and others with fear. Attorneys wrangled in loud and angry tones. Men started to their feet as if to attack the witness. Others attempted to leave the court-house to procure arms, and bloodshed seemed imminent. The judge sternly ordered every man to his seat, and instructed the soldiers to shoot the first person who offered to rise until the court had adjourned. He then telegraphed to the Governor to send reinforcements, and held the court in session the remainder of the day and overnight until the soldiers arrived at ten o'clock next morning.

Ewen dared not return home, but was taken into camp by the soldiers, and a special guard placed around him. Ewen felt quite safe in company with the soldiers, who took great pains to make him comfortable and adopted every precaution for his safety. His family also felt greatly relieved, and all retired early that night free from fear or anxiety.

At two o'clock the cry of "Fire! fire!" was sounded within a few feet of the camp. The two men who volunteered this information

passed hastily on as if to prevent recognition. Soon all the soldiers and their guns were aroused, and by this time the crowd had ascertained that the fire was in Ewen's hotel, a magnificent building. The frantic man attempted to rush to the rescue of his family, but was forcibly detained by the guards, while other soldiers hurried to the scene of the fire. They met Ewen's wife and daughters running toward the camp.

"Where is Mr. Ewen?" inquired his wife, anxiously.

"He is in camp," Mrs. Ewen," replied Major Lillard, the officer in command. "We could not allow him to come, but we are at your service. What shall we do first?"

"You did right to keep him there. This is only a plot to entice him out to his family's rescue, so that he may be shot," she said.

"Have no fear," replied Major Lillard. "He shall not leave camp under any circumstances. But can we save anything?"

"No, no," she replied, tearfully, "everything is gone. But we will return with you and see if all the guests have escaped."

They arrived upon the scene and found guests, but dressed, running in every direction. It was soon ascertained

that three men were yet in the hotel, but Major Lillard and his gallant horsemen leaped up the back stairway if not for the smoke and rescued them.

No one lingered to watch the burning building, but all hurried to a place of safety, as their limbs would carry them. Mrs. Ewen and her daughters were invited to the soldiers' quarters, and gladly accepted their hospitality.



"HE WAS TAKEN INTO CAMP BY THE SOLDIERS."

Ewen dared no longer remain in Jackson, for he felt that if he did, despite all precaution and protection, his life would pay the cost of his testimony against Curt Jett. He had no insurance on his property, and was left home-

he reached Jackson he was met by soldiers, who had been notified by wire.

The trial went on, and the network of evidence was woven stronger and stronger about Jett and White. Besides the prisoners, Com-



"WHERE IS MR. EWEN?" INQUIRED HIS WIFE, ANXIOUSLY."

less and penniless. He did not long remain so, however, for his pluck had been admired by people all over the State, and funds aggregating five thousand dollars were immediately raised and sent to his relief. He was offered, moreover, a handsome furnished home in Louisville free of rent for two years.

In a few days Ewen was compelled to return to Jackson, and his friends were in a quandary. There were no State troops to accompany him that day, and his presence was required immediately. The train crew, however, offered to protect him, and vouched for his safety. They placed him in the baggage-car and built around him a fortification of passengers' trunks. When

monwealth's Attorney Floyd Byrd was the most conspicuous figure in the trial. He had seen case after case tried at a great expense to the State and yet come to naught, and he fought this case in desperation. Boldly he threw accusations into the faces of the prisoners' friends, and unmercifully tore to pieces, bit by bit, the evidence which was designed to save the accused men from the gallows.

The case was finished and went to the jury. The friends of Marcum felt satisfied as to the result. "Justice will prevail," they said. But when hours passed and no verdict was returned they began to grow uneasy. A day and night passed and the jury did not appear, and through-

out the whole State the excitement was intense. No verdict was ever reached; for one man, Burns Fitzpatrick, stood out doggedly against the opinion of the other eleven jurymen, and declared that he would sign no verdict but "Not Guilty." The twelve men returned to their homes in Magoffin County, and that night eleven enraged men rode up to Burns Fitzpatrick's house and ordered him peremptorily to seek a home beyond the borders of the county. He went forth in the night, a despised out-cast.

The judge, believing that justice would be thwarted by influential friends of the prisoners if the case was again tried in or near Breathitt County, transferred it to Harrison County, two hundred miles away. This was several weeks before the court would convene in Harrison County, and gave the friends and attorneys on both sides time to plot, gather evidence, and manufacture sentiment. The farmers of Harrison County began to feel that the mule trade was quite profitable about two weeks before the case was called for trial. Mule buyers traversed the whole county and called on every man. No deals were made, however, the price being always too high or the animal unsuited to their needs. But one thing was accomplished, and that was that each farmer was drawn into conversation about the approaching trial, and his name and sentiments were recorded for future reference. So, when the day of trial came, Jett and White's friends were acquainted with the feelings of almost every man in Harrison County, and began to work to secure a favourable jury.

The trial was almost a repetition of the Jackson trial so far as the evidence went, but on each side were lined up some of the most able and brilliant lawyers of the State, and they worked as though their own lives were at stake. Each attorney for the defence took up some

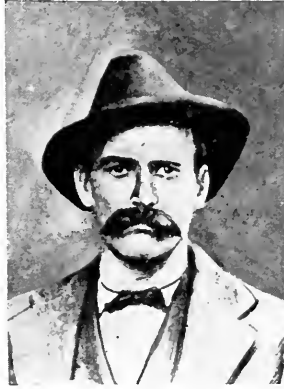
special feature. No stronger plea was made than that of Judge Lafferty against capital punishment. He spoke two hours on that one subject, and mentioned no other feature of the trial. He made one convert at least—his cousin, Jasper King. When the case went to the jury eleven jurors were in favour of the death penalty, but King held out against them for twenty-four hours and brought them to a compromise of life-imprisonment.

The outcome of this trial was satisfactory to the Hargis faction. It gave them time to appeal the case and perfect their plans. The prisoners were separated. White was sent to Covington and Jett to the Lexington gaol. Before an appeal from the sentence could be taken Jett was indicted for the murder of James Cockrill and again rushed into trial. This was a surprise that the prisoner and his friends were not prepared for, and they had no time to gather evidence. The result was a complete victory for the prosecution, and at last this notorious and often-tried prisoner was

sentenced to be hung. The date for his execution was set for December 1st. His counsel at once took the case up to the Court of Appeals, where, at the moment of writing, it is still pending, and Curt Jett is awaiting his final sentence behind the bars of the Lexington gaol.

During all this time, while the leaders were engaged in the trials of Jett and White, the vendetta itself had not ceased. Far out in the mountainous regions of the county man sought the life of man as greedily as ever. When a murder was reported soldiers went in pursuit of the guilty, but the feudists were wary and easily evaded them.

The combatants have all returned to Jackson, where they meet each other daily face to face. Soldiers still patrol the streets, and apparent peace prevails: yet the feudists are not conquered. Where will it all end?



BURNS FITZPATRICK, THE ONLY JURYMEN WHO REFUSED TO RETURN A VERDICT OF "GUILTY" AGAINST CURT JETT AT THE FIRST TRIAL.

*From a Photo.*

# The Maddest Game on Earth.

BY ELD. RITSON, OF WORKINGTON.

A spirited description by a resident of the remarkable "Ball Play" which takes place on Easter Tuesday of each year at Workington, in Cumberland—"as maddening an excitement as is to be found anywhere on this planet—a game probably without a precedent or parallel." Photos. by Messrs. Taylor, Smith, Watson, and Hubble.



O attempt, within the circumscribed limits of an up-to-date magazine, a full description of this old Workington custom known as the "Ball Play" would be to essay the impossible, hence I will outline it as briefly as may be, with the preface that it is as maddening an excitement as is to be found anywhere on this planet—a game probably without a precedent or parallel.

The "game" takes place once a year—on Easter Tuesday—and is to-day as bitterly contested as ever it was. It requisitions now as ever the strength of the strongest and the grim, iron endurance of the most stalwart.

The "sides" are as follows: The seafaring and carpentering men on the one side, called "Downeyghyats," and the pitmen, tradesmen, etc., on the other, called "Uppieghyats," the two, for the sake of brevity, answering to the name of "Uppies" and "Downies," or "Ups" and "Downs," these names being derived from two obsolete sections of the borough—Uppergate and Lowergate.

The "waste," or common, on which the sport takes place is known as the "Cloffocks," a large extent of tide-swept and grass land, the town paralleling the one side to the south, and the River Derwent forming along its whole extent its northern boundary. This common could once boast of an uninterrupted course extending a full mile and a quarter to the sea, but to-day, what with railway embankments, corporation bridges, and football grounds, its beauty has long departed,

and that dark day may not be long distant when even its very name will be but a memory.

These encroachments, too, are also having an effect upon the yearly "Ball Play," limiting its freedom and necessitating a vast amount of damage; and this, combined with the dying out of the old veteran, the great influx and influence of the stranger, and perhaps, too, the degeneration of species, is also tending towards the abandonment of the custom. Still, it will die hard, and new faces will have come and gone before the game becomes one of the "has beens."

Its origin is unknown and the exact reason for its existence untraceable, though the local archives prove that long before King Hal laid his grip upon the Priors the game was taking place. My own conclusion is that it commemorates some sanguinary battle.

The object of the game is for one side or the other to carry the ball, by sheer force, to certain points at opposite ends of the town, victory resting with the side that succeeds in fighting its way to its particular goal. The limits of play are nil. Over the river or through the town thoroughfares—it is all the same to the excited participants.

"Time," too, has no meaning for these players, and though generally the ball is "hailed" (at one or the other of the "goals") the same day, yet instances are not wanting where night has intervened before one side or the other has triumphed.

The Downies have to "top the capstan," away at the lower end of the Cloffocks; while, far in the opposite direction, the Uppies



"TOPPING THE CAPSTAN"—THE DOWNEYGHYAT  
From a "HAIL." [Photo.]

have to throw the ball over or carry it through the park wall surrounding the ancestral home of the Curwens. When once the leather has

the privilege of "providing" and "throwing-off" will be jealously handed down.

And now let me describe the game as it appears to an eye-witness—surely the most extraordinary



THE HALL, INSIDE THE WALLS OF WHICH THE "UPPIES" HAVE TO THROW OR CARRY THE BALL.

From a]

[Photo.

"topped the capstan" or entered park grounds it is said to be "hailed," the Titan who can wrest the sphere from his opponents being termed the "hailor." This of course terminates the annual tussle; though not always is it given for the grime-stained player, who has borne the heat or burden of the day, to "hail" the ball. Any player or spectator lucky enough to throw the leather over the park wall or top the capstan has full claim to all the honours of the deed.

As regards the "throwing-off" of the ball, which starts this extraordinary game, for three centuries the senior member of the Daglish family, a race of stalwart and industrious pitmen, has performed the office, and from sire to son

contest to be seen anywhere in prosaic England. Look! Clear from the bridge that bisects the middle of the mile and a quarter course (the Clouffocks), the ball, thrown from an Uppeyghyat hand, rises heavenwards, amid an utterly bewildering clamour. It is seen for an instant—a dark spherical dot—hurling towards the countless throng of gesticulating Uppeyghyat and Downeyghyat players; and then disappears in the scrambling scuffle



THE "UPPIES" "THROWING-OFF" THE BALL IN "PROVIDING AND "THROWING-OFF" THE BALLS TO BE PLAYED WITH ONE FAMILY FOR THREE CENTURIES.  
From a Photo. by Martin, Workington.



From a]

"THE BALL RISES HEAVENWARDS, AMID AN UTTERLY BEWILDERING CLAMOUR."



From a

"NOW, INDEED, IS THE GAME AFOOT."

[Photo.

that follows, and rush, kick, shove, and shout ensue until the outside crowd, too eager to await developments, join in, when ball, players, and many an unwary spectator are forced into the stream running alongside.

Now, indeed, is the game afoot. The stream becomes immediately transformed into what might fairly well be termed an aquatic human maelstrom—a maelstrom in which two hundred and fifty pairs of sturdy legs are making sad havoc among the ooze of past floods. Yet, despite mud and filth, mad play runs riot; and what with dashing, splashing, rushing, tripping, trampling, spluttering, struggling, and yelling, the scene beggars description and knocks melodrama into a cocked hat. Philology has not adjectives enough to picture it.

Dashing up, rushing down, here, there, backwards, forwards, head over heels in the chill waters, mud-stained from crown to heel, go the players. This is joy indeed to the twenty thousand onlookers—an unrehearsed comedy, a topsy-turvy chaos good for sore eyes.

Nor less is it so to the wild participants of the mad game. The antagonistic fires of old-time feuds, the inherited animosities, thrill them to the core; and not one but does his best, regardless of cost or consequence. Hark now to the wild war-shouts—battle-cry on battle-cry: "Up! Up with her! Up she goes!"

"Down! Down! All of a side; and Down! Down! Hurrah!" The heart thrills to the wild, be-

wildering shout—the battle-cry of mud-grimed Uppeyghyat and the answering defiance of the howling Downeyghyat.

Paragon of wild games, it is the strife of giants, the sport of men; though the knit brow, the clenched jaw, and the flashing eye count for something more than mere sport.

What a medley it all is! What a sidelight is it upon life, refinement,

and moral suasion! What a putting back of the clock! Men are but the sons of men; and if you scratch the film of civilization you will expose the raw cuticle of barbarism beneath.

Manhood in its strength, youth in its rashness, and sturdy old age blended in one huge, frenzied throng; while ringing high overhead, and thrown back by the almost deserted township, the wild war-cries of the combatants, and the no less excited vociferations of the countless onlookers, echo and re-echo with indescribable effect.

Now, it is the one desire of the impulsive spectator to get even such a little thing as a kick at the ball, while he who can boast of having handled the leather has glory showered upon his name and lineage to the end of the chapter.



From a

"MANHOOD, YOUTH, AND OLD AGE BLENDED IN ONE HUGE, FRENZIED THROG."

[Photo.



The ball comes flying towards the edge of the stream, alighting almost at my very feet. It is the one chance of a lifetime—the tide taken at the flood which leads on to—"Wang at her!"

shout a hundred voices. Oh, irresistible impulse; oh, most insidious temptation! I leap to have at least one long, long throw, and, ye gods! five seconds later my own maternal parent would scarcely have recognised her darling in the water-soaked, bedraggled, tieless, collarless, hatless creature that is in the thick of the fray doing his best the while

to crack his larynx in shouting the old war-cry, "Up! Up! To the Hall! To the Hall!" But let that pass. Encouragement and disapproval ring from all sides. Hark to it!

"Go it, Will!" "Down him, Antony!" "At it, terriers all!" "To it, ye bull pups: to it!" "There's a cask and a gold guinea at the Hall!" "Up! Up! Up with her!"

Up and down the watercourse flies the ball. Scrimmage and loose play, loose play and scrimmage, rushing here, giving there, drenched, soaked, chilled, and badgered, player and on-looker cheering and cursing in hearty unison. Excitement rises higher and higher, and the centre of the players becomes a seething madness, in which heads, arms,

legs, and bodies in constant motion appear but to embody one individual and unrelenting fury, one grand human amalgam. Up shove the Ups; and down shove the Downs.

It is warm work now, and, despite cold water, steam as from a valve rises above the heads of the mud-stained combatants: while hats, caps, remnants of raiments, drift about with more freedom than pleasantness.

"Up with her! Up with her! Hurrah! Hurrah! There she is again. To the Hall! To the Hall!" thunder the Uppies. "To the Capstan! To the Capstan! Down! Down!" echo the Downies; and on to the grass comes the ball, scattering the spectators in wild confusion.

Fast riverwards it travels: throw on throw, held here, loose there; and as the broad, glistening breast of the Derwent spreads before the view, loud to the breeze rings the shout—

"Give her a swim, boys: give her a swim!" Scarce will the waters of the Jordan new purify the grimy heroes.

Again is the play stayed, and for fully an hour again neither moves up nor down. A short struggle on the bank, a fly-fish deep water, the water's surface, the players, a mass of yelling,



From a "UP AND DOWN THE WATERCOURSE FLIES THE BALL." (Photo.)



"THE CENTRE OF THE PLAYERS BECOMES A SEETHING MADNESS." From a Photo.



From a

"UP WITH HER! UP WITH HER!"

[Photo.

mud-begrimed hero. Sixty years of pit life have failed to quench the spirit within his iron frame. He seizes the ball, and like dogs upon a baited bear twenty sturdy opponents fling themselves bodily upon him. They strive to pull him down, but like dogs they are thrown off; and ringing out his wild war-cry—"Up! Up!"—a herculean "wang" up the harbour proves the ardour of his enthusiasm.

Desperately and vainly the Downies now essay to "top

sweltering humanity, collier and seaman, carpenter and tradesman, spluttering, sputtering, floundering, splashing, sinking, and swimming. Up, down, backwards and forwards they go, puffing and blowing, with chattering teeth and shivering bodies.

It is a mad phenomenon of tireless energy. Up and down flies the ball, now to the advantage of the one side and anon to the credit of the other, though, as the current of the flood tells strongly against the Uppies, the ball slowly but surely is being forced capstanwards.

But again on dry land it comes, and fresh relays of Downeyghyats joining in, it still continues its progress harbourwards, though every inch of the way is bitterly and obstinately contested.

Into the harbour throngs the grimy host. There is mud to the right, to the left; mud everywhere, thick mud, sticky mud, and a full three feet of it. But undismayed the players face the music; and it is a ludicrous spectacle to see whole batches literally bogged. But up they come, friend or foe, in the strong arms of their luckier comrades. Down the harbour goes the fray, Downey and Uppieghyat game to the last.

Look! Yonder stands a

the capstan," but on past the "hailing" goes the ball; on, over the mud of the old dock, on down the gut—aye, even to that limit where the waves of the Solway thunder and break upon the beach. Though not long are they there, for as if the sea air had put new life into the weary Uppieghyats, back again up the gut comes the ball. Back they come, a roaring throng. Back—despite the colossal efforts of the opposition; back—past the "hailing," "wang" on "wang," throw on throw, brawny chests shirtless, bare shoulders exposed and



From a

"UNDISMAYED THE PLAYERS FACE THE MUSIC."

[Photo.

naked, brawny arms appearing here and there in the mad play.

The colliers have got their wind, and no Downeyghyat capstan will be topped this day. Up the harbour, a motley, unclean throng, they crowd. Up Church Street, on—under the walls of the old church—and still on they throng; on—tireless and eager; on—down Dolly's Brow; and on—once more to the tide-swept lands of the Cloffocks, a reeking, roaring, rampaging concourse, huddled into one violently active mass.

And on—still on—they thunder; on—on—a roaring phalanx, impulsive as the human thought, resistless as the gale-wave on Solway's beach, an army abandoned to a remorseless purpose,

a torrent leaping over every obstruction, an avalanche of heads, arms, bodies, legs, rolling eyeballs, and glistening teeth, the tell-tale blood of injury showing on many a swarthy cheek, on many a brawny arm; on—on—ringing and resonating the old war-shout, "Up! Up!" and the still defiant cry of "Down! Down!"

A break comes as the beck is again reached, and alternating fortune holds the balance. But—on—again they crowd, a football Juggernaut of fate. 'Tis the Uppeyghyat rush; and naught may now withstand it. Dyke and rail give before the advancing horde; stone walls form no obstruction; down, as grass before the scythe, they go; and on—over the remnants—forges the mad *mêlée* of players—a ram-like force, an organized mass.

The uproar, being more confined, is now appalling; and the croaking "caw! caw!" of disturbed rooks, dwellers of park tree-tops, add to the babel. A last mighty effort; and into the park—the timbered lands surrounding the ancestral home of the Curwens—rolls the tide

of players and the goal is won; though the accustomed struggle for individual hailorship has yet to be amicably ended.

Four stalwarts, with arms of iron, enclasp the ball; and as each stubbornly vociferates his claim, a full half-hour of wrangling and bitter controversy, which would be intensely ludicrous but for its undeniable sincerity, elapses, for the honour of "hailing" is great and a thing to be proud of.

But at length it is settled, and "Hurrah! Hurrah!" the well-fought fight is ended; and up the acclivity upon which the Hall stands stream victors, spectators, and opponents, and all alike join in the maddening shout that rings far and wide—"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"



From a] "A REEKING, ROARING, RAMPAGING CONCOURSE." [Photo.

Through the archway into the courtyard they throng, a grimy, dishevelled host, and rouse the echoes of the ivied walls to the common roar. And clang! clang! intonates the courtyard bell; amid the jangle of which the lord of the manor handles the ball, passes over the well-earned guinea, and receives three hearty cheers. Then, shoulder-high, the "hailor," the hero of the day, holding the ball at arm's length, is borne through the archway.

Oh! the wild diapason that greets him! Warrior from the wars was ne'er so lauded. Statesman, darling of a nation, ne'er bowed to such a vocal reception as greets this mud-stained, grime-daubed, half-naked Uppeyghyat; and a man's heart leaps in his breast as he hears. Down the avenue he is borne, a mortal bubble buoyant upon a human torrent, till, reaching the nearest hostel, "hailor," ball, and war-stained players disappear within its inviting portal, and revelry puts a climax on the day's exertion, for, till another year comes round, the "maddest game on earth" is over.

# MY FIRST DEER-HUNT.

By W. R. PEDRICK.

An amusing account of the trials and tribulations which befell a sportsman in the woods of Maine during his first deer-hunt.



T last my life-long desire was to be gratified—I was to hunt in the regions of big game. My friend, Joe Coulson, had invited me to join himself and two others, named

Gray and Richmond respectively, in an outing to the woods of Maine; and, having been recently advanced from a position as employé to that of a partner, I was free to neglect my business and go.

Having no gun, I must either buy, borrow, or hire one; and I decided to do the latter. At an adjacent gun-store I found one that suited me exactly—an eight-bore muzzle-loader, with thirty-six-inch barrels. Heavy, certainly, and old-fashioned; but it was formidable, and, as I thought, just the thing for deer.

“What are you going to do with that?” asked Joe, when I showed it to him during the afternoon.

“Kill deer!” I replied, enthusiastically. “It’s just the thing. You don’t want any popgun to kill deer with.”

“But, my boy,” said Joe, “I neglected to say that we are going to fish, not hunt.”

“Oh!” said I, “is that so? Well, you fellows can fish, if you want to, but I’m going for a deer.”

Joe laughed, and said “All right”; but Gray and Richmond, when told of my gun, exchanged significant glances.

None of the others took a gun, but the two last-named took their pointers for an

outing in the woods. As a guide, we hired an old fellow named Ballinger, to whom we applied the sobriquet of “Dad.” He fortunately owned a mule and waggon, by means of which we penetrated the woods.

On Monday night we pitched our camp near a lake; and the next morning “Dad,” before taking the other fellows out fishing, put me on what he declared to be the most likely stand for deer in all that region. All day I sat in a brush “blind,” with my eight-bore across my knee and my eyes fixed wistfully upon the trail before me. But, save by the wind and the falling leaves, the silence was unbroken until I heard the shouts of my friends as they returned to camp.

I do not think that this sort of thing impaired my patience at all, but it ruffled my temper, and so weakened my normal self-restraint that, when the boys opened fire on me with volleys of chaff, I

petulantly flung my gun into the waggon.

It must have been still cocked—anyway, it went off. And so did the waggon—to which

the mule was attached—with all our trappings, which had been loaded preparatory to shifting our camp! As the vehicle jolted over roots and stumps and bumped against the trees its contents slid off, singly and in small detachments; and when it became firmly wedged between two trees, about a hundred yards from camp, the mule left it too.



THE AUTHOR, MR. W. R. PEDRICK, WHO HERE DESCRIBES HIS FIRST DEER-HUNT.  
From a Photo. by Fowler, Philadelphia.



From a] THE CAMP OF THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

[Photo.



"AS THE VEHICLE JOLTED OVER ROOT AND STUMPS ITS CONTENTS SLID OFF."

"Dad" followed the trail like a hound, letting out savage exclamations with each leap in lieu of baying. The mule, which was overtaken about a quarter of a mile off, was found to have had half his left ear shot away; but was otherwise uninjured and now apparently composed and unconcerned.

He was certainly more so than I; for, in truth, I was wretched. It was not in anger that I swore; but I wished, and wished sincerely, that I was at home. My visions of big game vanished, and I saw only my miserable self as a disturber of the peace, a menace to life and property, and the butt of my friends for the remainder of my life.

"This comes of bringing that confounded blunderbuss," said Joe. "Well, we'll have to bundle him off home in the morning." Knowing the truth of all that my friends said, and more, I made no attempt to extenuate my offence, but threw myself upon their generosity without reserve or supplication. My humility melted them, and they decided the next morning that I should remain—and again be entrusted with the gun.

Before starting for home—where he was obliged to go for fresh harness—"Dad" again stationed me and helped in the construction of a large "blind," in which I resumed my watch. I still had hope, but by no means the confidence and nervous expectation of the previous day. With the passing of the hours, moreover, my hopes sank to zero and I found it impossible to

longer maintain a vigilant watch. Stacking my gun, I walked about within the "blind," thinking of home and business, and even humming popular airs.

About one o'clock, however, the sound for which I had listened so long fell upon my ears. Tip, tip, tip—little louder than the rustle of the leaves. Grasping my gun I peered out with a thumping heart and saw, to my unspeakable disgust, the two pointers approaching the "blind." One of them was dragging a chain. Tired of the cramped quarters of the boat, no doubt,

they had somehow escaped, and, finding no one at the camp, had trailed me down. Calling the unwelcome visitors in, I chained them together and made them lie down in the back part of the "blind," where they apparently went to sleep.

About two o'clock I felt that I should risk nothing by having a smoke, and listlessly drew forth my pipe and tobacco. While I stood thumbing some of the latter in the palm of my hand, I inadvertently looked toward the trail in front. There, some forty yards away, stood a magnificent buck, sniffing the air as if trying to locate the source of some unusual odour!

My pipe and tobacco dropped from my hand and I became rigid. But I was not paralyzed, as I have heard of others becoming in similar situations. On the contrary I had never thought so fast or of so many things at the same time in all my life as I did then. In an instant there flashed across my mind the adventures of Gordon Cummings, the Virginians in Texas, and nearly all the thrilling hunting incidents of which I had read when a boy. At the same time I was painfully mindful of the dogs, and of the fact that my gun stood against a sapling six feet away. I realized, too, that a quick movement on my part would send the deer off through the woods like a meteor. Very slowly I crouched down and carefully pushed one foot forward, and extended my hand toward the gun. My heart, instead of standing still, thumped so fast that it seemed to me the deer must be at it, and my hand was yet two feet short of the gun, when

I observed that the dogs were getting restless ! I cursed them with the vigour of a sailor and the silence of a shadow, whereupon they got up and sniffed the air. With my left hand and my lips, moving as in pantomime, I coaxed, commanded, and threatened, but they gave no sign of comprehension. In the meantime the deer, though facing my way, was apparently looking too high to see me, and my right hand finally touched the gun.

Never had a touch so thrilled me. It was like "Yes!" to an almost hopeless lover. Quickly I grasped it, tightly I clutched it, and slowly I drew it near, while great beads of perspiration gathered on my forehead. At last, taking my attention from the dogs, I cocked the gun. The sharp click of the locks startled me. Quickly bracing myself, I raised the gun to position and glanced along the sights. Almost instantly I saw the magnificent head of the buck in line and pulled the trigger. As I did so, however, I sat violently down upon the flat of my back. The two ounces of buckshot in my gun brought a shower of leaves from the tree-tops, while the terrific report of the discharge echoed and reverberated through the forest.

What had happened? The dogs, bolting, one on either side of me, had caught me behind the knees with that confounded chain and carried me off my feet. Jumping up I found, of course, that the deer had vanished, whereupon my language was no longer pantomimic.

I returned to camp that evening thoroughly enraged and disgusted. I would have liked very much to shoot the dogs; but as their owners declined to sell them, I had to put up with seeing them trot defiantly about the earth.

When "Dad" returned that night he was accompanied by his boy, a lad of sixteen, with whom I determined to go to the lake the next day to fish. I had had enough of hunting, I thought, yet at the last moment I decided to take the gun. We might see a partridge, I thought, or a squirrel, or possibly a duck. So, drawing the buckshot, I substituted "number sixes," which were better suited to the purposes of my shrunken ambition.

By noon we had landed several fine bass and some pickerel, and I now keenly regretted having wasted two whole days in the bushes. Drawing our little flat-bottomed craft upon the shore under a bluff, we proceeded, sandwich in hand, to walk about and stretch our legs. While thus occupied we heard the baying of hounds.

"Hark!" said I, excitedly.

"Dogs after a deer," said the boy, laconically.

"They are coming this way," I observed.

"That's what," replied the boy, tersely.

A little later I heard stones and dirt roll down the bluff fifty or sixty yards away; and the next instant a full-grown buck plunged into the lake and made for the opposite shore.

Instantly the hunting instinct was aroused within me, and visions of exciting adventures flitted across my mind, even as I scrambled into the boat, calling upon the boy to follow.

We were quickly in pursuit, the deer a hundred yards ahead. For some time we barely held our own. Our boat was propelled by a single paddle—Indian fashion—and, work as he would, the boy could not narrow the gap. Seeing this, I ripped a seat loose and, kneeling on the bottom of the boat, used it as an auxiliary power. It was a clumsy makeshift,



"THE DOGS CARRIED ME OFF MY FEET."



"THE BOY BEAT THE ANIMAL AWAY WITH HIS PADDLE."

to be sure, but not a useless one, for we now gained perceptibly. Ten minutes of hard pulling brought us within sixty yards of the game, when, observing that it was nearing the opposite shore, the boy advised me to shoot. This I made ready to do; but I had not forgotten, in my excitement, that the gun was now charged with number six shot, which I knew would not stop a deer at sixty yards. I had the buckshot with me, however, and hastily rammed home a good charge of them in each barrel, on top of the smaller shot already there. Then, taking careful aim, I fired, and the next instant was conscious of being submerged in the lake! The gun and I parted company in the mix-up; but it was in the lake, too, and the shooting was off.

I arose about twenty feet from the boat, to find the boy paddling frantically, and the deer, evidently hit and bewildered, making straight for us. The prospect of a hand-to-hand encounter with a wounded deer in deep water was anything but comforting, and I struggled desperately to improve the situation. But climbing into a boat of that kind is no easy

feat. It was made particularly difficult by my excitement, and was not possible with the boy leaning far over the opposite side to hold it in balance. At last I rolled over the gunwale, but in doing so I so rocked the little boat that the boy tumbled out, and the general situation was not much improved. By the time that he had got back into the boat the deer was trying to get in too. Taking up the loosened seat, I wildly aimed a blow at its head, but the rocking of the boat caused me to miss, and in a twinkling I was overboard again!

When I came to the surface I grasped the gunwale of the boat, and for some time the deer and I looked each other in the face from opposite sides, and as we did so I was conscience-stricken at having shot such a beautiful creature.

The love of life, however, proved stronger than my sense of justice, and I decided to live. The boy beat the animal away with his paddle, and, with much care,

I managed to regain my place in the boat without again throwing him out. The deer, already exhausted, was now soon dispatched and in tow for shore, where we were joined in a little while by my friends.

Such is the manner in which I killed my first deer, upon whose antlers, suspended in my hall, I now hang my hat.



THE ANTLERS OF THE ANIMAL WHICH I KILLED.  
(From a photograph.)



# Sights and Scenes in Uganda.

BY C. W. HATTERSLEY, C.M.S.

## I.

A chatty article by a missionary resident in our great African Protectorate. Mr. Hattersley's descriptions of manners and customs will be found of great interest, and that he used his camera to good purpose is abundantly proved by the photographs reproduced.

**I**N commencing an article on Uganda it is fitting that I should first of all introduce you to the King. It will be remembered that Sir H. M. Stanley, when first visiting Uganda in 1875, was received by a King called Mtesa. On the death of the latter he was succeeded by his son, Mwanga. Mwanga, in spite of the treaty which he had made with the representatives of the English Government, was not inclined to obey their instructions, and he behaved very foolishly some five years ago, running away to escape from the trouble which he had brought upon himself. He was eventually captured and exiled to the coast. At the present moment, together with a number of other deposed monarchs, he is at Mahé, in the Scy-chelles Islands — a prisoner certainly, but in a very comfortable captivity, receiving a regular allowance of some seven pounds a month from the English Government.

The present King, shown in our picture, is only about seven years old. Daudi Cwa is the son of Mwanga, and is a very happy little individual, with a pretty face and pleasing manners. It is a curious thing that, almost without exception, all writers on Uganda persist

in stating that King Daudi and his father are descendants of a light-skinned tribe of cattle people, living farther south, who style themselves Wahuma. I have been at some pains in making inquiries from the leading chiefs to verify this statement, but have never been able to find anyone amongst the natives who believes in it.

The King is certainly lighter-skinned than some of his fellow Waganda, and has finely-cut features, but the Waganda are rather a mixed race, and you can find amongst them types of almost every nation in Central Africa, and even of the West African negro. The Wahuma are a subject race to the Waganda, and are treated by them as despised servants. One can scarcely conceive how such despised servants became the ruling family without any of the natives knowing anything about it. Daudi is being well educated by competent teachers, chosen by his three Regents, and can already read fairly well, can even write a tolerable hand and make figures, and is very pleased to shake you by the hand and say in English, "How do you do?" He is also being trained, to some extent, in English customs, such as sitting at a table and eating his meals with proper implements,



From a

THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD KING OF UGANDA.

(Photo.



A CURIOUS CUSTOM—"THE KING REGRETS HE IS UNABLE TO CALL UPON YOU, BUT HAS SENT YOU HIS SHIRT. WILL YOU WEAR IT AND REMEMBER HIS REGARD?" *[Photo.*

accordance with correct etiquette.

Uganda is a British protectorate, not a colony. An English Commissioner is appointed, not to rule the country, but to represent the British Government and advise the native King and Council. The King and this Council are supposed to be, and indeed are, the rulers of the country, though, of course, they pay great regard to the wishes and advice of the Commissioner.

instead of using merely his fingers, as did his forefathers. What is much more important, he is being carefully trained in Christian principles, and evil influences have, as far as possible, been removed from him, and there is every hope that he will prove to be a wise and good ruler of his people. He is very much inclined to be friendly with Europeans, and is pleased when they call upon him. Childlike, he perhaps appreciates the presents he receives from them as much as the visitors themselves, and is especially pleased with sweet biscuits. Occasionally he sends a return present, but not frequently. He does, however, often send messages as a sort of salutation.

The above photograph illustrates a curious custom of the King's. He sent a messenger to me with the message, "The King has sent me to see you" (Lit. : To salute you), "and regrets that he is unable to call upon you, but, as he cannot, he has sent you this shirt of his. Will you wear it a few days and so remember his regard for you?" It is, no doubt, very pleasant to be thus remembered by Royalty, but I did not consider it advisable to wear King Daudi's diminutive shirt. So I thanked him sincerely for his kind thoughts, and carefully laid away the shirt on a high shelf for a few days. Then I returned it to him in

Colonel Sadler, C.B., who is working most amicably and kindly with the natives, and undoubtedly gaining their confidence and esteem.

The next photograph shows the House of



THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, UGANDA. *[From a Photo.]*

Parliament of Uganda—the room in which the King's Council meets. A prominent object is the massive chair of gilt and crimson, in which the King sits.

This throne was presented to his father by the Imperial British East Africa Company. The Parliament House itself is built of reeds and thatched with grass, the roof being supported, in true native style, by a forest of poles. A handsome brick building is in course of erection, however, to supersede this native structure.

The whole Waganda nation pay great respect to their "Kabaka" (King), and "Kukika," *i.e.*, to visit and do homage to the King, has always been the main occupation of the chiefs—especially of late years, on a Monday. It is from this word "Kukika" that the name of the Assembly House is taken, and it is called Lukiko—the place of sitting before and doing homage to the King.

Under the new régime, the chiefs gather in the Lukiko with the King, but really presided over by the chief regent, the Katikiro, on Mondays and often on Saturdays, and discuss all the business of the country

The members are not elected by popular vote, but may sit in the assembly on attaining a certain rank. The kingdom is divided into twenty districts, which are called Masaza, and each head of a saza and the chief next in rank to him may sit in the council. These are really the chief members there, but there are other dignitaries who are called Bakungu, chiefs of position, who sit on chairs, as do the heads of districts. All members below the rank of Bakungu, however, must sit on the ground. They may spread a mat or a skin to sit on, but the ground is covered with freshly cut grass, and many of them merely sit on this. Chairs and forms are of very recent date, and before the commencement of Daudi's

reign nobody but the King himself might enjoy the luxury of a raised seat. Nor might anyone approach him, except in a kneeling position, and on no account must anyone venture to encroach on the Royal leopard skin in front of the King's chair.

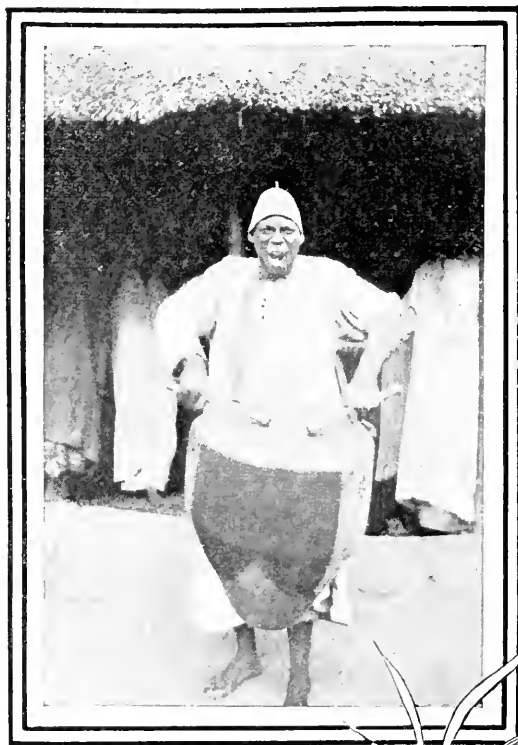
All matters of government, the making of new laws, and the trial of important law cases which baffle the chief judge are decided by this Lukiko, but all decisions must be approved and sanctioned by H.M. Commissioner or his deputy before they can take effect, and in no case may sentence of death be passed on any criminal without the sanction of the Commissioner.

The room of the Lukiko is decorated with red, white, and blue cloths, and the poles are draped with the same material; while on great occasions the Union Jack is displayed behind the King's chair.

No important Royal assembly would be complete without the attendance of the King's drummer, here shown in the photograph. This man is one of many, but he possesses the unique advantage of being able to yell in a most deafening manner, and, therefore, could on no ac-

count be dispensed with. This "champion yeller" is a relic of barbarism, which from an English point-of view would be better done away with, but to the natives he is a source of great amusement, and is always very much in evidence, not only in the assemblies, but on all big days and receptions given by the King.

Talking about noises reminds me that the Waganda are noted for their drums and drumming. The drum itself is a piece of the trunk of a tree, hollowed out like a great basin, and covered at top and bottom with pieces of cowhide with the hair left on. These two pieces are connected and drawn extremely tight by



NO ROYAL ASSEMBLY WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT THIS WORTHY, THE KING'S  
From a "CHAMPION YELLER." (Photo.



laces of twisted hide, fixed closely all round the sides, which allow of the drum being tuned. The sole business of many men among the King's servants is to drum for him, and he has one set of twelve drums tuned to the native scale, which contains but six notes, and four skilled men armed with thin canes extract from these drums most wonderful music, to the accompaniment of several bigger drums, which put in a sort of bass. This extraordinary orchestra can be heard some miles away.

There are no war drums used exclusively as such. It is the *beat*, and not the drum, which calls to arms. The Waganda have special beats for war, and for arousing the whole country, which, once started, are taken up by everybody within hearing distance and repeated throughout a district in an incredibly short space of time, so that within an hour or two the whole country is aroused.

They have also special beats for calling to meals, and for collecting workmen, and every chief of importance has his own special beat, which is used by the drummers who precede him on all his journeys—long or short. This is rather convenient, as you can at once tell who is passing along the road by hearing the beat of the drum.

It is a common opinion that most African races have little idea of religion, but I believe that this is an altogether mistaken view, though it is only by long residence in a country and by being thoroughly conversant with the language that one can form any notion of the religious beliefs of the people. It would be extremely difficult for any foreigner coming to England with a very imperfect knowledge of English to gather a real insight into the religion of England from observing the life of the people. It is much more than correspondingly difficult in the

countries in Central Africa. The general belief is that most of these countries have either no idea of anything at all, except a hazy notion that there are evil spirits which are constantly trying to harm them, and that these spirits must be propitiated if one would avoid being overtaken by some calamity.

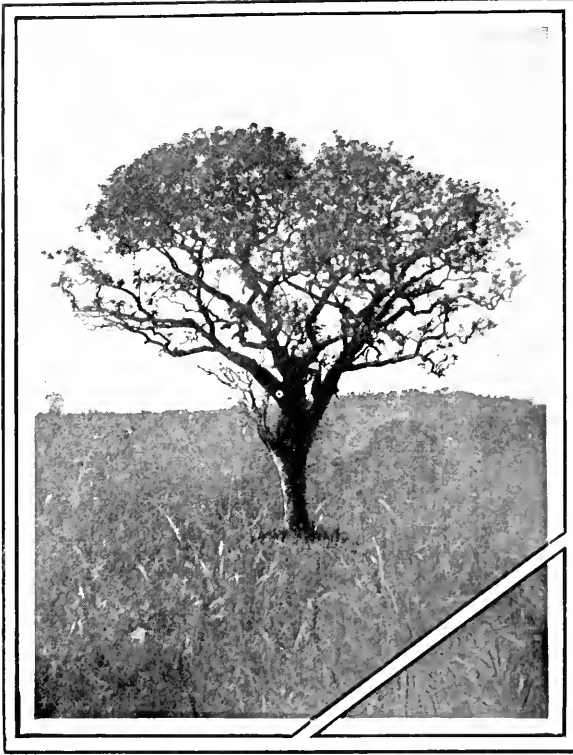
The Waganda have a much more extended belief. Their traditions speak of a Creator who lives somewhere in the sky, and they believe that the spirits of the departed do not die but remain alive in some other state, and have the power of coming back and visiting the relatives left behind. With this view graves are most carefully kept, and in the case of Kings the departed monarch's spirit has always been, to all intents and purposes, worshipped.

We here reproduce a photograph of the tomb of King Mtesa, already mentioned. This is a huge grass hut, supported by poles and reeds, and was formerly his residence. Kings, by the way, were always buried



THE TOMB OF KING MTESA—PRESENTS OF FOOD AND FIREWOOD ARE BROUGHT REGULARLY AS OFFERINGS TO HIS SPIRIT. (Photo. From a)

in their own houses, and the successor might not in any case establish his capital in the same place. The wives and attendants of the departed remain in attendance on his spirit in their accustomed vocations, some of them sleeping in the house or tomb, and constantly keeping up a fire which is never allowed to die out. Presents are brought regularly of food and firewood, and presented as an offering to the spirit. When carrying a load of food natives lay a mat made of dried leaves to soften the load. After making an offering to the spirit, the mat is thrown down at the foot of the tomb, as seen in the picture, and thus a record is kept of the many offerings brought. The tomb is a simple sort of check register on the wall of the tomb.



AT THE FOOT OF THIS TREE MTESA KILLED IN ONE DAY NO FEWER THAN THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE! [Photo. From a]

The sepulchre itself is usually decorated with spears and shields, in this instance of very beautiful iron and copper work, and the ground inside the house is covered very neatly with fresh grass. The old drum used by the King is always preserved.

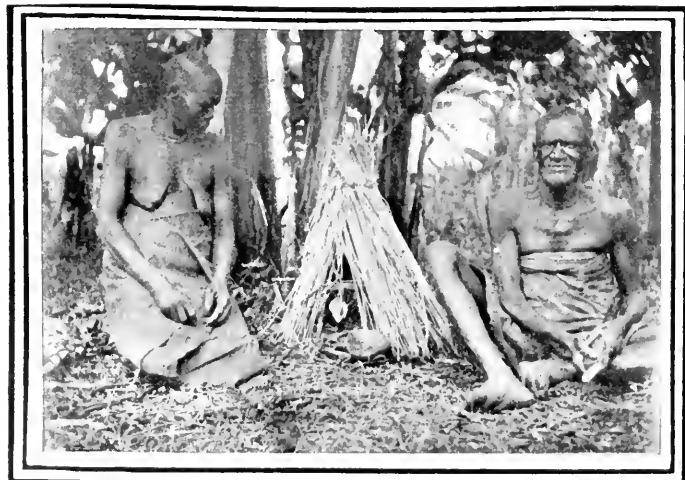
In the bad old days before the British came great human sacrifices were offered on special occasions at the tombs of the Kings. The tree shown in the above photo. was the scene of one of the greatest of these, for at the foot of it King Mtesa killed in one day no fewer than three thousand people as an offering to the spirit of Sūna, his father!

The grass prevents the bones of this

hapless multitude being seen in the picture, but it is impossible for a long distance round the tree to walk anywhere without treading on these ghastly relics. There are many such places in Uganda, where hundreds and thousands of innocent people were ruthlessly slaughtered — victims to the vanity or superstitions of their rulers.

In the country districts there is still a strong belief in the existence of spirits such as we have already mentioned, the natives looking upon them as a sort of detective agency anxious to find out the faults of the living and punish them accordingly. To obviate this unpleasant espionage and punishment a little hut, as shown in the illustration below, is erected opposite the house door, and in it may often be seen suspended a big snail shell or, on the ground, a piece of gourd or a potsherd. In these receptacles are placed daily small offerings of food, Indian corn, bananas, coffee-beans, or beer. If kept up regularly, the natives believe, these libations will ensure a plentiful supply of rain, good crops, and good health; but any neglect to make the offerings will bring down upon the offenders the wrath of the spirits in the shape of plague, pestilence, or famine.

In many districts, too, there is still a very extensive belief in the power of the medicine-men and witches, who are supposed to be in communication with the spirit world. These men and women are looked upon with great reverence and awe, offerings and presents being constantly made to them; and



A NATIVE SPIRIT-SHRINE—OFFERINGS PLACED BEFORE IT DAILY ARE BELIEVED TO ENSURE PROSPERITY.

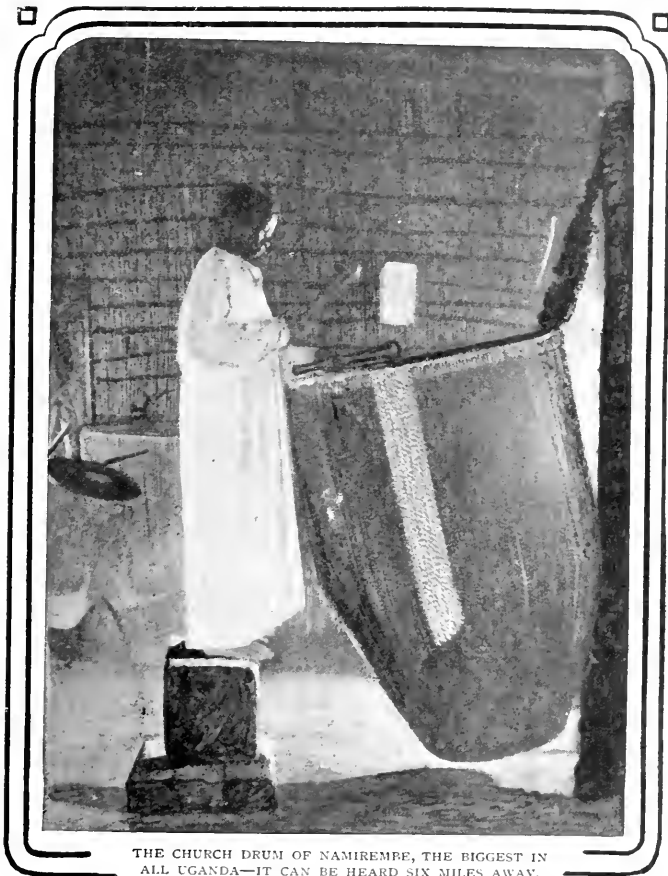
From a Photo.



payment is made for their good offices in gaining the ear and favour of the spirits.

Nowhere in the world has the influence of Christianity been so marked and in a short time made so great a difference in the lives of the people as has been the case in Uganda.

As with other things, the Waganda have a distinctive beat of the drum for calling people to service in church. The particular drum shown in our snap-shot is at the church on Namirembe. It is the biggest in the country, and can be heard some six or seven miles away.



THE CHURCH DRUM OF NAMIREMPE, THE BIGGEST IN ALL UGANDA—IT CAN BE HEARD SIX MILES AWAY.

*From a Photo.*

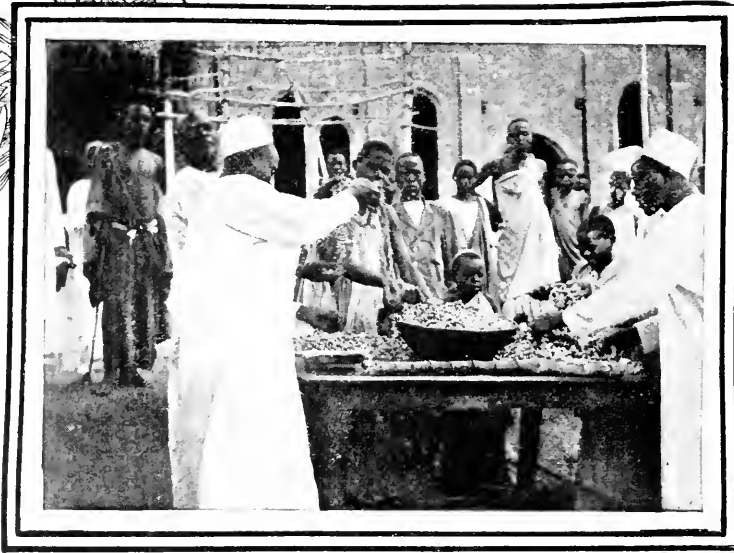
By order of the native council any medicine-man or astrologer or witch found practising any of their own superstitious rites is immediately imprisoned, and nowhere—at any rate near the main centres—can anyone be found practising these old superstitious customs, even though a very great many have not yet embraced Christianity.

The hill of Namirembe, the head station of the Church Missionary Society in Uganda, separates the hill of Kasubi, on which Mtesa is buried, from the hill of Mengo, on which King Daudi lives, and thus acts as a partition between the old belief and the new; and it is a pleasing sound to hear the church drum (in lieu of a bell) calling people to worship.

The Christians no longer make offerings to the Mandwa, or medicine-men, and it is only with difficulty that the old servants of departed Kings can be got to bring presents to the spirits of their deceased masters. On the contrary, they bring their offerings of cash, cowrie shells—which are much used in Uganda as currency—and of produce of the country, bananas, sugarcane, fowls, goats, and cattle, as an offering to the churches, where, to European eyes, the "collections" are of an amazing bulk and variety.

The cowrie-shells collection shown in the next illustration, for instance, was taken on Coronation Day, June 26th, 1902, the cable telling us to stop the Coronation festivities not arriving until the service had been held.

matter of great regret to me that Manchester has allowed so very much of the African trade in cloth to get into the hands of foreigners, but Englishmen, with their usual conservatism, do not appear to be willing to adapt themselves to the requirements of traders, with the result that they lose what might otherwise be a very profitable and continually-increasing business. Many thousands a year sterling are paid to outsiders by traders at the coast and in Uganda which would undoubtedly go to England



From a)

COUNTING THE COWRIE-SHELL COLLECTION.

[Photo.

There are comparatively few means of earning money in the country, but such means as are possible are being much employed by the Christian natives in order that they may obtain clothing, better food, books, and educational material. One of the commonest is trading, either in the market or travelling about the country as pedlars. The accompanying photo. shows a clothes dealer in Mengo market. The cloths displayed are intended for male and female attire. The spotted cloths in the centre are for women.

The national dress is the bark of a tree beaten out into a sort of cloth, but this is being rapidly displaced by manufactured cloths, such as are seen in the photo. ; a great deal of plain white calico is also used.

Speaking as an Englishman, it is a

if the manufacturers endeavoured to fall in with the wishes of the consumer.

The Waganda, unlike the Kaffirs, are not anxious to adopt English fashions in the way of trousers and pot-hats. They much prefer to wear becoming white garments of the flowing style adopted by the Arabs.



A NATIVE CLOTH-DEALER IN THE MARKET.

From a Photo.

(To be concluded.)



# ON THE THRESHOLD

BY

T. H. WILSON



OF WOOLGANGIE,

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The story of a New Zealand gum-digger's awful experience—alone in the bush with a mad mate. Mr. Wilson writes: "The narrative is true in every particular, but the name of my unfortunate mate is suppressed for obvious reasons. Many people in New Zealand will remember the circumstances of the case."



OMEbody has said that every criminal is a mental invalid, and to those who have studied the mysteries of criminology in however slight a degree the comparative truth of the

proposition must be continually obvious. Viewing ourselves introspectively, how many among us can say with confidence that a vague impulse to commit crime has never tingled in our veins?—easily suppressed, no doubt, and but dimly appreciated, but there nevertheless, an infallible hint of what might have happened given a train of fortuitous circumstances leading up to a certain crisis. The tendency to slay is dormant in nearly every man, and the following true narrative of a narrow escape and a very unpleasant night may, perhaps, be looked upon as a link in the chain of evidence supporting the unpopular theory of irresponsible crime.

It happened in New Zealand, where I was "gum-digging" in company with another man some years older than myself. The export of Kaurie gum, let me say, is an industry for which Maoriland has much to be grateful. For a great number of years past the winning of this useful substance from the earth has kept many

thousands of men in constant and congenial employment, and the "unemployed difficulty," so dismally chronic in most of the colonies, is rarely apparent in New Zealand, owing in large measure to the facilities open to those who care to go upon the gum-fields.

To understand the events that follow, a short description of our "camp" is necessary. My mate—I will call him "Rowrie," which was the nearest the Maoris could get to his name—and I lived on a point of land jutting into a large bay at the north end of the North Island of New Zealand. We used to jokingly remark that we had two water frontages to our estate—one facing the bay, with a twenty mile stretch of open water before us; the other facing an estuary about a mile across from the point on which our *whare* (hut) was situated. Like most Maori structures it was built of rushes and thatched with palm-leaves, with eaves reaching almost to the ground, and low doorways. Our *pakeha* (white man) taste, however, had led to the erection of a tin fireplace and chimney, which, if it did not add to the picturesqueness of the place, endowed it with some semblance of European comfort. The

but was some twenty feet in length by about twelve feet in width—quite an imposing edifice for a gum-digger.

The two bunks we occupied ran end on end, mine being nearest the door and my head being to "Rowrie's" feet when lying down.

It is necessary after the gum is dug and brought to the camp to scrape away every particle of dirt adhering to it. For this purpose a special line of large clasp-knife is used. As the blade—which is about five inches long—must be kept very clean, it follows that, with continual sharpening and scraping, it rapidly wears away until it becomes in shape and appearance very much like a dagger or stiletto, and, of course, useless for its original purpose. Such a knife was in the possession of "Rowrie."

Not a hundred yards from the *whare* were to be found an abundance of oysters, and it was our custom nearly every night, by way of light supper, to fill a kerosene tin—that most useful of waste products in the bush—with the juicy bivalves, and, sitting in front of the fire after our evening's gum-scraping, to open and eat them from the shells. On the night of which I am writing, we had finished work for the evening and were sitting with the big dish of oysters in front of us, enjoying our usual snack before "turning in." The implement used by me for opening the shells was an old and broken bradawl, while, for the same purpose, "Rowrie" handled the disused gum-knife I have mentioned.

Silence, in a conversational sense, had fallen upon us—men don't talk much while they are eating oysters—but it suddenly occurred to me that it had lasted rather longer than was quite necessary; that one or two brief remarks of mine had passed unanswered; and that even the all-important business of opening shells was being neglected by my mate. I looked at him, and was surprised to see that he held the gum-knife in his hand and was fingering the dagger-like point of the long blade with a gaze at once intent and peculiar.

He caught my eyes upon him and smiled rather sheepishly. "Wouldn't it slip into a fellow's ribs?" he said, thumbing it tenderly. "Wouldn't it search his heart out?"

I was surprised.

"It searches the oysters out better," I said, shortly; "go on with your supper."

He laughed, and again attacked the kerosene tin with energy. "But it is tempting, all the same," he added.

Five minutes passed, and again the same thing happened. The knife evidently held for him a fascination which he could not control, and he repeated his previous disturbing remarks almost word for word. And then a quotation

from Shakespeare flashed across my mind: "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done!"

"If you feel that way about it," I growled, "give it to me; or, better still, go and fling it into the tide. It's about done for, anyhow."

He rose from the box on which he was sitting.

"I'll sling it into the tide," he mumbled; "the confounded thing's too tempting!"

The water of the estuary lapped and rippled musically on the little beach not thirty yards from our door, and he passed out, returning almost immediately with a smile upon his features I did not like to see.

"So much for that lot," he laughed; "and now I'm going to turn in."

Life in the bush is of one eternal sameness. The day's work finished, "turn in," pipe alight, a few pages of "Deadwood Dick," a scrap of Shakespeare, or a bit of last year's *Christian Herald*—whatever one happens to have in the reading line—then candles out, a few more puffs from the old black clay, and finally—oblivion.

This night I slept but poorly. The quotation above-mentioned kept whispering into my ears with unpleasant frequency, and half-forgotten hints, heard long ago, of hereditary insanity in my companion's family forced themselves sombrely upon me as I lay betwixt sleeping and waking. Had he really thrown the knife away, I wondered; and, if so, was there no other weapon the sight of which might fan to a flame the spark of that fearful blood-lust of which I believed I had seen the glimmering? Two fowling-pieces and a rifle rested against the wall at his end of the *whare*—almost to his hand as he lay in his bunk. Might not these tempt him as the sight of the knife had done?

I laughed at my own cowardice. Why should a few careless words, spoken probably in jest, rob me of my night's sleep? Even supposing that he had temporarily felt the impulse to slay—well, had I not half unconsciously experienced the same in my own proper person more than once in the course of my rough and ready life? And was it likely that I should ever become a murderer? Absurd! Also I firmly believed, and do so still, that certain minds are only moved to certain impulses by the agency of specific mediums.

I knew a man holding a high Government position in New South Wales who could be trusted with an arsenal of revolvers or knives, or with a chemist's shop full of poisons—save one—and his pulse would not count one more beat to the minute; but put strychnine within his sight or reach and the desire to commit

suicide became unconquerable. Twice in as many years he attempted it, each time taking an overdose and recovering after having suffered indescribable agonies; and some years later succumbed to a third experiment with the same awful drug. These were cheering thoughts anyhow, and I decided to dissolve mateship next day; and then—and then—and so I fell gradually to sleep.

I don't know exactly what time it was when I awoke, but it was probably about two o'clock in the morning, and the strange experience of the previous evening immediately occurred to me. At any rate, my fears—although I did not admit them as such—had been proved groundless. I had been asleep and helpless for some hours and nothing had disturbed the serenity of my slumbers — and poor old "Rowrie" was no doubt sleeping peacefully, unconscious of the injustice I had done him. I decided to have a smoke, and, reaching out to the box that stood at my bedside, struck a vesta and lighted a candle. As I put the match to my pipe I glanced towards the other bed — and got a shock! "Rowrie," dressed in shirt, trousers, and sand-shoes, was sitting on the side of his bunk, and in the flicker of the match for one brief moment I caught the glint of the old gum-knife. "*The sight of means to do ill deeds—!*"

I knew then that a crisis was imminent, and rapidly reviewed the chances of the struggle that I was sure must come. He was a bigger man than I. My weight was little more than eleven stone, while his approximated more

nearly to thirteen; and in the glimmer of the candle the muscular form and fierce, black-bearded face thrust themselves more appreciatively upon my senses than ever before.

Our eyes met. His were decidedly sheepish—like those of a child caught in the commission of a naughty act. I spoke to him in as careless a manner as I could assume.

"Halloa, old chap! Going outside?"

He mumbled something in reply, averting his eyes and keeping the knife-blade carefully hidden in his hands. I swung my feet to the floor, and as I rose a change came over his face. His great black whiskers bristled in a most unpleasant manner, standing out like a cat's, but, strange to say, only on one side of his face and mouth!

I made a movement towards the door, but the next moment he was at me. I turned and made one desperate blow at his face, but I do not think I hit him. The *whare* seemed turning upside down, a roar like thunder crashed upon my ears—it was the flimsy door, made from bits of deal boxes, bursting open—and the

two of us were clinched in a wild, delirious fight for life.

My good angel must have stood by me that night, for somehow, when things had worn their shape themselves clearly before my unimpaired brain, I found that my left hand was firmly grasping his right wrist, keeping the knife at arm's length from my face. I was underneath him on the ground with my right hand catching at his



"A WILD, DELIRIOUS FIGHT FOR LIFE."

throat with the energy of desperation, while he was savagely crashing his heavy fist into my unprotected visage. The lust of blood must have flooded my own brain to some extent, I think, for I remember distinctly that while I struggled fiercely to free myself, the dominant idea in my heart was to injure him as much as possible. As we say in Australia, I had "Buckley's Chance." I felt my hand slipping from his muscular wrist. I caught wildly at the cuff of his shirt—it ripped from wrist to shoulder. I put all my strength into one great heave, forcing the heel of my hand against his nostrils and hooking my fingers into his eyes, and as the knife, aimed blindly, buried itself in the ground above my shoulder we both rolled sideways and I sprang to my feet. I have often thought since that had I but had my trousers on at the time I could have put up a better fight, but what man can be a hero clad in his shirt alone?

Weak with the struggle and the heavy punishment meted out to me, I rose to my feet and made a frantic plunge for the scrub. With a leap I landed feet foremost into the little well from which we drew our supply of water.

It was only four feet deep—water runs close to the surface in pleasant Maoriland—and full to the brim, and I was out in a second and into the dense darkness of the ti-tree and fern that surrounded our little habitation.

A very few yards sufficed to hide me, and there, crouched down under a tangled mass of bracken and scrub, I waited for the next move in the drama that was being enacted. Nor had I to wait long. Splash! He also had found the well, and though I knew that if he came across me then my fight was finished, an irresistible impulse to laugh came to me, and I tittered—hysterically, I suppose, with my would-be murderer searching frantically for me, almost within arm's length. Fortunately, the awful silence that the strange battle had been fought in was broken now by the most horrible imprecations from my disappointed mate.

"Where are you?" he screamed. "I'll cut your heart out," and so on, and so on. My internal organs seemed to give him the greatest concern, and I had never suspected him of such a fund of anatomical information until that interesting hour. Fortunately, my shirt—or what remained of it—was dark in colour; and I must have been quite invisible in the impenetrable gloom of the scrub.

His voice alternately receded and advanced, and still I dared not move. One idea was in my mind. If I could but get down to the dinghy on the beach I could put out for our cutter, which lay some half mile out in the bay. Once on board I might make shift to work her

round to another camp of gum-diggers the other side of the river-mouth and fart'er down the bay. Our nearest neighbour accessible by land was a Frenchman living some three miles up the gorge. The store could only be reached by water some two miles up stream and the camp above-mentioned was, I suppose, between two and three miles away.

The same idea must have entered the cunning brain of the madman, for suddenly I heard a sound that set my nerves a-quivering with something akin to despair. Crash! crash! crash! I heard coming from the little beach almost alongside of me. He was wrecking the dinghy with heavy stones, cutting off my one hope of escape and rescue!

The sounds ceased, and I heard him coming back towards the *wahare*. I could see his tall form in the doorway, silhouetted by the candle still burning inside, as he peered round to see whether I had returned. I had given him credit for better sense than that. After all, the water seemed my only chance. I knew that he was no swimmer, and if I could only win to the cutter I was safe. I worked my way stealthily down to the beach—only a few yards—while he was still standing in the doorway, and reached the water's edge. The tide was low and the river bar shoaled out a long distance towards the bay.

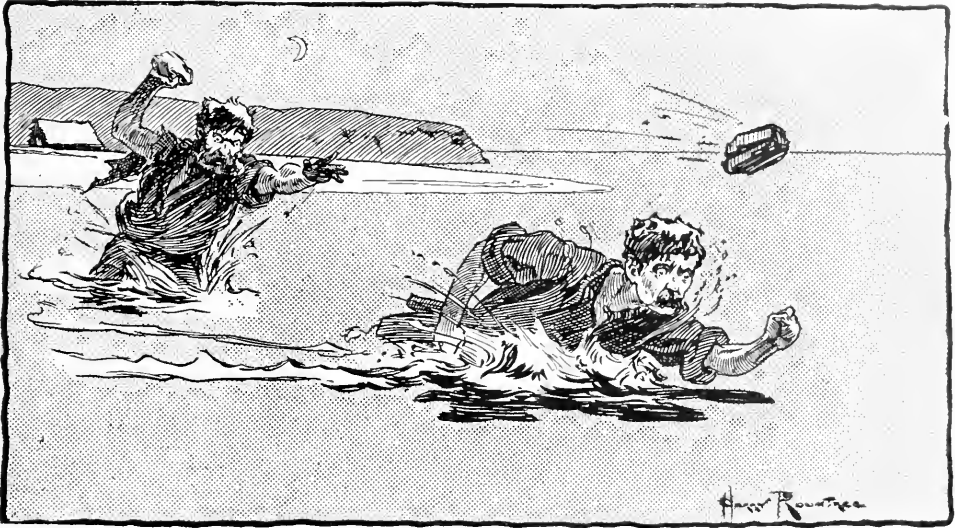
Shivering with cold, for it was winter time, I entered the water and started cautiously wading out towards the cutter, which I could just see dimly in the dark distance—a hopeless distance it seemed to me. Fifty yards, perhaps, I had progressed, the water being little above my knees, when I heard a cry behind me, followed by a splash, and a heavy pebble flew over my head and fell into the tide a little way in front of me, and then another. I started running, springing as high out of the water as possible, so as to encounter the least resistance.

And then commenced the most exciting race of my life. Rushing through the icy current, gashing my bare feet against stray clusters of oyster shells, gasping for breath, and repeatedly falling headlong over tangles of seaweed, I made my frantic way towards deeper water—and closer and closer behind me plunged the madman. Though having the same obstacles to contend against, he had the advantage of being shod, and suffered less inconvenience from the jagged shells that bestrewed our path.

Thank Heaven! the water was deepening, and as it surged beneath my armpits I flung myself forward and struck out with a rapid stroke into the bay. A hundred yards and I turned to look for my pursuer. He was standing shoulder deep and gesticulating savagely, while a torrent of im-

precations bubbled from his lips. The pursuit was ended, and, letting my feet drop to try the depth, I found to my gratitude that I could just touch the bottom with my toes, thus gaining a great and very welcome relief.

to intensify rather than diminish. The sun was about two hours high when the cutter commenced to lift again and gradually floated on the mud-bank, and as I anxiously endeavoured to hoist more sail I saw a large canoe full of



"THEN COMMENCED THE MOST EXCITING RACE OF MY LIFE."

When I had sufficiently recovered my wind I faced the open again, and, with "Rowrie's" voice sounding fainter and fainter in my ears, swam slowly and steadily out to the cutter, which I reached not any too soon for my comfort and safety, for when I clambered on board and fell gasping to the deck I was dog-tired and utterly exhausted.

Even now, however, my troubles were not quite ended. The anchor-rope I severed with a tomahawk that happened to be on board, but the heavy sails I could not set in my then weakened state. Eventually I got the fore-staysail hoisted after a fashion, but the cutter did not gather steerage-way, and after an hour's helpless drifting ran hard and fast upon a mud-bank. There we stuck, with a couple more hours of ebb-tide to run and a corresponding period of time before the returning "flow" would lift us from our oozy bed.

There was nothing in the shape of blankets or covering on board, and the icy sails were worse than useless in that respect, so I crept into the little cabin aft, and in a bare board bunk shivered it out until daylight. When the sun rose I think I was nearly dead, and, cheering as it was to see the golden light again, the cold that was in my very bones seemed almost

Maoris paddling towards me. My troubles were nearly over.

No doubt they thought me mad when they saw me naked upon the deck, frantically waving the remnant of my shirt to attract their notice.

They paddled alongside, and I recognised them as some belonging to a tribe in Otahuhu with whom I was well acquainted.

"Why, 'Raken'" (the name the natives knew me by), said the chief, "what name you make it there?"

I briefly told him the facts of the case—that "Rowrie" was *mahkouta* (bewitched) and had tried to kill me.

With the Maoris' willing aid I soon had the cutter under sail and heading for the scene of last night's burly-burly. Leaving a couple of men on board to look after the boat and pick up her moorings, we paddled ashore to the little beach where the wrecked remains of the dinghy lay dismally above high water mark.

Smoke was rising peacefully from the Maori's fire, and as I strode, clad in a Maori blanket, cautiously to the open door of the cutter I could smell the aroma and hear the sizzling of frying bacon. Looking in I saw my plunder-mate—clothed and in his right mind—sitting before the fire, frying and looking unconcernedly

cooking his breakfast. He looked up as I stood there.

"Come in, Tom ; I'm all right," he said.

I went through to the other end of the room, picked up my gun, and put two cartridges into it. Then, resting it across my knees with the

true, and which opens up to me a mysterious line of conjecture. How many of our daily acquaintances may carry in their breasts the terrible secret that poor "Rowrie" imparted to me?

"Tom, old man," he said at parting, "*I have*



"LOOKING IN I SAW MY QUONDAM MATE."

muzzle towards him, I sat down and had a chat with him.

What need to repeat the conversation? I did not blame him for what he had done. He was distinctly not responsible for his fearful lapse. Part of the night's proceedings appeared very unreal to him, but he clearly remembered the struggle and the attempt to take my life.

I shook hands with him when I had carried my few belongings down to the boat, for, of course, further mateship was clearly impossible between us ; and as he pressed my hand at parting he said something which I believe to be

*been hopelessly, wretchedly mad for the past six months !*"

He lived and worked among his friends for two years after the events narrated. Alas ! he died under restraint, and in the most harrowing circumstances.

I have endeavoured, since that experience, to avoid living with a "mate" apart from other companionship—although at present my nearest neighbour is four miles distant ; but when I read of sudden and unaccountable crimes the question always arises in my mind : how long had the perpetrator, like my unfortunate mate, been standing "on the threshold" ?



# The Open-Air Parliaments of Switzerland.

BY FRANKLIN HAVES.

In certain of the Swiss cantons mass meetings are annually held in the open air at which, by a show of hands, legislation is carried or rejected. These Parliaments, or "Landsgemeinden," are of great interest as a survival of an early form of government, and owing to the picturesque incidents connected with them. Each Parliament is a State in miniature, a democracy of the best type. This article shows how and where they meet, and tells briefly what the voters do.



TRAVEL in Switzerland is confined principally to the summer months, when the snow is off the valleys, or to the dead of winter, when the snow-clad country draws thousands for sport on ice from many parts of the world. Few foreigners, therefore, have witnessed that most interesting and picturesque electoral ceremony, the "Landsgemeinde," or Parliament in the open

disappearing ice. Theirs is a simple existence; they have few laws to make, and their Parliament is as simple as themselves.

Glarus is one of a half-dozen cantons in which the open-air Parliament is held. The town of that name, capital of its canton, lies not more than fifty miles from Zürich or Lucerne, on the unbeaten track, under the shadow of the mountains with their helmets of eternal snow.



THE OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT AT GLARUS, SWITZERLAND, IN 1903. WOMEN AND CHILDREN TAKE SEVERAL SEATS IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE AND ARE GIVEN THE PLACE OF HONOUR IN FRONT OF THE ASSEMBLY. (SEE PAGE 100 FOR MORE.)  
*From a Photo. by*

air. It takes place annually in certain cantons on the last Sunday in April or the first in May. At this time tourists are few and far between. The people of these pastoral cantons, ready to undertake their summer's labour up among the mountains, spend their remaining days in settling private and public business affairs for the coming year. They elect their officials, examine their Budget, pass their laws on a single day, and then start off for weeks or months of absence to the open spaces left by the

There are fewer than ten thousand electors in this pretty Alpine district, of which some two or three thousand annually gather for the performance of their public duties, and to exercise the sovereign privileges handed down to them from the earliest times. Their place of assembly is the public square, where, on benches arranged in an oval as were the seats in the Forum at Rome, they sit patiently, or, with a froward head, listening to the story of the official work done and yet to be transacted. It is an inspiring



sight, this gathering of adult voters on the open ground, with nothing but the blue sky above them and a common patriotism pervading all. It is said that the ceremony is a modern survival of the famous Walpurgis-night meetings held by the German tribes, at which they chose their chiefs, but its exact origin is, we think, lost in mystery. The scenes of discord which may have attended the old-time ceremonials have disappeared. The proceedings of to-day are marked by sober thought and common veneration for the Fatherland.

Once a year in Glarus, during the month of January, the burghers are asked to put before the governing council their propositions of intended legislation, and a few weeks before May each voter receives a circular in which the agenda is set forth. Armed with these documents the voters gather from all parts on the first Sunday in May, and there discuss the propositions advanced. Previously, however, a service is held in the church, largely attended by the officials and voters, after

which a procession of magistrates, members of the Government, soldiers, and others march with bare heads to the meeting-place in the square. By this time the burghers have collected in large numbers, and women and children, specially invited to attend, are seated in the place of honour in the very front of the assembly. Here, from their childhood, youths grow up to understand the simplicity of democracy, and in listening to the discussion of cantonal affairs learn to love the simple and dignified ceremony

in which their elders are taking part. Those who are most immediately interested in the proceedings—that is to say, those who have proposed legislation and wish to make speeches in favour of it—stand immediately in front of the tribune, and when the proceedings are opened by prayer and repetition of the oath the business of the day begins. It is a discussion in which everyone may take a part. The lawyer may put forward his legal Bill, or the labourer his Act for compensation. It matters not who speaks, for everyone has a common right.

Although a mass meeting, with the voting by show of hands, and in every way an exhibition of democracy in its purest and primitive form, it differs from an ordinary mass meeting in that the voter, having expressed his political opinion, instantly gives effect to it. Its guiding principle, as the words run in one of the cantonal constitutions, is, "Justice and the welfare of the Fatherland, not wilfulness nor the power of the strongest." At these meetings the whole of the adult population



THE PROCESSION OF MAGISTRATES AND LOCAL OFFICIALS TO THE PUBLIC SQUARE IN GLARUS, WHERE THE OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT IS HELD.

*From a Photo. by Schoenewetter, Glarus.*

is represented. They are the supreme authority of the canton. That which is voted goes at once into effect. The legislation is not lengthy, and often the proceedings last little longer than an hour. In that time a year's work has been approved or arranged, and with prayer or the singing of the National Anthem the voters, young and old, disperse to their various labours, not to meet again in common gathering till the following year.

The other five cantons in which these

primitive meetings may be witnessed are Uri, Obwald, Nidwald, and the two Appenzells. At Uri the meeting takes place in a meadow near Atdorf, separated by the river from that historic town so long known as the traditional scene of the exploits of William Tell. Here, preceded by soldiers and music, with the standard of the canton conspicuous in the procession, the cantonal officers on horseback march from Atdorf to the meadow, and in little more than an hour transact their simple business. Gay costumes lend colour to their proceedings. In Nidwald the meeting is held at Stans, where there is usually some excitement, owing to

reaching well down to the feet, except to the important "Weibel," who wears a robe of blue and white, the colours of the canton. In the public square the officials ascend to a high platform, or tribune, above the level of the heads of the voters, with judges and minor officials on a platform below.

The crowd before them is a motley one, consisting, as it does, of voters, some in old-time dress with the ancient swords of their fathers by their sides, others in the dress demanded by their everyday work, and still others clothed in monkish attire. In all some fifteen or eighteen hundred take part, listening earnestly to the



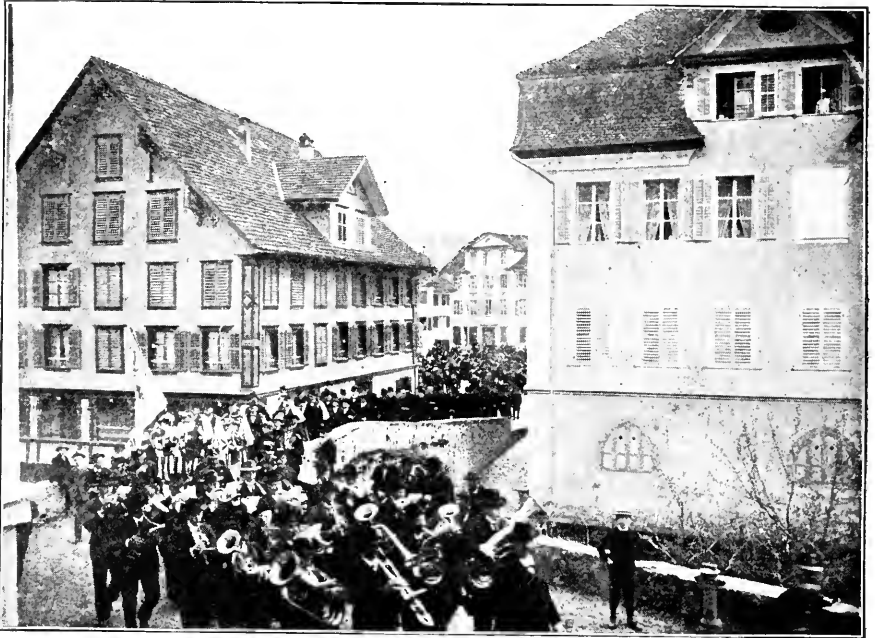
THE OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT OF APPENZELL-INNER-RHODEN IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT APPENZELL. THE TRIBUNE FROM WHICH THE FUNCTIONARIES SPEAK IS IN THE BACKGROUND, AND THE AUDIENCE STANDS WITH BIBLES OPEN, THEIR PRAYER BEING SAID.

demands for the revision of the constitution, which are generally voted down with a "thumping" majority. At Appenzell, where the men of Appenzell-inner-Rhoden meet, the proceedings are quite as interesting. At noon on the day of the "Landsgemeinde" the nine prominent officials of the canton, accompanied by the so-called "Landschreiber" and the "Landweibel," march in solemn procession from the council house to the public square, preceded by two halberdiers. Behind these march a band of musicians and local officials, headed by the "Landamman," or chief magistrate. All are clothed in black robes

address of the "Landamman," who, if he be re-elected, is made to take the oath of office from a portly book. He stands with bowed head before the "Landschreiber," or secretary, and raising his right hand, with the thumb and two fingers held erect and the two remaining fingers closed, repeats the oath. The entire assemblage repeats it after him, the right hand in the same manner. To the number of the fingers there is a significance, which may well be lost to the ordinary citizen, but it means much to these simple country people. To them the number five represents the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, while the

closed ones be-taken their submission to the Trinity.

It is a common rule in these cantons that thieves, bankrupts, and other malefactors are deprived of their political rights, and that only the "Ehr und Wehrfest," or true and steadfast men, take part. The distinguishing mark of the active citizen was the sword, which all maldoers were forbidden to wear, and it is on this account that swords of ancient



THE PROCESSION CROSSING THE ARCHWAY AT SARREN ON ITS MARCH TO THE "LANDENBERG," SHOWING IN GREATER DETAIL THE PERSONAGES TAKING PART. [Burch, Sarnen.]



THE FERIC PROCESSION AT SARREN ON ITS WAY TO THE CLASSIC "LANDENBERG," WHERE THE MOUNTAIN OF OSWALD IS HELD, SHOWING THE LOCAL BAND, OLD-TIME COSTUMES, AND LOCAL OFFICIALS. [Burch, Sarnen.]

pattern may often be seen at the meetings, as a symbol of political freedom. One thing the onlooker particularly notices during the transactions is the entire absence of "heckling" or interruptions from the voters during the speeches. This because from the oldest times interrupters have been punished by a fine and expulsion from the gathering. Moreover, bribery, although so common in past centuries as to cause widespread legislation for its abolition, is now happily less frequent. When bread was hard to get, the ambitious bailiff, seeking for election with a view to the big fees attaching in earlier times to this office, used to catch the voters by opportune dinners, until some of the cantons found it necessary to make the dinner to the voters imperative. Thus, having winked at evils they could not suppress, the officials now take



From a Photo. by] THE MEDIEVAL COSTUMES IN THE SARNEN PROCESSION. [Borch, Sarnen.

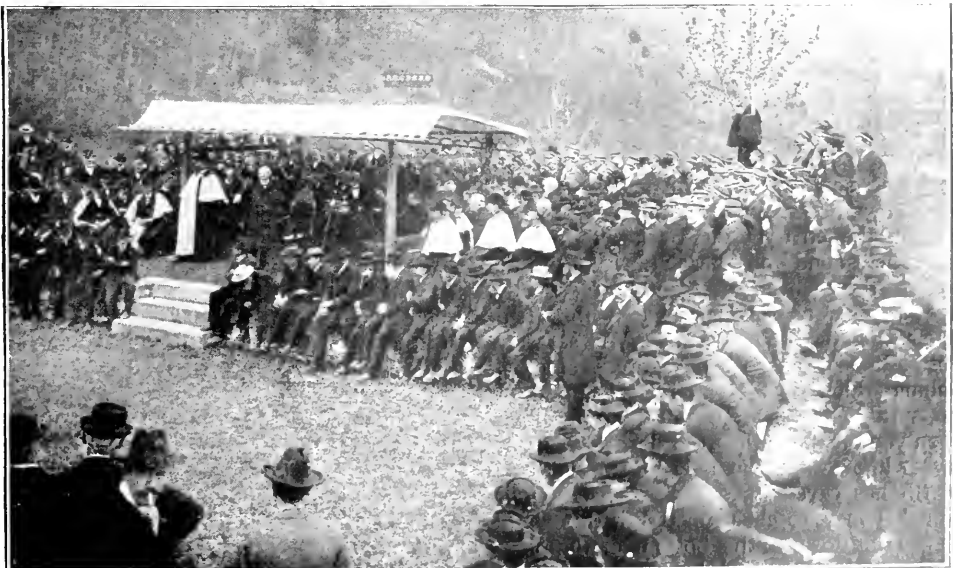
which occupies the valley throughout the *Landammann* of this medieval town, the meeting place on the neighbouring hill is in many ways more ambitious than those at other places. The mediæval costumes worn by the banner-bearer and his associates possess great interest as showing the difference between the past and modern days. Five reputable and steadfast citizens march at Sarnen each year, clothed in costly garb of black and white, the Swiss cross standing out proudly on their bosoms.

Under a tent-like structure on the hill the officials gather, with the voters sitting round on benches formed in a square. To look on such a scene as

part with the masses at the banqueting board in a general celebration of the day.

Possibly the most interesting Parliament of all takes place at Sarnen, the chief town of Obwald, thirteen miles from Lucerne, where, on the classic Landenberg, the "Landammann" takes the oath before an assembly sometimes numbering nearly three thousand voters. The procession

this, with its little community of earnest and stalwart Swiss attending to the duties of their citizenship, with clear brain under the bright and open sky, is a sight long to be remembered. These are the representatives of an unconquered race, each with an understanding that real government is, as it ought to be, of the people, by the people, for the people.



THE OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT OF OBWALD IN SESSION AT SARNEN, WITH BURGHERS IN THE FOREGROUND AND THE LANDAMMANN AND HIS COUNCILORS IN THE REAR.

From a Photo. by]

CORIS IN THE REAR.

# Imprisoned Beneath the Sea.

BY R. E. WEBSTER.

What happened to an engineer who went down a flooded shaft near the sea in order to repair a damaged steain-pump. Very few men could go through such an appalling ordeal and survive to relate the story.



THE following account of a truly terrible experience was given to me by Mr. E. King, an engineer. He is a good specimen of English manhood, strong of limb, cool in emergencies, quick-witted—as men constantly risking their lives have to be—and of an unflinching cheerfulness. He has been employed on this pumping work for many years. I give the narrative as nearly as possible in his own words:—

I suppose it is risky work, this going down disused mine-shafts, though when a man's been at it as long as I have he doesn't think much about the risk. All the same, I don't mind owning that I never start going down an old shaft without wondering, just for a minute, whether I shall come up again all right.

The way the work is done is like this. The pump generally used is a big metal vessel, weighing in some cases several tons. This is slung on the end of a chain and lowered into a shaft. Then the man in charge is let down astride a "horse," as they call it—a piece of timber tied on the end of a rope—or else seated in a bucket. He has to guide the pump in its descent. The steam that is required to work the pulsometer is taken down through a flexible hose, and this hose is fixed to the valve on the pump by means of metal clips. Once the man is down the shaft he has no means of communicating with those aboveground, except by tapping on the edge of the bucket or on the rope. The sound of these blows can be heard by those overhead, and we usually arrange a code of signals, so that the men above shall know what to do. We scarcely ever use a line such as, I believe, divers employ, by pulling which signals can be given, and, of course, speaking-tubes are out of the question.

When you are being lowered down these pits you never know what you may meet. Perhaps the earth has caved in, or a beam slipped, or your bucket may catch against something and shoot you out down to the bottom of the pit—a matter of three or four hundred feet. But one of the worst fixes I was ever in was not in an old coal-pit, but in a newly-sunk shaft.

Some six or seven years ago they were building a new sea-wall at Ramsgate. The contractors sent up to my employers for a pump and an engineer to work it. The pump was dispatched at once, and I went with it. I arrived on the works about midday, and the foreman showed me what it was they wanted done. Not far from the sea a shaft about eight feet in diameter had been sunk to a depth of some eighty feet, and from the bottom of this shaft two tunnels were being made almost at right angles to it, but sloping a little upwards. These tunnels, which extended under the beach, had become flooded with sea-water, so that the men were unable to work in them, and I was wanted to pump them out and afterwards to keep them free from the water that drained into them constantly, and especially at high tide.

We got the pump lowered down the shaft on the end of a wire cable, fixed the piping and the steam hose, and she was soon at work. The pumping went on satisfactorily for about an hour. As the level of the water sank we lowered the apparatus and made excellent progress. When we were lowering the pump for the third time, however, a baulk of timber fixed across the mouth of the shaft slipped and fell to the bottom. Immediately afterwards the pump began to raise a far

smaller quantity of water, and it was evident that the baulk had struck it in its descent and damaged it. There was nothing for it but to go down and see what had happened and put the trouble right as soon as possible.

Against the wall of the shaft short ladders had been fixed one under the other for the use of the men working in the tunnels, and by these ladders I descended. When I reached the pump I found that the water level had already been so much lowered that the entrances to the tunnels leading under the sea were three parts uncovered. The baulk of timber in its fall had struck the steam hose a terrific blow, loosening one of the metal clips which connected it to the pump, and steam was blowing off where the clip had lost its hold. At the bottom of the shaft it was almost dark, and the lamp I had brought down gave little light, but I could just



MR. E. KING, WHOSE THRILLING ADVENTURE IS DESCRIBED IN THIS STORY.  
*From a Photo. by Ward, Battersea.*

see the entrances to the tunnels like black patches on the dripping walls.

I could do nothing to fix the clip till steam was shut off at the boiler, and in order to get this done I had to go up to the surface again, as there was, of course, no means of making the men aboveground hear. Now the pump was drawing water from what is called a "sump": that is, a pit dug at the bottom of the shaft, into which the water drains. This pit was placed in the centre of the floor of the shaft, and was perhaps ten feet deep. In order to see how much damage the falling baulk of timber had done, I had left the ladder and gone close up to the pump, standing on the edge of the "sump," where the water was not more than up to my knees. I now turned and began to grope my way towards the ladder, in order to return to the top. Suddenly, before I had reached the ladder,

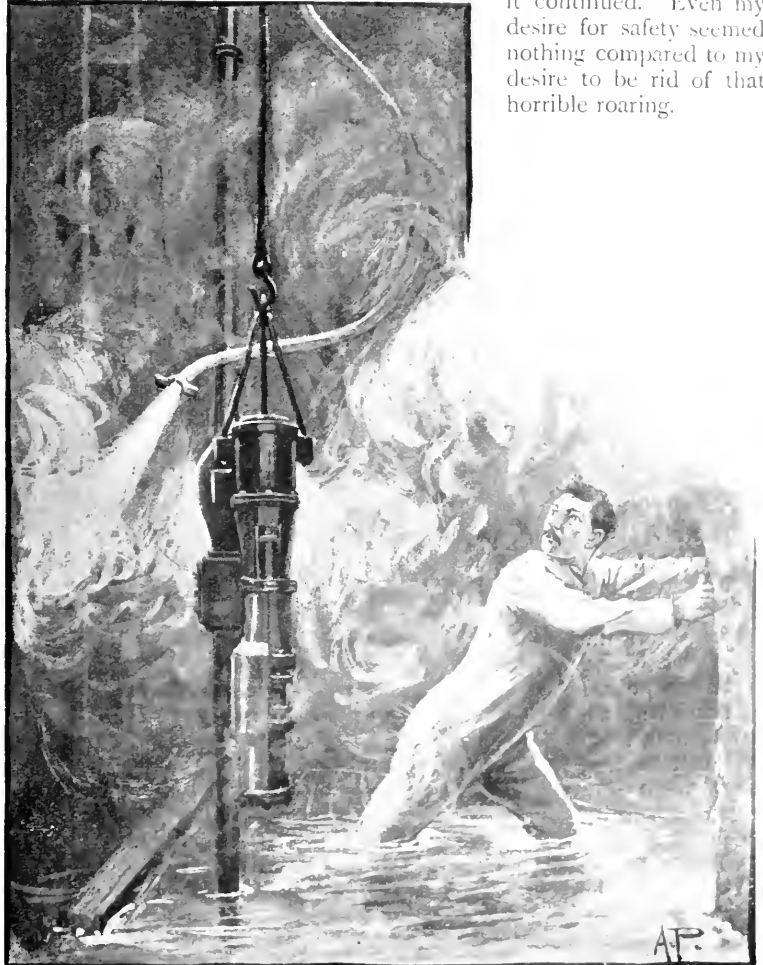
there came a loud report, followed instantly by the most ear-splitting and terrible roaring I have ever heard. My lamp went out, and the shaft instantly became filled with steam. Without clearly realizing what had happened, I rushed frantically to where I supposed the ladder to be; but somehow I lost my bearings and found myself at the mouth of one of the tunnels instead. I knew that if I hesitated a second I should be scalded to death by the superheated steam, and with what speed I could I made my way up the tunnel, stumbling over the uneven bottom, knocking my head against the rough and dripping roof—for this tunnel was barely six feet in diameter—and up to my knees in water. Moreover, owing to my lamp having gone out, I was in absolute darkness.

Meanwhile the fearful uproar in the shaft continued. If you have ever heard a locomotive blowing off steam through its safety valve and can imagine that noise multiplied a hundred times, you will have some faint idea of the terrible roaring which filled my

ears. It echoed in the tunnel until it seemed to crush my brain. At times it grew even louder, as if it approached the tunnel's mouth and then rushed away again round and round the shaft.

Crouching there in the tunnel I realized for the first time what had happened. The damaged clip of the steam hose had given way, and the flexible hose, containing steam at ninety pounds pressure per square inch, was whirling about the pit, pouring out the scalding vapour with terrific force. I say that I realized this, but I don't think I really did at that time. The horrible, hideous roar of the escaping steam seemed to absolutely numb my brain. As I crouched there in the darkness, huddled up against the wall of the tunnel and half under water, I put my head between my hands and jammed my fingers into my ears to shut out that awful noise. I felt that I could not make a single effort to

help myself so long as it continued. Even my desire for safety seemed nothing compared to my desire to be rid of that horrible roaring.



"I KNEW THAT IF I HESITATED A SECOND I SHOULD BE SCALDED TO DEATH."



Presently, however, the air in the tunnel began to get hotter, and soon a great breath of scalding vapour drove me deeper in. Now these two tunnels were not finished, but one was longer than the other, the bigger one being about two hundred feet in length. Luckily for me it was this one I had happened to enter, for it was only by retreating to the extreme end that I got free of the steam. Moreover, owing to the tunnel sloping upwards, the end was also more or less free of water. On the other hand, the passage decreased near the end to a diameter of some four feet, where the men had not yet excavated the full height. Crouched up in this narrow hole I lay, eighty feet under the sea and two hundred feet from the only opening to the surface, with a living death guarding the entrance to the tunnel! The noise of the escaping steam still continued, and I could hear the hose lashing round and round the shaft. I really don't know what I felt as I crouched there—I don't think I felt anything. I know I never expected to get out alive.

Then, suddenly, the noise stopped. They had turned off steam at the boiler! Absolute silence followed—a silence that was almost more awful now than the noise. It seemed to stun me, and I believed that I had become stone-deaf. Indeed, when I moved I could hear no sound.

It took me some seconds to pull myself together. Then I rushed frantically into the water and along the tunnel. If you've ever had the feeling, in a dream, of wanting to get to a place quickly and not being able to get along, you'll have some idea how I felt as I went down the tunnel. The water impeded me and held me back, and every moment I feared they might turn the steam on again. Moreover, as I went forward I found that the water had risen. Before, it was up to my knees, now

it almost reached my waist. Once I hit my forehead against a stone projecting from the roof, and I felt the hot blood trickle down my face. My nails, too, were all torn and bleeding, I suppose through catching at the walls when I stumbled.

It seemed hours before I reached the end of the tunnel. Gradually the darkness grew a little less dense, and presently I could see the tunnel mouth like a faint grey semi-circle in front of me. I stumbled forward, shouting as I went, in the vain hope that my voice might carry to those above.

I had almost reached the entrance to the tunnel—in another moment I should have been free—*when they turned on steam again!*

To this day I cannot think what made them do it. They said they knew the steam was escaping, but had no idea I was in any danger, as if I had been I should have come up the ladder.

I turned with a shriek of despair and terror and rushed up the tunnel again as the fearful uproar recommenced. The floor at the end of the tunnel, which before was dry, had now about two inches of water over it, and in this I fell down, lying there helplessly—half unconscious, I suppose. I don't know why I didn't just lie there and drown, but I suppose that as the chilly water slowly rose over my face it revived me, and I struggled into a sitting position.

The awful noise still continued, and still the water in my tunnel rose, slowly but relentlessly. I knew that, long before it drowned me like a rat in a hole, it would fill the lower end of the tunnel and make escape impossible. I remember wondering vaguely whether I should die of suffocation or be drowned, or whether it would not be better to attempt a dash through the scalding steam to gain the ladder. If I did that I should perhaps be scalded to death long before I even found the first



"I RUSHED UP THE TUNNEL AGAIN."



rung of the ladder, but it seemed to me at the moment that there might be a slight chance. Once I even began to crawl down the tunnel, but something or other made me give it up; and as it turned out it was lucky I did, for certain death awaited me.

How long I lay crouched in the tunnel I don't know, but suddenly the roar of the steam stopped once more. Already I had been obliged to kneel on account of the water, and even so it was up to my waist. Half mad with fear lest they should again turn the steam on I scrambled along the tunnel. Twice I fell full length in the water, but struggled to my feet again gasping. As I neared the entrance the water rose, first to my breast, then to my shoulders, and I feared that after all the entrance might be already covered, in which case I was trapped—buried alive under the sea. At last the water reached my very lips, but the

entrance was only a yard off. I gained it. My eyes, accustomed to utter darkness, could make out, in the faint light of the shaft, the ladder some ten feet above my head. I followed the line of it downwards to that point, but there, to my amazement, it seemed to end. I felt my way carefully round the wall of the shaft, holding my head well up to keep my mouth above the deepening water. Even then it was as much as I could do to breathe, the atmosphere had become so suffocatingly hot. At last I stood beneath the ladder, to find that what I had seen was only too true—the bottom length of the ladder had been knocked away by the flying hose!

I was already almost exhausted. At any moment the men above might turn the steam on again, and if they did nothing could save me. I waded out towards the pump. A single false step and I should have been plunged into

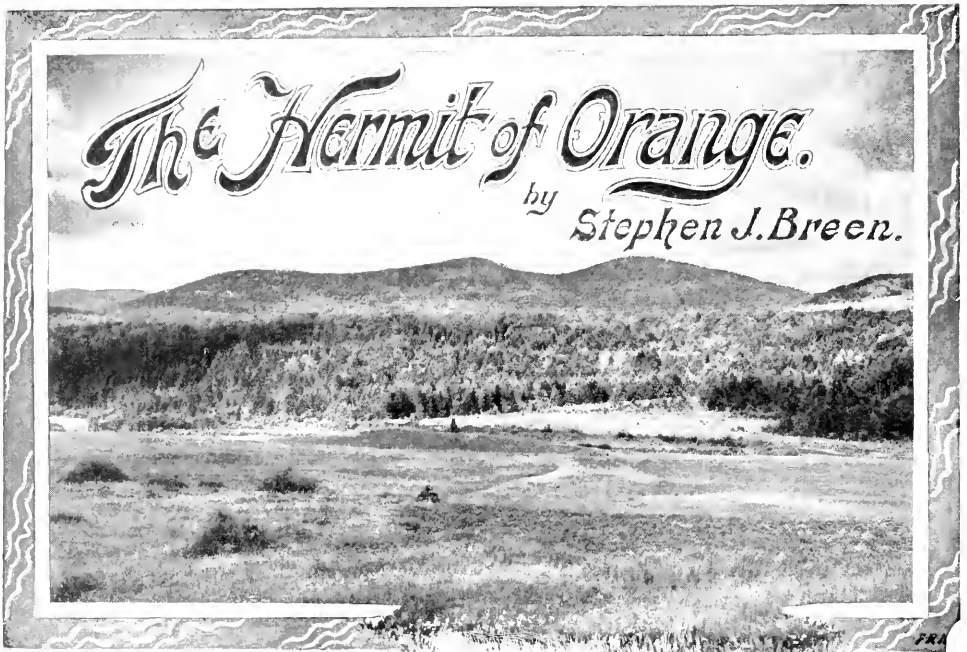
the "sump" and drowned; but, fortunately, I reached the pump safely, and summoning all my strength climbed on to it. Standing on top of this I could just reach the first flange of the delivery pipe, which went straight up the shaft, and luckily was not more than three feet from the walls. More luckily still, the pipe was on that side of the pump nearest the ladder: if I had been on the other side I should never have reached the surface, for I certainly had not the strength to swarm up the pipe. With a last effort I pulled myself up and managed somehow to get my feet into the flange. Standing up then I could just reach the ladder. In another minute I was upon it, but so weak and exhausted that I had to hang there a minute or two before I could climb higher. At last I reached the mouth of the shaft. Luckily for me one of the men was close by or, as the cool air came upon my face, I should have fallen back again to the bottom and been killed after all. He hauled me out, and then I fainted away.

I asked the men in charge of the boiler afterwards why they had not shut off steam sooner. They told me that, the boiler being some little distance from the mouth of the shaft, the roar of the escaping steam had not seemed very loud to them. Owing to the depth of the shaft, moreover, most of the steam was condensed before it reached the surface, and they did not realize that the full pressure of the boiler was blowing away. Once they got a little nervous and shut down the steam and went to the shaft mouth to listen, but they thought they heard

the blows of a hammer—which must have been the metal clips on the end of the steam hose beating the walls—so they concluded it was all right and turned steam on again. They finally shut it off because I had been down there so long that they feared that after all something *had* happened!



"SUMMONING ALL MY STRENGTH, I CLIMBED ON TO IT."



In the remote mountain fastnesses of New England there dwells an extraordinary man known as the "Hermit of Orange." The author describes his visit to this remarkable character, and tells as much as is known of his strange life-history.



**N**ESTLING at the very feet of the Orange Mountains, which form a kind of spur to the Green Mountains of New England, lies the little village of Orange, boasting of a few houses, a post-office, and a small church, or "meetin' house" as it is styled in the vernacular, the spire of which, glittering in the sunlight like a sword of burnished gold, can be seen from the hillsides for miles around.

Here, far removed from the noise and bustle of the larger cities, the inhabitants live out a peaceful existence, untrammelled by the cares and pleasures of the metropolis. An ideal spot is this in which to dream away a summer's afternoon, surrounded on every side by Nature's fairest gems.

If, at a point just beyond the village, you will turn off from the main road and follow an old turnpike for a few miles, you will eventually come to a rude lane that winds away among the foothills. Tie your horse here, for our road lies this way, and it is none too smooth for riding. The character of the soil changes at this point, and travelling becomes more difficult, but at length, after much climbing and puffing, we are at the top of the hill.

So you continue on your journey, keeping a sharp look-out for things uncommon, until in time you reach what at first sight appears to be an old, deserted farmhouse, long since abandoned to the ravages of wind and weather. Upon closer inspection, however, you may perhaps observe that a thin spiral cloud of smoke issues from the old-fashioned, crumbling chimney. Evidently, then, this ancient hut must contain some living occupant. Perhaps some roving band of Indians or gipsies have chosen this spot as a camping place, in which to manufacture their beads and baskets, to tempt the pocket-books of the unwary summer tourist who may chance to visit these mountains.

Your attention once attracted, you will pause for a more thorough investigation. Now you will notice that the window casements are nearly denuded of glass, the apertures being stuffed with a combination of rags and grass. The house is surrounded with a motley collection of decaying rubbish, through which have sprung up rank growths of grass and weeds, giving to the whole place an aspect of decay and desolation.

When you have completed your inspection of the exterior of the place, the question will

naturally present itself to you: What manner of person is it who inhabits this old rookery? What possible reason can any human being have for making this wretched dwelling his abode?

It was to answer these, and many other questions of a similar nature, that the writer, in company with a photographer friend, set out to explore this mysterious place one day in the summer of '98. We had heard vague and conflicting stories concerning a man of extreme age and peculiar habits, who lived a hermit life in these mountains, existing in a hand-to-mouth fashion, but reported by some to be the possessor of vast wealth. We had listened to these wild tales until our curiosity could stand it no longer, and we determined to find out the whole truth of the matter for our own personal satisfaction.

After a journey similar to that already described we finally arrived at our destination. Upon approaching the cabin—in which we expected to encounter some old and feeble man with white flowing beard reaching nearly to his knees, and leaning upon a staff—our attention was attracted by what appeared to be a sign or placard of some description fastened to the door casing. We quickly approached within reading distance, and after much scrutiny and the severe taxation of our respective vocabularies we at last succeeded in deciphering the following inscription, written in a scrawling hand upon a piece of coarse wrapping paper: "East of the house mending fence."

Here, then, was a stumbling-block to our pet theory. Instead of finding a decrepit old fellow, tottering with age, we were confronted with the business card of a robust individual who amused himself with the pleasant pastime of building fences. However, we at once set out in an easterly direction from

the house, and after going a short distance were able to hear quite distinctly the ring of an axe as it cut its way into the heart of a tree.

Following in the direction from which the sound emanated we found ourselves, after a brisk walk, at the edge of a small clearing, where a novel sight met our eyes. Standing in the centre of this space was an old man, with white, shaggy beard, stripped nearly to the waist, who was raining blow after blow upon the trunk of a giant spruce, such as are only found in the forests of New England. Deftly he wielded the axe, the blade glistening in the soft sunlight as it rose and fell.

We stood open-mouthed with astonishment. Here was an old man, apparently close upon the century mark, bending to his task with the vigour and alacrity of a man fifty years his junior. So intent was the old fellow upon his task that he did not heed our approach, and we, becoming more deeply interested each moment, allowed him to work on in ignorance.

Nearer and nearer he cut to the heart of the spruce, until at length, with a great sigh, as if loth to part its moorings, the giant of the forest tottered for a moment on the brink, and then fell crashing among its fellows. The old man's work was done, and dropping his axe to the



THE HERMIT'S HOME, SHOWING THE GREAT FIR-BALSAM WHICH HE CALLS HIS "BEST FRIEND."  
*From a Photo, by HAY, BOSTON, A.T.*

ground he straightened his bent frame until the bones cracked in their sockets.

So this, then, was our hermit, and, although of a different type to what we had anticipated, he was still a unique and interesting character. As he stood silently by contemplating his work, his yellow, wrinkled visage and the shaggy white beard sweeping his breast gave him a striking resemblance to pictures we had seen of Rip Van Winkle awaking from his twenty years' sleep in the Catskills.

Just at this moment the snapping of a twig caused the hermit, as we shall now call him, to turn in our direction. At first the old fellow seemed to resent our intrusion upon his private preserve, but when we had explained to him our mission—that we were newspaper correspondents on the track of an outlaw who had long been evading capture, and who was supposed to be in hiding somewhere in the mountain fastnesses in which this section abounds—he seemed to be both satisfied and relieved as to the object of our visit.

When we had completed our introductions, the hermit turned and led the way to his cabin. Our road lay over quite a rough bit of country, and it was surprising to note the old man's erect carriage and sprightly step for one so far advanced in years. Upon arriving at his domicile the hermit paused, and stood for a moment looking off down the valley, a suspicious moisture lingering in his eyes. Evidently our visit had touched some chord in the old man's life which had long lain dormant, but had now awakened again.

Then the hermit, by way of an invitation to visit the interior of his cabin, turned to us with these words: "Young men," he said, "you are about to enter where none other than myself has ever been before, and if you want to see just how bad a house can look, follow me." Mechanically we followed, wondering the while at this strange manner of man, who, upon the

strength of an hour's acquaintance, was about to favour us with a privilege never yet accorded to any living person.

Upon entering the hut we were obliged to stoop to avoid coming in contact with the beams and rafters by which the low roof was supported. Inside, the place was a monstrosity. Nowhere had we ever witnessed the like before, and never expect to again. The condition of that abode beggars description. Rubbish of every description was heaped together in heterogeneous masses, and so closely packed that only a mere pathway remained in the centre of the room. This passage served to connect both doors of the



FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INTERIOR OF THE COTTAGE—"RUBBISH OF EVERY DESCRIPTION WAS HEAPED TOGETHER IN HETEROGENEOUS MASSES, CLOSELY PACKED IN."

*From a Photo. by Hay, Barre, 17.*

cabin, and was the only means of entrance and exit.

In one corner of the room was a pile of rags a little larger and more conspicuous than any of its fellows, and this, we learned upon questioning the hermit, was his bed. The idea of sleeping on that rag-heap gave us a cold shiver even in broad daylight. Once perched upon the top, the ceiling of the room was so low and his bed so high that the occupant's knees touched it at every turn. To add to this discomfort, upon awaking from some terrible nightmare, he would find the reality hanging within a few inches of his face, in the form of

huge, dust-covered cobwebs, which completely covered the ceiling and walls, and which fairly swarmed with hideous black spiders. But the hermit seemed not to mind these in the least.

The only other article of furniture in the room worthy of mention was a huge, old-fashioned wood stove that completely filled one corner. This stove, we learned, served the double purpose of cooking and heating, and in addition was the sole available means of light in the cabin after sundown. The only light that entered this dismal hut in the daytime came from a few rays that filtered through where the rags with which the windows were stuffed were thinnest. Across the centre of the room was strung a rope, on which hung the hermit's wardrobe, consisting of a motley array of cast-off clothing, ranging from a sock to an overcoat.

An inverted box served as the hermit's trencher, and a broken earthenware pitcher, a tin spoon, and cup were the extent of his culinary articles. How the old fellow contrives to live during the winter months, when the weather is very bitter in this part of the country, is a mystery, for there are occasional great rents in the floor and walls of the cabin, where no amount of rag-stuffing could keep out the piercing cold winds.

After we had obtained a photograph of the interior by flashlight and had finished our investigation to our entire satisfaction, we suggested to the hermit that we should take his photograph. This he finally consented to allow, so we all adjourned to the open air, two of the party at least welcoming the change of atmosphere.

The science of photography was a novel feature to the hermit, and when the camera was

produced and pointed in his direction the old fellow behaved very much after the manner of a person about to submit to some painful operation, screwing up his features and holding his limbs perfectly rigid, as if bracing himself to resist a shock of some kind. After considerable tutoring, however, we induced him to maintain a natural appearance and then took several photos.

The hermit next produced for our edification from a lean-to at the rear of the cabin a pair of young steers, which he informed us were his only worldly possessions besides his hut. He seemed to take great pride in these animals, parading them up and down and turning them hither and thither for our inspection.

We next set about to draw from the old man

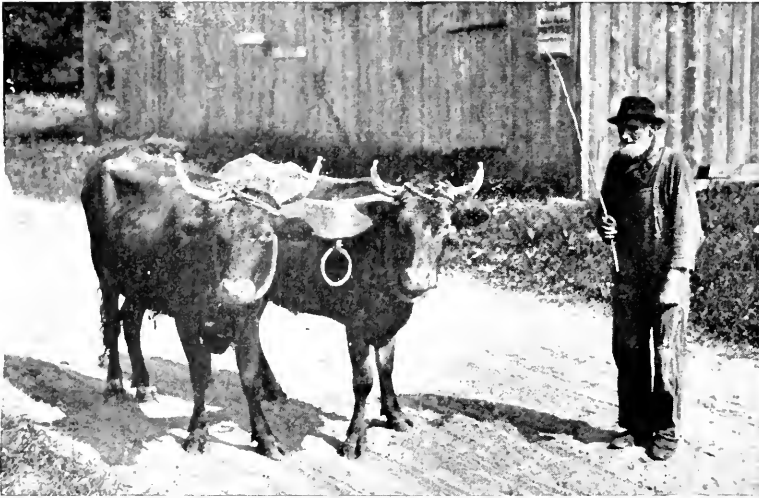
bit by bit the story of his life. At first he refused to speak, but, after much persuading, we finally obtained the leading facts in the case. Before beginning his narrative the hermit fell to meditating. Arousing at last from his reverie the old man pointed to a majestic fir-balsam, which stands, as it has probably stood for centuries, with its huge limbs outstretched, nearly covering the hermit's cabin, as if in an attempt to protect it from the ravages of the mountain storms. "That," he said, with a

peculiar touch of pathos in his tone, "is the best friend I've got."

He was born, he told us, in the small village of Corinth, nobody knows when, and he himself does not know his own true age. He is the "oldest inhabitant" in the hamlet under the hill, but he has no friends, and relying upon what can be gleaned from the people in the surrounding towns and villages, he



THE HERMIT OF ORANGE OUTSIDE HIS HUT—HE IS BELIEVED TO BE A CENTENARIAN.  
From a Photo. by Hay, Barre, Vt.



THESE TWO YOUNG STEERS WERE THE HERMIT'S ONLY WORLDLY POSSESSIONS BESIDES HIS HUT.  
*From a Photo. by Hay, Barre, Vt.*

must certainly have seen the years of a century roll by.

Some time in his early years the hermit was married, and became the father of three children. But his matrimonial venture seems not to have been crowned with the most shining success, as after a period of seven years, not being able to live happily with them, he separated from his family and renounced them for ever. To make the separation more complete, he voluntarily deeded away all his property to an entire stranger, in order that his relations might not share in the inheritance after his death.

After performing this final act of renunciation, he turned his back upon the world and adopted a life of solitude and seclusion in the heart of the mountains. For over fifty years he has made his home in this dilapidated old hut, eking out a bare existence upon the products of a small garden patch at the rear of his cabin, which he has always cultivated with his own hands. He also makes regular trips to the nearest city to which he is accessible, where he reaps a rich harvest in damaged fruit and vegetables which are rejected by the proprietors of the fruit and grocery stores as unfit for sale.

The old fellow forms a striking and unique picture as he travels his beat through the city streets, the butt of many a jest and an object of public ridicule, but he goes steadily on his way, neither heeding the taunts of the small street urchins nor the jeers of older persons.

And yet beneath this rough and uncouth exterior there seems to smoulder a spark of

intellectuality, which inspires a love for reading and for books, for the hermit never fails when he is "in town" to pay a visit to the newspaper offices, where a pile of old copies always awaits him. These he carries home, and will pore over them for hours at a time, never omitting the reading of a single line, even to the advertisements.

Somewhere during his early career the hermit obtained a smattering of law, for on one memorable occasion he argued his side of a case in

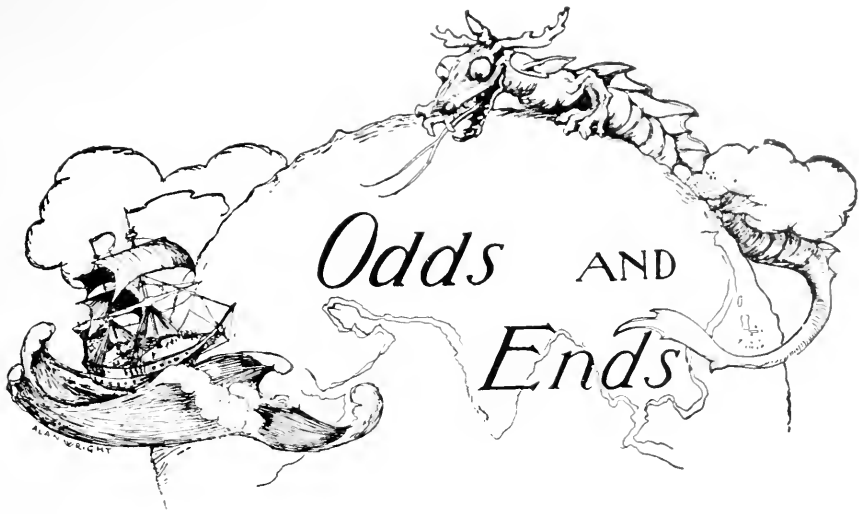
which he became involved without the aid of any legal advice whatever. So greatly did this act impress the Court, that he was granted a seat behind the Orange County Bar, a privilege never before accorded to anyone without first being admitted to the Bar.

During his entire life—although for the greater part of it he has subsisted upon food from which an ordinary person would turn in disgust—this peculiar character has never had an attending physician, nor has he ever been ill for a single day. And now, even at his advanced age, he presents a strong and robust appearance, and is evidently as healthy as a man less than half his age.

We found in this hermit-man a mixed personality. At times he seemed to develop a very bitter and belligerent attitude toward the whole world; at other times he appeared to be looking back on the past with something akin to longing in his eyes. But, whatever his purpose in life is or may have been, the old man is certainly a novel character. He has lived his life in his own peculiar way, and the greater part of it has remained hidden from the world, as it probably will down to the end.

But the question will always remain unanswered: What was the cause of this strange life and stranger habits? Was it the result of a naturally disordered intellect, or has some injury, real or fancied, so embittered this old man's heart against the world that he has turned his back upon it and its customs for ever? No one, probably, will ever know.





Men Who Row With Their Legs—The King of the Gipsies—"Hooping the Hoop"—English Cave-Dwellings, etc., etc.

“**T**HE effect of constant water erosion upon rock is curiously manifested in various parts of the world,” writes a reader; “but a short time ago, in attempting to make the passage between the dividing lines of the State of Utah and the territory of Arizona, in the United States, I quite accidentally came upon an example of the persistency of water when confronted by rock which I believe surpasses anything in that line

of rock, seven hundred feet high, rising out of the side of a mountain slope. Through its centre extends a portal, a hundred feet or more in diameter, on the right and left of which are other unfinished doorways. The rock pile itself is about a hundred and eighty feet thick. All this work has been done by water erosion—by the constant pounding and washing of some ancient stream. As near as we could calculate, after close examination of the rock, which is as hard as flint, at least ten thousand years must



From a Photo. by]

CURIOUS EFFECTS OF WATER EROSION.

[S. J. BROWN.]

yet made known to the scientists of the American continent. The photograph here shown, taken by my companion, Mr. Whitaker, tells the whole story. It shows a castellated mass

have been required for the structure now formed the portal now existing. It is now no water within twenty miles of the spot. We were on our way to the Grand Canyon





*From a*

MEN WHO ROW WITH THEIR LEGS.

*[Photo.]*

when we came upon this formation, which is not far distant from Fredonia, in northern Arizona."

The interesting snap-shot shown above was taken in North Burma. It depicts a canoe being propelled by rowers who use their *legs* to manipulate the oars. These unique people are members of a tribe called the Inthas, who are believed to be the only race in the world who row in this curious fashion. Standing on the gunwale of the boat, they balance themselves on one leg, twisting the other round the paddle, and propelling the boat with vigorous backward strokes. A University boat-race rowed under these conditions would be a refreshing novelty.

We have next to consider a photograph of one of the extraordinary steamboats which ply

on the River Neckar, described by Mark Twain in his "Tramp Abroad." Owing to the shallowness of the stream and the strength of the current the boats are unable to make headway by means of paddle or screw, and accordingly the device has been adopted of laying an immense chain along the bed of the river. The boats lift the chain up and haul themselves along by means of a drum worked by an engine, the chain passing out again at the stern. Huge rudders at bow and stern enable the vessels to be kept in the centre of the stream. There are seventy miles of the curious aquatic cableway, and by means of it the river is rendered navigable to shallow draught steamers, which tow prodigious numbers of barges.



ONE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY NECKAR STEAMBOATS—THEY PULL THEMSELVES ALONG BY HAULING UP A CHAIN LAID ALONG THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER.

*From a*

*[Photo.]*



THE KING OF THE GRANADA GIPSIES, WHO RULES FIVE THOUSAND  
*From a* SUBJECTS. *[Photo.]*

Judging by the number of "kings" and "queens" who are to be met with in different parts of the world, the gypsies must be a much-ruled race. Our next photograph, however, shows a real gipsy "king," concerning whose sovereignty there is no manner of doubt. In the mountains near Granada, in Spain, there dwells a tribe of five thousand gypsies. They do not greatly resemble the gypsies seen in this country, but they have the same swarthy complexion and the same aptitude in fortune-telling. They live in curious mountain dwellings, which are half cave and half cabin. Their king—the subject of our photograph—is a fine old man, and his

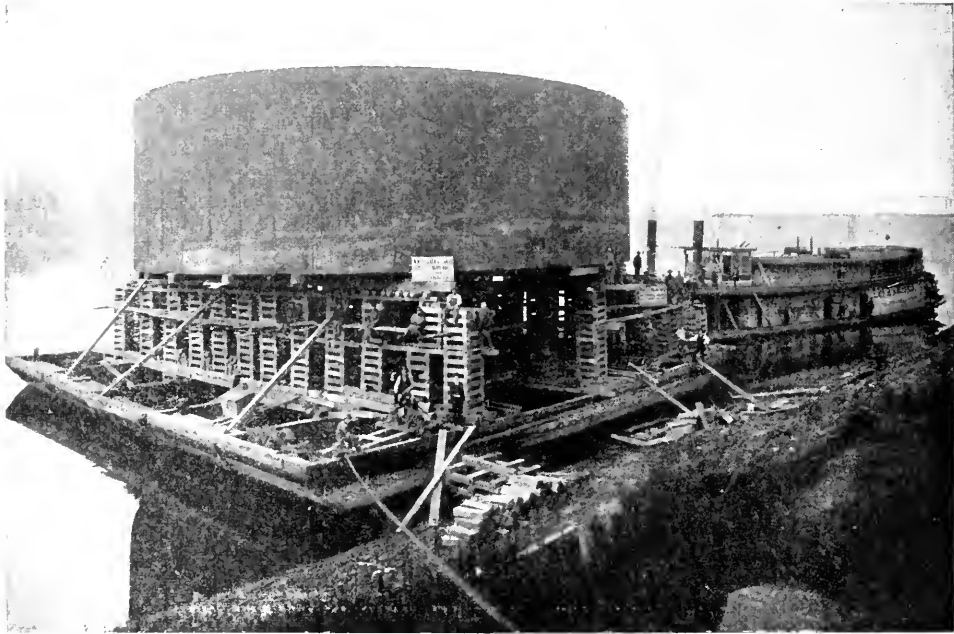
authority is great. As will be seen from the picture, he forms a striking figure in his characteristic costume. His gipsy majesty may be seen almost any day in Granada.

The old saying that there is nothing new under the sun receives further exemplification from the photograph reproduced below. Concerning it a British Columbian correspondent says: "It will probably be interesting to your readers to know that the hygienic benefits to be derived from the 'Turkish bath' have been known to the North American Indians from time immemorial—probably long before our acquaintance with the race. The snap-shot sent herewith shows an Indian 'sweat-house,' which is to all intents and purposes the same as a Turkish or thermal bath. Long willows are bent so as to form a semi-circular framework, over which robes or blankets are spread. The patient then retires inside the erection and pours water over heated rocks (shown in the picture), thus generating clouds of steam. This ingenious apparatus can be seen in the haunts of the red man from one end of the continent to the other."

A well-known firm of contractors in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, were recently asked to solve a somewhat difficult problem. The Standard Oil Company desired to move one of their large oil tanks to a new position almost a mile away. To take the tank apart and set it up again would have cost



A BRITISH COLUMBIAN "SWEAT-HOUSE," THE INDIAN FIRM  
*From a Photo.*



THE SOLUTION OF A DIFFICULT PROBLEM—THIS HUGE TANK, WEIGHING A HUNDRED AND FIFTY TONS, WAS MOVED NEARLY A MILE IN THE INGENUOUS MANNER HERE SHOWN. [Photo.]

several thousand dollars; to move it through the streets of Pittsburg was entirely out of the question. Fortunately both the old and new sites of the tank were only a few blocks distant from the Alleghany River. The contractors settled the difficulty in a very simple manner. The huge receptacle was transported to the river upon rollers; there it was loaded upon barges, and floated down the river to a point near the new site, whence it was again transported upon rollers to its present position.

The steel tank is twenty-five feet high, two hundred and forty feet in circumference, weighs one hundred and fifty tons, and has a capacity of thirty-five thousand barrels. The entire cost of removal was about three thousand dollars. Our photograph shows the great tank on board the barges, ready for transportation down the river.

The snapshot here reproduced shows how some of the young Kafir boys at Victoria West Road (Cape Colony) amuse themselves by a kind of performance which, for want of a better name,

may be called "hooping the hoop." They secure the old iron tyres from the wheels of condemned military waggons, and then, standing inside the broad bands of metal, propel them along with hands and feet, treading forward as the hoop revolves. Their races on the veldt are most exciting affairs, and the urchins manage to get up a fair pace inside their novel machines.

We have dealt in this magazine with many strange communities of cave-dwellers in different parts of the world, but few people would imagine



From a "HOOPING THE HOOP"—HOW THE KAFFIR BOYS AMUSE THEMSELVES. [Photo.]



From a] SOME ENGLISH CAVE-DWELLINGS. [Photo.

that these prehistoric survivals are to be found to this day in civilized England. Yet such is the case, as the accompanying photograph will show. The snap-shot depicts some curious "houses in the rocks" near Blake's Hall, Kidderminster. These cave-dwellings are hewn out of the red sandstone rock so abundant in this district, and are still inhabited. They have four rooms—all on the same floor—enormously thick walls, properly-glazed windows, wooden doors, and tiled floors. There is no suspicion of "jerry-building" about them, of course, and

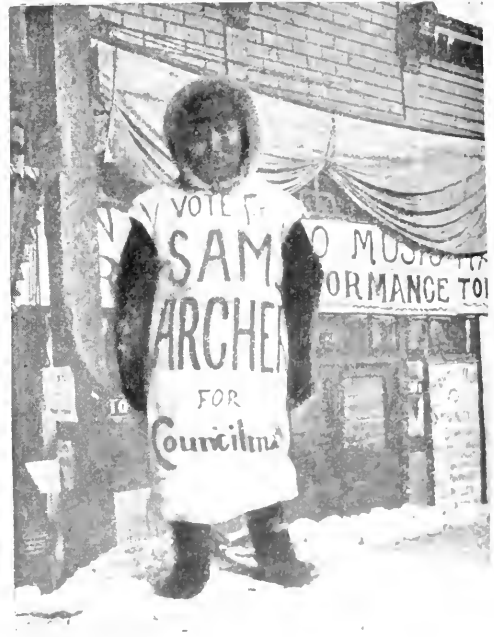


From a] "LIVING FLOWER-POTS." [Photo.

they are far more attractive than many cottages. Close at hand are many older rock-dwellings, long since deserted, and several "composite" caves, partly built up in the ordinary way and partly excavated.

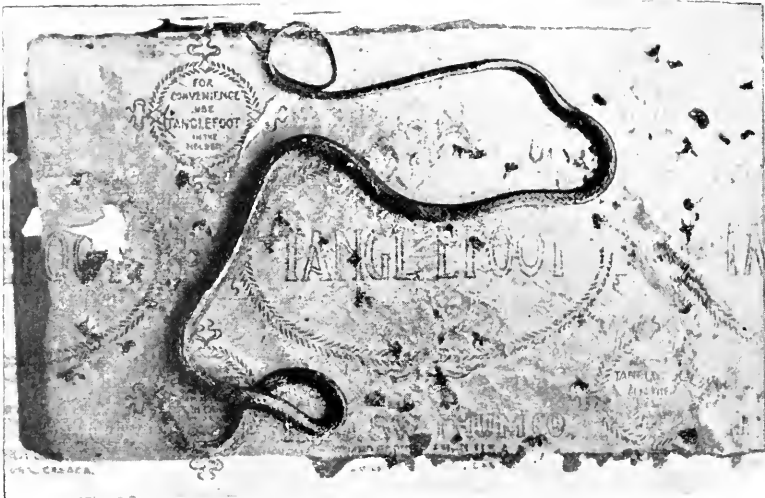
The objects seen on the box in the lower photograph might well be called "living flower-pots." Concerning them an officer writes: "I took this photo. at Tarkwa, West Africa. The flower pots are pieces of a bamboo pole I carried home one night and cut into sections to make flower-pots for my veranda. A week later, to my astonishment, they all started to grow at the joints, and when I left every one of them was growing a young bamboo outside 'on its own' and something else inside."

A novel electioneering dodge from far away Alaska forms the subject of our next photograph. One of the leading



From a] A NOVEL ELECTIONEERING DODGE.

citizens of Nome, who had political aspirations, hit upon the very ingenious idea of outfitting and decorate the Esquimaux's robes for the purpose of charge. Needless to say, the Esquimaux natives eagerly flocked to the store, as is seen from the snap-shot. The man in the foreground took the form of clothing, and the natives, seeing himself, and the natives, and the natives, and the natives, advertisements for the candidate, and the natives, blissfully unconscious of the time, looking at



From a)

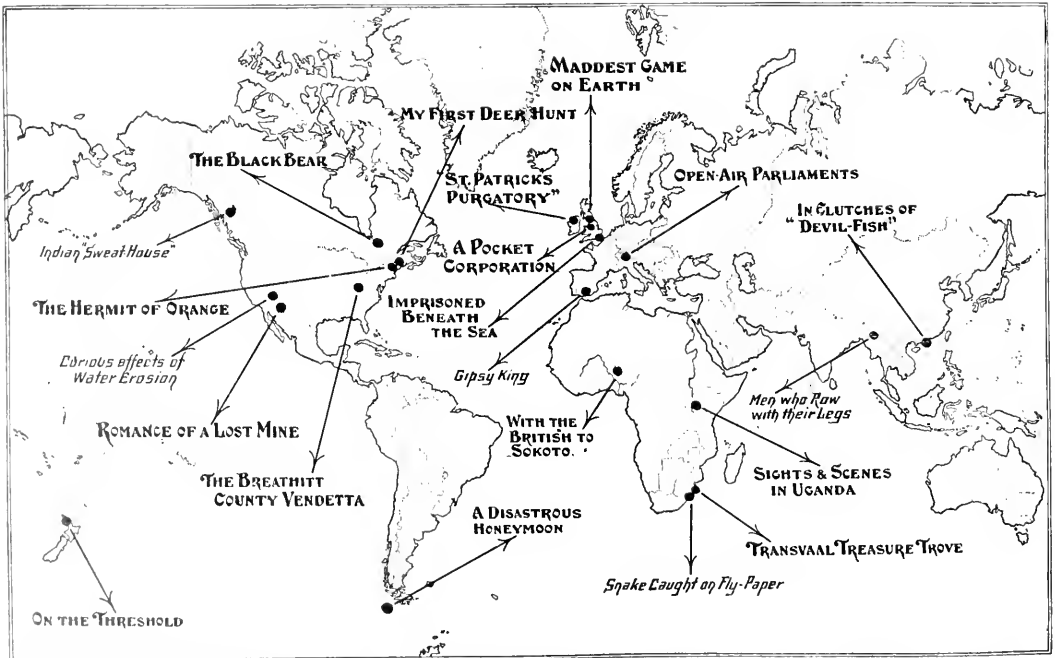
A SNAKE CAUGHT ON A FLY-PAPER!

{Photo.

the gaily-coloured designs on their robes. The enterprising "decorator" reaped the reward of his smartness by getting himself elected.

The above photograph shows a fly-paper serving a purpose which was never contemplated by its makers—acting as a snake-trap! "Whilst camping out on survey work on the Natal coast," writes the sender of the picture, "a sheet of 'Tanglefoot,' placed to catch flies, was blown

off the writing-table in my tent on to the floor. Whilst it lay there a young snake (a green mamba), rather unfortunately for itself, happened to crawl on to the paper, and in spite of all its struggles was securely caught. It was a rather lively specimen, and its temper was not improved by its sticky environment, so that when it came to be photographed its resentment was most marked."



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.





HE SAW BY THE CORNER OF THE TOMB THE FLAMING HEAD OF A 'BHUT'

(SEE PAGE 2.2.)



# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIII.

JULY, 1904.

No. 75.

## THE HAUNTED TOMB.

By C. H. SHANAN, ASSOC. M. INST. C. E., ETC., ETC.

The author writes: "This story was told to me by the headman of Malout, a village in Southern Punjab, when I was an assistant engineer in the Irrigation Branch of the Indian Public Works Department. Several officers of the Salt Department have assured me that the narrative is true in every detail."

**Y**OU are right, sahib; as you say, I have seen many strange things in my life. Do you see that tomb over yonder? Shall I tell you a story about it? The night is still young, and maybe it will interest your honour."

So spoke Harnam Singh, the old Lambardar (headman) of Malout, as we sat on the parapet of the canal bridge one hot, stifling night in June some five years ago.

The old Customs preventive line, a high, thick thorn hedge that stretched for miles north and south, ran on one side of the canal. This line was intended to check the smuggling of salt that had not paid Government duty from the native States into British territory. It extended from the Sutlej, near Fazilka, along the borders of British territory, to the frontiers of Berar, and was guarded by a chain of posts manned by native peons, under the supervision of European officers. The system has been abolished now for many, many years, but the hedge still exists in a few places in Southern Punjab.

In the background, set in a treeless, undulating sea of sand, were clustered the mud huts of the villagers, raised high above the tank dug to supply the sun-baked bricks with which they were built. Numerous black blotches in the water showed where the buffaloes were wallowing to escape the tender attentions of the sand-flies and mosquitoes, unheeding the opprobrious epithets heaped upon them and their remote ancestors by the naked lads playing near the margin. The hot air quivered as the heat rose

from the earth, and made one think of blue hills and snow-capped peaks with an intense longing.

About a hundred yards away, in the shelter of the hedge, stood a small, mosque-like tomb, covered with a dome; hundreds of similar structures are to be seen scattered all over the country. It was this place to which the old headman had directed my attention; and here is the strange story he told me concerning it.



THE AUTHOR, MR. C. H. SHANAN, ASSOC. M. INST. C. E.  
*From a Photo. by Lafayette, Dublin.*

It is now many years ago, sahib, probably when your presence was a babe in arms, that a rumour got spread about that this tomb was haunted. The rumour soon grew to a certainty, for Gunda Singh himself was one of the first to see the "bhut" (ghost) while coming home late one night from his fields, and he told his wife and me. He was shaking like a leaf, and had I not been with him at Ferozeshah and known of his pluck from experience I would have said that he was a coward. When he had recovered from his fright, and could keep his teeth from chattering as if he had the ague, he described it to us. He had been to his *makki* (Indian corn) field as usual, but had been delayed

there in an altercation with Ram Lal, the usurious old money-lender of the village, and it was long past sunset when he started to return.

His land, as your honour knows, lies about half a mile from here on the salt road. He came along this road singing, as is our custom to frighten away the tree-demons, but as he neared the tomb a terrible howl struck him

mute, and on glancing around he saw by the corner of the tomb the flaming head of a "bhut." "It was a veritable 'shitan,'" (devil), said he to us, "with no body at all—just a head only, framed in white and green fire, out of which two red eyes stood out distinct and appalling, steadily fixed on me. May I eat dirt, Harnam Singh," he added, "if I speak not the truth." Gunda Singh noted all this in a second, and then he ran, and ran hard, till he got home.

the size of a large dog, to others that of a buffalo, and even once as tall as a camel, but I think terror made the man who saw it that time greatly exaggerate its size. As a rule it took the form of an animal, but when Gurditta Singh's wife beheld it, it resembled a man; and it must have cast some sort of a spell on her, for she has never since been quite right in her mind. Others, again, only heard fearful and blood-curling screams at night; I myself heard these,



From a

THE AUTHOR'S BUNGALOW BY THE SIDE OF THE CANAL.

[Photo.]

Two or three evenings later we were all sitting at the *dharmsala* (meeting-place of the village elders), discussing matters, when Gurditta Singh and his wife's brother burst in amongst us, breathless and speechless with running and fear, and told us between gasps that they had seen a terrible "bhut" on the salt road. They had been to Alamwala and were returning when, just as they passed the tomb, there suddenly emerged from out of the shadow a "shitan" as big as a buffalo, with head and shoulders darting flames. It had a huge, grinning mouth, out of which lolled a red tongue dripping with fresh blood. It passed quite close to them, fortunately not seeing them, and went through the hedge without making the slightest noise. They were rooted to the spot with terror, but when it had gone out of sight they ran as fast as they could to the *dharmsala* to tell us.

Others then saw it, huzoor, and each time it was different in its appearance, so that no two accounts agreed, except in the matter of its flaming head and shoulders. To some it was

and I assure you, huzoor, they haunted me in my dreams for many a night after. The tomb was avoided by everyone, not a man would go near it after dark, and as for the women and children—well, you had only to mention it to reduce a refractory wife or child to immediate and quiet obedience! You laugh, sahib; I know that you do not believe in "bhuts," but I have seen not one, but three, and I have met some sahibs who do believe in them. I've heard tell, too, that your "bhuts" write and knock on tables. This is, indeed, a marvellous thing.

Esmith Sahib was the patrol (officer) here then, and though he laughed as your honour does at the stories told in the village, he believed them, I think.

Just about this time the usual attempts at salt smuggling ceased, and it was very dull for me and the other hot-heads of Malout, for there were then no nightly fights when we joined Esmith Sahib and his *chaprassis* (peons) against the low-caste Bagris, and the *lathis*

(quarter-staffs) were used and skulls broken. Well, your presence, to continue. After a while the salt men found out, by means of spies and informers, that, though the smugglers made no attempts to break through the line openly, still a great deal of salt was somehow coming across from Bickaneer, and the patrols were extra watchful. But in spite of all their efforts it continued, and even grew worse. Esmith Sahib was fat, and used to be very short-tempered; but he found out nothing, so they sent him to Dabwali and put Ugecome (Edgecombe) Sahib here. He was young and a great shikaree; but

As I have said before, the sahib was a keen shikaree, and his heart was glad within him. Every evening he went for a long walk, taking his gun. It was lonely for him, and, like your honour, he loved to hear stories of my many experiences, so I generally accompanied him and carried the game-bag.

One evening we wandered farther than usual, and it was late when we started to return. Darkness sets in rapidly in the cold weather, as you know, and, as there was no moon, by the time we struck the line it was pitch-black. I had been telling the story of the haunted tomb and what



"OUT OF THE DEEP BLACKNESS OF THE HEDGE STOLE A FEARSOME THING."

though he tried hard the salt still came over, and now they knew well that it crossed the line close by here. Ugecome Sahib swore many times, especially when the "dak" (post) came in every day, and would then watch and lay traps for the smugglers, but all in vain.

It was the beginning of the cold weather and the grouse were just coming in; for the last few days the air was filled with their musical calls as they winged their way from the cool uplands where they had spent the summer breeding, and returned to their winter feeding-grounds.

Gunda Singh had seen, when, just as we came abreast of it, a most blood-curdling cry broke the stillness—a cry I cannot describe, sahib; it turned my blood to water. Then, lo! out of the deep blackness of the hedge stole a fearsome thing. Imagine an animal-like creature larger than the largest dog, with long brindled hair. It was not the body of it, however, that frightened me, but the awful head: a bright, white, green light enveloped it, out of which glared two savage red eyes. The light was not of this earth, sahib, for it moved and quivered and seemed

just to float around the head. Never in my life have I beheld such a thing, and I was rigid where I stood, with my turban rising off my head. For a second the thing stood staring at us with those awful eyes, then turned and ran towards the tomb. A bang, followed by another, broke the silence; Ugecome Sahib had fired both barrels at it, but too late, for it went right through the wall and disappeared. We ran up, the sahib cursing under his breath and very excited, I still shaking with a great fear, for to annoy a "bhut" brings bad luck, and my first grandson was but a week old. We searched carefully as best we could in the intense darkness, the sahib striking match after match, but found nothing.

"Look you, Harnam Singh," said he, "that was no 'bhut' at all; it is some trick, and we are going to find it out. I have an idea we shall find the salt smugglers in this; but we must move slowly and catch them if possible. To-morrow night you and I will sit here and keep watch—you are not afraid; a Singh fears nothing." I was afraid—terribly afraid, huzoor, but even if a Singh is afraid he does not show it, and never backs out of danger. We returned then to the bungalow.

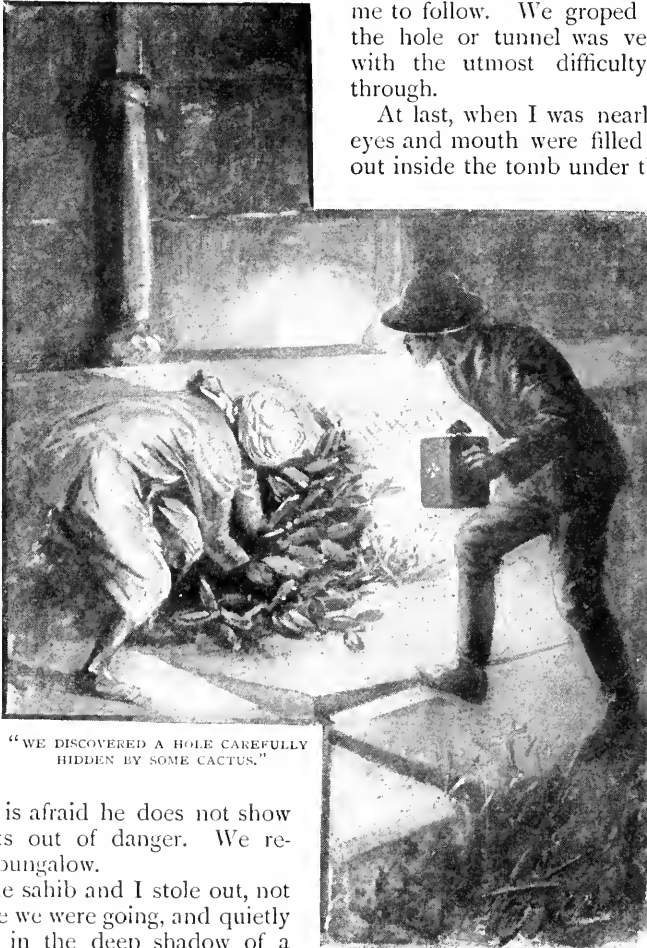
The next night the sahib and I stole out, not telling anyone where we were going, and quietly took up our stand in the deep shadow of a "kikar" tree close to the tomb. Hour after hour went by; the sahib was getting impatient, and we were just going to give it up for that night, when suddenly the awful cry broke out on the still air; it came so suddenly that we both started violently. Thrice was it repeated, and then from under the hedge appeared the "bhut." It stood for a while and seemed to be looking at us.

The magical light around its head and mouth was stronger than ever, and truly, your presence, it made me tremble with fear, for I believed it to be a "bhut" in spite of what Ugecome Sahib said. It seemed an age to me before he sighted and fired. With another fearful cry the thing turned and staggered to the tomb, where, as on the night before, it went through the wall and was lost to sight. We had brought a lantern this time, and on lighting it and searching about we discovered a hole in the foundations, carefully hidden by some cactus. I pulled this away, and the sahib, without any hesitation, scrambled into the hole, calling on me to follow. We groped our way along, but the hole or tunnel was very small, and it was with the utmost difficulty we could wriggle through.

At last, when I was nearly suffocated and my eyes and mouth were filled with sand, we came out inside the tomb under the dome. Then we

saw the "bhut"—he was lying just inside near the mouth of the tunnel, quite dead. But even then he would have made a brave man run, for the ghostly light still quivered around his head, and a ghastly grin showed a row of huge teeth dripping blood and froth. What was it? you ask, huzoor. Why, only a hyena after all! But he was a huge brute, with some devilish magic stuff on his head and jaws, which in the dark gave him a terrible appearance.\*

A laugh caused me to turn, and there was Ugecome Sahib waving the lantern and looking much pleased. "Lo! Harnam Singh," said he, "what do you think this is? Was I not right last night?" and then I saw what had made



"WE DISCOVERED A HOLE CAREFULLY HIDDEN BY SOME CACTUS."

\* It will be remembered that Sir A. Conan Doyle makes use of an exactly similar device in his "Hound of the Baskervilles."—ED.



“‘LO! HARNAM SINGH,’ SAID HE, ‘WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS?’”

him so glad. For the tomb was full of nothing but salt; there it was in a great heap from the floor to the top of the dome. Only a small space near the hole was kept clear.

My tale is now told, huzoor, for the remainder is nothing. The mystery of the salt smugglers was explained, but they were never caught, for one of the gang must have been close by from the start, and he gave the alarm to the rest. It appears, however, that they had fixed on this place for their enterprise; they got a hyena, tamed it, and trained it to live in this tomb and just wander about near it at nights. With some kind of paint they gave it that fearful appearance which frightened so many of us. Afterwards, when no one would venture near the tomb for fear of the “bhut,” the salt smugglers started using it as a store-house. One lot would bring the salt from Bickaneer up to the other side of the line and, when darkness came and the coast

was clear, smuggle it across—they had a carefully concealed hole in the hedge— and store it in the tomb. The peons were too frightened of the “bhut” to go near this part of their beats, so the smugglers were quite safe. The men on this side would then remove it when they got a chance, and the others would return for more.

It was an unnatural way of smuggling, I admit, but what can you expect from low-caste Bagris? After a time they returned to the good old way again, and, in fact, I think it was only a week later that we had a glorious fight with about thirty of them. We were outnumbered—two to one, and it would have gone hard with us had not a huge wild boar caused a diversion; but it grows late, and the night is yawning, so the story will keep till your honour comes to Malout. I shall be in huzoor; may your prosperity be as great as yours; you have twelve strapping sons!

# The Cherry Festival in Japan.

BY GEORGE LYNCH.

The well-known war correspondent describes the national festival of Japan, when all the people make holiday in honour of the beautiful cherry blossom.



SUPPOSE the Japanese are the only people in the world who keep general holiday in honour of a flower. The holidays they make for the cherry blossom are quite the most delightfully interesting that I have ever seen.

I had been hearing a good deal about the cherry blossom in various directions. Some work I wanted done could not be finished because all the men had gone out to see it; many of the shops were closed, and business was considerably interrupted.

Early one morning I went to call on a little wood-carver who was doing something for me. He was a widower with two children, a girl and

boy, Momo and Jiji by name—great friends of mine. Momo, the girl, was a sedate little lady of seven, who was already taking her dead mother's place in the household and was really a mother to her young brother, a lusty specimen of Japanese humanity, with closely-shaved head, chubby cheeks, and bright eyes.

I found the family on the point of setting out for Ueno Park to see the cherry trees. Momo was looking her best. Her jet-black hair shone like lacquer, and in it, over her left ear, she wore a camellia, while she had on a bright robe that I had never seen before. I fancy it would have taken a pretty big commission to have prevented their father from taking the holiday.



From a]

THE SCENE UNDER THE CHERRY TREES IN UENO PARK.

[Photo.



A rickshaw was waiting at the door. The family lunch was done up in a couple of neat wooden boxes, and there was a gourd flask, which I presume contained saké, for their parent. Both the youngsters were in high delight at the prospect of the day before them, and asked me if I were not also going out to see the cherry blossom. After the three had tucked themselves into the same rickshaw and gone off, I thought it would be as good a thing as I could do to go out to Ueno Park and pay my homage to the flowers, like everybody else. It is a long drive, for Tokio is a city of big distances. There are no skyscrapers there, and the population is spread out thinly in one, or at most two, story houses. An Irishman said of it that "the suburbs are in the middle close to the Imperial Palace, and the city in a ring round the suburbs."

There was a very holiday-like appearance about the streets as we got near to the park. The tiny street cars were crowded beyond anything to be seen outside New York, and they were the most strident note of Westernism in the scene. It was

curious to see how the crowd marked every stage of a people in transition towards the outward garb of Western civilization. There were men in tall hats and frock-coats, men in "billycocks," with the rest of their costume Japanese, and old country people without a touch of Western contamination in their costumes. Where one regretted most the change was in the case of the girls, but there were very few who wore European clothes. If it were not for the hats and coats of the men, one could imagine that it was half a century ago, before the Meiji, where the two civilizations met in

Vol. xiii.—28.

rather jarring conflict under these same cherry trees. The Western element was all to the detriment of the picturesque effect. In so far as it was purely Japanese it was entirely beautiful. The trunks of the great old pine trees were like moss-grown pillars, with which the woodwork of the temples enshrined amidst them blended harmoniously. Under them, between them, looking like a mountain mist at dawn, was the cherry blossom—dainty har-binger of the coming of summer. Its soft

blush colour was everywhere—wondrously delicate, wondrously beautiful. As I walked through that ancient forest-park I felt the influence of its message and its loveliness. To people naturally artistic, Nature-loving, and sensitive, it seemed appreciatively tender of Nature herself to send them this floral herald.

I wandered idly about under the trees, where hundreds of happy parties were picnicking, squatting on red rugs spread out on the grass. I first caught sight of my friends while watching some people coming up to a little shrine and saying their prayers. Jiji gave a vigorous

tug at the bell to attract the attention of the divinity, and then clapped his hands and bowed his little head devoutly, while he said the prayer, "Nama amida Butsu" ("Hear me, compassionate Lord Buddha"). Momo followed, first throwing an offering into the box. It was good to watch that stream of people attending to their devotions with simple fervour before commencing their day's pleasure.

Then I was taken charge of by my friends, and the best cherry trees were pointed out for my admiration. Momo met a group of friends and joined in a game in which they held hands



BEFORE COMMENCING THEIR DAY'S PLEASURE THE PEOPLE PAY A VISIT TO THE  
*From a* BUDDHIST SHRINE. *[Photo.]*





From a

JAPANESE CHILDREN MERRY-MAKING AMONG THE TREES.

[Photo.

in a circle while a couple chased each other round. Jiji was presently attracted to join the congregation of a Shinto priest, who was preaching close by and talking to his hearers in a chatty and conversational style, occasionally making remarks that made them laugh. Presently it was time for their meal, and a rug was spread on the grass under a tree simply laden with beautiful blossom. A pot of tea was got from one of the numerous *al fresco* restaurants in the park, the boxes were opened and chopsticks produced, and they commenced on their varied lunch—rice, fish, vegetables, and, finally, those soft sweet cakes, chocolate colour and green, of which the Japanese are so fond.

After lunch Momo produced a brush and Indian ink, and on a roll of paper wrote a little poem about the cherry trees, which as near as I could get to the meaning ran: "The trees have flowered again to make the birds happy, but make us happier than the birds."

They then came with me to a row of stalls laden with toys, balloons, sweets, and artificial flowers. Momo went in for the flowers, but Jiji's fancy was taken by a sword and belt, the

acquisition of which appeared to be the final touch to his supreme contentment with the day. From here we adjourned to a tea-house, where some geishas were performing a sort of cherry dance to the accompaniment of twanging samisans and that nasal singing the appreciation of which is an acquired taste, which so far I cannot lay claim to. I then left my happy little friends, still bent on the quest of other joys. Their father was of the type that one finds so frequently in Japan—an artist taking a genuine pride in his work, for which he earns an amount that in England or America would be considered ridiculously small.

How one can study a nation from seeing how it plays! They do not take their pleasure sadly, these people, or with boisterous gaiety; and there is never a sign of horse-play. A quiet tone of contentment, politeness, and consideration for others characterizes them. Out of the thousands assembled in Ueno Park I saw only one drunken man, and I have never seen such orderly crowds as assemble for great events. It is surely a sign of high civilization for a people to have their principal national festival one of homage to the beauty of the flowers.

# The Transvaal Treasure-Trove.

BY S. WARD HALL, OF JOHANNESBURG.

We publish this remarkable narrative exactly as set forth by the author. It is perhaps the most enthralling story of sunken treasure put before the public in recent years, and should create a sensation not only in this country but throughout South Africa. The author describes the manœuvres by which the Government of the late South African Republic sought to accumulate a war-chest for use against the British; the duplicity of their secret agents; and the strange series of events which culminated in the wreck of a ship carrying four hundred and fifty thousand pounds' worth of gold ingots on a lonely part of the South African coast. The story of Mr. Hall's search for this vast treasure reads like the most fascinating fiction. Not only had all the machinery of the law to be contended with, but even the forces of Nature appeared to be leagued against the explorers. Torrential rivers, deadly reefs, crocodile-haunted lakes, and shark-infested lagoons—all these accessories make up a narrative of unique and surpassing interest. Wherever possible official documents and extracts from newspapers bearing upon the story will be reproduced in facsimile, together with photographs showing the different phases of the quest for the sunken gold.

## II.—THE BEGINNING OF THE SEARCH.



Length I settled my bill at the hotel and boarded the train for Durban, leaving the Hebrews behind me.

When I reached Durban, however, I reflected that if they fell short of money they might get insubordinate and talkative, and so I sent them a remittance and instructed them to follow me at once to Durban.

The following morning I met them at the railway station, and eagerly inquired how they had fared with the detective. The tale they had to tell did not by any means reassure me. The poor youngster, it appeared, did not come to his senses till late in the evening. He was too stupid to do anything that night; but next day, just as they were leaving, they became aware that he was watching their movements. As the train steamed slowly out of the station they caught a glimpse of him

on the platform carefully scanning the carriages. Presently he saw them, and with a sudden rush sprang on to the footboard and laid hold of the handle of the door, which they held fast against him. Owing to the increasing speed of the train he dared not jump off, and his position became very precarious.

"Let me in!" he clamoured, but the unsympathetic Jews only jeered at him. Clutching desperately at the door, he implored them to help him in, but they paid no attention to him. The train was now travelling very fast, and the rush of wind threatened every moment to sweep him off the narrow footboard. At last, nerved by terror, he grabbed at the handle, pulled himself through the open window, and collapsed in a heap on the floor of the compartment. A more pitiful specimen of a detective it would have been hard to find. The Hebrews were debating what was to be done with him when the train



"THE RUSH OF WIND THREATENED TO SWEEP HIM OFF THE NARROW FOOTBOARD."

drew up at Fox Hill Station. Fearing to trust himself with the two men, the youngster left the train and made for the telegraph-office—presumably to notify his chiefs of his failure to find me—and afterwards left for Maritzburg by the next train.

This recital, as may be imagined, did not tend to put me at my ease. My nerves were beginning to get a little unstrung, and if anyone looked at me even for a moment I promptly set them down as spies. For this reason we only stayed one day in Durban, taking tickets to the Tugela River, the terminus of the North Coast Line, a distance of about seventy miles from Durban. This was the nearest railway station to the scene of the wreck.

On the train we met a military-looking gentleman, who entered into conversation in a very friendly manner. I did not at first take him for a detective, but when he began to hand round his flask with curious frequency and to put leading questions about the gold business I froze up at once. He said he was going to Stanger, a station about half-way to the Tugela, to obtain natives for the African Boating Company, a large firm engaged in the lighterage business. When we arrived at Stanger, however, after finding out our destination, he went and booked through to the Tugela River himself—surely a most transparent move. I saw that this man intended to follow me, and so, when we reached our destination, I hurried down to the post-office. From here a post-cart runs to Eshowe, the capital of Zululand, twenty-five miles farther on. I booked the last four seats in the cart, thus effectually ridding ourselves for some time, at least, of the detective's company. I flattered myself that this was rather a clever move, but the detective had his revenge, for he wired to Eshowe that three desperate characters, ripe for anything from murder downwards, were on their way to the town. Mr. White, the landlord of the hotel at Eshowe, did not quite know what to make of this startling information, but he placed two revolvers on a handy shelf and awaited the arrival of the desperadoes with equanimity. When we turned up, however, he did not identify us with the ruffians mentioned in the telegram, and made us very com-

fortable. The police, of course, were on the alert, and asked us several times if we had seen anything of the "gang."

Ordinarily Eshowe is a very quiet little place. The Commissioner for Zululand makes his residence there and holds a periodical Court, which all the chiefs attend, in order to make their reports. There is a detachment of mounted police stationed here and about one hundred and fifty native constables, while scattered about the surrounding country are a number of native kraals.

We stayed at the hotel for six or seven days, during which time I bought a span of oxen and a Scotch cart—a two-wheeled affair, built very strongly, provided with a cover—and a plentiful supply of provisions. We had rifles and sporting guns with us, and gave out that we were going on a shooting expedition. This story was a likely enough one, for game is plentiful in Zululand, even lions being occasionally found there.

We left Eshowe on January 24th, 1899, the party numbering five—myself, the two Jews, and two native boys. We shaped our course for Cape Vidal, a distance of about a hundred and ninety miles. We quite expected to be stopped and searched by the police, but apparently no one took any notice of us. The same night, however, a trooper of the Natal Mounted Police visited our camp, twelve miles out from Eshowe, and demanded to know the nature of our business and our reasons for camping out. I told him we were going shooting, and he went off satisfied. Next morning we inspanned and proceeded on our journey, trekking twelve miles a day on the average and regulating our route by the rivers. After some days we arrived at



"AT LAST WE CAME ACROSS IT  
—A MISERABLE OLD CRAFT."

Lake St. Lucia, a large body of water extending about sixty miles inland, and having an outlet to the sea in St. Lucia Bay. It simply swarms with rhinoceros and crocodiles.

Lake St. Lucia is very shallow, and in parts is almost choked up with gigantic masses of reeds and grass, sometimes eight or ten feet high and of extraordinary thickness. These reeds, as might be expected, swarm with wild duck and other game. The district is shunned, however, on account of the pestilential exhalations of the swamps, which render prolonged residence in the vicinity impossible for white men. The only inhabitant is a Kaffir storekeeper, who has a little place close to the borders of the lake.

Much to the disgust of my Hebrew companions we found it necessary to cross a part of this huge inland sea. Accordingly we left the waggon on a patch of rising ground in charge of the boys while we went down to the lake and hunted about for a boat which we had been informed lay somewhere in the reeds. At last we came across it—a miserable old craft, which we had to patch up as best we could. There were no oars, so we were forced to cut down some young saplings for poles. The Hebrews were not at all comfortable—the thought of the hungry crocodiles lying in wait rather appalled them, and they were of little or

mud, stirring up fœtid exhalations, and the boat obstinately refused to budge an inch. In this extremity the Jews turned round and reviled me bitterly as the prime cause of all their troubles, including even my remote ancestors in their comprehensive curses. I could not help it—it was too funny; and I laid down my pole and fairly howled with laughter. This, of course, only made them more bad-tempered, and I verily believe that if they had had a grain of courage between them they would have flown at me.

Presently, after many vain attempts to get out, we had to jump overboard up to our knees in mud and water and drag the boat by main force out of the reeds. During this operation my companions were in an ecstasy of terror lest the crocodiles should come along and snap off their legs. Fortunately, however, these terrible monsters did not visit us, and after a couple of hours of this arduous navigation we reached the other side—a distance of barely one mile. Here I set to work to find a drift across which I could bring the waggon. Presently I found two points on opposite sides which approached pretty close to one another, and between these was the ford, where the bottom of the lake was good hard gravel: this we used on our way back to the waggon.

Whilst in camp by the side of the lake some



"WE CROSSED THE DRIFT WITH THE WAGGON AND OXEN."

no use in the navigation of the boat. Not being well acquainted with the crossing, we soon got into difficulties, and the first thing we knew we were in the very heart of a great tangled forest of rushes, cut off from sight or sound of the outer world. The poles sank in black, noisome

natives from an adjacent kraal took me, but native police were shadowing me. I did not expect this, but, nevertheless, I decided not to alter my plans, and next morning we crossed the drift with the waggon and oxen. About six or eight miles farther on, over a range of hills, we

came to the station of the American Board of Missions. The missionary in charge, the Rev. Mr. Freyling, a Norwegian, received us very hospitably. He and his wife, together with his brother-in-law, lived at the station-house, which he had built for himself with the assistance of the Kaffirs. I told them, of course, that we were on a shooting expedition.

Being now so close to the sea, I was eager to get down to the beach and see for myself the spot where the ill-fated *Dorothea* had been wrecked; and early next morning I started off with the intention of finding it. First of all, however, I went over to the kraal of Klakana, a neighbouring chief, to get some information about the wreck. They knew something about her, but I could get very little out of them, and I did not dare to let them think I had any object behind my questions. They remembered the ship coming ashore, certainly, and they had been on board and removed her sails and everything else they could lay hands on. I also learned that, in spite of the surf, the barque had not gone to pieces immediately. Finally, despairing of getting further details, I left the kraal and went down to the shore, taking the two Hebrews with me. It was a wide, sandy beach, backed by steep hills, covered with dense bush and scrub. The surf was very heavy, and, as the tide was in, the reef on which the *Dorothea* had struck was completely covered. After walking along the shore for perhaps two hours, always on the alert for some signs of the wreck, we came to a small bay where the hills fell away, forming a semi-circle. Here we came across some hatches and other odds and ends of wreckage embedded in the sand, and I knew that at last I had reached my destination. Needless to say, I felt very excited at my proximity to the sunken treasure, but it was quite impossible to see anything of the reef on account of the terrible triple line of breakers, which broke on the rocks with a roar like thunder. Accordingly, we sat down and waited impatiently until the tide went out. Then, little by little, the reef became revealed—a long line of cruel, jagged rocks, in some places thirty feet

across. Gradually the water receded until the reef stood about three feet above the calmer water on the shoreward side—although the mighty combers still flung their snow-white foam over the outer edge. And then suddenly I caught my first glimpse of the wreck, or rather a part of it—the foremast—sticking up gaunt and naked from the water. The upper part had gone at the topmast, but the cross-trees and some of the rigging still remained. That solitary mast, sharply silhouetted against the wild tumble of foam, together with the silence of the scene, broken only by the dull roar of the receding waves, produced a curiously melancholy effect



"I SWAM ACROSS THE LAGOON TO THE REEF."

upon me, as though I stood in the presence of some grim ocean tragedy; and even my companions looked around them apprehensively. It was curious to feel oneself "so near and yet so far" from vast riches.

In spite of the remonstrances of the Hebrews I undressed and swam across the lagoon to the reef, a distance of about a hundred yards. I was not aware at this time that it swarmed with sharks, an alarming fact which was demonstrated later on. However, on this occasion, I saw nothing of them. Encouraged by my exhortations my companions tried to swim across too, but the sight of the black, jagged rocks and the foaming surf beyond seemed to unnerve them, and they retired to the beach.

I pulled myself up on to the rocks, which I found even more rugged and treacherous than they had looked from the beach, and then went over to the outer edge, paying no attention to

the frantic shouts of the Jews, who feared that I might get swept away and drowned. They were moved by no affectionate regard for my safety; but they knew that if I was drowned they would be thrown upon their own resources in this desolate and fever-stricken country. Smiling grimly to myself at their frantic solicitations, I worked my way as best I could towards the mast, now clambering over some rugged pinnacle, now watching my chance to dash across a dividing space. It was ticklish work, for every now and then a giant billow would come tossing and swirling up the rocks as though eager to engulf me. At last, after a slow and painful journey, I realized that it would be impossible to reach the wreck that day on account of the surf, which had been lashed into unusual fury by a recent gale. I therefore retraced my steps and swam back to the Jews, who appeared very much relieved when I landed safe and sound.

as accurately as I could, we then began to return towards the mission-house. We had only covered a few hundred yards when, with little or no warning, a terrific storm came on—one of the regular summer storms so frequent at this time of the year. The thunder crashed, the lightning zigzagged across the heavens bewilderingly, and the rain came down literally in solid sheets of water. No words of mine can give you any conception of how hard it *did* rain; but most Natalians will have a lively recollection of similar downpours. We were speedily driven to seek refuge in the bush, but the rain beat through everything, and our desperate efforts to find cover only resulted in torn and lacerated limbs. Shivering violently and, of course, completely soaked, we crouched under the streaming bushes, in the most miserable condition imaginable. Hour after hour, during the whole of that inter-



"THE JEWS TOOK IT IN TURN TO RIDE HIM."

I took my bearings of the place, and found on reference to my chart that the barque had struck as nearly as possible two miles to the eastward of Cape Vidal, in Zululand, on a reef known as the Tenedos.\*

Having marked the precise spot on my map

\* This must not be confused with the Tenedos Shoal, which lies some twenty or thirty miles north of the Tugela River.

minable night, we sat there in the pouring rain, hoping against hope that the storm would cease. Fortunately I had told Mr. Freyling I was going down to the beach, and, becoming apprehensive concerning us owing to the storm, he organized a search party. They brought a donkey with them, and when, after some hours, they discovered us, the

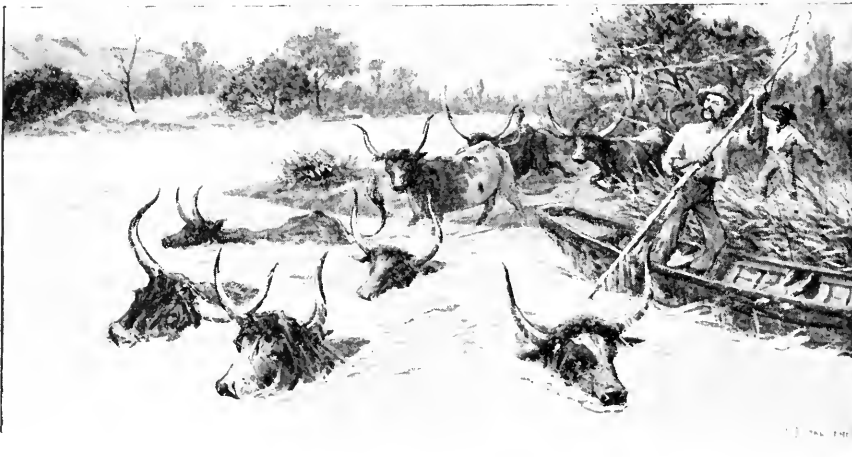
Jews took it in turn to ride him, being too utterly exhausted to walk the twelve miles to the house. At the station Mrs. Freyling had warm, dry things in readiness for us, and every kind attention was paid us.

Next morning, although I felt somewhat weak, I went for a walk in the direction of the wreck. The surf was exceptionally heavy, owing to the storm of the previous night, but I made a rough sketch of the spot and then returned to the house. I felt quite tired out and threw myself on my bed, from which I did not rise again for a whole fortnight. The hard life we had led on our long trek across Zululand, culminating in our fourteen hours' exposure in the storm, had done its fell work; I was in for a bout of malarial fever!

When I recovered, under the kindly hands of Mr. and Mrs. Freyling (I can never thank them

found a small boat moored to the river bank. This was a great find, and I proceeded to outspan the oxen and unload the waggon. But trouble loomed ahead. Urged on by the Semitic gentlemen the Kaffir boys began to murmur, declaring that it was absolutely impossible to cross, and I have no doubt that they honestly thought me mad to attempt such a thing.

I paid no attention to their arguments, however, but, turning to the waggon-driver, asked him quietly to see what he could do in the way of persuading them to ferry us over, and after a lengthy altercation he succeeded. Having packed the contents of the waggon in the boat, the Kaffirs pushed off and reached the opposite side in safety, although considerably farther down. The gig was only large enough to hold three men, so my companions were denied the consolation of one another's society during



"I TOOK THE OXEN SOME LITTLE WAY UP THE RIVER AND DROVE THEM IN."

sufficiently), I decided to return to Durban. I told the missionaries that my attack of fever had induced me to abandon my shooting trip for the present, and, after thanking them sincerely for their great kindness, we set our faces towards Durban. I should mention here that during our sojourn at the mission we saw nothing of the native police, who were supposed to be on our track.

Things went well until we reached the Umvolusi, the second largest river in Zululand—a stream between three and four hundred yards wide, which was coming down in full flood. It looked terribly dangerous, but we must either cross it or sit down and starve—an alternative not to be contemplated with equanimity. After some searching about I

their perilous trip across. Next I took off the waggon wheels and gear and sent these over, and when the boat had returned the driver and I took the oxen some little way up the river and drove them in. This was the most delicate part of the whole business, as we should be in a pitiful plight indeed if anything happened to the beasts. We reached the other side in safety, however, though we were driven a long way down the river by the force of the current, and it was only with great difficulty that we were able to return to our starting-point. Here we launched the body of the waggon, the boat taking it in tow.

Having got everything safely across the river, we jogged along without incident until one day a white man approached our camp. We were



having dinner at the time, and he came over to where we were outspanned, and was, of course, invited to sit down with us. He said he was going to Maxwell's, a neighbouring township, and asked us to give him a lift. To this request I agreed, and he went with us as far as Maxwell's, where we set him down. Now, from Maxwell's to the Tugela there are two roads, one going through Eshowe, while the other, or lower road, takes a more direct route. This was the route I chose. We made two treks after leaving the town, and that night a white man on horseback passed us at a hand-gallop. It is usual for whites meeting in these sparsely-settled parts to exchange greetings, but I thought nothing of the omission at the time, and next morning we arrived at the Tugela railroad terminus.

Here I went into the telegraph-office with the intention of wiring to my brother. It is only a small station, and the stationmaster's, post, and telegraph offices are all located in one room. As I entered the place, who should I see but the man whom I had assisted as far as Maxwell's? Naturally I was surprised to see him, but his confusion on catching sight of me was painfully apparent. I had made a night trek after leaving Maxwell's, and so had arrived at the Tugela much quicker than anyone could have reckoned. The man was engaged in telegraphing something, but on seeing me he simply left his business and rushed out of the office, leaving me staring after him in amazement. His actions raised my suspicions at once, and putting two and two together I came to the conclusion that he must have been the horseman who had passed us on the road at dead of night. That being the case, it was evident that he had been engaged in keeping us under surveillance.

I sent a wire to my brother Sidney, instructing him to meet the ten-fifteen train from the Tugela, which arrives in Durban about five in the afternoon. This he did, and we then proceeded to the Clarendon Hotel, where we put up. Afterwards I and my brother—who, by the way, is a wholesale tea and coffee merchant—retired to my bedroom to have a confidential chat. First of all he informed me that during my absence the police had worried him continually with inquiries concerning me, but as far as possible he had put them off on false scents.

We then proceeded to business. I should mention here that my brother and I have always conducted our affairs on a give-and-take basis, taking equal risks and equal profits in all our ventures. I told him that I thought we might equip a party to salve the gold from the *Dorothea*. I reckoned that the expedition should

consist of about ten men, and, including divers, diving-gear, provisions, waggons, oxen, etc., would cost somewhere about two thousand five hundred pounds. Taking the estimate that there were one hundred and twenty thousand ounces of gold in the wreck, the treasure-trove was worth roughly somewhere about four hundred and fifty thousand pounds. My brother thought the affair over, and became quite enthusiastic concerning it. There were one or two drawbacks to the scheme, but these did not appear insuperable, and finally we came to an agreement on our usual lines of sharing the profit and loss equally. Shortly after this I went back to Johannesburg in order to arrange my affairs there, and my brother and the Jews accompanied me. These men were now getting to be a serious nuisance. They had all along some slight inkling of the gold business, and they now told me coolly that if I didn't give them a handsome share they would give me away to the Transvaal C.I.D. They modestly suggested an eighth of the proceeds—somewhere about fifty thousand pounds—as the price of their silence. This demand, of course, I laughed to scorn, telling them that we would talk the matter over in Johannesburg.

