






Presented to  
The Library  
of the  
University of Toronto  
by

Mrs. Eric E. Ryerson

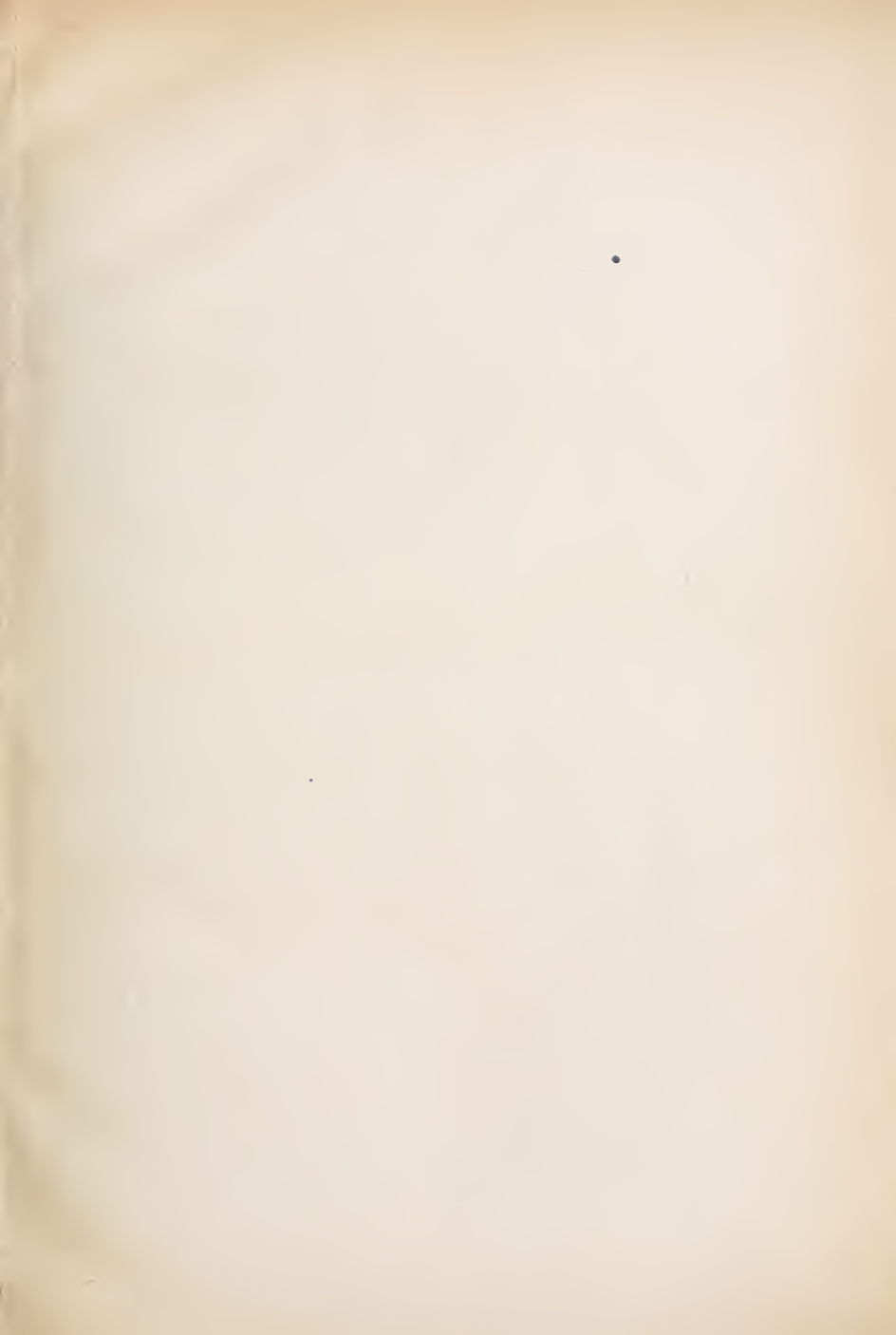


Eric Egerton Pearson

1895-



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation







THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

MAY, 1899, TO OCTOBER, 1899





P  
L  
E  
W

THE

WIDE WORLD  
MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED  
MONTHLY  
OF  
TRUE NARRATIVE:

ADVENTURE  
TRAVEL  
CUSTOMS  
AND  
SPORT

“TRUTH IS  
STRANGER  
THAN  
FICTION”

VOL. III.  
—  
MAY  
TO  
OCTOBER,

1899

LONDON:

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD.  
SOUTHAMPTON ST.  
STRAND

605213

1.4.55







"THREE OR FOUR WITCHES ROSE UP BEFORE THE FIRE."

(SEE PAGE 8.)

*The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont.\**

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

## IX.

THE WIDE WORLD is a Magazine started with the avowed intention of publishing true stories of actual experiences and avoiding fiction. "The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont" were commenced under the belief that they were the true account of the life of the author. It now turns out that it is not possible for him to have been thirty years among the savages, as stated. His story was told in these offices over a period of several months, during which time he never contradicted himself once. But, after what has transpired, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not publish it as a true narrative, but only as it is given to us by the author, leaving it to the members of the public to believe as much or as little as they please. It is admitted that portions of the story are founded on his experiences. In any case, the story is so crowded with vivid, graphic, and consistent details, that it marks its author, if not a speaker of the truth, at least as a master of fiction who has had no equal in our language since Defoe; so that, even if the story is an invention, it is one which cannot fail to excite the deepest interest, and we are sure that our readers would be keenly disappointed if they were not allowed the opportunity of hearing the extraordinary developments and termination of the narrative. We may conclude, in the witty lines of the *World* :—

"Truth is stranger than Fiction,"  
But De Rougemont is stranger than both.



AFTER the funeral—and funerals are dealt with more fully in my anthropological notes—his wife followed out the usual custom of covering herself with pipeclay for about one month. She also mourned and howled for the prescribed three days, and gashed her head with bones and stones. Gibson's body was not buried in the earth, but embalmed with clay and leaves, and laid on a rock-shelf in a cave.

The general belief was that Gibson had merely gone back to the Spirit Land from whence he had come, and that as he was a great and good man, he would return to earth in the form of a bird—perhaps an ibis. I must say I never attached very much importance to what he said, however, even in his sane moments, because he was obviously a man of low intelligence and no culture. If I remember rightly, he told me that the expedition to which he was attached left Adelaide with the object of going overland to Freemantle. It was thoroughly well equipped, and for a long time everything went well with the party. One day, whilst some of them were off exploring on their own account, he lost himself.

He rather thought that the sun must have affected his brain even then, because he didn't try to find his companions that night, but went to sleep quite contentedly under a tree. He realized the horror of his position keenly enough the next morning, however, and rode mile after mile without halting and without stopping for food or water, in the hope of quickly regaining his friends at the chief camp. Night stole down upon him once more, and he was still a lonely

wanderer, half delirious with thirst, the supply he had carried with him having long since given out.

Next morning, when he roused himself, he found that his horse had wandered away and got lost. After this he had only a vague recollection of what happened. Prompted by some strange, unaccountable impulse, he set out on a hopeless search for water, and went walking on and on until all recollection faded away, and he remembered no more. How long he had been lost when I found him he could not say, because he knew absolutely nothing whatever about his rescue. So far as I remember, he was a typical specimen of the Australian pioneer—a man of fine physique, with a full beard and a frank, but unintelligent, countenance. He was perhaps 5ft. 4in. in height, and about thirty years of age. When I told him the story of my adventures he was full of earnest sympathy for me, and told me that if ever I intended leaving those regions for civilization again, my best plan would be to steer more S.E., as it was in this direction that Adelaide lay.

He also informed me that the great trans-Continental telegraph wire was being constructed from north to south. This he advised me to strike and follow to civilization.

I may be permitted a little digression here to give a few extracts from Giles's book, "Australia Twice Traversed" (Sampson Low and Company), for this contains the version of the leader of the expedition himself as to the circumstances under which Gibson was lost. In all, it seems, Giles made five exploring expeditions into and through Central South Australia and Western Australia

Lost in  
the Desert.

Gibson's  
Dying  
Advice.

from 1872 to 1876. Speaking of his second expedition, Mr. Giles says: "I had informed my friend, Baron Von Mueller, by wire from the Charlotte Waters Telegraph station of the failure and break-up of my first expedition, and he set to work and obtained new funds for me to continue my labours. I reached Adelaide late in January, 1873, and got my party together. We left early in March of 1873, and journeyed leisurely up country to Belraira, then past the Finnis Springs to the Gregory. We then journeyed up to the Peake, where we were welcomed by Messrs. Bagot, the Cattle Station, and Mr. Blood of the Telegraph Department. Here we fixed up all our packs, sold Bagot the waggon, and bought horses and other things. We now had twenty pack horses and four riding horses."

We now come to the introduction of Gibson.

"Here a short young man accosted me, and asked me if I didn't remember him. He said he was 'Alf.' I thought I knew his face, but I thought it was at the Peake that I had seen him; but he said, 'Oh, no! Don't you remember Alf, with Bagot's sheep at the north-west bend of the Murray? My name's Alf Gibson, and I want to go out with you.' I said, 'Well, can you shoe? Can you ride? Can you starve? Can you go without water? And how would you like to be speared by the blacks?' He said he could do everything I had mentioned, and he wasn't afraid of the blacks. He was not a man I would have picked out of a mob, but men were scarce, and he seemed so anxious to come, so I agreed to take him."

"Thus, the expedition consisted of four persons—myself (Ernest Giles), Mr. William Henry Tietkins, Alf Gibson, and James Andrews, with twenty-four horses and two little dogs. On Monday, 4th August, we finally left the encampment."

Now here is the passage in which Mr. Giles describes his dramatic parting with Gibson. It will be found in the chapter

marked, "20th April to 21st May, 1874." "Gibson and I departed for the west. I rode the 'Fair Maid of Perth.' I gave Gibson the big ambling horse, 'Badger,' and we packed the big cob with a pair of water-bags that contained twenty gallons. As we rode away, I was telling Gibson about various exploring expeditions and their fate, and he said, 'How is it that, in all these exploring expeditions, a lot of people go and die?' He said, 'I shouldn't like to die in this part of the country, anyhow.'

"We presently had a meal of smoked horse. It was late when we encamped, and the horses were much in want of water, especially the big cob, who kept coming up to the camp all night and tried to get at our water-bags. We had one small water-bag hung in a tree.

"I didn't think of that until my mare came straight up to it and took it in her teeth, forcing out the cork, and sending the water up, which we were both dying to drink, in a beautiful jet. Gibson was now very sorry he had exchanged 'Badger' for the cob, as he found the cob very dull and heavy to get along. There had been a hot wind from the north all day, and the following morning, the 23rd



MR. ERNEST GILES, EXPLORER OF THE EXPEDITION.  
From a Photo.



MR. WILLIAM HENRY TIETKINS,  
SECOND IN COMMAND.  
From a Photo.



THE MARE TOOK IT IN HER TEETH, AND SENT THE WATER UP IN A JET."



of April, there was a most strange dampness in the air, and I had a vague feeling, such as must have been felt by augurs and seers of old, who trembled as they told events to come; *for this was the last day on which I ever saw Gibson.*

"As Gibson came along after me, he called out that his horse was going to die. The hills to the west were twenty-five to thirty miles away, and I had to give up trying to reach them. How I longed for a camel! Gibson's horse was now so bad as to place both of us in a great dilemma. We turned back in our tracks, when the cob refused to carry his rider any farther, and tried to lie down. We drove him another mile on foot, and down he fell to die. My mare, the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' was only too willing to return, but she had now to carry Gibson's saddle and things, and away we went, walking and riding in turns of one half-hour each.

"When we got back to about thirty miles from a place which I had named 'The Kegs,' I shouted to Gibson, who was riding, to stop until I walked up to him. By this time we had hardly a pint of water left between us.

"We here finished the supply, and I then said, as I could not speak before, 'Look here, Gibson, you see we are in a most terrible fix, with only one horse; so, only one can ride, and one must remain behind. I shall remain, and now listen to me. If the mare does not get water soon she will die; therefore, ride right on; get to the Kegs, if possible, to-night, and give her water. Now that the cob is dead, there'll be all the more water for her. Early to-morrow you will sight the Rawlinson, at twenty-five miles from the Kegs. Stick to the tracks and never leave them. Leave as much water in one keg for me as you can afford, after watering the mare and filling up your own bags, and, remember, I depend upon you to bring me relief.'

"Gibson said if he had a compass he thought he could go better by night. I knew he didn't understand anything about compasses at all, as I had often tried to explain them to him. The one I had was a Gregory's Patent, of a totally different construction from ordinary instruments of the kind, and I was loth to part with it, as it was the only one I had. However, as he was

so anxious for it, I gave it to him, and away he went. I sent one final shout after him to stick to the tracks, and he said, 'All right!' and the mare carried him out of sight almost instantly.

"All the food I had was eleven sticks of dirty, sandy, smoked horse, averaging about an ounce and a half each.

"On the 1st of May, as I afterwards found out, at one o'clock in the morning, I staggered into the camp, and awoke Mr. Tietkins at daylight. He glared at me as if I had been one risen from the dead. I asked him if he had seen Gibson. It was eight days since I last saw him. The next thing was to find Gibson's remains. It was the 6th of May when we got back to where Gibson had left the right line. As long as he had remained on the other horses' tracks it was practicable enough to follow his track, but the wretched man had left them and gone away in a far more southerly direction, having the most difficult sand-hills to cross at right angles. We found he had burnt a patch of spinifex where he had left the other horses' tracks.

"Whether he had made any mistake in steering by the compass or not it is impossible to say; but instead of going east, as he should have done, he actually went south, or very near it.

"I was sorry to think that the unfortunate man's last sensible moments must have been embittered by the thought that, as he had lost himself in the capacity of messenger for my

Giles  
Regains  
His Camp.



THE LAST MR. GILES EVER SAW OF GIBSON.

From "Australia Twice Traversed." By kind permission of Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

relief, I, too, must necessarily fall a victim to his mishap.

"I called this terrible region, lying between the Rawlinson Range and the next permanent water that may eventually be found to the north, 'Gibson's Desert,' after this first white victim to its horrors.

"In looking over Gibson's few effects, **Gibson's Effects.** Mr. Tietkins and I found an old pocket-book, a drinking song, and a certificate of his marriage. He had never told us he was married."

And now to resume my own narrative. Now that Gibson was dead I decided to move my home farther north, and eventually I rattled down with my family (two children, a boy and a girl, had been born to me during my residence on the shores of the lagoon) in a beautiful mountainous and tropical region 200 or 300 miles to the north. It was my intention only to have made a temporary stay here, but *offer ties* came, and my little ones were by no means strong enough to undertake any such formidable journey as I had in contemplation. I also made the fatal mistake of trying to bring them up differently from the other savage children.

But I have to relate here an incident that happened on our journey north. Yamba came to me one day positively quivering with excitement and terror, and said she had found some strange tracks, apparently of some enormous beast—a monster so fearful as to be quite beyond her knowledge.

She took me to the spot and pointed **Mysterious Tracks.** out the mysterious tracks, which I saw at once were those of camels. I do not know why I decided to follow them, because they must have been some months old. Probably, I reflected, I might be able to pick up something on the tracks which would be of use to me. At any rate, we did follow the tracks for several weeks—perhaps a month—and found on the way many old meat tins, which afterwards came in useful as water vessels. One day, however, I pounced upon an illustrated newspaper—a copy of the *Sydney Town and Country Journal*, bearing some date, I think in 1875 or 1876. It was a complete copy with the outer cover. I remember it contained some pictures of horse-racing—

believe at Parramatta; but perhaps the "Long Lost Relative" column interested me most, for the very moment I found the paper I sat down in the bush and began to read it with great eagerness, and as Yamba was also tolerably familiar with the language, I read aloud to her. I cannot say she altogether understood what she heard, but she saw that I was intensely interested and delighted, and so she was quite content to stay there and listen. You will observe that in all cases the very fact that *I* was pleased was enough for Yamba, who never once wavered in her fidelity and affection. Altogether we spent some weeks following up these tracks, but, of course, we never came up with the caravan of camels, which must have been some months ahead of us. Yamba at length appeared to be a good deal wearied at my persistency in following up the tracks in this way, but after all was it not merely killing time?—a mild sort of sensation which served to break the eternal monotony that sometimes threatened to crush me.

How I treasured that soiled copy of **A Treasured Possession.** the *Town and Country*, as it is familiarly called in Sydney! I read and re-read it, and then read it all over again until I think I could have repeated every line of it by heart, even to the advertisements. Among the latter, by the way, was one inserted apparently by an anxious mother seeking information concerning a long-lost son; and this pathetic paragraph set me wondering about my own mother. "Well," I thought, "she at least has no need to advertise, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that she must by this time be quite reconciled to my loss, and have given me up as dead long ago." Strangely enough, this thought quite reconciled me to my exile. In fact, I thanked Providence that my disappearance had been so complete and so prolonged as to leave not the slightest cause for hope on the part of any of my relatives. Had I for a moment imagined that my mother was still cherishing hopes of seeing me again some day, and that she was undergoing agonies of mental suspense and worry on my behalf, I think I would have left everything and risked everything to reach her. But I knew quite well that she must have heard of the loss of the *Vieillard*, and that she had long ago resigned



"I SHOWED THE PICTURES TO MY CHILDREN."

herself to the certainty of my death. I can never hope to describe the curious delight with which I perused my precious newspaper. I showed the pictures in it to my children and my natives, and they were more than delighted, especially with the pictures of the horses in the races at Parramatta. In the course of time the sheets of paper began to get torn, and then I made a pretty durable cover out of kangaroo hide. Thus the whole of my library consisted of my Anglo-French Testament and the copy of the *Town and Country Journal*.

But I have purposely kept until the end the most important thing in connection with this strangely-found periodical. The very first eager and feverish reading gave me an extraordinary shock, which actually threatened my reason! In a prominent place in the journal I came across the following passage: "The Deputies of Alsace and Lorraine have refused to vote in the German Reichstag."

Now, naturally knowing nothing whatever of the sanguinary war of 1870, or of the alterations in the map of Europe which it entailed, this passage filled me with startled amazement. I read it over and over again, getting more bewildered each time. "The Deputies of Alsace and Lorraine have refused to vote in the German Reichstag!" "But—good heavens!" I almost screamed to myself, "*what* were the Alsace and Lorraine Deputies doing in the German Parliament at all?" I turned the matter over and over in my mind, and at last, finding that I was getting worked up into a state of dangerous excitement, I threw the paper from me and walked away. I thought over the matter again, and so utterly incomprehensible did it appear to me that I thought I must be mistaken—that my eyes must have deceived me. Accordingly I ran back and picked the paper up a second time, and there, sure enough, was the same passage. In vain did I seek for any sane explanation, and at last I somehow got it into my head that the appearance of the printed characters must be due to a kind of mental obliquity and that I myself must be rapidly going mad! Even Yamba could not sympathize with me, because the matter was one which I never could have made her understand. I tried to put this strange puzzle out of my head, but again and again the accused and torturing passage would ring in my ears until I nearly went crazy.

It is not an exaggeration to describe my mountain home in the centre of the continent as a perfect paradise.

The grasses and ferns grew to a prodigious height, and there were magnificent forests of white gum and eucalyptus. Down in the valley I built a spacious house—the largest the natives had ever seen. It was perhaps 20ft. long, 16ft. to 18ft. wide, and about 10ft. high. The interior was decorated with ferns, war implements, the skins of various animals, and last—but by no means least—the "sword" of the great sawfish I had killed in the haunted lagoon. This house contained no fireplace, because all the cooking was done in the open air. The walls of the hut were built of rough logs, the crevices being filled in with earth taken from ant-hills. I have just said I built the house. This is, perhaps, not strictly correct. It was Yamba and the other women-folk who actually carried out the work, under my supervision. Here it is necessary to explain that I did not dare even to cut down a tree, because such a proceeding would have been considered undignified on my part. I really did not want the house; but, strangely enough, I felt much more comfortable when it was built and furnished, because, after all, it was a source of infinite satisfaction to me to



"I THREW THE PAPER FROM ME."

feel that I had a *home* I could call my own. Gradually, then, I settled down and was made absolute chief over a tribe of perhaps five hundred souls. Besides this, my fame spread abroad into the surrounding country, and at

every new moon I held a sort of informal reception, which was attended by deputations of tribe men from hundreds of miles around. My own tribe already possessed a chieftain of their own, but my position was one of greater influence even than his; and I was appointed to it without having to undergo the painful and degrading ceremonies that initiation entails. My humanity in this respect was, of course, owing to my supposed great powers. I was always present at tribal and war councils, and also had some authority over other tribes.

I adopted every device I could think of to make my dwelling home-like, and I even journeyed many miles in a N.N.E. direction, to procure cuttings of grape vines, but I must say that this at any rate was labour in vain, because I never improved upon the quality of the wild grapes, which had a sharp, acid flavour that affected the throat somewhat unpleasantly until one got used to them.

And we had pets;

**A Trained Cockatoo.** I remember I once caught a live cockatoo, and trained him to help me in my hunting expeditions. I taught him a few English phrases, such as "Good morning," and "How are you?" and he would perch himself on a tree and attract great numbers of his kind around him by his incessant chattering. I would then knock over as many as I wanted by means of my bow and arrows. At this time, indeed, I had quite a menagerie of animals, including a tame kangaroo. Naturally enough, I had ample leisure to study the ethnology of my people. I soon made the discovery that my blacks

were intensely spiritualistic, and that once a year they held a festival which, when described, will, I am afraid, tax the credulity of my readers. The festival I refer to was held "when the sun was born again," i.e., about New Year's Day. On these occasions the adult warriors from far and near assembled at a certain spot, and after a course of festivities, they sat down to an extraordinary *séance* conducted by women—very old, wizened witches—who apparently possessed occult powers, and were held in great veneration. These witches are usually maintained at the expense of the tribe. The office of witch,

however, does not necessarily descend from mother to daughter, it being only women credited with supernatural powers who can claim the position.

After the great *corroboree* the people would squat on the ground, the old men and warriors being in front, the women behind, and the children behind them; the whole congregation being arranged in the form of a crescent, in the centre of which a large fire would be set burning. Some of the warriors would then start chanting, and their monotonous sing-song would presently be taken up by the rest of the gathering, to the accompaniment of much swaying of heads and beating of hands and thighs. The young warriors then went out into the open and commenced to dance.

I may as well describe in detail the first of these extraordinary festivals

which I witnessed. The men chanted and danced themselves into a perfect frenzy, which was still further increased by the appearance of three or four witches who suddenly rose up before the fire. They were very old and haggard-looking creatures, with skins like shrivelled parchment; they had scanty, dishevelled hair, and piercing, beady eyes. They were not ornamented in any way, and they seemed more like skeletons from a tomb than human beings. After they had gyrated wildly round the fire for a short time, the chant suddenly ceased, and the witches fell prostrate upon the ground, calling out as they did so the names of some departed chiefs. A deathly silence then fell on the assembled

gathering, and all eyes were turned to the wreaths of smoke that were ascending towards the evening sky. The witches presently renewed their plaintive cries and exhortations, and at length I was amazed to see strange shadowy forms shaping themselves in the smoke. At first they were not very distinct, but gradually they assumed the form of human beings, and then the blacks readily recognised them as one or other of their long-departed chiefs—estimable men always and great fighters.

Now the first two or three times I saw this



"I TAUGHT HIM A FEW ENGLISH PHRASES."



weird and fantastic ceremony, I thought the apparitions were the result of mere trickery.

But when I saw them year after year for almost a generation, I came to the conclusion that they must be placed in the category of those things which are beyond the ken of our philosophy. I might say that no one was allowed to approach sufficiently close to touch the "ghosts," if such they can be termed; and probably even if permission had been granted, the blacks would be in too great a state of terror to have availed themselves of it.

Each of these *séances* lasted twenty minutes or half an hour, and were mainly conducted in silence. Whilst the apparitions were visible, the witches remained prostrate, and the people looked on quite spellbound. Gradually the spirits would melt away again in the smoke, and vanish from sight, after which the assembly would disperse in silence, and by next morning all the invited blacks would have gone off to their respective homes. The witches, as I afterwards learnt, lived alone in caves; and that they possessed wonderful powers of prophecy was evidenced in my own case, because they told me when I came among them that I would still be many years with their people, but that I would eventually return to my own kind. The warriors, too, invariably consulted these oracles before departing on hunting or fighting expeditions, and religiously followed their advice.

My two children were a source of great delight to me at this time, although of course they were half-castes, the colour of their skin being very little different from that of their mother. The whiteness of their hands and finger-nails, however, clearly indicated their origin. They were not christened in the Christian way, but neither were they brought up exactly in the same way as the native children.

I taught them English. I loved them very dearly, and used to make for them a variety of gold ornaments, such as bangles and armlets. They did not participate in all the rough games of the black children, yet they were very popular, having winning manners, and being very quick to learn. I often told them about my life in other parts of the world, but whenever I spoke of civilization, I classed all the nations of the universe together, and referred to them as "my

home," or "my country." I did not attempt to distinguish between France or Switzerland, England or America. Curiously enough, the subject that interested them most was the animal kingdom, and when I told them that I hoped some day to take them away with me to see my great country, and the animals it contained, they were immensely delighted. Particularly they wanted to see the horse, the lion, and the elephant. Taking a yam-stick as pointer, I would often draw roughly in the sand almost every animal in Nature. But even when these rough designs were made for my admiring audience, I found it extremely difficult to convey an idea of that part in the economy of Nature which each creature played. I would tell them, however, that the horse was used for fighting purposes and for travel, that the cow yielded food and drink, and that the dogs drew sledges. It was absolutely necessary to dwell only on the utilitarian



"I WOULD OFTEN DRAW ROUGHLY IN THE SAND WITH A YAM-STICK."

side of things. Both children eventually died from a kind of fever about the year 1891 or 1892. Only the girl was initiated, the boy dying before his initiation ceremony was due. Both of my children were very proud of my position among and influence over the blacks.

And really I looked like a black myself at this time—not so much on account of exposure, as because my body was constantly coated with the charcoal and grease which serve as a protection from the weather and from insects. My children, who may be interested to learn, never grasped

**My Theory  
of the  
"Ghosts."**

**A Teacher  
of English.**

**Myself as  
a Black.**

the fact that my wife was other than quite voluntary on my part.

The children of the blacks, by the way, continued to interest me as much as ever (I was always fond of children), and I never grew tired of watching them at their quaint little games. I think they all loved me as much as I did them, and I was glad to see that their lives were one long dream of happiness. They had no school to attend, no work to perform, and no punishment to suffer. There are no children like the children of the bush for perfect contentment. They seldom or never quarrelled, and all day long they were playing happily about the camp, practising throwing their reed spears, climbing the trees after the honey-pods, and indulging in a thousand and one merry pranks. Often and often I looked at those robust little rascals, and compared them sadly with my own children, who were so delicate from the very first and who caused me so much anxiety and heart-ache.

When the combination of circumstances which are now well known to my readers caused me to settle down in my mountain home, two or three hundred miles to the north of Gibson's Desert, I had no idea that I should remain there for many years.

But strangely enough, as year after year slipped by, the desire to return to civilization seemed to leave me, and I was quite content with my lot. Gradually I began to feel that if civilization—represented, say, by a large caravan—were to come to me, and its leader was willing not merely to take me away, but my wife and children also, then indeed I would consent to go; but on no consideration could I be induced to leave those who were now so near and dear to me. I may as well mention here that I had many chances

of returning *alone* to civilization, but I never availed myself of them. As I spent the greater part of twenty years in my mountain home, it stands to reason that it is this part of my career which I consult for curious and remarkable incidents.

One day a great darkness suddenly came over the face of Nature. The sombre gloom was relieved only by a strange lurid glare, that

hung on the distant horizon far away across that weird land. The air was soon filled with fine ashes, which descended in such quantities as to cover all vegetation, and completely hide all exposed water-holes and lagoons. Even at the time I attributed the phenomenon to volcanic disturbance, and I have since found by inquiries that it was most likely due to an eruption of the volcano of Krakatoa. This visitation occasioned very great consternation among the superstitious blacks, who concluded that the spirits had been angered by some of their own misdeeds, and were manifesting their wrath in this unpleasant way. I did not attempt to enlighten them as to its true cause, but gave them to understand vaguely

that I had something to do with it. I also told them that the great spirit, whose representative I was, was burning up the land.

Another phenomenon that caused much mystification and terror was the eclipse of the sun. Never, I think, have I seen my blacks in such a state of excitement and terror as when that intense darkness came suddenly over the world at midday. They came crowding instinctively to me, and I stood silent among the cowering creatures, not thinking it politic for a moment



"A GREAT DARKNESS CAME OVER THE FACE OF NATURE."

I Rest  
Content.

An  
Unknown  
Terror.

to break the strange and appalling stillness that prevailed on every hand, and which extended even to the animal world. The trembling blacks were convinced that night had suddenly descended upon them, and they had no explanation whatever to offer. They seemed quite unfamiliar with the phenomenon, and it was apparently *not* one of those many things which their forefathers wove superstitious stories around, to hand down to their children. As the great darkness continued, the natives retired to rest, without even holding the usual evening chant. I did not attempt to explain the real reason of the phenomenon to them, but as I had no particular end to serve them, I did not tell them that it was due to my power.

Never once, you see, did I lose an opportunity of impressing the savages, among whom I dwelt. On several occasions, having all the ingredients at my disposal, I attempted to make gunpowder, but truth to tell, my experiments were not attended with very great success. I had charcoal, saltpetre, and sulphur ready to my hand, and all obtainable from natural sources close by; but the result of all my efforts—and I tried mixing the ingredients in every conceivable way—was a very coarse kind of powder possessed of practically no explosive force, but which would go off with an absurd “puff.”