As I had anticipated, I was searched at the Transvaal border by a detective, who no doubt hoped to find some incriminating documents on my person. In this, however, he was disappointed, as I had handed over my chart and sketch of the wreck to my brother in Durban.

Arrived at the metropolis of the Rand, we went straight to my brother's house in Jeppe's Town, where, thank goodness! I bade a final good-bye to my companions. I told them that should I be successful in recovering the treasure I would give them a thousand pounds apiece in recognition of their valuable (?) services. This, as I had fully expected, did not meet their views at all, and they announced their intention, if I did not accede to their demands, of going straight to the authorities. Now, I knew that they were ignorant of the exact locality of the wreck—could not even describe it intelligently, in fact; and, moreover, I was desperately anxious to be rid of them. So I resolved to precipitate matters.

"Very well," said I, as indifferently as I could. "Go to the C.I.D. by all means, and I tell them what you like. But you don't get another cent out of me."

My coolness rather staggered the amiable pair, but they departed, vowing vengeance, and I have reason to believe that they did actually sell certain "information" to the C.I.D.

Whilst staying at Jeppe's Town we made pre-



"THEY DEPARTED, VOWING VENGEANCE."

parations in a quiet fashion for the expedition. My old friend Mantell was called in to assist, and he threw up his travellership in order to accompany us, it being agreed that he should receive a substantial share of the treasure.

We decided that the expedition should leave Johannesburg in two parties, my brother taking one and I the other. Sidney was to lead the advance party, and push ahead with the stores and waggon to Eshowe. They went on about a week in advance of me, somewhere near the end of February or beginning of March, 1899. They made no secret about their going, merely giving out that they were off on a shooting trip; for we knew that the authorities would not bother them much, having apparently only eyes and ears for me.

As for myself, I got out of Johannesburg in a very simple way. Having sent my things on with my brother, I went out one day to Elandsfontein, a place about twenty miles from Johannesburg, on an innocent bicycle ride. I did not return from this spin, however, but boarded a train for Durban. Here I received my first check. On alighting at the platform I saw a sergeant of the Natal Detective Department, named Lee-Smith, whose face I knew well, although he only knew me from official information. He followed me to my hotel—the Clarendon—and then, making sure that I was pretty safe, he set two native police to watch me. The constables set about their work in a

ludicrously open fashion. There is a Roman Catholic chapel opposite the hotel, and they paced solemnly up and down outside the building, occasionally talking to the ricksha boys drawn up alongside the pavement. At the hotel, by the way, I found a telegram from my brother awaiting me, saying that he had reached Eshowe safely, and that everything was ready for my arrival. This was comforting, but when a few minutes later I called one of the light-hearted ricksha boys and asked him what the policemen across the road wanted I received an ominous reply.

"Oh," he said, "they are shadowing some white man in the hotel—a dangerous character." This confirmed my fears, and altogether I felt rather uneasy. I was not at all sure how I stood with regard to the gold—whether under the complicated

laws of the Colony I was not actually committing some crime in going after the stolen treasure. I knew, too, that if they had any suspicions concerning me the police might arrest me as a Boer spy, for the political situation was already becoming strained, as the diplomatists say; and all arrivals from the Transvaal were subjected to close surveillance.

Sergeant Lee-Smith came down to the hotel next morning, and actually sat himself down at my table. He soon entered into conversation, and worked his chatter adroitly round until he was on the subject of Zululand. I answered his remarks with vague generalities, and at last he stopped beating about the bush and asked a point-blank question.

"Look here," he said, abruptly, after a pause, "we know you are after something in Zululand, and we want to know what it is."

At this I became defiant. "When you've found out," I replied, slowly, "you'll be as wise as I am."

He saw that I had practically dared him to do his worst, and he eyed me narrowly before speaking again. "Very well," he said, at last, "if that's your answer, I think you'll find my department quite strong enough to deal with you." With this parting shot Lee-Smith rose from the table and left the hotel, leaving his boys on watch outside. I could see them plainly from the windows of the smoking-room, and it gave me

genuine amusement, in spite of my anxiety, to stroll in and have a look at them gravely patrolling the opposite side of the street. Evidently they had an exalted idea of the responsibilities of their task. Presently it occurred to me to give their powers a trial, and so I called my favourite ricksha boy and told him to take me down West Street, the main artery of Durban. I had the hood put down in order that I might look behind me, and we started off at a brisk pace. I took a peep behind. Sure enough, the two policemen were following me, one on each side of the road, and always keeping at the same distance behind. I called at the shop of Messrs. Randall Bros. and Hudson to get a few odds and ends which my brother had overlooked, and, having made my pur-



"I TOLD HIM TO TAKE ME DOWN WEST STREET."

chases, returned to the hotel, my patient pursuers still keeping at the same distance in the rear. When I once more entered the Clarendon they took up their old position outside the Roman Catholic chapel.

They did not trouble me much now, however, for I had thought of a plan whereby I could defeat them. This was my last day at the hotel, and after lunch I lounged about until it was time to catch the local train for Stanger, where I intended to join the Tugela River train. I donned a light mackintosh to disguise my figure, and, carrying only a small parcel in my hand, left the hotel by a little-used private door in Smith Street. Either the police were ignorant of the existence of this exit or else they had overlooked it, and I got clear away, leaving my friends the native constables to watch the nest from which their bird had flown. In order to avoid detection I did not go to the main Central Station, but

took my ticket from the Berea Station, some two miles out, and I arrived at Stanger, a large sugar-cane and fruit-growing centre, without further incident. Here I boarded the main-line train, reaching the Tugela about two fifteen. I now felt pretty certain that I had given the detectives the slip.

From the Tugela I booked a seat on the post-cart to Eshowe. I kept a sharp look-out for possible spies, but my fellow-passengers appeared to be merely farmers and planters, and their conversation turned mainly on the plague of locusts which was then raging. At Eshowe I was met by my brother Sidney, who was extremely glad to hear that I had got through without misadventure. He reported that everything was ready for the start — stores,

arms, ammunition, oxen, diving-gear, and all the miscellaneous paraphernalia necessary. The party now numbered seven all told, including my brother and myself, John Mantell, the diver and his mate, and Deacon and Nathan, two old friends who had come along for the sake of the shooting and "the fun of the thing" generally.

We did not stop very long in Eshowe, but on April 2nd, 1899, started on our long trek, giving out, of course, that we were on a sporting expedition. For a hundred miles after leaving Eshowe the country is fairly good and there is a pretty decent road; but beyond this point you must go as best you can. The country is very mountainous, with many swift flowing rivers which have to be crossed, while everywhere tsetse fly have to be contended with in the swampy valleys. But every step brought us nearer the treasure.

(To be concluded.)

# Sport and Adventure in Abyssinia.

BY H. MORGAN BROWNE.

Being an account by a member of the recent McMillan expedition to Abyssinia and the Blue Nile. In this instalment the author describes an exciting lion-hunt.

## I.—IN THE LION COUNTRY.



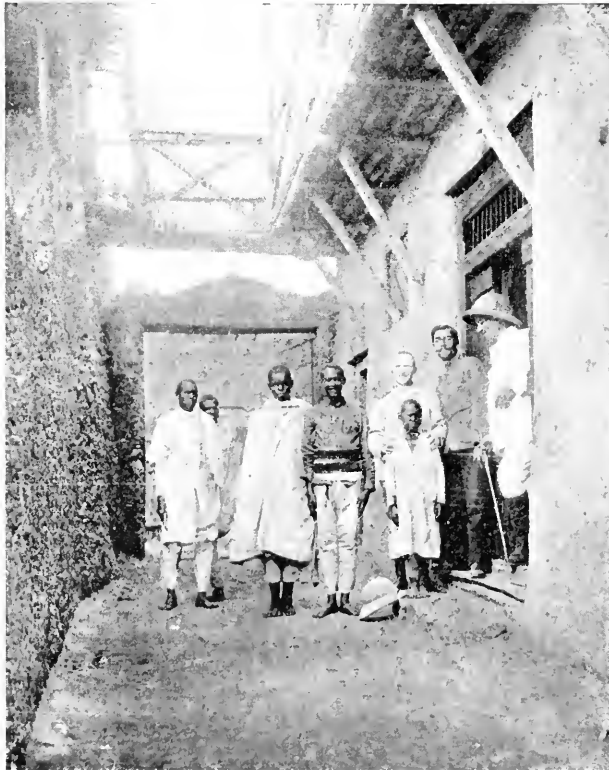
**D**URING the summer of 1903 Mr. W. N. McMillan, of St. Louis, U.S.A., organized an expedition to explore the Blue Nile from a point about one hundred miles northwest of Adis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia, to its junction with the White Nile at Khartoum. About three hundred miles of this stretch of the river is at present quite unknown, being marked in existing maps by a dotted line.

His expedition was to serve a double purpose—big-game shooting and river exploration. As is now well known, his first attempt on the Blue Nile was not successful, owing to one of those accidents which pioneers must always be prepared to face and make the best of; but, for all that, his expedition saw a lot of a country not yet the haunt of the tourist, and encountered some experiences worth recording.

I personally, in the course of six months' interesting travel as a member of McMillan's expedition, saw a good deal of what was novel and noteworthy, and was also fortunate in securing a number of photographs of the scenes through which we passed.

My first photograph shows McMillan and some other members of the expedition standing in the doorway of a chemist's shop in Harar, over which was the house of Zaphiro, where we stayed a night before going into camp outside the town. It was an easy-going life that we led, doing what we pleased and wearing the scanty clothing which the climate encouraged. McMillan went a step farther than some of us, and decided to have even the natural covering of his head entirely removed. In this he was not so original as might seem,

for he was only following the practice of the Somalis and others dwelling under the rays of the desert sun. Standing on the lower step is Tereda, a little negro boy, who was a great pet while he was with us. Born a slave, he is now a free man, by virtue of his service with a Greek in Harar, who accompanied our expedition during its travels in the lion country. The little fellow had the most taking ways, great linguistic faculties, and a remarkably clear, penetrating voice. Also he had an uncommonly good notion of himself, and to hear him, with childish laughter in his



From a) SOME MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION AT HARAR. [Photo.



From a)

THE MARKET-PLACE OF HARAR.

[Photo.

tones, hurling insult and opprobrium at men big enough to eat him was really very funny. At other times his manner was, to say the least of it, demure. He was a plucky little chap, and deservedly a general favourite.

Our expedition entered Abyssinia *via* the French port of Djibouti, and the mètre-gauge railway which runs from there for about two hundred miles into the interior in a south-south-west direction. We experienced a not infrequent difficulty when travelling by this little railway. A swarm of locusts got in the way of the train, and made the rails so greasy that the feeble engine very nearly failed to get over one of the steep gradients of the line. The officials took it all very much as a matter of course; in fact, hinted that we should be lucky if we reached Diredoua (the rail-head) that day. At Diredoua we engaged camels to carry our baggage to Harar, about fifty miles distant due south, and from a commercial point of view the most important town in Abyssinia.

Harar, with its busy market-place—a picture of which is shown above—is a quaint town of Moslem origin. It is completely encircled with walls. But these are more formidable in appearance than in reality. The town is crowded with houses, which appear to have been dumped down in the most inconsequential fashion. As

for streets, they do not exist in our sense of the word. Most of the dwellings in Harar are built in small courtyards, surrounded by walls some seven or eight feet in height. Between these walls narrow, tortuous passages wind their uneven way through the town. There is no attempt at paving, levelling, or draining, and lighting has never been dreamt of. Perhaps I am wrong about the draining; for the carrying off of the surface water the streets themselves are the drains. Being mostly on a steep incline, they are well fitted for this purpose, though with what result to pedestrians may be better imagined than described. Now, it knows how to rain in Harar, and I have seen these so-called "streets" a series of raging torrents, almost impassable to foot passengers and dangerous to mounted men. For the rest, there are curious rubbish holes which, on encounters now and then in the public streets, a heavy shower of rain, by causing the top covering of earth to sink, will disclose the underground middens right in the centre of the road. Still, for all that, Harar is a busy town, being, as it were, the market through which Western goods enter Abyssinia, and, in return, also a town doing a considerable export trade in the products of the country—wavy, civet, coffee, and skins.

The archway showing in the centre of the picture is the gateway of the police-station. During our stay in the town we paid a visit of inspection to this place. To our ideas it was indescribably crowded and insanitary; we were told the average daily population of three small rooms, about twenty feet square and fifteen feet high, without windows, was one hundred and fifty persons! We were also assured, however, that in the last eighteen months there had only been two deaths among the prison population. There is a great deal in use and wont!

We were very cordially received by Ras Makonnen, the Governor of Harar, and just before leaving the town for Jig Jigga to look for

dance before Ras Makonnen and his chiefs, governors, and other State officials. The dark band noticeable on the white topes is of a bright crimson colour. One curious thing about the ceremony is the use made of gigantic umbrellas. Apparently, these are in some way symbolic of the congregation they belong to, and each church is very proud of its umbrella, and vies with its rivals in the size and general magnificence of the article. The colours are bright and the decoration is gaudy, and to see the reverend elders in a dance clustered round their sacred umbrella, looking like a body-guard of some priceless relic, is a strange spectacle. The actual dance itself is monotonous and



From a

THE CURIOUS DANCE OF THE PRIESTS ON THE ABYSSINIAN EASTER DAY.

[Photo.

lions we were invited by the Ras, or governor of the province, to attend a religious festival in the courtyard of his old palace. The ceremony was the dance of the priests on the Abyssinian Easter Day, following a long Lenten fast. The Abyssinians are Christians—of a kind—but whatever else may be urged against their Christianity it must be admitted that they are most punctilious in the due observance of all forms and ceremonies. This particular dance was most interesting to watch. There are four principal churches in and around Harar, and the priests and other church dignitaries were all assembled in the large courtyard, resplendent in their white topes (the national and picturesque dress of Abyssinia) to perform their

slow, the different priests, carrying their long crooks, marking time to the slow beat of drums and the tinkling of a kind of cymbal made of discs of iron, strung on a wire stretched in a fork of the same metal. The priests themselves are fine-looking men, with that look of natural dignity which belongs to ascetic features and high cheek-bones. In the picture the Aboona, or chief priest of one of the churches, is just making his obeisance to Ras Makonnen.

After about a week spent in Harar (we ourselves were camped about a mile from the town) we set out for Jig Jigga and the country beyond, for three weeks' shikar. The Jig Jigga district is inhabited for the most part by Somalis, and borders on British Somaliland.



From a)

A SOMALI VILLAGE IN THE JIG JIGGA COUNTRY.

[Photo.

The intervening country is for the most part desert, though not, perhaps, a desert in the full sense of the term. In so far as it is without water the country is a desert, but the ubiquitous thorn scrub and the frequent patches of mimosa forest, green, yellow-flowered, and fragrant, robbed the so-called wilderness of its terrors. At times the scrub would disappear and there would be broad expanses of country, covered with a short, wiry grass. These upland downs are dotted about with small villages, one of which is shown in the foregoing photograph. The villagers like to build in the open and on high ground, partly from motives of security and partly from reasons of health, as during the rains the depressions and the wooded banks near water-courses are hotbeds of fever. Each of these villages is surrounded with a zareba or hedge of thorns, to keep out hyenas, jackals, and other night-prowlers. Of course, in the lion country more attention is paid to the zareba than in other parts, for cattle and sheep are often snatched from the village by lions, while sometimes even the added safeguard of a big fire has failed to deter the famished marauder, forced to take extreme measures by deficiency in his supply of game. The circular huts shown in the picture represent the universal type of

house hereabouts, as built by Somalis, Gallas, Danakils, or other tribesmen, or even by the Abyssinians themselves—the lords of the country. They are simply made of a circular wall of bamboo or other wood wattled with boughs and plastered with clay. The roof, thatched with the stalks of doura or maize, is built up separately and then put into its place. These are the more permanent houses of the inhabitants. The poorer villagers, or those who live an entirely nomad life, are content with a few mats thrown over some sticks stuck in the ground.

Jig Jigga itself—where we were received with the greatest friendliness by Abdullah Dowah, the Arab chief of the district—is a large, stockaded village, clean and well kept. The stockaded portion is comparatively small, so

that the population has overflowed the boundaries and built quite a colony of small huts in its immediate neighbourhood. It was while wandering one day among these outer huts or suburbs of Jig Jigga, as they might be called, that I, seeking for something to snap up with my camera, came across the extraordinary object shown in the picture herewith. This grotesque object is a stuffed calf, covered with a cloth and posed. It appears that this calf had died in infancy, and the owner of the mother,



THIS EXTRAORDINARY OBJECT IS A STUFFED CALF, USED TO INDUCE A COW TO YIELD MILK. [Photo.

From a)



fearing that the untimely end of its offspring might discourage its supply of milk, hit upon a scheme to deceive the cow. Her calf was stuffed as shown, and morning and evening she was brought to its side to lick its skin, and thus be convinced of the continued existence of her calf. I was told that the device was perfectly successful, so easily is the maternal instinct deceived. Milkmen in India make use of a similar arrangement.

Jig Jigga is famous for its wells, which serve a vast tract of country supporting enormous herds of cattle. The water level is far below the surface of the ground, consequently it is necessary to devise means for bringing the water in the well to the top. One would have thought that even among primitive people some simple arrangement of bucket and cord would have been rigged up to enable this to be done easily and quickly. But apparently anything of this nature was too elaborate for these simple folk. What they have done is this. Rough steps or stages have been made in the sides of the well, leading down to the water, and on these a human chain of some half-dozen men stand in line, passing a kind of wooden bucket from hand to hand. At the top a big trough of puddled clay is made, into which the topmost man of the gang pours the water for the animals to drink, or for the women and others to carry away. The passing of the bucket from hand to hand is done very deftly, the ascending full buckets passing the descending empty buckets in mid-air between each pair of men. In the photograph I have managed to snap two buckets while passing each other in this way.

Our stay in Jig Jigga itself was a brief one, as the hunting ground for which we were making lay a long day's march to the south. Before we left Abdullah Dowah convened a kind of durbar of all his chiefs, with those of their tribesmen who were noted lion-trackers, pony-men, or

general shikarees. Pony-men are specially trained for their work, which is to surround and head off a tracked lion when seen, and by their shoutings and rapid movements to prevent him getting away until the sportsman can come up with his quarry. It was a most interesting gathering, and I noted many Somalis with



A NATIVE WELL, SHOWING THE PRIMITIVE METHOD OF RAISING WATER TO THE SURFACE.  
*From a Photo.*

scars of previous encounters with lions. There were also there a number of Mitgams, a low-caste tribe, but wonderful trackers and hunters. In their own hunting expeditions they employ poisoned arrows, but when helping a white man's shikar their chief use is in following a track. Some of them have a wonderful power of mimicking the cries of animals, and have been known by this means to attract a lion which it had been impossible to come up with by other means. On a previous visit McMillan himself had been fortunate enough to shoot his first lion in the open with the help of one of these men, who, after an unavailing day's sport, had imitated the cry of a wounded oryx, and so brought up the lion which McMillan killed.

Two short days' march from Jig Jigga we formed a permanent camp, and set vigorously to work to look for lions. It was while we were in camp here that the curious incident depicted in the next photograph occurred. One of our camels was apparently very sick; I say apparently, because the camel is a notorious malingerer. However, some of our men thought that he was really tired, and that a little tonic would do him good. Now, the camel is a vegetarian pure and simple; in fact, he enjoys

that it was most difficult to follow tracks even when found; they were continually being lost in hard and stony patches of ground. However, after eight or nine days of unremitting toil, long days in the saddle under a hot sun, McMillan's lucky star was in the ascendant. An oryx had been wounded the previous night too late to track down before dark. It was while following the tracks of the wounded beast next day that fresh tracks of two lions were seen. In due course we followed those tracks, and this



From a]

DOCTORING A SICK CAMEL WITH MUTTON-BROTH.

[Photo.

the spikiest thorn bush he can lay his tongue to. On the other hand, your Somali and the other natives of these parts are inordinately fond of mutton, and have a firm belief in the strengthening properties of mutton-broth. So what happened was that some of the camel-men made a pot of very thin mutton-broth, into which they put some ghi (or clarified butter), and forced the whole of the loathsome compound down the throat of the reluctant camel! It was an operation which had to be done by main force, and for once I think there was a certain amount of sympathy with the protests of the camel. In spite of the severe treatment the beast did not die, which says more for the strong constitution of that camel than for the good sense of his doctors.

The actual getting of our lions was a question of patience and much hard work. Long drought had made the ground very hard, so

time to some purpose. After riding for about an hour and a half the excited yells and shouts of our pony-men, who were well in front, announced that the lions had been seen, and, later, a more sustained pandemonium of noise told us that one of the lions at least had been stopped. We at once dismounted and proceeded with some caution to the scene of action. We found the lion, very much excited and roaring savagely, under some low bushes about sixty yards away from where we took our stand. His excitement was due to the fact that he had succeeded in clawing one of the ponies, fortunately without injury to its rider, but the sight and smell of the blood had roused him. McMillan and I were about the centre of a small group facing the lion, we two standing about a couple of paces to the front. No sooner did McMillan take another step forward and bring his rifle to the shoulder to take aim

than the lion charged. Instantly a shot rang out. It was obviously a complete miss, for the lion never even swerved in his charge, but came thundering on like a gigantic yellow dog, at a lumbering gallop. I thought we were going to have an unpleasant time of it,

It never rains but it pours, and within half an hour a second full-grown lion fell to our leader's rifle. This time no exciting accidents attached to the kill, and the great beast never stirred from the bush where we first saw him and rolled over at the first shot. But another member of



*From a*

THE END OF THE LION HUNT—MR. McMILLAN AND HIS PRIZE.

*[Photo.*

as, unless the beast could be stopped, somebody was pretty sure to get hurt. However, it was not McMillan who had fired that shot, but an excited shikaree. With remarkable nerve McMillan waited until the beast was within twenty yards of where we stood, and then shot him beautifully between the eyes. He fell dead instantaneously. I never saw anything collapse so utterly as did that charging lion, rolling over and over in a tumbled heap of stricken ferocity. The photograph shows the animal as he lay on the spot where he fell, with McMillan at his head, and our headman Robleh (with the spear in his right hand) at his tail.

the expedition had a very remarkable experience with a lioness, which he tracked and killed a couple of days later. The animal, alarmed by the manoeuvres of the pony-men, had sought refuge up a tree. It was crouching upon one of the lower limbs of a big mimosa tree, and thus offered a splendid target. It was certainly a piece of luck for a man to be able to shoot his first lion like a fowl of the air!

On our return to Harar our narrative of this incident made quite a small sensation. It was not, however, a unique experience, though undoubtedly one of sufficiently rare occurrence as to create interest.

*(To be concluded.)*

# Why the "Flyer" was Late.

BY W. G. PATTERSON.

How two train-robbers "held up" the Burlington "Flyer," a magnificent express, at Homestake, on the very crest of the Rocky Mountains. The scheme went wrong, however, and, although the bandits succeeded in getting away safely with a small haul, another thirty-six hours saw them safe in gaol.

**T**HE alarming frequency of train robberies in the North-Western States of America of late, and the increasing boldness of the gentlemen behind the levelled six-shooters who bring these affairs off, are beginning to give to the Rocky Mountain railroad atmosphere a venturesome quality akin to the bandit-ridden mountain air of Italy. The saving feature, however, of the Rocky Mountain hold-ups — the one wherein they materially differ from train robberies elsewhere — is the fact that passengers have in no single instance thus far been molested by the black-masked gentry. Unless, indeed, the passenger gets unreasonably inquisitive, and forgets that his personal safety depends solely upon his keeping his head inside the carriage, he may pass through this thrilling by-attraction to his railroad jaunt with as little personal risk as would attend his remaining at home.

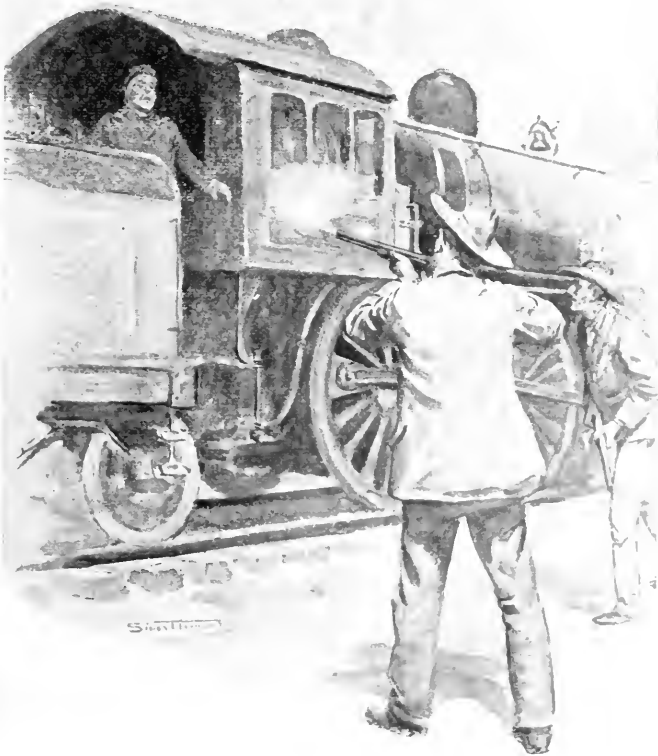
For the past twelve months, or thereabouts,

no sooner has the public pretty well digested one of these exciting occurrences than, in huge headlines, the morning newspapers announce another hold-up, the details of which are even more thrilling than those of the last robbery.

The first of the present Rocky Mountain series of train robberies may be considered, for a convenient starting-point, to have been the Great Northern affair, about two years ago, near the small Montana station known as Malta.

Then followed, in rapid succession, a half score other train hold-ups in different parts of the great West, culminating for the time in the Northern Pacific hold-up near Bearmouth, Montana. In this robbery the engineer foolishly let his arms down prematurely, and was immediately shot by the desperate man who had his gun pointed at him.

But for systematic pre-arrangement and coolness, the custom of stopping trains for such purposes is not a profitable one. The Burlington "Flyer" express was held up at the



"HE WAS IMMEDIATELY SHOT BY THE DESPERATE MAN."

very crest of the Rocky Mountains, on the night of February 12th, 1903, is without doubt the most extraordinary of the entire series.

The Burlington trains run over the tracks of the Northern Pacific Railroad from the Pacific coast to the junction with their own line at Billings, in Eastern Montana. The Northern Pacific Railroad, after leaving the city of Butte, the great copper camp, eastward, is built straight up the precipitous slope of the mountains, where the main range of the Rockies forms the great continental watershed.

The morning succeeding the holding-up of the Burlington's east-bound "Flyer" I took the first Montana Central train for Butte, and proceeded thence over the Northern Pacific to Homestake, on the top of the Rockies, where the thing occurred.

I arrived upon the scene before the smell of the gunpowder was fairly out of the air, and managed then and afterwards to secure some very pertinent photographs taken by the official photographer of the railway company.

Likewise I fell in, on my way up to Homestake, with Mr. Will McNair, a personal friend of my own, who had, by a lucky coincidence, been waiting at the Homestake Station, on his way



MR. WILL MCNAIR, WHO TOLD THE AUTHOR THE STORY OF THE BURLINGTON "HOLD-UP."

*From a Photo. by A. E. Dumble, Rochester.*

east, to catch the very train which was robbed. After the hold-up came off, however, he had changed his itinerary and gone back to Butte, curious to learn whether or not the daring pair of hold-ups would finally succeed in escaping. From this gentleman I obtained a graphic account of the whole occurrence.

Midnight had come and gone, after a wearisome wait for McNair at the little station of nearly four full hours. He had walked across to the railroad, a distance of three and a quarter miles, from a business call at a neighbouring mining plant, where he had taken a very satisfactory order for mining machinery, which was

his particular line. There had not been a living soul about the depot building for fully

two-thirds of his wait; nor had there even been a sound of a cheering nature to break the awful monotony.

There was an occasional hoot from an owl; now and again the yelp of a prowling coyote. But these were in no sense cheering sounds. From away down at the bottom of the mountain somewhere he could hear the subdued hum of busy Butte and could catch the twinkle of an occasional out-lying electric lamp, but the city itself was out of sight.

At a quarter-past twelve o'clock McNair buttoned his overcoat



*From a Photo. by [unclear]* THE BURLINGTON "FLYER." [Haynes, St. Paul.]

closely around him—for the air at the top of the Rockies is icy cold even at midsummer, and this was midwinter—and started a restless pacing up and down the long platform, kicking his heels together in a mechanical way each time he turned, and counting the slowly-moving minutes which still remained before train time.

Away down at the bottom of the mountain, to the left of him, from the direction Butte was supposed to lie in, and across the tops of the stunted and widely-scattered pine trees he could dimly distinguish the waggon-road, but little more than a trail in reality, which wound around the hill to Butte.

As he gazed at this thin white line, distant three-fourths of a mile from where he stood, he suddenly became aware of what seemed to be two small, moving, black specks on the trail, which were shifting their position rapidly—almost too rapidly for his eyes to follow them. Long experience in mountain atmospheres, by night as well as by day, enabled McNair to recognise these two flying specks instantly as two human beings on horseback, travelling like the wind.

Then, all at once, the dimly-seen objects appeared to stand still and to be uniting into one dark blot, which told the watcher that the horsemen had drawn rein and were in the act of dismounting.

The next thing he knew of these mysterious night-riders was the fact that they had totally disappeared, both themselves and their hard-riden beasts. He reckoned that would be the last he should ever see or hear of the pair who had served to make a brief break in this dreary midnight vigil. But as to this he proved to be decidedly in error.

Losing sight of his two entertainers he again turned his face down the railroad line, pausing once in the stroll he had resumed to strike a match and look at his watch, which informed him it was 12.30—long past train time. At 12.35, however, he heard the train coming, a mile or more away around a heavy curve. His spirits revived amazingly, for his tedious wait was now about to end. So he thought.

Of a sudden, however, the loud exhaust of the hill-climbing double-header shut off. McNair concluded that the train—already very late—must have met with an accident somewhere around the curve, and had been brought to a full stop.

Impatient at this additional delay, he struck out down the line, intending at first to go but a few yards, and expecting every moment to hear the belated train start again, or to get where he could at least see the locomotive's head-lights. After proceeding half a mile, however, he was startled almost out of his wits by a man suddenly springing up out of the gloom, directly in front of him, on the road-bed. McNair straightway tried



"HE SUDDENLY BECAME AWARE OF TWO SMALL, MOVING, BLACK SPECKS ON THE TRAIL."

to see which of his two hands he could get stuck up in the air ahead of the other one, thinking naturally he was about to be robbed.

"This ain't no hold-up, pardner," drawled a voice: "but if you keep on as you're headed about a mile you'll come out where there *is* one! I saw one man, fireman or engineer, jump off the front engine and light out in the darkness, so I calculated I'd better light out too. So here I be."

Finally Mr. McNair succeeded in getting a tolerably connected account of what his Yankee-

fied informant had seen and heard, from which, with subsequent verifications and additional discoveries of his own, he pieced together the following story of the hold-up.

As the east-bound Burlington train, known officially as "Number Six," came puffing and groaning up the heavy mountain grade — making,



THE SCENE OF THE BURLINGTON "HOLD-UP" WAS JUST ROUND THIS BEND.  
*From a Photo. by Haynes, St. Paul.*



"HE SWUNG HIMSELF LIGHTLY ABOARD THE CAB."

nevertheless, a pretty fast run for that kind of pull—and just at the very brow of the incline, the engineer of the forward engine saw directly ahead, in the centre of the right-of-way, two shadowy forms displaying danger-signals. The customary hill-top danger-signals, by the way, and the ones now employed, consist of bunches of lighted waste or paper waved crosswise on the track.

He sounded a blast on his steam siren, which the second engine straightway echoed, and the heavy train slowed down. As the first engine reached the spot where the signallers stood by the side of the track, one of them, a slim-built fellow over six feet tall, with a mask across the lower part of his features, made a sudden grab for the iron rail which assists people to mount the engine, and swung himself lightly aboard the cab. As he did so, in order to give proper notice of his intentions, he fired his Winchester, held in one hand, straight toward the face of the engineer. The lurch of the engine, however, sent the bullet wild, and it was later found buried in the wooden wall of the cab.

While the festive train-robber was swinging his gaunt frame inside the cab on one side, Fireman Revalls, of the "helper" engine, having all at once remembered an



engagement in another locality, did a rapid bolt on the opposite side.

"Here, you come back!" yelled the robber, excitedly, making a frantic effort to bring his gun into position.

"Don't you ever believe I will!" Revalls sang back at him. This was the last seen of Revalls, so far as I can find out, from that time till the moment of writing, though I don't agree with my informant that he is probably "still running."

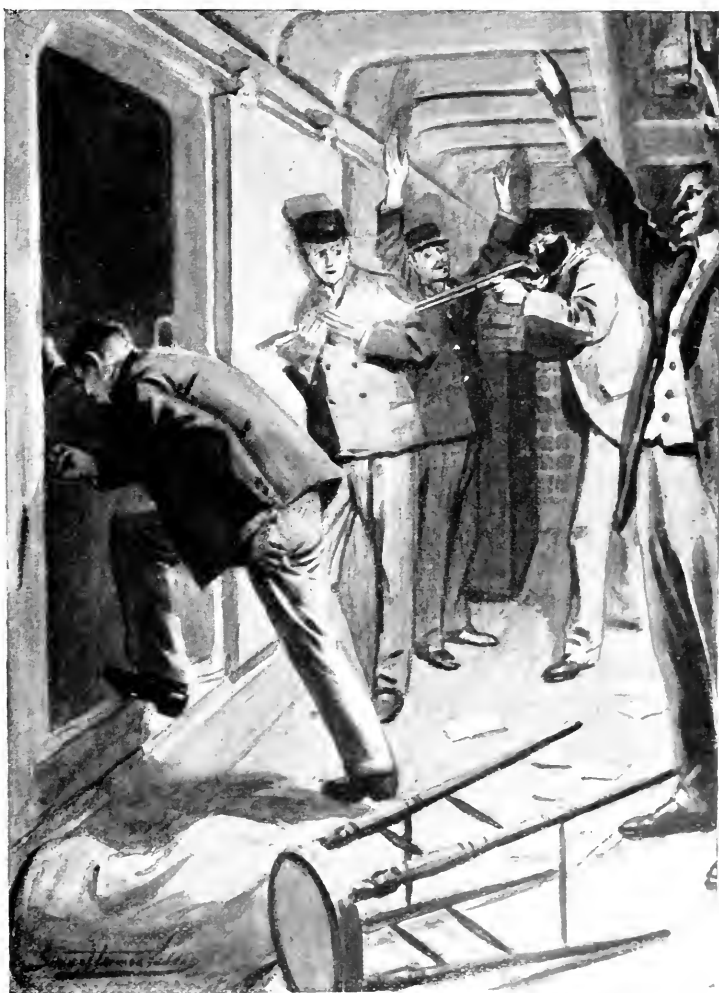
Then, while the tall robber engaged the engineer in conversation, outlining his programme, the shorter of the two desperadoes boarded the rear engine and performed a similar duty with the crew in that cab. After this, as a preliminary to the robbery about to take place, the three remaining enginemen were lined up on the ground while both the robbers kept them "covered."

Then Fireman Jendrew, of the second, or rear, engine, was selected as assistant to the robbers, and given as his first task the work of uncoupling the passenger coaches from the express cars and engines. After this the robbers and their unwilling subordinates mounted the locomotives and separated the two sections of the long train by a gap of some eight hundred or one thousand feet. This was to enable them to complete the job without interference from any armed, and possibly belligerent, passengers.

For his second assignment the unfortunate Jendrew was pressed into service as powder-man. Handing him three sticks of dynamite, the robbers made him head a little procession to the express car, the other men following him in single file, covered by the rifles of the bandits, but so disposed as to guard the robbers themselves from any possible hidden marksmen.

The express messenger, Devoe, had "tumbled" meanwhile as to what was going forward, and had hastily taken the cash packages from the small safe—only two of them all told, aggregat-

ing some four hundred and eighty-five dollars—and thrown them into what would ordinarily have been a safe hiding-place, the package rack against the side of the car. But, as luck would have it, while Devoe was in the very act of tossing the money packages into the rack, the rear door of his car was suddenly forced open, and Fireman Jendrew came into view, gingerly



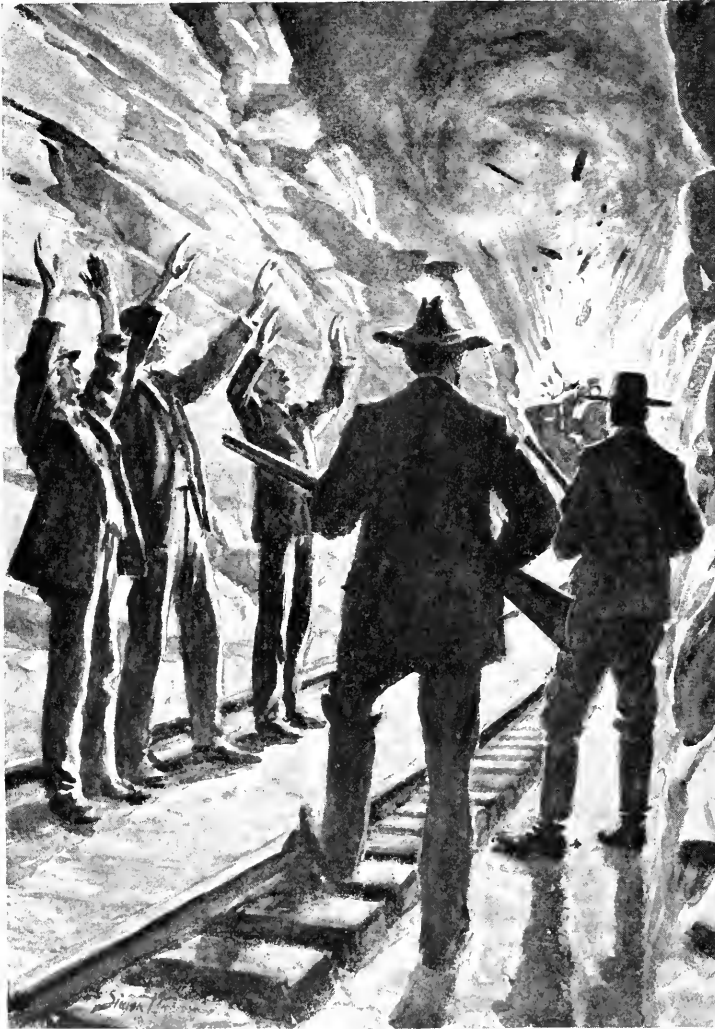
"THE EXPRESS MESSENGER SHOT HEADLONG OUT OF THE SIDE DOOR."

holding the three sticks of dangerous explosive straight out before him, while peering over the fireman's shoulder was the black masked visage of one of the robbers, the other men, shadowed by the second bandit, pressing close behind.

Now, Devoe didn't like what he saw any more than Fireman Revalls had liked it. So while his uninvited visitors were entering at the rear, the express messenger shot headlong out

of the side door ; nor did a couple of Winchester bullets which were promptly sent after him succeed in stopping him, though one bullet actually shot the thin linen cap he was wearing off his head.

"Confound these Burlington men, anyway," said the tall man, angrily. "They don't give a fellow time even to throw a gun on 'em. That's



"A LIVID SHEET OF FLAME SPRANG OUT."

two made their lucky now, and they'll have all Butte down on us if we don't hustle."

"Smoke up there, you man with the pop-sticks," added the half-frenzied robber, poking the barrel of his Winchester into the fireman's back and starting him on a run in the direction of the big safe.

Arrived at the money chest, a great modern, burglar-proof bank-safe, Jendrew was ordered to place the three sticks of explosive on top of it and light the fuse, when all hands were to make a swift break for safety out of the open car-door. Before lighting the fuse, W. M. Bell, the mail-clerk, was ordered out of his compartment in the front of the express car, and lined up with the others near the safe. Then, having coolly possessed himself of the money in the wall-rack, as soon as that spot was reached, the leading robber told Jendrew to "touch her off"!

Now, the dynamite and the connected bit of fuse both proved to be wet. Jendrew, anxious to hasten a job so unpleasant, which his future good health forbade his declining, grew impatient when the fuse would not light, and began to curse softly, in his broken Swedish dialect. This so amused the observant mail-clerk, Bell, that he broke into a laugh.

"Shut your face!" cried the exasperated robber, bringing the heavy butt of his Winchester swiftly down upon the young clerk's head and sending him to the floor. "I'll give you something to laugh at."

Finally, the fuse began to sputter, and the vigilant on-lookers made a quick dash for the door, among them the mail-clerk, who had not been seriously injured. They ran a hundred yards back on the track and then halted. Then there came a dull boom from the vicinity of the express car, a lurid sheet of flame sprang out through the roof, a large section of which lifted and fell over the side of the car, and the riskiest

part of this latter-day business enterprise was completed.

Truth compels me to state that the explosion was a dreary failure, so far as it affected the treasure-chest. There was an unsightly hole in the roof of the car, and a dent or two in the safe ; but the rich treasure it may have con-

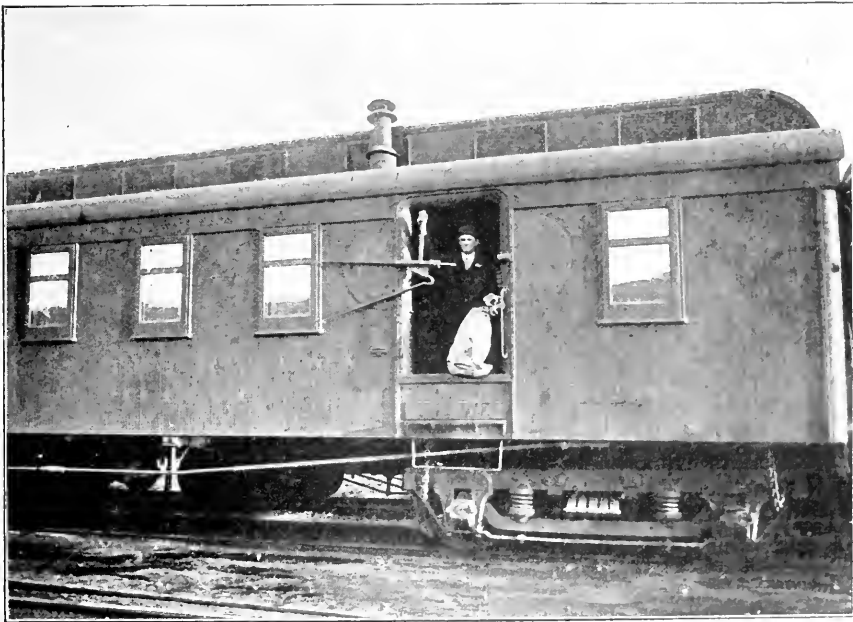
tained, the value of which was variously estimated, was as far removed from the clutches of the would-be looters as it was when the car left Butte.

Meanwhile a number of the passengers had somewhat recovered from their fright. Among them were a pair of Northern Pacific Railroad officials, in a private car at the rear of the train. While the robbers were in the express car these gentlemen, with other passengers, all armed, managed to steal quietly off the coaches and secure various points of vantage among the rocks alongside the line, where they endeavoured to single out the two hold-ups from the little group of men standing on the car

the incline for her crew to have seen what was delaying the passenger train, the two men quickly explained the situation, and a moment later the big freight engine was sliding down the steep grade backwards towards Butte at a rate that has never been hazarded on the Homestake Mountain before.

The vigilant train-wreckers saw sufficient of this move to understand its meaning. They realized that their little game was up by their failure to force the big safe, and they had no desire to await the arrival of the officers from Butte.

"There's nothing doing," said the tall rascal, turning suddenly to his comrade, as he saw the



From a]

THE EXPRESS CAR WHICH THE ROBBERS BLEW UP.

[Photo.

track, and bring them down with their revolvers. While Bell, the mail-clerk, was still rubbing his head where the clubbed rifle had struck him, a stray bullet from the party of passengers ploughed a deep furrow through the fleshy part of his thigh, the shock bringing him to the earth. This indicated to the would-be rescuers that they had best direct their efforts into some other channel; and in a lucky moment the two railroad officials recalled the "pusher" engine behind a freight train which had followed "Number Six" closely up the hill, and which was now drawn up a little way down the line waiting for a clear track. For this "pusher" they immediately headed.

Reaching this engine, which was too far down

freight engine dropping down towards Butte "Let's slide."

"You're right," said the little fellow, without the slightest hesitation, and then the disgusted pair backed quickly down the embankment, and were soon lost to view among the rocks.

The passengers, learning that the robbers had departed, now came hurrying out of the coaches to hear the exciting details of the hold-up.

The two robbers made the descent of the rock-strewn hill with almost incredible swiftness, when the nature of their pathway is considered, and in less than ten minutes after backing off into the shadows they were seen to emerge from the base of the mountain, nearly three-fourths of a mile below. Here they mounted

their waiting beasts and started on a mad gallop towards Butte. They were followed by the straining eyes of the watchers on the mountain-top, until lost to sight at a bend in the road barely a mile from the outskirts of Butte. Even then one or two of the more interested observers, by proceeding around the bend of the curving mountain top, followed the fugitives' progress, until they disappeared in the solid banks of impenetrable sulphur-smoke which always envelop the city of Butte.

No safer refuge for the pair of fleeing train-robbers could possibly have been devised by them than was furnished off-hand by these billows of dirty yellow smoke—smoke so dense that the sun seen through them has the appearance of a mere black dot. This nuisance Butte has to endure as the penalty of being the home of colossal smelters, with their accompanying outdoor "roast-piles," or "stink-heaps" as they are affectionately termed.

In these suffocating earth-clouds the two hold-ups speedily secreted themselves, and the latest Rocky Mountain train robbery was at its secondary stage. As an immediate sequel to the affair the Northern Pacific Railroad offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest of the guilty participants. Bloodhounds were brought from the State penitentiary at Deer Lodge close by, and given the scent at the top of the Homestake Mountain, only to drop tail a short time later when they plunged into the wall of unbreakable sulphur fumes, which have too pronounced a scent of their own to make it possible to follow the trail of human beings through them.

They have a human bloodhound in Butte,

however, in so far as keenness of scent is concerned. This is City Detective Murphy. Furnished with nothing more tangible than a personal description of the hold-ups, the tall man and his diminutive partner, this sleuth, with the assistance of the N.P.R. secret service men, succeeded in capturing the two robbers, and obtaining a confession from them, in exactly thirty-six hours after their little adventure on Homestake Mountain.

The pair proved to be George Howard, the tall desperado, an ex-convict and all-round "bad man"; and George Cole, a rascal of lesser degree. Cole wrote out a full confession—a unique literary effort in its way—which differs but slightly from Mr. McNair's account of the hold-up.

Cole, in his confession, claims that he and his partner secured less than ten dollars in this robbery, which sum was blown from the wall-rack by the exploding dynamite, and which the pair spent in drink when they got into Butte. This may or may not be true. But for a trivial sum at the utmost

these two men risked their own lives and the lives of others in this daring exploit, and within less than two days after making the venture found themselves captives, with long terms of imprisonment before them.

Howard and Cole, according to the latter's confession, had intended to rob an earlier train, the North Coast Limited, a N.P.R. train even more magnificent in its appointments than the Burlington "Flyer." The N.P. train, however, was late, and they accordingly changed their plans. Possibly some other precious pair are even now arranging to make good the original programme.



GEORGE COLE, ONE OF THE ROBBERS, WHO WAS CAPTURED AND AFTERWARDS WROTE A  
*From a* CONFESSION. *[Photo.*

# An Elephant Hunt in Liverpool.

By W. SIMPSON CROSS, F.Z.S.

The story of an amusing yet exciting chase after a runaway elephant, told by the well-known wild animal importer of Liverpool.



It was suggested to me the other day that the millennium had arrived, at least for Liverpool, in view of the fact that at our establishment the lamb lies down with, but not inside, the lion. In other words, we have a cage wherein dwell in perfect amity a puma lion, a tiger, a hyena, a lamb, and a Dalmatian dog. They eat, sleep, and live together as lovingly as ever they did in the Garden of Eden.

But it is not all calm repose at the Liverpool menagerie. Sometimes "things happen." Of one of these things—an exciting elephant hunt through the teeming streets of a busy city—I am about to tell.

One day we received an order for an elephant, a performing elephant, which was to be shipped from England to the States. It was a beautiful and majestic animal, a noble creature nearly eight feet in height, and I was very proud of it—up to a certain point. The only thing I had to say against it was that it was too clever, far too clever. He gave me a *matinée* performance, without any previous rehearsal, which I am not likely to forget.

Well, the elephant, which, for the purposes of this narrative, we will call "Jimmy," was conducted out of the menagerie and through the streets of Liverpool to the docks for shipment. As he swung majestically along he held his head proudly erect, the admired of all beholders. On either side of him walked several assistants, with myself bringing up the rear. Although this

is not by any means a novel sight in Liverpool, it always attracts considerable attention, especially on the part of children, who evince a strong desire to caress the animal. It was so on this occasion.

I must here explain that we had not deemed it necessary to take the precaution of hobbling Jimmy, as performing animals are, as a rule, pretty tractable and orderly. We paid dearly for this omission. Presently we arrived in the very heart of the city, with its crowds of people and vehicles, Jimmy attracting general notice. People paused and smiled kindly on him as he stumped along; and facetious bus-drivers hurled their bludgeons of wit at his massive sides. After a time I began to feel some uneasiness about my charge, for he was betraying increasing signs of restlessness, pausing now and again in his progress, like a boy going unwillingly to school.

Elephants, you must know, are most cunning animals and very determined; once they have made up their minds to do a thing they—well, they do it.

Jimmy had apparently made up *his* mind to have a holiday. He took a careful survey of his surroundings, looking first at the men on one side of him, then at those on the other, and finally turning an inquiring eye on me. Then suddenly he elevated his trunk, gave a loud *wooooo* bellow, broke from his guard, and *car-ree-oo!* at top speed through the streets. He had "run amuck"!



THE AUTHOR, MR. W. SIMPSON CROSS, F.Z.S., THE WELL-KNOWN WILD ANIMAL IMPORTER OF LIVERPOOL.  
From a Photo. by Vanderbilt, Liverpool.

As he went he trumpeted vociferously and joyously, and it was almost ludicrous to see the transformation his appearance wrought. Never was so complete and rapid a change of scene! Alarm seized upon the erstwhile smiling and amused populace; women screamed, and the crowd scattered in all directions. Several people fell headlong in their mad rush for safety. A man who had been pushing a barrow of

everybody in and on the vehicle sat fascinated, with staring eyes. The driver for the nonce was nonplussed, but fortunately, just in the nick of time, he regained his presence of mind, and turned sharply down a side turning as Jimmy swung past, shaking the very road with his ponderous rush.

All this happened in a very short space of time. But what, you may inquire, did I do?

Well, I did nothing for a time—could do nothing, in fact—but stand and stare in utter bewilderment and helplessness. My men ran after the animal for a short distance, but it was no good. It was useless to shout "Stop him!" or "Stop thief!" or anything like that, because everybody was too busy getting out of the way to render any assistance. So the gigantic truant disappeared from sight at top speed, trumpeting his loudest.

Then I began to realize the enormous amount of damage to life and property he might commit, and became unpleasantly exercised in my mind. I returned with all speed to my office to set about adopting means to effect the capture of my runaway elephant. Soon after I got back my telephone-bell was rung violently, and the following illuminating conversation took place:—

Myself: "Halloa! what is it?"

Voice: "Are you there?"

Myself: "Yes, yes; who are you?"

Voice: "We're the police; are you Cross?"

Myself: "Yes, I am—confoundedly cross! What is it?"

Voice: "Have you missed anything from your menagerie?"

Myself: "Yes, I have; have you found it?"

Voice: "Well, there's one of your little pets here trying to

smash up the place!"

Myself: "Yes, I know—I mean I'm sorry. I'll be there in a minute. Ring off."

I soon got a little party together, and we set off after Jimmy. It was in Exchange Street East that he broke away, and we went in the direction he was heading for, through Tithebarn Street. All the way we were regaled with sundry accounts of the frolicsome doings of my "little pet," and we picked up various clues as to the



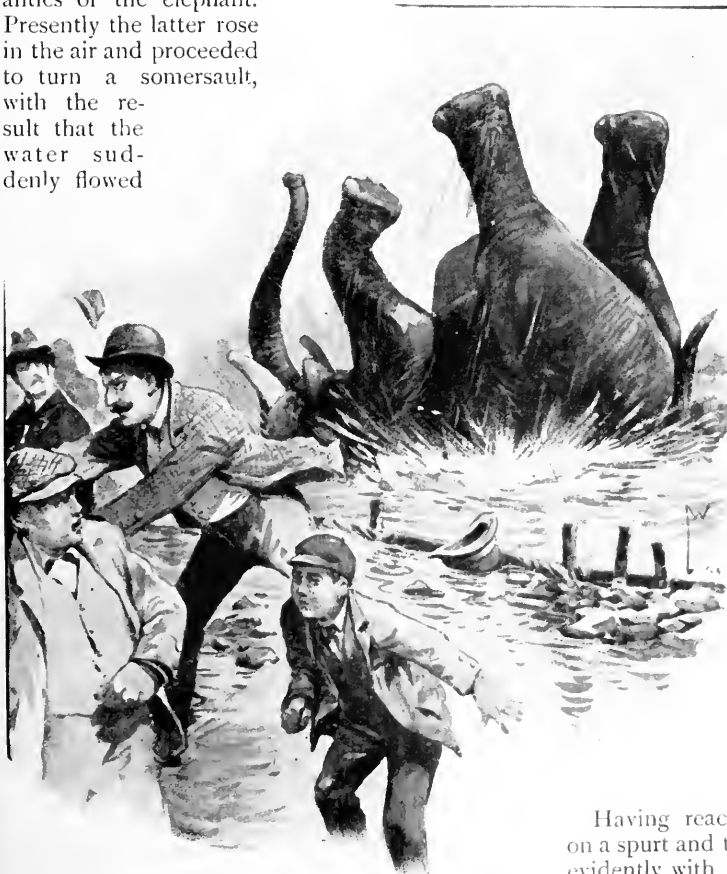
"JIMMY TOSSED THE BARROW ON ONE SIDE."

vegetables turned round at the cries of alarm, and, perceiving the colossal Jimmy bearing straight down upon him at full speed, precipitately left his barrow and sought refuge in a shop. Jimmy tossed the barrow on one side, as one might kick a pebble from one's path, hurling the vegetables right and left, and, still trumpeting and swinging his trunk from side to side, made a bee-line for a 'bus full of people! As his huge body approached at a giant stride,

progress of our quarry. It was clear that he had gone towards Aintree, and thither we hurried. He had left a trail of consternation behind him the whole way, and I was in doubt all the time as to under what circumstances I should find him.

Well, and how do you suppose I *did* find him? Wallowing in slaughter? Not a bit of it. We found him at Aintree, wallowing in the canal. It would be difficult to imagine a funnier sight than was presented to us upon our arrival. Jimmy was standing in the canal, which he well-nigh dammed; a big crowd was watching him from the banks, and very much enjoying the elephant's antics. The latter was also enjoying himself—to the full. As we came up he was standing still, taking a breather, and eyeing the crowd with attentive curiosity. Turning round he caught sight of us, when he snorted, trumpeted, and, filling his trunk with water, sent a stream out towards us. This was Jimmy's welcome—a note of defiance.

The people crowded close up to the banks as they watched the antics of the elephant. Presently the latter rose in the air and proceeded to turn a somersault, with the result that the water suddenly flowed



"THE WATER SUDDENLY FLOWED UP OVER THE BANKS.

up over the banks, like the sea on the beach at flood tide, sending the bystanders scampering away and shouting in alarm. Jimmy continued to exhibit this amusing activity, rolling over and over, turning somersaults, trumpeting, and generally having a high old time of it. All we could do was to stand around with the crowd and participate in the general amusement. It was impossible to make any attempt to secure him where he then was, so we had perforce to wait until it should please him to move out of the water.

It was certainly one of the funniest sights imaginable to see such a huge animal simply playing the kitten. Even while he was still his bulky form caused a considerable rise in the water, but when he gambolled he created a small tidal wave. We were just beginning to wonder how much longer this was to last, and as to what the ultimate end of it was to be, when Jimmy created a diversion that sent our thoughts into a different channel. Having apparently had sufficient of the water, he made straight for the bank, sending the people flying right and left. Landing safely, he gave himself a good shaking and then made off at a comfortable trot towards the Aintree racecourse. And so the hunt was resumed.

We followed in his wake, and in turn were followed by the crowd, who were quite willing to give us first place. By this time the hunters, as I may call the crowd and ourselves, had reached a goodly number; many were armed with a variety of weapons—sticks, agricultural implements, and missiles of divers kinds—which they had some vague notion of employing to intimidate the animal. However, whenever the latter betrayed any sign of turning upon them, they invariably fled incontinently, carrying their weapons with them. We ourselves also carried weapons and shackles in the shape of chains and rope.

Having reached the racecourse, Jimmy put on a spurt and tore round the track at top speed, evidently with the intention of drying himself. It was the funniest "walk-over" I have ever

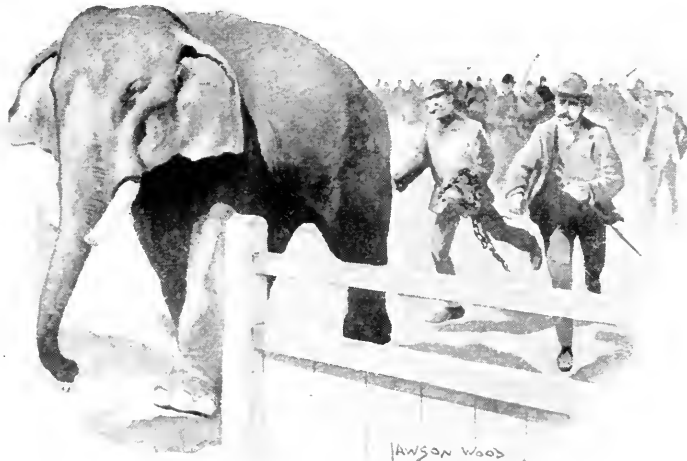


seen. Up and down he went, with us tailing after him at a respectful distance. In fact, it was impossible to keep up with him when he was doing his best, a speed he maintained for a considerable time. The crowd of "helpers" continued to swell, and at length attained such proportions that one might have imagined that the whole of Liverpool's population had turned out to join in this unique hunt. For a time the pace was swift, and we continued to speed up and down, up and down, now tacking, now doubling, in accordance with the movements of the animal.

It at length became apparent that Jimmy was getting "pumped," and pretty tired of being hunted. His mood was changing, too. From

possibility—nay, the probability—of his "running amuck" again and doing considerable damage. Things were bad enough as they were, and an elephant in a sullen and spiteful mood is a source of great danger. The result of our joint deliberations was that we reluctantly decided to administer the "happy dispatch" there and then.

For this purpose we summoned two doctors, who brought along a considerable quantity of prussic acid, about enough to kill two thousand five hundred men. This was introduced into all kinds of elephantine delicacies—such, for instance, as carrots, buns, cakes, etc.—but for some time Jimmy steadfastly refused to accept them, as though he suspected that all was



"I SPLIT UP MY LITTLE ARMY OF HELPERS, AND SO ENDEAVOURED TO SURROUND THE ELEPHANT AND DRIVE HIM INTO AN ENCLOSURE."

being simply frolicsome he was becoming savage.

There was a great deal more danger now, and this spurred us on to renewed efforts to effect his capture. I split up my little army of helpers, and so endeavoured to surround the elephant and drive him into an enclosure—a railed-in affair—where we should be able to secure him. This, after a deal of manœuvring, we succeeded in doing, safely hobbling him. He was now in a very savage mood, and the question was, what should we do with him? I concluded that it would be extremely dangerous to take him, as he then was, through the streets of Liverpool, with the

not quite right. However, in the end, human wiles got the better of elephant cunning, and Jimmy went to sleep and did not wake again.

The administering of the poison was attended with some risk, for, being so volatile, the fumes that rise from the acid are very powerful. As a matter of fact, one of the doctors did accidentally inhale some of the deadly stuff, and had it not been for the prompt attention of his colleague, who treated him to a small Niagara under a pump, he might have shared the fate of the animal.

Thus the great Liverpool elephant hunt ended—in a case of elephanticide!

# Sights and Scenes in Uganda.

BY C. W. HATTERSLEY, C.M.S.

## II.

A chatty article by a missionary resident in our great African Protectorate. Mr. Hattersley's descriptions of manners and customs will be found of great interest, and that he used his camera to good purpose is abundantly proved by the photographs reproduced.



HE country of Uganda proper is practically an unending succession of hills and valleys: and if you are on a journey and ask a native how far it is to a certain place he will usually tell you the number of "mitala"—*i.e.*, how many hills between valleys intervene between you and your destination.

A distinctive feature of the country is a number of flat-topped hills, varying in length at the summit from a hundred yards to a mile or more. Curiously enough, although the country is so hilly it seems almost on a dead level, and consequently the streams are very sluggish, most of them, excepting in the rainy seasons, having scarcely any current at all. The result is that most of the valleys become swamps. The combined heat and moisture make vegetation very prolific, and reeds, papyrus, long grasses, and flowering plants soon choke up the bed of the streams, so that the water is scarcely visible.

Many of the shallower swamps are forests, and the beautiful tropical plants and creepers baffle description. The wild date-palm abounds everywhere, and many of the larger trees produce very good wood. Flowers are many and varied, and some of them well repay cultiva-

tion, but there is always a difficulty with these tropical plants. When put into a garden and cared for they thrive too well, and become so tall and straggling that the garden soon presents a very disorderly appearance.

Birds and butterflies of every shade and hue are very numerous, and Uganda presents a most interesting field for ornithologists and butterfly-hunters. The swamps especially present a field of the greatest interest to all collectors of bacteria and germs of every description.

The number of stagnant pools offers an excellent ground for all those creatures and organisms which make living in Central Africa such a difficulty. Here the anopheles mosquito lives and breeds its thousands of death-dealing pests.

Uganda is not a place where one need fear a scarcity of water, as a plentiful supply, though often of doubtful quality, can always be found in the valleys and swamps. The natives have not yet learned the art of digging wells, as there has never been any necessity for going below the surface to get water. The close proximity of Uganda to the great Victoria Lake ensures a fairly regular supply of rain, and scarcely a week passes



From a

A RAISED ROAD ACROSS A SWAMP.

[Photo.

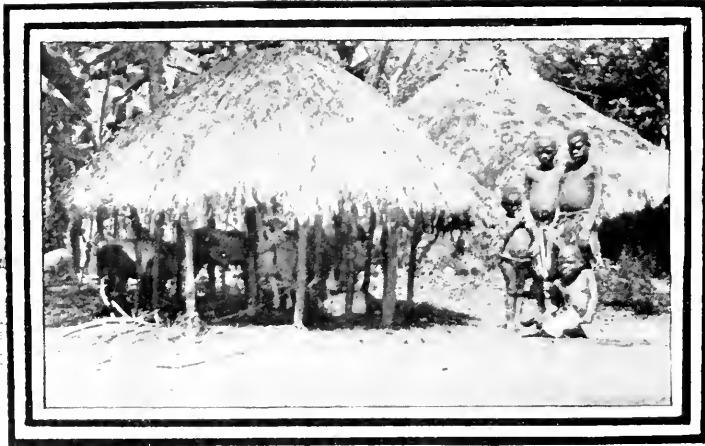
but we have at least one heavy shower; in March and September we have daily rain extending over a period of some two months.

To cross swamps it is necessary for comfort to have raised roads, and the photograph reproduced at the bottom of the preceding page shows one of the better-class roads—better-class because it had only just been constructed when the photograph was taken. A single storm is often more than sufficient to destroy the greater part of one of these paths, which are of a very temporary character. It is part of the duty of all dwellers in a locality to take their share in road-making and swamp-bridging, and this particular work is always going on.

The usual plan is to make a kind of fence framework of wattles and reeds in a double line and to fill in the intervening space with earth and sand, which is dug out of the hill at either end of the bridge. Often white sand is spread over the top, as in our picture, and has a pleasing appearance. Unfortunately, it takes but a very short time for reeds and grasses to almost envelop the bridge, and clearing is constantly necessary. Where there is a strong stream in the middle of a swamp it is bridged over with palm poles, which soon rot and break under heavy weights. Cattle crossing these bridges cause a great deal of damage—not to mention

relief, after going down a hill, to cross one of these overgrown swamp bridges, whose overhanging bushes and reeds afford a pleasant shade from the scorching heat of the sun.

It is astonishing how little the average stay-at-home person knows of geography, and I am constantly being asked, "Is it hot in Uganda?" Seeing that the line of the Equator passes right through the country, one naturally understands that we have practically twelve hours day and twelve hours night all the year round. The twelve hours day varies but a few degrees in heat throughout the whole course of the year, though, owing to the altitude being a little over four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the great Victoria Nyanza regulating the supply of cooling breezes, the heat is not felt quite so much as may be supposed. It is, however, extremely oppressive and most trying. Even the natives feel the heat very much, and keep in the shade as far as possible during the middle of the day. Not only are they careful for themselves, but they care for their animals as well. They possess a large number of goats and fat-tailed sheep, which are looked upon as valuable property, and every youth's ambition seems to be to become possessed of as many goats and sheep as early in life as possible. About eleven o'clock in the morning these animals are driven by their keepers into little sheds near the dwelling of the



AN ANIMAL "SUN-SHED"—ALL DOMESTIC ANIMALS ARE DRIVEN INTO THESE HUTS AT MIDDAY TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE HEAT OF THE SUN. [Photo.]

inconvenience to people coming the other way—and in the rainy seasons, or immediately after them, it is a very common thing to find that the bridge of palm poles has entirely disappeared. But for the discomfort of travelling in such limited space, it is often a welcome

owner, and each one is secured by a rope to a pole in the centre. There they remain until four o'clock in the afternoon, when they are again taken out to feed. The accompanying photograph shows one of these curious "sun-sheds" with animals inside.

Goats' flesh is in great demand amongst the natives, who consider it much superior to mutton. As a matter of fact, it is. The mutton in Uganda is of very inferior quality, the poor pasture being probably responsible for this. The natives prefer beef, when obtainable, to any other meat; but they are very chary of killing their cattle, though they possess fairly large herds. If one goes to the market to buy beef, it may be generally assumed that what is offered for sale is either a tough old bull that is of no use to anybody, and will probably cost you a set of new teeth, or some animal which has been killed to prevent its dying a natural death, as there are no Government inspectors in the butchering department.

The heat in Uganda, I have heard it stated, penetrates into the ground six feet, as against one foot in England in the heat of summer, and what with the heat and the rarity of the atmosphere caused by the elevation, prolonged residence in the country usually affects English livers, and digesting food

becomes a great difficulty after a four years' stay without a trip to England to recoup one's damaged powers. If one would remain in really good condition constant exercise is necessary. Walking is undoubtedly the best tonic, and anyone who is frequently engaged in travelling can with ordinary precautions be sure of good health. When the occupation prevents such travelling it is most necessary to take some violent exercise.

With this end in view many of our missionaries have introduced football, to which the natives have taken with great gusto. Near most of our missionary stations there can be seen, from half-past four to six in the afternoon, a group of boys and youths engaged kicking with their bare feet an English football. It is surprising how far and how well they can kick without boots, and equally marvellous how they escape breaking their toes, which must be uncommonly strong. Nor do they ever damage each other's shins, except very slightly, so

that Uganda football is quite an innocuous sport.

The following photograph shows a match in full swing; you will notice the "home-made" appearance of the goal-posts.

Pleasant occupation for the evenings is a great problem in a country where it is always dark at half-past six. Under these circumstances the strenuous sport of "ping-pong," after having captured Europe, was given a cordial welcome when it arrived in Uganda.

As the rooms of a house in Uganda are rarely cooler than sixty-eight to seventy degrees—even in the evening, with the doors and windows

open—it is never necessary to have a fire, and only the very thinnest clothing can be worn, and if "ping-pong" is indulged in it must be with cricketing flannels, or, if possible, thinner garments still, and even then the game becomes a toil; but perspiring

heavily is undoubtedly beneficial to the health. Our "ping-pong" room is shown at the top of the next page.



A FOOTBALL MATCH IN UGANDA—THE PLAYERS KICK WITH THEIR BARE FEET!

*From a Photo.*

The great Victoria Lake is not by any means the only lake in Uganda. There are numbers of others, some of them of very large extent. One has heard much of the "sudd" on the River Nile, which is, for the most part, papyrus. Most of the inland lakes in Uganda produce a great deal of this troublesome weed, which makes travelling extremely difficult. It floats about in great patches, driven by the wind, and when this happens to be towards a landing place the passage often becomes entirely blocked up, and for miles on either side it is almost impossible to effect a landing. This can only be done by getting into a very small canoe which can turn corners easily. Then, by dint of much poling and pushing and tugging, a distance which should take ten minutes may sometimes be accomplished in an hour or two. Meanwhile, one is being slowly eaten alive by countless rapacious mosquitoes.

The lower photograph shows a missionary's small dug-out canoe entering a narrow passage



THE STRENUOUS SPORT OF "PING-PONG" RECEIVED A CORDIAL WELCOME WHEN IT ARRIVED IN CENTRAL AFRICA. *[Photo.*



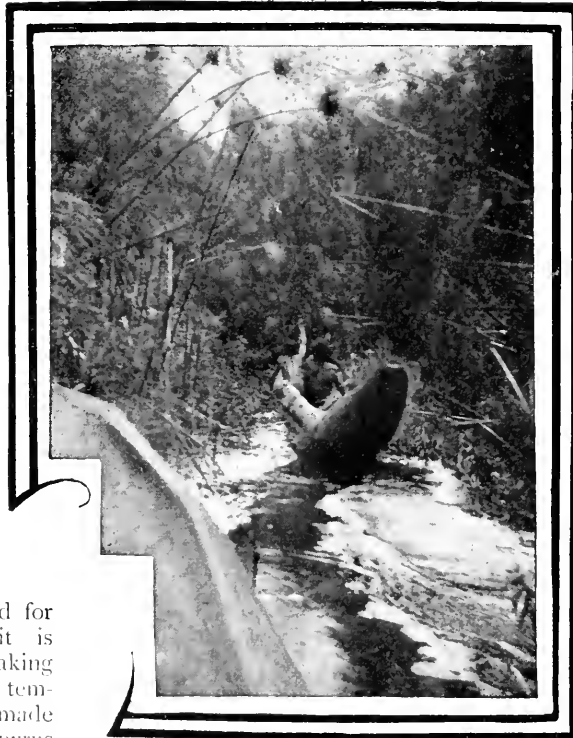
through the papyrus "sudd" on Lake Wamala. The curious appearance of the water is due

to the white foam bordering the edge of the papyrus patch, which was disturbed by the canoe pushing through it. On this particular occasion it took an hour and a half to push through a few hundred yards of papyrus—a distance which should have occupied but a few minutes. Papyrus is very useful in its proper place, and the natives use it largely, especially the bark, which they twist and use instead of rope. Baskets of the same material are employed for carrying food, and it is largely used in making bridges; indeed, a temporary bridge is often made by beating down papyrus stems and throwing grass

over them, the great strength of the interlocked roots forming a sort of floating bridge.

In these big inland lakes, as well as in the great Victoria itself, hippopotami abound, and it is the ambition of every sportsman to obtain one or more.

The photo. on next page shows the pulling ashore of one of these monsters, which looked for all the world like an enlarged pig, especially in colour. Personally, I have no gun and do not shoot, but on this occasion, happening to be on the lake with a Government man, I was "in at the death" of the hippo.



A MISSIONARY'S CANOE BEING FORCED THROUGH THE DENSE PAPYRUS "SUDD." *[Photo.*

It took a small army of men to haul it ashore, as the lake near the beach was very shallow. Once ashore the natives speedily cut it up and distributed it as a Christmas feast to all those in the vicinity. The inhabitants of that district

ridicule the idea of an Englishman eating shrimps and shell-fish, which they themselves will never touch, yet they are very fond of such things as white ants, while some of them eat locusts, grasshoppers being a special treat.



From a)

HAULING ASHORE A DEAD HIPPOPOTAMUS.

[Photo.]

being very poor, the meat came as a welcome treat. We had ourselves some soup made from the flesh, which was quite the best I have ever tasted. Hippo soup would undoubtedly be in great demand in England were it possible to obtain the meat fresh.

The fat of the hippo is very welcome to the native cook, whom it supplies with cooking material for some months.

The hide is quite an inch thick, and the natives cut it into strips and dry it and make a sort of sjambok of it for chastising culprits. A headman of a caravan is rarely seen without one of these thongs, whittled down until it has become thin and pliant and will inflict a very nasty cut. It is usually called a "kiboko," the Kiswahili name for hippopotamus, and is also used for punishing criminals. The punishment is, however, so severe that it may now only be inflicted in serious cases, and punishments must all be recorded in a book kept for that purpose by each Government official. The animal illustrated above was only a small cow, and did not yield large teeth. These brutes are at times very dangerous to travellers, and have been known to grip with their teeth the side of a canoe and rip it off, the occupants being precipitated into the water.

The Waganda have many curious customs with regard to food. I have already mentioned that they are fond of meat, and whilst they

The man and boy shown in the following photograph are engaged in catching white ants. This peculiar insect is not really an ant and is not white, but it very nearly answers to both these descriptions.

They erect in an incredibly short space of time a great hill, of which the one illustrated is only a small specimen. These hills sometimes reach a height of ten to twelve feet, and are extremely plentiful in Uganda, varying in colour according to the nature of the soil of the district.

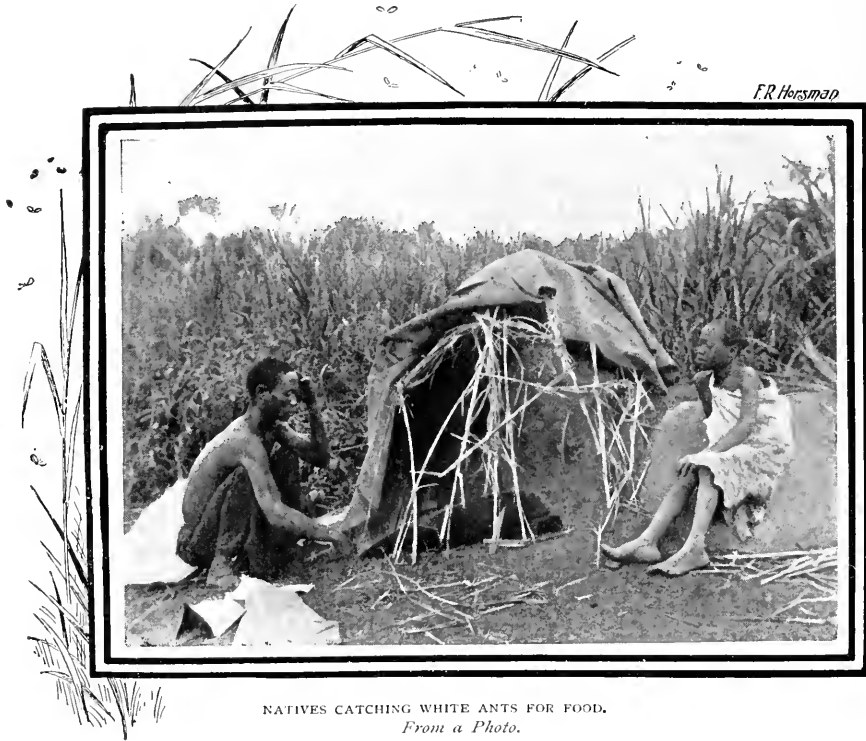
The interior of the hill is full of combs, which resemble sponges made of lava. The hill may contain one, two, or more queens, and each queen is most wonderfully encased in a box of plastered earth, from which she cannot possibly escape, nor, apparently, can her husband, who is of a very much smaller size. Her business seems to be to produce myriads of ants, which, in the early stage, can escape from her place of confinement by one or two tiny holes. The queen herself is some four inches long, and is merely a soft, pulpy, bag-like mass, from one end of which the head protrudes. The body is about an inch thick, and the natives consider it a great delicacy when fried.

If the queen is removed and the hill destroyed, in all probability it will not reappear. At certain times of the year some of these ants take to themselves wings, and—especially after

a storm of rain—may be seen coming out of the hill and flying away.

Should they be near a dwelling the natives carefully watch for the time when the hill, as they term it, "puts on eyes"—*i.e.*, when a lot of fresh earth is suddenly thrown up by the ants

rat, very much in appearance like our English rat, but the tail is much shorter in proportion, while in size the animal more nearly resembles a rabbit. They vary in weight from two to ten pounds, and are not at all to be despised as an article of food. Europeans can only obtain



NATIVES CATCHING WHITE ANTS FOR FOOD.  
*From a Photo.*

from within. When they see these eyes they know that the time has come when the ants may be expected to fly any evening, and they immediately erect a framework of reeds over the whole of the hill and cover it with a bark cloth. The bark cloth in our picture is turned up so as to show the framework, but it is made to envelop the whole of the hill. Clean banana leaves are then spread over a hole dug in the ground at one side of the hill. The ants appear to be more or less stunned by flying up against the cloth covering the hill, and fall back into this leaf. When he has obtained all the insects he can, the man in charge takes them home, plucks off the wings, and fries them. The ants are about three-eighths to half an inch in length, and taste not unlike shrimps.

Numbers of natives spend much of their time in catching an animal that is greatly in request as a delicacy by the chiefs, who set apart certain of their men as huntsmen. This animal is a

them through chiefs, who often send them as a present.

The animal appears to be a distinct vegetarian, and the flesh is not unlike veal, though at times it has a rather gamey taste. Were it called by any other name it would undoubtedly be in great request among Englishmen, but it is a rat, and the idea of eating rat is repugnant.

These edible rats are usually caught in exactly the same way as rabbits are snared in England by many farmers—by stretching a long net across an open space and driving the rats into the net by means of dogs, which have a collar with bells attached. The men make as much noise as possible and the dogs run amongst the undergrowth, shaking their bells, and frighten the rats in the direction in which they are required to go. The nets are made by the natives from a sort of flax and are very strong. The rats when caught are put into a receptacle





THE EXTRAORDINARY EDIBLE RAT OF UGANDA—  
THE FLESH TASTES LIKE VEAL AND IS ESTEEMED  
A GREAT DELICACY.

*From a Photo.*

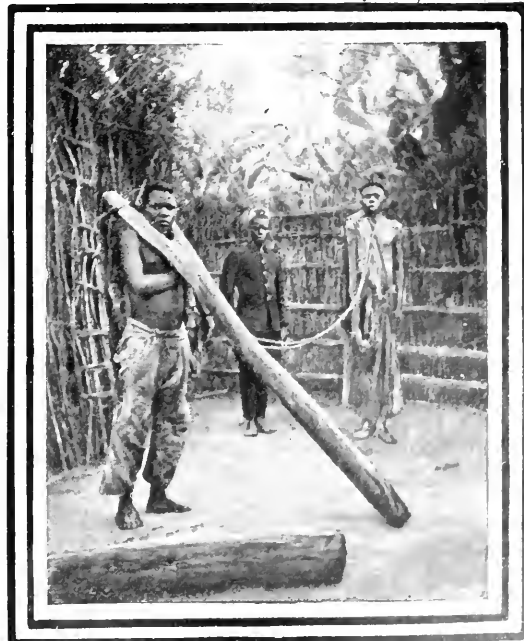
which resembles a wickerwork cage, covered over with cow-hide, and the lid is tied on with leathern thongs. They are then brought to the chief, and if they are for his own consumption they are killed and cleaned slightly and the hair singed off. The rat is then stewed whole, wrapped in banana leaves, in a great clay pot.

Slavery is now a thing of the past in Uganda, but many of the implements formerly used for slaves are still in use in the prisons. The native Government have several prisons, but as these are merely surrounded by a fence which is easily uprooted or cut through, it becomes necessary to adopt some means of securing the prisoners to prevent their escape.

In very refractory cases the old "slave stick" is still employed. A branch of a tree is cut off, leaving

a big fork at one end, and into this fork the culprit's neck is put and firmly secured with leathern thongs. There is no possibility of his getting free, and the weight of the stick effectually prevents his going at more than a very slow pace. It is too heavy for him to lift the lower end higher than an inch or two from the ground, and that only for a few seconds, and he must drag it about wherever he walks. This ingenious instrument will be seen in our next photograph.

A milder form of punishment, but one quite as effective, is that of inserting the foot in what may be termed movable stocks—a heavy log of wood pierced with a hole just large enough to insert the foot, a stick being driven in sideways so as to grip the ankle. When wedged in tightly the peg can only be got out by dint of much hammering, which would arouse any guard, even if he happened to be sleeping at his post.



A UGANDA GOOL, SHOWING A PRISONER IN  
THE "SLAVE STICK."

*From a Photo.*

Wherever a man moves about the prison yard he must drag with him this log of wood, but to enable him to do this without damage to his foot he is provided with a rope, which is attached to the heavier end of the log, and this enables him to lift it partially from the ground, when he can move about the prison yard very slowly. This is used for drunkards, wife-beaters, and

clean the roads, carry water and firewood, help in building, and otherwise work for the public good. Thus they are constantly on view, and if they have any shame must naturally feel humiliated at being thus brought before their friends day by day.

The proportion of criminals per thousand since the introduction of Christianity is very



A PUNISHMENT FOR DRUNKARDS AND WIFE-BEATERS—WHenever THE PRISONER GOES HE MUST DRAG A HEAVY BLOCK OF WOOD, WHICH IS FASTENED TO HIS ANKLE BY A CHAIN.

*From a Photo.*

similar criminals, and is intended as a warning that, unless the culprit mends his ways, a more severe punishment is in store for him.

The Waganda and European administrators adopt sensible methods of punishing offenders against the law, and usually make the prisoners

small, and would compare favourably with an English criminal list. The natives are not naturally vicious, and drink—although responsible for many of their crimes—does not produce evil effects to the same extent as it does in Europe.

THE END.

# HOW I WON MY WIFE.

BY OSCAR T. SCHWERINER.

## I.

An exciting romance of real life, with a charming sequel. How the Indian chief kidnapped the farmer's only daughter; how the bereaved father and the author started in pursuit, aided by a faithful bloodhound; and how the girl was finally rescued.



CIRCUMSTANCES had forced me to emigrate and try my luck in the "States." I knocked around for a little while in the east, and then made my way west to Denver. I had hardly been there two days when I was installed a salesman in a clothing store. Needless to say, I had no more idea about selling clothes than the man in the moon. Translating Latin into French or English into German would have suited my tastes better—and my abilities as well, so far as that is concerned—for it was actually all I knew, all I had learned. I was at the time I speak of only seventeen years old, and had come straight from college. But there I was, a clothing salesman in Denver.

I had not been in Denver long before I fell sick. That illness, paradoxical as it may sound, gave me a new start in life, made a man of me, and, last, but not least, gained for me as sweet a little bride as any man could wish for. How? That's what I intend to tell you here. It is an extraordinary story, as you will see, but it's a true one; and there is many a man in Larned and Dodge City, Kansas, and mayhap around Denver, who will at once recall the incidents when he reads these lines.

In the hospital to which I was taken when my illness became severe they did what they could for me, and then one day the doctor

came to my bedside and told me that when I was discharged I must go up into the Rockies—all the way up to Pike's Peak, if possible; the higher, the better.

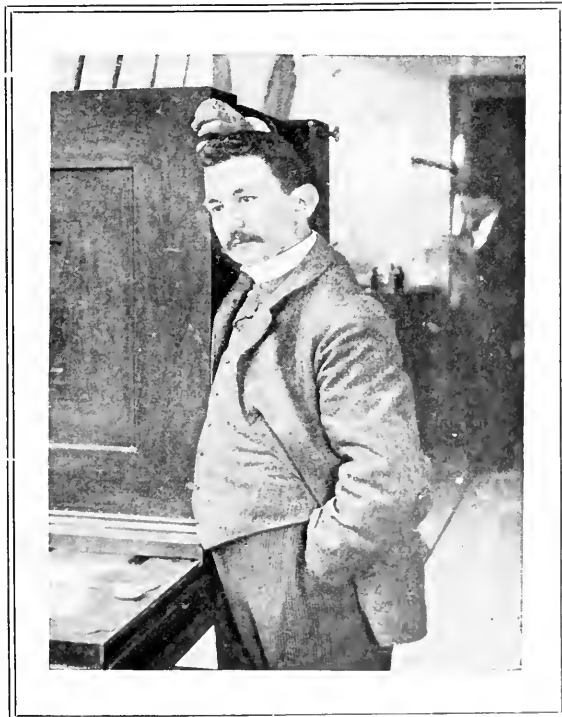
"That's all very well," I replied: "but how am I to get there without a dollar in my pocket?"

"Well," he replied, shortly, "that's your affair. Think it over; you have a week's time."

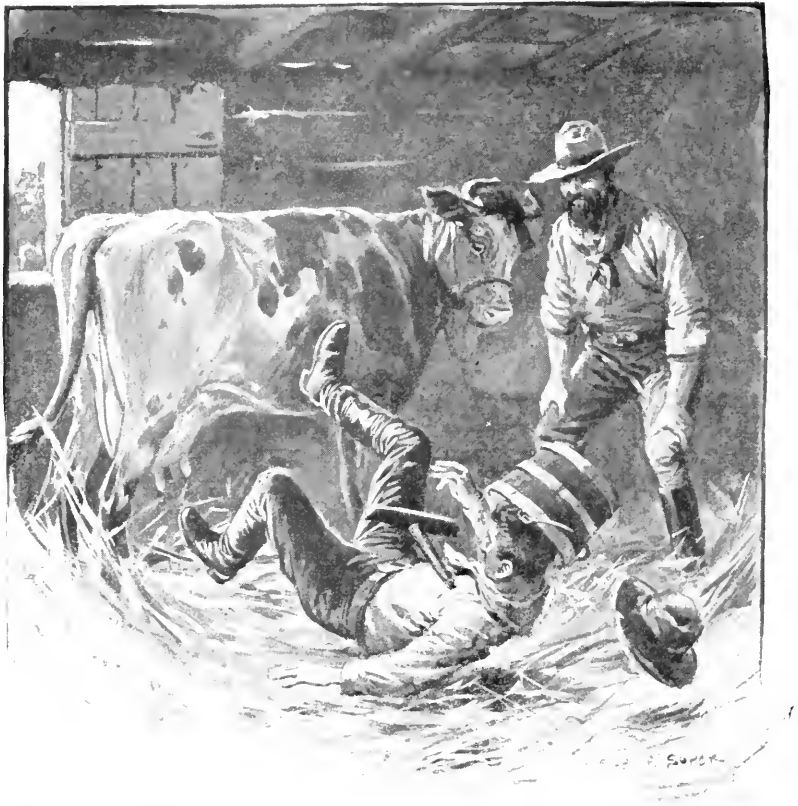
I did think it over, and before the week was past I had made up my mind. I went from the

hospital straightway to the nearest farmhouse, told them my story, and asked them to indicate to me the road that would bring me higher up, and to permit me to stay with them overnight. They treated me very kindly indeed. This manoeuvre I kept on repeating. During the day I marched; at night I stayed at the farms. When finally I had reached a farm away up in the mountains, I made up my mind to stay there—if I could. As luck would have it, the farmer wanted another hand. "Could I milk cows?" he asked. "Well, hardly," I replied, "but I should like to learn." "All right," said he. "Stay, and I will see what can be done with you to-morrow."

Next morning, at four o'clock, he roused me. "Let's milk the cows," he said, simply. We walked into the barn, and he handed me a bucket and a T-shaped sort of stool. I started in, but before I knew what had happened I



THE AUTHOR, MR. OSCAR T. SCHWERINER.  
*From a Photo.*



was lying full length on my back with the stool resting on my stomach, the bucket tilted over my head, and the farmer shaking with laughter.

"BEFORE I KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED I WAS LYING FULL LENGTH ON MY BACK."

This was the beginning of a life that made a new man of me. I soon learned to plough, to milk the cows, and, above all, to sit solid in the saddle.

The family of the farmer consisted of his wife, his ten-year-old daughter, Virginia—called Virgie for short—and a boarder, a full-blooded Indian. I count him with the family, because he was treated as though he belonged to it. He was a young man of twenty-one, son of the chief "Thunder-Cloud," a Sioux Indian well known in these parts. He had studied at the University for Indians at Carlisle. As far as the physiognomy of an Indian goes, Ben was a good-looking fellow. He seemed to be very anxious to add to his stock of knowledge, for one day he made me the proposition to teach me his language if I would teach him German. I gladly accepted, of course, and we started on our studies the same evening and soon made great progress.

About a year had passed when something happened which we were not to forget in a hurry. One nice morning Ben disappeared and,

it seems, attempted to take little Virgie with him. When we discovered Ben's disappearance Virgie related that he had said to her the day before, "I'm going to take a little ride this evening. Want to come along?" The child agreeing, he added, "But you must not tell your father or your mother, for then they wouldn't let you go." Fortunately, however, the child was sent to bed early that evening, in punishment for some little offence. To take her by force would have been impossible, for she slept in the same room with her parents; besides, Nero, our big bloodhound, would not have permitted it. So Ben went without her. We never heard anything more of him, and as time went on we felt more and more convinced that he had actually intended to carry off our little Virgie.

Another year passed. Ben and his strange disappearance had long been forgotten. I had regained my health, and, although Mr. Johnson and his wife treated me like a son, I could not make up my mind to stay any longer with them.

So one morning I thanked them all heartily, bid them good-bye, and, with a few dollars I had saved, made my way back to Denver.

I wanted to learn a trade, and managed to get a position as clerk in a telegraph office, intending, of course, to become an operator. But this work did not satisfy me in the least, and after six months' time I had had enough of it. Just then the papers started to publish long accounts of the great numbers of "boomers," cowboys, etc., who were steadily gathering at the borders of the Indian Territory, the 8th of April, 1889, being

ment of splendid health and spirits, I counted danger as nothing.

Two days before the "opening" I arrived at the spot that is now the site of Guthrie, the capital of Oklahoma. Oh, the crowd I met there! Greasers, cowboys, gentlemen, farmers, sharps and Indians, boomers and Mexicans, many of them drunk, quarrelling and gambling, but all eager for the rush. The rush itself, the laying of the claims, the fierce scenes afterwards, I will not describe; it has been done before often enough.



"THERE WAS A SHOOTING AFFAIR CLOSE TO MY LOCATION."

near at hand. On this day the territory was to be "opened"—that is, given over for settlement free of charge. "There's your chance," I said to myself; "go down and get a claim!"

Action followed the thought. I bought an Indian pony—for I knew that they would overcome hardships that would kill any other horse—procured plenty of canned food and a good revolver, packed my saddlebags, and started for the borders of Oklahoma. I well knew it was a dangerous undertaking, but, being in the enjoy-

I managed to get hold of a fairly good claim. There was a shooting affair close to my location, a case of "claim-jumping," with the inevitable quarrel, in the course of which one man got killed. I must confess that I felt just a wee bit quaky. I gripped my revolver tighter and wondered what would happen next, keeping a sharp look-out around me all the time. Suddenly a young, tall Indian passed me. He was dressed in sandals and buckskin pants, with a blanket around him. In his hair were stuck three feathers, and it had seemed to me that his face showed traces of paint—war-paint. The

fellow kept me busy thinking of him ; why, I did not know myself, but I could not get rid of the memory of his face. And so I walked up and down the small space of my claim, pondering.

"Why, boy, is that you?"

The familiar voice behind me made me wheel around quickly.

"Mr. Johnson!" I exclaimed, joyously, and the next moment we were shaking hands vigorously. The first words we exchanged after mutual greetings showed us that we were neighbours. Thank goodness! there was no danger of claim-jumping here, at all events. We sat down just where we stood, on the ground, and were soon in the midst of a conversation.

"And how are your wife and daughter?" I asked, after a while.

"Ah! a good many things have changed since you left us," Mr. Johnson replied, sadly. "My poor wife died four months ago—suddenly. Then a disease broke out among the cows, and ten of them are gone. In fact, in the little while since you've left everything has gone wrong. I've only got four farm hands now," he added, wofully.

I could only shake his hand silently, for good Mrs. Johnson had been like a mother to me. When I thought I had my voice under control I asked:—

"And Virgie?"

"Ah! she's grown very fast since you left. She's a pretty, brave girl. I've brought her along."

This intelligence so startled me that I almost landed on my back.

"Mr. Johnson," I exclaimed, "did I hear aright? You have brought Virgie here—to this place?"

"Yes, my boy," he answered. "I know I should not have done it, and I'm sorry for it—a thousand times sorry. I feel tempted to leave the claim and get back home quick. But what else could I do? I hoped this affair would enable me to make good my losses at the farm. At any rate, I wanted to try; 'twas my duty. Well, and where should I have left Virgie? At the farm with the farm hands? In Denver I hardly know anyone. Besides, since her poor mother died, she is so unhappy that I don't like leaving her alone even for an hour. So I've brought her along. But I'm sorry I did—very. If someone would offer to buy this claim from me now, he could have it at any price."

My mind was made up.

"Mr. Johnson," I said, "I've only got three hundred dollars; but if you want to sell the claim, I'll——"

"No, you don't," he interrupted me; "you're

a good boy, and I thank you. But what will you do here without money? The claim will be worth something in about six months from now, but how could you live up till then? No, thanks all the same; but I could not think of it."

I felt that he was right.

"I wish I could sell my claim too," I said. "To stay here another six months would be a punishment." And while we were considering how to go about realizing our holdings a thought struck me, proving to me that my mind had been somewhere else all the time.

"Where's your daughter?" I asked, suddenly.

"Oh, she's lying over yonder, on her bed."

"On her bed?"

"Why, yes," he answered, laughing. "I bought a wooden plank for a dollar. That's her 'bed.'"

"Let's go over," said I; "I'm anxious to see her again."

"It isn't necessary," answered Mr. Johnson; "she'll hear me call her." And "Virginia! Virgie!" he shouted, so that it sounded across the prairie. There was no answer.

"She must have fallen asleep; let's go and look," said Mr. Johnson. But hardly had we started when he stopped short. "Something's gone wrong over there," he whispered, anxiously. "I'm not surprised that I can't see Virgie—the grass is pretty high—but the pony, where's the pony?"

I tried to comfort him.

"Walked away, I suppose," I said. But somehow I didn't believe it myself.

"Impossible! It was tied to the board." We broke into a run.

Two minutes later we had reached the board. It was empty! The horse was gone; the rope by which it had been tied was cut!

There we stood, speechless. The first shock over, Johnson commenced to swear, cry, and pray—all in one breath—while I stood by, unable to form a plan of action. Finally Johnson threw himself, utterly exhausted, upon the board, and gazing on me with his eyes still full of tears asked, wofully, "What now?"

"First of all, calm yourself," I answered.

"But she's been kidnaped," he shouted.

"Maybe, and maybe not. When did you leave her?"

"When I met you; that's about half an hour ago. I said I'd be back in a moment."

"You can't kidnap a body in broad daylight," I said, trying to console him; "can you? And, besides, who should have an interest in kidnaping her? Nobody knows her whereabouts. Who——"

I stopped short. I don't know how it happened, but there passed through my mind

like a flash the memory of that Indian who had seemed so familiar an hour before. And now I recognised him. It was Ben—the boarder who had departed so abruptly from the farm! But was it possible? Ben, the studious, the civilized; Ben, whom I had always seen in European dress; Ben, whom I had taught German—this same Ben in war-paint and feathers?

"Johnson," I said, "I believe I've seen Ben here to-day."

He jumped to his feet with a cry. "Ben! Here! Are you sure?"

"I believe—yes. But he was in war-paint and feathers. I don't understand it."

"Sammy," answered Johnson—using the name by which I was always called at the farm—and his despair seemed to have left him; "Sammy, it's all correct. Now I know where Virgie is! As for the blanket and war-paint, that's easily explained. Civilizing an Indian, indeed! It's like taming a lion. He's all right for a while, then all of a sudden he goes back on you. I expect it *was* Ben you saw."

"Well," said I, "let us suppose Ben *did* kidnap Virgie. He can't be far off. I'll jump on my horse, ride into the border camp, and get militia. Then we'll look up Ben's reservation. At the same time, we may be mistaken——"

"No," interrupted Johnson, "we're not! I'm sure we're not! But getting militia will do no good. These Indians will hide that child where all the police of the United States would never find her. No; Ben, we must find *him*, and when we've got him——" He didn't finish the sentence, but the movement of his hand and his look were more expressive than words could have been.

While we were walking about the same Indian I had seen before passed us. Johnson recognised him at once as Ben and I saw his hand moving towards his hip-pocket. I stopped him.

"No nonsense, now—if you love Virgie," I said.

"But it was Ben."

"Of course. And if you had shot him Virgie would have been lost—if he kidnapped her. And that I doubt. He can't have kidnapped her and be here."

"You don't know the Indians. There's some trick to mislead us. See how he passed us, as

if he had never seen us in his life. But what now? She may be at his reservation and she may not. If we only had an idea of the direction——"

Then a thought struck me. "Nero!" I said. "Johnson, take my pony, ride it to death, only see you get back quick with Nero. I'll sell our claims meanwhile, for we'll need the money, and watch Ben. Bring a horse along for me and return at night. Then the dog will attract no attention, and we'll be off before dawn."

The bereaved father only pressed my hand. Then he mounted the horse. "As soon as I can I will travel by train," he said. "I'll be back in twenty-four hours." And off he went.

That same day I sold our claims to an English syndicate for a thousand dollars. Then I awaited developments. I walked around the



settlement, talked with many, watched all about without the least success. Nobody had noticed Virgie.

A sleepless night passed. Another day and Johnson must return. I had watched Ben quietly all the time. Never for a moment had he left the neighbourhood. I became convinced that we had wronged him.

Night came again. I threw myself upon the



grass, and — I suppose in consequence of all the excitement I had undergone — fell soundly asleep. Suddenly something cold and wet went over my face; I awoke with a start. Johnson and Nero stood beside me. And there was a horse for me, too.

All sleep had left me. In a moment I was in the saddle.

"Anything new?" was Johnson's first question.

"Ben is here yet," I said. "He never left for a minute. I believe we wronged him."

"Well, I don't," answered Johnson; "you'll see!" He had brought one of Virgie's dresses and allowed Nero to snuffle at it for a few minutes. The dog took to the track splendidly.

For two days and two nights we were in the saddle. Nero kept towards Denver, to my great surprise. But Johnson had an explanation. "I was not mistaken," he said, grimly; "we are making straight for the Sioux Reservation!"

And he was right. Towards the end of the second day we saw little clouds of smoke rising in the distance. Judging by their volume there must be quite a number of wigwams there. Nero pulled mightily on the rope, and we could not doubt that we had reached our destination. We dismounted and decided to go back again about two miles the way we had come. There we talked things over. I wanted

to fetch militia or police from Denver, but Johnson would not hear of it. "The Indians would know at once what it was all about," he said, "and Virgie would be lost for ever. They'd hide her—kill her—do anything but give her up. No, Sammy; only by a trick can we rescue our poor Virgie."

"Our," he had said. I felt I was ready to give my life for "our" Virgie, and I told him so.

And then we arranged our plan.

Johnson was to ride over into Denver, return with militia, and hide with them within gunshot of the camp, to be at hand when needed. I was to walk into the camp to try and find Virgie, and escape with her to Johnson and his soldiers. Ben I knew could not be at home, and so

I intended to pose as an escaped U.S. convict who relied upon the mercy of his "red brother" for help and protection. Being able to speak their language fluently from my intercourse with Ben,

I had reason to hope that all might come out well yet. We also arranged a signal—three shots—with which I could call Johnson and his men in case of great danger. Then we parted, Johnson and Nero riding towards Denver, taking my horse along, while I stayed that night on the prairie, and at dawn walked towards the Indian camp to introduce myself to my "red brothers." Never for a minute did I count the risk, for when I thought of Virgie and her possible fate all else seemed as nothing.



"THE DOG TOOK TO THE TRACK SPLENDIDLY."

(To be concluded.)

[The final instalment of this absorbing story will be found intensely interesting. It describes the author's adventures in the Indian camp, the rescue of the kidnapped girl, and what happened afterwards.]

# SLIPPING TO DEATH

BY PAUL CINQUEVALLI



The famous juggler here tells the story of the most thrilling incident in his career—how he sat helpless high in the air, and saw himself slipping inch by inch to destruction!



T may not be generally known that before I became a juggler I was an acrobat. In fact, I was an acrobat by instinct and adoption, so to speak—my father was one before me—and became a juggler by chance, or mischance, for it was through a fall that nearly cost me my life that I was compelled to abandon my acrobatic career. I then turned my attention to juggling, which I had indulged in for some years as a pastime, and made it my permanent profession.

In the seventies, then, I was a member of a troupe of acrobats, sixteen in number, and consisting of three families. The families were named respectively Chiesi, Bellon, and Cinquevalli. We travelled from town to town with caravans—a certain number for carrying apparatus and the others for domestic purposes. Altogether there were about a dozen vans. Besides acrobats there were also gymnasts among the troupe, and the items of our entertainment were both aerial and terrestrial. We were made up as Japs, and our repertoire consisted of from twelve to fourteen "acts," including a "high wire" or Blondin act, and we always worked without the

protection of a net. In fact, in those days this adjunct was quite unknown in Russia; and if we had attempted to use such a thing we should have been hooted out of the place as cowards. Our audiences were of the Roman gladiatorial kind, to whom the chief attraction of such an entertainment as ours was its dangerous element; any attempt to discount this would seem to them an effort to deprive them of their money's worth.

In spite of the absence of a net, however, we included in our programme the familiar dive from a lofty height. As a kind of substitute for the net we had a hair mattress placed upon the ground; we would hang by the heels from the swing above—about forty feet from the ground—and, gradually slipping off, would descend head-first. Arrived within a few feet of the ground, a sudden twist of the body brought us on to our feet upon the mattress. It may well be imagined that in order to safely perform this trick one had to be thoroughly grounded in the knack of falling without injuring oneself. This, indeed, was part of our training, and to it I attribute my escape from death upon the occasion I am about to describe.



THE AUTHOR, MR. PAUL CINQUEVALLI,  
THE FAMOUS JUGGLER.  
From a Photo, by Warwick Brookes,  
Manchester.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. PAUL CINQUEVALLI AS HE WAS AT THE TIME OF THIS ADVENTURE.

It is also well to explain here that our climbing capabilities were of no mean order, and that such an attribute was regarded, both by the performers and the audience, as a point worthy of more than ordinary appreciation. Professionals were jealous of one another in this respect, for a good climber was always a big favourite with the audience; in fact, it did not matter much what a gymnast did on the trapeze, provided he ascended easily and gracefully to his "perch." He was not then pulled up by means of a swivel arrangement, as is now the case, but had to go up a rope hand over hand, at the same time making graceful play with his legs.

The scene now shifts to a stretch of wintry landscape, situated in Southern Russia. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and the clouds above were of a dull, leaden hue. The snow had ceased to fall, but the cold was

intense. Proceeding along a country road at a walking pace was a long line of caravans, about a dozen in number. Some of them were living-vans, with little windows at the side, draped with muslin curtains, giving to the otherwise desolate-looking procession a slight appearance of domestic comfort; others carried the paraphernalia of a travelling troupe of acrobats. The vans were drawn by somewhat weary-looking specimens of the equine race, and on each horse sat an outrider, most of them dozing and swaying in their saddles. One of these postillions was myself—a young fellow still in his teens. After a time I roused myself and looked back angrily towards one of the living-vans, from which presently emerged a man some years my senior. As he approached I slid out of my saddle and angry words were exchanged between us, the cause of the altercation being the late arrival of the relieving outrider, which unfairly prolonged my icy vigil in the saddle. This little dispute, as will presently be seen, was the indirect cause of my nearly losing my life.

The procession was our troupe, and we were making for the village of Charkow, there to present our entertainment.

Next morning we reached our destination, and took possession of a large wooden building. These places were erected for the accommodation of such travelling shows as ours, and also for use at fair times; in fact, we always timed our visits so that we arrived about those periods. The building in question was a huge affair, constructed entirely of timber. The body of it was square, but at the top there was a large dome, open all round at the base. This was directly over the centre of the building, and admitted some light into the interior; you looked



"THE VANS WERE DRAWN BY SOMEWHAT WEARY-LOOKING SPECIMENS OF THE EQUINE RACE."

straight up at it from the floor below. The seating accommodation was confined to the ground floor, there being no galleries. All round the walls were projecting timbers, crossing one another, and at the same time serving for ornamental purposes, much the same as one sees in the upper part of a wooden chapel or church. At the top, in the centre of the dome, was an upright piece of timber, which was crossed horizontally at its base by another beam, its ends resting on either side of the opening, the two timbers forming the figure **⊥**

It was upon this horizontal support that the management desired to fix a double trapeze swing—one on which two men can sit side by side—the position being one of considerable advantage from the view-point of the audience. The remainder of our apparatus had been fixed, and one of the staff—the fellow with whom I had had the dispute—was told to ascend and fix the swing in question. He refused point-blank, stating that it was too dangerous a task to undertake. This set my blood aglow. Here, I thought, was a chance of scoring off my enemy, what you in England call “taking a rise out of him.” I, the younger man, would give him a lesson in pluck and shame him before the assembled company. So, amid a chorus of acclamation, my services were offered and accepted.

The task which lay before me was no light one, for in order to reach the cross-piece, which was situated over eighty feet above the level of the ground, I had to climb to the roof by means of the projecting timbers. I began my ascent amid the “bravos” of the company, carrying with me the swing and a length of thin line. I went from beam to beam, the climbing being very difficult, and many times I had to return for some distance in order to take a different direction, finding

that my goal was not accessible from the point I had arrived at. This occurred several times, on account of the complicated nature of the means of ascent. Altogether it was about three-quarters of an hour before I succeeded in reaching the top of the building—a feat which was heralded by a loud burst of cheering from below.

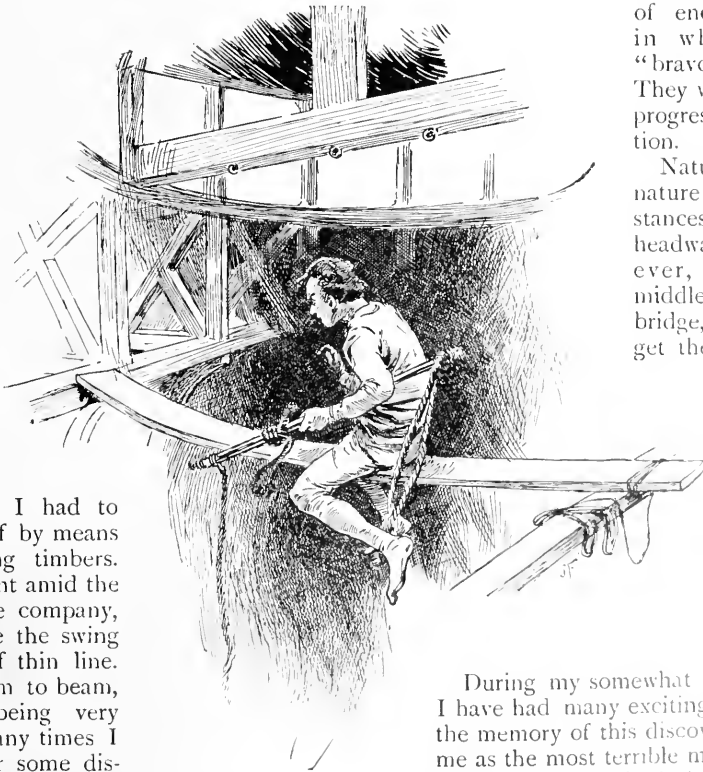
The spot I had arrived at now was immediately below the opening of the dome already referred to, and the remainder of my self-imposed task consisted in crossing from where I was to the middle of the opening, and then fixing the swing to the horizontal beam above my head. In order to do this I should have to form some temporary support on which I might rest while I did the fixing. This had been arranged, as we supposed, on very simple and effective lines. I drew up the thin line I held, which was attached to a thicker length, and so on, until I was able to haul up a plank. This I had to pass across so that the two ends rested upon the beams on either side of the opening.

I sat astride the plank, and gradually worked my way forward, my attention being directed mostly towards the beam above my head, with an occasional glance downwards, from whence

came a confused babble of encouraging voices, in which the word “bravo” predominated. They were watching my progress with rapt attention.

Naturally, from the nature of the circumstances, I made but slow headway. At last, however, I reached the middle of the plank bridge, and prepared to get the swing in readiness to be fixed, when, casually glancing towards the other side, I noticed, to my intense horror, that the end of my plank was gradually slipping off the beam!

During my somewhat chequered career I have had many exciting experiences, but the memory of this discovery survives with me as the most terrible moment of my life. In a flash I realized that the plank had not reached far enough over the beam.



“I NOTICED WITH HORROR THAT THE END OF MY PLANK WAS GRADUALLY SLIPPING.”

and my weight had so bent it that it was gradually giving way. There I hung, suspended over eighty feet in the air, with absolutely nothing between me and the ground!

I sat like one paralyzed. My hair seemed to bristle, and when I made an effort to call out with the view of invoking some remote possibility of help I found that I could not articulate; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. The voices below dinned dimly in my ears and the faint sound of the word "bravo" made me shudder. And still the board kept slipping! The sight seemed to fascinate me, and I could not remove my eyes from it. The dead weight alone was carrying it down; but when I attempted to move, backwards or forwards, it only slipped the more. So I sat there rigid, waiting, as it seemed to me, for certain death.

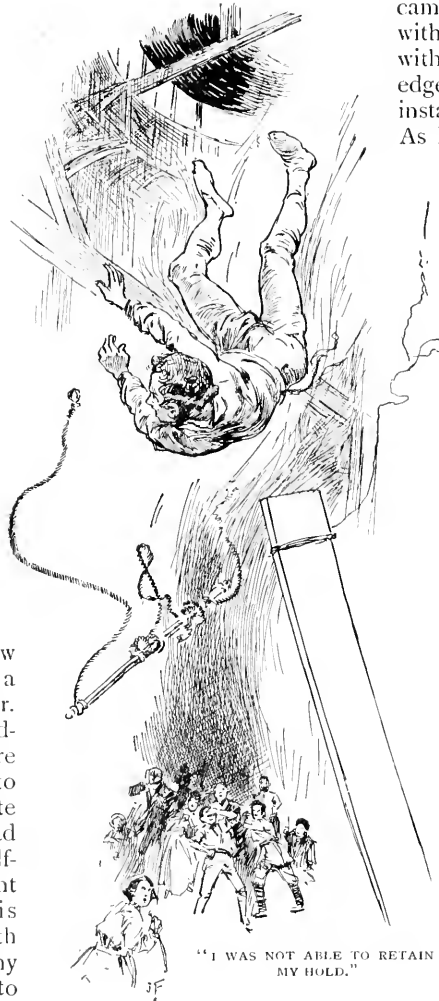
At such moments as these the human mind is in a peculiar condition of activity. The past and the future passed in review before my mind's eye in a most extraordinary manner. Incidents of my early childhood stood out vividly before me, and events right up to the time of the recent dispute with a comrade which had spurred me on to the self-imposition of my present peril. I remembered his glance towards me as, with glad alacrity, I began my ascent. It appeared grim to me now—particularly grim. It almost seemed to suggest to me now that he must have known what would happen, and this was his revenge—watching me sitting there, waiting for death! Then, strangest of all, I saw my own funeral. The whole thing, in all its minute details, appeared before me; I plainly saw my sorrowing relatives and the procession

to the grave. And still the board kept slipping! Curiously enough—and no doubt this had something to do with my rapid mental review of events—the slipping of the plank seemed to me to occupy an age, yet it was but a few brief moments.

At length the dreadful moment came—the moment I was awaiting with horror. The plank slipped to within a very short distance of the edge of its support. The next instant it fell, and I fell with it. As I did so a cry of horror arose from those below.

One would suppose that such a fall must inevitably result in death, and probably it would have done but for one lucky circumstance. Instead of falling precipitately, the drop of the plank, of which I had retained some sort of grip, swung me round, and so enabled me twice to break my fall by catching at the beams projecting from the side of the building. The first break in my fall undoubtedly saved my life; I caught the beam by my hands, but on account of the speed of my descent was not able to retain my hold, but dropped farther on to a second projection, where again, for the same reason, I was unable to cling. Finally, however, I dropped a distance of about twenty-five feet clear to the ground, where my training from childhood up enabled me to alight without injury.

Beyond a few bruises and scratches and the mental shock I had sustained I was quite unharmed. Plenty of willing hands were there to render me any assistance I might need, but fortunately I needed very little. To my dying day, however, I shall never forget the concentrated horror of those long-drawn seconds while I sat there, eighty feet in the air, watching myself slipping, as it were, to death!



"I WAS NOT ABLE TO RETAIN MY HOLD."

# A Prison in the Solid Rock.

BY THEODORE ADAMS.

An account of an extraordinary gaol hewn out of the solid rock, where prisoners have lived for months without a ray of light, and from which only one man has ever escaped.

**I**N this year of grace 1904 there is to be found at Clifton, Arizona, a prison hewn in the solid rock, an impregnable stronghold beside which the catacombs and the dungeons of the Inquisition fade into insignificance. Moreover, it is in good working order and is usually comfortably filled. The inmates of this rock-hewn gaol once got no light, and are allowed to play cards together, and also to communicate under easy restrictions with the outside world. Their prison is a gloomy and commodious

well-known game, for the iron doors of this dungeon are strongly fitted into the encircling granite, and the bars are massive and made to withstand attack.

This dungeon in the rock is one of the most interesting institutions in existence, for its rules are like no other rules and its routine is unique. It is situated in a curious little town in Arizona, where smelting is extensively carried on, at the base of some giant hills. On the side of one of these hills it lies, having been dug there because the town had no other place of incarceration.



GENERAL VIEW OF CLIFTON, ARIZONA—THE ROCK PRISON IS SITUATED IN THE HIGH CLIFFS TO THE LEFT OF THE TOWN.  
*From a Photo.*

place, in which they may repent at leisure of their sins, and when the custodians leave at night they are reasonably sure that the morning will find the roster of wrongdoers complete. Only one escape has taken place, and that by accident. Once in, always in, as they say in a

From a distance it looks like nothing but a black spot upon the rocks. Some distance below runs the San Francisco River, with smoke-begrimed buildings on its banks. A nearer view fails also to disclose its nature, except to the old resident of Clifton. At the foot of a steep

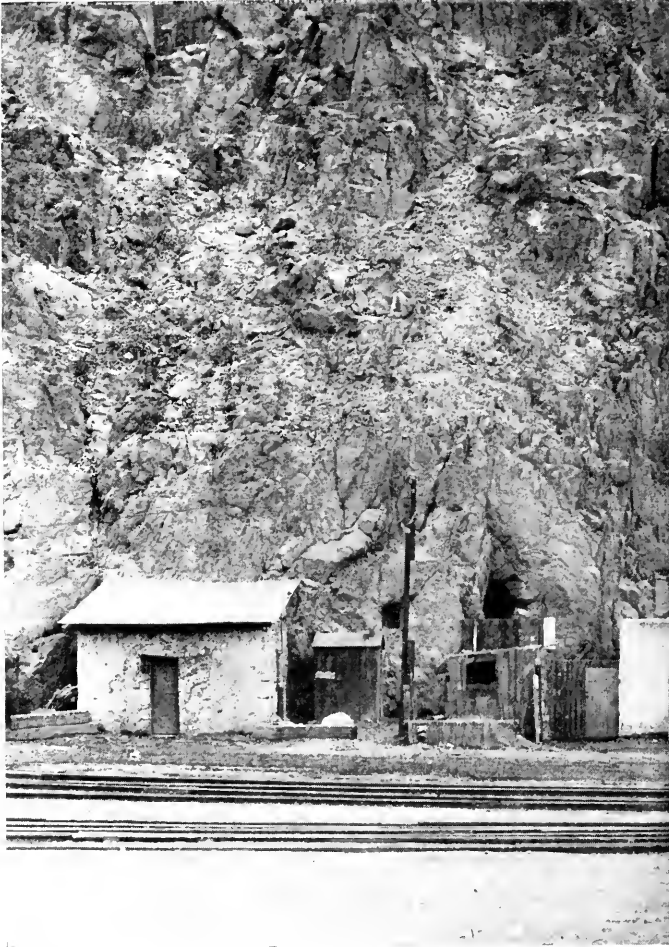
cliff, near a passing railway, two holes in the solid quartz show nothing but iron bars, one of these holes being a diminutive window, behind which at times may appear a hardened face. It is the simplest thing in the world to get in, but, as we have said, it is difficult to get out; and, as one often hears it said in architectural language, its façade gives no idea of the glories to be found within.

The rock-hewn prison of Clifton was built by a copper-mining company in 1880. By means of explosives a tunnel was made in the rock, and the hollows formed by the excavation of large pieces of rock made the cells of the prison. By means of a few small openings or orifices at the top of the tunnel ventilation is secured, a little light being obtained through small slits in the granite. There are four cells in all, each being large enough to accommodate half-a-dozen prisoners, and as many as thirty-one have been confined there at one time. Although it is all rock it is thoroughly dry, and, of course, absolutely fireproof, albeit a trifle chilly at night. Those who have been in it consider it preferable to more ambitious structures, but on such a point as this the writer can venture no opinion.

The tunnel is shaped like a T, with an adobe hut at the base for an entrance, the cross-bar of the T forming two cells, each six by twelve feet. When the light of day, such as it is, disappears, candles are lighted, one candle being allowed by the authorities to each cell. Sanitation there

is none, and the prisoners depend for drink upon water brought in cans. In the evening the cells are as dark as night, and in the daytime the troubles of those within are intensified by a depressing heat, for which Arizona is remarkable. The warden is almost as curious as the prison which he guards, for his hair and whiskers have not been cut or trimmed for years, and his duties are simplicity itself. There is really nothing for him to do except to see that the iron doors are locked and that the inmates are supplied with food and water.

The prison was first used by the mining company to put away those *employés* who had fallen a prey to "fire-water," and has since been made use of by the town authorities. It has had some noted guests in its time. The "bad men" of Arizona and New Mexico have known its dull interior



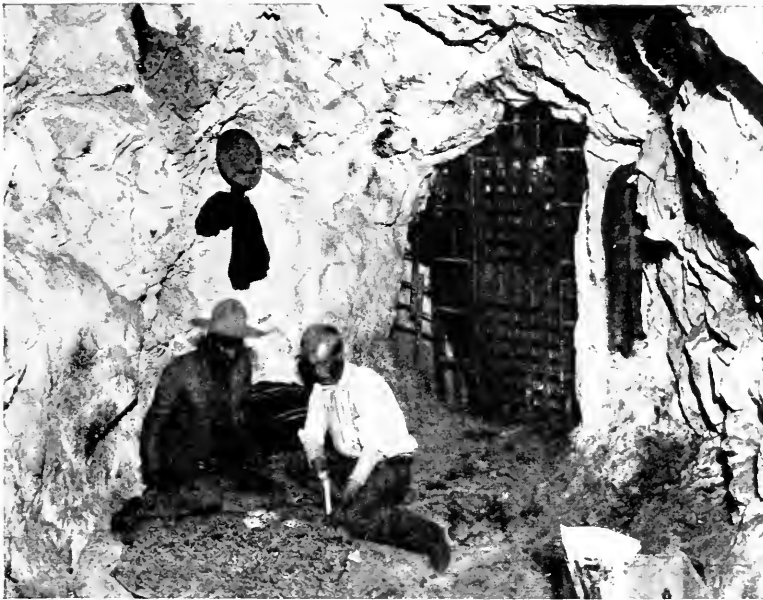
[From a]

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE PRISON.

[Photo.

and have left their marks upon it. The cattle thief has made it his temporary quarters so long as the law was powerful enough to keep him from a different and more exciting fate. One historic character, known as "Friday," resided here in 1891, when the river was in flood. The stream rose in a single night and carried away the only bridge, rising quickly until it touched the adobe hut at the entrance to the prison. The excitement was great and "Friday" was forgotten, until the sheriff painted a huge sign bearing the words "Get 'Friday' out of the Balliwax," and hoisted it up until the miners on the other side of the river could read it.





A GAME OF CARDS IN PROGRESS IN ONE OF THE ROCK-HEWN CELLS—NOTICE THE MASSIVE IRON-BARRED DOOR. [From a] [Photo.]

These able men set to work at once to release the unfortunate prisoner. Unable to undo the bars, they finally resorted to blasting, working day and night to remove the rock in small pieces. At last an opening large enough to set him free was made, and "Friday" was found up to his waist in water, and bleeding from wounds caused by the final blast. The story goes, however, that he reached town little the worse for his experience, and became a better citizen through a wholesome remembrance of his adventures in the county "cooler." The aperture then made still remains a thing of interest, and each new prisoner hears its history when he is led to his cell. Fortunately for "Friday's" successors the hole through which he was taken out is now a ventilator, and also lets in additional light.

The rough-hewn walls of this almost mediæval dungeon, forbidding as they are, show possibilities of enjoyment to the contented mind. In one of our pictures, taken at

a time when a game of cards was in progress, we note not only a warm skin rug and blanket upon the floor, but also the top of a bottle in the box which forms the prisoner's bed. The prisoner's clothes hang upon the wall on hooks driven in the rock. We get a glimpse, too, of the powerful iron door, rusted with time, the environment bearing eloquent witness that Lovelace was wrong when he wrote:—

Stone walls do not a prison  
make,  
Nor iron bars a cage.

But when the poet wrote  
Arizona was unknown.

In another illustration  
will be seen a cell in  
which a life-prisoner is

confined, the framework of the door showing how impossible it would be for the inmate to escape.

Were we to enter these depressing chambers as sightseers we should find upon the walls some interesting souvenirs left by old inhabitants. Some of these have not been without talent, and a few have even retained vestiges



[From a]

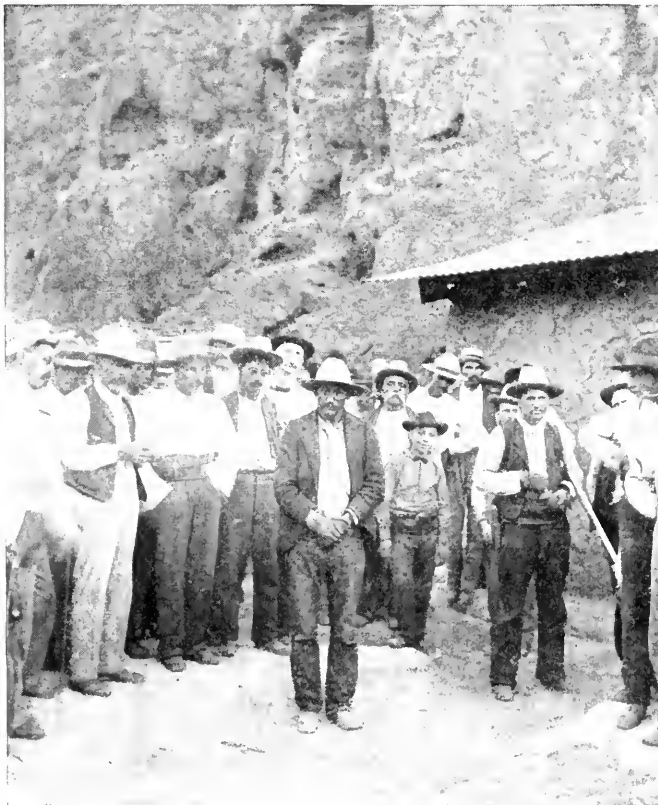
THE DUNGEON OF A LIFE-PRISONER.

[Photo.]



A PATHETIC MEMORIAL LEFT BY A MUSICAL PRISONER,  
From a Photo.

of religious training. On these walls are drawings and pictures of a variety of subjects which make the sightseer ponder. What, for example, could be more suggestive to one who loves human nature than the rough transcription of the immortal "Home, Sweet Home" left in this gloomy prison by one whose only home was behind these grim iron bars? We turn from this with amusement to some rather clever portraits of the late President McKinley and President Roosevelt, carved upon the rock. They are of more than ordinary merit,



From a [Photo.] A CAPTURED MURDERER ABOUT TO BE INCARCERATED IN THE PRISON.

and it is said that a good-natured rivalry exists between the prisoners in this art of carving. Shelves have been erected in the cells by the men to hold some of their work. The profile of the late President bears the signature of "Climax Bill," a second-rate "bad man" and cattle thief who managed afterwards to escape. The inscription "Teddy" upon President Roosevelt's portrait shows the familiarity in which the chief executive is held by the man on the Western plains. There is also among the portraits a head of William Shakespeare, and on one side of the cell has been written the whole of Poe's "Raven," accompanied by original illustrations. It gives one pause to think that such evidences of literary taste could be found in such a place under such circumstances.

The sort of man who finds his way to this home-made dungeon is well shown in our closing illustration. Here

in front of the little adobe hut stands a desperate convict named De Leon, handcuffed and saturnine. He has been sentenced to death for having killed a man and stabbed his wife and daughter. The crowd around is a typical mining crowd, of the sort to be found in the camps of the West, and the justice they mete out to transgressors is short and sharp.

# "SKINNY" THE STOKER.

BY JOHN DWIGHT.

An amusing story concerning the extraordinary predicament in which a Japanese stoker on board a steamer was placed. The interest of the narrative is heightened by the unique photograph which accompanies it.



We were sitting in the Yokohama United Club one night in May, 1903, when the Japanese boy brought in a letter and gave it to Captain M——, who opened and read it with evident satisfaction, exclaiming as he finished, "Why, I had almost forgotten about it."

"Forgotten about what, Jack?" inquired one of the clan, affectionately, scenting a story in the air.

"That!" And the captain tossed upon the table a photograph he had just taken from an envelope bearing a London post-mark.

We all bent over to look at the snap-shot which lay face up before us, but none of us could make head or tail of it.

"Read that, then, for your further enlightenment," said the captain, smiling at our bewilderment. "It happened two trips ago, and I was dying to tell you fellows about it the last time I was out here, but I didn't dare to risk it. But there is conclusive evidence for you. Kindly note, therefore, that this is 'Pukka Injun'; that there are the postmarks 'London' and 'Yokohama'; that the boy has just handed it to me; that I opened and read it in your presence; and that this photo. was enclosed."

"Why all this mystery, O Toiler of the Deep?"

"Because most of you boys could give points to Thomas when it comes to doing anything in the doubting line; but this time I think I have got you, and you will have to acknowledge my story is true. Now, pipe up, Johnstone, and read the letter out for the benefit of the unbelievers."

Johnstone piped

London, April 3, 1903.

DEAR CAPTAIN M——,

—You must think that I have forgotten my promise to send you the photo. I took when on

board the *Wakasa* of poor Skinny the fireman; but you know what it means to be home on leave after service in India, and will understand that it is only now that I have found time to write. By the way, I told the yarn at my club one night, but no one would believe it until I showed them the photo. That made me think that perhaps you might find yourself in the same fix, so I hasten to send the copy I have had struck off for you, in case you should find it as necessary as I did to back-up your statements by the indisputable evidence of the camera.—Sincerely yours,  
H. J. R——.

"That has 'true' stamped all over it," said Johnstone; "so go ahead and tell us the yarn, captain."

"You don't deserve to hear it," said the captain, "but I'll forgive you and tell you one of the most extraordinary things that have happened since I first went afloat twenty years ago." And this is the story he unfolded:—

We were on our homeward run, steaming quietly along in the Indian Ocean. It was one of those days when the most energetic passengers succumb to the heat and dream of nothing more in the way of exercise than lying on long chairs consuming iced drinks, which somehow seem to get warm before the bottom of the glass is reached.

When I went out, near noon, to take our



THE PHOTOGRAPH REFERRED TO IN THE ADJOINING LETTER.

bearings I was not a little surprised to notice a group of passengers leaning over the rail, regardless of the fiery sunlight and reflected glare from the water, eagerly discussing something which excited their curiosity, but of which I could catch no glimpse from my position on the bridge.

"A shark, I suppose," I thought to myself as I "took the sun" and went into the chart-room to work out the run and set the time afresh.

Eight bells rang out as I left the chart-room and went on deck, where the Japanese head-waiter was sounding the tiffin gong as if his life depended upon his tearing holes in the heavy atmosphere with his infernal din.

Looking forward I saw a crowd of sailors evidently interested in the same thing that had attracted the attention of the passengers, so I called out, "Quartermaster, what is the row down there?"

"A fireman in a port-hole, sir."

"A *what*?"

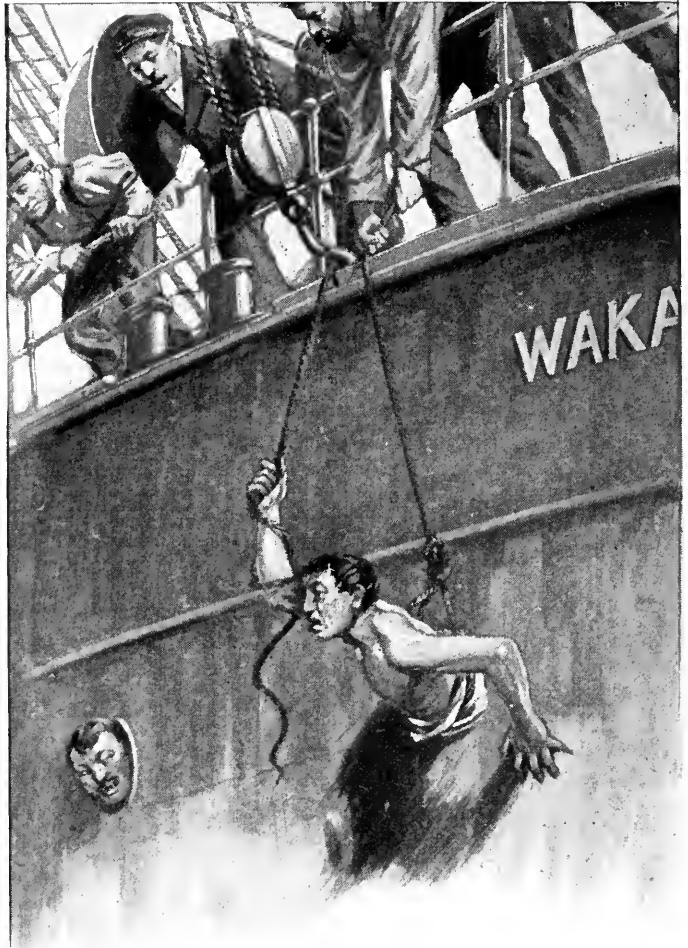
"Fireman, sir. He's got stuck, and his mates can't get him in or out, so they have dropped a noose over his shoulders to ease him a bit, seeing as he is a-getting faint-like."

I went forward, and by leaning well over I could just make out what you see there in the photograph—the head and shoulders of a Japanese coolie thrust through one of the port-holes.

"It happened this way, sir," said the quartermaster, who had followed me. "The firemen mess at nine o'clock, and this morning it seems that one of them they call 'Skinny' tucked away such an amazing lot of *chow* that his mates got teasing him, and telling him that if he ate like that they would have to change his name.

"The little Jap got mad and told them he hadn't gained a pound since he left Yokohama. 'Bet you I can slip through a port-hole just as slick as I ever did!' he said—or words to that effect in his own lingo. What did 'Skinny' do then but strip to his loin-cloth and start through the port-hole, while one of his mates went up on deck and dropped a line over to him, to give him something to pull on, and also to save him from being a dinner for sharks.

"He got through all right until he came to



"AND THEN HE STUCK."

the place where his breakfast was located—and then he stuck. They've been pushing and pulling the poor beggar ever since, but it's no good."

Just then the Chinese cook stuck his head out of the galley, saying, "Fireman belong velly *small* man; he eat allee same velly *big* man, plenty lice, and he dlink plenty tea. Just now plenty swell inside he; velly soon he belong allee same dead man!" And, grinning a Celestial grin, he snapped back behind the galley door just as the quartermaster made a grab at his pigtail to enforce discipline.

I called the carpenter.

"Do you see that Japanese fireman? Well, you are to rig up a scaffolding just below him, so that we can send down two men to push him on the outside while his mates pull him from

the inside. The sea is getting up, and if a big wave were to hit him it would snap his spine like a pipe-stem. Take all the help you want, and be quick about it."

At table that noon all the talk turned upon poor "Skinny's" mishap, and when we left the dining-room someone proposed that we go forward and see how he was faring.

I acquiesced, and led the way to the fore-castle, where the men messed, and where "Skinny," for more than three hours, had plugged up one of the port-holes.

As we entered we were greeted by the sound of lusty voices raised in song. There was the unfortunate "Skinny" still stopping the daylight; but they had crooked up his legs and strapped them to a mop-handle, which they were using as a crank to screw him out of the vice-like circle in which he was held. As the crew saw us enter they stopped and stood at attention.

"What on earth are you doing?" I said.

The carpenter grinned.

"Please, sir, I got the staging rigged up outside, and sent two men to help us squeeze him out or squeeze him in, but it wasn't no good. So I sent for one of the greasers to bring his oil-can and grease him up a bit, so he would slip easy like. When the greaser sees him, he says, 'Boys, this is a case for grease *and* mechanical action'; so he rigged his legs up into a crank for working his body out. Then, to get the men outside and the men inside to work together a-twisting of him at the same time, we struck up a tune. I beat time for the boys in here, and my mate Jim beat time out the next port hole for the fellows outside. Strike up, Jim, and show the captain how it works!"

But it didn't work one little bit, and a closer inspection showed that no amount of greasing or screwing would ever get the stoker through.

So I sent for the head mechanic and said to him, "Get that man out as quickly as ever you can. As far as I can see you will have to take out the port-hole with him in it."

Do you know how a port-hole is made? Well, when the ship is built a circular hole is left in the side, and into this hole is riveted a circle of brass, which holds the glass bull's-eye window.

They had to cut through all those rivets, and when they got it done it was two o'clock: the glass was falling and the wind was rising, so poor "Skinny" and his brass stomach-band were dumped down out of the way while all hands set to work to stop up the hole, for no one relished the idea of a possible meeting with a typhoon until everything was ship shape. An hour later the first officer reported that all was in order again, so I dismissed the matter from my mind and quite forgot "Skinny" and his bet.

When I went down to dinner I saw that something had gone wrong with the steward, but as his ill-humour showed itself in exaggerated politeness I took no notice of it.

Coffee was being served when the young Indian officer who took the snap-shot you have just seen exclaimed, "I wish I had known



"A CASE FOR GREASE AND MECHANICAL ACTION."

when they got the fireman out, for I should have liked to have got a snap-shot of him. It would have made such a splendid companion-picture to the one I got this morning! I would have labelled them 'Coolie Stuck in a Hole' and 'The Hole Out, but the Coolie Still in It.'"

Just then I saw that the steward was simply bursting with a desire to speak, so I said, "What is it, steward?"

"It's *not* too late, sir, for the gentleman to photograph the man — and it's myself who would be helping him all I could! Anything to get the beggar out of my cold-storage!"

"Your *what*?"

"Ice-room, sir. It's myself that's furious, sir, to have that stoker in with my victuals, sir; but the head mechanic said that chilling things made them smaller, and, as they couldn't get the fireman out any other way, he said they would try shrinking him."

"How long has he been — er — shrinking?"

"Since about four o'clock, sir."

I simply bounded out of the dining-saloon and made a bee-line for the "cold-storage," followed by the majority of the passengers.

On the floor lay "Skinny," more dead than

alive, shaking so that his teeth rattled like castanets. The axiom that "heat expands and cold contracts" had proved but too true; the brass band had contracted so that the man was in danger of being squeezed to death!

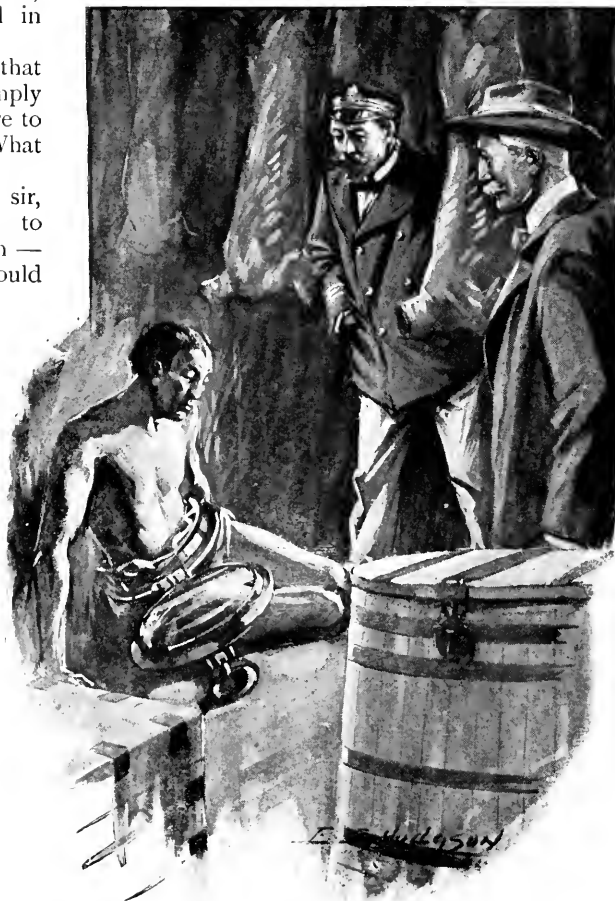
The ship gave a lurch and then a roll. Out of the darkness loomed the headless white carcass of a sheep; countless chickens swung out, their long, stiff, yellow legs making a gruesome rattle as their icy claws struck together. Another lurch, and a calf's head with its eyeless sockets slid across a shelf.

With a shriek the disciple of Buddha covered his face to shut out the sight.

We seized him, carried him out, and stood him up, robed in his band of shining brass, the bull's-eye window hanging from it like an enormous medal.

They finally got him out by cutting through the brass ring on both sides; but it was slow work,

and it took two men to hold the flesh away so that they could use the tools. Midnight rang out before "Skinny" was free, after fifteen hours of captivity in his port-hole.



"ON THE FLOOR LAY 'SKINNY,' MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE."



# The Mystery of Naropur.

BY "ONE WHO INVESTIGATED IT."

A remarkable story of India's hidden life. It is narrated by an Anglo-Indian gentleman whose position forbids the disclosure of his identity in this connection, but who is well known to our readers. He writes as follows:—

**T**HIS story is true. In fact, it was only yesterday that I reached home again after the extraordinary incidents herein recorded, and I write before the vivid impressions have faded away from my memory. For reasons which cannot be given here I have felt compelled to alter the names of places and of people."

It is nearly five years ago now since that memorable night on which my butler begged me to leave the dinner-table in order to deal with a singular beggar who refused to leave the premises. It was useless, he said, to order the servants to eject her. They declared she was a holy woman, and that the sure curse of their gods would rest upon them were they to lay sacrilegious hands upon her. So I reluctantly left my soup and went out, ready to deal stringently with the trespasser.

A strange sight met my gaze. A finely-built Hindu woman of intelligent countenance was bending over a lad of twelve, fanning his heated brow.

My harsh words froze upon my lips, and before I could speak the woman said:—

"We are far from home. The lad is very sick. I am destitute of even a pie (one-twelfth of an anna or penny). My caste rules forbid me to beg, although I live by alms alone. Let *me* die of hunger if needs be, but—oh, save my child!"

How it all happened I cannot remember, nor could I understand at the time. But in a moment the woman had gone and I was left

with an emaciated victim of the severe famine which had settled upon the land.

My doctor begged me to allow the boy to remain in my servants' quarters; it would be dangerous, nay, fatal, to remove him to the native hospital.

"There is no fear of infection," he said, "and you can 'acquire merit' by sheltering the poor little chap. When he is well enough send him to the mission orphanage."

So the boy remained with me and has been with me ever since.

Little by little his story leaked out. His name was Krishna, and his mother was a devotee at



"A HINDU WOMAN WAS BENDING OVER A LAD OF TWELVE, FANNING HIS HEATED BROW."



Naropur. It was true she loved him, but he had become a Christian and was therefore a hindrance to her life of devotion. It was for this cause that she had deserted the boy.

As he could write well in the vernacular, frequent letters passed between him and his mother until early in 1903. It was in February that Krishna begged to be allowed to return home to see Ramabai, his mother. Fearing what might be his fate I forbade him, but sent money to the mother asking her to come down from Naropur during my enforced absence at Simla. She promised to come, and I left Krishna to welcome her. Imagine my surprise on my return six weeks afterwards to find that Ramabai had not put in an appearance. A short, hastily-written post-card had arrived from her, saying that a friend visiting her in Naropur had died of plague and that she herself was unwell.

Letter after letter went to Naropur, but no answer came back. My suspicions—I know not why—were aroused. At length a reply post-card extracted the following brief announcement (in the Marathi language): "Your mother, Ramabai, died of plague three months ago. — (Signed) BHAIRONATH BABA."

Whatever led me to take such a step I cannot imagine. But two days after the receipt of this card I was on my way to Naropur, with Krishna as a guide. We alighted at Furbad and awaited the local narrow-gauge train to the small village of Sivapur, where we engaged a bullock-cart and started on our ride of sixty miles. And *what* a ride it was! The bullocks out here trot at a very respectable pace, and the springless cart jolted merrily along over a veritable bed of boulders. How anything held together at all I cannot conceive. When day dawned I searched for my umbrella to shield myself from the burning sun. It was gone! No doubt the shaking cart had tossed it out whilst I slumbered fitfully.

For some three days we rumbled on until the bullocks trotted leisurely into Umaru—a tumble-down village with hideous buffaloes wallowing in filthy mud. The temple priest—a man well on in years—hastily came forward to ask our

mission. He seemed a little perturbed at the sight of a "sahib," but begged us to refresh ourselves.

We sat down before the temple and drank in the glorious view. Before us was a magnificent hill, which had the appearance of being built of boulders. Rugged rocks showed their jagged edges right up to its very summit. But there upon the top stood a city. Its massive walls frowned down upon the smiling valley beneath.

"That is the city we seek," said Krishna to me in English.

"Perhaps this priest here can give us some information about your mother?" I suggested. "Is he a friend of Bhaironath Baba, the great priest up yonder?"

"Friend!" ejaculated Krishna, smiling. "Ask him and see!" Turning to the *guru*—whose name I found to be Patankar—I inquired, "What is that city on the hill?"

"City?" came the scornful answer. "That is no city! A few huts and a temple, with an imposing wall surrounding them—do you call *that* a city? No, no! It is but a temple with a few devotees, who by their liberality support a wily, cunning *guru*, Bhaironath by name. But if they knew him as well as I do, he would starve to death in a week."

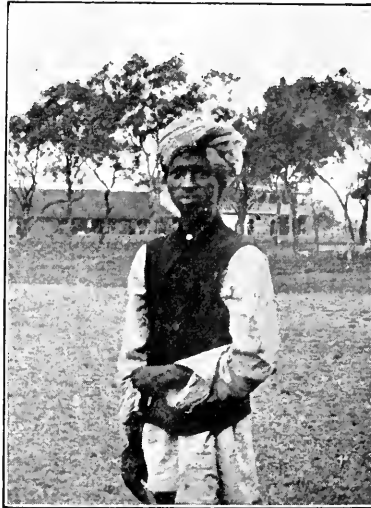
"But surely it is not well for one priest to decry another?" I asked, although in my inmost heart I rejoiced at this open enmity,

which might yield startling revelations.

"No. Far be it from me to make night for any who makes day for others," said the old man. "But he—Bhaironath—sheds darkness around. Half of *my* cattle are within *his* walls. Is that to his credit? Moreover, *fires burn there whose fierce flames spread evil report.*"

"Flames tell no tales and leave no witness," said I, quoting a proverb, not knowing the drift of his allusion.

"Look you, sahib; listen to this. For two hundred years my ancestors have lived in this village. Never once during those years has a funeral pyre sent forth its smoke and flames upon yonder holy summit, for the dwellers of Naropur are strong enough to defy public opinion or even religious prejudices. They



KRISHNA, THE SON OF RAMABAI, THE WOMAN WHO WAS SO MYSTERIOUSLY MURDERED.

From a Photo.

have long ceased to burn their dead, as is the custom in our land."

The speaker stopped as if to allow me to comment upon this undoubtedly extraordinary fact.

"Well?" I asked.

"Listen! Three months ago at sunrise I was doing 'puja' (worship) before my god when suddenly I saw dense volumes of smoke ascending to the deep blue sky. The flames leaped heavenwards. 'Naropur is on fire,' I cried. 'Vengeance is at last poured out upon that wicked Bhaironath.' I laughed with glee. But soon the flames died away, the smoke dispersed, and there was Naropur still standing, whilst the *mahars* (low-caste people) were scattering the dying embers in all directions."

"Why should they do that?" I interrupted.

"Why? Ah! Bhaironath is only matched by Satan in craftiness. Why? Ah! that is just the point. Men are not anxious to destroy ordinary ashes. There must be some reason for this strange conduct. It was *that reason* I was determined to find out."

With a flash the whole thing dawned upon me, but my thoughts were broken by the *guru's* voice.

"A few pice (quarter annas or farthings) are sufficient to loosen a *mahar's* tongue, and this is what I learnt. They told me that a wealthy devotee at the shrine of Naropur had died suddenly of plague. They had burnt her body to destroy all fear of plague haunting the city. But a *mahar* dare not set foot within those gates—it would be more than his life is worth to

do so. How, then, could *they* know how that devotee met her death?"

Krishna had hitherto maintained breathless silence. Now he sprang to his feet. "Her name? That devotee's name? Oh, tell me!" he cried.

"They say 'twas Ramabai, a most saintly —" The sentence was unfinished. A cry rang out upon the still air and Krishna, murmuring, "Oh, mother!" sank down in a dead swoon.

The *guru* called loudly for the fire burning before the altar, for he imagined my boy to have fallen down dead. Before I could guess his intentions he had seized a pair of sacred tongs, picked up a live coal, and applied it to the bared chest of the unconscious youth. I dashed the tongs away, but not until the mischief was done.

"That is the way we detect life," said the *guru*, calmly, astonished at my wrath.

The lad shuddered, sat upright, then fell back again with a moan, but not before Patankar had caught sight of the sacred symbol of the god Krishna branded upon his breast.

The priest started back, rub-

bing his astonished eyes, and gazed again. Then in awestruck tones he cried, "Krishna! *You!*"

"How do you know me?" came the faint inquiry.

"Could I ever forget you?" replied Patankar. "I hate the priest of Naropur—but your mother! There was none holy as she. It was Ramabai who fed the poor—who cared for the blind. It was Ramabai who made the sky more blue, and even the fierce sun of noon a cooling shade. Shall I forget *her* son?"



"HE APPLIED IT TO THE BARED CHEST OF THE UNCONSCIOUS YOUTH."

Surely the fates were on our side. Here was a mortal enemy to Bhaironath, the *guru* of Naropur, who yet knew and revered Ramabai.

I plied him with questions as to the manner of her death.

"It was murder—foul murder," he retorted, angrily.

"But why should they have burnt the body? You tell me it is against their custom."

"Sahib, let me speak," replied Patankar. "I am an old man, and I know my countrymen, the Hindus. Now, listen. Bhaironath—that old humbug and deceiver—shuts himself in his temple in contemplation. Meanwhile his sister and two other hags of like description—his accomplices—prepare a feast. Ramabai is there and eats bountifully after her two days' fast. At midnight she retires to rest beneath the shadow of the gods. Deep moans arise, yet none goes near to help, and in fearful agony Ramabai dies. Why did they not bury her, you ask? Because *the ashes of the burnt dead never speak of poison!* You sahibs, with your magic, can tell by looking at a corpse if there be poison in it or no. Can you read poison in ashes? No! You are powerless there. But listen further! Bhaironath was too

clever. For two hundred years no body has been burnt. Why, then, should he suddenly discover the virtue of the pyre? As I said before I say again: *Fierce flames spread evil reports.* I have told you."

Next morning we made our ascent to the temple on the hill. It was a stiff climb to the summit of that rock. The sun beat down unmercifully upon my straw hat, for my regulation *topi* had been stolen from me at Sivapur, while my umbrella I had lost out of the bullock-cart.

What a sight met our gaze! The city was enclosed by a magnificent wall of stone, towering seventy feet above the plateau. A splendid gateway gave admission. Some *mahars* stood upon the watch-tower; and, as in the days of yore, they gave the warning of a stranger's

approach. Leaning over the parapet their cry rang out, "A sahib approaches—he rides Patankar's horse."

The city became alive. By the time we reached the gate the *guru* himself stood there to welcome us. A fine man he was—gracious, courteous, and polite in the extreme. He was dressed in one plain, flowing robe. No rich turban decked his open brow, but a necklace of large seeds encircled his neck.

I halted in amazement. Was *this* man a murderer? Had Bhaironath indeed done to death a woman of Ramabai's repute? No; I could not tax him with such a foul deed.

He saluted me in Oriental fashion, repeating his "salaams."

Then, turning to Krishna, he gazed amazed and speechless. Never shall I forget that meeting—the orphaned boy and his mother's reputed murderer! At length the *guru*, recovering himself with an evident effort, broke silence.

"Krishna!" he exclaimed. "Is it indeed you? Poor boy! You have come to see your mother's grave? Ah, may the gods preserve us from plague!"

Either Bhaironath was a consummate hypocrite or else he was a deeply-injured victim of slander. It is true that Patankar

had not accused Bhaironath himself of poisoning Ramabai. But it was equally true that any devotee would perform the *guru's* most trivial wish.

These reflections were interrupted by the priest's voice.

"Come to the *mandap* and rest," said he.

We passed through the city gate, a fine entrance twenty-five feet high and fifteen broad. Within the walls we found a large, open structure built of stone and roofed in. Beyond it was a magnificent temple. The covered space was the *mandap*—the court-house, promenade, and general lounging-place. Intense excitement prevailed. Never had a sahib set foot inside Naropur's sacred walls before, and the people crowded to see me.



From a] BHAIRONATH, THE PRIEST OF NAROPUR. [Photo.

The *mandap* was thronged with spectators. The *guru* lifted his hand and a deathlike silence prevailed.

"I know your quest, sahib. You seek Ramabai's grave and the sad story of her death. It is brief. Dread fever carried her away before the invocations of our gods could take effect."

"Silence!" I thundered. "At least speak truth or let silence seal your lips."

"I crave your pardon," replied Bhaironath, calmly. "Sorrow has torn my memory. 'Twas plague, not fever, which robbed us of our pride."

Then Krishna spoke, gazing fearlessly into the *guru's* eyes.

"I had a vision," said the boy. "A funeral pyre stood at Naropur's gate. The flames leapt heavenwards. A woman's body burned. Then came six low-caste men and scattered her ashes over the rocky precipice into the land of forgetfulness."

"I perceive, O Krishna," exclaimed the priest, "that the gods have favoured you with knowledge beyond your years. You hint at much. In my compassion for your grief I would fain have spared you. Your 'vision' oversteps the margin of my reticence. I perceive that I cannot keep back the evil news."

Then pointing his forefinger like a pistol levelled at Krishna's head, he cried, with heightened tones, "You—it was *you* who caused Ramabai's death. 'Twas neither plague nor fever, but *opium* which quenched the lamp of life. She died *by her own hand*. And why? Her last words were these: 'Forgive the deed, O sacred Bhaironath, our

god on earth. I cannot live. My son Krishna has become a Christian, and this is too much for me.'"

It was a clever stroke. A moment before I had thought I held the *guru* between my fingers. Now the tables were turned. Who could disprove his words?

The crowd of devotees glared angrily at Krishna as though he were indeed the culprit. I was nonplussed, but that must not be known.

Looking round, at a loss for a reply, my eyes fell upon an old woman whose face was the incarnation of blended hate and triumph. She sat at the priest's side.

Then Patankar's story flashed across my mind. Surely this was Ganesh, the dread sister of Bhaironath.

Fastening my eyes accusingly upon the woman I spoke.

"A lie is as a snake without a tail. You, woman, you are Ganesh. Your lips called the hapless Ramabai to the fatal feast. Your hands placed the deadly drug beneath the dainty food. Your hatred and jealousy encompassed her untimely end."

Every eye was turned towards the woman. A ghastly pallor overspread her face; then, trembling from head to foot, she burst into a fit of wailing.

I had hazarded all, and I had won. All excuses dried upon the lips of priest and people. Patankar's story evidently was true. Ramabai's murderer was none other than Bhaironath's sister!

"Now bring us water to drink," I demanded. A large *lota* was laid at my feet, but Krishna



"YOUR LIPS CALLED THE HAPLESS RAMABAI TO THE FATAL FEAST."

sprang forward. "See!" he cried to the weeping Ganesh. "We must needs be fearful in such a place as this, lest you should attempt to poison us as you did my mother, Ramabai. Drink of this, woman, and thus restore our faith."

Ganesh obediently took a deep, reassuring draught, whereupon we likewise drank and arose refreshed.

"And now, Bhaironath, we must return to Umaru," I said, sternly. "To-morrow at sunrise we will speak our mind."

"No," replied the *guru*, "you shall do no such thing. You came here uninvited and you shall not leave this city thus. We, too, have a mind to speak!"

I instinctively turned. The gate was shut. We were trapped.

A bold front was an absolute necessity, so facing the priest I said, "As you wish, it shall be done. Here I will stay until you deliver up to me the *wealth of Ramabai*."

It was a happy hit. It hid my trepidation and it laid a new fear at Bhaironath's feet.

"Your stay will be a long one," he replied, menacingly.

"No; there is no fear of that," I added, with conviction. "The *patil* (headman) of each village we passed through has orders to send an armed force to search your city if I do not return in a week's time. Now show us comfortable quarters. Then bring the dead woman's jewels."

The crowd dispersed, and we waited to be shown our house.

The sun was now declining. Suddenly a bell rang out—the temple bell. Quickly every soul in the place assembled before the temple and we were left alone.

Then there began a strange, weird din. Drums were beaten incessantly, flutes were blown, and cymbals clashed. For one long hour this noise proceeded. It was to amuse the gods, I was informed. Certainly it did not exactly amuse me. Then invocations were chanted, and at last the ceremony ceased.

Now, to our great relief, food was brought us. No meat or eggs, of course, could ever form part of a Hindu's diet, but vegetables and fruits, nicely served upon clean banana leaves, formed the repast.

Whilst we were eating the priest sat under the *mandap*, and the most remarkable incident of all occurred. Every person in the place came to Bhaironath and worshipped him. For he is deemed a god!

(as indeed all Brahmins are). They bowed their faces to the ground, then rose and walked round and round their priest, afterwards prostrating themselves again. The *guru* graciously thrust forth his hand, laid it upon their heads, and blessed them. Each worshipper then arose and went, with a clear conscience, to his abode. The first duty of these devoted followers every morning is to find out the *guru* and pay him homage; and every evening like adoration must be given.



GANESH, THE SISTER OF BHAIRONATH.  
From a Photo.



From a

THE TEMPLE AT NARAPUR.

[Photo.]

When night fell we were led past the temple and through two courtyards to a well-furnished room.

"Here is your sleeping-place," said Bhaironath.

Sleeping-place? It looked more like a prison-house! Of the room itself we had no cause to complain. But the door was of peculiar construction, with bolts both inside and outside. The chamber possessed a second door as rickety and fragile as the other was strong.

We therefore had no fear of sleeping in the place appointed for us. Should the night watchman bolt us in, escape was easy through the second exit.

Wearied out with the fatigue and excitement of our day, we stretched ourselves upon our rugs to enjoy a well-earned sleep. I dropped into a doze almost at once, when suddenly, in an excited whisper, Krishna cried: "Listen! sahib, listen!"

I sat bolt upright, as motionless as a post. Borne upon the still night air there came a weird noise—once heard never to be forgotten—something between a clucking and a gurgling.

So near it was that my blood ran cold, for nothing but a cobra ever uttered such a sound. Fear seized me. It was now quite dark; twilight does not tarry under an Indian sky. To strike a light would be to court disaster—to move might be to encounter the creature's deadly embrace.

I turned toward the place from whence the noise came, and for the first time discovered how near to death I had been. My head had been lying within a few inches of a large hole in the rotten door, and the rays of the rising moon, shining faintly through the irregular

aperture, revealed the writhing forms of scores of huge cobras! I shuddered to think of what might have been our fate had my boy Krishna fallen asleep as quickly as I had done.

Was this a trap? Were we put here to meet a "natural" death? These thoughts flashed through my mind as I started back, but there must be no delay in getting out of the awful place. To wage war against an unknown number of reptiles—any one of which could deal death by one thrust of its fangs—was

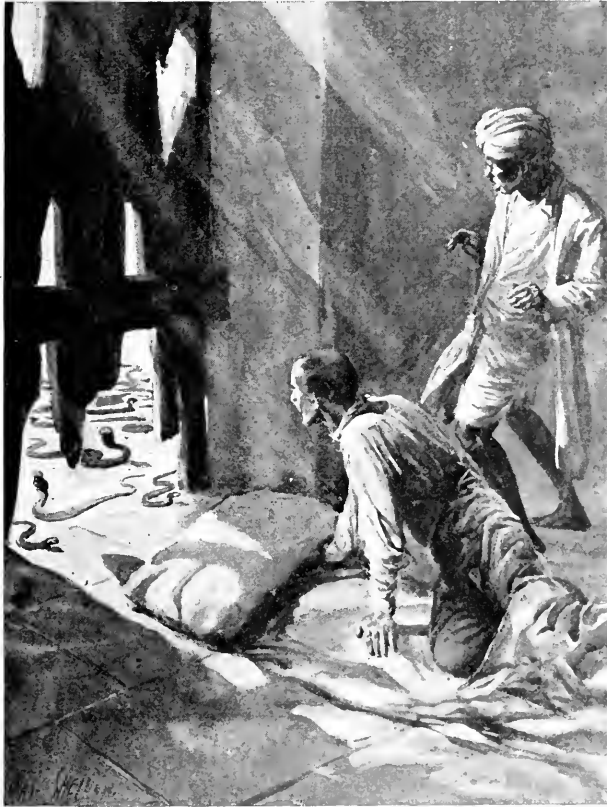
impossible. Moreover, they were sacred; to kill or even injure one of them would be to risk one's own life.

Hastily gathering up our wraps we hurried out of this death-trap and groped our way back to the *mandap*.

The night was passed uneventfully in fitful slumber. When morning broke I awoke to find my head racking with fever. But even this did not keep off the gossips. They told me the whole story of Ramabai's death. Ganesh, the *guru's* sister, was jealous of Ramabai's power and influence with Bhaironath. So she poisoned her

Bhaironath was no party to this wicked deed, although he must have known what was going on. It was to screen his sister that he had invented so many lies. They told us that Bhaironath was not yet comforted. He himself had showed us beautiful robes embroidered by Ramabai's skilful hand, and seemed to miss her very much.

At last I sank back, fairly in the grip of dread malaria. The common people vehemently affirmed that this sickness was due to my causing grief to their beloved priest, and they confidently predicted a speedy death and discussed whether to burn or bury me.



"I DISCOVERED HOW NEAR DEATH I HAD BEEN."



"None can offend or harm Bhaironath and yet live," said they. The *guru* himself, however, waited upon me hand and foot.

Visions of dozens of *patils* searching for me gave him an anxious time. His actions convinced me that no malice on his part had led him to quarter us near the cobras. He feared them not—why should we?

Finally, this extraordinary man ordered incan-

this tomfoolery, and assured them that I meant to recover. After two days of fever I recovered my strength and at once demanded the jewels and possessions which had been Ramabai's.

Bhaironath saw that I meant business, and quailed before me. Nevertheless, it was not until five days had passed that I succeeded in securing about a hundred rupees' worth of jewellery—the property of the dead devotee.

Not once during my stay did the priest ask me to hush up the murder, although his people were constantly begging me to keep my own counsel.

Having taken possession of the jewels I informed Bhaironath that I intended to leave Naropur early the next day. As a matter of fact, I quite expected to be kept a prisoner, for at every step during those six days in the city on the hill I had been watched and shadowed by emissaries of the priest.

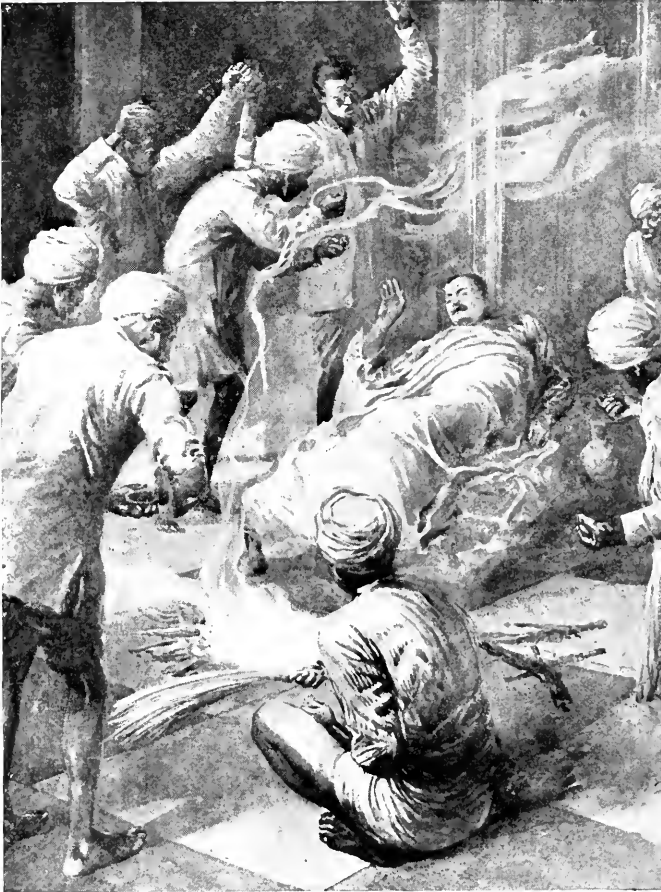
The time of my departure came. All the inhabitants flocked round me and swarmed through the city gate and down the hillside. Half-way down the path they bade me farewell and returned to their strange life. Bhaironath alone accompanied me to the foot of the hill. Then, turning to Krishna, he led him apart. "Oh, Krishna," he said, earnestly, "I loved Ramabai, who was so kind to me. I was not party to her death. My consent was never given. Do not bring further grief upon me by spreading the story of her end."

He pressed the boy's hand and was gone.

On my return home I found that the greatest anxiety prevailed regarding my safety. I had written daily letters to my friends, but these had been torn up—doubtless

by the messenger provided by Bhaironath, that man of mystery.

Whether I shall ever go up to Naropur again time alone can decide. Owing to the lapse of time ere the murder was discovered, and other obstacles, it has been decided not to take proceedings against either Bhaironath or his devotees, and so the mysterious affair has been allowed to drop, and the true inwardness of it all will probably never be known.



"I SUMMONED MY REMAINING STRENGTH TO FORBID THIS TOMFOOLERY."

tations to be said over me. They brought human hair, chillies, salt, dust, and a native broom. A fire was lighted at my feet and the name of everyone in the place cried in a loud voice, with great cracking of fingers. Then the ingredients were to be burnt and the evil spirit possessing me would be expelled. This evil spirit, they said, was the result of "drushti" (the evil eye).

I summoned my remaining strength to forbid



# The Passing of the "Bad Man."

BY R. M. WATERS.

A "bad man," in Western parlance, is a man to be feared—usually on account of his quickness with revolver or rifle. There have been good and bad "bad men," but the species is rapidly becoming extinct with the spread of law and order in the West. In this article Mr. Waters deals with a few of the better-known "bad men," and recalls some of the deeds which made them famous.



HE profession of "bad man" is becoming extinct in the western half of the United States. Time was—and not so long ago either—when the merry crack of the six-shooter was law west of the Missouri. The man who knew how to "fan" a gun fastest and most accurately when revolvers were spitting at him dominated his fellows and strode among them acknowledged chief. But that time has passed away for ever. The sheriff, the ranger, and the vigilance committee have carried the law to the remotest mountain fastness and to the very loneliest clump of mesquite in the chaparral. The "bad man" has either "died with his boots on" or has reformed and become a gambler instead of a fighter. Anyone visiting New Mexico or Arizona nowadays with the lurid anticipation of running across desperadoes and outlaws by the score would be grievously disappointed. But if he had gone twenty years ago he would have found excitement enough in a week to last him for the rest of his natural life.

The frontier is a variable line which has moved westward in the van of the lapping tide of civilization. It took strong men to do the pioneer work of the early days, for dangers innumerable confronted them. They faced the cheerful prospect of death in the desert from hunger and thirst, or from the torture of the sleepless and relentless Apache. As a result, only the hardiest and most lawless specimens were to be found in the newer frontier towns, ready enough for the most part to leave the

settlement of their disputes to the inevitable Colt's six-shooter. That small proportion of the community which was not proficient with this weapon usually had little to say in the management of affairs.

In discussing the "bad man" it is necessary to discriminate between different types of the species. One might have heard it said at Abilene, Kansas, some forty years ago, that "Wild Bill" Hickok was "a bad man with a gun." In a sense the saying was true enough, for in his day "Wild Bill" had no peer among

all the lawless frontiersmen in his handling of the deadly Colt. But in the mind of neither speaker nor hearer would there rest any feeling that Hickok was a bad-hearted or even a lawless man. He was the coolest, the most alert and fearless, the bravest, and the most chivalrous of foes. He never went "hunting trouble," but any bully in search of it could always find accommodation at the hands of this long-black-haired and steel-blue-eyed Hercules of the gentle and unassuming manners. In point of fact Hickok always stood on the side of the weak and with rather than against the law. He won his reputation first in the employ of the Overland Stage Company. Even

in those days of frequent deadly personal combats the young athlete Hickok won his spurs in a blaze of glory such as no "bad man" has ever since equalled.

He was taking care of the stock of the company at a hut out on the plains, his partner having gone hunting, when ten men rode past and shouted that they would be back after the



"WILD BILL" HICKOK, A WELL-KNOWN FRONTIERSMAN.  
*From a Photo.*

horses of the company in a couple of hours. It was the McKandlas gang of outlaws, every man-Jack of them a desperado, horse-thief, and murderer, who thus boldly announced their intentions as regards the stock of the Stage Company. There was nothing surprising in the giving of this warning, for the gang was so greatly feared that it overrode the law at will. The surprising fact was that the young caretaker tossed back a jaunty answer to the effect that he would be there when they came for the horses. This was on the face of it a simple invitation to death.

The gang rode on to the nearest town, visited a saloon there, and presently returned on the trail to the cabin. There was not in their minds the slightest idea that young Hickok had done anything but "light out" the moment their backs were turned. Conceive, then, their surprise to find the door barricaded and the defence prepared to fight it out! There was a hasty consultation, and then

a battering-ram was found and a rush made at the door. One of them dropped, shot through the heart, but the rest pushed forward and burst down the door. For a moment the darkness inside blinded their eyes, fresh from the light. "Crack--crack--crack," spoke young Hickok's pistol, and three more desperadoes went reeling back to cross the Great Divide. Behind a table stood Hickok, alert, calm-eyed, and steady, a shining Colt smoking in each hand. On the other side of the table six maddened outlaws

began to empty their revolvers into his body. He sank back into a chair, but his weapons still spat death at his foes. McKandlas leaped across the table at him, but dropped dead in mid-air. His brother reached the young hero with a knife, but even as he stabbed at him a bullet crashed into his brain.

The room was by this time dense with smoke.

Three of the horse-thieves, one desperately wounded, staggered into the open air and climbed to their horses, intent only on getting away alive. The boy dragged himself to the door, across the bodies of the fallen, and, with a rifle snatched from a dead enemy, dropped yet another of the fleeing bandits. An hour later his partner came home, to find the hut a veritable slaughter-house. Bill Hickok lay unconscious on the top of his victims. They had made a sieve of him, for he was bleeding from a dozen wounds; but six months later he was on his feet again, saved by his magnificent constitution.



"THREE MORE DESPERADOES WENT REELING BACK."

Alone and single-handed he had fought ten men and killed eight of them! That is the story of how Fame came knocking at the door of "Wild Bill," and found him at home. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have taken the outlaws' warning, saddled a horse, and rode away across the prairie until the desperadoes had helped themselves to as many horses as they fancied. But Hickok was the hundredth man. He saw what he thought to be his duty, and with the daring spirit of the frontier he stood by it.

After that "Wild Bill" was marshal of Hays City, and then of Abilene, which still claims to have been the "toughest" town that ever existed in those old days when the cattlemen from Texas swarmed across the line and made it their "stamping ground." The saloon-keeper and the gambler held open house of welcome to the reckless cowboy and soldier. Restraint was unheard of; license and robbery and murder stalked rampant through the streets. Here might be seen the cowboy just off the range, picturesque in sombrero, shaps, and trailing spurs, as reckless and dare-devil a creation as even the West has ever produced; the hard-faced gambler, keen-eyed and resourceful, always ready for an appeal to the "gun"; soldiers, tie-cutters, railroad hands, mule-punchers, and ranchmen galore. Nearly all the men wore their weapons openly on their hips. To this town then, given over to devilry of the worst description, came "Wild Bill," by invitation, to accept the position of marshal. More than one desperado bit the dust before it was done, but out of chaos came law and order in the end. During the war Hickok was a scout for the

Union army on the western frontier, and was very highly appreciated by his commanding officers. Later he served in the Indian border warfare against the Apache, the Sioux, and the Blackfeet. He was a marvellous shot, and kept in constant practice by firing at telegraph poles as he dashed past at a distance, wheeling suddenly and firing without taking aim, hitting dimes with his revolvers at sixty yards, and other feats of this description. His reputa-

tion for skill and daring brought with it one great disadvantage. Every "bad man" in the West—using the words in their literal sense—was anxious to achieve the reputation of having killed "Wild Bill" Hickok. For this reason he had constantly to fight duels in order to save his life. On one occasion he was attacked by four outlaws, every one of them crack shots. Hickok left three of them dead on the field. His marvellous celerity with his "gun" was a thing quite unparalleled, and was achieved by "fanning." He scarcely pulled the trigger of his revolver, for he had filed the pawl down so that the

slightest pressure was all that was necessary. In those days one-tenth of a second might mean the difference between life and death.

In the end "Wild Bill" died just as he had expected to die—by treachery and cowardice. He was up in Deadwood wait-

ing for an order to join General Custer, who was about to set out on his last fatal campaign. One day he was playing a game of cards, when his murderer stole behind him and shot him in the back. Poor Hickok was shot through the heart, but so quick was he that between the time he heard the click of his assassin's pistol and its firing he managed to half draw one of his revolvers. The murderer could give no reason for his atrocious deed except that he desired the notoriety of having killed the famous scout. One is glad to be able to record that he was executed for his dastardly crime.\*

From Abilene to Dodge City, from Dodge City to Las Vegas and Santa Fe, and from these New Mexico towns to Tombstone, Arizona, the murderous career of the "bad man" swept. Wherever there was most activity on the frontier there might he be found. For a time he ruled the roost, but in the end outraged law and order vindicated itself either through the vigilance committee, the ranger, or the fearless sheriff. It took an iron-nerved, indomitable man to be the right kind of a sheriff then, yet ultimately every town had its hero, who quietly and in-



"HE MANAGED TO HALF DRAW ONE OF HIS REVOLVERS."

\* A photograph of "Wild Bill's" grave appeared in our issue for November, 1903.—ED.

sistently made the desperado respect the rights of others. A host of names rise to memory of men who thus did their share toward the real winning of the West. There were Pat and Mike Shugree, gentle little Irishmen, who somehow always brought in their man, and that without having to kill him; Tom Carson, who lost his life at Las Vegas when he and Dave Mather went into a dance-hall as marshal and deputy-marshal to drive out the Henry gang of cow-punchers, who had taken possession of it and cowed the other dancers; Pat Garrett, the gallant sheriff who took his life in his hands to capture that worst of "bad men," "Billy the

deputy-marshal of Las Vegas, who went with Tom Carson, the marshal, to drive out the Henry gang of desperadoes from a dance-hall. A fierce and deadly battle ensued. A score of revolvers were converged on him and Carson. Out of the smoke reeled Carson, with both arms broken, only to lie down and die. A dozen cow-punchers dashed from the hall after him to their horses, fearful lest the town might rise on them. When the smoke cleared away Mather was found in the hall with two prisoners, one badly wounded. Around him were four dead cowboys of the Henry "outfit." What ultimately became of Mather was never



From a

VIEW OF OLD LAS VEGAS, SHOWING THE DANCE-HALLS AND GAMBLING SALOONS.

[Photo.

Kid"; Tom Smith, William Tightman, and a score of others, as devoted to their duty as any soldier in the field. This is one type of "bad man," and it is due to their gallantry that the West is to-day as quiet and law-abiding as it is.

But there is another kind. We will dismiss from consideration the jovial and reckless cow-puncher who, on his "annual tear," galloped madly through a town to shoot out the lights and occasionally killed some inoffensive bystander or his best friend, as the case might be. He was, as a general thing, lawless rather than bad. If he killed a man it was on some drunken impulse rather than from evil design. But there was one type of "bad man" who was bad to the core. He was usually to be found among the gamblers, the horse-thieves, or the stage-robbers. At least, he always ultimately drifted into one of these professions if he lived long enough.

Dave Mather, of New Mexico, was a "bad man" of note. "Mysterious Dave" was the name by which Mather went. He was sly and secretive, unable to look one in the eye, but he was a dangerous man when aroused, and had plenty of courage. It was he, when he was

known. When law and order was restored he slipped away and out of sight.

The worst "bad men" of Texas were "King" Fisher and the Thompson brothers, Ben and Bill. Fisher was at the head of a gang of cattle-rustlers, and was known as a "bad man" generally. He was by temperament a bully, fierce and assertive. Fisher was the humorous gentleman who put up a notice-board at the fork of a public road, bearing the legend: "This is King Fisher's Road; better take the other." Most people, it is said, thought his advice good, and followed it. The other road might be a mile or two farther round, but they were in no hurry; it was good enough for them. Another humorous little episode in King Fisher's career was the shooting of a bald-headed man at Austin. He gave as his reason that he wanted to see whether a bullet would glance from the shiny pate of his victim!

It was Ben Thompson who broke up a cattleman's banquet at Austin by shooting into fragments the entire fifty plates, while the cattle-men sat back aghast. Of all the "bad men" and desperadoes that have been produced by the "Lone Star State" none were so game or so

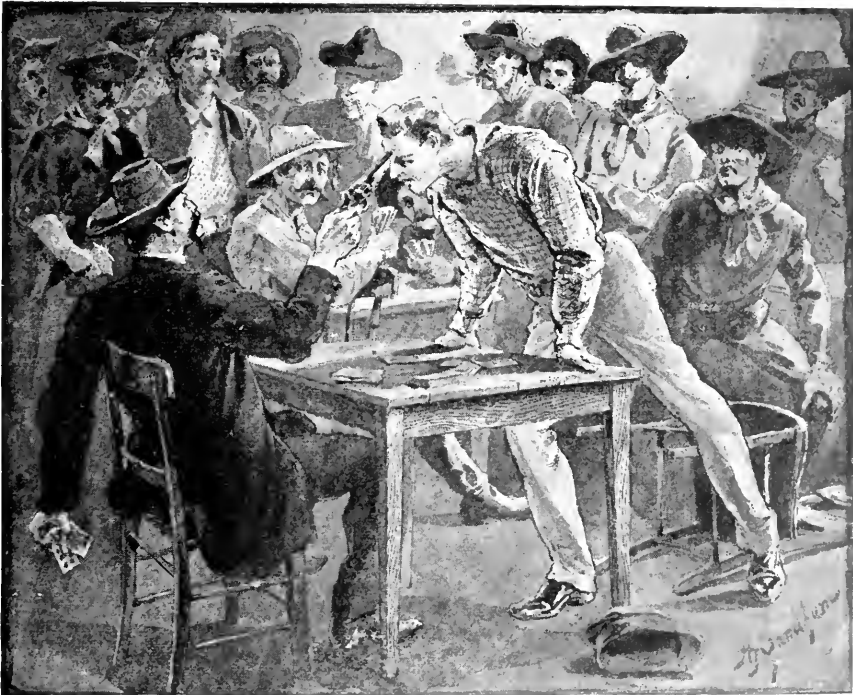
much feared as Thompson. No sheriff dared serve a warrant of arrest on him, and no other "bad man" could be found to undertake the task of "rounding him up." It is recorded that once, when the County Court was in session hearing a charge against Ben Thompson, he rode into the room on a mustang, with a six-shooter in either hand. Pleasantly he bowed to the judge and jury.

"Here I am, gents," he said, "and I'll lay all I'm worth there isn't a man in the bunch with nerve enough to take me! No, nor to

By common consent all the men suspended their games to look at these two—the fearless, dare-devil boy and the hard-faced desperado. The eyes of the two opponents met like the crossing of rapiers. The boy rose from his seat white as a sheet, and leaned across the table till his forehead pressed against the rim of Thompson's revolver.

"Shoot, and be hanged!" he cried. "I say you cheat."

Thompson hesitated, then gave a little laugh as he shoved his revolver back into his holster.



"SHOOT, AND BE HANGED!" HE CRIED. "I SAY YOU CHEAT."

serve a warrant on me! Speak up, gents. I'm a little deaf."

Then he rode from the room unmolested, as debonair as you please. Once only Ben Thompson met his match, and that in the person of a young English "remittance man," a mere boy who had scarce attained his majority. They were playing cards, and the youngster thought he detected evidence of foul play.

"You cheat!" he cried.

Instantly Thompson's revolver covered him, but for some unknown reason—perhaps his youth—the "bad man" gave him a chance to retract before killing him.

"Better take it back—and quick, too," he said, grimly.

A tense silence filled the great gambling hall.

"You're too brave a boy to die," was all he said.

Thompson had trouble with Jack Hayes, the proprietor of the Palace Theatre at San Antonio, Texas, and according to his wont solved the little difficulty by killing Hayes. While he lay dying Hayes called to him an adopted son and made him swear to avenge his death. About a year passed, and then one night Ben Thompson, in company with King Fisher, visited the Palace Theatre. He had been induced to go by some friends of the murdered man, who explained that Hayes's friends were ready to let bygones be bygones, and that Thompson could prove he cherished no bad feeling by showing himself at the theatre. Fisher and Thompson were occupying

seats in the front row of the balcony when a volley of rifle shots startled the house.

The inevitable panic followed. Guns flashed on every side. Fisher was killed at the first volley and Thompson mortally wounded, but he tumbled from the balcony into the pit, managed to draw a revolver, and killed two men before he died—one of them the man who had persuaded him to go to the theatre. It appeared that thirty men, armed with Winchesters, had been placed in the gallery to await Thompson's arrival.

The news of the ambush spread. Bill Thompson rallied his followers, and bore down upon the theatre to avenge his brother. A garrison of well-armed men, under cover, kept them back with repeating rifles. From up country the cow-punchers poured to avenge the death of King Fisher. The militia mobilized and met them, and for six weeks San Antonio was under martial law. At last, muttering grim threats, the cowboys retired from the field, and Bill Thompson drew off his party.

Like many "bad men," Ben Thompson did not at all look the part. He was a handsome, neat little fellow, almost feminine in manner, with curly hair and a little moustache. It is a curious fact that the worst of the "bad men" have been slim, well-dressed, blue-eyed little men of the mildest manner conceivable till aroused. Of course, there are exceptions to this.

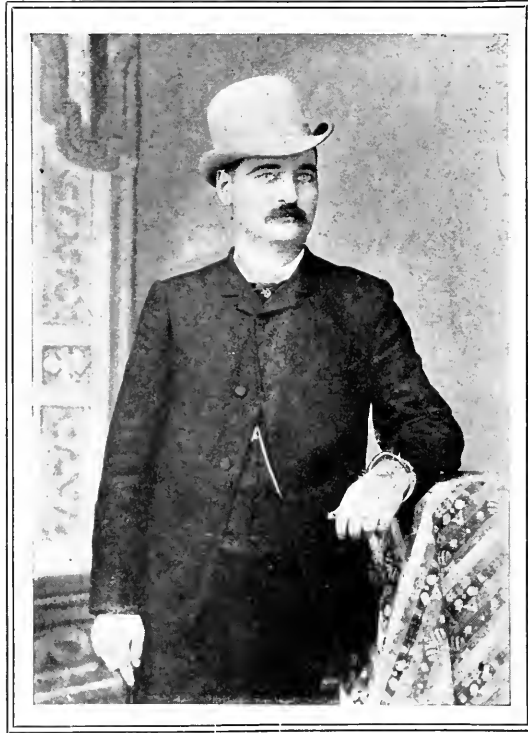
The last time I saw Bat Masterson was at a prize-fight at Denver. He is now by profession a gambler and a promoter of prize-fights. He has a cold, steely eye and a hard face. About thirty years ago Masterson began his fancy work with the gun by killing a soldier who was his rival in the affections of a woman. He finished the job after he lay on the ground with a broken leg, shot through. He was sheriff of Ford County, in which Dodge City is located, the same position which was held by Shugree twice.

While here he was a terror to the "bad man," and the notches on his gun grew numerous. He was an army scout, and his fights with Indians were many and sanguinary. On one occasion he was a member of a party of twenty which fought three days with and eventually beat five hundred Indians. In course of time he drifted to Tombstone. It is related by Colonel Little that one day Bat received a telegram that his brother Jim had got the worst of some trouble at Dodge City. The brothers were not on speaking terms, but Bat bought a return ticket to Dodge City, a thousand miles

away, arrived at eleven, fought a spirited duel, paid a fine of five dollars for carrying a revolver, and at three o'clock took the train again for Tombstone.

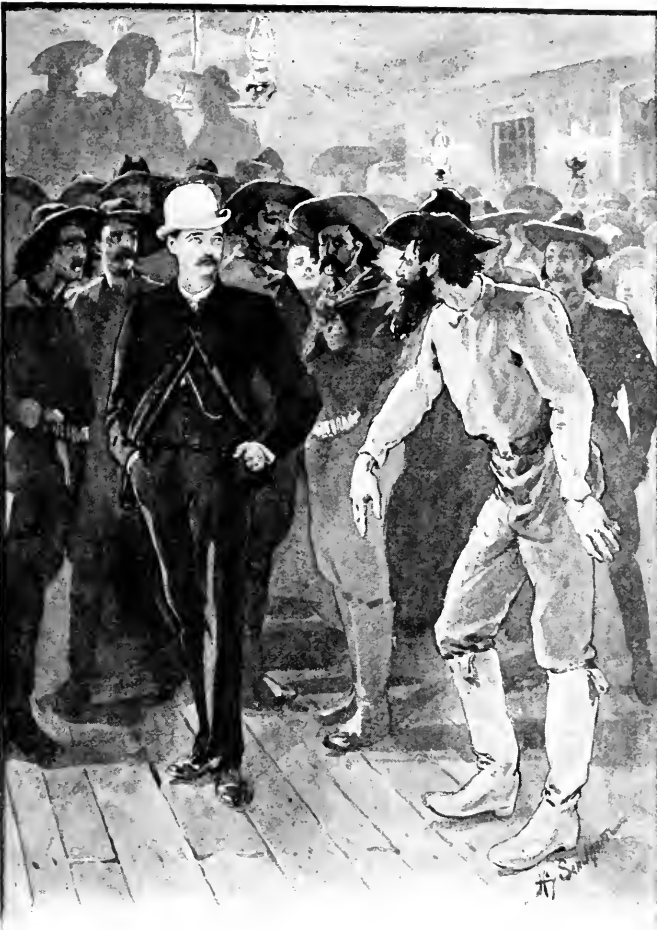
Bat Masterson is one of the few "bad men" still alive. He is a quiet man, one not seeking trouble. On a certain occasion at Creede a drunken miner slapped his face. There were three hundred men in the hall at the time, and yet the silence was such that a pin might have been heard to drop. Everybody waited for the inevitable "gun-play." But Bat Masterson looked at him coolly, laughed as if it were a joke, and told him to come back and do it again when he was sober.

The question of a "bad man's" grit is a much mooted one in the West. The fact is that it depends largely on the conditions which surround him. If he is in the hills, hungry, cold, and alone, with Vigilantes on his trail, it takes a man of iron nerve to carry off the situation without fear. But this much may be stated as a general rule, that when the "bad man" is pressed into a corner he will fight like a demon. One hears it said over and again by the old-timers that you don't need to be afraid of the brave man. It is the coward for whom one has to keep his eyes open. He is treacherous and will shoot one in the back, or if it comes to a "show down" he invariably shoots before it is



BAT MASTERSON, WHO IS ONE OF THE FEW "BAD MEN" STILL LIVING.  
From a Photo. by [Burrell.]





"HE TOLD HIM TO COME BACK AND DO IT AGAIN WHEN HE WAS SOBER."

really necessary. On the other hand, your absolutely fearless man's nerves are trained to a hair line. He knows just when it is necessary to shoot to save his life.

It was in the early eighties that Las Vegas and Santa Fe were the head-quarters of the desperadoes, cattle-rustlers, stage-robbers, and horse-thieves. Here lawless men, refugees from justice, sought and found safety. The Santa Fe railroad had just cut across the desert and had reached New Mexico. The Apache Indian was at his wildest, thousands of buffalo roamed the plains, and the howl of the coyote might be heard long into the night out on the desert. At this time many dance-halls might have been found in these two towns, where men and women congregated for "rolling faro," "high-ball" poker, and "Mexican monte," which last game was extremely popular. The dance-halls were long, low, adobe buildings, lighted by oil

lamps strung along the walls, and at night seemed fantastic enough to hold the eye of anybody. A Mexican band, dressed in the picturesque native costume, dispensed music to the reckless cow-boys, miners, ranchers, and "bull-freighters." Nearly every evening in some one of the hall shots were exchanged, and next morning the deceased was "planted" in the common grave-yard.

In such surroundings flourished the worst "bad man" that ever handled a six-shooter. "Billy the Kid" was only a boy, but he was quite reckless, quite ruthless, and entirely without pity. His one redeeming quality was that he was kind to the poor, and scattered his ill-earned gains prodigally. At the time of his death he was only twenty-one years old, and he had killed one man for each year of his life. He originally came from the Bowery district of New York, report has it, reaching New Mexico when he was sixteen. The free, wild life suited his temperament "down to the ground," and he went to work on a cattle ranch in Lincoln County. It was about this time that the cattlemen's war broke out in this county, and the "Kid" fought for his employer as a hired killer at five dollars a day. Later there was some disagreement as to how much was due to him, and Billy, in revenge,

took to outlawry. His especial object was to run off his ex-employer's cattle and kill his *employés*. Round "Billy the Kid" gathered the most desperate band that ever infested the territory. Murder and robbery were their vocation, occasionally interspersed by stage-robbery and cattle-rustling. So much was he feared that when men spoke of him their voices involuntarily fell to a whisper. It was not considered safe to speak out loud when one discussed "Billy the Kid," for walls had ears, and the man with whom you talked might be a member of the gang for all you knew.

Then came a change. Pat Garrett, quiet, steadfast, fearless, was elected sheriff on the pledge that he would bring "Billy the Kid" and his band of outlaws to justice. He was a tall man, long-legged and long-armed, not much given to talk, yet withal a man not unfriendly. One day the haunts which knew Pat Garrett



knew him no more. So far as men knew he might have quit the earth. It was understood that the fight had begun, and that between these two men—Pat Garrett, the fearless sheriff, who represented law and order, and "Billy the Kid," who stood for rapine and murder—there had begun a duel to the death.

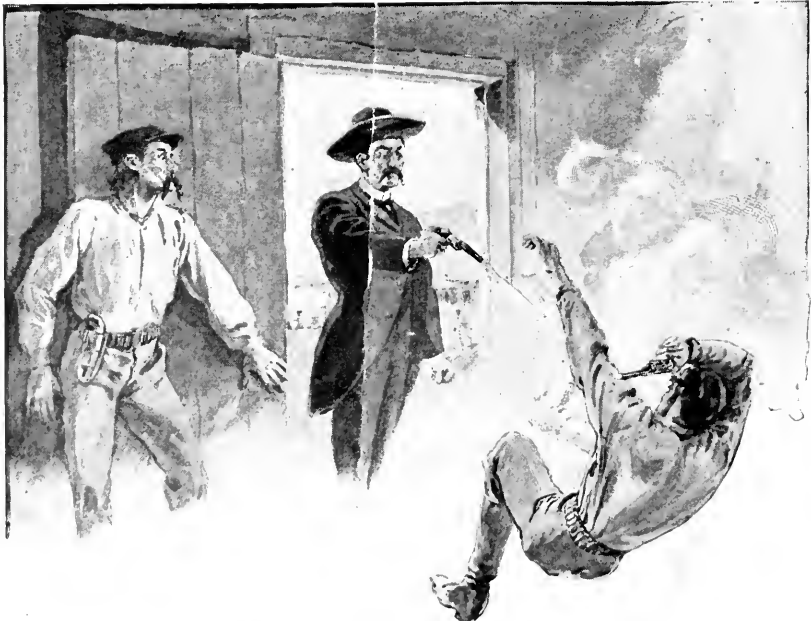
One day a wild rumour spread that Garrett had captured the "Kid." From mouth to mouth it passed, yet no man believed it, for all thought that "Billy the Kid" would "die with his boots on" rather than be taken alive. Nevertheless, it was true. Into Las Vegas Pat Garrett and his deputies drove, bringing in four prisoners. One of these was Dave Rudabaugh, a fierce, black-bearded lieutenant of the "Kid." He was peculiarly obnoxious to the Mexican population on account of having lately killed one of their number. Handcuffed to him sat "Billy the Kid," joyous, debonair, in the merriest humour imaginable. As the waggon drove hurriedly through the crowd he laughed and chaffed those about him as if he still held the whip hand. Yet there was in the air among the Mexicans a stern determination to lynch Rudabaugh and the "Kid" as well. Pat Garrett heard of it and slipped down to the depôt in a hack with his two prisoners, intent on getting them secretly out of the town and into Santa Fe. The Mexicans learned of this and gathered in force to frustrate his move. The story of how Pat Garrett, alone but undaunted, held off this

mob of well-armed, raging Mexicans is worthy of a "blood-and-thunder" novel. For an hour they surged about the train, demanding of Garrett that he should give up his prisoners. The sheriff faced them with imperturbable coolness and absolutely declined to yield them, declaring that before they were taken from him he would pump his Winchesters into the mob. Meanwhile, a slender, boyish young fellow leaned out of the window and hurled anathemas at the men who were thirsting for his blood. It was "Billy the Kid," and until the train drew out of the depôt he continued to shake his manacled fists at them.

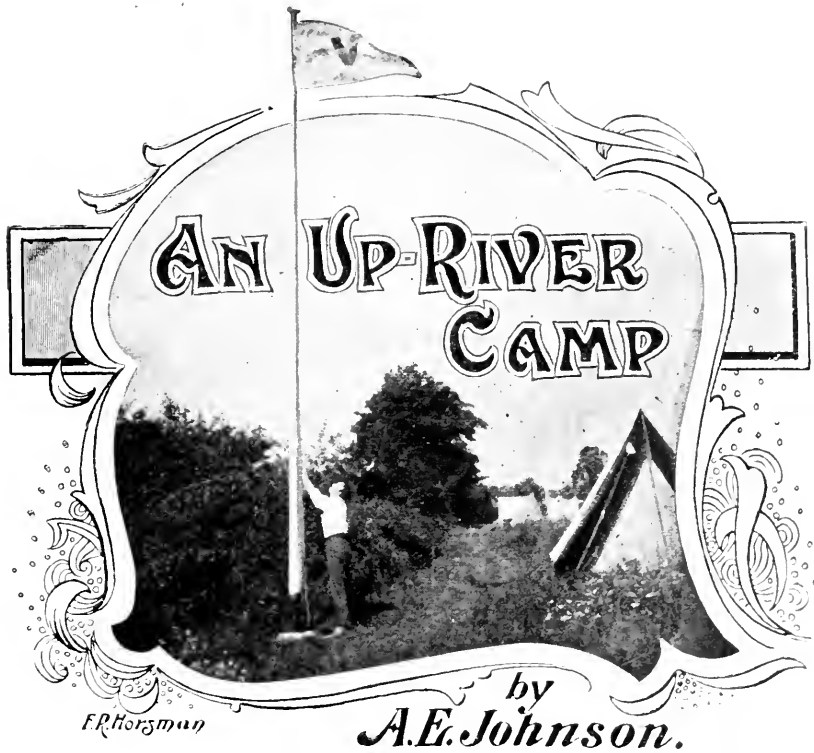
Once in prison, the "Kid" broke gaol and left two of his guards treacherously murdered behind him. All Garrett's work had to be done over again. This time he played "a lone hand," finally locating the outlaw at Maxwell's ranch, near Las Cruces. One morning Garrett stole forward to the ranch-house and knocked on the door. He knew that the "Kid" and several of his friends were inside. The young man who opened it started back, but Garrett's revolver stopped the exclamation that broke from his lips.

"I want 'Billy the Kid'—don't say a word—lead me to him or you're a dead man."

The "Kid" heard the voices and started to his feet. A moment later Garrett showed up in the doorway. Two guns spoke as one, and the career of "Billy the Kid" was ended.



"THE CAREER OF 'BILLY THE KID' WAS ENDED."



A brightly-written account of a week-end visit to an up-river camp on the Thames.



HAVE lately returned from a brief sojourn amongst the Vulgarians. That is not to say that I am back from adventurous exile in a far land.

Vulgaria is no Ultima Thule, nor yet an Arcadian kingdom in the air. To be

exact, the Vulgarians are naught but six friends of mine, ordinary — very ordinary — mortals like myself, whose domain consists of a narrow strip of land upon the banks of old Father Thames. Here, during the summer months of the last two or three years, they have pitched a permanent camp, wherein to spend week-ends and the other leisure moments which the exigencies of their various professions will allow. Such is Vulgaria: a place wherein to eat, drink, sleep, and be merry — to live, in short, a Vulgar Life.

They were waiting,

three of them, on the platform when my train steamed into D—— Station on the Saturday evening. They escorted me to the riverside raft beside which their skiff was moored. Then, setting me aboard, they proceeded to push off and row away up the placid stream. The



"A TINY, WHITE-PAINTED LANDING-STAGE, HALF HIDDEN BY THE DENSE FOLIAGE."

From a Photo.



From a] "AS COMPLETE A LITTLE ENCAMPMENT AS THE OLDEST CAMPAIGNER COULD DESIRE." [Photo.

summer sun, slowly declining, flooded the river with a mellow radiance, and on the smooth surface of the water, scarce broken by the movements of the few pleasure craft paddling idly hither and thither, were mirrored deep and clear reflections of the tall poplars and elms that fringed the bank.

Half a mile or so down stream we shot past the tumbling cataract of a weir, and slid easily into the sluggish waters of the lock cutting. The left bank, a high one, was covered with a dense growth of willows and bushes, which hid from sight completely the encampment, whereof the sounds of voices and laughter seemed to indicate the presence. My companions eased their blades and simultaneously whistled a peculiar call. From the bank came an answering whistle. "Pull your left, back your right," said one, and in a moment we were gliding beneath the willows alongside a tiny, white-painted landing-stage, half hidden by the dense foliage. Down the flight of steps which led up the bank came my three other hosts, bare-footed and in the scanty garb of the

camper, to welcome me.

Mutual salutations over, we climbed the steps. Along the top was ranged as complete a little encampment as the oldest campaigner could desire. A sleeping-tent, protected from bad weather by an ample fly-sheet, a dressing-tent, a kitchen, a woodshed, a store-tent, and a wide-spreading awning; and beneath the awning a table

—a table laid for supper! This was Vulgaria.

It rained during the night. Not to mince words, there was a deluge. I was awakened in the small hours by the roar and rattle of the rain upon the canvas overhead. Possibly the hardness of the floor-boards, untempered by even the rudest of mattresses, had something to do with my wakefulness. At all events, the blanket-swathed figures lying prone on either side of me, inured to this Spartan couch, stirred not, nor showed any sign of being disturbed by the noise



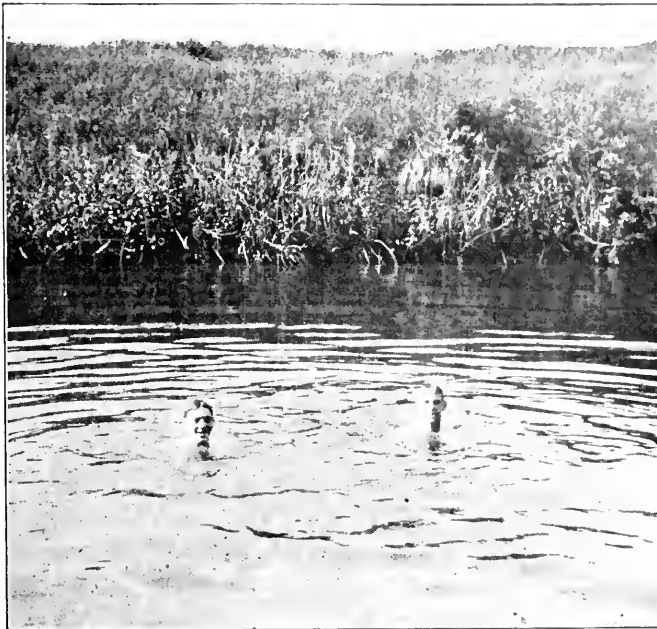
From a]

THE VULGARIANS AT REST.

[Photo.

of the water-sprites' carnival outside. Some even snored defiantly. The morning, however, broke fair, and before the sun had been up for long its rays were streaming in through the open door of the tent. To lie abed were a sin, though two devotees of Morpheus, it is true, refused to budge, and responded to all efforts to rouse them only with indignant aspersions upon the moral characters of their disturbers. Besides, the river was but a few yards away.

There is no ceremony about bathing up the river in the early morning. You crawl out of your tent, fling off your rugs and clothes, run



From a)

THE MORNING DIVE.

[Photo.

wielded by obliging hands. Dressing is quickly accomplished, a shirt and a pair of trousers only being the fashionable attire in *Vulgaria*.

While some set about hoisting the camp-flag, others went to light the fire and fry the bacon for breakfast. The pan had been sizzling merrily in the kitchen for some time when the two heavy-lidded ones made a belated appearance.

They bathed in leisurely fashion, and had just completed their toilet when the rhythmic clatter of a spoon upon a saucepan lid announced that breakfast was served. The well-feigned astonishment of the sluggards at finding their



From a)

BREAKFAST IN CAMP.

down the bank, and plunge in. Grand bathing it is, too: a few dives, a swim, and a glorious rub down in the sun afterwards. For visitors who cannot swim there is an excellent shower-bath to be had from a pail of water judiciously

bodily requirements met in so much of a fish-bone was artistic in the extreme. It was so upon me, at all events. I had yet to learn, this first morning, the devious devices of the confirmed "slacker."

Important toilet duties succeeded the task of washing-up the breakfast things, for a journey up stream was in contemplation for the afternoon. Consequently, great was the demand for soap and vigorous was the play of the razors.

The occupations of the morning were sufficiently varied. One, of a horticultural turn, went to tend the flower-beds, carefully dug and planted in the spring, and now present-

of the community; an hour or so may be profitably spent up the backwaters in replenishing the stock of fuel by one with a keen eye for drift-wood; and the dabbler in culinary art will always find hardy digestions that shrink not from testing the most daring of his experiments. But one of the greatest charms about an encampment lies in its ever incomplete condition. It is always capable of improvement and



From a

"ONE WENT TO TEND THE FLOWER-BEDS."

[Photo.

ing an imposing array of gorgeous blossoms. The anxious joys of angling claimed a pair, who sauntered off to the weir with expectations as high as they were ill-founded. A fourth betook himself to the landing-stage, armed with a fearsome weapon of his own devising—a disused fork with sharpened prongs lashed to a heavy shaft. 'Twas rank poaching, he agreed, but it seemed a good idea to spear a few fish for lunch, and a few crumbs by way of ground-bait at the landing-stage never failed to attract a shoal. By midday he had *nearly* speared three. A legend of *Vulgaria* declares that once in the dim past the worthy spearman landed a roach. Sceptics opine that it must have been by a fluke, since he has never repeated the performance. His brother *Vulgarians* are kind, however, and his mild idiosyncrasy is gently tolerated.

For the rest of us, on neither fishing nor gardening bent, there was no lack of employment. There is always plenty to be done in and about a camp. Thus, a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water is a valued member

extension. It never ceases to grow. In the present instance, I was assured that the original *Vulgarian* establishment comprised one tent, a kettle, a saucepan, a spirit-stove, and half-a-dozen mugs, plates, knives, and forks. The carpenter and the engineer have unlimited opportunity for the exercise of their talents. Fresh tables, benches, and other articles of furniture come never amiss, while there is nothing to which the more ambitious may not soar. One of the pictures illustrating this article shows the finishing touches being put to a camp kitchen. Never was such a model of ingenuity in design, of economy in space and material! Constructed of corrugated iron sheeting upon a framework of timber, it was made at home during leisure moments in winter, then transported in sections to the riverside, and there built up. This was the work, too, of one man.

Hammer and saw, however, are not the only tools that come usefully to hand in camp. Your seasoned camper must needs be a deft hand with more domestic implements. There exists, I may remark in passing, in the *Vulgarian* ward-



PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE CAMP KITCHEN.

*From a Photo.*

robe a triumph of the needleman's art in the shape of a pair of trousers bearing two neat patches—green and red—sewn respectively upon the port and starboard sides. It is well to be accurate in these things.

Let it not be thought, however, that in the rough and ready life of camp the more refined arts are neglected. Far from it: for after lunch did I not listen, at my ease, to an orchestral selection? Certainly, the "Blue Vulgarian Band" is by way of being unique! Strings are represented by a banjo; a tin whistle supplies the place of reed instruments; while noble support is forthcoming to these two from the bass drum, the side drum, and the cymbals. These last three instruments deserve, perhaps, a few words of special description. The cymbals are provided, at once simply and effectively, by a saucepan and

its lid. The side drum is fashioned out of the detached head of a banjo, with spoons for sticks. The bass drum looks suspiciously like a margarine tub that has received a call to higher things. The *ensemble*, however, is magnificent. Sousa, I fancy, has yet to learn the possibilities of his own music.

The strains of the orchestra brought up a number of critics (I say critics advisedly) from a neighbouring camp. The river being full of craft, an adjournment was made for post-prandial conversation and fumigation to a convenient spot near the weir overlooking the water. Seated on the bank in leisurely comfort one could well have spent the whole afternoon in watching the different craft passing up and down. But it had been arranged that some of us should get afloat ourselves for a few hours. For this it was necessary to array ourselves, if not in purple and fine linen, at least in the garb of civilization; and we returned to the deserted luncheon table.

Washing-up—at the mention of which the "slacker" suddenly remembered he had left his pipe at the weir—occupied some few minutes, and a hotly-argued dispute between the horticulturist and some of his brethren—

*From a*

THE "BLUE VULGARIAN BAND" GIVES A PERFORMANCE.



which ended in the temporary incarceration of the vanquished in an egg-box—caused another slight delay. In time we got afloat. The cook stayed behind to prepare supper against the time of our return, and leaving him to his carrots and potatoes we pushed off.

What need to picture the well-known delights of a river picnic—the pleasant pull up stream, the welcome tea under the willows, the idyllic contentment of the “slacker” in the bow cushions, and the lazy paddle homewards? These are joys which all know, but which never, though oft-repeated, lose their charm. It was late before we were back. The flag, of course, had been hauled down at sunset; but in its place, in friendly greeting, a lighted lantern hung from the masthead. Once more the familiar whistle was exchanged as we pulled in under the boughs. Supper was waiting to be served, and beneath the spreading awning we gathered round to do full justice to it. It was good; and in true Oriental fashion, our hunger appeased, we testified to its excellence.

Thereafter we lay back in our chairs and smoked reflectively under the pale moonbeams. Conversation flagged, and he who spoke did so

in broken sentences that displayed a proper fear of breaking the moonlight's still spell. The occasional cry of a bird from the woods upon the other bank, the faint tinkling of a banjo in a distant camp, the gentle plashing of a late-returning boat—these were the only sounds that disturbed the silence.

At length someone rose and knocked the ashes from his pipe. “Time to turn in,” quoth he.

Next morning necessity called me early to town. They got me breakfast and set about preparing the boat. The rest, however, were not returning till some hours later, and I elected to walk to the station. So I was ferried across, and stumbling up the bank opposite made my bow from the tow-path. Half an hour later I glanced from the window of a railway carriage across the rich meadows. In the far distance there flapped above the bushes a tiny white flag, which even as I looked was dipped three times.

Thus the Vulgarians bade me adieu. But I shall be with them anon — if they will have me!



*From a*

“I MADE MY BOW FROM THE TOW-PATH.”

*[Photo.*



# CHECKMATE! The Romance of an Orchid.

By F. SANDER, OF ST. ALBANS.

Mr. Sander is one of the largest importers of orchids in Great Britain, and here relates a remarkable adventure which happened to one of his collectors who was dispatched to South America in quest of a new species. By means of a trick a rival collector obtained possession of his information and set off post-haste to secure the precious plant. Then followed an exciting race, with a decidedly dramatic sequel.



HERE is a pronounced element of romance in the task of procuring supplies of orchids, particularly in the case of new growths, whose haunts are remote and somewhat indefinite. I could fill volumes with accounts of the adventures of my own collectors alone, to say nothing of the experiences of others which have come to my knowledge. But for my present purpose I will take one adventure only.

The cult of the orchid is of comparatively modern growth, but it has increased with much rapidity and with exceeding enterprise. The race for new specimens is always a keen one, and not infrequently lives are at stake, and lives are lost, in the contest for supremacy. The rewards of success, however, are considerable, and any trouble, risk, or outlay which may have been incurred in the quest are amply repaid subsequently.

New specimens of orchids come into general knowledge and cultivation in various and curious ways. A chance word or name, a stray specimen found in an altogether different consignment, the idle picking of a plant supposed to be valueless, may lead to the discovery of a precious growth. The dealer needs to keep his eyes and ears constantly on the alert, and must cultivate the practice of taking time by the



MR. F. SANDER, THE WELL-KNOWN ORCHID GROWER, WHO TELLS THIS STORY.  
*From a Photo. by Falk, New York.*

forelock, or he may soon find himself forestalled. In fact, to put it in a popular proverbial form, in the race for new specimens of orchids it is a case of every man for himself and his Satanic Majesty for the hindmost. But now to my story.

Some years ago, long before orchids had the vogue they have now, a gentleman residing in England received by post from a German friend living at Tovar, Spanish America, an orchid plant. The Englishman knew a good deal about orchids,

and soon discovered that he was the fortunate possessor of an absolutely unique specimen. He took great care of it, and subsequently divided it and placed one of the plants on the

market, where it fetched a good sum. He went on cultivating and dividing and selling at a good price, keeping the locality from which he had received the specimen a profound secret.

There was naturally a great deal of excitement among the dealers, and speculation as to the habitat of the plant. They displayed, too, not a little enterprise in their efforts to discover the home of the valuable new specimen, but for a time the secret was most successfully kept. At length, however, the name "Tovar" leaked out, but nothing more. This was not altogether encouraging, as there are several Tovars in Spanish



THE RARE ORCHID "MASDEVALLIA TOVARENSIS," IN QUEST OF WHICH MR. SANDER DISPATCHED HIS COLLECTOR TO SOUTH AMERICA.

America. So that the dealers with one accord hesitated, not one caring to risk an expedition to any one of the Tovars, on the off chance of its being the correct one. Thus we were no nearer solving the problem than we were before the name became known. Finally one of the dealers summoned up courage, and took the initiative. That dealer was my humble self. I decided, after mature deliberation, to risk the chance of selecting the wrong locality, and fixed upon the Tovar which is situated in New Granada as being the most likely place. I entrusted the mission to Mr. Arnold, one of my collectors. Accordingly he packed up, and made for Waterloo, *en route* for Southampton.

If found in the locality I expected, I conjectured that the orchid would be growing in cool uplands, and would have to be conveyed through hot regions. On account of the peculiar formation of the plant, it would have to be protected against these variations of temperature, and Mr. Arnold therefore took with him a consignment of sphagnum moss in which to pack them. Curiously enough this very moss led to a disturbing *contretemps* at Waterloo and formed what may be regarded as the beginning of a little adventure that had a somewhat tragic ending.

Arrived on the platform at Waterloo with his luggage and the moss, my representative essayed to enter a compartment, when the station-master bustled up and forbade Mr. Arnold to take the moss into the carriage with him, asserting that it came under the heading of luggage, and would accordingly have to be conveyed to the guard's van. Now, Mr. Arnold was a man of determination, and was, moreover, the possessor of a somewhat short temper. This official obstacle soon inflamed his blood, and he forthwith proceeded to abuse the station-master roundly and vociferously. So sudden and fierce, indeed, was the storm of indignant anger he let loose that the official, thinking better of his obstructive tactics, fled precipitately before the verbal onslaught, and left the excited collector and his moss to their own devices.

During this encounter of words a friendly passenger—a complete stranger to Mr. Arnold—stood at the door of the carriage, displaying a solicitous interest in my representative, and assisting him verbally in convincing the station-master that he was over-exacting in the discharge of his duties. When the latter departed Mr. Arnold proceeded to convey the moss into the carriage, being helped by the stranger. This kindly assistance on the part of a stranger naturally led to a friendly chat and the exchange of confidences. Thus, on the journey to Southampton the two men chatted freely of one another's business—Mr. Arnold of his mission in search of the coveted orchid, and the stranger, who introduced himself as Mr. Thompson, a traveller in the hardware line, of his mission in search of orders. The stranger also explained, to Mr. Arnold's gratification, that he was himself, curiously enough, going as far as Caracas, and he suggested that they might occupy the same cabin on shipboard. To this Mr. Arnold assented, and the two became fast friends.

On the long journey to Caracas Mr. Thompson was fully enlightened by his unsuspecting companion on the subject of "Masdevallia Tovarensis," the orchid Arnold was in quest of. The stranger appeared a pleasant, fairly-prosperous commercial, and Mr. Arnold did not



"MR. THOMPSON WAS FULLY ENLIGHTENED BY HIS UNSUSPECTING COMPANION ON THE SUBJECT OF 'MASDEVALLIA TOVARENSIS.'"

for a minute associate hardware with orchids, or orchids with the stranger. He was enlightened in a very unpleasant manner.

Arrived at Caracas Mr Thompson shook Arnold cordially by the hand, thanked him for the interesting chats they had had on the subject of orchids, especially of "Masdevallia Tovarensis," and, expressing the desire that they would meet again soon, took his departure. He could not have imagined how soon they would meet again, or under what conditions that meeting would take place.

A short while subsequent to this—a few hours, in fact—while walking along the Plaza in Caracas, Mr. Arnold espied his local agent. The latter came up to him, and almost the first words he uttered were, "Do you know that Mr. Blank has started for New Granada?" I should explain that the person referred to as "Mr. Blank" was a man of substance, a well-known amateur orchid-grower who had turned professional dealer. Mr. Arnold opened his eyes in astonishment at this communication, and for the moment refused to believe it. "I am sure it is he," continued the agent, "I saw him not long since take the road on horseback. He landed from the *X*— (mentioning the name of the vessel Arnold had recently quitted) only a few hours ago."

This settled the business in Arnold's mind. At once the ugly truth flashed upon him: Mr. Blank was no other than "Mr. Thompson," his amiable friend of the voyage!

No sooner did he realize the trap into which he had been lured by the enterprising but somewhat unscrupulous Mr. Blank than he proceeded to act with promptitude and resolution. "Quick, get me a horse," he shouted to the agent, "and a guide, and another horse. Never mind the expense—I'll pay anything! Use the utmost speed—there is not a moment to be lost! I am going after him."

It was then getting dark, but the startled agent hurried away without further delay, and it was not long before two horses and a guide were at Arnold's disposal. He made one call before setting out on his journey, and that was at his hotel to get his revolver. Then he galloped away into the darkness with his guide.

The scene now changes to the interior of a lonely roadside inn, or *posada*, about fifteen miles from Caracas.

In a rude apartment the affable "Mr. Thompson" was seated at a table. He was the only occupant of the room, and was sitting in a meditative attitude. He had the appearance of a man of substance, and was evidently awaiting, with pleasurable anticipation, the advent of supper. There was also just the suspicion of a smile of unusual self-satisfaction on his face, as though he had accomplished a very gratifying and somewhat clever stroke of business. Altogether he appeared quite pleased with himself. Ever and anon he cast an inquiring glance towards one of the doors—the one, probably, through which he was expecting to see the bearer of his supper. The supper did not come, however, and he grew impatient, fixing his eyes on the door with a frown. But it was not towards that door he should have looked, but the one facing it, which presently opened slowly and silently from without, and admitted a very angry-looking man into the apartment.

Suddenly "Thompson" turned his head and, catching sight of the new-comer, gazed upon him horrified. The latter—who I may as well say at once was Arnold—said not a word, his determination being conveyed in his actions only; but these were sufficiently intelligible and alarming.

He closed and fastened the door behind him and then as quietly approached the table, seated himself at it, *vis-à-vis* with the other, and then drew from his pocket a revolver, which he held



"HE DREW FROM HIS POCKET A REVOLVER."

in front of him, its muzzle pointing uncomfortably near "Thompson's" head.

It then became apparent to the latter that, although Arnold said nothing, he was almost rigid with passion—a fact which added nothing to "Thompson's" peace of mind.

At length the veteran collector spoke in a voice of concentrated fury.

"Now, Mr. 'Thompson'!" he said, with a sinister emphasis on the name, "we will fight this out!"

But Mr. "Thompson" had not the slightest intention of doing any such thing, for as Arnold spoke he slipped under the table in an access of terror. "All's fair," he commenced to mutter from his hiding-place.

"All's fair, you enterprising humbug!" broke in the other, peering under the table at him and still keeping the revolver-muzzle playing over his anatomy. "What is it to be—do you fight? No? I thought not! Cunning dogs like you don't fight—not in the open. Get up, and don't be such a cur! Now listen. I'm a man of few words, and these I'm using now I *mean*. You tricked me into giving you information about this new orchid, for the purpose of turning it to your own account. You thought you were safely out of reach of me, that you had *won*, but you didn't know me. Now, then, time is short. Which is it to be? Do you go on or go back?" As he said this Arnold pointedly handled the revolver in a way which paralyzed the other with fear.

"I will go back," he responded immediately, through chattering teeth, only too pleased to be able to agree to anything this pugnacious man proposed.

"You will do more," continued Arnold, following up his advantage; "you will sign a confession of your trickery

and a promise not to visit these parts again for six months." And again his weapon waved significantly in the air.

"I will," meekly agreed Mr. "Thompson," as though he were at his own wedding.

Pen, ink, and paper were produced, then the deed was drawn up and duly signed by the baffled conspirator.

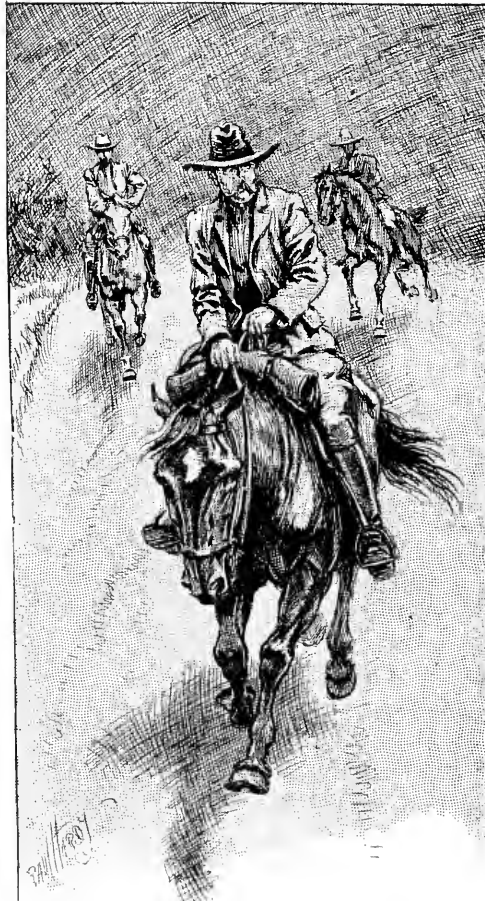
"Now you can depart," said Arnold, rising to his feet; "and woe betide you if you put in an appearance in these parts before the expiration of six months! The next time you get caught at this mean game you will not escape so easily. Now go!"

Having paid for the supper he had ordered, but had not been allowed time to partake of, the crestfallen Mr. Blank made his exit, followed by Arnold, whose guide accompanied him down the road to see that he did not evade the agreement.

In due course my collector located the orchid, and thus "Masdevallia Tovarensis" was safely secured for the house of Sander.

Arnold's prophecy concerning the fate of Mr. Blank, should he attempt such a deception again, was strangely fulfilled, for on a subsequent occasion, while endeavouring to make use of valuable information illicitly acquired, that enterprising but decidedly unscrupulous person lost his life.

Unfortunately poor Arnold himself met his death while collecting. This occurred in March, 1895, at San Fernando, on the Orinoco. His dead body was found in an open boat, and the cause of his death was never definitely known. There were no outward indications of the cause, no signs of violence; but it was supposed that he had eaten some deadly growth, thinking it to be wholesome and edible fruit.



"THE CRESTFALLEN MR. BLANK MADE HIS EXIT."

# THE ESCAPE OF ELIJAH.

BY RAYMOND HARRISON.

Elijah was an extremely clever and cunning lunatic—a constant source of anxiety to those in charge of him. One day he made his escape by means of a most audacious scheme which, together with the stirring events taking place prior to his recapture, is here set forth.



HIS story was related to me by an old attendant at the Insane Asylum at Provo, Utah—Mr. Frank W. E. Henderson. He seems to have been a close observer and to possess a retentive memory; and, as his story indicates, he is a man of education. I will now proceed to relate his story, as nearly as possible in his own words.

One November the regular hospital doctor took a vacation; and a young sprig fresh from the victories of a Western medical school graduation somehow got the appointment to act as substitute. This young physician was smart enough, I've no doubt; but he was chock-full of conceit, and, what was worse, he had had no experience with crazy people before he came to the asylum. He got plenty of it, however, during the few weeks he was there.

At his school he had written a thesis in which, in the estimation of his classmates, he had cleared up a lot of knotty points which had been puzzling the medical world for years; and he brought a conceit with him to the asylum that he was going to revolutionize things. Before he had been there a week he decided that the whole system of conducting the place was entirely wrong, and he began to run things about the hospital after a theory of his own.

He had a great notion that he possessed more than the usual allowance of personal magnetism; and it was his idea that he could control even the most dangerous patients by simply turning this magnetic power loose on them, by merely "fixing them with his eye."

This gives you a general idea of the sort of person young

Dr. Blank was. As for his theories and the influence he claimed to have over his unfortunate patients, there might have proved to be something in both if he hadn't tried to exploit them upon a patient named Ford.

There are smart crazy folks, and there are also the other kind, which is equivalent to saying simply that there are different sorts and degrees of insanity. Elijah Ford was one of the smart class. No patient in the asylum was more consistently crazy than Elijah Ford, for his "wheels" worked in twenty-four-hour shifts. He had no really lucid spells.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, except when one of his tantrums was on and he was making things hum, no one who didn't know would ever suspect he was crazy—not, at least, by simply seeing him or talking with him. In his tantrums he was exceedingly dangerous, but these were fortunately not frequent. We older attendants could always tell when he was hatching mischief, for invariably before an outburst there would be a long period of unusual quietness. During those other periods, when he was neither dangerously violent nor unnaturally still, he was just tricky, most of his tricks running to something cruel. Of course, he was generally kept "muffed," but he would watch for his chances.

Elijah always had a great ambition to make



From a]

THE ASYLUM AT PROVO, UTAH, IN WHICH ELIJAH WAS A PATIENT.

[Photo-

his escape. Many of his quiet spells were periods when he was studying up plans to get away, and the majority of his tantrums were due entirely to disappointment at his numerous failures.

Young Dr. Blank came to the asylum about ten days before one of Elijah's quiet spells happened to be due, he being just then passing through an unusually bad tricky period; and quite naturally, when the young doctor saw the sudden change in the patient's behaviour, he thought it was due to nothing else than that "magnetic influence" of his.

It had been decided about that time to take Elijah up to Salt Lake City to see a dentist, as his teeth had been bothering him.

I don't know that I have mentioned it, but Elijah's relatives were very wealthy—a rich California family. Elijah was then about forty years old, and a bachelor. Whenever he was in need of anything special his friends in California authorized the doctors to provide it at their expense.

The patient got to hear of the proposed trip to the city—forty-nine miles from the asylum by rail—just about the time the spell of quietness fell

due, and it set him scheming. He was cute enough to see at once that the young doctor was taking credit to himself for his changed deportment, and Elijah was quick to turn this knowledge to good account in his own behalf. He naturally and cunningly led the young medico to think that he (Elijah) simply *couldn't* be ill-behaved under the hypnotic influence of the said doctor's glance; and the heart of the latter being touched by the wily patient's specious flattery, the result was that he fell straight into the trap that Elijah was preparing for him.

So very confident of his power over the reputed dangerous lunatic did Dr. Blank become, that he allowed Elijah more and more privileges from day to day; even going

to the length, finally, of permitting him to go about the building, when he was himself within call—he and his alleged magnetism—without having the leather "mufflers" on his arms. The attendants warned the young physician that he was taking big chances, and told him a lot of Elijah's past history to show how treacherous he was; but this only met with curt answers, and requests that the attendants would keep their advice to themselves until it was asked for, and not obtrude opinions on a scientific method of handling insane patients that was too deep for them to appreciate. Of course, this shut us up, and we just kept quiet and waited; but, after that, even the chief

physician—the superintendent of the asylum, an expert in lunacy who was famous throughout the country—warned Dr. Blank that he was breeding trouble for himself. The conceited young diploma-holder actually tried to argue with him, pointing out what he claimed were the "results" of his methods on Elijah to prove that these methods were right.

It was because these criticisms rankled so in young Dr. Blank's mind that he seized

upon the proposed trip to the dentist in Salt Lake with the patient as an occasion when he could prove to the "whole batch of old fogeys" at the asylum that he, actually possessed the magnetic control over insane people that he professed to. He asked permission to accompany the patient up to the city and back himself, instead of having a regular attendant go with Elijah, as had been planned; also, he insisted on having no third person with him. He would answer for the patient's perfect behaviour on the trip with his own reputation, he said.

It will never be known how delighted the crafty Elijah himself was when he found that this permission had been secured by Dr. Blank. The superintendent granted it, though



"THE YOUNG DOCTOR SAW THE SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE PATIENT'S BEHAVIOUR."

reluctantly, which it is morally certain he would not have done had he known, when the day and train finally arrived, that his self-satisfied junior was to board the cars with the patient's arms wholly unrestrained—no "mufflers" with him, and not even a weapon with which to intimidate the lunatic if it became necessary.

When the train which the pair were to take pulled in at the little station that Saturday morning the crafty patient was all smiles. "It was so kind of the asylum management to send him to the best dentist they knew and not turn him over to a local man to practise on," said Elijah, bubbling over with volubility. But most particularly, he said, he appreciated the thoughtful confidence which young Dr. Blank reposed in him. No one else had ever understood him, nor encouraged him to restrain certain impulses which sometimes came to him.

For this trip to Salt Lake, as was customary with him, the patient Elijah was well dressed; his wealthy relatives saw to that detail. He was never required to put on any sort of asylum garb; and if now and then in his tantrums he tore up or otherwise ruined a fine suit of clothes, the family cheerfully paid for another.

Anyone looking at the two men when they walked down the car aisle, even if told that they were physician and insane patient, would have been at a loss to distinguish between them. Of the pair, Elijah was most certainly the more intelligent in appearance; and when, as now, his cunning mind was busy evolving and developing a plan for escape which demanded his acting in a dignified and self-possessed manner, he was an expert in assuming that character. No one could be more plausible when necessary than Elijah Ford.

None of the other passengers thought it note-

worthy because the elder of the two men who had boarded the tram at Station B., Provo, took the inside of the seat they had dropped into, next the window.

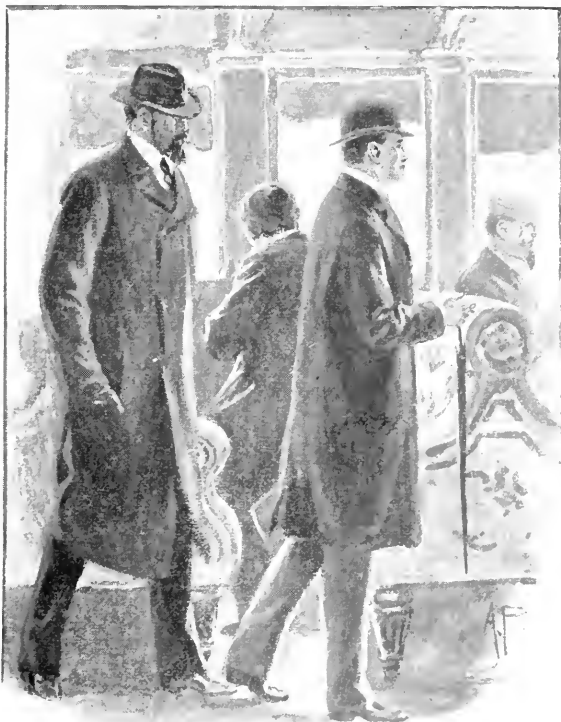
It happened to be a through train that they had taken, and not one where the conductor knew personally each fresh batch of passengers. So when the conductor of the train arrived at the seat holding the young doctor and Elijah, he simply glanced at them carelessly and held out his hand for their tickets.

He was in consequence quite surprised in the brief moment he intended to devote to them to see the older of the two passengers make a cautious signal, as soon as he had paused, to attract his attention, while the other man was busily fumbling in the pocket of his waistcoat for the tickets, and then to see this older passenger tap his forehead suggestively, unseen by his companion, and nod meaningly in that unconscious individual's direction. The unexpected action naturally startled the ticket taker, but only mildly so, and he was wholly unprepared for what immediately followed.

The older passenger (Elijah) suddenly

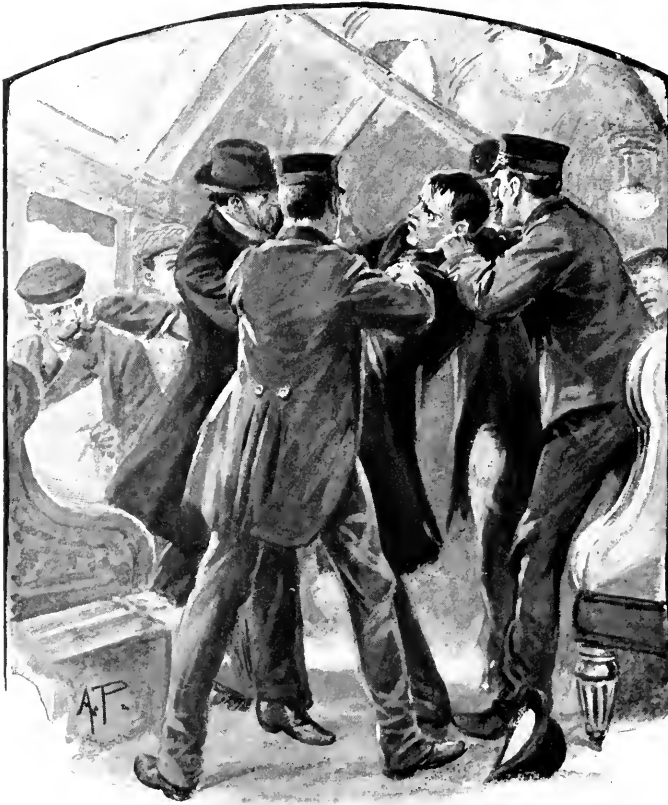
sprang to his feet in the narrow space fronting his seat, and whipping a pair of formidable leather "mufflers" out from under his coat, where he had cunningly hidden them, he exclaimed, in apparently the greatest excitement and sudden alarm, that his "charge" (meaning, of course, the young doctor) was "about to have another serious attack." He commanded the now seriously-scared conductor, "if the latter valued the lives of his passengers," to secure him!

"The unfortunate man is a lunatic, and at times very dangerous," explained the crafty individual who had produced the leather "mufflers" as his insignia of office. With the aid of both the frightened conductor and a burly brakeman,



"THEY WALKED DOWN THE CAR AISLE."





"ELIJAH FASTENED THE STOUT BRACELETS UPON THE ARMS OF THE STRUGGLING YOUNG PHYSICIAN."

who had rushed to their assistance, Elijah fastened the stout bracelets upon the arms of the struggling and highly indignant young physician.

I tell you that man Elijah Ford knew how to carry off the desperately cunning part he was playing in a plausible manner; and he was being helped out in it, as he knew he would be, by the furious actions of the man he had changed personalities with. The almost insanely angry young doctor was acting the crazy man by this time to the life. He struggled, raved, and cursed, and finally foamed at the mouth, playing right into Elijah's hands. He even tried to lift his manacled arms after the "mufflers" were on him securely to strike his secretly-exultant but apparently deeply distressed impersonator in the face, but this the stiff, rigid nature of the stout leather arm-bracelets prevented his doing. Every action of the indignant young medico became just so much more evidence that things were really as the cunning Elijah pretended.

The frantic prisoner at length began shouting out so that all in the car could hear him

above the din of the rushing train. A crafty trick, he shouted, was being pulled off before their very eyes by a madman, who was endeavouring to escape by this ruse. In a loud angry voice he went on to claim (which was, of course, perfectly true, only nobody would believe it) that he himself was the attendant physician, Dr. Blank, and that he had this other party, a dangerously insane person, in his charge.

"If that idiotic conductor," shouted the victim, finally, "will but feel in the pocket in the right breast of my coat he will find papers there which prove me to be what I claim."

But the cunning Elijah was more than equal to this emergency. By this time the train was ten miles out of Provo, and, luckily for Elijah, nobody aboard it knew the young doctor. He had been wise enough to foresee such a contingency as his custodian being recognised, and grew bolder with that danger eliminated. When Dr. Blank made the angry announcement about having identification papers with him the wily Elijah merely smiled down upon him indulgently, and then privately winked at the conductor, who for

a brief instant had looked doubtful.

"I believe that by the merest accident I have some medical documents with me," said Elijah, and as he spoke—to the medico's intense dismay—he hauled out of his own pocket all Dr. Blank's private documents and letters! He had cleverly managed to filch them from the real doctor's breast-pocket during the recent fierce struggle to fix the "mufflers" on!

"The poor man always declares himself to be the attending physician or keeper, which ever has him in charge," continued Elijah, adroitly; "and, under the influence of strong delusion, I have no doubt that he frequently does become confused as to his own personality."

The genuine Dr. Blank found, after about fifteen minutes of raving and struggling to free himself—the burly brakeman having finally pinioned his legs to keep him quiet—that he was only damaging his own case, and he calmed down somewhat.

Then he began to argue with the conductor and others in a perfectly sensible way; but, of course, by that time there was nothing the

unlucky young physician could have done that wouldn't have looked like some of the smooth work of a clever lunatic. It made no particular difference then how he acted or what he said. So far as the opinion of that car-full of passengers went, it was "all off" with the real Dr. Blank.

Still, Elijah didn't let himself get overconfident or careless; nor did he overlook any point. He notified the conductor in a quiet aside, after he had reflected a moment and while Dr. Blank was trying his best to press some of his arguments upon a preacher-passenger who had become interested in the affair, that always, when his patient got quiet and submissive as he was then, it was generally nothing more than a lull between two storms. The patient would very likely have one more very violent attack before they got to Salt Lake; and he said that as a rule after the second attack, the patient suffered from collapse, which would some day prove fatal. Elijah was sorry that he wasn't where the patient could have immediate medical attendance. Unluckily he hadn't brought his phial-case with him, and powerful tonics would be imperatively needed.

All this was just the further development of the lunatic's plan, which at this juncture was to make some excuse to leave the train with his pretended charge before they should reach Salt Lake City. In the latter town both men would be almost instantly recognised in their genuine characters; and once there, the crafty lunatic knew that his ingenious scheme would fall to pieces.

He carried this part of his plan through just as cunningly as he had the beginning of it, apparently reaching a sudden conclusion that it had become absolutely imperative for him and the patient to leave the train at the small city of Lehi, about twenty miles from Salt Lake.

Very naturally Dr. Blank's anger and dismay, with their accompanying demonstrations, became greatly augmented when he realized to a certainty the full depths of his companion's intentions. He had, of course, seen there was a possibility of the patient carrying the thing to the point of escape, should such an opportunity arise; but he had hoped that Elijah was merely inspired by a freakish impulse to do mischief, with no deeper object. But he saw now that the man had had the idea of escape in his mind the whole time. If the plan succeeded it meant lasting disgrace to the young doctor, especially after he had ignored and sneered at the warnings of those who knew Elijah's deep cunning. He suddenly remembered, too, that he had even disregarded an asylum regulation by bringing a dangerous

patient abroad with no means of controlling him in case of violent outbreaks.

The farther home these thoughts sank into the young doctor's mind the more vehement did he get in his pleadings with his hearers, and then his pleadings became threats of all sorts of dire punishments which were later to be visited upon the occupants of the car for permitting themselves to be thus hoodwinked by an insane person, whose escape, by that same obstinate blindness, they were conniving at to a man. All this was greeted naturally with pitying smiles from the passengers, while one of patient resignation, with just the proper suggestion of boredom, illumined the features of the "afflicted man's" medical attendant.

When Lehi was at length reached and the train slowed down and stopped, it took four of the stoutest passengers, besides the conductor and the pretended physician, to get the manacled and frantic "patient" through the narrow aisle of the car and out on to the station platform. He was finally deposited there, however, though he struggled and raved and even tried to hold back by catching the seat-frames with his feet. If he had had ordinary sense Dr. Blank would not have adopted such tactics, but just gone peacefully along and trusted to meeting someone on the platform who would recognise either him or Elijah, and so straighten things out. But this young doctor had such a vast idea of his own importance that he couldn't tamely submit to such awful indignities even for a little while. Probably, too, he wasn't sure that his crazy patient didn't intend to get him away somewhere by himself and quietly finish him off. There was no telling *what* Elijah might do!

As soon as Elijah and his "lunatic" reached the platform the man acting as station-policeman saw them struggling and came rushing to the spot to give assistance. Elijah, preserving his air of the veteran physician to whom such experiences were not infrequent, stated briefly to the officer that he wished to have the patient removed instantly in a hack to the insane ward at the Lehi county gaol. There, he explained, could be found everything that would be necessary in the "emergency which had overtaken him and his unfortunate patient." A hack being summoned Elijah and the manacled "patient" at once started. The latter had become calm again when he heard the gaol mentioned, for he felt confident he would be able quickly to identify himself there; and, besides, he had now had more time to reflect and see how foolishly he had been acting. Elijah declined the company of the policeman, saying he could "control the patient better alone."

The county gaol was a mile and a half from the depôt. Elijah knew all about it, and told the driver to take a certain back street—not wishing, he said, to further excite the patient, who would soon be in a state of partial collapse. Elijah kept up his assumed character to the very last minute.

When the carriage had got half-way to the gaol and was passing through a suburb—it's all pretty much suburb there at Lehi—where there were lots of big trees and only a few scattered houses, Elijah suddenly leaned over toward the young doctor—who had been repaying the former's tantalizing smiles during the ride with deep scowls, which foreboded long weeks of strait-jackets and dungeons for the patient after their relative identities should be once more adjusted—and deftly slipped a gag made from his handkerchief into the medico's mouth, a proceeding which took him completely by surprise, and which the "mufflers" prevented him from resisting. Next, in spite of his feeble opposition, Elijah tied his feet together with the light lap-robe; and these things being all fixed to his liking, the real lunatic dropped quietly out of the side door of the rapidly-moving vehicle, which he opened noiselessly. He disappeared towards the open fields without his departure having been noticed by the driver.

It was not until the hack had reached the gaol building that the plight of the unfortunate young physician—and then almost immediately, of course, the entire clever plot—was discovered. The deeply humiliated Dr. Blank never returned to the asylum again, but went back at once to California, and cut asylum work out of his practice. First, however, he wired information of the patient's escape to the asylum authorities—a bare statement that the man had got away from him, together with the direction he was supposed to have taken.

My personal connection with this adventure began at this crisis in it; for I was one of those who were rushed out by the superintendent to try to recapture the escaped lunatic. And, by the way, it was I who ultimately caught the cunning rascal—and a merry chase he led me, too! One other attendant and myself followed a sort of blind trail—this rancher and that rancher, or their men, reporting that they had seen a person answering the description we furnished them—until we finally brought up almost at the foot of Utah Lake, nearly a hundred and twenty miles from where we started at Lehi.

It was on our fifth day on the trail, mounted on a pair of wiry Utah cayuses, that the signs of the fugitive suddenly commenced getting "hot," and we expected every minute to sight our man. Elijah had also been travelling most of the time on horse-back, he having, with consummate audacity, represented to a rancher—whose horse he then borrowed—that he was Dr. Blank of the Insane Asylum on a search for an escaped patient! His original scheme seemed to be lingering in his mind still, for he went so far as to give the rancher a pretty accurate description of the real



"ELIJAH TIED HIS FEET TOGETHER."

Dr. Blank as being the man who had escaped. No doubt he had an idea that the young doctor would begin a hunt for him, and by this ruse he hoped he would induce the rancher to swoop down on his pursuer when the latter came along. Before the deluded rancher told my companion and I of this last clever move of Elijah's he looked the pair of us over carefully to see if either of us fitted the description he had; and then what we told him brought out his story.

About two hours after midday of our fifth day on the man-hunt we came suddenly upon a chestnut mare, which we recognised from the rancher's description as being the one he had lent to the fugitive. The animal was standing

tied and partially concealed in a dense jungle of cane and brush. Its appearance led us to believe that the animal had been only recently deserted by its rider; so we took two different directions skirting the jungle, that would eventually bring us together again about a quarter of a mile distant, intending there to start out separately once more if we had not meanwhile caught sight of Elijah. We both dismounted and left our cayuses tied close to the other one, and we carried our rifles. We had no intention of using the weapons—not on the crazy man, anyhow—but they were excellent things to have with us in case Elijah wanted to argue.

I took the inside course, nearest the lake; and after I had pushed ahead into the brush for some distance I could see the water glimmering through the thick-standing cane. It was close to the middle of December; but the usual bright sunshiny weather was on that lasts nearly till the new year in the "banana belt" of Utah. The nights, however, got freezing cold, and I was rather anxious to hurry up and get my hands on Elijah—I felt sure he was somewhere about—so that we could all get back to a certain ranch-house before night fell.

I bent sharply toward the right, intending to get out on to the shore of the lake, where there was a promise of easier walking, and was plunging through the brush pretty rapidly, when all at once something tripped me and I fell sprawling into a hedge of wild gooseberry, and through this to the ground, where I fetched up flat on my face in a big clump of cactus.

I wasn't even given time to rise, before I felt myself picked up in two powerful arms and shot out of the brush like a flash into an open spot, where I landed on my back on the hard ground so rapidly that I had no time to wonder who it was that was playing football with me. A vague sort of a guess that it might be Elijah had just come to my mind when Elijah himself set his knee down on my chest and twined his sinewy

fingers about my throat, and I began to see things like balls of fire.

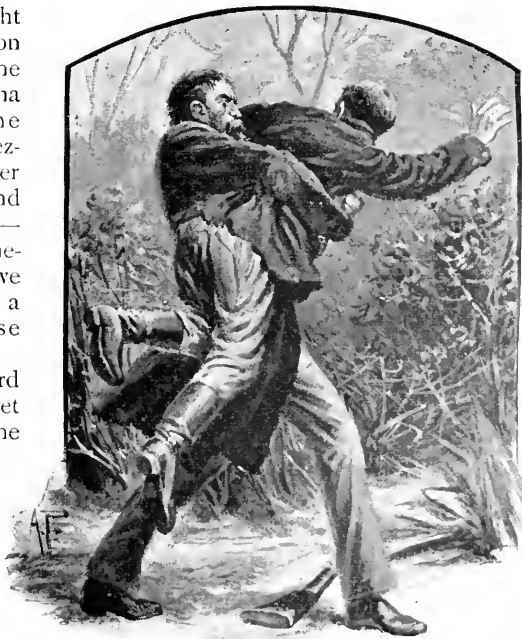
I had caught a little glimpse of the madman's face before everything turned hazy; and had a sort of vague idea that he was not in one of his really murderous moods, so I wasn't greatly surprised to find he didn't intend finishing me after making such a good start. I had lost my rifle when I stumbled over the leg which Elijah had stuck out so deftly in my path, and I saw the rascal was looking for it. It wouldn't have done for me to call out to try to make the other attendant hear me, as it would only anger the madman, who was much more than my match physically. Doubtless my companion would come back to look for me when I failed to show up at our agreed meeting-place; so I decided to try to keep Elijah's mind off mischief the best way I could till Swenson, my partner, should come to my rescue.

I knew that I stood no more chance in trying to measure wits with the cunning lunatic than I did in a rough-and-tumble; but he had me absolutely in his power, and I had to do something.

"Isn't that a pretty rough reception to give a man who's your friend?" I asked my captor. He had found the rifle, and now stood looking down at me as I sat there trying to appear as unconcerned as I possibly could, while I picked the cactus needles out of my face. He was sizing me up with his eyes almost closed, and I was glad not to see that blind stare in them that would have accompanied one of his more dangerous moods. His jaws, however, were set

like a vice, and the constant twitching of his arms, one of which held my rifle, made me wish Swenson would waste no precious moments in appearing.

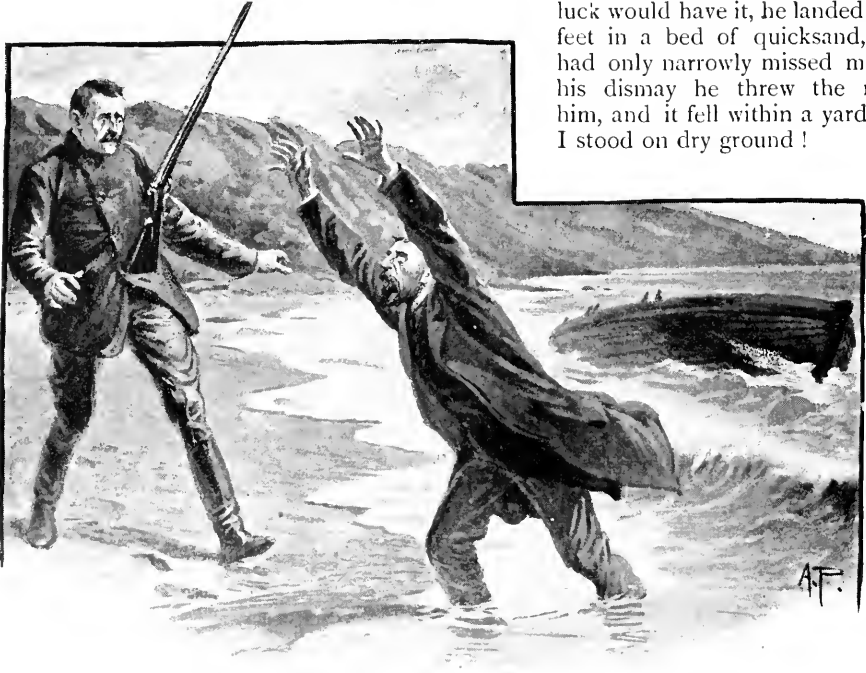
"Didn't you know that I came down here to help you, and that I am running away too?" I said. It was a childish way for me to try to handle a man of Elijah Ford's mental calibre, but I was too desperate to think of that then. Elijah didn't speak, but just continued to look at me quizzically, while he seemed to be study-



"I FELT MYSELF PICKED UP IN TWO POWERFUL ARMS."

ing the best way to dispose of me. Pretty soon, however, he concluded apparently that he would take me at my word, or, at any rate, that he would pretend to, which I had reason soon enough afterward to wish he hadn't.

He spoke but three words: "Come ahead, then," he said, through his teeth; and then,



"IN HIS DISMAY HE THREW THE RIFLE FROM HIM."

seizing my arm, he marched me in front of him a short way down the beach of the lake. Here, drawn up on the sand and concealed by a shelf in the bank, he had managed somehow to provide himself with a heavy, flat-bottomed row-boat. It was such a boat as the lake-dwellers thereabouts use when fishing off-shore, and was very heavy. He had provisions in it which he had got—no doubt by representing himself as Dr. Blank—from the ranchers, and he had probably been about to start across to the other side of the lake, intending there to hit the trail for the coast, when he heard me crashing toward him through the brush.

If Utah Lake is a yard wide at its foot it is twenty-five miles. Let us draw a curtain on that journey across it. Suffice it to say that I did the rowing, while the "poor crazy man" sat in the stern seat directing me—even encouraging me, though he seldom spoke—with my rifle across his knees.

My finally capturing him on the opposite

shore, after the interminable journey across, was the merest accident, and I claim little credit for it. When I sprang first from the boat, by Elijah's instructions, the old scow slued around; and both the oars, which I had not shipped, dropped into the lake, and the boat began to drift away. Then Elijah got flustered for the very first time and sprang after me. As luck would have it, he landed with both feet in a bed of quicksand, which I had only narrowly missed myself. In his dismay he threw the rifle from him, and it fell within a yard of where I stood on dry ground!

If a couple of stout countrymen hadn't happened to come along at that moment, and helped me to haul Elijah out of the quicksand into which he had then sunk half to his knees, his career would have terminated then and there in a most horrible death.

But we got him out safe. He saw he was beaten; and although exhausted, as I was, from the boat-trip, I sat up the whole of that night with him—it being nearly dusk when we reached the west side—in one of the countrymen's shacks, to see he played no more games on me. I got him safe to the asylum the next day without further trouble.

We crossed back over the lake the following morning in a skiff, with a countryman to help and the fish-boat in tow; and there on the east shore we found my companion Swenson, looking happy to see us; for he had decided, from the tracks discovered along the beach, that Elijah had jumped into the lake with me, and that both of us had been drowned.

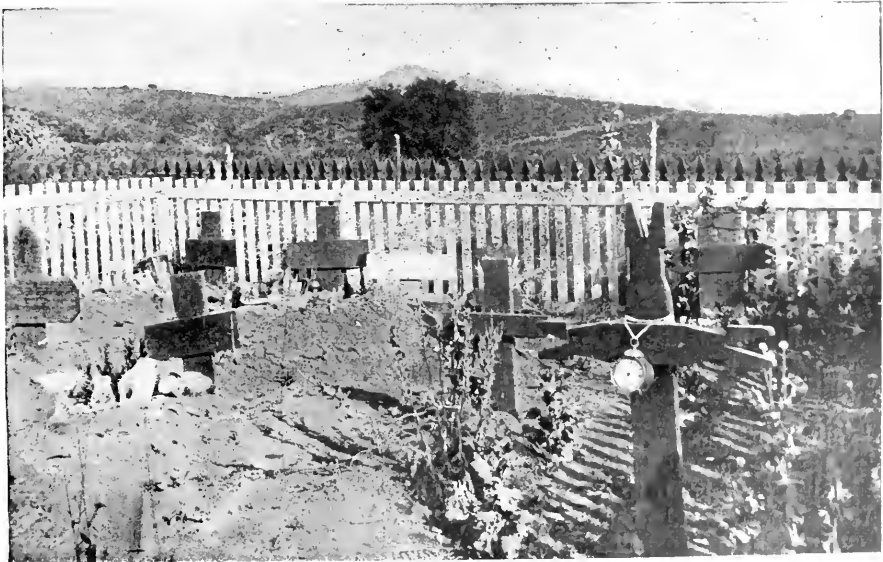
## Odds and Ends.

An Indian Burial-Ground—Japanese Firemen—A Wonderful Tree—What a Flooded River Can Do, etc., etc.



**A**MONG the foot-hills of the Coast Range, in the extreme southern part of the State of California, a little mission was established a century ago. The Jesuit Fathers succeeded in converting the majority of the Pala Indians, and to this day the faith of the ancient fathers prevails in the tribe. Some of the native superstitions have crept

remain in the grave for a certain length of time. Each soul, they believe, must serve this fixed period of grave-bondage. For this reason these Indians are very particular to note the exact hour and minute when the spirit departs from the body, and walking through their little cemetery you will note upon the rude cross which marks each grave that the occupant died at such an hour and minute of a certain day.



A SCENE IN AN INDIAN BURIAL-GROUND—THE INDIANS BELIEVE THAT AT THE APPOINTED TIME THE ALARM CLOCK WILL SOUND AND AWAKEN THE SLEEPING SPIRIT

*From a Photo. by C. C. Pierce & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.*

into their religion, but strong and clear in the minds of the Indians stands out the fact that there will be an awakening of the dead and a rising to a new and higher life. In some way they have acquired the idea that the dead are destined to

One grave in particular is marked in a most peculiar manner. From the cross is suspended by a string a cheap alarm clock. The hands point to 6.57 o'clock. If one turns to the back of the clock they will notice that the alarm has been set for the same moment. The clock is



THE WONDERFUL POLYP TREE—THE SMALLEST FRAGMENT, CUT FROM ANY PART AND MERELY THROWN ON THE GROUND, WILL GROW INTO A NEW TREE!

From a Photo.

silent, of course, but the person who hung it there evidently believes that when the appointed time comes the alarm will sound and awaken the sleeping spirit. To the left of the photograph will be seen another grave decorated with a clock—doubtless in pursuance of the same curious idea; but in this case the time-piece has fallen down and is fast going to ruin.

Most people have heard of the polyp, that wonderful marine animal which, cut up into a thousand pieces, grows into a thousand new animals. The same thing is true of the polyp tree, a species of *ceres* which is abundant in Paraguay. The minutest piece of this tree, cut from whatever part, grows into a new plant. It is not necessary to plant it; all you have to do is to throw it on the ground, when it will strike root of

its own accord. These plants, with their relatives the cacti, have the remarkable habit of deriving their sustenance entirely from the rain and the atmosphere, for they will grow and thrive in clefts in the naked rock where there is not a particle of earth matter. Their succulent stems are full of a viscous matter which makes an excellent glue. Ridding a garden of this weird tree would probably be a difficult business.

Once a year the firemen in Japanese cities have an official parade and display. After this function is over the men break up into their respective sections and parade the streets, giving clever acrobatic performances *en route*, as shown in the photograph here reproduced. Some of the feats they perform on their light bamboo fire-ladders are marvellous, and all their performances are carried out with a dash and enthusiasm which is good to see. Their abilities as fire-fighters are highly spoken of by Europeans who have seen them tackling a blaze. We imagine that our readers will be interested in the cut and pattern of their trousers, which are, to put it mildly, unique.



JAPANESE FIREMEN GIVING A LADDER DISPLAY.

From a Photo.



"Pride feels no pinch" is a trite old saying which is strikingly exemplified in the curious photo. here reproduced. The picture shows three Nigerian traders wearing ivory bracelets and anklets. These cumbersome "ornaments" are looked on as priceless possessions, each set costing about forty pounds—a veritable fortune to a native. This ivory "jewellery" is lined with rubber to prevent it chafing the skin—a very necessary precaution—and the anklets give their proud wearers a most grotesque appearance, as in order to avoid tripping over these bulky trinkets the dusky dandy or belle has to do a curious shuffle. The putting-on of the articles is a particularly painful process. The hand or foot is first bound tightly with thin fibre, the limb



"PRIDE FEELS NO PINCH"—NIGERIAN NATIVES WEARING SOLID IVORY BRACELETS AND ANKLETS. (Photo. From a)

The following photograph, taken in the Stanley Park, Vancouver, British Columbia, shows a most extraordinary natural freak,



AN EXTRAORDINARY NATURAL FREAK IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER. From a Photo. by N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.

origin of which it is almost impossible to account for. It will be seen that two trees have actually grown up with their roots standing straddle-legged over a large log. These trees have their roots down each side of the log, and the puzzle is, how did they do it? Did the trees start on one side, put down roots to the other, and then grow up? Or did two separate trees start in each case? If so, how did they unite in one, as neither of the trunks show any suggestion of their joining? Perhaps some of our readers can explain.

being well smeared with palm-oil, and the circlet is then gradually screwed on. These ornaments are surely unique for size and general unwieldiness.

The photograph reproduced on the top of the next page represents a page of time-honoured importance to the Egyptian natives of Egypt. This is the procession of the "Mahmal"



THE PROCESSION OF THE "MAHMAL" IN CAIRO.  
*From a Photo.*

in Cairo previous to its departure on the pilgrimage to Mecca. This "Mahmal" is the emblem of the presence of Royalty with the pilgrimage, and represents a Royal litter in which a beautiful Turkish woman travelled with the pilgrims after having proclaimed herself ruler of the land. The custom still survives of parading the "Mahmal" in the presence of Royalty (represented by H.H. the Khedive) in the great square before the citadel previous to its departure on the long journey through the desert. It is borne on the back of a large camel, as richly caparisoned as the object itself, accompanied by the sheiks or a few Dervishes

chanting their "Allah! Allahs!" or beating their peculiar drums, and with a military escort, while the native troops are drawn up round the square keeping back the enormous multitudes who flock to the scene in all the varied hues of Oriental feast-day garments.

A very interesting ceremony takes place annually at Copenhagen on Midsummer Day. At the Museum of Northern Antiquities in that city there are preserved four "lurs," the oldest musical instruments in the world; they are over two thousand years old. Every year these ancient instruments are brought out and a quartette of



A UNIQUE MUSICAL EVENT--A PERFORMANCE ON INSTRUMENTS OVER TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

*From a Photo.*

skilled musicians give a performance upon them, as shown in our photograph. This is surely a unique musical event.

What a flooded stream can achieve in the way of freakish mischief is aptly illustrated in the accompanying photograph. It shows a house whose inhabitants imagined that they dwelt in peaceful



WHAT A FLOODED RIVER CAN DO--THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WATER ROSE THIS HOUSE STOOD FIFTY FEET ABOVE HIGH-WATER-MARK.

*From a Photo, by N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.*



MAX SCHAFFLER, A GERMAN, WHO IS CYCLING ROUND THE WORLD  
*From a* WITHOUT MONEY *[Photo.]*

scheme successfully his experiences should be well worth publishing.

The following photograph was taken at the River Mona in the Island of Jamaica, West Indies, and shows some of the native followers of a self-styled "John the Baptist" named Bedward. The "Bedwardites" regard the stream as having healing powers, both spiritually and physically. In other words, their leader—a negro with a plausible tongue—has taught them to regard the Mona as the Jordan! Every Sunday the members of this curious sect congregate in Kingston and march to the "Jordan," waving all sorts and conditions of banners, white shirts, night-shirts, and counterpanes, bought, borrowed, or otherwise acquired for the occasion. Arrived at the river the "Bedwardites" wallow in the stream until, as their leader declares, "all the devils are driven out." They then proceed, incongruously enough, to celebrate their release from the evil demons by drinking

security, situated as they were fifty feet from highest flood-mark. In one night, however, the river rose up and gouged away the whole of the foundations of the back part of the house. The surprise of the inmates can be imagined when they woke in the morning to find it hanging ten feet above the rushing waters. The photo. was taken at Calgary, in Canada, during a flood on the Bow River.

A curious phase of life in these latter days is the large number of people who are wandering over the earth in the effort to go somewhere or do something in "record" time or fashion. From Hassau, in far Mysore, a reader sends us the above photograph of a "penniless German traveller" who is endeavouring to go round the world on a bicycle without money. He is "testing the hospitality" of the different nations, and intends to write a book on his experiences. This quaint person has already travelled through China, Japan, Sumatra, India, and many other countries, and has been the guest of several potentates, as his credentials testify. Anything you like to give him, except money, he will accept, and in this way he has received no fewer than five bicycles, to replace worn-out machines, and several cameras. The name of this extraordinary man is Max Schaffler, and if he carries out his ambitious



A STRANGE JAMAICAN SECT, WHO LOOK UPON THE MONA AS THE JORDAN  
*From a* AND THEIR LEADER JOHN THE BAPTIST. *[Photo.]*

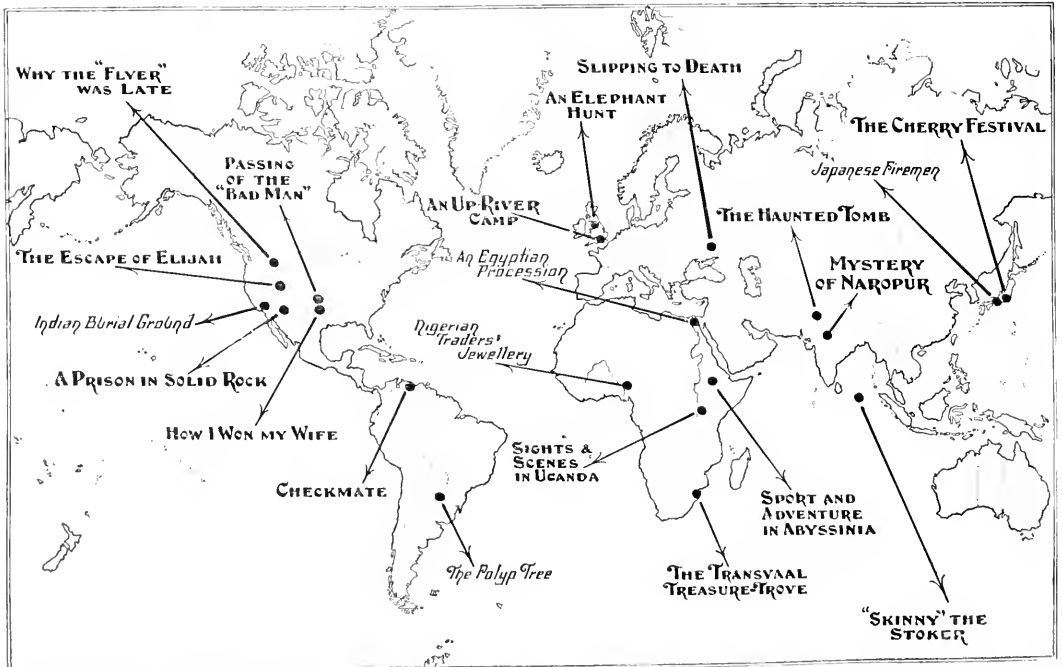
rum! As a natural result many of the sect spend Sunday night in gaol.

A little way outside the village of Zermatt stands a rock some thirty or forty feet high called the "Shoehorn." This great boulder is very difficult to scale, and offers the neophyte excellent training in rock-work, as may well be imagined from an examination of the picture. Our photograph shows an embryo guide climbing up the most difficult side of the rock. Every nerve and muscle is strained to



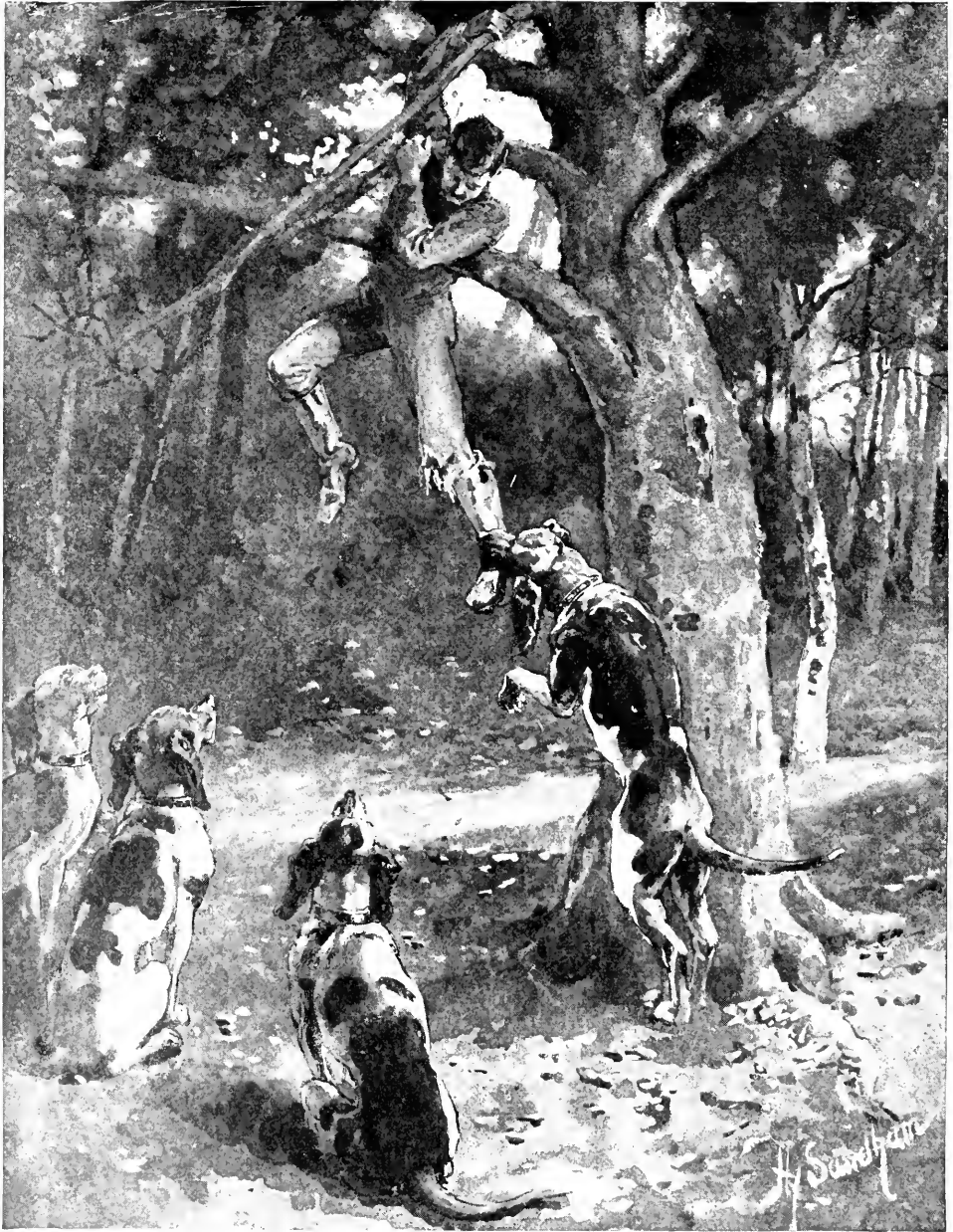
THE "SHOEHORN" ROCK AT ZERMATT—A TRAINING-GROUND FOR ALPINE GUIDES.  
*From a Photo.*

its utmost, for the man has to pull himself up by ledges not more than a quarter of an inch wide. When a man can perform this feat, and not till then, he is deemed fit to tackle the Matterhorn. It would be a good thing—and the means of averting many distressing accidents—if would-be mountain climbers were compelled to pass some similar test before being allowed to risk life and limb on peaks which even the veteran Alpinist approaches with respect.



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 DOG WAS DOING HIS BEST TO DRAG THE MAN DOWN.”

(SEE PAGE 318.)

# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIII.

AUGUST, 1904.

No. 76.

## THE DYNAMITERS.

BY WALTER G. PATTERSON, OF HELENA, MONTANA.

The story of a unique attempt to blackmail a great railway. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company of America was informed, by means of a series of anonymous letters, that unless the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars was deposited at a certain specified point their trains would be blown up with dynamite! Mr. Patterson describes the exciting series of events which followed the natural refusal of the company to consent to any such proposition.



O safer region can be found in the United States, in every way, than the North-West; and among the States composing it Montana's quota of deeds of violence of all kinds is smaller, even proportionately, than that of any other State in the entire Union. This claim is susceptible of proof if anyone doubts it. When the railroads came into the section "Alkali Ike" characters became hopelessly obsolete. They exist nowhere outside the brains of professional humorists and those writers who seek to entertain readers at a distance by giving the latter what they think "ought to be" in this "wild and woolly" West, because it so thrilled them when it did exist there, to a limited extent. With this preface—intended to correct any false impressions which the following narrative might otherwise engender—I will proceed to the setting forth of my story.

Upon the morning of the 18th of July last, amongst the letters from the West which were laid upon the desk of Vice-President J. M. Hannaford, of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, in his office in St. Paul, was a soiled and greasy-looking envelope, the superscription of which indicated the writer to be an illiterate person. Suspecting a "kick" from some far Western rancher, with the customary hundred-dollar claim for damages, because a twenty-dollar "cayuse" had been killed by the cars, Mr. Hannaford opened the letter, when his eyes rested upon a rather startling communication. It was unsigned; its chirography a scrawl, and evidently a laboured disguise; yet the pretended illiteracy of the author was not well sustained.

The letter had been mailed at a small station on the Northern Pacific west of Helena, Montana, though the location of the writer was omitted in the scrawl. It read precisely as follows:—

"Board of Directors, N.P.R.R. Co.

"DEAR SIR,—We write you this letter to notify you we hold the Northern Pacific Railroad Company for twenty-five thousand dollars (25,000dols.) ransom, and if necessary we will destroy your railroad property until the same is paid. We will give you fifteen days from date to think this matter over, and if at the expiration of that time you have decided to comply with our demands you can notify us of your decision in the following way: Tie a piece of white cloth to the draw-head of the last coach of each of your passenger-trains running between St. Paul, Minn., and Spokane, Wash. Carry this signal until you are notified how to deliver the money. If at the expiration of fifteen (15) days from date you have not carried the signal mentioned above we will begin destroying your railroad property, and will continue to do so until the signal is carried. We wish to assure you that we mean business and are willing to go to the limit to gain our ends, and if it is necessary to destroy your property to bring you to terms, the danger will be of a very serious nature. And as we do not care to be held alone responsible for the possible loss of lives, we will notify the travelling public through the leading newspapers that we hold your road for this ransom, and until this matter is settled travelling will be dangerous; we only ask a very small part of what rightfully belongs to us, and when you people settle up we will call it square. Hereafter give the working man more justice, and you will avoid this kind of trouble. If we have to go to extremes in this matter we will increase the amount of the ransom. This letter must be delivered with the money.

"Yours truly,"

(No signature.)

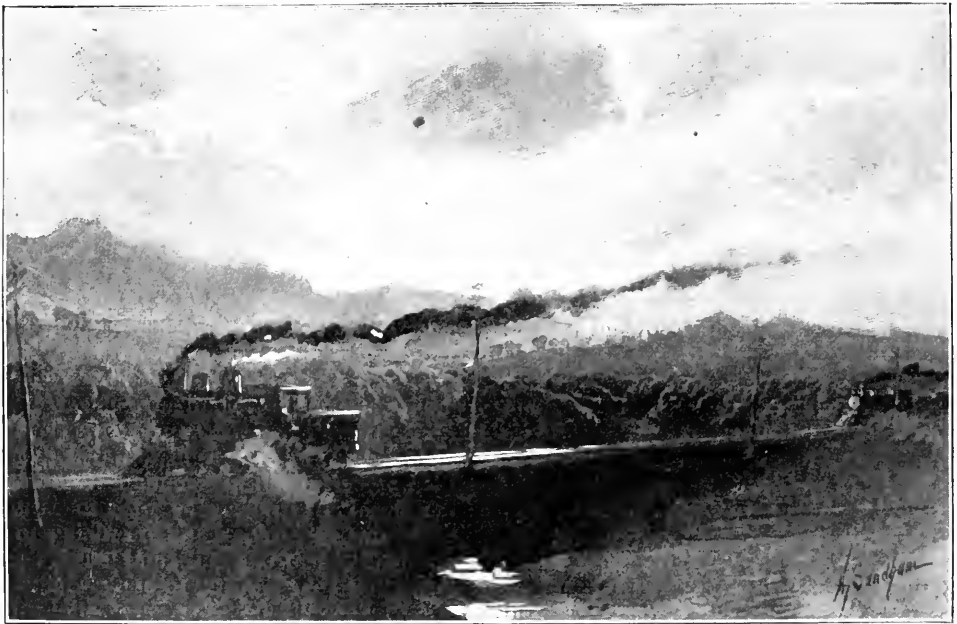
The following day the General Passenger Agent, Mr. Fee, and the President of the



Northern Pacific Company, Mr. C. S. Mellen, received duplicates of this letter, in writing sufficiently similar to the one quoted to indicate an identical writer of all three. Each letter was posted at a different point along the line. The writer's reference in the screed to the treatment of the labouring classes was an undoubted attempt to create an impression that he was some discontented *ex-employé* of the company—an impression, indeed, which prevailed for a short time among the officials, until the subsequent dastardly methods of the man (or men) made it probable that he was a professional murderer, of the blackmailing and dynamiting school, of whom there are, fortunately, very few in the country. Not one of these few is an

any line. To make doubly sure that the cowardly blackmailers did not so dispose an explosive that it escaped the notice of their already vigilant track-walkers, the railroad authorities arranged to have every foot of the road patrolled by special guards, and each train preceded at a safe distance by a pilot-engine. This, it was thought, would guarantee safety for everybody concerned, except possibly the drivers of the pilot-engines, who, however, took the assignments like the tried men they were, only the company's most experienced hands being selected for this work. If any of them felt alarm at the prospect they had a wonderful way of disguising it.

Following the display of the signal, which



"THE RAILWAY AUTHORITIES ARRANGED TO HAVE EACH TRAIN PRECEDED AT A SAFE DISTANCE BY A PILOT-ENGINE."

Anglo-Saxon; and the railroad people soon realized the sort of miscreant it was with whom they were about to measure wits and resources.

Without hesitation the officials decided how they would act; and in pursuance of the plan they had adopted they began immediately to display the required signal. Meanwhile, of course, they had privately decided to defy this latest menace to travel, and in taking this stand they had the hearty support of everybody but the blackmailers themselves. Should the company yield tribute to such scoundrels once, a blind man can see that it would invite repetition of the outrage, and that speedily.

Travel is as absolutely safe over the Northern Pacific to-day as it is possible for it to be upon

apparently indicated the capitulation of the company, the dynamiters' letter of instructions (or rather triplicate copies thereof, as before) which was promised if the signals were displayed, came almost immediately. The following is a verbatim copy of it. It marks a further development of the scoundrelly plot:—

"Board of Directors, N.P.R.R.Co., St. Paul.

"DEAR SIR,—We are pleased to note the fact that you have finally agreed to comply with our demands regarding the twenty-five thousand dollars which we demanded in a letter under date of July 16th. The money delivered to us must be in the following amounts and denominations: five thousand dollars in gold, about equally divided in five, ten, and twenty-dollar

gold pieces; five hundred dollars in five-dollar bills, five thousand dollars in ten-dollar bills, seven thousand five hundred dollars in twenty-dollar bills, five thousand dollars in fifty-dollar bills; all this money, especially the money in bills, must be money that has been in circulation. We do not want any new bills, or bills that has been marked in any way. The money must be delivered in the following way. Let not more than two men take charge of the money; and at seven o'clock p.m. on the evening of August 23rd leave Livingston, Mont., with it on board an empty engine and travel west at the rate of thirty miles an hour by way of Helena and Missoula, Mont. When they see a red light along the track stop the engine, and one man take the sack containing the money and deposit it under the red light. Only one man must leave the engine to deliver the money, and there must not be over four men on the engine, including the engineer and firemen. If there are any suspicious circumstances connected with the delivery of the ransom we will not go near it, and you will have your trip to make over again. After the money has been deposited under the light the man must immediately reboard the engine, which must at once proceed on its way west. Now, in conclusion, we must say that under no circumstances will we allow anyone to be prosecuted for same. If you are satisfied to pay the money which rightfully belongs to us, and call it quits, we will do likewise, and will never bother your company again. This letter must be delivered with the ransom.

"Yours truly."

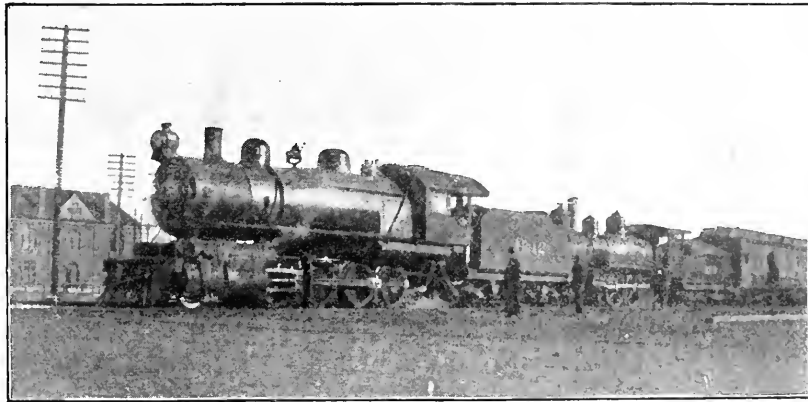
(No signature.)

All three copies of this epistle were post-marked at Butte City, Montana, August 11th, 1 p.m., the directions on the envelopes this time being in crudely-printed characters. Letter number three was dated at Butte City, and was of the same tenor as the last quoted above.

All this time the railway people were not sitting down idly to await events and try to catch the dynamiters when the latter should chance to expose themselves carelessly. On the contrary, no shrewd detective move, both offensive and

stated, after a brief pretence of yielding, every foot of the right-of-way was being carefully patrolled; pilot-engines were run ahead of trains, and even the surrounding country was carefully policed, and suspicious characters thereabouts forced to give an account of themselves. Besides this, swift locomotives with steam up were kept in readiness at different points—notably Helena—close to the scene of possible points of attack. These engines were attached to coaches carrying posses of armed men and horses. Finally, some of the most famous bloodhounds in the States were imported to assist in the hunt.

The animals which were placed on this

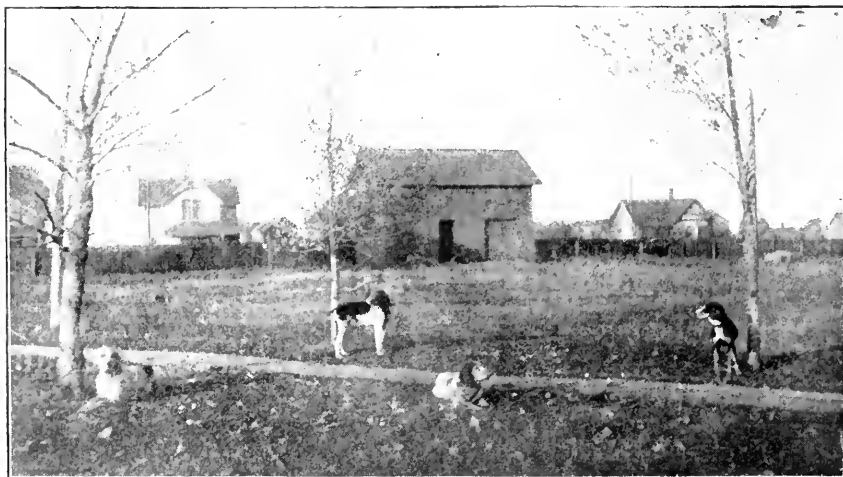


ENGINES AND COACHES WAITING AT HELENA WITH STEAM UP READY TO PROCEED AT ONCE TO THE SCENE OF A DYNAMITE OUTRAGE—THE FRONT ENGINE WAS SUBSEQUENTLY INJURED BY ONE OF THE EXPLOSIONS. (Photo.)

special service of tracking the would-be dynamiters were brought from all parts of the country, each dog selected for his known efficiency as a man-trailer. Some of the brutes were secured from prisons in far-away Texas and Nebraska. Others came from the Montana State Penitentiary at Deer Lodge. Each animal had an enviable record in its way, and was famous above all dogs in its kennel. Several of these bloodhounds were given trial runs to prove that their journey to the high altitudes had not incapacitated them in any way. Certain of the many detectives employed in the affair volunteered to act as "suspects," and were given a good start and told to go into hiding to see if the hounds could run them down. At least one man who thus volunteered had reason to regret it (and none of the dogs missed their men), for after this man had travelled three or four miles, doubled on his tracks, taken to water, and tried in every way he could think of to make it difficult for the bloodhound to follow him, his friends came up with him some time later to

desperately to the branches of a tree, with one of the pack which had assisted in treeing him clinging just as desperately to the officer's ankle. The dog was doing his best, his hind feet barely touching the ground, to drag the man down; while the other dogs, sitting about in a circle, seemed to be waiting for their share of him. The rescue party had some difficulty in beating the pack off, and that ended the trial runs of the hounds, as there were no more volunteers.

The fourth letter of this extraordinary series



SOME FAMOUS BLOODHOUNDS IMPORTED FROM TEXAS TO HELP TO TRACK THE DYNAMITERS.  
*From a Photo.*

was addressed to Vice-President Hannaford, and was posted at Spokane, State of Washington, on August 14th, at 8 a.m., it being the evident purpose of the dynamiters in thus writing from all parts of the system to create the impression that they were an important organization of dissatisfied labouring men not to be trifled with, an idea which the manifest single authorship of the letters belied. This letter read as follows, the obviously hard work the fellow was having to be consistently illiterate marking him as probably well educated:—

“Mr. Hannaford, don't you know it is a crime to charge forty cents to Manila on freight, eight thousand miles, and sixty cents for four hundred miles in Montana or other place? Robbery is nothing for R.R. kings. You will get all the giant powder you want the next year, not bridges, but trains; you are a lot of robbers and thieves. Powder is too good for you robbing thieves; catch us if you can; put in on the track or bridges, or through your windows; your charges to the public is not a crime in your eyes or Roosevelt's either. Wait.”

Letter number five seems to indicate that the

rascals failed in some way in attempting to carry out their own part of the arrangement, whereby the ransom money was to reach their hands from beneath the red lantern. In it they set a new date and renewed their ultimatum. It runs thus—dated at Helena, August 27th, and addressed again to Mr. Hannaford:—

“DEAR SIR,—We are very sorry to inform you we had some misfortured which we could not give you the signal there for we will wait till September 2, so please leave Livingston with the ransom on September 2 at the same rate as before—that is, thirty-five miles an hour—by the way of Helena. The money to be the same as mentioned in the first letter, and also follow the same directions—when you see a red light alongside of the track put the ransom their and keep a gone west. We do not see any ust for you people to pay money to watch your bridges; we will not bother

your people any more if you pay this ransom—in fact, it cuts no ice with us about watching bridges. We are sorry we could not give you the signal last night; everything would have been settle now; we will wait with patien tell day mentioned. We hope this time everything will work all right. Return this letter with ransom.

“Yours resp'y.”

(No signature.)

The sixth epistle was dated from Helena, September 3rd, and the copy from which this is quoted was addressed to Mr. Hannaford. The plotters were evidently beginning to be sceptical as to the good faith of their intended victims:—

“DEAR SIR,—You have been carrying the signal for two or three weeks as you are willing to pay the ransom, which you fail to do. We will not stand for any more monkey work; we waited two hours over time, which we will not do any more. Take warning, or some of your trains will go in the ditch; if you do not come to the scratch this time we will double the ransom on the 15th of September. Take off the white rags and put on a red one in the place of it. Leave with the ransom from Butte by the way

of Garrison, Mont., and Helena at a rate of thirty-five miles an hour. Take a light engine and not any more than three men. You will see a red light alongside of the track; put the ransom their and go east; this letter to be returned with the ransom an be sure to do it, the money to be the same as before. We got you people timed."

(No signature.)

After this date the railroad people dropped all pretence of wishing to come to terms with the blackmailers; and in the seventh and concluding letter the bandits carry out their threat of doubling the sum which they claim is "rightfully due them."

The anonymous scribe thus expresses himself, and then stops writing letters:—

"Butte, Mont., Sept. 17.

"To the Board of Directors.

"DEAR SIR,—As you fail to pay the ransom, we now double the ransom, which is fifty thousand dollars. All the trouble we have to go through you people will pay for it; we will do as stated in the first letters. We will notify the people that they take their own life in hands to travel over your road. If you people had paid the ransom you would never have been bothered by us. If you people make out your mind to pay this ransom, place the same signal as before. If you are willing to pay this ransom October 4 leave Butte, Mont., on October 4 at 6 p.m. with a light engine, not more than three men; go by the way of Helena, Mont., at a rate of thirty-five miles an hour; you will see a red light alongside the track, put the ransom alongside the light and keep a gone west. The money to be as follows: ten thousand dollars in gold, five thousand dollars in five-dollar bills, ten thousand dollars in ten-dollar bills, fifteen thousand dollars in twenty-dollar bills, and ten thousand dollars in five-dollar bills. We want all old bills. If this is not paid on October 4th, we will raise the ransom again, this letter to be returned with the ransom.

"Yours."

(No signature.)

The contents of these letters were wisely kept from the general public by the railroad officials; and as the day set by the dynamiters, October 4th, drew nigh—the day upon which they proposed anew to avenge themselves if the company failed to comply with their demands—vigilance was redoubled throughout the length of the road. This was rewarded during the days immediately preceding the 4th by the discovery of several *cachés* of explosives, the most important of which was the bringing to light of a large quantity of dynamite which had been artfully secreted in a

distance from Helena; this being an ideal locality in every respect for the train-wreckers, both for the pulling-off of an explosion and afterward making good their own escape. Only the most absolutely thorough search would have revealed this *caché* to the patrol, it was so well hidden in a dark corner of the tunnel. Yet it was but one of the numerous clever and fortunate frustrations which overtook the plans of the gang. In addition to the defensive tactics which the corporation pursued, rewards aggregating ten thousand dollars were offered by it and the State officials combined—besides five hundred dollars by Park County, Montana—for the arrest and conviction of the dynamiters.

Prior to October 4th came four or five explosions at sundry spots, each being vaguely anticipated, and set off by freight locomotives which were feeling their way through lonesome localities on the road. All of these partook somewhat of the nature of small but realistic samples of the dynamiting gang's work, to show their victims that they meant business, and had the "stuff" by them to put it through. In this connection it may be well to state that a powder-house situated in the outskirts of Helena had been broken into one night late in September, and an immense lot of dynamite stolen. The Mullan tunnel "find" probably represented almost the whole of this, which was a serious set-back to the gang.

The night of October 4th, which chanced to fall on a Sunday, was awaited with considerable apprehension, both by railroad people and such of the general public as were cognizant of the state of affairs. The bandits had met with nothing so far but failure, and it was felt that they would be desperate to score a success. *Employés* of the road and the local travelling public, while realizing that they were being almost perfectly safeguarded, were still naturally somewhat nervous. Even a powder-mill may be made reasonably safe, and yet a person unaccustomed to them never feels wholly comfortable inside one. One enterprising Helena hardware merchant seized upon the fact that the public mind was being bent keenly towards possible dynamite outrages to turn it to his own advantage in a realistic advertisement. This comprised a miniature locomotive made entirely out of culinary implements and set up on a narrow line of rails in his show window, in front of which, upon the track, with fuse attached, were what appeared to be three sticks of genuine giant powder.

Despite all these preliminary arrangements for the night of the 4th—or, more properly, because of them—the long hours of that anxious night dragged by without the least startling thing hap-

pening, although false reports reached distant points that a tunnel had been blown up, with a number of fatalities.

Yet not even an accident or a casualty of any sort occurred that night, not even the loss of a "cow-catcher." Two nights later one of the road's wooden bridges was burnt, having caught fire from a spark; and report of this reached the newspapers in New York, and was later disseminated everywhere to the effect that this, too, was the work of the ransom-claimers.

It was the night of the 7th of October before anything at all serious occurred, the rascals having in some way managed to elude the vigilance of the patrol after dark on that date, at a lonesome bend in the road eleven miles out of Helena, near Birdseye, long enough to fasten two sticks of dynamite to the rails with wire, one upon either side, and then disappear. A heavy freight train came along. There were two sudden and almost coincident roars, and then a blinding blaze of light shot up before the eyes of the engineer and fireman. The former, however, had the presence of mind to instantly reverse his big engine and the train luckily escaped derailment. Then, jumping down to the ground to investigate, the two men found the pilot (the "cow-catcher") and the headlight blown clean off, two immense holes in the earth, and a few yards of road-bed destroyed.

Word was hurriedly sent to Helena of this

latest outrage, and in an incredibly brief time a police train came rushing down to the spot, the officers and their canine assistants alert and eager. But here, for the first time, fortune favoured the bandits. A fierce storm sprang up and the deluge of rain accompanying it wholly obliterated the trail, "killing" the scent for the bloodhounds. Enough had been seen by the light of a torch before the rain came, however, to indicate that one man on horseback had placed the explosive. He had come and gone within the few minutes intervening between the freight's arrival at the spot and the passing of a light engine which had been running ahead of it.

Not many days after this outrage two more trifling explosions occurred on the line of the Northern Pacific at short distances from Helena, only slight property losses resulting each time. These were affairs, in fact, of only sufficient importance to serve notice on the threatened corporation that their villainous authors were still active. Apparently the vigilant watch which the railroad maintained gave the rascals too little time to plant a mine satisfactory to themselves; and then there was another factor—the uncertainty of their explosives—which thwarted at every turn the dynamiters' plans. Upon one occasion, for instance, a couple of sticks of giant powder, which the miscreants had managed to place beneath

the rails, were actually run over by several heavy freight trains, and were even dislodged from their snug hiding-places and tossed about and collided with by passing trains without being exploded! Dynamite is an arbitrary explosive, however, at best; and the fact that these two sticks were found to be solidly frozen when discovered probably had a good deal to do with their failure to do their deadly work.

By this time, as might be expected, indignation



"THE TWO MEN FOUND TWO IMMENSE HOLES IN THE EARTH."

in the section was running high, and much uneasiness was felt that the dynamiters were still abroad in the land, striving to wreak their vengeance on the railway company and its innocent passengers. But not for a single day did the authorities relax their vigilance, and their web of espionage was drawn closer and closer over the affected section until at last the miscreants fell into it, to the heartfelt joy of every honest man in the State.

Upon the evening of October 19th an convict, well known in Helena, by name Isaac Gravelle, was brought into the city by the railroad detectives and placed in the steel cage of the Lewis and Clarke County Gaol; and in his person the highly exultant detectives were absolutely confident that they had at least laid hands on the ringleader of the blackmailing gang, if indeed, as they thought probable, he did not embody in himself the entire "plant."

The man's character fitted in well with the class of work with which this "band" had been busying itself of late; besides which, a fairly plain trail had led the detectives on a hot-footed chase from the locality of the latest dynamiting outrage direct to this individual's cabin, and to the man himself.

The story of Gravelle's capture may be briefly summed up as follows:—

Superintendent Boyle, of the N.P.R., a man who figured untiringly, since the inception of the cowardly blackmailing plot, in the efforts made to locate its authors, had reason to believe, on Saturday, the 17th, that another effort would be made that night to dynamite the track west of Helena. He prepared for the contingency by putting every watchman on the division upon his mettle, besides once more increasing their number.

Between seven and eight o'clock that same evening, as one of the watchmen near the little station of Blossburg was patrolling his beat, he suddenly came across a man digging with furious haste beneath the rails. As the watchman came up the rascal ran, closely followed, however, by two bullets from the former's revolver; the dark night making accurate aim impossible, so that the shots were unavailing. A moment later the watchman heard the hoof-beats of a horse leaving the locality at top speed, but because of the surrounding gloom he could see nothing. The watchman instantly wired a report of the occurrence to the waiting detectives in Helena; and shortly after these officials, aboard one of the now famous special trains, came pounding over the rails to the scene of it. This particular assignment was in charge of Captain Keown, and the first act of this splendid detective chief was to carefully examine the work which the sur-

prised dynamiter had been forced to abandon before completing. What he found was a hole in the ground about a foot deep under one of the rails, and alongside the hole a long wooden spike, with the end barked upon both sides—the intended use of which was somewhat enigmatical to the officer; but besides these evidences of the dynamiters having been recently at work at the spot nothing was discovered. The special was run ahead to the Blossburg station and side-tracked; and as soon as the first streak of daylight shot over the high cliffs to the east, Captain Keown and two of the other detectives began to search for the trail of the fleeing horseman. They discovered the tracks of his mount almost at once, and found that these supplied an unlooked-for sign by which they could be readily followed. Evidently the escaping dynamiter's horse had been unshod, and by the imprints left by the animal's hoofs it was found that the front hoofs, instead of being curved, were almost perfectly square-shaped. A little further close scrutiny of the ground revealed the impress of the man's own footsteps, and made manifest the further fact that he in turn was "pigeon-toed" as to his right foot. His right foot evidently bent in toward the left, which would make it easy to distinguish his steps from another person's.

With these peculiarities in the spoor to assist them, as soon as it became a little lighter the three mounted detectives took the trail of the fugitive. It led straight across the foothills toward the south. They hung to it for hours, now losing and again quickly refinding it by the square hoof-marks. Along one bit of rather heavy road the rider had dismounted and walked for some distance: and here again were found the impressions of the bent-in right human foot.

It was past noon when one of the trailing party—Detective Latta—who was riding a little way ahead of his companions, suddenly jerked his horse's head back sharply and halted at the top of a slight eminence up which they were all riding, and called back loud enough for the other two men to hear him: "The dynamiter is in sight!"

Then, as his companions spurred to where he had halted, he pointed, perhaps a trifle dramatically—which was excusable—towards a solitary man a few rods away from them, who was just coming out of a small cabin which had been hidden from their sight by the little hill they were mounting, and he reiterated: "Yonder is our man!"

As the posse discovered what they believed was their quarry the latter also discovered the posse, and he made a quick dash for a horse



"HE REITERATED: 'YONDER IS OUR MAN!'"

which stood close by, ready saddled and bridled. His pursuers were, however, much too swift for him, and they quickly headed him off and soon held him prisoner.

Without explaining the cause of his recent haste, and before the officers had announced any intention to arrest him, the man, in an indignant voice, asked how they dared arrest him, "J. H. Plummer, a well-known rancher, whom anybody could identify"? And then, pursuing the same kind of bluff, he asked if they held any warrant for his arrest.

In reply, Captain Keown coolly slipped a fresh cartridge into the magazine of his rifle, and then laid the weapon suggestively across his knees, where it was handy; while his companions looked the suspect in the face interrogatively, to see whether or not this reply to his query satisfied him. It at once became evident that it was a case of "enough said," for the man's arms shot skyward without further loss of time. A hurried preliminary exami-

nation of the prisoner at the place of his capture and a careful search of the premises is alleged to have then revealed these facts: that the stable contained a jaded horse, which had recently been very hard ridden, the unshod front hoofs of which left marks in the soil, when it was led out, which were square-shaped; also that quite lately the man had hastily transferred many of his most valuable portable possessions from his cabin to a pack-horse, while a third animal, saddled and bridled, stood ready to be mounted, apparently for a hurried flight. The investigation further showed that the right foot of the man captured turned in, and upon all these items of evidence the suspect was decided to be the man sought, and he was taken back as a prisoner to Helena.

In town he was recognised immediately as Isaac Gravelle, an ex-convict.

Then in rapid order came other strands of alleged evidence completing the web about the prisoner, important among these being testimony that, before the storm had wholly obliterated the tracks of the horse and horseman who figured in the explosion near Marysville (which affair I have already recounted in this article), it had been discovered that beast and man had

respectively possessed the pedal peculiarities mentioned in connection with the prisoner and his unlucky mount. It was adduced as further extremely strong circumstantial proof of the man's guilt that he wore a spur on his right boot (the left one being missing) which exactly matched a left-foot spur which had been found in a haystack two weeks earlier, near the scene of still another of the dynamite explosions, out of which haystack a ranch hand had routed a suspicious-looking individual who was hiding in it the morning after the explosion, and in which stack was afterwards found, buried deep in the hay, a great quantity of giant powder. This bit of circumstantial evidence became, of course, proof positive of the suspect's guilt if the ranch hand who routed him from the haystack could be located and proved able to identify this fellow as the man he encountered in the stack of hay.

Fresh items of what seem to be indubitable proofs of the prisoner's prominent complicity in



the blackmailing and dynamiting outrages came to light every hour, despite the lack of proof thus far that he himself wrote the threatening letters to the railroad officials, and despite his own strong assertions of innocence. He went so far as to stoutly deny being Isaac Gravelle, the ex-convict, at all; maintaining this denial stubbornly even when the penitentiary warden, Mr. McTague, who once had charge of him as a convict, came over to Helena and identified him positively, asking the prisoner jocularly, when they were brought face to face, if he were "coming back to him once more as a boarder."

There was but little doubt that the right man was caught; and there is even less doubt that the energetic measures which have been and are being pursued by the railroad corporation will forestall any repetition of the dastardly dynamite outrages.

The ranch hand who dug the dynamite from the haystack, where he had surprised a suspicious-looking stranger asleep shortly before, was located after a little search, in the person of one J. T. Sherwood; and upon his accompanying the officers to the Helena gaol he there promptly and positively identified Gravelle as the suspicious stranger aforesaid.

Soon afterwards more of the suspect's hand-writing was discovered in a trunk at his cabin, and this chirography was seen at a glance to be identical with



"HE PROMPTLY AND POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED GRAVELLE."



ISAAC GRAVELLE, WHO WAS PROVED TO HAVE WRITTEN THE THREATENING LETTERS TO THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY. [Photo.]

the writing in one of the blackmailing letters.

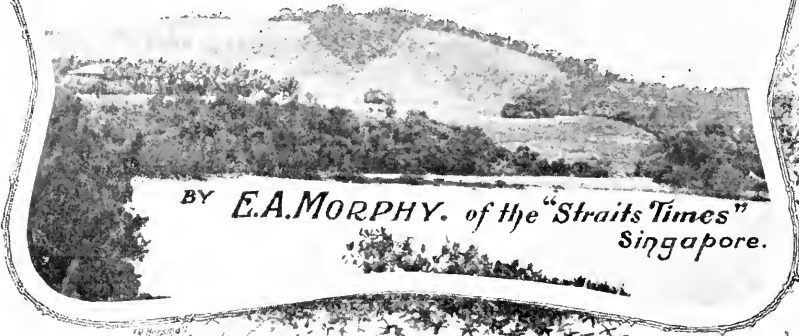
Thus the chain of circumstantial evidence was more firmly established, yet circumstantial was still all it could be claimed to be.

But the detectives were positive that they had the right man, and remained steadfastly on the scent of evidence which would actually convict him. This evidence they soon

found, and it came from a most unexpected source. Letters written by a convict named Harvey Whitten in the State penitentiary at Deer Lodge, which he had sent to a woman in Bozeman, fell into the hands of the police; and these letters having something to say about the recent outrages led to a complete confession by this convict writer, on October 22nd, that the dynamiting and blackmailing plot had been hatched within the prison walls the preceding spring. At that time Gravelle himself was a prisoner there; and the confession proved conclusively that Gravelle

was the only person who took any active part in the execution of the plot. Two life-prisoners, including the one making the confession and a man named Morgan, had helped to compose the threatening letters, and were to benefit, if the attempted extortion proved successful, by having a part of the money devoted to an effort to secure commutations of their prison sentences. However, as these two "lifers" are legally dead, Gravelle is after all entitled solely to whatever distinction there may be in having for several months terrorized to some extent an entire State, and having placed a more or less effective embargo upon safe travel over a great railroad system.

# Unknown New Guinea



BY E.A. MORPHY. of the "Straits Times"  
Singapore.

Although the third largest island in the world, New Guinea, as Mr. Morphy remarks, is "one of the blank patches on the map—the only terra incognita of any extent now left to the adventurous explorer." In this deeply interesting article the author describes the extraordinary customs of the cannibal Papuans, illustrating his descriptions with some striking photographs.



NEW GUINEA—or Papua, as it is commonly called—is one of the blank patches on the map of the world. It is, next to Australia and Greenland, the largest island in the world; but, whereas a great part of Australia is a drought-stricken desert and Greenland a Polar waste, New Guinea, with an area of over three hundred thousand square miles, possesses all the luxuriant fertility and beauty of the Equatorial tropics. Nevertheless, principally owing to the man-eating proclivities of its inhabitants, the interior of the country may be said to be totally unknown, while its coast-line is only partially charted. It is, in fact, the only *terra incognita* of any extent now left to the adventurous explorer, and for that reason alone great interest attaches to the expedition under Major W. Cooke Daniels, which left for the island not long ago.

Britain owns the south-eastern corner of Papua. The territory comprised therein is about as big as England, Scotland, and Wales put together, and it is estimated that it extends over about ninety thousand square miles. However, as nobody has been able to survey the

boundaries of our possession there with those of the German and Dutch sections of the island, which run conterminously, the precise area is unknown. The same may be said of the population. All estimates concerning it are guesswork, but "Whitaker" gives that of our portion at one hundred and fifty thousand. If, however, you converse with a man who knows what there is to know about the country so far as the white man is concerned, he will promptly admit his ignorance; but, then, such men are rarely met with in England. Even in Singapore—that great caravanserai on the high road of nations, where travellers from the Far East and the Equatorial East are wont to meet and foregather—one seldom meets a man from British New Guinea. Yet for nearly twenty years it has nominally basked in the sunshine of a British Administration. We supply our Colony there with a lieutenant-governor, a chief judicial officer, a legislative council, and various magistrates and other officials, at a cost of fifteen thousand pounds per annum, or some three thousand pounds more than the last reported revenue. But as the States of Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland jointly guarantee

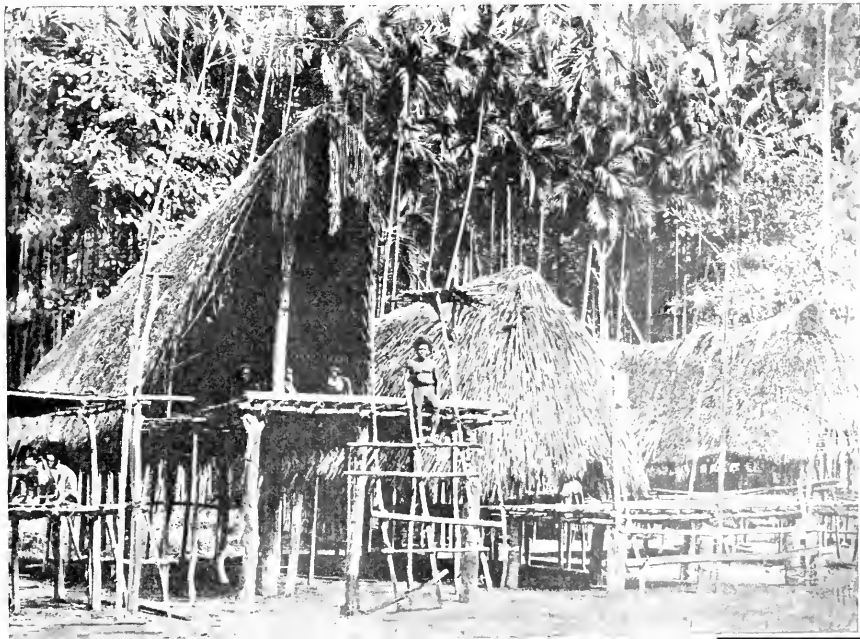
the full fifteen thousand pounds, the deficit does not worry the Colonial Office at home or affect the Imperial exchequer in the slightest degree.

Despite this interesting arrangement, however, our advance in the matter of developing the country has been slow and slight. As a matter of fact, the very coast-line of the Gulf of Papua, which falls within our sphere of influence, has never yet been explored from the Fly River to Maipua, a distance of about a hundred miles. It must be said in extenuation of this seeming neglect that the natives thereabouts are addicted to absolute cannibalism, and the same applies to the residents along the littoral of Dutch New Guinea to the west and German New Guinea to the north of our possessions. In Dutch New Guinea no white man dares venture anywhere at all, and in German New Guinea nobody has ever been able to penetrate beyond the shore in any spot where a landing was effected. Of this latter territory little whatever is known, even of its coast-line, and very few attempts have been made to land there. The people who know most about the country where it is known—those who have penetrated farthest and who have held most converse with its inhabitants—are doubtless the missionaries, and of these the French priests of the Roman Catholic mission have diffused themselves farther into the interior than the others. The Rev. James Chalmers, of the London Missionary Society, probably went in as far as any of these, but he, poor man, was treacherously murdered and eaten by the natives on the Gooribari River only a little while ago. There are no recorded murders of French Catholic missionaries, but that they mostly surrender the cross for the crown at an early date is shown by the death records in their head-quarters at Yule Island. They generally succumb to the climate—fever or some other tropical ailment—before they are

years of age, and many die before they are twenty-five.

The devoted men who work among these primitive savages rarely go home to tell travellers' tales about the strange places they have visited, but a French priest, the Rev. Father Fillodeau, was sent home about a year ago, and had any enterprising London journalist been aware of the fact he might have found him at a Catholic seminary at Glastonbury, where he tarried for a while among the budding missionaries who study there. He had been in the island for many years, and went home in the hope of recovering the health that had been shattered in New Guinea. During his stay there he made photography his hobby, and some of his photographs which appear in this article are unique illustrations of tribes of whose manners and customs the modern ethnologist as yet knows practically nothing.

The country on the mainland facing Yule Island, where the pictures now published were taken, is very unhealthy along the shore, though the hills of the interior are quite the opposite. The climate is good, the nights are cool, everything is conducive to comfort and prosperity; but, notwithstanding the natural advantages of the country, the population is scant in the extreme, for the inhabitants have been killing and eating each other for so long that there are only a few of them left. The survivors are the regulation breed of Papuan



cannibals, yet the Yule Island mission has a station forty miles inland which is used as headquarters for the men who work in the interior, and whence—to the intense amazement of the savages—they maintain constant communication with Yule Island by means of the heliograph. This system of harnessing the sun for purposes of palaver has made a profound impression upon the natives. The heliograph does not, however, afford the sole means of communicating with the island. The missionaries—unaided by Government—have constructed a road from the coast to their hill station. It is practically the only real road that penetrates so far into the interior of New Guinea, and is, of course, used by Government officers and everybody else who chooses.

Yule Island itself—shown in the photo, which forms the heading of this article—is an Arcadian spot where the mission rests in the shelter of many palms on a gentle elevation overlooking the shore. A village near by, called Cria, shelters a couple of hundred friendly and Christian natives, who do all they can to assist the *padres* and the sisters. It is a peaceful spot in the drowsy tropics, and gives little idea of the life of interminable and unrewarded toil to which its inmates are devoted. Two hours away by row-boat—one measures distance by time in New Guinea—and two more afoot is the village of Mohu on the mainland, with a population of about three hundred. A little farther on is Maiaera, and then comes Waima, with some twelve hundred inhabitants, attired in the breezy costume of the country—a loin-cloth made apparently out of two yards of tape, with, in exceptional instances, a necklace of mother-of-pearl shell.

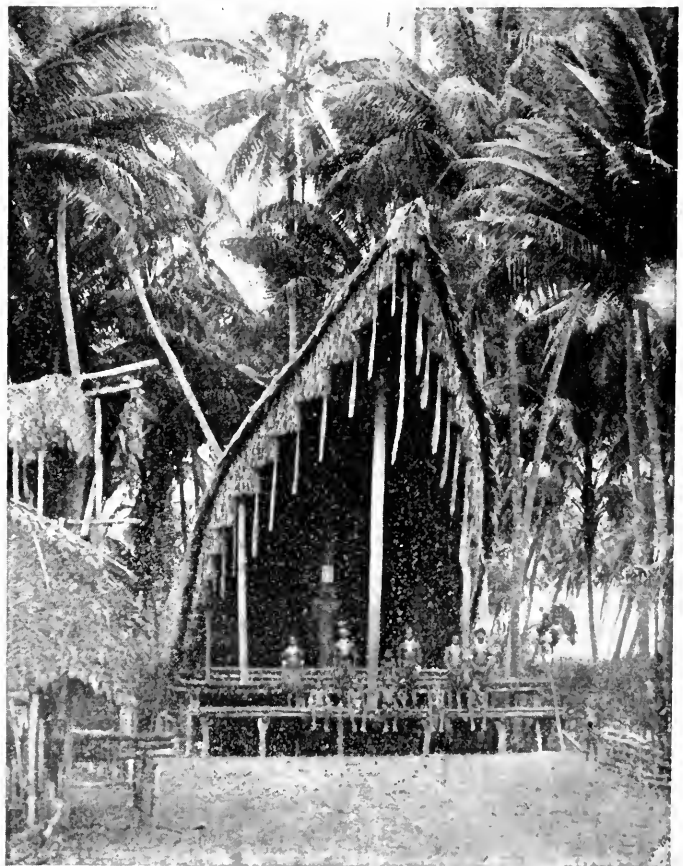
The Papuan at home is a lithe yet brawny savage, with features suggesting a cross between the Malay and the African, the latter suggestion being strengthened by the kink in his fuzzy hair, which is in many instances fluffed out to an extraordinary diameter.

The towns or villages of the people in the plains, one of which is shown on the preceding page, are seemingly well laid out, and entirely different from those in the hills. The ground plan of the houses is something like that of a

double-ended boat, and the completed dwelling resembles such a boat inverted. The opposite uprights are pulled together inwards so as to meet at the top, where they are lashed to a long bamboo roof-tree, the upright pole in the front and rear being shortened before being lashed together so as to give each end a curve like the bows of a boat. Then the whole concern is thatched with a long palm-grass which seems to be used generally throughout the country. When finished, the house is decidedly shaggy-looking, but is at the same time cool and weatherproof.

The streets—if one may use such a term with regard to the main thoroughfares of these jungle villages near the coast—are broad and clean, averaging about sixty feet in width.

In some of the towns may be seen houses larger than the majority—lofty structures in a manner resembling cornucopias and open in front, with the floor or maindeck raised as high as six or eight feet above the ground. These imposing edifices are generally the communal



From a

A PAPAAN "TOWN HALL"

Photo.

assembly rooms or town halls, if they may be so called. From the photograph reproduced showing the "town hall" of Waima, which place, as has been stated, has a population of about twelve hundred, one can see how imposing such a structure may be. It is at least forty feet high, and it falls a trifle from the perpendicular, like the Leaning Tower of Pisa; but it seems safe enough, however, and is most picturesquely situated amid a grove of lofty palms. These public buildings have no rear wall. They are built on a slope like the quarter section of a sphere, or, to be more correct, like the curved prow of a ship sawn off and laid on the ground, bulwarks downwards, with keel and bows forming roof and walls.

occasional frilling of beads or pigs' teeth. Among Western nations it is common for persons who go in for elaborate costumes to spend all their available wealth "on their backs." In New Guinea they spend it on their heads.

Writers who have travelled along the coastline and ventured for some distance up the larger rivers in yachts or gunboats—like Captain Webster in 1893, or Professor Thomson of Brisbane, who visited various places with Sir William MacGregor, the then Lieutenant-Governor, ten years earlier—refer in a general way to the wonderful head-gear they have seen on some of the men. They also mention reports of other more elaborate head-pieces in



From a]

A HILL VILLAGE—THE HOUSES RESEMBLE BEEHIVES THATCHED WITH LEAVES.

[Photo.

The houses of the hill-men are smaller than those of the dwellers in the plains, as will be seen from the above picture. They are conical in shape, like beehives, and rarely more than ten feet in diameter. Their floors are generally raised, like those of the plain-people's houses, but in appearance they resemble nothing so much as Indian wigwams thatched with leaves.

When it comes to a question of friils and furbelows it must be admitted that the gentlemen of New Guinea leave the ladies utterly in the shade. Among the Papuans, as among the birds of Paradise that they so enthusiastically admire, the male birds wear the finest feathers. This expression is by no means hyperbolic, for feathers are what the fashionable warriors really

the interior, but they give no description thereof. Père Fillodeau, however, was regarded by the natives as a friend, and he took his photographs whenever and wherever he liked. At the war-dance or in the *al fisco* nursery he was alike welcome. His camera did not blow up with an awful noise, and hurt nobody; and as its working seemed to bring joy to the heart of the *Mizinari*, the Papuans let him take pictures everywhere. Hence it is that we can see how wonderful are the ceremonial hats of the hill chiefs—the head-pieces they wear when they dance their war dances. Some of these head-pieces are from five to eight feet high—an altitude that would seem almost incredible in a hat, were not the photographs here to show



THE WONDERFUL CEREMONIAL FEATHER HEAD-DRESSES OF THE CHIEFS—THEY ARE OFTEN EIGHT FEET HIGH. *[Photo.]*

On a stiff sort of cap, which fits tightly to the fuzzy head of the warrior, is built an immense feather fan, so to speak, of birds of Paradise feathers. This fan-like attachment rises to a height of from two to four feet. The feathers of the fan are arranged in most elaborate and striking patterns. From its edges stick out other long feathers at varying intervals, and in some cases it is fashionable to have a long, thin, feather-decked wand of bamboo, or some other light, strong wood, rising straight up for

another four or five feet above the fan, bringing the total height of this amazing "hat" to eight feet.

To one who knows the country and studies the detail of one of these head-pieces, the point that naturally strikes him first and impresses him most is its obvious and eminent unsuitability for jungle work.

The other items of a warrior's dancing outfit are not so very elaborate. Through his nose he sticks a pencil-shaped ornament of mother-o'-pearl about six inches long, and tapering at each end. It is gleaming white, and shows up well against his dusky skin, where it looks like a moustache. Hanging round his neck in front, after the fashion of a baby's bib, is a crescent-shaped collar of mother-o'-pearl, and if he is wealthy and has expensive tastes there will be another similar crescent hanging over his chest below the first-mentioned collar. One of the warriors who was photographed in his full war-paint wears a pair of such crescents, but whether they are marks of rank or mere evidences of dandyism on the part of the wearer it would be difficult to tell. From the collar to the waist-belt there stretches an ornamental decoration varying in width, and made of stringed beads, pigs' teeth, shells, or other suitable toys. A girdle composed of a string or two of beads, teeth, or other ornaments



*From a)*

A GROUP OF PAPUAN WARRIORS.

*[Photo.]*



completes the decorated portion of the costume. In many cases also decorative armlets seem the correct thing. These are worn between shoulder and elbow, and when a spruce-looking wisp of grass or trail of hanging moss is thrust in between arm and armband, and is permitted to stick up pertly or hang down shaggily, according to taste, the effect is distinctly striking.

It may be added that the photographs of the men in the lofty war-dance head-dresses show them carrying curious tom-toms, about two and a half feet long by four or five inches in diameter. These are carried to rattle in the charge as symbolized in the dance, and, combined with the war-cries of the excited cannibals,

the tribe wears a fan-hat five feet high, without any stick or feathers on top. He is attended by two buxom Amazons with spears, neatly attired in girdles, garters, and necklaces of shells, one of them having also a mother-o'-pearl stick in her nose, the same as a male warrior. This would seem to indicate that the ladies were as apt in the profession of arms as their lords and masters; but, as a matter of fact, they are only in attendance at the pow-wow in order to lend grace and charm to the ceremony.

In all countries, but especially in those of the Orient, Africa, and Polynesia, the customs that obtain in time of mourning and the etiquette of mourners form interesting material for the



From a]

A WAR-DANCE IN A HILL VILLAGE—OBSERVE THE CHIEF'S HUGE FEATHER HAT.

[P. 20]

are supposed to baffle and terrify the chicken-hearted foe. When, however, these gentlemen sally forth on the war-path proper, with spears and other implements complete, they wear head-pieces that are only twelve inches high or less. A party of these, as shown in one of Father Fillodeau's photographs, look very ferocious indeed. They are obviously fighting men. As illustrative of their system of conducting warfare, it may be stated that the veteran of many fights in New Guinea almost invariably carries his scars on his back.

In the photograph depicting a war-dance in a hill village it will be noticed that the chief of

ethnologist. Mr. A. H. Dunning, who is in charge of the ethnographical department of Major Daniels's expedition, will have an inexhaustible field of research in the mourning habits of the Papuans. On the shoulders of the bereaved widow rests the heaviest burden of sorrow for the dead. When a great chieftain or warrior dies at home, or sufficiently near to permit of his corpse being brought back to his native village, his relatives, friends, or neighbours build a rough platform of boughs, supported by light poles, about fifteen or twenty feet high, in the jungle near the late abode of the deceased, and place his body upon it. The





THIS UNIQUE PICTURE SHOWS A GREAT CHIEF'S GRAVE IN THE JUNGLE—THE UNFORTUNATE WIDOW HAS TO SIT BENEATH THE PLATFORM, BEWAILING HER LOSS, UNTIL THE CORPSE BECOMES A SKELETON.

*From a Photo.*

corpse, needless to say, rapidly becomes a skeleton, but pending this eventuality the unfortunate widow sits or lies under the elevated grave, wrapped in a sombre-looking garment of bark cloth, and bitterly bewails her loss. When nothing is left of the deceased save bleaching bones, the mourner collects an assortment of the smaller bones and makes them into a *memento mori* in the shape of a necklace. The skull is reserved for an equally curious purpose. It is hung up over the widow's doorway, much as one might hang a horse-shoe "for luck" over the door of an English farmhouse. Here

it serves to advertise the fact that a widow resides within. Should this gruesome sign attract the attention of some roving-eyed gentleman with a *penchant* for widows, and should he woo, win, and eventually espouse the lady, the skull, having served its purpose, is removed from its perch of honour, and the grim memento around the lady's neck is exchanged for something more pleasant in glass beads or mother-o'-pearl shell. In the unique photograph here given will be seen the grave of a great warrior in the jungle, showing the platform on which the body is placed.

The next photograph reproduced shows three freshly bereaved widows in the curious garments which form the Papuan equivalent of our "widows' weeds." These are ragged-looking shawls or shrouds of a brown fibre cloth or felt, which is practically the same as the *tapa* of the South Seas, and is withal most frouzy to look upon. It is in this garb of *tapa* that the bereaved ones loudly bewail their dead. From a casual glance at the portrait of these poor ladies it is difficult to believe that they are in any very imminent danger of winning fresh spouses on their looks alone; that is, of course, unless the Papuan criterion of widowed beauty be entirely alien to ours. But then, to be sure, the Papuan widows may have other alluring charms, and, anyhow, appearances are always deceptive.

We will now turn from the consideration of



*From a* THREE NATIVE WOMEN WEARING THE PAPAUN "WIDOWS' WEEDS."

*[Photo.*



"ROCK-A-BYE, BABY"—A PAPUAN INFANT IN THE INGENUOUS NATIVE BAG ARRANGEMENT WHICH SERVES AS CRADLE AND MOSQUITO NET IN ONE. [Photo.]

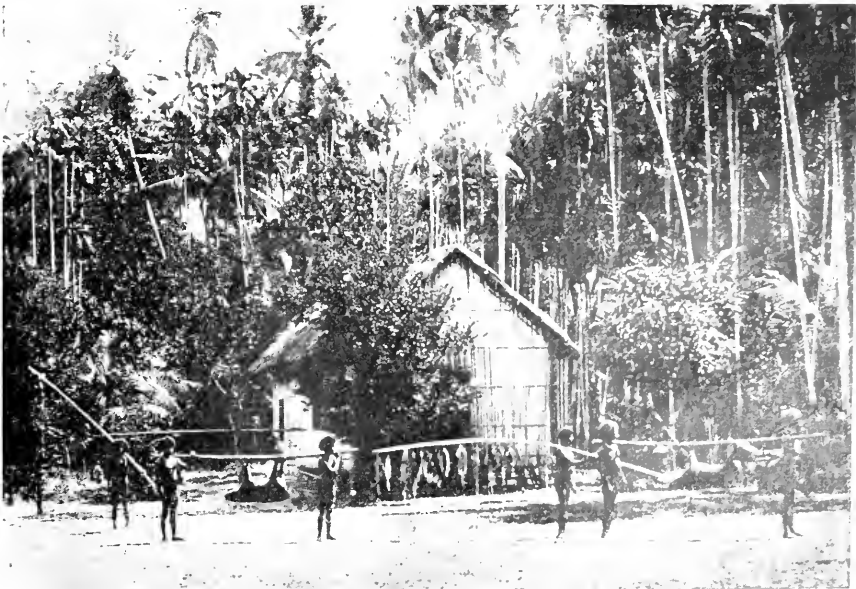
mourning customs to the pleasanter ones of the nursery, and contemplate for awhile the charming little Papuan "interior" shown in the accompanying snap-shot, where we see a couple of plump and comely young hill matrons squatted happily in a little bee-hive hut, with the baby of one of them swinging peacefully in a most ingenious composite cradle and mosquito net combined, at the side of his fond mamma. This interesting article of nursery furniture is simply a bag made of netting, into which the infant is doubled up and bundled, with its tiny brown toes and its little black head cuddled up near the neck of the bag. The bag, baby and all, swings from an overhead cane support. The infant cannot possibly fall out, is comparatively safe from the mosquitoes, and is obviously every bit as happy as any baby could ever hope to be.

An equally felicitous scene is that depicted in the photo. next reproduced, representing a number of bearers carrying the price of a bride to the home of her fond

papa. This price is for-warded in the polite guise of wedding gifts. The gifts swing on poles, and each pole is carried on the shoulders of two bearers. In this case two of the poles each support a dead pig, while another, carried by only one bearer, is hung with the skin and feathers of birds of Paradise, which seem to be the real emblems of wealth and standing among the savages of New Guinea. For home decorations, no doubt, human skulls are perhaps more highly appreciated. Indeed, the main object of a Papuan's life is to procure

as many of these ghastly trophies as possible. His bravery and respectability are measured by the extent of his collection, and as it is a rigorously enforced point of etiquette for a gentleman to exhibit only such skulls as he has collected himself from the shoulders of their original proprietors, one can imagine some of the amenities of life in New Guinea.

Despite their contempt for human life, these savages are very clever in jungle craft, and they possess the merit of comparative cleanliness to a far greater extent than the peasants of many European countries. They have the



TAKING THE PRICE OF A BRIDE TO HER FATHER. [Photo.]



A NAIVE RATTAN BRIDGE—THIS PARTICULAR SPECIMEN HAS A SPAN OF THREE HUNDRED FEET.  
From a Photo.

gifts of resourcefulness, initiative, and adaptability that countless generations of serfdom have almost eradicated from the lower classes in lands that boast the advantages of our Western civilization. See, for instance, one of the rattan bridges which they often throw across rivers that are two hundred and even three hundred feet wide. Here is a photograph of such a structure with a span of three hundred feet, and forty feet above the flood at its centre. At either end, it will be observed, this wonderful bridge seems to lose itself in the impenetrable jungle. There is apparently no road, no thoroughfare, to account for its existence—nothing but forest more primeval than the design of the bridge itself. Behind those solid shade trees, however—trees whose green trunks are in many cases the only buttresses of these swinging bridges—one will find the forest paths, the roads of the savage people, who understand the trails of the wilderness as well as we do the streets of the town, and who never by any chance get lost unless waylaid by reptile, man, or animal. Some of these trails—practically invisible to a European eye—are their great highways, and when one of these is stopped by a river they carry the path up or down the bank to some likely crossing-place, and there they sling across a rattan bridge like the one in the photograph. They do not have to wait for engineers to come up and help them,

as Europeans in such an emergency would probably have to do, for nearly all of them have the same knowledge of woodcraft, and know how to impress the things of the jungle into their service when emergency requires.

Major Cooke Daniels's party carries a cinematograph apparatus as well as various other modern photographic appliances, which a French missionary enjoying the magnificent stipend of three pounds a month

could scarcely be expected to possess; but the photographs which Père Fillodeau has taken are the only ones just now available as illustrating what we now know about the people of New Guinea, who are to be studied by the explorer and his companions. It is to be hoped that this English expedition will not follow the system adopted by a foreign scientist who recently went out to New Guinea and left a bad name behind.

This gentleman, on one occasion, entered a village near the coast and endeavoured to purchase some lances, clubs, stone hatchets—New Guinea is still in the Stone Age—and other trophies. The natives did not understand him and refused to do trade. Thereupon he drew forth a few dynamite cartridges and exploded them in the middle of the village! The affrighted natives instantly fled from their huts and hid themselves in the jungle, while the explorer plundered their little homes of whatever he coveted! The odds are that the next time any white people—any *Piritani*, as the Papuans call all Europeans, believing them to be Britons—visit that section of the country they will be speared through the back, or have their brains clubbed out before they even know that they are surrounded. Deficient in gratitude though the Papuan may be, he never forgets an injury.



by *S. Ward Hall*  
of *Johannesburg*

We publish this remarkable narrative exactly as set forth by the author. It is perhaps the most enthralling story of sunken treasure put before the public in recent years, and should create a sensation not only in this country but throughout South Africa. The author has described the manœuvres by which the Government of the late South African Republic sought to accumulate a war-chest for use against the British; the duplicity of their secret agents; and the strange series of events which culminated in the wreck of a ship carrying four hundred and fifty thousand pounds' worth of gold ingots on a lonely part of the South African coast. The story of Mr. Hall's search for this vast treasure is concluded in the present instalment. Not only had all the machinery of the law to be contended with, but even the forces of Nature appeared to be leagued against the explorers. Torrential rivers, deadly reefs, crocodile-haunted lakes, and shark-infested lagoons—all these accessories make up a narrative of unique and surpassing interest. Official documents and extracts from newspapers bearing upon the story are reproduced in facsimile, together with photographs showing the different phases of the quest for the sunken gold.

### III.—THE END OF MY SEARCH.

**W**E arrived at St. Lucia Bay about the 15th of April, nothing of any particular moment having occurred *en route*. Here we camped, and my brother and I went forward to the mission station where I had been so hospitably received on my previous visit. When we got there, however, I noticed a difference in the demeanour of our hosts. They were not positively rude to us, but still there was a certain coldness about our reception which aroused my suspicions. It was only too obvious that they had been given some information the reverse of flattering concerning myself. Accordingly

off towards the wreck. Presently, however, my brother stopped short in the middle of a remark, and seemed to be listening for something. A moment later he communicated to me the startling intelligence that someone was undoubtedly following us through the bush! This was indeed a shock to me, for I had imagined that we were at least several days ahead of any possible pursuers. Now, my brother is an excellent scout, and in a minute or two he was worming his way noiselessly through the undergrowth towards the spot whence the tell-tale sounds had come. Sure enough, he discovered a mounted trooper with three native police, who

ascertained this, he made his way back to me with all speed, and we decided to retrace our footsteps to the camp, taking care, however, not to let the police think we were aware of their proximity.

When we reached camp once more I called our little party together and held a council of war. It was finally arranged that, in order to

Stopping us, he inquired which of us was named Hall. "My name is Hall," said I, stepping forward, vaguely conscious that some new calamity was about to overtake us.

"I have a warrant signed by Mr. Boast, the magistrate of Hlabesi district," said the trooper, "authorizing me to search your waggon, as you are suspected of gun-running!"



“MY NAME IS HALL,” SAID I.

divert suspicion, we should occupy ourselves with fishing and shooting for a time. Needless to say we came to this decision with great reluctance, for it meant the loss of much valuable time, to say nothing of the consumption of stores, etc. There was no alternative, however, for if the authorities had once ascertained for a certainty that we were after a hidden treasure of immense value an expedition under Government auspices would soon have appeared on the scene and snatched the precious prize from under our very noses. To avoid such an annoying *contretemps* I was prepared to put up with all sorts of delays, and accordingly we moved inland from the coast as far as the Umvolusi River, where, it will be remembered, I had so much trouble on my former visit. Here we were in the centre of a fine game district, and could at least obtain good sport during the period of our enforced idleness.

On our way to the river we were met by a trooper of the Natal Mounted Police, by name McLaren, who was accompanied by a Kaffir.

Gun-running, I may mention here—the surreptitious sale of arms and ammunition to the natives—is a very serious crime indeed, punishable with a fine of two hundred pounds and two years’ imprisonment.

McLaren asked us to produce what arms we had—five guns in all. He then asked for the permits, signed by the Controller of Arms, but all these he found in perfect order.

We were just beginning to congratulate ourselves on having got off so well, when up cropped another legal technicality from which we were *not* destined to escape so lightly. One of our party, in perfect innocence, had shot a koreen, a bird which under the Natal game laws had just gone out of season. Our bag, as ill-luck would have it, also included a couple of wild duck, which had been out of season about a couple of days. This time the trooper was not so accommodating. “I must arrest you on a charge of shooting game during the close season,” he said. “You will have to come with me to Hlabesi, where your case will be heard by the magistrate.”

Now, Hlabesi lies about thirty-five miles inland, and in my mind's eye I saw my expedition gradually getting farther and farther away from the real objective of our search.

After some discussion it was arranged that we were to remain where we were, allow the Kaffir to keep guard over us, and send Mantell and Deacon to the magistracy with the trooper. Accordingly the three of them set out, cutting straight across country, and avoiding as far as possible the deadly stretches of "fly-country."

The little cavalcade arrived at Hlabesi next day without incident. Mantell paid the fine imposed—five pounds—and then, acting on my instructions, he asked Mr. Boast why our waggon had been searched in the first place. After some hesitation the magistrate replied that "from information received" (that hoary old formula!) he believed we had native (*i.e.*, raw) gold in the waggon. Further questions elicited that he knew about the wreck and its history, but was ignorant of its exact locality. Mantell, of course, told him that his information was quite erroneous, and that we were only on a shooting trip.

After Mantell and Deacon arrived back in camp and related their experiences at Hlabesi I decided that we must return once more to Durban, as I saw that it was utterly impossible to operate without a Government permit. This, I knew, it would be practically impossible to obtain, and so, as may be imagined, I did not feel in any too cheerful a mood as I superintended the inspanning of the oxen and the packing of the stores.

We retraced our steps to the Tugela, and here, to crown our misfortunes, we had to submit to the indignity of being stopped by the police, who said they had a warrant to search our waggon for gold. They even made us open the cases containing the diving-gear and air-pump. These they regarded with deep suspicion, asking what we wanted with them. I was getting fairly nettled by this time, and told them to mind their own business and do their duty as quickly as possible. Next morning at ten o'clock we left for Durban, arriving there the same evening.

Installed at the Clarendon once more the members of our treasure-trove syndicate held a long conference. I stated my conviction that it was impossible for us to do any real work without a Government permit, as we should be continually exposed to irksome police surveillance, liable to arrest at any moment, and, in fact, but little better than hunted fugitives. The upshot of the meeting was that we communicated with the Natal Government, offering to place

share of the treasure. We received a reply in which the authorities declined to deal with us as a syndicate, but expressed willingness to negotiate with me personally. The syndicate was therefore dissolved, and I approached the Government on behalf of myself and brother. The first official I saw was Mr. Mayston, the Receiver of Wrecks, in his office at the Point, Durban. He received me politely, but would not commit himself in any way, saying that he must first consult with his superiors. A short time afterwards Sergeant Lee-Smith—the officer whom I eluded at Pietermaritzburg—called upon me and informed me that the Government were now prepared to take the matter up. He said that I was to see his chief, Inspector Clarke, when the latter returned to Durban; and on May 5th I had an interview with the inspector. This took place at my hotel, and after some preliminary fencing I agreed to lay the whole of my information before the authorities in return for a commission of 15 per cent. on the gold salvaged. This was very different from what I had anticipated, but still 15 per cent. is better than nothing. I then gave him the exact location of the barque, pricking off her position for him on a chart. Immediately after this interview Clarke paid a visit to Zululand himself, in order to verify my statements.

Having made his examination he came back to Durban, leaving a trooper at Cape Vidal to keep off intruders. The inspector's report induced the authorities to equip an expedition of their own. This was placed under command of Inspector Clarke, and the party included two divers, the chief of whom—a man named Butler—I knew well. He was an excellent smooth-water diver, but I did not think he would be able to do much in the terrific surf off Cape Vidal, being quite unused to work of this kind. The expedition started on June 8th, 1899, its departure being kept somewhat secret. They reached Cape Vidal in safety (Mr. Boast, the magistrate, took a trip down and spent a few days with Inspector Clarke), but here disappointment awaited them. A series of heavy gales set in, and the surf, difficult enough at the best of times, became simply terrific. As I had expected, Butler did not care for the task of diving under such conditions, and, in fact, frankly refused to attempt it, saying it was suicidal. Inspector Clarke then sent home a report saying that he was waiting for better weather.

Just about this time I received some information which threw me into a white heat of fury. I was calmly told that my carefully-treasured agreement with Inspector Clarke was not worth



authority whatsoever to bind the Government in any way! This was, indeed, comforting intelligence to a man who had sacrificed money, time, and health in the pursuit of the treasure. But I was determined not to be baffled in this way; so my brother and I went down to Messrs. Chiazzari and Co., of Durban, the shipping agents who have figured once before in this narrative, and laid the facts before them, with a view to obtaining the loan of the tug-boat *Nidraos* (for whose owners they were agents) with which to make another attempt to reach the gold, in opposition to the Government party. They gave us an attentive hearing, and finally decided to take a share in the enterprise themselves. They said it would be advisable for us to take an experienced nautical man, who would superintend the difficult work of landing stores, etc., through the surf, and who could pilot the vessel through the dangerous waters round about Cape Vidal. They recommended Captain Wakeford, late of the steamer *Clan Gordon*, of the well-known "Clan" Line, and accordingly he was appointed to take charge of the nautical side of the expedition, I being entrusted with the general supervision of the salvage operations.

We left Durban about the end of June, the party numbering Wakeford, Olsen (the diver), Pietersen (his mate), myself and my brother, and the native crew of the tug.

After leaving Durban we had very bad weather, with the result that the run of a hundred miles or so northwards to our destination occupied two days and a half. The gale had somewhat abated by this time, but there was a very nasty sea running, setting right inshore. The thing now was to land. I was for waiting until the surf had subsided a little; but such was Wakeford's enthusiasm and his unbounded belief in the treasure being gettable that he would not hear of any delays, saying he was confident of being able to take the boat through the surf. In this he was backed up by Olsen, the diver, who had seen much surf running in the South Sea Islands and had rather a poor opinion of our South African breakers.

Accordingly the big long-boat — brought especially for this purpose, and which, by the way, had pretty nearly filled up the little tug's deck — was launched alongside, and the diving-gear and stores lowered into her. She was a large boat, some thirty feet in length and broad in the beam; but when she was loaded and the men had got on board it was seen that she lay very deep in the water. However, there was no help for it, and with four Kaffirs manning the thwarts we started out for

the shore. The tug lay to about a mile and a half from the land, the skipper being afraid to approach closer on account of the shallowness of the water and the heavy sea that was running.

As we neared the beach the thunder of the surf became plainly audible, and the foaming rollers which raced past us looked distinctly awe inspiring. Our party were now disposed as follows: In the bow sat the diver's mate, Pietersen, who was provided with a bag of oil, for use when we reached the breakers. In the stern were Olsen, the diver, Captain Wakeford, who was steering, and my brother and I, also armed with big bags of oil.

We were now almost on to the first line of breakers, and there was no time for talking. With straining sinews the Kaffirs tugged at the bending oars, while we poured out the oil, which had a marked effect in preventing the seas from breaking inboard. And truly they were terrific—great moving walls of creamy foam at least fifteen feet high. At this point I confess we should have dearly liked to turn back, but it was now utterly impossible.

Up and up went the boat, and then down into a watery chasm, while the white spume flew about us in showers. We had passed the first line safely! Then the boat lurched forward towards the second line. As we rose to the wave—I do not know how it happened—the heavy craft suddenly broached and lay broad-side on. Then a huge sea struck her, filling her to the gunwale, and in an instant she was bottom up, and we were all struggling in the wild smother of mountainous waters. For a few moments I saw everything through a blood-red mist, and then, disentangling myself from the mass of gear which held me under, I rose to the surface and looked round for my companions. Near me were three of the Kaffirs, yelling despairingly for help, and obviously at their last gasp. I made a desperate effort to reach the nearest of them, a boy named "Long Tom," but just as I was about to lay hold of him there arose a violent commotion in the water, and he was drawn under the surface as though by an invisible hand. A moment later the sea became discoloured with blood, and I remembered with a thrill of horror that this coast is infested with ferocious sharks.

Presently the long-boat, bottom up, drove past me, and I swam to it for support. I speedily had to let go, however, for the sides were encrusted with sharp-pointed barnacles, which lacerated my hands cruelly. Then a large plank drifted into view, and this I grabbed, striking out with it for the shore. The breakers rolled me over and over continuously, and I could not banish from my mind the idea that I





"HE CARRIED ME UP OUT OF REACH OF THE WATER."

was struggling against some relentless enemy—the demon of the reef—who was determined to compass my destruction. For no less than three-quarters of an hour—a very eternity of suffering it appeared to me—I was buffeted about in this way, but at last, bruised and bleed-

ing, I was cast up on the beach. As I lay utterly exhausted and panting for breath, the cruel undertow seized me and dragged me out once more. I had given up all hope, when Pietersen, who had reached the shore and had somewhat recovered, dashed into the waves and, exerting all his strength, carried me up out of reach of the water. I looked around for my poor brother, but he was not to be seen, and I had almost given him up for lost when he also was washed ashore, in a pitiable condition, and fell on all fours on the sand. Wakeford, Olsen, and the Kaffirs I never saw again,

#### RIVAL EXPEDITIONS.

DURBAN, JULY 26.—[From our Correspondent.]—It will be remembered that a few weeks ago several men were drowned on the Zululand coast while trying to land with a diver, and it was given out that they were trying to get something from the Clan boat wrecked in the vicinity some time ago. Quite a different object is now suspected, as it has leaked out that an expedition, with which the Government are connected, left here yesterday in the tug Hausa, of Port Elizabeth, to visit the place where a vessel named Dorothy was wrecked. This vessel left Delagoa Bay with a mysterious cargo, said to be gold, and a search for this treasure trove, which is said to be worth £100,000, is believed to be the object. Another expedition is reported to have gone overland

The people on board the tug had witnessed the mishap, and she now steamed cautiously in as close as she dared and endeavoured to float water and food to us in casks, but we had the mortification of seeing these battered to pieces one after the other on the jagged rocks

of the reef. You see, the tug was powerless to assist us, as she had no other boat, and after dodging about for some time she finally steamed off in the direction of Durban. We watched her until she disappeared into the lead-grey blur of sea and storm cloud on the horizon and then turned hopelessly to one another. We were in a parlous plight indeed—hatless, shoeless, wet, and hungry, and two hundred miles from the nearest town, Eshowe. After a consultation we decided to make for the kraal of a chief named Keli, whom I had visited on my former expeditions.

He received us kindly and provided us with food and drink, for the Kaffirs are nothing if not hospitable. We

A NEWSPAPER CUTTING FROM THE "CAPE TIMES" REFERRING TO THE SWAMING OF THE LONG-BOAT AND ALSO TO THE GOVERNMENT EXPEDITION SENT AFTER THE TREASURE.

morning, after thanking Keli for his kindness, set out for the kraal of Hlakana. We were now making our way in a roundabout fashion towards St. Lucia Bay, but the walking through the narrow bush paths was terribly trying to our bare feet. The natives go down to the sea and gather immense quantities of oysters, and the shells, after their contents have been consumed, are thrown down anywhere. As this practice has been going on for ages the paths bordering on the sea are littered in all directions with jagged shell-points, and in consequence our progress was slow and painful in the extreme.