I was very anxious to make an *explosive* powder, however, not merely because it would assist me in impressing the blacks, but also because I proposed carrying out certain blasting operations in order to obtain minerals and stones which I thought would be useful. The net result was that although I could not manufacture any potent explosive, yet I did succeed in arousing the intense curiosity of the blacks. My powder burnt without noise, and the natives could never quite make out where the flame came from.

As there seemed to be a never-ending eagerness on the part of the blacks to witness the wonders of the white man, I even tried my hand at making ice—a commodity which is, of course, absolutely unknown in these regions. The idea came to me one day when I found

myself in a very cool cave, in which there was a well of surprisingly cold water. Accordingly, I filled some opossum skins with the refreshing fluid, placed them in the coolest part of the cave, and then covered them with saltpetre, of which there was an abundance. When I tell you that the experiment was quite fruitless, you will readily understand that I did not always succeed in my rôle of wonder-worker. Whenever I was defeated, however, it only had the effect of making me set my wits to work to devise something still more wonderful, and which I was certain would be an assured success. Whilst taking a stroll in the region of my mountain home one day, my eyes—which were by this time almost as highly trained as those of the blacks themselves—suddenly fastened upon a thin stream of some greenish fluid which was apparently oozing out of the rocky ground. Closer investigation proved that this was not water. I collected a quantity of it in a kangaroo skin, but this took a considerable time, because the liquid oozed very slowly.

I would not have taken this trouble were it not that I was pretty certain  
**A Curious Find.**  
*I had discovered a spring of crude petroleum.* Immediately, and by a kind of instinct, it occurred to me that I might make use of this oil as yet another means of impressing the blacks with my magical powers. Of course I told no one of my discovery, not even Yamba. First of all

I constructed a sort of raft from the branches of trees, saturating each branch with the oil. I also placed a shallow skin reservoir of oil on the upper



“I HAD DISCOVERED A SPRING OF CRUDE PETROLEUM.”

end of the raft, and concealed it with twigs and leaves. This done, I launched my interesting craft on the waters of the lagoon, having so far carried out all my preparations in the strictest secrecy. When everything was ready I sent out invitations by mail men, smoke-signals, and message sticks to the tribes far and near to come and see me set fire to the water! In parentheses, I may remark that, with regard to smoke-signals, white smoke only is allowed to ascend in wreaths and curls, whilst black smoke is sent up in one great volume. As by this time my fame was pretty well established, the wonderful children of Nature lost no time in responding to the summons, and at length, when the mystic glow of a Central Australian evening had settled over the scene, a great gathering had established itself on the shores of the lagoon. On such occasions, however, I always saw to it that my audience were not too near. At the

the white man among them was indeed a great and powerful spirit.

But, human nature being fundamentally the same all the world over, it was natural enough—and, indeed, the wonder is how I escaped so long—that one or other of the tribal medicine men should get jealous of my power and seek to overthrow me. Now, the medicine man belonging to the tribe in my mountain home presently found himself, or fancied himself, under a cloud, the reason, of course, being that my display of wonders far transcended anything he himself could do. The ultimate result of this state of things was that my rival commenced an insidious campaign against me, trying to explain away every wonderful thing that I did, and assuring the blacks that if I were a spirit at all it was certainly a spirit of evil. He never once lost an opportunity of throwing discredit and ridicule upon me and my powers,



"THEY DID ACTUALLY BELIEVE I HAD SET FIRE TO THE WATER ITSELF."

same time there was little chance of failure, because the blacks had long since grown to believe in me blindly and implicitly.

With much ceremony I set fire to the raft, hoisted a little bark sail upon it, and pushed it off. It lay very low in the water, and as the amazed onlookers saw it gliding across the placid waters of the lagoon enveloped in smoke and flames, they did actually believe that I had set fire to the water itself. They remained watching the blazing raft till the fire died down, when they retired to their own homes, more convinced than ever that

and at length I discerned symptoms in the tribe which rendered it imperatively necessary that I should take immediate and drastic steps to overthrow my rival, who, by the way, had commenced trying to duplicate every one of my tricks or feats. I gave the matter some little thought, and one day, whilst out on one of my usual solitary rambles, I came across a curious natural feature which suggested to me a novel and, I venture to say, remarkable solution of a very serious subject.

I suddenly stood on the brink of a peculiar basin-like depression, which.

The Fiery  
Raft.

In the Lair  
of Snakes.



from its obvious dampness and profusion of bush and cover, I at once recognised as the ideal abode of innumerable snakes. I marked the spot in my mind and returned home, pondering the details of the dramatic victory I hoped to win. Day by day I returned to this depression and caught numerous black and carpet snakes. From each one of these dangerous and poisonous reptiles I removed the poison fangs only, and then, after scoring it with a cross by means of my stiletto, I let it go, knowing full well that it would never leave a spot so ideal—from a snake's point of view. I operated on a great number of the deadly reptiles in this way, but, of course, there remained many which were not so treated, whilst several of my queer patients died outright under the operation. Needless to say, I might have met my own death in this extraordinary business had I not been assisted by my devoted wife. When we had finished our work, there was absolutely nothing in the appearance of the place to indicate that it was any different from what it was when I first cast my eyes upon it.

Then, all being ready, I chose a specially dramatic moment at a *corroboree* to challenge my rival in a war song, this challenge being substantially as follows: "You tell the people that you are as great as I—the all-powerful white spirit-man. Well, now, I offer you a formal challenge to perform the feat which I shall perform on a certain day and at a certain spot." The day was the very next day, and the spot, of course, the scene of my strange surgical operations upon the snakes. The effect of my challenge was magical.

The jealous medicine man, boldly and openly challenged before the whole tribe, had no time to make up an evasive reply, and he accepted then and there. Urgent messages were dispatched, by the fun-loving blacks, to tribes both far and

near. It was about midday when the ridge was crowded with expectant blacks, every one of whom dearly loved a contest or competition of any kind. I was brilliant with zebra-like decorative markings befitting the great occasion. I lost no time—for in love or war shilly-shallying is unknown among the blacks—but boldly leaped



"I REMOVED THE POISON FANGS AND SCORED IT WITH A CROSS."

down into the hollow armed only with a stick and a reed whistle, which I had made for myself solely with the view of enticing the snakes from their holes. I cast a triumphant glance at my impassive rival, who, up to this moment, had not the faintest idea what the proposed ordeal was. I commenced to play as lively a tune as the limited number of notes in the whistle would allow, and before I had been playing a minute the snakes came gliding out, swinging their heads backwards and forwards and from side to side as though they were

under a spell. Selecting a huge black snake, who bore unobtrusively my safety mark, I pounced down upon him and presented my bare arm. After teasing the reptile two or three times I allowed him to strike his teeth deep into my flesh, and immediately the blood began to run. I also permitted several other fangless snakes to bite me until my arms and legs—and, indeed, most of my body—were covered with blood. Personally, I did not feel much the worse, as the bites were mere punctures, and I knew the selected reptiles to be quite innocuous. Several "unmarked" snakes, however, manifested an eager desire to join in the fun, and I had some difficulty in escaping their attentions. I had to wave them aside with the stick.

All this time the blacks above me were yelling with excitement, and I am under the impression that several were lamenting my madness, whilst others were turning angrily upon my rival, and accusing him of having brought about my death. At a

A  
Dangerous  
Enemy.

An Exciting  
Scene.

favourable moment I rushed up the ridge of the hollow and stood before the horrified medicine man, who, in response to my triumphant demand to go and do likewise, returned a feeble and tremulous negative. Even he, I think, was now sincerely convinced that I was possessed of superhuman powers; but it would have been awkward had he come along

nominated instead a youth I had trained for the position. It may be necessary here to remark that the blacks, under no circumstances, kill a medicine man. My defeated rival was a man of very considerable power, and I knew quite well that if I did not get the best of him he would have *me* driven out of the tribe and perhaps speared.



"I PERMITTED SEVERAL OTHER FANGLESS SNAKES TO BITE ME."

when I was laboriously and surreptitiously extracting the poison fangs from the snakes and placing my "hall mark" upon them.

His refusal cost him his prestige, and he was forthwith driven from the tribe as a fraud, whilst my fame rose higher than ever. The blacks now wished me to take over the office of medicine man, but I declined to do so, and

**A Queer Sport.**

Mention of the snake incident reminds me of a very peculiar and interesting sport which the blacks indulge in. I refer to fights between snakes and iguanas. These combats certainly afford very fine sport. The two creatures are always at mortal enmity with one another, but as a rule the iguana commences the attack, no matter how much bigger

the snake may be than himself, or whether it is poisonous or not. I have seen iguanas attack black snakes from 6ft. to 10ft. in length, whilst they themselves rarely measured more than 3ft.

then advance slowly towards its opponent and attempt to strike, but, as a rule, the big one crushes it before it can do any harm. I had often heard of the joke about two snakes of



THE BEGINNING OF THE COMBAT—SNAKE V. IGUANA.

or 4ft. As a rule the iguana makes a snapping bite at the snake a few inches below its head, and the latter instantly retaliates by striking its enemy with its poisonous fangs. Then an extraordinary thing happens. The iguana will let go his hold and straightway make for a kind of fern, which he eats in considerable quantities, the object of this being to counteract the effects of the poison. When he thinks he has had enough of the antidote he rushes back to the scene of the encounter and resumes the attack; *the snake always waiting there for him.* Again and again the snake bites the iguana, and a often the latter has recourse to the counteracting influences of the antidote. The fight may last for upwards of an hour, but eventually the iguana conquers. The final struggle is most exciting. The iguana seizes hold of the snake five or six inches below the head, and this time refuses to let go his hold, no matter how much the snake may struggle and enwrap him in its coils. Over and over roll the combatants, but the grip of the iguana is relentless; and the struggles of the snake grow weaker, until at length he is stretched out dead. Then the triumphant iguana steals slowly away.

equal size trying to swallow one another, and was, therefore, the more interested when I came across this identical situation in real life. One day, right in my track, lay two very large snakes which had evidently been engaged in a very



"THE GRIP OF THE IGUANA IS RELENTLESS."

The spectators would never dream of killing him, partly on account of their admiration for his prowess, but more particularly because his flesh is tainted with poison from the repeated snake bites. These curious fights generally take place near water-holes.

I have also seen remarkable combats between snakes of various species and sizes. A small snake will always respond to the challenge of a much larger one, this challenge taking the form of rearing up and hissing. The little snake will

serious encounter, and the victor had commenced swallowing his exhausted adversary. He had disposed of some three or four feet of that adversary's length when I arrived on the scene, and was evidently resting before taking in the rest. I easily made prisoners of both.

(To be continued.)



## The Holy Week Procession in Seville.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

A vivid and striking glimpse of religious fervour in the glowing South. All about the remarkable Holy Week Procession in Seville, with impressive photographs from our own commissioner.



EITHER puritanism nor iconoclasm are intended when I say that Seville is the home of dramatic religion, on a scale no less striking and elaborate than the worship of the old classical deities, which depended above all on amusing and interesting the masses. The piety and fervour of Seville are altogether amazing to the Protestant mind. As an instance of the religious zeal which obtains at Seville, I may mention that the newspapers there devote nearly half a column every day to the various ecclesiastical functions. Religion in Seville is not a mere outward form, but a vital part of the daily life of the people.

All the innumerable feasts of the Church are zealously observed in Spain, but the Holy Week processions at Seville are certainly the most elaborate expression of Christian ritual to be found anywhere in the world. Therefore, it is easy to understand that they should attract

countless visitors from every part of the world year after year, and that prices should be doubled or even trebled, and that the whole population should abandon itself to what may almost be described as a perfect carnival of religious enthusiasm.

The processions were originally started in the Middle Ages by a number of religious confraternities. Like political and other societies, the confraternities stimulate the zeal of their members by allowing them to dress up in a striking manner, and by conferring upon them all kinds of fine-sounding titles. They appeal also to the sense of mystery as well as to that of display. In old times the show was often grotesque. Christ would be represented as a mediæval courtier with a wig, sword, and knee-breeches, or the Virgin would appear as a stage marionette of the rudest design—that is, of course, judged from our standpoint. Now, however, everything is artistic



[over a]

THE GREAT PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE PLAZA DE SAN FRANCISCO.

[Photo.

and decorous, so that none may deny his tribute of admiration.

There are at present no fewer than forty-four of these confraternities in Seville, besides twelve in the suburb of Triana. Each bears a name which sounds strangely in our ears, such as the Confraternity of Our Father Jesus of Great Power; the Confraternity of the Most Holy Mary of the O.; the Confraternity of the Conversion of the Good Thief; the Confraternity of the Fifth Agony of Mary the Most Holy, etc. Each confraternity has a chapel, where it keeps the various paraphernalia required for the procession.

Among these, most particular attention is devoted to the groups of images known as *pasos*, some of them real works of art—some of them quite the reverse. Practically, they are gorgeous and realistic tableaux, the life-sized figures wondrously carved in wood and clothed in costly robes. They are moved along the streets on huge biers borne by men concealed beneath them with draperies, so that they appear to be advancing mysteriously by themselves. It is only on the occasion of the Holy Week procession, at times of plague and pestilence, or the rare festivals of the various confraternities that the *pasos* emerge at all. During the rest of the year they are carefully warehoused, with all their gorgeous appliances.

Our first illustration represents a part of the procession passing through the Plaza de San Francisco, one of the principal squares of Seville, in which seats are most eagerly coveted. A good-humoured, gossiping crowd of sightseers (very characteristic of Seville) fills the whole square, save only a lane, which is, with difficulty, preserved for the procession as it makes its way into the Sierpes, a very narrow street, which has been chosen as the

fashionable lounge of the town, chiefly because carriages are not allowed to proceed along it. In the centre of the picture, escorted and followed by priests in full canonicals, may be discerned the *paso* of the Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception with a conspicuous image of the Virgin, clad in an exceedingly rich cloak of purple velvet, embroidered with gold. The word *paso* really signifies a group or figure in commemoration of the Passion; but it has come to be applied to any group or figure which is carried in procession.

The next illustration is the most elaborate and complicated *paso* of all. It represents the meeting of Christ with St. Veronica, who held out a handkerchief to Him, upon which the imprint of His face remained. In the centre of the group He is carrying His cross, aided by



THE LARGEST OF THE "PASOS"—CHRIST MEETING ST. VERONICA. (NOTICE THE EXTRAORDINARY HOODED COSTUMES OF THE CONFRATERNITY.) [Photo.]



THE LATEST IMAGE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.  
(THE LEASE IS WORTH £2,000.)  
*From a Photo.*

Simon of Cyrene, whose bearded face may be made out in the background. A Jew, holding a rope and blowing a trumpet, occupies a far too conspicuous position in front. On one side St. Veronica is kneeling with the handkerchief; on the other are three "daughters of Jerusalem," whom Christ forbade to weep for Him. One of the two thieves is conspicuous with bared chest, but the other is hidden in the photograph. At the back are three Roman soldiers, the *senatus* or banner and eagle of the third being just discernible. The individual figures are admirably natural, but they are far too numerous for the exigencies of space on the platform.