Hlakana made us very welcome. He told us that he had witnessed the swamping of our boat and had reported it to Trooper Higgs, who was in the neighbourhood, and whom he expected to arrive every moment. Sure enough, Higgs turned up shortly afterwards, and was more than astonished to find that any of us had got through

nothing but kindness at their hands, even although they sometimes had disagreeable duties to carry out concerning me.

Next day we bade farewell to Hlakana, and towards evening arrived at yet another kraal, where we spent the night. Our progress at this time, footsore and exhausted as we were, could not have been more than a couple of miles a day. Arrived near Mr. Freyling's house, we sent a native to ask if he would lend us his boat wherewith to cross the lake. I did not go myself, for I remembered with bitterness the coldness of my reception on a previous occasion. However, the missionary himself came down to see us, and apologized sincerely for his former rudeness. He said he had been misinformed as to my character and intentions by the police, and he was anxious now to make any amends in his power. He accordingly put us in his boat and poled us across Lake St. Lucia himself, giving us in addition some coffee and



"HE POLED US ACROSS LAKE ST. LUCIA HIMSELF."

the surf alive. He asked if he could do anything for us, and we said we should like some boots. The trooper was a good fellow, and he set off immediately on a six mile ride to get us some boots from a native store. After some time he returned with three pairs which, if somewhat capacious, were at least comfortable. I may mention here that during the whole of my journey with the Natal troops I went with

biscuit. Once across the lake I engaged a Kaffir to guide us to the Umvolusi, which we crossed in safety. I had some friends at Maxwell's, and when we arrived there I was allowed to run up a bill for such things as I wanted.

After a short interval of rest we pushed on again to Eshowe. Here we made arrangements for the payment of our Kaffirs and sundry other matters. Then a couple of days later we took

my old friend the post-cart to the Tugela, from whence I telegraphed to Messrs. Chiazzari, informing them of our safety. We then took the train for Durban, where we were met by a party of friends, who congratulated us warmly on our narrow escape. It seems the tug had returned to Durban and reported the swamping of the boat and the drowning of some of its crew. They were, of course, unable to give the survivors' names.

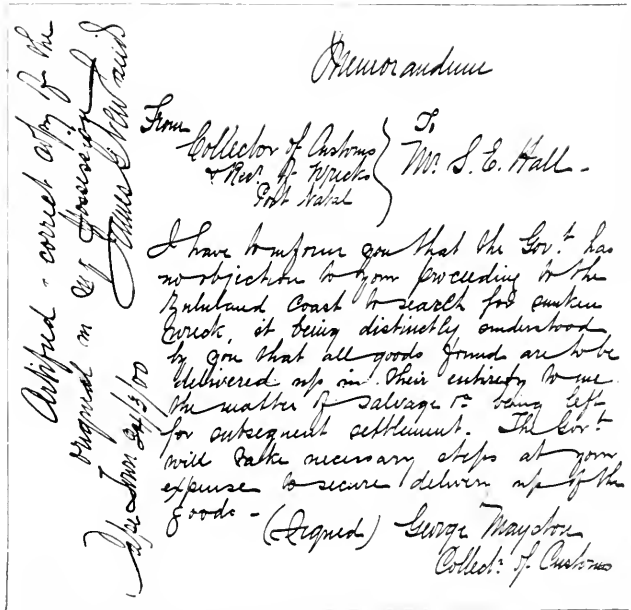
At Durban I learnt that Inspector Clarke's expedition had wasted two months at Cape Vidal without being able to accomplish anything; and then, as the political situation was growing threatening, Clarke was recalled for other and more important work and the party broken up. The growing tension between the British and Boers, as a matter of fact, was the cause of nearly all the indecision and supineness shown by the Natal Government in the conduct of the treasure-trove business. The war was foreseen in South Africa long before the good folks at home knew anything at all about the trouble, and as a result the authorities were far too busy attending to delicate matters of espionage and information to bother themselves particularly about a complicated salvage case. Thus it came about that I was badgered from pillar to post and exposed to the interference of petty officials; whilst neither the authorities nor myself were exactly certain of our respective legal positions.

After some time Mr. Mayston, the Receiver of Wrecks, again sent for me and informed me that Sir Harry Binns, the then Premier, had decided that I was to be granted a Government permit to explore the wreck—and this was duly made out and handed to me. Its terms were strictly non-committal, as will be seen from the above reproduction.

The receipt of this permit, after all the hard-

could now operate openly without fear of being interfered with. Up to this time I had spent on my various expeditions something like one thousand seven hundred pounds of my own money, and perhaps nearly as much of other people's, and had, moreover, suffered greatly in body and mind. Nothing daunted, however, I now proceeded to equip yet another party to proceed to Zululand. This time I determined to try the overland route, having had quite enough of the sea for some considerable time to come. The Chiazzaris and one or two other friends helped in financing the expedition, which consisted of my brother and myself; Mantell, who had rejoined us; the diver and his mate;

Docra, a friend who came along for the shooting; and Caney, a photographer, who brought with him, at my request, a half-plate camera, with which the photos. herein reproduced were taken. We had also to take with us an officer of H.M. Customs, Mr. H. C. Wells, who was sent to protect the interests of the Government. It was his duty to take charge of all gold recovered, seal it with the official seal, and see to its safe conduct to the bank.



THE GOVERNMENT PERMIT GRANTED TO THE AUTHOR TO SEARCH FOR THE TREASURE.

Now, the Government thought they would only have to pay me some small commission on the gold salved, but I went to Mr. Morcom, Q.C., of Pietermaritzburg, one of the leading lawyers of the Colony, and after looking up all the available precedents he told me that the authorities themselves had no legal right to more than 10 per cent. of the total amount recovered. This I did not at all mind, and I left his office with a light heart. It was rather less than the Government's own terms the other way round.

One of my most difficult tasks was that of procuring a diver. Really good deep-sea divers it was almost impossible to obtain, but ultimately I engaged a Russian Finn and his mate.

Once more we set out from the Tugela, and

Cape Vidal is some two hundred miles distant from the Tugela, and we reached it in about fifteen or sixteen days. I visited the mission station, as usual, and this time I showed Mr. Freyling the Government permit, introducing him, moreover, to Mr. Wells.

We also went to see my friend the chief Hlakana, who made a statement to Mr. Wells concerning the wreck. This statement I wrote down in my copying-book, and Hlakana appended his "mark" to it. This rough-and-ready document is reproduced herewith in facsimile.

Having transacted our business with Hlakana, we continued along the coast for another nine miles in the direction of the wreck.

Cape Vidal  
Zululand  
18 Oct 1899

I the Chief Hlakana in the Duzulu District of Zululand & Lucia Land under the Magistracy of Hlakana (Magistrate A. G. G. E. G.) do hereby certify by my mark that the spot where Mr. S. C. Hall and his Expedition were working upon is the spot where a certain ship with sails set struck the reef some unclean months ago and was there broken up some of the wreckage washing on the shore I and my men watching here and the same was pointed out by me to Inspector Clark of the C. S. Department Durban Natal four months ago

Hlakana his mark /

Witness  
Edward H. C. Wells  
H. M. Customs  
Port Natal

THE STATEMENT REGARDING THE WRECK MADE TO THE CUSTOMS OFFICIAL BY THE CHIEF HLAkana.

Here we found a suitable spot for camping, with an abundant water-supply, and we pitched our tents and outspanned the oxen. A very good idea of this snug little camp is given in the photo. below.

After setting up the tents and attending to the oxen we went down to have a look at the wreck, taking with us a Norwegian scow we had brought for the purpose, and also the diving-gear—perhaps our most precious possession. The only change I noticed in the wreck was that the foremast, which had been standing on my former visit, had now fallen down and lay across the reef, covered with

barnacles. No other portion of the wreck was visible above water.





THE TENEDOS REEF AT LOW WATER, SHOWING THE FOREMAST OF THE "DOROTHEA."  
From a Photo. by B. W. Caney.

The surf was pretty quiet for the first two or three days, and I was enabled to make a good survey of the vessel through my water-glass, an invaluable contrivance, consisting of a long, oblong box with a glass bottom, which enables one to see many feet below the surface with marvellous distinctness.

The *Dorothea* lay with her bows pointing seawards, half buried in the sand. Just aft of the mainmast she was very much damaged, this being the place where she had dropped on the reef and broken her back when she first struck. The stern itself lay inshore of the reef, in about four fathoms, whilst the greater part of the

vessel lay in the deeper water outside. It was evident that the task of raising her would be a difficult one, and I thanked my lucky stars that I had brought four cases of dynamite with me.

The weather still remaining fine, with waves not more than four or five feet high (quite moderate for the Tenedos), the diver laid a charge of about fifteen cartridges, provided with a submarine fuse, under the stern. Ropes were attached to the woodwork and carried to the beach, so that we might haul ashore anything that came up. Presently there was a dull report and the water heaved up sullenly, but nothing came to the surface. Then our Kaffirs hauled



on the ropes, and presently we brought ashore the rudder-post and a portion of the stern, including the rail as far as the break of the poop.

From the difficulties attending our operations I did not wonder that Butler, Inspector Clarke's diver, had failed to accomplish anything. In order to reach the wreck it was necessary for the

fitting in the pieces, as it were, I discovered that a portion of the keelson was missing. This fragment I afterwards noticed at the missionary's house, but, curiously enough, the large copper bolts which ran through it had been sawn out. Now, sawing out these huge bolts is a more or less laborious business, and I felt interested to know why they had been removed, and by



THE MEMBERS OF THE TREASURE-TROVE EXPEDITION SITTING BY THE STERN OF THE SHIP, WHICH WAS RECOVERED BY THE USE OF DYNAMITE. THE AUTHOR IS THE FIGURE ON THE EXTREME LEFT. [B. W. Conroy.]

diver first of all to cross the lagoon. Then he had to ascend on to the reef, and from there, encumbered as he was by his heavy apparatus, clamber down into deep water through the strong surf. Once caught in the waves he would have been battered to pieces in a moment. In order to assist our diver I had a line stretched taut across the reef at about the level of his hand. Then at low tide we laid another line, attached to a heavy anchor, down the outer side of the reef into deep water. This was for use as a sort of "banister" in ascending and descending, and proved of incalculable service. But the diver, unfortunately, was not of much use to me, and I only got six hours' work out of him all told. With a really good operator—a man who knew his work thoroughly—very different results might have been achieved.

I knew perfectly well that the gold was located round the base of the foremast, but it was necessary for me to raise as much of the vessel as possible in order that I might piece her together, so to speak, in my mind's eye. Otherwise I could never be certain when I had got the whole of her. Whilst working in this way,

whom. Accordingly I tackled the missionary's brother-in-law about it, but he was decidedly reticent. I saw that there was something mysterious behind this apparently unimportant affair, and I pressed him further concerning it. Ultimately, after a good deal of diplomatic hedging, he agreed to show me the bolts. He told me that when the wreckage first came ashore these bolts struck him as looking very peculiar, and after examining them he came to the startling conclusion that they were nothing more or less than *hollow bars of copper filled in with gold!* Just think of it: huge hollow tubes filled in with something like eight pounds of gold apiece! No wonder that he became excited, and called Inspector Clarke and the magistrate, Mr. Boast, to examine his find! These gentlemen, after examination, concurred in his opinion, and when the metal had successfully resisted a test with some weak spirits of salt, which Mr. Freyling happened to have in his medicine-chest, their joy was complete. However, as some small amount of doubt still existed in their minds, it was agreed that they should take one bar apiece and have

them properly tested by an assayer before saying anything about the matter. Messrs. Clarke and Boast therefore took a bar each, while two bars remained at the mission station, and these were shown to me. Without a doubt the things looked peculiar—as though a thin tube had been filled in with another metal—presumably gold.

Full of this curious yarn, I went back to the Customs officer, Mr. Wells, and told him that our interests must be protected. I did not relish the idea of our wasting money and time in diving and blasting operations whilst masses of wreckage containing eight-pound bars of gold obligingly went ashore at other people's doors. Accordingly Mr. Wells informed the missionary's brother that he must take steps to declare his find before the Receiver of Wrecks at Durban,

attempts and return to Durban. Accordingly we packed up our traps and bade farewell to Cape Vidal and its cruel reef, on which our hopes of vast treasure had now for the third time been wrecked.

Arrived at the little township of Maxwell's, whom should I meet but the missionary's brother-in-law, who had just returned from his trip to Durban with the bar of gold. He had a pitiful tale of woe to unfold. It appears that he went to Mr. Mayston, the Receiver of Wrecks, and made an affidavit concerning the discovery of the bar. An assayer was called in, and after a superficial examination declared the bar to be gold. Accordingly it was sent off under escort to the vaults of the Standard Bank, and a telegram was sent to the authorities in



THE DIVER PREPARING TO MAKE A TRIP TO THE WRECK. AT HIS FEET ARE THE VESSEL'S PUMPS, WHICH HE SUCCEEDED IN RECOVERING. [B. W. Camp.]

and he set out for that place forthwith with his precious ingots.

On one of his trips below my diver brought up the fo'e's-le-head and a piece of the rail. He reported that the forepart of the ship was full of sand, which entered through a large hole in her bows. On another visit he brought up the vessel's pumps, which are shown in the above photo.

Shortly afterwards the spell of fine weather we had enjoyed broke up, and the surf again became heavy. It fairly boiled as it thundered over the rocks, and all diving operations became out of the question.

As the days went on the weather showed no signs of improvement, and at last, sick at heart, I decided that once again we must give up our

Pietermaritzburg announcing that about eight pounds of gold had already been recovered from the wreck of the barque *Dorothea*. But with the morning came disillusionment. The Bank assayer pronounced the bar to be a mixture of copper and brass and returned it contemptuously. So ended this romantic discovery. What happened to the unfortunate chemist who, thanks to an exuberant imagination, had passed the bolt as gold I am unable to say, but his fate cannot have been an enviable one. The missionary's brother was very sick about the business, for he had had a long and costly journey for nothing. He agreed with me that Messrs. Boast and Clarke had probably had their bars tried privately, and, finding them base, had held their peace concerning them.



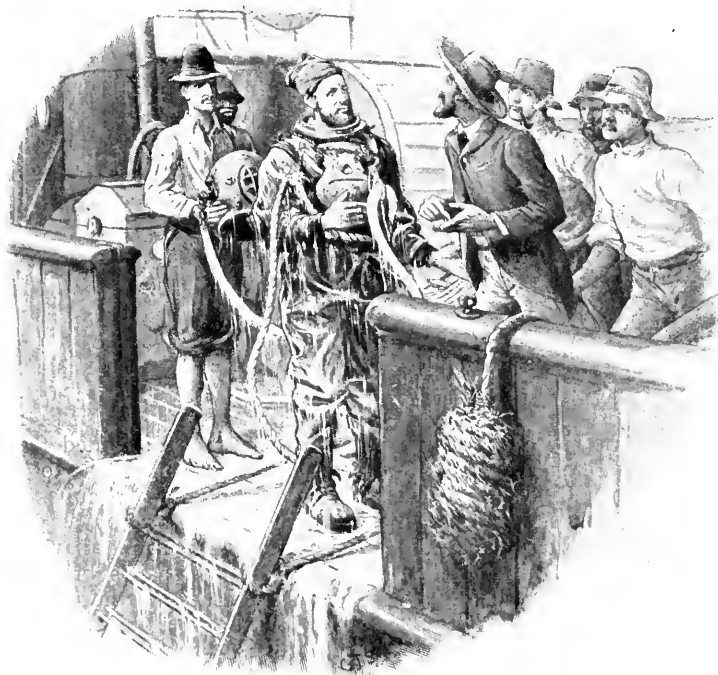
He also told us about the Battle of Elandsiaagte and the death of General Symons. We made our way to the Tugela without misadventure, and ultimately arrived at Durban, which we found seething with the war fever and packed with refugees.

It might be thought that after all these failures we should lose heart and decide to let the gold remain for ever at the bottom of the Indian Ocean. But, instead, I was as hopeful as ever, and as long as my money lasted I was determined to prosecute the search. My brother accordingly went down to Port Elizabeth, where he chartered a tug-boat called the *Countess of Carnarvon*, at the rate of four hundred and fifty pounds a month, we to pay wages and coal bills. This will give you some idea of the scarcity of suitable steam vessels on the coast.

The owners of the tug, Messrs. Searle and Coles, also engaged a Greek diver for us, but he ran away, and I had to fall back on the diver we had taken before. We started on December 7th, the party consisting of Mr. Wells, the Customs officer, my brother, myself, and the diver and his assistant. Mantell had gone to the front with the Durban Light Infantry.

We left Durban in the teeth of a howling gale, and the captain of the *Countess of Carnarvon* found it quite impossible to get her across the

bar. After a number of plucky attempts we had to run into the bay for shelter, and it was another two days before we got clear away. We encountered a second terrible gale off Port Durnford, forty-five miles to the eastward, and for nine or ten days we dodged backwards and forwards or lay hove-to in a sea which ran mountains high, the tug proving herself a splendid little sea-boat. When we arrived off Cape Vidal there was, of course, a fearful surf running, and we had to wait until this had abated. When the sea went down a wonderful calm succeeded—the stillest and most magnificent day I have ever seen on this storm-swept coast; and we crept in until we were within ten or fifteen yards of the reef, on which tiny wavelets broke with a musical splashing, very different from the angry roaring we had been accustomed to for so long. I sent the diver down at once, and the water was so wondrously clear that we could follow his movements with ease. My heart beat tumultuously, for with a few days like this I should be able to get at the treasure. The diver, however, was woefully incompetent. We signalled to him to explore the wreck, but instead he turned round and walked seawards. Thinking he had misunderstood the signals, I fetched him up and explained what I wanted done, whereupon he blamed his mate.



Once again he went down, and this time it was evident that he was wilfully disobeying his orders. My own opinion is that the man knew no more about diving than is necessary for going to the bottom and stopping there; and that he shirked going on board the wreck, with its sloping deck, strewn with tangled wires and cordage, and its jagged stumps of masts. I was like a raging fury at the man's wilful blundering, and had I had the slightest experience I would have gone down myself. The diver's mate, seeing my distress, offered to attempt it, but I did not want to have any more fatalities on my conscience, and so I declined the offer. You will understand my state of mind, however, when I tell you that I firmly believe that if I had had a good diver there that day I should have recovered the gold, or, at all events, a good portion of it. After leading four expeditions to the place and spending money like water, the one thing I had been longing for—a day of perfect calm—had at last arrived; and my diver, instead of doing his duty, was wandering idiotically about the bed of the ocean, steadfastly refusing to board the wreck!

They hauled him up presently, and he slipped off to his bunk out of my way. "I'm afraid it's no good wasting any more time, sir," said the captain, breaking in upon my despairing thoughts. "That fellow is utterly incapable. He knows just about as much of diving as the man in the moon."

His remarks, I knew, were only too true, and after a brief but poignant mental struggle I gave the order to return, and the little *Countess of Carnarvon* headed her bows for home. Once again circumstances over which I had no control had defeated me in my search for the

sunken treasure, and yet another carefully-planned expedition had failed.

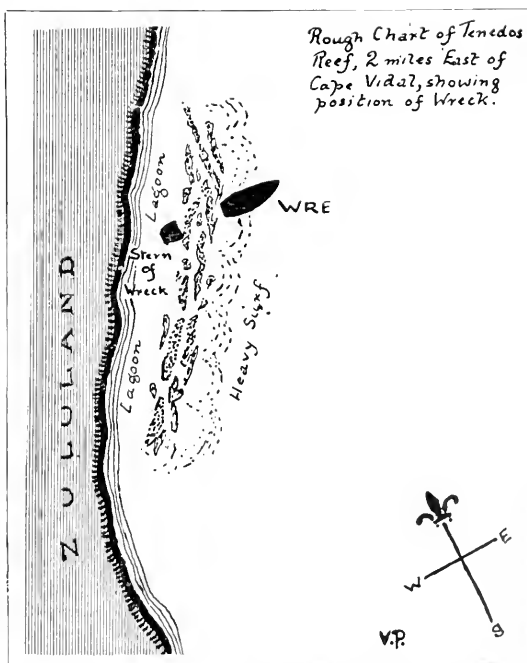
From Durban I came home to England in the Rennie liner *Ichanga*, primarily in order to transact some business connected with certain gold-mining properties I am interested in, but also to obtain some improved diving apparatus which it was impossible to get in South Africa. We left a friend at Cape Vidal to look after our interests, and it was agreed that my brother should visit him from time to time.

When I returned to South Africa it was to find the whole country in the throes of that great struggle which ended in the final overthrow of the Boer Republics. My brother and I had no capital for another expedition; and at such a time of stress people with money had something else to do with their cash than to sink it in apparently fantastic schemes for the recovery of a treasure on the remote coast of Zululand.

Thus things hung fire until the war ceased, when we tried again to equip an expedition; but the conflict had left the country prostrate and impoverished. The Government, busy with weightier matters, refused finally to have anything to do with the matter until things

were in a more settled condition, and so the attempt failed.

We have not yet lost hope that, when the tide of prosperity once more sets in, we may be able to conduct a properly equipped and authorized expedition to the scene of the wreck and successfully salvage the sunken treasure. Difficult and dangerous is the quest, but the prize is a tempting one. Meanwhile, it lies there on the lonely Zululand coast—three tons of yellow gold—guarded by the thunderous surf and cruel rocks of the deadly Tenedos Reef.



A ROUGH CHART SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE WRECK ON THE TENEDOS REEF. "THE TREASURE LIES THERE ON THE LONELY ZULULAND COAST—THREE TONS OF YELLOW GOLD—GUARDED BY THUNDEROUS SURF AND CRUEL ROCKS."

# An Old Folks' Festival.

BY GERALD QUINCY.

Every year there takes place in Utah a festival for old people above the age of seventy, comprising a day's outing and a sumptuous banquet. On the last occasion eight hundred and thirteen persons took part in the function, their ages representing a grand total of over sixty-three thousand years! Everything was free, from the railway ride to the final entertainment, and youngsters and grown-ups alike united to do the old folks honour.



NE of the most lovable characteristics of the American people is the respect which the young and middle-aged pay to those who are old and grey. It is so in all parts of the country, from east to west, from north to south, and neither race nor religion seems to make a difference in the veneration accorded to the old. It is, in short, such a common thing that the people themselves will probably smile to see it praised in print as one of their many virtues. It is noticeable not only in family life, but in society at large, and public bodies seem to vie with private individuals in their expressions of goodwill and affection towards those who have reached the evening of life.

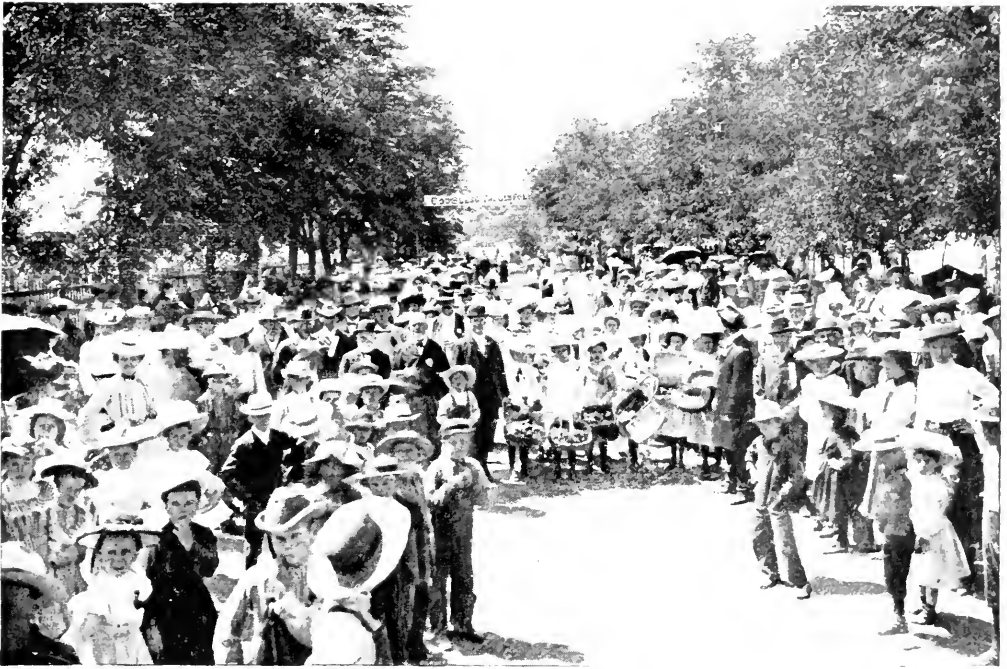
Of those States which take a justifiable pride in making the old folks happy, Utah holds, perhaps, first place. It is here that their welfare is judged of great account, and not a year goes by but something is done to give them pleasure, and the popular tributes are something more than annual affairs. In the cold of winter they are invited to entertainments in the theatres, and in the summer to picnics in the woods. The citizens join hands and subscribe gladly to give them a memorable greeting, the actors and singers play and sing with a power born of the occasion, the directors of the railroads and electric-car systems give them free rides, and at the banquets the old folks furnish nothing except their own plates, knives, forks, and spoons. Whatever be the affair, it is all free, and when it is over there is a general feeling of satisfaction that a pleasurable duty has been performed.

One of these unique gatherings was held last year at American Fork, in which 813 old people, with an aggregate age of no less than 63,414 years, were entertained. Forty-one were over ninety, 153 were between eighty and ninety, and 617 between seventy and eighty. The descendants in Utah and the adjoining States of these 813 aged people numbered 48,780. Nearly all the participants in the festival had crossed the plains in "prairie schooners" in the pioneer days, when the Indian was in the height of his glory, and

many had seen the virgin forest and untilled plain of those days transformed into the fruitful farms and populous towns of the present. It was a gathering of the grandfathers and grandmothers of a race of men and women who are to-day reaping the advantages of a pioneer struggle the nature of which can only be suggested to the young.

The festival was, however, not an occasion for philosophizing on the past, but for enjoyment of the passing moment. And keenly did the old folks enter into the fun. They came to American Fork from all parts, but the majority from Salt Lake City, and the arrival of the train on which they were being given a free ride was awaited with immense eagerness and enthusiasm. In front of the station a bevy of pretty little girls stood waiting for the old folks with baskets of flowers, and when at last the train rolled in each old lady and gentleman was given a bouquet and a hearty welcome from the reception committee. In a beautiful avenue stood many hundreds of youngsters and grown-ups ready to escort their guests to the place of banquet, and a large sign in front of them, with its simple wording of "God Bless the Old Folk," gave expression to the popular sentiment. It was an inspiring sight to see the guests, infected by the spirit of the scene, become young again. They appeared hale and hearty, each with a basket or bag, and the majority walked along with firm and springy step.

Thus auspiciously a busy day began. Everything had been arranged so that the honoured guests might enjoy themselves thoroughly with the least possible fatigue. Some, it is true, were too infirm to engage in any sports, and were content merely to sit round under the shady trees chatting of old times and listening to the Old Folks' Choir, which had arranged a special programme for their enjoyment. On one of these trees a sign reading "Rockers for Feeble Only" was an almost unnecessary hint that able-bodied octogenarians should not give way to selfishness, and in the rocking-chairs were accordingly seated the oldest members of the gathering. As the day was hot each old lady had a fan presented to her by the railroad



"IN FRONT OF THE STATION A BEVY OF PRETTY LITTLE GIRLS STOOD WAITING FOR THE OLD FOLK "BIRD" SKITS OF FLOWERS."  
*From a Photo, by C. R. Savage, Salt Lake City.*

company, the men being content to fan themselves with their broad-brimmed hats. One of our illustrations shows a typical scene at the picnic, with the old people listening while a member of the choir sings.

To see such a group as this was a godly lesson in the compensations of longevity. The curious one was tempted to ask these old folk the reason for their long lives. The recipe given was simple: "Do not drink intoxicants, never go to excess in anything, live in the open air, and lead a godly life." This was the secret, put into the briefest possible language, as expressed by one of the oldest of the throng. He himself as one of the

gathering stated, was "certainly the youngest old man that ever went out on an old people's





*From a Photo. by*

LISTENING TO THE "OLD FOLKS' CHOIR"

*[C. K. Savage.]*

grandchildren, and one of the old men present, who lacked only a few months of being ninety-three, had come from Liverpool to Boston in a sailing-ship in the early days. It was of such material that the gathering was composed.

When the outing in the woods was over a banquet was provided in a large hall prettily decorated with American flags and bearing the huge device, "A Cordial Welcome." The tables, arranged in six rows, were lavishly covered with flowers and with eatables of

excursion—a farmer of ninety-five who still managed his own farm of about four hundred acres." The oldest woman present was ninety-four, and she sat talking with animation to some girls well on in the eighties. Another lady of eighty-five was the happy possessor of eighty-two

the best sort. The statistics of the banquet afford positive evidence that appetite does not go off with age, for among the things consumed at this Gargantuan and Methuselan gathering were sixty bushels of green peas, three hundred chickens, two hundred and fifty pounds of ham,



THE BANQUET GIVEN TO THE OLD FOLKS. EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN GUESTS SAT DOWN TO THE FEAST, THEIR AGES REPRESENTING A GRAND TOTAL OF OVER SIXTY-THREE THOUSAND YEARS!

*[C. K. Savage.]*

twenty bushels of new potatoes, ten bushels of cherries, one hundred large cakes, and five hundred loaves of bread, to say nothing of all the "trimmings" which go to make such a banquet an everlasting memory! Did they enjoy it? Report has it that not even in the history of old folks' festivals in Utah was there ever such a feast. There were some empty seats, to be sure, but these were vacant under doctors' orders, or because the day was hot—so hot, indeed, that the honorary waiters were compelled at times to do their work in their shirt-sleeves. One of our illustrations, taken at the moment when a blessing was being asked upon the function, shows the banquet in progress. After dinner an entertainment was given before a thoroughly appreciative audience, and the end of the day saw nearly a thousand people, tired but contented, wending their way back to the station, there to take train for home. There was not one there who felt grief at being no longer young.

Two years ago a "Grand Old Folks' Sociable" took place at Lagoon, and the Salt Lake and Ogden Railway carried free to and from Lagoon all the old people of Salt Lake City of the age of seventy years and upwards. No person was allowed to go with the excursionists without a ticket, and at the banquet only the aged were seated at the first table. The circular issued by the committee of arrangements made it quite clear that it was an old folks' picnic and not a festival for the young. "Those who accompany the blind,

lame, or crippled," the circular ran, "will not be our guests—they must pay their own fare and provide their own picnic. This invitation is extended to all mankind, without regard to race, faith, or colour; the only requirement is that you must be seventy years old, or older. Please do not bring children with you—it is not their day." Badges were provided which were free passes on the street cars when worn by the aged people to and from the station. Those between seventy and eighty wore a red badge, from eighty to ninety a blue badge, and from ninety upwards a white rosette. The residents of Salt Lake City and vicinity, either young or middle-aged, were officially asked to "do themselves the honour of performing at least the specially kind act to their aged friends on Old Folks' Day" of sending a vehicle to take the old ones to and from the station. "Nothing will be omitted," added the circular, "to create a joyous, happy feeling. Forget your troubles for one day and let the glorious present be the theme!" Practically the same invitation was given and the same rules followed at the remarkable gathering described and illustrated in this article. Smiled on by good weather, and carried through from start to finish by an enthusiastic committee, it passed into the history of the State as a "world's record in festivals." This summer is to witness an attempt to beat the unbeatable, and meanwhile the fortunate old folks of Utah sit placidly waiting to see just how it will be done.



"AFTER DINNER AN ENTERTAINMENT WAS GIVEN BEFORE A THOROUGHLY APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE."



# Lord Dalmeny's Bull Hunt.

BY H. L. ADAM.

How a runaway mad bull terrorized a whole countryside for days, eluding all attempts at capture; and how he was finally run to earth and killed, after an exciting struggle, by a distinguished young nobleman.



**A**BOUT four or five miles from the city of Edinburgh lies the small, unpretentious, and slumberous village of Ratho, situated between the Pentland Hills and the Firth of Forth. Ratho is almost cheek by jowl with Dalmeny, which, speaking geographically and territorially, is also a "place of no importance." It is, however, as is well known, the seat of the Earl of Rosebery, and is intimately associated with his lordship's heir-apparent, Lord Dalmeny, who figures prominently in the story I am about to relate.

I must now ask the reader to accompany me, metaphorically, of course, to Ratho. Our destination, which is also the practical starting-point of my narrative, is the small roadside station of the village, on the system of the North British Railway.

It was a dull morning towards the end of a dreary winter. The station was almost deserted, save for one or two porters, until a distant whistle and a nearer rumbling heralded the approach of a train. A little activity betrayed itself about the station, and several porters appeared. The train at length drew up sedately before the platform. There were

no passengers, it being a freight train only. I am in error—there *was* one passenger, of the greatest possible importance. He was travelling, however, within the unsavoury precincts of a cattle truck. To this truck several porters turned their attention, and were soon afterwards joined by Mr. Lesslie, the pleasant-faced and genial station-master.



THE VILLAGE OF RATHO.

From a Photo. by Marshall, Wane & Co.

The task in hand soon became apparent—the detaining of a fine bull, the passenger I have already referred to. It did not look a particularly pleasant task. The bull glowered through the interstices in the walls of his prison at those upon the platform, and within the fathomless depths of his distended orbs one seemed to interpret a desire for mischief. Above his





*From a Photo. ty* THE STATION AT RATHO, WHERE THE BULL ESCAPED. [*Marshall, Wane & Co.*]

sinister eyes spread to right and left a pair of formidable horns, and he betrayed much restlessness and a threatening desire to be at liberty. Those to whom his care and safety were entrusted seemed to regard him askance, and went about their work in a cautious, apprehensive manner.

At length the doors were thrown open, and then one saw what a huge monster this four-legged passenger was, with powerful chest and flanks—a veritable monarch among bulls. But almost before his custodians could assimilate these details something occurred—something which put an abrupt end to the peace of the scene and effectively woke up the sleepy village.

Suddenly the bull's eyes seemed to be imbued with a new light. He cast a hasty look about him, and then, with a mighty bellow that seemed to shake the very foundations of the station, he lowered his massive head and dashed wildly at his custodians, scattering them like chaff before the wind. Then he leapt a fence and made off at a furious speed across the fields.

Some of the men close at hand made a kind of half-hearted attempt to stay the wild progress

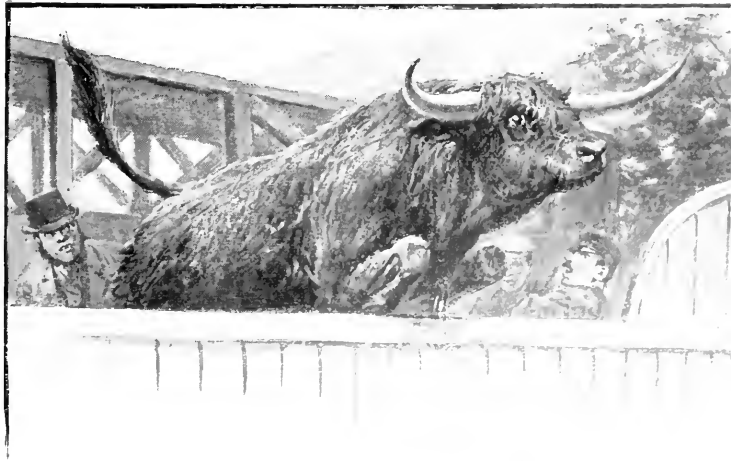
intentions just in time.

When the runaway had disappeared the seriousness of the situation gradually dawned upon the little group at the station.

It was evident that the bull had been attacked by a sudden frenzy, and there was no knowing what mischief he might not get into. The greater anxiety naturally was experienced by the owner of the bull, a farmer of Ratho, a place near present when the

animal broke loose. He had bought it in the north, and was bringing it home to his farm when the incident occurred. The situation looked decidedly serious for the farmer, for he was responsible for any damage to life or property which the maddened animal might cause.

An effort was at once made to trace the



whereabouts of the bull. Accompanied by some assistants, the owner set out in pursuit, making innumerable inquiries as he went. At first the party were able to glean some news as to the direction in which the animal had gone, for he had mightily startled more than one pedestrian, although luckily all with whom he had so far come in contact were able to give him a wide berth and so escape injury. Sir Bull, in fact, had enjoyed a complete immunity from molestation, his huge size, wicked-looking eyes, and dangerous horns inducing all who saw him to seek safety in headlong flight. But how long would this state of affairs last? How long would it be before someone would be caught and injured, or even killed, by this rampaging runaway? These questions constantly exercised the mind of the unfortunate owner of the animal.

Finally, to the dismay of the searchers, all trace of the bull was lost, he having apparently taken to the surrounding woods, where it was almost impossible to seek him. When last heard of he was making in the direction of Dalmeny, but as night closed in the chase, for the time being, was abandoned.

Immediately the news of the escape spread abroad in Ratho a period of panic set in, shared alike by old and young. A mad bull wandering about the countryside! A stiffening fear held the inhabitants in a nightmare grip, and all moved about in trepidation. The cry "Mad bull!" ran like quicksilver through the village, and some of the heretofore most gentle and docile quadrupeds of the place were subjected to cruel and unmerited suspicion. Darkness brought with it unnameable perils; the nights were pregnant with terror to those whose business called them abroad. Poor, broken-down steeds, browsing quietly in fields, were mistaken in the darkness for the dreaded monster; and as for a sleek and docile milch-

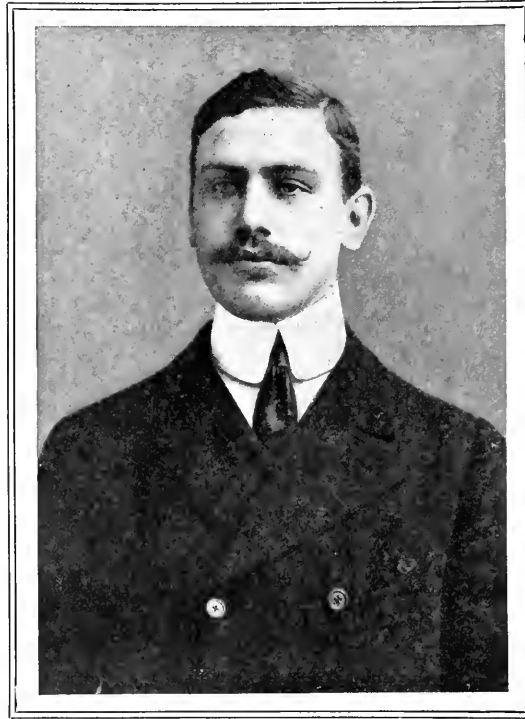
cow, she was well-nigh boycotted, milk and all. People went to bed early, carefully examining windows and doors to see that they were securely fastened. In fact, the entire village was "held up" by this runaway quadruped as effectively as ever was bank or railway train in the States by robbers.

Ere long the scare spread to Dalmeny, and close on the heels of the scare came the animal itself. Tiring of the dulness of Ratho—largely of his own making—the bull plunged into the cool waters of the Almond, swam to the opposite shore, and swept onwards to Dalmeny Park, like a four-footed De Wet.

Curiously enough, however, the reports that heralded his arrival at Dalmeny were of a vague and incomplete kind. They did not state that a mad bull was at large, but that some "savage animal" was likely to pay the hamlet a visit at any moment. Thus to the definite dangers of Ratho were added the unknown perils of Dalmeny.

The human imagination is a powerful microscope, and hidden danger is a wonderful vivifier of the imagination. Thus the marauding mad bull became temporarily, to the villagers of Dalmeny, a fabulous animal quite unknown to any student of zoology.

The simple rustics accepted the vague stories which were afloat implicitly. They moved about in fear and trembling, with many sideway and backward glances, and in the local hostleries the mysterious "animal" was discussed with bated breath. A new and terrible element had suddenly been imported into their lives; it was a new era, a revival of the prehistoric period, when man went in daily peril of his life from weird and horrible monsters. They are not great newspaper readers in these villages, and do not keep themselves exactly *au courant* with all the happenings of the age they live in, so that it was some time before the true facts of the case reached Dalmeny.



LORD DALMENY, WHOSE EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH THE WILD BULL IS HERE RELATED.

From a Photo. by Bassano.

The first intimation the inhabitants received that the peace and serenity of their village were likely to be disturbed was from some school-children attending Cramond School, who arrived at the scene of their studies, from Dalmeny Park, in a terrified condition, and told, breathlessly, a fabulous story of having been chased by a terrible monster. Much to their chagrin, however, no credence was attached to their

was walking through a lane which skirted the wood, her attention was attracted by the sound of a dull thumping on the ground and a great rustling of undergrowth. She stopped and listened for a few moments and made out the noise to be the stamping of feet, as if some big animal were running about. Looking into the depths of the wood she noticed a huge something rushing backwards and forwards. Pre-



"CHASED BY A TERRIBLE MONSTER."

thrilling narrative, their sceptical tutor advising them to tell their parents to give them lighter food for supper. Nevertheless, the children stoutly adhered to their story, and would not admit that their pursuer was nothing but the remnant of a nocturnal vision. The same day, at a later hour, the school-children's tale received some confirmation on the part of several of their elders, who asserted that they had perceived a strange creature careering through the dark depths of the woods. But the culminating point of the mystery was reached that same night, when a farmer was startled out of his wits by his wife bursting into the house, pale and trembling with fright.

She had a thrilling story to tell. As soon as she recovered her breath—for she had been

sently it stopped, and then to her horror she saw two great flaming eyes staring at her. The next moment the eyes came hurriedly towards her, a horrible roaring noise filled the air, and a heavy stamping seemed to shake the earth. With a scream the terror-stricken woman took to her heels, and never slackened her headlong flight until she arrived at her home.

The state of scare now in Dalmeny was at fever heat. This latest version of the unknown peril spread like a conflagration, and the story of the school-children received ample confirmation and credence. From being thought simply imaginative little chatterboxes, they were now regarded somewhat in the light of small heroes and heroines, and were forced to tell the story of their adventure over and over again to

did not so regard themselves, flatly refusing to play the heroic part of going to school next morning on foot. They were accordingly all packed into a van and driven there, driver and children alike keeping an anxious lookout for the mysterious "thing."

In the meantime, what of the bull and its luckless owner? Well, the latter had been on the move, on and off, ever since the animal first broke loose, and had at length succeeded in tracing his purchase to Dalmeny. At that place he soon arrived, accompanied by two assistants. Here he heard the reports of the bull's various appearances, and was able to knock the bottom out of some of the silly rumours that were flying about. Having enlisted

further local assistance, the farmer continued his efforts to locate the missing animal. After a lengthy search they at last discovered the bull in a field. He appeared to be resting, and in a more or less quiet frame of mind. This gave the owner and his companions some hope that they might be able to secure the animal after all, but in this they were sadly disappointed. As they approached the bull he looked up with an eye full of

acute suspicion and, bellowing his loudest, made a wild dash at the party, scattering them far and wide, just as he had distributed those who thought to detain him at Ratho Station. Having thus exhibited his defiance and contempt for his would-be captors, the animal turned about, charged into the wood again, and disappeared.

At this stage of the story I must ask your indulgence for a few moments while I add to my *dramatis personæ*. There enters, then, Lord Dalmeny, attended by several game-keepers. If you are not already aware of the fact, I should explain to you that his lordship is

a young gentleman who has recently come of age and is the heir-apparent of Lord Rosebery. It so happened that just at this time he was seeking a change from the stress of a political campaign in the pastime of rabbit-shooting. It was this promising young member of the House of Primrose who was destined to put an abrupt end to this perplexing and perilous dilemma of a mad bull.

The owner of the animal approached Lord Dalmeny and briefly explained the situation. His lordship, being equipped with a weapon much too light for the purpose of hunting a

bull—and a mad bull to boot—sent one of his attendants for a rifle. Upon the arrival of this a most exciting chase ensued. A large party of beaters was formed, including the head-keeper and the agent, Mr. Drysdale. A way went the party, over hill and dale, with the exhilaration and determination of the hunt depicted on each and every countenance. From rabbit-shooting to mad bull-hunting was certainly a remarkably speedy transition, but his lordship was equal to it. At

length, after a great deal of travelling, the bull exposed himself to view upon an open space. The hunters paused in their precipitate pursuit, and Lord Dalmeny took aim and fired. It was with some satisfaction that the party observed that the bullet had found a billet in the body of the bull. Unfortunately, however, the rifle being of small calibre, the wound inflicted only served to still further irritate the frenzied animal and make him more savage than ever. He promptly set off again upon his wild career and the chase was resumed. More keepers had by this time joined the party and a big drive was organized, led by the head-keeper. The beaters at length



"THE TERROR-STRIKEN WOMAN TOOK TO HER HEELS."

succeeded in driving the bull towards his lordship, the infuriated monster swinging along with a lengthy stride. Suddenly, however, as though scenting danger, he pulled up short and turned down a narrow sunk lane. In close pursuit went Lord Dalmeny. There was a bend in the lane a short distance down, and round this the bull disappeared. Pursuer and pursued were now coming to close quarters. Suddenly, with

tragedy—all the characters having acquitted themselves with credit and distinction. The farmer-owner of the now defunct bull, freed from his long-continued anxiety, was profuse in his thanks to Lord Dalmeny for having relieved him of so much worry and suspense, and, in reciprocating, his lordship expressed himself as highly pleased at being able to add so unusual a thing as a mad bull to his game-bag



"THIS SHOT AT CLOSE QUARTERS DECIDED MATTERS."

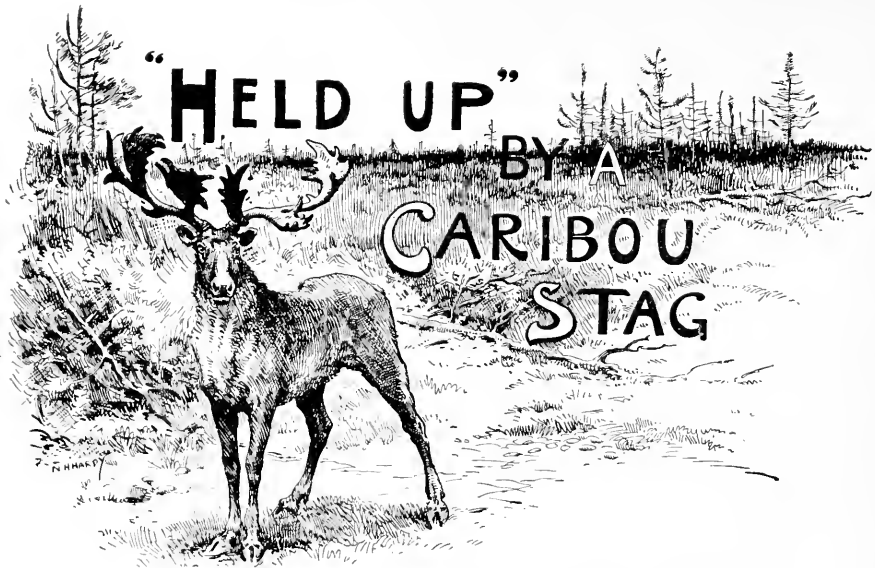
a loud bellow, the cunning animal turned sharply in his tracks, and with head down and furiously pawing the ground came thundering back at headlong speed straight for Lord Dalmeny! The situation was a most perilous one for the young nobleman. There was no way out of the lane except to retreat the way he had come, and he knew that the bull would be upon him long before he reached safety. Quick as thought, and with admirable agility, Lord Dalmeny leapt up the steep bank at the side, just in time to fire his rifle into the body of the huge brute as it swung past. This shot at close quarters decided matters, for the bull dropped at once and presently lay lifeless, safe from causing any further mischief and alarm.

So, at last, the curtain was rung down on this comedy—which might very easily have become a

And everybody shook hands with everybody else.

Peace was once more restored to the villages of Ratho and Dalmeny, and the children hied them to school again without fear. In time the legend of the mad bull may fade away: but no doubt for many years to come someone will be found to tell, in the cosy parlour of one of the inns, the story of how everybody in the place, except the narrator, was frightened out of his wits by the visit of a terrible and mysterious animal.

How hath the mighty fallen! The bull that for days caused a reign of terror throughout a whole countryside found his ultimate resting-place in the Golfball kennels, where his flesh was used to feed the hounds of the Linlithgow Hunt!



BY ARTHUR P. SILVER, OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

How two Newfoundland hunters found themselves in an extraordinary predicament—"held up" by an infuriated stag; and how one, armed only with a knife, gallantly risked his life in a desperate hand-to-hand conflict with the animal, thereby saving his brother's life.



**N** a recent shooting trip, far away in the interior of Newfoundland, I had an attendant guide who possessed more than local fame. He was the hero of a desperate encounter with a frenzied caribou stag, with which he voluntarily closed in battle armed only with a hunting-knife.

Before relating the manner in which this struggle to the death befell, some account of the great caribou herds of Newfoundland and the methods by which they are hunted may serve to supply the local colour necessary to the proper appreciation of the narrative.

A migration of immense herds of caribou occurs in the island of Newfoundland each autumn season, when these deer move from the northern extremity and the interior towards the less rigorous southern districts. Precisely the same regularity of migration is observed by the caribou herds of this island as happens twice a year on a vastly greater scale across the desert plains of the whole sub-Arctic portion of the North American continent. As the deer move across the broad, steppe-like savannas of the interior the fishermen from the settlements—which form a human fringe along the edge of the rock-bound coast—turn out in pursuit in order to obtain a supply of venison for winter consumption.

Many conflicting accounts are recorded concerning the boldness of caribou stags. Some

represent them as cowardly and timid; others as at all times ready to carry out the simple rule of warfare "to go for an enemy on sight."

The truth is that, although usually an inoffensive creature, at the end of the rutting season occasional stags seem to forget that they were ever afraid of man, and become really dangerous should the hunter allow them past his guard. Such reckless characters are known as "musky" stags, because they emit from a large gland a very pungent and offensive exhalation like strong musk. At this time their flesh is so nauseating as to be perfectly uncatable. They roam about intermittently uttering a short, hoarse bellow and a kind of snort or guttural bark, when they are apt to prove troublesome customers enough to one not armed with a rifle.

Their weapons of offence, besides the formidable antlers, are their wonderful hoofs, splayed and broad-spreading at all times. In the autumn the hoof becomes edged with thin layers of sharp horn like broken oyster-shells, a wonderful provision of Nature to enable the animal to travel securely across frozen lakes and along the edge of slippery rock precipices.

And now for my story.

It was the afternoon of one of those typical autumn days when rays of sunshine, darting through the gaps between the slowly-driving cloud masses, flood the scene with limpid light, while next moment woods and water grow

grey and sombre, and big drops of rain drum heavily on the bare rocks and drench the bushes with moisture. Harry, the guide, with his brother Alfred, had been out for venison and now, burdened with heavy loads slung over their shoulders, the two men were slowly working their way across a circular savanna, from the edges of which the land undulated away in a succession of flinty billows towards the sky-line. They were making for one of the large lakes, on the shores of which was their birch-bark wigwam and the little craft which formed their only connecting link with home and civilization.

Suddenly the well-known note of an angry "musky" stag reached the practised ear of Harry, who gave the customary low warning whistle to his companion. Both sank slowly to the ground, quickly disencumbered themselves of their burdens, and proceeded to examine their firearms. On came the stag along a well-broken deer "lead" or path until presently he stood confronting the two men—a magnificent animal, snorting with rage, pawing up the stiff soil until showers of *débris* fell over his broad brown back. He presented a perfect picture of evil fury incarnate.

Harry levelled his gun at the heart of the stag, but at the pressure of the trigger there came no report—only the snapping of the percussion-cap. The powder in the nipple of the antiquated weapon was wet from contact with the rain-laden bushes.

An attempt on the part of Alfred to finish the career of the stag ended with a similar fiasco. Thereupon, as though recognising their helplessness, the enraged animal immediately charged home, so that both men were driven to make a hasty retreat. Happily for them a large clump of "tucking bushes" offered a convenient, and for a time an effective, shelter.

"Tucking bushes" are peculiar to the sub-Arctic regions of America. They are simply stunted spruce and fir trees, and are matted together so compactly

of a man, who can walk upright over them as if treading on the shields of an unbroken Greek phalanx. No ray of sunlight can penetrate their dark recesses, but it is possible for a man to crawl about among their twisted stems and obtain shelter from some driving storm, or, as in this present instance, from some menacing and formidable antagonist.\*

Over the interlaced tops of the shaggy "tucking bushes" the bellowing stag strode fiercely, sinking through at almost every step and vainly seeking to get within striking distance of the intended victims of his fury. The men, after a while, both became badly tangled up in the dense cover. Nothing daunted, however, they essayed to pick out the rain-saturated powder as well as they were able from the nipples of the gun and put on fresh caps. This done, they once more fired at the stag, but the weapons again failed to explode.

\* It is a curious fact that the main stems of many of these dwarfed trees, upwards of thirty years old, do not exceed one inch in diameter.



"BOTH MEN WERE DRIVEN TO MAKE A HASTY RETREAT."



The situation of the two hunters now became desperate in the extreme. Their adversary, by his keen sense of scent, could easily discover their whereabouts, although they were hidden among the roots of the bushes, and soon it seemed inevitable that he would stamp out their lives with his sharp hoofs.

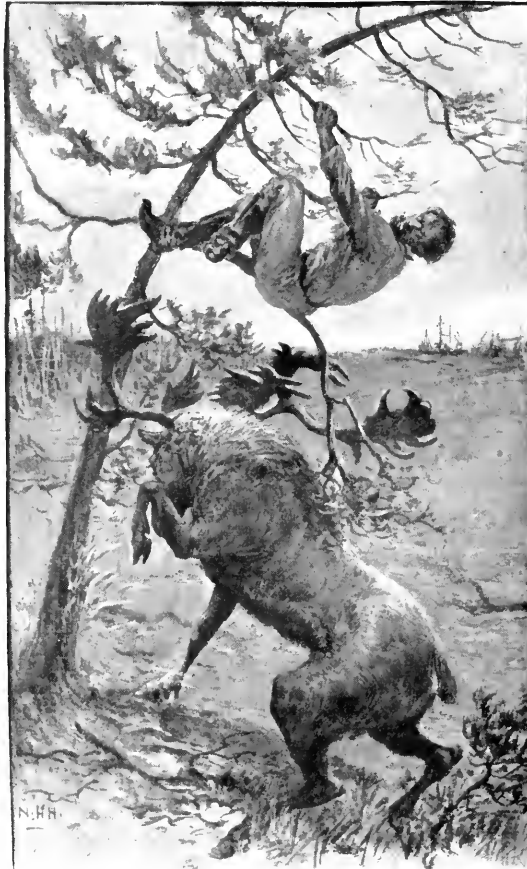
Seeing the imminence of their peril they established a mutual understanding that, whenever the stag approached closely to one of the men, the other would explode a percussion-cap, whereupon the enraged beast would turn his attention in the direction of the new sound. The animal was thus kept going to and fro like a shuttlecock off a pair of racquets. At last, however, having exploded all their caps, the desperate men felt that they were drawing towards the end of their tether. What was to be done?

The assaults of the stag were continued with unabated vigour, and every moment the brothers expected to feel his hoofs penetrating the bushes and crushing out their lives. Presently Alfred, hard pressed by the stag, made a run of about fifty yards to a juniper tree in the open, up which he clambered in hot haste. This tree has fantastic feathery branches, which, at a little distance, give it an outline curiously like a Chinese pagoda or leaning tower. In this instance the resemblance was heightened by the fact that the tree was not quite upright, but leaned over at a noticeable angle. To the horror of both men, as Alfred climbed higher to avoid the blows from the fore-feet of the stag—delivered with lightning-like rapidity—the slender tree began to slowly bend downwards beneath his weight! Inch by inch, lower and lower, the tree swayed and bent with its human freight—slowly down towards the irate animal, which pounded away at the bark just below the unfortunate guide. It was

evidently only a question of a few moments, when the man would be at the mercy of the stag; then doubtless he would be torn by the dagger-like tines of the spreading antlers and, perhaps, pounded out of all resemblance to human form by the terrible splayed hoofs, with their knife-like edges.

At this critical moment a heroic resolve sent Harry out into the open to wage a duel to the death with the fierce animal—a duel in which

victory meant the deliverance of his brother from a terrible fate, and defeat the certain destruction of both of them. Quickly drawing his long hunter's knife from the scabbard which hung at his leathern belt, he advanced boldly, with the bright steel glistening in his left hand. When he was half-way to the tree the caribou charged down upon him with a hoarse bellowing roar dreadful to hear. Fortunately the hunter was practised in quick movements, and managed to dodge the first deadly rush. Then came a period during which man and beast hovered round one another, fencing for an opening, and when at length the two combatants closed the man managed to hold on to one horn with his right hand, while he endeavoured to stab the beast in the neck with his disengaged arm. The vast strength of the stag—at



"THE TREE SWAYED AND BENT WITH ITS HUMAN FREIGHT."

this season of the year in the prime of condition and frenzied with rage—was too much for him, however, and he was thrown to the ground, falling on his back and receiving some nasty thrusts from the sharp tines of the brow antlers. But never for a moment did he relax his hold on the horn; and at this juncture he remembered a trick he had learned in his youth for throwing domestic cattle. With his right hand pulling on the left horn of the stag he twisted the nose up in the contrary direction with his left, thus exerting a telling

leverage on the animal's neck. In the *mêlée*, however, his knife fell to the ground, leaving him unarmed.

His brother, who had been watching this uneven combat with spellbound interest, now pulled himself together, dropped from the yielding tree, and, after recovering the hunting-knife, ran to his side. Locked together in a fearful trial of strength, man and stag, striving des-

perately for the mastery, went swaying this way and that, until, with one supreme effort, Harry sent the great stag down on his knees, while Alfred kept stabbing away in the vicinity of the ribs, making small impression, however, the

blade of the knife not being of sufficient length to reach the vital organs. Finally, with one desperate drawing cut he passed the sharp blade across the throat, and made a lunge at the spine.

These last strokes decided the hitherto doubtful conflict in favour of the men. The great beast plunged heavily forward on the blood-stained moss, while his life slowly ebbed away in a red stream, and Harry, breathless, but only slightly hurt, rose from that perilous battle-ground. Never had hunter been in more imminent danger. Never was man's life more bravely risked for another.

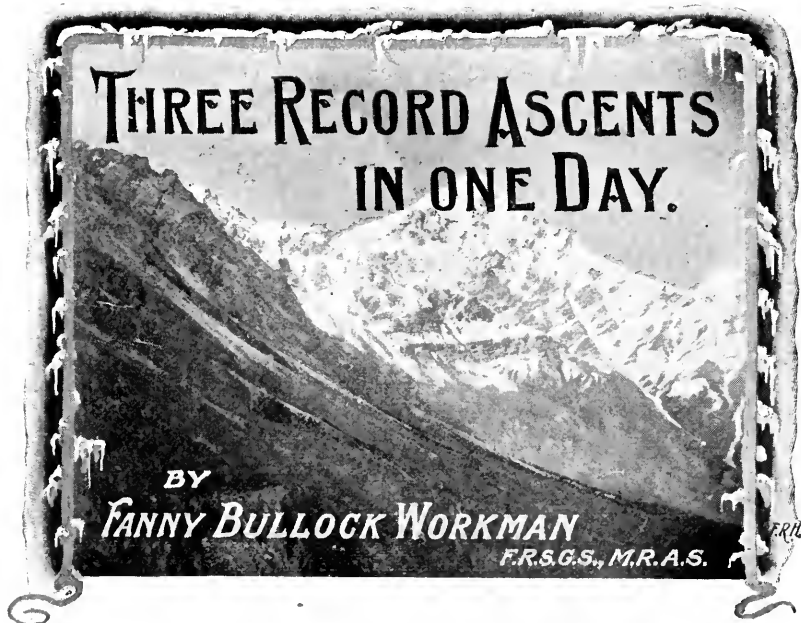
After an interval, in order to recover themselves from their exertions, the hunters decapitated their late enemy. It was a magnificent head, with forty-two points, and after adding the trophy to their load they set out for their camp once more, and this time reached it in safety.

The two men are not altogether hunters; they spend part of their time fishing on the deep, and part in cultivating a little clearing by courtesy called a farm. However, they often hire their services in the fine autumn weather to sportsmen for a few weeks in the wilds, and after hunting-hours in the field are over, when at length the welcome pipe is enjoyed at the camp fire, the story of how Harry defeated the "musky" stag is often called for, while in all the settlements his name is honoured. A

pleasant smile greets him from the village lasses, and once in a while a mother, hoping for similar courage in her offspring, will name some pink lump of humanity after the hero of the caribou plains.



"A FEARFUL TRIAL OF STRENGTH."



The story of an achievement unique in the annals of mountaineering—the ascent of three “record” peaks in a single day. The striking photographs with which Mrs. Workman accompanies her article vividly illustrate the dangers and discomforts of life amid the mighty snow-peaks of the Himalayas. Photos. by Dr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman.



**D**URING the season of 1903, our second consecutive summer of high climbing in the North-West Himalayas, having explored two new glaciers running north from the Braldu Valley and made several ascents from them, we returned during the middle of July to Arondu, in the Basha Valley, and ascended the Chogo Loongma Glacier to our base camp of last year at fourteen thousand feet. There was still an upper west branch of this great glacier left uninvestigated from last season, and several alluring peaks which doubtless offered good climbing.

This time we were accompanied by the noted Italian guides, J. Petigax and Cyprien Savoie, who were with the Duke of the Abruzzi on his Polar journey, and by L. Petigax, porter. The camp lies about fourteen miles up the glacier, on the arête of a rocky mountain which is a sort of *avant-garde* of a splendid promontory of rock and snow-peaks, jutting into the Chogo Loongma with truly spectacular effect at its point of junction with the Haramosh Glacier.

Our position was not exactly a protected one—perched on the high slope of a mountain upon which the prevailing west wind swept down with full force over twelve miles of glacier. It stormed and stormed—not monotonously, but with all the variety which a turbulent Himalayan bad-weather period can offer. A night of quiet, steadily-accumulating snow would be followed by a dreary morning of rain. At noon perhaps a break would occur, when the shifting mists disclosed miles of snow-covered glacier overtopped by virgin peaks. Tantalizing moments those, when we forsook our tents and paced the wet slope, seeking warmth from the fugitive gleams of sickly sunshine, to be driven in again speedily by the incoming fog and a renewed flurry of snowflakes.

When the elements were tired of venting snow and rain they treated us to wind, from cyclonic gusts to a hard, steady blow. The canvas shook and the tent-cords creaked, while we amused ourselves by holding the quivering poles as one might cling to the masts of a sinking ship.



THE AUTHORESS AND THE GUIDES ON SNOWSHOES.  
From a Photo.

Our sheep and goats, which in good weather found fair grazing on the stunted grass, groped about digging holes in the snow for a nibble at the wet soil beneath, fleeing disconsolately at night to the rock shelter made for them on a slope of the mountain. And the meals which the bearer, dripping with sleet and rain, served up would not have tempted an epicure! Chops singed and charred by the smoky flames of the cook's unruly fire, born of wet brushwood, and watery custard puddings which had refused to bake on the miserable apology for a fireplace.

These minor tribulations of high camp-life we cared little about, if only the weather would clear and give us our peaks and glaciers. But it was in no hurry to do so, and for two interminable weeks we existed under the conditions I have described. A break occurred at last, and after waiting a little for the snow to settle we made a four-day trip with a few coolies and small tents to the unexplored glacier to the west.

Here we realized what a late winter in the

Himalayas means, and also the painful after-effects of the July storms. People in Srinagar had looked with surprise at our preparations for a journey to the snows in a season when the snow-line was likely to be a thousand feet lower than usual. But there was no use worrying; it had snowed much of the time from April to the end of July, and therefore must surely cease storming soon.

Our old high bivouac, Sérac Camp, a photograph of which has already appeared in *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE*, was scored by avalanches as we passed it, and the solid stone cairn we had built, containing our records, had been swept away. As we went on the fresh snow increased in depth, until at eighteen thousand feet on the new glacier it was from two to three feet deep. So long, however, as the outer coating remained frozen in the early morning the coolies were able to walk, but after that they sank in above the knees, and by ten a.m. we had to camp in the wet, soft snow. The guides and ourselves wore snowshoes, which facilitated our progress greatly after the snow softened.



MRS. WORKMAN AND THE GUIDES MAKING A ROCK-TRAVERSE ON THE "RIFFELHORN."  
From a Photo

Upon returning to camp from this instructive but irksome snow tour, the weather turned bad again for a time, but in a less degree than before, and by August 7th a period of clear, radiantly fine weather set in. The time now appeared ripe for the attempt at high ascents. While waiting for the snow surfaces to gain solidity I made an interesting rock-traverse with the guides of the "Riffelhorn," which towered above our camp. On the west side—our route of ascent—the mountain presented a series of exciting arêtes and rock-chimneys, the only drawback being the instability of the rotten shale of which most of the rock peaks of this region are composed, and which makes a sure hand or foot hold hard to secure. This little trip is shown in the photograph at the bottom of the preceding page.

On August 9th, with a force of only eighteen

and one is continually haunted by the fear of losing one's peak through the ignorant fears of these porters, who at best are but little removed from animals in intelligence.

The guides had made a reconnaissance to the base of the first mountain we wished to attack, and reported glacial pools of water not far from where the first camp would be made, and a few rocks where coolie fires could be lighted. Saying nothing of our intentions, we ordered the men to prepare three days' supply of food and some wood. Then, crossing the Chogo Loongma, we ascended the flanks of a mountain at the end of Basin Glacier, and, after climbing over some steep beds of névé, reached the smooth flow of the glacier, which led to the base of the peak. By three p.m. we were camped on the glacier at the foot of the



THE GLACIER CAMP AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN. IT WAS SITUATED AT AN ALTITUDE  
*From a* OF SIXTEEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET. [*Photo.*]

coolies for carrying our high-climbing kit, the three guides and ourselves left Riffel camp with the intention of trying to climb one, or, if the weather held, possibly two of the high mountains in the range separating the upper Chogo Loongma from Basin Glacier, one of its tributaries.

The chief obstacle to very high climbing in the Himalayas is the coolie. This is particularly the case if all the camps are on snow, as ours were,

mountain. We were now at an altitude of sixteen thousand three hundred and fifty feet. (The above snap-shot depicts this glacier camp.)

Starting early the next day the guides led the way in zigzags directly up the lower slopes, and, as these were not very steep, all went well as long as the snow remained hard. By eight o'clock we reached a snow-ledge overhung by a shroud fringed by massive icicles ranging from

eight to fifteen feet long. Near this icy canopy we stopped for a light breakfast and to enjoy the view, having already climbed fifteen hundred feet or more. Looking back at our tracks we observed with concern that in one of every four or five steps we had been sinking in more than ankle deep. In half an hour the coolies came up grumbling, for they were plunging in even deeper.

Unroping the second guide we left him to the pleasant task of encouraging and helping the coolies while we crossed to a steep arête which was ascended almost straight, the guides digging out big steps wherever, as often happened now, the snow was knee-deep. Here for some time we had an advantage over the sulky coolies, for, there being no plateau where they could fling themselves down and force us to camp, they were obliged to advance.

But the long, difficult ridge merged at last into easier slopes, which led to another plateau, and as a good climb had already been accomplished we sat down in the blazing sunshine to await the coolies, who came crawling along an hour later, encouraged by the cheerful voice of the guide, who called every two minutes, "Good road ; good road."

When the last loiterers arrived we camped at eighteen thousand eight hundred feet, on a magnificent site commanding the great sweep of the Chogo Loongma for twenty miles on one side and a sea of peaks running in tortuous ranges toward the Biqfa region on the other.

shook our small tents, causing some apprehension in regard to coming weather. But as the barometers remained fairly high we did not worry, and cooking our dinner over Primus stoves turned early into our sleeping-bags.

Our third day in these snowy altitudes broke cold and clear, the tall silvery peak, still far above us, calling loudly to us in the silent blue-grey dawn.

Long before sunrise we were ready to strike tents, but not so the coolies, who lay snoring in their shelters on a snow-reach below, and it required all the energies of our party to get them into marching order by the time the sun flooded our bivouac.

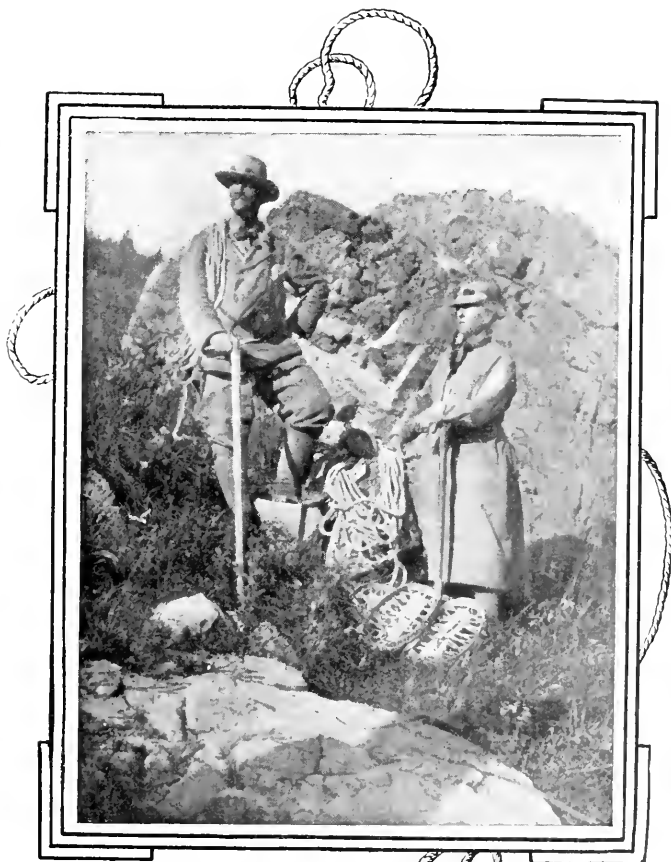
A long ridge, seamed with shrouds and crevasses, took several hours to cover, for getting the first coolie over a yawning crevasse is terrible work. Once the leader has passed the others flounder over somehow.

Gently rising slopes followed, but, fearing obstinacy on the part of the men

as we got higher, Dr. Workman and one guide remained with them while I and the other two tracked out a path some distance ahead. In getting around a rather bad ice projection a coolie knocked off Dr. Workman's topee, and away it flew down thousands of feet to the glacier below.

"A good omen," I remarked to the head guide; "this should be a record peak, for on my last record mountain I lost my helmet."

Slowly and silently we wound upward, stamp-



DR. AND MRS. BULLOCK WORKMAN,  
HOLDERS OF THE WORLD'S MOUNTAIN-  
CLIMBING RECORD.

From a Photo.

FR. Horsman.

as late as nine a.m. Already we overlooked the Chogo Loongma Pass and the glaciers falling toward Hunza-Nagar. We must have been close on twenty thousand feet, when an imperative call from the others arrested our progress. We called down to know what the trouble was. The answer rang clear in the still upper air—half the coolies were suffering from mountain sickness and the others refused to advance!

With consternation we turned and looked down the mighty wall, at the base of which many of the men lay prone in the snow.

"Offer them backsheesh and tell them it is a good path and only half an hour to camp," I called.

And we waited, trembling for our mountain, while the others offered, argued, and threatened, but all to no avail. Those who were ill lay like dead and the others remained steadfastly obstinate.

When we arrived on the scene, having retraced our steps, only four or five of the coolies appeared ill; the others were fit. Not one would go on, however. "Not for four rupees each," they declared; "they would rather cut their throats." This, by the way, is a stock phrase with the Balti when he does not like the look of a snow-slope.

When we found that no offers or arguments were of use we led them down five or six hundred feet and, taking another course, steered for a plateau on another side under the main peak, and here camped at nineteen thousand three hundred and fifty-five feet. The final peak rose precipitously several thousand feet above; how high could not be judged, as it appeared foreshortened from the camping-place.

The climb would be a steady pull at a great altitude, but there was nothing to do but attack it ourselves on the morrow, for the demoralized coolies could not be brought higher. They even remarked that they must rest several days before going down, little appreciating the danger of camping for a single night on a great snow-mountain, where a storm might gather at any time in an hour.

Late in the afternoon the guides cut steps up the first thousand feet of the high wall in order to facilitate our progress the next day. We had camped at eighteen thousand six hundred feet the previous season, but this was the first time I had tried to sleep at over nineteen thousand feet, and I cannot say that the attempt was very successful. I was not conscious of any undue heart-beating or other discomfort, but on falling asleep was certain to awake in about ten minutes and find myself gasping for breath.

A compatriot of mine, interested in obtaining a world record, went to the Andes last summer to climb Mount Sorata, estimated by Sir W. Martin Conway at about twenty-one thousand eight hundred feet. Her idea was to climb with an oxygen tank hung about her neck, from which, through a rubber tube, she was to imbibe oxygen as the atmosphere became more rarefied. Whether the experiment with the oxygen was a success or not I have not heard, but of one thing I am certain: had I had an oxygen tank in my tent at the last high camp I should have taken frequent pulls at it during the night.

At three a.m. on the fourth day of the expedition we left the tents by bright moonlight in a temperature of fifteen degrees Fahr., and, roping, at once began to ascend the sharp slants in zigzags. Owing to steps having been cut the night before good progress was made for some time. But the gradient was very sharp, broken by no mitigating plateau and rising the entire route to the top at angles of sixty-five and seventy degrees.

Climbing a moderate incline at twenty thousand feet is not very severe work, but the ascent of a nearly perpendicular wall, such as our peak offered, requires a constant effort, mental and physical, and when continued for several hours is no easy task. Sometimes only the moonlit icy surface reared itself in towering height above us; or, again, the guide wound his snaky route toward an arête, where appalling precipices fell away for thousands of feet, suggestive of mysterious death-traps. A slight mis-step and eternity was inevitable. The cold was most severe directly before sunrise, and then chiefly affected the feet. Lined rubber mittens effectually protect the hands, but keeping the feet warm is another matter. With only negative results I have tried two methods—namely, wearing one pair of stockings in fur-lined boots, and wearing huge, plain leather boots resembling as much as anything a flat-bottomed canal-boat, with three pairs of stockings inside, the most bulky being of Norwegian goat-hair. It would certainly be a boon to Alpinists if someone would invent a sure means of keeping the feet comfortable at twenty thousand feet and above. As long as they ache and feel miserably cold you are safe, but just as soon as you find yourself moving along without any particular sensation, then comes the dangerous moment when the wise man sits down on the ice, divests himself of putties, boots, and stockings, and rubs his feet with snow—not a particularly agreeable occupation with an icy wind blowing and a temperature near zero.

Several of us felt as if we had no feet by the



time we reached twenty-one thousand feet, but were able to avoid the necessity of taking off our boots by beating one another's feet vigorously with ice-axes until they tingled and twinged sufficiently to denote safety.

As we went higher in the fading moonlight huge peaks rose, sharp in outline but ghastly in tone, on every side, as if belonging to a strange, weird world, a world of giants newly fashioned by the hand of Nature, but as yet untouched by the breath of life. Then broke the mauve-tinted dawn, a sudden sheaf of light behind the peaks ending in a flare of rosy sky at the zenith. Then the mountains gradually lost their ghastly, inert look as their summits, the heavens, and the whole snowy world below became bathed with the warmth and colour that heralded the arrival of the sun.

At last King Sol himself came, flinging his rays first aslant one great summit, then another, and finally rising over a snowy cone and flooding the endless sea of peaks with gold. This was sunrise at twenty-one thousand feet, but to me, after watching the night out on the heights, it seemed more like the first awakening of the mountains, the bringing of life and light to them by the messenger of a glorious day.

Feeling the lassitude unavoidable at such altitudes, we were now marching silently and slowly up the last part of the glittering cone, and at seven a.m. stood on the summit, which commanded an uninterrupted view to the south of the mighty Mustagh Kings, Gusherbrun, the Mustagh Tower, and hundreds of others. They greeted us near and clear as if but a few miles distant.

It was pleasantly cold — sixteen degrees Fahr.—at the summit of our peak, and after a short rest we took the boiling-point and other readings, which, since carefully calculated

the height of this mountain at twenty-one thousand five hundred feet. This ascent broke my former record, made on Mount Koser Gunge, by five hundred feet. (This peak is depicted in the accompanying photograph.)

We next turned our attention to another peak to the north—shown at the top of the next page—separated from the one we were on by a long snow-ridge, and rising from an elevated plateau apparently about a thousand feet above.

It was early in the day, and, although we gasped a good deal on moving, we were still quite fit.

Gathering up our ice-axes and adjusting the rope we descended a few hundred feet, crossed the narrow ridge, in places heavily crevassed, and began to ascend its long slopes.

The gradient was not so steep as that of the first mountain, a consoling feature at twenty-two thousand feet, and in three hours we reached the summit of this second peak, a snow-slant on the west side, and a great overhanging cornice on the north-east. The view was much the same as from the first mountain, except that the Mustagh giants appeared higher than before, and we were able to look down on our previous peak.

Still less oxygen was in the air here, and with slower movements we set about the observations, which, taken with great care, place the height of this mountain at twenty-two thousand five hundred and sixty-eight feet. Having broken my old high-climbing record twice on the same day, and this time by one thousand five hundred and sixty-eight feet, I was content to leave the next achievement for women to my sisters of Great Britain and America. Sitting down in a snow depression made by the guides,



THE FIRST RECORD PEAK,  
TWENTY - ONE THOUSAND  
FIVE HUNDRED FEET HIGH.  
*From a Photo.*



THE SECOND RECORD PEAK—TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT FEET [Photo. From a]

not appeal to one after twenty-two thousand feet, and we found chocolate and kola biscuits more agreeable to our fastidious taste. In the photograph below our party will be seen on the summit of the second record peak.

Unappeased still in their record-breaking ardour, Dr. Workman and two of the guides left and descended to the great plateau, which they crossed. They then ascended the arête

feet, and thus gone higher by three hundred and eleven feet than the climbers of Aconcagua, who have hitherto held the world's highest altitude



THE PARTY ON THE SUMMIT OF THE SECOND PEAK. [Photo. From a]

of a still higher peak to have a look at what lay beyond. In a few hours they returned triumphant, having reached an altitude of twenty-three thousand three hundred and ninety-four

record. This magnificent mountain—the third record peak of our day—is seen in the photo. reproduced on the next page.

After an attempt at more lunch we went down

in ankle-deep snow at first, but on the later abrupt slopes of Peak No. 1 we sank in to above the knees. It is hard to say which was more nerve-wearing, ascending the dizzy inclines of the first peak when frozen, or descending them

to do we shirked it altogether and sought sleep as soon as possible.

The next day, our fifth at great heights, we gave orders for a speedy move downward, although the coolies came groaning around

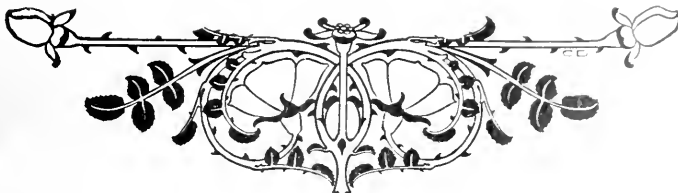


THE THIRD RECORD PEAK—A MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN TWENTY-THREE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOUR FEET HIGH. THIS IS THREE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN FEET MORE THAN ACONCAGUA, HITHERTO THE WORLD'S HIGHEST ALTITUDE RECORD. *From a* [Photo.]

when soft. Every downward step resembled a lurch in wet snow into a deep abyss, and after the day of high climbing was most exhausting.

The comforts of a Swiss hotel and a good fire would have been a pleasant welcome on reaching camp at 6.30 after fifteen hours' absence, but such luxuries were not for us. The tents were cheerless enough with a temperature at freezing-point, and as we had our own cooking

complaining of sprains of varied character. It was well we did not linger, however, for by the time we had crossed the long ridges and glissaded the various slopes to the glacier clouds rolled in over the summits, and there was every prospect of bad weather again. In fact, before Base Camp was reached a storm had begun, and for four days the great peaks we had won in such perfect weather were shrouded in driving snow and billowy cloud.



# The Wreck of the "Amiral Gueydon."

BY FREDERIC LEES

The "Amiral Gueydon," a fine new French liner, passed through the Suez Canal on her way to the East on July 23rd last. Weeks lengthened into months and nothing was heard of her. Vessels were sent in search of the missing steamer and inquiries were made at every port, but day by day the mystery deepened. The stirring story of the liner's disappearance and the adventures of her passengers and crew are here set forth as related by her captain.



HE *Amiral Gueydon*, a new vessel, belonging to the Compagnie des Chargeurs Réunis, of Havre, left Marseilles, bound for the East Indies, on July 15th last. She carried a general cargo, picked up at Dunkirk, Havre, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, and seven passengers—four men, a lady, and two little girls—in addition to a crew of fifty officers and men. The ship took in six hundred tons of coal at Port Said, and passed through the Suez Canal on July 23rd. Two months elapsed and nothing more was heard of her.

As week after week went by and no tidings of the vessel came to hand, it was generally supposed that she had been wrecked and that all on board had perished. But where had the disaster occurred? Search vessels were sent out by the owners and exhaustive inquiries instituted by the French and English authorities at the Red Sea ports, but no information could be gathered as to any wreck having occurred at Socotra or on the African shore of the Red Sea. Many of the relatives of the passengers and crew gave up all hope and went into mourning. A priest, the brother of M. le Calvez, the first mate, was so affected by what he regarded as the certain death of his brother that he died of grief only a few hours before a telegram arrived announcing that all the crew, with one exception, were safe and were on their way back to France, and that the passengers had gone on to their respective destinations.

The story which the passengers and crew had to relate was a thrilling one. It is here set forth

in the graphic and simple language of Captain Gustave Logre, the commander of the ill-fated vessel, to whose good seamanship, courage, coolness, and prudence the safety of the passengers and crew is entirely due.

We left Suez at eight o'clock on the morning of July 23rd, and on the 29th encountered a hurricane, with heavy seas. The gale continued all the next day, and that evening a fire broke out spontaneously amongst the chemicals stowed in the forehold. In about an hour we had put out the flames, but in order to do so we had to pull the cargo about a good deal, and as I wanted to re-stow it and see what damage had been done by fire and water, my officers agreed with me that it would be best to make for some harbour or anchorage on the north coast of Socotra, which was only some forty miles distant. We steered for that island, but the weather grew worse, and though the engines were going at full speed we made very little progress.

About midnight, without the least warning, there was a terrible explosion in the forehold, which simultaneously burst into flame. I was on the fore-deck at the time, talking to the

first and second lieutenants. We were all three blown into the air, and it was quite a miracle that we did not fall into the burning hold or into the sea. There were several kinds of chemicals stowed in the forehold, and one or two carboys of sulphuric acid, which had been broken by the rolling of the vessel, must have come into contact with some other chemicals and caused an explosion.



CAPTAIN GUSTAVE LOGRE, THE COMMANDER OF THE ILL-FATED "AMIRAL GUEYDON."

*From a Photo. by R. Antin, Havre.*



"WE WERE ALL THREE BLOWN INTO THE AIR."

As soon as we returned to consciousness we picked our way towards the stern—no easy job, for a great part of the deck had been carried away by the explosion, and a score of times we were in danger of falling into the burning hold below. My first care was to collect the passengers and crew and see if there were any missing. This was not a difficult task, for they had all run to the stern after the explosion.

All this time we were steering dead against the wind, which was blowing a hurricane, and the flames and smoke being driven rapidly towards the stern, so that in a few minutes we should all have been suffocated or burned. I stopped the engines and let the ship lie across the wind, and the fire then made little or no progress. On the other hand, it did not diminish, though all the pumps were going, and we poured steam into the hold.

I ordered the four boats to be lowered before the fire reached them, though they would have been of little use to us in that wild weather. Two

of them filled and sank directly they touched the water, but the two on the lee side were saved—for the time being. The long-boat and the yawl were in no immediate danger of being reached by the fire, but they were got ready to lower from the davits, and life-belts were distributed to everybody.

I feel that I ought to mention here that not even in the moment of our greatest peril was there any panic amongst crew or passengers. No one attempted to rush to the boats, and the order I gave to "stick to the ship as long as she floated" was received without a murmur. I may also add that the engineers and stokers of the watch stuck to their post till I ordered them to come up, though the heat must have been terrific, for the lids of the spare bunkers had been carried away by the explosion, and the coal had caught fire and was blazing fiercely.

We passed a night of terrible agony, huddled together on the poop and drenched with the spray. At daybreak the wind was higher than ever, but the fire had not gained. There was a stack of two hundred tons of briquettes stowed across the hold, and as we played the hose on them well they smouldered away very slowly, and acted as a kind of protective bulkhead. Moreover, the coal in the spare bunkers had by this time burned itself out, and the engine-room was again more or less habitable.

Accordingly, some of the engineers and stokers went down below and got up enough steam to work the pumps.

As soon as it was light I called the muster-roll, and all answered to their names except one sailor, Goter. He had not been seen since the explosion, and must have been blown into the sea. Then I called together the chief officers to consider ways and means, and the best plan to adopt to save the lives of those on board and, if possible, the ship and cargo.

Our chances did not seem particularly rosy. We could not steam for more than a few hours at most; the two boats we had been obliged to lower had been stove in and sunk, and the chart-room had disappeared in the explosion, taking with it all the charts, telescopes, chronometers, and ship's papers. By a lucky chance, however, the third lieutenant found in his cabin a chart of the Indian Ocean. We had rigged up the stern steering-wheel and had a spare compass, but we knew nothing of its variation, the notes concerning it being in the annihilated

chart-room. We decided that the best thing to do was to steam due north and try to reach the coast of Arabia, and if we could find a sheltered bay with a good bottom to anchor close to shore, and then use every endeavour to put out the fire. If we failed in that, we could land the passengers and crew.

Moreover, there was a chance that we should come across a vessel, and, in fact, the look-out sighted a steamer at three o'clock in the afternoon. We tried to cut across her course, hoisted signals of distress, and kept the whistle blowing, but she either did not see us or failed to notice that we wanted help, and as she was going much faster than we could we soon lost sight of her.

That night was as bad as the preceding one. The fire increased terribly in the forehold, but the gale blew the flames away from us, and it appeared tolerably certain that the fire would not reach the stern. The bridge, however, was on fire, and the hold was like a huge seething furnace. In spite of this some of the men volunteered to crawl to the caboose along the quarter railings to windward, and bring some provisions, for we had nothing to eat. The ship listed badly to starboard and would not steer, so we were obliged to cut a hole through the bulkhead and let out the water we had pumped into her, and after a time got her fairly trimmed, although she still listed and there was a lot of water in the engine-room. As we were now very short of boats in case we needed them, I had two rafts made of timber and empty barrels, and furnished with masts and sails.

At ten o'clock we sighted land, and manoeuvred

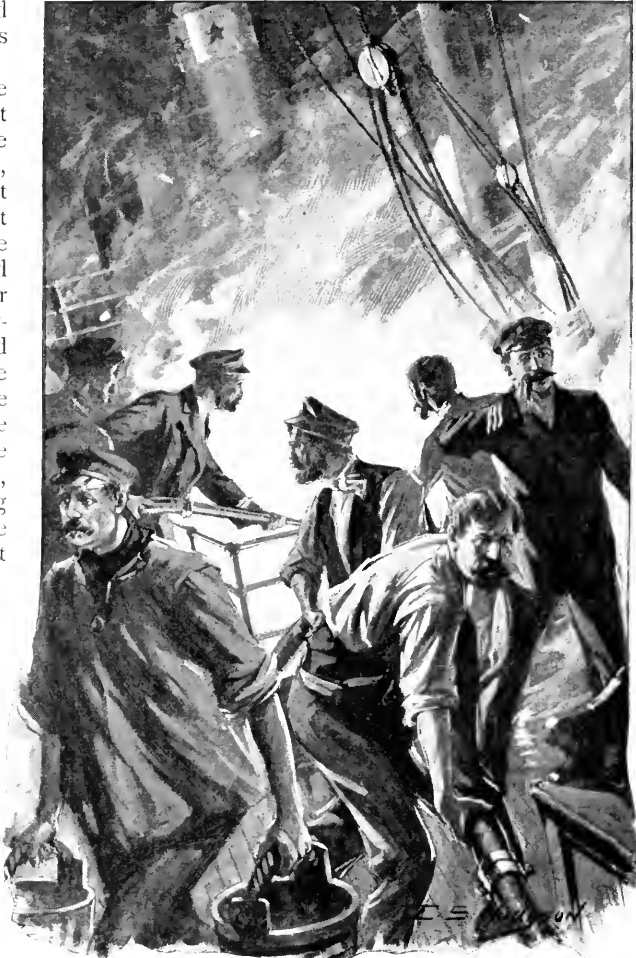
all night to keep it in sight, but it was no easy job. We could not lie broadside to the waves, for the sea threatened to swamp us; we could not go against the wind, for that drove the roaring flames towards the stern; and we were

afraid to go ahead as we did not know the coast. At midnight a huge body of flame sprang from the second hold. The ship listed worse than ever, and was evidently settling down by the stern. Probably the intense heat had buckled some of her plates. At daybreak, August 2nd, to our dismay we could not see the land for a thick fog which overhung the sea.

We had to take our chance, though it seemed a pretty poor one, so I kept a N.N.W. course at half speed, with the lead going continually. At six o'clock in the morning we saw land only a mile ahead—a high cliff with the sea beating furiously against it. This would not do at all, so I coasted along to the north, sounding continually. At nine o'clock we were in

a thick fog. The lead did not touch bottom at one hundred and fifty fathoms, but the water looked green, and two or three dragon-flies came round the vessel, which made me think we were near fresh water, probably the river marked on my map.

A couple of hours later I anchored the burning ship in twenty-five fathoms, and sent the first lieutenant ashore in the long-boat to reconnoitre. When he returned he reported there was no river, but only the dry bed of a stream with a few pools of fairly good water in it. He found the ruins of stone houses, and traces of a road that seemed to have been much used formerly.



"WE PLAYED THE HOSE ON THEM WELL."

Our situation being now pretty safe, I divided the crew into four parties—two to fight the fire and two to lighten the stern. All worked with a will, and I hoped I might yet save the ship, but she heeled over rapidly, and finally I saw I must give up all hope. The only thing to do was to strand her—no easy work, for the water was by this time up to the bridge on the starboard side, and she would not answer the helm. After much difficulty, however, I ran her aground on a bit of sand between two rocks, and then landed crew and passengers with the rafts and boats, being myself, of course, the last to leave the ship.

We soon rigged up some comfortable tents on the beach, with spars and sails. My intention was to rest for a day or two, and then try to reach Dharfur, which I reckoned to be about ninety miles away. In the afternoon four Arabs came to visit us from the neighbouring village of Bendar al Deboran, about five miles from our camp. They were armed to the teeth, but did not appear unfriendly. They made us understand, by signs, that their bay was visited every year by *bhaggaras* going from Muscat to Bombay. One of them explained that he had been to Bombay several times, and pulled up his sleeve and showed vaccination marks as a proof of his assertion. I made them understand that we intended to go to Dharfur, but they made significant signs that if we did we should inevitably be murdered by the mountaineers. They offered to take us to their village until the

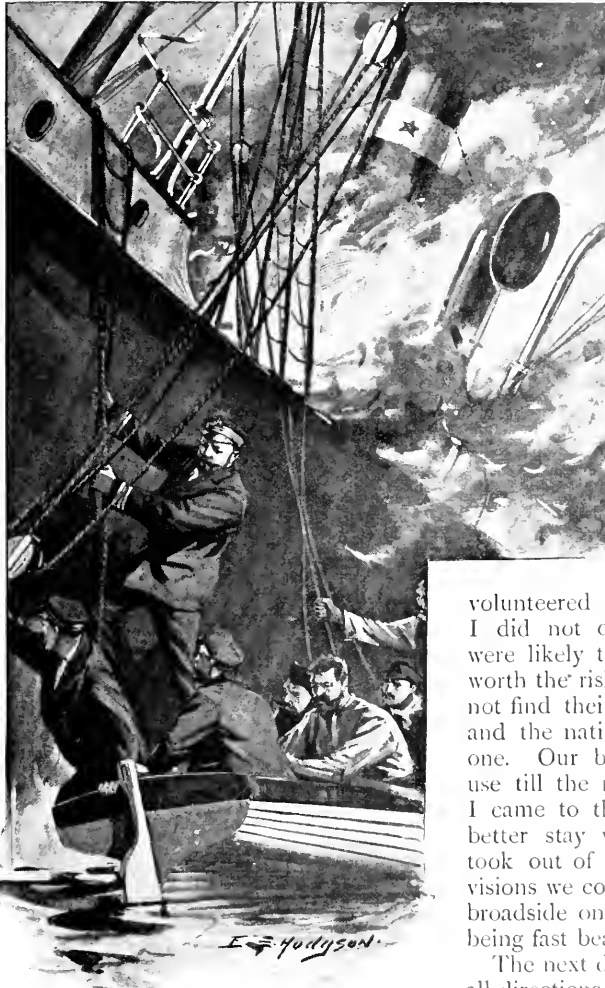
monsoon was over, when the boats would arrive. I wanted to send a messenger on a camel to Muscat, but that, they said, was impossible, nor would they give us a guide to Dharfur.

On the whole, it seemed best to wait for the *bhaggaras*, which would come in a month at the latest, for it would be madness to try and cross the mountains without a guide, to say nothing of the chances of our being killed. I have since learned that the blood-thirsty character given to the mountaineers was greatly exaggerated. At any rate, however, we could not undertake a long journey, for many of the sailors were badly burned about the legs and feet, and we had a lady and two little girls with us. Some of the officers and men

volunteered to go to Dharfur, but I did not consider the help we were likely to get from there was worth the risk; besides, they could not find their way without a guide, and the natives would not furnish one. Our boats, too, were of no use till the monsoon was over, so I came to the conclusion we had better stay where we were. We took out of the ship all the provisions we could get at, for she was broadside on to the waves and was being fast beaten to pieces.

The next day Arabs arrived from all directions, and, though they did not attempt to hurt us, they used our rafts to get aboard the ship and stole all they could. It would have been useless to try and defend our property, even if we had had any weapons, for the vessel was a total wreck and still burning, so that I knew the sea and the flames between them would soon make an end of her.

Crowds of Arabs continued to pour in, but some soldiers from Bendar al Deboran mounted guard over our camp and prevented our visitors from annoying us. This was not disinterested kindness, however, for the Sheik came to me



"THE LAST TO LEAVE THE SHIP."





"THE SHEIK WANTED TO KNOW WHAT I WAS GOING TO PAY FOR THE PROTECTION."

and wanted to know what I was going to pay for the protection. The crowd of natives was increasing every minute, and I was afraid our provisions would be stolen, so I promised him some money down and a good reward after we were rescued. I had very little ready money, but I went round to all the passengers and crew and managed to scrape together five hundred and sixty francs.

After a good deal of haggling he accepted two hundred francs, but a day or two later, as the number of Arabs went on increasing and our small guard was inadequate to prevent pilfering, I asked him to store all our spare provisions in the village. He promised to do so, and even offered to shelter the whole party, but I preferred to remain where we were, in case anything should turn up. I gave him another couple of hundred francs, and he took away all our spare provisions, which he declared would be perfectly safe. I am bound to say he kept his word with true Arab punctiliousness, and when we left not even a biscuit had been touched.

On August 12th two Arabs came on camels and offered to take a letter to the French Consul at Muscat if I would give them fifty francs apiece. I had not much belief in them, but I thought I ought not to throw away a chance of getting in touch with civilization, so I wrote a letter and gave them the money, which, although

not a large sum, was nearly all I had. I have never heard of them again from that day to this.

Some ten days later an Arab, who appeared from his dress to be a merchant, arrived at our camp, and informed me that the Sheik of Mirbat—who is generally called the Sultan Mohamed by the natives—was coming in a couple of days specially to protect us. He came on the day named, with a strong escort of soldiers.

He seemed a thoroughly good, kind-hearted man, and was the first person who expressed any sympathy towards us or appeared to understand our position. He assured me that henceforth we were under his protection, and that we might regard the bit of beach we were camped on

as French territory. He wanted us to go back with him to Mirbat, but that would have meant five days' journey across the mountains, and many of us were still lame. He promised to send three vessels to bring us away as soon as the monsoon was over.

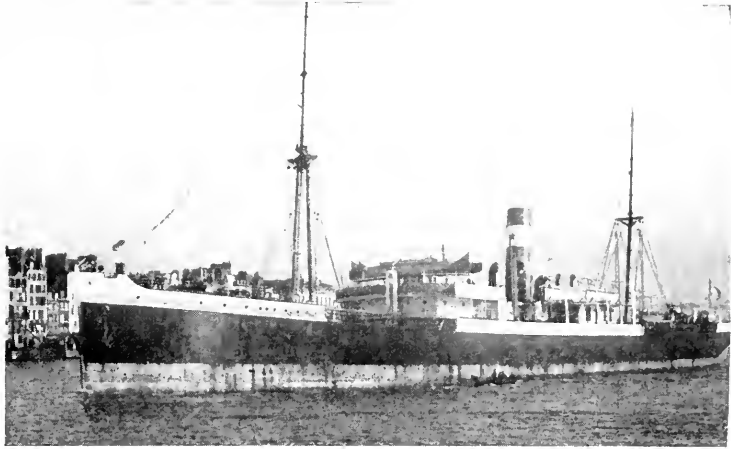
I asked him if he could not prevent the Arabs from plundering the wreck. He replied that he did not think he could, as the natives looked upon wrecks as their perquisites, and, anyhow, they would plunder the vessel after we had gone. The question, however, settled itself a few days later. I forgot to mention that we had been trying every day to put out the fire, and by August 14th we succeeded. On September 13th—the very day before the *bhaggaras* which were to take us off arrived—one of the natives who was plundering the wreck accidentally set fire to the stern, which had hitherto escaped. That was the end of the poor *Amiral Gueydon*.

There is not much more to tell. The Sheik returned to Mirbat three or four days later, taking M. Charmasson, the second lieutenant, and Cabirol, the third engineer, with him. He left us a guard of four of his warriors, under the command of one of his relatives, and fine fellows they were—kind, obliging, and well-behaved. Nor can I speak too highly of Sheik Mohamed. He was not content to send the boats round, but came in one of them himself, and superintended the arrangements for our departure

giving a guarantee that the hire of the vessels—ninety pounds—would be paid by the French Consul at Muscat. I am very glad to see that some of the Paris papers have raised a subscription to present him with a handsome testimonial as a reward for his conduct towards us, and he thoroughly deserves it, for no one could have been more thoughtful and considerate.

The *bhaggaras* were undecked boats, but the weather was fine and the sea calm. We embarked on September 15th, and the three boats kept together for two days. I had all the passengers and the sick on board my boat. On the morning of the 18th we found we had lost sight of the boat commanded by Lieutenant Robillard. The following day we were picked up by the Russian steamer *Trouvor*. Her commander, Captain Wengrynowski, gave us a hearty welcome, and advanced me the money to pay for the hire of the boats. I told him there was a third boat missing, and he cruised about till he found it on the evening of the same day. Lieutenant Robillard reported that he had spoken an English steamer, which had refused to take him on board.

We arrived at Aden on September 24th, and, of course, the first thing I did was to send a telegram to the owners announcing that the ship was lost, but all the passengers and crew—except poor Goter—were safe and well. You can guess what excitement there was at Havre when the telegram arrived. A poor woman, the wife of



THE "AMIRAL GUEYDON," WHICH WAS LOST ON THE NORTH COAST OF SOGOTRA.  
From a Photo. by R. Antin, Havre.

one of the sailors, came, dressed all in black, and holding two little children by the hand, to the office. When she heard the news she turned to the children and cried hysterically, "Your father is alive!" and they all began to laugh and cry at the same moment. The mother of the cook's mate used to come to the office every day to ask "if there was any news," but had latterly given up hope. M. Chancerel, the company's manager, went at once to her house, and found her in the company of the young woman to whom her son was to be married. Both wore mourning. M. Chancerel broke the good news as gently as he could, but both women went off in a dead faint. There were several other instances of the same kind.

I returned to France with the crew as soon as possible, but the passengers all went on to Tonkin. Mme. Meissonier was none the worse

for her adventure; and her two little girls, Paulette and Henriette, I think rather enjoyed the experience. I am glad to say that except for one man—whose sad fate I could not foresee or prevent—not a life was lost. Officers and crew all behaved splendidly, and I hope I shall have all or most of them with me when I go to sea again. That, I trust, will besoon.

Indications de service.

Indications conventionnelles.

Expres payé . . . . .	XP	Accusé de réception . . . . .	PC
Réponse payée . . . . .	RP	Remettre en mains propres . . . . .	MP
Télégramme collationné . . . . .	TC	Télégramme à faire suivre . . . . .	FS

Donc les télégrammes imprimés en caractères romains par l'usage du télégraphique, le premier nombre qui figure après le nom du lieu d'origine ou du lieu de destination, le second le nombre des mots (sauf 25 autres d'après le tarif) et la date de l'envoi.

Les télégrammes à paiement de payé appartenant au régime international, le nombre d'unités (112) indiquées de dépôt peuvent être omis.

Le tarif des télégrammes est réglé par l'art. 61 de la loi sur la correspondance postale de la date du 10 mars 1876. Loi du 19 novembre 1880, art. 61.

Timbre à date.

Post. Havre à Aden N. 679 Mots 48 Dép. St. 29 gms à 6 h. 53 de S

Le 31 juillet pendant l'après-midi, l'Amiral Gueydon incendie au large à bord d'un autre jour. L'Amiral Gueydon a rabie pour pas s'embraser n'aurait pas pu se et équiv. au savoir seil. n'aurait été des passagers requies v'après l'Amiral Trouvor arrivé à Aden comme santé.

Love

# Sport and Adventure in Abyssinia.

BY H. MORGAN BROWNE.

Being an account, by a member, of the recent McMillan expedition to Abyssinia and the Blue Nile. In this instalment the author describes the crossing of the dangerous Danakil country, where a member of the party was murdered by the natives; the reception accorded the expedition by Menelik; and their adventures on the Blue Nile.

## II.—TOWARDS THE BLUE NILE.



AFTER our lion-hunting we returned to Jig Jigga and thence to Harar, from which place we had to make a three-hundred-mile trek in order to reach Adis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia. It was here that we were to meet Colonel Harrington, the British Agent, who, as originally proposed, was to accompany us in our trip down the Blue Nile. On the way to Jig Jigga we had gone round by the desert route in order to accommodate our camels, but on our return, being in a hurry, we ourselves pressed on by the more direct route, leaving the camels to follow us at their leisure.

About midway between Jig Jigga and Harar

magnificent pass shown in the photograph. The route was a busy one, but for all that was too difficult for camels; and it doesn't square with Abyssinian notions to spend either money or labour upon the roads of the country. Another feature of the landscape in the neighbourhood of the pass was the enormous boulders dotted about here and there, now poised in threatening fashion on the steep hillside, now blocking up the main track, so that men and mules had to make their way with the greatest difficulty through a narrow side passage. We passed one of these boulders which could not have been less than fifty feet in diameter.

From Harar to Adis there are two routes, one



*From a*

THE EXPEDITION DESCENDING INTO THE PLAINS.

*[Photo.*

lies Fuyambiro, a mountain shaped like an enormous sepulchral barrow. We encountered many mountains of this type, looking on the distant horizon like enormous whales floating half out of the water. Even when you get quite close to them their uniformity of contour is surprising. It was on the other side of Fuyambiro that we descended into the plains by the

following the line of the mountains which run east and west, and practicable only for mules; the other traversing the desert lying to the north of the mountains, and practicable for camels or mules. Now, we were taking up with us a large quantity of stores and baggage necessary for our river trip, consequently we determined to use camels; besides, by this route there is always a

chance of some sport by the way. We had eighty camels, and though their ways and those of the Habans (*i.e.*, the men who hire them out) and the more humble camel-men were often exasperating, we thought very much better of them when at a subsequent period we made over our goods and belongings to the tender mercies of a mule caravan.

Immediately after leaving Harar we had to cross the mountains in order to reach the desert. The mountains were not very difficult, and the route was diversified with wide stretches of plain and at other times with patches of park-like and pastoral scenery. Once or twice on our march we came to a piece of turf as smooth and level as an English common, and, as we had taken the precaution to provide ourselves with a cricketing outfit while we were at Harar, we promptly availed ourselves of the opportunity to play. We found our men for the most part indifferent performers, and with surprisingly little aptitude. One or two of them showed that they had good eyes when batting, but there was not one who could field and only one who could make any pretence at bowling. Still, we had a good deal of fun out of it.

Once through the mountains we had about one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles of flat desert to cross before we could reach Hawash River, which, running north, skirts the terraced highlands of Abyssinia proper. But this desert was by no means a sandy waste. For the most part it was densely wooded, though nearly every tree was a thorn. Here and there along the banks of dry watercourses would be a belt of fine-looking trees; while everywhere the air was fragrant with the scent of the little white and yellow flower-balls of the mimosa tree. Of course, our principal difficulty was water, and our marches were all determined beforehand by the position of the recognised water-holes along the route. These were for the most part nothing more than small wells made at certain points in the sandy bed of a dry river. The water was generally very thick and very nasty. This desert country was also remarkable for the number of its insects. The

enough, but the insects at night were worse. Every evening dinner was made difficult as well as unpleasant by the hundreds of flying beetles and other insects which, attracted by our candles, alighted on our table, our food, and our persons.

This country is inhabited by the Danakils, a wild tribe nominally subject to the Abyssinians, but really half independent through their kinship with their untamed fellow-tribesmen of the north.

These Danakils and their customs constitute a real danger to travellers, as we ourselves unfortunately experienced. With these people it is not only no crime to kill, but a kind of duty. A tribesman, until he has killed someone, is hardly considered a man, and experiences great difficulty in persuading any woman to become his wife. Impelled by this horrible custom the Danakils are always on the look-out for victims, either stragglers from caravans or even weak, ill-armed parties. We had with us a French journalist, M. Dubois-Desaulle, who was accompanying us as far as Adis. One day he got separated from our caravan, and we never saw him alive again. By careful search we found his dead body in some thick brush some way from the road. We spent about ten days in tracking down his murderer, who, when finally caught, confessed his deed. He was a noted man-slayer, and we saw him hanged at Adis two months later. Our unfortunate companion had persisted in travelling unarmed in spite of repeated warnings. He was a great



THE SQUATTING FIGURE ON THE LEFT IS A FAMOUS DANAKIL ELEPHANT-HUNTER. HE WAS SAID

loss, not only to his friends, among whom we were happy to be counted, but to French literature, in which he was beginning to make his mark; but the wretched murderer who had thus cut short a promising career was so far removed from our point of view that he thought the matter could be settled by payment of a fine in kind or money! No traveller should pass through the Danakil country unless well armed.

We crossed the Hawash at a place where it flowed with shallow violence over a wide, stony bed, and where two island shoals divided the main stream into three branches. It was here that we were shown a Danakil who was a noted elephant-killer. He was an insignificant-looking little fellow, as may be seen from the photograph at the bottom of the preceding page,

pony, to be the more conspicuous, and it is his task to attract the attention of the elephant and draw him in pursuit—these ponies being specially trained to manœuvre quickly and keep just out of reach of the elephant. It is while the elephant's attention is occupied in the pursuit of the man on the pony that the other, armed with a sword, runs up alongside the great beast, and with one powerful stroke hamstringing the animal. Once rendered immobile, the elephant is easy to kill.

Soon after leaving the Hawash behind we had to camp at a place called Tadetcha-Malka (*i.e.*, Mimosa Ford), being a crossing-place of one of the rivers flowing to the Hawash. The accompanying photograph is a view of the river and the other side from our camp. The goats and sheep in the foreground are not the subjects



From *a*)

TAKING THE SHEEP AND GOATS ACROSS A FORD.

[Photo.

which shows him squatted on his heels. The symbols of his prowess are the ivory earrings and armlets, which are clearly shown in the photograph. He was said to have killed no fewer than forty elephants—seven with a rifle and thirty-three with the spear. The method of killing with the spear is to steal up to the great beast while it is sleeping or browsing, unsuspecting of danger, and drive a broad-bladed spear into the animal's body just under the tail. In a short time the elephant bleeds to death. This method, although a cruel one, requires considerable nerve and skill on the part of the hunter, and is not unattended with danger. Another method employed by the people of those parts requires two men, one mounted and the other on foot. The horseman is mounted preferably on a white

of a tragedy, but are merely being taken across the stream against their will. When we first encamped here the opposite bank and the beautiful mimosa trees were a splendid green. The bank in particular was remarkable, looking for all the world like a well-kept lawn sloping down to the edge of a European river. That was at the end of May.

Two months later, on our return, the whole place was a howling wilderness of desolate sand and stunted vegetation, and that despite the fact that the river seemed equally full on each occasion. It was here that we struck the mule route, which follows the telephone wire running from Harar to Adis.

From Tadetcha-Malka our road went steadily up, mounting successive terraces, until we reached the high table-land at Balchi, where it

is the practice to change from camels to mules. Beyond Balchi the road lies for two long days' march over bare downs, affording no food for camels; hence it is almost invariably the practice to cover this part of the journey with mules.

Of course, this practical dependence of the traveller upon mules has given the Negadis, or mule-hirers, their chance. They take it to the full. Previous to our arrival we had endeavoured, through the telephone, to engage mules beforehand; but the normal condition of that telephone was one of breakdown, so our efforts had been unavailing.

Arrived at Balchi, our request for one hundred mules was met by the lying statement that all the mules had been commandeered by Menelik. Of course, this was false, as we fully realized at the time, but as all the Abyssinian officials of the place made common cause with the Negadis it was as awkward for us as if it had been true.

Fortunately the telephone between Balchi

stition in full working order. Two capital instances of it came under my notice. In the first I was photographing a group of our Danakil camel-men before parting company with them, when I noticed that as soon as I had snapped the shutter all the men present drew their knives and either plunged them to the hilt in the ground or made passes with them in the air. This was to ward off the contaminating gaze of my camera.

The second instance is reproduced in the accompanying photograph. The group in the foreground are a party of our men drinking milk under the protecting cover of a *tope* (a length of coarse cotton sheeting, the Abyssinian native dress).

The idea was that, as there were from one hundred to one hundred and fifty strangers in and about our camp at Balchi, it was eminently desirable while eating or drinking to screen themselves from a chance glance of the horrible thing. The group in the picture was unpremeditated, as I came upon them quite



THE DREAD OF THE "EVIL EYE." A PARTY OF ABYSSINIANS DRINKING MILK UNDER COVER IN ORDER TO AVERT THE OCCULT INFLUENCE. [Photo.]

and Adis was in working order, and a strongly-worded message from Colonel Harrington put matters on a different footing. Even so, we had to take the law into our own hands, and McMillan with his own hand threw out of our camp one of the mule Negadis who had given us most trouble all along. We got our one hundred mules after all, but we lost twenty-four hours in getting them.

It was while in camp at Balchi that the dread

by accident when strolling about with my camera in my hand.

At Adis we took about ten days to recruit and to complete our purchases and arrangements for the boat expedition. We were most cordially received by Menelik, both at Adis and at his country residence, Holata, about twenty miles west of the capital. The circumstances of our first audience were peculiar. As the King was about to leave for the country, and as the object of our first interview was to present and

show the working of a Colt gun which McMillan had brought as a gift to the Emperor, we were received at seven a.m. in the wood-yard of the Royal residence. The wood-yard was determined upon as it was a convenient place in which to fire off a gun. But notwithstanding the early hour and the unusual place, it was our painful duty to appear in full evening dress in obedience to the strict etiquette of Abyssinian Court custom. We survived the ordeal without difficulty; but the early hour seemed to affect that gun, which jammed at the first attempt, as always happens when you want to show anything off. However, we soon got it to rights, and the trial passed off quite satisfactorily.

Gibbi. More than that, Menelik is an enlightened ruler and far ahead of most of his chiefs, and it is on his own initiative that he is constructing an electric tramway between his capital and a place a little west of Holata, where he contemplates building another Royal habitation. I believe he fully intends, if this roadway should prove successful, to take up the question of roads along the important routes in a practical manner. Those who have experienced the miseries of Abyssinian travel from the lack of these first aids of civilization will heartily wish him success in his arduous undertaking.

Another picture gives but a faint idea of one of the more difficult pieces of the track which



THE INTERIOR OF THE FIRST STOCKADE AT MENELIK'S RESIDENCE. UNDER THE TREE SHOWN IN THE PICTURE HE AND HIS JUDGES SIT TO DECIDE IMPORTANT CASES. [Photo.]

The old King was eminently pleased with his practical present.

At Holata, where we were received on our way to the Blue Nile, Menelik still further showed his appreciation of ourselves and our enterprise by visiting our camp with the express object of seeing one of our punts being put together. Two of my pictures relate to the Gibbi or Royal residence at Holata. In the above is shown the interior of the first stockade, with a magnificent tree in the centre. This is the judgment tree, under which Menelik and his judges hear and decide important cases. The next picture is of special interest as showing that the idea of a road is not wholly alien to Abyssinia. It shows a gang of men at work on an approach to the Royal apartments in the

had to be overcome on our journey to the Nile. It will readily be seen that nothing but pack animals, and those with great labour and difficulty, would be of any use on such a route. The foremost camels are shown toiling up the steep with sections of the iron punts strapped on to their hump; while the rearmost camel is seen carrying a collapsible canoe, which we took with us for prospecting purposes. It is true that this piece of road is on an unfrequented route, but it is no exaggeration to say that its loose, rough stones, its encumbering thorn bushes, and its sharp and winding gradient are common features of the chief caravan routes between the capital and the coast.

In due time we reached the Blue Nile, after passing through some really magnificent scenery,





From a

MAKING A ROAD TO THE ROYAL PALACE.

[Photo.]

though even where the country was green and well wooded the water supply, if not actually deficient, was inconvenient to the end of the chapter.

Arrived at the goal of all our efforts, we camped upon its stony banks and proceeded to put our punts together. Those punts were certainly not a success; they were of English manufacture, and of course abundantly strong, but they were so carelessly constructed that the fitting of them together would have taxed the resources of a well-equipped machine shop. We did the best we could with the means at our disposal, and managed by dint of much tinkering to prevent dangerous leaks at the joints; but nothing that we could do could make those craft other than cranky and dangerous. After a week's unremitting toil under a burning sun, in a locality peopled only with hippos and crocodiles, we launched our boats, and one luckless morning embarked ourselves and our fortunes upon the treacherous river.

I should mention that at this point the Blue Nile is nothing but an aggravated mountain torrent running in a succession of stony rapids through wooded gorges of threatening aspect. It was our practice to send on one of the punts a little ahead of the others to act as a pioneer, and in this way we successfully negotiated about

pioneer boat, though shipping a large quantity of water, managed to worry through, and realizing the risky nature of the performance endeavoured, but too late, to stop the other boats from following. No real blame attaches to the occupants of that boat, as they were carried by the swiftness of the current too far down stream to get back in time to stop the second boat.

In due course the second boat followed, and, succumbing to the tremendous waves of the rapid, sank suddenly in twenty feet of water. Fortunately its crew reached the bank without loss, and by vigorous signals just managed to warn the third boat, in which I was voyaging. By superhuman efforts we paddled to the side, and arrived in a sinking condition on the inhospitable shore. The fourth boat was also unfortunate, as it took the rapids broadside on, and incontinently sank on top of the second boat.

My last photograph shows members of the expedition pointing out the fatal spot, and discussing the possibility of raising any of our stores or baggage, then lying under the swirling waters. A day was spent in attempts to recover some of our goods, but without success; and accepting our fate with such equanimity as was possible, we then and there decided to return to civilization by the shortest route.

But we were not yet out of the wood. That

in our little camp by the water's edge.

About four a.m. we were awakened by piercing shrieks from one of the men.

It turned out that one of our shikarees was in the grip of a huge crocodile, who had crawled up about thirty feet of the beach and was slowly dragging his victim to a horrible death!

Fortunately both the man and the companion who was sleeping with him at the time were not only brave men (possessing that rare "two o'clock in the morning" courage), but preserved their presence of mind. Making such use as was possible in the pitchy darkness of the loose stones which were lying around, they just managed to make the beast drop its prey within a couple of yards of the



A DIFFICULT STRETCH OF ROAD ON THE WAY TO THE BLUE NILE.  
*From a Photo.*

water. The man, of course, was badly injured, but, being a healthy Somali, he made an excellent recovery in a wonderfully short time, and is now, I believe, very little the worse for his experience literally in the jaws of death.

We spent a second night in this ill-omened spot, during which I need not say a sharp look-out was kept for more crocodiles; but we were not troubled again.

The next morning our mule caravan, which had been recalled immediately after the sinking of the boats, made its welcome appearance, and we proceeded with

forced marches to return to Adis, whence, after a short stay at the British Agency, we returned without further incident to Europe.



*From a* THE RAPIDS OF THE BLUE NILE, SHOWING THE PLACE WHERE THE PUNTS WERE WRECKED. *Photo.*



BY LUIGI PESCIO, OF MILAN.

That Italy is still the home of romance is amply proved by the following remarkable story of real life. It describes the experience that befell Signor Luigi Beretta, a Milan millionaire, who was made the victim of an infamous plot which for audacity and cold-blooded calculation has seldom been excelled. The details of this amazing story have been specially collected on the spot on behalf of "The Wide World Magazine."



**I**N the suburbs of Milan, in Italy, is a small villa, standing in its own grounds. If ever a house bore mystery written across its face it was this one as I saw it a little while ago. The shutters were closed; the gate let into the high wall which surrounded the property was weather-beaten and rusty; and the garden was a wilderness of weeds and tall grass. The only other dwelling in the neighbourhood was a farm, a few yards from which, on the side of the road, was a column supporting a statue of the Virgin. Hence the villa's name — "Casino della Madonna"—which was to be seen inscribed on each side of the gateway. The house had a history; that was evident. I found it easy to learn, for all Italy has been discussing the astonishing events which happened there recently.



SIGNOR LUIGI BERETTA, THE MILAN MILLIONAIRE WHO WAS THE VICTIM OF AN INFAMOUS PLOT

year a certain Signor Angelo Vecchio, a Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy, well known in Milan, entered into negotiations with the owner of the Casino della Madonna, which happened at that time to be unoccupied. He stated that he intended to use the house as a studio and turn the garden into a poultry-farm. He paid a quarter's rent in advance, and took the villa on a repairing lease for a year. The agreement signed, he placed the house and the workmen whom he had called in under the charge of a certain Malpelli, a man of twenty-nine, who had formerly been in his employ, and in whom he placed the utmost confidence. So great indeed was his trust in this man that he tried to persuade him to allow him to have the lease made out in his name. Vecchio cautioned Malpelli that he must never on any account

care. He also handed him a revolver a few days after putting him in possession. "Since you will have to live here alone, even at night," he said, "it is as well that you should have this weapon at your disposal."

Signor Angelo Vecchio was, as I have said, well known to the inhabitants of Milan. Tall and well-built, he had a healthy and cheerful appearance; was always well-dressed and extremely amiable. He was one of those men who are ever on the move and whose activity seems inexhaustible. Exceedingly ambitious, he was unceasingly on the look-out for a better position, and, not being over-scrupulous as to the means of attaining his ends, he was not generally liked by those with whom he came into contact. The rearing of animals in general, and the breeding of dogs in particular, was one of his greatest passions. He had not been long occupied in this branch of sport before he took a prominent position among the organizers of the dog shows which are annually held in Milan. But since the last Milan show, where he succeeded for a time in filling one of the highest posts, he ceased to take an active part in these sporting events, either because his excessive *amour propre* was not satisfied, or because of disagreements with his co-workers, who seemed to have lost confidence in him.

Previous to this Angelo Vecchio had become the proprietor of a sporting journal entitled *Caccia e Tiri* (Hunting and Shooting), which he edited for some time. He recently published a manual on "The Dog," which was especially remarkable on account of the coloured plates, which he himself had designed. In addition to

this work of art, he was the author of an album of really clever coloured drawings of dogs.

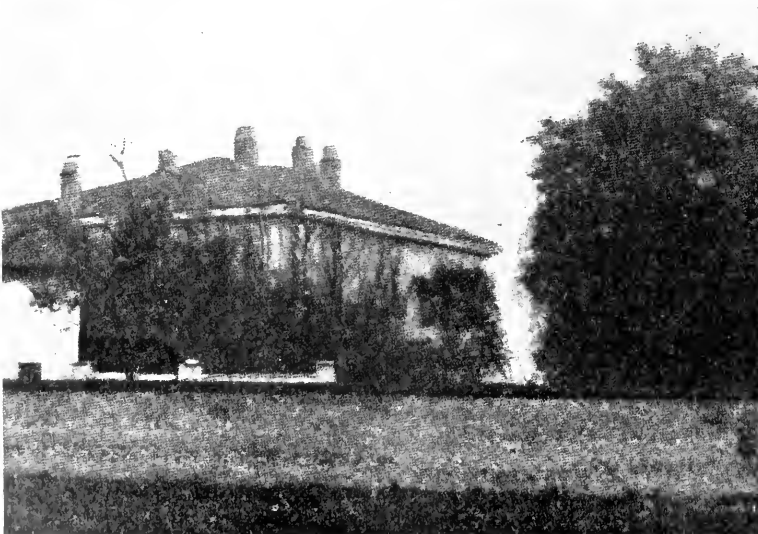
These occupations did not, however, entirely fill up his time. Signor Vecchio was connected



SIGNOR ANGELO VECCHIO, WHO KIDNAPPED SIGNOR BERETTA.  
*From a Photo.*

with many companies, most of which came to an unhappy end, though the last business scheme on which he embarked was a success, and enabled him to live in comfort with his wife and seven-year-old daughter in a smart little flat.

Among Signor Vecchio's friends was Signor Luigi Beretta, the last male representative of a wealthy Milanese family—a fair-haired, rather delicate young man. He is well known as one of the fashionable members of the upper circles of Milan and also as an enthusiastic dog-fancier, spending many thousands of pounds annually on his favourite hobby. This passion for dogs was precisely the reason for his great friendship with Signor Vecchio, a friendship which had lasted for years. At the annual shows organized by Vecchio, Signor Beretta was always one of the most important exhibitors.



THE CASINO DELLA MADONNA, WHERE SIGNOR BERETTA MET WITH THE EXTRAORDINARY

were inseparable, and Vecchio was received by Signor Beretta's mother and sisters more like one of the family than a mere friend.

One Monday afternoon in the month of December, 1903, about half-past four o'clock, two men stepped out of a tramcar opposite Beretta's house. After a hurried conversation in a low voice, in front of the carriage entrance, they separated, one walking rapidly down the street whilst the other staggered rather than walked into the house. The former was

Malpelli and the latter Signor Luigi Beretta.

Hardly had Signor Beretta reached the door-keeper's lodge than he burst into tears, much to the astonishment of the *concierge*, who immediately came out of her room to ask him what was the matter. But she was too late. The young man had hurried up the staircase, reached his flat, and entered. In spite of violent efforts to hide his emotion, Signor Beretta failed to conceal from his mother and sisters that something extraordinary had happened to him. He was trembling in every limb; his face was stained with tears and drawn with anxiety, and he had just sufficient strength to stagger to an arm-chair. When he had somewhat recovered himself he related the astonishing experience that had befallen him.

In a voice which was frequently broken with emotion he said that he had been invited by Signor Angelo Vecchio to visit the Casino della Madonna in order to see some paintings of dogs which the latter had just completed. Accepting the invitation, he met his friend at an appointed hour and place, and at ten o'clock in the morning they took a cab to go to the villa. On reaching the former *octroi* office at the Porta Venezia a strange thing happened. Vecchio, making some trifling excuse, insisted on getting out of the cab and taking another. Beretta thought this peculiar, but put it down to caprice, and by the time they had reached the Casino della Madonna he had almost forgotten it. Immediately on arriving at the



"VECCHIO, AIDED BY MALPELLI, BOUND HIM HAND AND FOOT."

Malpelli—Signor Beretta commenced looking at the pictures. When he had seen several of them he was invited by Vecchio to enter a small room adjoining, where a number of other studies of animals were hung on the walls. While he was bending down to examine a small picture which was somewhat in shadow, Vecchio suddenly seized him from behind, threw him violently on the floor, and then, aided by Malpelli, who was close at hand, bound him hand and foot with long leather straps. These, unlike ropes, leave no marks upon the body; this fact should be borne in mind in view of what follows.

All this was done without a word being uttered on either side, Beretta being too astonished to make a sound. Once securely bound, the young millionaire was carried, half dazed with fright at the suddenness of the attack, into the room he had first entered. Here Vecchio and Malpelli placed him in an arm-chair facing the writing-table and undid his bonds sufficiently to leave his right arm free. Then, presenting a loaded revolver at Beretta's head, Vecchio ordered him to write at his dictation. "Any attempt at resistance," he said, sternly, "will be worse than useless." He then bade the captive sign three bills of exchange for four hundred pounds each—bills which he had evidently drafted in advance. But this was not all. Vecchio had also prepared a will, which he forced Beretta, under threats of death, to copy out and sign. The

having lost all will-power. He was compelled to make three copies of this testament, by which he left several legacies to philanthropic institutions and a third of his entire fortune to Vecchio. Next, under the latter's orders, enforced with significant gestures with the revolver, Beretta wrote four letters. One was to his notary, Meuclozzi, in which Beretta said that he forwarded him his last will and testament; another was to his mother, telling her that he would not return home during the day; and the others were to friends, informing them that he was going to fight a duel, and that should he be killed he alone was responsible for his death.

By this time, even in his dazed condition, the young millionaire began to see that all this was nothing but the prelude to a tragedy of which he was to be the victim. Otherwise these cunningly-worded documents were of no use. With him out of the way, however, the letters, written by his own hand, would obviate all suspicions of foul play, and Vecchio would receive a third of his fortune, to say nothing of being able to cash the bills. With the will and the letters Beretta realized that he had practically signed his own death-warrant! A mortal terror seized upon him, and he became, for the nonce, a mere automaton—almost incapable of thought or action.

But even yet the inexorable Vecchio was not satisfied. He made several demands for ready money, saying that he wanted two thousand eight hundred pounds. Finding that Beretta

did not carry such a large sum of money about with him, he contented himself with a bond for one thousand six hundred pounds, made out on stamped paper, in addition to the bills of exchange already mentioned.

Whilst the young millionaire was copying and signing these various documents Vecchio sat at an adjoining table calmly eating the luncheon which Malpelli brought him course by course. His revolver lay alongside his knife and fork, and every now and then he toyed with it as though to remind the luckless Beretta that he was wholly in his power. He drank many glasses of good wine, and did not omit to take coffee and a liqueur. Then, after finishing an excellent meal, he smoked a cigar as collectedly as though he had been sitting in his club.

It was then about half-past three o'clock, and the prisoner was beginning to get rather tired of sitting in the stiff, upright position rendered necessary by his bonds, when Vecchio rose and took possession of the papers on the table, leaving, however, the draft will and the letter to Beretta's mother. Before quitting the room he asked the millionaire if he could have three hundred lire from the pocket-book which he had taken from him. Naturally, being unable to offer any resistance, Beretta replied in the affirmative. Vecchio then departed without saying another word. From his chair, however, the captive could hear him giving orders to Malpelli, both in regard to himself and the draft will, which was to be destroyed, together with any other compromising document.

By this time Beretta was fairly easy in his mind, for towards the end of the ordeal Malpelli had given him to understand by signs, made behind his master's back, that he had nothing more to fear. Needless to say, the knowledge that he had an ally, and was not, after all, destined to be murdered, gave him intense relief. A few minutes after Vecchio's departure, in fact, he was released. Not only did Malpelli do this, but he handed to Beretta the papers he had received in-





structions to destroy, and saw the young fellow safely home.

Examination of the will which Vecchio had drawn up left not the slightest doubt that the plot against Signor Beretta had been premeditated for some considerable time. The document was a masterpiece. Almost every line showed an intimate knowledge of Signor Beretta's family affairs; in order that suspicion of foul play should be disarmed, no one was forgotten. The slightest details and the legacies to servants showed long and conscientious observation on the part of the author of the document.

Having heard Signor Beretta's story, we will follow Malpelli and hear his version of the infamous plot of which the young millionaire was the victim. On the evening of that memorable Monday he called to see his mother, as he frequently did.

"Buona sera, madre!" he exclaimed, cheerfully, seeing her standing at the door of her house. "I'm no longer in the employ of Signor Vecchio."

"Ah! And how is that?" asked the good woman, in surprise.

"That's a long story," replied Malpelli. "But should Vecchio come here to ask for me, you can tell him that, though I may be hot-headed, I'm not a murderer!"

The poor woman was visibly impressed by her son's agitation and the enigmatic words which he had just spoken. She set to work to

draw his story from him, and at last succeeded in hearing every detail of the tragic adventure in which he had been implicated. His narrative coincided in its main features with that given above—with this difference, that he endeavoured to prove his own innocence and show what an

Beretta. He stated, for instance, that when the two friends arrived at the Casino della Madonna he was in absolute ignorance of the plans of his employer, and that the scene which he witnessed so upset him that he quite lost his head. Incapable of refusing point-blank to assist Vecchio, he decided to obey his orders up to a certain point, but as soon as he was out of the way to throw him over and assist the captive. Vecchio told him that he was going to Genoa and Rome, and coolly gave him instructions relative to the murder of Signor Beretta. The unfortunate young man was to be drowned in a tank at the Casino della Madonna and then thrown into a neighbouring stream, in order to make people believe that he had committed suicide! The letters, of course, which were to be posted immediately, would heighten this impression and avert all suspicion of foul play.

Malpelli agreed to everything, and accepted from Vecchio a note for a hundred lire, in part payment of the sum which he was to receive for his services. As soon as he was certain that his master had really left the villa, however, and was not likely to return, he hastened to release the prisoner and left the Casino della Madonna with him, not omitting to leave on the table the hundred lire note which Vecchio had given him. In order to explain to his mother how it was that he had in his possession bank-notes to the value of two hundred lire, Malpelli explained that they had been

given to him, in spite of his repeated protests, by Signor Beretta, who in pressing them upon him had promised not only to refuse to institute proceedings against him, but to take him into his employment.

The morning after, at the very moment Malpelli was addressing a letter to Signor



"A DETECTIVE DISGUISED AS A POSTMAN TOOK MALPELLI INTO CUSTODY."



Beretta reminding him of his promises, Vecchio's accomplice was arrested. A detective disguised as a postman came to his mother's house on the pretext of delivering a registered letter, and in the presence of two other detectives, who came ostensibly to witness the signature, took Malpelli into custody.

Through a very natural sense of gratitude towards Malpelli, Signor Beretta at first stoutly refused to denounce Vecchio to the police. But his scruples were finally overcome by his family, who argued that to allow so dangerous a man to go unpunished was a wrong to society. Finally, therefore, he called in his advocate and gave instructions for the necessary steps to be taken. Malpelli was, of course, the first to be arrested. As to Vecchio, he had left Milan on the evening of the execution of the plot, and was not to return until the newspapers had announced the discovery of Signor Beretta's body. In order to assist the police in their work, all the Milan newspapers were instructed to observe the greatest discretion possible, and to announce in their columns the discovery in the neighbourhood of Greco of the body of a wealthy young man of Milan, who had evidently committed suicide. Almost all the Milan newspapers carried out the wishes of the Questore (Prefect of Police). One, however, "let the cat out of the bag," and as a result the news of the tragic events at the Casino della Madonna was telegraphed all over the peninsula. But for this unfortunate error of judgment there can be little doubt that Vecchio would have fallen into the trap which the police had set for him. He was not, however, to escape punishment.

Signora Angelo Vecchio, the wife of the accused man, was horrified at the news which gradually came to her ears. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had rented the Casino della Madonna, and ignorant also of his present whereabouts. On the evening of the crime, according to custom, she went to dine at her mother-in-law's, where she was joined by her husband about half-past five o'clock. Much to her surprise he came simply to ask her for the keys of their flat, stating that he had to go to Genoa to see a gentleman there on the subject of certain attractions for the next dog show. He added that, in all probability, he would be forced to travel on to Rome, where he also had important business to transact. They returned to the apartment, packed his portmanteau, and Vecchio set off. As to his address, he said that he would not go as usual to the Hotel Confidenza, but if there were any letters for him they could be forwarded to the house of one of his aunts. More she could not say.

From the investigations of Signor Silco, a well-

known Genoa detective, it appeared certain that Vecchio arrived in that city on Monday night, had luncheon on the following day at the Hotel Italia, and dined in the evening at a restaurant with a theatrical agent to whom he had offered a handsome commission if he could succeed in cashing for him bills of exchange to the value of four thousand pounds. This agent's attempt to cash the bills having failed, he advised Vecchio to take them to Rome. The next person to see Vecchio was the special correspondent of an Italian newspaper, who met him quite by chance, but attached no importance whatever to the meeting, as it was not yet generally known in Rome that he was "wanted" by the police. Both men knew each other well and stopped to talk for a few minutes near the Palazzo Bocconi, on the Piazza Colonna—that is to say, in the very centre of the capital. Vecchio looked worried, and the keen-eyed newspaper man noted that his face was very red and that his toilette had been neglected.

"And what brings you to Rome?" he asked.

"I've come on important business," Vecchio replied; "I shall probably remain here a few days."

And he went on to speak of the forthcoming new edition of his manual, "The Dog."

It was not until much later in the day that the journalist heard of the crime of which Vecchio was accused. He was in the company of Signor Brunialti, an *attaché* at the Ministry of the Interior, at the time, and promptly informed him of his chance meeting with Vecchio. Signor Brunialti at once communicated with the police, who began a search in every boarding-house and hotel in the city.

At half-past seven on the morning of December 10th Vecchio took a cab at the corner of the Via Pontefici, ordering the coachman to drive him to the Porta Maggiore. He was wearing a dark-coloured overcoat, with astrachan collar and cuffs, and he looked very grave, although he showed no signs of agitation. When going along the Via Catiline he stopped the cab and got out. The driver noticed that he was now very agitated and deadly pale. Vecchio cast a glance around him, and seeing that there were a number of people in the street got into the cab again and told the driver to take him to the Pincio. The man again crossed the city by way of the Via Sistina. On reaching the Trinità de' Monti and when exactly opposite the French Academy a policeman, named Giovanni Fiorino, who was standing on duty there, noticed that the man in the cab passing within twenty yards looked at him fixedly. Fiorino thought that Vecchio was one of his superior officers in plain clothes, and as he was



"THE POLICEMAN RUSHED FORWARD."

surreptitiously smoking the stump of a cigar he quickly threw it away. This movement had an extraordinary effect on Vecchio, who evidently thought that the policeman was getting ready to arrest him, for the next moment the report of a revolver rang out and the horrified policeman saw Vecchio fall back on the cushions streaming with blood. The cabman drew up instantly; the policeman rushed forward, and they attempted, but in vain, to revive the wounded man. Seeing that they could do nothing the cabman drove Vecchio to the S. Giacomo Hospital, which was quite near, where he died a few minutes afterwards. The bullet had entered the right temple and death was inevitable. The revolver with which he killed him was the very one he had used to threaten Signor Beretta.

Several important documents were found either on his body or in his portmanteau at the Hotel Nazionale. On the last page of a notebook Vecchio had written in pencil, the night before his suicide, the following confession:—

"I have just learnt from the newspapers

the infamous part Joseph Malpelli has played, so I have decided to kill myself. My brother Luigi is in no way responsible. He is in absolute ignorance as to anything concerning Malpelli and myself in this sad affair. Sabbatini's betrayal has been the cause of my ruin. I ask everybody's pardon. I shall now follow my destiny. As to Signor Beretta, I ask him to forgive me. Eleven o'clock p.m."

The "Sabbatini" mentioned in this document was the secretary of an important show to be held at Milan this year. Vecchio disliked him for contesting his candidature to an important post on the committee.

Another document found at the hotel was the following letter, dated December 7th, and addressed to Vecchio himself:—

"DEAR SIGNOR VECCHIO,—I am forced to go away from Milan to-day, so regret that I shall not be able to meet you at the appointed rendezvous. I cannot say whether I shall return this evening. Any way, please do not come to my house, as I have not left any instructions.—LUIGI BERETTA."

This letter bore no post-mark, and was evidently one of those which Vecchio had forced Signor Beretta to write in order to facilitate his infamous plot.

As to the actual responsibility of Vecchio and Malpelli in this tragic drama, it has been alleged that Vecchio promised Malpelli a reward of two thousand pounds if he carried out his orders, and that the man only released Signor Beretta from his terrible situation on extorting from him a solemn promise to pay a similar amount. As to this, however, Signor Beretta stoutly persisted in proclaiming the man's innocence. Both Malpelli and Luigi Vecchio—the chief criminal's brother, who had also been arrested—were, therefore, set at liberty.

Signor Beretta is still suffering somewhat from the effects of the shock of his terrible experiences in the Casino della Madonna. It will be some years in all probability before he has quite calmed from his memory the vision of Vecchio calmly eating his luncheon, with a revolver at his side, whilst he copied out the will which had been drawn up for him, and which was to be discovered after he himself had been brutally done to death.

# HOW I WON MY WIFE.

BY OSCAR T. SCHWERINER.

## II.

The conclusion of this exciting romance of real life. The author describes his adventures after arriving at the Indian camp; his plans for the rescue of the kidnapped girl; and the final accomplishment of his mission.



THE sale of whisky to Indians is strictly prohibited. But so it is to the good people of Kansas, and consequently many inhabitants of that prohibition State wear a sort of tin can, that fits around the body under their coat. These tins hold a good deal of whisky, and such a contrivance I had fortunately provided myself with when I left Dodge City. Still more luckily, it was almost filled to the brim with the stuff, for I am no drinker and had taken it along for use only in case of emergency. Now it came in handy.

About a quarter of a mile from the camp I saw an Indian advancing towards me. I stopped and awaited him. Soon he had reached me and saluted.

"And what causes the pale-face to visit the village of his peaceful red brother?" he asked, in broken English.

The Indian, I knew, detests nothing so much as fear and cowardice, and, though I was shaking a bit in my boots, I pulled myself together and replied, in his own language: "The white brother comes as a friend. He brings the red brothers his love, and presents for the chief. He is a great friend of the red brother and would like to smoke with him the pipe of peace."

With that I opened my coat a bit and let him have a look at the tin can underneath.

Not a muscle of his face moved. He showed neither astonishment at my knowledge of his language nor pleasure at the sight of the whisky can—although he undoubtedly knew what it contained. He merely answered: "It is well; I will show the white brother the way to the great chief Thunder-Cloud."

And off we went. At any rate I was on the right track, for Thunder-Cloud was Ben's father.

Our advent had been noticed. Upon our arrival we found all the bucks gathered in front of the chief's wigwam, squatting in a semicircle

upon the ground, while the chief occupied the centre, the squaws being drawn up in the background. My companion led the way right up to the chief, then left me standing there and took his seat with the others.

"What does the pale-face want of Thunder-Cloud?" asked the chief.

"I'm a great friend of the red brother," I said, again speaking their dialect, of course. "I have come to bring presents to the greatest of all chiefs, Thunder-Cloud, to smoke with him the pipe of peace, and to live with him for ever."

"And why should the pale man prefer to live with the red brother instead of with the white brother?"

"The white man wants to punish me. I have done something which is prohibited by the word of the great white father, and now I am looking for help and protection from the mighty and great and good chief Thunder-Cloud and the red brothers."

The Indians consider the American Government their arch-enemy, and will never let a chance go by to do the authorities a bad turn.

"The great white father is no friend of the red man," said Thunder-Cloud. "Again he has taken from us a large piece of our country." He alluded to Oklahoma. The large amount the Government had paid for the territory did not count with him.

"What will the white brother give us in return if we allow him to live with us?" continued the chief.

"As much fire-water as the great chief and the red brothers will ever care to drink."

That told. I knew it would.

"The white brother is a brave man. The white brother can live with us and shoot with us as long as he likes. But can he have fire-water always—*always!*?"

"Always," I answered. "He has many friends who will get it for him."

"The white brother is our friend. We will smoke the pipe of peace."

At once the buck sitting next to the chief arose and stepped into the nearest wigwam, returning a minute later with the pipe. Meanwhile, following the sign the chief made with his hand, I occupied the seat the buck had just left. Soon the pipe was going the round. First the chief smoked some, then he handed it to me. The tobacco almost made me ill. I forced myself to a few puffs, then handed it to my neighbour. And so the pipe went from hand to hand and mouth to mouth, but no one spoke a word.

This ceremony over, the chief said to me: "White brother, Thunder-Cloud and the red

I knew what that meant. An Indian is too proud to demand a present. He would never have asked for the tomahawk, but he would have stolen it. So I made the best I could of it. "Oh," said I, "that is a present for the chief, too; I had quite forgotten!"

"Very pretty tomahawk," he answered. "But now I will also make the white brother a present in return. The white brother is one of us now—is it not so?"

I was a bit astonished, but assented and awaited developments.

"Then," continued the chief, "I will make him a present. Where is Mahatma?"



"THIS IS THUNDER-CLOUD'S PRESENT TO YOU."

brothers bid you welcome." At once all the redskins crowded around me, in expectation of the whisky, of course. Soon they were all drinking and our pact of friendship was sealed. Now came the presents, to provide which I turned all my pockets inside out: a red bandana handkerchief, a pocket looking-glass, a small rubber stamp containing my name—once a watch-charm—in short, all my pockets contained. Only my tomahawk, a splendid weapon of which I was proud, I should like to have kept. But the chief seemed to have noticed it, and, what was more, seemed to like it.

Before I had grasped the meaning of this question a buck appeared, dragging a young and rather pretty Sioux girl about sixteen years old. When they had reached the place where we sat, the chief turned to me.

"Mahatma's father has betrayed a red brother to the great white father for money. Now Mahatma's father is dead, but she shall be your slave for ever. This is Thunder-Cloud's present to you."

There was no time for consideration. Above all, I fought down my surprise, and acted as if I were used to receiving such presents every day of the week. And while the squaws were busy

sticks and rags, we had our dinner. A calf was caught, skinned, and roasted over an open fire. Soon only the bones were left, for an Indian can eat a terrific lot.

So the day passed on. Carefully I looked about me in all directions, but saw not a sign of Virgie. The wigwams I could not possibly enter, for the Indians are a suspicious race. The more I pondered over the matter the more difficult my mission appeared. What was I to do with Mahatma? Was she a spy? That would be like the Indians. I made up my mind to be very careful, especially so far as Mahatma was concerned. And as for the rest, I arrived at no final conclusion, but prayed earnestly for a favourable opportunity.

It is usual in the Indian villages to keep a sort of sentry on watch by day and night. On this particular evening the sentries had been placed and the Sioux were all asleep. How I should have liked to crawl around the wigwams and hunt for Virgie! But I feared to spoil all, and, discouraged and feeling miserable generally, I made my way towards my wigwam. As I entered I saw Mahatma squatting by the fire she had started in the middle of the tent. She never moved. Silently I walked across and sat down alongside of her on the ground. And there we sat for a long time, each busy with our own thoughts. Finally the silence became oppressive. I had to do something or other; so I started off by saying:—

"Mahatma, the great chief Thunder-Cloud has given you to me as a present. You belong to me."

No answer.

"Did you not hear me, Mahatma?"

"Yes."

"If you will always be a good girl and will always do what I ask you to do, then I will be good to you for ever."

"The white man can do with me what he pleases. I am his slave."

"Not so, Mahatma," I said. "Not my slave—no. My red sister shall you be. Your white brother shall not whip you, shall not treat you badly. Your white brother shall treat you even as he would treat his sister."

She looked at me in great astonishment, while her face brightened.

"Has your father been dead a long time?" I continued.

Instantly the look in her face darkened again.

"Two moons. He was found in his wigwam, with a tomahawk sticking in his breast."

"Ah! And you?"

"I was made a slave of the big chief."

"How did he treat you?"

never forgets! Never! Mahatma——" She stopped abruptly and looked at me in a frightened way. I recognised my advantage.

"Mahatma, listen," I said. "You need have no fear of me. I mean you no harm. You can talk to me without fear, as to a brother." And noticing the doubt in her face, I added: "I swear it to you, Mahatma, by the Great Spirit."

She remained silent and gazed straight ahead of her into the flame. I moved close up to her and took her hand in mine.

"Mahatma," I whispered, laying stress upon every word, "Mahatma, did you love your father *very* much?" Her face twitched, and the next moment I saw something I never saw before or since and very few men have ever seen—tears in the eyes of an Indian! But only for a moment, and then her face looked as expressionless as ever. But that moment had sufficed to show me my way, and I thanked Heaven from the bottom of my heart.

"Mahatma, did you love your father very much?"

"Yes, my white master."

"Say 'white brother,' Mahatma."

"Yes, my—white—brother." After every word she hesitated.

"And who killed him?"

Again she looked at me, frightened and suspicious.

"You still doubt me, Mahatma? And after I have sworn! Then I'll say it for you—Thunder-Cloud killed him! Am I right?"

"Yes," she said, slowly, and I shall never forget the tone in which she said it. Hard it sounded, and grating, like cold steel. "Yes, Thunder-Cloud. And may I never see the happy hunting-ground if I do not revenge him! I swear it!"

I rejoiced. This was no trick; this was honest rage.

"Not so loud, my red sister," I said; "somebody may be listening. And now tell me, were you not given to me in order to watch over me?"

"Yes."

"And did they trust you?"

"No; but they thought the white man would treat me like a dog, and then I would tell."

"And will you tell? Will you watch over me?"

"The white brother is very good to me. I will do *only* what the white brother demands."

"Then swear to it by the Great Spirit."

"By the Great Spirit I swear it."

I believed I could trust the girl now; in fact, I *had* to trust her. And so I asked, quite suddenly, watching her sharply the while, "Where is the pale-face—the girl they brought

"In the wigwam of Thunder-Cloud," she answered, without hesitation. Now I knew I could trust her.

"And who brought her here?"

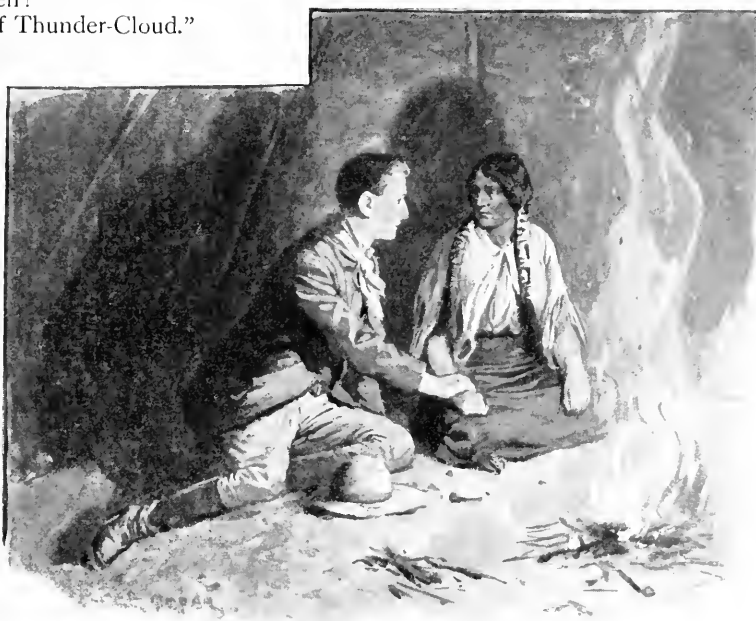
"Two bucks."

"Is that so? When did Ben leave the village?"

"Who is Ben?"

"The son of Thunder-Cloud."

"The pale-face will be my first squaw and your chief, even as I am your chief? And when I return, if she tells me that one of you was not to her like a brother, that one shall see how Black Crow can punish. This I tell you— I, Black Crow, son of Thunder-Cloud, and your



"I ASKED, QUITE SUDDENLY, 'WHERE IS THE PALE-FACE—THE GIRL THEY BROUGHT HERE YESTERDAY?'"

"The white brother means Black Crow. He left a few days ago and has not returned."

"Listen, Mahatma," said I, after that. "Would you like to come away from here with me over into the country where are the white brothers and the great white father?"

"I cannot; I must first avenge my father."

"And then?"

"And then I would go wherever my white brother goes."

"Do you know how you can have your revenge? I will tell you. Make free the pale-face. I will help you. Then we will go to the great white father and say, 'See, this white sister did Thunder-Cloud and Black Crow steal from her father.' And then the great white father will send brave pale-faces to take Thunder-Cloud and Black Crow and lock them into a great, big wigwam for a long, long time. And then, I believe, Black Crow loves the pale-face and wants her for his squaw. He will grieve very much."

chief.' This did he say before he went, and a few days later the two bucks brought the pale-face."

Mahatma wanted to go to work at once. Had I permitted she would have stolen to the tent of the chief, killed him, and very likely spoiled all. It was very hard to decide upon a plan of action. I ought to give Johnson a chance to come up with his soldiers. I considered; and the sentry must also be removed. Again, delay seemed very dangerous, for Ben had certainly remained in Oklahoma for the sole purpose of seeing what we should do, and was likely to arrive at any moment. And, in that case, force would have to be used to liberate Virgie, and I personally would be lost beyond salvation. Finally I decided upon the following night, without knowing for the present how I would go about it. And while Mahatma slept I sat and gazed into the fire and racked my brain until morning.

I passed an awful day. Every time I heard

very closely confined; I never caught a glimpse of her. Mahatma, acting on my instructions, told everyone who cared to listen that I had treated her like a dog. It made bad blood against me, but what did I care? Finally, I had made up my mind to a definite plan of action. I only hoped the red-skins would demand whisky. They did.

About noontime, as I was sitting in front of my wigwam scolding Mahatma in a loud voice, the chief stepped up to me. He spoke straight to the point.

"The white brother has promised Thunder-Cloud and red brothers lots of fire-water. The white brother has wigwam and squaw and everything he needs. But where is the fire-water?"

"On the other side of the prairie," I answered, "a white brother is in waiting for me. He has lots of fire water. There I shall go, and before the sun sets I shall be back again."

"It is well. I will send with you one of my braves."

"As you wish, great chief," I said. "But the great white father has prohibited the giving of fire-water to the red brother. When the white man sees the red brother, maybe he will not then give the fire-water."

This possibility was quite sufficient for the chief.

"Then go alone, my white brother," he said. And, turning, he left me. Calling to Mahatma to tell anybody who inquired that I had gone to fetch fire-water and would be back before evening, I walked off in the opposite direction to the one arranged with Johnson. I feared I would be followed, but found this was not the case. The Indians took me to be a criminal, happy to have found a hiding place, and the fellow who was supposed to bring me whisky for another one of my kind, who did not care to be seen. I soon changed my course, and after about an hour's walk I came upon Mr. Johnson, with fifty militiamen, camped at the rendezvous agreed upon.

They had arrived only a

Quickly I told Johnson all I knew, introduced myself to the officer in command of the troops, and told them of my plan. We arranged some details, especially a signal of three shots in case of the greatest danger. At nightfall the men were to move up as close as possible to the village. Then all the soldiers were asked to give up their store of whisky. They made long faces, but, seeing the necessity, each and every one parted with the beloved bottle like a man. Soon my tin can was filled to the brim. Then the militia doctor had a bright idea. He mixed a lot of opium with the whisky—in fact, all he had with him—and presently I was on my way back. Johnson had only pressed my hand—but hard.

The red-skins had been awaiting me very impatiently. Like so many wild animals they fell upon that whisky can, never noticing the curious taste the opium gave to the spirit, but just pouring the stuff down their throats. One little bottle—drugged especially strong—I kept hid about my person for a special purpose.

Evening came. I tried my best to keep cool,



GEORGE SEYER



but it was an awfully hard job. If only Ben did not arrive at the last moment! I had a presentiment that he would; but midnight came at last, and—thank Heaven!—no Ben.

One after another the Sioux had gone to their wigwams. That dose of opium did its duty nobly—slowly, but surely.

Finally I went to the sentries.

"A cold night, red brother," I said to the first. "Did you, too, drink fire-water to-day?"

"Ugh!—little—the big chief always drinks too much."

"I have a little left for myself," said I, "but, if you want some—but only one swallow!"

I had to tear the bottle from his mouth by force—he would not have left a drop for the other fellow. With him the joke repeated itself, and then I went to my wigwam. Mahatma was awaiting me. The fire was burning brightly,

watch the pale-face girl will also be asleep I cannot tell."

"They are not bucks, they are squaws," the girl answered; "and these two squaws—ugh!" She made a very expressive movement with the dagger she had. A shudder passed over me. "No, no, Mahatma," I said; "not that! Only in case of absolute necessity."

"When we're outside," I continued, "we will creep up towards the first sentry. And not a word must be spoken! You understand?"

She nodded.

"Then—— But stop! Mahatma, first swear to me that you will not kill the chief!"

The girl looked down at the ground and did not answer. I had hit the nail on the head!

"Mahatma, swear, or I go away and leave you here!"

"And my revenge?"



"WE RECOGNISED EACH OTHER AT ONCE."

and by its light we looked at each other. Not a word was spoken. Finally I said:—

"Mahatma, my dear red sister, the time of your revenge has come. Go to the wigwam of the chief. I shall follow. I believe he will send you to the big white medicine-man

"The great white father will see to it!"

"Truly?"

"Truly, Mahatma!"

"Then it is well. I swear!"

"Then come!"

We stepped outside. It was a cold, clear

the wigwam of the chief. Nothing moved. I could hear my heart beating.

Now the tent was reached, and the next moment Mahatma had lifted the flap and was inside. I pressed against the side and listened. Everything was quiet; no sound was heard. Then I believed I heard whispering.

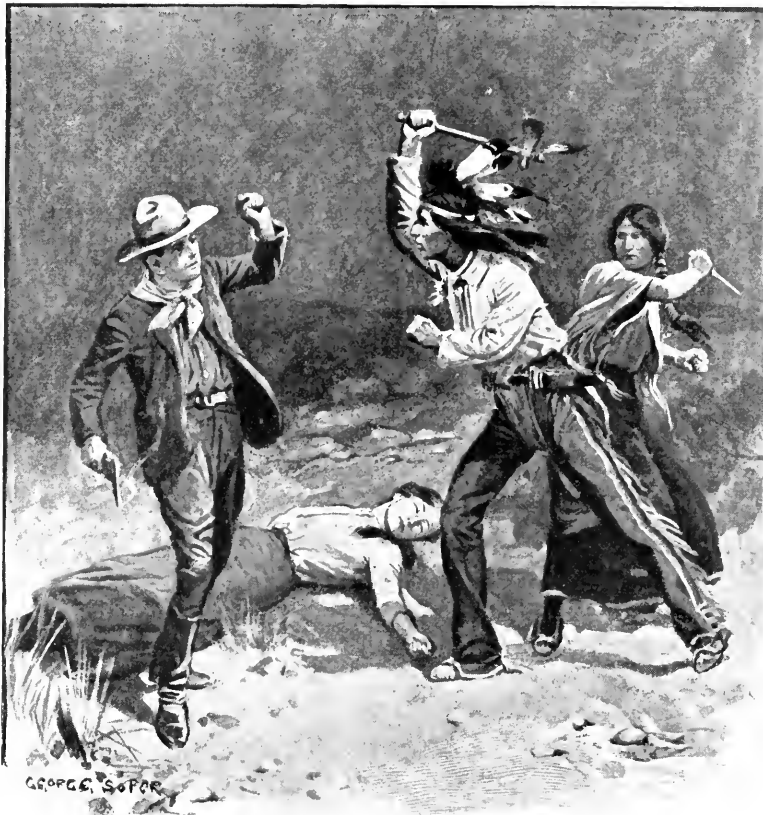
I don't know how long I waited—years, it seemed. At last the flap was lifted. Mahatma appeared, and behind her, half fainting—Virgie! We recognised each other at once. I ran up to her, and the next moment she was lying in my arms unconscious. Without more ado I grabbed her under the arms, Mahatma caught hold of her feet, and bending as low as possible we moved forwards, passing the wig-

And run we did, as fast as our legs would carry us, badly hampered by the unconscious Virgie between us.

And then suddenly I heard something. Mahatma had heard it too, and we stopped and set down our unconscious burden. It was the clatter of horse-shoes through the silent night. The prairie was lit up by the silvery moon, light as day, and there, in front of us, bearing down directly upon us, was someone on horseback.

"Ben!" it flashed through my brain. "By all that's unfortunate, Ben!"

In a few minutes he would reach us, I knew, for there was no way of escape. Before I could recover from my surprise—indeed, much quicker than I could ever tell the tale—the rider reined



"I LIFTED MY ARM INSTINCTIVELY TO PROTECT MY HEAD."

wagons of the village, passing the soundly-sleeping sentries, and so out towards the open prairie. Mahatma carried her dagger between her teeth. Now we were well outside. In a quarter of an hour we would be with Johnson and his soldiers, and safe.

up in front of us. It was Ben, sure enough. I fired three shots at him in quick succession, but all three missed. Like a flash he was out of the saddle. I saw him swing his tomahawk; I even noticed how it sparkled in the moonlight. Then I saw it descend, lifted my arm instinc-

I awoke in the hospital at Denver. The broken arm and slight fracture of the skull resulting from the tomahawk wound had not given the doctor half the work the subsequent brain fever had. But that was also over and done with now and I recovered rapidly. Virgie and Mahatma had nursed me back to health again. And now between them they told me the rest of the tale. The very moment the tomahawk came down upon me the plucky Mahatma had driven her dagger into Ben's back up to the hilt, breaking the force of his blow and undoubtedly saving my life. Ben fell dead instantly. The three shots I had fired formed the agreed "danger signal," and the soldiers soon came rushing up. Presently we were all on our way to Denver.

Mahatma told me she had no trouble to get Virgie out of the tent, the squaws being sound asleep. Mahatma was a very happy girl, by the way, for she had had her revenge on the chief—through Ben.

I also heard now from Virgie how she was kidnapped. It appeared that soon after her father had left her she was seized from behind, and before she could say a word had a gag in her mouth and was strapped to the back of



THE INDIAN GIRL MAHATMA, WHO HELPED TO RESCUE "VIRGIE," AND WHO IS NOW EMPLOYED AS A NURSE IN THE AUTHOR'S FAMILY IN BERLIN.

*From a Photo.*

the horse. A cloth was thrown over her, an Indian jumped up behind her, the horse was cut loose, and away they went like the wind. After a while she was permitted to sit up and was told that Black Crow intended to make her his squaw.

Now, also, I understood the reason for Ben's disappearance from the farm. His father having offered him the leadership of the tribe, all the education in the world could not keep him from becoming a "regular" Indian again. For the educated Indian is not a "regular"; no man in the West would acknowledge him as such.

No doubt he meant to deal honestly enough with Virgie—according to his lights. He loved her and wanted her for his squaw. I could almost feel sorry for him.

The end of it all can well be imagined. Having nursed me back to health, little Virgie, three years later, became my wife. Meanwhile Mr. Johnson and I speculated in real estate and, luck being with us, made a decent amount of money.

And Mahatma? At home now in Berlin, she and our baby are inseparable. If I wish to play with the youngster a little I must first fight with Mahatma for the privilege.



# The Only Englishwoman in Tibet.

BY SUSETTE M. TAYLOR.

## I.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with this unique narrative, which describes the adventures of Miss Annie R. Taylor, the "only Englishwoman in Tibet." Miss Taylor is the only European lady who can claim to have lived continuously in the Forbidden Land, and her extraordinary experiences are practically unknown. She lives entirely alone, save for a few faithful native servants, dresses in Tibetan costume, and has made journeys all over the country, even penetrating to within a few miles of Lhasa itself. Times without number her life has been in danger—either from the awful rigours of the climate or at the hands of savage brigands and suspicious officials and the story of her adventures, as here set forth by her sister, will be found a wonderful record of a woman's dogged courage and indomitable resolution in the face of almost insuperable difficulties.



TIBET, the mysterious and priest-ridden land which has so long held itself jealously aloof from the outside world, will, it now seems likely, soon have to succumb to the march of progress, civilization, and trade. The Closed Land being very much in evidence at the present moment, the readers of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE will no doubt be interested in the adventures and experiences of "the only Englishwoman in Tibet."

My sister, Annie Royle Taylor, the possessor of the title given to this article, is the only lady who can claim to have lived continuously in the country of the Lamas, and her extraordinary experiences are practically unknown except to a few intimate friends and associates. I shall

now proceed to relate, as far as time and space will permit, some of the incidents of my sister's life among the Tibetans, and also to narrate a few of my own adventures on the various occasions on which I myself crossed the borders of the Forbidden Land to visit her.

So far back as 1887 my sister had worked her way through China to the North Tibetan border in order to visit the famous Lamaserai of Ta'ri'si, or Gumbum, during the great July Fair. There she witnessed the extraordinary "procession of the living Buddha," which formed the *pièce de résistance* of the festival. As to be present at this festival was one of the main objects of her journey, I will give a brief account of it in her own words:—

"At the head of the procession marched a





"AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION MARCHED A NUMBER OF LAMAS."

number of Lamas, two blowing brass horns six feet long, which emitted a rich, deep blast. Other priests followed bearing banners with quaint devices. All wore helmet-shaped caps of yellow wool, with a thick erect fringe along the crest—a most imposing head-gear. Then came the central figure of the *cortège*, the Buddha, on his head a gold mitre, and hanging from his shoulders a long cloak of cloth of gold. Not fewer than twenty thousand people, half of whom were Tibetans, all arrayed in gay holiday attire, were present at the spectacle, and when the crowd pressed too near a Lama sprang forward with a whip and drove them back, producing bitter weeping from some children whom he struck with his heavy lash.

from the summit of which was let down a great sheet, over a hundred feet long, on which was depicted in gay colours the goddess of Mercy, who was robed in red. Standing beneath some yellow drapery, with one arm stretched out of her gown (as is the fashion among Tibetan women of this part), she was pictured as blessing a small figure painted at her side.

"The whole procession halted before this deity while the Buddha took his seat under a red umbrella, with four yellow-clad Lamas with red scarves in close attendance, and the rest of the priestly train arranged itself in a horseshoe formation, while thousands of devotees pressed forward to prostrate themselves before both the Buddha and the goddess. The next item in the programme was the appearance of another procession of Lamas escorting a gilt idol on a white horse, but this gave a distinctly comic turn to the proceedings because of the idol's extremely unsteady seat. When the two processions converged the yellow Lamas blessed the crowd and the extraordinary service was at an end."

Compelled by serious illness to leave China, my sister accepted the invitation of relatives to visit India, and while staying at Darjiling once more found herself near the border of Tibet. True to her pioneering instincts, and unable to resist the attractions of the mysterious Forbidden Land, she was not long in making the necessary preparations,

and bidding good-bye to friends and civilization she penetrated to the north of native Sikkim. For more than a year she lived in Tibetan villages, spending ten months without seeing the face of a European. It was not the rough life in a cane hut, the absence of all but native society, or the rigours of the climate that formed her trials at this time.

Sikkim had not then been made a British Protectorate, and the people had orders from the native Government to boycott her. None dared sell her any food. Exhaustion from starvation produced fever, and when she drove this away with quinine she found herself hungry, and scarcely knew which was worse—the hunger or the fever. So reduced was she at this time that she could not follow a mule laden

grains which dribbled through a hole in the sack, thus saving herself from utter collapse. But the Tibetans went further in their spirit of hostility. Not content with tabooing her, they tried to poison the unwelcome stranger! Invited by a local headman to a meal, my sister was offered some fried eggs, and was eating them with the best of appetites when she noticed a significant glance pass between the two women who were with her in the hut. Suspecting treachery she stopped her meal, but too late, for she was soon prostrated with aconite poisoning.

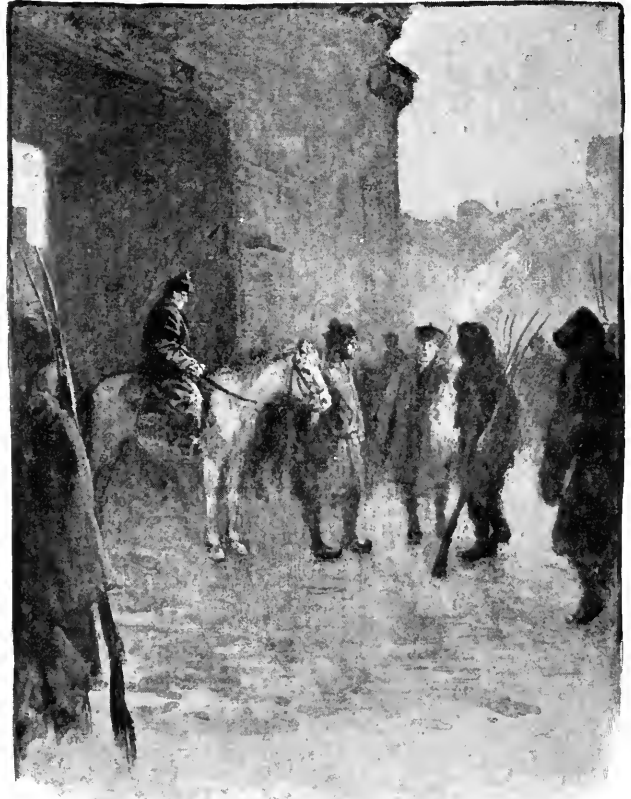
In 1892 she determined to make a desperate journey into the interior of Tibet, having for its object nothing short of penetrating to the Sacred Capital itself. Satisfied that the Indian frontier of the Forbidden Land was too well guarded for penetration from the south, she decided to cross the border from the Chinese side, and accordingly left India, taking as sole companion a little Tibetan man-servant named Puntso, a native of Lhasa, who had entered her service in Sikkim. Arriving at Shanghai she again travelled the thousand miles to the Kansuh frontier of Tibet, and, after over a year's residence in the Tibetan villages, made her final arrangements for a bold dash over the border. The day before starting she wrote me:—

"I am leaving to-morrow for a long journey across Tibet, with my little Tibetan servant and other Tibetans, there being besides myself only one woman in the company. She and I have one tent, while the men share another. We are taking a number of horses, so that I hope to do the journey quickly and arrive at Darjiling in four or five months. There is much danger, but do not tell anyone about it, as the natives with me have to return."

The eve of this eventful journey arrived, and my sister tried to snatch a few hours' sleep. Just before the break of day, Puntso having called his mistress about once every hour from midnight on, the travellers crept through the city gate, which had to be purposely opened for them by the apparently drowsy guard. Outside the wall, hidden from view by an angle in the masonry, a Mohammedan servant was awaiting them with horses. Another gate had still to be negotiated, and the guard here asked whether the lady was bound. A casual answer was given by the servants, and as the soldiers were

accustomed to the lady missionary being in request as a medical adviser far and wide, she was allowed to pass unchallenged.

A hurried ride to a secluded mountain height allowed of a change from Chinese to Tibetan dress, after which the little party advanced with a feeling of greater security, and later in the day arrived at the camp, which had been already



"THE GUARD HERE ASKED WHITHER THE LADY WAS BOUND."

pitched in a side valley by the guide, a Chinaman named Noga, who, with his Tibetan wife, had on the previous evening secretly left the town in advance of my sister. Such was the beginning of one of the most adventurous journeys ever made by an English lady.