The next photograph shows us one of the most venerated of all the images, that of the Most Holy Mary of Protection, which belongs to a confraternity in Triana, the gipsy suburb and special haunt of all the cut-throats of Seville. Spaniards display great reverence

towards all images of Our Lady, but reserve their special devotion for those which are credited with a miraculous origin. These remind one of the Pagan idols which are supposed to have fallen from Jupiter, and are either believed to have come down from Heaven or else to have been secreted by the Goths at the time of the Moorish invasion. This image of the Virgin of Protection was found some three hundred years ago in a recess of a well, where the Chapel of the Confraternity was erected to commemorate the event. Every sort of miracle is said to have been performed by it, particularly at periods of pestilence, when it is always taken out in procession.

It is borne upon a platform of carved silver, adorned with a gorgeous dais and a number of silver figures of saints and prophets, and is illuminated by an imposing array of tall candles. It has one of the richest cloaks of any sacred image extant, which is made of the thickest velvet, profusely embroidered with gold, and valued at over £2,000. As the image passes every head is uncovered, and the more pious



*From a Photo.*

CHRIST CARRYING HIS CROSS.

*[Photo.]*



people in the crowd fall on their knees to chant special hymns in its honour.

The next *pasó* is that of the Confraternity of Jesus of Nazareth. The figure is one of the most celebrated, from the artistic point of view. The attitude of the Saviour has aroused much controversy, but the general opinion is that He is in the act of blessing the Cross as He takes it up. A silver cherub at the back seems to be alleviating the burthen, and there are two others in front, one with a ladder to signify the approaching descent from the Cross. The Figure is standing upon a mound to represent Calvary, amid six handsome gilt candelabra. Along the sides of the pedestal are reliefs of various scenes of the Passion.

The Confraternity of the Most Holy Christ of the



THE PROCESSION PASSING DOWN A NARROW STREET OF SEVILLE. (NOTICE THE NAZARENES AND THEIR HOOD-MASKS.) [Photo.]



From a] "PASO" OF THE MOST HOLY CHRIST OF THE WATERS. [Photo.]

Waters at Triana, on the other hand, is one of the most modern ones, dating only from 1750, but the figure on its chief *pasó* is of very ancient origin. In front of the crucifix we see an angel holding a chalice to receive the water and blood shed from the Saviour's wounded side; and in the foreground is an image of the Virgin, wearing a crown and velvet cloak. Her image is often detached and carried upon a separate stand.

The accompanying photograph gives a very good idea of the passage of the procession through one of the narrower streets of the town, with the people huddled against the white walls to make room for a *pasó*, escorted by gendarmes and preceded by white Nazarenos, with their curious old masked costume and pointed caps

stiffened with cardboard. The *pasó* itself is one of the more modern ones and needs no particular description, but the Confraternity of the Seven Words, to which it belongs, is one of the most ancient in Seville. It was formed in honour of an image of Our Lady of the Head and the Remedies, which was revealed to a shepherd in the Sierra Morena by the tinkling of a bell in the year 1227. Among the prodigies performed by the image was the restoration of the shepherd's hand, which he had lost some years before.

Our next two illustrations refer to the Confraternity of the Prayer in the Garden, one of the richest in groups of images and in its collection of chased silver insignia. It was founded in 1560 by the boatmen of the Guadalquivir, and soon obtained high patronage, which brought in much wealth.

The *pasó* of the Prayer in the Garden is one of the most admired. In the centre is the Saviour on His knees, exhausted by His bloody sweat and the anticipation of His Passion. The attitude and expression of the face are admirably worked, and constitute one of the triumphs of that art of wood figure-



FIGURE OF "THE PRAYER IN THE GARDEN" — ONE OF THE RICHEST OF THE GROUP.  
*From a Photo.*



COSTUME OF A NAZARENE OF THE "PRAYER  
*From a* IN THE GARDEN." *[Photo.*

carving in which the Spaniards have so particularly excelled. Facing Him is a finely carved angel, with a cup in the right hand and a cross in the left, and behind Him the Apostles, Peter, James, and John, plunged in the most realistic slumbers.

It might be objected at first sight that there is a great similarity in these various groups, but in reality they differ in their own special points of excellence as much as the treatment of sacred

subjects by the old masters. Moreover, each occupies itself with a different incident of Christ's Passion, so that if we watch the passage of all the groups we are enabled to see the whole story enacted before our eyes, almost as dramatically as in any of the old mystery plays. The figures being dressed and painted in natural colours adds much to the realism of the scene.

The photograph of the Nazarene of the Prayer in the Garden may be taken as an excellent type of the costume which has been worn at the procession ever since it was instituted, except that dainty shoes have now superseded the bare feet which used to be considered an indispensable proof of penitence. The white tunic was also, doubt-



less, far less spick and span in times when the Nazarenes flogged themselves publicly throughout the procession until they streamed with blood. The cloak and hood cannot have differed very greatly, however. During the procession a Nazarene will pick up the tail of his cloak and carry it over his arm. Before the start you may see him rolling cigarettes complacently, with the flap of his hood turned back, but presently he lets it down like a vizor, and then you may only descry his eyes by coming very close and searching for the narrow slits. Surely no costume could afford a more effective



ANOTHER NAZARENE—CONFRATERNITY OF OUR FATHER JESUS OF THE THREE FALLS. *From a* *[Photo.]*

disguise at carnival time.

The next photograph shows us a Nazarene of the Confraternity of Our Father Jesus of the Three Falls. He is carrying one of the favourite emblems, intended to proclaim the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, a doctrine which has been cherished at Seville with fierce fervour for centuries. The words "*sine labe concepta*" (conceived without sin) are richly embroidered in gold upon a velvet banner of unique shape, which is paraded upon a pole.

The origin of the name of Nazarene is not positively known. Some derive it from the name



*From a* A PAUSE IN ORDER THAT THE HIDDEN BEARERS OF THE GREAT "PASOS," OR GROUPS, MAY TAKE BREATH.

*[Photo.]*

applied by the Jews to Jesus of Nazareth; others identify it with the word applied to contemplative hermits in Christ's day. The different confraternities wear different cloaks and hoods, and are distinguished by the shields, worked in leather, on the breast. Those of the Prayer in the Garden are a chalice upon a cross. Nazarenes were formerly divided into Brethren of the Blood, who flogged themselves, and Brethren of the Light, who carried tapers. Now the flagellation has been put down, at least in public, and all carry candles. These candles are a fruitful source of revenue to the confraternities, for the ends are greedily bought up by the faithful, who consider them a potent charm against lightning, and, if lighted at a death-bed, a sure passport to heavenly bliss.

The illustration shown at the bottom of the previous page is taken from a picture by the artist Bejarano, painted in the fifties, as

of what is perhaps the most realistic *passo* of all. It represents Christ bearing the Cross on His way to Calvary; and as we look at it we seem to realize the immense weight of the burthen. He appears actually to stagger beneath it, and the attitude of the feet, with the right one pressing forward upon the toes, conveys an impression of slow, arduous motion better than any work of art I know. The face is also an inspired model of saintly patience, and the only criticism which suggests itself is that, according to our notions, the embroidered robe is grotesquely out of keeping. It is related of an Archbishop of Seville some years ago that, after admiring the image for a long time in silence, he exclaimed, "It has but one fault." His companions, who conceived the figure to be faultless, expressed the utmost curiosity to learn what his Grace's criticism would be, whereupon he added, "The one



[Painted]

"PASSO" OF CHRIST ON HIS WAY TO CALVARY, ASSISTED BY SIMON OF CYRENE.

[Photo.]

may be seen from the dresses of the bystanders. It represents one of the frequent pauses in the procession that the bearers may take breath and the candles be relighted. The *passo* is that of the Confraternity of Montserrat, which was founded in honour of a famous place of pilgrimage in Catalonia, and represents the Prophet Isaiah writing his inspired volume.

The next photograph gives a very good idea

thing lacking is that it does not breathe!" The figure of Simon of Cyrene is also well executed, and the gilded stand is magnificent, though in quite a modern way.

It is curious to notice how carefully the various parts of the body have been moulded, though they are all to be covered from the public gaze. In some cases the figures are mere artists' models, excepting only the parts

which are to be visible. In this case the image was probably venerated before there was any idea of clothing it or carrying it in a procession. The arms have, however, been dislocated to facilitate the dressing, and a piece of iron has been attached to the left shoulder in order to attach the cross. The care of the wardrobe of an image in Spain is as elaborate as that of a Sovereign, and all sorts of ceremonies are maintained for donning and doffing the clothes.

It is, for instance, a very strict rule that no man may dress or undress an image of the Virgin, such as that of Our Lady of Supreme Grief, whose magnificent mantle, although only presented to the confraternity in 1873, is probably the richest and most admired of all the wonderful treasury of vestments to be found in Seville. It took seven years to make, and cost well over £4,000.

The *paso* of the Confraternity of the Sacred Descent from the Cross and Fifth Agony of Mary Most Holy is the work of the famous sculptor, Roldan, and enjoys a just reputation. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea are letting down the Body of the Saviour with linen bands; the Virgin and St. John (who is always dressed in green) stand at the foot of the ladders, while St. Mary Magdalen and the other Mary are kneeling and holding out a sheet of the finest linen to receive the Body. The act of the Descent is very well rendered, down to the smallest muscular

detail. The stand, on which the group is taken out, is also of great artistic merit. It is of cedar-wood, adorned with the various attributes of the Passion and the shields of the religious orders, which have been incorporated in the Confraternity.

Another *paso* belongs to the Confraternity of Our Father Jesus of the Three Falls, and represents Our Lady of Loreto enshrined behind a blaze of candles. Her image is a very sympathetic reproduction of the best type of Andalusian beauty, with its combination of dignity and charm. The clothing is enriched with a wealth of precious jewels, and the crown alone is worth £1,500.

According to our notions the turmoil of this procession, with its armies of masqueraders, Roman soldiers, Nazarenes, tipstiffs, military bands, emblems, torches, and candles, savours more of a carnival than of the celebration of the most sacred of the Christian mysteries, but there can be no doubt that a great wave of enthusiastic devotion is inspired throughout the whole native population, and there can be no lover of the mediæval and the picturesque—to put it on the lowest ground—but would



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS. (THIS "PASO" IS THE WORK OF THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR, ROLDAN.) [Photo.]

bewail its discontinuance in obedience to the spread of modern utilitarian ideas. Far from any prospect of this, however, the procession increases every year in grandeur and magnificence, and neither national calamities nor the spirit of the age have yet contrived to impair its ancient glory.





# MY TEXAN ELOPEMENT.

BY JOHN H. JONES.

An extraordinary and amusing episode of life in the Wild West. How a fiery young Texan lover was flung in a fashion remarkable alike for originality and daring. The incident is well known and remembered locally.



THE summer of 1894 found me teaching a subscription school at Rainbow, on Rainbow Creek, in the north of Hunt County, Texas. If your map is a large one, you will find Rainbow Creek close to Hickory Creek Post-office, seven miles from Wolfe City, and six from Celeste. That summer was very hot, even for Texas, and the school dried out in about six weeks. The youngsters used to tumble over fast asleep, and the older scholars (some of them older than myself, as I was only twenty-three at that time) found it exceedingly difficult to keep from nodding. The folding doors were kept wide open, and the window-sashes taken out of their frames, but still the heat was intolerable. And when a hot dry wind swept in from the North-West plains the school came to grief most dolefully. The thermometer was 118deg. in the shade!

So I found myself one broiling afternoon lazily lolling about the veranda of my boarding-house, and when a lively "Halloa!" came from the road I only grunted. It was Charley Yarbrough, a lanky youth of eighteen or so, and as he was riding a new horse I went out into the glare of the sunshine to look at it.

"Seen Miss Sally lately?" asked Charley.

I grinned and shook my head.

Charley chewed his finger-ends restlessly for a while, and I continued examining his horse and making comments, when he broke out

suddenly: "Say, Jack Jones, are you in for a lark?"

"What lark?" I asked.

Charley was a wildish kind of scamp, and Texas is a wildish kind of place, where a little caution is not always lost. After a little fidgeting, Charley came out with an explanation something like this. Most of it I knew already, but the sequel made me jump.

Miss Sally Steddem had been left an orphan when a few years old, and was now under the guardianship of Mr. Lem Henslee, the son of one of the famous Texan Rangers, who made the name of Henslee known all along the Red River counties for a hundred miles or more. Miss Sally, at the time of which I write, had grown into a tall, splendid girl of about nineteen, with the usual consequences. Lem Henslee's house was never free from such-like lanky youths as the one I was speaking to.

There was one of them, however, who believed himself to be the man of all men—at least, in Miss Sally's eyes. Nobody else thought so, least of all Miss Sally, but Sam Jumper's ardour made him blind to palpable facts. Mr. Lem Henslee strongly objected to Sam Jumper's presence in his house (so did Miss Sally, but Sam would not believe that), and Lem Henslee was a splendid shot, and an exceedingly tough customer all round. So Sam dodged about very carefully, and caught occasional glimpses of Miss Sally on the sly, and sent her occasional



MR. JOHN H. JONES, THE AUTHOR, WHO IMPERSONATED MISS SALLY STEDDEN.  
From a Photo. by Will S. Thompson, Bonham, Texas.

wild as a buck," and was not likely to stand much nonsense from such a fellow as Sam Jumper, who was about as good-looking a good-for-nothing as you could find. So Sam's hankering was more after Miss Sally than Lem, and the two men did not come together. But there was a restless feeling among the parties concerned, when one morning Lem had a visitor in the shape of Sam's Mercury, and Lem and he had some conversation together which ended in a great deal of chuckling.

Then Sam Taylor, the aforesaid Mercury, issued forth and hunted up Charley Yarbrough, and unfolded to him a scheme which set their horses in a long lope in the direction of Lem Henslee's house. Half an hour afterwards Lem Henslee and Sam Taylor were shaking their sides with laughing at the ridiculous figure of Charley Yarbrough, half a yard of whose trouser-legs were sticking out of one of Miss Sally's old gowns.

"Boys," gasped Lem, when he had breath enough, "it won't do. Sam Jumper isn't such a dog-goned idiot as all that."

And the others were fain to admit that he was probably correct.

Miss Sally was a fine, tall girl, but Charley had only just finished growing, and was nearly, or quite, 6ft. high, and the foot or so of lean shanks which

the gown left uncovered would have undecieved the most ardent lover in creation. And so the plot seemed likely to fall through.



MISS SALLY STEDDEN, WHOM SAM JUMPER

THOUGHT HE WAS ELOPING WITH.

From a Photo.

love-letters, over which Lem Henslee roared his ribs out, so to speak, when Miss Sally showed them to him.