One of her first adventures—only too common later on—was an encounter with a band of furl-clad brigands, whose tinder and steel, however, were so slow to work that the travellers escaped scatheless under cover of darkness. Later, a large band of more up-to-date marauders raided the Englishwoman's caravan, played havoc with the packs, and killed

party to whom my sister had attached her little band for greater security. I cannot do better than give an account of this exciting affair in her own words:—

“After an early start we joined our forces with a company of Mongols who were returning from Siberia, where they had been selling their wool and buying barley-flour, etc. Their caravan consisted of fifty heavily laden yaks, together with a few horses. Nearly all were armed and, with our own escort of about twenty men, we made a brave show. We travelled without halt till noon, when we stopped near a stream for tea, after which we pushed on with all possible speed, for we knew that the country was infested with brigands. At intervals we sent out the escort to ascertain if any of these bands were lying in wait for us behind the hills.

“We were going along quietly enough when, all of a sudden, two of the front scouts galloped back to say that the robbers were upon us. Sure enough, as we looked ahead we saw a band of armed mounted men swarming over the crest of a hill. At first we thought of retiring, but were unable to do so, being shut up in a hollow surrounded by hills. Ten of our men now advanced to meet the robbers, but, on seeing their numbers, returned. By this time the tops of the hills were lined with robbers, who were closing in upon us all around, and there was nothing to do but stand still and await the attack.

“We were not long in suspense, for as soon as they got within range they fired on us from all sides, and men and horses fell down dead or wounded. Bullets were flying everywhere, and nothing could be heard but the reports of the guns and the cries of the terrified women. The firing became so hot that one of the Lamas belonging to our party sent our Chinese guide, Noga, to tell our assailants that we would surrender. Accordingly he rode towards them, making peaceful signs, but as soon as he got near they took hold of his horse and, after a struggle, captured his gun and sword. Noga's wife shrieked with terror when she saw her husband unhorsed, thinking he was killed, while the Mongols in charge of our yaks shouted that they would surrender.

“My constant Puntso, the woman Erminie,



“MEN AND HORSES FELL DOWN DEAD OR WOUNDED.”

to run towards a gorge in the mountains which was pointed out to us by the Lama, who, telling us to be quick, cried out

to the robbers that we were women. We ran for our lives, not knowing whether the ruffians would come after us or not. Ahead of us galloped two badly-wounded Mongols, whom we followed as well as we could until we got over the crest of the hill, where we stopped, and sent back one of our party to see how it fared with the rest of the caravan. He reported that the robbers had seized the yaks, that two of the pack horses were surrounded, that the guide could not be seen, and that some more of our people had been killed.

“Wearily we moved on again in the track of the wounded men. Large herds of deer started at our flight, and soon we lost all signs of the path, till finally, much to our relief, an encampment came in sight. The people at first received us coldly, but on hearing that we were with the party which had been attacked, and that our Mongols belonged to their encampment, they were most kind, bringing us tea and barley-flour and helping to unload the horses. They gave us plenty of jo (yak dung) to make a fire with, and after a much-needed meal we put our things together as best we could, and with the felt mats that covered the loads I made





MISS ANNIE ROYLE TAYLOR IN TIBETAN COSTUME.  
From a Photo.

were sitting by the fire wrapped in their fur cloaks.

"At daybreak all were astir, and to our great relief a man brought us word that our comrades were well and that most of the loads had been saved. About midday, however, they appeared *without* the loads, and we then heard that the horses had been captured as well as the goods, and that only two bags of barley-flour were saved.

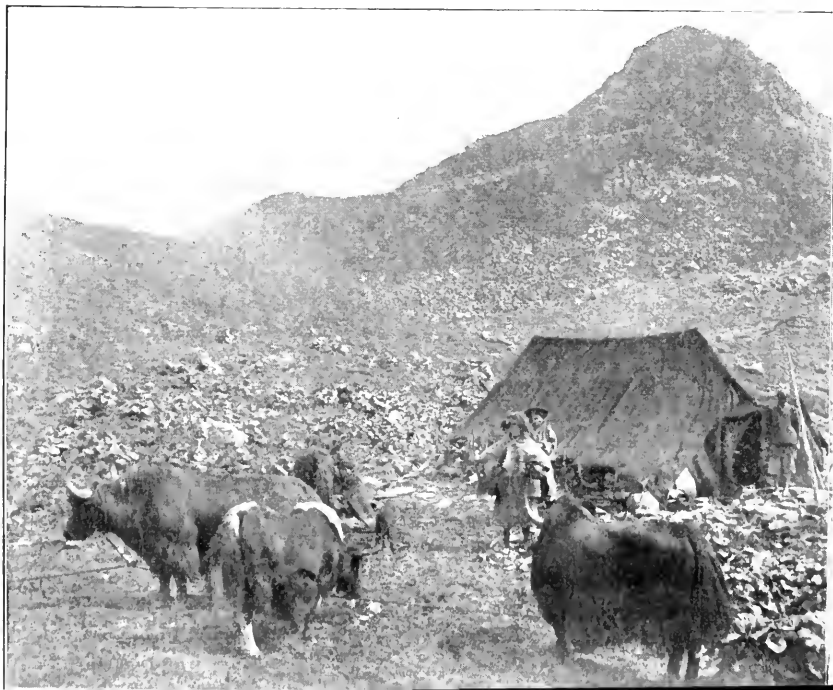
All my clothes and the camp-bed and my bedding were gone. Our guide, Noga, came in with a wound on his neck, which he said was made by a stroke from the back of a sword, but I thank God for having spared the lives of my own party.

"Of the caravan with which we were travelling one man was killed on the spot and ten others were wounded. Our escort had all fled. Seven horses were killed and one yak, and the principal man of the Mongols was taken prisoner. Some friends of Noga who were in the encampment

tent and a cooking pan—we had now none of our own—and also made us a present of a sheep, which we killed and dressed. As Noga seemed to be well known in the encampment, I have come to the conclusion that he must himself have been a robber, for these people are all bandits and go out in companies to attack unwary travellers."

After Noga had succeeded in regaining some of the stolen goods, my sister's party took leave of the other bandits who had befriended them and pushed on to the banks of the Yellow River, which they crossed by means of a raft of logs lashed to four inflated yak-skins, the whole towed by means of a pair of swimming horses guided by naked ferrymen. Another river was crossed in rude coracles of yak-skins stretched over a wicker frame, while other streams were forded on horseback, the riders being up to their waists in water.

The snow and rarefied air made progress at times almost impossible, while the great passes—often strewn with the skeletons of preceding travellers and their pack animals—warned the little band what might be their own fate. To add to the difficulties with which they were beset, the Chinese guide, Noga, now showed himself in his real colours as a treacherous villain. After trying to kill my sister by attacking her with a heavy brass cooking utensil and



by egging on the Tibetans to destroy her, he ultimately decamped with his Tibetan wife, taking my sister's tent, ponies, and other property.

For three weeks on end she had to sleep in the open, thankful for a hole in the ground, still more for a cave, in a temperature in which boiling tea became coated with a layer of ice in a few minutes and where the bitter wind froze the travellers to the marrow. One of her convoy had already died from exposure, and my sister was now so weak that she could only walk a few yards. But somehow, with grim determination, she managed to stick on to her peaked saddle. Her ponies frequently fell down under her from utter exhaustion, and several died, which is not remarkable, since their sole scanty sustenance consisted of used tea-leaves, cheese, and barley-meal.

After nearly four months of hardship and want my sister, with two faithful Tibetans—all who were left of her original party—reached the Sacred Province of U, where she was stopped by a guard of the Grand Lama's troops. She was told that Noga, the treacherous Chinaman, had gone ahead and given the authorities information of her coming, whereupon orders for her arrest were sent from Lhassa. This solitary Englishwoman in Tibetan dress had travelled alone, enduring terrible hardships, and had actually arrived within a short three days' march of her desired goal—the Sacred City of the

Lamas—only to be betrayed and arrested! Notwithstanding her terrible disappointment and imminent peril she never lost her head, but acted as if it were quite an every-day occurrence to be surrounded by chiefs and their guards and retinue, all keenly watching her every movement.

When accused of political trespass she pluckily insisted that the informant Noga should be brought before her and made to answer to her counter-charges of robbery, treachery, and attempted murder.

Kaga wuchi, the Japanese explorer, who lately returned from Lhassa, met there the present Tibetan Minister of Finance, who stated that he was the chief official sent from the Sacred City to try my sister. He began by saying, "Dear me! the English people are odd creatures," and added that had not the local headman of the village where

she was arrested been a deeply compassionate man she would most certainly have

been killed there and then.

After a fortnight of mutual browbeating a compromise was ultimately come to, and my sister—provided with an escort, a tent, fresh mounts, and some provisions and money—turned her back on Lhassa, and with her two servants wended her weary way Chinawards again, travelling over lofty and perilous passes with an altitude of eighteen and twenty thousand feet, and once again experiencing the varied vicissitudes of robbery, treachery, cold, hunger, and exhaustion



"A TREACHEROUS VILLAIN."

# A One-Night Engagement.

BY H. HOUDINI (THE "HANDCUFF KING").

The author is the well-known performer who so mysteriously releases himself from complicated fetters and triple-locked prison cells. He here relates how a couple of desperadoes endeavoured to force him to use his remarkable abilities for a nefarious purpose. In his efforts to outwit them Mr. Houdini went through a most exciting experience, and received a bullet which he will probably carry to his grave.



ALTHOUGH it is not, on the present occasion, my purpose to reveal the secret of my ability to release myself from all kinds of shackles and manacles, I may mention that I have received from time to time many applications to undo safes, but as a rule I prefer not to undertake such tasks, as they usually have an unpleasant sequel. It causes ill-feeling, especially on the part of the makers of the safes, which is quite natural, and does me no good. I had, in this connection, a very unpleasant experience at Elberfeld, Germany, where the whole of the workmen of a firm, a safe of whose manufacture I had opened, united in hooting me.

I propose here to tell of a very sensational experience which occurred to me some years ago in America—how my ability to conquer locks and bolts nearly cost me my life. It happened some considerable time before I came to this country, and soon after I had blossomed forth as the "Handcuff King." Prior to this I was a juggler, and for a short time I included a little of my legerdemain with the handcuff exposition.

At the time of the incident I refer to—one I am not likely to forget in a hurry—I was travelling with Dr. Thomas B. Hill's California Concert Company, and we were "doing" the Indian Territory. It should be mentioned, for the enlightenment of those who are not acquainted with that part of the world, that it abounds, or did at the period of my story,

as they are poetically called. Rough, callous, and conscienceless as are the riff-raff gamblers to be found on English racecourses, the *habitués* of the gambling-hells of certain parts of the States are no way behind them in dangerous attributes, and may even be relied upon to give them points in the way of daring and criminal enterprise.

During my performance, of course, I opened a great many locks and handcuffs. One evening I noticed the presence in the auditorium of several gamblers; indeed, they forced themselves upon my notice by their behaviour, being very loud and demonstrative in their appreciation. One has not much difficulty in fixing upon the identity of a gambler in the States, as he is a distinct and unmistakable type both in appearance and deportment.

I ought perhaps to explain here that it is my custom to invite members of the audience to try me with any manacle they may choose to bring with them, and in response to my invitation on this particular evening one of

these gamblers brought up a very peculiar handcuff for me to tackle. In about twelve minutes, however, I managed to release myself from it, much, it appeared, to the satisfaction of the man who had produced it and his companions.

That same night, after the performance, I was making my way back to my lodgings when, not far from the theatre, I was accosted by two men who expressed a desire to have some conversa-



THE AUTHOR, MR. HARRY HOUDINI (THE "HANDCUFF KING").

*From a Photo. by J. F. Blöte.*

as two of the gamblers who had been present at the performance that evening. They were "types"—decidedly so. One was tall, thin, clean-shaven, and cadaverous of countenance; he had sparse, mouse-coloured hair and bushy brows, and there was a most ominous and significant "twist" in one of his eyes, which were small and ferrety. He wore a soft "Trilby" hat, and was somewhat showily dressed in a suit of tweed of a pronouncedly "horsey" cut. In his hand he carried a small switch or cane, and tried, most unsuccessfully, to appear debonair and ingratiating in manner. In fact, this assumption of geniality was so grotesquely antagonistic to his appearance that it only served the more to arouse one's uneasiness.

His companion was somewhat shorter and stout, with a fresh-coloured complexion and mutton-chop whiskers. He also was dressed in a sporting style, and had the customary swaggering gait of his class. His voice was thick and hoarse, and he found it difficult to mask the innate aggressiveness of his blunt nature. His outward appearance most distinctly belied his apparent disposition, which was of the "stand no nonsense" description. All these details impressed themselves indelibly on my mind.

When one is in a new country, such as the Indian Territory, one is always instinctively on one's guard. Knowing the repute of the district, therefore, and the character of its frequenters, I was instantly on the alert. Meanwhile the two men quietly closed in, taking a position on either side of me.

"What do you want?" I inquired, sharply.

"We just want to make a proposal to you," said the tall man; "just a proposal, but one that'll put money in your pocket."

"He don't want any," put in his companion, in a sneering tone of voice; "he's got no room at his bank for any more."

Which was not strictly true.

"Well, what is it?" I demanded, impatiently.

"Well, it's just this," proceeded the tall man. "You're very handy at undoing locks and things, and we want you to do a little job of that sort for us. And, as I have already said, we'll pay you handsomely for it. We want you to come to a certain house with us, a gambling-house, and open one or two doors, and then take a turn at the lock of a safe. In this safe the cards are kept, which fact would, no doubt, be already known to a man of your skill and intelligence. Now, we don't want to lift anything; all we shall do will be to mark the cards—  
that's all. Quite a silly, simple little job.

"This," I responded, decisively. "I will have nothing whatever to do with such dirty work! I think you've mistaken your man!"

And with that I broke into a smart walk and hurried to my lodgings. As I departed I just heard one of them exclaim, "Well, I'm ---"; but the ornamental oath which no doubt followed was lost to me and the world in general. At that time, as the gamblers possibly knew, I was not drawing what is known as a "princely salary"; in fact, I was generally hard up, but I could not consent to enrich myself by such crooked work as they coolly suggested.

Late that night, while I was fast asleep in bed, I was aroused by a knock at my door. It was the landlord, who informed me that a message had been left with him to the effect that I was wanted on the long-distance telephone, and that it was very essential that I should come at once. This being quite an ordinary occurrence, I immediately got up, jumped into my things, and hurried out. The telephone was at the station, and thither I made my way. I had not, however, gone very far when out of the dark shadow of one of the frame buildings sprang two figures and clutched me by the arms.

"Don't hurry; don't hurry. You're just in time," said one of them, in a voice I immediately recognised. I was again in the company of the two gamblers! The whole thing flashed across my mind. They had tracked me to my lodgings, delivered a bogus message about the telephone, and lain in wait for me. I was fairly trapped! I made an effort to free myself, but they held me tight. Then, realizing that escape was impossible, I put on as good a show of indifference as I could summon.

"What's wanted?" I inquired.

"Ah, now we're sensible," observed the short man. He tightened his hold on my arm, however.

"First of all," commented the tall one, "don't let's have any misunderstanding. We're all good pals, ain't we? Of course; so don't try and give us leg-bail. We're all going to chat nicely and quietly, without any fuss, and without letting anybody else know what we're talking about. So we'll all go down here."

And with that I was hustled down some dark, narrow turnings. I realized that my best plan was to appear to consent, and in the meantime to think out a plan of escape. Arriving at a place secure from interruption, we halted, and the tall individual continued the conversation.

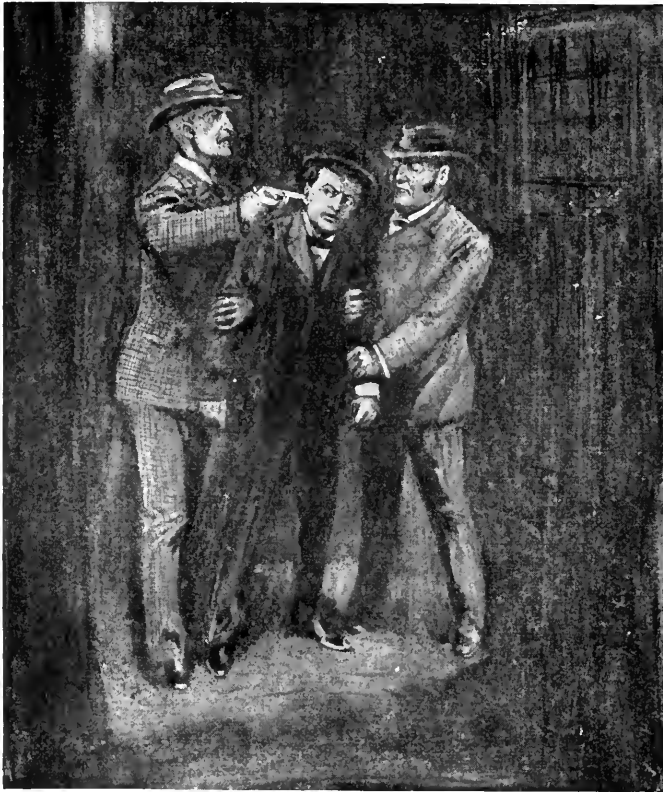
"We will now resume," he observed, drily. "Now, then, my slippery little eel"—his manner

gambling-house. Well, we just want that job done right away. And if you don't consent to do it, we're going to open a lock ourselves. This is the key." As he spoke he produced a small revolver from his pocket. "Now, all we've got to do is to put the key in so"—here he placed the cold muzzle of the revolver in my ear—"pull this trigger, and open goes the lock!"

Needless to say, I was considerably alarmed,

and facing us, was an iron door, and this I was bluntly directed to open. My protests that I had come unprepared being of no avail, I proceeded to operate on the lock, while the gamblers stood behind me at the foot of the steps, the tall man toying suggestively with his revolver.

All the time I was at work I was wondering in my own mind how I could circumvent the desperados, and in a flash I saw a way.



"HE PLACED THE COLD MUZZLE OF THE REVOLVER IN MY EAR."

for I was evidently in the power of desperate and unscrupulous men, who would not hesitate to take my life if I endeavoured to thwart them. The amiable character with the revolver further informed me that if I called for assistance I should be gently but firmly tapped over the head with the butt-end of the revolver. All things considered, I decided to go along with them.

My captors took me still farther through the back streets of the town, until at length we arrived at the rear entrance of a gambling-den. They took me through a doorway into a dark passage which led to a flight of stone steps,

Having at length released the lock, I asked the gamblers to stand a little farther back, in order that I might pull open the door. They did so, and I then drew it just far enough back to admit of my passing through. Then I slid swiftly in, slamming the door behind me. It was fitted with what is called a "snap" lock, which fastens itself when the door is shut, and becomes doubly locked when the key is turned. Thus, although I had escaped for the moment from my captors, I was still a prisoner.

Directly I had closed the door and my intentions became obvious, I heard growls of rage from the other side of it, coupled with oath-

forthwith. If I did not—soft and endearing things were purred at me through the keyhole.

To threats and entreaties alike I was deaf, and soon the voices ceased and I began to examine my situation. Although it was very dark I could see in front of me a second flight of stairs leading to another door, which gave admission, as I subsequently learned, to the safe-room. This was where the proprietors kept the cards and what is known as the "bank-roll," which is only used when some big gambler is playing for

in quick succession, the bullets shattering the glass and whizzing across the narrow space quite close to me. Here was a pretty situation to be in! Evidently the baffled gamblers, determined to have their revenge upon me, had hurried up the steps and along the alley, and now from the window they poured in a fusillade of shots, obviously determined to kill me, so that, on the principle that "dead men tell no tales," no evidence might be forthcoming concerning their ingenious attempt



"BEFORE I COULD TURN, A SHOT RANG OUT."

high stakes and enjoying good luck. On my right was a small, square window, looking on to an alley, my present position apparently being below the level of the ground.

I groped my way up the stairs as best I could. When I arrived near the window I heard a noise outside, and to my horror saw the villainous face of the tall gambler peering savagely through the window, his revolver raised to fire. Before I could turn a shot rang out, shivering the glass; a sharp pain darted through my hand and I

dropped to the floor. Other shots followed to oil the wheels of chance. The firing still continued, but I was totally invisible in the darkness, and the shots went wide. I hoped that before long an alarm would be raised and the desperadoes captured or driven off. As I crouched there on the floor my hand felt numb and painful and bled considerably, and I knew that the first bullet fired by the tall ruffian had lodged in it.

Presently I heard shouts and cries, and the firing ceased abruptly. Thank goodness! the people were roused at last. Then there was



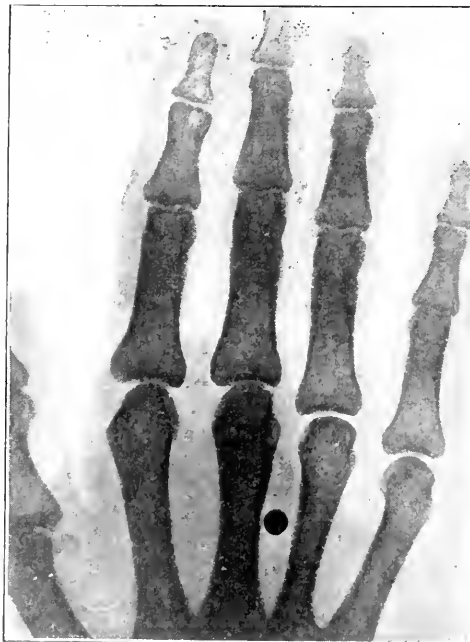
"I WAS SOON DISCOVERED, NURSING MY WOUNDED HAND."

the sound of running feet, and men carrying guns, revolvers, and lights came crowding round the building, where I was soon discovered, nursing my wounded hand.

The general opinion seemed to be that a man had been caught on the stairs of the gambling-den trying to break in—I, of course, being the criminal. I was accordingly taken in charge, but when I had told my tale — much of which was confirmed by my landlord—and proved my identity I was at once released. In consequence of the wound I had received I spent some time in the Cook County Hospital, Chicago, the doctors failing to extract the bullet. As any further investigation entailed the risk of

having my hand permanently injured I left the hospital, and the bullet has remained in its hiding-place ever since. Beyond rendering that hand—the left—some-what weaker than the other it has given me no trouble. Some time ago I had an X-ray photograph taken of the hand, which clearly shows the bullet, lying "end on" in the back.

As to my gambler friends, nothing more was heard or seen of them. Their precious little scheme having gone wrong, they evidently got out of the town as quickly as possible. To my dying day, however, I shall never forget my sensations as I crouched in that narrow hall while my erstwhile "patrons" blazed away at me with their revolvers.



AN X-RAY PHOTO. OF MR. HOUDINI'S HAND, WHICH CLEARLY SHOWS THE BULLET, LYING "END ON" IN THE BACK.  
From a Photo, by H. Garstang, Blackburn.



# A French Grace Darling.

THE STORY OF A HUMBLE HEROINE.

BY THE BARON DE DOMPMARD.

The stirring story of a woman's heroism—how a poor fisherwoman of Ushant, in the teeth of a raging storm, rescued fourteen shipwrecked men from deadly peril and brought them safe to land.



SOME fifteen miles from the coast of Finistère, France, surrounded by a line of jagged rocks which, in spite of two powerful lighthouses, form a deadly menace to shipping, lies the island of Ushant, an area barely six miles square, and inhabited by some two thousand hardy Breton fisherfolk.

Numerous shipwrecks take place every year on its hidden reefs, and the lifeboats stationed

on the island are kept busily employed. Many gallant rescues have been accomplished on the rugged coast of the island; but one act of courage, performed only a short time ago, stands by itself. This is the heroic deed of a fisher-woman, by name Rose Héré, who, alone and single-handed, rescued fourteen shipwrecked sailors belonging to the Marseilles steamer *Vesper*, bound from Oran to Rouen.

During the early morning of the 2nd of November last the whole island of Ushant was covered in a dense fog, which blotted out the powerful lights. So dense, in fact, was the mist that the captain of the steamer *Vesper*, groping his way along, could not see more than ten yards in front of the ship, although he could hear the sea, always restless in this neighbourhood, hurling itself furiously against the line of reefs. He was navigating almost entirely by guesswork, for the lighthouses on the island were invisible, and the *Vesper* was moving only at eight knots, her steam whistle sounding continually, tearing the air with its

"There's no man could navigate round the Pointe de Pern in a fog like this," said Etienne Courssol, the coxswain, to a group of men who were discussing the situation, but a younger sailor laughed and answered back, confidently:—

"You always see the dark side of things, Etienne. The 'old man' will get us out; he's been in worse places."

Presently the captain spoke. "Get the boats ready, in case we should strike a rock," he

ordered, by way of precaution. The sailors moved about to do his bidding with hardly a word. Suddenly a rending crash was heard and the ship stopped dead, trembling from stem to stern, while the engineers and stokers came running up on deck, yelling that the vessel was sinking. It was then about three o'clock in the morning, and the fog was as dense as ever. What had happened was soon manifest—the *Vesper* had struck on the dreaded Pointe de Pern.

The terrified men from the engine-room made a rush for the boats, but the sailors stolidly got in the way.

"Wait until the captain gives orders," they cried, and their discipline brought the stokers to their senses.

"Huet!" cried the captain.

"Yes, sir!" replied the boatswain.

"Get thirteen men and yourself into the largest boat and cast off. Coxswain, get into the smaller boat, with the rest of the engineers and stokers. As to the rest of us, my old sailors will wait with me till the Ushant lifeboat comes up. Send up the rockets there!"



"ROSE HÉRÉ, WHO, ALONE AND SINGLE-HANDED, RESCUED  
From a] FOURTEEN SHIPWRECKED SAILORS." [Photo.

With a trample of hurried feet the men set about obeying the orders.

Huet soon had his men in the boat and cast off the ropes that held them to the ship, which was already settling down fast.

Cries of alarm came from several of the men in the boat as a great wave, seen indistinctly in the gloom, rolled towards them, but the boat rose to it like a bird and escaped unswamped.

The boat's crew rowed hard, and soon lost sight of the sinking ship. Ten minutes later they discerned the Ushant lifeboat dashing towards the steamer, from which red distress-rockets rose continually. Otherwise, in the fog that prevailed, the lifeboat would have been unable to locate her.

An hour passed and no signs of land appeared. The men, though drenched to the skin, kept themselves warm by rowing. Huet took a turn at it to warm himself, and then took the tiller again just as a red-bearded engineer sighted the tops of some barnacle-covered rocks, alternately covered and left bare by the waves that raged against them.

Twice the boat grazed slightly, but without that grating noise that means disaster, and then Huet piloted her into deeper water.

Meanwhile the storm was getting worse and worse as the wind rose; and although this blew away the fog, yet the icy blasts penetrated into the men's bodies and chilled them in spite of the rowing, while the exercise made them ravenously hungry and consequently weak.

"Do you think we're far from land?" asked a grimy-faced stoker at last.

"Far? I don't know, I'm sure," replied the boatswain, "but seeing the number of rocks about I reckon we're pretty near a confoundedly rocky coast, where it will need all our skill to get ashore. Keep your ears open for the surf, lads; that'll let us know how near land we are."

"Is that it?" asked the red-bearded man presently.

The others could not hear anything for a while, and then the dull, vibrating sound of waves beating and breaking against cliffs came to them distinctly. They rowed more eagerly now towards the not far distant land, and Huet

clear of the jagged rocks that stuck up in all directions.

The fog, stirred by the wind, was gradually lifting, so that at last it became so far clear that a long line of rugged cliffs came into view.

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed one man. "I can see the *Pyramide du Runion.*"

On the top of the cliffs, against which the waves beat with impotent force and rage, they could see one of those ancient monuments which are to be found in various parts of the country — a four-sided pyramid of stone twenty or more feet in height, which by its whiteness was plainly visible against the lead-coloured clouds that rolled over the sky,



THE ROCKY COAST ON WHICH THE BOAT WAS DRIFTING WHEN RESCUED BY ROSE HÉRÉ.

*From a Photo.*

now lighted up by the first flush of approaching dawn.

Huet's face became grave.

"It's touch and go whether we ever get out of this alive," he said, candidly; "it's one of the worst bits of coast in Ushant, and I don't know the landings."

The others, who had thought that every yard nearer to the shore was a yard nearer safety, looked anxious at this, for they trusted Huet blindly.

Even the least experienced, however, could see that the boat was in an exceedingly dangerous position. Now that the fog was clearing, a line of frowning cliffs, their bases hidden by boiling surf, could be seen landwards, while all around were half-submerged ledges of rock, towards which the waves were fast driving them in spite of all their efforts.

The boatswain looked around to see what was his best course out of this rugged labyrinth. He had almost given up the task in despair, when he perceived a way on the rocks in the

direction of the pyramid. She had just come out of a cleft in the cliff and was apparently gathering shellfish.

"Yell for help," he said; "she'll bring men to the rescue." At this all the shipwrecked men began to shout till their cries of distress reached the woman.

She stood up, stretched her back, cramped by her work, and then looked out to sea. She saw the long-boat thrown up high on the crest of a white-capped wave, surrounded by treacherous rocks that threatened at any moment to send the craft to destruction.

Her common sense told her that these were no fishermen, for no natives would be so foolhardy as to sail so close in to the "Pyramide du Runion" in such weather. They must,

who had been watching her movements with interest.

Those in the boat followed the approach of the fisherwoman anxiously. She swam marvellously, her robust arms beating the water with strong, regular strokes. Several times mountainous waves struck her and threw her back several yards, but each time she returned the more determinedly to the attack, coming nearer and nearer in spite of the furious seas. More than once the occupants of the boat lost sight of her and thought that she had sunk for ever. But she had only dived beneath the surface to escape the buffeting of the surf, and always rose again like a cork. Now she was so close that they could see her strong, masculine face, with her eyes fixed determinedly on the boat.



"SHE JUMPED ON TO A LARGE ROCK."

therefore, be wrecked men who did not know the hidden terrors of that rock-bound coast.

She began to make signals with her arms such as are used among the fishermen, but seeing that the sailors did not understand she kicked off her shoes and ran lightly along a jetty of rock that stood out like a projecting arm into the furious seas, leaping from place to place with astonishing agility till she reached the end of the spit, where great seas beat furiously around her.

Here she stopped for a moment and then, watching her opportunity, jumped on to another large rock which a billow, sweeping back, left uncovered for a moment. From here she dived straight through an approaching wave and struck out towards the long boat.

To help her they pulled towards her to save some of the distance, and at last she was alongside, when willing hands quickly pulled her up.

She shook the water from her rough blouse, skirt, and apron, and then, brushing the hair out of her eyes, turned to Huet and said a few words. Unfortunately, however, he could not understand, for she spoke the Breton dialect, which none of the crew were familiar with.

The boatswain looked at her in a puzzled fashion, not knowing what to say; so, seeing that he could not understand, she brushed by him and took the tiller. Then she thought for a moment and finally said: "*Ramez!*" This was one of the few French words in her vocabulary, and the crew understood her at once and started pulling energetically. They



"SHE BRUSHED BY HIM AND TOOK THE TILLER."

rendering them when they saw the wonderful way in which she steered. They admired her sure eye and cool-headedness, and they gazed in wonder at her as she glanced round to fix her position and then drove the boat with unerring judgment between two dangerous rocks. They did not comprehend the full meaning of this manoeuvre until they perceived on either side of this narrow and comparatively calm passage row upon row of jagged reefs over which the seas boiled furiously, and which would sink the strongest craft afloat in a very short time.

"She knows the seas," Huet muttered

to the others. "*Sacré!* What a sailor she is!"

In fact, this woman who had come to their assistance in the nick of time seemed to know every rock and every shallow; she knew the labyrinthine channels which led to smoother and safer water.

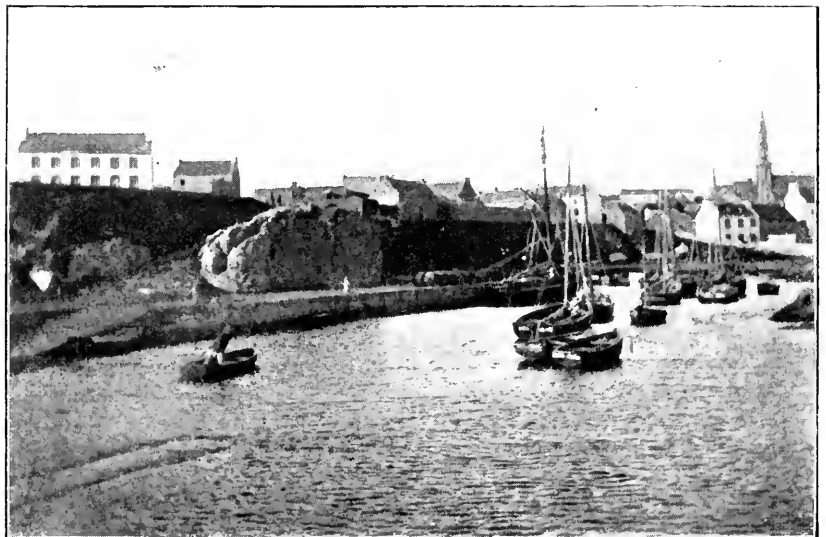
At the end of an hour and a half of hard pulling the boat came quite close to the *Pern-ar-Roch*, where the waves were even then hurling the remains of the poor *Vesper* high up among the boulders of the beach, where next day, if the weather permitted, the children would come to take away the timbers for firewood—the fate of many a fine ship wrecked on these merciless rocks.

Half an hour's row brought the little band to the entrance of the port of Porspaul. Here, however, the seas were terrific. Some men on the pier, seeing the small, overcrowded craft staggering in, prepared ropes to throw out when it got near enough. The lines were hurled by strong arms, but they fell short, and had to be cast three times before they were finally caught and made fast. Then the long-boat was hauled alongside the pier and a rope-ladder dropped down, up which the castaways clambered, cold, hungry, and drenched to the skin, the waves dashing the boat against the piles, as if loth to lose their prey.

A crowd soon gathered and somebody went to fetch Captain Viel, who, with the rest of the crew, had been got safely ashore by the life-boat.

He rushed up eagerly.

"So you're safe, Huet!" he cried, joyfully.



From a

THE PORT OF PORSPAUL TO WHICH ROSE HÉRÉ PILOTED THE BOAT.

[Photo.

"I never expected to see you again! How did you manage it?"

They told him of the dangers they had passed through and how the fisherwoman had heroically come to their rescue when all seemed lost.

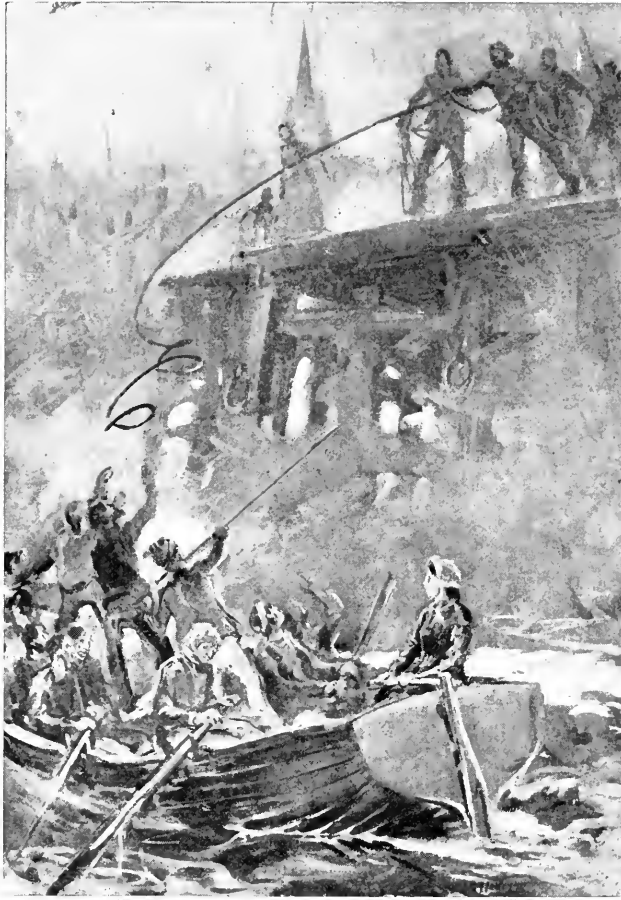
Captain Viel did not stint his praises to the woman, whose name, they discovered, was Rose Héré. He was unable, however, to give her any money reward, as neither he nor his men had a sou in their pockets, all their belongings having gone down with the ship.

Nevertheless, he wrote to his employers to send the plucky woman a substantial gratuity, for she is very poor.

The Breton heroine, of whose admirable courage papers all over the world have spoken, lives in an old house with her aged mother. She is about forty years old; her features are rather rough, and, according to the custom prevalent in the country, she wears her hair cut short just below the neck.

In the most natural and simple way she said to a reporter, who came specially from Paris to interview her:—

"You know that on the island the women cultivate the land and do all the work



"THEY WERE FINALLY CAUGHT AND MADE FAST."

in the fields. Our men are always afloat, busy fishing. We see them very seldom, and this explains why we often look out to sea, spying out every sail that appears on the horizon.

"My comrades and I have very often shown the passage to sailors who lose their way in these waters and lead them to the hospitable little port of Porspaul. As for myself, I have saved several boats and their crews that were in danger of being smashed on the reefs.

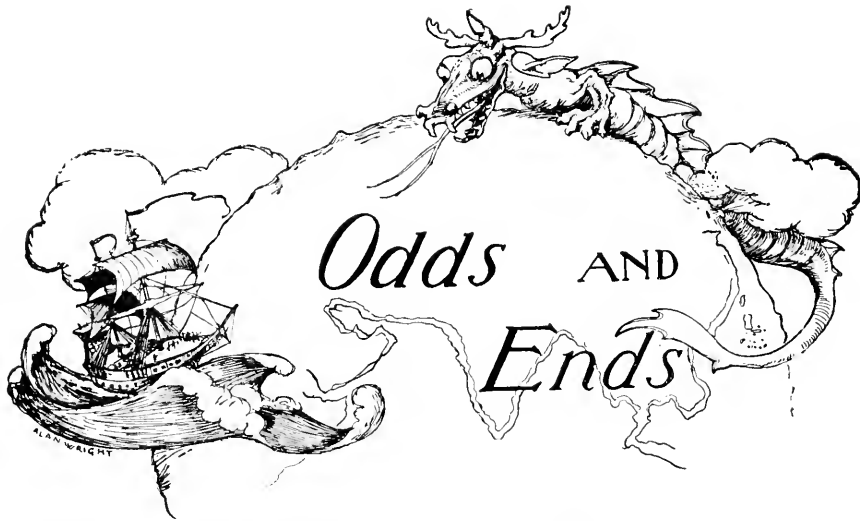
"No; I have never been rewarded. They do say that this time I shall get something, but it is not for reward that I risk my life; it is to accomplish a simple duty towards my fellow-men."

It is gratifying to be able to add that this big-hearted, simple-minded fisherwoman's gallant deed has not gone unrewarded. The Life-Saving Committee of the Seine has accorded her its gold medal, and as it has been discovered that—like

many another hero and heroine in humble life—Rose Héré cannot subsist on medals alone, the French newspapers and other kind friends have raised a sum of money for her which will at least keep her and her aged mother from want.



From a] THE OLD COTTAGE IN WHICH ROSE HÉRÉ LIVES WITH HER MOTHER. [Photo.



A Dust-Storm at Broken Hill—Korean Labourers at "Work"—The "Blessing of the Waters," etc., etc.



HE unique snap-shot here reproduced shows a dust-storm at Broken Hill, New South Wales. Owing to the insufficient rainfall in this district, the country for many miles around is almost destitute of vegetation, and when the wind rises the fine particles of red-dish-brown sand are forced along at a great speed, and, increasing in density every moment, form tremendous opaque clouds, as

shown in the photograph. These sand-storms overwhelm everything in their track, turning day into inky darkness; and the hapless individual caught in one of these tornadoes of dust is fortunate in escaping further damage than sore eyes and ruined clothes. So dense are these clouds of dust—happily they seldom last more than two or three hours—that it is simply impossible to see one's hands before one's face.



From a]

THIS IMPRESSIVE PICTURE SHOWS A DUST-STORM AT BROKEN HILL, N.S.W.

[P. 100.]





KOREAN LABOURERS AT "WORK"—THEY ARE THUMPING THE GROUND WITH BAMBOO POLES, KEEPING TIME TO THE BEATING OF A DRUM.

*From a Photo.*

The Hermit Kingdom of Korea is very much in the public eye at present, and therefore the curious and amusing snap-shot reproduced above has additional interest. "Hustle" is a word which as yet has no meaning for the peaceful Korean. Our illustration shows what is probably one of the most curious gangs of workmen in the world. It had been decided to harden the ground in a few spots preparatory to building a light frame house, and these comic-opera navvies are accomplishing the task to the music of a drum. Each man has a long bamboo—of course, a most unsuitable tool for the work—with

which at regular intervals he thumps the ground, keeping time to the beating of the drum. These "labourers" are dressed in the national costume of light blue, with here and there a man having a palm-leaf fan stuck negligently into his girdle.

In Marysville, California, lives a boy of sixteen named Ivor Gordon. He makes a living by selling newspapers. As he is somewhat of a cripple, he found it difficult to make rounds properly, and so he set to work to build himself a conveyance. In his spare moments, therefore, this ingenious lad constructed the smart little four-wheeled "dog-cart" shown in the following photograph. It weighs some sixty odd pounds, the wheels are ball-bearing and cushion-tyred, and the whole turn-out is stylishly enamelled in blue and black. At the rear is a receptacle for newspapers. The dogs—half greyhound and half Irish setter—are brothers, and seem to like their work. They can negotiate any ordinary hill with ease, and are dearly loved by their young master, whose labours are lightened appreciably by his novel carriage and pair. Young Gordon deserves every credit for his ingenuity in devising his quaint vehicle. Many a lad would have given up the struggle, but this plucky youth attacked the problem manfully.



A UNIQUE "DOG-CART"—IT WAS CONSTRUCTED IN HIS SPARE TIME BY A CRIPPLE BOY OF SIXTEEN WHO BY ITS AID IS ABLE TO EARN HIS LIVING BY DELIVERING NEWSPAPERS. [Photo.]





A PARISIAN CHARACTER—OLD MME. BRIMONT,  
WHO CATERS FOR THE WANTS OF BIRDS.

*From a Photo.*

One of the greatest "characters" at the Paris markets is old Mme. Brimont, who keeps a stall for supplying all the possible needs of pet birds. The very best seed, the sweetest groundsel, the most succulent mealworms, luxuriant lumps of turf, and fresh bright sand are always in stock. She will even provide cosy little baskets and soft, fragrant hay for such as will consent to nest in captivity. She has quite a fine white beard, and is famous for her powers of repartee. They call her "the mother of the cats," and she always has about a dozen in attendance, perhaps as a warning to stray birds, who might be tempted to help themselves.

The photo. next shown was taken at Patras, Greece, on the occasion of the "Blessing of the Waters," which occurs every year at the Feast of the Epiphany. Nowadays the cross is attached to a cord and dipped into the sea by the bishop, as shown in our snap-shot, but it was formerly thrown far out into deep water, where it was eagerly sought for by divers. The man who succeeded in finding it was considered peculiarly privileged, and was entitled to make a collection on his own behalf in the streets. This latter custom was the cause of several serious disputes, and more than once knives were drawn under water. It was to obviate these unseemly disturbances that the present method of immersing the cross was adopted. Large crowds always assemble to witness the ceremony, which is rendered additionally picturesque by the gorgeous vestments of the officiating priests and the bright uniforms of the soldiers.

The first photo. on the next page was taken at a regatta at Waikato, Auckland, N.Z., and depicts the negotiation of a "hurdle" in the obstacle canoe race for Maori women. As many of our readers



THE "BLESSING OF THE WATERS" AT PATRAS, GREECE.  
*From a Photo.*



A MAORI CANOE RACE FOR WOMEN—NEGOTIATING A  
"HURDLE." [Photo.]

know, the Maoris, both male and female, are expert canoeists, and these obstacle races always cause intense excitement. In the photograph the three canoes will be seen "leaping" the hurdle practically neck to neck, the crews working frantically to assist them over the barrier.

The quaint little shanty seen in the photograph given below is His Britannic Majesty's post office at Tetuan, Morocco. It is situated in the market-place, and is superintended by a Jew, who—like the other inhabitants of the town—was much perturbed by the continual rumours that the Pretender was at the gates of the city. On such occasions the post-office, together with all other places of business, is hurriedly closed, as it was when our photo.



THIS QUAIN'T LITTLE SHANTY IS THE BRITISH POST-OFFICE AT TETUAN, MOROCCO.  
From a Photo.

was taken. All kinds of postal business are transacted at this curious little place, and in the absence of such aids as telegraph lines, railways, and even roads, letters, etc., are delivered by native messengers. Although these occasionally get "held up" by robbers, their letters are always respected, only packets containing valuables being taken.

A Portuguese subscriber sends us the curious little snap-shot next reproduced. He writes: "I send



AN INGENIOUS CYCLIST—AT A PORTUGUESE CARNIVAL HE ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION AND SECURED A PRIZE WITH THE TURN-OUT HERE SHOWN.

From a Photo.

you a photograph showing the novel idea hit upon by a cyclist at our last carnival. He arranged his machine so as to resemble a hospital bed, with himself—dressed like a patient—reclining therein, his legs, of course, being hidden by the draperies of the cot. The effect was most realistic, and the ingenious wheelman secured a prize." We commend the idea to cyclists in this country who may be looking for novelties for *fêtes*.

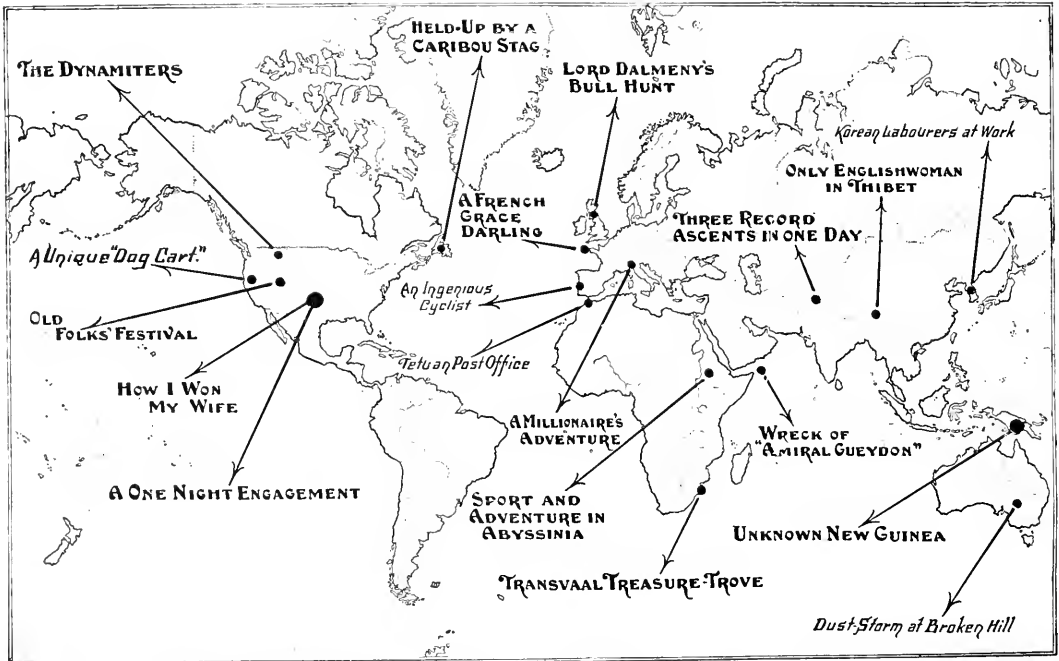
The flagstaff shown in the photograph here reproduced is probably one of the most elevated in the world. It was erected on Spokane Mountain, British Columbia, on June 5th, 1900, in commemoration of the entry of the British troops into Pretoria. The mountain was also rechristened Mount Roberts, after the late Commander-in-Chief. The flagstaff, although it looks a mere toy affair, is no less than sixty-five feet high, and the Union Jack measures ten and a half feet by twenty-one feet. It flies six thousand five hundred feet above sea-level and can be seen for a distance of twenty-five miles. The view from the staff is magnificent beyond description, presenting a panorama of over one hundred miles of mountainous country. The



A LOFTY FLAGSTAFF—IT STANDS ON MOUNT ROBERTS, IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL, AND CAN BE SEEN FOR TWENTY-FIVE MILES.

*From a Photo.*

cost of erecting this unique memorial was borne by the patriotic citizens of Rossland, B.C.



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.





“WITH A CRASH THAT MUST HAVE MADE HER SHUDDER FROM STEM TO  
RUDDER POST, THE CUTTER BROUGHT UP.”

(SEE PAGE 425.)

# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1904.

No. 77.

## THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BEING SOME ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN GUSTAVUS HANSEN, SEAL-RAIDER.

By J. GORDON SMITH, OF VICTORIA, B.C.

Captain Hansen, as "Wide World" readers are aware from the two stories we have already published concerning him, was the skipper of a schooner which earned widespread notoriety for her daring and successful raids upon the seal rookeries. Her elusive captain was a veritable Ishmaelite of the seas, sought after by the warships of several nations, yet again and again he baffled his pursuers and achieved his object. In this series Mr. Gordon Smith narrates some of the stirring adventures of this remarkable marine outlaw.

### I.—THE LOOTING OF THE SALT-HOUSE.



† was in 1896, the year of the seizures—when the United States Government, seeking to foster the monopoly of the lessees of the seal rookeries, began to seize Canadian sealers on the high seas, for which the States afterward paid four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in compensation—that we took our levy from the pelts on St. George's.\*

Had we known of the seizures at the time we looted the salt-house I doubt if the raid of which I tell would ever have been made, for, although Captain Gustavus Hansen—that little skipper of ours, who was known from San Diego to Petropaulovski as the "Flying Dutchman"—had plenty of nerve and daring when in liquor, he had little of either under ordinary circumstances. It was not until he had been at the rum-bottle for some time that he suggested the risky adventures and daring raids which jeopardized not only the old *Adèle*, but our own liberty—for seal-raiders get long terms in prison when judges have stock in the company whose pelts are looted.

But we didn't know of the seizures. We had been living at Attu for a month or more, repairing our foremast, which had strained a little in a blow off the Kuriles when we were on our way from Yokohama to the Behring Sea. The Russians were quite anxious to see us on account of that little affair of Robben Island†, so we were off from the seas where the blue cross of Russia flew on vengeful men-of-war to the Behring Sea, to join the fleet of pelagic sealers

whose vessels pursued their peaceful and law-abiding avocation in the fog-filled waters beyond the Aleutians.

Not one of us thought of a raid. No; we were to engage in a legitimate cruise, shooting our seals on the open seas. We cruised through Unimak Pass with a good following breeze, carrying our mainsail right through. It was a glorious night, with a cool, bracing breeze and an unclouded sky, and as we sat about the deck we could see the flare of the volcano off on the port side—Nature's lighthouse at the edge of the Pass. Under such circumstances we were all cheerful, for that is the sealing weather. With a mist on the waters, a choppy swell tossing your boat, or a long rolling wave hiding the fur-bearers in its trough a hunter has little chance, but on days such as these the likelihood of a good catch is increased.

And so, with the prospect bright and clear, we sailed into the Behring Sea. Even had we seen the smoke of a patrol cutter on the horizon we should not have run. All ignorant of the fiat of the Washington Government—that all pelagic sealers were to be seized—and secure in our knowledge that we had for once come to the sealing-grounds on a legitimate enterprise, we cruised into the sea without that constant anxiety and sleepless vigilance that had marked some voyages.

But this state of satisfaction soon passed, for day after day the hunters had poor success. We who had seen three thousand pounds' worth of pelts snatched from a rookery in a single night, who had pirated the *cache* of the Russian Governor at Kamchatka, grew restless when we

\* One of the Pribyloff Islands, in Behring Sea.

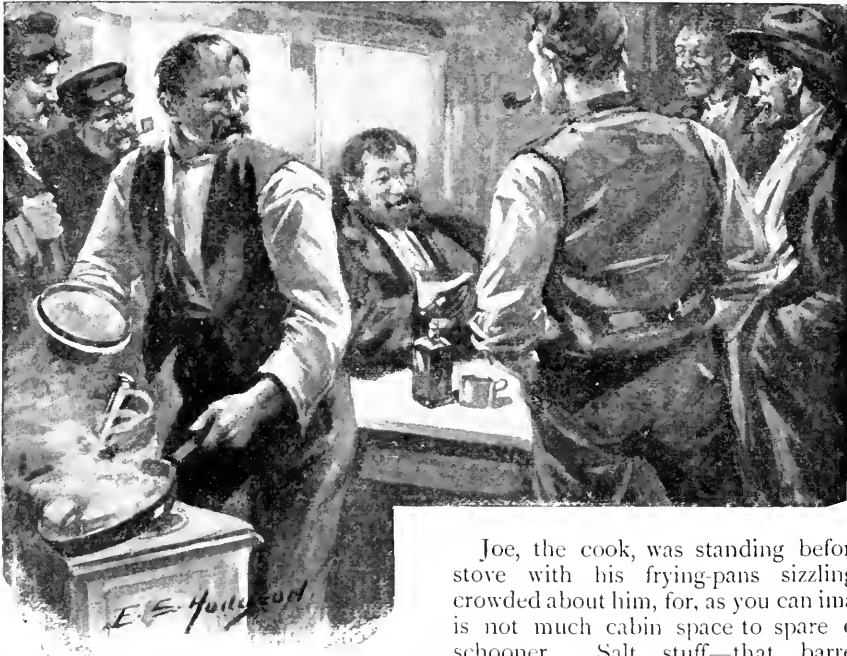
† See our issue for February last.—ED.

saw skins valued at perhaps ten pounds coming on board in two or three days' hunting; and it was this restlessness and consequent dissatisfaction that gave birth to the idea of looting the rookery at St. George.

I knew there was something brewing when Hansen and Jack Haan—he was mate that trip—sat so long over the little cabin table. I thought so even before Joe Thorsen, the Russian-Finn who was cook, whispered it to

"Boys," he said, "I yoost remember das be my birthday, and I ask you all tak a drink."

It was his third birthday since we had left Yokohama—he always had a birthday when he wanted to tap that rum-bottle more than ordinarily. It was a failing of his. But we didn't care, for, however much a sealer may object to some things, he seldom objects to eat or drink, so we pulled out stools and empty ammunition boxes and sat down.



"HE SAID, 'I YOOST REMEMBER DAS BE MY BIRTHDAY, AND I ASK YOU ALL TAK A DRINK.'"

me. When Jack Haan came and asked us to go below—we were sitting about the deck, smoking and talking—I wasn't surprised. The pelts were coming too slow by the lawful process, and a fellow was always risking being swamped or getting lost in the fog in any event. So why not take a little more risk for much more gain?

So Jack argued after we clambered down the companion into the stuffy little cabin, the odoriferous, smoke-filled hole where we slept, huddled amongst our goods, in the little bunks on either side. Old Hansen was sitting at the table, his hair ruffled as it always was when he was planning something, for he had a peculiar habit of running his fingers through it, and there was that gleam in his eyes which told that the rum bottle had less liquor in it than when he took it from the locker.

Joe, the cook, was standing before the little stove with his frying-pans sizzling, and we crowded about him, for, as you can imagine, there is not much cabin space to spare on a small schooner. Salt stuff—that barrelled food which the label said was pork—a mess of potatoes and beans, with coffee black as night, some flour, and dried apples were all old Joe had, but he made a meal that the crew enjoyed, and with many cupfuls of Hansen's rum we celebrated the old man's "birthday."

It's a wonder we didn't lose the old *Adle* that night. All hands were feeling pretty jolly, and the steersman let her luff up now and then, but it didn't make much difference. There was plenty of sea room and the sea was not very high—a little bit of a chop, that was all.

Of how that night went memory gives only a fragmentary recollection, but one thing is clear, and that is, when all hands woke up next day every man seemed to remember that we had made a plan to raid St. George.

What a time we had, though, both aft and in the fore's'le, before it was definitely decided that we would try to steal the pelts from the rookery! One day, as we sailed through the mists, now pitching and rolling in long seas,



with reefs in the canvas, Hansen would forget that we had planned a raid and we would talk him into the thing again. The next day, as we heeled over with the wind filling our canvas and the lee rail almost awash, Hansen was talking us into it. We were very "wibbly-wobbly" about it, and one day, when we were worrying about Long Jack's boat, which had not made its way through the fog back to the schooner after the day's hunting—for we had started to lower again—we had all practically abandoned the plan. When Jack and his two mates came back, having seen our masthead flare through the fog curtain, they were so enthusiastic over the raid that we again fell in with the idea.

"What's the use of risking your lives in the fog in the hope of getting one, or maybe a couple of skins, when we can easily get a thousand at a sweep with not much more risk?"

That was the way Haan talked. "What's the use of cramping up in the boats in a cold sea looking amongst the kelp for sleepers, when there's a bunch waiting for us on the hauling-ground?" And, as he talked, the more we thought about the scheme, the more it seemed worth the risk.

We were primed with the idea of a raid when we neared the islands, but when we saw that little curl of smoke on the horizon and dived into the friendly fog to avoid the cutter we were again faint-hearted. And so we passed several days, now sailing toward St. George, then beating back to sea, now eager to land at the seal islands, then frightened almost to death lest we should be captured in the attempt, until finally, one evening in August of 1896, we saw the dark blue headlands standing out on the horizon in the cloudy night, and heard the barking of thousands of seals and the noise of the fights of the old bulls. We smelt, too, that smell which all seal-hunters know—the strange odour of the rookeries. And that settled it.

We were eager then to make the raid—excited and eager to dash on to the rookeries and get away with the pelts before morning revealed us. We were anxious to get ashore, fearful lest at any moment we should hear the "chug-chug" of the engines of an unlighted revenue cutter stealing down upon us, for we knew all too well that if found within such close distance of the shore as we were anchored, whether we had new-killed seals on board or not, it meant prison for us and seizure for the vessel, even under the ordinary circumstances of other seasons.

Had we known how keen the cutters were that season, and that even then the *Onward*, the *Black Diamond*, the *Thornton*, and other schooners that had been towed to Sitka by the

cutters were lying rotting on the shingle of the Alaskan beach, while their crews languished in prison, and that poor old Ogilvie, his mind weakened by the seizure of his vessel and the confiscation of his skins, had committed suicide behind the Indian village, we would have weighed anchor and fled. But it was the very eagerness of the cutters to seize the vessels on the high seas, instead of looking close to the islands, where they did not expect to find them, that gave us such an opportunity as we would have wished had we planned the circumstances of our coming to St. George.

Hansen was sitting aft on the hatch of the cabin, running his fingers through his tousled hair—I don't think he had ever combed or brushed it in his life—and Jack Haan and Long Jack, both impatient for the landing, were arguing with him on the risks we ran by waiting. But the old man wasn't bothering much. He didn't think it was dark enough yet to get within closer distance, and he wouldn't go. And, as the *Adèle* belonged to him, his word "went."

I thought he had gone mad when he jumped from the hatchway. I had been watching him from where I sat on the rail. He dropped his pipe and began to laugh, that choking laugh which was peculiar to him. "Boys," he said, as he came forward from the cabin hatch, "I ged a scgame. You know der Svede vat go on der *T'orn-ton*? Vell, he vas on der island. He ged pinched from a Yapanese vessel, and he tol' me vere der guard sdop. Der's only dose Aleuts by der sald-house, for der guard sdop over by der village at night. He knows, 'cause he see 'em."

"Well, what about it?" said Chris Anderson.

"Vad about id?" and old Hansen laughed merrily; "yah, vad about id? Vell, ve rob der sald-house, das all."

"Rob the salt-house! You're crazy, skipper," says Johnson.

"Here, cut it out," said Jack Haan. "I'll take five or six men, and we'll club a few on the rookery. There's less chance of getting into the 'skookum house' (prison)."

Talk as we would, though, Hansen must rob the salt-house. And less than an hour later he and five of us dropped the stern boat down easily, and, with oars swaddled with rags, rowed to the beach. How we cursed the phosphorescence as the oars ripped the streaks of light from the inky sea! A blind look-out might almost have seen us coming, with those rays of glistening light—but, as we afterwards learned, there was no look-out, blind or otherwise. Since the fiat had gone forth to seize all the schooners on the sea, the guards did not look for any visitors at the island, and, secure in

their belief, they were not so watchful as they had been known to be.

Hansen could show you a wound in his thigh, and big Murray, who wasn't with us that trip, had a scar on his shoulder to prove that they were watchful on one occasion at least.

But we didn't know how easy the landing would be. Tugging quietly, we oared the long-boat in to the rocks, listening for a breath, expecting every moment to hear the crack of a guard's rifle signalling that Hansen and his fellow-raiders had come. But not a sound could we hear other than the regular monotonous wash of the sea against the rocks, the rumble of rolling drift-wood in the surf, the bark of the seals, and the snorting and pounding of the bulls as they



"'BOYS,' HE SAID, 'I GED A SCHEME.'"

floundered about the hauling-grounds. There was not a sound we could not recognise as we made our way quietly ashore, leaving Splitter Johnson to stand by the boat, ready to get us away if we had to make a run for it and had a chance.

We straggled through the herd, dodging the floundering "matkas" and falling over the sleeping "holluschickies," until we neared the salt-house. It lies over among the mound-like *igloos* (huts) of the Aleuts, which are built in a cluster close to the little wharf where the company ships its skins at the end of the season. Crawling on our hands and knees we crept cautiously toward it.

One misstep, a creak of boots, or the crackle of a twig underfoot might mean a thunderous



"IGLOOS," OR NATIVE HUTS OF THE ALEUTS ON ST. GEORGE'S, IN THE VICINITY OF THE SALT-HOUSE RAIDED BY HANSEN—A REVENUE CUTTER CAN BE SEEN IN THE OFFING, AND TWO CAPTURED SCHOONERS ARE LYING ON THE BEACH.

From a Photo.

signal-volley from the muskets of the Aleuts, and then—after the quick rush of the guard from the village—prison for us and seizure for the *Adèle*, unless the boys could slip their mud-hook and get sail on the schooner quick.

We almost held our breath as our feet fell in the soft ooze—the soil was very soggy thereabouts—and we crept right up to the salt-house with our feet pattering like so many cats' paws on carpet. Crawling on the edge of a mound—it was the side of a native *igloo*—Anderson's foot knocked against a can or something that clattered, and we lay still, fearing to hear the alarm and the hue and cry of the guard.

Hansen was starting to tell Chris what he thought of him when he saw something that made him, as well as the rest of us, hug close into the thatched side of the *igloo*.

Not fifteen yards away an Aleut, musket in

card-players. They learned the game from the Yankees on the island, and they play every available moment. They had a bit of candle flickering on the box—it was this that gave the reflection we saw—and it lit up their faces so that we could see them clearly in the glow of the light. It was evident that all were keenly interested in the game.

They weren't so interested, though, when we jumped out from the darkness like five demons, and a rare fright we gave them when we stood in front of them with two shot-guns and four or more revolvers pointing menacingly at them. They tumbled in a minute—"tumbled" in more senses than one, for some of them rolled clean over with the scare we gave them—but they didn't get ugly at all. Quite the reverse: we had a far easier task than we expected. But you can't blame an Aleut for not wanting to risk



"THEN WE CAUTIOUSLY MADE OUR WAY FORWARD AGAIN."

hand, was staring about him. It seemed that he must see us, and then——

But he didn't, and a few minutes after he walked back to the little oasis of light, whose reflection we could see. Then we cautiously made our way forward again.

We almost rolled over with fright when we got round that *igloo*. There were a number, perhaps a dozen, of Aleuts sitting around a box, playing cards. These half Esquimaux, half Indian, islanders of St. George's are inveterate

his skin on the wages the company gives him to club and salt their skins and sit up at night to watch for such as us.

Short Burns collected their muskets while we "rounded them up" together so that we could keep them covered easily, and there was never a whimper from any of them. And when Hansen took a couple of bottles of rum out of his coat-pockets, and Anderson produced another couple—I had wondered what on earth they had loaded themselves with liquor for—the

natives sat down content. They couldn't prevent the coming of the poachers—for, of course the visitors *were* poachers, or they wouldn't have made such an early morning call and poked fire-arms in people's faces—so they sat down to take

We made five trips to the boat which Splitter Johnson held against the rocks not a hundred yards away, each man staggering under forty or fifty pelts each trip, and we had over a thousand skins, pure pelts and picked furs, when we got



"SOME OF THEM ROLLED CLEAN OVER WITH THE SCARE WE GAVE THEM."

a drink of Hansen's rum. Then I soon saw why he had brought the liquor. He had fixed it before he came, and before the Aleuts had drunk much they were sleeping soundly. The wily old raider had "doped" the rum!

The forcing of the salt-house was an easy matter. We prised the door open with a piece of scantling which lay conveniently near, and we found the pelts piled there, all ready for us. They were already salted, and some tied up in bundles.

As Hansen said, "Das beads glubbing seals all hollow."

back to the schooner. We should have got more, but Anderson thought he heard someone shouting, and we cleared out.

I often wonder, when I think of what we did that night, what the agent of the company said next morning when he found those Aleuts of his and the open salt-house with over a thousand picked pelts gone. I'll wager it was something picturesque! As for us, we lost no time in raising the *Adèle's* anchor and getting out to sea—anywhere, but away from the island. And we didn't get away any too soon at that.

As we sailed toward Unimak Pass in a fol-

lowing sea and with a comfortable breeze on our port quarter we saw a little wisp of smoke on the horizon, then a growing speck which afterwards developed into two pole masts and a funnel, shooting out flame and a cloud of black smoke above the unmistakable white hull and clipper-bow of the revenue cutter! Although that happened in August, 1896, I shiver even now as I think of the fear we felt. Hope went down to zero, for we knew that cutter, straining herself and eating up Uncle Sam's coal to overhaul the *Adèle*, meant Sitka and prison for us all.

But we didn't know how full of resource old Hansen really was. They hadn't christened him the "Flying Dutchman" for nothing.

He had resource, bushels of it, and the way he got away from that cutter—which, despite all we could get out of the *Adèle*, and she was no slouch in a fair breeze, was gradually overhauling us—was a story which he often told in his broken English afterward in the winter months when he prospected for gold on the Vancouver Island coast, where he ultimately found his grave.

We were running toward Unimak when the cutter began to overhaul us. We were not many hours' sail from the Pass when we first saw her, and had expected to get away with the skins without trouble. Now it looked as if all was over with us. But it wasn't, and that is where the resource of Hansen came in.

Old Hansen had been sailing those waters for some time. He had traded with the little *Emma* out of Juneau, and he knew the depths and shoals thereabouts better than those fellows on the cutter seemingly did, or we should never have got away.

We were crowding the *Adèle* as hard as we knew, and, with the increasing breeze, she was threatening to trip every now and then because of the canvas we heaped on her. Hansen had the wheel, and he was whistling with such a cock-sure, you-be-bothered air that I might

have guessed there was something doing. And there was.

"Vatch her. She's der *Gorwin*, I dink," he whispered to Haan, as we stood staring at her, expecting every moment to see her start firing over us to heave-to. I suppose they didn't think it necessary, seeing that she was overhauling us so fast.

"Vatch her," said Hansen again.

As we looked, with a crash that must have made her shudder from stem to rudder post, the cutter brought up.

"Sand-bar," said Hansen, laconically, and he laughed merrily as he spun the wheel around. The old raider had deliberately taken the little *Adèle* over the shallows, where he knew the cutter, if she were rash enough to follow, would come to grief!

"I guess we'd better take in some of the canvas," said Long Jack, "or it'll blow out of the gaskets."

And we did. We could do well enough now with a moderate spread of sail, for there was a good following breeze helping us as we sailed into the Pass.

Behind us the unfortunate Government vessel became smaller and smaller in the distance, and the couple of shots she fired didn't bother us in the least. She was hard and fast on the sand, and after we left her, a speck on the misty horizon, we sailed past where the volcano flared into the North Pacific, homeward bound with a hold well stocked with choice skins.

I never heard what happened on board the cutter. I know they floated her eventually, for I saw her lying in Seattle some years after; they'd sold her out of the revenue service then.

I don't think they ever advertised the incident of the running aground, and probably the only record of it may be the one pigeon-holed at Washington. I should wonder, though, if she didn't almost lift her engines off their bed-plates when she brought up on that sand-bank, for she struck with terrific force. That shoal is charted now.

*Another of the "Flying Dutchman's" adventures will appear in our next issue.*

# Five Thousand Miles in a Freight Car.

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

The story of a remarkable journey. In charge of four valuable horses the author travelled in a freight car for five thousand miles, right through the United States and Mexico, meeting with many curious and exciting experiences, which are here narrated.



It was in the autumn of 1902 that a prominent New York horse breeder sold four French coach-horses to the Governor of Zacatecas State, in the Republic of Mexico. There

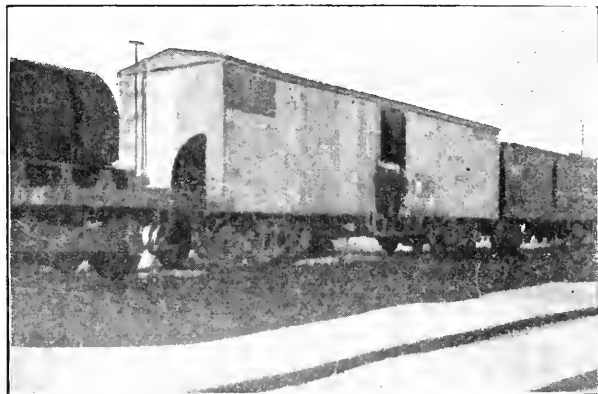
was nothing especially unusual in this fact, except that it was the cause of my starting on a journey of more than ten thousand miles and under most remarkable conditions, for five thousand miles of it was in a freight car with four horses as my only companions.

found. But the prospect of a ten thousand mile trip, of being jolted about in a freight car for at least a month, with a northern winter setting in and much of the journey through a land where a strange tongue is spoken, did not particularly



THE AUTHOR, MR. E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.  
*From a Photo.*

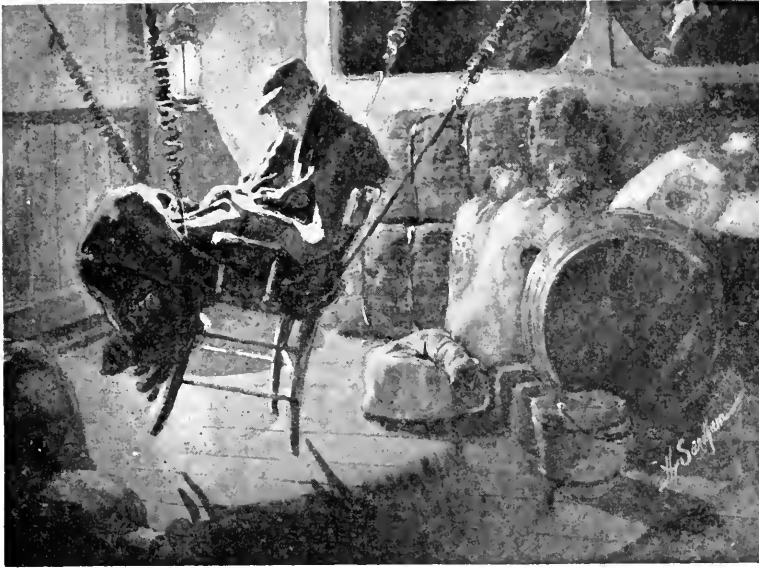
It is customary in America, when horses are sold, to have a groom accompany them to their destination. If they are going a long distance, a young farmer who is accustomed to horses and is in search of adventure can generally be



THE FREIGHT CAR IN WHICH THE AUTHOR MADE HIS FIVE THOUSAND MILE JOURNEY.  
*From a Photo.*

appeal to the adventurous-minded rustics, and hence I had the good fortune—if that term is applicable—to ask for and obtain the position of ostler. I am bound to say, however, that the owner of the horses did not look on me with any great favour, feeling that the advantages of a collegiate and journalistic education were not peculiarly adapted to the task of grooming and feeding horses.

It should be explained that the American freight car is a huge contrivance, capable of holding several English goods carriages, being frequently fifty feet in length, eight feet wide, and seven high. Boxes were built for the animals at either end of the car, so that they stood facing the centre and separated from it by strongly built mangers running crossways of the car. The space in the centre was filled with bales of pressed hay, sacks of grain, a huge cask for water, a canvas cot, and last, but by no means least, a curious swinging chair which I had suspended from the roof of the car by heavy spiral springs. To sit in this chair when the car was at a standstill was enough to make a person violently seasick, but when the train was in motion it answered its purpose very well, the vibration of the heavy



"A CURIOUS SWINGING CHAIR SUSPENDED FROM THE ROOF OF THE CAR BY HEAVY SPIRAL SPRINGS."

springs in a large measure counteracting the jolting of the car. Indeed, if it had not been for this contrivance it is extremely doubtful if I could have stood so long a journey; for the continual jolting, day after day and night after night, was both weakening to the system and demoralizing to the nerves. A thick sweater, which in warm weather was replaced by a thin flannel shirt, a Norfolk jacket, cord breeches, puttee leggings, and a cloth cap comprised my costume, which on occasion was supplemented by a suit of blue jean overalls. A thirty-eight calibre Colt's service revolver and a cartridge belt completed a rough but thoroughly serviceable outfit. I laid in only a small supply of tinned goods and biscuit, as I presumed there would be no difficulty in obtaining any provisions I might need *en route*. In this, however, I was greatly mistaken.

It was a bitterly cold November day when I started. Just before the train pulled out two cases of beer arrived with the compliments of a friend and the suggestion that it would probably be appreciated in the heat of Mexico. If I had had any inkling of how much trouble that beer was going to cause me it would never have come inside the car—but I am getting ahead of my story.

The first night out was passed shivering in the folds of a huge horse blanket and walking up and down the limited floor space of the car to keep from freezing, for there was no means of heating it, and the sharp wind seemed to come through every hole and crevice. The second

night was spent in the freight yards of Buffalo, where we obtained the full benefit of an icy wind from Lake Erie, but barring the attempt of some tramps, or "hoboes" as they are called, to break into the car, and their hurried retreat at sight of my Colt, nothing of interest happened. Indeed, nothing of interest occurred for several thousand miles, and we joggled monotonously along at twenty or thirty miles an hour through the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois.

At Chicago the cold was intense, there being several inches of snow on the ground, and to

make matters worse my car was run on a siding and apparently abandoned for two days and a half, appeals to station-masters, yard-masters, and even division superintendents being equally in vain. As luck would have it my car had been placed on a siding close by the Coliseum where the Chicago Horse Show, the great social event of the year, was then in progress. Fortunately, my luggage contained the necessary articles of evening dress—taken along with a view to future occasions—and by means of a smoky lantern and a bit of looking-glass nailed to the door I effected a fairly presentable toilet, emerging in top-hat, Inverness coat, and white gloves, much to the astonishment of the Irish switchman, who came near to falling off his seat in the flag shanty from sheer amazement. I never enjoyed a horse show, or, for that matter, any other kind of show, so much as I did that one. While staying there I met a friend, who took me out to supper. When he asked where I was staying I remarked nonchalantly that my private car was side-tracked close by. He proposed seeing me down to it, but I fled precipitately.

Leaving Chicago at last my car was attached to a long string of "empties" hurrying back to California for the winter shipments of oranges. It was jolt, jolt, jolt all day and a shaken sleep at night, usually interrupted some half-a-dozen times by one of the horses, a very excitable mare, which had acquired the pleasant habit of rearing up and catching one and sometimes both front feet in the manger, at the imminent





"THE IRISH SWITCHMAN CAME NEAR TO FALLING OFF HIS SEAT FROM SHEER AMAZEMENT."

risk of breaking her legs. This gave me constant exercise through the night, as it was usually necessary to release her by procuring a long plank and getting it under her hoofs, thus levering her into safety.

The run through Nebraska and Kansas was both slow and monotonous, and, as the jolting of the train had so far impaired my eyesight that reading was next to impossible, my time was divided between caring for the horses and sitting in the caboose with my feet tilted to a comfortable angle on top of a railway stove, while I listened to the conductor, an old Indian fighter, yarning of the days when Kit Carson was the hero of the frontier, when trains had to stop so that vast herds of buffalo might go by, or when hostile Sioux would ride alongside and bang away at the train hands from the backs of racing ponies. Or again I would amuse myself by shooting with my revolver at the prairie-dogs which dotted the landscape, sitting on the little mounds beside their holes like so many toy sentinels.

It was close on a fortnight before we struck the Rockies, and that night, at Raton, where the Santa Fe route crosses over the highest point of the great divide, the thermometer dropped to ten degrees below zero, and the horses, with three rugs each, were shivering with cold, while I huddled over the whitewashed stove in the caboose to keep from freezing. It was wonderful to see the trainmen, seemingly unmindful of the intense cold, fearlessly running along the ice-covered tops of the moving trains, where the slightest misstep would have meant instant death, swinging their signal lanterns and shouting orders that were taken up by the mountain echoes and carried away into the farthest fastnesses of the Rockies.

The next morning we dropped down into the plains of New Mexico, and the poor horses, bathed in sweat, were struggling for breath in the stifling atmosphere of the car. At a little prairie town close to Albuquerque a group of cowboys rode up to inspect the "Eastern-bred hosses," and, after a thorough discussion of their merits, in which my animals suffered considerably when compared to their more serviceable "cow ponies," I was invited across to a neighbouring saloon for a glass of "red-eye." This is a sort of cross between turpentine and raw alcohol, but as it is considered a deadly offence for a stranger to refuse to drink with

a cowboy—well, I just didn't refuse. Scores of men have been shot for less. That evening, from the vantage ground of my car door, I saw my quondam friends "shoot up the town," to use the Western vernacular, or, in other words, see how many panes of window glass they could break with a given number of revolver shots, and incidentally shoot holes through the hats of unoffending and frightened citizens.

I did not see any real excitement, however, until we reached Ciudad Juarez, a little Mexican town of no special importance, which lies on the opposite side of the Rio Grande from the American city of El Paso.

The stringent Customs regulations of Mexico require that in all cases where live stock is imported into the country a complete list of the contents of the car, even to the amount of grain, hay, and provisions, must be given to the Customs authorities upon crossing the border. I complied with this demand, forgetting, however,

or perhaps not considering it necessary, to mention the two cases of beer. A few hours after my car had been side-tracked in the Juarez freight yards a Mexican Customs official climbed aboard and began a careful inspection of the contents, comparing them with my list, which he held in his hand. All went well until he stumbled upon the cases of beer hidden snugly away under a bale of hay. Then a pained expression spread over his countenance, and he explained in broken English that by neglecting to report the beer I had committed a serious misdemeanour, that he must report the matter at once to his superiors, and that the consequences would probably prove serious. I was perfectly aware what this meant—it was simply a demand for *backsheesh*, and I also knew that if the man didn't get it he was perfectly capable of having me arrested on a charge of smuggling, and of confiscating the contents of my car. Nevertheless, I wasn't going to be bluffed in that barefaced fashion, so I told him to trot along with his report, while I went to interview the American Consul. That official gravely considered the facts I placed before him, and much to my surprise said that he feared I was in for a serious time, as there had been such an excess of smuggling during the past year that the Customs officers had received a severe reprimand from the capital, and hence they would jump at an opportunity of making an example of someone—a hated "Gringo" being all the more to their taste.

The Consul was very considerate, however, and offered to accompany me to the Custom-house, where I was introduced to the chief of the department, a fine-looking old Mexican gentleman, with a long white beard and an enormous sombrero. But despite his benevolent appearance I found him quite obdurate, and it was as a last resort I suggested that he and his friends visit my car that afternoon and take a look at the big American horses, as they were called. An hour later I saw my friend the Consul, accompanied by the Customs official and two Mexican friends, coming along the tracks. I had made full preparations for the visit, and they had scarcely set foot in the car before I was offering them tin cups bubbling over with good American beer. The day was hot, and American beer and the native product of the same name are not to be compared. Suffice to say that at the end of half an hour I was minus some two dozen bottles of excellent beer, and three very hilarious Mexican grandees were professing themselves my life-long friends and assuring me that everything that was theirs was mine, and that I had only to pick and

choose. About this juncture I asked if I might be allowed to proceed on my journey, and was assured that there would not be the slightest objection to the gracious and high-minded *Americano* doing whatever he pleased. An hour later I received a permit for departure, accompanied by an order to be shown to the authorities at Chihuahua, where, I learned, they have the pleasant habit of searching a second time for contraband goods and frequently charging duty a second time on goods that have already been paid for.

I spent that night in Juarez freight yards, which are situated on the edge of the town in a desolate waste of mimosa and sage-brush. It was a warm night and I had left both doors of the car open so that the horses might get plenty of air, while, wrapped in an army blanket, I stretched myself across a bale of hay for a few hours' sleep. In the early hours of the morning I was suddenly awakened by a noise close at hand, and sprang to my feet just in time to see, silhouetted in the light space of the open door, the figure of a Mexican. My revolver was swinging in its holster from a near-by nail, and as I jerked it free I ordered the intruder to clear out in no uncertain tone. He lifted his arm and I saw the moonlight shine on some bright object, but the next moment he was looking down the barrel of my Colt's.

"Hands up, quick!" I shouted, "if you don't want daylight let through you!"

I forced my unwelcome visitor backward, where he swung on to the ladder and dropped to the ground. He was joined in the heavy shadow cast by the car by three companions, and the four of them held an excited discussion in Spanish, well out of the range of my weapon. Knowing something of the lawless character of these railway bandits, I had no doubt that they were preparing to rush the car, so I shouted lustily for assistance. The noise soon brought a trainman running down the tracks, swinging a lantern as he ran. In some manner, in the dark, he stumbled right into the gang of desperadoes, and the next moment a shot rang out, followed by another and then another. Then the railway man brought his own "gun" into play and the firing became general. From the vantage of my car door and sheltered behind a bale of hay I banged away at the flashes of the brigands' pistols in the darkness until the whole yard was aroused, and half a score of trainmen were chasing the flying bandits across the tracks. When I climbed down to thank the man who had come to my assistance so opportunely I found him examining with considerable interest, not unmixed with curiosity, a flesh wound in his shoulder, which had soaked



to come to the aid of I led him into the hospital and made out of his injury I succeeded in dressing it roughly with some dress-bandages.

Leaving Ciudad Juarez, we headed south-wards into the Great Mexican desert—the Grande Mesquitas—known. This is a vast waste of sand and sage-crush stretches southward from the Rio Grande for hundreds of miles. I made a note of this basin and suggested that there are at least stations—and therefore stopping-places—of some sort scattered along the line of the railway. However, this was in preparation of the death, as when the train entered the desert, a storm of sand was exceedingly heavy and it would be hard to find a stopping-place. I had a box of water with me. Freight trains travel slowly in Mexico, and the freight cars I saw a station or two at an arid waste, where the wind sand was blown upon the cars. At the first station on the track I should

to disturb it and fill the air with dense clouds of sand. It filled the whole interior of the car, although I closed and latched the doors to keep it out. It filled my eyes and nostrils so that I was unable to see and was scarcely able to breathe. If I put my hand down for a minute there was a half inch coating of red sand on it when I took it up. It got into the ears, eyes, and noses of the horses, and, combined with the sweltering atmosphere of the closed car, I was fearful that they would choke to death. Luckily these loose beds of sand did not continue throughout our journey across the desert, but occurred at frequent intervals, which were equally dreaded by myself and the horses.

On the second day in the desert we saw a genuine sand storm, or rather felt it, for I closed both doors, barricaded them with bales of hay that they might not be blown into the car, wrapped myself in a blanket, and crouched on the floor. The first sign of the storm was a little black cloud, which appeared on an otherwise cloudless horizon. It grew with amazing rapidity, and suddenly, almost before I had time to make any preparations, it developed into a tornado. The sand was dashed against the sides of the train in bucketfuls, the car quivered and shook until I thought it would leave the track, the

noise of the wind was deafening, and the horses, lashed in sweat, stood trembling in their stalls. It was all over in less time than it takes to tell, but it was exceedingly unpleasant while it lasted.

Throughout the three days we were in the



STATION AT CIUDAD JUARIZ, AS A RA. WAYSIDE STATION IN THE GREAT MEXICAN DESERT.





"THE HORSES HAD ENTERED THE WATER WITH A SPLASH AND WE WERE FORDING THE RIVER."

legs. We were through the river almost before I knew it, and the team was dashing madly across a field of stubble to where distant lights showed in the darkness. I saw the lights begin to move, slowly at first and then faster. Then the toot of a locomotive came to my ears, and my driver, swinging his team so sharply that we almost capsized, galloped them alongside the now rapidly moving train. I fairly threw myself from the carriage into the open door of the caboose, not forgetting to leave behind me the promised five dollars which had been so well earned.

Once out of Chihuahua State we left the plains behind us, climbing higher and higher into the ranges of the Sierra Madres. The weather here was delightful, although the nights were very cold. There were many long waits on sidings for passenger trains to go by—frequently for hours on end—and on several occasions I was able, in company with a trainman, by exercising a little care, to creep along underneath the cover of the reeds which fringed many of the smaller streams and bag a brace or so of wild-geese with our revolvers. Now and then a great flock of wild-ducks would pass over us, the sky sometimes fairly black with them,

and often flying so low that we could almost have knocked them over with a pole. There would be a perfect fusillade as the trainmen banged into the flocks with their revolvers, and as a result we had fresh meat for several days.

Speaking of meat reminds me of a comical incident that happened at a little station in Sonora State. The train pulled up close beside the station restaurant, which was kept by a Chinaman — as, indeed, are all the railway restaurants in Mexico — and the whole crew, myself included, stamped in and took possession of the dining-room. Now, railroad

men in Mexico receive big pay, for their calling is admittedly a hazardous one, and they are notoriously extravagant, and hence the restaurant keeper is usually only too glad to see them. But the almond-eyed proprietor of this place, for some reason, was decidedly sullen and morose. The engineer, a tall, lank Westerner called "Kansas Bill," ordered hash and eggs in a tone that shook the shanty, but when it came he was dissatisfied with it for some reason or other—certainly it was not particularly appetizing-looking—and told the Chinaman that he "wanted real hash and fresh eggs or none." The Chinaman said nothing, but going out to the track, gathered up a handful of cinders and, tiptoeing in, deposited them on the engineer's plate. Then there ensued the liveliest kind of a disturbance. The big engineer pulled a revolver from his hip pocket and, pushing the muzzle against the head of the now thoroughly frightened Oriental, solemnly marched him out of the dining-room and across the tracks to a spot where a stone culvert spanned a broad and muddy creek. Standing his victim on the edge of the culvert, Kansas Bill let fly with a number twelve boot. The unfortunate Chinaman fairly rose in the air, described a graceful





"SOME TWENTY MEN ASSISTED IN HARNESSING THOSE HORSES."

to be no stable floor in the city large enough to accommodate the horses and the huge carriage in which they were to be driven, the street in front of the Governor's own stables was placed at my disposal and sentries stationed at either end to stop what little traffic there was and prevent annoyance from a curious populace. I think that some twenty men assisted in harnessing those horses, and it took them exactly three hours by my watch to accomplish the task, as a few buckles had to be changed and the harness slightly altered. The whole scene was thoroughly typical of Mexico. Whenever I tried to hurry the men there would be the inevitable reply of "*Manana*" (to-morrow). Suffice to say that the horses were eventually harnessed, and mounting the box myself I took the Governor and his friends for a drive in the public park, which had been cleared of vehicles for the purpose. Up and down the winding drives we rattled with the eternal escort clattering at our heels. That night I spent at the beautiful *palacio* of the Governor, he and his friends interrogating me with much curiosity as to how an American gentleman could find pleasure or sport in a trip in a freight car.

My agreement before starting provided that

my expenses were to be paid back to New York by any route I might choose, and the Governor stood by his part of the contract like a man, although he was somewhat staggered when he learned that I had determined to return *via* the City of Mexico, Vera Cruz, the Yucatan peninsula, Cuba, the West Indies, and Florida.

I could relate many more incidents of my stay in that strange land; of a tour through the prisons of Mexico, where I saw men chained to the walls who had not seen the daylight for years; of my journey into the interior of the isthmus of Tehuantepec, where the monkeys chattered from the tree tops and priceless orchids grew underfoot in the jungle; of the absurd little gunboat that comprises the navy of Mexico, always searching up and down the fever coast for something to fight and never finding it; and of how I myself got the fever and lay at death's door for days in a Cuban hospital, but space forbids me. Suffice it to say that finally, shattered in health and spirit, I was sent north to the snow-clad hills of the homeland, where the sleigh-bells jingled merrily in the winter air, and the perils, hardships, and adventures of my ten thousand mile journey were only memories.





TOLD BY F. GONIN, OF BRETANIERES, FRANCE, AND SET DOWN IN ENGLISH BY THE  
VISCOUNT DE SOISSONS.

“For many months vague stories had been circulating to the effect that the road from Besançon to Dole was haunted by a great bird-like creature, terrible to look upon and fierce beyond belief. Men called it the ‘Winged Death.’” In this narrative the Viscount de Soissons relates a simple peasant’s story of how he met this awful monster, and the weird experience that followed.



AD anybody told me, not long since, that I would be nearly done to death by a creature of the air I would have called him mad. Nevertheless, it has been fully proved to me that strange things may happen to a poor carter, without his leaving his village in the Jura and going to distant countries.

To set it down as briefly as possible, this is how it happened.

For many months vague stories had been circulating to the effect that the road from Besançon to Dole, in the Department of Doubs, France, was haunted by a great bird-like creature, terrible to look upon and fierce beyond belief. Men called



FRANÇOIS GONIN, THE FRENCH PEASANT WHO FOUGHT  
THE “WINGED DEATH.”  
*From a Photo.*

it the “Winged Death,” and made one another’s hair rise by their tales concerning it. Nightly it was discussed in the *cabarets*, so that men went to their homes fearfully, not liking to be abroad when darkness fell.

One man, a carter like myself, told me that he had been attacked by the awful thing, which had rushed on him with open beak, shrieking horribly.

“Pierre Jacquelin,” I said, “you are mad, raving mad! How big was this bird that attacked you?”

“Seven feet from wing to wing!”

“Nonsense! What did it look like?”

“Like a great buzzard, brown all over.”

I began to laugh.

“Jacquelin, my boy,” said

I, "tell that yarn to the old women. Your tale is improbable. For one thing, the buzzard is a dastard bird and easily beaten, not only by the raven, but also by the carrion crow; a buzzard is as likely to attack a man as the moon. For another thing, the biggest buzzard ever seen in these parts was three feet from wing to wing, not seven."

Jacquelin was not convinced. He did not actually state that the thing *was* a buzzard, he said; it might be an evil spirit in the shape of one.

#### ATTACKED BY A BUZZARD,

As he was driving near Dôle, in the French department of the Jura, a man named Gonin was suddenly attacked by an enormous buzzard, who tried to tear his head with beak and claws.

For ten minutes the strange combat continued, until at length the bird, which measured 5ft. 2in. across, says the "Petit Journal," was stunned by a blow from the man's whip and captured.

A CUTTING FROM THE "DAILY MAIL" REFERRING TO THE ATTACK ON GONIN BY THE ENORMOUS BUZZARD.

I was now reassured as to the strange tales of the winged monster which was supposed to haunt the road. Previously they had worried me somewhat, for they were vague and awe-inspiring, but if the "monster" was only a buzzard there was nothing to be afraid of. Knowing the cowardly nature of the bird I could not believe for a moment Jacquelin's extraordinary story, and his suggestion that the thing was an evil spirit I put down to his simple mind.

I went on my way light-heartedly. It is a long and slow journey with an ox-cart from Besançon to Dole, but I got along pretty well, and was within ten miles of the latter place, which I intended to reach the same night, when the dusk came on. I hurried up my slow-footed oxen, for I wanted to get into the town early.

Suddenly from the left, over the river, I heard a shrill, melancholy, whistle-like cry that sounded distinctly in the evening stillness. As I listened it sounded again, loud and piercing. My blood seemed to run cold; it was the cry that Jacquelin had imitated in the *cabaret* as being made by the creature that attacked him.

"François," I said to

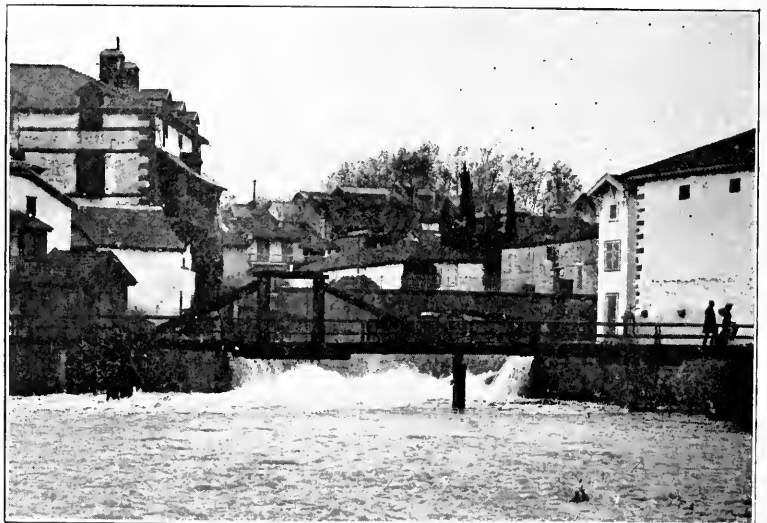
myself, "don't stand there like a gaping dolt. Do *you* believe that evil spirits go about in the shape of birds? No, of course you don't."

So I went on, though, in spite of all my attempts to keep my spirits up, I found myself glancing anxiously to right and left of the road during the next two miles. I heard the whistling twice in that time, but as nothing happened my terror wore off and I pressed on with a light heart. After another mile had been passed the rain began to fall heavily, so, seeing a convenient shelter under some thick trees, I drew up my beasts, sat on the cart, and began to smoke my pipe.

Dark clouds were now chasing each other over the heavens, and it grew very dark. The rain came down faster and faster until it was pouring in torrents.

Suddenly I heard that melancholy hooting again, now ringing clearer than ever in my ears, and the terror I had previously felt began to take hold of me again. I don't think I am a coward, but on a dark night, alone on a deserted road, to hear a sound that is associated with terrible stories of unknown terrors is surely enough to make the bravest man shudder. Remembering I had my *aves* and *paters* to say for the penance imposed on me by Father John, our priest, I took out my beads and began to run them through my fingers, but I could not concentrate my attention on them, and found myself straining my ears to hear that strange hooting again.

The storm had now increased in fury; pale flashes of lightning lit up the ink-black sky, and the dull rumbling of distant thunder was to be



THE TOWN OF DOLE, TO WHICH PLACE GONIN WAS JOURNEYING WHEN HE WAS ATTACKED.  
From a Photo.

heard. Presently, above the noise of the wind and rain, the sound I listened for rang out again—this time quite close to me. The lightning flashed repeatedly, and by the glare of one of these flashes I saw not far off a great bird darting through the air towards me.

A scream of terror burst from my lips, for I recognised the "huge brown bird" of Jacquelin's story. Then I took up my whip, and, holding it with the butt extended ready to strike, I waited. I heard the whirr of great wings circling round me without being able to see anything, for the play of the lightning had ceased for a moment. May none who read my story ever be in such a position as I was then—



"I HIT AT IT AS HARD AS I COULD."

face to face with some awful creature which I could hear and yet not see. Then I felt a rush of air, and as the lightning burst forth again I saw the buzzard—for a buzzard it was—fly at me. I waited until it swooped nearer, and then hit at it as hard as I could. The blow reached its mark, as I knew by the soft thud.

Another shriek, this time of rage, rent the air, and then the great bird disappeared into the blackness again. In the brief glimpse I had caught of it I could see that, although of great size, it was not seven feet across, as Jacquelin had said. I waited expectantly for some time, but the buzzard did not reappear, and when the storm passed over and the stars peeped out I recommenced my tramp to Dole, thinking myself well out of a tight corner. Evidently there had been some truth in my friend's story after all, although he had exaggerated the size of his assailant.

Before I had gone another mile I heard the whistling again. As quickly as possible I made for my whip, but before I could reach it I felt a pain in my shoulder as if red-hot irons had pierced it, while great wings flapped wildly in my face. Desperately I struggled to reach the whip, but the pain and the continual beating confused me. At last I hit out twice with my fist, reaching my enemy each time, and the claws relaxed their hold.

I got hold of the whip just in time to evade another attack, more furious than the last. My blood was now up and all the fighting instincts which we people of the Jura have in us were roused.

Five times the great bird swooped at me, but I did not hit out, for it was just beyond my reach, and I knew that it was only waiting for me to make a false stroke in order to get another grip of me. Then it gave up these tactics and came for me boldly, unexpectedly, so that at first I was taken by surprise,

but managed to leap aside and strike hard, again and again. The horrible creature's object was accomplished, however: it had hold of me, but only by my blouse, and not by the flesh. Bending down, therefore, I slipped out of the garment, but I could not free my left arm from the button at the wrist.

The great buzzard pulled and shook at the cloth savagely, nearly wrenching my shoulder from its socket, while I dealt repeated blows at it with my whip. Some of them told and others lost themselves in the folds of the blouse.

At last I was so shaken by the bird's tugging that I put my whip in my teeth and took out a clasp-knife. I opened it against the sleeve of my shirt—cutting myself twice in the operation—then severed the arm of the blouse from the body, thus liberating myself from the garment. Then I took the knife in my left hand and the whip in the other, preparatory to facing this winged fury again.

Once more it flew at me, and I defended myself as best I could, dealing heavy blows all round me with the whip. Then an idea came to me. Not far off lay the blouse, where the bird had dropped it. I tried to reach it, but this terrible bird seemed to understand my object and pressed me towards the waggon, where my oxen stood motionless, apparently paralyzed with terror. Overcome by the creature's onslaught, I was driven back against the vehicle, when by chance I felt a blanket behind me. That would be even better for my purpose than the blouse.

Seizing it, I waited for my chance; then, springing forward, in spite of the hail of blows from claws, beak, and wings, I threw the blanket over the bird's head and struck hard with the whip. The blow apparently stunned the creature, for it sank to the ground, still struggling feebly under the enveloping blanket. Picking my knife up from where I had dropped it in the road, I was about to kill my assailant when the idea came into my head that as this was an altogether extraordinary bird, both in size and

characteristics, I might be able to sell it to some menagerie.

Muffling the half-stunned creature still more securely in the blanket, I tied its formidable talons together with a piece of rope from the waggon and then lashed the bird to the back of the vehicle. This done, I removed the blanket, for my enemy had no more wish to struggle: my blows had effectually disabled it, and all its frenzied fury was gone.



"I THREW THE BLANKET OVER THE BIRD'S HEAD AND STRUCK HARD."

I reached Dole safely and stopped outside my usual *cabaret*, where I told the story of the capture to my friends there. I showed them the torn blouse and the marks of the talons on my face and shoulder, yet they would not believe me. Then I took them down to my cart, held up the captive bird, and laughed in their faces. We found that the creature measured five feet two inches across from tip to tip of its extended wings—truly enormous for a buzzard.

Such is the tale of my fight with the "Winged Death," of which I had heard so much talk in the *cabarets*. After all, you see, it had nothing to do with evil spirits, but was only an overgrown and unnaturally ferocious buzzard. What inspired the creature to attack human beings so savagely I do not know; that point I must leave to the men who study such things.

# The Only Englishwoman in Tibet.

BY SUSETTE M. TAYLOR

## II.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with this unique narrative, which describes the adventures of Miss Annie R. Taylor, the "only Englishwoman in Tibet." Miss Taylor is the only European lady who can claim to have lived continuously in the Forbidden Land, and her extraordinary experiences are practically unknown. She lives entirely alone, save for a few faithful native servants, dresses in Tibetan costume, and has made journeys around and across Tibet, even penetrating to within a few miles of Lhassa itself. Times without number her life has been in danger—either from the awful rigours of the climate or at the hands of savage brigands and suspicious officials—and the story of her adventures, as here set forth by her sister, will be found a wonderful record of a woman's dogged courage and indomitable resolution in the face of almost insuperable difficulties.



HAVING touched upon my sister's earlier experiences, I will now sketch some of the incidents of her life in the remote Chumbi Valley, where she has been living and working for the past eight years. A few words are necessary to explain where the Chumbi Valley is.

Those who bear the map of India in mind will remember that that part of the great Himalayan range forming the northern boundary of the Bengal plain comprises three important native States, Sikkim, Nepal, and Bhutan, to the north of which lies the Forbidden Land itself. Between the States of Sikkim and Bhutan, separating them for several days' marches, there juts south a tongue of Tibetan territory. This is the Chumbi Valley, and the scene of my sister's most recent labours. Darjiling, the well-known Indian hill station, lies only eighty-three miles south-west of Yatung. But these comparatively few miles contain all the climates between the North Cape and Cairo, and involve from five to seven days' marches across a chain of mountains and valleys of immense depth and steepness, with a temperature ranging from Arctic cold to tropical heat. It will thus be seen that even to visit my sister from the Sikkim side meant a journey of considerable difficulty, although the actual distance in miles appears so short.

Leaving the comfortable hotels and cosy Alpine villas of Darjiling, one first rides up a few hundred feet to the gloomy little village of Ghoom, at an altitude of seven thousand four hundred and seven feet, passing on the way, among other novel sights, the celebrated "Witch of Ghoom," a fat, dirty, old Tibetan hag, with loose, grizzled hair; and noticing an uncouth Bhutanese milkman going his rounds, his donkey carrying the milk in bamboo measures. Then, after a drop of nearly seven thousand feet, the traveller finds himself in the Tista Valley, only seven hundred feet above sea-level, where rich tropical vegetation abounds and the slender, brown, gazelle-eyed natives afford a strong



A BHUTANESE MILKMAN'S DONKEY—THE MILK IS CARRIED IN BAMBOO MEASURES.  
*From a Photo. by Col. Mapleton.*

contrast to the greeny-bronze, oblique-eyed people of the mountains. As I was resting one hot afternoon at a spot commanding the lovely Tista River and the high road, I saw a Jogi, or fakir, coming along, his bundle swinging from his back, on a return pilgrimage from the sacred mountains of Tibet. A meagre figure, all travel-stained, with but a dirty loin-cloth covering him, long, dusty red hair hung down each side of his face in thin, twisted wisps, his dark eyes looking out from a ghastly chalked face; in one hand he carried a begging-bowl, in the other a brass snake.

After crossing the Tista my route traversed Sikkim, the land of giant hill and dale, treacherous mountain torrents, and dangerous swinging native bridges of cane. The slippery, treacherous footing on these erections, and

restaurant or cookshop. It was a curious little place, and as I entered the common eating room, remarkable chiefly for its low-pitched ceiling, two Tibetans were plying red chopsticks to a savoury-smelling mess of native macaroni. On my appearance a greasy Chinese boy emerged from a smoky cupboard-kitchen and conducted me to a small private partition, where in semi-darkness I sat down to eat. I was discussing hard-boiled eggs and biscuits when, hearing an exclamation of surprise, I became aware of a handsome, flat-faced Tibetan dame—who proved to be the landlady of the inn—staring at me from outside through the low latticed window. She soon came in, and with a broad smile of welcome said that she was a friend of my sister's, and invited me upstairs. I was surprised at the comparatively lofty upper story and at the cleanliness and brightness.



THE PALACE OF THE RAJAH OF SIKKIM—A TYPICAL TIBETAN BUILDING.  
*From a Photo. by Mrs. Graham.*

their fearful oscillations, must be experienced to be appreciated, especially when, as is often the case, the bridge is old and a bit rickety. It requires a steady nerve to cross these structures, and coolies unused to them have been known to squat down in the middle in an ecstasy of terror, shutting their eyes and weeping and howling till rescued.

The above photograph is a view of the palace of the Rajah of this beautiful mountain land, who is Tibetan by religion and ancestry. Apart from its cane roof, the palace, with its solid masonry, projecting latticed balconies, and carved wood lintels, is a good example of a Tibetan building.

While passing through a Sikkim hamlet I once, for want of a better spot in which to rest and eat my tiffin, had resort to a Tibetan

In another room I found two comfortable - looking beds, made in European style, with a table covered with a spotless white cloth, and on it a wide-mouthed bottle of flowers and a dish of fine oranges. Here, I was informed, "Ani-la" (the native name for my sister) slept when on the march. They were excellent and even artistic quarters—certainly not what one would expect on the Tibetan border—for a heavily - latticed veranda overlooked the street, and there was a pretty garden, bounded by a rivulet and studded with laden orange

trees. The landlady and her husband visibly showed their delight at entertaining me, and would accept no payment for their hospitality.

The Lepchas, who are the indigenous tribe of this part of the borderland, are chiefly renowned as naturalists, and may be described as the most refined of all Himalayan tribes. The next photo. shows one of their houses, all of which are built on piles, whether high up on a mountain or on the banks of a river, the space thus formed below serving as a cattle stall and shed. The people seem to live chiefly on their balconies, from which hang strings of fruit and vegetables, drying in the hot sun, while great heads of ripe maize are harvested on the crook of a tree or of a prop set up near the farmstead.

The opportunities afforded this interesting people for their naturalistic instincts are but





From a Photo. by]

A LEPCHA HOMESTEAD.

[Mrs. Graham.

very dimly shown in the snap-shot given below, which depicts some of my coolies passing through a forest. The wealth and beauty of the Himalayan jungle can scarcely be realized, much less described. Add to the most gorgeous word-picture of rich tropical growth the best description ever written of the sylvan beauties of a temperate zone and the peculiar properties of Alpine and Arctic plants, and it will then be possible to get some idea of the marvellous variety of vegetation in the mountains and valleys of these mighty altitudes.

But all too soon the traveller to Tibet has to leave this beautiful land, with scarcely time to notice the immense quantity of game in the jungle or the flying cohorts of rare butterflies that haunt the valleys, for a sterner climate beckons him on — how stern the picture on the next page shows.

This is Gnatong, at an altitude of twelve thousand three hundred and fifty feet, the outermost British post of any consequence south of this part of Tibet, from whose frontier it lies at a distance of only nine miles. Half-way up the long and stiff ascent to this place is a tiny stone hut, useful as shelter in a storm, with a number of curiously-carved slabs, or *manis*.

Vol. xiii—56.

alone into the lower path. At first everything went smoothly enough; the path was broad, level, and well laid, and the sun shone brightly. Far, far below in the dark trough of the deep valley were a couple of eagles—in expectation, perhaps, of an early meal, for they often accompany Himalayan travellers; while high above my head the dazzling range of glittering snow-peaks pierced the sky with sharp white points. But a bend round a rock brought more difficult footing. Across my path great drifts of snow had melted under the warmth of the noonday sun and then frozen into what resembled small

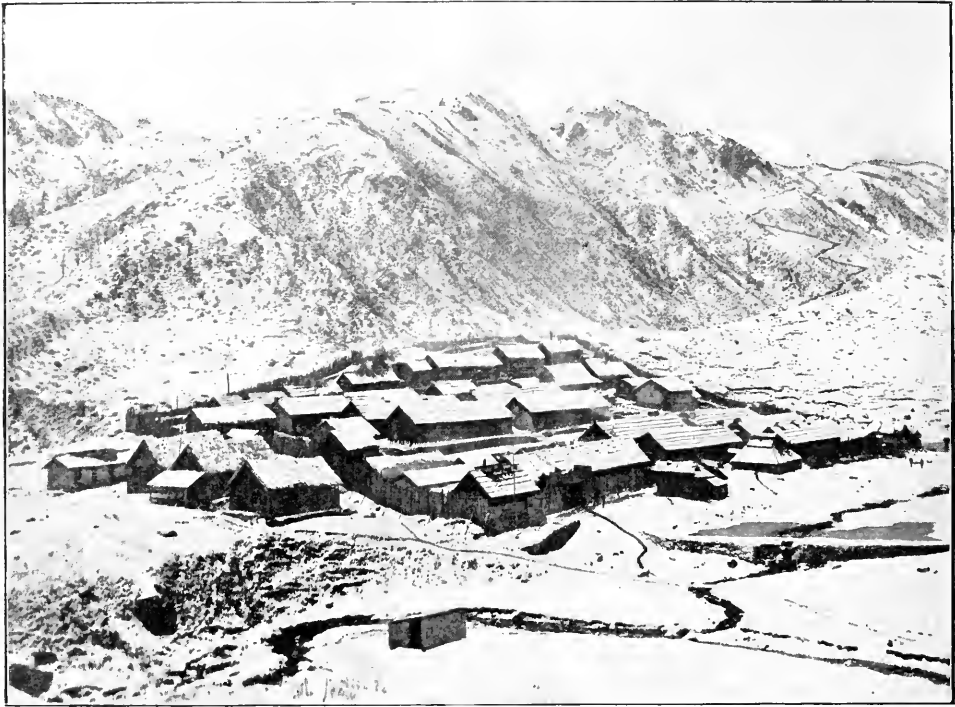


From a]

MISS TAYLOR'S COOLIES PASSING THROUGH A HIMALAYAN JUNGLE.

[Photo.





GNATONG, OVER TWELVE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL—IT IS THE OUTERMOST BRITISH POST  
*From a* AT THIS PART OF THE TIBETAN FRONTIER. *[Photo.]*

glaciers from five to twenty feet in height and sometimes extending as far as the edge of the track, which ran in places alongside a sheer precipice. A slip here meant a certain meal for the waiting eagles below. But fortunately for me I found some half-melted native footmarks, and into these ice-holes, a little wide apart for me, I carefully stepped; and though they sometimes disappeared and I had to step gingerly on the glassy edge with but a few slippery inches between me and eternity, I at last safely rejoined the main path, where my servants and coolies were awaiting me anxiously.

In the background to the right of the photograph is seen the path from India, zigzagging towards the little fort, with its handful of wooden, shed-like huts surrounded by a stockade. It was from this place that in the eighties our troops ultimately drove the Tibetans back over the border, after they had raided through Sikkim to within twelve miles of the pale faces of the Anglo-Indian ladies and babies recruiting at Darjiling.

Just below the fort is the rough shanty acquired by my sister, shown on the next page, known as "Lhasa Villa," in which she lived for two years, and where I once spent a period of three weeks. My sister is very proud of this little building, for it is now considered a

*succursale* of the Tibetan Pioneer Mission. But, alas! along the trough of the shallow valley in which lies "Lhasa Villa" there blows an icy wind straight from the glaciers, ice-fields, and glittering peaks of that great range of Himalayan snows which we first saw from Darjiling. Even when sitting over the little stove I was compelled to wear the thickest of coats, very often a hat, and sometimes to open an umbrella to protect myself from the snow-flakes that came through the roof and, settling on us, declined to melt; while through every crack and crevice in the badly-laid plank walls came piercing, icy blasts. In bed, under half-a-dozen fleecy blankets and with two metal hot-water bottles (one at the spine), one still shivered and shook. The rarefied air, too, which I never felt by day, frequently kept me awake at night, producing an awful feeling of suffocation.

Living among the clouds has many drawbacks and hazards, not the least of which is the constant danger of being enveloped in the densest mist—possibly within a few feet of a formidable precipice. On one occasion, during an open-air meeting held by my sister near the fort, the little gathering became suddenly enveloped in a thick fog. Knowing the danger, my sister besought all to keep

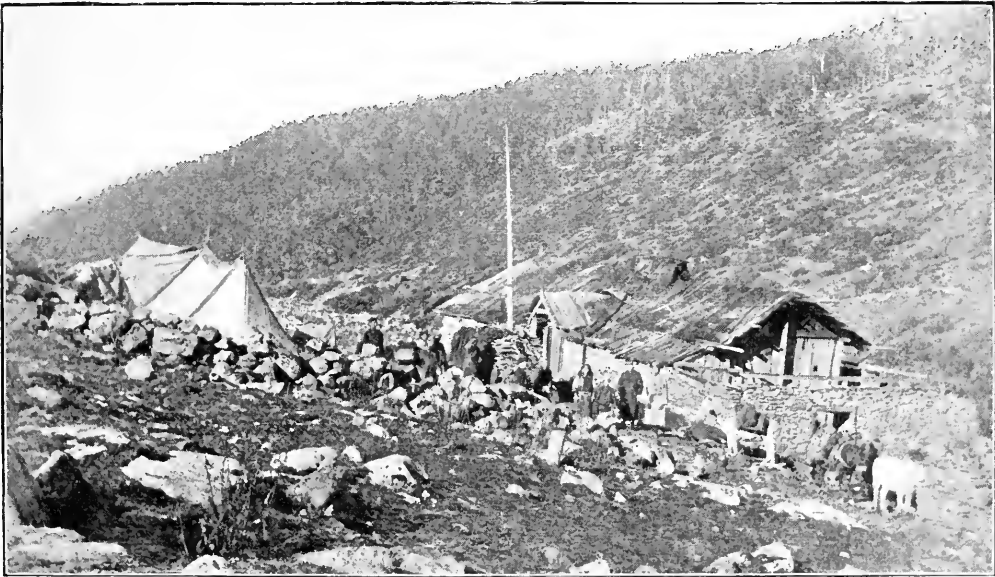
together, but one venturesome fellow, boasting he knew every inch of the way and that he would arrive home first by a short cut, plunged into the vapoury mass and disappeared, never to be seen again. For several days search parties scoured the mountains, and my sister—feeling that she was in part responsible for the disaster—took a few bare necessities and searched for many miles, sleeping meanwhile in caves, but with no success, and finally all hope had to be abandoned. In the dense mountain mist the poor fellow had no doubt missed his way, walked over one of the fearful precipices that are found on every side, and been dashed to pieces.

Another photograph reproduced shows my sister visiting a Tibetan encampment. At the

man to my sister's left in the group, who, it will be seen, is also barefoot.

My last snap-shot was taken during a halt for tea while a party of us were travelling over the terrible Jelap Pass in order to visit my sister.

Jelapla, or the Lovely Level Pass, is some fourteen thousand three hundred and ninety feet in altitude, but is a much severer climb than many of the higher Tibetan passes and far more difficult than the Tang-la in the Chumbi Valley, although the latter is thirteen hundred feet higher. Both on the ascent and descent of the Jelapla loss of life of man and beast is quite common. A dying woman was once found in the pass itself abandoned by her friends—a usual Tibetan characteristic. An Army doctor



From a

"LHASSA VILLA," MISS TAYLOR'S HOME FOR TWO YEARS.

[Photo.

far end of the wild mountain pass Lhasa Villa can just be seen with the stockaded fort at the top of the ridge. It will be observed that the women to the right of "Ani-la"—conspicuous in her peaked nun's cap—are wearing curious little round rink caps, while the men (like all the nuns and Lamas of Tibet) wear headgear fitted with lappets of lambswool that can be snugly pulled over the head and ears to protect them from the icy blasts. The Tibetans of this inhospitable land are wonderfully hardy, and it is by no means uncommon to see the rising generation absolutely naked. The men, too, have a habit, when heated after an arduous climb, of throwing back their heavy sheepskins and cooling off naked to the waist, while their throat is nearly always bare, as is the case of the

humanely carried her down to the fort, a herculean task, for the thirteen thousand feet Tukola is intermediate and the distance is three miles. He was, however, unable to save her life.

I once came across a coolie half-way to the pass who had died from cold and exhaustion in a snowstorm. It was a pathetic sight. The poor boy lay on the cruel rocks stretched on his back, and staring with open eyes at the pitiless sky, his limbs scantily covered by a calico tunic and short drawers, in an easy abandonment of deep repose, looking like a figure of bronze and ivory, in sharp contrast to the crude white snow that formed his bed. During one of my journeys one of our mules rolled over and over down the *khud* till he reached a ridge several hundred feet



MISS TAYLOR VISITING A TIBETAN ENCAMPMENT—SHE IS THE SECOND FIGURE FROM THE RIGHT.  
From a Photo.

below, the bales breaking his fall, for he landed off his packs, looking in the far distance, his legs beating the air, like an insect on its back.

Several times I came to grief through my pony stumbling over frozen surfaces and holes, but my worst experience was when a companion, having dropped her cloak, incautiously turned

desperate efforts to get up the nearly perpendicular, but fortunately earth-covered, hillside that we abandoned him and scrambled out of his reach. It was a very shaky trio that regained the path. For some time afterwards I felt my knees trembling, and the pony's legs looked like vibrating harp-strings.

her pony round, forgetting the narrowness of the path. In a trice she and her mount disappeared down the *khud*. Peering over the edge I was relieved to see the descent had been stopped by a rock catching the pony between his fore legs. Climbing down, I helped my startled friend—who had kept her seat well—to dismount, and subsequently jerked the animal's reins to induce him to try and extricate himself from his perilous position. He made such



A HALT FOR TEA IN THE TERRIBLE JELAP PASS, WHERE TRAVELLERS AND PACK ANIMALS OFTEN SUCCUMB TO COLD AND EXPOSURE. [S. M. Taylor.]

(To be concluded.)

# The "Apache Kid."

BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE.

The "Apache Kid" was a renegade Indian, a cruel and bloodthirsty ruffian whose hand was against every man's. He seemed to bear a charmed life, escaping again and again from his pursuers, and for years terrorized the inhabitants of two States.



HE report that the Yaqui Indians were led by the "Apache Kid" in a victory over the Mexican troops in 1903 sent a thrill of terror through the hearts of many residents of the South-West, who have good cause to hate and dread the name of the renegade Indian leader. Of all Indians the Mescalero Apaches are the worst, and of this tribe the Apache Kid stands as the apotheosis of wickedness. For many years his name was a ghastly terror to residents of South-West Arizona, where, during a long career of crime, he left a trail of blood behind him. Both that State and Sonora are dotted to-day with crosses covering the graves of the victims of the ferocity of this cruel and cunning desperado.

The Apache Kid was brought up at the San Carlos Reservation, under the very guns of the United States cavalry. As a child he was not to be distinguished from the other lithe, brown-bodied papooses who played about the doors of the officers' quarters. Scout Dupont, commonly called by the Indians "Captain Bonita," used to pick up the mischievous little fellow and play with him. As he grew up he developed unusual ability as a trailer, and was employed as an army scout. But there came a change in his life. An Indian in the Galluro Mountains had killed his father, and the "Kid,"

hearing of his whereabouts, requested permission from the commandant at the fort for leave of absence to go and avenge his father's death. The request was promptly refused, whereupon the Apache Kid, with several companions, stole out of camp. They were promptly pursued, but the pursuing detachment met them returning to camp. Here they were lined up and interrogated by Captain Seiber. In the midst of the examination the Kid suddenly fired and wounded the officer, and next moment the shooting became general. The Indians scattered and retreated into the mesquite. From that day the Apache Kid became an outlaw.



"THE 'KID' SUDDENLY FIRED AND WOUNDED THE OFFICER."

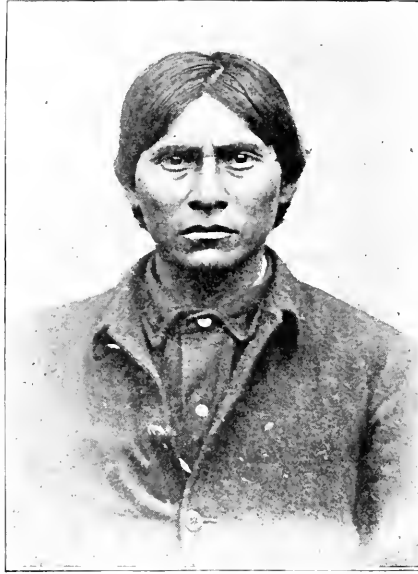
Henceforth to him every white man was an enemy, to be killed without mercy. Unlike Victoria, Cochise, and Geronimo, fellow-chiefs of the same tribe, the Kid did not operate at the head of a band, but usually played a "lone hand." He possessed all the worst traits of the Apache, being cunning, cruel, desperate, brave, full of endurance, and absolutely without mercy. It was in the almost inaccessible uplands of the Mescal, Rincon, and Catalina Mountains, and among the cactus-covered, sun-baked deserts which lie between them, that the Apache Kid usually operated. From his lairs high up among the cliffs this daring outlaw was accustomed to steal out upon the lonely prospector or freighter who dared to carry on business within striking distance of his haunts. To this crafty savage, as adept at covering his own trail as in finding that of others, the chapparal of desert and foothill afforded excellent stalking ground. A splendid shot, a fearless rider, and inured to the deadly heat of summer no less than to the bitter cold of the mountain winters, it is not surprising that the young Apache was able to terrorize thousands of brave pioneers for years without himself being captured.

Early in his career the Apache Kid and a comrade slipped back to the San Carlos Reservation and induced two Indian women, who had become attached to the outlaws, to steal away with them and share the fortunes of the renegades in the trackless wilds of Arizona and Sonora. The colonel at the fort called to him his best scout, an Indian known as Josh, and bade him pursue the two men. He was to follow the trail until he killed at least one of them, otherwise he would forfeit his position as sergeant of Government scouts. Weeks passed and nothing was heard of Josh, who had completely disappeared from human ken. One day, when the colonel was sitting at his writing-desk, a shadow fell across his paper. There had not been the slightest sound, therefore he expected to see an Indian when he looked up. Josh was standing before him with a sack in his hand.

"Did you accomplish your mission?" asked the colonel.

"Yes. Me got him," said Josh, laconically, and exhibited the contents of the sack—the head of the Apache Kid's companion! The more redoubtable outlaw had escaped the scout.

The squaw whom the Kid had taken was not only handsome, but was as strong and agile as a man. For years she accompanied the Kid in his nefarious career. She was afraid of her bloodthirsty husband, however, and more than once tried to slip away from him, but he watched her so closely that for a long time she did not succeed in her design. It was the custom of the Apache Kid, at such times as he was about to commit his murderous depredations, to tie the squaw to a tree so that she could not stir until he got back. For hundreds of miles this woman accompanied her savage spouse across the deserts. Meanwhile this red-handed murderer kept making fresh notches on his tomahawk, for wherever he went fresh victims were added to his list.



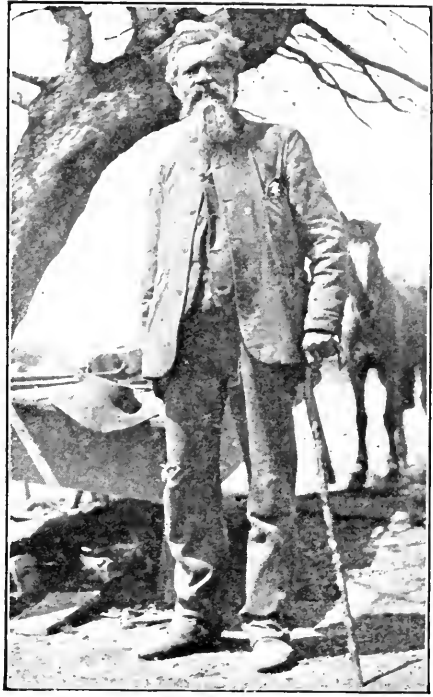
THE "APACHE KID," THE INDIAN DESPERADO WHO FOR YEARS TERRORIZED THE INHABITANTS OF TWO STATES.  
*From a Photo, by H. Buchman.*

A woman was killed near Camp Grant under peculiarly atrocious circumstances. She had just sold her ranch, and with her boy and baby was on her way to meet her husband. The Kid shot her in cold blood and killed the boy. The baby was found crying over the dead bodies in the mesquite. Why the Apache Kid spared the infant will never be known. It may be that this was one time when the Kid's heart was touched. After this double murder the Kid and his squaw crossed to the Frazer ranch. They were in need of provisions and were hard pressed by pursuers. The Kid's eagle eyes espied a boy in camp near a spring. He killed the boy, took his provisions, and escaped across the line into Mexico, where he joined forces with some Chiracahua bucks. These Indians helped his squaw to escape. For weeks she wandered in the mountains, fearful that the relentless Kid was on her trail, and finally reached a ranch owned by an Indian called Old Jim. This man aided her to reach the San Carlos Reservation, where she is living to-day, still in mortal terror lest the Kid should return and carry her away.

Once the old scout Dupont met this redoubt-

able outlaw face to face on a trail in the Catalinas. They were both armed with the old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle, and naturally neither man cared to risk his life on a single shot when failure to kill would mean that his life would be at his enemy's mercy. For a long minute they eyed each other in silence; then without a word each backed away and sat down. They watched each other with a glance that never faltered, for each knew that the moment his gaze wandered would, in all probability, be his last. From noon almost till sunset they sat there stolidly, neither man daring to move. Then with a grunt the Indian rose. "Me going," he said, briefly, and with that began to back cautiously away. The old scout watched him alertly, and when at last the Apache disappeared behind a bend in the trail Dupont stayed not on the order of his going.

It is a moot question whether or no the Apache Kid came to his death at the hands of the well-known army scout "Wallapai" Clarke, but in any event the long feud between them is a classic of the South-West. Early in his career the Apache Kid had killed a scout named William Diehl, who was "Wallapai" Clarke's partner. Clarke was away at the time of the killing, but John Scanlon, a third partner, had just left the cabin to get some mesquite. He heard a



From a] OLD SCOUT DUPONT. [Photo.



"THEY WATCHED EACH OTHER WITH A GLANCE THAT NEVER FALTERED."

couple of shots, and reached the cabin in time to see Diehl fall and several Indians firing at him. Scanlon opened fire, whereupon the Indians retreated, taking with them Old Pete, a famous horse belonging to Clarke.

"Wallapai" Clarke swore to have vengeance for the murder of his comrade. For years he followed the Kid relentlessly, and the Kid in turn sought to do away with Clarke. It was the Indian's cunning matched against the white man's bravery and resource, and at last the white man won — temporarily, at least.

Some years later the scout and his partner Scanlon went away from their ranch, leaving it in charge of a young Englishman named Mercer. Clarke warned the Englishman not to leave the cabin, but Mercer scouted the idea of danger, and ventured out without his Winchester to take a bath in an adjacent creek. Presently his



little dog barked, and Mercer saw a dusky figure crawling stealthily toward him. Mercer secured his revolver and managed to get inside the cabin—which, fortunately, had no windows—bolting the door just as six Indians flung themselves against it. The Indians, one of whom was the Kid, bent on killing Clarke, besieged the Englishman for hours; but he made a gallant defence, and was finally relieved by Clarke and his partner and a party of scouts who had been following the Kid for three days. The Kid was captured, as were his five companions.

The prisoners were turned over to Sheriff Reynolds, of Globe, who, with a sufficient escort, started at once for the penitentiary. There was a long, stiff hill to climb, and the sheriff made his prisoners get out of the waggon to relieve the horses. The officers were strolling along carelessly when, at a signal from their leader, the Indians attacked their guard. The Kid and two others flung themselves on Sheriff Reynolds and beat him with their handcuffs. He was a large man and fought desperately, but one of the Indians adroitly slipped his manacled hands over his head, so that the sheriff could not free his arms, but struggled without avail. He was beaten into insensibility, and then killed with his own rifle. Meanwhile the deputy-sheriff had been murdered by the other Indians and the driver of the waggon wounded, but the latter succeeded in escaping on the back of one of the horses after having cut the traces. Some months later the five companions of the Kid were recaptured, but the Kid himself eluded his pursuers. After trial the Indians were condemned to be hanged. The night before the day set for the execution, however, while they lay in the con-

demned cell with an armed guard within a few feet of them, three of the Apaches took off their breech-cloths without making a sound and strangled themselves. The other two were hanged next day.

About a year after this time "Wallapai" Clarke went from Tucson to his mining claim in the Galluro Mountains. Here he found that his cabin had been rifled. Immense footprints, easily recognisable as those of the Apache Kid, were discovered in the soft mud about the place. Clarke feared his horses had been taken, and made his way carefully back to his lower cabin, taking advantage of all the cover the rocks and underbrush afforded. From across the gulch keen eyes watched him. Just before sunset the scout saw something move, and presently recognised his horse Old Pete, and behind him an Indian. Clarke fired like a flash, and the Indian went to the ground in a heap.



"THE INDIANS ATTACKED THE GUARD."





THE "KID'S" FIVE COMPANIONS WHO WERE CAPTURED WITH HIM AND SENTENCED TO DEATH—THE THREE ON THE RIGHT STRANGLED THEMSELVES RATHER THAN BE HANGED. [Photo.]

Slowly, finding cover for every inch of the way, Clarke crossed the *arroyo* till he was within close rifle range. A bullet whizzed past his head, and next moment Clarke found himself engaged in pumping bullets at an invisible adversary. Night fell and ended this strange duel. Clarke's partners came up to meet him, and Clarke shouted to them his whereabouts. Old Pete heard his master's voice and came whinnying across the gulch to him. The Indian had disappeared.

Next morning Clarke and his partners took up the trail. In the thick cactus across the *arroyo* they found the body of a dead Apache squaw. Clarke had mistaken her for an enemy and she had paid the penalty of his mistake with her life. Presently blood-

tracks were discovered, showing that the Apache Kid himself had been seriously wounded. The trail was followed for some distance, but eventually the tracks disappeared and the scouts were reluctantly forced to give up the chase.

From that day to this no white man has ever set eyes on the Apache Kid, and it has generally been supposed that Clarke's bullet made an end of him. The theory maintained by old Indian scouts was that the renegade, mortally wounded, crawled away into some lonely and inaccessible spot to die. Whether this was actually the case it is, of course, impossible to say, but, at any rate, nothing more was heard of him until the startling rumour—probably baseless—that he was at the head of the revolting Yaquis.



THE WELL-KNOWN ARMY SCOUT, "WALLAPAI" CLARKE, WHO IT IS BELIEVED SHOT AND KILLED THE "APACHE KID." [Photo.]

# Among the Barotse.

BY COLONEL COLIN HARDING, C.M.G., COMMANDANT OF THE BAROTSE NATIVE POLICE,  
AND LATE ACTING ADMINISTRATOR OF NORTH-WEST RHODESIA.

## I.

A chatty and interesting description, by a Government official, of the little-known kingdom of Barotse-land, which, although as big as Germany and ruled by one of the most enlightened of African kings, is practically a terra incognita to the man in the street. Colonel Harding supplements his article with some striking photographs.



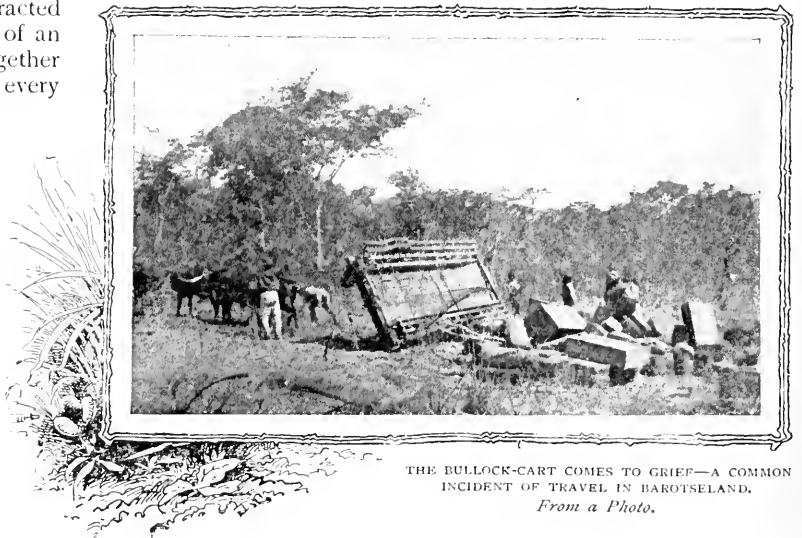
URING the four or five years I have been serving in Barotse-land I have had occasion, either in connection with my ordinary official duties or by reason of some special mission entrusted to me, to penetrate to the remotest parts of this interesting kingdom, which is ruled by Lewanika, one of the most enlightened of African kings. Many will doubtless remember that Lewanika enjoys the unique distinction of having been specially invited by King Edward to come to England for the Coronation—the only African potentate who was present on that historic occasion.

Well informed geographically as THE WIDE WORLD readers doubtless are, the ordinary man in the street knows little as to where Barotse-land is or as to its inhabitants, although the country is as big as Germany and its people among the most interesting of this portion of Africa. The account which I am now writing is extracted from the disjointed notes of an ill-kept diary, strung together from day to day under every conceivable disadvantage, mental and physical — written, as it often was, before the camp fire, when one was too tired to read, or crouching, supperless and hungry, in a hut saturated with rain, with the tempest still howling drearily without.

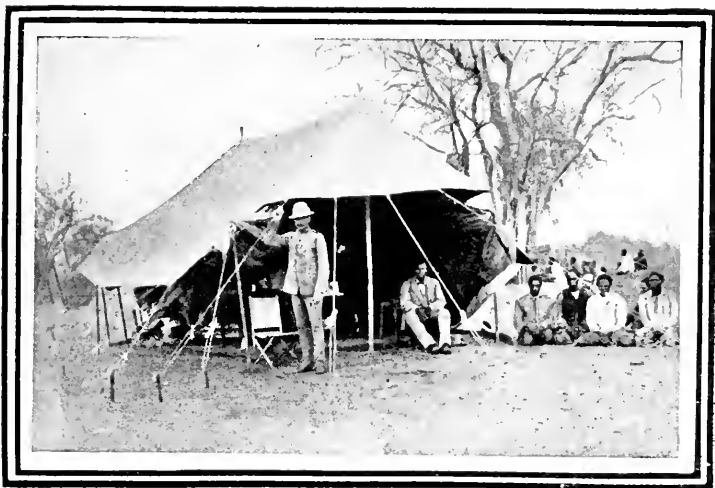
It is a long cry from London to Lealui, the capital where resides King Lewanika and his "koṭhla" (Par-

liament), but thanks to the forethought and zeal of the British South Africa Company, in whose territory Lewanika's kingdom lies, the railway is now complete to the Victoria Falls, and instead of, as formerly, taking three months to reach the capital from Bulawayo, the journey of six hundred and fifty miles can now be accomplished within four weeks. Recently on my last journey home I left Lealui on a Saturday and arrived at Bulawayo on the Friday week following—a record passage.

The traveller desirous of reaching Lealui has, after arriving at the wondrous Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, first to proceed overland to a place called Kazungula, forty miles distant, and one of the old gates or drifts of the Barotse kingdom. Kazungula is by no means a sanatorium, but, though unhealthy, the beauty of the river, here over four hundred yards wide, is very great. The sunsets are glorious, lighting up



THE BULLOCK-CART COMES TO GRIEF—A COMMON INCIDENT OF TRAVEL IN BAROTSE-LAND.  
*From a Photo.*



From a]

THE AUTHOR'S TENT AT SESHEKE.

[Photo.

employ of Sepopo to escort the invading army to a remote island, whereupon the boats were taken away and the Matabele left to starve, failing an undertaking to return

to their own country and never again to attempt to invade the Barotse.

Travelling in Barotse-land is by no means easy, and an incident like that depicted in the first picture, when one's bullock-cart with all its contents is

the river with a glow of colour of exquisite variety and beauty. Occasionally we would paddle out to pass an hour or two down the river reaches in a flood of crimson and gold, the far-off cry of some wild bird alone breaking the glowing silence of the evening, while besides enjoying the scene we would replenish our larder by catching the large tiger-fish, which make an excellent dish for the hungry traveller when eaten under the dim light of the stars and the brighter one of our own camp fires.

Kazungula is an historic place, for here it was that a Matabele impi, which tried to invade Barotse-land from the south, was induced by some apparently friendly natives in the secret

capsized, is not at all infrequent.

On arrival at Kazungula boats can be procured—either from Lewanika or his son Letia, who resides at Sesheke—to transport the traveller and his goods to the Barotse Valley, a journey which takes, as a rule, three weeks, working up against the current, but which can be accomplished, coming down stream, in about as many days.

A very pretty sight on a bright November morning was the departure of our armada from Kazungula.

Simultaneously the boats leapt out into mid-stream abreast, a formation, alas! of very short duration, for all too soon they were stringing



From a]

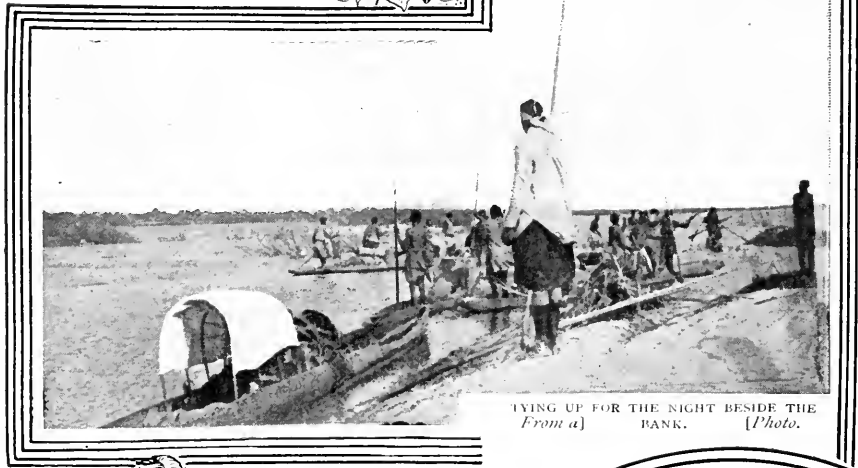
MEMBERS OF COLONEL HARDING'S PARTY BEING PADDLED UP THE ZAMBESI IN DUG-OUT CANOES.

[Photo.

out, and by the time of our arrival at the first cataracts, a distance of seven milès, they were straggling along very leisurely, headed by myself in a Canadian canoe, watched over with nervous caution by the induna in charge of the expedition. The photograph at the bottom of the preceding page shows some of my party being paddled up river in the direction of the capital. As will be seen the boats provided are ordinary dug-outs, and in some cases

which is seen in progress in the next picture. Often the boatmen are to blame for these immersions, and to hide their guilt the rowers conceal the fact that a canoe has been capsized, with the result that the unfortunate traveller proceeds in happy ignorance, only to find later that his property—which might have been saved had he been told promptly—has become mouldy and useless.

In travelling up the river it is unusual to leave the bank, for the rowers fear that by going out into the stream the frail craft may be capsized by some infuriated hippopotamus and its occupants eaten by crocodiles. It is, therefore, with the greatest difficulty that



LYING UP FOR THE NIGHT BESIDE THE  
From a Photo.



very ordinary at that. They are about thirty or forty feet long and two feet wide, with flat bottoms, and are hewn out of the solid trunks of trees.

The journey after the first three days is most uncomfortable and monotonous. Every night the boats have to be tied up to the river bank and a camp erected. For the first fortnight dangerous rapids abound, in crossing which great damage is done and loss incurred to goods, which are immersed by the roaring waters or capsized among the half-concealed rocks and boulders. Wherever possible gangs of men haul the boats across intervening stretches of land to avoid the rapids, an operation

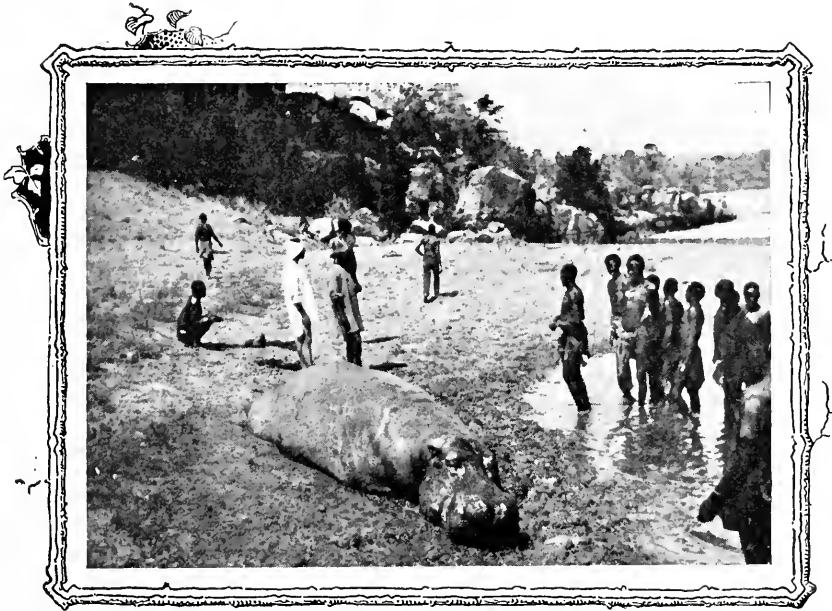


HAULING THE CANOES OVERLAND TO AVOID THE RAPIDS.  
From a Photo.

the boatmen can be induced to cross to the other side, although by so doing they might avoid huge curves and save time and distance. The scenery in travelling up the Zambesi is truly marvellous and full of variety; the Gonye Falls and Sapuma Rapids alone repay one for a visit, whilst the different species of water-fowl one encounters afford excellent shooting, and prove an appreciative adjunct to the limited supply of fresh meat.

The accompanying illustration depicts a frequent incident, and shows the natives attempting

idea of paying her servants, and recently I was appealed to by her Cape coachman, who complained to me that, though the Mogwai engaged him to look after her carriage, she would not pay his wages, except when he actually drove her to and from church, or on other State occasions when the carriage was required! It is seldom that Lewanika pays a visit to the Mogwai, unless he happens to be passing through Nalolo, and it is by no means an everyday occurrence for the Mogwai to visit her chief, for the fuss made on these occasions and the number of boats required are too absurd for words. In fact, when this



From a]

A WELCOME ADDITION TO THE LARDER.

[Photo.

to haul ashore a gigantic hippo, which will be presently cut up and distributed for food among the boatmen.

Forty miles before reaching Lealui we reach Nalolo, the residence of the Mogwai or Queen of the Barotse. The Mogwai, although a Queen and ranking next to King Lewanika himself, is not the wife of that chief, but his sister. The lady consequently admits frankly that she is older than Lewanika, whom she describes as her "little brother." She is a corpulent and most kind-hearted old lady, and, though in former years she was a despotic ruler, she is now the essence of politeness to any white man who may chance to pass her way. Though stern, she is fair in her treatment of the natives under her control and in dispensing justice. She attends church more regularly now, as she delights to appear in the "Morgan" carriage which Lewanika purchased for her whilst in England. She has a curious

august lady travels the district is disturbed for weeks. She is always accompanied by her State band, composed chiefly of drummers, and her retinue includes her Prime Minister, his wives and their servants, and her Lord Chamberlain and his staff, to say nothing of the numerous servants and attendants who do honour to the Queen herself. Generally speaking, Lewanika has to feed the attendants when they arrive at his capital, and it is natural, under the circumstances, that the Mogwai is not overwhelmed with invitations from the Barotse King.

After leaving Nalolo, the home of the Mogwai, a rest of one night suffices before the traveller reaches Lealui. On arrival at the capital the kindness and hospitality of Lewanika soon make one forget the trials and unpleasantness of the long journey to his home. The excessive hospitality with which the King receives every white man, a kindness which is even more

emphasized in my own case or that of any Government official whom he knows, is rarely found among native chiefs. Every morning messengers are sent to inquire after your health, and presents of fish and other welcome food arrive in quick succession. Then follows an invitation to dine at Lewanika's house, where the guest finds meals served in European fashion and everything exceptionably clean and well thought out, from spoons and forks to finger glasses and d'oyleys.

On arriving at my house I found that everything was in a most filthy and unpardonable condition.

With the exception of cockroaches of every size and variety, bats of gigantic proportions, and rats possessing all the audacity and persistency of those of Hamelin town, no living thing had invaded the precincts of the so-called Residency for months.

Doorways without doors, window-frames with-

who, after boldly scrambling over my bed, discovered the candle. Satisfying himself that it was the genuine article, he rushed off precipitately, to return very shortly with his entire circle of friends, who, till scattered by a sjambok, had a right royal feast.

Then the bats began circling over my head, roused by the rat revelry, swooping indignantly in my face and squeaking with fury at my interference. Finally a cat appeared, from whence goodness only knows, but undoubtedly with a well-conceived plan in her fertile brain, for, on rising the following morning, I discovered that the feline wanderer had given birth to three fine kittens, and was reposing with her family on some articles of attire which I had left in a heterogeneous mass about the room on retiring to slumber!

I may mention here that the houses of the officials are now up-to-date and comfortable, as seen in this photo., and no expense has been



From a

THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE AT LEALUI.

[Photo.

ERHersman.]

out windows, and a roof without thatch greeted me on my arrival. I shall not easily forget my first night in this veritable temple of the winds. I arrived late, after travelling steadily all day, and was worn out, so retired speedily to the shelter of my blankets—carefully spread on my own stretcher to avoid contact with the doubtful looking fixtures already in my breezy abode.

I closed my eyes hoping for rest, but the claims of society ignored my weariness and insisted on obtruding themselves.

My first caller was a large and healthy rat,

spared to ensure the health and comfort of those entrusted with the administration of Barotseland.

My first duty on my arrival, of course, was to pay the King a visit; so, heralding my approach with a messenger, I went up one morning to the "Palace," to find several hundred of his indunas and followers congregated in the large courtyard to greet me.

The King was arrayed in an alpaca coat, fancy waistcoat, brown boots, and trousers, and a black felt hat. He met me outside the Court-

house deferentially, and with a dignity of mien which surprised me. He welcomed me politely and bade me precede him.

The assembled subjects in the meantime were displaying every sign of welcome and greeting. After their fashion cries of "Morena" (Chief or King) and "Mosissi" (Governor) rent my ears as I marched with all possible stateliness towards the Court-house. This is a large building of sufficient size to hold several hundred people, and has open sides, enabling the King's humbler subjects to hear and watch the proceedings of their legislators from the outside.

In the middle of the Court-house is erected a chair, both large and commodious, and in this the King daily sits between the hours of nine and twelve to listen to the complaints of his subjects, settling their social disputes, punishing the guilty—either by fines, banishment, or rod—promulgating laws, repealing others, and, in fact, carrying on the office of Lord Chief Justice, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and Chancellor of the Exchequer all rolled into one.

His indunas are arranged according to their seniority. On the King's right sit the "opposition"; to his left are placed his near relations and personal friends, who form a body who support their chief through thick and thin.

The N'gambella, or Prime Minister, sits on the King's right, while next him is a man of herculean stature with a huge scar down his cheek. This is the Commander-in-Chief. Although I have mentioned the Prime Minister and indunas on the right forming an "opposition," I do not mean to imply that they are antagonistic to the King, but rather that they represent the people and have a right to criticise the King's actions—a privilege not accorded to his Court or relations.

The King's sons, each wearing a bangle of

ivory on his arm, the insignia of royalty, sit with the smaller indunas on their father's left.

On the occasion of my first audience with Lewanika an indaba was held, in the course of which I told the King the wishes of my Government, delivering Captain (now Sir Arthur) Lawley's message on the phonograph.

My remarks were listened to attentively, and after various speeches the King's band, consisting of numerous drums and tambourines, was summoned. As each man played in a largely independent fashion, and as if his life hung on his making more noise than his neighbour, the din can be better imagined than described.

The King was delighted with the whole performance, and more than once inquired what I thought of his people and the band. I was not sorry when he proposed a visit to his house, especially when on my arrival I found a sumptuous lunch provided. Pâté-de-foie-gras, sardines, fish, roast beef, duck, all came in their turn, followed by sweets, consisting chiefly of

"mafi," a kind of junket, and an excellent food in a hot country. All these were arranged on a side table, whilst the linen, cutlery, and silver were beautifully clean, and well in harmony with the rest of the repast. The King is a polished host, most polite and attentive, performing little acts of thoughtful courtesy with his own hand. He is quite free from ostentation, perfectly at ease, and only anxious for the immediate wants of his guests. His house is a marvel of comfort and, indeed, of beauty.

The grass roof is constructed on such a principle that it has no connection with the outer wall, thus preventing the inroads of the white ant. Immediately under the roof are placed rushes, which are removed when soiled, and fresh ones substituted; these give the room a bright and cheerful appearance.

The building itself is carefully made of red



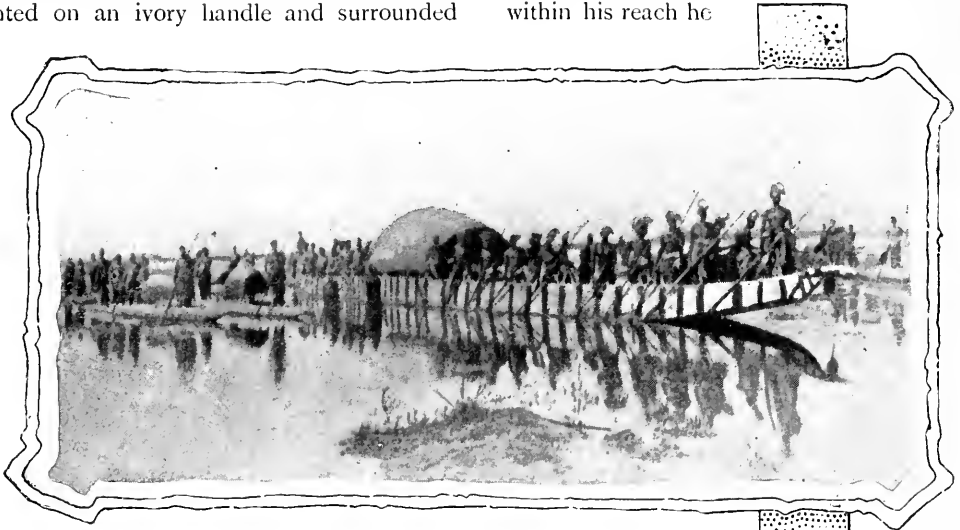
KING LEWANIKA, THE ENLIGHTENED RULER OF BAROTSELAND.  
*From a Photo.*



timber, chopped into shape by small axes which the natives wield with wonderful dexterity and precision. The floor and walls are decorated with mats of every conceivable design and shape, curiously worked in dim blues and reds and of most artistic conception, whilst the furniture, consisting of chairs and sundry tables, is hidden by the skins of various animals.

Lewanika has a curious weakness for hats. Big hats, little hats, wide hats, narrow hats, hats with high crowns, hats with low crowns, are dotted all over the walls, and each hat is accompanied by a fly-switch, usually made from the tail of the blue wildebeeste or sable antelope, mounted on an ivory handle and surrounded

with the beak of the bird in front. With the exception of a loin cloth the rest of his body is uncovered. When on duty this curious person invariably stands on one leg only, the sole of the other foot resting on the thigh of the leg which bears his weight. Often he will remain in this position for hours; standing thus he is supposed to imitate the bird whose feathers he wears, and as he pecks the ground with his artificial beak he is greeted with roars of applause from the amused audience, including the King himself. At other times Katonga Tonga will pretend to wash his body with his beak, duck fashion, and should a dog come within his reach he



From a]

KING LEWANIKA'S ROYAL BARGE.

[Photo.

with a covering of beads. Without one of these switches, the King never walks, rides, or sleeps; one is ever in his hand, or lying beside him. Their *raison d'être* lies in the number of flies, which spare neither the highest nor the lowest in the land; they can be to some extent kept at bay by the constant and steady swaying of a switch. Cease "switching" for an instant and the flies are back.

The Queens are housed near the Palace of the King, but not under the same roof, and are seldom permitted to meet the vulgar gaze.

A noteworthy official of the Court at Lealui is Katonga Tonga, King Lewanika's jester, and a man of considerable importance in Barotseland, for he is permitted to treat the King with more familiarity and has more latitude than most of Lewanika's intimate friends. This potentate is usually attired in a most picturesque headgear, composed of the head, feathers, and entire skin of some large bird, which is placed on his head

will fly at him, flapping his arms to imitate wings. Often when the King and his indunas have been engaged in most serious business in the native Parliament I have heard the jester interject some silly remark which, instead of being rebuked by Lewanika or his chiefs, would be received with roars of laughter. Should Lewanika pay a visit to the Residency at Mongu, or should he pay a state visit to Nalolo, the home of the Queen, or in fact, anywhere, Katonga Tonga accompanies him. He met Lewanika at Kazungula on his return from the Coronation in London, made silly jokes with the King at Sesheke, and accompanied his chief during the whole of the way to the capital. When not engaged officially Katonga Tonga lives in a hut close to the Palace, and performs various domestic duties about the compound. So far as I am aware no other Barotse chief can boast a jester — in fact, I have not seen another one in Africa.

(To be continued.)

# The Nihilist Under the Train.

BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Being the story of the amazing journey of Nicolas Dionagorski, as related by him to the author. With his clothes packed full of Nihilistic and revolutionary literature he travelled under an express train from Ostend to Alexandrowo, just over the Russian frontier, a distance of over a thousand miles! Our readers will find it interesting to compare this story with that of Mr. John Eke, who travelled over a hundred miles under an express. See our issue for April, 1904.



HE platform of a railway-station from which a train is going to start upon a lengthy journey has always brought home to me more vividly, I think, than anything else the marvels of our modern civilization. The train, with its restaurant-car, *wagons-lits*, and other comforts, which transform it into a rolling replica of a first-class hotel, is, at the whistle of the guard, to leave upon a journey in which miles are figured by the hundred, and which will traverse several different countries within the space of a few days. Yet around this leviathan which is to carry so many people out of one existence into another, from summer to winter, or from winter to summer, which is to traverse a whole continent with but a few momentary stops within the week, there is comparatively little bustle or excitement. In fact, there is far more fuss made about the departure of a suburban train, for these great trans-continental runs start with an impressive calm and dignity.

My own journey was not to be a long one. The start which had induced the foregoing reflections was from the great glass-covered station at Ostend, and I was going no farther than Brussels. In fact, I had really no right to travel by this *train de luxe* at all, as

it was bound for Berlin and St. Petersburg, and needed no such two-hours' passenger as I.

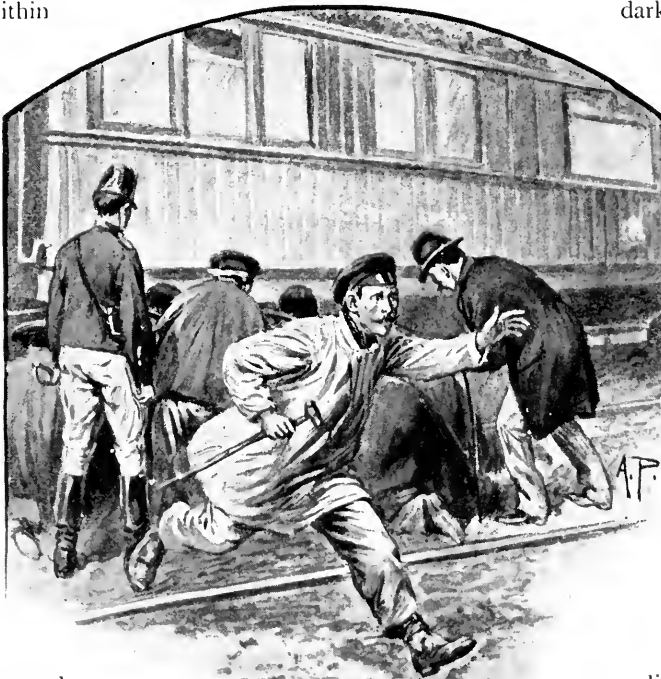
It was still comparatively early. The blue-bloused men, with mops and greasy cloths, strolled up and down the platform alongside the monster, giving a polish here, a rub to a window there, while the brown-uniformed officials of the *wagons-lits*, black-gloved and urbane as always, showed arriving passengers to their respective quarters. Above the station's hum and buzz rose the sharp clink! clink! of the long hammers of the examiners testing wheels and brakes.

Although the entrance and the body of the station were bright as daylight under the glaring electric lights, the platform from which we were to leave was in semi-darkness, and as the

people came out from the brilliantly-lit portions of the station they merged into the dusk of our platform, to finally disappear into the train.

Suddenly a little group of railway men gathered round one of the rear carriages. I noticed a buzz of excited talk, and saw one man rush for the station-master. The other passengers noticed it too, and when the station-master and several

police came up we were a crowd thirty or forty strong, all peering underneath the train.



"I SAW ONE MAN RUSH FOR THE STATION-MASTER."

And for once, contrary to the general rule with interested crowds, we peered at something well worth our attention. Underneath the train, slung in straps, ingeniously fastened below the carriage, was the body of a man, swathed mummywise, his pale-blue eyes gazing steadily out at us. All we could see of him were the two eyes and a wisp of straw-coloured hair which poked out underneath the close-fitting woollen cap upon his head. The rest of the man, as an excited little Frenchman who stood next to me remarked, was a mere sausage swathed in bandages.

At first, of course, the very obvious fact that the man must be extracted from his extraordinary position occurred to nobody. The station-master and several of his subordinates, with my friend the Frenchman and a number of the other passengers, did nothing but bombard this peculiar passenger with volleys of questions, and it was not till the police commissary made his appearance, and gave the order to cut the thongs which bound the man to the train and get him out, that anything at all practical was done.

The man who had discovered the strange passenger (whom, I may say, many of us believed to be a corpse, for, although the blue eyes were wide open, there was no expression in them, and he answered not a word to all the questions which were hurled at him) explained that as he threw out his long-handled hammer under the carriage he noticed twice that it encountered something soft, which did not give out the familiar "clink," and, thinking that the cleaners had left rags or rubbish underneath the train, he called them to come and take away their leavings. Then he stooped down to show his comrade the place, and "looked straight into the eyes of a body"!

When all the thongs were severed and the "body" had been brought out on to the platform we saw that our peculiar passenger was a man well above medium height, with the unmistakable Tartaric face which marks the Russian. It was some time before he would consent to speak at all, and when he did it was in monosyllables and most reluctantly.

A hurried consultation with the police commissary, the presentation of my credentials for his

inspection, and the fortunate possession of a visiting-card with a cordial greeting from M. Louis Lépine, the Paris Police Prefect, and I decided to let the train go upon its way, while I remained to hear the story of "the man under the train" from his own lips.

It was a long time, as I have said, before he would talk at all, except to tell us that his name was Basili Vassoff, and, as we learned eventually, that name was an assumed one. But when M. le Commissaire gave orders to his subordinates to strip the prisoner a surprise awaited us. We thought that we should never reach the real man at all, he was so deep in clothing. He wore three overcoats, one over the other, and each coat, which was ulster shape, had huge deep inside pockets crammed with literature. What food he had with him—it was not much—was in the outer pockets of the outside coat. But he was not only overcoated, but clothed with a triple depth of everything, and packed between each layer of his clothing down to the very skin were pamphlets, manuscripts, and printed matter of all kinds.

I will not weary the reader by setting forth in detail the fruitless attempts made at first to induce Vassoff to tell the motive of his journey, the examination of his curious cargo, and his



"THE THONGS WERE SEVERED AND THE 'BODY' BROUGHT OUT."

transfer from Ostend to Brussels. My object is to set down a conversation with him in his cell, in which he told the extraordinary story of a past experience of which this article bears the title.

Stripped of all his superfluous wrappings, Vassoff, or rather Nicolas Dionagorski—for that is his real name—looks taller and considerably slimmer than upon his first sensational appearance. He talks in a low and intense tone, with few gestures and much emphasis, and in the extraordinary story which he told in so matter-of-fact a manner there were points where his blue eyes gleamed with a wild light.

He is to some extent, I think, a Nihilist, but, on the other hand, he professes great admiration for the Master Tolstoi, and, together with the Nihilistic literature which encumbered him, he carried a large number of reprints of Tolstoi's work in pamphlet form, which he proposed to distribute.

I may add, too, that Dionagorski is well known to several Russian students at Ghent University, and that, during his detention at Bruges, where he was kept for some time before his transfer to Brussels, one of the Ghent students declared upon oath that Dionagorski's frustrated journey was the outcome of a bet between him and some other students. This, of course, may be true; it is indeed extremely probable that the young Russian, after telling his compatriots how he had made the journey once before, was dared to do the same thing again, and undertook the wager. With that, however, we have nothing to do. Here is the story of his former and successful journey just as he told it to me in his prison cell.

I am twenty-two years old, born at Yusenetsk on the 14th of June, 1882, and by profession a student and professor of literature. I need not tell you of the fearful disabilities under which teachers labour there in Russia. We are free in only one respect—free to teach what our tyrants wish taught, and nothing else. So it is with literature: either the censor eliminates the truth from it, or the frontier officials suppress it. At Eydtkuhnen and other places on the frontier line we have at times had representatives, we men of freedom, but they are not much use.

Either they become corrupt or else they—well, they disappear.

For a long time I had seen the necessity of finding some certain manner in which to convey forbidden literature into Russia. Travelling openly to Berlin and thence secretly to Russia was impossible, for in Berlin the Russian secret police have many agents, and the German Government takes orders from them in all humility. So I resolved to start from Belgium, where no one is spied upon, and to travel secretly. This time, as you know, I have failed, but the last time I succeeded. I suppose you want to know about the journey, although what interests me are results, not the mere hardships incidental to obtaining them.

It was in March two years ago. The weather had been fine—warm, but misty—and it was pretty dark at the time of starting. I had been put under the train by friends the night before, and, as you may imagine, the relief to my nerves when the train really started was immense, for each person stopping opposite my hiding-place made my heart leap, and the men with the hammers, one of whom discovered me this time, were dangerous enemies.

I was well and warmly dressed, splendidly protected, too, against the cold, for, as you know, paper keeps cold out admirably, and I was thoroughly well papered. In fact, from ankle to neck I

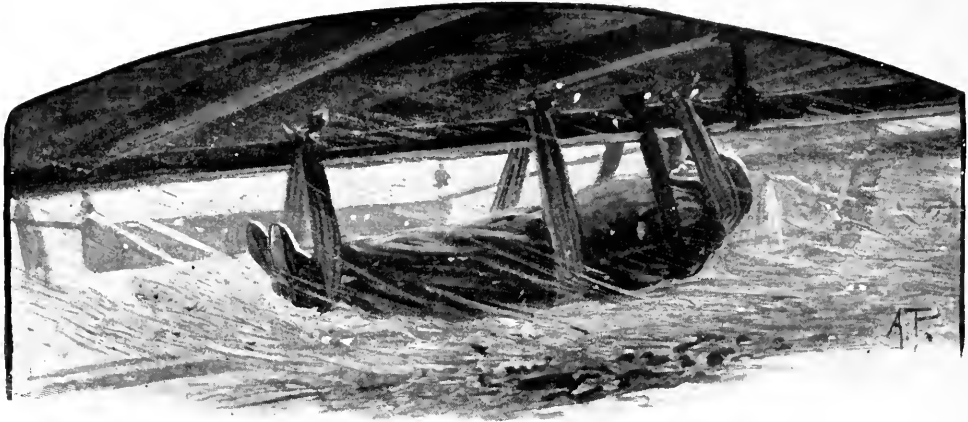
was rolled and swathed in several layers of literature. Tolstoi pamphlets were rolled puttee-wise around each leg, and propaganda literature formed breastplates and backplates. To prevent any rustling each layer was kept in its place by jerseys and other knitted clothes, and a great overcoat with food and supplies in the pockets topped the whole.

The train started, and for the first ten minutes I was, I admit, a prey to ungovernable terror, but, though I had a knife, it would be certain death, I knew, to cut the thongs of the swing cradle which supported me, and, willy-nilly, I had to fight my abject fear down.

I very soon got over it, however. In fact, before I had been three hours on my way—that is to say, about half-way between Brussels and Herbesthāl—I was asleep. It may seem curious to hear a man talk of sleep when being hurtled along underneath an express train travelling



A PHOTOGRAPH OF NICOLAS DIONAGORSKI, TAKEN IN THE PRISON CELL.



"HURTTLED ALONG UNDERNEATH AN EXPRESS TRAIN TRAVELLING BETWEEN FIFTY AND SIXTY MILES AN HOUR."

between fifty and sixty miles an hour, but I can assure you that I did sleep, and that I slept extremely well. What woke me was a stone which struck me in the face and hurt me rather badly. I had provided my cap with a thick cloth mask, something like those worn by the Inquisitors of ancient times. It was while trying to pull down this mask that the first real sense of my helplessness was borne in on me. My arms, as you saw a few days ago, were not left free. They could not be, because the weight of them in my cramped position would gradually become unbearable, unless they were supported in the cradle. To use my hand, therefore, I had to slip it and my forearm out, which was a nasty business going at the pace we went.

Until you have tried it you cannot realize how terribly difficult the simplest thing becomes when you are in a prostrate position, tied as I was tied and moving at express speed, and I should think it took me fully an hour to get my visor buttoned underneath my chin after I had pulled it down. I had forgotten that the act of buttoning it might be an awkward one under the circumstances.

I had a nasty jar at Aix-la-Chapelle. It was night when we got there, and one of your compatriots in the train just above my head wanted to send a telegram. He called a porter and gave him the message and the money, but the man explained that at this hour he would have to take it to an office some way off, and asked for something extra for himself in consequence. The Englishman had no more change; but, on the man's assurance that there was time, handed a gold piece down. "*Zwanzig mark,*" I heard him say. Then came a sharp ring on the stone platform, the tinkle of metal against metal, and an exclamation from the porter in guttural German. Between them they had dropped the

gold piece, and I could see it lying under my right foot.

Fortunately the porter saw it too, and so did another functionary—a waiter with refreshments, I believe, who had come up. They raised the change for the Britisher between them, saying that they would pick up the gold piece after the train had started. I hope they got it. If they had scrambled down upon the line for it at once, or even fished for it with a stick, they must inevitably have discovered me.

About an hour later, at half-past eleven, we reached Cologne, and stayed there half an hour. My calculation had been that the carriages would be shunted at Cologne Station, so that the wait, or, at all events, the greater part of it, would take place in a siding. But, no; the train was never moved, and for thirty long minutes, each of which seemed to last a lifetime, we stayed there in the full glare of the lights, the train and I. I shall never think of Cologne Station without a shudder, and to the last day of my life I shall hate the electric light.

I could see every stone and pebble on the line beneath me, and it seemed that the people passing along the platform could not help noticing me underneath that carriage. You must remember that I was now in Germany, where my treatment, if caught, would probably result in death—death by long-drawn-out torture at the mines—for the Russians have succeeded in persuading the German Government that the frontier over which Nihilist refugees can most conveniently be put when Germany expels them is the Russian frontier. Heaven help any of our party who get into Russian hands when caught at work!

My proximity to the platform was a nerve-racking ordeal, for I could see only the feet and lower part of the legs of the men who passed

to and fro. I worried myself ill during that interminable half-hour each time a pair of military or police boots chanced to stop above my head. My eye was burned a little, too, by a cigarette-end which someone threw down. However, even the longest half-hours must come to an end, and as the clocks of Cologne struck midnight we steamed out through the night towards Hanover, to my intense relief.

Strange though it may seem to you, after an hour or two I fell asleep, and slept without a break till the noise of many voices and the cessation of the motion told me of our arrival. Not in Hanover, though, for it was daylight when I woke, and Hanover, I knew, was reached well before five o'clock. No; it was Berlin, and the time was twenty minutes to nine. I had travelled now beneath the train for fifteen hours, and slept for nearly half the time!

I cannot find words to describe the discomfort of that awakening. Although Berlin was more dangerous even than Cologne, I was in too great purely physical suffering during our stay in the station to think much of the dangers of discovery. Remember that I had been practically unable to move for fifteen hours, and that during the whole of that time, or most of it, I had been rattled, bumped, swung laterally, shaken, and bombarded by small stones as the train rushed on its way. Imagine, too, a horror of which I have made no mention yet—the deafening, echoing roar as we passed through the tunnels, and the sickening stench of the smoke and soot in them. Fancy yourself, if you can, put into plaster of Paris and then shaken continuously for fifteen hours, and you will get some notion of my sensations.

I had felt little or no pain till the vibration ceased, but when it did cease, and I awoke in Berlin, every joint and every bone in me ached with the agony, and every nerve in my whole body vibrated like a telegraph wire at the touch of the telegraphist upon the key.

Another thing startled although it did not surprise me. March in Ostend was warm and spring-like, and even the night upon our way north had not been very cold, but it was cold in Berlin, and I knew that as we went farther and farther north the cold would be terrific. Of course I had expected this, but somehow I had omitted to make due provision for it, and, as I realized that I had not felt over warm so far, I shuddered at the anticipation of the coming twelve hours' journey.

And they were even worse, I think, than I anticipated. You saw me in my carefully-prepared outfit for the journey which I intended to have made this time, so you can realize how

terribly I suffered, thickly clad though I was. And cold was not my only enemy. I did not sleep again from Berlin onwards, and lying there prostrate and helpless under the huge quivering, throbbing train, with every bump of an uneven, ill-made line vibrating thousandfold along the nerve lines of my brain, I found it hopelessly impossible to keep my eyes closed, so that I should not see the roadway underneath me. For the journey I was about to start on when discovered I had taken spectacles in which black cloth replaced the glasses, so that my eyes might be kept automatically sightless, for that narrow, heaving ribbon of permanent-way, and the gleaming rails just under me, seemed, through the long hours of the morning, to bite at me like teeth of steel.

Suddenly, about three o'clock, the train slowed down, and I knew we were nearing Thorn. A mad, unreasoning panic seized me. I struggled to get free and shrieked aloud for help, cries which, as luck would have it, no one heard, and when we did arrive at Thorn I trembled as each step sounded upon the platform just above my head, and cursed the similarity of the boots which made it quite impossible for me to see whether the passers-by were soldiers, railway officials, or police. I think that before the train steamed out again after its stoppage I must have fainted, for I remember nothing of the start, but only the relief on finding the train moving once again, exquisite pain though the new motion was.

It was dusk then, and by the time we reached Alexandrowo, just across the frontier, dusk would have faded into night. It must, of course, have been mere fancy, but I almost thought that I could hear my teeth grating together, and, though I might have shouted in the rattle of the train without being heard, I hissed out through them, "Courage, Nicolas; be calm!"

Do you know Alexandrowo? As we steamed slowly into it I remembered quite the best description of the place that I have ever read, one by an English author—Henry Merriman. "How many a poor wretch has dropped from the footboard of the train just before these electric lights were reached, to take his chance of crossing the frontier before morning, history will never tell. How many have succeeded in passing in and out of that dread railway-station with a false passport and a steady face, Heaven only knows. There is no other way of passing Alexandrowo." But, yes, there is another—my way. Yet, had my heart been weak, it must have ceased to beat that evening beneath the glare of those coldly pitiless electric lights.

Sentries, in their dirty white trousers, top





"I FELL, AND CRAWLED ACROSS THE LINE."

boots, and green tunics, stood on the line beside the train, while others boarded the carriages. I could, I think, have reached out and have touched one man. He might have said nothing; who knows? Even the men in uniform are human sometimes, when there is no superior's eye upon them.

I knew that as we left Alexandrowo the train went very, very slowly. I knew, too, that the black night outside the station seemed of an even more impenetrable thickness after the blaze of electricity, and, as we moved, my knife severed sufficient of the thongs for one sharp kick to set me free, before full speed was reached again.

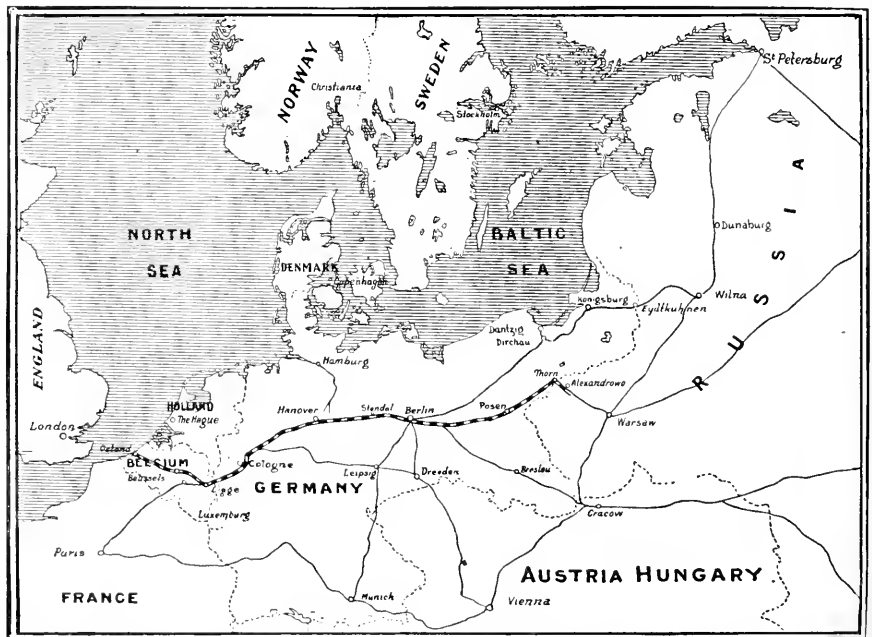
I fell, and

crawled, like some poor wounded creature dragging itself to shelter, across the line, and over a snow-covered embankment. I was in Russia, safe at last, and with my precious cargo intact.

I have no more to tell. I slept or fainted through the night, and next morning reached a village where I was well taken care of. We have none but friends among the poor in Russia, we revolutionaries. Our enemies are those who fear us, the corrupt ruling classes.

And now that I have been stopped upon the outset of another journey, there is, I know, although I hate myself for it, a craven thankfulness deep in my heart. I have failed

and may not succeed again, but I cannot restrain the gratitude I feel to Providence because, without active cowardice on my part, I have been spared another terrible journey across Europe underneath a train.



A MAP SHOWING THE RAILWAY FROM OSTEND TO ALEXANDROWO, A JOURNEY OF OVER ONE THOUSAND MILES, WHICH WAS MADE BY NICOLAS DIONAGORSKI UNDERNEATH THE EXPRESS TRAIN.



# Across the Atlantic in an Open Boat.

BY FREDERIC LEES.

Captain Ludwig Eisenbraun, the hero of the following narrative, recently arrived at Marseilles, after a long and perilous voyage across the Atlantic in a tiny boat. Immediately on his arrival he was interviewed by our Paris Correspondent, who here relates for the first time the full story of one of the most remarkable feats ever accomplished.



HE secretary of the hotel in Marseilles where Captain Ludwig Eisenbraun was stopping having told me that he was absent, for the moment, and that I should probably find him down at the quay-side with his boat, I went in the direction indicated. Strange as it may seem, it was not long before I found the tiny cockle-shell in which he had come so many thousands of miles across the ocean. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been like looking for a needle in a haystack to try to discover so small a craft amidst the forest of shipping in the great southern port, but the story of Captain Eisenbraun's amazing voyage had spread all over the sailors' quarter, and it would have been easy to find a dozen old salts to point the way towards a sheltered corner of the docks where, one weather-beaten mariner informed me, the presence of a big crowd would indicate the spot where the *Columbia II.* lay at anchor.

I pushed my way through the throng of seafaring men who, with their hands in their pockets, were taking stock of a tiny sailing boat in which a determined-looking man was busying himself with ropes and sails, and addressed the object of my search.

"Captain Eisenbraun?" I asked, whereupon the owner of the *Columbia II.* glanced upwards, recognised me as an Englishman, and gave me a hearty "At your service, sir." I explained that I had made the long journey from Paris in order to obtain for the readers of THE

WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE the full story of his experiences.

In less time than it takes to tell the gallant captain was introducing me to his boat. "She's nineteen feet long by six feet broad," he said, "and she draws about eight inches of water. What's her tonnage? Three-quarters of a ton. A tight little boat if ever there was one, and she needed to be well built, I can tell you, to stand the seas we've encountered together these past few months."

When he had given a final look round to see that everything was in order, Captain Eisenbraun joined me and we walked away, followed by the gaze of a hundred or so sailors and dock hands, whose chief topic of conversation ever since her arrival had been the *Columbia II.* and her intrepid owner.

Captain Ludwig Eisenbraun is German by birth, as his name indicates, but is a naturalized American citizen. He is thirty-five years of age, at the height of his physical and mental powers, and is a man of strict sobriety. He was not long in commencing his story, and this is what he told me.



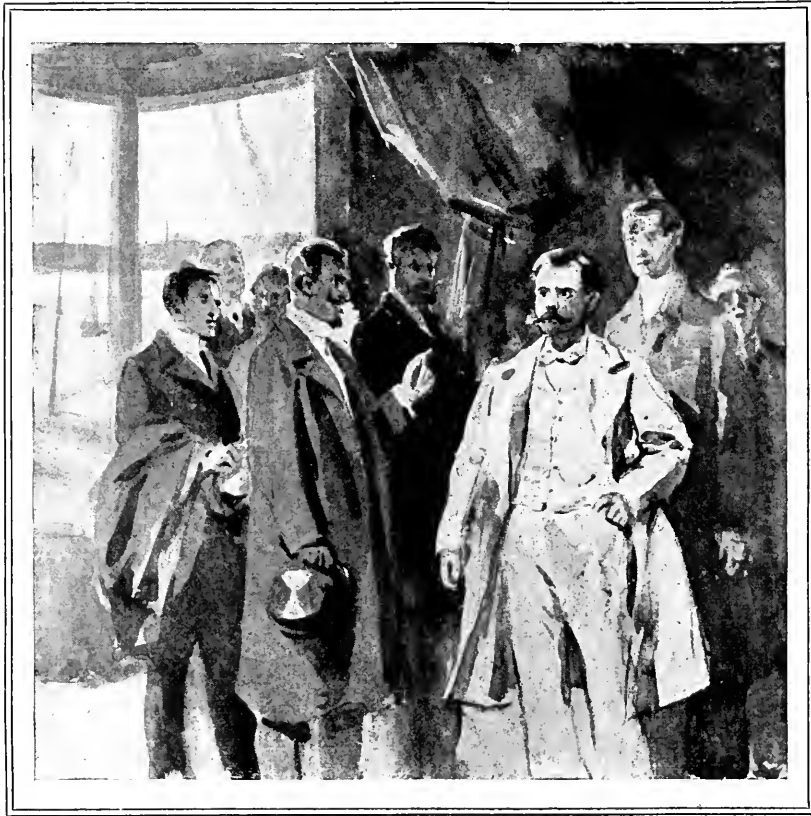
CAPTAIN LUDWIG EISENBRAUN, WHOSE VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN AN OPEN BOAT IS HERE DESCRIBED.

From a Photo.

I had better start at the beginning and tell you how it was that I came to make this long voyage from Boston to Marseilles. One doesn't attempt such a journey under these conditions without having a very special motive, and in my case—as with others who have beaten records for long-distance voyages in open boats—there was a particular reason why I set off on what ninety-nine people out of a hundred would call

"a foolhardy adventure." The sailing-boat which you have just seen was built, not for me, but for a wealthy Portuguese gentleman living in Boston, who, one fine day, thought it would be a grand feat to make a trip across the Atlantic to Europe in a small craft. Accordingly he set off on board the *Columbia II.*, which had been specially constructed for the cruise. After sailing for some time, however, he came to the conclusion that it would be much more comfortable—and much

and it formed the chief topic of conversation at the nautical club of which both the Portuguese gentleman and myself are members. One evening, when I happened to be present in the club-room, the owner of the *Columbia II.* made his usual statement that the voyage to Europe in so small a boat was impossible. He defied any one to do it, he said. Feeling sufficiently experienced in the handling of small yachts in rough weather to prove that he was in the wrong, I accepted his challenge. The *Columbia*



"THE OWNER OF THE 'COLUMBIA II.' MADE HIS USUAL STATEMENT."

more safe—to pay his visit to Europe in the ordinary way, on a big liner. The sea was apt to become rough, and at such times the tiny boat had a nasty habit of shipping water, and he feared that he would never get any sleep—unless it were the sleep that knows no waking. So he put about and was back in Boston in a little more than twenty-four hours after starting out. He declared that to have persevered in his undertaking would have been certain death.

The affair, naturally, caused a good deal of talk in Boston. For the next fortnight the papers referred to it in interviews and articles,

*II.* changed hands, and I commenced my preparations for the long voyage across the Atlantic.

It is wonderful what a lot of things one has to take with one on such a journey as this. The difficulty was to find room even for absolute necessities, for the hold of the little *Columbia II.* is not very large, as you may well imagine. I took as much tinned food, biscuits, and water as it would hold, and provided myself, among other things, with a compass and some charts.

I set off exactly at ten o'clock in the morning on August 11th, 1903, in the presence of more than twenty thousand people, the majority of

whom, I have no doubt, never expected to see me again. Nearly everybody in Boston, of course, had the same opinion as the Portuguese gentleman, and the citizens went home, doubtless, thinking that sooner or later a little paragraph in the papers would chronicle either the fact that I had lost heart and turned back or else that fragments of my boat had been picked up, proving that my mad enterprise had come to a disastrous conclusion.

I am not one of those people, however, who throw away their lives in foolish adventures. Though I knew I was running great risks, I was also tolerably certain that with the exercise of good seamanship I should come out of the ordeal unscathed. I have many times struggled

the quays. But as soon as I could no longer distinguish the waving of handkerchiefs and the land had faded away astern my mind received a fresh impression. I realized the vastness of my undertaking, my helplessness should bad weather surprise me, and, above all, the utter solitude of my position—alone in an open boat on the ocean. But not for a moment did I feel impelled to turn back.

Impressions, however, are not what I usually put down in my log-book—that is the business of men who write books—and the many thoughts which passed through my mind during the following days and nights I have forgotten. When eventually I reached my first stopping-place, Halifax, Nova Scotia, I renewed my supply of water—which was by this time quite exhausted—and rested for twenty-four hours. I needed this rest badly, especially as I should not be touching land again for nearly two months.

On September 5th, when I was well on my way, the *Columbia II.* was struck by a sudden squall and capsized, throwing me into the water. Fortunately, my boat is provided with water-tight compartments and is partially decked, so that it did not sink like an ordinary boat would have done, but still the position was serious enough. I am a good swimmer, and was soon alongside my boat, and after a hard struggle managed to get her in her normal position again. A wave struck the *Columbia II.* just at the moment I was putting forth my strength to right her and nearly undid all my labours. There was a good deal of water in the tiny hold, but I managed to bale it out with



CAPTAIN EISENBRAUN ON BOARD "COLUMBIA II.," THE TINY BOAT IN WHICH HE  
From a [Photo.]  
CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.

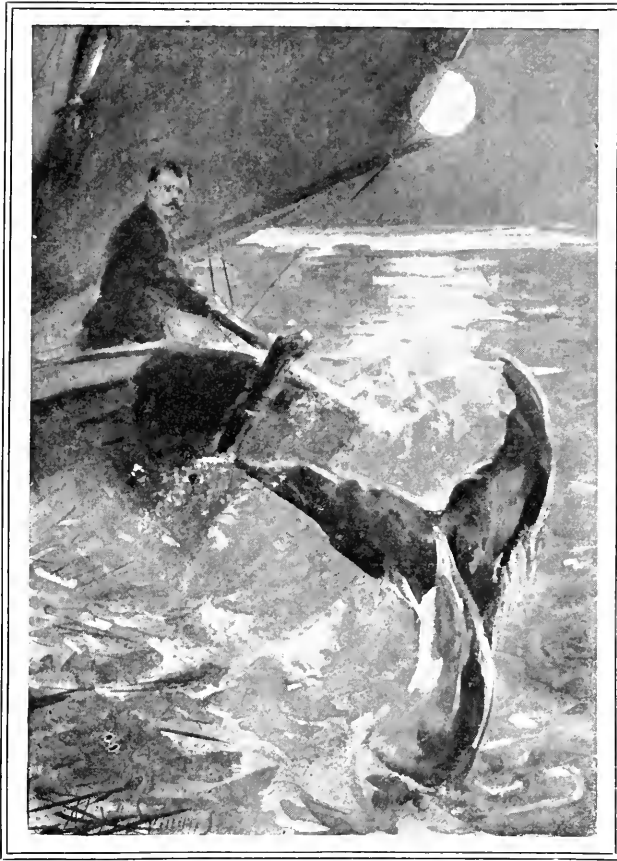
in the face of death, and, moreover, this was not the first time that I had crossed the Atlantic in a small boat. My previous successful attempt, however, did not present anything like the same risks, since the sailing-boat in which I then made the voyage was much larger. There was only room for myself in the *Columbia II.*, whereas on my first voyage I had a companion.

I shall never forget the feeling of freedom which came over me as my little boat, with her sails hoisted, glided away from land and quickly passed out of sight of the cheering crowds on

a saucepan, and before long I had got things more or less ship-shape once more.

My most thrilling adventure, however, occurred one beautiful moonlight night. My little boat was sailing slowly along over a smooth sea, the only sound audible being the lapping of the water at her bow. I was dozing at the tiller, when suddenly I was awakened by a violent shock, which threw me forward. It seemed just as though I had gone full tilt into a bank of mud. I knew, however, that it couldn't be anything of that sort; banks of mud don't

stick up their noses in the middle of the Atlantic. So I stood up and looked ahead to see what I had collided with. What do you think it was? A huge whale, sleeping on the surface of the water! As I gazed at him in amazement the monster—rudely awakened from his slumbers by the vicious little prod from my boat's bow—stirred himself, gave a plunge, and disappeared below the surface, causing a great commotion in the water. The final flick of his great tail came very near sending me to the bottom. I made a note of the exact spot where this exciting incident occurred— $13^{\circ} 40'$  longitude,  $34^{\circ} 50'$  latitude.

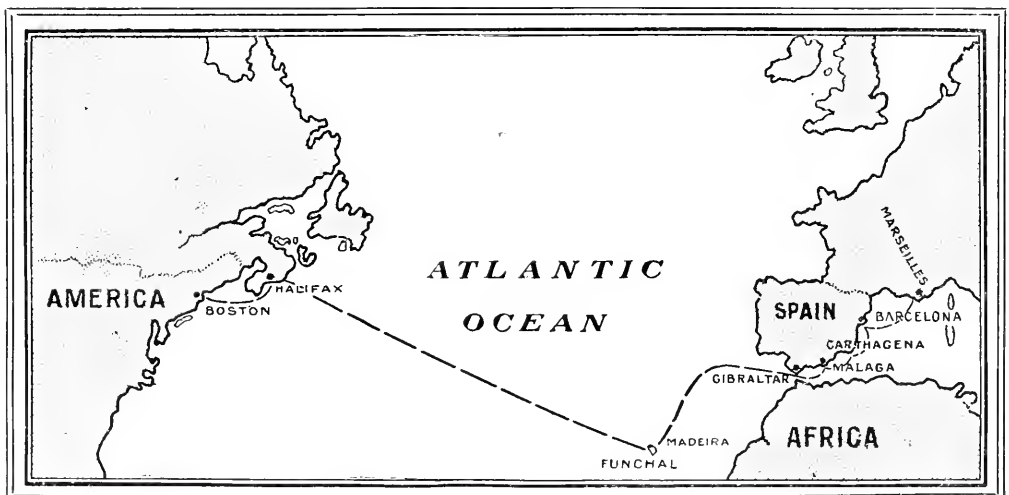


"THE FINAL FLICK OF HIS GREAT TAIL CAME VERY NEAR SENDING ME TO THE BOTTOM."

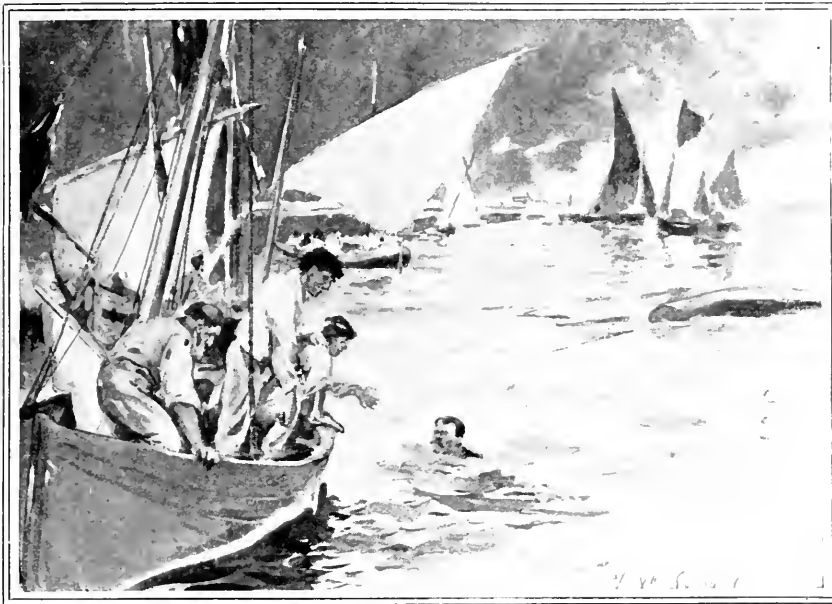
The crossing of the Atlantic was a most terribly trying time, for during the fifty-six days

would have been quite painless. Collision was unlikely; the ocean is large, and my boat

that I was on the water—a record, if I am not mistaken—the *Columbia II*. encountered gale after gale, tempest after tempest. The weather grew so bad at times and the sea so mountainous that I sometimes feared I should have to abandon my attempt and go aboard the first steamer I happened to meet. During the storms I suffered much from exposure and want of sleep, but during the calms I brought the boat to, fastened the helm, and went to sleep. It was a dangerous proceeding, no doubt, but there was nothing else to do under the circumstances. One must have sleep, and to go to one's death that way



A MAP SHOWING THE COURSE OF CAPTAIN EISENBRAUN'S REMARKABLE VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.



"I SWAM TO ONE OF THEIR BOATS."

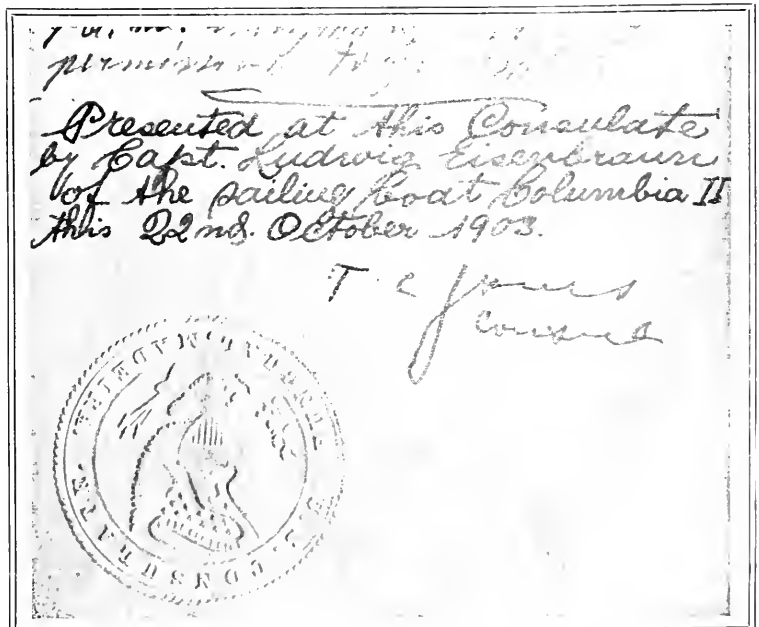
barely twenty feet long, while as to sudden storms—well, there was no fear of the mighty Atlantic being offended by the slumbers of a solitary mariner like myself. During these long days and nights of that interminable ocean voyage I met only two English steamers, both of which kindly offered to take me on board or assist me in any other way in their power. I refused to take anything from the first, but in the case of the second, the *Greenbier*, I accepted some provisions. My own stock of food was by no means exhausted, but, not knowing how long I might be in reaching land, I thought it prudent to replenish my larder. I may here say that, in addition to the articles previously mentioned, I had on board a small petroleum cooking-stove with which to boil water.

It took me exactly fifty-six days to make the voyage from Halifax to Madeira, where I arrived on the evening of October 20th. The reception which I received there well repaid me for the hardships I had

undergone on my solitary journey. The people were most enthusiastic, as, indeed, they were in all the other ports at which I afterwards touched, and many were the calls upon my time.

On setting out from Madeira I headed for Cape St. Vincent, reaching Gibraltar without incident on November 20th. Thence I proceeded to Malaga, where I arrived on November 28th. On December 8th the *Columbia II* sailed into the port of Almuneca; and on

the 15th of the same month I came within sight of Calahouda. Then occurred a mishap. I was, as I have said, nearing the port when a sudden gust of wind caught my sails and capsized the boat. Fortunately some fishermen happened to be within reach and came to my assistance. I swam to one of their boats, and



THE CERTIFICATE OF THE U.S. CONSUL AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA, TESTIFYING TO THE ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN EISENBRUN.

*Captain Ludwig Eisenbraun*  
*of the American Sailing Boat*  
*"Columbia II" Called at this*  
*Consulate today*  
*The contents of his log book*  
*are most interesting*  
*in view of the history of the*  
*United States.*  
*Gibraltar 21st December 1904*  
*L. J. Payne*

No.	Dir. of Lat.	Departure	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation	Ref. Lat.	Ref. Long.	Ref. by Ob.

CERTIFICATE FROM THE CONSUL AT GIBRALTAR.

then, with their help, succeeded in righting the *Columbia II*.; but it was a narrow shave, for all that. On December 28th I was at Carthagena; on January 19th, 1904, at Barcelona; on February 8th at Rosas; and on February 12th at Port Vendres. It was from this last port that, on March 12th, I finally reached Marseilles.

Captain Eisenbraun showed me the various entries in his log-book, authenticating all that he had told me. The attestations of American and German Consuls proved beyond a shadow of doubt that this remarkable voyage was really accomplished in the manner stated. In this interesting log-book everything is set down with mathematical clearness and conciseness. The various speeds at which the *Columbia II*. travelled and her average speed

—usually somewhere about five knots per hour—during each day are noted, and particulars of currents, courses, bearings, the variations of wind, and names of vessels encountered *en route*, all find a place.

Asked as to his plans for the future, Captain Eisenbraun said he thought of proceeding up the Rhone and along the canals of France as far as Cherbourg. Thence he may go to Hamburg and afterwards to London. This route, however, he had not definitely decided upon at the moment of writing. It is almost certain that his final destination

will be the St. Louis Exhibition, where the tiny *Columbia II*. will be on view. Captain Eisenbraun hoped to return to America on one of the large liners in time for the opening of the great show.

No.	K.	Courses.	Winds.	Leeway.	Remarks.	day of	190
<p>at FROM <i>Gibraltar</i> towards <i>Marseilles</i></p> <p><i>Captain Ludwig Eisenbraun of the</i>  <i>Columbia II. arrived at Barcelona on the night</i>  <i>of January 19<sup>th</sup> 1904 in his small boat and</i>  <i>presented to us the log book on the 20<sup>th</sup> January</i>  <i>1904</i></p> <p><i>Frederick Lay</i>  <i>U.S. Consul General</i></p> <p><i>left Barcelona the 25<sup>th</sup> of January</i>  <i>arrived in San Felix after</i>  <i>a fine passage the 24<sup>th</sup> of January,</i>  <i>1904</i></p>							

THE BARCELONA CERTIFICATE.

# LEFT IN CHARGE

by ROOPE WILLIAMS

An exciting story told by an old Australian Colonist. While he was taking charge of a store one night for some friends who were going to a ball the place was attacked by robbers, and Mr. Williams went through a most trying ordeal.



**D**URING the year 1855 I was, for a time, living near Buninyong, in Victoria, being at that time interested in a small store on the Black Lead, and in several deep claims in which I held shares.

The Black Lead was then in its infancy. Hundreds of logged-up holes, the windlasses protected from the summer sun and winter rains

up" by the diggers in their tubs and "cradles." A few miles to the north lay the rich workings of Magpie Gully, through which then passed the coach road leading to Ballarat. The Magpie "rush" was then at its height. The ground had proved to be enormously rich, and the majority of the diggers on the field were, as a rule, very successful. Consequently, the whole place bore that appearance of activity, enterprise, and



"THE MAGPIE 'RUSH' WAS THEN AT ITS HEIGHT."

by white canvas "flies," or awnings, extended, three abreast, for a mile or more, from the head of the broad, shallow gully at Hard Hills almost to the Yarrowee Creek, on the banks of which gold-bearing "wash-dirt" was "cleaned

excitement inseparable from the "new rushes" of those early days, and the main thoroughfare was filled with stores, hotels, drinking shanties, bowling alleys, and dancing saloons, all intended for the spoliation, in one way or another, of the



lucky digger. The population was mixed, as usual, with a very large proportion of the criminal class—"old lags," time-expired prisoners of the Crown, and escaped convicts from New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land helping to swell the undesirable element.

The main business street ran along the side of a small range, from which the ground sloped down across a flat, covered with hundreds of mining shafts, or "holes," to a creek running at the base of Sebastopol Hill, a rampart-like wall of basalt rock rising almost perpendicularly on the other side.

Perched on the top of the hill was a long, low, straggling structure built of weather-boards, canvas, and iron, known far and near as the "Dutch Harry" Hotel, and a source of considerable attraction to the miners of the surrounding diggings. Though the house of refreshment in question was not the only one licensed to satisfy the requirements of the thirsty public, the "Dutch Harry" offered special attractions, inasmuch as its genial owner had established a series of entertainments held two or three times a week—now a concert or "sing-song," now a dance—which became exceedingly popular, not only amongst the diggers, but also with the business people of Magpie Gully.

It so chanced that while on my way to Ballarat one summer afternoon I walked across the ranges from the Black Lead to Magpie Gully, and looked in upon an old acquaintance then managing a large store in the main street for a merchant at Geelong.

I discovered in the course of conversation that my friend was in great perplexity concerning a difficulty which had just then arisen. That night there was to be an unusual attraction at the "Dutch Harry"; a grand ball was to be held in honour of some special event, and my friend, having early in the week given permission to the store assistants to attend, now found himself suddenly called upon by a fair acquaintance to fulfil a promise to take her to the first *real* ball held on the diggings. Naturally, the store could not be left unprotected; robberies and burglaries—too often attended by violence—were of almost nightly occurrence, and the question being debated on my arrival was—who was to remain at home and look after the premises? The proposal to procure some persons in the neighbourhood to act as watchmen was promptly rejected by the perplexed manager, as no one could tell "who was who" in those dangerous times. He was on the point of relinquishing his anticipated pleasure and deciding to remain on duty himself when I happened to observe that I regretted they were all going away, as I had left the Black Lead with

the intention of spending the evening with them and going on to Ballarat in the morning,

I had no sooner spoken than my friend jumped to his feet. "By Jove," he cried, "the very thing! Why can't *you* stop? You can have my room, and we won't be very late. Some of us are certain to be back by two or three o'clock at the latest; you can have a good night's rest and go on to Ballarat after breakfast."

The proposition came so unexpectedly that I was, for the moment, quite taken aback. I was, of course, accustomed to remain alone by night in my own tent; I didn't mind that; I had there become accustomed to the surroundings, but this was quite another affair altogether. The responsibility was great, and the risk by no means small. Many robberies had taken place along the main road, and that very store had not long before been attempted—so I had heard. I did not like the idea a bit, but I did not wish to refuse my friend's request and stand in the way of his enjoyment. Finally, after some persuasion, I consented to remain, and it was arranged that they should not leave for the dance until about ten o'clock, so that no one outside should suspect that the store was not occupied as usual.

In order to afford a better understanding of what subsequently transpired it is necessary to give a brief description of the building and its surroundings. Like others of a similar kind it was a single story building, constructed of weather-boards. The store was about sixty feet long and had a frontage to the main street of twenty-five feet. At the rear were two rooms, each about twelve feet square, one on the right, the living-room, and the other to the left, the manager's bedroom. The assistants, three in number, slept in the shop. From the front of the store the ground sloped gradually down to the gully at the back, the after-part of the building being supported upon piles; the flooring of the rooms was in no place less than five feet from the ground. When the store was closed for the night the only access to the building was by a flight of narrow steps at the back, leading to a landing outside the only door, which opened into the living-room. The timber used in the construction was Australian hardwood, which, put up green, soon shrunk with the summer heat, leaving plenty of apertures for the wind to whistle through. So far as the walls were concerned that was remedied by canvas lining, but the flooring could not be so protected, and in the rooms it gaped in long draughty openings, in some places quite an inch or more in width.

As the time drew near for their departure

my friend locked up the store (including the door leading into the sitting-room) and, as was his custom, placed the cash-box, containing nearly a week's takings, under his bed. He called my attention to it and also to a heavy revolver which he kept under the pillow, saying that he did not think there would be any necessity for its use as "they"—meaning some undesirable visitors unknown—"had tried it on a few weeks before, but, as it didn't come off, probably would not trouble themselves again."

Naturally I was interested, and began to fancy that I was in for a lively time, so I asked for particulars.

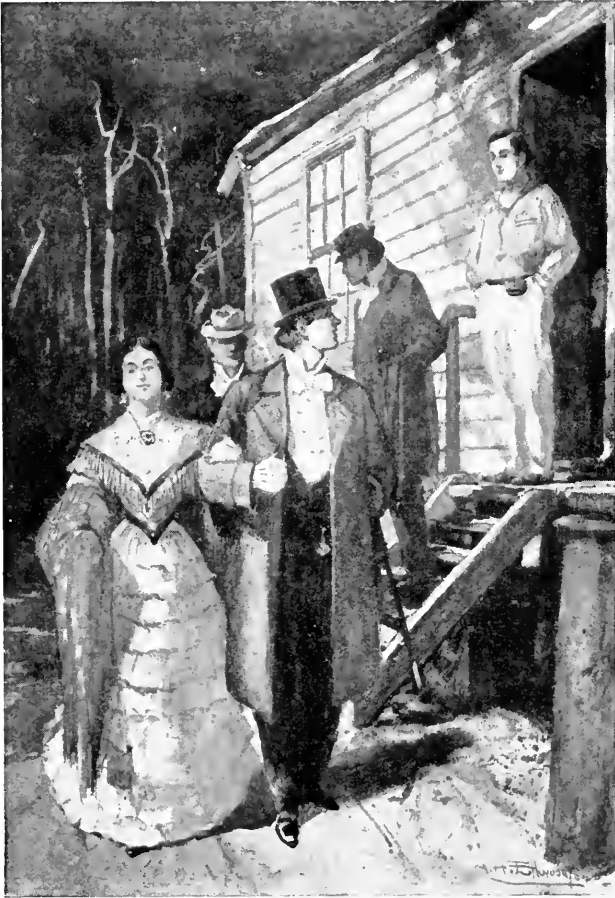
"Oh! it's nothing much," he replied. "One night last month I was awakened by a funny noise that I couldn't make out, but, on listening, I discovered some beggar underneath trying to put an auger-hole through the floor. I fired a shot down a crack, and whoever it was cleared out. They had got a couple of holes through, however, before they woke me; you can see them for yourself."

I *did* see them for myself, and felt by no means assured by his parting remark as they all went down the steps: "It's all right, old chap—you go to bed. Nobody will disturb you until we come back. We sha'n't be long."

However, there I was. I had undertaken the job and had to go through with it until his return—and, after all, as he said, probably no one would trouble me. Anyhow, before going in I looked round just to take stock of things. It was a bright moonlight night—a true Australian moonlight. Everything around me and in the distance stood out clearly and

distinctly. I could see my friends winding their way, amongst the holes and mullock heaps on the flat, towards the tall bank of basalt on the other side of the Yarrowee Creek, where the bright illumination I lazing from the windows of the "Dutch Harry," quite a mile away, was at once their guide and their goal. Another building joined the store on the left from where I stood, but on my right was vacant ground, the nearest house being quite fifty yards away,

and there was not a single habitation on the flat between me and the creek. I looked around. All was quiet except for the hum of voices from the distant drinking-shops down the main road along the front. I thought I saw the shadow of some moving object near a mullock heap close by, but, looking again, concluded that I was mistaken, and went inside, locked the door, and set about preparing to "turn in." There was a spare bed in the inner room just behind the door and almost opposite the one on the other side used by my friend the manager, and under the head of which he had placed the well-filled cash-box. I decided to occupy the spare bed, and, removing the light



"IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP—YOU GO TO BED. NOBODY WILL DISTURB YOU UNTIL WE COME BACK."

from the outside room, placed it beside me and lay down, only partially undressed, intending to read awhile before going to sleep. I did not then remove my friend's pistol. I had one of my own which, should necessity arise, I felt I could depend upon with greater certainty.

For a time I read, and all seemed calm and quiet. Occasionally I fancied I could hear the music, borne upon the gentle night breeze across the flat from Sebastopol Hill, and then

by degrees I dozed into a soft slumber—to be suddenly awakened by a grunting and scuffling noise immediately beneath me. I started up and listened, and then, with a laugh to myself, lay down again, for the noise I heard was occasioned by an old sow and her progeny, which had taken up their quarters under the house.

Not feeling inclined to read more I put out the light and lay awake, looking at the moonlight, which streamed in through the uncurtained window and made everything in the room clearly visible. It was now some time past midnight—that hour at which “churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead”; but there are no churchyards in Victoria, and the country is, even yet, far too new for ghosts. The reflection didn't trouble me much. I was, nevertheless, quite unable to sleep again.

I must have dozed a little, however, for again I started up to listen intently to a grating noise somewhat resembling a rat gnawing at wood. All of a sudden I realized that the sound proceeded from an auger being used from below upon a flooring-board, and I felt a creepy sensation coming over me, which can best be described as a “blue funk.” It did not last for more than a few moments, though. I quickly realized that something had to be done, and, rising as noiselessly as I could, I crept across the room to the other bed and stooped down to get hold of the cash-box. To do so I had to kneel, in order to reach under the bed. I had

just seized the box when, as ill-luck would have it, it slipped from my hand with a crash, which had the effect of immediately stopping the cutting noise and producing a smothered but distinctly audible oath from somewhere just

below me. I grabbed the box again, but before I could get on my feet I felt something sharp pierce my left leg from below, and on regaining the other side of the room—which I lost no time in doing—I found I had received a nasty cut from some sharp instrument pushed up between the gaping flooring-boards.

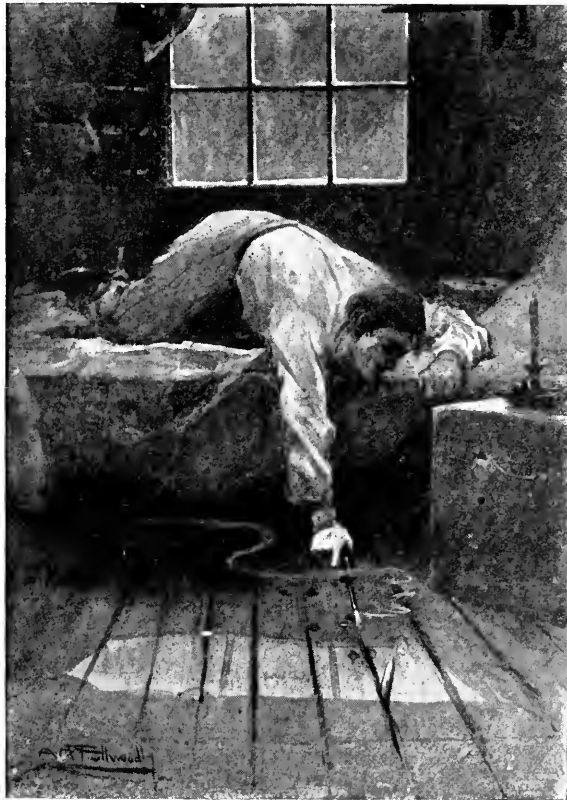
I placed the precious box in my bed and, holding my pistol ready, went cautiously across the room again to ascertain what was being done below. Evidently my body in the bright moonlight caused some sort of a shadow to be projected through the cracks in the flooring, enabling those underneath to follow my movements, for just as I got to the manager's bed again I saw the long blade of an ugly-looking knife project through a crevice, its owner evidently feeling for my whereabouts again. I jumped on to the bed and, drawing aside the

clothes, looked underneath, where I could plainly see several auger-holes right across the very plank on which the box had rested.

Putting the muzzle of my revolver to one of the holes, I fired down, not so much in the hope of hitting anyone as to let the burglars know that someone was at home and had fire-arms. I found afterwards that they knew all about that as well as I did. They had watched their opportunity. They knew of the ball; had seen my friend and his assistants fairly off the premises; and then determined to cut the floor and get into the store, not doubting they could intimidate, or overcome, the single man left in charge, and I must say

they tried their best to carry out their plan.

The shot I fired did not do any harm, nor did it do any good in the way of deterring my assailants. It seemed, indeed, only to make them more vicious. I did not deem it safe to



“PUTTING THE MUZZLE OF MY REVOLVER TO ONE OF THE HOLES, I FIRED DOWN.”

remain on the bed, so, taking the store revolver as well as my own, I made my way as quickly as I could back across the room to a corner in the shadow well out of the glare of the moonlight. It was fortunate for me, perhaps, that I did so, for I had no sooner left the bed than two shots were fired up from below through the interstices of the floor, and a gruff voice called out to me to "lie quiet," or it would be the worse for me. My wounded leg was now very painful and bleeding profusely, so I bandaged it up with my handkerchief, thanking my lucky stars that they had not cut me in the feet, as, no doubt, was their intention. I prayed also for the return of my friends, whom I really felt inclined to blame for leaving me in such a predicament. The thought occurred to me of rushing out with the box at the back door, but I knew my enemies would meet me at the foot of the steps, so that idea was impossible. That door, however, was my only means of egress, for, as I have said, the door leading into the store was locked, and the manager had the key with him.

For a time there was quiet, but for how long it lasted I could not say. I had begun to hope that the robbers had abandoned the attempt when again I heard the auger at work, and was on the point of investigating that part of the floor with the object of firing down any opening that might be made when, to my dismay, I heard footsteps ascending to the landing and somebody trying the handle of the door. I knew it could not be my friends or they would call to me to let them in, and I now felt that, with the man below boring his way in and the other trying to break down the door, I was really "between the devil and the deep sea." Realizing that it would take some little time to cut through a couple of planks, the scoundrels had evidently determined to shorten matters by forcing the door—though the risk of observation by chance passers-by rendered the attempt somewhat hazardous.

Although the boring still continued I deemed the attack upon the door the more serious of the two, so I went immediately into the next

room to meet that danger. Hitherto I had not spoken a word, but now I walked to the back door (having drawn on my boots to protect my feet from that ugly knife) and called out loudly, "Who's there? What do you want?" For answer came the following cheering words, uttered in rough, suppressed tones, and garnished with many oaths: "Open the door, you young wretch! If you don't open at once you'll have your throat cut!"

How I kept my senses I really don't know. Youngster as I was, I was naturally terrified, for I knew that if the miscreants did succeed in getting in they would think nothing of putting their bloodthirsty threat into execution—if only on the principle that "dead men tell no tales."

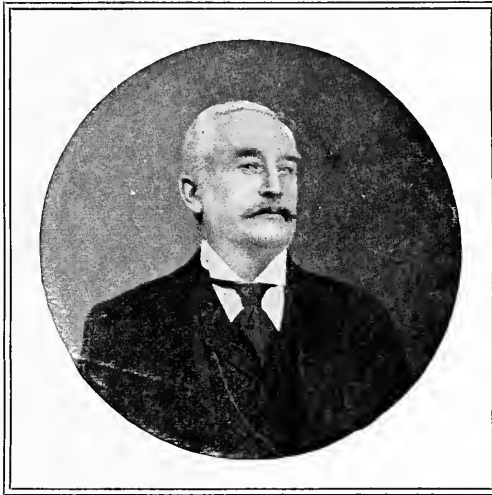
But, strange to say, I was wonderfully cool. I knew that my only chance was to get help from outside—unless my friends should come home earlier than I expected them. My only fear was lest the villains should speedily break in the door, and then I knew there would be little hope for me.

An inspiration suddenly flashed across my mind. The pistol-shots already discharged had been fired inside and under the house, and, to a great extent, the reports were muffled and scarcely loud enough

to attract attention. I thought that, perchance, a succession of reports *outside* the house might arouse somebody, so I rushed to the window, which stood high off the ground and away from the steps, and rapidly fired four shots from the manager's large revolver. When my assailant at the door found what I had done he let fly a volley of curses and redoubled his attacks on the door, calling at the same time to someone else to come to his assistance.

I now thought all was over, for there did not appear to be any people about, or the villains would not have been so bold. I retreated towards the door leading to the bedroom, where, from the cessation of the auger noise, I concluded that the man from below had joined his mate on the landing. If there were any more of the villains I could not hear them.

Suddenly, in response to the attacks of the



THE AUTHOR, MR. ROOPE WILLIAMS—HE WAS A YOUNG MAN AT THE TIME OF THIS ADVENTURE.  
*From a Photo. by A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

robbers, the door began to yield ;—it creaked and splintered and finally gave way at the hinges. Horror-stricken I saw it falling inward and something big and black came through with it. I raised my own revolver, fired two shots in rapid succession at the figure, and then sprang inside the bedroom, slamming the door behind me. Having turned the key I hastened

who, however, with all residents on the diggings in those days, were too much accustomed to the sound of firearms to regard it as anything unusual. Nevertheless, the rapidity of the shooting had aroused their curiosity, and they came round just in time to meet my friends returning from the ball and to capture one rascal at the foot of the steps. The other lay



"I RAISED MY REVOLVER AND FIRED TWO SHOTS IN RAPID SUCCESSION."

to push the bedstead against it and pile on anything that came to hand by way of additional barricades. I was determined to sell my life—and the cash-box—as dearly as possible.

To my great surprise the attack was not followed up. A silence ensued. I stood quivering with excitement and expectation, wondering what was to follow, when I thought I heard a moaning sound. Then came a tumult of voices outside, among which I recognised those of my friends. Joyfully I pulled my barrier down and stepped out.

My shots from the window, it appeared, had attracted the notice of the people next door,

in the living-room, badly wounded by one of my shots.

Both men were speedily handed over to the police, who, upon arrival at the scene of my little adventure, recognised the burglars as well known offenders who were badly "wanted" for several offences. They congratulated me upon what they were pleased to call a lucky escape, but soundly rated my friend the manager for leaving the store without sufficient protection. It was a long time, however, before I could banish from my mind the ordeal of suspense and excitement I went through the night I was "Left in Charge."

# St. George and the Dragon at Mons.

BY THEODORE ADAMS.

A remarkable festival is held yearly at Mons, in Belgium, on Trinity Sunday, in connection with the Kermesse. This is the combat between St. George and the dragon, supposed to have been killed by the saint in some marsh lands near Mons. The spectacle is the most popular in the coal region of Hainault, and is attended by thousands of visitors.



HERE St. George really killed the dragon has been a puzzle to antiquarians for hundreds of years, but that he is regularly killed each year is a fact little known. Of course, it is not the dragon killed by the patron saint of England to which we refer, for that dragon was a creature of legend, and this dragon is a creature of canvas and willow. He is dispatched regularly at half-past twelve o'clock on the first Sunday after every Whitsuntide in the public square at Mons, in Belgium. Never was such a dragon as this. Once seen he is unforgettable. In putting him thus to an annual death the pleasure-loving Belgians show no brutality—merely a happy observance of a custom which carries them back into legendary times.

There are some who say that our patron saint killed his dragon in Syria, but the Belgians say he was done to death in the marsh lands of Wasmes, near Mons, somewhere about the Middle Ages. It matters little who is right, and in Belgium, as in our own country, a day in honour of the saint is still popularly kept. In Belgium it was once observed with religious ceremony, and the combat between St. George and the dragon was supported by the Church; but that

time has long since gone by, for the clergy no longer take cognizance of the dragon, and the figure of St. George is relegated to an unimportant place in the religious procession which takes place every Trinity Sunday at Mons.

It is easy to see which the people like best—the procession of the Church at ten o'clock in the morning, or the dragon spectacle at midday. In one case the Grande Place is practically empty save for a few devout or curious people, whereas at midday it is filled to repletion. Yet in one way the Church ceremonial is infinitely more beautiful to see. It is solemn and thought-inspiring as opposed to the exhibit of physical

endurance and frivolity shown in the later spectacle. Hardly is one procession over than the other begins, the line of demarcation between religion and secularity being shown in the promptness with which the rope is stretched around the square of Mons after the religious procession has passed on its way to the cathedral, over the sand laid down for the coming combat.

The stretching of the rope is the signal for the appearance of small boys in hundreds, who take their places near the sand, leaning or swinging on the rope while waiting for the secular procession to appear. This crowd is quickly swelled by



THE DRAGON ON ITS WAY THROUGH THE STREETS OF MONS TO THE STARTING-POINT OF THE PROCESSION. [By Balasse, Mons.]



those on their way from church, who, gathering in the background, look on while the younger ones disport themselves, cutting each other's toy balloons or trying to avoid the vigilant police while stealing a march across the ring.

Eagerly the crowd watches the hands of the clock of the Hôtel de Ville, for the *fête* is timed to begin at half-past twelve, and it is just now striking the hour of noon. In a moment there is music from a band, and from under an archway beneath the clock come forth the musicians on their way to another part of the town, there to take their place at the head of the procession. But the town is small and time flies fast. The band soon reappears, and the crowd around the ropes sees the procession emerge rapidly from the Rue des Clercs into the public square, the musicians at the head and St. George, a gallant and athletic figure in yellow jacket and brass helmet, following on horseback. He swings his gilt-tipped spear of wood, like a drum-major his *bâton*, with practised skill, and affords great amusement to the masses, who hurry to greet him as he prances along.

The progress of the procession is somewhat hindered by the good-natured attacks of the spectators upon the dragon, from time immemorial a symbol of evil as opposed to purity and goodness, and they lose no chance to give the dragon's ribs a contemptuous dig or to twist his ferocious tail. These ribs, by the way, are made of osier, and the tail is a long tuft of tickling horsehair, mainly used to flick the faces of the crowd. The dragon, as a whole,

is fearfully and wonderfully made throughout, mostly of osier-withes, covered with bright green canvas, his ten feet of tail being decorated with bow-knots of red, yellow, and black, the Belgian national colours. One man, hidden inside the body, holds him up in the air, while six men, three on each side, guide his movements in attacking, or resisting the attacks of, the good people of Mons.

He is further aided by a few attendants, clothed like devils, with red ears on black caps, who, following the dragon closely, belabour the onlookers with bladders. Each of these demons wears a black vestment, on the back of which is painted in colours the head of a terrible ogre. There are also in the procession two men dressed wholly in ivy leaves, each with a huge club ornamented with eight or ten red spikes. These are the wild men of the marshes who helped to destroy the dragon, and they look much like Jacks-o'-the-Green as they dance along under the dragon's tail. Four men, mounted on osier hobby-horses



THE PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO THE GRANDE PLACE, WHERE THE COMBAT OCCURS.  
From a Photo. by Balasse, Mons.

covered with cow's hide, are dressed in gorgeous plaid and tartan, and represent the hounds in the old story. Nothing more ridiculous can be imagined than these canine imitations, with their long, manly legs, vainly trying to hide themselves beneath plaid skirts. Will the antiquarian tell us how the plaids of Scotland got into the local customs of Belgium?

The progress of the procession through the Grande Place to the ring where the combat takes place is very rapid, and after making one or two turns, accompanied by the discharge of toy artillery, the gallant George darts into the





THE RING IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT MONS, SHOWING ST. GEORGE AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE DRAGON.  
*From a Photo. by Balasse, Mons.*

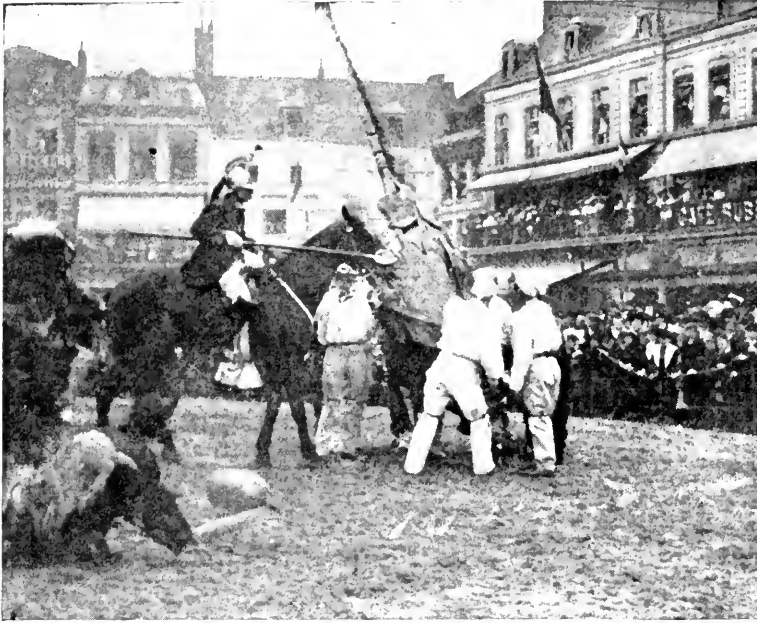
sanded enclosure, brandishing his wooden spear. The dragon quickly follows with the devils, dogs, and men in ivy green, and preparations begin for the conflict. At such a moment the interest of the crowd should be very tense, but, as a matter of fact, the spectators take the whole affair quite calmly. They are much less interested in watching St. George than they are in the movements of the dragon's tail, for in this, the chief glory of the canvas monster, lies danger to physiognomy and bonnets.

All this time, be it remembered, the chief characters in the conflict are keeping step to a monotonous melody connected for many years with this ceremony, and not once, from the time the procession starts till the dragon lies *hors de combat* on the sand, does the

dancing stop. St. George spends his whole time curveting about the ring in an opposite direction to that of the dragon, now touching it with



THE DRAGON AND ITS ATTENDANTS, FOLLOWED BY THE MEN IN IVY GREEN.  
*From a Photo.*



From a) ST. GEORGE AND HIS WOODEN SPEAR ATTACKING THE DRAGON. [Photo.

his spear, now ducking his head beneath its dangerous tail, now bowing to the spectators or else trying to get out of the way of some attendant prone upon the ground.

The dragon likewise keeps himself fully occupied. He has two duties to perform: to keep one of his stuffed eyes on purity and goodness, as represented by the knightly saint, and the other upon the evil-intentioned crowd still looking for a chance to annoy him. The attendants raise him from the ground, with his tail high in the air; then, with a sweep of his awkward body, strive to knock St. George from his equestrian seat or, by a sudden swoop of the tail, to lay prostrate one of the beplauded hounds. When one of these topples over the crowd is greatly amused, for the dogs experience great difficulty in getting again upon their two legs. When by some accident one of the devils is toppled over he is seized by the dogs and carried round the ring by his legs, flat upon his back. Dogs, devils, and men in green die, in the course of twenty minutes,



From a Photo.] THE DRAGON PREPARING TO ATTACK THE CROWD WITH HIS TAIL, SHOWING ALSO THE HOUNDS. *Vly Bataisse, Mons.*

many deaths, but they come to life quickly and carry on the fun with wonderful pertinacity.

When St. George has, for the time being, received sufficient attention from the dragon to give him real appreciation of that terrible creature's prowess, the "dou-dou"—for so the dragon is popularly known—turns his menacing tail upon the spectators. He stands near the centre of the ring, makes a false dash at the saint, gives a quick turn towards the onlookers, and, without a moment's warning, makes a half circle downwards with his tail. "Ah, la-la!" cries out someone who has been at these

those who have interfered. Every five minutes the soldiers fire a volley just to add a little noise to the fun of the day, and it is with powder, not with lance, that St. George finally dispatches the dragon. By this time both the saint, his attendants, and the men who carry the dragon, are tired out, and as the "dou-dou" has sooner or later to be put to death to show the victory of good over evil, so is the victory made complete when the men of goodness are too exhausted to pursue further this mortal combat. It takes a couple of discharges into his stuffed body to do the dragon



*From a Photo. by* THE DRAGON HORS DE COMBAT, AND THE SALUTE OF ST. GEORGE UPON HIS VICTORY. [*Bilasse, Mons.*]

combats before, and with a common celerity the crowd ducks, falling to its knees until the tail has passed out of the way. Should any unlucky wight of Mons not be watching for this onslaught, he pays the penalty with a spoilt hat or a scratched face, for the dragon is no respecter of persons. During his twenty minutes of activity he makes at least a dozen of these attacks, directing his movements towards all parts of the ring, but paying particular attention to those who have been unduly malicious. It frequently happens that the tail is grabbed and held fast by one or two venturesome youths. In such a case the police, who have little other work to do, run to the dragon's assistance, while the men with bladders and the hounds make a terrific onslaught upon

to death, and when he sinks upon the ground for his death agony our comes a man from under his body who rushes off to the nearest tavern for a glass of beer.

In former years the combat between St. George and the dragon at Mons was a ceremony of no little importance, smiled upon by the municipal authorities, who filled the bandstand ready to receive the salute of the saint upon the dispatch of the dragon. Possibly at the present day the municipal authorities are not anxious to offend the Church, for on the bandstand they are conspicuous by their absence, and the salute of the saint is given, not to the mayor, but to a handful of privileged school-children leaning in huge enjoyment at the spectacle over the bandstand rails.



The authoress narrates how a toy water-pistol, called the "Son of a Gun," saved the life of her brother, a Trinidad cocoa-planter, and turned a dangerous situation into an amusing incident.



Y brother is a member of the Trinidad Light Horse, and was fortunate enough to be among the few chosen to represent Trinidad in Her late Majesty's Jubilee of 1897. He had just returned from England when the events I am about to relate occurred.

From the excitement and bustle of the Jubilee he returned, being a planter, to the very real solitude of his cocoa estate in the Santa Cruz valley, some miles from Port of Spain.

Here his solitude was broken occasionally by a Sunday visit from one or more bachelor friends, and it was on one of these occasions, whilst "speeding the parting guest," that he noticed the bright muzzle of a revolver protruding from his friend's pocket.

"Afraid of thieves, Fred, on your lonely ride, that you carry that little weapon about with you?" he asked.

"No; only of barking dogs," replied his friend, producing the "pistol" with a laugh. The weapon proved to be nothing more formidable than a water-squirt cleverly contrived in the form of a pistol, with the words "Son of a Gun" printed on the stock.

"Upon my word, it might deceive anyone," said my brother, as he took up the little instrument to examine it.

"Keep it, if you have a fancy for it," said the other, and my brother accordingly kept it.

This trivial toy was the means of saving his life and turning a dangerous situation into nothing more than an amusing incident. Before readers of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE can properly understand the narrative that follows, it will be necessary to give a brief sketch of East Indian immigration as it exists in many of the West Indian islands at the present day.

When slavery was abolished, the natives, freed from the bond of enforced servitude, asserted their independence by refusing to work. Toil for them became the badge of slavery. They revelled in their new-found independence, and, the climate proving their friend, they were able to enjoy this easy mode of living, and thus help to ruin their former masters, whose crops remained ungathered, while the mills were silent for want of hands. Things were in a very serious condition when the Government stepped in and sanctioned East Indian immigration.

Every year coolies are shipped at the expense of the Government, and those estate owners who need their aid can obtain, upon payment of certain fees, the number they require, the size of the estate in some measure limiting the number allowed to each.

These coolies are bound to their several estates for five years. That is, they may not go to work elsewhere within that time. They may at no time during the period leave the

estate for a day without a "pass" or "permit" from their master, which pass, at the expiration of a fortnight, becomes their due, if the work allotted to them daily has been satisfactorily accomplished. On the other hand, the Trinidad Immigration Ordinance protects the coolies from ill-usage by binding the proprietor to supply them with work every day; to provide them with wholesome food for the first year, deducting the necessary amount from their monthly earnings; and to see that they are supplied with proper nourishment and medicine when they are ill.

A Government inspector visits the estates at stated intervals, when the coolies lay before him any complaint they may have to make. When the five years are at an end the immigrant is a comparatively free man, for he can work where he pleases, but may not leave the island until another five years have transpired. At the end of that time he is perfectly free and may return to his country if he chooses, or remain and claim from Government a portion of land upon which to settle.

The coolies are worked in a manner that would be considered degrading to the European mind. On all estates it is customary to appoint one of their number as "driver" to the rest. The term only is offensive, being a relic of the days of slavery, when "driver" was really what the name implies. Nowadays the duties are merely those of a foreman. He sees that the coolies turn out to work at the proper hour, allots them their various tasks, and generally superintends their work.

It is usual among the coolies when a new manager takes charge to try his mettle by a number of crafty devices. They are in no way disconcerted, but quietly resign themselves to the inevitable should the "new massa" turn the tables upon them. With all the cunning of their race, their tactics are as curious as they are seemingly innocent.

One day a boy named Chedi, a mere lad of sixteen, asked for a pass on a certain pay-day. My brother refused to give him one, as his work had been anything but satisfactory.

With a coolie's natural pertinacity he persisted in ignoring the refusal and continued repeating his request every now and again till "pay" was

over. Then, seeing that there was no longer any hope of gaining his object, he exclaimed, viciously:—

"I don't care! To-morrow morning I shall get up very early and go without a pass!"

But he reckoned without his host. My brother heard the remark, fortunately understood what he said, and determined to act accordingly. To allow the boy to thwart his authority, although the offence was punishable by law, would have been the worst possible policy. From the first it is advisable to show your mastery over the coolies, to prove to them that if they are smart you can be smarter still; and above all to show them that you do not fear their numbers. For, if one coolie shows fight, you may be sure that there are several

others to urge him on to renewed acts of rebellion, the culprit or actual offender being in most cases the tool or feeler of the others.

In this case the leader, a man named Mogul, never appeared, although my brother strongly suspected him, and subsequent events proved that his surmise was a correct one.

Determining to frustrate the boy's intention, my brother rose before daylight, at about four o'clock, and proceeded at once to the coolie barracks to call the "driver" to his assistance. As he was leaving his quarters his eye happened to fall upon the "Son of a Gun," and some instinct—certainly not of danger, or he would

have chosen a more formidable weapon—made him slip it into his pocket.

His intention was to be his own constable and arrest the rebellious boy, a power that was his under the circumstances by virtue of the Immigration Ordinance. The "driver," as it happened, was not forthcoming. Being either in league with or in fear of his countrymen, he deemed it better—his position being critical—to make himself scarce.

Foreseeing that if he stayed to rout out the "driver" from his hiding-place he would lose the boy altogether, my brother set off alone at a quick pace. The road from Santa Cruz to Port of Spain is bordered for the first five miles by an almost continual line of cocoa estates. The dark and sombre shade of these trees, whose depths even in the hottest part of the day are



MR. L. A. BRUNTON, WHO OWES HIS LIFE TO THE FACT THAT HE WAS CARRYING A TOY PISTOL AT THE TIME OF THIS ADVENTURE.

*From a Photo. by Wardo.*

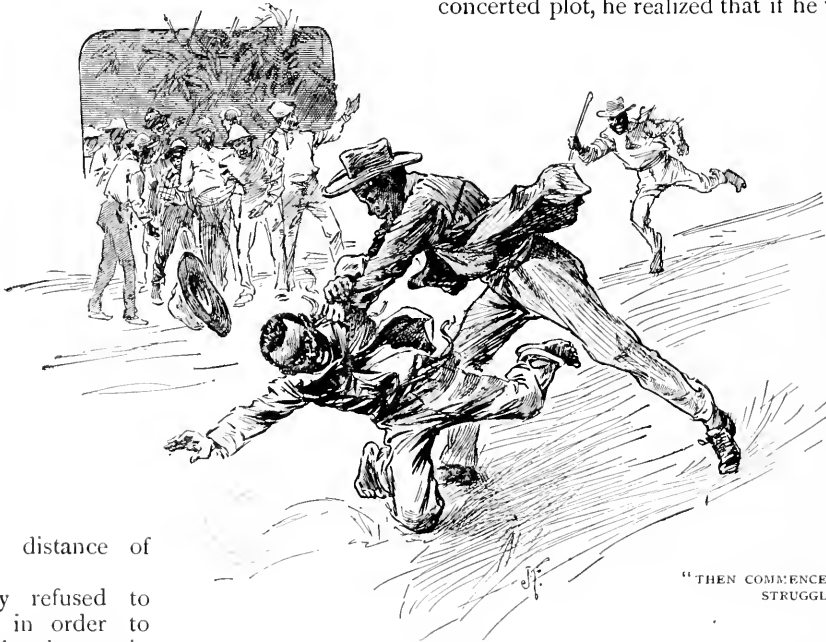
always cool and shady, cast a gloomy shadow across the road, which even the tropical brilliance of a late moon refused to brighten; and the air, cool as it generally is in the late months of the year, made walking even at a quick pace a pleasure.

The planter had passed the second milestone, and was beginning to fear that after all the boy had escaped him, when, turning a bend in the road, he saw a band of coolies ahead, whom he was soon able to recognise as coming from his estate. Chedi was in the midst of them. Upon seeing him approach the men paused to allow him to come up, and in the most innocent way imaginable inquired, "What massa want?" His answer was to order Chedi to go with him at once to the nearest police-

station, a distance of three miles. what forceful language. Tulsie, however, urged on by the loud voices of the other coolies—who, as though only waiting for the initiative, now took up the refrain he had started—came forward brandishing his upraised stick in a most threatening manner.

"Mara! Mara!" ("Beat him! Beat him!") cried the coolies. Amidst the confused babel of excited and gesticulating outcry these words were repeated with louder and yet louder emphasis.

My brother grasped the situation at a glance. Up till that moment he had not thought of danger or of any imprudent risk he was running. Alone on an entirely deserted road, far from any habitation and surrounded by some dozen infuriated coolies, whose actions his knowledge of the race showed him clearly formed part of a concerted plot, he realized that if he would come



"THEN COMMENCED A SERIES OF STRUGGLES."

station, a distance of three miles.

The boy refused to obey, and in order to show him that he was in earnest my brother seized him by the neck of his jacket. Then commenced a series of struggles, the recalcitrant Chedi twisting himself into all sorts of contortions in the vain hope of being able to free himself.

In the midst of this performance there arose a great shouting and commotion, and looking up to see the cause of this new disturbance Mr. Brunton saw another coolie making all haste to come up with him.

"What massa go do?" demanded the man, insolently. "Massa want kill Chedi? Massa let go Chedi, or Tulsie go show massa coolie no 'fraid."

To which harangue "massa" replied in some-

safely through he must keep cool and calm and act quickly, for to show the least fear would have been fatal.

One blow from 'Tulsie's upraised stick' would have been the signal for a general onset, and once started on their savage revenge only his death would satisfy them. Incidents of overseers being beaten to death by coolies had occurred too often and too recently for my brother to ignore his danger.

On came Tulsie, the others putting fresh courage into him with every repeated "Mara!" What was to be done?

The planter glanced hastily around. Oh, for a stick! If only he had brought one!



Then another thought presented itself to his mind, and, putting it into immediate execution, Tulsie's final flourish ere striking my brother to the ground was arrested by the bright muzzle of the "Son of a Gun" shining close to his temple.

The effect was so prompt and so far above the young planter's expectations that even in his precarious position the desire to laugh was strong upon him.

Tulsie leapt backward with more speed than forethought, landing in a heap in the ditch at the opposite side of the road.

So far my brother had conquered. The coolies, though loud in their denunciation of his conduct, recognised that he had might on his side, and declared their intention of following Chedi to the

however, was not a very pleasant outlook; and on more than one occasion he restrained himself with the greatest difficulty from striking the boy. The thought that Chedi's trying pedestrian performance was purposely arranged to make him do so, and thus furnish a plea for a charge for assault, alone made him hold his hand.

In this unenviable manner the party proceeded for a mile or more. The day had by this time broken. With the usual suddenness of a tropical dawn, the brilliant sunshine was upon

them almost before they had realized the change from dark to dawn.

It was about seven o'clock when the planter and his prisoner, followed by the grumbling coolies, arrived at a most picturesque portion of the road. A gentle incline led to the brink of a small running stream spanned by a single plank for the benefit of those who preferred to go over dryshod. At the

verge of the stream a forked road met. One arm led to the Santa Cruz village, the other to Port of Spain. Cocoa trees

still fringed the road on either side, affording now a grateful shade from the hot rays of the sun.

Here, had things gone quietly, my brother would have parted from the other coolies, they taking the road to Port of Spain, their original destination, and he and Chedi that leading to Santa Cruz. Instead of doing so the coolies elected to pause, and squatting down under the shade of the cocoa trees they



TULSIE LEAPT BACKWARDS WITH MORE SPEED THAN FORESIGHT.

police-station. Chedi, evidently at the instigation of the others — for although my brother was tolerably well versed in their language he could not follow all they said—commenced to walk at a snail's pace. He continued to do so for a few minutes, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, he started off at a terrific pace, compelling my brother to follow at that rate.

Perceiving that their intention was to enrage him, Mr. Brunton determined, at all costs, to keep his temper.

The three-mile walk at that headlong pace,

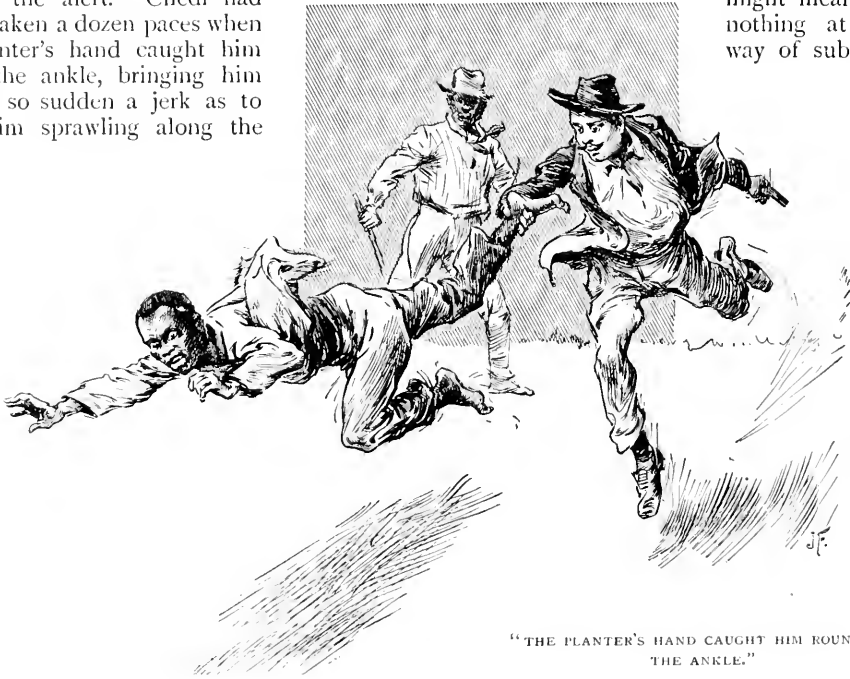


proceeded quite leisurely to produce and light their *chelum*s; nor would threats prevail upon Chedi to continue the journey without them. He must smoke his *chelum* also, he said.

He declared that he wished to join his companions under the trees, but this my brother refused to consent to, suspecting some ruse.

He told Tulsie, who was spokesman for the rest, that if Chedi wished to smoke he might do so, but that one of their number must bring him the pipe.

Tulsie consented, and came forward meekly enough until he got within three feet, when, with a sudden spring, he placed himself between my brother and Chedi, the latter immediately darting away. But my brother was on the alert. Chedi had hardly taken a dozen paces when the planter's hand caught him round the ankle, bringing him up with so sudden a jerk as to send him sprawling along the



"THE PLANTER'S HAND CAUGHT HIM ROUND THE ANKLE."

road. I fear my brother delighted at being able to punish him at last.

This incident, which was all over in a few seconds, not only had the effect of quieting the turbulent Chedi, but the other coolies also began to grasp the idea that it would be better to leave Chedi to his fate and "Go talk big massa town side" instead. After a short consultation, therefore, *chelum*s were abandoned, and they decided—evidently thinking my brother meant to use violence upon Chedi—to follow their comrade and see him safely handed over at the police-station before resuming their journey to town.

The next quarter of a mile was covered in the same trying manner, Chedi evidently still determined to try my brother's patience to the utmost; but happily a Creole labourer belonging to the estate chanced to pass that way, and at my brother's request consented to hurry forward and bring a policeman to take Chedi in charge. This was accomplished in course of time, and my brother, after entering his charge, returned to the estate. I may mention that the disobedient Chedi was sentenced to a week's imprisonment for his offence.

My brother was very busy for the next week picking cocoa, and although he was conscious of an air of mystery and expectancy, coupled with prompt, almost servile, obedience from Tulsie and his gang—which might mean anything or nothing at all in the way of submission—he

had almost forgotten the incident above mentioned when it was forcibly brought back to his mind by receiving an official notice from the Immigration Department.

The document informed him that an inspector would shortly pay him a visit for the purpose of inquiring into an accusation made against him by certain coolies, the charge being that of indiscriminate shooting. Upon the day named the inspector arrived and the coolies were summoned. Besides those immediately concerned, the whole muster of coolies, belonging to the estate, bound and free, appeared as onlookers.

The coolies who had laid the complaint were called up one by one to repeat before my brother and the inspector their charge, and each man's tale tallied with the other, viz. : "That massa had assaulted the boy Chedi and afterwards attempted to shoot them," they having interfered on Chedi's behalf.

All of them repeated this tale until it came to the turn of the only free man among them, who, to my brother's astonishment, spoke the truth, narrating the incident as it really had occurred. This was certainly evidence in his favour that he had never expected to gain.

When the coolies had finished the inspector turned to my brother for his version. The planter repeated what the last witness had said, and ended by asking if there would be any objection were he to ask the coolies to identify the pistol.

"Certainly not," said the official, and accordingly my brother produced the weapon. Pointing it towards them in exactly the same manner he had done before, and hiding the india-rubber ball containing the water in the palm of his hand, he was greeted with a universal cry of "Hun! Hun!" ("Yes! Yes!")

Then, without saying a word, he handed the "pistol" to the inspector, who, needless to say, enjoyed the joke immensely.

When Tulsie and his fellow-malcontents saw themselves not only fooled, but made the laughing-stocks of the other coolies, before whom they had hoped to score so greatly, they raised their voices in angry protest, declaring that "massa" had fired a *real* pistol at them.

They were immediately silenced, however, by the inspector, who reminded them, in no gentle terms, that their own evidence had proved the case against them.

My brother was told that he could, if he chose, enter a charge against the men; but he deemed he had scored sufficiently, and, recognising that he had risen high in their estimation and was now unquestionably accepted as their master, he thought it more prudent to be merciful. After warning them, therefore, and showing them that he was in a position to imprison all the offenders, he declared his intention of letting them off.

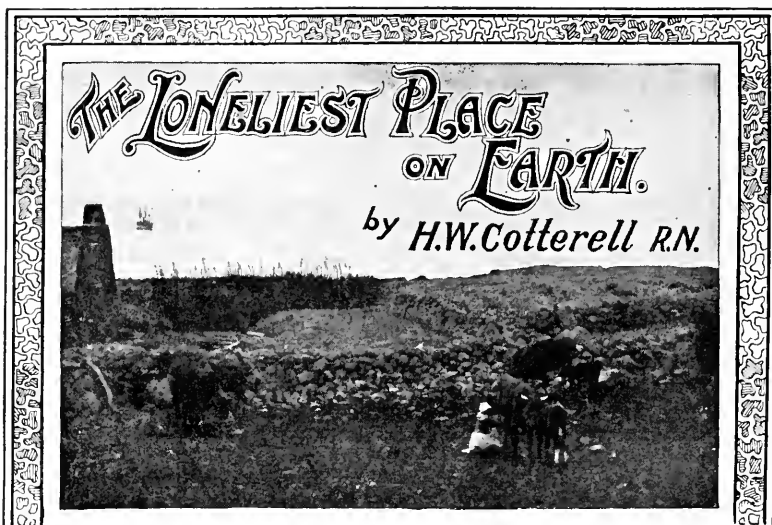
But he was destined to hear once more of the incident, and to gain from it a character for occult practices.

A few months after Chedi sickened with some internal complaint and was laid up in hospital. Although he came out at intervals and resumed his work, the ravages of the disease could not be quelled. For the last two months of his life he was wholly confined to his bed, and died at length firmly convinced that my brother was answerable for his end.

Nor was he alone in this belief. In spite of the care my brother bestowed upon the dying boy, care that cost him many sleepless hours—for the coolies look upon "massa" as a kind of doctor and father rolled into one, and will run for him on all and any occasion—he was believed by the superstitious coolies to have practised "black magic" upon Chedi and so caused his death. And they feared him mightily in consequence.



THE TOY WATER PISTOL, THE "SON OF A GUN."  
*From a Photo.*



A description of the remote island of Tristan d'Acunha, in the middle of the South Atlantic, where the people get their letters and parcels once a year, and where all the marriages and baptisms have to await the annual visit of a British warship.



SITUATED in the South Atlantic, midway between the Cape of Good Hope and South America, lies what is perhaps the most lonely of all the possessions of the great Empire on which the sun never sets—the remote island of Tristan d'Acunha. Its inhabitants command the interest of all Englishmen, for they are thoroughly British in every respect. Almost their only link with the rest of the civilized world consists of an annual visit paid by a British man-of-war belonging to the South African Squadron. The only exceptions to this are occasional sailing ships, which come thus far south to obtain a fair wind to round the Cape. These may possibly lay-to for a boat that will at once be launched by the islanders (if the weather permits), who will take off fresh provisions and vegetables, which they barter for clothes and other necessaries. Although the majority of the people have never left the island, and are, therefore, totally unused to the ways of our big cities, they are, nevertheless, very keen hands at driving a bargain and thoroughly understand the value of money, being not at all averse to coin of the realm, if one does not happen to possess any spare garments or other articles of barter.

The total number of inhabitants is seventy-three, four young men and two females having left this year in H.M.S. *Odin* and taken up their residence at the Cape.

The weather at the island can never be

depended on for vessels to anchor unless full head of steam is kept up, ready for instant departure. H.M.S. *Odin*, however, experienced splendid weather this year during her stay at the island.

The settlement is built on a promontory at the north-west side of the island, the remainder rising sheer and inaccessible from the water's edge in gigantic cliffs, the stupendous height of which can only be adequately realized from the sea by comparing the houses with the surrounding heights. When our ship arrived all the inhabitants could be seen gathered on the beach at the landing-place, the men busily engaged launching their canvas boats. These were soon alongside, with all the male population, who were presently trading mutton, butter, milk, and albatross skins for anything they could procure from the ship's company; and, as sailors are not bad hands at bargains, both parties were soon satisfied.

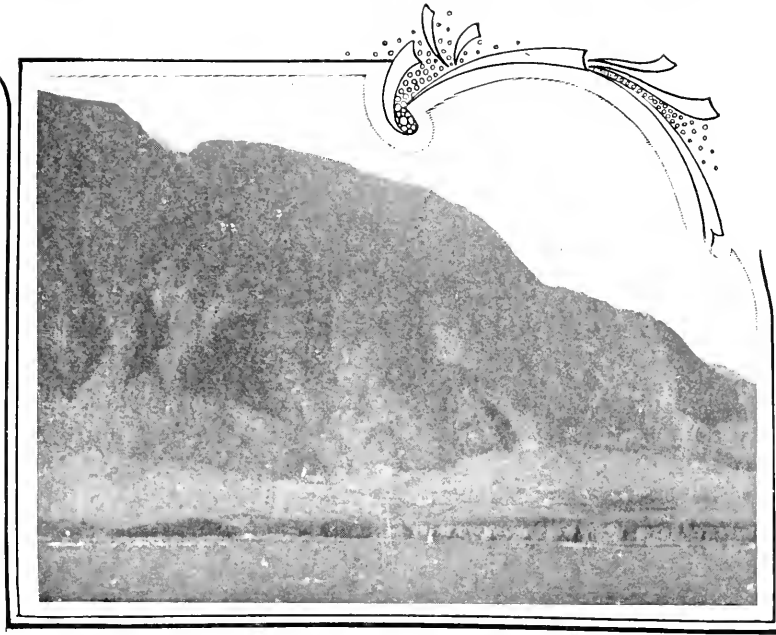
The islanders have a large number of cattle, sheep, and pigs, and grow very excellent potatoes. An attempt to cultivate wheat, however, was an utter failure, owing to the number of rats that infest the island. We had on board a large number of bags of mails and parcels from friends and relations at the Cape, as well as innumerable large cases of clothing, flour, sugar, tea, and other useful articles, sent to the old folks on their island home by sons and daughters who had left in past years. All the letters and parcels, when the boats had left us

seen, relics of Napoleon's exile, for while he was confined on St. Helena the British Government deemed it advisable to garrison Tristan d'Acunha with troops from Cape Colony, withdrawing them only after his death.

The islanders have no form of government, although Swain, the oldest inhabitant, is recognised as the head of the community, and is referred to to settle any disputes that may arise. Altogether there are seventeen families on the island, who have intermarried for several generations. Marriages and baptisms are performed by the captain

of the visiting man-of-war, but this year there was only one solitary baptism and no marriages.

Round the island, extending about a mile out to sea, there grows gigantic seaweed or kelp, reaching to the surface in one hundred and twenty feet of water. The water literally swarms with fish: you have only to drop over a line, baited with anything from salt pork to



THE STUPENDOUS CLIFFS OF THE ISLAND, WHICH ARE THE HOME OF INNUMERABLE BIRDS.  
*From a Photo.*

and had been hauled up on the beach, were conveyed to the different cottages by a primitive bullock waggon—the local Royal Mail and parcels delivery.

The people were very hospitable, asking us into their cottages and providing us with unlimited drink in the shape of fresh milk. This is the strongest beverage to be obtained on the island, which should therefore make an ideal retreat for habitual drunkards, could any be induced to take up their residence there.

Birds, nearly all aquatic, make their home on the mighty cliffs in thousands, and splendid albatrosses, many of them measuring over twelve feet from wing to wing, can be shot in great numbers. There are no wild animals, however, and very few land birds. Several springs have their source on the mountain that comprises the centre of the island, and one of these falls over the lower cliffs in a very beautiful waterfall. The remains of a few old forts can be



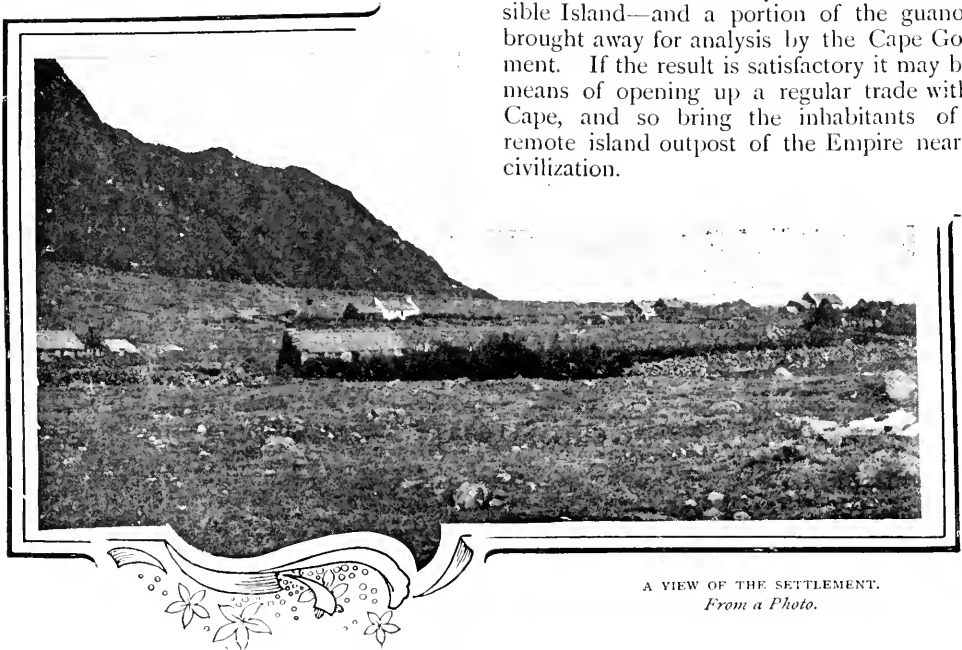
A GROUP OF ISLANDERS WITH ONE OF THE CANVAS BOATS IN WHICH THEY VISIT PASSING SHIPS.  
*From a Photo.*



THE ANNUAL ROYAL MAIL AND PARCELS DELIVERY OF THE ISLAND. [Photo.]

bread, and you can haul up any amount of a fish called "five-finger," very delicious, weighing from a pound up to about seven, and a species of bass weighing from ten to sixty pounds. If only it were possible to cultivate wheat, the island would be a veritable paradise for people tired of the fierce struggle for existence in the outside world.

islanders call their "young summer" season. All the English fruit trees will grow, but the fruit never seems to get much taste in it. This year a number of young trees were taken out as an experiment in afforestation, there being very little timber on the island at present. A very extensive guano deposit was also discovered on an adjacent island—Inaccessible Island—and a portion of the guano was brought away for analysis by the Cape Government. If the result is satisfactory it may be the means of opening up a regular trade with the Cape, and so bring the inhabitants of this remote island outpost of the Empire nearer to civilization.



A VIEW OF THE SETTLEMENT.  
From a Photo.

# The House Among the Pines.

BY MISS MARY LEE CADWELL, OF WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

The strange experience that befell a young lady benighted upon a mountain in New Jersey. Seeking refuge from a storm at a mysterious-looking house, she was regaled by her host with a tragic tale concerning the history of the old mansion.



E had been on the mountains since early morning, my horse Tuck and I. It had been a day to dream—to ramble with no more human comrade than this big horse of mine along the unexplored mountain paths, down streams or up, as it pleased us—Tuck and I.

But it was late afternoon now, and the red haze in the sky and the stirring of wind in the pines warned us that we had better turn toward the valley. As we picked our way along the wood path to the more beaten road, I noticed how dark it had grown. The breeze that came through the trees blew in gusts, and the air was cold and made me shiver. The horse under me felt the sudden change. A tremor passed over his body, and with ears laid back and quickened step he carried me to the road. I concluded that the hour was later than I had thought, and picked up the reins for a sharp five-mile canter round and down to the village below, when a more sudden and chilly puff of wind struck my back and made me turn in the saddle.

To say that I was startled by what I saw would be a mild expression. Behind and above me, spreading in all directions, were heavy masses of clouds, black overhead, livid on the

horizon, broken by quick lightning flashes. As I kept looking back, perplexed at the sudden change, there came from the dark-piled, lowering mass above me a low, growling rumble, which spread across the whole sky, gathering force as it travelled, until the earth seemed to shake with the sound of it.

Tuck sniffed the air anxiously. As the sound died away I tightened the rein. The horse bounded forward and, taking the bit between his teeth, was off like the wind, with ears laid back and nostrils wide.

It was a wild ride. The rough mountain road led by a circuitous route to the north slope, and from there dropped precipitously to the lower country. There

were fallen trees, boulders, and brooks to be passed. It was so dark now that I could see scarcely a rod ahead; and, to make matters worse, the rain began to fall in torrents. The livid clouds spread over the sky and cast a sickly green tinge over everything. Tuck looked like a phantom horse and I a ghostly rider. The wind came down on us in great gusts, tearing my hat away and tossing Tuck's mane in wild confusion. The horse was now mad with terror; the rain half-blinded him. I leaned close to his neck, and the rising wind seemed to blow us onwards. Tuck



From a THE AUTHORESS, MISS MARY LEE CADWELL. [Photo.]



"TUCK WAS CLEARING LOGS AND STREAMS WITH GREAT BOUNDS."

was running low to the ground in long strides, clearing logs and streams with great bounds—it was such a race as his Kentucky sires had never dreamed of. The rain poured on us in sheets, the air was black as night, and great crashes of thunder overhead were preceded and followed by blinding lightning. The wind in the pines shrieked high above everything.

During one of these lightning flashes I saw ahead of me what seemed to be a house, and guided my wild horse towards it. By the hard sounds of the hoof-beats and the dark shadows around me I knew that I had entered an avenue of pines leading to some estate. The next flash showed me the mansion itself, for so it seemed to my half-blinded senses. A great square building of Moorish design, with a walled court, was all I saw. I tried to stop the horse, but I might as well have tried to control the clouds. Fortunately the gate was open, and we

dashed in. With all my might I pulled at the bit, and, sliding half across the slippery court, Tuck stopped almost on his haunches against the opposite wall.

I saw lights in the house and called out, but could not even hear my own voice. Then I rapped with my knuckles on the window. A man opened the door a few inches and looked in a dazed way into the darkness. When he saw the dripping girl and horse he cried to someone inside and helped me from the saddle.

I was so dizzy with the motion, and blinded by the rain and lightning, that I could hardly get to the door. All I knew was that a woman met me and took me to a deep chair. Everything was in a whirl—the roll of thunder, the wind in the pines, the swift pounding of hoofs, all crashed in my brain. Soon I saw that I was beside a great fireplace of the old-fashioned kind. The woman was rubbing my hands and chest, and my wet shoes were standing, in the pathetic way

empty shoes have, upon the hearth. It was not long before she had me dressed in a warm, red woollen wrapper and drinking something hot.

Presently the man came in, thoroughly drenched, and I found that Tuck was under cover and had been rubbed down.

The woman turned to her companion with a queer look. "You had better tell the master, Jacob," she said, and the man disappeared.

The room in which we were was a large living-room, high-ceiled and dark-raftered. The floor was stone and the walls of yellow plaster, as the outside had seemed. Even in summer it was vault-like, and the fire most comforting.

Just as I reached this conclusion I looked up and saw a tall, dark man at the other side of the hearth. Surely this was a place of mysterious entrances, for I had not seen or heard him. He smiled at me rather grimly, and I noticed that his eyebrows were quite bushy and black.



"Rather a wild night for a young lady to be abroad, is it not?" he said.

I explained the circumstances—my day in the mountains, how I had lost account of time, the sudden coming of the storm, and the darkness that caused me to lose my way. I told him who I was and where I lived. "How far am I from home?" I asked. "It is late, I know, but I must start as soon as the storm passes over. They will be terribly worried about me. How long will it take? My horse is good and not winded even by *that* race." I laughed, though rather hysterically, for I had not yet entirely recovered myself after this unexpected adventure; and the strange, vault-like house and its silent inmates, with this dark, grim man, its master, formed an uncanny climax to my wild ride. Besides this, I had no idea where I was.

The dark man lifted his hand. "Hush!" he said. "Listen!" Above the crackling of the fire came the noises from without. I listened, my eye held by the cold gaze of my host. Outside the wind in the open was blowing a

gale. I noticed now that he was far older than I had at first imagined. His hand fell, and he took a step nearer. "No living thing is safe abroad on such a night," he said. "The storm will *not* pass over. It is too late for you to ride alone. You shall stay here to-night. You are safe here. Do you understand?"

I did not attempt to make any reply. I knew it would be useless. I merely nodded. My strange host seemed satisfied, and sank into a chair opposite me, where the red light showed only half his face.

"You wish to know where you are?" he asked. "Well, you have lost your way. You are now on the west slope of South Mountain, some eight miles from Westfield."

A queer look came into his eyes. They took on a crafty glitter. He half rose and peered stealthily around the room, my eyes involuntarily following his. It was empty save for us two. At last he leaned forward and touched me with a long hand, while he almost hissed behind the other, "This house is *haunted!*"

He drew both hands behind him quickly and,



"HAVE YOU HEARD THE STORY?" HE ASKED.

gale. It howled round the house and came shrieking down the wide chimney, catching up the flame till it burned high. Again and again deep-toned thunder shook the earth under us, and a great pine cracked and crashed in the avenue.

My eyes were still held by those of the man

stepping backward, sank into his chair. There was no sound for a moment but the wild disorder of the wind out of doors. Then he leaned forward and kicked apart the logs on the hearth. As he did so he gave me a sharp look.

"Have you heard the story?" he asked

I shook my head. I had been startled by his words and manner. He leaned back again, shielding his face from the heat of the fire.

"Very well, I will tell you. You are not afraid?"

I shook my head once more. What if I were? It would never do to own it. I, too, shielded my face to hide it from the strange man's piercing eyes. A moment more and he had begun his story.

"Thirty odd years ago, in the city of Baltimore, a doctor of no small reputation married the leading belle of the city. There was a great deal of talk about the marriage at the time, for it would seem that the young lady had been betrothed for some months to another man—a foreigner, it was said, an Italian count. Be that as it may, the doctor was intensely jealous of his bride. Having won his lady with difficulty he had no intention of letting her slip through his hands if she should repent of her sudden change of mind. In hunting for a secluded spot to cage his song-bird he discovered old South Mountain, beautiful enough and lonely enough to suit his purpose. On this site, eight miles from Westfield, he built this villa—a queer retreat, truly. As you will notice by daylight, it is a large mansion of yellow plaster and stone, built in Moorish style, with an open court, fountains, and gardens. Here the doctor

brought his young bride. It was clearly a clever move. I do not know whether he had cause to suspect that his wife was still fond of her first love, but rumour hints as much. Tradition has not told me what the poor lady said or thought when she saw the beautiful prison which her husband had prepared for her. I do know that she lived here for a year, entirely alone, except for two maids, a hunchback stableman, and the doctor, who occasionally made excursions into the world and reported its progress. It must have been a somewhat lonely life for the one-time society queen.

"One day, while the doctor was absent on his usual trip to the city, a stranger discovered the

Moorish villa on the mountain side, ventured up its avenue of pines, and was even admitted to the house. Who could blame the poor, shut-in little bird for wishing to see a strange face, though it was not a fair one; for being overjoyed at hearing a new voice, though it was not English; even for pressing the stranger to lunch with her? Who, I say, could blame her? On the whole, it was a happy luncheon; and the mistress of the mansion and the Italian stranger seem to have been able to converse with one another, notwithstanding the difference of tongues. They were still chatting together when the master of the house arrived.

"I cannot tell you what happened then, for

I do not know. That night, as the peaceful inhabitants of Westfield were sitting down to their evening repast, they were disturbed by two terrified women, who told, in incoherent words, of some awful deed of violence at the solitary villa on South Mountain. A posse, led by the sheriff, climbed the mountain to investigate. All was deserted when they reached the court. The house was dark. In this room, by the hearth, they found the dead body of the little song-bird. You see the stain by your foot? Then they scoured the woods round about and found the corpse of a man—a stranger—so mutilated that identification was impossible. The doctor and the hunchback were never seen again."

The old man paused for a moment. The wind was still high, but the thunder was more distant. I took the opportunity to move my chair farther from the hearth and that ghastly stain. My host continued, with somewhat more animation than before:—

"The house stood empty for some twenty years. It was strange. The place was beautiful, though a trifle out of the way. The executors offered it for a song. Many came to buy, but none bought. One night"—his eyes searched the room in the same stealthy manner, then he leaned toward me and his eyes glittered—"one night was enough. They never stayed longer. There were strange stories."

Once more he paused and looked around the



MISS CADWELL AND HER HORSE "TUCK."

*From a Photo.*

room. The fire was dying out. The room was growing chilly, but I did not draw nearer the hearth. The man came towards me.

"They say," he said, lowering his voice to a harsh whisper—"they say that the little bird comes back to her cage at midnight. The little bird—ugh! she shrieks so! Listen!"

He bent his head to catch some sound, and I found myself listening apprehensively. Above the noises of the wind, above the beating of the rain, above the crashing of pines, above the distant sound of thunder, I seemed to hear a sound like a great sigh, far up the mountain, a sound that grew and grew until it became a shriek like that of a condemned soul. It was too much for my overtaxed nerves, and I sank back fainting.

Presently someone touched me. It was the woman, and my host had disappeared. The fire had gone out, and she held a candle in her hand. She led the way to a large room on the upper floor and left me alone with the candle. It was a cold, barren room, high of ceiling, like the room below, with dark rafters and plaster walls. The bed was a great curtained thing. I decided not to undress, and sat on the floor in the middle of the room, the candle beside me. The corners were very dark, and to satisfy myself I explored them with the candle, for the old man's tale had given me strange fancies. Just then I heard a sound below—slow, monotonous, repeated—the clock striking the hour. One, two, three, four, I counted. A sentence from my host's story flashed through my head. "At midnight the bird comes back to her cage!"

Again, far up the mountain, I seemed to hear the sound of that weird cry, growing louder and louder. I was the victim of hallucination, no doubt, consequent on my overwrought nerves. I closed my eyes and held my fingers to my ears. When I looked again all was dark and quiet, save for the ordinary noises of the storm. The candle had burned out.



"I EXPLORED THEM WITH THE CANDLE."

As the first ray of light illumined the pines, a haggard-looking girl—myself—stole down the great staircase into the room where last night's fire lay black on the hearth. I did not look that way, however, but hastily unbolted the heavy door and, crossing the court, entered the stables, where I found the man who answered to the name of Jacob rubbing Tuck's bay flanks until they shone like silk. With scant courtesy I allowed him to assist me to mount and lead

the horse to the door. As I gathered up the reins I turned to him.

"Tell your master I thank him for his kind hospitality," I said.

When I got home once more and had told my story—all of it that was necessary—I suddenly threw my arms round my father's neck, sobbing hysterically.

"Why, dearie," he said, "there is nothing to cry over now. You were well lodged from the storm. Your host is a queer man, but good at heart, I imagine. It is not a bad place for the miser to hide himself and his gold. They do say that the house is *haunted*! I am glad you did not know that last night—though, of course, you don't believe in ghosts."



An account of a curious Channel Islands industry. A seaweed "farm" consists of a specified area of foreshore, the "farmer" being entitled to all the weed that comes ashore on his particular stretch of beach. The trade has been carried on for centuries, and is governed by many curious customs. Photos. by Clarke and Hyde.

**B**ENEFICENT Nature offers man many ways of earning a living, however insignificant the walk in life he occupies. He may not be richly endowed with lands, or possess the necessary ability and patience for the successful following of agricultural pursuits, but he can go almost penniless and gather in a bountiful harvest which the sea flings at his feet.

Seaweed farming sounds a curious calling, but in the Channel Islands, and also in the more remote corners of the Cornish coast, where the terrific Atlantic gales sweep up the weed in great banks all ready for the harvesters, it gives partial employment to some hundreds of men and women. The bulk of the seaweed trade, however, is carried on in Guernsey, and until a few years ago large quantities were exported to the mainland for fertilizing purposes, but of late the Channel Islands have found a use for all the seaweed gathered there. This amounts to between a thousand and fifteen hundred tons per annum. The greatest amount ever taken in one season was thirty thousand cartloads. Besides being retailed in the markets to agriculturists as manure, both before and after it has been kilned, it is largely bought by the chemical manufacturers on the western side of the island of Guernsey, who distil iodine from it.

The seaweed industry of Guernsey has been in existence for some hundreds of years, and in consequence many of the customs and laws connected with it—still rigidly enforced—are very curious. Generally speaking, each district has its local council, made up of all the most successful farmers in the neighbourhood, and this council determines the extent of each man's "farm," as the stretch of beach from which he is allowed to gather weed is called; lays down laws by which the "farmers" must abide or be fined, and settles any disputes which may arise from time to time.

When a man contemplates becoming a seaweed farmer he has to apply to his district council. The first question asked of him is: whether or no he is a resident in the district, and if not he must speedily become one, for Guernsey does not believe in the alien in any shape or form. After this a plot of shingle will be allotted to him. He has no rent to pay, and only the expenses of kilning and harvesting to cover. The "farms" are marked out with large boulders, and consist of from two hundred to six hundred yards of shore. All weed cast up by the sea within this area becomes the farmer's absolute property.

Should a man break any of the rules laid down by the council he is fined according to

the gravity of his offence. For instance, it is illegal for a man to gather "varech"—as the weed is technically called—on Sunday, even if a vast quantity has been thrown up by a storm on Saturday night, and will all be carried away by the high tide before Monday morning. The worst offence of all, however, is for a farmer to tamper with the landmarks which define the boundaries of his "farm," and should he attempt to add to his allotment by moving the stones, and so taking away some of his neighbour's land, he is not only fined, but has to forfeit his "farm" as well.

The seaweed harvest is at its height during the months of July and August. In some districts it is only permissible to gather the weed during these months, but in others the farmers are permitted to take advantage of the large quantities of "varech" cast up by the winter gales. The implements necessary consist of a few long-handled picks and rakes, a long-handled knife or two, a cart or more if need be, and a pony. The carts employed are small compared with those used by agriculturists, so that when laden with their weight they shall not cause the wheels to sink too deeply into the sand or shingle. Some farmers use special carts with barred sides in order that the water shall drain from the weed in transit. Ponies of the strong, hardy type for which the islands are famous are generally used in preference to horses, because the latter will probably be too large for the carts, and are not so sure-footed as the ponies when climbing over the slippery shingle. Moreover, the latter cost less to keep.

It is a strange sight to see the men collecting the "varech" as they walk along the shore with their picks, and put the weed into heaps ready for the carts when they come along. Then, as each cart is loaded, the weed is taken away out

of the reach of high tide and stacked. Before it can be considered ready for the kilns it must be somewhat dry.

The majority of farmers kiln their "varech" before offering it for sale, but those who do not possess the luxury of a kiln of their own sell the weed as it stands in stacks at from five to six shillings a ton. This is very cheap indeed, considering that "varech" is one of the best manures known to the agriculturist. Its low price, however, is perhaps one of the reasons why none is now exported from the island.

Some agriculturists place the weed on the soil and let it rot, to the accompaniment of an absolutely awe-inspiring odour; while others use only the ashes which are left in the kiln after the weed has been burnt. If a farmer wishes to kiln his weed and does not possess a kiln he can either build one—which will cost him from five pounds to twenty-five pounds, according to dimensions—or the council will kiln it for him at a small fee. When the weed is ready for the kiln it is thrown in and packed tightly until the kiln is full and then set on fire. The draught which rises from under the kiln will keep the weed smouldering away until it is all consumed, and a heap of very fine white ash is left in the receptacle below.

So far I have dealt only with the seaweed gathered on the shore which has been naturally dislodged from the sea-bed and cast up during a storm. But there exist round the Jersey and Guernsey coasts vast submerged banks of weed which lie at no great depth from the surface, and sometimes when torn free by the elements have even been known to wreck ships. For instance, the *Mohican*, which foundered off this coast some twelve years back, owed her destruction entirely to her becoming entangled in masses of weed, with the result that she drifted helplessly



From a]

SEAWEED CARTS LEAVING THE BEACH.

[Photo.



From a]

THE SEAWEED HARVEST IN FULL SWING.

[Photo.

into the breakers before assistance could be summoned. Some of these banks lie in such shallow water that at low tide they can be reached from boats with the aid of reap-hooks attached to long poles. The weed is cut off at the roots, thus causing it to float to the surface. When the weather is calm and the "varech" is not washed up on the shingle "farm" the occupier will make up for his small harvest by cutting and gathering the weed on the sea-bed in the manner described, bringing it ashore in boats which somewhat resemble coal barges. As, however, the price of seaweed is continually dropping—which is somewhat surprising considering that the iodine industry of Guernsey is steadily growing year by year—this method of harvesting is not particularly lucrative, and the farmers generally prefer to wait for a gale, however long deferred, when they can gather the weed in the ordinary way.

It must not be imagined, however, that the "varech" farmer depends solely on this industry for his living. If he did he might speedily make the acquaintance of poverty. He is probably an agriculturist as well, and gathers the "varech" to use on his own farm. If he is a potato-grower this manure will be found far superior to any other for producing big crops. When the "varech" is used unburnt it is ploughed into

the ground in February or March; but if otherwise, the ashes are strewn over the ground as soon as it has been ploughed.

The most picturesque custom in connection with this curious harvest of the sea has only been abolished quite recently, after enduring for centuries. This was the "harvest home," held usually in May at the conclusion of the winter season. All the "varech" carts in the neighbourhood were then called into requisition and loaded to overflowing with the last crop of the season, so that the sturdy little ponies, bedecked with coloured stuffs of endless variety, could scarcely draw them. All the men, women, and children formed in procession, carrying the picks, reap-hooks, and rakes which had done duty throughout the season, and followed in the wake of the carts, while at the summit of each load was perched the prettiest maidens the hamlet could produce, clad in gala dresses of many colours. The men chanted in deep, sepulchral tones old sea-ballads which had done duty at the same ceremony for ages, while the women rapped out the chorus on tambourines. And so the procession passed from village to village on the coast till nightfall, when a final bonfire on the seashore, with the usual accompaniment of singing and dancing, proclaimed the "varech" season at an end.



# The Dancing Gilles of Binche.

BY EMILE DESSAIX.

To lovers of popular customs on the Continent the "Mardi Gras" at Binche, in Belgium, possesses many points of interest, particularly in the so-called "Gilles," or dancing men, who figure, with enormous plumes, in the carnival procession. The carnival itself ends in an exciting bombardment of the crowd with oranges. It is a gay masquerade, lasting for about sixty hours, before the beginning of Lent.



FANCY to yourself a decorous town gone wholly mad. Fancy all the windows and doors, even the plate-glass mirrors in its *ayés*, barred and protected against damage and attack. Fancy two hundred of its quiet inhabitants dancing wildly through the streets, pelting each other and the populace with oranges, to the unending accompaniment of noisy drums. Fancy all this and you then know what *Mardi Gras* is like in the little town of Binche.

Binche lies in the heart of Belgium, not more than two hours by rail from Brussels. Decorous it is, indeed, but once a year it loses itself in delirious delight. It is the sort of town that one never finds unless one looks for it, where mother and children sit in the door of the shop casting curious eyes upon the wayfarer while waiting for a welcome customer. The town is built uphill and downhill, possesses one broad street and a *grande place*, with a beautiful old town-hall newly done up in gold. On all sides reign content and quiet trade. At night its inhabitants go early to bed, and on Sundays to church. So the year passes away, and men and women die there unheard of by the outside world.

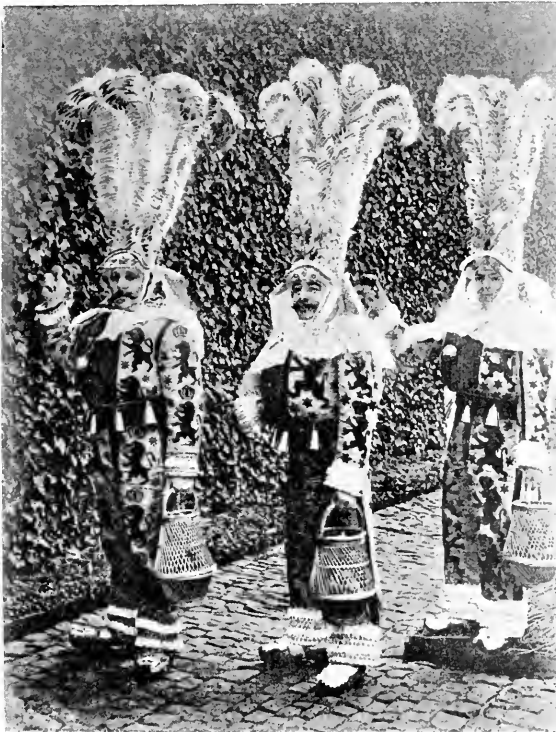
At Shrovetide, however, the town wakes up for two days and a half, to fall asleep again from physical exhaustion. In that short space of sixty hours its men and women have made merry in a carnival unique upon the Continent, have danced with gay abandonment in pretty

mask and domino upon hard cobble-stones, until that austere hour when Lent begins and the body has rebelled against fatigue. In many ways it is like other Shrovetide festivals, for it is a grand masquerade of young and old, and an occasion of feasting and music, but differs from them in the manner it is carried out by the peculiar personages taking part. Without its Gilles the wild carnival of Binche would be unknown to fame, and without its oranges would be dull indeed.

How this carnival obtained its special character is difficult to tell, although the reason for its wide popularity in Belgium is not far to seek. It is said to be a modern revival, with additions, of a festival once introduced into Hainault by the Spaniards when affairs in the Low Countries were directed from Madrid. Its Spanish parentage may readily be detected

by those who have seen the carnivals in Spain or the *Mardi Gras* in New Orleans. But if you ask the Binchois to tell you the origin of the Gilles and their curious costume, you are met with a grin or stare, the negation of knowledge. It is enough for these worthy people to have a Gille in the family without inquiring into his historic past.

There are two notable characteristics in the Gille—his head-dress and his hump. Why he should have either is again a mystery, but without them he would be as nothing—an ordinary peasant and not the chief glory of the carnival. His hump is made of straw, stuffed into the back of a



THREE OF THE GILLES OF BINCHE, SHOWING THEIR PLUMES AND ORANGE BASKETS. [Photo.]



richly-ornamented suit of grey cloth, and producing, when multiplied by the total number of Gilles wearing them, an extraordinary effect upon the sightseer.

The head-dress and clothes of the Gille are so elaborate and striking that detailed description is really merited. The hat is like the high top-hat of olden times, but is made gay with flowers and other trimmings. On top it is encircled by a group of grand and costly ostrich-plumes, some of them two and three feet in length, which, at every movement of the head, shake with splendid effect and give to the wearers an awe-compelling stature. As the Gilles have perfect liberty in choosing and decorating their own hats, the varied colours of the headgear leave a fine impression on those who witness them in procession, and arouse speculation as to the probable cost of such rich display. From each hat, moreover, hang several wide streamers of ribbon, and on the trousers are arranged lace and ribbon trimmings selected to match the

Gilles is made with care by the carnival committee, who examine a list of registered entries made previously at the town-hall, and select from this list the names of those best equipped with money and strength to stand the expense and fatigue of the pre-Lenten frolic. Such selection is looked upon by the youths of Binche as the highest of local honours. It is the bestowal of a peasant bay upon athletic prowess and physique.

The carnival begins to run its tiring and exciting course immediately after mass on the Sunday preceding Ash Wednesday, and from that time till Lent commences everyone in Binche, including the visitors who come from far and near, is supposed to wear carnival costume. Woe to those who do not observe the rule, for they become unwilling objects of attack with bladders and confetti at the hands of passing masqueraders. Therefore the visitor finds it advisable to procure at once the services of the local Clarkson, and to don some sort of carnival



THE PROCESSION OF GILLES THROUGH THE STREETS OF BINCHE ON THE MORNING OF SHROVE TUESDAY.

*From a Photo. by Gilbert, Binche.*

decoration of the hat. Each dancer—for the Gille's chief office is to trip the "light fantastic toe"—wears a face mask, and he dances in clumsy wooden shoes, to the music of little cowbells on his belt. He carries, too, a basket, but more of that anon.

As the hat is expensive, costing some seven or eight pounds to buy, and as a complete outfit, hired at a local costumier's, runs the youth of Binche into a five-pound note, the selection of

attire, if only a mask to hide his valuable features. Once dressed, he turns into the streets and does as others do.

Let us see what they do. First, if the visitor is smart enough to "know the ropes," he will see how two hundred well-knit men are changed, by solemn ceremony, into a battalion of hunchbacks. This ceremony is performed on Monday afternoon, when, accompanied by crowds of onlookers, the Gilles, in masks and heavy coats,

dance through the town on their way to neighbouring farmers, there to secure the straw with which to stuff their backs. This operation is carried out with considerable spirit, for the humps at this time are light, and few foresee that a few hours of jumping on the cobble-stones will turn them into unkind burdens, damp with human perspiration. To and from the farm the Gilles are followed by drummers making an awful noise. In all there are fifty of these care-dispelling wielders of drumsticks, for one is told off to every quadruplet of dancers, and it becomes his duty to drum and drum until his arm gives out. The noise may therefore be better imagined than expressed.

appreciation of colour effect. Silk and satin of gorgeous hue pass in front of the spectator with bewildering quickness. At the last carnival there was, among other features of the parade, a company of two-score Frenchmen, made up as schoolgirls with hoops and skipping-ropes, and



THE AFTERNOON PROCESSION ON SHROVE TUESDAY AT BINCHE, WHICH TAKES PLACE IN THE PRESENCE OF OVER TWENTY THOUSAND SPECTATORS. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE TOWN-HALL OF BINCHE, IN FRONT OF WHICH THE AWARD OF PRIZES IS MADE. *[Gilbert, Binche.]*

At night it is hopeless to try to sleep, for nothing is slept and everyone is in the streets. Early on Tuesday morning the Gilles are warned by the drummers to be in readiness for the day's proceedings, and, in giving the finishing touches to the Gille's costume, the members of his family occupy themselves with assiduity and haste. Then begins a few hours of informal frolic in the streets. The Gilles, clothed in full uniform, though forsaking, for the time being, their enormously heavy headgear, romp to music over the hot pavements, jingling the cow-bells at their waists, and quickly accumulating behind them thousands of people in procession.

The formal parade takes place in the afternoon, when a large number of local and visiting societies and clubs march in competition for prizes offered by the municipality and its carnival committee. Of course, all these bodies, large and small, are in carnival dress, the variety of which shows much invention and

a band of pseudo-assassins with daggers and slouch hats, like bandits in melodrama. A company of Zouaves with a miniature hand-organ was also a popular "turn" in the parade, and, as these gentlemen were sensible enough to be photographed, it is permissible to show in our illustration their dress and little music-maker.

The people, however, are less interested in these competing societies than in the Gilles, who presently appear in the procession, to the huge delight of all. From far off their plumes may be seen, tossed about by the wind or the gymnastic exertions of the Gilles, it being part of their duty not only to dance to the monotonous music as they move along, but to bend and unbend, so as to obtain all possible effect from the bells upon their belts. Their gorgeous ribbons flirt with the wind and make their progress a kaleidoscope of colour. The sound of bells and shoes upon the stones as they rhythmically

jump up and down is like the sound of a thousand horses. One fails in telling what the onmarch of the Gilles is like, except that it is movement, noise, and brilliancy combined. One sees it once and wants to see it again, although it might be a far finer spectacle did not the spectators in their enthusiasm so closely crowd upon it.

It is now time to be wary. As the Gilles

up, probably to lay by for use when carnival has passed.

A sort of war-dance then takes place in front of the town-hall before the mayor, the Gilles standing in a ring and giving an exhibition of their terpsichorean power, rewarded, as is their due, by a glass of wine from the mayor's hand. The public, as if in emulation of these great attainments, themselves engage in dance



ONE OF THE SOCIETIES WHICH COMPETED FOR A PRIZE IN THIS YEAR'S CARNIVAL AT BINCHE. WITH THEIR LITTLE HURDY-  
*From a Photo. by* GURDY THEY MADE THEIR OWN MUSIC AS THEY MARCHED. *[Gilbert, Binche.]*

come closer into view one sees the little wicker baskets at their side filled with oranges. At a certain signal the golden fruit comes into use, and in all directions, against the houses and the shops, even against the standers-by and against each other, is tossed with force in all directions, to be tossed back by those who pick the oranges up. The fusillade thus begun by the dancing men, who, when their baskets are empty, get more and more oranges from men behind, marks the moment for a general fusillade among the carnival-makers, and for some time no one's person knows security. All in the fray seem to have gigantic pockets, hitherto unsuspected, full of oranges, and scatter them broadcast, no doubt to the benefit of the juveniles of Binche, who may be seen gathering them

and other frivolity, winding up the day almost as tired as the men in plumes. What the exhaustion of the Gilles must be is inexpressible. For many hours they have been upon the hop with awkward, heavy hats and burdensome clothing, forced by the custom of the carnival in which they merrily indulge to provide amusement for others at the expense of strength. If they be the first to go to bed, there to recover from voluntary overwork or to ward off complete collapse, the spectators are the last to blame them. The Gille, after his day of glory, goes back to his home, his burden is taken from his shoulders, a hot drink or cold bath livens his aching body, and, like a child, he is put to bed. Dream, perhaps, he may, but if he does it is sure to be a dream of the coming Shrove.

# AN OCEAN RACE.

By  
Henry E. Standen

The story of five clipper ships which started on an ocean race from Australia to China, and the strange and tragic happenings that took place on board one of the vessels. The series of disasters that befell the "Island Bay" prove once more that "it is the unexpected that happens."



It was on the 4th of January, 1898, that the full-rigged ship *Island Bay* entered Newcastle, New South Wales, in ballast from Cape Town, her agent expecting a probable cargo of coal to some foreign port. The *Island Bay* was a splendid vessel, which had made a great name for herself among seafarers on account of her superior sailing qualities, having placed many a fine record to her credit in various seas.

Her commander, Captain McKnight, was a God-fearing, pious man and a splendid seaman, but age was fast getting the better of him, and he had decided to retire in favour of his son Edward—a strapping young fellow of twenty-seven, who held the post of chief officer on board—as soon as the ship arrived back in New York.

I was second officer of the *Island Bay*, and right proud I was to hold the position in such a fine ship. It so happened that there were in port at this time several other large sailing ships awaiting charters; and when at last we loaded up with a cargo of coal, which was to be delivered with all speed at Hong-Kong, we learned that four of the other ships—all clippers well known to us by repute—had also received orders for the China Seas. There was thus before us the possibility of an exciting ocean race, the prospect of which filled us all with delight.

"We'll do our best to beat them," said the skipper to the first officer, after announcing the news. "I am just going to write to your mother to tell her we are well and on the road home to her."

With that he entered his cabin, while the first mate and I set about making preparations for our departure.

During that night it commenced to blow con-



siderably from the eastward—straight in over the bar at the entrance of the harbour—and continued so for eight days with more or less violence, rendering the bar dangerous for loaded vessels. During this enforced delay quite a lot of shipping collected at the entrance awaiting the signal from the pilot station that ships might proceed to sea. Among the vessels were our four rivals in the race that was shortly to take place—the *Palm Grove*, *Berhampore*, *Cogeltown*, and *Brooklyn*, all bound, like ourselves, to China.

On the morning of the ninth day of our detention the signal was hoisted that vessels might proceed to sea. In a very short time all the small craft had crossed the bar and were getting an offing with a light westerly breeze. Of the larger ships the *Palm Grove*—which belonged to the same company as the *Island Bay*—was the first to be towed slowly towards the bar with her courses and six topsails in the running gear. As she passed us, still lying at our buoy, her crew cheered us, and we cheered in return.

The next vessels to start on their journey were the *Cogeltown*, *Brooklyn*, and *Berhampore*, closely followed by the *Island Bay*, with every stitch of canvas set. Captain McKnight was eager to start the race to the Flowery Land at once, and talked about arriving there seven days ahead of the other vessels.

When we arrived in line with the three ships that had preceded us they were just releasing

their tugs, so all four of us set out to chase the *Palm Grove*, and by nightfall we lay close beside her, just twenty-two miles east-north-east of Newcastle, in a dead calm, the wind having fallen away. About nine at night a light breeze came from the south-east, and I at once trimmed the sails accordingly. It was a fine, clear, moonlight night, so the other ships—all quite close to us—could be plainly seen. After I had given the course to the man at the wheel I went into the cabin to report the shift of wind to the captain, leaving Lion, the mate's big Newfoundland dog, pacing the poop—his favourite pastime. He loved to walk up and down with the officer of the watch and help sup his coffee and share his biscuit. When I returned on deck the great dog ran to meet me and looked at me as much as to say, "All's well, sir." Then we both set out to pace the poop together until midnight, when the first officer came on deck to relieve me and stand his watch till four a.m.

The breeze by this time was considerably fresher, and the ship to the best of my judgment was doing about ten knots. As for the other vessels, there was very little difference in their positions and ours except that the *Palm Grove*, having a slight advantage of the *Island Bay* by being to the northward at the start of the breeze, was lengthening the distance between herself and the rest of the company. When I relieved the first officer at four o'clock, however, our ship was fast overhauling the *Palm Grove*, while the distance between the *Cogeltoen* and *Berhampore* was lengthening perceptibly. The captain appeared on deck at seven o'clock and seemed greatly pleased at the favourable wind, remarking to me that the *Palm Grove* would not stay ahead of us long now. I agreed, and stated my belief that all the rest of the company would be hull down behind us by nightfall except the *Brooklyn*, which was still holding her own with the *Palm Grove*, although losing to the *Island Bay*. The mate again relieved me at eight o'clock, by which time the wind had increased to half a gale, so that we furled several sails. At noon we were just on the *Palm Grove's* quarter, almost within shouting distance. She was flying her top-gallant sails and ploughing ahead at a great rate, sending the water flying from her bows in white sheets. The *Brooklyn*, under all plain sail, was clearly to be seen coming up not far behind on our starboard quarter, followed closely and being fast overhauled by the Boston ship *Berhampore*,

with the *Cogeltoen* far out of the race, hull down below the horizon. By the first dog-watch—four p.m. to six p.m.—the *Brooklyn* had caught the *Palm Grove*, and they were both just a mile astern of us, with the *Berhampore* overhauling them in leaps and bounds and promising us a tight race. Before the wind—which had now settled to the strength of a whole gale—eased off the following morning, the *Palm Grove* was seemingly out of the race, with the American *Berhampore* close up to the beam of the *Island Bay* and the *Brooklyn* half or three-quarters of a mile astern of the Yankee clipper. With a telescope we could plainly see that the pretty little *Cogeltoen* had shortened the distance by half between the *Palm Grove* and herself, and was carrying a crowd of canvas. During the day the gale moderated, and by nightfall the *Berhampore* was half a mile astern of the *Brooklyn*, and the *Island Bay* leading the *Brooklyn* by about five miles. The *Cogeltoen* had passed the *Palm Grove*, and both were about fourteen miles astern of our ship.

Seven days later found the *Island Bay* in the doldrums, twenty-nine degrees south of the Equator. The *Palm Grove* and *Brooklyn* lay respectively two miles on the port and starboard sides of the *Island Bay*. The *Berhampore* looked as though she was lashed alongside the *Cogeltoen* down on the horizon. So far the competitors in the race

had kept wonderfully close together.

Four days afterwards we were in the north-east trade winds, three degrees north of the Equator, our yards braced sharp up on the starboard tack. Strange to say, not one of the other ships was to be seen, even with the telescope. The trade winds were exceptionally strong, and the ship was making very satisfactory progress and promised a record trip from Newcastle to Hong-Kong. The captain was fast recovering from a very severe attack of chronic rheumatic gout, which had confined him to his cabin for the last ten days. On this particular day he asked to be taken on deck to get the fresh air, and was accordingly placed on the shady side of the poop in a comfortable deck-chair. At noon the chief officer and myself took observations, finding the ship just eighteen degrees north of the Equator.

"That's good business, sir," remarked the mate to the captain. "We will beat the record hollow this trip."

"It points that way," the captain replied, smiling. "But, I say, Ted, give that poor brute



THE AUTHOR, MR. H. E. STANDEN.  
From a Photo.

of a dog a drink ; he seems thoroughly dried up. I have been watching him all the morning, and he staring at me, poor fellow. He mustn't be kept in this baking sun with no water."

"All right, captain, I will attend to him," said the mate. "It is the fault of that lubber who styles himself steward."

Before I went below the captain asked to be taken to his cabin, and I therefore carried him there, remarking as we went that the heat was intense, whereupon he replied that he would be glad when it was sunset.

I had my tiffin, and had been lying down just about two hours when the steward came rushing into my cabin. "Wake up, sir ; wake up, sir !" he cried, wildly. "For Heaven's sake come on deck !" With that he rushed off, crying like a child, and paying not the least attention to my shouted questions.

I promptly dived beneath my mattress for my revolver, fully believing that a mutiny must have broken out, although I had no reason for such a thought, our crew being everything that could be desired. As I rushed out on the main deck in my pyjamas I saw a sight that will remain in my memory to my dying day. The steward was perched in the main rigging, the crew and cook in the fore, and as I appeared the dog Lion ran around the forward house snapping his teeth savagely and foaming at the mouth. His white breast and fore legs were covered with blood. At once I realized the cause of all the disturbance. The dog had gone mad, and by the blood on him he had apparently attacked someone !

The moment his glaring eyes caught sight of me, standing at the break of the poop, he uttered one frantic yelp and leaped toward me—and his death, for at once I discharged one of the chambers of my revolver. He received the bullet through his right eye and rolled under the main fire-rail—dead.

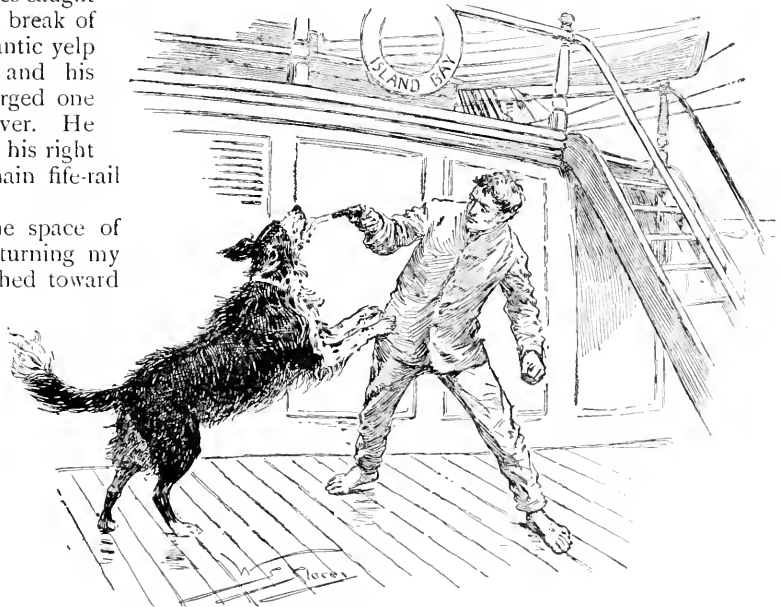
All this happened in the space of about fifteen seconds. Returning my revolver to my pocket I rushed toward the poop, for the sails were flat aback and the ship was driving rapidly astern. But I was too late. Just as I reached the first rung of the poop-ladder the foremast snapped off short at the doublings of the top and lower mast. I gained the poop and rushed frantically to the wheel, only to be too late again, for, just as I grasped the helm,

away went the main top-gallant mast, also at the doublings. However, I managed to pay the ship's head off again till she filled on the opposite tack. During this time the helmsman, who had deserted his post and fled up the mizzen rigging for fear of the dog, had returned to the wheel. "You coward," I cried ; "the dog is dead long ago, and you could have saved all this dismasting. Here, take this wheel. Where is the mate ?"

"Lying in the starboard alley-way, sir," he meekly replied.

I hurried anxiously in the direction indicated. On turning into the alley-way a sight met my gaze which I trust I may never see again. There lay the unfortunate chief officer, fearfully mangled, and with his clothes literally torn from his body. It was the work of the mad Newfoundland dog. The poor fellow was still conscious—although obviously past all human help—and when I put my ear to his lips I heard him gasp, "Don't tell mother. Good-bye—good-bye, father !" From then onwards he lapsed into a state of mercurial unconsciousness until he died at midnight.

By this time all the crew had gathered at the poop-ladder. I immediately ordered the boat-swain to clear away the wreck, as it was useless to try and hand the yards around and stand the ship on the right tack till this was done. I had just completed giving a few instructions how to proceed, and ordered four hands to carry the mate to the cabin by the main-deck entrance as it was the most convenient, when the black steward, who had returned to the cabin, came hurriedly toward me and told me that the



"I AT ONCE DISCHARGED ONE OF THE CHAMBERS OF MY REVOLVER."





"I DISCOVERED THE CAPTAIN LYING PRONE AT THE BOTTOM."

captain was dead. On reaching the companion-stairs I discovered the captain lying prone at the bottom, apparently lifeless. I knelt beside him and, to my great satisfaction, found him only in a swoon, from which I soon brought him round by administering brandy. He had evidently either heard the cries of the mate or the unusual bustle on the poop and, leaving his bed, had rushed up the companion-stairs. The effects of the awful sight that met his gaze, coupled with the physical exertion, had been too much for him in his weak state, and he had fallen back in a dead faint to the bottom of the stairs, a distance of ten feet.

Needless to say, the captain's first inquiries were concerning his son. "How is my poor son?" he asked. "Did the dog kill him or is he still living?"

It was no good beating about the bush with the poor old man, and at last I told him, as gently as I could, that the chief officer had been so badly injured by the frenzied dog that it was impossible for him to recover. At this dreadful news the old gentleman sank back on his pillow again in a faint, and did not recover consciousness until his son had been dead for two hours. When he did his talk was rambling and incoherent.

We committed the mate's body to the deep thirty-six hours after he died, myself reading the burial service. During the previous day the wreckage had all been cut away and hauled aboard, where it was lashed and stowed on deck, and the ship, considering that she was partially dismantled, continued to make good progress. During the following week the captain worked himself into a high fever, and I feared the worst. I took over the entire command of the ship myself, and informed the crew of the step by appointing the boatswain to take charge of the starboard watch, intending still to keep charge of one watch myself and take the ship to Manila, where I could inform my owners of the disaster and await their orders. Meanwhile the captain began to grow gradually worse, and I feared a total collapse of the brain.

Two days after I had taken charge of the *Island Bay* I sighted a steamer approaching me from the direction in which we were going, so accordingly had my signals ready to communicate with her, and as she made our beam I hoisted the ensign and the ship's number. The steamer promptly replied with a signal asking me to heave my ship to. I at once had the mizzen yards backed, the steamboat altering

her course until we were close to one another. Then a boat left her side containing six men and an officer. On coming alongside the officer informed me that his ship was the *Featherston*, bound from China to New Zealand. His captain, he said, had been asked, if he fell in with any of the five ships that had left Newcastle together, bound for China, to kindly stop them and deliver the orders given him. After telling me this the officer handed me a large sealed envelope, which I then and there opened. It read thus: "Hong-Kong, China, August 14th, 1898. To the ship *Island Bay*, bound to Hong-Kong. Sir,—I, George Duncan, shipping agent, 29, South Street, Hong-Kong, beg to inform you that charterer and owners desire me to inform you to proceed through the Straits. Do not come north about on any consideration unless dismantled or undermanned.—(Signed) GEORGE DUNCAN AND COMPANY."

I asked the officer to convey my thanks to Captain Drake, of the *Featherston*, for his courtesy, at the same time giving him a full account of our unlucky passage. I further requested the officer to signal his captain's advice as to what had better be done regarding Captain McKnight. Shortly after the *Feather-*



ston's boat had been hoisted in the davits she signalled, "Proceed on landing, or hand captain to first vessel to nearest port, as you are in the track of steamers."

It was possible, therefore, to get the invalid ashore in a very few days, but, sad to relate, the *Featherston* was hardly out of sight when I went to the captain's cabin and found that the poor old man had passed away. This discovery disheartened me greatly, as I had entertained hopes of the captain's recovery, if he could only receive medical attendance in time. I hove the ship to and buried him the next day, reading the burial service again myself. The same day I called a sailor who held a mate's certificate aft and made him chief mate, so as to allow me to be on deck at any time, as this was the typhoon season in the China Seas. Five days after the burial of the poor captain I observed signs of a coming typhoon, so commenced to prepare the *Island Bay* for the fight.

I was pacing the poop awaiting the storm while the ship, under the main lower and fore stay-sails alone, rolled in the trough of the sea in a dead calm, when an appalling thought struck me. There were no shifting boards in the 'tween deck to prevent the cargo from rolling from side to side of the vessel! This neglect nearly lost my vessel and every life aboard her, for as the typhoon struck the *Island Bay* she lay over till her lee rail was under water, and I heard the loud rumbling of the coal in the 'tween deck and felt the planks quiver beneath my feet. It was impossible to try to wear ship, as my two sails had been torn to shreds directly the hurricane struck us. The ship fell off in the trough of the sea and lay helpless at the mercy of the screaming wind, which blew with a force which actually lifted the water from the ocean to our decks in solid masses. Every moment I expected the good

old ship to capsize and take us all to a watery grave, or else that an explosion would take place in the cargo through the shifting and the fact that the hatches had been closed for six days with no outlet for the gas. But the *Island Bay* fought gallantly, though the lifeboats and everything movable were blown or wa-hed away in the pandemonium of the elements.

Before daylight next morning, to our intense relief, the typhoon had passed and a light breeze arose. I squared my yards to it and then set all hands to retrim the cargo. In forty-eight hours things had been put to rights as far as possible, and our once

beautiful clipper, presenting a pitiable sight in her battered and dismantled condition, sailed triumphantly past Crididore Island and up the Bay of Manila, coming to an anchor at Cavité, the naval depot for the United States navy. I communicated with my owners and charterer at once, and received instructions that the vessel would be discharged, repaired, and receive a captain in Manila. The company, as a token of esteem, promoted me to the post of chief officer, and the acting mate was made second officer.

From the agent in Hong-Kong I

learned of the arrival of our rivals in the race, the *Palm Grove*, *Cogeltown*, and *Brooklyn*, the first-named ship beating the second one by four hours and the third by two days. Sad to say, however, six years have elapsed and the fate of the *Berhampore* is still unknown, although it is believed she was either blown up or was lost. So ended the great ocean race which began so auspiciously for the *Island Bay* and ended so disastrously. As I follow the plough in my own native New Zealand and reflect on the dreadful events of that voyage, I vow that never again will I go to sea so long as I am able to make "brownie" for the shearers.



"THE SHIP FELL OFF IN THE TROUGH OF THE SEA."

# Three Men in the Wilds.

BY JAMES BARR.

A humorous account of the trials and tribulations which befell the author and his companions while making a canoe voyage through the vast wilderness of Northern Ontario and Quebec, a region known only to the trapper and the Indian. In this instalment Mr. Barr describes the start and some trouble concerning a trail.

“**T**HOUGHT this was to be a canoe trip, not a pedestrian exploit,” said Peters.

“So it is a canoe journey,” answered McWhinnie, soothingly.

“Then why don't we paddle our own canoe? What are we here for?”

“I did not create Nature,” replied McWhinnie, modestly. “I don't mind accepting responsibility for everything else, but must beg to be excused for the shortcomings of Nature. We are now up against her works. Had the job been entrusted to my hands I'd have had a cycle-track and a motor-car for you; but as the laying-out of these woods and waters is not mine, you'll please bring your mind to a state of composure and realize that right in front of your nose is a stretch of woods fifteen miles long that has to be tramped, see?—*got* to be tramped. There's only one alternative—to turn back.”

The day was Monday, the date May 18th, 1903, and we three stood near a small landing-stage which juts out from the sand at the head of Lake Temiskaming, in the Province of Quebec, Canada. Alongside the little wharf lay a small steamboat, the *Meteor*, which had just dumped us down in this Indian reservation of North Temiskaming. Behind us lay civilization, in front of us the vast wilderness of Northern Ontario and Quebec, a region said to be three

million square acres in extent and known only to the Indian trapper, the moose, bear, grey wolf, and wild-goose. The three of us—Peters, McWhinnie, and the Chronicler—had journeyed from London for the purpose of canoeing far into these fascinating wilds, but exactly how far we would go, in which direction we would steer, and when turn back we did not know. We were in for a plunge into regions remote from civilization, to get the starch of London out of us, and to experience things. Our real starting place had been Mattawa, a village on the Canadian Pacific Railway some three hundred miles west of Montreal, and there we secured the services of two native canoeists as cooks and paddlers, and two birch-bark canoes. We also loaded up with fat pork and pails of lard—all other hardships were as

nothing to the eating of that grease—and as an occasional delectable oasis in the Sahara of fat pork we took along a few tins of tongue and other meats, as well as sugar, flour, plenty of tobacco, and cooking pans. From London we had each brought a camp bed consisting of a ground-cork mattress and a waterproof cover, the flap of which spread over us at night and buckled down. But best contrivance of all from London were the mosquito nettings which hung from the cross-pole of the tent and fell, bell-shaped, round our beds. These kept the mosquito and black-fly from



From a

THE AUTHOR, MR. JAMES BARR.

[Photo.]

wholly consuming us. As it was, all the black-fly left us was our tempers, and even these we were continually losing.

A spur of the Canadian Pacific Railway runs from Mattawa for some sixty miles into the big-game country of Temiskaming and Kipawa, sticking so close to the brawling Upper Ottawa that, on occasions, the chaotic waves of the rapids seem to leap under the wheels of the car. This line we travelled by as far as it went, and then transferred ourselves, guides, and canoes to the *Meteor*, which, as already related, had dumped us down at the Indian reservation, the farthest spot she touched at, and some hundred and twenty-five miles nearer than Mattawa to Hudson Bay. We were now to bid good-bye to civilization and strike into the wilds.

"Perhaps you can tell me some way of avoiding the tramp through the rough bush," said McWhinnie to Peters. "If so, I shall be delighted."

Peters gazed across the clearing in the direction of the silent woods, and then glanced at the broad, swift-running river that came from the direction we wished to go and flowed into the lonely lake. He was not satisfied.

"We have paddlers; they can paddle, I take it?"

"They can."

"And canoes; they can float?"

"They can."

"There, unless I am colour-blind, is a river deep enough and wide enough to float an Atlantic liner, let alone a Fleet Street one." He glanced at me. "May I ask what's the matter with the river?"

"The matter with the river is that Nature, after creating it, forgot to lay it down. She leaned it up against this country, no doubt

intending to come back and lay it down as a river should lie. Bless her, she forgot! The outcome of this oversight is that while there is no difficulty in coming *down* this Quinze River, providing you do not wish to be alive when you reach the mouth, there is an impossibility in getting *up*. Not a mile of the river but has its

wild falls and chaotic rapids; consequently unless you are a zephyr you'll jolly well walk, you understand."

The reader will detect a certain attitude of dictatorship towards the other two of us in McWhinnie. The fault was of our own creation. Believing it would simplify matters, prevent friction, and tend to conserving of tempers, we agreed to centre all authority as between our paddlers and selves in one, and by an unfortunate fatality we picked upon McWhinnie as that one. No sooner was this distinction bestowed upon him than he began to swagger, and we soon found ourselves looked upon by the paddlers and McWhinnie as animated encumbrances.

Ninety-six hours

farther on Peters and I sat under a bush in the night rain trying to hit upon some scheme for regaining a modicum of rights and privileges, but came to the conclusion that the only way it could be done was to swiftly murder McWhinnie and the two guides. It did not seem worth the trouble, so for the rest of the trip we were the submerged two-fifths of the expedition.

"If the river is ungetupable for fifteen miles how do we transport canoes and pork and——"

"We don't 'transport' in this region," replied McWhinnie. "This is Canada, once a French province, which fact is not forgotten here, so we 'portage,' pronounced 'por-tahj,' with the accent on the 'tahj.' Usually our backs do the portaging, but this time it is our purses. If the



"UNLESS YOU ARE A ZEPHYR YOU'LL JOLLY WELL WALK, YOU UNDERSTAND."

pursuer of that steamboat has overlooked enough of our money, that Indian will do the rest."

He pointed to a spit of sand that shot down to the landing. There stood an Indian wearing gold-rimmed spectacles on a strikingly Israelitic nose. His eyes glared through the glasses at the three of us, and from his expression I gathered that he did not think highly of our appearances. He held reins which connected him with a span of wiry ponies attached to a lumber waggon, the wheels of which were half buried in the silting sands. Our belongings—guns, sleeping-bags, fishing tackle, tent, and canoes—lay spread about. A short distance off stood a group of backwoodsmen, most of whom had come with us by the *Meteor*. They knew we were very green, and took quite an interest in us.

A short time after our canoes lay like basking crocodiles on top of our other belongings on the waggon, which creaked its way out of the sand heading for the woods. For the distance of perhaps a mile we walked along a road which looked like the slash of a Titan's sword, so straight and clear cut it lay in the trees. On either side settlers were burning their clearings. Stumps, roots, logs, and branches of the spruce were piled high: until the whole countryside looked like a black encampment, our road splitting it in two. The settlers had started a fire in the peak of each wooden wigwam, and as we passed along it was like walking between the ranks of a great torch-light procession. However, the clearings ended abruptly, and turning to the right we headed along a dimly-marked waggon-trail, winding and wriggling among the trees, the last wheel-tracks we were destined to see until we had covered some hundreds of miles and returned to this self-same trail. After travelling two miles we came down to the margin of this Quinze River, to the raftsmen and log-driver the veritable river of death. With song and jest the drivers come down the upper waters in charge of their fifty thousand pine logs, shooting the rapids in bateau and canoe, running over the wobbling, half-submerged timber like water-beetles on the surface of a wind-rippled

pool, shouting and prising, herding their charges like sheepdogs their flocks, pushing on night and day, always genial and light-hearted. But when they come to this death-valley, the Quinze River, a grimness falls upon their exuberant spirits; their song is quieted and their nerves strung to highest pitch, for well they know that many a lusty log-driver, bronzed of face and steel-thewed, has on a sudden come face to face with Charon, his boat a log-jam, and this pitching, seething, roaring chaos of foam and spray the very Styx. Long before we sighted the river the roar of its turbulence beat black wings among the trees like the turmoil of a heavy surf on the immutable rocks, and when at last we peered out of the woods there lay the broad expanse of water newly over Fish Chute, streaked with foam, swirling and boiling round and round, strange-shaped, black parts of it rolling over and over like whales in distress and an angry look about the whole, for all the world as though it resented the twisting, hustling,



"IT WAS LIKE WALKING BETWEEN THE RANKS OF A GREAT TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION."



THE FALLS OF THE QUINZE RIVER—A VERITABLE DEATH-TRAP FOR LOG-DRIVERS.

*From a Photo.*

bumping, squeezing, and tumbling it received in passing over that awful chute that fronted us a third of a mile ahead. Already the logs were being hurled by the water to the tops of obstructing rocks, and by the time we got thus far on our return journey there were piles in midstream twenty and thirty feet high. Leaving the river some distance above Fish Chute—where we came across a man who had just shot a she-bear and captured her two tiny cubs—we saw no more of it, but on occasions through the woods there rumbled on the ear the muffled drumming of its riot although our ways lay miles apart.

For a quarter of our fifteen miles' portage through the woods the three of us tramped on, keeping just ahead of the waggon, but as the spectacled teamster was having an awfully rough time of it, his horses one moment being up to their bellies in mire, and the next clambering like mountain goats up a steep of bare, bumpy rocks, and again heaving and scrambling over logs laid side by side as support against a bottomless pit, we decided, as we could be of no service, to push on and take our ease at the far end of the way. Assured by the driver that we could not go wrong, we strode away and quickly lost sound of the waggon's creaks and groans and the cautions and commands of the driver. Scrambling along in the woods, the air cool and bracing, sights, sounds, and smells all new and strange, we laughed heartily at each other's poor

jokes and vowed we were glad we had come and that the party consisted of exactly this number of jovial spirits. As the way became more difficult, however, and the heat increased, the scenery we noticed had a certain dead monotony about it, much like our stories, so we grew more silent and pushed on a little faster as our limbs began to feel the strain. In swampy places where the going was soft we saw the wide-spread tracks of great moose and at one place a bear had crossed the path, but of song birds or squirrels we saw very few. In fact, the striking characteristic of the forests of Northern Ontario and Quebec is their silence.

Even the human beings

who denizen the woods are taciturn to almost the last degree. It is the only way to live in the woods; a talkative man would be worse than black-flies. After going half-way we began to spread out, one falling behind, the other pushing ahead, for we tired of each other's company and wished to be alone.

Rain began to fall and we grew quite mute. We had been trying to keep dry feet by leaping from stone to stump, stump to log, and log to tuft of swamp grass, but mile by mile became more careless, until, coming to the brow of a tiny rise, we beheld before us a great stretch of swamp, like a beaver meadow, our way leading through a lake of mud and water. There was nothing for it. Tired and determined we splashed in, while the rain came steadily down. We now must push ahead at our best speed and reach the house which they told us stood at the far end of the portage.

I was leading by two hundred yards when I came to the end of the swamp. A steep little rise confronted me and the trail at the foot of it divided, the branches going off at right angles. One proceeded straight up and over the eminence, the other led direct into the woods, apparently making a bee-line for the river. Examining the trails I found each as definitely indistinct as the other; no waggon had passed that way recently, and for all I could tell each track was as unfrequented as the other. Under

the drip of the pines I awaited the coming of my companions.

Peters arrived first. Hearing my difficulty he cast a contemptuous glance at me.

"Straight ahead, of course," he said, off-hand. "Over the hillock it goes. You can wager the hard and straight road is bound to be right."

"It is the custom of poets and Nature-lovers to scoff at well-travelled ways, but I tell you

If we make for any other direction we have the whole universe to get lost in, but to the right we are circumscribed. Besides, right is right all the world over, and that's my direction."

Peters intervened.

"On the face of it that trail only leads to some lumberman's camp on the river. This one straight ahead has the appearance of a trunk line——"

"I fail to see it," interrupted McWhinnie.



From a] THE AUTHOR'S COMPANIONS IN BED IN THEIR TENT IN NORTH TEMISKAMING. [Photo.

they are mighty handy things to meet in the woods," I said, for I was not so sure of the way as Peters.

"I see no difficulty at all," he said, cheerily; "but if you think there's a reasonable doubt, I'll wait for McWhinnie to confirm me."

McWhinnie came lumbering on, walking with difficulty through the mire. He cast a gloomy glance at the parting of the ways, but refused to say a word until he was seated beneath a bush and had wiped the rain and perspiration from his brow.

"Common sense or, if that is not possessed, then instinct would convince anyone that the proper way to take is that which bears towards the river," he said, finally.

Peters started to protest, but McWhinnie frowned him down.

"Pardon me while I tell you. The river road at the very worst cannot send us far out of our way. We are going for the head of the river, and we know the river lies there to the right.

"The branch there to the right is the trunk line."

"How can a branch be a trunk, you—you——"

"We're not here in the rain to split words, Mr. Peters. Come on with me, and I'll guarantee I'll lead you over the portage."

"No, thank you; I want no wild-geese chase in this mud and rain. You come with me over this knoll——"

"Not I," said McWhinnie, doggedly. "I'll follow you in no greasy hill-climbing."

"Nor will I plunge into the swamp with you."

"We'd better separate, then, if you're going to insist on your way every time."

"Every time!" gasped Peters. "Every time! That's rich, after the way you—— But I'll tell you what I'll do, if you will. We'll leave the question to the Chronieler here and abide by his decision, whatever it be."

"Done," growled McWhinnie, giving me a menacing glance.



"You each agree to abide, do you?" I asked. They nodded affirmatively.

"Then it's done."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you abide—abide here till the waggon comes along. I'm hanged if I am going to risk life and limb by deciding against one of you; nor will I take the risk of choosing the wrong road."

"But the waggon is miles astern. Have the courage of your convictions."

"Gentlemen, I belong to that great political party in England which has neither courage nor convictions. I wait for the waggon."

"Well, if I had known that —"

"I thought you had some backbone —"

The clamour gradually died out. Crouched under separate clumps of bushes we sat while the rain fell piteously. Time crawled on as though for it, too, roads were bad. No

one spoke, but occasionally Peters or McWhinnie shot a scornful, resentful glance in my direction. An hour passed before the rattle of the waggon sounded to our ears.

No sooner had the driver come within plain sight than Peters, gesticulating, pointed up the steep. The driver, who sat an amorphous bundle on the waggon, thrust his head out of wraps like a turtle and nodded "Yes."

"I told you so," shouted Peters in delight. "We've lost enough time here foolishly. Come on and say no more."

But McWhinnie was not convinced. He felt sure a mistake had been made. To the driver he pointed to the trail leading riverward. Again the head was thrust forward and again it nodded "Yes."

"You're wrong, Peters," shouted McWhinnie.

"He misunderstood you. My way is right, he says."

"He told me I'm right and I'm off," repeated Peters, scrambling up the hill.

"I'm right and I'm off," replied McWhinnie, setting out towards the river.

I waited for Gold Spectacles to come within speaking distance.

"Which of these ways is the right one?" I demanded.

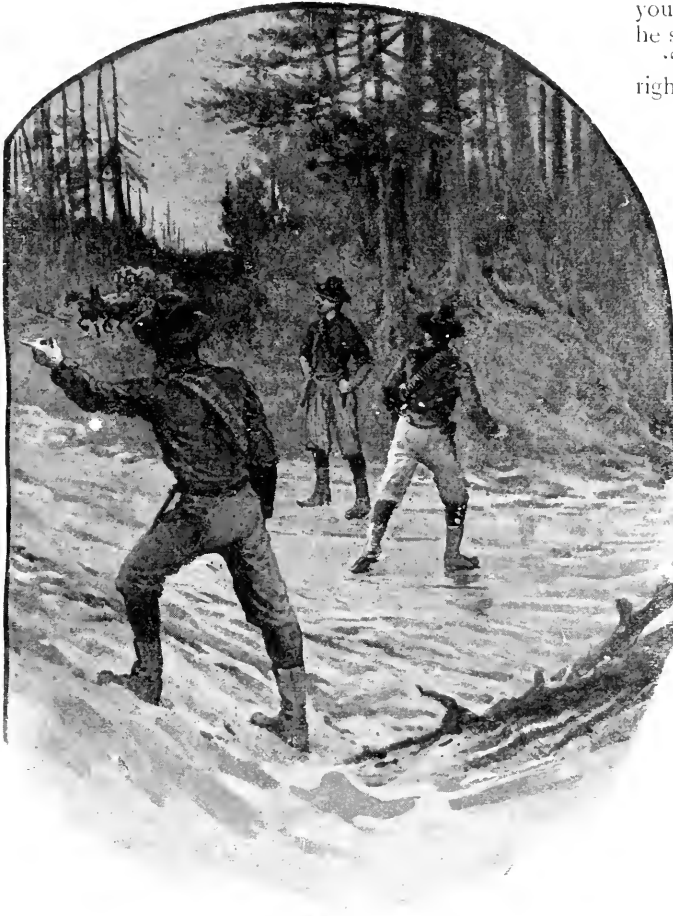
"One she's as good as de odder," he replied. "Dat one," he continued, pointing to the riverward way, "she's easy for get up dis hill with heavy load. De odder —" he shrugged his shoulders.

When I reached the top of the rise I saw Peters and McWhinnie standing on opposite sides of the trail saying nothing to one another, but waiting for poor me.

"It's all your fault that we've been delayed this hour or more in the rain," began Peters.

"Why in the world couldn't you have been a man for once in your life and chosen one of the paths?" spluttered McWhinnie.

I strode haughtily between them, picked up my hundred yards' lead, and splashed onwards through the mud.



"PETERS POINTED UP THE STEEP."

(To be continued.)



## CARRIED OFF BY A LION.

BY R. S. PARMENTER.

An experience unique in the annals of big game adventure—how a man, after being carried off by a lion, attacked and killed it, armed only with a sheath-knife! The facts of this remarkable story have been vouched for by Major J. S. Hamilton, Warden of the Transvaal Government Game Reserves, and Sir Alfred Pease, Acting Resident Magistrate of the Barberton District.



THE story I propose to tell is perhaps unequalled in the stirring annals of big game adventure—how a man, bruised and battered, extricated himself from the clutches of a hungry lion and killed it with an ordinary sheath-knife! The hero of this extraordinary incident is Game-Ranger Wolhuter, of the Transvaal Government Game Reserve.

On August 26th of last year Wolhuter was riding on his patrols, well mounted, and carrying a good rifle. The moon had already come up, and by its light he picked his way along a native path that led to the Sabi River. It was rather uncanny, this solitary ride along the lonely, moonlit veldt, and the Ranger almost wished he had not ridden on ahead of the "boys," though he was anxious to finish his journey. To occupy his mind he talked to his big, shaggy-haired dog, which leaped and gambolled by his side. Suddenly, however, the hound stopped short and started barking at some movement in the bush. For the moment the Ranger thought it was deer; but directly after the dog rushed snarling at a lion which was crouching on the off-side of the path. Wolhuter knew instinctively that the great brute was going to spring, so he turned his horse sharply in the other direction. The movement was successful, for the great beast missed him, but struck the horse, his claws tearing its quarter. While Wolhuter was fumbling for his arms the wounded horse gave a terrific bound, which threw him out of the saddle with so much force that he rolled several feet. In his fall he dropped both his rifle and revolver.

Though the shock of the fall was a pretty severe one it had not disabled him, and he was picking himself up when, to his horror, another lion, evidently the mate of the first, jumped at him from the bush and seized him by the right shoulder! The brute then trotted off, carrying the unfortunate Ranger

as easily as a feather—his head up and his body and legs under the animal's chest. The lion kept up a growling, purring noise as a cat does when she has caught a mouse, only magnified many times.

In spite of his awful position Wolhuter did not lose his senses. He saw the first lion rush off in pursuit of his terrified horse, and wondered what his dog was doing. The horrible purring of the tawny monster that held him droned in his ears like the unceasing hum of a busy street; it tortured him and made his head feel as if it were splitting, while the pain where the brute's fangs were buried in his shoulder was excruciating.

At first the beast trotted round in a circle,



"THE WOUNDED HORSE GAVE A TERRIFIC BOUND, WHICH THREW HIM OUT OF THE SADDLE."

and presently the Ranger spied his revolver lying on the ground where it had fallen when jerked from his grasp. As they passed over the place Wolhuter pluckily reached out his arm for the weapon, though the action gave him intense agony, but he only grazed his hand on the rough ground; for the lion, increasing his speed, went off at a swinging trot, evidently anticipating a tasty meal.

Livingstone tells us of his indifference and the total absence of pain he experienced when seized by a lion; but Wolhuter says this was not at all the case in his experience. The torture he passed through was indescribable. The teeth of the beast in his shoulder felt like hot irons burning into him, and the jerking he received at each step seemed to be tearing him to pieces. It seemed impossible that he could ever get out of this awful position alive.

Although he had almost given himself up to a horrible death the Ranger kept thinking of plans of escape, each one more impossible than the other, till finally, what with the jolting and the pain, he began to bleed at the nose. This relieved him a little and his brain cleared, so that he saw the absurdity of his plans. Before long, however, a species of madness took possession of him—a delirium of pain. Then, suddenly, there flashed through his throbbing head the word "knife." Knife? For a few moments he repeated "knife," "knife," without being able to grasp its meaning. At last he remembered that

he had a strong sheath-knife hanging at his belt. Could he secure it and kill or wound the lion? The problem was how to get hold of the dagger, for he was being hurried along at a rapid rate.

His reflections were interrupted by continual wrenches at his feet, and looking down he saw that his spurs were catching in the uneven ground they were traversing and were wrenching his ankles fearfully. The torture did not last long, however, for the leathers burst and the spurs fell off. Thereupon he redirected his attention to the knife.

Seizing hold of the belt in front, at the buckle, he was about to unbuckle it, but fearing that he might drop it, he slowly began to twist the belt round, and to his joy felt the knife coming nearer and nearer to his left side. Then he cautiously reached out his left hand and caught hold of the rough horn hilt. A thrill went through him as his fingers closed around it. Slowly and with infinite care,

so as not to drop it, he drew the knife from the sheath. The question now was, where should he strike? It must, if possible, be a mortal blow, for a slight wound would only infuriate the lion and cause him to finish his victim then and there. The great brute and his captive were now on somewhat broken ground and the Ranger was being roughly jolted to and fro, which increased his sufferings tenfold. By this time he had been dragged over two hundred yards from the place where the lion first seized him.



GAME-RANGER WOLHUTER, WHO WAS CARRIED OFF BY A LION.  
*From a Photo.*



"HE STABBED THE ANIMAL TWICE IN THE RIGHT SIDE."

As they came near a tree Wolhuter summoned up all his resolution and pricked the lion with his knife, whereupon the animal stopped momentarily. Here was the Ranger's opportunity! With all his might he stabbed the animal twice in the right side, near where he judged the heart to be, each time driving the knife in up to the hilt. Immediately the grip on his shoulders relaxed and he dropped among the roots of the tree, striking at the lion's throat again as he fell.

Battered and bruised, Wolhuter staggered to his feet, wondering what would happen next. The lion, snarling angrily, and with blood gushing from its wounds, seemed about to rush at him. At this moment, however, he remembered having read somewhere of the effect of the human voice on wild animals, and began to shout all the opprobrious epithets he could think of.

Whether the flow of language shocked the brute it is impossible to say; the fact remains that after a brief period of hesitation the lion turned away and went off growling.

The exhausted Ranger immediately climbed the tree and reached a forked branch some dozen feet from the ground. Here he securely seated himself, but, fearing that he might fall, owing to his increasing weakness, he lashed himself firmly to the trunk with his belt and handkerchief. He could still hear the lion growling somewhere near, but after a time the growl became a moan, and finally the sounds ceased altogether.

Wolhuter felt certain that the brute was dead, and was just congratulating himself on his providential escape when he saw the other lion—which, it will be remembered, had gone off in chase of his horse—approaching at a rapid rate. The animal was following his spoor,



"HALF AN HOUR LATER THE RANGER'S 'BOYS' APPEARED ON THE SCENE."

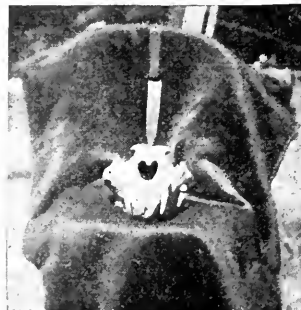
and presently arrived at the base of the tree where the sorely-tried Ranger sat. Behind the lion was Wolhuter's faithful dog, which had apparently followed him throughout, and which, on a feeble shout of encouragement from its master, attacked the lion vigorously. Snarling savagely, the brute charged him, but the hound cleverly dodged, until finally the lion went off in disgust.

Half an hour later the Ranger's native "boys" appeared on the scene and found their master unconscious, lashed in the fork of the tree.

One of their number promptly climbed up and brought the wounded man down. He was placed in a blanket between four or five of the men and hurried to Barberton Hospital, while the others

searched around for the lion. They discovered him not far off—stone-dead. The first knife-thrust had touched the bottom of the heart, while the second had slit it up. The animal was an old male, with a perfectly empty stomach. The horse was caught next day, little the worse for his mauling and the subsequent chase by the first lion.

Game-Ranger Wolhuter has now recovered from his wounds, but it will be some time before he can use his right arm with perfect ease again. He will probably carry the scars inflicted upon him by the lion for the rest of his life—grim mementos of his terrible experience.



THE SKULL OF THE LION THAT CARRIED OFF GAME-RANGER WOLHUTER, AND THE KNIFE WITH WHICH HE KILLED IT.

*From a Photo.*

# Odds and Ends.

The Champion Girl Cow - "Boy"—How a Ship Sinks—A Wonderful Leap, etc.

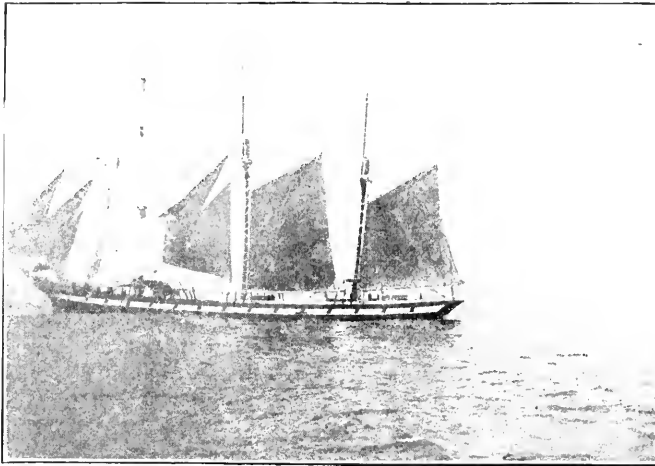


HE champion cow-"boy" of the South-Western States of America is a girl of seventeen—Miss Lucile Mulhall. At a rough-riders' congress held on the plains of Oklahoma recently she roped and tied a steer in twenty-six seconds, thus lowering the record—twenty-seven seconds—made by an Indian cowboy last winter. She has appeared at all the riding carnivals in recent years, and during the World's Fair at St. Louis will take a leading part in the "Congress of Rough-Riders," one of the picturesque riding contests which will form a portion of the Exposition's sporting programme. Miss Mulhall lives with her parents in Washington Avenue, St. Louis, and moves in excellent society. She is the daughter of Mr. "Zack" Mulhall, a rich cattleman and live-stock agent of the 'Frisco railroad. It is her father's pet ambition that his daughter should become the foremost rider of the world, and he has offered her a fifty-thousand-acre ranch in Oklahoma if she wins the world's championship in the Exposition contests. Miss Mulhall is fitting herself for this formidable task by taking daily rides. She also spends much of her time on the Oklahoma ranch which she hopes to win, and while there does active duty as "boss" of the "outfit" herding her father's steers. This extraordinary young woman graduated last year from a Catholic college, and is thoroughly equipped for the drawing-room as well as the saddle. Her tastes are decidedly refined, although she claims she would far rather ride down an infuriated steer than read the latest novel. It is not to be wondered at that she does not care

for society men, believing that the men of the ranch are much more sincere and worthy. Needless to say, Miss Mulhall is a general favourite with the ranchmen all over the South-West, and whenever her father takes a trip into the Texas cattle country with his daughter there is a general era of rejoicing on the big ranches. In all the contests for the last three years this intrepid girl cow-"boy" has taken part, winning prizes nearly every time. She breaks in all the wild horses on her father's ranch, and could be kept thus employed all the time by ranchmen if she chose. Her time of greatest enjoyment, she says, is when she is mounted on the back of her favourite white pony and galloping across the plains of her father's Oklahoma ranch, rounding up a "bunch of steers." The photo. here reproduced shows Miss Mulhall just after roping and throwing a refractory steer.



From a] MISS LUCILE MULHALL, THE CHAMPION COW-"BOY" OF THE SOUTH-WEST. [Photo.

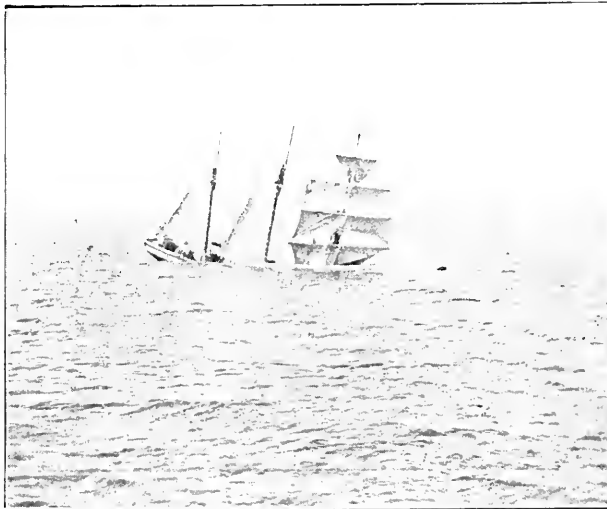


THE "BOIS-ROSE" AS SHE APPEARED SOON AFTER BEING SIGHTED.  
From a Photo.

It is seldom that a really good photograph of a sinking ship can be obtained. Those on board are usually too busy saving their lives to think about operating a camera, and too often no other vessel is at hand, either to render assistance or to secure photographic records of the disaster. We have pleasure, therefore, in presenting our readers with a unique little set of snap-shots, showing the foundering of a ship in full sail at sea. The pictures were taken from the tank steamer *Luciline*, which rescued the crew of the ill-fated vessel. While steaming from Ushant towards the Casquets the *Luciline* sighted a barquentine showing signals of distress, and bore down to investigate. The vessel proved to be French—the *Bois-Rosé*, of Cancale, bound from St. Malo to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland on a cod-fishing expedition. She had a number of her dories launched and provisioned, so that the ship could be abandoned at a moment's notice, and the crew were labouring at the

pumps. The French captain stated that his ship had sprung a leak, and was making water so fast that despite their utmost efforts she was rapidly settling down. He asked that he and his crew might be taken off and put ashore. Needless to say, the captain of the *Luciline* extended a hearty welcome to the unfortunate Frenchmen, but he sent a party of his crew, under the chief officer, on board the barquentine to see if it were possible to do anything to keep her afloat. It was decided to make an attempt to tow the sinking vessel, but the moment the hawser was attached and the barquentine commenced to move ahead the water rose

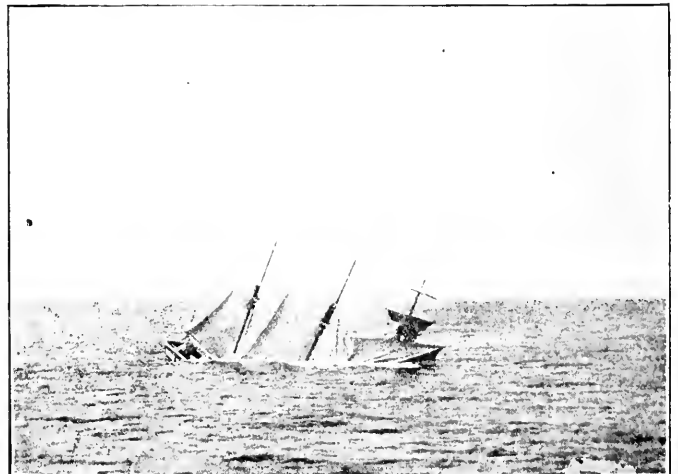
so rapidly that it was evident she must be abandoned. A warning lurch drove the officer and his little band back to their boat—and only just in time, for as they left the fast-rising water gained the deck. After that the end came rapidly. Two or three heavy lurches, and her bowsprit dipped, rose, and dipped again. Then the sea rushed on to her sloping deck, the poop canted upwards, and



From a

NEARING THE END.

[Photo.



From a

THE FINAL PLUNGE.

[Photo.

with a final swift plunge the poor old *Bois-Rosé* went down, bows first, to her last resting-place on the bed of the ocean. The sight was most impressive. Where, a few moments before, had been a stately ship with sail set was now a seething and gurgling mass of water, in which barrels and odds and ends of wreckage could be seen floating. Finally, after quite a long interval, spars which had become detached from the sunken vessel came to the surface, shooting up twenty feet or more into the air, as though propelled by some unseen force. One shudders to think what would have happened to the *Bois-Rosé's* crew had the barquentine got clear away into the Atlantic, probably out of the track of shipping, before the leak developed. Their frail dories would soon have been overwhelmed after leaving the sinking vessel, and the fate of both ship and crew would have added yet another to the long list of ocean mysteries.

The accompanying instantaneous snap-shot shows a cyclist—and a one-legged one at that—in the very act of leaping from a platform a hundred feet high. This extraordinary feat

was accomplished at Niagara Falls, N.Y. The daring jumper alighted in a shallow pool of water, his machine falling a few feet beyond. The photograph shows the cyclist just about to push his bicycle from him, so that it may fall clear. This one-legged acrobat was recently giving an exhibition of his daring leap at a London music-hall.

A lady reader in Calcutta writes: "I send you a photograph of our little girl sitting in a



A ONE-LEGGED CYCLIST LEAPING FROM A PLATFORM A HUNDRED FEET HIGH INTO A SHALLOW POOL OF WATER.

From a Photo.



A "THAPA," THE CURIOUS CONVEYANCE USED IN THE ASSAM HILLS. [Photo. From a]

*thapa*, the curious basket-work contrivance in which children and grown-ups alike are carried about in the Assam hills. The cord by which the bearer supports the *thapa* passes across his forehead, and by this method even the heaviest portmanteau is carried up hill and down dale. In order that the passenger may get into the *thapa* it is rested on the ground, with the bearer kneeling behind, and when he rises the passenger is required to lean well back—a somewhat terrifying business to a nervous person using the conveyance for the first time. They are more comfortable, however, than they look, and quite long journeys are taken in them."



The foreign gentleman who labours under the delusion that he can write English is, like the poor, always with us. Here is a fine specimen of his handiwork forwarded by a Calcutta correspondent. "This will show your readers the kind of thing we have to contend with out here," he writes. "This particular document is printed, and, therefore, easy to read, but many letters we receive are not only couched in mystic 'English,' but wretchedly written as well." It will be noticed that



From a

A LAPP FAMILY AND THEIR HOMESTEAD.

[Photo.

No. 1755 Sukkot City, 24/1/1904.

**N. MOHAMMED DIN & CO.,**  
THE "KAM KHUB SPORTS WORKS."

AWARDED:

Special Diploma of Paris Exhibition 1900

Special Prize Meerut Nonchandi Industrial Exhibition.