But Lem got tired of it and so did Miss Sally, and Lem gave Sam to understand that if he didn't leave the girl alone things would happen which would appal him. But this only fanned the flame of Sam's passion, as might be expected, and he went about with a wild glare in his eye and a big revolver in his pocket. But Lem Henslee had the reputation of being "as



RAINBOW SCHOOL, HUNT COUNTY, TEXAS—THE AUTHOR WAS SCHOOLMASTER, AND MISS SALLY ATTENDED AS A PUPIL.  
From a Photo. by Rice, Leonard, Texas.

"If we could only tie a knot in each of Charley's legs, now——"

"Or get some other fellow——"

"Not many of the boys would take on. It might be a bit rough if Sam didn't like it; and it isn't likely he would."

And when that scamp Charley Yarbrough got thus far with his story, he began to shoot side-long glances at me.

"You ain't very tall," he suggested, slyly.

"Dare say not," I remarked, pretty drily. I could see, of course, what he was driving at, and I began to turn things over in my mind pretty rapidly.

It was a delicate situation. There was my position as school teacher to think of, and to be a prime mover in such an affair would be sure to compromise me in the eyes of the more sedate quarters of the community. Could I afford to risk it? And then, there were other risks. There is a strong vein of Spanish blood running through the Texans, which came from Mexico and which makes them hot and passionate; and if a man would cut up rough at anything on earth, it would be on finding that he had eloped with the wrong girl. And when the girl turned out to be an athletic young man of about his own age, it would perhaps be best for that young man to get very quickly out of the road. And then, it was very rough on Sam.

"Oh, but, you know," said Charley, eagerly, "Sam is a mighty sorry sort of a boy, and he just worries Miss Sally's life out. She just hates him. Everybody knows what an ornery cuss he is, and Miss Sally doesn't like to have him fooling round her everywhere she goes, and——"

"What does Miss Sally say about it?"

"Oh! she's into it all right. She's mighty tired of Sam Jumper fooling round her. Don't let it fall through, Jack, for I'm dog-goned if I know anybody else who——"

"I dare say not," quoth I.

"And Sam hasn't much grit in him, you know."

"All very well, but *that* would make a snake kick."

"And, of course, you won't be by yourself."

"Who'll be there?" I asked, quickly.

"Oh! There's Lem Henslee, and Hubert,

and Sam Taylor, and Bob Blankenship, and one or two more; and if you like to bring a friend or two——"

"All right; I'm on." These were some of the wildest spirits in the country, and I knew they could be depended on at a push—especially the Henslees.

Charley's face was a picture. Off he went at full gallop, and I retired to cogitate.

There were several aspects to the affair. Of course, if Miss Sally wanted to get rid of Sam, and Sam obstinately refused to leave her in peace, he would have to be made to go; and if it could be done without hurting him, so much the better. Besides, if Sam objected to the process, and turned crusty (according to the Texan idea of crustiness), there would be some tough boys behind me if it got too hot. Then came another thought: Sam would be sure to have a friend or two with him, and my party would, of course, hold aloof until the last moment, and a row in Texas is usually over in about a minute and a half. And it is customary to have a funeral shortly afterwards.

"If there is any warm blood in Sam's veins at all, I had better keep a quick eye," I thought; "but I'll be hanged if I back out now."



"SEE CHARLEY AT YOUR OLD SAM JUMPER'S ARDENT EPISTLES."

The next few days were exciting. Several letters were passed, and we simply lay down and

roared at poor old Sam Jumper's ardent epistles, which Sam Taylor faithfully carried to us. I began to get sorry for Sam, but I knew what he was, and very easily quieted my conscience.

The elopement, it seemed, was arranged for the beginning of August; and about dusk one warm evening I found myself quietly entering



Lem Henslee's house, which was situated in a clearing close by the creek. My horse was put up and fed, and I joined the group of boys in a large room in the front part of the house. The male portion of the *genus homo*, by the way, are all "boys" in Texas. They were a wild-looking lot to English eyes, in coloured shirts and long boots, with dark, swarthy faces, and deep-set, fierce-looking eyes. There was a low laugh as I softly entered.

"Be quiet, boys," said Lem, "Sam is sure to be hanging about in the brush. Sam Taylor says he is as hot as a steam-engine."

"Where is Sam Taylor?"

"Oh! he's coming along with the bridal party, to keep Jack out when Jumper finds him out."

"Anybody else with them?" I asked.

"Why, yes, there's Joe Mayness coming along. Sam Taylor says he just couldn't keep Jumper from fetching him, and he was afraid to kick against it too much for fear Jumper should smell a rat. He *was* getting a bit uneasy, Sam says, but as soon as Sam talks about Sally sorter sweetly, he just does pretty nearly what he's told, and quietens down lovely."

Whereat we grinned hugely.

"Well, it will be two to two, and I guess *we* won't be far off," says somebody.

"Now, look here, boys," begins Lem, "the thing is to get Sam well scared before he catches up with anything. Jack can't do anything but run, fastened up with Sally's long clothes, and he can't run much in *them*. You see, we would never get there in time to do anything, and it would be all over with Jack before—," and he grinned so broadly that the others laughed outright, and I broke in hastily with—

"Let's talk about something else. Where's that blamed gown affair? What time have you fixed to start?"

"Oh!" was the reply, "Sam Taylor will try to sneak in beforehand; as we reckoned about nine o'clock, but it won't hurt to keep the idiot waiting an hour or so."

Whereupon Lem lugged out some gear that made me tremble.

It was the first time I had ever perpetrated such a thing, and it made me sweat; but at last I got into a light-coloured gown and tied a red sash round my waist. Then I put on a white poke bonnet. I had already shaved myself as clean as possible, but the bonnet would serve to hide my features. Meanwhile, as you might expect, the onlookers enjoyed themselves.

"Purtest gal in Hunt County."

"Whacking big shoulders, though, for a gal."

"If Lem wasn't looking, I'd be a-hugging of her."

"What! with them feet?—Charley's stuck



"THE ONLOOKERS ENJOYED THEMSELVES."

out about half a yard, and a good slice of leg along with them."

"Dog-gone it! Put some gloves on to hide yourself; Sam knows the feel of a gal's hand better than that."

The gown fitted beautifully; it hung loose from the shoulders, which were jolly tight, and there was no trouble about the waist.

"Here's your grip, Miss Sally," said Lem's hired hand, as he handed over a huge port-manteau. I took it, but it fell with a thud. There was a smothered burst of laughter.

"I tore up half a brick-path to ram into it: mind you make Sam tote it."

"You bet," said I, laughing.

Just then the door opened, and we all started. Sam Taylor put in an excited appearance.

"Lem! Lem! there's an eternal cuss of a

dog sneaking round my legs. Call him in, or he will give the show away."

"Come in and shut the door. Where's Sam?"

"Got it all square?"

"How's he take it?"

"Which way did you come?"

A regular volley of questions struck Sam Taylor, but he had caught sight of me, and couldn't speak for laughing. They unceremoniously turned me round and round for Sam's edification, and all said that I looked more lady-like than they should have thought possible. Chicly they noticed that I had grown taller. I didn't cut quite such a graceful figure as we should have liked, though, being somewhat thick-set—"chunky," as they called it; but I made "a right nice girl" if I would only keep in the shade, for the moon was getting up. After a while, when we quietened down, Sam Taylor told us that he had left the bridegroom-elect at the edge of the big pasture by the wire gate, whilst he crept forward to reconnoitre.

"Joe Mayness with him?"

"Yes."

"Got any guns?"—this from myself, as the party most interested.

"No."

"Thank goodness!"

"But Joe has a knife as long as your arm, and Sam told me he had a beautiful pair of brass knucks."

Whereat the other idiots laughed as though it were funny.

"Sam allowed that a gun wouldn't be much good at night among the brush, and anyway, he didn't reckon he'd get caught, most likely."

"Why on earth didn't you get them to leave their blessed knuckle-dusters and knives at home and bring six-shooters? It would have been ever so much safer," growled I.

"Look here, boys," went on Sam Taylor, the messenger, "it is most too bad. There's that poor boy been cleaning my buggy up till my old lady didn't know it; he reckons on going to Greenville in it to-night, and he fixed it up with a preacher to be ready to do the trick to-morrow morning."

"Has he got the license?"

"You bet! He got it yesterday. He's as hot as a nigger at a big meeting. Now you had better get ready. I'll sneak back first; give me about ten minutes, and then cross over through the horse-lot, and stand under the big *bois d'arc* in front of the gate."

"Wait a bit, Sam," said Lem Henslee, "he won't hurt. You didn't come in the buggy, did you?"

"No. Joe and I came on horseback, and Sam came on his old mule. We are to go to my house, and my old lady has fixed up some supper, and Sam reckons to light out to Greenville in the buggy."

"But how does he reckon to get Sally there, then?" asked Lem. Sam began to laugh.

"Oh! as we were coming along Joe said to Sam: 'That old mule won't tote a gal behind you,' and Sam just looked bad. So

I guessed Sally could ride behind me, but Sam swore he'd be hanged if she did. I guessed so too, but I

allowed to myself that Jack might, if ever we got that far. But I didn't let on, and after awhile Sam came down a bit, and allowed that he couldn't be jealous now. 'I know she loves me,' says Sam Jumper, as soft as a sick calf, and he fairly snivelled."

Whereat we nearly choked ourselves trying to keep quiet, and Sam Taylor slipped out.

After awhile I tied my bonnet-strings closely, and, taking my portmanteau, stole softly after him. The crescent moon was half up, and it flung long black shadows across the horse-lot. I went cautiously, yet hurriedly, trying to take short, quick steps like a girl, and to swing as little as possible. The portmanteau, choke-full of bricks, was an awful weight, and it took me

all my time to keep from tripping. It never struck me till then how helpless I was. I could only see straight ahead, because of the long peak of the poke bonnet; and the gown held my shoulders very tightly. I wondered what Miss Sally—the *real* Miss Sally—would say (or



"I STOLE SOFTLY AFTER HIM."



think) if my shoulders should burst through her gown. I wondered, too, what she would say if she could see me just then!

Here I was at the first gate. I expect I cut rather an awkward figure getting through, what with the heavy grip and the clinging skirts, and the consciousness that eager eyes were watching my every motion. But I got through the horse-lot and shut the gate, then I stole quietly into the shadow of the big *bois d'arc*.

The moon was brighter than I had anticipated, and I could clearly see the dark clumps of trees and their heavy shadows around me. I don't know how long I waited; not long, I suppose, but it seemed a very long time. Every moment I expected to see Sam Jumper and his confederates dash out of the brush. I could hear the horses stamping in their stables; one was loose in the lot, and was snuffing about just at the other side of the fence. It was a beautiful quiet night, and everything was still and peaceful. A couple of cows were lying close to the fence, quietly chewing their cud.

Suddenly I heard a door slam, and then I heard somebody stamping about on the veranda. Then I heard Lem Henslee calling his wife's name. There was no answer—Mrs. Henslee and Miss Sally were at the big camp meeting at Celeste, with some friends. Then Lem called out:—

"Where's Sally?"

His voice rang out clearly in the still night air. Then—

"Whar's that gal got to?" Then he called to Mrs. Henslee again. Again no answer. Then—"Whar the 'tarnal have you all got to? Sally! Sally!" Then a long pause, and I heard him quickly pacing the veranda.

Then he shouted loudly: "Sally! Sally! Whar's that gal? By the Almighty thunder, if Sam Jumper's fooling round here—Sally! Sally! Where's my bridle? I'll see into this. By thunder! somebody's stolen my bridle! Sally! Sally! Hold up there! Hold up! By—, I'll—." And I thought Lem was doing it splendidly.

"Hang it, though," I muttered, "I wish Sam would come. If Lem has frightened him clean off it *will* be a sell." But Lem was bursting his way through the far gate, swearing like a fiend, and I thought he had started too soon and spoiled everything.

Suddenly there was a rush quite close to me. Three dark figures leapt out of a clump of trees only a few yards away. I had been fooling about among the folds of my gown for a long time trying to find the pocket, and just as the three figures sprang out, I placed Miss Sally's pocket-handkerchief before my face, and tried

to sob into it. Sam Taylor was first. He grabbed my arm and pulled me along.

"Take the grip! Take the grip, Sam! Hang it, man, be quick! There's Lem Henslee raging like a madman!"

What with the bonnet and the handkerchief I could hardly see anything, but poor, deluded Sam Jumper was staggering along on my left side with the heavy portmanteau, and Joe Mayness was at the other side of him. Sam Taylor was on my right.

Just then Lem gave a mighty roar. "There they are! Hold up! Hold up, there!" and the sharp snap of a revolver rang out.

"By Heaven! come along," called out Taylor. "Take hold of her, Sam; help her along. She's going to faint! She's going to faint!"

In an instant Sam had my left arm and Joe had the grip. Poor old Sam was trembling like a leaf and saying, "Don't cry; don't cry, Sally! It's all right, Sally, dear; don't cry; don't cry!" while Lem was banging the gate about and roaring like a bull.

"Here, Hubert! Bob! There! There they are! Hold up there! Hold up!" and shot after shot rang out, whilst a wild tumult arose behind us, as one after another joined in the chase.

"Don't shoot, Lem; don't shoot; you'll hit the gal."

"I hit him! I hit him! There they are! Hubert, where's your gun? There on the left! —there he is! That's him!" and the air was filled with imprecations and yells and the sharp reports of the revolvers.

Sam Taylor acted his part splendidly. He had his arm round my waist helping me along, so that Sam Jumper could only take my arm. Joe was stumbling along with that awful brick-filled portmanteau, talking to himself—swearing, I suppose. I remember holding my left arm as limply as possible so that it might feel soft.

On we went, Sam comforting me, and trembling as each shot was fired. Over rough scrub, across open glades, under huge trees, keeping in the deep shadows as much as possible; panting, struggling, out of breath with excitement and exertion.

How I felt, I can hardly tell you. Put yourself in my place for an instant—in the grasp of a fiery young Texan lover, tearing through the wild thicket in the bright moonlight, with a yelling mob of half savage cowboys and hired hands shooting and swearing behind like so many fiends. We made straight for the creek bottom; it was dry at this time of the year, and there a party of "the boys" was in ambush. At times I could have laughed, but I had to keep as alert as possible, for that long knife

and those brass knuckledusters were deeply impressed on my mind, and I didn't want them impressed on my body.

I was quivering with alertness, for I might be discovered at any moment, and then it was only by quickness that I expected to get safely away. Suddenly Sam Jumper stopped

of Hubert Henslee rose out of a clump of low brush right behind Sam.

"Hold up there!" he fairly roared.

Sam leaped sideways just in time to see a sheet of flame leap out of Hubert's huge Colt's forty-four, and before the roar came he had made a spring of about six feet. Tucking up my



"WE MADE STRAIGHT FOR THE CREEK BOTTOM."

and pushed my shoulder. He swung round in front of me, and I knew that the game was up. We stood face to face for an instant, his right hand on my left shoulder, and his left hand clenched at his side.

"That's not her!"

The words snapped out like pistol-shots. Joe Mayness dropped the grip and made a leap forward; then stood stock-still. For an instant we stood like four statues: my eyes were glued on Sam Jumper's. I could see quite clearly in the moonlight how they were blazing; his face was flushed and set, his whole figure was rigid and motionless, and his fingers dug deep into my shoulder.