To Messrs Hall & Anderson - Great Street  
31 Chowringhee Road - Calcutta.

Dear Sir,

We beg to announce for the General Manufacture of this kind of trade that we are the sole dealers of the sporting gear in the East with our vast and long experience of 35 years in the trade, and beg to bring to the kind notice of our Co-Manufacturers that our so much reduction in prices as per reverse and content on every little profit is only due to the fact that our goods be made subject to the proper and reasonable cheapness so as our fellow traders may publicly be benefited by selling them at further profits. The good we export the strongest, durable, fashionable, *bonafide* and unequalled in all respects, and endeavours are always made to supply the best materials procurable for their make and finish. Trial order for our would-be clients will be the best-test, and we advise them not to fell under tricks of those firms who take part to exceed in mere show, but in reality they are as boil on water.

**The favour of a trial order is solicited.**

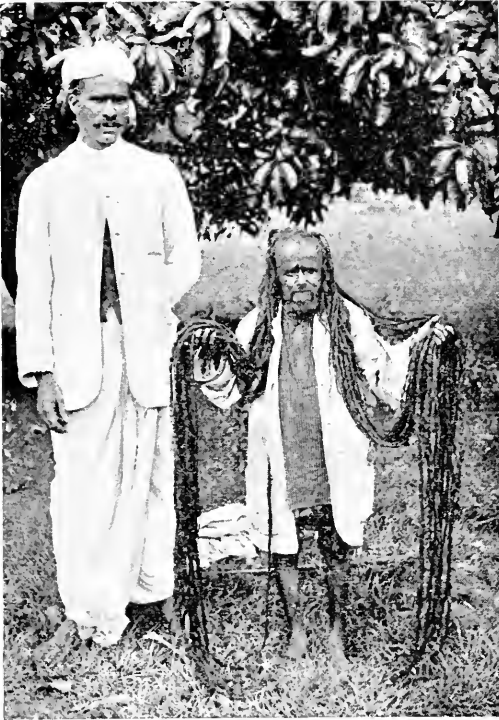
Your's faithfully,  
N. Mohammed Din & Co.,

A FINE SPECIMEN OF INDIAN "ENGLISH."

the enterprising authors of the circular first state that they are "sole dealers," and then refer to their "Co-Manufacturers," while the last sentence of the letter is a veritable work of art.

Living on the edge of modern civilization as he does, it is wonderful that the Lapp retains to this day most of the habits and customs of his forefathers. He is fairly intellectual, can perhaps write and read, and he has a keen eye to business, but all the same he remains the semi-wild nomad fisher and hunter he was in the days beyond history. Every summer some of the race descend from the mountains, driving their great flocks of reindeer before them, to the warm valley opposite Tromsø. To this centre of business the Lapps come to sell their reindeer, seal, bear, and fox skins. Their encampment is a couple of miles up the valley, where, standing at considerable intervals, are what can be best described as "bumps" of ground which, on close inspection, are found to be hollow and inhabited. Each is the mansion of a Lapp family. Over a rough skeleton of boughs, earth and stones are piled thickly; one hole, to which perhaps a door is fitted, is left for entry, but window or chimney there is none. Inside there is just the one chamber in which the whole family live and have their being. On the floor is a carpet of dirty remnants and skins; from the walls hang joints of reindeer meat. A few wooden bowls, with knives and implements fashioned out of reindeer horn, complete the equipment of these "desirable freehold residences."





A REMARKABLE DWARF FAKIR ATTACHED TO AN INDIAN MONKEY TEMPLE—HIS HAIR IS NEARLY EIGHT FEET LONG.

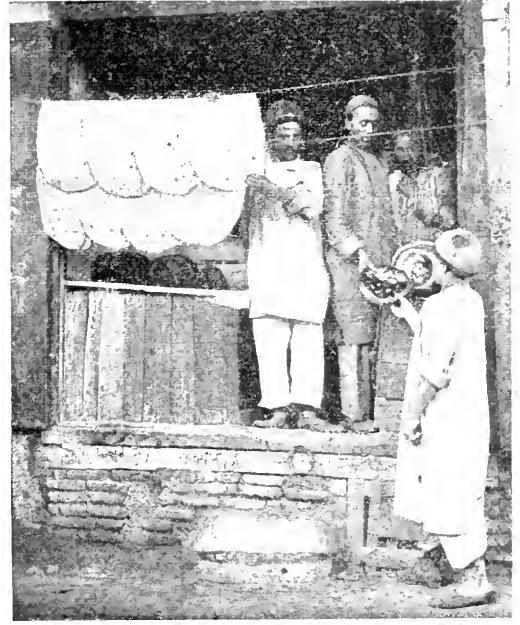
*From a Photo.*

The above photograph shows a remarkable Indian dwarf fakir, or religious mendicant, who—surely with an eye to the fitness of things—is attached to one of the temples of Hanuman, the monkey deity. The little man is only forty-seven inches in height, and his hair, which has never been combed, assumes the form of tangled ropes, many of which are nearly eight feet long.

Here is a quaint photograph from Asia Minor, sent by the chief engineer of a steamship. "The picture," he writes, "shows a stork's nest built on the chimney of the railway-station at Derindje. The birds have built in the same place for the last seven years, and, fortunately for themselves, only commence to construct their bulky nest when the weather is getting warm and no fires are needed. Otherwise it would be bad for the storks, and possibly—for a short time, at least—for the occupants of the room below. It might be thought that the birds would not care for

such a noisy dwelling-place as a railway-station, but they do not seem to mind the trains in the least." To have a stork's nest in one's chimney is looked on in most places as a sign of good luck, and every care is taken to see that the birds are not molested.

Our next photograph shows a typical baker's shop in Persia. The bread sold in that country



*From a* A BAKER'S SHOP IN PERSIA.

*Photo.*

is of two kinds—the common variety, which is sold in the form of a huge biscuit, and a finer quality, which is rolled out in thin white strips. In our photograph a purchaser will be seen receiving one of the "biscuits" of cheap bread,



*From a* A STORK'S NEST BUILT ON THE CHIMNEY OF A RAILWAY-STATION.

*Photo.*



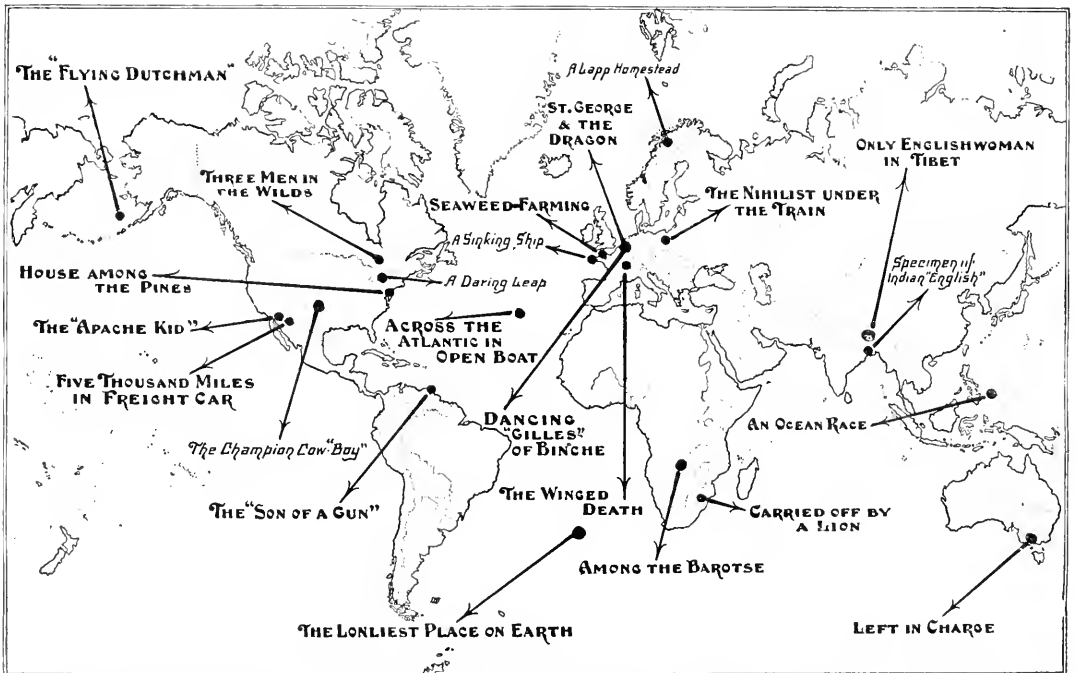
From a] AN AUSTRALIAN SALT-BUSH HEDGE—OBSERVE THE CHILD AND DOG LYING ON TOP. [Photo.

cultural Society, of Sydney, New South Wales. The figures, which stand out very plainly, and the kangaroo and emu cut on the hedge, show how well it can be trained and cut, while the child and dog sitting on the top indicate the extraordinary density of the bush. The plants are easily raised from cuttings from the new wood, and grow very quickly; it is, however, necessary to trim the hedge constantly in order

for which he pays about 1/2d. The finer bread, looking not unlike pieces of white cloth, is seen hanging over the two lines stretched across the shop.

The snap-shot above shows a sample of an Australian salt-bush hedge, grown by Mr. C. D. Paterson, of the Railway Institute Horti-

to keep it compact throughout. This is the plant which was found so valuable as fodder in the far western districts during the recent drought, and its utility in this connection is becoming widely recognised. Its value as an ornamental hedge is obvious from our photograph.



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.





"PADRE SANCHEZ CAUTIOUSLY OPENED THE UPPER PART OF THE DOOR OF THE CONFESSIONAL."

[SEE PAGE 527.]

# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1904.

No. 78.

## TWO VAGABONDS.

BY PAUL FRENZENY.

While coffee-planting in Guatemala the author and his partner captured two jaguar cubs and endeavoured to tame them. The taming, however, was only a partial success, and led to several exciting adventures, which are here related. Mr. Frenzeny illustrates his narrative with his own drawings.



HERE were two of us clearing forest land for a future coffee plantation at Santa Lucia, in the province or district of Totonicapan, in Guatemala. Our dwelling was an old Spanish house, built in the usual way—a central court or *patio* enclosed by four walls, the rooms opening on the court. Not far off the virgin forest, stretching out for miles, gave shelter to plenty of chattering monkeys, screaming parrots, snakes galore, deer, agoutis, and last but not least, to a fair supply of jaguars and minor felines. The Spanish-Americans call the jaguar "*el tigre*" (the tiger), and not incorrectly after all. He is the largest of the cat tribe in the New World and a worthy representative of his Asiatic brother. He is a wily, surly, cunning brute, well-nigh untamable, and rarely seen in the cages where lions, Bengal tigers, and other denizens of jungle or forest are put through their paces. He becomes a man-eater when getting old; and, strange to say, is not averse to leading a semi-aquatic life, very unlike most members of his species, whose aversion to water is notorious.

To bridge over the time until we could expect the first crop from our coffee plantation we took to cattle ranching, but with little success. In a few months our stock nearly all fell victims to the jaguars, and before replacing them we determined, with the assistance of our neighbours, who suffered as much as we did, to organize a systematic warfare with gun, traps, or poison to check the ravages of these feline brigands, and, if possible, exterminate them in our district.

This plan was carried out with considerable success. Before the year was out matters had greatly improved. Nevertheless, every week stock was missing, and the mangled remains showed only too plainly to whom they had fallen victims. A couple of jaguars, male and female, had always baffled us and eluded pursuit successfully. Much too cunning to fall into

a trap, no matter how well disguised, and too cautious to be taken unawares when hard pressed by man and dogs, they took refuge in some impenetrable thicket or ravine. Many a time we tried hard to get at them, but in vain; they kept on levying tribute among the stock until, by a piece of the most astounding luck, the male was killed. An Indian, while hunting for iguanas (a large edible lizard), and ensconced in the branches of a tree, saw the brute and shot him with an old musket. He was an enormous animal, measuring eight feet from nose to tip of tail.

A few days afterwards the same Indian came in to tell us that he had seen at a distance the surviving female, working her way down a deep ravine. It was too late in the afternoon, the distance being considerable, to get to the spot with any promise of success. Sending word, therefore, to several neighbours to be ready in the morning with their rifles and dogs to assist us, we dismissed our Indian with a reward. At daybreak we met, and took the road that would lead us to the part of the forest where the "tigress" had last been seen. The better part of the day was spent in fruitless search, until, completely worn out, man and beast, we had to give it up. Our friends and neighbours—all natives—had been discouraged much earlier and had left some time before.

Taking a shorter path than we had come by, our road lay through tangled, thorny brush and gigantic thistles. Suddenly our dogs, although footsore and spent, showed signs of scenting prey. They disappeared in the undergrowth. An ominous growl and the furious baying of our hounds told us plainly that we had come unawares on some beast of prey—perhaps the very "tigress" we had been looking for. The ground was the most disadvantageous imaginable. To take any precautions or to use the rifle was out of the question. In fact, there was no time for it. The tawny brute (it *was* the female jaguar) burst through the thicket with the three

dogs hanging to her sides—a rolling, struggling, inextricable mass among breaking branches and swaying thistles. Our *leconeros*, as these dogs are called, held on valiantly, but it was necessary to come to their help at once. Afraid to use the rifle on account of the risk of maiming the dogs, I called on my mate to throw the lasso. He was an exceptionally good hand with the rope, and, seizing a propitious moment, he succeeded in getting the running noose round the jaguar's neck. Then he put spurs to his horse and drew the noose tight, well-nigh strangling the brute. This gave the hard-pressed dogs relief, and also a better chance to get hold of her and keep out of the reach of her terrible claws. Dismount-

attention was called to a mewling and whining coming from below. My companion dismounted and clambered down, and, directed by the sounds, came on two cubs in the lair of the defunct couple. He took them by the skin of the neck and held them up triumphantly. We decided to spare them; strapped them firmly with a rope, and so carried them to our home. Perhaps, we thought, we might be able to bring them up, and afterwards sell them, and so recoup ourselves for part of the loss their parents had inflicted on our herds.

The cubs were handed over to the care of our Indian cook, who took a great fancy to them. The inner courtyard became their play-



"I CALLED ON MY MATE TO THROW THE LASSO."

ing, I put a bullet from my rifle into the head of the jaguar, and so ended the struggle. After doing our best for the badly-mauled dogs we made our way home, rejoicing in the unexpected success of the day's hunt.

The next morning we returned to the spot, skirting the border of the ravine, when our

ground, and the scene of their ceaseless gambols and antics. In a few months they had grown handsomely, thriving well on the cow's milk they were fed with, and they were as tame as kittens, not at all afraid to be handled and petted. "Spot" and "Speckles" obeyed when called by their names.

With age comes wisdom, and the cubs speedily became the nightmare of our cook. They made raids when the kitchen was left unguarded, and were not afraid to fish a piece

keeping away by his presence unwelcome visitors, such as the hungry-looking tax-collector or other Government officials, eager for backsheesh. They didn't know that "Speckles" was a well-



"HE TOOK THEM BY THE SKIN OF THE NECK AND HELD THEM UP TRIUMPHANTLY."

of meat out of a steaming kettle or to carry away a huge piece of mutton. The poor cook was in despair, and at last he never left his post unless the cubs were locked up in their den.

After a while we allowed them to leave the house and sun themselves in front of it. Their gentle disposition gained them the friendship and protection of our few neighbours; and the dogs about the place soon became aware that chasing or worrying them would entail severe punishment. But the two scamps knew well how to take care of themselves, and with a single bound were out of reach and under safe shelter in case a strange dog attacked them.

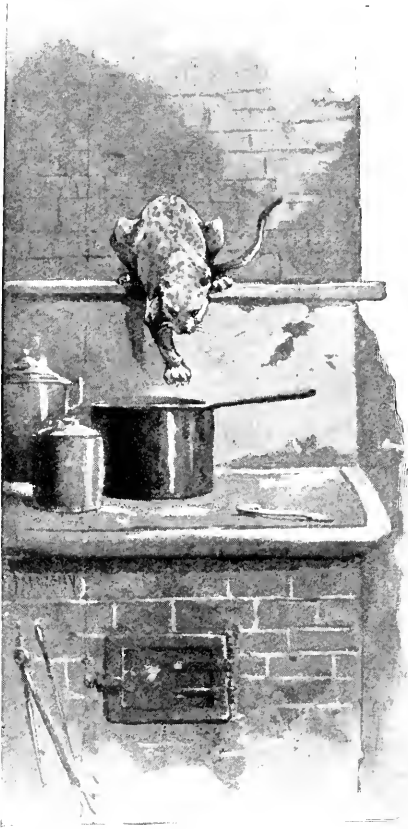
"Speckles" had chosen the narrow passage of the entrance for his favourite resting-place. Occasionally he rendered us valuable service,

behaved jaguar, and we didn't think it necessary to inform them of his amiable disposition.

So far everything had gone on satisfactorily with our cubs. Their daily increasing size and occasional exhibitions of temper made us sometimes think of confining them in one of the rooms, or getting rid of them at the first opportunity. We delayed doing so, however, and the following events will demonstrate two things—firstly, that nature will come out; and secondly, that if you mean to do a thing, do it at once.

A couple of sheep, by the negligence of one of our men, had been left in the corral in the rear of the house. Our two pets were roaming about in the open, as usual. Both of us, trusting to the cook, who always locked them up for the night, were ignorant till late in the evening





"THEY MADE RAIDS WHEN THE KITCHEN WAS LEFT UNGUARDED."

that our jaguars were at liberty, playing truant. We sallied forth, calling them by their names, but without avail. Coming to the rear of the house we entered the corral and found the mangled carcasses of the two sheep, partly devoured. There was no doubt as to who had committed the deed. Our calls were unobeyed and further search became useless. So, blaming ourselves for not confining the two, we went back to the house hoping that the next morning would bring back our fugitives. The morning came but no sign of the truants, and so on for several days. We had to make up our minds that the French leave-taking was a final and lasting one. The jaguars had returned to their real home, the forest, had resumed their legitimate calling, and would levy tribute on us, as their parents had formerly done.

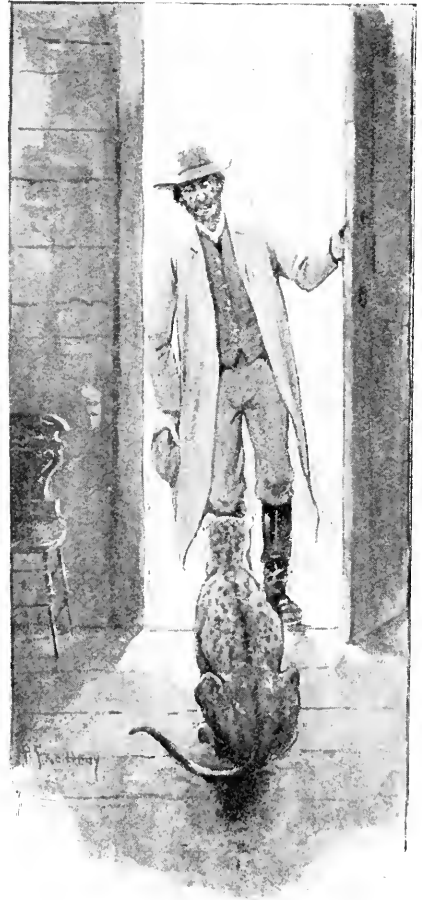
A heifer killed, another sheep lost, and more heifers and more sheep in a few weeks' time, testified to the depredations the two were committing in the neighbourhood. It was finally decided to hunt them, as we had hunted the others, systematically and persistently, when

something out of the common took place. The narration of this startling occurrence will bring my story to a close.

A mile or so from our place was the church and *presbiterio*, or, as we in England would call it, the vicarage. The incumbent was a welcome visitor at our house, notwithstanding that we did not profess the same religion. He was known as Padre Sanchez, and was universally liked and esteemed for his sterling qualities and immaculate life. The good priest was kindness personified.

One day the old woman whose office it was to sweep and keep the church clean was laid up with some complaint, and good Padre Sanchez went in the afternoon to the sacred building to put things right with broom and mop.

Fresh candles had to be put up, flowers to adorn the shrines arranged in their proper place, and various other things required looking to.



"THE HUNGRY-LOOKING TAX-COLLECTOR."

Dusk crept upon him unawares while attending to all this. It was high time to go home before the night overtook him. The priest directed his steps towards the door, which he had left wide open when he entered.

"What a pest these dogs are!" he said to himself, as he saw the form of two huge animals outlined in the doorway against the darkening sky. An exclamation of his with the intent to chase them away was answered by a snarl and a growl so unlike a dog's that it made him stop. A second growl and another snarl made him fully acquainted with the nature of the animals he had before him. They were jaguars! Quickly he retreated, with the intention of gaining the sacristy, and from there, by a side door, the road, or to remain protected by the stout door awaiting developments. The strategical move, however, came too late. A dusky form slinking along the wall had already cut off this line of retreat. Behind him another dusky form followed in his track. He had given himself up for lost, when his eye fell on a confessional-box close by under one of the arches. To open the door, to enter, and to shoot the bolt was the work of an instant. He sank down muttering a prayer of thanks. Listening, he heard the sound of stealthy tread and shuffling feet. Snarls, growls, and much sniffing told him plainly that his refuge was closely invested. Would the woodwork resist an assault? Was there any prospect of help from the outside? The church was too far off from any dwelling for a call for assistance to be heard, nor was there a remote chance that at this hour a stray passer-by might come to the rescue or give the alarm. There was nothing to do but to resign himself to his fate and trust in Providence.

By this time the moon had risen and shed its gleam through a window of the quiet church. Padre Sanchez cautiously opened the upper part of the door of the confessional, venturing a peep at his assailants. There in a patch of light he saw two fine jaguars—one stretched out, the other standing. Their spotted hides glistened, and their eyes shone like emeralds in the moonbeams. An occasional whisk of the tail, a purr or a growl, told that they were on the alert. So far no actual attempt to storm the place had been made; it was more of a blockade than an actual active siege. But what might

come later Heaven only knew, and with this sad reflection Padre Sanchez closed the door.

The Padre's servant at the vicarage did not feel any anxiety about the somewhat prolonged absence of his master, who frequently paid a visit to this or the other resident in the widely-scattered dwellings of the village. But when night advanced he began to get seriously alarmed, and, had it not been for his unconquerable terror at the idea of crossing the graveyard, he would have gone to the church to look for his master. In his plight he came to our house, knocked at the door till he had roused us from our sleep, and told us of his master's prolonged absence.

The matter looked serious in that wild country, and so we sallied forth armed with rifle and pistol to see what had become of our good old friend the Padre. Reinforced by two neighbours on the road to the church, we soon arrived on the spot, and to our amazement found the door wide open.

The aisle was brilliantly lit up by the moon, and in a flood of light we saw two jaguars crouched before a confessional. "By the Lord Harry!" cried my mate and partner, "if those are not 'Spotty' and 'Speckles' you can call me a Dutchman!"

Loudly he addressed them by their names, while we waited anxiously, finger on trigger. The two jaguars rose, turned towards us, hesitated an instant, and then with a few bounds came close up to us, purring and fawning as they did in the days before they turned their backs on civilization. The next surprise was the opening of the door of the confessional. From the box issued the object of our search—the good Padre Sanchez. To the delight of all of us he was safe and unharmed.

We procured a rope from the belfry and tied up the jaguars so that they could not escape. Then we went homewards with our two recovered vagabonds, who had to take up their abode in a secure place till we could dispose of them to some of the agents of a Hamburg or London firm, who came round once a year to buy wild beasts of all sorts. After a time the agent arrived and our jaguars found their way into some "zoo" or other, while we pocketed a little money, which made up in part for the losses we had sustained through their parents and themselves.

# The Only Englishwoman in Tibet.

BY SUSETTE M. TAYLOR.

## III.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with this unique narrative, which describes the adventures of Miss Annie R. Taylor, the "only Englishwoman in Tibet." Miss Taylor is the only European lady who can claim to have lived continuously in the Forbidden Land, and her extraordinary experiences are practically unknown. She lives entirely alone, save for a few faithful native servants, dresses in Tibetan costume, and has made journeys around and across Tibet, even penetrating to within a few miles of Lhasa itself. Times without number her life has been in danger—either from the awful rigours of the climate or at the hands of savage brigands and suspicious officials—and the story of her adventures, as here set forth by her sister, will be found a wonderful record of a woman's dogged courage and indomitable resolution in the face of almost insuperable difficulties.



**S**HORTLY before commencing the ascent of the Jelap Pass one has a last look, across a sea of clouds, at the snowy range of mountains lying between Sikkin and Nepaul, crowned by the giant mountain Kanchenjunga, the second highest summit of the Himalayas, which raises its topmost peak to an altitude of twenty-eight thousand one hundred and fifty feet. The ascent to the Jelap is easier if one is lucky enough to be preceded by a train of mules, whose trail it is wise to slavishly follow, for the slightest deviation may plunge the unwary in a snowdrift of unknown depth. The photo. here reproduced shows with sufficient clearness the absolute dreariness of the country, but perhaps the height of desolation is reached some way below the pass in the Kapup basin, whose marshy hollows of black ice and hummocks of coarse grass, half covered with white terraces of frozen snow, necessitating the utmost care in crossing, can never be forgotten.

One of the peculiarities of travel in the Himalayas and Tibet is the great risk one runs of being frost-bitten and knocked over by sunstroke at one and the same time. Another danger is that the reflection of the tropical sun from the snow frequently causes snow blindness, for the prevention of which the Tibetans wear fringed eye-protectors of woven horsehair, or, failing these, pull their own black hair over their eyes to shield them from the trying glare. Although living at an average altitude of more than twelve thousand feet above sea-level, the Tibetans suffer from

rarefied air not a whit less than the European when crossing these elevated passes, and my sister states that, while some of the ponies and various members of her convoy bled from the nose or suffered in other ways, she only felt severe palpitation of the heart and breathlessness.

At the top of the pass there is a cairn, to which we piously added a stone and impiously annexed some praying-flags—slips of flying bark paper covered with Tibetan invocations. Here there is a glorious view of the Chumbi Valley below, the vista closed in by a new range of mountains dominated by the twenty-four thousand feet high Chumularhi (the "Goddess Mountain") of virgin white, in Tibetan folklore Kanchenjunga's lovely bride. At the foot of this mountain is Phari Fort, recently occupied by the British troops.

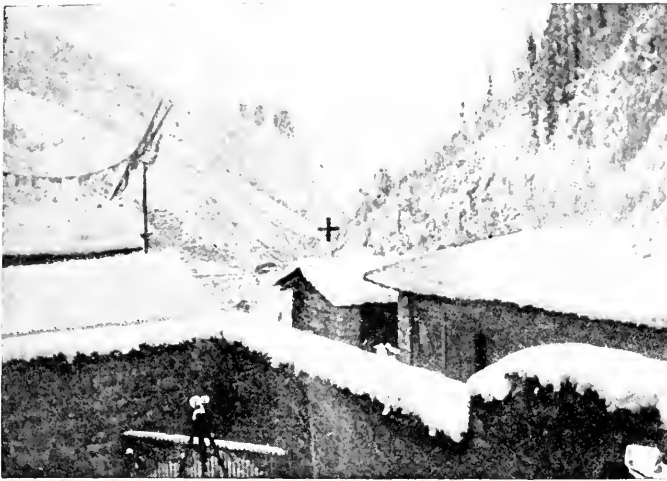
We are now in Tibet, and from here down to Yatung is the worst passage of the whole journey—its acme, perhaps. For over an hour we had



From a]

A SEA OF CLOUDS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

[Photo.



A VIEW OF YATUNG—THE CROSS INDICATES MISS TAYLOR'S TIBETAN PIONEER MISSION.  
From a Photo. by Miss S. M. Taylor

to descend great boulders toppling precipitously one upon the other—an ice-coated primeval grand staircase. Here riding is impossible, and the men, having loosened the girths, led our ponies by long ropes, and looking back from a safe distance ahead one saw their noses between their fore-feet on one giant step and their hind-legs reluctantly abandoning the one above. Passing a Chinese rest-house, the first sign of habitation on Tibetan territory, and after many risky crossings and recrossings of a rushing stream, spanned by loosely-laid pine stems—railless, slippery with ice and snow, with spray splashing up through the interstices—we came to Yatung. Conceded by the Tibetans to the Indian Government as a trade mart in the early nineties (a concession which the Lamas immediately rendered useless by imposing prohibitory measures), Yatung, from beginning to end, has only been able to boast of the little store set up by my sister, who makes a slight profit by retailing drugs and small goods to passing travellers and to dwellers in the Chumbi Valley.

The foregoing snap-shot of Yatung was taken from the verandaed balcony of the Chinese Commissioner's house. A corner of my sister's shed-like Tibetan Pioneer Mission is just visible in the centre. Its rough stone masonry and deep projecting eaves look secure enough; too much so, perhaps, for a few years ago an earthquake played havoc with everything, and my sister had a narrow

Vol. xiii.—67.

escape of being buried alive in her substantial hut. Though but a mere hamlet Yatung, for all that, does not lack social amenities—from a quite chivalrous treatment of the *Piling* (European) lady by neighbouring Tibetan headmen (whose strings of flags flying along the roof as a protection against demons can be seen in the snap-shot) to the secret hostility—here little disguised—offered by the Chinese to all British enterprise in Tibet, and shown towards my sister by the nightly emptying of rubbish at her mission gate.

The next photo. shows Sardar Dhurky, a quondam headman, and his wife. Though not a *persona grata* to our Indian officials, he was of some authority in Yatung, and, having always proved himself a staunch friend to my sister, he deserves some kindly mention. The photo. was taken at the entrance to the Tibetan Pioneer Mission, in the doorway of which will be seen my sister, minus her usual head-dress.

Tibetan women, of the better class especially, are quite attractive when in holiday attire. My sister is continually visited by just such specimens as those reproduced on the next page, who bring their babies to be vaccinated. Smallpox is a dreadful scourge in the country, and decimated Lhasa only a few years ago.

The Tibetan women here were shy and timid. On one occasion a party of them refused at first to enter the mission parlour in which I was seated, for they had never seen a lady in European



SARDAR DHURKY, A FORMER CHIEF OFFICIAL AT YATUNG—MISS TAYLOR WILL BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.  
From a Photo. by [Rev. H. Carey.]



A GROUP OF MISS TAYLOR'S TIBETAN LADY VISITORS—THEY BROUGHT THEIR BABIES TO HER TO BE VACCINATED.  
*From a Photo. by [Mrs. Graham.]*

dress before, and I inspired fear. But at last one young mother braced herself up and, clutching her baby tightly to her breast, ran heroically across the room, saying, "I'm not afraid!" This made my sister and her servants laugh, and, since Tibetans enjoy a joke, the rest joined in the merriment and were soon at their ease. Though good-natured, the men are less attractive than the women, being much more uncouth, and also objectionable in that their persons have a very strong odour, more often than not emanating from the many half-dressed leather-bags they carry about them to hold their money, flint and tinder, tobacco, and other belongings.

While staying at Yatung I was once visited by the Rupon Cushog, the chief commanding the two hundred and fifty Tibetan soldiers quartered in the Chumbi Valley. He was a very stately personage, arrayed in gorgeous silks and brocades. He talked little, and seemed to spend his time in twirling a very beautiful silver prayer-cylinder. Not for an instant did this stop revolving, for the moment the officer tired, the cylinder was taken from his hand by one of his followers and vigorously set going; he did not intend to lose one precious moment of laying up merit.

Invited to take tea with him

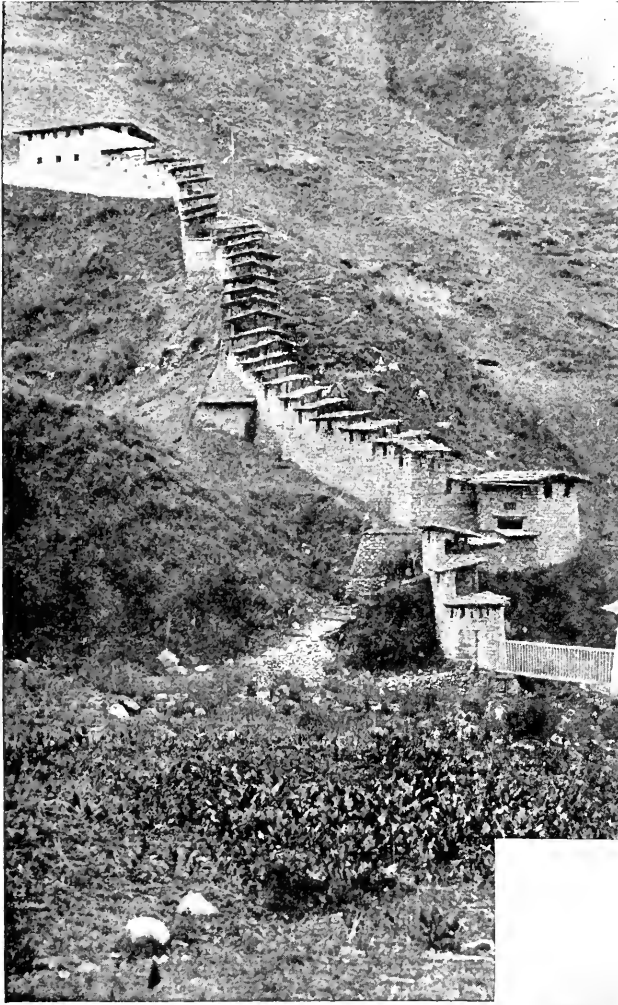
at his house, we had first to clamber up ladder-like stairs, and after passing through a covered Alpine balcony entered the chief room, in the middle of which burned a fire under a hole in the roof that served as chimney. The casements were heavily latticed and, as usual, minus glass. Owing to the dark shadows and the smoke, little could be observed of the chattels in the corners of the rooms, but we could see that sticks of incense were burning on a low table near us. With much courtesy we were conducted to a slightly raised dais, where our hosts were already seated on

cushions. Before us were low carved benches on which were placed curious festival cups (one of which was borrowed for the occasion from my sister's man, Puntso), with silver or brass saucers and lids of an elaborate yet chaste work. The tea which was prepared for us I found much superior to that brewed by the common Tibetan people, and I could imagine myself acquiring a taste for it in time, although, owing to the combination of soda and butter contained in it, the liquid had somewhat the look and consistency of thin chocolate, and tasted not unlike soup.

The next snap-shot was taken by my sister and represents a gathering outside the mart, held to bid farewell to some travellers setting out for



A SOCIAL GATHERING TO BID FAREWELL TO A PARTY OF TRAVELLERS BOUND FOR LHASSA.  
*From a Photo.*



THE BARRIER WALL OF TIBET—MISS TAYLOR IS THE ONLY ENGLISHWOMAN WHO HAS EVER PASSED IT.  
*From a Photo.*

Lhassa. Conspicuous are the outstanding feather on the Rupon Cushog's hat, and the heavy sheepskin of the man seated in the centre.

The fine photograph reproduced above shows the barrier wall of Tibet, erected by the Chinese to exclude all intruders. I owe this to the kind permission of a frontier official. The prohibitive inscription over the gateway is in Chinese characters, and there are always some Chinese officials with a few Chinese soldiers in charge. Inside the wall is a covered sentry walk with roofs formed of shingles weighted with stones.

When I visited Yatung the barrier gate stopped our entrance, and we had to climb the steep hillside and so negotiate the end of the wall, followed and watched by rough

Tibetan soldiers, looking fierce and grotesque, their match-lock guns placed in curious pronged rests sticking up in the air like pitchforks. The only Englishwoman to pass this wall is my sister, who proudly walked through its gateway and up the pretty valley beyond after the passing of Colonel Younghusband's expedition. Farther up the valley the villages simply bristle with the tall staffs of prayer-flags, with which the isolated houses studding the hills are also decked.

Above the barrier wall are two gumpas, or Lama temples. The next photo. gives a bird's-eye view of one of these, perched like an eyrie high up on the mountains and surrounded by chapels filled with prayer-wheels, and the dwelling-places of Lamas and nuns. Over these are tall flagstuffs, surmounted with tiny furled parasol heads, or having attached to them long narrow strips of flowing, prayer-inscribed muslin. The deep eaves of the monastery are painted red, and the main entrance is concealed by a huge black and white striped curtain made of yak's wool. The natives did their best to prevent us from climbing up to the sacred building, and forbade us to approach it, even attempting to hustle us back.



A LAMA TEMPLE HIGH UP IN THE MOUNTAINS.  
*From a Photo, by Miss S. M. Taylor.*



Some way below this is another gumpa—that of Rinchengong—from which as we approached there emerged a masculine-looking nun, chanting in a continuous and drowsy tone the chief sentence of the Tibetan ritual, “Om menni pemmi hum!” meaning, “Oh! the Jewel and the Lotus.”

The most notable and sacred edifice of the kind I ever visited was at Pemiongchi. On my approach my attention was at first attracted by the biggest *horten*, or tomb, I have ever seen. This is shown in the photo., and judging from the size of the man at the base it must be over thirty-five feet high. Throughout Tibet these erections of masonry are constantly to be found in the neighbourhood of temples. They are built either as memorials or as receptacles for the ashes of some saintly Lama, in which case the relics are mixed with meal and clay, shaped into a little mould, and then deposited in the interior. The various configurations on the masonry, from the base up, typify the elements into which the corpse is resolved—namely, earth, water, fire, air, and ether.

But to return to the Pemiongchi temple. Entering the sacred edifice, in which numbers of devotees were assembled, I walked behind a man, a woman, and her child in order that I might watch their actions and do what was the correct thing. As we progressed my companions bowed to every single thing, from horrible grinning demons to stacks of oblong, silk-wrapped books, even the baby being held up to do his *puya*. They were most reverent, and in some of the side chapels prostrated themselves wholly, the naked baby meanwhile crawling about on the floor.

At one point we came upon a dirty old nun in a greasy red gown, who shuffled ahead in order to turn a heavy wheel of prayers. The high altar bore a marvellous collection of strange ornaments. On it were displayed grotesque masks for mystery plays, a tall, gracefully-shaped metal jug for holy water, decorated with peacock's feathers, other utensils with gay-coloured

silks, musical instruments, elaborate mouldings of putty-coloured butter, plates of barley-flour and eggs, flowers, lighted butter lamps, and many rows of tall-stemmed brass cups, containing little heaped offerings of used tea-leaves.

As I stood wondering at this strange collection I became conscious of an important and priestly personage hovering near, who at once proceeded to discuss backsheesh. Without more ado I placed a rupee alongside a row of coins which I saw on the altar, but on noticing this, the abbot, for this I took him to be, approached and held up two fat fingers. He may have wanted to begin a theological discussion, but I thought it was more likely that

he meant two rupees, so I promptly raised one finger, upon which he laughed heartily and left me. I afterwards learned upon good authority that the shrine I had been inspecting was so sacred that not less than five rupees could be offered, so I got off very cheaply.

Our journeys round Yatung never failed in incidents of interest, and once, while in search of nestling clumps of the bright pink primulas that stud the sheltered corners of the hills, we came upon an open-air bath formed from a hollowed-out tree-trunk and filled from an adjacent brook by

means of a bamboo conduit. Alongside there burned a bonfire, in which large stones were placed. These, after being heated, were dropped sizzling into the cold water. Not far off was a small dressing-hut, the whole forming a most primitive thermal establishment.

The hills round Yatung are beautifully wooded, as can be seen from our next photograph. The southern ravines and mountains of the Chumbi Valley are well timbered, and my sister keeps a woodman to gather fuel for her. It is rather dangerous walking in these primeval forests, especially during a high wind, for decayed and rotten trees have an awkward way of falling like ninepins. Even the vibration caused by one's footsteps may occasionally bring this about. Once when I was riding



A HUGE TIBETAN "HORTEN," OR TOMB.  
From a Photo.



alone up a sheltered wooded slope, a sudden and ominous crack broke the still air, followed by a tremendous rustling overhead as a giant of the forest crashed down through the ranks of its brothers and lay not far from my feet.

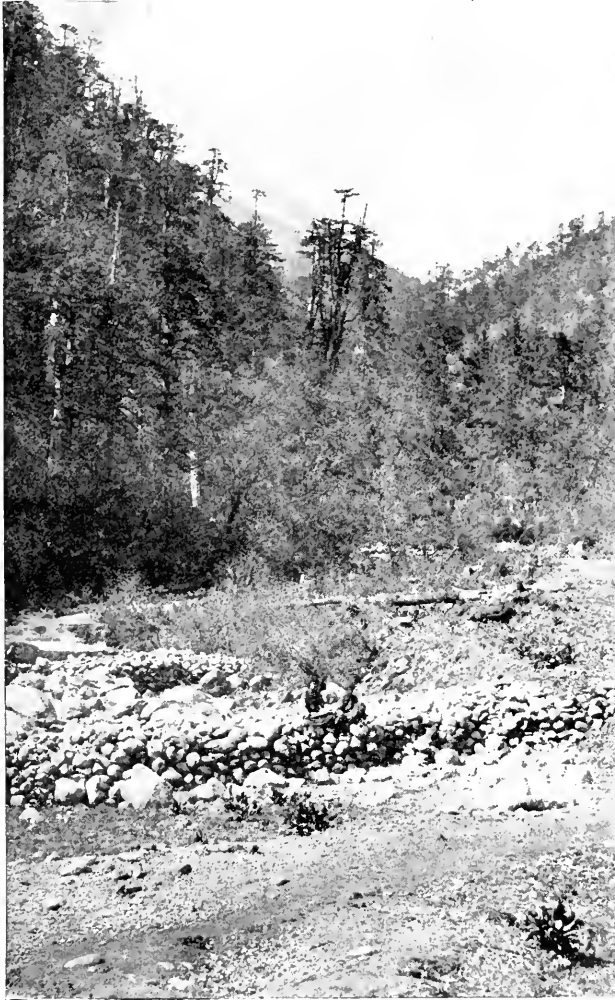
In these altitudes storms occur without much warning. During a picnic at Yatung a climb of three thousand feet had brought us to a natural clearing in a pine wood, where our servants soon had a crackling bonfire for the boiling of the teakettle and the warming of our toes, when all at once a tremendous hailstorm broke over us, stinging our backs and shoulders and rattling like shot on my very unnecessary sun-helmet. Hastily swallowing our tea, we decided to beat a retreat from the hostile elements. But they hadn't done with us yet. First, strong fierce gusts of wind endeavoured to blow us to destruction, and it was the riskiest thing possible to walk near the edge of the *khud*. So terrific was the hurricane at times that we had to throw ourselves flat on the ground to avoid being carried away, so for the sake of cover we changed our course and plunged into a coniferous wood.

A treacherous lull of a few minutes' duration was followed by the sudden rushing and howling, as if a thousand furies were let loose, of a squall that devastated the forest like an earthquake. Now more than alarmed, I rushed to the

edge of the wood, followed by my Lepcha retainer, and then noticed that the rest of our party had not put in an appearance. My fears were not laid to rest till my sister's yellow peaked cap became visible. My missing friends told me that no less than nine or ten trees had fallen round them in a ring, but that they had sheltered in a hollow in the middle of the circle till the worst of the storm was over.

In this region the distant hills are dotted with curious black squares, which, on nearer approach, prove to be herds of grazing yak. On approaching the tent of some yak herdsmen I was first warned to keep at a respectable distance until a ferocious, woolly-coated mastiff was safely tied up. Inside the tent the scene was curious. A Tibetan woman was working her distaff, but on our arrival she laid it aside with the hospitable intention of making tea—from which we were fortunately able to dissuade her—and we sat down on a yak-skin for a brief

chat. The sunlight shone through the loose meshes of the yak's-wool tent, which had been rendered waterproof with natural grease and the smoke from the fire which was burning on the ground, continually kept going by the use of rough bellows made of leather to which the hair still adhered. Round the sides of the tent lay bags of food and goat-skin churns in which the milk is tossed about till the butter appears. We were promised a bottle of the rich yak milk



From a]

A VIEW NEAR YATUNG.

[Photo.

and, at the next killing, some juicy steak. Finally, the poor woman being afraid of my uncanny European clothes and strange language, we withdrew, my sister presenting her with one of the Gospels in Tibetan (at her

coquettishly bedewing her features with honey (the "face nectar" of the Scriptures), and she seemed always to live in her best clothes. It is apparent from the photo. that afternoon tea is in progress. To the left is a churn into



MISS TAYLOR AND HER SERVANTS AT AFTERNOON TEA—ON HER LEFT IS PUNTSO, THE FAITHFUL LITTLE TIBETAN WHO ACCOMPANIED HER ON HER TERRIBLE JOURNEY TOWARDS LHASSA.  
*From a Photo, by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.*

request), and the somewhat suggestive addition of a towel.

The last photograph shows my sister and her two servants. The little man to the right—more feminine in looks than the usual truculent Tibetan—is no less a person than Puntso, who accompanied my sister on her terrible journey towards Lhassa. He left her service a few years ago to set up in a small way as a merchant, but has kept in touch with his former mistress and is at present on a visit to her. The woman with the sphinx-like features is Sijju, also a native of Lhassa. Her face is framed by two thick plaits, and on her head is a coral-studded coronet; on her neck, some turquoise encrusted jewellery. She was in the habit of

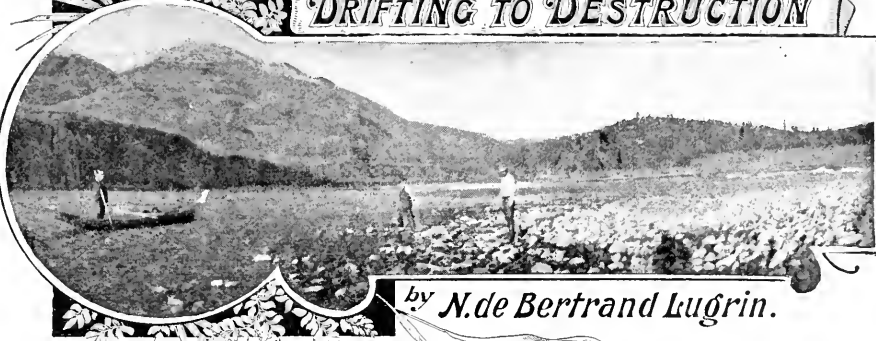
which a mixture of brick tea, soda, and butter has been well stirred, before being strained into the quaint teapot held by Puntso. "Ani-la" holds a shallow little bowl of turned maple-wood, carried in the pouch of every Tibetan, into which parched barley-flour is taken from a leathern bag and is kneaded with a little tea into a doughy ball. These simple ingredients form the staple meal of the Tibetans!

Before taking leave of the only English-woman in Tibet we will once more let "Ani-la" show us with pride her little garden in far-away Yatung, and step with her across the snow-fed torrents to see her pet colt "Prince Kiang," on which she will tell you she hopes one day to ride into Lhassa

THE END.

Besides my own snap-shots and one by my sister, the photographs reproduced with my articles are the work of Himalayan friends and of Mr. John Thomson, Photographer to H.M. the King, to all of whom my grateful thanks are due.

## DRIFTING TO DESTRUCTION



by *N. de Bertrand Lugrin.*

*F.R. Horsman*

A thrilling story from the Yukon. The main paddle-shaft of the river steamer broke, and she went whirling away down stream towards the deadly rapids, where instant destruction awaited all on board. The author relates the incidents of that terrible voyage, and the strange happening by which the vessel and her living freight were saved whilst in the very jaws of death.

**Y**ES, it's wonderful what risks some men will take and be none the worse for, what hairbreadth adventures they will come through unscathed, while some other poor beggar who has never taken any chances at all will be killed in sight of home and help!"

We had been talking about the wreck of the steamship *C*—, when more than half a hundred men, women, and children had been drowned only a mile from the town, with the lights of their homes beckoning to them over the water. The Man from the North was looking hard at the glowing coals in the fireplace and pulling thoughtfully at his crooked pipe. He spoke slowly, reminiscently, and Joe and I instinctively drew our chairs nearer him, keeping a discreet silence.

"I have seen men drowning up there in the Yukon," he went on. "I have found men shot and dying on the trail. I have stumbled into a snow-bid cabin to find its occupants lying stark and frozen in their bunks, and I have helped the North-West Mounted Police track a murderer on the hills behind Dawson."

Then he turned his head towards us, and, into his glinting grey eyes, with the fine lines about them that told of years of gazing over miles of boundless sea, there came a look all humorous. "I had a narrow escape once," he said.

Of course, we asked him to relate it, and he presently did so, putting his pipe in his pocket and crossing his legs, with his hands clasped around his knees. Here is the story in his own words.



"THE MAN FROM THE NORTH," WHO RELATED THIS STORY TO THE AUTHOR. [Photo. From a]

It was during the rush over the Stikine-Teslin trail in the spring of 1899. I wanted to get to Glenora, with a hundred or so of other men, to say nothing of a score of women. The weather had been unusually warm and the mountain cataracts were swollen to huge torrents, emptying themselves into the rivers as though they would never have done. The Stikine was mad. Six times the steamers had made the attempt to go up, and each time they had been forced to abandon the enterprise. If it had not been for the canyon they would have risked the chance of making the trip; but at the best of times that narrow passage, between whose high walls it is always twilight,



From a]

THE CANYON OF THE STIKINE RIVER.

[Photo.

is a menace to any boat. The waters surge deafeningly through it, and there is a great rock to the left that has given her death-blow to more than one steamer. This particular spring it was well-nigh unnavigable, for what was always a fierce rapid had now become a raging cataract, with mad whirlpools ready to work havoc with a weak rudder or a questionable paddle-wheel. None of the boats on the river were particularly seaworthy, and the *Eldorado King*, which was finally announced to sail on the morning of the 12th, was no exception to the rule. But who among us cared? There's something in the air up there among those untouched hills, something in the breath of the wonderful rivers, something in the song of the wind that makes you reckless.

We were down at the river's edge early in the morning, all sorts and conditions of us—English, German, Swede, and Italian—rubbing shoulders with each other, and talking a jargon about as intelligible as the rushing of the water against the paddle-wheel of the steamer. Our packs were piled about promiscuously. There were some women among the party, several of them with their husbands, their eyes quite as fearless as the men's, and two of them in male attire. A few others were in a little group by themselves. Not one of us had a thought of fear as we scrambled from the wet bank aboard the little vessel whose steam was up now, and which

puffed and panted, impatient to be off. Though the boat was dignified by the name of steamer, it was little better than a scow, fitted with an engine and carrying a covering of a sort under which we might retire at night. But what cared we, with Glenora gained, Dawson in view, with its mountains of gold, and nuggets lining every creek bottom, even though the *Eldorado King* leaked steam at

every joint, and her engine wheezed and groaned against the heavy current?

There was a young married couple on board who had come all the way from New Zealand to seek their fortunes in the Klondike. They were as loving as a pair of turtle-doves, and amused us all.

The first day or two of the voyage went uneventfully enough, and dragged their weary lengths far into midnight, the sun loth to leave us until ten o'clock and rising again in a few short hours. It was warm, too, and we were



ONE OF THE MANY WRECKS TO BE SEEN IN THE STIKINE RIVER.

From a Photo.

crowded together like live stock. It was one hundred and thirty miles to Glenora and we had accomplished twenty in two days, being forced to tie up at night, when one morning I asked the captain, "Do you think the boat good for the whole trip?"

He regarded me thoughtfully. Quite plainly he was worried.

"If she can make the canyon, I will guarantee the rest of the voyage." He tried to speak reassuringly, but I listened to the wheezing engine and watched the slowly receding bank with a good deal of misgiving.

One night later the little boat groaned and gave up the fight. She had stood stock-still for a solid hour, battling against the rushing water. Fortunately we were in front of a wood camp, and the men caught the rope we threw out and tied us up. It was not a cheerful delay, for though we hoped that every day another steamer would overtake us, we were forced to wait almost a week before help arrived. One or two of the men started to "mush" (walk) it, but most of us had not paid our hundred dollars for nothing, so it was with a rousing cheer that we greeted the *Adair*, the soundest little boat on the river, as she ran up alongside of us one night. We were transferred bag and baggage, and made off again at almost double the speed the *Eldorado King* had made.

The next night at nine o'clock we reached the dreaded canyon. The water was roaring through in a mad cataract, and at the end we had to ascend a five-foot fall. But we did it. It was pretty to see that sturdy little boat fight like a human thing against the great grey hill of water, mounting triumphantly after a half-hour's struggle. We slept in untroubled satisfaction that night, and continued to make our twenty miles a day after that quite regularly, until we were within fifteen miles of Glenora.

We were about to stop and take on wood, and were working the boat's nose towards shore, when something in the engine-room snapped and ripped and tore, and the *Adair* whirled out into mid-stream. In a second all was mad confusion. The captain alone, of all those on board, kept his head. He sprang to the stern and threw a rope with beautiful accuracy at the very foot of a pine tree on the

bank where a man was standing, but—would you believe it?—the fool of a man on shore let the line escape him by just a couple of inches. A moment more and we were out of his reach. For a while he ran madly along the bank, but the rushing current bore us swiftly down and in an incredibly short time we had left him behind, and with him all hope of aid.

Above the din of men's shouts and women's prayers and screams, the captain's voice told us what was wrong.

"The main shaft of the paddle-wheel has snapped," said he, and we looked at the great helpless thing, and down at the curling, foaming water, and a panic seized everyone. We knew that, once down there in that seething river, the most powerful swimmer alive would have no chance for his life. The icy clutch of the under-tow itself was death, even if the current had been only normally strong.

There was an immediate stampede for life-belts, of which there were not half enough to go round. I heard one woman screaming above the rest. She lay against the pilot-house, clutching the chain that held the door back. I



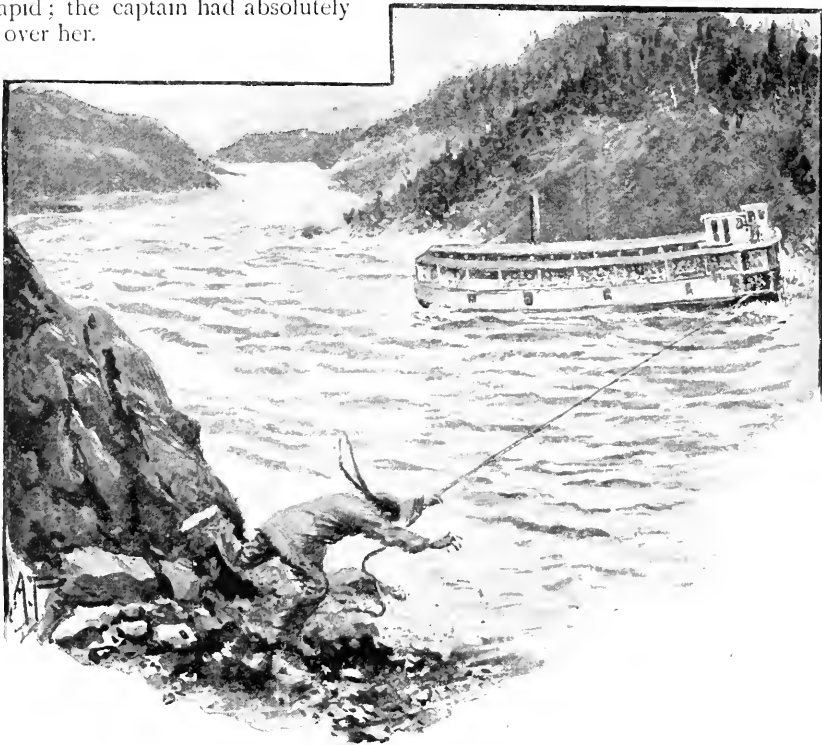
"'WHERE IS MY HUSBAND?' SHE ASKED ME."

recognised her as the poor little bride from New Zealand, and tried to tell her the situation was not altogether hopeless.

"Where is my husband? Where is my husband?" she asked me, her eyes wildly fixed upon me. Sure enough, where was he? I told her I would find him—and find him I did. He was down below, with a life-belt on, watching his chance to get ashore. He had completely forgotten his wife! I intended to give him a gentle reminder when, with a sickening crunch, the vessel's wheel struck against a high bank, breaking three blades of her paddle. The force of the collision pushed her fiercely out into the river, which whirled her about like a merry-go-round until we were all falling over one another. The boat was like a log in a rapid; the captain had absolutely no control over her.

were absolutely silent. The men's shouting ceased, the women's screams hushed, as we watched those intrepid fellows, battling against the fierce current until they reached the shore. But once again our hopes were crushed. They had landed and thrown the rope around a tree, when a sudden eddy swept the steamer round, our line was dragged from the Indians' hands, and we were again at the mercy of the cruel river!

A mile farther down two more brave fellows put out from shore and took us in tow. We were passing a tall, smooth rock, with a great, ragged peak, and one of the Indians, with the agility of a cat, seized the rope and sprang upon this little island. But the steamer raced along,



"WE SAW THE INDIAN DRAGGED INTO THE WATER."

It was nine o'clock and the sun was getting low, and still we drifted swiftly on towards destruction. I had watched the bank flying past for a long time and knew only too surely what it meant. Suddenly I heard a cheer from the stern, and, looking towards the shore, I saw, a hundred feet ahead, a couple of Indians, great stalwart fellows, launching a canoe. They made straight out towards mid-stream, and as we passed them caught our rope, paddling with all their might to the bank. For five minutes we

the line drew taut, and with a cry of despair we saw the Indian dragged into the water. He never came up. We drew in an empty line, and the other man, after paddling about a while, put back alone to the shore.

And now, far down the rushing river, like a solid bank of rock, the walls of the canyon seemed to shut off the water. We were quiet again. We knew that once within the clutch of the rapids, once at the mercy of the fall, no power on earth could save the little steamer

She would be dashed to pieces in the twilight of the canyon as other boats had been before, and none of us would be left to tell the tale.

There was a chance, a bare chance of escape. I had been a good jumper as a lad.

out my leg, which he grasped and pulled himself up.

The top of the bank gained again, we both sat down, and, wet as we were, and breathing hard, we laughed helplessly at the sight that met our eyes. A hundred yards farther down



"I REACHED OUT MY LEG, WHICH HE GRASPED."

I waited impatiently enough until I saw the boat backing up towards the bank again, and then, without saying a word to anyone, I seized the free end of a coil of rope and ran to the top of the paddle-wheel. Two or three others, divining my intention, followed me; and at the instant the ship bumped we sprang into the air and landed, two of us, on the edge of the bank. The third, poor fellow, fell on top of me and slipped off and down towards the river. I screamed to the other man, who took the rope, running along the shore with it, while I slid down the bank after the fallen man, who was now half in the water, which curled and foamed quite as angrily close to shore as it did out in mid-stream. I overtook him just as the treacherous under-current was sucking him in; and, while I clung to a stout birch tree, I reached

the bank our friend stood stolidly staring, the rope hanging loosely in his hand. And, at the other end of the line, on a slender sandbar that jutted out in the very shadow of the canyon, our little steamer lay softly at rest, the hungry water swirling past her, its angry roaring almost drowned by the shouts and screams of joy from the hundred and twenty passengers whose lives had been thus miraculously saved in the very jaws of death!

One word more and I've done. It's about the New Zealand pair. The cowardly husband came back to his wife after the danger was all over, ready to begin the turtle-dove business again. But she would have none of him. I met her in Dawson two years later. She had got a divorce and married again, and was the proprietress of a very nice little restaurant.



# THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BEING SOME ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN GUSTAVUS HANSEN, SEAL-RAIDER.

By J. GORDON SMITH, OF VICTORIA, B.C.

Captain Hansen was the skipper of a schooner which earned widespread notoriety for her daring and successful raids upon the seal rookeries of Behring Sea. Her elusive captain was a veritable Ishmaelite of the seas, sought after by the warships of several nations, yet again and again he baffled his pursuers and achieved his object. In this story Mr. Gordon Smith narrates another stirring adventure of this remarkable marine outlaw—a case of "diamond cut diamond," in which, after several reverses, the "Flying Dutchman" came off best after all.

## II.—THE SHAMING OF THE HESQUOITS.



T was in 1898—the year when the salmon-canners on the Fraser River sent agents to the villages and got Indians to go fishing—that we found it difficult to procure hunters. We had all been using Indian hunters since the restrictions were placed on pelagic sealing after the Paris Tribunal, forcing us to use spears only in Behring Sea, and the Siwashes are not so plentiful on the north-western coast as they once were. So when the cannery had thinned them out the *Libbie*, *Ida Etta*, *Carrie C. W.*, *Penelope*, *Arietis*, and another vessel—I forget her name—all had to go back to Victoria and abandon the cruise to Behring Sea. The little *Adèle* had a close call from having to do likewise. It is to explain why that this tale is told.

The *Adèle*, in charge of Hansen, was lying at Nootka, near the schooner *Labrador*. Snow, I think, was the name of her skipper then. There were not more than forty good spear-handlers on the rancherie (village) at Nootka at the best of times—certainly not enough for two crews, and when we saw the *Labrador* anchored there in Friendly Cove we thought it was a case of "quit" for us. When we heard what Snow had been doing we thought so all the more, but we didn't reckon on what happened.

After waiting for five weeks until the potlatches (Indian festivals) and dances were over, Captain Snow had, the day before our arrival, offered the Siwashes a fee of four dollars for each skin—they were paid three dollars the season before—and he had also offered a "cultus potlatch," which means, in plain Anglo-Saxon, a gift to the boss Indian. Being independent, however, as all Indians are when the salmon have run well and the food-racks in the smoke-filled huts are well stocked, they held out for a "lay" of six dollars for each skin, which was a prohibitive price. Unless they could be induced to ship for less—say five dollars at the outside—there was nothing else

for a poor sealer to do but abandon the cruise and sail back to the "bone-yard" in Victoria harbour. However, the missionary priest and Siwash Shaman (medicine-man) had proffered their good offices to Captain Snow, and he felt when we arrived that he had as good as got a crew on board the *Labrador*.

When he sighted the little *Adèle*—she flew a British flag then, although, like her master, she was still known on the coast as the "Flying Dutchman"—sailing into the harbour around the point where old Maquinna's totem faces the winds from the ocean, and luffing over under mainsail and jib to where his schooner had been lying so long, his hopes were not so bright. He became impatient, and more or less ill-tempered. He stood at the top of his cabin companion, glaring with an unwelcome stare at Captain Hansen, who held the *Adèle's* wheel, until Hansen shouted across the waters:—

"*Labrador* ahoy! Vat are der Sivashes arsging here? Der tevils vant six at Hesquoit."

"You know there ain't two crews here, Hansen; and what on airth do you want to chip in here for, anyhow, and spoil my chances of getting one?" shouted Captain Snow, warmly. "They want six here, too, and, I tell you, boy, they'll stick out till they get it now you've come. Why on airth don't you go somewhere else?"

"For vy don'd you?" replied Hansen. "You don'd own Noodka! I guess I've got some rights yet, as vell as you fellows, an' I'm going to sday here, alretty. If you don'd like id, go away. Dere's lods of blaces along der coast."

"Well, if you do," argued Captain Snow, "neither of us'll get a crew. They're pretty independent now, boy, and there's only twenty of 'em fit to throw a spear, anyhow. So one of us is going to get left."

Mates, boat-steerers—all hands from cabin-boy to cook—were by this time lined along the rails, and the conversation was becoming general,



"HANSEN SHOUTED ACROSS THE WATERS: 'LABRADOR AHoy!'"

not to say violent, when the Chinese cook of the *Labrador* showed his head above the scuttle, and shouted "Dinner leddy," which was opportune, for had the cross-fire of lurid conversation kept on much longer our boats would have gone overside and there would have been a "naval engagement"—of a kind—in Nootka Sound. Dinner, and night, which came on before the bacon and beans and "bubble and squeak" had been eaten, disposed of the strife for the time being, and, though there were bantering cries through the darkness, the squabble proper ended.

Captain Snow remained on deck late into the night watching the twinkle of the *Adèle's* lights through the gloom, and when he tumbled into his bunk in the after cabin of the *Labrador* he dreamed fitful dreams of banks of sleeping seals and of a little schooner which continued to get between him and the pelts he saw. It was nearly noon next day when he went on deck and looked over at the rival schooner.

His surprise was as great as his gladness when he saw the *Adèle* with all sail set and

weighing her anchor. Some of her crew were endeavouring to tow her head round with the boats to catch the prevailing light breeze. His gladness died a sudden death and his surprise was intensified, however, when the mainsail of the *Adèle* lopped over and he saw that her deck was crowded with Indians. Klootchmen, tenasses, old bucks, and young hunters—nearly all the native inhabitants of the now scant-populated village of Nootka—were crowded on the schooner's deck. Still more, to Captain Snow's surprise, he saw among them the tribal chief, the young Maquinna, the tribal Shaman, and other leading spirits of the ranchiere.

Captain Snow rubbed his eyes and pinched himself. Then, satisfied that he was awake, he wondered. "What on airth, eh Pat b'y," he shouted to his mate—"what on airth is Hansen doing

with the whole tribe on his vessel?"

"I'm blowed if I know," replied the mate, and next gave the skipper some information he *did* know. "Hansen and Haan went ashore with a boat's crew this morning," he said, "and in about an hour the canoes began to swarm around the 'Flying Dutchman.' Young Maquinna went out in a big canoe, together with that medicine-fellow who was dancing at the potlatch we saw in the big camp the other day. I think the whole village must have followed them on board—look at that bunch of canoes he has in tow. He can't be going to sea with that crowd, for he couldn't feed 'em! I wonder what he's up to, anyway?"

Captain Snow also wondered. He had been swearing while the mate talked, and as the *Adèle's* sails began to fill and she swung round to the wind and drifted past the *Labrador's* stern, he muttered, "I'd give my season's catch to know what's in the wind."

"*Labrador* ahoy," sang out Captain Hansen, as Captain Snow stood gazing, open-mouthed, at the gathering of Indians on board. "I'm



"HER DECK WAS CROWDED WITH INDIANS."

goin' somever else! Maybe Fader Brabant will find you some ol' bucks. I lef' ol' blin' Jimmy!"

It was a seven days' wonder on board the *Labrador* how Captain Hansen got the tribespeople—there must have been some scores of them—on board the *Adèle*, and it was a greater wonder still as to what he proposed to do with them. Never since the competition for the Indians became so keen—not since Captain Balcom ran up the price on Captain Siewerd—had there been such a wonder.

In the lodge of Chief Michael, among the cedar-planked illahees (huts) that fronted the shingly beach at Hesquoit, the tribal yeves were discussing this unexpected coming of the Nootkas, for there was the matter of the killing of some sea-otter herds on disputed ground standing between their friendship. If there had been wonder on the schooner *Labrador* because of the departure of Maquinna and his people from Nootka, there was even greater surprise among the Hesquoits because of their coming.

There was no small amount of commotion in the Hesquoit village when the canoes of Maquinna and the Nootkas—they had left the *Adèle* in the stream—grated on the shingle, and the Nootkas walked with heads erect to the big drift-wood fires at the village front where the tribe was pot-latching. There was also a hubtub in the lodge of Chief Michael—his Indian name is unpronounceable—and excitement prevailed everywhere, except on the *Adèle*, which lay peacefully at anchor half a mile away, with Captain Hansen sitting complacently on the poop, and us squatting about the deck near by. Hansen was awaiting the inevitable, and we panted to find out what the inscrutable Dutchman was up to.

"Why have these Nootkas come unbidden to our feast?" asked Chief Michael, as his tribesmen assembled within his lodge. And the Shaman—the tribal sorcerer—vouchsafed no reply, although, as Shaman, he was supposed to know all things. He would have been a wise man, though, if he could have unravelled the craft of Captain Hansen.

"These dogs came unbidden and they shall go as they have come," said the Shaman. "Our blankets and our food shall not be pot-latched to them. Let us drive them from the village."

But the Nootkas were not driven from the village. Without warning, Chief Maquinna strode across the threshold of the lodge, followed by his tribesmen. He walked in calmly and confronted Chief Michael. Stolidly he gazed at the Hesquoits, and his speakers spoke for him. This is the Siwash custom.

"You, Michael, and men of Hesquoit," said Domase, the speaker, "you see our coming with eyes that give no meaning. You have not sent your canoes to bid us to your feast and we have not come to eat your meat, your salmon, your fish-grease, or your berry-cakes. Your whale-meat is not for us. We have brought food for our people. We have, too, brought coppers, whose faces are such as you men of Hesquoit have never seen. These coppers will shame all others, and that you Hesquoits may see how great a chief is Maquinna, whose

fathers were of the raven clan—a chief to whom all other chiefs are servants—we will break these coppers, and their pieces shall be swallowed in the waters. We will fight you with property because of the insults you send us, and we will show how great are we of the Nootkas and how poor are the Hesquoits.\*

To "break a copper" for a chief is to insult him, and to destroy the broken pieces by throwing them into the sea is to doubly insult him, and instantly there was an uproar. There is now, however, more fear of the law of the "King George" (white man) than when the Nootkas—then a strong and numerous tribe—cut out the ship *Boston* and massacred her crew. This fight, therefore, did not become a matter of bloodshed. As the speaker said, the fight was "of property."\*

In a few minutes the village was thronged with excited Indians, all hurrying their valuables from their lodges that they might destroy them in order to show their greatness—for such is the Indian custom. The larger the value of the property destroyed and the more canoes broken up, the greater the glory of the tribe.

Half a mile away Captain Hansen was peering through his glasses at the proceedings in the village, and he laughed a satisfied laugh. Kink Thompson was standing by, looking at the old man, questioningly, and he said, "I don't know why you brought that crowd of Siwashes up here, Captain, but I suppose it's all right. You ain't taking bunches like that for any three or four day trips along the coast for nothing, I reckon."

"You'll know soon, I dinks," replied Captain Hansen. "I didn'd dink dings would jibe so vell. You see, if you dell one Sivash anoder has said mean dings about him, or 'ave broke dose gopper dings for 'im, you ged 'im vere der sgm is thin. Vell, dat's vad I've done. I've dold Magwinna 'ere of a sdring of mean dings Migle has said about 'im. I don'd know vedder he did or nod; maybe he didn'd. And now Magwinna has brougd his growd ub to show Migle 'ow big 'e is.

Magwinna is going to fight 'im vid proberdy—dat's 'ow Sivashes fighd each oder now—and dey're goin' to breag all dey've got so dat dey gan make der Hesquoits ashamed. You see, if dey can'd breag as much duff as der Noodkas dey're ashamed. Dat's all."

"But what's that got to do with us getting a crew?" asked Long Jack. But Captain Hansen didn't hear him. He was peering again most interestedly at a gathering of Indians in the centre of the village.

There the Hesquoits were, standing on one side of the great drift-wood fire, while the Nootkas were lined in half-circle at the opposite side, and Maquinna was throwing blankets into the flames. Two or three of his people were handing him the blankets, new and old, from large boxes, and armful after armful was thrown into the leaping flames until the fire was soon a



"ARMFUL AFTER ARMFUL WAS THROWN INTO THE LEAPING FLAMES."

\* See "The Man Who Would Be Chief," in our issue for September, 1902, which gave an exhaustive explanation of this curious custom, illustrated with photographs.—Ed.

mass of smouldering flannel. The Nootkas were shouting and chanting boastful songs as Maquinna burnt the blankets, and close by, while the Hesquoits were singing defiant chants in reply, Chief Michael was superintending the building of another fire, around which Indians were piling armloads of blankets. The fire lighted, he also started burning to the full score of those destroyed by the Nootkas.

Then canoes were splintered. Small two-men canoes and large war-canoes of forty paddles and more, all were battered to pieces, and no man bemeaned himself to claim them and save them from destruction, which can be done, though honour suffers thereby. Each tribe shattered as many canoes as the other, and then coppers were broken up—coppers valued at four and five thousand blankets, which had adorned the tribal illahees for generations. No fewer than four were destroyed and their pieces thrown into the sea.

The Hesquoits kept up the destruction, even as did the Nootkas, blanket for blanket, canoe for canoe, and copper for copper. Then Chief Maquinna called to his speakers and they spoke defiantly, of the greatness of Maquinna and the Nootkas, and belittled Michael and the Hesquoits, while the Nootkas echoed guttural grunts in approval, and the Hesquoits fumed.

Next the Nootka chief ordered the carved box with the sea-otter skins to be brought, and one by one he ripped these skins—whose value is from one hundred to two hundred pounds each—until there was nothing left but a few charred strips lying in the edge of the fire.

And thus were the Hesquoits shamed, for they had no high-priced sea-otter skins to bring for destruction. And they were beaten and greatly ashamed.

Sorrowfully the Hesquoits wandered away. They were sad. Not only were their goods gone—the blankets that were to have been pot-latched when the Koskeemos came down the coast; the coppers that had been long prized; but they had been made ashamed by the Nootkas. This was the greatest of their sorrows. Meanwhile, the Nootkas danced exultingly, the Shaman leading them, before the fires on the beach, which now lit up the night, twilight having soon deepened into darkness.

The joy of the Nootkas ended abruptly when Captain Hansen came ashore and brought up the business of shipping a crew. He wanted twenty-four hunters, he said, and he wanted the best, and, moreover, they were to ship for two dollars a skin. If they didn't sign on a crew—and they had been made to know

by the Government steamer what refusal to go to sea after signing articles meant—they couldn't get home. That was the way Hansen put it. They had broken their canoes, and if they wanted to get home on the *Adèle*—that is, those who were not to go to Behring Sea in her, well, they had to sign a crew. That was all there was about it.

Then there was talk galore, and what those Indians said to Captain Hansen in Chinook—that patois which the Hudson's Bay Company gave the Indians years ago for a trading language—could only be told here in a long series of dashes and asterisks. For hours they wrangled. At midnight the matter was left adjourned, and quiet settled down over all.

Had Captain Hansen seen the topmasts of the *Labrador* beyond the bluff in the outer part of the harbour he would never have allowed an adjournment. Had he known as he was rowed back to the *Adèle* that the *Labrador* was lying at anchor just around the point he would have forced the issue. But he didn't see the *Labrador*, and when quiet had settled down on the village and all on the *Adèle* slept—not even a look-out being left—none of those on the "Flying Dutchman" saw the boats from the *Labrador* being towed in with cloth-swaddled oars and returning a couple of hours later with boat-loads of Indians. Chief Maquinna and his whole tribe, and not only his tribe, but the hunters that had been left in the Hesquoit village—there were not many remaining—were taken out in numerous trips of the *Labrador's* boats during that quiet summer night, and the vessel spread her sails before morning dawned and stood out to sea. When Captain Hansen clambered up the cabin scuttle in the morning and rubbed his eyes the *Labrador* was far out at sea, bearing away to Nootka. Diamond had cut diamond.

Singing merrily to himself as he clambered over into his stern-boat to be rowed ashore Captain Hansen wondered a little because of the quietness of the village, but he did not allow this to disturb his merriment as he thought of the trick he had played on Snow of the *Labrador* and on these independent Nootkas and the Hesquoits. Both tribes were now sufficiently bankrupt to allow of two good crews to be picked from them at the lowest wages. The *Labrador*, he thought, was probably on her way back to Victoria by this time.

He was humming cheerfully as he stepped across the shingle, hopping over the drift-wood on his way to the village path. And now and then he sang, as was his custom when he felt merrier than usual, a fragment of an old German song.



"BOAT-LOADS OF INDIANS."

But why was the rancherie so quiet? The unusual serenity began to disturb him. There was not even a hand-clap, not a shout, although smoke could be seen curling from the ridges of the lodges. Had it not been for the never-ending yelping of the mongrel herds of dogs he would have thought he was in a deserted village.

Stopping at the store, Captain Hansen thought he was entitled to a package of tobacco, of which Mackenzie, the storekeeper, had a small stock for the accommodation of passing prospectors and coasters. He was paying for the tobacco, when the storekeeper began to laugh. It was an aggravating laugh.

"Und don'd I hear der joke?" queried Captain Hansen.

"Oh, you'll see it," said the storekeeper, mysteriously.

Captain Hansen did see it. A few minutes later the priest told him how Captain Snow and his men had come in the night, and the greater part of the Indians—all the seal-hunters, in fact—had been carried away on the *Labrador*.

Hansen was furious, and strode back to his boat. He was not singing, but thinking rapidly. When his men hauled up the stern-boat he ordered the vessel to be got under way,

and started seaward. Haan, who held the wheel, was sniggering offensively, but Hansen didn't say anything.

Finally, a few indifferent hunters were gathered in at the Kynuquot and Koskeemo villages—"left-overs" from the schooners that had shipped crews there—and the *Adèle* got into the Behring Sea late. Two months after the *Labrador* was sighted. She tried to speak the *Adèle*, but Hansen stolidly disregarded her signals. Captain Snow brought his

vessel close enough to the *Adèle*, however, for all on board to hear his exulting shout.

"When you get to Victoria, Hansen, Siewerd wants you to tell him how you got a crew at Hesquoit! And Macaulay—he's got eight hundred skins—wants to know how the Nootkas made the Hesquoits ashamed!"

Captain Hansen looked into the fog banks of the misty waters of the Northern Sea and he never spoke. Maybe he was wondering if he could by any chance balance accounts, for it was near the end of the season and he had only two hundred and fifty odd pelts below hatches.

Two weeks later we started for home—with one thousand four hundred skins. Did we make a raid? We never told anyone. But if you look in the blue-books of the United States Revenue Cutter Service you will find an extract from the log of the *Rush* which says that a new rookery was found on Bouldyr Island in the Aleutians, but it contained few seals. It was a small rookery. There were some blood-stained seal-clubs lying about, and so, the reporting officer thought, some raiders may have been there.

He was right.

*Another adventure of the "Flying Dutchman" will appear in our next issue.*





## II.

The continuation of Mr. Barr's amusing account of the trials and tribulations of three "tenderfeet" in the great Canadian wilderness. In this instalment the author narrates the story of a dispute concerning an "alligator" and how the party found themselves marooned.



HIS is the region for big-game shooters," declaimed Peters. "No other can compare with it. In the air eagles, wild-geese, duck galore; in the woods moose as big as horses, bear, caribou, deer; in the waters maskinonge, alligators, sturgeon——"

"Alligators?" queried McWhinnie.

"Yes, alligators," repeated Peters.

"In these waters?" inquired McWhinnie, sceptically, sweeping his hand towards Quinze Lake.

"Certainly, in these waters. There is no catch, McWhinnie. I tell you that in this lake are alligators," said Peters; "real big, bustling alligators——"

"You're crazy," was all McWhinnie would say.

"I tell you I saw one this morning," continued Peters, emphatically. "It lay close in-shore kicking up a deuce of a fuss in the water. It was in plain view for ten minutes or more, floundering about, lashing the water, and seemed to take refuge at last down there beside those logs on the far side of the storehouse."

"You're crazy!"

"I never saw such a big alligator as this one in all my days, and, believe me, I was as much surprised as you are disbelieving, which is saying a bit."

"You're crazy!"

McWhinnie polished away at a twenty-two-bore rifle. We bought that rifle believing it would secure us food for the camp in the shape of rabbits and partridges, but soon found that at twenty yards' range it varied a good three feet, and the worst of it was that it seldom varied in the same direction. McWhinnie did not know this fact as yet, so polished industriously.

"It's all very fine for you to sit there and parrot 'You're crazy,' but I want you to understand that I saw the alligator with my own eyes, and——"

"You're crazy!"

"But, McWhinnie," I put in, "there *are* alligators in these waters."

"You're crazy!"

So I shut up. Silence reigning for some



time, McWhinnie condescended to break the blow by saying:—

"Yesterday's trying walk and driving rain have turned your heads. You're *both* crazy!"

The three of us sat in front of the log-house on Douglas Farm, Quinze Lake, Quebec. Breakfast had been served at 5.30 a.m. sharp, and turning out at that weird hour to eat fat fried pork and apple pie gave our enthusiasm such a jar that we were now trying to recover equilibrium by taking matters easy for a few hours. Down on the foreshore our two guides were busy with the canoes. Each had his canoe wrong side up on wooden horses and tested every suspicious spot on the birch-bark by putting his lips to it and sucking with all his might. If air came through, that spot was patched with steaming pine resin. Douglas Farm is a patch of vivid green ringed round by a giant wall of woods, and before the door of the log-house stretches Quinze

Lake, in shape almost circular; indeed, a mighty amphitheatre in the wooded highlands. This farm is planted there in the wilderness for the purpose of growing fodder to supply the lumbermen's winter camps of the district. It would be useless to raise anything else. Nothing could be got to the outside world from this isolated spot. Douglas Farm is the farthest outpost of the bustling world that stands in that part of the globe, so far outside that the marchings and counter-marchings of nations and people are heard of only at long intervals. For city-weary eyes no place could be more refreshing—the silent waters, the ghostly woods, and the ineffable sweep of the sky. A sceptical soul must ever be horribly out of place in such a green spot as Douglas Farm. Yet there one sat polishing a twenty-two-bore rifle.

We had sat in silence

some time before round the corner came the mistress of the house, a kindly, intelligent woman, busy with the onerous duties of the farm. Peters leaped to his feet.

"Excuse me," he said, "but was not that an alligator I saw this morning in the lake the other side of the storehouse, there?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, pleasantly.

Peters waited to give McWhinnie the chance to say, "You're crazy," but, instead, the rifle-polisher sat gazing in wonderment at the woman.

"Do you think it is there now?" asked Peters.

"I am sure it is," she replied.

"Thank you. I think we'd better photograph it."

Mrs. Johnston entered the house.

"You don't mean to tell me ——" stammered McWhinnie.

"Of course I do, that's exactly what I *do* mean. There is a Canadian freshwater alligator lying in the water behind that

storehouse, or, at least, it was there earlier this morning. I have been trying to get you into a proper frame of mind to take a photograph of the alligator, you being the man who best of all manages the camera."

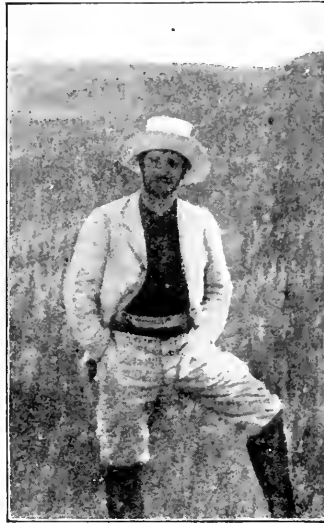
McWhinnie, now wildly interested, dived into the house and reappeared with his camera.

"Steady on!" cautioned Peters. "Please do not burst upon the thing or you may stam-pede it. I am particularly anxious to secure a first-class photo of it to take back to London. Try to imagine that you are a Red Indian on the scout. Therefore, we'll go down Indian file; you first, Chronicer second, and I'll bring up the rear."

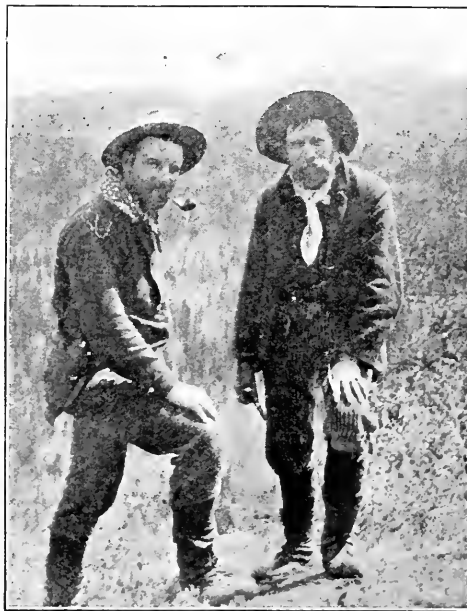
McWhinnie nervously fingered the camera.

"What range should I set the focus to?" he inquired, anxiously. "I must have a good snap of the brute!"

"One hundred feet



From a] PETERS. [Photo.



MCWHINNIE AND THE "CHRONICLER" (PIPE IN HAND).  
From a Photo.

should do nicely," Peters advised, in a hoarse whisper. "Make your way silently as a stalking cat, step quickly out, take as steady aim as circumstances allow, and you're sure of one good picture. The sun is where he should be and the air clear."

A small staging or wharf surrounded the storehouse, and towards this the three of us crept, McWhinnie leading with the camera hugged to his chest and its one eye ready to detect its prey at the first possible instant. I came next, and Peters, cautioning "'Ssh!" at the slightest sound either of us made, brought up the rear. We stole down the grassy slope, gingerly placed moccasined feet on the rough planks, and at length McWhinnie braced himself up, brushed the hair out of his eyes, and made a last survey of his camera.

At the moment he had raised his right foot to step out Peters tripped over a loose plank, uttered an unearthly yell, and fell flat upon the wharf. Without looking round McWhinnie sprang out into the sunshine and swept the foreshore of the lake in one lightning-like, comprehensive glance.

"There's no alligator here," he barked. "Your bawling has frightened the beast away, confound you!"

Peters was by his side in a flash.

"Not at all. There it is. Quick!"

"I don't see it! Where?"

"There—there—where I point. Can't you see it; plain as a pan-technicon—"

"I only see that rickety steamboat."

Peters's tones were contemptuous.

"Steamboat! That's no steamboat—that's an *alligator!*"

McWhinnie dropped the body of his camera, retaining firm hold of the strap. He whirled on Peters and swung the instrument in one mighty sweep straight for the foeman's head. Peters was prepared and, skilled in Rugby football, tackled sudden and strong. Down the two went while I, throwing myself on the infuriated McWhinnie's feet, held on with the hug of a bear, at the same time calling with might and main for the guides. McWhinnie was barking: "Let me up and I'll do for the two of you," all the while fighting and heaving into mighty contortions, and Peters, every time he could get enough breath to articulate, interpolated: "I'll explain all,

McWhinnie, when you are calm. I'll explain all."

"I don't want your explanations!"

"Help us to hold him for a minute; he's had a fit," said Peters to the guides. They joined in the *melée*, and we soon had the enraged McWhinnie spreadeagled on the wharf. Peters sat himself down on the helpless man's chest and began:—



"LET ME UP AND I'LL DO FOR THE TWO OF YOU."

"Now, McWhinnie, you've flown off the handle again. That is an alligator."

"Get off me!"

"You adopted too narrow-minded a course. You set your mind on one sort of alligator only, and that the common insect one. Here I have shown you a unique creation only to be met with in this part of the world—"

"Let me up and I'll talk to you!"

"There rides the most wonderful steamer you have ever seen, and the name of its class is 'alligator.' There are quite a number in this vast region of bush, and they are all 'alligators.' They are the Canadian fresh-

water alligators. Can you guess why they are so named?"

"Get off me and I'll——"

"They are called alligators because they can run on water or land indiscriminately. They are used to tow rafts of logs down these wilderness streams. The waterways here are rich in falls and chutes, up which, or down which, no craft can go. So when one of these falls is reached the tow steamer takes to the land and passes by the turbulent waters, entering the stream again when the rapids are passed. Isn't that ingenious and interesting?"

"I'd be more entertained if you would kindly get off my chest."

McWhinnie was growing calmer.

"I think a realization of the enormity of your conduct is beginning to dawn on you, and I'll soon shift my quarters. Let me tell you that the alligator is built like a scow, with runners on the hull, and that the paddle-wheels you see, or will see when you get up, are used only to propel the boat when she is travelling alone. When hauling a raft on the water or herself over land, she does so by means of an anchor and one thousand feet of cable."

Then Peters stood up, and McWhinnie slowly rolled over until his legs hung down from the wharf and his moccasins touched the water. There he sat and gazed at the alligator.

"Now, sir," said Peters, at last, "are you not glad you came? Will you take a photograph of an 'alligator' now?"

McWhinnie shook his head.

"Not to-day," he said. "I'll wait till I come back. I don't feel like snapping the thing now. Let's get away."

It befell, however, that at the very first portage we came to there was an "alligator" high and dry, snorting and scrambling its way overland. We saw it do the last hundred yards and enter the water at the foot of wild rapids. McWhinnie condescended to photograph it for us.

Shortly before noon the canoes were launched and we set off. The larger canoe carried McWhinnie and the Chronicler, with all luggage appertaining thereunto and the lion's share of the camp outfit, and was paddled by our full-



From a]

AN "ALLIGATOR."

[Photo.

blooded Red Indian guide, Le Mure. The smaller canoe carried Peters and his luggage, and was under the guidance of a young French-Canadian, by name Parent, one of a long line of famous voyagers. He sat a canoe as though it were part of his anatomy, his long back moving to the stroke of the paddle as gracefully as that of a Nautch girl, and although in his easy swing he gave no appearance of great exertion, the water boiled from the prow and sides of his canoe. In fact, had it not been that Peters would insist on paddling, our big canoe could not have kept up with Parent. But Peters had learned to navigate a birch-bark in the back waters of the Upper Thames, a girl in white acting as ballast. He executed two strokes to the minute and trailed his paddle in the water so elegantly that poor Parent could scarcely keep his seat for wonderment. The guide had never seen quite so *dilettante*, soothing, and swan-like a stroke in all his born days, the consequence being that, what with Peters's retarding progress and the guide's consternation, we soon left them far behind.

At Douglas Farm we had decided to make for Lake Abitibi, deciding upon our future movements when we got there. Abitibi, the nearest large lake to James Bay, is about one hundred miles from Temiskaming as the crow flies. But we were not crows; neither are the lakes and rivers of that region "bee-lines," so that we had ahead of us a stiff canoe journey. Our way was to make for the head waters of the systems that flow into the St. Lawrence, cross the watershed, or to give it the Canadian name, Height of Land, and launching canoes in the waters

that flow to Hudson Bay, reach Abitibi. The first morning spent in the canoe we found we were indeed in the big game country. Paddling across Lake Obicoba I beheld a great moose step out of the underbrush into a clear spot on the high banks of the shore, where it stood, a noble figure, gazing out upon the lake. Our paddlers quietly turned the canoes and made inshore, getting to within a hundred yards of the beast before she scented us and made off. Two days later we had a still better view of a gigantic moose.

We had passed the length of Obicoba, and paddled the sullen red waters of Lonely River, usually pitching tent for the night among the thick-growing spruce, and early on the morning of May 21st were afloat on the waters of lovely, lonely Lake Opasabica, whose waters reach up to the Height of Land, when at 8.30 a.m. McWhinnie espied a moose on the opposite bank. Opasabica is a narrow lake; the atmosphere was wonderfully clear, and we distinctly saw the animal step down to the margin of the lake, suspiciously sniff the air, and then, satisfied, plunge into the water, heading for a small point near where we rode in our canoes. Under shelter of the bank we awaited its coming. Held high above the surface of the lake we beheld its head, its nostrils extended, jackass ears thrown aloft and forward, and it turned its head anxiously from side to side inquiring of every puff of wind whether it had passed an enemy on the way. Suddenly, when not more than a hundred and fifty yards from us, it scented our presence. Instantly its great ears flopped down, focusing themselves on us. It perceptibly rose in the water, its eyes bulging in surprise and terror, and its nostrils expanding and contracting. A few seconds passed in indecision, then it flung its huge self about, heaved head, shoulders, and back well out of water, and made off for the opposite shore at a pace we could not have believed such a huge, clumsy animal could have struck. It took us all our time to keep up, and across a mile of water we pursued, venturing at times to within fifteen or

twenty feet of the beast. Coming to shore it splashed out of the water and flung itself into the bush.

Before the three of us set out upon this canoe voyage into the Canadian wilds we had heard some tales of "greenhorns" being deserted by



"IT MADE OFF FOR THE OPPOSITE SHORE."

their guides and suffering many hardships before winning back to inhabited regions. Notwithstanding this, it did not cross our minds that we were destined to be left high and dry on a rugged portage near the watershed that separates the rivers which flow into Hudson Bay from those that roll their floods to the St. Lawrence. Consequently it came upon us with all the thrill of a joke in a sermon when, to our consternation, we found that our guides had made off with the canoes and provisions and



"IT SPLASHED OUT OF THE WATER AND FLUNG ITSELF INTO THE BUSH."  
From a Photo.

left us marooned in the thick spruce forest up on the Height of Land.

There is a whole lot of the Drake-crossing-Panama flavour about passing over an unknown portage. You come to the end of a lake, and there, pitching and growling, are mighty rapids up which nothing less agile than a well-conditioned fish can make its way. Near to where the last billow flings its spindrift high towards the overhanging branches is a pretty patch of level green, a lush invitation to land. Leading from this and disappearing among the trees you detect a faintly indicated path made by the few moccasins which pass that way in the course of a summer. This ghost-path leads to the delectably unknown, and always exercises a heart-fluttering fascination upon me. It was my habit to leap ashore the instant the canoe-prow rested upon the green, grab up the bag containing our tent—it weighed about twelve pounds, I think—and, manfully swinging it upon my shoulders, make off in hot haste to be first to explore the portage. Of course, this was a selfish proceeding, wholly unjustifiable in any society, for Peters and McWhinnie were left to work at unloading the canoes, parcelling out provisions and pans into portable loads, and all that. But I quieted my conscience by acknowledging that all great explorers have been selfish.

We were within one portage of the great watershed, the Height of Land, which divides Lake Opasabica from Lake Matawagogig, and on coming to the stepping-off place I found that instead of the usual high bank the land was flat. Rapids, surprisingly tame, emptied waters into the lake we had quitted. They were of only

sufficient strength to prevent any use being made of that part of the stream by canoes. As usual I swung off along the dim-marked trail, crossed a sluggish creek on some logs, and came to the beginning of the rapids on the stream that linked lake to lake. From this point the trail struck through the woods, a rough, stony trail, hard on feet unaccustomed to moccasins.

Of a sudden I found myself within an inch of being skewered by the sharp prow of a birch-bark canoe. It was inverted and stood half a man's height from the ground,

while a pair of legs, ending in well-worn moccasins, supported the craft. Snail-like, the Indian carried his all on his back. Taken by surprise I quavered out the Cree greeting, something like "Quaay," the only Indian word I knew. "Quaay" came back to me in lonely, sad tones from under the canoe. Pointing to the trail and extending my arms, I asked:—

"Portage! How long?"

"Ten acre," was the reply, as the canoe slid past me and disappeared in the direction from which I had come.

"Ten acre?" I muttered. "Now, what in thunder is an acre when it comes to Long Measure? I give it up."

All at once it came to my mind that someone, somewhere, had told me that an Indian who wishes to describe a short distance says "five acre" and for a long one "ten acre." This remembrance discouraged me with the carrying trade. I heaved the tent-bag to the ground, where, of its own accord, it rolled down a slope and hid in a clump of bushes. Seized by a sudden unaccountable fit of pure philanthropy, I resolved upon a charitable act. I would hasten back to the landing-place and prevent Peters and McWhinnie from overloading their backs for the portage. In the exuberance of youth one is apt to take upon one's shoulders more than can be carried without distress over this world's portage. Half-way across there is a desperate longing to drop weight by the way, but this cannot be done without disaster to the whole. It is the same with a Canadian portage.

When I appeared at the landing-place Peters sang out:—

"Halloa, Chronieler! How far is it across?"

McWhinnie, who at the moment was taking on a load, glanced up, sighted me, and, turning to his inquiring friend, asked scornfully:—

"Why ask? You know the pace he travels at and his eager desire for a second load. Fifteen minutes after leaving the canoe he is back. I'll lay I could sling a cat across this portage." He turned to the Indian guide. "Here, Le Mure, heap me up; hang the guns round my neck; hump the sleeping-bag on my shoulders; give me the fishing-rods and a few of those pans in my left hand. We'll make short work of this portage."

Loaded he reminded me, as I sat on a soft spot, of one of those self-contained Italian musical fiends—drum on back, cymbals overhead, pipes in hand, and so on; head, feet, arms, every joint at work. Presently he staggered off.

Peters was more conservative. Let the portage be short or long, he was possessed of a certain canny consideration for his muscles that carries a man a long way in this world. Nevertheless he, too, overloaded himself considerably and set off. Then I approached the guides.

"How long is ten acre?" I asked.

They intimated that it all depended on who used the term.

"That Indian who passed just now with his canoe."

The guides shrugged their shoulders.

"Pretty big portage," they said.

"I thought as much. I'll stroll quietly ahead; perhaps I may be of use to my head-strong companions."

On my way, happening to look back, I saw the guides in earnest conversation. Fishing the tent-bag out of its hiding-place I swung along the trail.

McWhinnie was the first to loom in sight. He stood in the very centre of a great pool of water and mud cradled in a hollow. At his feet I saw the fishing-rods and tin pans, and his two hands held on with the grip of despair to his precious sleeping-bag—it weighed forty or fifty pounds and contained his all—which was slipping inch by inch down the small of his

back. As I jauntily approached I discovered that the heavy Winchester rifle had slipped round so that the strap threatened to strangle him, while the other guns, in the mysterious way that will happen when a man tries to carry more than he should, were entangled with his legs, hopelessly anchoring him there in mid-stream. If he attempted a step he was morally certain to pitch over. All his strength and hopes were centred upon keeping his rolled-up couch from falling into the deep water. As I passed him, hopping from one dry spot to another, I sang out, cheerfully:—

"That's surely an ill-chosen spot to rest, McWhinnie. Come in out of the wet. You'll catch

your death of cold if you stand there!"

He turned two great eyes on me, and I saw by their expression that he was in little danger of catching cold; he was hot enough to burn.

"Whatever you do, don't drop your bed," I continued. "It's going to be cold to-night."

When the poor fellow saw I had no intention of rushing to his aid, as he imagined I would do, but instead that I pushed nimbly on, he gave vent to a gurgling, raucous cry of "For goodness' sake, man, help!" This I ostentatiously did not hear, and, without stopping, swung round a bend in the portage, where, out of sight, I paused to watch. A few seconds passed silently by; then came a splash—the bed in the mud. Next came the sound of a



"I FOUND MYSELF WITHIN AN INCH OF BEING SKEWERED BY THE SHARP PROW OF A BIRCH-BARK CANOE."





"WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T DROP YOUR BED," I CONTINUED."

mighty struggle—McWhinnie extricating himself from the strangling rifle—and at last a great groan of relief. Again all was quiet for a time, then McWhinnie's voice broke out into assertions regarding my character and family tree that pained me to hear, and vows of immediate action regarding my carcass which caused me to push forward with great speed. It is disconcerting when a comrade loses his temper and possesses all the guns.

Peters had gone farther and fared better. When I came up with him he had backed against a tree and was allowing things to slide gingerly to the ground. He seated himself upon a fallen tree and gazed at me in pity and scorn.

"What induced you to tell us that awful untruth?" he began.

"Before asking fatuous questions I suggest that you go back to the assistance of McWhinnie," said I. "He's in dire distress fifty yards to the rear."

Vol. xiii.—70.

"Why don't you hasten to his assistance, may I ask?"

"You may. He used language in my hearing that was shocking—language that I was sorry to hear coming from one with whom I am obliged to travel. I do not feel like going back."

"Language! Since when have you grown so particular?"

"Since I heard McWhinnie use it. I am very particular now, and until McWhinnie cools down I'm going to be a mighty sight more particular."

"I wish I had heard the language. Whatever it was, kindly associate me with the sentiments, however expressed."

Wearily he got upon his feet and shuffled off to the rescue of our companion. I followed at a cautious distance.

Poor McWhinnie! He had not moved his feet; he simply sat down on his bag where it had fallen. His moccasins were deep in the mire, his elbows were on his knees and his head in his hands. There he sat. Shocked at the inappropriateness of the spot chosen for rest Peters bawled out:—

"I say, you can't sit there, you know."

"Can't I just! You watch me," groaned McWhinnie, without glancing up.

Like a flash Peters was into the puddle, flinging to left and right the wreckage of McWhinnie's load. Finishing the small articles he made a grab for the sleeping-bag, but McWhinnie, with a sweep of his great hand that would have brushed aside a bear, sent him spinning to dry land.

"Let me rest in peace. I'm done for. Oh, London, London! I don't want green leaves, and the solitude of the wilds—I want London," he moaned.

There was nothing more to be said. Peters and I sat down to wait. Presently, his face still buried in his hands, McWhinnie asked:—

"Is the Chronieler there?"

I returned a tentative "Yes."

He spoke slowly—a sort of heart to heart talk:—

"Do me a favour, there's a good fellow. Keep out of my sight for a month. Perhaps you'd better make it a year."

"What have I done that I should keep out of anyone's sight, I'd like to know?" I protested.

McWhinnie suddenly leapt into the air from his watery resting-place.

"What in thunder made you tell me this was



a short, easy portage? How came it to pass that you allowed me to load myself like a pack-mule and so get myself into this mess? Is it any satisfaction to you that the guns are full of water, the pots and pans coated with mud, and my confounded bed saturated? Where's the joke? Where, in thunder, *is* the joke?"

Peters seized opportunity and sleeping-bag, instantly whisking the latter to dry land.

"By Jupiter," I cried, "the joke is not on me, wherever it is. If you don't believe me, you can search me. I did not tell you anything about this portage for the very good reason that I don't know anything about it."

"As if you waited to know anything about anything before thinking yourself called upon to talk of it! I tell you that you got me to load myself to the serious risk of my health and started me over this wretched portage of roots, stones, and mire. What do I do! I take on an extra heavy load out of the goodness of my heart——"

"Don't blame your heart; your head is your weak point. Your head jumped to the conclusion, when you saw me return to the landing-place, that I had been over the portage, whereas I had not. Your head caused you to take on too big a load and prevented you dropping it when it proved to be excessive. Your head is your weak spot."

"By saying nothing when I presumed a short portage you agreed

that it *was* short. I leave it to Peters. I ask you as a disinterested party, Peters. Did he or did he not?"

"Of course he did," barked Peters, glaring at me.

"Certainly!" continued McWhinnie. "There is no question about it. It was not clever; it was heartless."

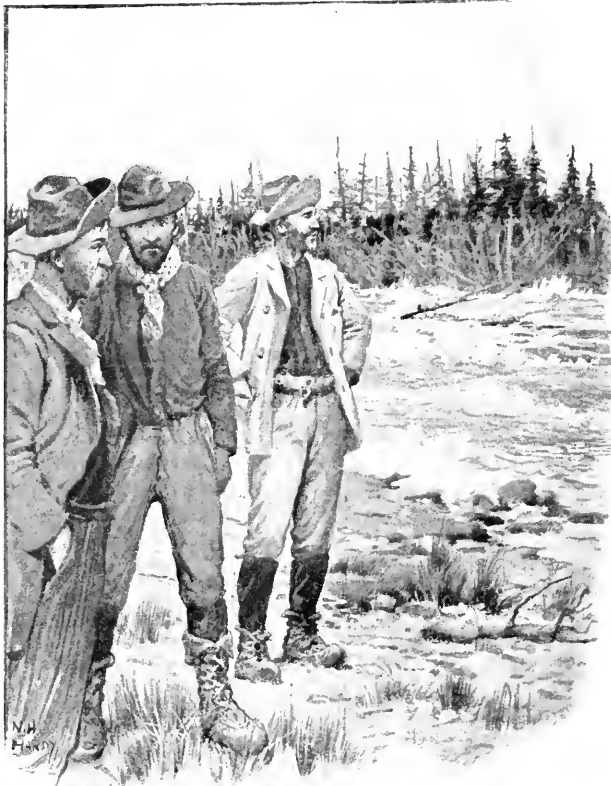
Like most people in the right I found myself in an unpopular minority. Not quite daring to be a Daniel by standing alone, I grew weak.

"Reverse yourself," I suggested. "Take your moccasins out of the water and put your head in. That may cool your brow and allow you to do me justice."

"Peters," said McWhinnie, ignoring my last sally, "don't you think we should go back and warn the guides against taking on too much at a load? They are Nature's gentlemen, and not at all likely to accept this man's vein of humour as legitimate."

Back marched the two, and I followed, rather down in the mouth. When we reached the landing, however, no signs of the canoes, or of the goods and chattels that so lately lay scattered in picturesque disorder on the green. The place was deserted, and the rapid rapids gurgled jeeringly. We stood appalled.

"Marooned!" gasped McWhinnie; and "Marooned!" we echoed, despairingly.



"THERE WERE NO SIGNS OF THE CANOES."

(To be concluded.)

# A MODERN MONTE CRISTO

by the VISCOUNT de SOISSONS

The strange story of Giuseppe Darco, of Naples. A fugitive from his own country, he landed on the uninhabited island of Galita, off the coast of Tunis, and there succeeded in discovering a pirate treasure which tradition affirmed was hidden on the island. Returning to his native city, he married a wife, secured a number of colonists, and then went back to his island, where he has dwelt in peace and plenty ever since, "lord of all he surveys."



EW people who have read Dumas's immortal "Monte Cristo" would imagine that a very similar romance of hidden wealth could ever occur in real life; and yet such is the case. The uninhabited island and the poor man suddenly made rich duly figure in this latter-day version, and, as to the treasure, it has been seen and handled, and the most doubtful must believe.

The lucky man: to find the golden hoard was Giuseppe Darco, an Italian, as his name indicates. No one knows how much he found, for that is a secret he keeps to himself.

Signor Darco lives on the island of Galita, off the north coast of Tunis, where he discovered his fortune. But let us tell in their proper order the strange series of events which led to the finding of the treasure.

Giuseppe Darco was a citizen of Naples. When the great disturbances of 1850 broke out he threw himself energetically into the struggle, fighting against the Nationalists, and even gaining some notoriety as a party leader.

One day, however, he and his band were surrounded; not a loophole of escape seemed left. Darco and his men gave battle from the clump

of trees where they had taken shelter, firing as rapidly as they could load. The little wood became a slaughter-house, reeking with the smell of blood and gunpowder; but the desperate fighters of Darco's band stuck to their position grimly, without flinching or stirring a hair-breadth in spite of the whistling storm of bullets that came from the attacking soldiers. More than half the bandits had already fallen dead and wounded, but in spite of the cruel hail of lead the remainder stood firm, swearing never to yield.

Finally, with a clamour that deafened them, the soldiers fixed bayonets and advanced to the attack. On every hand steel clashed on steel, and only rarely a pistol or gun was fired, for ammunition was running short on both sides. The long knives and bayonets of the partisans



"THE DESPERATE FIGHTERS OF DARCO'S BAND STUCK TO THEIR POSITION GRIMLY."

crossed with those of the soldiers, but weight of numbers carried the day, and at last Darco's band was overwhelmed. The leader of the little force fought desperately till the very end, when he fell, beaten down by the butt end of a musket.

But Darco was not dead. When he recovered consciousness he found that he had only fainted from loss of blood and the pain of his wounds. These latter were not serious—a sabre stroke across the forehead, dealt him by an officer, and a thrust from a bayonet that luckily had only slipped along his ribs. Wearily he dragged himself to his feet and surveyed the scene. His men lay around, dead to a man, their corpses, in every imaginable attitude, stretched out under the pale rays of the moon. Of the victorious soldiers there was no sign.

In the darkness of the night, glancing fearfully from side to side lest some enemy should see him, Darco made his way to the shores of the Bay of Naples. Here he sought out the hut of his cousin Giovanni, a fisherman, who, with his wife, tended the unfortunate man carefully until he was well again. Then one day they told him it would be better for him to leave Naples, for a rumour had got about that Giuseppe the Red, chief of banditti, was not dead after all, but in hiding near the town. If the story got to their ears the police might come poking about and cause trouble. Unwilling to get his good friends into trouble, Darco decided to fly. They provisioned a sailing boat for him, gave him arms and powder, and he set forth.

For a year the ex-bandit chief led a strange life, going from place to place, searching vainly for a spot to build a home where he could live in peace and safety.

One day he was sitting in an Italian *café*, the landlord of which knew his identity and shared his political views, in the town of La Calle, in Algeria. Quite by chance Darco overheard two men speaking of the wonders of an island called

Galita. Finally the elder said: "You are right, Antonio mio! Though the place is fertile and uninhabited I don't think it is worth while going to. Besides, the life in towns is more interesting."

"But they say there is a treasure hidden there," put in the other man.

"Pshaw! To the deuce with these old women's stories of hidden treasures. I don't believe in them!"

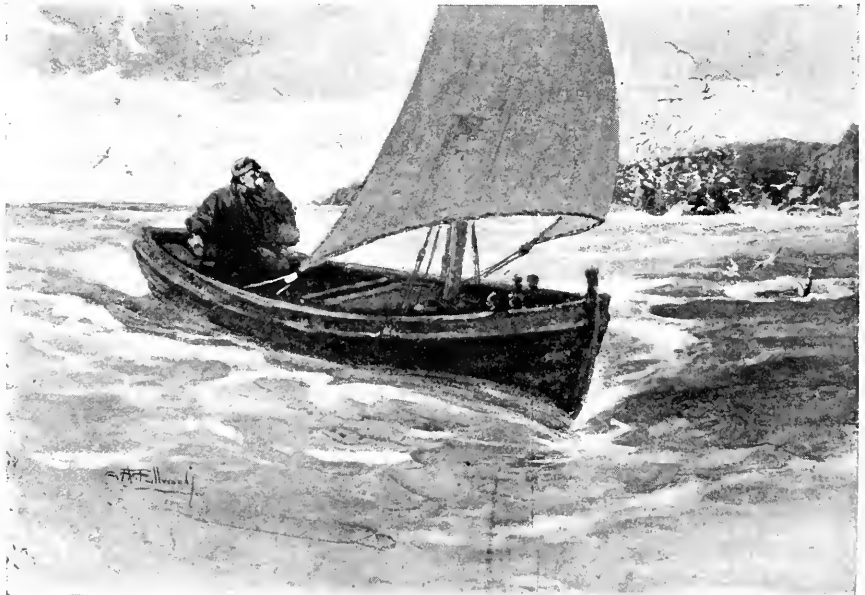
"Neither do I," said his companion. "You're quite right; we won't go to the wretched place."

Although Darco did not for one moment believe the vague legend about the treasure, he had learned from this fragment of conversation that the island was fertile and uninhabited. Accordingly he resolved to go there and see if he could settle down and so put an end to the turbulent and restless life he had led. He was tired of being a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth.

The next morning, therefore, saw him alone in a boat on the way to Galita. He took with him enough food to feed a frugal Italian for two months.

Darco sailed along the rocky coast of the island, studying it carefully for a suitable place to run his craft ashore, when suddenly he saw a tiny sandy bay, an ideal spot for a landing-place. He shot the boat into the bay, and soon the bows grated on the beach.

Darco jumped on to the sand, pulled up his boat, and went a few steps forward. Suddenly a sight that astonished him met his eyes. Half



"DARCO SAILED ALONG THE ROCKY COAST OF THE ISLAND."

buried in the sand were the remains of an old wharf, with an iron ring fastened in the centre of a block of stone. Excited, he knew not why, he ran the painter of his boat through the rusty ring. "Is this a sign of inhabitants?" he thought, anxiously; but soon decided it was not. The wharf was in the worst possible repair, and looked as though it had not been touched for many years. Moreover, he had seen no traces of any human being along the whole stretch of coast-line, nor had he detected any other place to land. All round the wharf, where once there had been a clearing, the ground was covered with luxuriant lianas, the growth of many years. No, the island was certainly uninhabited now, whatever it might have been formerly.

Leaving his boat fastened to the ancient wharf, Darco pressed on inland to explore the island. Presently he perceived in the distance a group of dilapidated huts.

"Here is the key to the mystery," he muttered, and set out towards them.

On arriving at the houses the explorer beheld

a strange spectacle— a sight to makè one's hair stand on end. Scattered among the ruined houses lay many skeletons, several still grasping in their bony fingers old-fashioned cutlasses, boarding-axes, and pistols, red with rust and fragile with age, but still recognisable.

Darco, although steeled to bloodshed and used to death in many forms, started back in horror at these ghastly relics of some long-forgotten strife. Presently, however, he pulled himself together, went fearlessly past the skeletons, and entered the huts one after the other.

Not a thing remained in them except worm-eaten, tottering chairs and tables, upon which many furious storms, which came in freely through the broken windows and battered roofs, had left their mark.

Curious to know who the men who lived in these huts could have been, the explorer returned to the skeletons, and after examining them closely noticed that on several of the sword-hilts a skull and cross-bones had been rudely engraved. Then the truth came to him like a flash. They were buccaneers, who, having lived by the sword, had died by the sword in some desperate affray!

Hard on the heels of this discovery there came galloping through his head all the stories of hidden pirate treasure he had ever heard, and the remark of the younger of the two men in the *café* at La Calle—that a treasure was supposed to lie buried on this very island!

As he pondered, a determination to explore the place thoroughly before he left came over the Italian. Then he returned to his boat and, after hauling it up high and dry, made a fire and camped by it until the next morning.

During the night his sleep was haunted by strange dreams of villainous-looking pirates fighting desperately for hidden treasure, but in the morning when he woke up and began to think it seemed to him much more probable that, after the struggle to which these skeletons bore witness, the conquerors had carried off their booty than left it behind on the island. This was the only logical theory; yet, in spite of it, Darco found himself searching high and low for signs of the pirates' booty.



"THE EXPLORER BEHELD A STRANGE SPECTACLE."

While wandering about during the day he discovered traces of an old path, which he followed for about a mile and then lost sight of in the trackless jungle. In spite of all his efforts, however, he could not locate any signs of the hiding-place of the treasure, and finally he returned to his camp.

A month passed, and only a small part of the island remained unknown to this solitary Robinson Crusoe, still haunted with the idea of finding the pirate treasure. He became thin with exertion and disgust at the ill-success of his search, and one day started off in a new direction, vowing not to return to his camp until completely exhausted. Dame Fortune favoured him, for as he tramped along he noticed that his feet seemed to be moving in a well-worn track. Examining the ground, he found that he was following another "dead" path, noticeable only by the slight wearing-away of the hardened earth. He pushed along with all the eagerness of a hound following up its quarry.

Soon it became more and more apparent that this long-deserted path had also been the scene of strife, for, half hidden among the trees and bushes, he found ghastly relics in the form of skeletons and rusty weapons.

As if to bar the way to the treasure that had already caused so much bloodshed and misery, the forest growth became more and more luxuriant and impenetrable. Irritating thorn-bushes, armed with huge spikes, straggling trees, and interwoven vines covered the path and impeded his progress. Nevertheless, Darco fought his way onwards, slashing right and left with his cutlass, hewing a passage for himself through the almost impenetrable fastnesses of Nature. The path, although covered with vegetation, was not entirely obliterated, and he followed it carefully, searching sometimes on all fours for the trail, though he knew not whither it was leading him.

Night came on while he was still hacking his way through the bushes, and, tired out, he wrapped himself in his cloak and lay down at the foot of a tree, where he slept soundly.

Next morning he continued on his way with renewed energy, hoping that the end of the path would bring him the solution of the treasure mystery.

Until long after midday he struggled on, and at last, emerging from a tangled mass of bushes, he came out into a clearing. On all sides the opening was

surrounded by great trees, but the Italian's quick eye saw that on one side the trees masked the front of a cliff, and he strode across to them with his heart thumping noisily. Pressing the low-hanging branches aside he peered through.

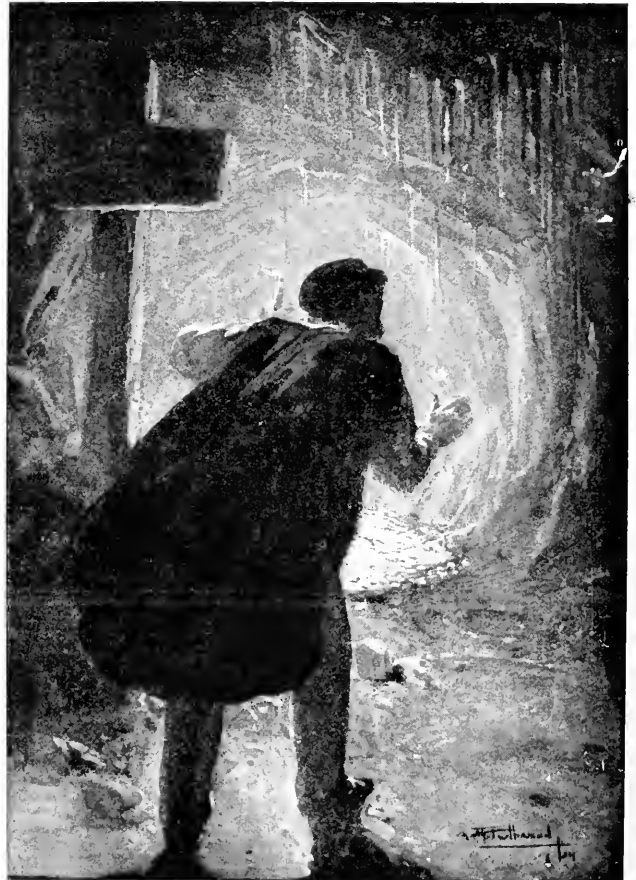
Before him, at the base of the cliff, was the entrance to a cavern! He uttered a triumphant cry, and then, with a few furious strokes of his cutlass, lopped off the leafy branches that kept the daylight from reaching the spot.

Picking up a bundle of dry twigs, Darco ignited them and entered the cavern, now more or less effectively lit up by the blaze from the burning torch.

At the far end of the cave the explorer saw a mound, but as he made towards it his torch flickered and went out. Quickly lighting a candle he carried in his satchel, he hurried to the spot. At the head of it was a rude cross.

He bent anxiously forward, holding the light above his head, and by its feeble aid saw, roughly scrawled on the wood, the words:—

"Victor Fini, captain of the frigate *Vicenza*."



"WILD WITH EXCITEMENT, THE EXPLORER RAN FORWARD."

Below, the same untutored hand had drawn the grim emblem of piracy, the skull and cross-bones.

Darco felt disappointed. In search of treasure, he had found only a grave. As he turned away, however, the light of his candle glistened on something in the dark corner behind the grave. Wild with excitement, the explorer ran forward, nearly extinguishing the candle in his haste. There, in a great open hole, entirely unconcealed, lay a great pile of gold and silver money—doubloons, pieces of eight, English guineas, ducats of all countries, louis d'or, and, in fact, coins of all sizes and value. The hoard of the pirates of the *Vicenza* was found!

A thousand tumultuous ideas crowded into Darco's head. Now that he had found these piles of gold and silver coins he could not realize their value. He ran his fingers through them and let them fall from his hands in glittering cascades, laughing with glee at their musical ring.

"I know!" he cried at last; "I will get a wife, willing colonists, some tools, and boats, and we will live together in this lucky island of Galita."

He spent the rest of the night beside his treasure. Next morning, having collected a few bagfuls of the heaviest gold coins and carefully secreted the rest, he left the island for the nearest Italian town where he could change his gold for current cash of the day.

As some of the pieces, apart from their intrinsic value, were numismatic curiosities, he got heavy prices for his treasure.

The first dealer to whom Darco went was hugely astonished when the bronzed and travel-stained man

put a leather handbag on the table, poured out a heap of ancient gold pieces, and coolly asked:—

"How much will you give me for these?"

"But, sir," stammered the money-changer, "I do not know! I must value it. Where does it come from?"

"That's none of your business!"

"But we must find out before we buy!"

"Very well; find out."

He left the gold with the man, who was apparently satisfied as to his honesty, for he paid him over the value of the coins.

Darco, now a man of wealth, soon found a wife to suit him. Then, accompanied by his cousin Giovanni, the latter's wife Marita, and a dozen families as colonists, they started for Galita.

Signor Darco is now getting old, but is still upright and energetic and well able to manage the tracts of fertile

land which he and his colonists have cultivated. Worry, however, is beginning to tell on him, for France has at last turned her eyes upon Galita, and, seeing that it is well cultivated and possesses a prosperous colony of inhabitants, has ordered the Governor-General at Tunis to take this long-forgotten possession under his jurisdiction.



GIUSEPPE DARCO AS HE IS TO-DAY.  
*From a Photo.*



*From a*

A PART OF DARCO'S FARM ON THE ISLAND OF GALITA.

*[Photo.*



# Among the Barotse.

BY COLONEL COLIN HARDING, C.M.G., COMMANDANT OF THE BAROTSE NATIVE POLICE,  
AND LATE ACTING ADMINISTRATOR OF NORTH-WEST RHODESIA.

## II.

The continuation of Colonel Harding's interesting account of his travels in little-known Barotseland. In this instalment he relates some amusing experiences with the phonograph. He has also something to say about slave-raiding, which still prevails in certain parts of the country.



HAVING described as briefly as possible the journey from Kazungula to Lealui, I will now deal with a few of the incidents of a trip I made from Lewanika's capital through some of the most remote parts of his territory. When such a journey is in prospect, whether the traveller be a Government official or merely an explorer or prospector, it is necessary first of all to have an audience of the King and obtain from him carriers and guides for piloting the stranger to his destination. In some cases the King offers the services of one of his principal indunas, a group of whom, attired in their picturesque war-paint, is seen in the annexed photograph. Each of these warriors is armed with a gun or rifle of sorts and, as shown in the snap-shot, is decked out with an imposing but ridiculous cock's feather top-knot. Though as often as not these indunas prove to be of more trouble and anxiety than they are worth, the traveller accepts their services, feeling it is the right thing to do.

One of the drawbacks of these indunas is that each one will insist upon taking a dozen or more of his personal servants with him to carry his belongings and food, while their chief use is to obtain food for the carriers, collect local relays

of porters, and to induce the headmen of the various villages to respectfully visit the white man's camp.

After interviewing Lewanika and informing him that I proposed visiting the Kabompo River, an eastern tributary of the Zambesi, he at once picked out indunas who knew the district through which I intended to pass, and after he had given them instructions in my presence as to their duties we left. Besides these indunas my party consisted of an interpreter, an escort of forty Barotse native police, two horses, and about two hundred carriers.

Travelling up the east bank of the Kabompo we finally arrived at Kansanshi, a place close to the Congo border, and, at the time of my visit, the scene of a considerable camp of white men, who were prospecting and developing old copper

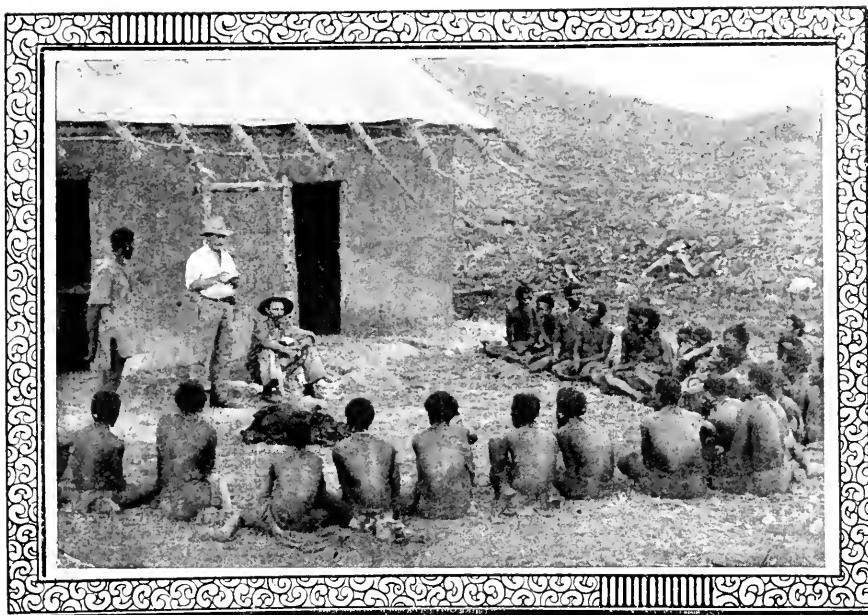


*From a*

A GROUP OF LEWANIKA'S INDUNAS.

*[Photo.*





*From a*

NATIVE COPPER-MINERS WAITING FOR THEIR WAGES.

*[Photo.*

workings for which that district is noted. The above picture is a scene at one of these workings and shows the natives on pay-day squatting round the white prospectors' hut in order to receive their wages.

Kansanshi is a picturesque spot, as can be seen by the accompanying view, the white man's camp being set in the midst of the curious thatched native huts. In the immediate foreground one of the copper workings is to be seen.

Every day I was interviewed by natives on either side of the river. One morning there

without parchment or skin of any kind. These came first, walking with an assumption of severe dignity which sat with most ludicrous effect on their small persons.

Next came an induna, bearing a huge, sheathed, double-edged knife, dagger-shaped, the sheath made of wood, studded with brass nails, and the handle beautifully carved and covered with plaited wire. After this induna came the N'gambella's brother-in-law, carrying another blood-curdling implement, and finally the N'gambella himself, surrounded by his staff. The great man was arrayed in a coloured night-

visited me a personage of really considerable importance. He was the N'gambella, or Prime Minister, of one of the largest chiefs in the country we had reached and a connection of one of the Royal houses, his wife being the youngest daughter of a well-known and powerful chief. He appeared accompanied by a guard composed of two small boys, bearing and beating a drum made



A GENERAL VIEW OF KANSANSHI.

*From a Photo.*

cap, a coat, and trousers. The coat was one that in its palmy days might have fitted a boy of fifteen, whilst the trousers, which had once, apparently, been the property of a private in the 42nd Highlanders, were so tight that their proud owner could only walk with the greatest caution. Poor Mienda, my headman, was for once completely outclassed. His own apparel was usually magnificent, consisting of a shirt, waistcoat, and hat; but now his pride was abased. Plaid unmentionables gave a glory to the new visitor which Mienda could not attain to, and the comfort of bare legs as compared with the discomfort of the constricted tweed-covered extremities before his sad gaze did not appeal to him in the least. To make matters worse, the wife of the N'gambella appeared shortly on the scene with various fair ladies in waiting, and poor Mienda sank irretrievably into the background. He was as a cousin from the country before a dandified man about town. At one village a native giant, out of curiosity, ventured to the river to see our arrival. He was about six feet six inches high, with a huge head and limbs in equal proportion, but was so well made that unless you stood by him his huge size was scarcely noticeable.

His shyness and reserve, however, were so great that for a long time he would not come near our boat. We brought out a camera, but before any head could be got under the cloth this dusky Gog was flying like the wind in the direction of his village, crying out pathetically, as he made off with huge bounds, that "he liked not the high gun with the short barrel."

In vain we called him in soft, enticing tones; he only increased his speed, calling back that he was afraid to be killed. Not to be beaten, and anxious to have his portrait, I pursued him with a small Kodak. Sending one of the Barotse ahead with a piece of blue calico, I bade him inform my intended victim that I was not thirsting for his blood, but only required his picture. This diplomacy had the desired effect, for the giant immediately stopped in front of his hut, and I was able to achieve my object.

Now and again I was able to use my bicycle. I remember on one occasion I started off for the village of a chief, and after sundry vicissitudes arrived, very much to the consternation of various ladies, who, on my approach, rushed excitedly from their huts to view the *Ngombe va-chi-Kungu*, or "iron ox." Their impetuous advance much imperilled my safety, and their equally speedy flight when I came unexpectedly on any of them as I threaded my way rapidly among the huts upset my gravity to a highly precarious extent. I finally beat a hasty retreat,

pursued by the more juvenile portion of this potentate's fraternity, who yelled and jeered until overcome by want of breath, when they returned to discuss the merits of this latest mystery of the white chief.

Once in the Valavote country I had an interesting visit from Masungungo, one of the principal chiefs.

About one o'clock in the afternoon the sound of drums was heard in the distance, and a messenger came to warn us of the chief's arrival. In due course the procession appeared. First came the usual pair of youthful drummers, then Sam-o-Kupa, Masungungo's head induna, dressed in a flounced skirt and a bodice, the former made of striped cotton and the latter cleverly manufactured from a pair of very ancient purple trousers. Sam-o-Kupa's hair was at least four inches long, tied up in separate tails held together by clay and grease, with a straw hat jauntily stuck on one side of his head completing his costume. Next to him came several other indunas, grotesquely attired, and finally Masungungo himself, reposing in a machilla, entrusted to the care of ten of his personal servants. One of his wives followed, carrying his pipe, and about two hundred smaller indunas and followers completed the procession. In the course of our discussions I brought out the phonograph, telling the chief I had Lewanika's voice in the box. This remark he received with a look of the strongest incredulity, but was perhaps too polite to hint this in words. I shall never forget the expression on Masungungo's face as the phonograph began to reproduce Lewanika's voice and words. The tones he recognised at once; he gazed blankly, wildly, from side to side, looked this way and that, and finally, in spite of rheumatic difficulties, rose to his feet and stumbled to the table, gazing hard and long down the mouth of the trumpet, with the evident hope of there seeing his master's head. Not finding it he turned away, dazed, and said: "How can iron speak? How can it know my language?" Then he added, with the air of one who has solved all difficulties, "This is witchcraft!"

All the indunas had by now gathered round, gibbering half with fear and half with excitement. They shot out short, startled remarks at intervals, too scared to say much, and evidently under the impression that at any moment Lewanika in person might bound from the mouth of the phonograph and stand in their midst—he or his wraith.

I tried to explain that this was merely the work of the white man, but with much rolling eyes they looked at each other, absolutely incredulous of any such statement.

In connection with the phonograph a most amusing incident occurred whilst we were at Nyakatoro. An old man, by name Mangombi, whose only property consisted of a Kaffir piano, came to the house to hear "the boy in the box."

certainly evaporate and he would die. On our solemnly promising that the box should be kept firmly shut and locked he recovered his spirits to some extent and went away almost cheerful, playing soft airs on his piano.

Few, if any, explorers, save myself, have followed the Kabompo River to its source, and the journey, though accomplished in the wet season, was full of interest. Ground and tree rubber abound, the latter being found mostly near the source, and had I been a trader with calico I could have traded enough rubber to pay the expenses of my trip.

Cotton was also seen growing in its natural state, and it was an everyday occurrence to see the natives in their kraals spinning—or, rather, "ginning"

—it in a primitive fashion by holding the fibre in one hand and winding it off on a spindle with the other. The native calico is naturally of a very coarse texture, but its strength is something marvellous.

After leaving the Barotse Valley a tribe known as the Balunda are daily in evidence until the Congo border is reached. The Balunda, who are an industrious tribe and chiefly engaged in hunting and collecting rubber, have suffered considerably from the raids of the Balovale tribe and the Mombari slave traders. Repeatedly during my journey I came upon deserted and pillaged Balunda kraals and found the natives living in the bush in terror of their lives, fearing the Mombari, who come in from the West Coast ostensibly for the purpose of trading rubber, but really for no other reason than to obtain slaves. The Mombari trader is a man of considerable importance, generally financed by a white partner who does not appear on the



NATIVES LISTENING TO THEIR KING'S VOICE ON THE PHONOGRAPH. [Photo.]

The phonograph was produced, and he was persuaded, after much hesitation and nervousness, to sing, accompanied by his piano, into the instrument. When he had finished his song was reproduced for his benefit.

He was horror-stricken. Gazing with despair in his eyes from one to another he gasped out:—

"I am dead—my spirit is in that box! Mangombi is no longer Mangombi. My song is finished; it is in the box. I am about to die!"

With this grand climax he immediately fled, quavering out terrified and disconnected remarks as he ran. Having no wish to make out that the phonograph was either fetish or witchcraft, I sent for the trembling Mangombi to come and hear the voice the following day. He arrived, looking wan and disconsolate, having without doubt passed a miserable night, scarcely hoping to see the light of another day. I hoped to reassure him by letting him hear his voice again, but instead he waxed exceedingly wrath and angrily said his voice mocked him.

On hearing that the "box" was going out of the country he was immensely distressed, and implored us to keep it shut, or his spirit would

scene. He and his followers are well armed and capable of a good stand against resistance or interference. During a previous journey to the West Coast I passed the grave of one of these men (shown herewith), and was amused to see his hat, umbrella, and all his other worldly goods placed on the tomb for the use of the deceased on his further journeyings.



THE GRAVE OF A MOMBASI TRADER—HIS HAT AND UMBRELLA WERE PLACED ON THE TOMB FOR HIS USE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

From a Photo.

During the last four years it has been the aim of the Administration to stop this nefarious traffic, a policy which has met with considerable success, in a quiet and unostentatious manner. Repeatedly slave caravans have been captured by the native police, accompanied by the indunas of Lewanika, and at the time of my visit I personally liberated a considerable number of manacled victims and drove other slave caravans out of the country.

Various forms of witchcraft are common among the Barotse tribes, and the person who invokes an evil spirit may expect neither mercy nor escape. Trial by ordeal is proposed; all the villagers gather together, and accuser and accused are placed face to face.

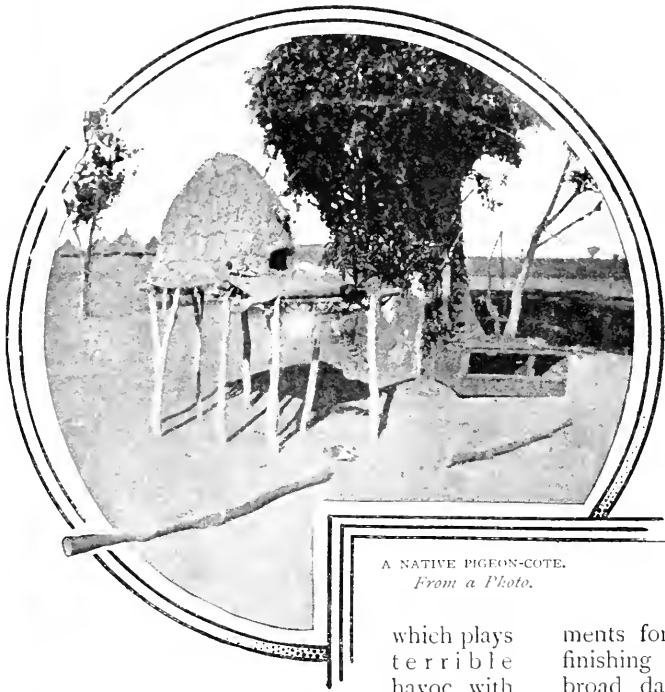
The culprit naturally enough protests his innocence, and is allowed the privilege of proving it by placing his hand in a cauldron of boiling water. Sometimes, partly owing to a thick incrustation of long accumulated dirt and grease, the hand may suffer but little injury.

There is a silence, and the witch-doctor shakes in his shoes and declares that that particular hand may be innocent. Accordingly the pot is again placed on the fire, and this time the writhing victim is convicted, for his hand is, of course, severely scalded. He is promptly hustled away to the nearest tree, bark is produced and securely fastened and tied together to form a stake, and to this the poor wretch is secured and surrounded by dry sticks and fagots; before long a few charred remains alone mark the spot of this diabolical outrage.

The drums are beaten, the village is *en fête*, and the witch-doctor who has destroyed the evil spirit receives the deceased man's effects as a small reward for his dastardly zeal. Such is the trial by ordeal, to which many a poor innocent native has been a victim.

The Balunda country is healthy, and the watershed between the head waters of the Zambesi and Congo Rivers is a high plateau, well watered and picturesque in the extreme. The date of the old copper workings is impossible to fix, for the oldest native with whom you come in contact will inform you that his father got copper from these holes. The native copper-workers are extremely clever, their assegais and axes being perfect works of art, whilst their bracelets are most artistic, the interior being made from the hair taken from the tail of a buck, and covered with very fine copper wire, the latter, of course, made by the natives. The Balunda pay their tribute to Lewanika in copper and ivory. Game is plentiful, including elephant and buffalo. On more than one occasion I was presented with a tusk of ivory by some admiring chief. Should a chief kill an elephant he is supposed to send to Lewanika the tusk on which the elephant falls, the other he is allowed to retain as his own personal property. Pigeons are to be found at every kraal. The next photo. shows one of the native pigeon-cotes, a curious structure of mud erected on a number of high poles.

Perhaps one of the greatest sources of anxiety to travellers in these regions is the tsetse fly,



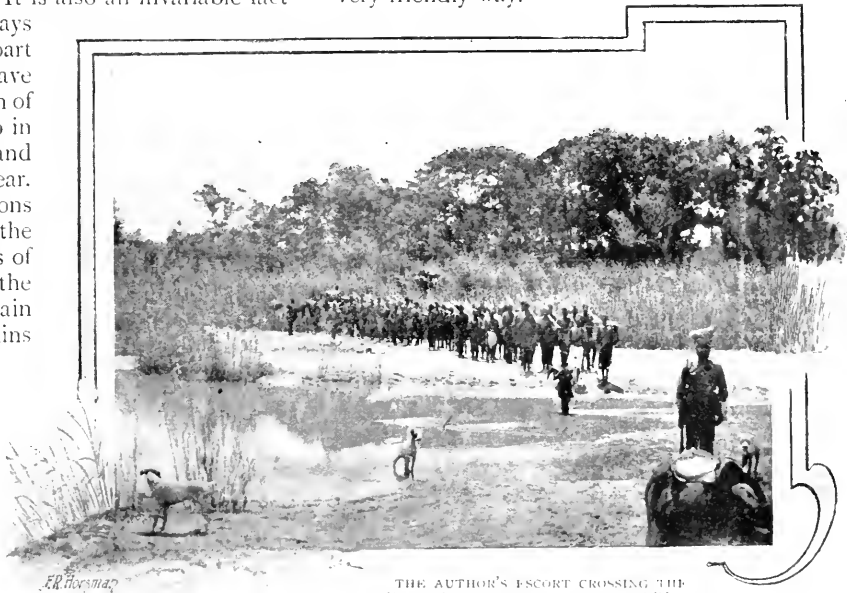
A NATIVE PIGEON-COTE.  
From a Photo.

and donkeys. It is a known fact that the fly will not harm after sundown, and it is also fortunate that they are seldom found in a kraal, consequently by travelling during the night and halting at a kraal in the daytime the animals are practically safe. It is also an invariable fact that this pest always pitches on the first part of the caravan, so I have often adopted the plan of dressing my horse up in a suit of clothes and keeping him in the rear. But such precautions cannot be taken in the case of large numbers of trek animals, and the loss of stock is certain as soon as the first rains set in.

On my return from the source of the Kabompo I crossed the Mumbezi River with my escort, and later arrived at Kasempa's, whence a great

which plays  
terrible  
havoc with  
the horses

ments for a night attack on the hostile tribe, finishing up by bringing me to the kraal in broad daylight! As a result I received a lively welcome from the would-be raiders, who had, through the treachery of my guides, received information of the road by which I should travel, and had accordingly made every preparation to receive me and my small body of police in no very friendly way.



THE AUTHOR'S ESCORT CROSSING THE  
MUMBEZI RIVER. [Photo.]

(To be concluded.)

# THE WIRE-TAPPERS. A Telegraph Mystery.

BY WALTER G. PATTERSON.

## I.

Mr. Jack Robb, the hero of this exciting story, evidently possesses qualities akin to those of Sherlock Holmes. The narrative describes how, as a mere lad, he constituted himself an amateur detective, and went to work to unravel a most perplexing mystery, which had completely baffled professional investigators. He made some startling discoveries, which culminated in a strange and tragic fashion.



My friend Jack Robb is one of a fast disappearing class of men in the United States who are known popularly as "tramp" telegraphers. It is but fair, however, to state that in Robb's case the word "tramp" is only applicable to him in the sense that he is a chronic rover from one principal "relay" station in the telegraph service to another, having worked for periods varying from a single day to three full calendar months—his limit at one station—in all the larger American towns; besides having filled similarly brief engagements in a number of Canadian and Mexican offices.

As a sixteen-year-old lad he became a "pipe-line" operator for a big West Virginian oil corporation; but when one day, by a premature explosion of nitro-glycerine, he was blown some considerable distance up in the air, he became disgusted with the dangers incidental to field life, left his job the next day, and secured employment as an office operator in the city of Bradford, Pennsylvania—also in the oil country. It was while he was occupying the latter position that he met with the strange adventure here set forth.

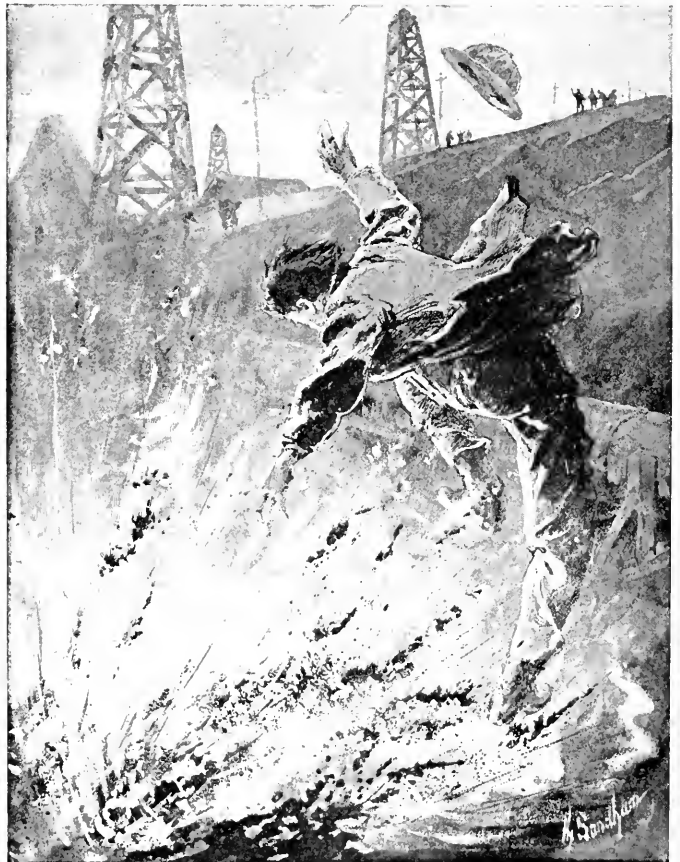
For more than a year after the close of the War of the Rebellion excitement ran high in certain sections of West Virginia and Pennsylvania over the continuous discoveries in those localities of wonderful oil wells, many of which "gushers" afterward became world-famous.

In and about the cities of Titusville, Oil City, and Bradford, in Pennsylvania, this excitement became particularly furious; and, as is always the case in such circumstances, the wildest forms of speculation became rife on the floors of the oil exchanges in the several towns. Brokers, clients, and citizens generally in the section

may fairly be said to have been "oil mad." They talked oil by day, dreamed of "lucky strikes" by night, and oil was the one subject that engrossed everybody's mind. Besides this, in a more material sense, oil fumes filled the air, and even impregnated the food which the citizens devoured.

In Bradford at this period the richest owner of oil properties, and incidentally one of the heaviest speculators on the "floor," was a man by the name of Griscom—John B. Griscom.

There were likewise in the city at the time, amongst a small army of associates, two young



"HE WAS BLOWN SOME CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE UP IN THE AIR."



brokers in particular, each of whom above all others aspired to be speculator Griscom's adviser-in-chief, and in striving for this honour and the rich commissions attaching thereto it happened naturally enough that the two rivals became bitterly hostile to each other.

Another element in this mutual hostility, were any further one needed, lay in the fact that both the young men—to whom, for the purposes of this narrative, we will refer as A and B—professed to be enamoured of the same girl, the daughter, by the way, to further complicate

cally created and controlled by the springing of these different news items, so that brief delays in being "posted" by his broker oft-times proved fatal to the dealer.

In those days, of course, a general business use of the telephone was unknown. Brokers depended wholly for news from the outlying oil towns, where they kept personal representatives, upon the telegraph. It was the duty of these local representatives to let no rumour escape them which might influence the oil market, and each of them strove to beat his rivals in getting this news over the wires to his principal.

The above, in a general way, was the situation in the oil district and in Bradford when Jack Robb went to work in the town's main telegraph-office as an operator. For some days prior to his arrival it had been a neck-to-neck race between Broker A and Broker B as successful purveyors of "tips" to Griscom, neither one of them gaining any permanent prestige in this regard over his rival. Then one day Broker A conceived the idea—an unusual enterprise at that time—of leasing a private wire for the use of himself and



THE BRADFORD OIL EXCHANGE, WHERE THE TWO RIVAL BROKERS CONDUCTED THEIR OPERATIONS.  
*From a Photo.*

matters, of the wealthy "oil baron" before referred to—John B. Griscom.

As to John B. Griscom himself, he settled the question as to who should act as his broker in a very simple manner. He employed the man who was most prompt and most reliable in his news and in the conveying of "tips" as to developments in the oil-fields. The oil market was an excessively sensitive one, and the slightest rumours often affected it instantly and materially. News of fresh "strikes," which would have a tendency to "bear" prices by increasing the visible supply of oil, or, conversely, rumours that some established group of wells was showing signs of "petering out," which would be apt to "bull" the market—all these items of information were of essential importance to the successful speculator, provided he knew of them directly the rumours came into existence. The "market" was, in fact, practi-

his own clients exclusively, thus obviating the delays which attached to the overcrowded regular telegraphic handling of the "rush" oil messages from the several towns where the Bradford brokers kept agents.

Soon after introducing this innovation Broker A had distanced all his competitors—particularly Broker B—in the race for the best patronage. For a solid week after the leasing of the private wire by his rival, poor Broker B failed to secure a single order from Mr. Griscom and very few from other clients; and he soon found himself put to it to make even his ordinary expenses on the "floor." He was unable, owing to financial reasons, to lease a wire for himself; and, all in all, the outlook for Broker B seemed a gloomy one.

The triumphant Broker A began to felicitate himself that this state of things bade fair to be permanent. His leased wire ran into his own



office in the exchange building, where he was in close touch with his clients—another advantage over his rivals, as he thereby further saved the minute consumed in sending ordinary despatches across from the main telegraph-office through the pneumatic tube. Also, twice within a week Broker A had been invited to social functions at Griscom's house, in which distinguished favour Broker B had, to all appearances, been entirely overlooked. Both father and daughter seemed to appreciate the fact that Broker A had, within a week or ten days, saved several tidy fortunes for the oil magnate by keeping him "posted" so opportunely.

But, in spite of all these happy situations, there were breakers ahead for the enterprising young oil-broker.

Upon the tenth day after the installing of the private wire, to the consternation of Broker A,

his rival began handing out "tips" on the floor, purporting—and later proving—to be authentic messages from the surrounding oil towns, the said "tips" preceding Broker A's own receipt of the news by whole fatal minutes! Odd things in connection with this startling *coup* of the lately discomfited Broker B transpired when the astonished Broker A began to make investigations. He discovered that Broker B had not received any such telegrams over the regular wires; nor had he made any arrangement with the telegraph company for the leasing of a private wire. But Broker B's achievements upon the day specified proved to be but the forerunners of a steady string of similar *coups*.

One item of news thus mysteriously received, two full minutes in advance of Broker A's receipt of it, had to do with the discovery, within the hour, of a phenomenal "gusher" on the outskirts of Titusville City. This "tip" was conveyed instantly to Mr. Griscom by its possessor, Broker B, just in the very nick of time to save the wealthy speculator from making a heavy plunge on the "long" side of the market as a result of advices from his recent favourite, Broker A.

Until well into the second day of this alarming state of affairs Broker A managed to treat his rival's "scoops" philosophically, though at the same time keeping a close watch on him, hoping to discover the mysterious source of his information. But when it became manifest to everyone that whatever trick the wily and exultant Broker B was practising, it was one which promised speedily to drive the other brokers off the floor of the exchange, more vigorous measures were resolved upon to force him to show his hand. Blunt charges were made at the telegraph-office that it was a plain case of "wire-tapping," and that it was incumbent upon the telegraph officials to locate and capture the culprits and put a stop to their nefarious work. The telegraph people, however, claimed that this view of the affair was untenable; and called attention to the fact that even if Broker A's private



"TWICE WITHIN A WEEK 'BROKER A' HAD BEEN INVITED TO SOCIAL FUNCTIONS AT GRISCOM'S HOUSE."

telegrams were being intercepted, as was suggested, at some intermediate point on his leased wire, this fact would offer no explanation as to how Broker B got to learn what the despatches contained while they were being thus held back by his confederates.

The theory of the complainants, led by Broker A, was that at some spot, closer probably to Bradford than to the other towns, one or more dishonest telegraph operators had cut the leased wire, separating it into two parts, making a distinct circuit in each direction by "grounding" the two broken ends; and that then, with instruments attached to each circuit, they were engaged in receiving the despatches intended for Broker A, as they came in on one circuit, and holding them back until—in some manner unknown to the complainants—they could signal the contents to their unscrupulous principal in Bradford—Broker B. After this the wire-tappers would send the despatches on over the Bradford end of the line to Broker A, as if nothing had happened. Broker A's private operator in Bradford, the complainants claimed, would have no way of knowing who or where the transmitting operator was who finally sent him the message.

But to this so-called explanation of the tactics of the news-stealers the telegraph officials made answer that simple tests which they had made directly the peculiar doings first started had irrefutably disproved there being any "ground connection" on the leased wire. This disproved at the same time any possibility of a "tap"; and they stated further that the complainants were mistaken when they claimed that Broker A's private operator, or any other operator at all proficient, could not instantly detect the presence of a strange operator on the line by the marked difference in the "style" of "sending."

This point Broker A's Bradford operator himself verified, claiming, moreover, that all the messages in dispute were most certainly being transmitted to him by none others than the authorized operators. And the strongest argument of all which was advanced by the telegraph company in support of their own lack of responsibility for Broker B's mysterious achievements was their reiterated statement that the closest watching of the leased wire, as it passed through the Bradford main office, had failed to reveal the slightest evidence that any signalling was being done thereon in the interval which preceded Broker A's receipt of the despatches whose contents had been so mysteriously forestalled and discounted on the "floor" by his rival.

It seemed evident that the unfortunate but

mistaken complainants would have to look elsewhere than to the telegraph company for a solution of this baffling mystery. Nevertheless, to prove their own sympathies with those who "stood to lose" by Broker B's successful coups, whatever their nature might prove to be, and to demonstrate further their own blamelessness in the affair—a wise business precaution—the telegraph people engaged several astute detectives to go into the case thoroughly.

These officers accomplished practically nothing. They agreed with the telegraph officials that the wire-tapping theory was plainly disproven, and it is a remarkable fact that not one of these shrewd detectives, nor any of the officials, to whom it should have occurred first of all, once thought of looking for a discrepancy in time between the filing of the telegrams in question at the distant stations and their receipt afterwards by Broker A in his Bradford office. Such an oversight would seem to be almost incredible, yet it was the fact.

Before proceeding with Jack Robb's account of how he took a hand in this mysterious case, it may be well to state what the man who was causing all the commotion—Broker B—had to say for himself as to the source of his information.

The credulity of the human species sometimes passes understanding, and this was never more clearly exemplified than in this case. There were a few persons (though very few) who actually accepted the grotesque explanation offered by the broker. He made the solemn claim, and maintained it unblushingly, that he secured the information through telepathy! It was at a period when "spiritualistic manifestations" were enjoying widespread popularity, and certainly besides the claims of some of the mediums the broker's alleged "gift" paled into insignificance.

Naturally, Broker B disclaimed that he was stealing his information, merely shrugging his shoulders when he heard of the charges which were made against him, and bidding the detectives who were placed on his track to "sail in." He added that if anyone, and especially his "traducer," Broker A, doubted his obtaining the news in the way he claimed, the burden of proof to the contrary lay with them. In the meantime he was rapidly waxing fat upon Mr. Griscom's commissions. That wealthy speculator bothered his head not at all as to the moral aspect of the case, looking only to actual "results." At the same time Broker A found himself being forced with equal rapidity into the position of one "hustling for expenses," while he was correspondingly neglected socially at the Griscom's house.



"BROKER B" DISCLAIMED THAT HE WAS STEALING HIS INFORMATION.

It was at this stage of the queer affair, as I have intimated, that the young telegrapher Jack Robb became an actor in it, with what appeared to be a youthful conceit that he could succeed in elucidating the mystery where older heads had failed. Let me tell the story from this point onwards in his own words.

I had no belief in Broker B's claim as to his gift of occult power, but was firmly convinced from the outset that the wily broker was simply stealing the despatches from his rival by some clever scheme of wire-tapping; and I clung to this theory, even after my superiors had pronounced it exploded. I believed that I had seen a "sign" or two in my occasional glances about the office which had been overlooked by everyone else.

Presently it occurred to me to investigate the matter of discrepancies in time between the dispatch and receipt of the messages. Intending, however, to act independently, I kept my ideas to myself.

I came to the conclusion that the tests which had been made for "ground contacts" on the leased wire were only half tests, and that many important little points had been overlooked.

One of the first things I heard when I sat down at the table where the leased wire was "cut in" was a little "click" on the sounder, while the wire itself was idle—exactly such a "click" as would be made by a wire-tapper "cutting in." Of course, the "click" might have been caused in a score of ways; still, it was a suspicious "sign." Then I began to

notice that at certain times during business hours there was an unusual amount of "wire trouble" rattling on that particular line; and by keeping a watch on it I discovered that nearly every one of these rattles was followed by Broker B having one of his lucky "inspirations." This I found by comparing notes with one of the exchange men afterwards. Ordinarily no telegraph man would pay any attention to "wire trouble" rattles on an idle wire, which might be caused at any time by the swinging of a loose span of wire where an insulator was off.

At the period when these things occurred there was more or less "wire trouble" on all circuits. Heavy No. 6 copper wire, such as is used now, was unknown then in the telegraph service. It was the time when small-gauged iron wire was used exclusively, and when any odd thing, from a fence-post to a tree, was satisfactory as a pole. If a good-sized bird rested on one of the wires the whole "lead" was apt to come down.

In this particular series of rattles, however, I believed I could detect a method—some sort of regularity—which might have a meaning to anyone who was in the secret. Generally, of course, rattles are a meaningless jumble, no two series being alike. I discovered, however, before the close of the first day after I had begun my investigating in earnest, that a whole lot of genuine Morse letters were mixed in with this jumble. It was being done so rapidly and smoothly, with such a string of rattles surrounding the single telegraph characters, that it was hard work to distinguish them until you were actually looking for them. Then, after a time, it became easy.

By this time, in a general way, I had made up my mind as to what the crafty wire-tappers—of whose existence somewhere I felt convinced—were doing. All I had to do now was to prove the "tap" by a careful test of my own, locate the tappers if I possibly could, and find out, if I was smart enough, who it was in Bradford to whom these solitary Morse letters stood for intelligible words. Broker B was not a telegrapher himself, that I knew, so he would need someone to translate the signals for him.

Now, I did not want Barrett, the "wire chief," nor the other four men in the office to discover that I was taking more than an ordinary interest in the mystery, for if I failed in my amateur detective work I didn't want to have them all chaffing me. This fact greatly

"ground" it toward Bradford at any time, no matter when, while my "ground" was on, I would know it by the wire flying "open" and staying so.

So far as I could see, Barrett had simply made the customary short tests of a second or so's duration about the times when he thought the supposed tappers would be doing business, if at all; and, never having happened to detect the presence of a strange "ground" at these times, he thought he had proven "no tap."

Four times that first day of my incumbency as wire chief the leased circuit came "open," remaining so each time for nearly a full minute, and not once during these same hours did I hear the customary "wire trouble" rattle. Likewise, for the first time in almost two weeks, Broker B's little "telepathic" gift failed to help him. On the other hand, also for the first time during that period, Broker A got the first intimation of happenings in the other towns—though he didn't



"IN THIS PARTICULAR SERIES OF RATTLES I BELIEVED I COULD DETECT A METHOD."

hampered me in my investigating, but luck finally came my way.

Although I was the youngest man in the office at the time, I had an ambition, which I've got over since, to do the testing work—what we call the "wire work," and which is really the work of the wire chief. Maybe I thought I might get to be a chief operator myself if I learned how to do it and lived long enough, which I haven't up to date. Anyway, Jim Barrett, the wire chief, knew of this ambition of mine. On the third day of my clandestine detective work Barrett went away for three days and, to my intense delight, left me in charge of the switch-board.

It was the chance of my life as a private detective, and I immediately availed myself of it.

I first put the leased wire to the "ground" at my end and *left it there*. No wire with a "ground" connection at both ends of it will work, but will stand "open," as we say. Hence, if the tappers, thinking Bradford had "battery" on, should break into the circuit and

know why. Most likely the tappers disconnected themselves each time, thinking the line had gone wrong somewhere north of them, which left Titusville and the other towns with regular batteries at their ends of the wire free to work the circuit as of old. As I have said, one end of a circuit may use an earth current, but not both ends at once.

I had now undoubtedly proved the presence at some point on the leased line of wire-tappers. It remained to find out where they were: and I wanted to do this before they discovered my testing and got frightened away. I wanted them caught—not merely scared out, for honest operators hate a wire-tapper like poison. Probably the foxy oil-broker who employed them would already be alarmed because of the break in his programme which my ground tests had caused.

On the second day of the tests, therefore, I put the leased wire on its ordinary battery again, and gave the rascals full swing. But I hitched something else to the circuit to help me out in my thief-catching work—something which I

don't believe had ever been used in that capacity before. It was the duty of this little instrument, the galvanometer, to "spot trouble," it being employed ordinarily, as its name indicates, to measure a current of electricity—to ascertain, for instance, in the case of a leak on a wire, just how far the current travels before it begins to escape. At any rate, that is a sufficiently accurate explanation of its functions to make clear the use I made of it. The galvanometer will also indicate, by the deflection of a needle on a graded dial, precisely how far a current travels from the manipulator before it runs off the wire into the earth through a "ground wire." It would therefore tell me, if I left it connected, precisely how far distant the wire-tappers were from Bradford when the private wire was "grounded." Then, as the telegraph wires all followed the railroad, all I should have to do to locate the rascals would be to look at a railroad time-sheet, ascertain what station on the road was the indicated distance from Bradford, and then make arrangements to arrest the miscreants.

It was not long on that second day before I heard the customary "click" of the sounder, which told me my men had "cut in." Then instantly the big needle on the galvanometer, which had stood steady for the past hour, began fluttering and getting excited. Presently it spun nearly all the way around the dial, stopped short at the figures "27, and stuck there. The time-card showed no station which was an even twenty-seven miles out of Bradford, although there was a small flag-station, Forster's

Crossing, twenty-eight and a fraction. Very likely, I reflected, the time-card was wrong; I was confident of the accuracy of the instrument.

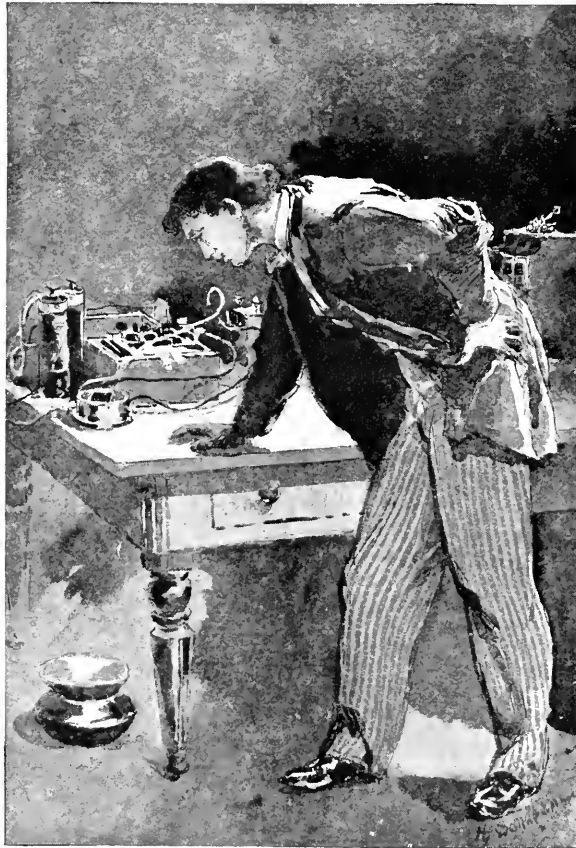
I now knew pretty accurately where to look for the wire-tappers. There were a dozen houses at Forster's, with a little waiting-room shack and a water-tank, but no telegraph-office. If the fellows had "cut in" there, they had nerve, for there were always people dropping in at the railroad depôt. And yet I couldn't believe they were doing business out of doors.

I felt now that the trail was getting "warm." I was glad to notice that the same old game was still going on merrily between the alleged "mind reader" and his gang. Evidently their suspicions had not been roused by my investigations. I was glad I had not yet shown my hand.

That night I got a report from Broker A's operator in Oil City as to the exact filing time of two dispatches he had sent during the day—both of which had been virtually discounted by Broker B. There was a discrepancy of two minutes in one and nearly four minutes in the other, compared with the time they should have reached Bradford. I was piling up evidence that would make somebody's eyes open!

On the third day, the day that Barrett would return and my opportunity as a detective be ended, I devoted myself to looking for a dishonest telegrapher in Bradford, hoping to

get a grip on every one implicated in the business before trying to land the wire-tappers themselves. I was to make some strange discoveries that day.



"INSTANTLY THE BIG NEEDLE ON THE GALVANOMETER BEGAN FLUTTERING."

(To be concluded.)

# INDIAN CHARMS.

BY J. WALLACE, OF BOMBAY.

An Anglo-Indian journalist describes some of the numerous charms which are in everyday use among the people of India. For a trifling fee you can procure from the professional charm-merchants talismans which will ensure success in love or business, enable you to locate buried treasure, or to get rid of your enemies.



INDIA shares with many other countries a profound belief in the potency of arts which can interfere with the laws of Nature to serve personal ends; and consequently the control of destiny, the influence of the evil eye, the existence of devils and spirits of various sorts, and of malevolent deities are canons of faith among the varied races and communities that make up the population of the country. Nearly everyone possesses some object which is expected to promote good fortune or to avert calamity; and the taste of the people varies a good deal with the locality. In the south they have a more protective character—to avert sickness, drought, blight, and other disasters; whilst in the north, especially in districts approaching the border, their character becomes active with that of a people among whom ideas of war and violence are no mere tradition. The traffic in charms and talismans is naturally an honourable profession (although in these degenerate days the shadow of the policeman has fallen somewhat upon it), and the “professor” is much in demand on the occasion of a birth, a marriage, a distant journey, or any important transaction.

Charms vary greatly in their character; any object may be worn as a charm to avert the influence of the evil eye, which, if it falls first upon the charm and afterwards on the person, will lose its malign influence. Thus children whose early years are passed without a rag of clothing may be seen wearing a necklace of beads, a girdle of string with some ornament attached, or even a bit of coloured rag twisted in the hair, a token of some mother's solicitude and a tribute to popular superstition. One of the most popular forms of charm is that of a

fish, which is the harbinger of good luck. A flexible silver fish with ruby or garnet eyes is given to every Parsee girl on her marriage, and a fish is carved over certain of the gates of Lucknow—a relic of the Kings of Oudh. A wooden fish, about one inch long, enclosed in a battered silver box, is the centrepiece of one of Kipling's neatest “Plain Tales from the Hills.” This fish, like Cupid, was blind, and it brought disaster to those to whom it might be given, but overwhelmed with good fortune the person who could steal it.

A charm may consist of a locket of brass, copper, or precious metal, chased, jewelled, or enamelled. It may, and generally does, contain a short inscription on paper, skin, or cloth, which is the most widespread form of charm known in India. Inscribed charms are also found on the exterior and interior of buildings, on walls, and on sword blades and other weapons.

The writer of charms is a true Bohemian. He is tied to no fixed address, and has very little portable property beyond the clothes he stands up in and his manuscript collection of sentences. Goolam Hoosen Khan, whose portrait adorns this article, combines the writing of charms with the duties of a public scribe, or *chittiwalla*, and his clients come from that vast illiterate mass of people which forms more than 90 per cent. of the population of India. Goolam is a “Lunui” Moslem, and he hates the “Shias” with that intense

fervour that so frequently arises from slight differences of religious opinion. He lodges in the precincts of mosques, and is proud to tell that he was born and brought up at Lahore, where he went through the special course of instruction, lasting seven years, that prepared him for his present



A SWORD BLADE IN-  
SCRIBED WITH A MAGIC  
FORMULA.

From a Photo.



GOOLAM HOUSEN KHAN, THE WRITER OF CHARMS.  
From a Photo.

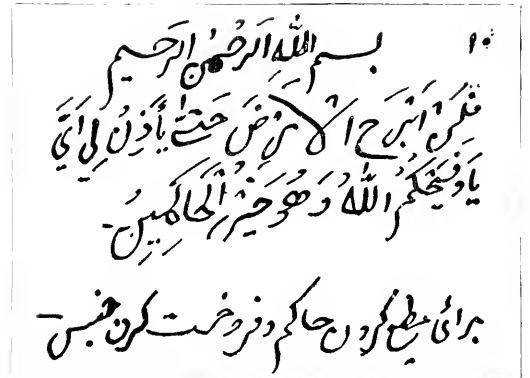
occupation. A certain portion of the time, he says, had to be passed in solitary places, including burying-grounds, where incantations were practised that gave efficiency to his writings.

That Goolam comes of a warlike race goes without saying; it is proclaimed by his bridgeless nose, the result of an unlucky cudgel-stroke, which also damaged his left eye, and gives him a *budmash* (evil liver) look that somewhat belies his present peaceful occupation. He writes upon native-made paper, vellum, or on a kind of papyrus obtained from the plantain, and his ink is black or saffron-coloured; on special occasions it is human blood. Certain ceremonies are necessary to give his charms efficiency, but he modestly admits that this efficiency depends to

some extent on the personal qualities of the writer. They are equally sought for by rich and poor, and Goolam's rate of business averages fifteen charms per day. Once folded up and placed in their special box or locket, they are rarely opened, but if opened without permission by a stranger with evil intentions they lose their special properties. If used for illegal purposes they are liable to bring the writer into difficulties with the police, although he may have no knowledge of the act. Charms, to be effective, must be written; if printed they are useless, and they must not be prepared by anyone for himself, but must be written by another person.

A selection from Goolam Hoosen Khan's book will give an idea of the scope of his influence.

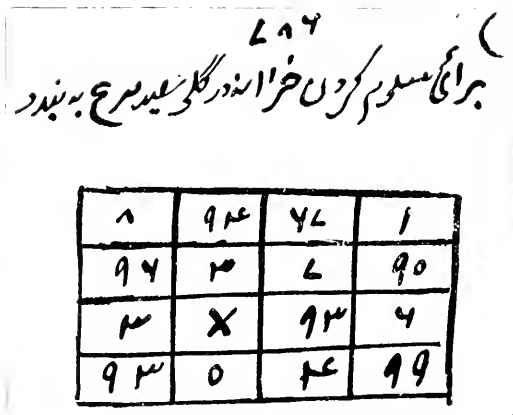
Our first drawing shows a charm to discover hidden treasure. The practice of concealing money and other valuables in earthenware and



THIS DOCUMENT IS SUPPOSED TO ENABLE ITS WEARER TO WIN THE FAVOUR OF A WOMAN AT THE FIRST INTERVIEW.

metallic vessels underground is as common now in India as when the "Arabian Nights" was written. Treasure is also concealed in walls and in roofs, and in many native States the valuables of the Rajah and of his family are hid in *caches* which are known only to one or two people. So much importance is attached to secrecy in these matters that the work, however well paid, of making a secret deposit for treasure is shirked by experienced Indian workmen; it is too often followed by the sudden death of the man. Deposits known to very few people are likely to be forgotten and lost. Hence the use of the charm. At the Bombay mint there is frequently a quantity of old coin lying waiting to be melted that has been dug up in fields or on the sites of ancient buildings.

The charm above will enable its possessor to win the favour of a woman at the first interview. Social intercourse between the sexes being



۸	۹۴	۷۷	۱
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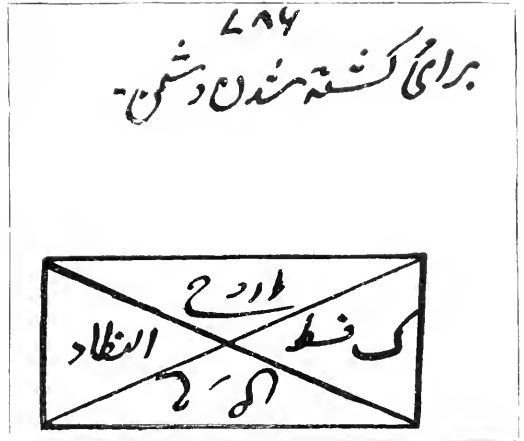
A CHARM TO DISCOVER HIDDEN TREASURE.