Like a flash his left hand went to his pocket; like a flash I had twisted and sprung back. I dared not run. I was too much hampered by my skirts, and he would have been on me before I had gone five steps. I set myself to receive his spring, when like a spectre the form

skirts, away I went like the wind, dodging Joe Mayness easily. Sam Jumper was off in another direction; then the two parties of pursuers joined, and the din for a few minutes was frightful. Half-a-dozen pistol-shots rattled out in as many seconds; wild Indian shrieks and savage yells made the night hideous. I saw no more of Sam Jumper that night. He leapt the wire fence like a deer; Joe Mayness, however, caught his foot in the barbs and came down heavily. When the boys came up with them they were hurriedly untying their horses.

"Sam," said Lem Henslee, quite quietly, "we boys found a grip out there in the thicket. Did either of you boys drop one?" Sam glared and panted.

"You got me this time, but I'll see the inside of Silas Yarbrough's brains for it."

He cut his mule across the loins with his quirk as he spoke, and in the bright moonlight a horse and a mule loped down the road through

the thicket, and in a few minutes were hidden by the deep shadow of the woods.

It was a lively party that sat on Lem Henslee's veranda that night.

"One of you boys had better load up a gun; he might take a notion to sneak back and pull down on somebody."

"Not he; he's had enough for one night. I never saw a worse scared boy. Shouldn't wonder if some of his teeth fell out. You could hear them rattling half a mile away."

"Take that white frock off, anyway, Jack. He thought you were Silas Yarbrough. I reckon we had better put Silas up to it, for fear Sam tries tricks on him."

For myself, I thought it would be nicer to fool Sam some more and let him go on thinking so, but it would hardly have been safe for Silas.

"I reckon we brought down some stars," chuckled Hubert Henslee; "the shots went pretty high."

"The small of Sam's back must have felt mighty shivery"; and so the joking went on.

We arranged to keep the affair quiet, and separated about midnight.

Next morning at breakfast, old man Henslee—Lem's father—looked over at me very quietly, and said, in a contemplative sort of voice: "Let

me see, isn't it goodols. that the fine is, under United States law, for wearing women's clothes in public?"

"Eh?" said I, blankly.

However, I heard nothing more of it in that direction, except a little splutter from Sam, which came to nothing.

That morning I went down to Hickory Creek for my letters. A crowd of men was hanging about the post-office.

"Morning, gentlemen," said I, as I got off my horse.

"Morning, Miss Sally!" "How do, Miss Sally." "How are ye, Miss Sally?"

"I thought those boys were going to keep it quiet," said I.

"Quiet! It was known in Wolfe City, Leonard, and Celeste before sun-up; and I'll bet it is known in Bonham by now. Keep that quiet? I would have given a

horse to have seen it. Seen any marshals yet?"

"Durn the marshals."

"Sam is tearing about like a wild hog this morning; you'd better look out, Miss Sally, or your old man——"

"Durn my old man."

But I slept with something hard under my pillow for some time, and kept the door shut.



"FOR AN INSTANT WE STOOD LIKE STATUES."

## A Naturalist in Cannibal-Land

By R. H. MACKELLAR.

Being a brief account of the exciting adventures experienced by a British officer in the little-known cannibal islands of the South Seas. Illustrated with photos. taken by Captain Cayley-Webster himself, and with sketches from his own note-book.



CAPTAIN H. CAYLEY-WEBSTER, whose photo. appears on this page, recently accomplished a very remarkable exploring and scientific journey amongst those remote islands of the South Seas where for the most part white men are only represented by a rare occasional trader or missionary. The whole of Captain Cayley-Webster's absorbing narrative is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The object of this article is to show the dangers and difficulties attending travel in these islands.

It seems that when Captain Cayley-Webster was in New Britain the few white people there were experiencing a great deal of trouble from the natives, and it was only when a man-o-war appeared on the scene, and some bluejackets had been marched into the interior to smash up the villages, that the whites were left unmolested. Now, the cause of all this trouble was very curious. It seems that one of the natives had induced his people to fight by offering for sale a magic substance which should render their bodies bullet proof. He pressed his wares assiduously, saying, "Let us kill the white men and live in their houses."

He was a born showman, that man. "To prove that his stuff was genuine," says Captain Cayley-Webster, "he painted someone with his mixture, and after holding up a bullet, substituted for it a berry not unlike it in appearance, and inserting it into the muzzle of an old gun, fired at the man, of course without injuring him. By this means he collected many hundreds of pounds' worth of 'dewarra' (native money), and had it not been for the timely arrival of the war-ship he might still be doing a good trade."

And yet in this remote region there were not only English men to be found, but English ladies as well.

"Mrs. Parkinson took me for many excursions into the interior, and on one occasion to the village of a very influential chief, a hoary-headed old scoundrel, who had the deaths of many people on his conscience—if he had such a thing—and was one of the most ferocious cannibals in that part of the country. This man was holding a great festivity, and the village, as I approached it, resembled somewhat a large country fair. Huge chains of various coloured crotons and flowers strung together



CAPTAIN H. CAYLEY-WEBSTER.  
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.



hung from tree to tree, the trunks of which were encircled by garlands of beautiful creepers. Upwards of 3,000 natives were assembled from all parts, and many hundreds of them were covered with leaves, which, together with their paint and their enormous feather head-dresses, imparted to them a most imposing, but at the same time wild, appearance. The whole spectacle was quite the most unique I had witnessed in the country.

"The performers themselves were all assembled, as it were, behind the scenes: a large screen of ferns and flowers had been erected for the purpose. At the sound of the tom-tom each tribe in its turn came forward and performed its dance, and with their fierce noises

ance which was being enacted in front of them. On the other side were the men, chewing their betel-nut and applauding the various performers as they appeared on the scene. In the centre was erected an enormous screen, about 40ft. in height, on which were hung countless rolls of 'dewarra,' each coil being worth £25 in English money. This 'dewarra,' which is the native money of New Britain, is comprised of a particular kind of small shell, resembling the cowrie. These are bored and strung together on narrow strips of cane. It is very much sought after by the natives, as with it they purchase their wives, their slaves, pigs, and in fact all articles of trade. A fathom of this shell-money is worth 2s., and when 250 fathoms are gathered together they



From a]

A NATIVE DANCE IN NEW BRITAIN.

[Photo.

and many extraordinary gyrations, one could not help but experience a feeling of awe. The dance is the private property of the chief of each village, who either designs it himself or purchases it from some neighbouring warrior.

"On the one side were the women and children of the many different villages, squatting, as none but natives can squat, on their hams—indulging, probably, in the latest village gossip; but not one of them, as far as I could see, exhibiting the slightest interest in the perform-

ance which was being enacted in front of them. On the other side were the men, chewing their betel-nut and applauding the various performers as they appeared on the scene. In the centre was erected an enormous screen, about 40ft. in height, on which were hung countless rolls of 'dewarra,' each coil being worth £25 in English money. This 'dewarra,' which is the native money of New Britain, is comprised of a particular kind of small shell, resembling the cowrie. These are bored and strung together on narrow strips of cane. It is very much sought after by the natives, as with it they purchase their wives, their slaves, pigs, and in fact all articles of trade. A fathom of this shell-money is worth 2s., and when 250 fathoms are gathered together they

are formed into a coil very skilfully laced up with cane or rattan, giving it the appearance of a huge lifebuoy. On the screen were also hung innumerable ornaments and trophies, such as skulls of vanquished enemies, spears, etc." Captain Cayley-Webster was frequently cautioned never to go anywhere without his revolver in his hand. Head-hunting raids were constantly being organized, and the Captain himself was an eye-witness of one great expedition which captured more than sixty gruesome trophies in the shape of human heads.

These were immediately smoke-dried and preserved in the temple or Tambu-house.

The next photo. we reproduce shows Captain Cayley-Webster and his native hunters. We will let him continue his story:—

"The day before we left I took the boat and one or two natives with me to an island some few miles distant in the hope of obtaining particular species of lepidoptera, which I knew to exist there. On arriving at the village, which was situated a few yards up from the beach and densely surrounded by coconut trees, I looked in vain for the inhabitants, who had not put in an appearance, as they usually do on the landing of a stranger. This augured of evil, as the native is in the habit of remaining inside his house on the arrival of any person he does not wish to see. I took very little notice of this, as I had a gun and revolver with me, but left two boys with the boat with distinct instructions not to leave it under any circumstances.

"Returning after an hour or two spent in the forest with the object of my visit safely stowed away, I found all the men of the village assembled together in the council-house—at least a hundred in number—apparently much excited and gesticulating wildly. On perceiving me they all pointed at me, and at the same time cast by no means friendly glances in my direction. I sauntered directly up to the chief, and, slapping him on the back, offered him a cigar, and at the same time indicated that I required some coconuts to drink, and after some hesitation and delay they were brought. Knowing quite well that they would not attack me from the front, I placed my back against a tree before quenching my thirst, apparently quite unconcerned, although I was well aware of the dangerous position in which I was. Again walking up to the chief I shook him by the hand, and turning away, walked slowly down to the beach without turning my face from the people, and I was by



*From a*

CAPTAIN CAYLEY-WEBSTER WITH HIS NATIVE HUNTERS.

*[Photo.]*

no means sorry to find myself safe in the boat once more. I attributed my safety—and I can but little doubt that I owed my life on this occasion—to the fact that I, apparently inadvertently, displayed a large revolver as well as the shot-gun which I had slung over my shoulder."

Our explorer-naturalist has much to say that is interesting about Dutch New Guinea, where the natives informed him that "a long way off and high up in the mountains" the Arfours, or wild men, were to be found. Accordingly he sent four men as ambassadors to these strange people; but his messengers, after proceeding a mile or so, were compelled to return to the coast owing to the terrible man-traps that lay in their path at every stride.

"These traps, which are set by the Arfours to prevent enemies approaching their mountain



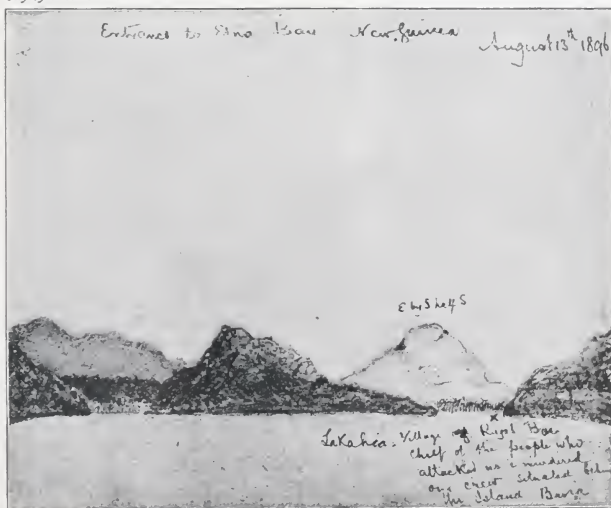
ETNA BAY, THE SCENE OF THE FIGHT WITH THE CANNIBALS.  
From Captain Cayley-Webster's own Sketch-Book.

retreat, consist of small spikes of iron-wood, about 10 in. long, and steeped in the juice of some poisonous plant. They are firmly embedded in the ground with the exception of two or three inches, which are left at an angle of forty-five degrees and pointing towards the sea-coast. These are placed in the native tracks a few feet apart and expertly hidden by twigs or leaves, but on anyone walking upon them they penetrate right through the foot, being so finely pointed."

It was at Etna Bay, New Guinea, that Captain Cayley-Webster met with his most exciting experience. Here he noticed

that all the natives had their teeth sharpened, which was a pretty sure sign of cannibalism. For a time these natives were collecting natural history specimens for our explorer in the most innocent manner, but that they had had their eye upon him as a prospective dinner will be evident from the determined onslaught they made on the 11th of August, 1895.

"My early fears, which I had formed owing to their sharpened teeth, were indeed realized. Early on this morning two of my crew went on shore as usual to shoot, and after breakfast the butterfly collectors were taken in the whale-boat by my boatswain, Johnston, and one of the sailors, round a point about a mile distant, where there was a very good river, on the banks of which they told me



THE HOME OF CAPTAIN CAYLEY-WEBSTER'S WOULD-BE MURDERERS.  
From his own Sketch-Book.



they had seen many fine butterflies the day before.

"Shortly after they started a very large canoe, containing about twenty-five people, came alongside, and all its occupants came on deck, including one old woman, who brought with her a child, which she was very anxious for me to purchase. Their manner was even more friendly than usual, and through this I then, for the first time, suspected hostile intentions; and so, taking a large knife, with a blade about 15 in. in length, from a man who was

have lived to reach the shore. Seeing, then, that their own mission, which had evidently been to murder us and seize the ship, had proved futile, they at once departed, and not a moment too soon for them, for about a quarter of an hour afterwards 'Jimmy,' one of the two hunters who had started at daybreak in the morning, was observed rushing down to the beach and entering the water. I shouted to him to know the reason, when he called out, 'Fire the big gun; Lennel has been killed.'

"At that moment showers of arrows and spears were seen whizzing through the air over his head as he swam out to the ship, but, fortunately, not one struck him. I then brought the Krupp gun I had mounted on deck to bear upon the beach, and by its assistance kept back the swarming natives from following him, and a few minutes afterwards he reached the ship in safety. He told me that he and Lennel were just returning from the bush with a number of Paradise birds—the result of their morning's work—and were sitting down in front of the village, drinking the coconuts the natives had given them, when he suddenly saw a man raise a native axe and strike Lennel across the neck from behind. The poor man, he said, sank without a

murmur. He then ran back again into the forest, but was so hard pressed by the overwhelming numbers that he doubled back to the beach and swam for his life.

"I was obliged to keep up a continuous and deadly fire for about ten minutes, to prevent the people from hauling up their canoes, which now began to float off the shore with the rising tide.

"About two o'clock Rangoon, one of the butterfly boys, was seen to run out of the forest and push a canoe into the water. He also reached the ship without any injury. Rangoon said that my men, who had taken him with the others in the boat in the morning, had been attacked by swarms of natives, but he had rushed off into the jungle and thus escaped; that there were hundreds of natives running back-



THE SCENE OF THE MURDERS OF JOHNSTON AND SAIL.  
From Captain Cayley-Walker's own Sketch-Book.

sitting on the taffrail close to the back of my chair, I told the captain to keep a good lookout.

"It is my firm belief that this act saved my life. The natives, evidently observing my suspicions, commenced talking very excitedly among themselves, and I must say that the boat, which by now had had ample time to return, and was not forthcoming, caused me very much anxiety—so much so, that I was on the point of sending someone after it, when I observed what I at first took to be the boat, but afterwards found was a large canoe, returning from round the point; and had I known then that its coming heralded the accomplishment of their bloody deed, not one man, woman, or child of those twenty-five on board the yacht should

wards and forwards in the forest filled with excitement. About an hour later I saw two more of my men creeping through the mangroves a few hundred yards north of the village, and making for a canoe which was tied up close by, but the natives discovered them a few seconds before they reached it and attacked them in a most ferocious manner, only running away after I had fired several rounds of the Krupp gun over their heads. A few minutes later these two men were safely on board, and I could not but be amused at the plucky way in which one of them had stuck to his butterfly net all the time, especially when he told me that he could have reached the canoe much quicker had he not had it in his hand. They informed me that when the boat was attacked they ran away, as they were unarmed, but that Johnston, Sam, and Abdullah, the Macassar man, were all together.