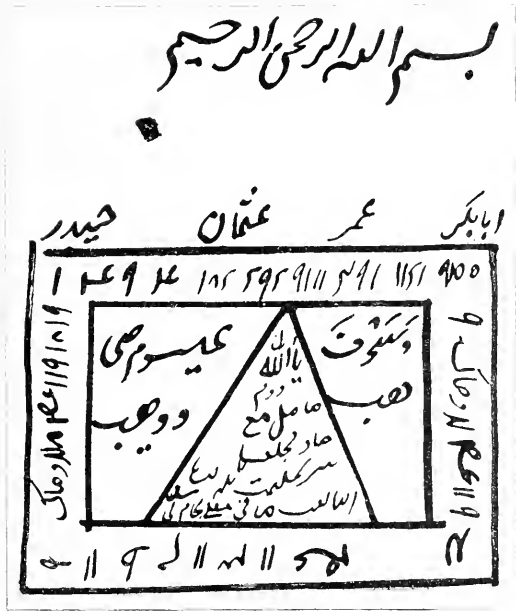
extremely limited in India, even among the poorer classes, owing to the low popular estimate of female character, courtship of any kind is beset with serious difficulties and demands supernatural aid.

The charm next shown assists a woman to secure a husband in spite of personal defects. Marriage in India is an important religious duty apart from all social considerations. Personal defects are generally compensated by payment in money, or other equivalents, which become the dowry of the bride. This charm is evidently intended to facilitate the matrimonial bargain on the cheapest possible basis.

Another charm much sought after enables a



A FORBIDDEN CHARM—INTENDED TO COMPASS THE DEATH OF AN ENEMY.



THIS CHARM SHOULD BE POPULAR AMONG OLD MAIDS—IT ASSISTS A WOMAN TO SECURE A HUSBAND IN SPITE OF PERSONAL DEFECTS.

husband to discover a runaway wife. As marriages are always arranged by parents and generally through the medium of a broker, it is natural that the bride should not in every case like, or even tolerate, her husband. A search for a runaway wife in a country where the arts of concealment are so well understood is beset by many difficulties.

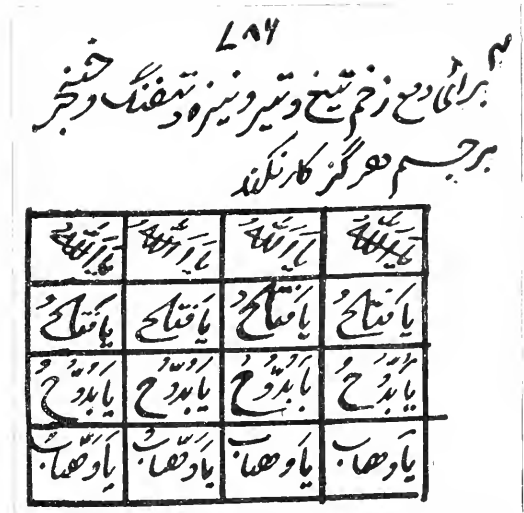
The next talisman belongs to a class of charm that meets with the disapproval of the police—it is intended to compass the death of an enemy.

The charm following, to protect the wearer against wounds, is a natural result of its predecessor, for only supernatural protection

can avail a man against a supernaturally directed knife or bullet, not to speak of poison, which anyone in India may procure without let or hindrance.

An amiable spell is one designed to cause a husband and wife to quarrel. Dissension is always brewing in a household where two and often three generations continue to live together in patriarchal fashion, and an elderly Indian woman who has to maintain her authority over several daughters-in-law may find ordinary methods of control quite insufficient. So she sends for Goolam Hoosen Khan.

Next comes a charm to deliver a house or person from devils. Madness, incurable diseases, nocturnal noises, and the fall of insecure build-

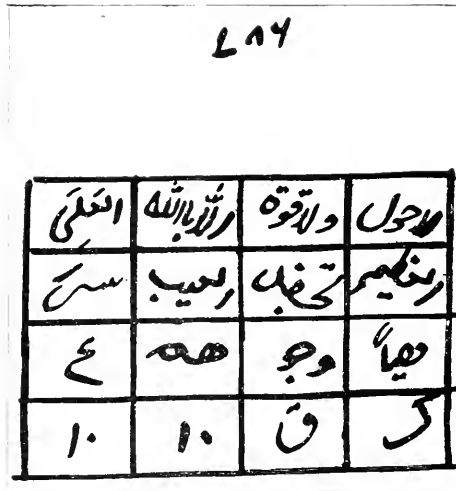


A PROTECTION AGAINST WOUNDS—USEFUL AS AN ANTIDOTE TO THE CHARM ABOVE.

ings are all attributed to devils, of which there are said to be upwards of twenty thousand. Their influence is only to be counteracted by that of beneficent spirits whose aid may be secured through a charm.

This one is intended to bring back a servant who has committed a robbery. As certain forms of dishonesty, such as the taking of bribes and commissions, is the universal custom in India, there are very few strictly honest servants. Again, the custom of wearing a profusion of jewellery, and of keeping it in insecure boxes, offers a constant temptation to domestics who have rarely received any kind of training. The melting of precious metals is one of the most familiar processes, so that within an hour or two jewels of gold or silver can be no longer recognised. The charm that can bring back a thieving servant must therefore be a good deal in request.

These charms have been selected from among some two hundred in Goolam's manuscript book. Of the charms that may be worn as a



THIS SPELL IS INTENDED TO BRING BACK A SERVANT WHO HAS COMMITTED A ROBBERY.

love and war. She gave it to a male friend, whereupon her husband, hearing of the transaction, killed her in a fit of jealous fury. The charm was then bartered to a traveller by the disconsolate friend for two bottles of locally-made spirit.

Goolam Hoosen Khan says that all his charms are to be found in a certain chapter in the Koran, and that their success depends upon the *kismet* (fate) of the wearer. The latter statement shows him to be a man of business as well as a philosopher.



A NECKLACE CHARM, SUPPOSED TO MAKE ITS WEARER SUCCESSFUL IN LOVE AND WAR—THE GIFT OF THIS TO A MALE FRIEND BY A WOMAN LED TO HER DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

From a Photo.

# My Mysterious Passenger.

BY STEPHEN CHALMERS, OF MONEAGUE, JAMAICA.

An episode of the Spanish-American War. The author undertook to drive a buggy along a Jamaican road at night and pick up an unknown passenger, who was to be obeyed implicitly. The task involved him in a most exciting adventure, as will be seen from his narrative.



URING the Spanish-American War the little despatch-boat that pompously puffed across the strait to Port Antonio was not the only connecting link between Cuba and the British Island of Jamaica. As a matter of fact there were strange doings abroad o' nights along the north coast of the "neutral" island, and the wallets of many of the Jamaican traders were exceeding fat in consequence.

There were "ships that passed in the night" under the very noses of the British authorities, who, by the time they had finished wondering at the audacity of the Americans and the insurgents, were too late to enforce the neutral policy, even had they been of a mind to. It was in connection with this business that an adventure befell me in the early part of 1898, just when the slow match of diplomacy was fizzing around the political gunpowder across the strait.

I lived near a small village named Rio Ho, in the heart of the parish of St. Ann, Jamaica. One night an estimable planter stopped me on the piazza of one of the stores there and asked me to do him a favour. He was sending a buggy and horses down to Ocho Rios, on the north coast, that night, he said, to meet "a friend of an intimate friend of his." The horses were both young and fresh, and he feared to trust them to the negro driver. Would I handle the reins for him?

I immediately smelt a rat, especially as my friend possessed the best negro driver on the island; but as the north of Jamaica was at that time alive with intrigue, and I was not averse to an adventure, I agreed to drive the horses.

"Say nothing, then," said my planter friend, whose name for obvious reasons must be omitted.

At nine o'clock that night I met my friend on the piazza once more, and he led me into a room at the back of the store. Here he drew my hat down over my eyes and told me to keep

it that way. My instructions were to drive to Ocho Rios, a distance of seventeen miles, and then proceed slowly along the coast in a westerly direction. If, by the time I reached St. Ann's Bay, nothing happened, I was to keep travelling between St. Ann's and Ocho Rios until something *did* happen. I was not to trouble about looking for my passenger; he would find me quickly enough when the time came. I was to obey this "friend of an intimate friend" implicitly. Furthermore, I was not to speak to him, except to answer any question or questions that he might put to me.

More than this the planter would not tell me, adding that if I was not satisfied there was still time to withdraw. This I did not care to do, my curiosity having now been fully aroused.

Soon after I slipped out of the house and got into the buggy. My planter friend bent forward and whispered to me:—

"Go easy with the horses on the way down. You may need their best at any minute after that." There was an unpleasant suggestion about his words.

In a few minutes I was driving northward to Ocho Rios. An easy pace would take me there about midnight, which was probably the hour when this "intimate friend" would appear.

I had no doubt that I had started out on some queer errand connected with the Cuban trouble, and that it was one not unattended by danger was clear from the reserve with which my instructions had been given me. I was quite unprepared, however, for the adventure that resulted.

It was about midnight when I arrived at Ocho Rios and took the coast road to St. Ann's Bay. I had not covered half the distance between the two townships when it occurred to me that my pipe needed refilling, and I halted the horses to accomplish this. The road hereabouts was very dark, there being no moon and the place being overshadowed by bamboos and coconut palms.



"MY PLANTER FRIEND WHISPERED TO ME, 'GO EASY WITH THE HORSES ON THE WAY DOWN.'"

I was just about to light my pipe when I noticed a faint speck of light travelling toward me along the road. It might have been a fire-fly, but the faint "pad" of footsteps made me believe that it was the glow of a cigar or cigarette.

The smoker came straight out of the darkness and stepped quickly into the buggy behind me. By the light of the carriage lamps I observed that he was a dark and well-built man, with a bushy beard that might have been real, or might not.

A faint whiff of burning liquorice paper suggested a Cuban cigarette and other associations.

"Home!" grunted the mysterious man, as soon as he was seated in the buggy.

On account of the steep grade of the Ocho Rios road into the mountains I drove back by another route which ran over to Rio Ho, *via* St. Ann's Bay and a little village called Claremont.

We passed the outskirts of the fruit port and struck inland at a smart pace.

Up to now the man in the buggy had not uttered a second word, his time having been mainly occupied in rolling and smoking

cigarettes, but now he leaned forward and said, gruffly:—

"Faster!"

I whipped the horses and they dashed up the hill-road at a fine gait. When we reached the brow of the coast range we could see the lights of Claremont a few miles away. Suddenly the man in the buggy leaned forward and gripped my arm.

"What ees that?" he asked, quickly, and with a slightly foreign accent.

"Claremont," I answered.

"Drive round. Do not pass through," was the command I received.

I rather resented his domineering manner, but in the darkness and in my menial capacity the man evidently mistook me for a coloured servant, so I said nothing.

But I was in a difficulty. There was only

one way to avoid Claremont, and that was by taking the buggy over a rough bridle track that branched off the main road and crossed a rather dangerous ford. Moreover, the stream was almost impassable, for it was swollen by recent rains.

I tried to explain this to my bearded friend, but either he did not fully understand English or he did not care, for he simply grunted:—

"Drive round!"

The buggy springs were considerably damaged on that trip, but the worst part came when I attempted to ford the river. The old course had been so long washed over that it was strewn with huge boulders.

Several times the buggy heaved and nearly upset, but we finally reached the opposite bank somehow or other.

I turned to the man in the buggy and remarked:—

"Nearly a mishap that time!"

He did not so much as vouchsafe me a reply, but merely continued to smoke.

Nothing further happened until we reached Rio Ho. Here my taciturn companion got out and went into the rear room, where I had received my instructions from the planter.

In about fifteen minutes another buggy dashed into the village from the south side of the island (the road goes right across here), and a little, swarthy, thin man joined my bearded friend.

Here they were closeted together for about an hour, during which, although I could see nothing, I could occasionally hear their voices raised in loud argument. Then would come the warning tones of my planter friend, followed by whispers that gradually grew louder as the discussion waxed hotter. At the end of the hour the little, thin man got into a buggy and drove off to the south side. Presently my planter friend came out and whispered:—

“The boy will change the horses. Then avoid police-stations and look out for squalls, anyway. Take him to where you got him.”

In a little while, with a fast pair of fresh animals, my bearded friend and I were bowling along toward Ocho Rios. In view of my friend's warning, I did not dare to pass through Claremont. The road to Ocho Rios, moreover, ran through an uninterrupted stretch of country. When we reached the crest of the coast range I drew in the horses to a slower pace going down the hill already referred to. This is called the Fern Gully, a masterpiece of engineering, and a favourite picnic spot for American tourists. The road for over a mile is cut through solid rock, which is festooned with tropical ferns. On a moonless night there are no lights but those cast by the carriage lamps and the big fireflies, and, as the road is zigzaggy, careful driving is very necessary.

My bearded friend, however, insisted upon my going “faster — faster!” until we were tearing down the narrow, sinuous gully at a terrifying speed. All at once the road was blocked by a mounted policeman. I knew him by the black face surmounted by the peaked cap, showing darkly against the tunic of starchy whiteness. I do not know to this day whether the policeman wanted to arrest

me for furious driving or my bearded friend for another offence against Her Majesty's laws, but, anyhow, he shouted at the top of his voice:—

“Halt, you, sir! In the name of the Queen —halt!”

I turned to look at my friend. He was calmly smoking another of those irritating cigarettes.

“Drive on!” he grunted, laconically.

I drove by the policeman at such a speed that the officer was nearly run down. But no sooner were we past than he wheeled his horse and came after us at a gallop.

“Faster!” growled the bearded man.

I whipped up the horses again, and soon the buggy was bounding and swaying down the narrow, zigzag road behind a pair of furiously-galloping horses. In a few minutes the ocean came in view and, at the base of the hill, the twinkling lights of Ocho Rios. Still at a headlong gallop we dashed into the coast village, pursued by the mounted policeman.



“THE OFFICER WAS NEARLY RUN DOWN.”

As we entered the town the first thing I noticed was the police-station, brilliantly lighted up, and several mounted police sitting on their horses outside just as if they expected us.

At the same time I heard a faint "click" in the buggy behind me. I glanced around, but my friend was unconcernedly puffing the vile liquorice-paper cigarette.

"Halt!" shouted the mounted police in a chorus.

"Drive on!" said the bearded man, calmly.

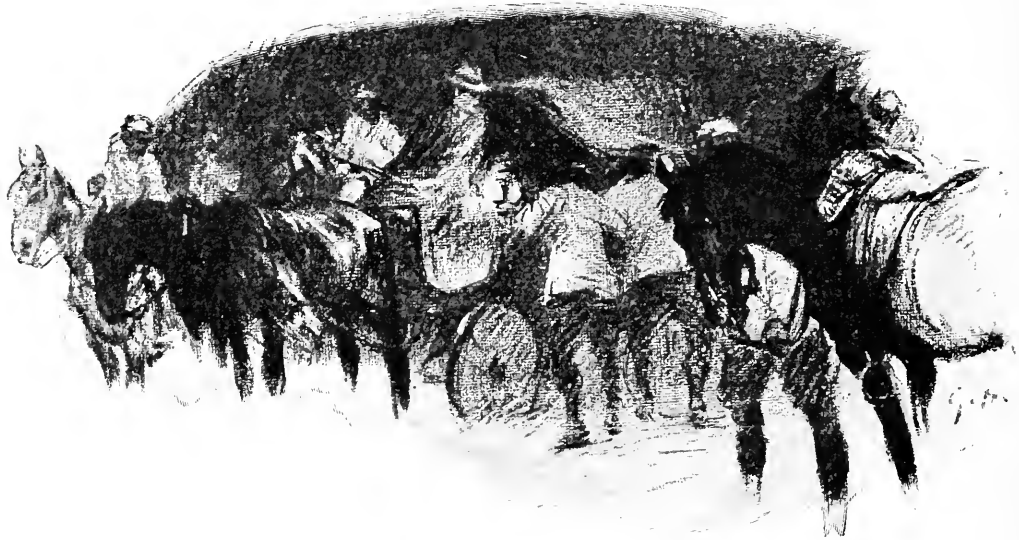
I laid the lash across the horses, and the furious pace became even wilder. We tore madly along the coast road in the direction of St. Ann's Bay, with the whole police force of Ocho Rios at our hind wheels.

mounted and raised the buggy flaps to seize the prisoner. But there was nobody inside the carriage. My bearded friend had completely vanished!

How, when, or where he went I cannot tell even to this day. He must have slipped out, with rare agility, as the carriage dashed along some particularly dark stretch of road, and secreted himself in the bushes.

The sergeant of the mounted constabulary took me back to Ocho Rios, where I was interviewed by a white inspector of police.

"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you," he said, politely; "but we received information that some Cuban general—Garcia, I think—was expected in the neighbourhood. He came over



"SEVERAL OF THE POLICEMEN DISMOUNTED AND RAISED THE BUGGY FLAPS TO SEIZE THE PRISONER."

I wondered what would happen next, for we were fast nearing the larger town, where there was a force strong enough to intercept us. And surely if Ocho Rios had been warned to be on the lookout for my bearded friend, St. Ann's Bay would be also.

But we never reached St. Ann's Bay. The fresh horses of the police easily overtook us. One of the officers crept up on us and seized the bridle of the animal on the right, another shoved a carbine into my face, while two others pushed a revolver in at each side of the buggy and called upon us to surrender in the name of Her Britannic Majesty.

The game was up. The buggy came to a standstill, and several of the policemen dis-

here last evening in a small boat, meaning to discuss certain matters with another general—Gomez, I believe. The Spaniards don't give them a chance to get together over the water. Anyhow, he has got away again. So long as he has gone—well, I suppose you can go too."

The inspector then turned his back on the policemen present and added, with a huge wink:—

"To the best of your knowledge and belief, was General Garcia the name of the man in that buggy?"

"Not that I am aware of," I replied, with perfect truthfulness.

So that was how my adventure ended. But it *was* General Garcia!

# The Story of the "Jagersfontein" Diamond.

BY EDWIN W. STREETER.

An eventful chapter in the history of one of the most famous diamonds in the world, the "Jagersfontein," told by the well-known jeweller of Bond Street, a leading authority on precious stones.



ABOUT the period of my story—the year 1881—the illicit diamond traffic of South Africa was in a very flourishing condition. It was extremely difficult to detect the robberies that were constantly taking place, for the preventive measures then adopted were not nearly so effective as those employed nowadays. The dodges resorted to by the Kaffirs for concealing stones were many and cunning. The most favoured was that of swallowing the stones, and whenever a native died suddenly, which occasionally occurred, a post-mortem was always held, and almost invariably diamonds were found in his interior. Another dodge was to cut the flesh open and insert the stolen stone in the aperture. The stones thus annexed were usually sold for a mere song to anybody who cared to buy them.

My narrative opens at a mine at Jagersfontein, the private property of a certain Mr. Frame. It had become very apparent to this gentleman that he was being robbed on an extensive scale. Vague hints from various persons had culminated in a rooted conviction of the unpleasant fact. One morning, shortly before noon, a little meeting was held in Mr. Frame's private office, at which were present, besides the proprietor himself, a man named Dykes, a kind of manager or overseer, and Mr. Armstrong, manager of the Fauresmith Company.

In order to

render the meeting strictly private it was held under lock and key. The little party sat round a table and spoke in undertones, albeit with considerable animation. A long, narrow window, the lower half protected by a blind, looked out upon the mine; and the noise of the machinery could be plainly heard. The proprietor of the mine, Mr. Frame, was a man of considerable resolution, and he had made up his mind that something must be done to stop the leakage in his turnover. He was a man of from thirty-five to forty, with dark hair and moustache, broad of shoulder, tall, and muscular; altogether a man who had roughed it and conquered many difficulties during his career.

"Have you discovered anything?" asked Mr. Frame of Dykes.

"I think I have," replied the latter; "I think we shall soon have a grip on the chief offenders. A fellow named Rivers, who keeps a general shop near here, appears to have stumbled on a nice little plot. He came to me yesterday

and said he had something important to tell me—something he had overheard—which convinced him that a robbery from here on a large scale was being planned. I told him to come here again to-day to see you."

"Is he here?"

"Yes."

"Shall we have him in?" said Frame, turning to Armstrong.

"May as well—no harm done," replied the latter, and after Dykes had quitted the apartment



"A LITTLE MEETING WAS HELD IN MR. FRAME'S PRIVATE OFFICE."



to fetch Rivers he added, "Go carefully with him."

"I suppose it's a case of virtue seeking a reward," commented Frame. "Well, if his information leads to any practical good it is worth recognition. Something must be done to lay these thieves by the heels."

At this juncture Dykes returned, accompanied by a middle-aged man, of pronounced shop-keeper appearance. This was Rivers. He doffed his hat and bowed awkwardly to the mine-owner. The men at the table eyed him askance; they were not favourably impressed by his aspect.

"What is it you have to say?" asked Frame, somewhat shortly, at which Rivers betrayed some uneasiness. "Sit down," continued the proprietor, and motioned to a chair. Rivers seated himself on the edge of the chair, which he tilted nervously.

"Now, then," said Frame, and all waited for the story.

"A night or two ago," began Rivers, speaking hesitatingly at first, but gaining confidence as he proceeded, "I was having a drink in a saloon, when I accidentally overheard some conversation between a couple of men I am slightly acquainted with. It was not my intention to listen, but the first few words I caught aroused my suspicions, and I decided to hear all I could. Well, they were talking about a 'deal' they were likely to make in connection with this mine, and were bragging very much about it. I could only get hold of a word here and there, and had to put it together as best I could. After a bit, too, they got suspicious of me and stopped talking, so I moved away.

"The next night, just as I was about to close my shop, a Kaffir came in and asked me the price of a blanket. I told him, but he made a lame excuse for not buying just then, and said

he would call again the next day. I could see he didn't really want the blanket, but only made the inquiry for some other purpose he had in hand. He then went out of the shop and, looking back, beckoned me to come out after him, saying, cautiously, 'Baas, I want to see you.'

I went outside, and he then said that he had a very large diamond to sell, 'as large as this,' he said, showing me the bowl of his pipe."

Here Rivers paused for a moment, and the others looked at one another in surprise. The interest was accumulating; the story had got a grip.

"He said," continued Rivers, "that he was prepared to sell the stone as a bargain. So as not to scare him away, and in order to gain time to let you know, gentlemen, I told him that I should like a little time to think about it, and asked him to call again the next morning. He said he would, but by the look on his face as he slunk away I

did not think he meant to. I then shut up my shop and, hiding myself in a dark corner of my stoep, set myself to watch. You see, gentlemen, I had a suspicion of a certain neighbour of mine, who kept a shop opposite, and it was his place that I watched. You will understand the reason for this presently. Well, when the Kaffir first came to my shop my neighbour's place was closed, and this aroused the suspicion that was confirmed afterwards. I had not been watching long when I saw the Kaffir go up to the door of the shop opposite, which was soon afterwards opened, and the native went inside. I continued to watch until the door was again opened, when the Kaffir came out and walked away quickly. The next morning I sent a boy of mine to tell the native to come to me, but he refused. Later in the day I saw him and asked him about the diamond;



"'AS LARGE AS THIS,' HE SAID, SHOWING ME THE BOWL OF HIS PIPE."

he then explained that he had parted with it. 'Baas over the way has got it,' he said, meaning my neighbour."

"When did this happen—I mean this last conversation with the nigger?" inquired Frame.

"Yesterday morning," replied Rivers.

"What's the name of your neighbour?"

"Adamson, and he keeps the general shop opposite me."

"I know the fellow," put in Dykes. "And who was his companion at the drinking saloon?"

"You know him too—Paul Kleb."

"One of our own men," exclaimed Frame.

"I suspected as much," remarked Dykes. "I have seen these fellows together about the place a great deal lately."

"Is that all?" asked Frame of Rivers.

"That's all, sir," replied the latter.

"Now, let me advise you," said Frame, impressively, "to keep your own counsel in this matter. Not a word to anybody, and it will be all the better for you."

With this, in response to a gesture from Frame, Rivers withdrew.

"Frame, you're in touch with two important I.D.B.'s," remarked Armstrong.

"Yes," replied Frame, and, turning to Dykes, he said, decisively, "These two men must be watched closely; they will be going to Kimberley with their spoil. Have horses in readiness, and don't lose sight of them. Keep in touch with them until I can get a warrant for their arrest."

That same night three horsemen set out from Jagersfontein upon the Koffyfontein road. They were Frame, Armstrong, and Dykes. All were well mounted and armed, and they carried a warrant for the arrest of Joseph Adamson and Paul Kleb upon suspicion of having stolen diamonds from the Jagersfontein mine, or purchased such diamonds knowing them to have been stolen.

It was a fine night, with a brilliant moon shining overhead. A profound stillness pervaded the veldt as the riders proceeded at an easy trot, the hoof-beats of their horses being the only sound that broke the silence. Presently they left the main road and struck off across the open country, describing an extensive detour and keeping well together.

"Did you tell the others to come on?"

It was Frame who spoke, and he addressed himself to Dykes.

"Yes," replied the latter, "they will catch us up."

The reason for this nocturnal excursion was the sudden tidings, brought by Dykes, that the two suspected men, Adamson and Kleb, whom he had kept under close surveillance, had set out in a cart in the direction of Kimberley. This was a confirmation of what Frame had said—that the two men would be anxious to get rid of their haul, and would therefore proceed to Kimberley. The three mounted men were in pursuit of this cart. They had a shrewd

notion that the stolen stone they were after was of considerable value, so they deemed it advisable to proceed with much caution, lest they should alarm their quarry, and so induce them to place the spoil entirely beyond their reach—even throw it away altogether, rather than be convicted of its theft. What the trio were endeavouring to do was to effect a complete surprise, an attack too sudden and swift to allow of the thieves ridding themselves of the incriminating stone.

Mile after mile they cantered over the lonely veldt in absolute silence, each man straining his eyes ahead, keenly alert for the appearance of anything to arouse suspicion. Now they waded through water almost up

to the bellies of their steeds; now climbed over massive boulders or skirted kopjes; anon glided ghost-like through shadowy and precipitous defiles.

On and on they sped, hour after hour, keeping to the same easy pace so as not to distress their horses.

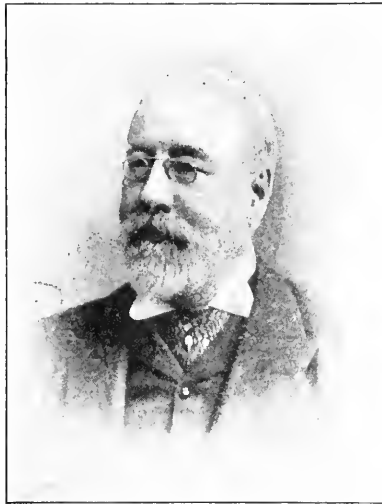
"Are they sure to keep to the road?"

It was Armstrong who spoke, and his voice, although little above a whisper, seemed startlingly loud to the others as it broke in upon the almost deathly stillness.

"Sure," replied Dykes; "they must, with the cart they have with them. At all events it will be best for them to do so, and they will take the easiest course."

"How long have we been going?" asked Armstrong.

"About four hours," replied Dykes.



MR. EDWIN W. STREETER, THE WELL-KNOWN JEWELLER OF BOND STREET, WHO TELLS THIS STORY.

*From a Photo.*

"Then we had better turn on to the road," said Frame.

And with that they bore away to the left at their former easy gait. They had not been going long when they came upon the main road, gleaming white and dusty in the moonlight. Here they paused, looking up and down in search of their quarry.

"Come along," said Frame, heading his horse up the road towards Jagersfontein, and the others followed. They proceeded now at a walking pace. The cavalcade had not gone far when an old two-wheeled cart, drawn by a jaded, worn-out-looking horse and occupied by two rough-looking men, appeared round a distant bend in the road and advanced at an ambling pace.

"There they are," whispered Dykes.

"Take no heed," observed Frame; "go right on."

As the two parties came up with one another one of the men in the cart addressed the horsemen.

"Are we going right for Swaenpoel's?" said he.

"A klein beetje furdur," said Dykes, trying to speak Dutch, and meaning that it was three miles farther along the road.

"Thanks," replied the man; "good-night."

"Good-night," said Dykes, and the two parties went their respective ways.

"Swaenpoel's," remarked Frame, when they had gone some distance along the road; "they are putting up there for the night. We have them!"

Soon after the meeting the three horsemen were joined by several other cavaliers who arrived from Jagersfontein, and after a little conference all turned about and followed slowly in the wake of the cart.

The scene now changes to a room in a lonely house on the Koffyfontein road. It had

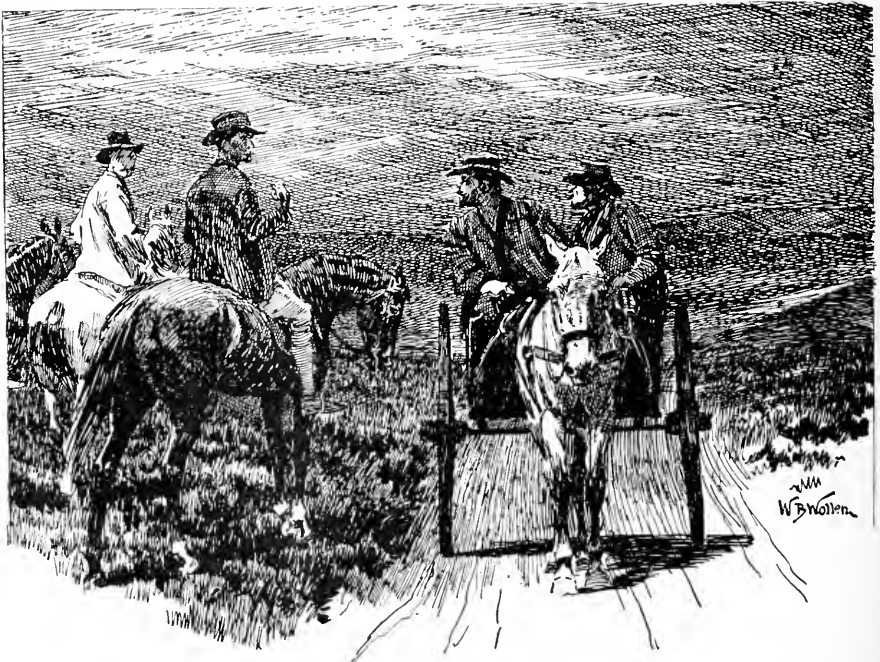
the appearance of a neglected farm-house and occupied an isolated position. This was "Swaenpoel's." In the apartment referred to, which was a kind of kitchen, was gathered a merry little party of roysterers seated round a table. One of the merry-makers was a big, broad-shouldered fellow with a black beard and evil face; beside him sat a thin, cadaverous-looking man of about five-and-thirty. These were the men Adamson and Kleb respectively. There were also present a Jew pedlar and a negress. Many bottles and glasses were on the table.

The black-bearded man Adamson was, between songs, boasting in a drunken fashion concerning a very profitable deal he had made. He was thereby a rich man, he said, or expected to be very soon. The Jew was trying to wheedle out of him what the nature of this mysterious deal was, but Adamson was not to be drawn. In the middle of the conversation the door was suddenly flung open and several men entered. Ere the party could dart to their feet half-a-dozen revolvers covered Adamson and Kleb.

"Hands up!" shouted the intruders.

The convivial party were struck speechless with amazement, but in response to a second invitation Adamson and Kleb threw up their hands.

"Surrender, Adamson and Kleb," shouted Frame; "I have a warrant for your arrest!"



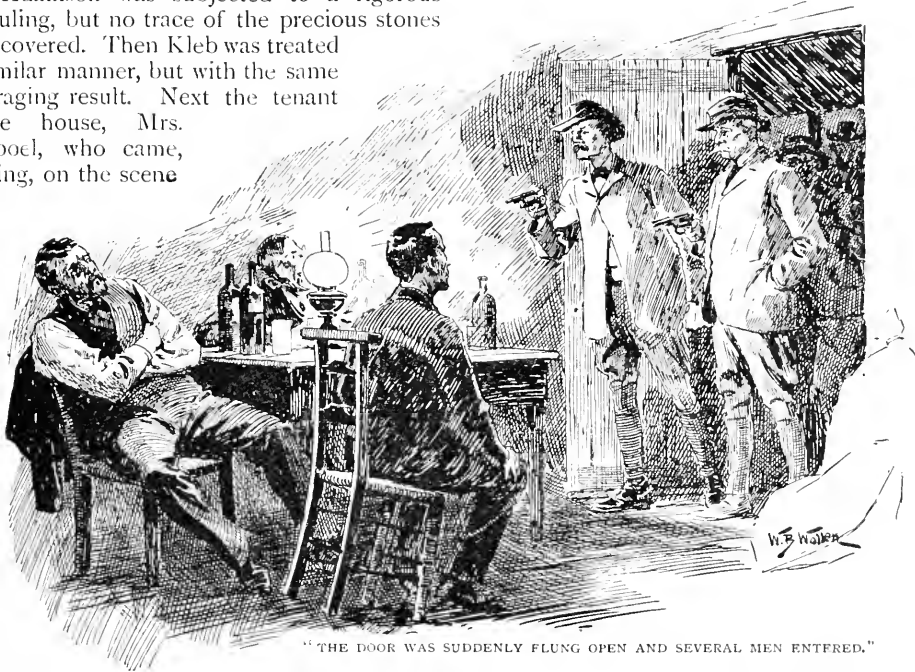
"ARE WE GOING RIGHT FOR SWAENPOEL'S?" SAID HE.

In obedience to his orders several of his assistants secured the two conspirators. "Do not attempt to move or escape," continued Frame, "on peril of your lives!" Then, turning to Dykes and Armstrong, he bade them begin their investigation.

Then ensued a most exhaustive diamond-hunt. First, Adamson was subjected to a rigorous overhauling, but no trace of the precious stones was discovered. Then Kleb was treated in a similar manner, but with the same discouraging result. Next the tenant of the house, Mrs. Swaenpoel, who came, trembling, on the scene

friend staring at something he held in the palm of his hand. It was a diamond at last—and such a diamond! Armstrong had found it in the pocket of the trousers.

The chase was ended, and one of the largest diamonds in the world was saved to its rightful owner. It was indeed a beautiful stone, worth at



"THE DOOR WAS SUDDENLY FLUNG OPEN AND SEVERAL MEN ENTR'ED."

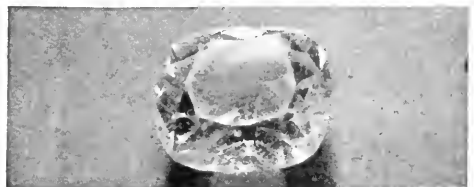
was called upon to search the native lady, but with a like result. Not a stone was found! Still the searchers did not despair. There were several loaded bags in one of the rooms, and attention was next turned to these. One of them was owned by Kleb, and its contents were turned out and thoroughly overhauled; the result was the same. Still no diamonds were forthcoming. Was it possible they were on a wrong scent? Into a bedroom went the puzzled men, and on the bed they found a small bag. Adamson was asked if this belonged to him, and in a very agitated voice confessed that it did. In fact, so striking was the change in the tone of his voice that the hopes of the searchers went up with a bound.

Carefully, article by article, they removed the contents, among which were a shirt and a pair of trousers. At last the bag was empty. No diamonds were forthcoming. Frame, who by this time was getting somewhat downcast at his lack of success, was in the act of making his way to Adamson again when he was arrested by a sudden cry from Armstrong. Rapidly retracing his steps to the bedroom he observed his

a rough estimate about twenty thousand pounds; and as the triumphant searchers gathered round their leader, many were the exclamations of admiration evoked by the magnificent gem.

Both Adamson and Kleb, needless to say were convicted and sentenced. They had come near, very near, to making a magnificent *coup*, but, as often happens, just when they thought themselves secure the prize was snatched from their grasp.

As to the present whereabouts of the "Jagersfontein," I am in ignorance. Perhaps the owner, knowing its identity and reading this story, will come forward and let the world know what has become of this magnificent stone.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FAMOUS "JAGERSFONTEIN" DIAMOND, ACTUAL SIZE.



**TWENTY DAYS ON A DERELICT.**  
BY  
**CAPTAIN W. H. GERARD**

A stirring story of peril and privation. In a terrific mid-winter storm in the Atlantic Captain Gerard's vessel was dismantled and became a water-logged derelict, drifting helplessly at the mercy of the waves. The experience that ensued has but few parallels in the annals of the sea.

**A** LIFE on the ocean wave" loses much of the glamour of romance with which writers of fiction have enshrouded it when viewed in the light of an experience such as that which befell me a little over five years ago. It happened in the opening months of the year 1899, a period still fresh in the memories of North Atlantic navigators on account of the exceptional severity of the weather, even for that region of wild, tempestuous winters.

I was in command at the time of a wooden barque called the *Siddartha*, and on the 16th of January sailed from the port of Jacksonville, Florida, with a cargo of timber for Liverpool. Owing to a series of disastrous accidents, however, the voyage came to an abrupt and untimely end, and the story of the extreme privations and hardships which my crew of eleven men and myself subsequently underwent has, I think, but few parallels in the annals of shipping disasters.

It is one of those stories of which very often little is ever known beyond a brief notice in some shipping paper, and yet a story which strikingly illustrates the force of THE

WIDE WORLD'S motto that "Truth is stranger than fiction"; for even now, after a lapse of years, when I recall the trying events of those days it at times seems more like the recollection of some work of imagination than of stern actual facts.

From the beginning the voyage proved rough and stormy, but for the first sixteen days all went well, and the morning of the 2nd of February found us lying "hove to" under a lower main top-sail in a terrific north-west gale.

There was a dangerously high sea running and the snow fell thick and fast. As, however, the barometer had ceased falling, and the gale had now lasted nearly twelve hours, I began to hope for a change. It came—but how differently to what I had hoped for and expected!

About six a.m., when the darkness seemed blackest and the gale at its worst, a huge wave struck the ship with terrific force on the starboard bow, carrying away the jibboom and bowsprit, while the fore-topmast, relieved of the support of the head stays, came down with a mighty crash, the main and mizzen topmasts following almost immediately.

At such a time anything more disastrous



THE AUTHOR, CAPTAIN W. H. GERARD, OF THE  
From a "SIDDARTHA." [Photo.]

could not well have happened, for the ship, now practically reduced to a wreck, became hopelessly unmanageable, and, falling off into the trough of the sea, lay completely at the mercy of the storm.

To relieve the barque of the weight and encumbrance of the fallen masts and yards hanging over the side and endangering the hull was now my first thought, and to accomplish this I set every man on board to work without loss of time. But the odds were frightfully against us, for what with the pitchy darkness, the falling snow, and the constant breaking of gigantic seas over the ship, it seemed a hopeless undertaking from the beginning, notwithstanding which, however, all hands worked with desperate energy, for even the least experienced among us could not fail to appreciate the gravity of the situation, or to realize that our safety now depended upon our united efforts to get the ship once more under control. And so, for an hour or more, we toiled unceasingly, but, owing to the difficulties under which we laboured, had not progressed very far towards

Instinctively I grasped and clung to the shrouds of the mizzen rigging while the deluge passed over me, and when I regained my breath and looked around in the uncertain light I was filled for some moments with the dreadful thought that all my unfortunate crew had been washed away, and that I alone remained.

Presently, however, first one and then another of them found their way aft to the poop, till finally, with an indescribable sense of relief, I found our number was complete. But the relief I experienced was no greater than my surprise, for it seemed perfectly marvellous that every one of them should have withstood the overwhelming force of that mighty wave.

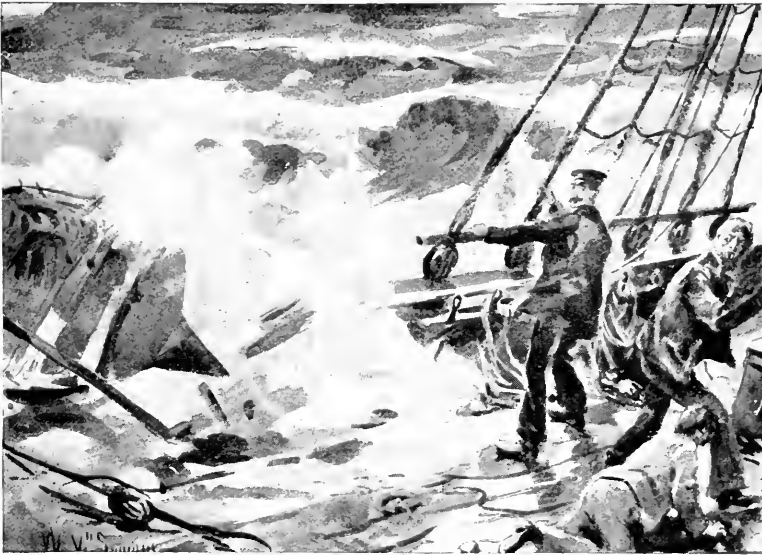
This was owing in a great measure to the confusion of ropes and rigging lying across the deck, in which some of the men became so entangled that it was to this fact alone they owed their lives, while others, hearing my warning shout, grasped hold of whatever came nearest to hand and held on with almost superhuman strength.

The bulwarks being gone, the deck was now exposed to the full force of every sea which came along, so that for the present we were obliged to abandon any further attempts to cut adrift the fallen masts, while with the washing away of the deck-house, in which the men's quarters were situated, they lost everything they possessed, with the exception of the clothes they stood in.

As the daylight increased the wind freshened until it blew a regular hurricane, and the sea rose to such an extent that we were compelled at length to lash ourselves to the spanker-boom to avoid being washed overboard. By noon, how-

ever, the hurricane appeared to have exhausted itself, and towards sunset it settled down to a steady gale. But even this change for the better had come too late, for all through the day the ship had been gradually sinking deeper and deeper in the water, till now, as night approached, she lay with a heavy list to port and her main deck awash.

I was now reluctantly compelled to relinquish whatever hopes I had hitherto had of saving her, for I felt convinced in my own mind that the



"IT BROKE ON BOARD, SWEEPING AWAY BULWARKS, DECK-HOUSE, AND BOATS."

the desired end when the first faint signs of approaching day began to appear.

With the advent of day came fresh disaster ; for just about this time, as I stood upon the poop peering through the wild whirl of snow and spray for some signs of a break in the weather, I beheld an immense wave rolling relentlessly on towards the doomed ship, and had scarcely time to utter a shout of warning to my men when it broke on board, sweeping away before it the bulwarks, deck house, and boats.





"WE WERE COMPELLED AT LENGTH TO LASH OURSELVES TO THE SPANKER-BOOM."

wreckage hanging alongside must have knocked a hole in the hull below water, thus causing her to fill and become water-logged. This state of things, however, did not cause the serious alarm it would otherwise most certainly have done, for being loaded with timber we knew that she could not go down with us, and as I also knew her to be a particularly well-constructed vessel I did not entertain the slightest fear of her going to pieces.

At this crisis one would naturally have thought that the limit of our misfortunes had been reached. Unfortunately it was not so, for as the gathering gloom deepened into night a heavy sea, breaking over the stern, smashed in the companion doors, and the water poured down into the cabin in volumes, making a complete wreck of the place and destroying every morsel of provisions in our store-rooms!

This was the cruellest and bitterest blow of all, for without food how could we possibly hope to survive for any length of time the severities of the North Atlantic winter? And thus night found us—without food and without shelter, worn out to the verge of exhaustion, while sleep for any of us was entirely out of the question, for the biting cold spray, lashed by the wind, drove upon us in continuous showers, while at frequent intervals heavy seas washed right over us.

Cold, wet, and hungry, wide-awake with our misery, we watched while the long, dreary hours dragged slowly by, and we looked with an intense longing for the return of daylight. For awhile I conversed with my officers upon the situation, and we tried in vain to evolve some way out of the difficulty. The case was hopeless, and we could only wait and hope for the

timely arrival of some passing ship to rescue us from our perilous plight; upon this, and upon our powers of endurance, our fate depended. Presently we relapsed into silence, each one too much occupied with his own thoughts to care for further conversation.

The night was far spent, and the bitterness of despair was insidiously creeping over me, when I suddenly remembered something that up to that time everybody seemed to have entirely forgotten. I had been anxiously wondering

whether our fresh-water supply had escaped the general work of destruction, for the water-tanks, which were wooden, were situated in the lower hold, and I had grave doubts, now that the ship was water-logged, as to whether they had all this time remained uninjured. I was resolving to settle my doubts one way or the other upon the first opportunity, when there dawned upon me like a flash of inspiration the recollection that in the sail-locker in the lazaret were two barrels of potatoes. They had been purchased a few hours previous to sailing from Jacksonville, and having come on board at the last moment were stowed in the sail-locker by the merest chance, as there happened to be no room for them elsewhere.

Right at the after end of the poop there was a small hatchway leading down into the sail-locker, the covering of which, I knew, had up to the present resisted the repeated blows of the seas, and so I determined as soon as daylight came to enter the sail-locker and secure the potatoes. At the time it seemed but a poor resource to fall back upon, but it was our only one.

The wearily watched-for morning dawned at last, dull and gloomy; but the gale was steadily moderating, though the sea still ran high and swept repeatedly over the ship fore and aft.

When the light had increased sufficiently to enable us to see I proposed to the second mate that we should make an attempt to get down into the sail-locker. It was a hazardous undertaking, for having once left the security of our lashings we should be exposed to the force of every wave which swept over the half-submerged ship. Without the slightest hesitation, however, he agreed to accompany me, and so we commenced at once to make our way aft, holding on



to ropes and stanchions as we went. The distance to be covered was not very great, and for a while all went well. We had succeeded in getting within a few feet of the hatch, when unfortunately a heavy sea broke right over us, sweeping us down to leeward, where we narrowly escaped being washed overboard. For the moment I thought it was all over with me, for I was thrown heavily against a stanchion, striking it with my face, the shock half stunning me. The second mate, however, coming to my assistance, we managed to climb back to the spanker-boom, to which we again lashed ourselves.

I was now unfortunately deprived of the use of my right eye, for in striking the stanchion I received a very ugly wound, the bone below the eye being fractured, and to try and ease the intense pain I was obliged to keep a wet handkerchief constantly tied over it. Although for the time we had failed to accomplish our object, yet we were not discouraged or disposed to abandon it, but deemed it advisable to defer making any further attempt until the sea became quieter.

Shortly after this I managed to reach the fresh-water pump, and on tasting the water made the disheartening discovery that it was quite brackish and unfit for drinking! At this confirmation of my worst fears I became more determined than ever to try and secure the two barrels of potatoes at all hazards; and as the day wore on and the wind began to increase, accompanied by frequent heavy hail-squalls, I realized that we must endeavour if possible to reach the sail-locker before nightfall.

Throughout the day all hands had watched with eager eyes in the hope of sighting some passing vessel. But we watched in vain. Nothing met the gaze save the dreary expanse of tumbling waters, overshadowed by a dull sky of unbroken cloud.

And so, shortly before sundown, the second mate and I set out once more upon our perilous quest for food. On this occasion we were more fortunate, and, in spite of an occasional sea breaking over us, we succeeded in reaching the hatch and removing the covering. Going down into the locker we found it nearly full of water, but amidst a confusion of ropes and sails we discovered, to our great joy, the two barrels of potatoes intact. We lost no time in hauling them up on deck and dragging them along to the skylight, to which we securely lashed them. We then broke open one of the barrels and distributed two or three potatoes to each of the men, and grateful indeed we all were to have even raw potatoes with which to appease the gnawing pangs of hunger. It was now falling

dark and blowing a moderate gale, and the battered and storm-beaten ship laboured heavily in the trough of the dark, foam-flecked seas. We dreaded the approach of night to add its nameless terrors to circumstances in themselves sufficiently trying, besides which there was always the possibility of some vessel passing within our sight during the darkness, while we had no possible means of making our presence known to those on board.

The night passed, however, without anything occurring to break the weary monotony of our misery and distress. The gale continued to blow for some hours, and the sea still ran high, so that as yet we dared not cast off our lashings to lie down, and on this, as on the previous night, there was neither rest nor sleep for any of us. But with the return of daylight there came a decided change for the better. The wind dropped away to a moderate breeze, and the sea in consequence gradually subsided. Although there were frequent heavy snow-squalls, the sun shone out occasionally between breaks in the clouds, and on the whole our condition was beginning to assume a more cheerful aspect, and we could now venture with safety to cast off our lashings — which had become decidedly irksome — and move around and exercise our stiff, cramped limbs. We observed no particular routine in the eating of our simple fare, but each man helped himself from the barrel whenever he felt inclined, though at no time could we force ourselves to eat more than one or two potatoes at a time, or perhaps four or five each day. All through the day twelve pairs of anxious eyes swept the horizon with unwearying watchfulness, and at last, late in the afternoon, as a heavy snow-squall cleared away, we saw a small tramp-steamer about five or six miles to the south-eastward of us. She had evidently passed in the thick of the squall, which had lasted some time, and was now standing away without even having seen the wreck. With sickening despair we watched her as she gradually steamed farther and farther away from us, hoping to the last that someone on board her might yet see us and that she would turn and come to our aid. But she stood on until finally she dipped out of sight below the horizon, and with her died out the last flickering ray of hope.

After this there came an interval of three days and nights during which we saw no vessel of any kind. Long, weary days, when the eye ached and the heart grew sick with anxious watching over the grey wastes of ocean, the very vastness of which only served to increase the sense of utter isolation and solitude; nights of bitter misery and hardship, when the pitilessly cold wind and sea beat upon us, as we watched

from nightfall until midnight, and from midnight through the biting, dreary hours till dawn. During these days we saw very little of the sun, and, being constantly wet, suffered agonies from cramp, which we were obliged to bear with what patience and fortitude we might.

And thus, with hope daily growing weaker, came the seventh day of our life on the wreck. It was blowing a strong gale from the westward when, shortly after midday, as near as I could judge, we discovered a cloud of smoke rising on the margin of the sea away to the southward. With eyes strained out across the waters we anxiously watched it, scarce daring to hope that at length the hour of our deliverance was at hand. Succour from this quarter, however, there was none, for, as time wore on, the smoke gradually died away from our view, leaving us more hopeless and despairing than ever.

As may readily be supposed, the protracted exposure and lack of proper food were now beginning to tell upon all of us. The brief spells of fine weather were conspicuous by their rarity, and not only did we suffer almost hourly from cramp, but many of the men became afflicted with a scourge of sores upon their limbs and bodies; nor was this at all surprising, for during all this time we had chafed beneath the discomfort of clothes kept constantly wet with salt water, while during the rare occasions when the waves were not actually breaking over us, the brine dried or caked upon our faces and hands. Naturally some of our party were more susceptible than others to the effects of the exposure and want of nourishment and rest, and my chief mate and a young Norwegian seaman in particular became seriously weak and ill. As for myself, I began to feel horribly cast down, for the tension upon my nerves and the sickness of hope deferred became at times almost unbearable. Sleep in the true sense of the word I could

seldom obtain, but when tired out a semi-stupor would fall upon me, during which I never became totally oblivious to my surroundings, but was dimly conscious through it all of the lashing of the hungry waves and the moaning of the wind. As day after day passed without any signs of succour, I began to think that we must now soon yield in the unequal contest, and I oftentimes fell to wondering what the final issue would be. So for five more days we dragged out our miserable existence, without even the exasperating sight of a distant passing vessel to vary its wretched monotony, and as I looked back it seemed impossible that already twelve days had passed and we were still alive. Twelve days—

and yet they seemed like as many years, so great was their sum of misery and wretchedness, and such a far-away memory did my former life now appear.

It was on the thirteenth day that we experienced our first spell of really fine weather. The morning dawned bright and fair, with a light westerly breeze. The sea lay blue and sunny to the horizon, and the wreck rose and fell lazily on the long ocean swell. Now for the first time we

were able to take off our wet clothes and hang them in the sun to dry, and never shall I forget the feeling of exquisite comfort with which, after a good bath on the main deck, I dressed myself once more in dry clothes, notwithstanding I knew that I should not long enjoy the comfort, for it was hardly possible that the weather should long continue fine. It was truly surprising to notice the effect which the change in the condition of things, albeit a temporary one, wrought upon the men. Without exception they all appeared more bright and hopeful, and forgot for a time the discomforts and hardships through which they had passed; and when, about midday, we sighted a steamer's smoke away to the north-west, we began to think



"MY CHIEF MATE AND A YOUNG NORWEGIAN SEAMAN IN PARTICULAR BECAME SERIOUSLY WEAK AND ILL."

that at last our troubles were about to end. Unfortunately, however, our hopes on this as on former occasions were doomed to end in bitter disappointment, for although we gradually made out the steamer's two masts and funnel, yet she never approached near enough to show any portion of her hull above the horizon, and in a short time we had the mortification of seeing her disappear from sight altogether. The sense of disappointment occasioned by this event had a most depressing effect upon every one of us, and as the grey light of dusk sifted down around us our spirits, lately so exuberant, sank deeper and deeper in the depths of despair.

And now followed a long interval of six days, during which we looked in vain for a passing ship. These were terrible days for us—days the misery of which pressed its iron weight deep into our very souls; and as they lengthened out one after another the measure of their burden could be seen in the changes, both physical and mental, which came over each one of us. Our scanty stock of potatoes, too, was slowly but surely coming to an end, and though we ate but sparingly of them, still they could not last much longer, for we had only half a barrel left. When they were finished there seemed nothing for us but a lingering death by starvation. By the mercy of Providence we were spared the additional misery of suffering from thirst, and although a supply of fresh water would have been welcomed as a priceless boon, yet, owing to the amount of moisture in the raw potatoes, at no time did our want in this respect reach an acute stage.

About this time the condition of my first mate and the young seaman already alluded to began to cause me serious alarm, for they were now so weak and helpless that they were unable to move without assistance, and at times I feared that their approaching end would ere long furnish us with a foretaste of the fate that must sooner or later overtake us all.

As for the rest of the men, they appeared to have reached a state of apathetic indifference. It was the calmness of despair. During the brief intervals of fine weather they sat or lay around in gloomy silence, and when the wind and sea arose, and it became necessary to take precautions against being washed overboard, they would lash themselves to the boom in a mechanical, listless fashion, and endure with stolid indifference for hours, and even days together, the cruel buffetings of wind and sea.

Mere words fail to convey anything like a true conception of the wretched weariness and misery of those days.

But it was during the long and seemingly endless nights, when the blessed forgetfulness of

sleep was denied me, that I felt most keenly the utter hopelessness of our condition. When my unfortunate companions lay around me, some sleeping the sleep of sheer exhaustion—others, no doubt, lay as wakeful as myself, though they uttered no word or sound—and the dark silence brooding over the infinite leagues of water was broken only by the ceaseless churning of the waves around the wreck and the mournful sighing of the night wind through the broken masts and rigging aloft—at such times I felt a loneliness of which I had never before had experience, the sensation of utter desolation that comes to a man when he realizes that for him life's race is drawing to an untimely finish. But in spite of all this I could not resign myself to my fate, for with the return of each day came a renewal of hope—that mysterious sense of promise which seems to come to all mankind with the new-born day, no matter how dark and hopeless the forebodings of the night may have been.

And so, when matters had reached this crisis and the shadow of death already seemed to darken over us, the day at last arrived that was to bring us that happy deliverance for which we had now almost ceased to hope.

It was the 22nd of February, a date never afterwards by us to be forgotten, and just twenty days from that which saw the commencement of our troubles. When the sun rose that morning, as far as the eye could see not a sign of a vessel broke the expanse of ocean; and as the morning lengthened the second mate climbed wearily aloft to the mizzen cross-trees, where each day he had sat for hours scanning the horizon in the vain hope of sighting some vessel which might come to our rescue. How long he had been aloft I know not, for I had forgotten all about him, when he suddenly startled us with the cry, "Sail ho!"

Although under ordinary circumstances such a sound is familiar enough to the sailor's ear, yet it now appeared to have an electrical effect. Hope sprang to life again in every breast, and those who were strong enough to do so ascended the mizzen rigging that they might, with the evidence of their own eyes, confirm the glad news.

After awhile, however, the vessel became visible from the deck, as she rose above the horizon away to the south-west. This was no steamer, standing steadily on her course regardless of wind and sea, but one of our own class, a sailing ship, bowling briskly along before the strong westerly breeze. Here at last was hope. Surely they would see us, for, judging by the direction in which the ship was heading, they must certainly pass within sight of the wreck,

even though they might not come so close as to discover its freight of human misery. With an intense eagerness that words cannot describe we watched for the slightest indication that we had been seen.

Eyes that had long since grown dull and expressionless in the bitterness of disappointment and despair now glowed with the feverish glitter of excited expectancy, as we looked now at the approaching ship, now at each other, yet fearing to give utterance to the thought uppermost in each of our minds, and so clearly expressed on every countenance, that at last the hour of our deliverance had come. Slowly but surely the vessel lessened the intervening distance, and, steering a little wild at times, seemed as if altering her course to come towards us. Then our hearts beat high with hope: but presently, again returning to her former course, she held steadily on, leaving us still in doubt, till at length the tension became so great that suddenly and spontaneously we burst into a wild, despairing shout, almost beside ourselves with the thought that she might yet pass without seeing us. Presently, however, our doubts were dispelled and our hopes of rescue assured by the welcome sight of the vessel altering her course and steering straight for the wreck. Passing close across our stern the captain hailed us, saying he would send a boat, and after making a couple of short tacks he finally lay-to a short distance to windward. A boat was then speedily lowered and, with the chief mate in charge, pulled towards the wreck.

Owing to the rough sea and the wreckage of masts and yards hanging around, it was not safe to attempt to bring the boat alongside, so the officer shouted to us to throw him a rope. This we did, keeping one end fast on board,

and the boat's crew then hauled her as close to the wreck as they dared with safety. I now explained to the officer that there were two sick men who would have to be lowered into the boat. With admirable skill he brought the boat close under the stern and we succeeded in lowering the invalids into her, one at a time. Pulling off again to a safe distance the officer explained that he could not again risk bringing the

boat so close to the wreck, and so the rest of us would have to go off to the boat along the rope. Then directing his men to pull a slow, steady stroke, just sufficient to keep a strain upon the rope, he sang out to us to "Come along, one at a time." And so, one by one, my unfortunate crew took hold of the rope and worked themselves along, hand over hand, to the boat, where the officer, with a cheery word of welcome, stood ready to grasp and help them on board. I was the last to leave the wreck, and as I stood by while the others passed off to the boat I could not help being struck that had already come over them.

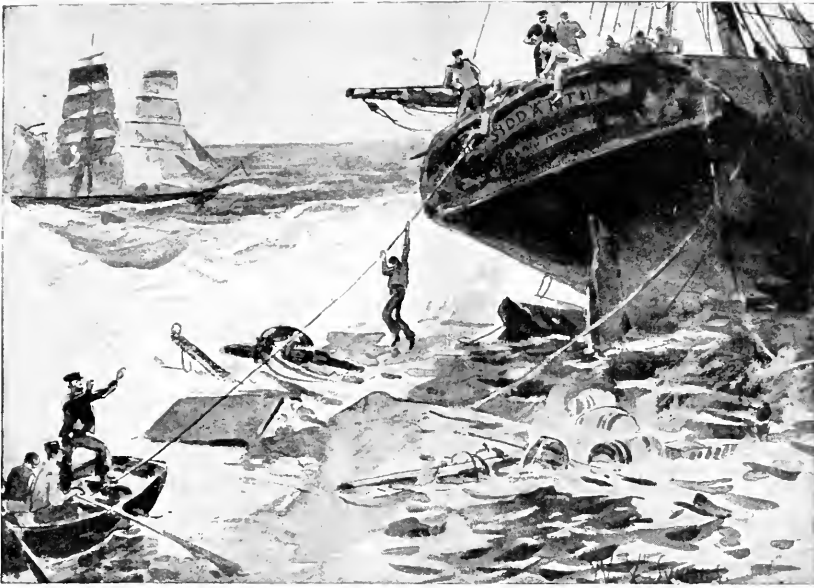
Weak in body and limb though they were, and worn to mere shadows of their former selves, they now became indued with a sudden strength which alone enabled them to perform in safety the hazardous journey along the rope to the boat.

Arriving on board the vessel, which proved to be the Norwegian barquentine *Verdande*, commanded by Captain Neilsen, and bound from Maracaibo to Amsterdam, we were received with every kindness and our story listened to with wonder and surprise, our gaunt and haggard appearance telling the tale of our sufferings more plainly than any words could have done.

The majority of the men and myself being in



"SAIL HO!"

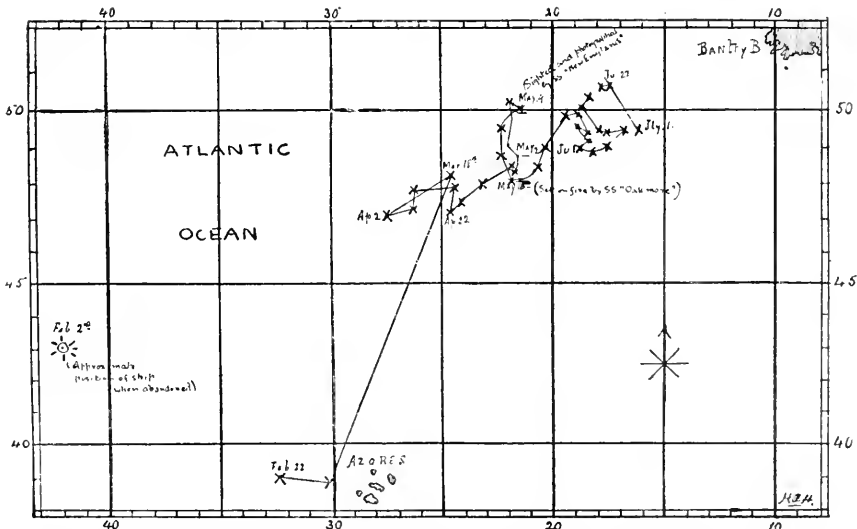


"ONE BY ONE MY UNFORTUNATE CREW TOOK HOLD OF THE ROPE AND WORKED THEMSELVES ALONG."

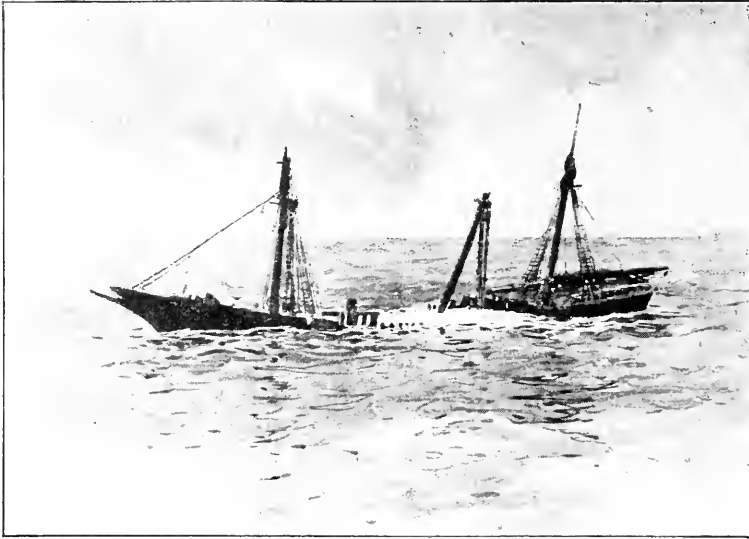
need only of nourishment and rest, Captain Neilsen was able to devote most of his time to the two invalids, who were both in a very low state, though the young seaman was by far the worse of the two. In spite of all the captain's untiring care and attention he never rallied, but hourly sank lower and lower, and shortly before midnight he breathed his last. We buried him next day at 11 a.m., and a more impressive sight than the little group which gathered at the *Verdande's* gangway to pay their last respects to their dead shipmate I have never witnessed—

on the one hand the strong, sturdy crew of the little vessel, and on the other my unfortunate men, whose hollow cheeks and attenuated figures told of a long companionship with starvation and despair, of many a danger faced and hardship silently endured.

For a little while this sad event cast a shadow of gloom over our party, but as the days wore on we rapidly regained our strength and spirits, and my men assisted the *Verdande's* crew in the various duties of the ship during the remainder of the voyage to Amsterdam, where we arrived



A CHART MADE BY THE AUTHOR SHOWING THE TRACK OF THE "SIDDARTHA" AFTER SHE WAS ABANDONED ON 22ND FEBRUARY, 1899, UNTIL SHE WAS TAKEN IN TOW BY H.M.S. "MELAMPUS" IN JULY.



THE DERELICT "SIDDARTHA" AS SHE APPEARED WHEN SIGHTED BY THE "NEW ENGLAND."  
*Sketch from a Photo.*

on the 11th of March—just seventeen days from the date of our rescue.

My story would not be complete without a brief reference to the subsequent fate of the abandoned *Siddartha*.

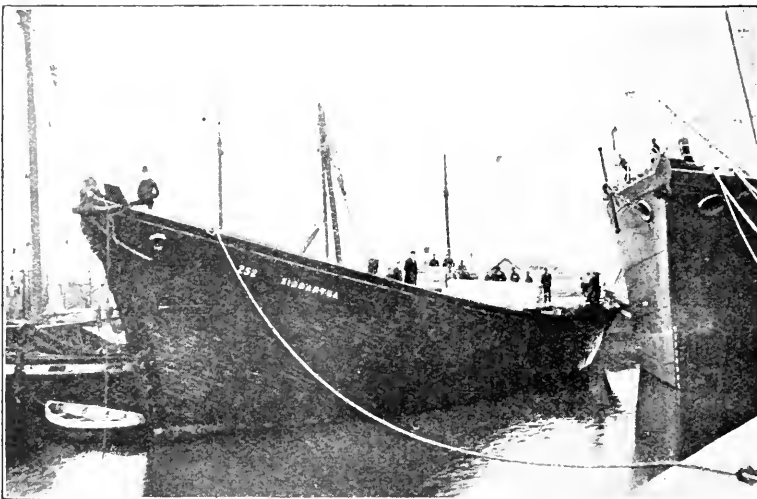
For nearly five months from the day we were taken off her she drifted helplessly to and fro upon the waters, a mournful example by day of the fell work of the "storm fiend" and a treacherous and unexpected source of danger by night to the unwary navigator.

During that time she covered a distance of something like eighteen hundred miles, and was

seen and reported no fewer than forty-one times. The captain of one steamer, the *Oakmore*, set her on fire in the hope of ridding the seas of such a menace, but apparently the fire went out. Fortunately, however, there is no instance on record of her having been the cause of any accident, and when, finally, she arrived within some three hundred miles of the Irish coast one or two small war vessels were dispatched to search for her, and she was towed into Bantry Bay by H.M.S. *Melampus*.\* From this point I lost track of her for a long time, until

I learnt quite recently that she is now used as a hulk at Avonmouth by the Dominion Steamship Company. By a curious coincidence, the steamer *New England*, which sighted the poor *Siddartha* in mid-ocean and photographed her, belonged to the same corporation.

\* Before leaving Berehaven Admiral Domville boarded the derelict *Siddartha*, lately brought in from the Atlantic by H.M.S. *Melampus*, and examined the wreck, which for five months had been a grave menace to the mercantile marine. The shattered hulk presents a most mournful appearance: her bulwarks and hull are destroyed to the water-line, and all her spars and rigging washed away. By a strange coincidence the station allotted to the *Melampus* for anchoring in Berehaven was close to the derelict.—*Graphic*, August 5th, 1899.

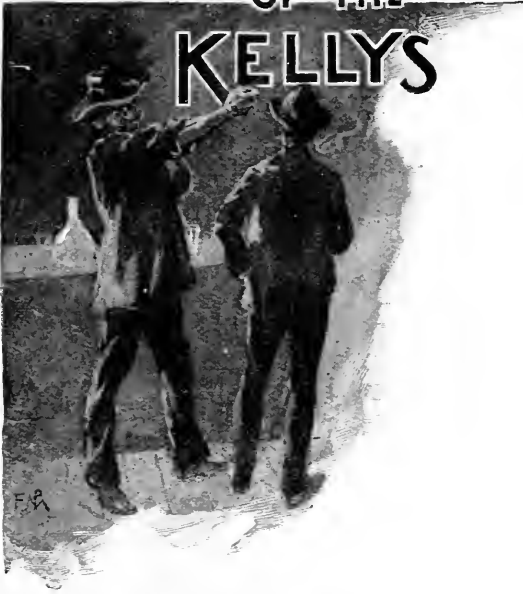


THE "SIDDARTHA" AS SHE LIES TO-DAY AT AVONMOUTH, USED AS A HULK BY THE DOMINION STEAMSHIP COMPANY.  
*From a Photo. by T. A. Cantle.*

# THE LAST STAND

OF THE

## KELLYS



BY KER CAMPBELL.

Being the exciting experience of a young prospector at the capture of the notorious Kelly gang of bushrangers, who terrorized the Colony of Victoria for three years. Mr. Campbell's absorbing narrative throws some interesting and hitherto unpublished sidelights on an incident which has passed into the history of Australia.



HE moonlight fell in livid patches on the upturned faces of the crowds of excited people who thronged round the offices of the *Argus* and the *Age*, the two chief papers of Melbourne, seeking for news of the Kelly gang, the terrible bushrangers who had practically "held up" Victoria for over three years. The notice read, "Kelly gang gone to Queensland," and a sensible thrill of relief seemed to run through the mass of citizens at the news. In trying to get nearer to the notices I happened inadvertently to push aside a thin, eager-looking man in a sort of bushman's garb, who gave me an uncomfortable scowl. I was somehow impressed by the man's face: it looked so different from that of the average city loafer. I apologized and proposed a drink, which was sullenly accepted.

"Those beggars," said the man, as we crossed the road in search of a hostelry, "know no more of the Kellys than a baby. Gone to Queensland! Not much! Why, they're at——"

Then he stopped suddenly, saying, anxiously: "Are you in the police, mate?"

"Not I," I said. "All the same, I'd like to see the Kellys."

"Ugh!" he grunted, "so would a good many more if they could do it safely—see 'em in cages or something like that."

"I've no ill-will towards them," I said.

"Wouldn't give 'em up for the reward, I suppose?" said the man, sneeringly.

Then, baring his brawny arm, he took up his glass of whisky and added:—

"Look here, there's eight thousand pounds blood-money offered for them. I could, if I would, finger it by telling where they are, but I'd sooner die first. So now you know!"

My new friend was evidently a bushman—a strange mixture of simplicity and cunning, with the instinct of a dog for reading character.

After a while he became less morose and guarded, and indeed began to talk so freely of the Kellys that I judged it safer for him to quit the bar, which was now beginning to fill, though we had hitherto been alone.

"Look here," said he, at length. "I'm a-goin' back to the 'Kelly country,' as it is called, an' if you like to come with me, well and good. There's bound to be a fight, and judging others by myself you might like to see it."

"Of all things," I said, joyfully, "I've wanted to see the Kellys, and if it's a fair fight——"

"But it won't be a fair fight," he said, excitedly. "How can it—four men against a country, and pots of money offered for their betrayal? But if you're coming, come now."

We rapidly threaded the crowded streets, feverish with undisguised fears and rumours which could not be substantiated. Every policeman we passed gave me a sort of electric shock, so certain I felt that my strange companion knew absolutely where the Kellys were.

At the station my companion took two tickets to a place called Sebastopol, and we were barely in time to scramble into the crowded train, full of up-country folk.

The very people who had talked themselves hoarse in Melbourne, for or against the bushrangers, were now strangely silent. No one quite knew who might be present, and it was safer to be silent. As the train thundered into the country stations the crowd dispersed by degrees, and we were able to buy some food during half an hour's wait and eat it in peace.



"The Kellys are at Sebastopol now," said my companion, carelessly, "but they'll be at Glenrowan on Monday. I am staying at Glenrowan."

"Where is Sebastopol?" I inquired.

"Oh, as nigh to Glenrowan as Beechworth—about eight miles; just a canter for them."

"What do they want at Glenrowan?" I asked, incautiously.

A strange and terrible look flitted over my companion's face.

"I fancy there's a little business to settle with a man who's been trafficking with the police," he replied.

"Oh," I said, and no more, well aware that nothing I or anyone else could say would save him. "What do you advise me to do if I see the Kellys?"

"Look at 'em well," he said, doggedly, "for you won't see much more of them—and keep out of range of their rifles, if you can. I'll tip it to them that I brought you up, and, if you are wise, it will be 'hands up' with you. They've no time for catechizing, and don't care for good intentions. We—that is, they—are men of action."

"They are, indeed," I commented, taking no notice of the startling reference to "we." But my companion was not to be hoodwinked. He knew I had noticed the slip, so said simply:—

"I'm Steve Hart."

I stared, as well I might, for Steve Hart was one of the four members of the gang, which consisted of Edward and Dan Kelly, Edward Byrne, and Steve Hart.

"Here we are at Glenrowan," said my companion at last, "and you must act as you think fit, and take the consequences!"

These latter words needed no emphasizing. As the train slowed up, I saw from the wooded bank beside the railway line a dark-bearded face peering down into each passing carriage, as if in search of someone.

"There's Ned," said Hart, more to himself than to me, and so I caught my first glimpse of the bushranger leader, the redoubtable Ned Kelly, chief of the notorious gang who had for so long terrorized the colony.

Sebastopol was a little country station a hundred and thirty miles from Melbourne and in the heart of the "Kelly country," yet no one on the platform seemed to notice the two strange passengers who alighted, being apparently more occupied with stores and barrels brought from the big city than with human lumber.

Steve Hart strode away, and, following as quickly as I could, I saw him exchange hearty greetings with Ned Kelly. As he did so his lean and singular face seemed transfigured. He looked elate and joyful; evidently Ned was a hero to him, and his companionship precious. Thinking over my trip with this extraordinary man, I came to the conclusion that he had summed me up as harmless, and indulged himself, as a bit of bush *camaraderie*, by bringing me to see "the show."

I found Glenrowan most tactfully silent about the Kellys. Everyone to whom they were mentioned had some colourless statement to make or opinion to offer that would offend neither their friends nor their foes. For the most part the people seemed to me to hold a watching brief for them. I soon became convinced that a neutral attitude was essential to safety, and having secured a room at the inn—tired out as I was I slept profoundly—I awoke to find a simmer of excitement everywhere.

"What's the matter?" I asked the waiter who brought me my breakfast.

"Well, they do say the Kellys were near by here last night and shot Aaron Sherritt. Anyway, he is dead."

"Dead!" I said, horrified. "Did he live here?"

"No, at Sebastopol. They do say he was bidding for the Government reward of eight thousand pounds. Anyway, he was hiding police in his house to catch the Kellys. They got to know it, so they called him out and shot him, and there were four police in the house afraid to move."

"Bring me the news as it comes in," said I. "This is a lively country town."

The waiter went out with a blanched face, his trembling hands almost incapable of holding the half-sovereign I gave him.



"SUDDENLY THE WAITER RUSHED IN AGAIN."

Groups of frightened, silent people were assembling in the street. Mr. Jones, of the Glenrowan Inn, was putting up his shutters as people do on hearing news of a riot, but everything was as still as death.

Suddenly the waiter rushed in again. "Take your money, sir," he said. "They might think I'd been paid to say something about them, though I don't know anything. Steve Hart has sworn to do for anyone who talks. If you're police, for Heaven's sake get out of our house."

"I'm not police," I said, "and here I stay, with these irresponsible beggars around."

Presently the landlady came in crying. "Heaven knows how it will end!" said she. "There's Sherritt dead on suspicion, and the Government sending up special train-loads of policemen and a cannon. There's bound to be a fight. Will you stay or go, sir? My husband is going to shut the doors and keep everybody out."

"Go in, go in, all of you!" cried a commanding voice outside.

The interruption came from my friend, Steve Hart, who, revolver in hand, drove into the hotel group after group of frightened townspeople. I kept in the background. I had no wish to claim my dangerous acquaintance, and he was too intent on his present work to notice me, but I could see through the open doors that two of the others, well mounted and armed, were driving a small crowd towards the hotel. As soon as the dismayed people were in the large public room—all absolutely dumb with either caution or fear—the three bushrangers dismounted and stood on the steps deliberating. These three men, I learnt, were

Dan Kelly, Ned Byrne, and Steve Hart, looking as composed and cynical as on our journey.

"Where's Ned?" he said, hastily, at length. Ned Kelly was evidently much in his thoughts.

"Short half mile off, seeing to the rails being ready for the special," said Dan Kelly. "He's all right; the police will have a spill, I think. Here, Curnow, what do you want?"

"I want to go outside," said the man addressed, the school-master; "I shall do you no harm."

"I wouldn't trust him," said Hart, looking keenly after Mr. Curnow, as he went leisurely down the step and hastened along the street.

"Who's coming?" asked Byrne, at length.

"Oh, the blessed black trackers. Old

Hare from Benalla and some of his boys; Curnow and Webb from Melbourne and their chaps and a cannon. Ha! ha!"

"Halloa, here's Ned!" said Dan Kelly. "What's up, Ned?"

"Come here," said his brother, beckoning the men outside.

"It's a fight to a finish this time," he announced. "The train was stopped before it got to the tear-up. There's treachery somewhere."

"Curnow!" said Steve Hart, laconically, "but let him wait a bit!"

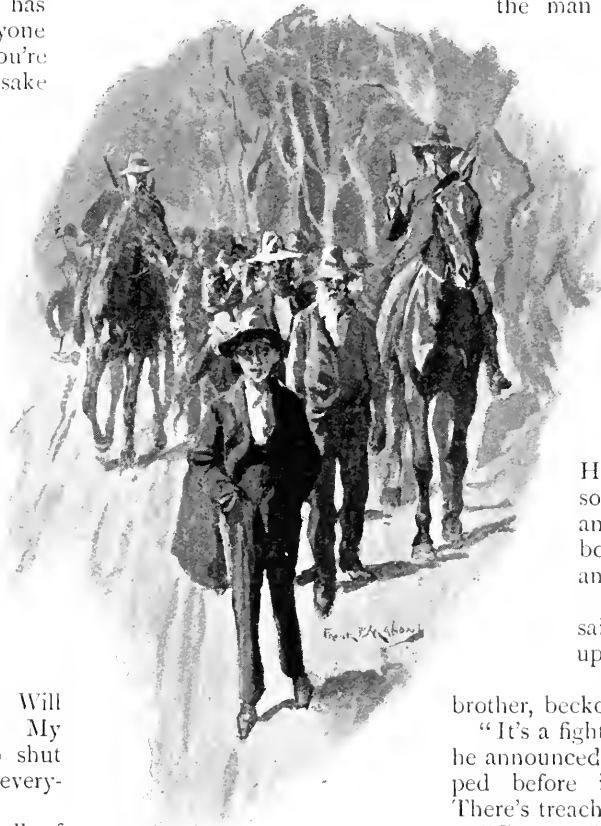
"They're coming," said Ned Kelly. "I'll do outpost and help when I can.

Go in and give 'em beans. Fight to a finish. If I see you pushed I'll come and help."

"I know you will," said Steve Hart; and even as he shut the door on his friend he could not resist a last long look at him of the most intense admiration.

The doors were slammed to and fastened, and the three outlaws, as cool and collected as only bushmen can be in the face of imminent danger, set about the defence of the wooden house with as much courage as though it had been an impregnable castle.

"Bang on the floor, as flat as you can, anyone who doesn't want a bullet through him,"



"TWO OF THE OTHERS, WELL MOUNTED AND ARMED, WERE DRIVING A SMALL CROWD TOWARDS THE HOTEL."

commanded Ned Byrne, in his terrible voice, and he had no need to repeat the order.

By this time the police were coming up in open order, dodging round every tree and bush that offered them the slightest cover.

Luckily for me I had on my oldest bush coat and the usual wideawake hat, turned down. I managed not to obtrude my presence on Steve Hart, and took my place in the submissive line of "Hands uppers" on the hotel floor.

"Where are the rest of the people?" said Steve Hart.

"All right," answered Byrne. "They're hauled up at the station, and I guess not over-anxious to play spies, now they know Aaron is quiet."

"Dan, there's old Hare, the policeman from Benalla. I'll drop him," cried Hart, suddenly.

"Good for you," said Dan Kelly, coolly. "I've got another."

The rifles rang out and a scream of pain was borne in to our ears.

"Only his wrist!" said Hart. "Here, you fools on the floor, do you want bullets in your heads? Keep down!"

The townspeople cowered down, and so did I. Death was in the air. The house was now thoroughly surrounded, and every moment rifle-shots rang out, promptly answered by the bush-rangers. The desperate men must have felt by instinct that theirs was now a lost cause. They became tensely silent, and went to the kitchen at the back to reconnoitre. As they did so a rather simple-looking elderly man rose lumberingly to his feet, saying: "As much chance of a shot here as anywhere else. Anyway, I'm tired of playing dog." He followed Steve Hart and Dan Kelly to the next room. I listened intently, expecting him to be ordered back, but, as in a nightmare, nothing happened coherently.

"Oh, here's Martin Cherry," said Steve Hart.

"Well, come on now, Cherry, and hold this blind back—so, no farther! I want to take aim at that policeman over there. Hold it so he can't see me."

"I can't," said Cherry, piteously. "Let me go back; I can't give the man's life away."

"Pull the blind back," hissed Steve Hart. Cherry refused, and a shot rang out. Then came a groan and a fall, and all the half-dazed crowd felt that Martin Cherry had been shot—by whom we could not see.

I longed to be up and doing, but I simply dared not rise. Though not a word was spoken I heard stifled sighs of pain and weariness all along the line. Presently a woman gave a scream. The limit of endurance was reached, and a chorus of cries and shrieks from the other women and children answered her.

"Confound them!" said Byrne. "What's the good of keeping them here howling? Let them get the bullets if the police *will* fire. Perhaps it'll stop them."

"No! out they go," said Hart. "Here, you people, come one or two at a time and have a run for it. I can't stand this row; it's worse than a bullet."

Waiting no further leave the poor prisoners picked themselves limply up and made such a rush as their stiffened limbs would allow, and when the door was opened ever so little they fled out into the grey morning, the police suspending their fire lest they should hurt them.

"Let the lot out," called out a policeman, "we're going to fire the place."

"Oh! you're too clever," sneered Steve Hart. "If you fire the place you'll roast more than the Kellys."

"I'm goin' for a glass of brandy," said Byrne, presently. "This noise has made me sick," and he went towards the bar.

Giving an oblique look upwards, I saw Steve Hart regarding me with a set and smileless face.

"Get up," said he, "you haven't much more time. Stand here, close to the door, and cut it at the first chance. But Byrne won't hear of any man going; it's a help to the police."

"What does it all matter?" he continued, half to himself. "I wonder where Ned is? You might all go to the deuce if he's safe." He turned away.

Suddenly Byrne was shot. We heard the bullet crack through the inch planking of the bar, and saw him fall, blood pouring from a wound in his body. Steve Hart sprang to him, and tried to lift him. I offered to help, but he motioned me away.

"He's gone," said he; "I only want to see Ned once more, that's all." He lowered the heavy body of his companion and strode back to the parlour.

"Get up, all of you," he commanded, "those curs mean to burn the place, and there's no need for you to roast. Make a rush for it with hands up. It's your last chance. We're not going to give in." He spoke with weird effect. He and Dan Kelly were now the sole garrison. I felt small and cowardly besides these desperate men, statuesque in their grim pluck amid the hail of bullets that continually thudded upon the house.

Neither of the bushrangers showed the slightest sign of fear or of any other emotion. Both were still and stern and heroic in their aspect—like great commanders at a crisis of their fortunes.

I felt upset and bewildered, and gladly availed myself of Steve Hart's offer of a dram of brandy, to get which we had to step over poor Byrne's

body. As in Melbourne, only quickly and silently this time, we touched glasses, and as we drained them a cry startled us and sent us hurrying back to the outer room.

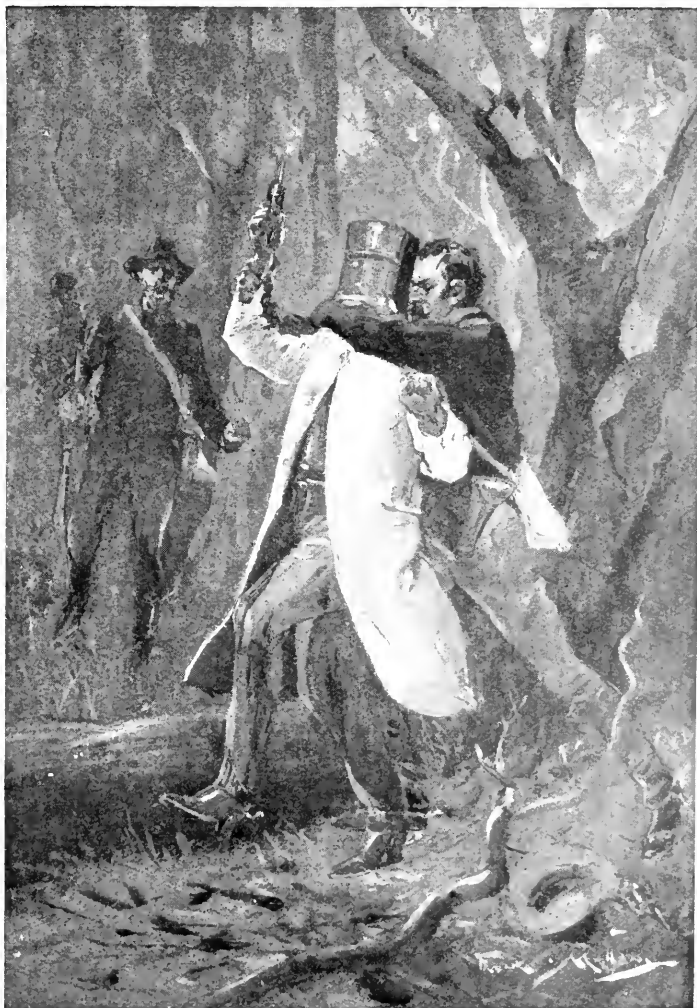
The hotel was by this time completely surrounded. Strong bodies of police had been drafted in during the night from several points, and Inspector Sadleir, who took command of the siege operations, set to work by doubling the posts, and keeping up a heavy fire on the hotel at intervals of about ten minutes. It was a matter of impossibility for anyone even to look out with safety. At a few minutes to eight o'clock, however, we somehow managed to observe that a panic appeared to have affected the scouts who were posted in the scrub on that particular side of the hotel. There was evidently something extraordinary going on a little farther up the hill. Scout after scout fired at some object invisible to us and to the majority of those in the field, and then bolted to another shelter—a mystery that made us risk everything for a clearer view.

After dodging about awhile the object of the alarm stood out in the open—a figure wearing a long white oilskin overcoat, and having his head covered with a thick steel helmet, which showed no opening save a narrow line across the eyes.

It was Ned Kelly, in the armour in which he was reported to have clad himself! He was moving steadily down towards the railway station through the thicket, with Sergeant Steel on his right and Senior-Constable Kelly on his left; but notwithstanding the heavy fire they directed at him he never winced, but walked steadily on like someone in a trance, pointing and firing a big revolver which he carried, and driving the scouts from tree to tree. The rattle of the rifle bullets was heard repeatedly on the helmet and armour, and occasionally, as the bushranger advanced, he was noticed to stop suddenly or quiver, evidently from the shock produced by a bullet striking the iron plates. Finding his body to be bullet-proof, the order was passed round among the police to fire low, and the wisdom

of this course was soon apparent. As the shots took effect in his arms and legs Kelly increased his pace slightly, till only eight or ten yards separated him from the senior constable, who gave him the benefit of a Martini-Henry ball in the face, from the effects of which he staggered visibly.

Meanwhile the scouts were pegging away at the man in armour with telling effect, and a few minutes before half-past eight Sergeant Steel suddenly rushed upon him from behind a tree, closely followed by the others. They closed with the outlaw and fell together to the ground. Kelly was at once secured, when it was found that his body, head, and shoulders were encased in quarter-inch steel ploughshare plates, the only vulnerable points being his arms and legs. These details I gathered from Steve Hart,



“SERGEANT STEEL SUDDENLY RUSHED UPON HIM FROM BEHIND A TREE.”

who stood beside me all the while, intently watching this strange scene of baffled courage. He witnessed his leader's capture in mute, resigned despair.

"Dan," he said, in a tone of the bitterest anguish, "Ned's taken."

"Hold on a bit, then," was the reply. "We want just a few more lives, Steve, then for our turn, if it is to be."

"As many as I've bullets and time," hissed Hart. "Life is not precious now."

"Take yourself out of this," he added savagely to me. "You've seen us; now out you go. This is the end."

I dared not reply. The long level barrel of the bushranger's rifle gleamed ominously near. He was in the grip of a despairing madness, and words were useless, either of pity or counsel.

In silence I watched him as he unbarred the door, and, waiting no further dismissal or formal leave-taking, I slid out and joined the long line of "hand uppers," who, prostrate on the ground, were facing the levelled rifles of the police till, each man having been challenged in turn and given an account of himself, they were allowed one by one to rise and rush past the cordon to safety.

Many ran wildly into the bush, some of the women shrieking as they ran to their homes in the township. I was bailed up at once by a keen-eyed policeman.

"What are you?" said he.

"Prospector," I answered, laconically, and lugged out of my pocket a packet of pamphlets and letters.

"I've got something else to do besides reading," said the policeman, grimly, as a shot rang out. "Report yourself to Superintendent Steel."

I went off to the station in hope of finding a train bound for Melbourne. Here a scene of intense excitement reigned. I joined the crowd which surrounded a circle of police. In the centre, on the floor, lay Ned Kelly. I went forward to get a good view of the celebrated outlaw who, with his trusty companions, had "held up" Victoria for three years. As I gazed at him something of Steve Hart's admiration was explained. Tall and of magnificent physique, with a fine, intelligent, and by no means brutal face, Kelly was of that dark type of Milesian Irish from whom we take our notions of the bards and kings of olden times. His head, just freed from the cumbrous helmet, was

shapely and covered with dark silken hair, worn rather long, in bush fashion. His face was pale, for he had been badly wounded and was suffering from exhaustion, but his voice, as he replied to questions, was mild and musical. I don't know that I had expected to see the roughest and coarsest type of bushman, but certainly Ned Kelly took me by surprise.

As the sound of heavy firing continued from the direction of the hotel, Inspector Sadleir made an appeal to Kelly. "Now, Ned," said he, "I know you can influence those foolish fellows if you like to do so. Come; give them some signal and put an end to this."

"Oh, no, they will not give up," said Kelly; "they all have armour on, and you can't take them."

"I don't speak for ourselves," said Sadleir, "but for the innocent men and women in the house."

"I can't help that," said Kelly. "The boys won't give up."

"How came you out of the house?" someone asked from the circle.

"I have not been in the house since the special train came," said Kelly. "I heard you coming and went down to meet you. I could have shot you, but did not. When I saw the engine stop down the cutting I went up close to you and had a look, but you put the lights out, and as you moved slowly in I came ahead and walked up the station platform just before the train arrived. I went round the station and over to Jones's, where I stood and saw the men come over."

"But you ran away after the first volley," said a spectator. There was an immediate murmur of dissent from the bystanders.

"I didn't run away," said Kelly, calmly. "I was shot in the foot and arm at the first volley, and I wanted the boys to come away with me. I thought they would follow, so I got on my mare and rode quietly up along the fence over the hill. As they did not come I turned back."

"Why," said Sadleir, "your rifle was found stuck in the earth at the side of the hill."

"Yes," said Kelly, "I could have got away if I had wanted, but I wouldn't leave the boys."

"Are they in the house now?" was asked.

"Yes," said Kelly. "I think so. Byrne is hurt, but they cannot hurt the others; they have armour."

"It did you little good," said Sadleir. "Come,



NED KELLY, FROM A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.



"I RODE QUIETLY ALONG THE FENCE."

Ned, why don't you send the boys a signal to give up?"

"Don't ask me," was the stern reply. "They will never give up!" And, remembering their grim, set faces, I fully shared his opinion.

As the doctor now claimed Kelly to himself the bushranger was lifted to an inner room, and the curiously excited throng proceeded, with the tacit permission of the police present, to view his "armour." It weighed exactly a hundred-weight, and consisted of six plates of quarter-inch steel, manufactured from ploughshares taken from the farmers round Greta. On the breast-plate of the armour there were eight perceptible bullet-marks, on the helmet five, on the shoulders three, and on the back-plate nine. These were nearly all deep dents in the stout steel-plates. After this examination we all drifted to the door of the inner room to hear the result of the doctor's investigation of Kelly's wounds. It was discovered that he had sustained seventeen, only two of which, however, were looked upon as likely to result seriously. These were in the arm and thigh, where the bullets still remained, the doctor having been unable to probe them. Kelly was in a precarious condition—not expected to recover in fact—and he expressed a hope that he might not. After awhile, in spite of all the noise of the firing, his eyes closed, and he slept from sheer exhaustion, watched by six of the scouts.

Vol. xiii.—76.

With Kelly quiescent, all minds turned to the siege outside. Firing had never ceased for a moment all the time. The twenty or thirty prisoners released, after being answered for by different townspeople, had dispersed, and only the police, pressmen, and a certain group of hitherto unfrightened folk drifted here and there through the station, dodging abruptly into shelter if any rifle crack seemed to come nearer than was pleasant. No one seemed hungry or thirsty, or specially active or excited, all drifting about as on the crest of a tidal wave of calamity and dread. From a scared-looking woman in the refreshment-room used by the scouts I managed to get a lump of bread and cheese and a glass of whisky.

Suddenly there came a heavy burst of firing, and we all rushed to the front of the house, looking upon the Glenrowan Inn. It was now close upon three o'clock, but still no sign of surrender came from the little garrison.

The hotel was by this time pretty well riddled with bullets. Shots, however, still came from it, and as there was no prospect of getting the outlaws to surrender, Senior-Constable Johnson, of Violet Town, proposed to burn the condemned hotel down, the expectation being that the men inside would try to escape and so be captured. I did not share his opinion, remembering Steve Hart's expression, but, as my opinion was not asked, I simply stood and watched. Presently

Johnson, his arms full of dry wood, went boldly up to the hut, and, under cover of a continuous fire from the scouts, lighted the Benalla side of the building. The fire gradually increased and gained upon the matchwood construction until in a few minutes the place was one mass of flame.

"They're dead, poor bodies, for sure," said a man beside me, with a thrill in his voice. "They've not fired a shot this half-hour."

As the building collapsed we could see with startling distinctness the bodies of Steve Hart and Dan Kelly. They had, however, been dead for some time, as Father Gibney — a brave priest from Perth, Western Australia — had ascertained at the risk of his life before the inn was fired. He said he had seen both Steve Hart and Dan Kelly

lying dead on the floor of the front room, and had barely escaped with the dying Martin Cherry, who breathed his last a few minutes after the rescue.

As the flames burnt out the remains of the outlaws were brought from the building, placed on sheets of bark, and put on the train for conveyance to Benalla, where immense crowds escorted them, as well as the wounded Ned Kelly, to the police barracks. I went with the throng.

As the bodies were for a time laid on the floor of the station we were witness of a terrible scene of grief and lamentation when the sisters of the Kellys went to look on all that remained of their brother Dan. It was a heartrending sight when they knelt down amongst the crowd on the platform and gave vent to their grief in bitter wailing

The police at Benalla had great difficulty in keeping the crowds from rushing the room where the chief outlaw, Ned Kelly, lay wounded. A rescue was feared, as the bushrangers were very popular in their "own country," as it was called. Father Gibney, who was on a visit to

the district, and who had behaved with heroic courage during the burning of the hotel, at length gained leave to see Ned Kelly and to administer religious consolation, to which the outlaw appeared to listen with great attention.

"My son," said Father Gibney, tenderly, as he bent over him "say 'Oh, Jesus, have mercy on me,' and pray for forgiveness."

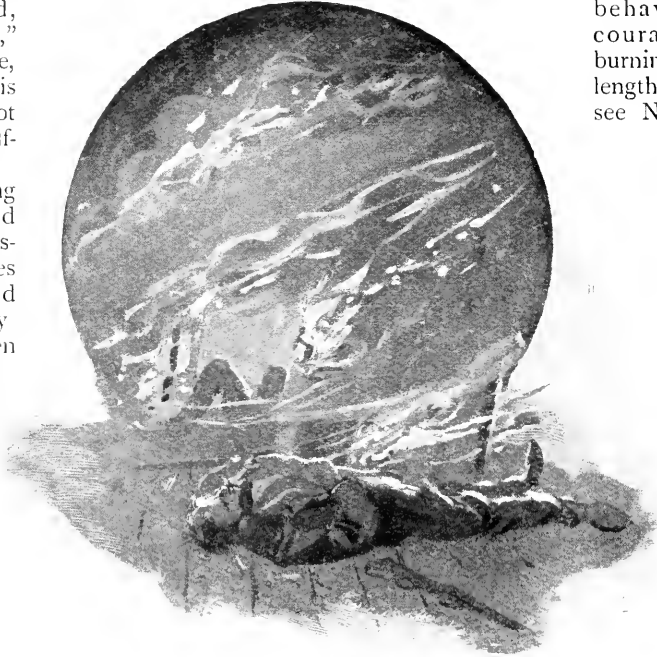
Kelly turned and looked him straight in the face. "It's not now I'm beginning to say that," he re-

plied, "I've done it long before to-day."

Then these two men, each a hero in his own way, face to face in the midst of crowds, excitement, turmoil, and the ghastly presence of death, closed their eyes and prayed humbly and reverently.

That was the last I ever saw of Ned Kelly, who, not long afterwards, was tried and executed, bearing himself at the scaffold with calmness and fortitude.

In the midst of the surging crowds at Benalla it was not difficult to get away unobserved, and trains to and from Melbourne were now running continuously. I was not challenged, the police having their hands full with known Kelly sympathizers, and so, resolving upon an immediate return to my own colony of Western Australia, I made my way to Melbourne.



"WE COULD SEE WITH STARTLING DISTINCTNESS THE BODIES OF STEVE HART AND DAN KELLY."



# English Cave-Dwellers of To-day.

BY A. E. JOHNSON.

Strange as it may seem, there are to be found to-day in civilized England communities of cave-dwellers, living in almost prehistoric dwellings hewn out of the solid rock. In this article Mr. Johnson describes some curious troglodyte settlements in Worcestershire, where you may hire a commodious suite of caves for about eighteenpence a week.



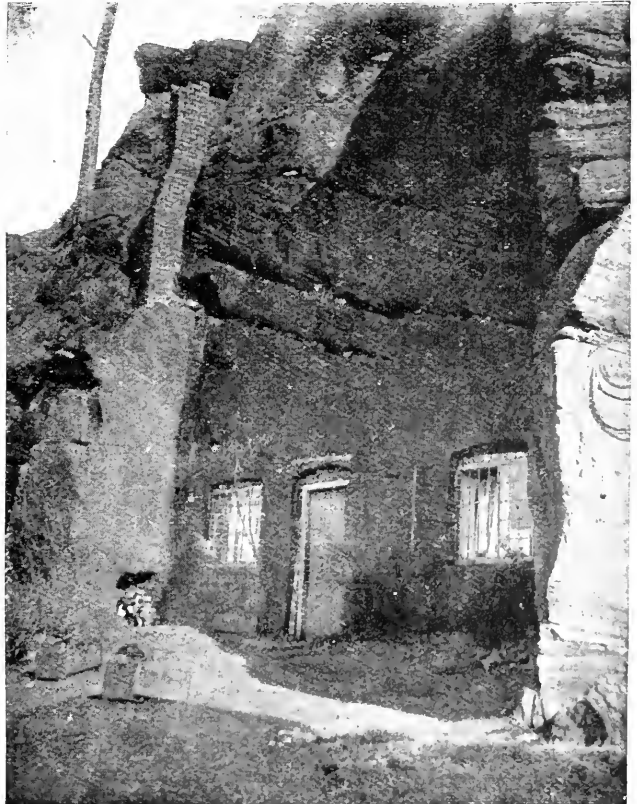
IT might reasonably be supposed that in civilized Britain of to-day the race of cave-dwellers had died out, or had dwindled to a few nomadic gipsies or needy fisher-folk of the coast who might be glad to inhabit, rent free, such natural refuges from wind, rain, and sun as rock or cliff should chance to offer. So lived our ancient British forefathers: but with the march of time man's inventive genius has devised bricks, mortar, and tiles, and adding doors, windows, and similar contraptions to the primeval simplicity of the aboriginal home, has evolved that apotheosis of modern civilization, the jerry-built house. In rural England, however, strange as it may seem, there are still to be found modern troglodytes who adhere to prehistoric traditions and, preferring excavation to construction, reside happily in permanent homes which they have hollowed out for themselves in the solid rock.

Not far from Kidderminster, in that part of Worcestershire which adjoins both Staffordshire and Shropshire, rises Kinver Edge, bold and bluff—a great ridge of red sandstone which terminates abruptly in a steep cliff over the River Stour. On the summit, above Kinver, are the remains of an early fortification, thrown up, according to tradition, by Wulfhere, King of Mercia from 657 to 675, whose name still survives in Wolverley, between which place and Kinver the Edge extends for a distance of about three miles.

In the face of this cliff, as well as in the hill-side at other places round Kinver, whole dwellings have been excavated. Some have been abandoned, others have been evacuated by order of the local sanitary authorities, but many are still inhabited. And their occupants declare that more comfortable lodgings they do not desire. Certainly the interiors reveal no sign of that discomfort which it might be thought would be inseparable

from habitations so strangely fashioned. The soft red sandstone yields readily to the tool, and it is an easy matter to excavate rooms, passages, shelves, and almost all the appurtenances of a house out of the solid rock.

An outer wall is left intact, and, openings having been cut for the purpose, window-frames, duly glazed, are inserted, and a door fitted to the original opening through which the excavator commenced to scratch his way. Inside, there is practically no carpentry needed. Soft as it is, the sandstone is nevertheless firm and tenacious, and nails are practically unnecessary. Shelves, cupboards, sleeping bunks even, can all be scraped out of the surrounding material,



From a

A TYPICAL WORCESTERSHIRE CAVE-DWELLING.

[Photo.



"HOLY AUSTIN ROCK"—THE WHOLE CRAG IS LITERALLY HONEYCOMBED WITH ROOMS AND PASSAGES, ARRANGED IN THREE STORIES. [Photo.]

while pegs driven into the walls are held quite securely. Most of the dwellings have a modern stove or kitchen range sunk into the rock, flush with the wall of a room, the chimney, partly excavated and partly built up of bricks, being carried up the exterior face of the cliff—in some cases to the very summit. Generally the walls, and perhaps the ceiling, are white-washed, and occasionally a wooden flooring is laid down. The litter, indeed, is by no means necessary, for these sandstone burrows are beautifully dry. They are likewise remarkably safe, instances of the rock giving way being rare in the extreme.

Thus, then, we have complete our modern cave-dwelling, clean, dry, and comfortable; capable at any time of further extension—an important point to the father of a family—cool in summer and warm in winter, and tenable at a rent varying from one-and-sixpence to two-and-sixpence per week. What could man want more?

Most remarkable of all the various rock houses

round Kinver is unquestionably that known as "Holy Austin Rock." This is an isolated crag, severed from the main Edge, and situated close to Kinver village. The origin of the name is unknown, but it seems probable that the crag was at one time in the possession of the Augustinian friars. Viewed from a distance Holy Austin Rock, remarkable as its external appearance certainly is, betrays no suggestion of its unique character within. The whole mass is honey-combed with rooms and passages that from time to time have been scooped out. It contains no fewer than three stories of "houses," which have various out-

looks, and in some cases run right through the rock from back to front. There are at present three separate communities inhabiting the crag, but at one time as many as twelve families found a home in it.

Externally, the top story is the only one that prominently meets the eye. Here the dwellings have brick-built fronts with tiled roofs, though most of the rooms are situated within the rock.



"MEG-A-FOX HOLE," AN ABANDONED CAVE-DWELLING, ONCE THE LAIR OF A BAND OF HIGHWAYMEN. [Photo.]

Of these latter, however, there is naturally no sign visible outside, with the result that a semblance is given of tiny brick cottages stuck on to the smooth rock-face. Sloping gardens, trimly kept, give a pleasant approach to this top story, and the full depth and height of the rock is not appreciated until the other, and precipitous, side is reached and the entrances to the lower stories are perceived.

To add to the eccentric appearance of the rock, from the summit (which can easily be reached by a scrambling climb) sprouts a fine Scotch fir, while a little path, turf-edged, running beside the roofs and chimneys of the semi-brick top story just alluded to, affords a brief promenade from which a magnificent panoramic view of the surrounding country may be enjoyed. Round the different faces of the crag wind tiny ledges,

worn in the soft sandstone, and the amateur cragsman, as he scrambles along them, has the amusement of continually running up against fresh windows or doorways, revealing the whereabouts of yet another "burrow," previously unsuspected.

Farther along the Edge, towards Wolverley, are the ruins of what in former days must have been an extensive cave-dwelling, known locally as

"Meg-a-Fox Hole." It lies at the base of a lofty peak called "Nanny's Rock," and was the lurking-place, so runs the tale, of a notorious band of highwaymen a century and more ago. This is likely enough to be true: a more ideal robbers' cave than this rock-girt lair on the lonely hillside could scarcely be imagined. Tradition has it that from Meg-a-Fox Hole a subterranean passage ran or runs—for its existence, easily credible, has never been disproved—to Drakelow, distant about a mile.

Still proceeding along the Edge towards Wolverley, the traveller arrives at Crows' Rock, another bluff headland



A GENERAL VIEW OF "CROWS' ROCK," SHOWING THE COMBINATION OF BRICKWORK WITH THE CAVE-DWELLINGS.  
*From a Photo.*



THE TROGLODYTE SETTLEMENT AT "CROWS' ROCK"—NOTICE THE CHIMNEYS AND DOORWAYS  
*From a Photo.*



*From a*

A "STREET" OF DESERTED ROCK-HOUSES.

*[Photo.*

which has been adapted to the uses of the modern troglodyte. The base of the rock is surrounded by a pleasant orchard of fruit trees, over the tops of which peep a row of little windows, with tiny doors that seem absurdly small in their rugged setting of stern rock. Bricks have been freely employed by the denizens of Crows' Rock for facing purposes, and in one place an overhanging ledge of grim boulder has been utilized, with strangely incongruous effect, to roof a dwelling partly built of brand-new brickwork.

At intervals along the Edge are to be seen the remains of deserted cliff houses, stripped of doors, window-frames, and all woodwork, and consisting now merely of hollow chambers. Needless to say, the soft sandstone has proved irresistible

to the well-known instincts of the tourist, who has scored his name deep in its red surface in every available space. If the dates which accompany some of the names be authentic, many generations of the curious must have inspected these abandoned homes. A few inscriptions are in Latin, and bear eighteenth century dates.

Not far from Wolverine is Drake Hall, next to Holy Austin Rock perhaps the most interesting of the excavated dwellings. It stands upon a lofty site, from which a long garden slopes downward. Half-way up the ascent is a welcome resting-stage,

where is the head of an excellent well, sunk through the rock to a depth of nearly a hundred feet, and yielding a full supply of pure water. Still higher up are sundry outhouses—fowl-run, tool-shed, and the like—excavated in the same way as the house, which stands just above them, and contains quite a commodious suite of caves. A final climb makes the "roof" accessible—an



"GIBRALTAR ROCK," WHERE UNTIL RECENTLY A WHOLE COLONY OF CAVE-DWELLERS RESIDED.

*From a Photo.*

elevated garden, commanding an enchanting view, with nothing to suggest the house beneath save the upstanding coping of the chimney. The air is magnificent, and it is little wonder that the cave-dwellers, perched thus 'twixt earth and sky, as one might almost put it, usually live to patriarchal ages.

The cave-dwellings round Kinver, however, are not confined exclusively to the Edge. Across the village is a hillside, overhanging the river and canal, known as "Gibraltar Rock." From the main road its face is seen to be pitted with cavities, as a quarry with martins' holes. A narrow path runs along the rock face, and until quite recently there was here a whole row—street, one might say—inhabited burrows. The occupants, however, have been ejected, and the colony is deserted. Many of the dwellings are still in excellent preservation, with door, windows, and stove intact, and it seems a pity, at all events from the æsthetic point of view, that so picturesque a community should have been dispersed.

The cave-dwellings of Kinver have been in existence from time immemorial, and it may readily be imagined that a wealth of folk-lore clusters round them. One ancient tale anent the singular Holy Austin Rock may help to a fitting conclusion. At Enville, a mile or so away from Kinver, there once lived a giant in a

rock house known as "Samson's Cave." For neighbour he had a fellow-giant at Kinver, who dwelt in Holy Austin Rock. Now the latter was married, and *cherchez la femme* was a truism even in the days of giants. Thus it came about that one day, when he of Kinver was safely out of the way round the shoulder of the Edge drawing water, he of Enville trotted over to Holy Austin Rock and, putting his head in at one of the windows, kissed his neighbour's wife.

Finding the experience a pleasant one, he repeated the performance whenever opportunity presented itself, until the thing became a habit. But the Kinver giant, returning early one day, caught his neighbour in the very act. Justly incensed, the irate husband dropped his water-jar and, as the culprit fled in dismay, picked up a mighty boulder and hurled it after him. Whether the fugitive was hit the voracious chronicler neglects, in somewhat unsatisfactory fashion, to record. But the great missile, whirling and twirling in the air, fell point downwards, and was planted,

firm and upright, in the ground. And there, until recent times, the "Bolt Stone," as it came to be known, remained, a significant warning to indiscreet lovers.

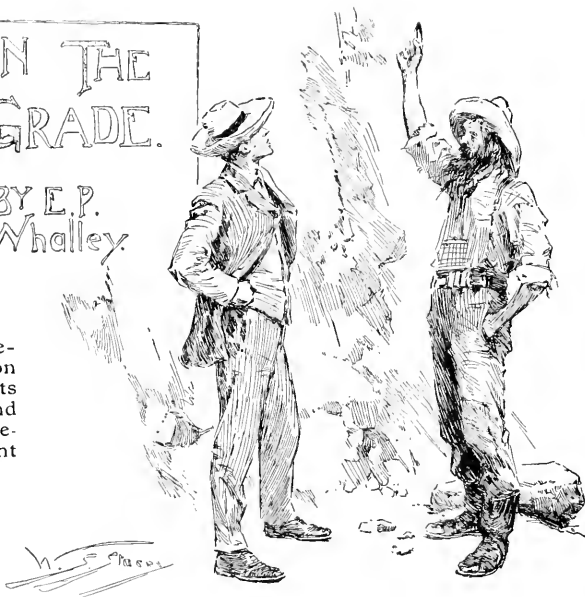
The present inhabitants of Holy Austin Rock are not giants, and are, it may therefore be hoped, better behaved.



THIS PATHWAY FORMS THE "HIGH STREET" OF THE "GIBRALTAR ROCK" SETTLEMENT. [Photo.]

# ON THE GRADE.

BY E. P. Whalley.



The amusing experiences of a store-keeper at the railhead construction camp of a Western railroad. All sorts of curious characters are to be found among the workers, and out-of-the-way adventures are of frequent occurrence.



IN the spring of 189— Ian MacTavish and I found that we were greatly hampered in running the *Da Capo Miner*\* by insufficiency of capital, and as a suitable purchaser, in the person of a now well-known writer of adventure fiction, offered us our price, we sold him our paper, blocks, stock, and paper-cutter, so closing, for the time, our career as newspaper men.

Mac invested his share of the proceeds in building an hotel on the Lardeau. Though still a strict teetotaler, his was not a temperance hotel. As that part of British Columbia was then gently booming he did very good business for a time, until he found that a full house did not, of necessity, mean a full pocket, and that, though the prospector's capacity for whisky is immense, his ability to pay for it is sometimes decidedly limited.

It was said that Mac derived much satisfaction from the fact that his guests did not grumble outrageously if, when from one cause or another supplies ran short, he supplied them with a rod and line and sent them to fish in the lake for their dinners, charging them the while the regular prices for their board—at that time seventy-five cents to a dollar a meal.

There came a flood on the Lardeau, however, which swept the hotel, together with most of the ground on which it stood, into Kootenay Lake, compelling Mac to find a more congenial method of earning a living, and indirectly driving him to fame as a journalist and wealth as a mine-owner, whilst I—

Well, I bought real estate. Amongst other "gilt-edged" property I acquired a corner lot in Auraville. Some very rich silver leads had been found in the neighbourhood, I was told, and it was inevitable that there should be a "city" near by. So I was glad of the chance to "get in at bed-rock prices," and to buy from a man who had seen the place himself and could not speak too highly of it.

Lot thirteen, block M, in the town-site of Auraville, at the corner of Quartz Avenue and Mica Street, measuring thirty feet by one hundred and twenty-five feet, looked very nice on paper. I pasted a map of the town-site on the wall of my office, and marked my lot in red ink. "A big lot for its size," the man from whom I bought it told me.

As the boom at Da Capo was on the wane I took an early opportunity to visit the new "City."

Forty miles' pulling in a small boat brought me to the foot of a precipice which seemed to overhang the lake. On the narrow ledge of shore a solitary cabin—the first I had seen on my journey—nestled against the wall of rock, up whose face there spread an ever-widening smoke-smudge from the squatter's fire.

"Auraville?" said the owner of the shack, in answer to an inquiry as to the whereabouts of that busy mining centre.

"Right here, pardner. You've hit it plumb centre, fust go."

"But," said I, somewhat taken aback, "where are the citizens?"

"Here ag'in," said he. "All in a bunch. Mayor, Corporation, Chief of Police, and City Engineer. All in a bunch."

\* See "How We Ran the *Miner*" in our issue for October, 1903.—Ed.



"Oh!" said I. "Thank you. Could you tell me," I added, presently, "where Block M is?"

He led me a little way aside to a surveyor's post, held in place by stones, on which were inscribed cabalistic characters denoting that it was placed at the outside corner of the lot in question.

"This, then," said I, after a moment's thought, "is the corner of Quartz Avenue and Mica Street?"

"Plumb centre ag'in," he replied, admiringly. "Quartz Avernoo"—he pointed up the cliff—"runs straight up in the air fer two hun'ed an' fifty feet. There's quartz there, too. More quartz than avernoo. An' that's no lie. Mica Street"—he waved his hand along the narrow strip of rock-strewn sand—"runs to the City Boundary line. Plumb full o' mica, it is."

The top side of my much-prized lot was on the brink of the precipice! "A big lot for its size!"

Part of the cabin was on my property, however. In desperation I mooted the question of trespass, and hinted that some rental, however small, might be acceptable to the owner of the lot. My "tenant" threatened that owner with such terrors of the law of the land—as interpreted and administered by the Mayor, the Corporation, the Chief of Police, and the City Engineer of Auraville—that I forebore to

press the matter, and left unidentified, the following morning, for Da Capo.

My capital had by this time dwindled terribly, and I was more than pleased when, through the kindness of a friendly bank manager, I got a job as timekeeper and storekeeper for a contractor on the Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad, the road-bed, or "grade," of which was then in course of construction.

My head-quarters were at a promontory on the Kootenay Lake which took its name from its distance from Da Capo—Five Mile Point. I arrived there about 7.30 one evening with an introductory letter from the contractor's accountant to the "track-walker," or ganger, Sam McBean.

Vol. xiii.—77.

Both Sam and the man I had come to supplant—a greenhorn who could hardly write, and who had allowed the men to "run" him to their hearts' content—were in bed when I knocked at the storehouse door.

Sam came out in his shirt, read the letter, woke up the sleeping timekeeper, hustled him into his clothes and a boat before he was half awake, and sent him off to head-quarters, at Camp No. 1. He left, muttering something about "a month's warning or a month's wages," followed by pithy, caustic comments from the scornful ganger.

"A dog-goned, shuckless chaw-bacon," said Sam, and was silent until we reached the storehouse, where two bunks were placed on opposite sides of the narrow room. "I suppose you're another of 'em. That's your bunk," he muttered,



From a THE WEST ARM OF THE KOOTENAY LAKE, WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS STATIONED. [Photo.]

savagely, as he dived into his bed and fell asleep on the instant.

The bunks were built of rough boards, having an opening to the front about two feet six inches high; they were covered in overhead to form a shelf, upon which were stored bales of blankets, bundles of blue and red flannel shirts, "Government socks"—a rough, grey worsted sock much worn in the West—cases of plug tobacco, and all the bulkier oddments likely to be required in a railroad camp.

At half-past five the following morning I was awakened by the measured jangle of the camp gong, a mammoth triangle of drill-steel, rhythmically thumped at need with an iron bar. Turning out for breakfast I found that I was



early, as the workmen had their meal first, a second table being laid for the *élite* of the camp—the ganger, myself, the cook, and the flunkey, or waiter.

Sam McBean took no notice of me; did not introduce me to anyone; never gave me a hint as to my work. It was some comfort to find that he spoke to no one else, but gazed sternly at the cook, who helped him to beefsteak, glared at the flunkey, who passed him the hot cakes, and gave me a malignant look out of his bulbous blue eyes as he rose from the table and left for the grade.

"Queer bird, is Sam," said the cook.

"Wheels in 'is 'ead," commented the flunkey, a Londoner by birth.

"C'n 'ear 'em buzz if 'e thinks."

"Ten and four," shouted Sam, as he popped his head back through the door. I understood him to mean that at those hours I was expected to note what men were at work. I had received the previous evening a hurried sketch of what my duties would be, so ten o'clock found me, note-book in hand, asking a small dark man in a somewhat off-handed manner what his name was. He told me. It sounded like an O with a sneeze on either side of it. He waited, glancing expectantly at my note-book, for me to write it down.

My heart sank as I realized that of the three hundred men on the grade the majority were foreigners, who resembled this man in appearance and probably in name also.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "I didn't quite catch what you said."

He did it again for me, exactly as he had done it before. I had not thought it could have been duplicated.

"Would you mind spelling it?" I asked, my pencil flourishing aimlessly over the blank page.

Without a moment's hesitation he said: "Jessica-zee, icy-kayo, vee, i-sicka-zee." Then he looked at me with a calm air of conviction.

I put him down at once as Jessica, confident that I should not forget who was meant.

"That?" said one of the foremen a few minutes later. "That? I can't tell you what his name is. He's No. 1,003 on the books."

All the Finns, Russians, Hungarians, and Dagoes on the work were, I found, known by a number, like convicts. But I wanted to know what 1,003's name really was, and, after patient research, discovered that it was spelt Jckzickovickz, the last letter of the alphabet being in America, as by many continental nations, pronounced "zee."

Nearly every nationality was represented there, the most numerous, however, being the Italian, or, as he is called in Canada and the States, the Dago.

These latter seem to have a decided taste for railroad work. Can it be that the partiality of their Roman ancestors for road-making still feebly exists amongst their degenerate descendants?

The Dago is the most peculiar of a peculiar tribe—for the railroad men of America are a tribe apart. They will not live with the other men in the boarding-house, but, forming a camp

of their own, detail some of their number to cook for the rest. If one of their number is dismissed, or "fired," they may all leave, often forfeiting their wages by so doing.

An instance which illustrates the way in which these fellows stick to each other occurred when, on one occasion, some stranger cheated a Dago. After a wordy warfare the Italian retired from the contest, and the other man loudly boasted of having "bluffed" the foreigner. Some days afterwards he was found on the trail between Five Mile Point and Da Capo, beaten to death.



"WOULD YOU MIND SPELLING IT?" I ASKED.

Indications supported the theory that it was the work of several men, but there was absolutely no clue by which to fasten the guilt on anyone. A rumour spread in the camp that the police intended to pay a visit to the Italian quarters the following morning, but when morning came there was not a Dago in sight. The whole gang of forty men had left during the night and subsequently scattered. It was hopeless to try to trace them, and would have been useless even had it been practicable.

Every man in the gang had sacrificed nearly a month's pay in order to avoid the possible detection of one of their number!

The cold-blooded contractor, who was more than a thousand dollars in pocket over the transaction, remarked that "If they'd sand bag another such a waster ev'ry day uv the week, it 'ud make contracts worth figgerin' on."

Another noticeable feature of the Dago, besides his *esprit de corps*, is his talent with regard to blood, which is similar to that exercised by the unskillful writer in the use of ink—he can make a very little go a very long way.

One afternoon there was a terrific row on the grade. Running to see what was the matter, I found that an aged Dago had jammed his finger between two pieces of rock. Not more than a spoonful of blood at the most had been spilt, but the man looked like a slaughter-house. An Englishman with a newly-killed bullock at his entire disposal could not have made himself look a more sanguinary object. The venerable Italian, his long, white hair in striking contrast to his dark skin and flashing black eyes, was holding his injured finger up in the air, and was pirouetting round it as though it were a pivot, screaming maledictions, which were "Amen"-ed at appropriate intervals by his surrounding compatriots.

"A devil of devils of a finger," he said it was. "Always had it been a curse to him. Always in his way. Santa Maria! A very toe of a finger! Might it drop off and give him a chance to succeed in life." And his friends agreed with him in sympathetic Italian.

Though of a passionate temperament, the Dago does not always shed blood, even in his most violent personal encounters.

One evening word was passed that there was a fight on in the Dago quarters. We went up to see.

The men had formed a circle in which the two foes were hard at it. A coat was wrapped round each left arm; an angry-looking knife glittered in each right hand. Swiftly and stealthily they circled round and round, eye fixed on eye.

Ah! Swift as the lightning-flash shot out a vicious blade, and we drew our breath sharply at the nimble parry.



"THEY PROWLED AROUND, WAITING THE OPENING FOR A DEADLY SPRING."

Tireless as tiger-cats, and as evil faced, they prowled around, waiting the opening for a deadly spring.

At length the tension grew almost unbearable.

"Will they never get any closer?" I hoarsely whispered to a foreman who stood beside me.

"Guess not," said he. "'Bout forty feet's their fightin' range."

As interesting as any foreigner on the grade was Sam McBean himself, and, as I had all my

meals with him and slept in the same room, I saw much of his character that may be worth recording.

Concentration of purpose is supposed nowadays to be the true secret of success in any walk of life; if this be true, then Sam is, at this present moment, enjoying an unparalleled success as a railroad man, for he possessed this faculty of concentration to so great an extent that it was barely distinguishable from monomania. On many a cold night have I known him to sit upright in his bunk. Staring fixedly in front of him, not more than half awake, his head tightly jammed against the roof of his bunk, he would mutter: "Them dogwollopin' Dagoes left three picks on the grade at Station No. 11. Them sub-contract Swedes 'll have 'em at dawn."

By this time he would have one leg out of bed, and in another second would be strolling off to the grade, clad only in his shirt and boots, to rescue the picks, or the drills, or the hammers which, it had been revealed to him, were in jeopardy.

How he discovered their danger of being stolen was, and is, a mystery; I firmly believe that he was gifted with a species of second-sight which applied only to matters connected with railroading. Be that as it may, however, he was always right—the things were always there.

From one of these lightly-clad, break-o'-day excursions he returned one morning more wide-awake and more rapidly than usual.

"Bear in a tree by the trail," said he, as he rolled into bed,

"A bear?" I cried, springing out of my bunk, and shaking him awake again. "Where?"

"Up a tree," he replied, without opening his eyes.

"What tree?" I insisted.

"By the trail," said he, with a tiny strip of indignant eyeball showing in his near eye.

"How far off?" I asked.

"Near by," he replied, as he impatiently opened one eye, and shut it again suddenly, apparently for fear that I should use force to keep it open.

In a very few moments I was out on the trail with my old Marlin. About a hundred yards from the cabin I found my quarry.

The trail ran along the side of a steep bank, and the branches of a fir tree growing some distance downhill were on a level with my eyes and some twenty feet distant from them. On one of these branches, its fore-paws resting on the next higher branch, sat my bear. Even in the dim light of early dawn it looked small for a bear. I decided that it must be a cub, and for a few moments was doubtful about tackling

it, knowing that the mother would not be far off, and knowing well from experience that the dusk of morning—or evening either, for that matter—is no time to do any accurate shooting. A bear with a wounded or dead cub, too, is as safe a thing to play with as is the proverbial "buzz-saw."

Resolving, however, to take chances, and with that feeling of internal liquefaction which always—in my own case, at any rate—immediately precedes the pulling of the trigger on anything like big game, I let fly.

The creature received my shot in stony silence. I began to think that I had missed it clean, and as it sat there imagined it to be staring at me reproachfully, though it was too dark to see its eyes. I was about to fire again when it slowly slid its hind legs off the branch and hung suspended by its fore-paws. In a few more moments these, too, relaxed and the beast fell, with a sounding thump, to the foot of the tree, thence to roll down the hillside until it brought up against the butt of a tree still farther down.

To see if there were any sign of the mother-bear, I waited for a while to let it get lighter, but as she gave no indication of her presence I cautiously let myself down the bank towards my victim.

It was a queer-looking beast with straight, bristle-like, grey hair sticking out all over it. Its size was about that of a thick-set collie dog. Examining it more closely—it was darker down amongst the trees than it had been on the trail—I pricked my fingers.

My bear was a porcupine!

On being reproached for his lack of sporting spirit, Sam implied, by means of skilfully modulated grunts, that he had known all the time there was no bear about, and managed to convey the impression, too, that had there been the slightest necessity, he would have been the first to attack the creature with a blunt table-knife, had no better weapon been available.

Though hating anything not intimately connected with railroading, Sam seemed to be ever in the way of adventures with wild beasts. After the experience he had with me he will avoid, I am quite sure, the employment of anybody in a railroad camp who possesses a tendency towards hunting.

Towards the end of my engagement a pair of skunks had annoyed us very much by housing themselves under our cabin and fighting there.

It is utterly impossible to convey, by words merely, the faintest idea of the smell which these creatures can produce, at will, for their protection. I can only say, then, that the scent permeates the air to such an extent as to lead

one to believe that the atmosphere is actually thick with it. It is so bad that I have, for the sake of experiment, waved an empty baking-powder tin in the vitiated air, put on the lid, and, after a lapse of days, opened the tin in the fresh air, when the smell has been distinctly noticeable a long way off. An insidious, penetrating, horrible smell it is, too.

Knowing all this at the time, I was sufficiently bold, or foolish, being unable to get rid of our unwelcome visitors in any other way, to make an opening on one side of the cabin below the level of the floor. I then took up one of the flooring-boards, inserted my gun, one arm, and my head through this latter opening, and in that uncomfortable position awaited until one of the animals passed between me and the patch of light in the outside wall.

Now a skunk, if it be killed instantly, does not emit any obnoxious smell, but it would seem that I had not the good fortune to kill this one quickly; and, as ill-luck would have it, a single drop of the matter from the skunk's defensive gland struck me on the back of the hand. In appearance it resembled clear, thin honey but with this resemblance the likeness ended. As the stuff smarted, I thoughtlessly wiped the back of my hand on the leg of my trousers. From that moment I became an outcast, even from the society of men who

did not aspire to "a social standing"—men who habitually ate peas with the blade of a knife, and did it with an air of enjoyment.

There was no need to tell anybody that I had killed a skunk; everyone within a radius of half a mile knew it under a quarter of an hour.

Sam, besides being choked with the smell, was speechless with indignation. Every time he opened his mouth to express his lurid opinion of me a fresh dose of skunk odour

gagged him. That night we had to take our blankets and sleep in the open. Far away from the camp was I driven. Strong men needed all their strength to hold their noses whilst they shouted muffled maledictions at me from a distance as great as the carrying capacity of their voices would allow. There was no need for me to follow the example of the lepers of old, who cried for "Room, room"—all had due warning of my approach, and all gave way willingly for my passage. I tried washing, bathing; it only seemed to make matters worse.

I cannot say that, as time went on, I grew to like the smell, but I certainly got used to it to such an extent that I forgot the ban laid on me so far as to approach strangers, with the intention of addressing them, but was invariably warned off before I was near enough to do them much damage.

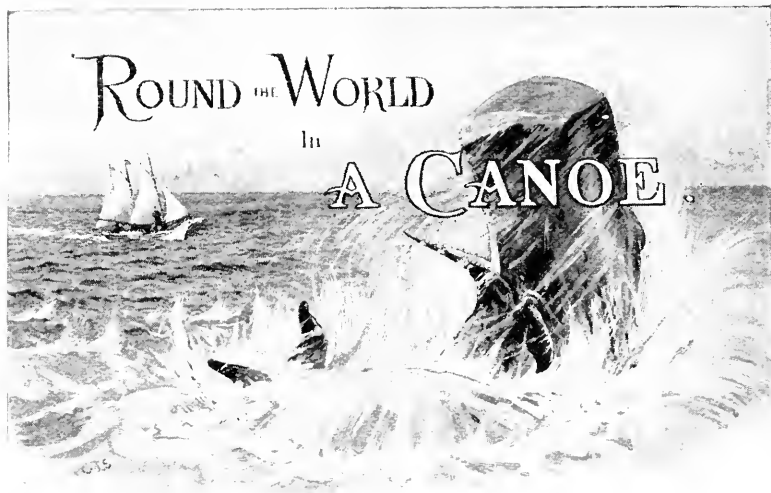
It so happened that at this time the work on the grade was brought to an unexpected conclusion. I have never quite decided whether work was shut down specially to get rid of me, but I have no doubt at all that every man in the camp welcomed the loss of his job, looking upon it as a blessed deliverance from me.

When I went up to head-quarters to draw my pay I anticipated that the contractor would have something to say about the sacks of sugar, flour, and oatmeal, as well as the cases of chewing

and smoking tobacco that had been tainted by the smell and rendered unsaleable, but on approaching his office I found that he had scented my arrival and had fled to the adjacent woods. The accountant shouted at me, when I was still a hundred yards away, to stand still on pain of death. He then approached, holding his nose, until within twenty yards of my position, when he laid down a packet of notes and silver to the amount of my pay.



"SAM, BESIDES BEING CHOKED WITH THE SMELL, WAS SPEECHLESS WITH INDIGNATION."



BY W. S. GILLARD.

In our last issue we published an account of a daring voyage across the Atlantic in an open boat. Here is the story of a much more ambitious venture—nothing less than the circumnavigation of the world in a canoe! Captain Voss, the hardy mariner who has undertaken this amazing feat, has already completed nearly twenty-five thousand miles of his cruise, and the subjoined narrative sets forth his adventures on what is surely the most remarkable voyage on record.



WHEN Captain Slocum, of *Spray* fame, decided to attempt the feat of sailing around the world in a thirteen-ton boat, there were those who said he was mad, and few thought he would survive the many dangers and vicissitudes which on such a voyage he would necessarily have to contend with. That he did successfully accomplish his self-imposed task all the world now knows, but not many people are aware that there is every prospect of the gallant captain's record being broken and his laurels carried off by Captain J. C. Voss, who is sailing around the world in a tiny canoe of one and a half tons weight and two and a half tons displacement, or just ten and a half tons lighter than Captain Slocum's little *Spray*.

The originator of this daring attempt to break the record was a Mr. Luxon, of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, who engaged Captain Voss as the most likely man to bring the event off. The boat selected for the purpose was an old Alaska Indian war-canoe, dug out from a single tree-trunk forty-three years ago.

Her measurements are: Length of keel, thirty feet, with a beam over deck of six feet; depth from the deck, two feet six inches; her cabin roof being fourteen inches higher. She is

decked in all over except for the cockpit at the stern, which leads into the tiny cabin. The cabin itself is eight feet long and five feet wide, with a bunk and bench.

The canoe is schooner-rigged, with three very slender masts carrying thirty-eight square yards of canvas, and has room for six months' provisions and three months' supply of water.

This is a description of the *Tilikum*, and it was in this frail-looking craft that Captain Voss, with Mr. Luxon as his mate and companion, set sail from Victoria, British Columbia, on the 21st of May, 1901, to circumnavigate the globe.

One of the reasons why Captain Voss chose this small, unseaworthy-looking canoe to make his voyage in was, of course, to prove that a boat much smaller than the *Spray* could be navigated across the trackless ocean, and another reason was that he wished to demonstrate the capabilities of his "Improved Sea and Surf Anchor" to enable any small craft to ride safely through a storm. This sea-anchor is shaped like a jelly-bag, and may be seen in the photograph of the captain which accompanies this article.

The adventurers had not proceeded far on their course when they were overtaken by a storm, which caused them to run for shelter off the west coast of Vancouver Island.

"After we had left Cape Flattery," said Captain Voss, "I saw a whale in its death-agony. It reared itself, head up, out of the depths until its whole body was exposed, and then fell back with a mighty splash. It was heading straight for the boat, and six times it towered up out of the water—the last time within fifty feet of us. It stood up like a mountain, and the noise as it fell back was like a heavy sea breaking. This was its last effort, however, and when it came near I saw the cause of its struggles. Fountains of blood were pouring from its sides; it had evidently been pursued and stabbed by a ferocious swordfish, hunting apparently alone, for I saw no sign of its usual partner in these attacks, the thresher shark."

The first heavy gale was encountered two hundred miles from shore, but the little *Tilikum* rode through it safely.

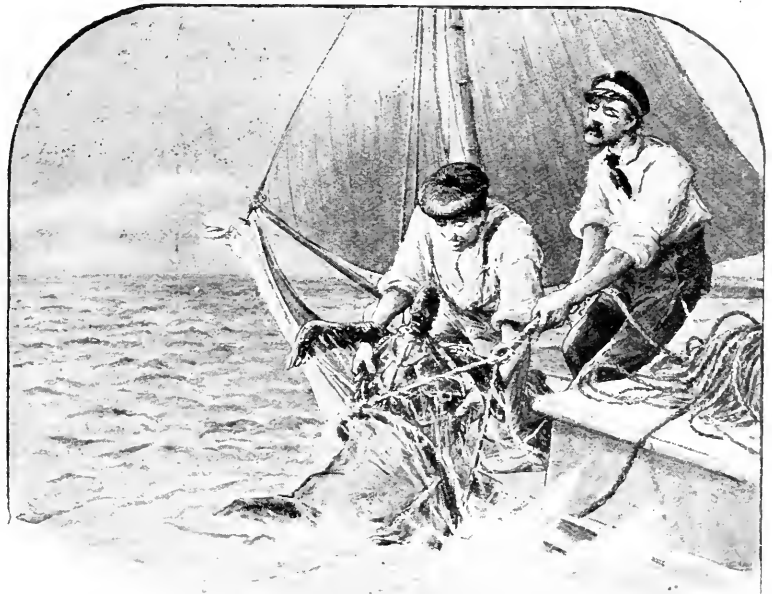
Sailing down the North Pacific the monotony was broken by catching a sea turtle in the sea-anchor. A run of fifty-eight days—during a fortnight of which the boat lay becalmed in the Doldrums—brought the navigators to the Island of Penrhyn, in the Manihiki group, where every preparation was made for a fight with the islanders, who have an evil reputation. The guns were loaded and sandbags placed around the boat, and behind this bulwark Captain Voss and his mate waited for the expected attack. To their great surprise, however, the natives showed themselves very friendly and offered them every hospitality; in fact, so well did the islanders treat them that the mariners found it difficult to tear themselves away, and when the voyagers again set sail they had a splendid send-off.

The next port was Mankicky Island, where the king invited the plucky voyagers to a banquet of roast pig and many other native delicacies. A table twenty feet long simply groaned with good things, whilst underneath a great number of cocoanuts were placed ready for the use of the company. In the evening the guests were escorted to the lagoon where the boat was anchored, and decorated by the natives

with flowers and ribbons. They were next taken to a beautiful open space among the palm-trees to hear a singing festival, followed by a general dance. The whole population joined in, the men on one side and the women on the other. Even the little children took part in this entertainment. Captain Voss says the dancing was magnificent.

From Mankicky Island they went to Danger Island, and thence to Samoa, where they also had a good reception, visiting the grave of the late Robert Louis Stevenson.

The next place called at was the island

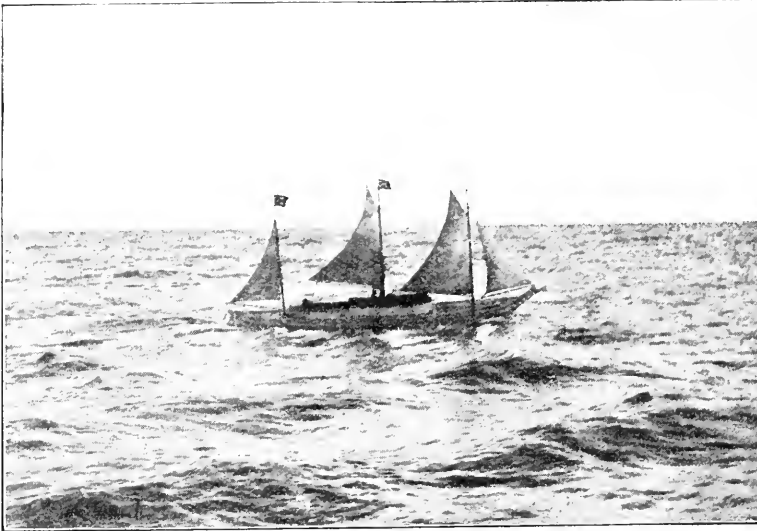


"THE MONOTONY WAS BROKEN BY CATCHING A SEA TURTLE."

of Niau-fu, and after that the *Tilikum* put in at a small uninhabited island, where the two men found traces of an old resort of pirates. While enjoying the luxury of a bath just before leaving this place they had an exciting swim for life from a shark.

The voyagers next sailed for Suva, the capital of the Fiji Islands, where Mr. Luxon, who had had enough of cruising in a canoe, bade good-bye to the *Tilikum*, and Captain Voss was obliged to look about for a new companion.

The daring navigator succeeded in engaging as his mate for the voyage to Sydney, his next port, a man by the name of Luis Regent. Although a good sailor he was very unfortunate, for on the fifth day out from Suva he fell overboard and was drowned. It happened in this way. The two men were taking watch and



From a]

THE "TILIKUM" AT SEA.

[Photo.

watch about, Captain Voss's watch being from six o'clock till midnight. At about 11.30 the binnacle lamp went out; but in the glorious moonlight of those latitudes the steersman could see the compass plainly by the light of the moon, so he took the instrument out of the binnacle and placed it at his feet. At twelve o'clock Regent took the rudder. Captain Voss passed the compass over to him, and he was in the act of picking it up when a heavy sea struck the *Tilikum* on the weather side. Regent lost his balance and went over the side with the compass in his hand. The boat was brought up into the wind, the sails let down, and the sea-anchor thrown out, the captain shouting all the time to attract his mate's notice, but there was no response. Regent disappeared in a second and never rose again. As an explanation of his mate's sudden disappearance the captain stated that a man, whether he can swim or not, always comes to the surface, and

the fact that the boat had been followed by sharks all through the Pacific Ocean, and that one of the voracious brutes was always swimming on the lee-side, where it could see the helmsman, gives rise to the suspicion that poor Regent was seized by a shark.

When he had lost all hope of recovering his companion Captain Voss took his altitude, got his position, and then, with an aching heart, set sail on his lonely voyage. The weather was squally, and it was necessary to keep awake night and day, so that one can imagine what the solitary navigator's

condition must have been. After five days of this awe-inspiring loneliness the captain dozed, tired out for want of rest. While he slept a



"REGENT LOST HIS BALANCE AND WENT OVER THE SIDE WITH THE COMPASS IN HIS HAND."



sudden squall struck the boat, heeling her over, and the mast carrying the sail immediately went by the board. Relieved of this weight the *Tilikum* righted herself, and Captain Voss threw out his sea-anchor and lay-to for forty-eight hours. In the meantime he spliced his mast, got things shipshape, and resumed his journey to Sydney.

A couple of days later it blew a gale, and shortly afterwards the captain saw six water-spouts, rising up from the sea apparently into the clouds, bearing down upon him. One of the spouts got within two hundred feet of the boat, so that he could hear its roaring with terrible distinctness, and then Captain Voss, cool-headed even under these appalling circumstances, fired into its centre, with the result that it immediately collapsed with a noise like the falling of a cataract. At six o'clock there was a storm of thunder and lightning, and then the weather cleared. All through this bad weather the *Tilikum* had been riding at her sea-anchor, and not shipping a drop of water, but when the wind set in fair from the south-east the captain trimmed his sails once more for Sydney. After a voyage lasting twenty-three days, owing to the loss of his

mate and his compass, he calculated that he would be thirty miles off Sydney Harbour light-house at nine o'clock that night. At nine-fifteen he made out the light ahead of him, and the next morning sailed into the harbour. To judge this remarkable feat of seamanship at its true value, it must be borne in

mind that Captain Voss had no compass, that he had no chronometer, but only a watch, and that he had to take bearings with a sextant only a few feet above the water-level, a matter of difficulty, as with anything of a sea on the waves were constantly coming between the observer and the horizon.

At Sydney Captain Voss met Mr. Luxon again, but when he heard of the loss of *Regent*

that gentleman declined to resume the voyage, and advised Captain Voss to give it up and return with him to British Columbia. But the latter remained firm, saying that he had commenced the cruise and if he was spared would complete it.

A man named Hamilton was shipped, and after leaving Newcastle the *Tilikum* encountered another gale, which she rode out with the sea-anchor. During this time a large sailing vessel of some two thousand tons came along. Seeing this small craft out on the open sea, and naturally supposing that she was a castaway, the captain of the vessel drew near, but before he had time to speak the skipper of the wee *Tilikum* had the cool audacity to hail the big ship and ask whether *she* needed any assistance! Needless to say, the barque proceeded on her course without deigning any reply to the kind inquiry.

The *Tilikum* then proceeded to Melbourne, where she was exhibited; thence overland to Ballarat, and thence to Geelong *via* the sea again.

Here Hamilton disappeared, and another man was shipped for the run to Adelaide. Leaving

Adelaide for Hobart the new mate fell overboard in a gale. Captain Voss immediately jumped over after him with a life-line and succeeded in rescuing him, but was unable to restore him to consciousness for some time. "I brought him round," said the captain, "in a way worth knowing. I took off his left boot and hit him on

the head with it as hard as I could. He stirred immediately. I cannot explain why, but there it is. I have seen a policeman do it with a drunken man, and most successful it was."

Captain Voss left Hobart in February, 1903, for New Zealand, and people told him he would never get there, for in the Tasman Sea you have as nasty weather as anywhere in the world, not excepting even the dreaded Horn. All through



From a) THE "TILIKUM" OFF THE COAST OF NEW ZEALAND. [I foto.

the voyage the *Tilikum* only shipped one green sea, and that one was on the passage to New Zealand. The boat had been kept too long before the wind in very heavy weather, with the consequence that a big wave smashed the wash-board round the cockpit, swished into the cabin, swilling things about generally, and nearly drowned the mate. For ten days the poor fellows had no warm meal to eat and no

New Hebrides Islands, where he met some real cannibals.

Next the little canoe negotiated the Great Barrier Reef, sailed through Torres Straits, between New Guinea and Australia, to Thursday Island, and thence into the Arafura Sea, where the captain fell ill. The voyagers accordingly made for land in the hope of finding a doctor, but found it uninhabited. Near the coast the



"HE LAY DOWN ON THE BEACH EXPECTING TO DIE."

dry bed to sleep on. Finally, the little boat entered the harbour of Invercargill, the most southerly city in the world. All through New Zealand Captain Voss and his mate got splendid receptions. They called at Dunedin, Oamaru, Timaru, Lyttelton, Wellington, New Plymouth, Nelson, Napier, and Auckland.

Going through Cook's Straits in a gale on a dark night the *Tilikum* narrowly escaped total destruction, the mate fainting from exhaustion and sea-sickness. A white whale was met with in sailing through the French Pass, and it is said that this leviathan goes alongside vessels in quite a friendly manner, and is well known to mariners who frequent these waters.\*

At Auckland Captain Voss's mate left him, and another man was taken on. This man afterwards started on a voyage, with a companion, in a boat named the *Ki-Ora*, but nine days out from New Zealand he fell from aloft and was killed.

From Auckland Captain Voss sailed to the

*Tilikum* struck a rock and capsized, but the pair managed to right her again. The captain was so ill that he lay down on the beach, expecting to die. At last the mate helped his companion on board again and concocted a dose of medicine which relieved him. It was a stiff dose of mustard and water, and Captain Voss has never been ill since.

In sailing through the Indian Ocean the voyagers ran short of water, and were only saved from a water famine, and perhaps an agonizing death from thirst, by a timely fall of rain. Their course led across the Indian Ocean far south of Ceylon, till they sighted Madagascar. On the way to Durban, South Africa, the boat was caught in a cyclone, which they weathered successfully, and shortly afterwards entered Durban Harbour, where they met with a grand reception.

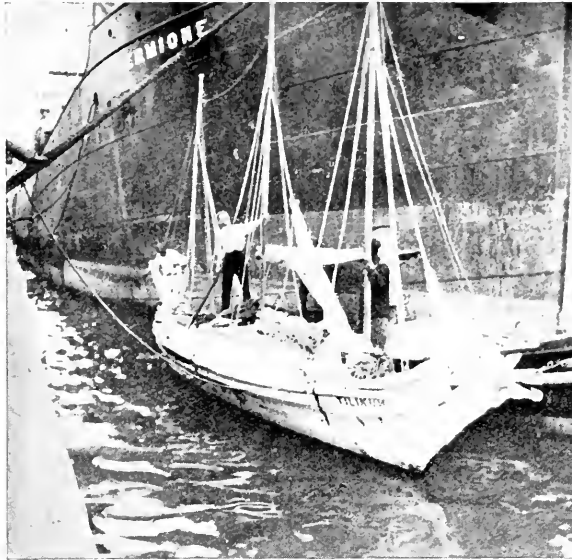
From Durban the *Tilikum* went overland to Pietermaritzburg, Johannesburg, and Pretoria, being the only ocean sailing-boat ever seen in the Transvaal.

From the Transvaal the canoe was sent by rail to East London, whence she sailed to Port

\* Evidently "Pelorus Jack," a photograph of whom appeared in our issue for July, 1902.—Ed.

Elizabeth. After leaving the latter place the boat was caught in a gale and ran to Mossel Bay for shelter. She met with another storm off Cape Agulhas, and altogether had a very nasty time of it until she got into Table Bay. Captain Voss had intended to call into Simons Bay, but the weather was so thick off the Cape of Good Hope that he could not see the light, and he was round the point before he knew his position, so he made for Table Bay instead, getting a friendly tow in by a trawler on Sunday, the 27th of March, 1904. The *Tilikum* had so far travelled twenty-four thousand six hundred miles by sea and one thousand seven hundred miles overland.

At Cape Town his mate, Cairns, left the *Tilikum* to go home by steamer, and a young fellow, whom Captain Voss had met in Pretoria, gave up a good position on the railway to take his place for the remainder of the voyage. There has, by the way, been quite a run of applicants for the position of mate of the



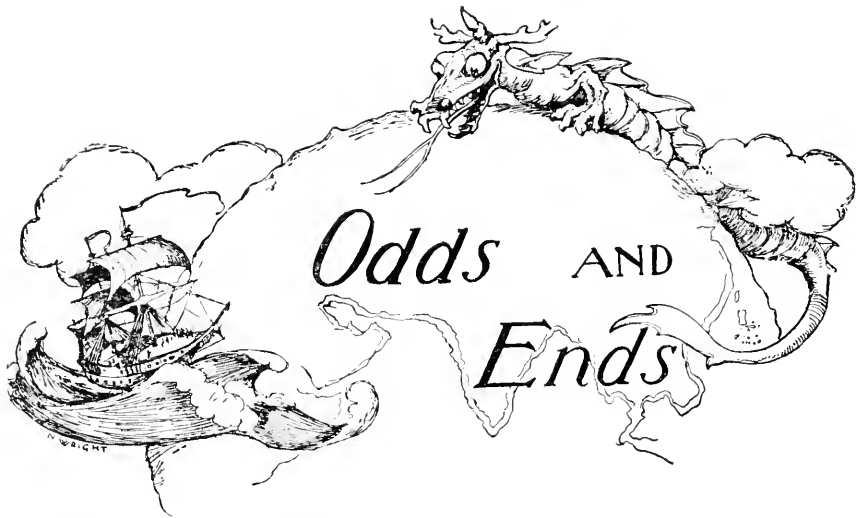
DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE—THE LITTLE "TILIKUM" LYING ALONGSIDE A BIG OCEAN-GOING STEAMER AT EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA.  
From a Photo.

from a sling in Australia, had opened up, and she leaked very considerably. The non-departure of the boat at the appointed time was caused by a second overhauling, which was found necessary

when water was put into her to test her. However, she was ready at last, and after everything in the way of stores had been put on board, the brave little *Tilikum* left South Africa on the 13th of April for Pernambuco, South America, a distance of three thousand miles, and from thence to England.



From a] CAPTAIN J. C. VOSS AND HIS SEA-ANCHOR. {Photo.



Where Dogs Haul the Fire-engine—The Swinging Fakir—The "Nature Man"—A Deserted Mill—  
Chinese Thieves in Stocks, etc., etc.



OGS have been used for many curious purposes in various countries, but it is safe to say there is only one place on the face of the earth where their services have been called in to draw the local fire-engine. That

this has been done with success at Dawson City, the famous Klondike gold-mining town, the accompanying photograph bears witness. The principal difficulty in employing man's canine friend in this way has been found to lie in his natural excitability. His energies and enthusiasm



From a Photo. by

DOGS HAULING THE FIRE-ENGINE AT DAWSON CITY.

[N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.

are undoubted, but if by wheeling round sharply he can upset the whole turn-out he and his mates are apt to exhibit a schoolboy delight which is rather annoying when a serious fire is in progress. The sight of a cat, too, might upset the mental equilibrium of the team to a dangerous extent.

The remarkable photograph next reproduced shows a Hindu ascetic swinging head downward over a hot fire. Concerning it a missionary writes: "Last year, in March, I attended the Hindu fair at Gola Gokaranath, in North India, and secured a photograph of this devotee,

Half an hour later he descended—or rather he swung himself around, grasped the rope, and went up it hand over hand as nimbly as a monkey, and, having adjusted the rope's fastenings, came down and sat on the ground. I asked whether he would talk with me, and he arose with great deference and stood before me, naked save for a scanty loin-cloth. I asked him his age. He laughed outright and said, 'Well, I don't know, but maybe you can tell by my teeth?' upon which he opened his mouth; but for one or two snags worn down to the gums it was toothless. He



THIS REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A HINDU FAKIR SWINGING HEAD DOWNWARD OVER A HOT FIRE. HE KEPT UP THE PERFORMANCE PRACTICALLY FROM EIGHT IN THE MORNING TILL FIVE IN THE AFTERNOON.

who had been swinging head downward practically from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon. Sometimes he swung by one leg, sometimes by the other; sometimes by both. The picture shows him at the turning-point, his twenty-foot rope being attached to a tree above him—the same tree that appears to the left. The man in the foreground is swinging him by a small rope seen in his left hand. Before this man is a pile of ashes on which a cloth is spread. On the cloth the spectators threw coins and sometimes grain. Next to that is the fire in a keen blaze (which, of course, does not show in the picture), newly fed with wood. It was a hot fire, a yard in diameter, and the man's head passed through the blaze each time he came to the perpendicular. This year I went again to the same fair, and there was the same man swinging from the same tree!

said he was almost a man when the Mutiny broke out. This would make him about sixty-four. The 'swinger' informed me that he went through his performance to gain merit with the gods. He had swung in all the prominent fairs of India, but this was his home fair, and he had swung on the selfsame tree for twenty years past. He was very sorrowful, however, because he had been told that the tree was shortly to be destroyed."

A correspondent in Honolulu, Hawaiian Island, sends us the following photograph, concerning which he writes as under: "This is a picture of E. W. Darling, who calls himself the 'Nature man.' He arrived in Honolulu from California, and created quite a sensation when he came down the gang-plank from the steamer, crowds collecting around him in a very short time and following him all round the



E. W. DARLING, THE "NATURE MAN." GIVEN UP BY THE DOCTORS, HE TURNED HIS BACK ON CIVILIZATION AND LIVED ON NUTS AND FRUITS. HE IS NOW WELL AND STRONG.  
*From a Photo. by the "Honolulu Advertiser."*

town. Several years ago he lost his health, his weight diminished to less than ninety pounds, and pneumonia and consumption set in. He was expected to die, his lungs being so weak that the doctors gave him up. Darling, however, did not despair. He went out into the woods, lived in a five-acre patch near Portland, Oregon, and began a 'natural life.' He abandoned clothes, went almost naked, and followed the manner of living of the squirrels. He eats nothing but nuts and fruits, and refuses to partake of any prepared food whatsoever. The result of this revolutionary mode of living is that he is now a strong, hardy man, weighing close on one hundred and eighty pounds. He is extremely handsome, and has posed to several artists for Scriptural pictures. You can imagine the sensation created in the streets by a man promenading in the costume depicted in the illustration."

The curious rock formation seen in the annexed photograph is one of the

most beautiful objects amongst the lovely islands of Matsushima, Japan. In most countries of the globe fantastic legends are woven about such works of Nature's art, and the imaginative and Nature-loving Japanese are not backward in the invention of similar interesting stories. Consequently there are many tales told concerning the origin of this wonderful archway. One story—suggested, no doubt, by the geological history plainly written in its well-marked strata—is that a beautiful Princess was drifting helplessly in her boat, lost among the islands, when suddenly this huge gateway rose from out the sea. The astonished Princess passed through it and found herself in the Enchanted Land—where, of course, she lived happily ever afterwards. The stones now so plentifully scattered in the passage prevent any intruder from following the example of the legendary Princess.

At Sinaia, in the Roumanian highlands, the Crown Princess, once Princess Marie of Edinburgh, perhaps remembering the "Swiss Family Robinson," has built for her children a little house among the tree-tops, just like the famous one we have all read about in the days of our youth. It is only possible to photograph this eyrie in the winter time, for in the summer the leaves on the sur-



AN EXTRAORDINARY ROCK FORMATION IN JAPAN.  
*From a Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.*



rounding trees conceal it entirely. Sinaia is one of the most enchanting places in Europe, and the Princess spends several months of the year in her country seat, which she has fitted up in the most charming manner and adorned with all kinds of quaint and original surprises like the house in the branches, in which the little Roumanian princes can play at "Swiss Family Robinson" to their hearts' content.

Away back in the mountains of California, north of San



NATURE HAS CLOTHED THIS ANCIENT WATER-WHEEL WITH CLOSE-GROWING CREEPERS AND WILD FLOWERS, PRESENTING A SPECTACLE OF WONDROUS BEAUTY. [Photo. From a]



IN THIS LITTLE LYRIE AMONG THE TREES THE YOUNG ROUMANIAN PRINCES PLAY AT "SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON." [Photo. From a]

Francisco, and somewhat off the beaten track, stands a curious old relic of the pioneer days. It is an ancient water-wheel, once used to supply power for a lumber-mill. It was abandoned long since, and the wild ivy and flowers of the woodland have claimed it for their own. In some other spot the wheel might have rotted away in an insightfully old age, but the Californian mountains bear no malice toward this giant that robbed them of so many of their pines, and they have given of their best to protect it from the elements. Only the occasional camper comes upon this old wheel, for the mill has disappeared and the people of St. Helena, the nearest town, seldom come this way, but it is a sight that can hardly be equalled in any of the botanical gardens of the world, the great wheel being entirely covered from top to bottom with close-growing creepers and wild flowers.





From a)

CHINESE THIEVES IN THE STOCKS AT HONG-KONG.

[Photo.]

The old-time custom of placing evil-doers in the stocks to meditate upon their misdeeds in full view of the passers-by—constituting at once both a punishment and an object-lesson—still survives in many countries. The photograph reproduced above was taken recently in Hong-Kong, and shows four Chinamen, who had been convicted of stealing cutlery and table ware from

the house of a European, in the stocks. In accordance with local custom, a card giving particulars of their offence is stuck in front of one of the men. A peculiar thing about the picture is the look of shame on the culprits' faces. Whether this is due to their position, or to the additional indignity of being photographed by a "foreign devil," it is impossible to say.



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.

# INDEX.

	PAGE
ABYSSINIA, SPORT AND ADVENTURE IN ... .. . Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>H. Morgan Browne.</i> 228, 374
"AMIRAL GUEYDON," THE WRECK OF THE ... .. . Illustrations by E. S. Hodgson and from Photographs and a Facsimile.	<i>Frederic Lees.</i> 368
"APACHE KID," THE ... .. . Illustrations by George Soper and from Photographs.	<i>William Macleod Raine.</i> 445
ARCTIC ICE, ADRIFT ON THE ... .. . Illustrations by W. C. Symons and from Photographs.	<i>Captain Jay Jenson.</i> 90
ATLANTIC IN AN OPEN BOAT, ACROSS THE ... .. . Illustrations by W. C. Symons and from Photographs, Facsimiles, and a Map.	<i>Frederic Lees.</i> 463
"BAD MAN," THE PASSING OF THE ... .. . Illustrations by H. Sandham and from Photographs.	<i>R. M. Waters.</i> 281
BAROTSE, AMONG THE ... .. . Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Colonel Colin Harding, C.M.G.</i> 450, 560
BLACK BEAR, THE ... .. . Illustrations by W. S. Stacey.	<i>James Bari.</i> 117
BULL HUNT, LORD DALMENY'S... .. . Illustrations by A. Pearse and from Photographs.	<i>H. L. Adam.</i> 350
CAMP, AN UP-RIVER ... .. . Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>A. E. Johnson.</i> 289
CARIBOU STAG, "HELD UP" BY A ... .. . Illustrations by Norman H. Hardy.	<i>Arthur P. Silver.</i> 356
CHECKMATE! THE ROMANCE OF AN ORCHID ... .. . Illustrations by Paul Hardy and from a Photograph and an Engraving.	<i>F. Sander.</i> 295
CORPORATION, A POCKET ... .. . Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>W. H. Knowles.</i> 121
DANCING GILLES OF BINCHE, THE ... .. . Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Emile Dessaix.</i> 497
DEER-HUNT, MY FIRST ... .. . Illustrations by A. C. Macheferl and from Photographs.	<i>W. R. Pedrick.</i> 172
DERELICT, TWENTY DAYS ON A ... .. . Illustrations by W. C. Symons and from Photographs and a Chart.	<i>Captain W. H. Gerard.</i> 586
"DEVIL-FISH," IN THE CLUTCHES OF A ... .. . Illustrations by E. S. Hodgson.	<i>Captain Wilton Forster.</i> 143
DIAMOND, THE STORY OF THE "JAGERSFONTEIN" ... .. . Illustrations by W. B. Wollen, R.I., and from Photographs.	<i>Edwin W. Streeter.</i> 581
DRIFTING TO DESTRUCTION ... .. . Illustrations by A. Pearse and from Photographs.	<i>N. de Bertrand Lugrin.</i> 535
DYNAMITERS, THE ... .. . Illustrations by H. Sandham and from Photographs.	<i>Walter G. Patterson.</i> 315
ELIJAH, THE ESCAPE OF ... .. . Illustrations by A. Pearse and from Photographs.	<i>Raymond Harrison.</i> 299

	PAGE
ENGAGEMENT, A ONE-NIGHT ... .. Illustrations by R. E. M. Paxton and from Photographs.	... <i>H. Houdini.</i> 402
ENGLISH CAVE-DWELLERS OF TO-DAY ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	... <i>A. E. Johnson.</i> 603
"FLYING DUTCHMAN," THE ... .. Illustrations by E. S. Hodgson and from a Photograph.	... <i>J. Gordon Smith.</i> 419, 540
FREIGHT CAR, FIVE THOUSAND MILES IN A ... .. Illustrations by H. Sandham and from Photographs and a Map.	... <i>E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.</i> 426
GAME ON EARTH, THE MADDEST ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	... <i>Eld. Ritson.</i> 166
GAOL-BREAK AT FOLSOM, THE ... .. Illustrations by H. Sandham and from Photographs, a Facsimile, and a Map.	... <i>Arthur Inkersley.</i> 30
GRACE DARLING, A FRENCH ... .. Illustrations by W. C. Symons and from Photographs.	... <i>The Baron de Dompnard.</i> 407
GRAND BANKS, THE GRAVEYARD OF THE ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	... <i>P. T. McGrath.</i> 45
HAUNTED TOMB, THE ... .. Illustrations by Charles M. Sheldon and from Photographs.	... <i>C. H. Shanley, C.E.</i> 211
HERMIT OF ORANGE, THE ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	... <i>Stephen J. Breen.</i> 198
HONEYMOON, A DISASTROUS ... .. Illustrations by W. C. Symons and from Photographs.	... <i>Mrs. G. A. Lindström.</i> 125
HOUSE AMONG THE PINES, THE ... .. Illustrations by Gilbert Holiday and from Photographs.	... <i>Miss Mary L. Cadwell.</i> 489
IMPRISONED BENEATH THE SEA ... .. Illustrations by A. Pearse and from a Photograph.	... <i>R. E. Webster.</i> 194
IMST, THE MASKED PROCESSION OF... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	... <i>George Dollar.</i> 23
INDIAN CHARMS ... .. Illustrations from Photographs and Facsimiles.	... <i>J. Wallace.</i> 573
JAPAN, THE CHERRY FESTIVAL IN ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	... <i>George Lynch.</i> 216
KELLYS, THE LAST STAND OF THE .. ... .. Illustrations by Frank Mahony and from a Sketch by the Author.	... <i>Ker Campbell.</i> 595
LEFT IN CHARGE ... .. Illustrations by H. Fullwood and from a Photograph.	... <i>Roope Williams.</i> 469
LION, CARRIED OFF BY A ... .. Illustrations by J. Macfarlane and from Photographs.	... <i>R. S. Parmenter.</i> 512
LIVERPOOL, AN ELEPHANT HUNT IN ... .. Illustrations by Lawson Wood and from a Photograph.	... <i>W. Simpson Cross, F.Z.S.</i> 243
LONELIEST PLACE ON EARTH, THE ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	... <i>H. W. Cotterell, R.N.</i> 486
LUNATIC, THE ADVENTURES OF A MAKE-BELIEVE ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	... <i>John N. Raphael.</i> 39
MANCHURIA ON A TRANSPORT TRAIN, THROUGH ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	... <i>A. Hall Hall, F.R.G.S.</i> 84
MILLIONAIRE'S ADVENTURE, A ... .. Illustrations by Paul Hardy and from Photographs.	... <i>Luigi Pescio.</i> 381
MINE, THE ROMANCE OF A LOST ... .. Illustrations by Norman H. Hardy.	... <i>Edmund G. Kinyon.</i> 139
MONTE CRISTO, A MODERN ... .. Illustrations by A. H. Fullwood and from Photographs.	... <i>The Viscount de Soissons.</i> 555
"MOUNTAIN DEW," THE MAKERS OF ... .. Illustrations by R. H. Rahilly and from Photographs.	... <i>Seumas MacManus.</i> 54



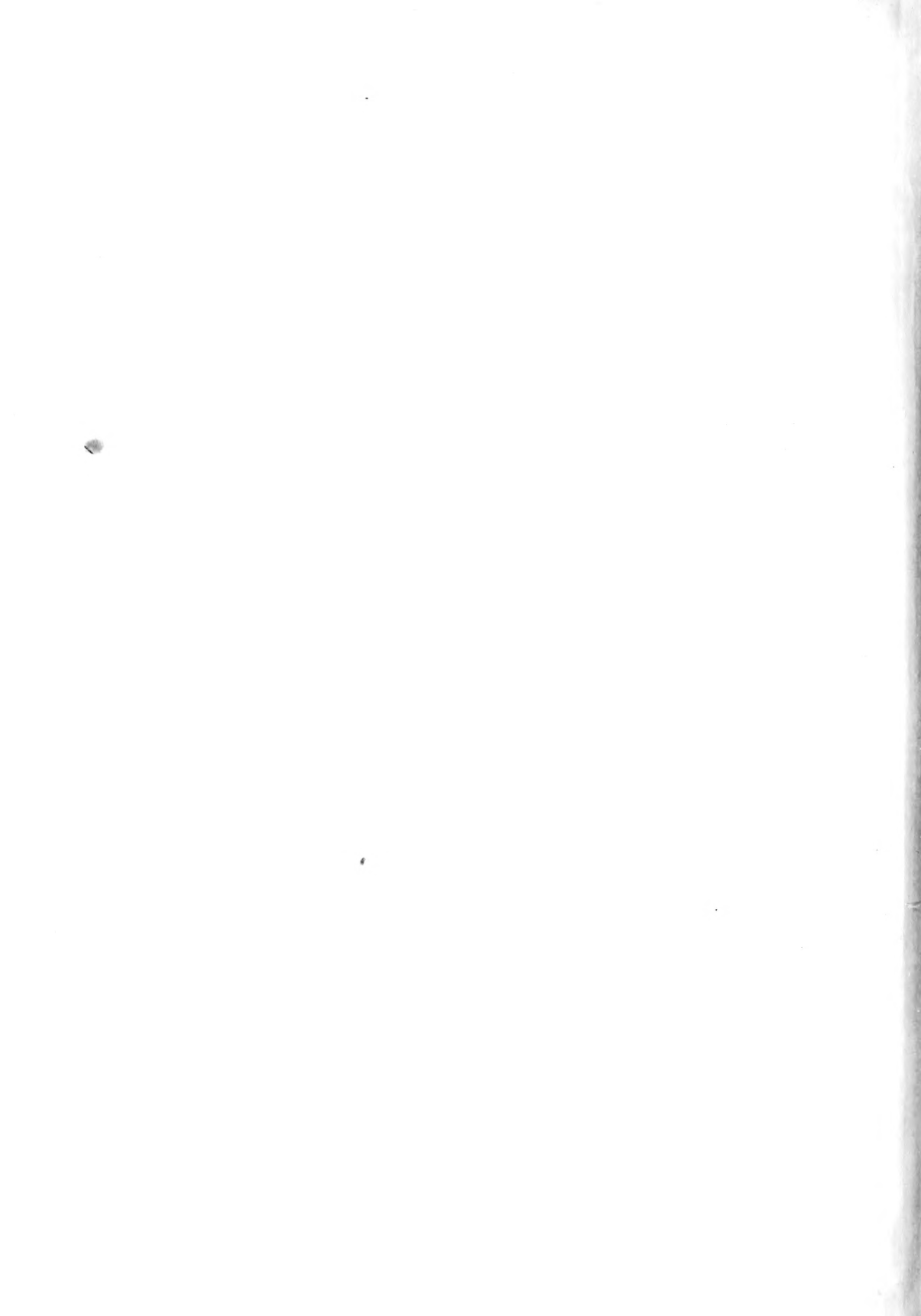
	PAGE
UGANDA, SIGHTS AND SCENES IN ... .. C. W. Hattersley, C.M.S.	176, 247
Illustrations from Photographs.	
VAGABONDS, TWO ... .. Paul Frenzeny.	523
Illustrations by the Author.	
VENDETTA, THE BREATHITT COUNTY ... .. Cora Wilson Stewart.	157
Illustrations by H. Sandham and from Photographs.	
WHY THE "FLYER" WAS LATE... .. W. G. Patterson.	235
Illustrations by Simon H. Vedder and from Photographs.	
WIFE, HOW I WON MY ... .. Oscar T. Schweriner.	255, 388
Illustrations by George Soper and from Photographs.	
WILDS, THREE MEN IN THE ... .. James Barr.	506, 546
Illustrations by Norman H. Hardy and from Photographs.	
WINGED DEATH, THE ... .. The Viscount de Soissons.	435
Illustrations by C. J. Staniland, R.I., and from Photographs and a Facsimile.	
WIRE-TAPPERS, THE ... .. Walter G. Patterson.	566
Illustrations by H. Sandham and from a Photograph.	

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