"The canoes which lined the beach opposite the village had by this time all floated off with the rising tide, the natives being prevented from securing them by the continuous fire from the Krupp gun. I therefore sent out some men with axes, who scuttled about forty canoes, which were to be seen floating in the bay in every direction. This act enraged the natives to such an extent that other canoes, overcrowded with people, sprang out of the mangroves from every point, and simultaneously made a desperate attack upon us. These canoes, some sixty or seventy in number, containing in all about three hundred people, were kept at bay for a considerable time, and finding evidently that it was an impossibility to secure the prize they so much coveted, they divided and disappeared, doing us but very little injury. The bay presented by this time a gruesome spectacle: the wreckage of destroyed canoes, bows and arrows, and many other articles of the enemy's paraphernalia were to be seen floating in all directions. The noise of the tom-toms could be heard sending out their weird and dismal sounds from range to range; dusky objects could be seen skimming across a little open patch or creeping through the undergrowth near the water's edge all round us; and it reflects great credit upon the remains of my small but plucky crew that so large a force on the shore was unable to approach and capture the ship.

"There was not a breath of air to enable us to move, and the sun had nearly set; nevertheless I weighed anchor and dropped down in the direction I had sent the boat in that morning, to endeavour to find out something of the three missing men. I fired a rifle at regular intervals on the way to enable them to know the ship's

position, although I had but little hope of their being then alive.

"At 10 p.m. we again let go the anchor, and about half an hour later I perceived, by the phosphorescent disturbance of the water, that something was coming towards the ship. In response to my inquiry I heard the faint word 'Cowan' (Malay for friend), and knew at once it must be Abdullah, and very soon managed to get him on board. It appeared that he had hidden in the jungle until long after dark, and then when he heard the chain running through the hawse-pipe he knew that the ship was again at anchor. So making his way some mile or two to windward along the coast he had cut a spar, taken off his clothes, and struck out for the centre of the bay, knowing that a very strong current at the time would carry him down to the yacht. Had he started even fifty yards lower down the current would have swept him past the ship without ever reaching it, and we should never have seen or heard of him again.

"As it was he arrived on board in a terribly exhausted condition, with his feet all cut and bleeding, and his body scratched to pieces from the prickly undergrowth he had been obliged to penetrate, as the natives had so hotly pursued him, the most persistent being a man and a boy, both of whom he had killed with his kris.

"My worst fears were now realized, for he told me Johnston and Sam were both dead. On landing in the morning, he told us, the boat had been hauled up on the beach, and they had all sat under a cocoanut tree. Suddenly they were surprised by some hundred natives rushing out of the forest and attacking them, whereupon they made a bolt for their rifles, which they had foolishly left in the boat, when others in canoes attacked them from the sea. He just had time to see that Sam had been cut in the back and pierced with arrows, and poor Johnston, my boatswain, had literally been pierced through and through when he ran off to save himself.

"By eleven o'clock that night, by the light of their fires, I could see that the village was full of natives, and from the noise of their drums and tom-toms, and from an observation one of the hunters had made on the shore, I knew only too well the nature of their horrible and repulsive festivity. They had killed three of my men, had captured five rifles and my boat, and I was powerless to avenge these dastardly murders. All through that night and many succeeding ones I never left the deck, for on several occasions these natives, who were the boldest and most ferocious I had ever seen, made desperate attempts to capture the

vessel, and I am confident that if it had not been for the quick-firing Krupp the yacht would have passed into other hands, and these words never have been written."

Captain Cayley-Webster soon after this continued his journey past Normandy Island, a large island belonging to the D'Entrecasteaux group, and shortly afterwards sighted Cape St. George, which lies at the extreme south of New Ireland.

"Beating up St. George's Channel against considerable head winds and currents, it was not until a week later that I arrived at Herbertsoh, which is the seat of German Government in this archipelago. After a short halt I sailed on to Ralum, where I met some old friends. A few days after my arrival I promised the natives to show them some conjuring and sleight-of-hand tricks. On the

'taboran,' who came in a ship and made mango trees grow before their eyes and fire come out of his mouth, will be talked of as one of the wonders of their country, and I daresay with much exaggeration."

By the way, it is very interesting to note here that many explorers learn a few conjuring tricks before they leave home, and look upon this accomplishment as a valuable part of their outfit. And well they may. An ability to "astonish the natives" has more than once saved a white explorer's life in the wilds.

One of the most curious sights that Captain Cayley-Webster witnessed was the Duk-Duk dance, which is represented in the photo. at the top of the next page. We give the explorer's own account of this extraordinary ceremony:—

"The Duk-Duk, for that is the name it



From a]

CAPTAIN CAYLEY-WEBSTER GIVES A CONJURING ENTERTAINMENT TO THE NATIVES.

[Photo.

day fixed, from daylight in the morning natives flocked down from all parts of the interior and from many miles along the coast to witness the performance, and I was afterwards held in great awe and veneration by everyone I came across. No matter how simple the tricks, the natives were open-mouthed in their wonder, and that day earned for me the title of 'taboran' (devil) throughout the whole of New Britain, and without a doubt a hundred years hence the

goes by, is an interesting institution, originally emanating from this group of islands. Many hundreds of years ago it was invented by a celebrated chief here, as a form of native police. At the outset, men who had misbehaved themselves in the principal village, and were consequently debarred from getting food there, used to cover themselves with leaves, worked into weird and strange shapes, and repair to the neighbouring villages, and on their terrifying



From a

THE EXTRAORDINARY DUK-DUK DANCE.

[Photo

the people to such an extent, they willingly gave them too in order to get rid of them. This costume proved so successful in working upon the fears and superstitions of the natives that eventually the chiefs arrogated to themselves the right of clothing a kind of police in this manner, and any of their enemies were thus hunted down by the Duk-Duk, who could and did kill anyone with impunity. Any woman looking upon the Duk-Duk was immediately put to death, and even down to the present day upon the faintest sign of the approach of this dreadful apparition the women all fly in terror and bury themselves in the densest jungle possible."

Quite apart from the greater and more obvious perils of his splendid journey, Captain Cayley-Webster frequently encountered unpleasantnesses which no amount of care and foresight could prevent. The following, for example, is perhaps one of the explorer's most curious experiences.

"On one occasion a native brought me a small fish on his spear point, saying in pidjin English

"That fellar he savey too much—he ki-ki along o' me plenty, me die finish"; meaning thereby that the fish was an artful customer, and if bitten by him I should die. Placing it in a bottle of spirit I unfortunately touched one of the spiky fins while pressing in the cork. Immediately I felt an electric shock run up my arm and one drop of blood appeared on my finger. Rushing to the veranda I at once procured brandy and ammonia, in which I bathed my injured hand, but in an incredibly short space of time I became insensible, and had it not been for the timely arrival of the captain of a recruiting schooner then lying off the island, I should probably never have recovered. The captain at once proceeded to administer brandy in enormous doses, with the result that after some time I recovered consciousness. He then walked me up and down, although feeling dead-beat, for many hours, continually dosing me with brandy until the poison was conquered. I was, however, confined to my bed for ten days, a severe attack of fever supervening."



## Jinkers and Jinkering.

By RAS DE S. MAGNUSSEN.

A curious contribution from Western New South Wales, showing by means of photographs how whole houses, public buildings, and even towns are moved on wheels and drawn to their destination by teams of oxen and horses.



HE illustrations accompanying this article give an idea of how house-shifting is carried out on the faraway Barrier, and will no doubt be a perfect revelation to the ordinary person to whom house-moving is a wretchedly prosaic business involving much discomfort and inconvenience. The Barrier is a wide stretch of country in Western New South Wales, near the South Australian border, where a goodly portion of the silver of the world comes from. At one time Silverton was the head centre of the district. That was in the days when the mines of Day Dream, Thackaringa, Purnamoota, and the Apollyon Valley were in active operation. But the scene of work shifted in time to the far-famed Broken Hill, one of the wonders of the nineteenth century, and there it stayed—and is likely to remain for several generations to come. One of the mines on the field, the Broken Hill Proprietary, has distributed among its shareholders over £9,000,000

imports and exports are second only in annual value to those of Sydney itself, the capital of the Mother Colony of the Australias. In days gone by, of course—in the days of “rushes” and “booms”—house-removing was much more frequent than to-day; and maybe a few years hence will see the “jinker” regarded as a prehistoric institution. For Broken Hill has proved that it has “come to stay.”

Nearly the whole of the now almost deserted town of Silverton, once a remarkably busy city, was jinkered to Broken Hill, a distance of eighteen to twenty miles—a unique instance, I should say, of a town being shifted house by house. And the remarkable photograph reproduced on this page gives an excellent idea of how this town removal was conducted. Here we see a large general store which has just reached the famous silver city of Broken Hill, after having been transported from Silverton by easy—very easy—stages. Observe the great string of fine bullocks hitched on to



LARGE STORE REMOVED BODILY NEARLY TWENTY MILES BY A TEAM OF BULLOCKS.

From a Photo. by A. F. Pincombe, Broken Hill.

in dividends and bonuses, and has enough ore *in sight* now to last at least twenty or twenty-five years.

Broken Hill buildings are—or were—mainly of wood and galvanized iron, so constructed for convenience of removal. I say *were*—for Broken Hill is rapidly growing out of the wood and iron into the brick and stone age. However, the scenes depicted in our photographs are common enough even to-day, although the town has a population of over 26,000, and its

the jinker on which the house rests. Mr. A. F. Pincombe, we note, was on this occasion mover-in-ordinary and jinker plenipotentiary.

Both horse and bullock teams are utilized as the drawing-power of the jinker. Either style of team, however, provides but a slow method of progression.

The store seen in the foregoing photo. measured 42ft. by 46ft. by 20ft. high, and there were thirty-eight head of bullocks harnessed to the jinker. Notwithstanding this, however, it took

three weeks to a day to travel from point to point of the twenty miles. The roads, it is true, were heavy and boggy, as the result of recent rains, and certain stretches of ground it was almost impossible to traverse. On more than one day the building was not hauled more than a hundred yards in the twenty-four hours. Another structure I wot of—a private residence—removed from one part of Broken Hill to another, only a distance of two miles, was on the road for three days, and

well-bred jinker. Said Mr. A. F. Pincombe (the chief jinker-owner of Broken Hill) to the writer: "I have jinkered for fourteen years, and only once had I a pane of glass smashed; and even then it was a small boy who threw a stone and broke the pane deliberately." The origin of the jinker is wrapped in Australian mystery. Bendigo, the famous Victorian gold-field, claims to have developed the inventor, and no one so far has troubled to dispute the claim. So Bendigo will probably go down to posterity (if



HOUSE-MOVING IN BROKEN HILL. A PRIVATE RESIDENCE BEING SHIFTED.  
*From a Photograph.*

during transit cost the jinker four new sets of wheels. The house seen in our second photograph measured 36ft. by 30ft., and was four days being drawn from Round Hill to Broken Hill, a distance of five and a half miles.

But what is a jinker? Well, it is an ugly-looking, bulky, low, triangular conveyance, very like a pair of shear-legs on wheels. The jinkers, like all other vehicles, run in various sizes, proportionate to the bulk and weight of the building they are to transport. We will suppose a house is to be removed. Well, most of the houses are—or were—built on a level with the ground, expressly to facilitate possible shifting. The house to be jinkered is first raised from its foundation usually by means of what are known as "German timber-jacks." When it is lifted sufficiently high, say from 18in. to 3ft. from the ground, the jinker is backed under it, and the house is then let down, after which it is ready for transport anywhere—after, of course, the building has been braced to the jinker. The great advantage of the jinker is this: it does not jolt the building. We will suppose that a wheel of the jinker falls into a rut, or becomes bogged. In that case the whole affair at once "gives" in a tilt, each section bearing an equal strain. A waggon (although used sometimes for very small shanties) shakes and rolls, and is apt to break every pane of glass in the windows. There is no such risk with a properly conducted and

history worries its head in the matter at all) as the birthplace of one of the awkwardest and yet most convenient vehicles in Australian use.

The township of Round Hill, like Silverton, was moved almost bodily into the newer town, until to-day there are not half-a-dozen houses where once there were hundreds. The locality was prospected, and was a failure; so the residents turned in the direction of success, taking their houses with them after the manner of snails. And when the rate of progression is considered the simile becomes peculiarly apt.

The next photograph reproduced shows a public school which was shifted bodily to the Silver City, when the children of Round Hill were too few to warrant its retention in that deserted town. It was placed in position at North Broken Hill, and is to this day one of the buildings in which the young of the district receive their education. Horses, it will be observed, are the motive power in this case. There were forty-five fine animals harnessed at a time to this temple of learning, but the heavy roads proved such a strain on some of them that they "knocked under," so that altogether sixty-one horses were necessary to do the hauling. And these sixty-one took seven days to do their work. The dimensions of the school-house were (over all) 45ft. by 30ft., whilst its weight was about twenty-five tons. This was, by the way, the heaviest building ever shifted on a Broken Hill jinker.



"THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION"—A PUBLIC SCHOOL BEING "JINKERED" (WEIGHT 25 TONS).  
*From a Photo. by Devon Photo. Company, Broken Hill.*

The shifting of the Salvation Army barracks shown in our next illustration was one of the most rapid acts of jinker removal on Barrier record. The building, an awkward structure to handle (dimensions, 56ft. by 22ft., and 24ft. high), was at Silverton on a Saturday afternoon. It was first of all hoisted on to a vehicle drawn by thirty-eight bullocks (the cattle being under the control of four drivers), and that same afternoon was dropped into position at South Broken Hill in good time to allow of its being repaired and used for celebration purposes on the following Wednesday evening.

But not alone are empty houses and public buildings carried from place to place. Often—and this is where much of the convenience of jinking comes in—dwelling-houses are shifted *holus bolus*—furniture and all, the confident *hausfrau* not even troubling to remove the cups and jugs from the dresser-pegs. More than a few times, too, when folk have not been pressed for time, the whole family of the owner has remained indoors during transport, just as if the building were quietly resting on its own foundations. Certainly a novel experience this, and a pleasant, but in no wise an exaggeration. Another remarkable instance of the value of the jinker is shown when a house is to be sold. Then it may be jacked on to the three-cornered skeleton waggon and carried direct to the auction-mart, where it is submitted to the hammer in exactly

the same fashion as a second-hand table or a bale of dress-goods, which irresistibly suggests Mahomet and the mountain. There is this advantage in such a method, that an intending buyer hasn't to walk a mile and a half on a day when the thermometer is 116deg. in the shade to inspect a dwelling that may not suit him after all. If he is in town, this prospective landlord, he merely loafs around to the auction and takes his choice from probably half-a-dozen more or less (generally less) beautiful houses that have been lugged there by teams over miles of country.

One may be sarcastic at the expense of some of the buildings seen in these pictures, but let the sarcastically inclined remember that the old order of things is fast disappearing, and that the latter-day class of accommodation is much more in accordance with comfort and wealth. Broken Hill of the present day holds buildings as fine in every respect as the ordinary run in the capital cities of the island-continent.

Some of the jinker-pictures are loaned to the magazine by Mr. Pincombe, who lays claim to having shifted two-thirds of the townships of Silverton and Round Hill to Broken Hill.



SALVATION ARMY BARRACKS BEING REMOVED BY THIRTY-EIGHT BULLOCKS.  
*From a Photograph.*

## My Klondike Mission.

BY MRS. LILIAN AGNES OLIVER.

How a plucky Chicago lady braved the rigours of the fearful journey to Arctic Klondike, solely in order to get enough money to place her invalid husband above want. She went alone, and wrote the following vivid letters home to her husband. With portraits and photographs of the places.



HAD often asked myself during my married life, why was it I was so blessed with such a good husband. I never felt worthy of him, and on looking around me, would see so many wives, better than I ever thought I could be, suffering from blighted lives and with "marriage a failure" written all over them. For twelve years my husband had been a great sufferer with his head. Pain would rack and torture him, until he would hardly know what he was doing, and it caused an entire loss of sleep. The doctor was called, and he prescribed a mixture of bromide of potassium and hydrate of chloral. Since that fatal first dose my husband has not known one hour's natural sleep, having to take from one and a half to, in bad cases, six tea-spoonfuls. Added to this, he became afflicted with locomotor ataxy—a form of creeping paralysis. So my readers will understand that my poor husband's lot was not a happy one.

He kept right along at work, though, the doctor advising it, and saying it would keep him from dwelling on his condition. I gave up all society and pleasures to stay at home and minister to his happiness and comfort, until at length all my friends deserted me, thinking that, because we did not return their calls, they were not wanted. I was, therefore, left alone to care for my sick husband; and a lonely life it was. Years flew by, and he was not getting better, giving me heartaches to watch him bravely bearing his suffering. Once or twice he told me he would end his misery if it were not for leaving me alone in the world; for I am the last of a small family, with not even a remote cousin.

We had not much in worldly goods, but my husband had a fair salary on which we lived. The future looked dark—so dark that I did not dare to look into its mysteries, until one day I was seized with gold fever, brought on by a visit from a friend who had been connected with

mining properties all his life. This gentleman told us, as he and my husband sat smoking their after-dinner cigars—that he intended to go to Klondike next year.

That night I got no sleep—thinking, thinking—until I formed a plan to accompany these people (for there were to be several in the party) to the frozen North. I fancied I saw how I could save a precious life. I dreamed of rich finds; and bags of gold haunted me all day and at night troubled my rest. I saw in my mind's eye the vision of a proud wife bearing home to a long-suffering man the wherewithal to take him away from dreary toil and give his tired brain a rest. In fancy we were taking a trip around the world; I was watching for the colour to come back to cheeks that had long been a stranger to it; I saw fire come to the eye grown dim; elasticity to steps grown weak; and happiness to both of us.

I could not keep this determination to myself long, but ere I spoke I resolved to write to our friend asking permission to accompany his party to the gold-fields. In due time I received a letter from the gentleman (he was evidently inclined to take mine as a joke) saying that as he knew me to be a woman of good health—cool-headed and

courageous—he would undertake the trust, promising also help and support from the whole party. Armed with this letter I told my husband of my intentions.

He looked at me in pity, thinking I had the gold fever so badly that it had turned my brain. But I worked on him from August until the following March for consent, and while he did not give it in words, his silence gave consent. He fell into the way of discussing my plans, and thus tacitly consented. The one thing I feared was his health, and that he might not be able to hold his position for two years more. So, going to the official heads of the company he worked for, I pleaded for him, asking them to be kind



MRS. LILIAN AGNES OLIVER.  
From a Photo. by Henshel Photo. and  
Portrait Co., Chicago.



to my husband for my sake, and bear with him in all his faults (he had made several bad mistakes through his head troubles) and try to return him until my return.

They promised to do what I asked. Then I went to our family doctor and gave him a paper written and signed by us both—giving him power of attorney to administer to my husband's comforts in my absence, making over certain money to be spent for his maintenance until I could care for him; this in case of a breakdown whilst I was away.

I had got together a fine outfit, and felt that, come what might, I would not suffer from the cold. Everything seemed to work smoothly. The time was drawing near—

only two weeks more—when one day I received a letter that positively stunned me. Our friend had written that he had not been successful in disposing of his property, and would therefore be obliged to give up his trip north. If a bolt had fallen from the sky I could not have felt more crushed. Here was I, with all my outfit bought, left, after all these months of fever and work, either to give up the dream of my life or go alone; for the rest of the party lacked courage after our leader backed out. "I will not be treated this way," I said to myself, "but I will go alone." This was another battle to be fought with my husband, and I came out victor.

The night of parting came. I had braced myself for the final wrench. Oh! how often have I looked back on that night, and suffered again the pangs of loneliness that passed over me. Friends had come to the depot to help to cheer up my husband and see him home after I had gone.

I stood on the platform of the train that was to bear me to Seattle, looking down on my friends. Even now tears are falling as I compare the going to the home-coming. My husband is the last to bid and kiss me good-bye. Holding me in his arms, he calls the blessings of Heaven down on his wife, asking God to send her safely back again, and making me promise that, successful or not, I would return in two years, for that was the limit. One more kiss, one more "God bless you," and "All

aboard" was sounded, and the train slowly pulled out of the *dépôt*.

I never fully realized until then the herculean task I had undertaken. In the feverish time of preparation, I had no time for thought, and I made a mental resolve that, with God's blessing, I would come back a successful woman. The awful strain I had lived under almost prostrated me for more reasons than one. I was going into this terrible country without sufficient means, and I knew it; but a brave heart can accomplish much, and I intended to share half I had in order to "grub-stake" some honest man, trusting to finding a rich claim ere my



From a

MRS. OLIVER IN KLONDIKE COSTUME.

{Photo.

small stock of provisions gave out. If I had to go short a little, I knew my constitution could stand it.

I will now explain my *modus operandi*. I knew Seattle to be the gateway to the gold-fields, and that Klondike parties were being made up there every day. If I could meet with the right kind of people, they might be able to place me with a party—perhaps some married couple who would not object to my accompanying them.

Eventually I found a man who advertised himself as "Alaska Guide, and Hunter." Going to him, and telling him what I wished, he told me I could be easily suited, or "fixed," as he called it, but to "place me" rightly seemed a hard task. This guide, however, had a friend whom he thought a great deal of; and I wish to say, in parentheses, that he deserved all the good things that could be said of him. After two months' observation of this noble character, and knowing he intended to go in to Alaska, I

asked him to guide me into the country and place me where I could help myself. He had been all through it a year before, and knew the country well. He agreed to do it, saying I deserved all the help and encouragement to be had to accomplish the noble task I had set myself. Well and faithfully did this loyal friend keep his word when he said he would be a brother to me; and the world would be a better place if it contained more men like Theodore Damstrom.

On comparing our financial condition, at starting, we stood thus: I had 300dols., or £60; he, 100dols., or £20—a small purse for such a terrible journey—besides our respective outfits of tents, etc. On the 27th May, 1898, we started with the good wishes of friends I had made in Seattle, and from now on my readers will hear from me in letter form.

Our first stage was by rail to Vancouver, and from there on we proceeded by steamship.

“Steamship *Athenian*, June 3rd.

“MY DEAR HUB,—I received your telegram 10.15 last night; if we had left on time, I should have missed it. We were to have left at 5 p.m., but did not until 3 a.m. to-day. The telegram startled me—thinking of danger to yourself. Thank you, dear, for remembering me in the final good-bye. We are running south to Victoria, and this channel reminds me of the St. Lawrence River. We are going like an ocean greyhound, and the work of managing the ship is being done as only the English can do it. Have a cabin to myself, and it is equal to any first-class we have ever travelled on. We are passing islands with mountains on each side, and the scenery is grand. There are forty head of oxen on board that are going in to Alaska to haul freight over the dreadful Dalton trail, and be killed on arriving at Dawson, for beef. They are so tame. I've been rubbing their noses, and they watch me as I pass from one to the other. They have comfortable stalls on deck, with straw beds and plenty of hay to eat. Poor things! how I pity them in their coming suffering. It's blowing fresh, and when on deck I turn up my cap-collar, and tie my cap on my head, so you know just how I look. There is only one thing wanted, and that is yourself, to enjoy this trip with me; it would do you good, for I know how you enjoy being on a fine ship. The steward said this one belongs to the Union Line, of London, and used to sail between Southampton and the Cape. That will give you an idea of its size. I sent you a list of the provisions that I purchased at Vancouver, B.C., and I find that by purchasing there I save a lot in duty; it will all be bonded

through free. I paid only \$3.50 for freight of provisions on board here, and 580lb. of personal goods passed free. The British Customs here charged \$4.50 duty on my tent and stove purchased in U.S. So far it's not bad. Approaching Victoria; very close. Once more take care of yourself, dear hub, and be brave. Wife will soon be back and come with the dust (gold).—YOUR LOVING WIFE.”

“On the Pacific, June 4th.

“Left Victoria on time; I am feeling fine—no sign of sickness, though we are pitching pretty freely. Mountains on the right, and open sea on the left. Sun shines brightly, and porpoises and whales are playing around us on all sides. Stiff breeze, but not cold. Half of the passengers laid up for repairs, and the rest look green around the mouth. As I passed a group of men on the poop-deck I heard the remark, ‘There is a healthy woman.’ My, I wish my old hub was here to enjoy this. We shall arrive at Wrangle this evening and stay awhile; there is considerable stuff to put off, and I shall get a chance to mail one more letter this side of Dyea. We are now on Hegate Strait. (See map).”

“June 5th.

“A little foggy. Did not reach Wrangle last night; soon be there now. As we near the north it gets lighter at night, 10.30 being as light as day. Very rough last night, and more passengers missing this morning from the breakfast table. Horses and cattle were sick; even the cabin cat forgot to ‘mew.’ I won't close, because I shall hunt for another flower at Wrangle.”

“Wrangle, 7.30 p.m.

“Just arrived. Going up town to see the totem poles and Indian village. Customs officers on board examining baggage. I am bonded through, and am, therefore, exempt. All well. Good-bye.”

“June 7th.

“Left on time this morning, and expect to reach Dyea in the morning. I mailed paper from Wrangle. It's published only once a week. Wrangle is an awful place. The board side-walks are built up out of the mud about 5ft., and you can almost touch the shanties on both sides. The Indians are a frightfully dirty lot, and they crowd round to sell their wares—baskets and carvings. We have kept the passage on the inside of the islands after leaving the above, and will do so until we reach Dyea. I shall have to show my U.S. purchase papers at Skagway. We leave the ship on a lighter, from thence to Dyea, the tide flats not permitting so large a boat to enter. I am, indeed, thankful I changed my mind about



From a

THE TOWN OF WRANGLE, ALASKA.

[Photo.

going the Stickeen route. You remember that Wrangle is the gateway to it; and there were 500 disgusted men who had turned back from this route, telling of the frightful hardships to man and beast. These men are going in over the Chilcoot Pass. The freighters were asking them 800dols. a ton to carry their goods 150 miles, from Glenora to Lake Teslin. They had been asking 100dols. Think of this, and then you will see that my guide was a wise man for not allowing me to choose that route, as I had originally intended."

"June 8th, 8.30 a.m.

"Just arrived at Skagway—a wild place nestling at the foot of mountains and at the end of water navigation. There are a lot of poor dead horses lying on the rocks, thrown up by the tide. Only a few of many (they say three thousand) along the cruel White Pass. I am finishing this letter on the wall of the post-office. Place better than I expected and everything quiet, though said to be run by gamblers and 'toughs.' Leave at 12 p.m. (high tide) on lighter for Dyea."

"Canyon City (seven miles from Dyea),

"June 11th.

"Here I am, O.K., and will try to tell you of some of my experiences. It seems to me like a dream. The last two days at Dyea were something awful; hot is no name for it. The sand burnt our feet so that we could not venture out. We took to the trail (my first walk) at 7 p.m., hoping to reach the place by 12. I am not gifted enough to tell you of the awful grandeur of my first day's walk on the bed of the river, between Dyea and this place. The river crossed our paths fourteen times. I crossed on a fallen tree once, waded four times, and was carried across nine times. We walked on and on, and did not see anything of the above camp, so I had to call a halt. I had started with the determination of keeping my troubles to myself, but I reckoned without my host.

My feet were too blistered to go farther. We had had a terrible walk four miles over sharp rocks, and I was in great pain every step I took. I wanted to lie down and rest, but was afraid of bears; for they had been seen on this part of the trail. At length, becoming too tired to resist, I lay down by the side of

the trail and took in the situation. Oh, what a night! Twelve o'clock, and as light as noon. We are still on the river bottom. On one side of the mountains a roaring, fiery furnace has been burning for days. It had just passed over Canyon City, burning a great deal of it, and devouring all the timber in its wake. As it burnt, there were sounds like the cracking of artillery caused by the immense heat splitting the huge boulders and sending them rolling down the mountain side over 4,000ft. Down the mountain on the left came tumbling and roaring a great waterfall, caused by the melting snow and ice from the glaciers above. I could not help wishing that these two elements might be brought together—the water to extinguish the fire. Above all this, in a tree near me, a robin sang all night. The little fellow was fooled by the light, and took night for day. After a while tired nature got the better of me and I fell asleep. Don't know how long I had slept, when I was startled by a noise near by, and, hearing the guide jump up, concluded the bears had come. Without



From a

THE BROADWAY, SKAGWAY.

[Photo.

waiting to ascertain, I set up a yell that would have wakened the dead: and on jumping up was in time to see a horse shying and trying to throw its rider. No wonder: I had tied a large towel round my head to keep those dreadful mosquitoes from eating me up, and it was this white thing popping up out of the bush, accompanied by the scream, that had startled the poor horse; and after he had taken a good look at me he felt better. I hear nothing now but 'bears.' We arose soon after, and were surprised to find we had just been on the outskirts of Canyon City all the while. We found an eating and bunk-house, and rested till after sundown; then started at 8 p.m. for Sheep Camp, seven miles away. I will finish this and mail at next stop. Will also inclose expenses and cost of freight so far. By-bye."

"Sheep Camp, June 12th.

"From the last stopping-place to here has been over a terrible trail—through heavy woods, along steep, rocky, and often boggy hillsides, broken by several deep gullies. The ascent was abrupt in places, and over huge masses of fallen rock, or steep, slippery surfaces of rock in places. Very tired, we arrived here at 11.30 p.m., and what do you think? I slept on a *feather bed*, made up in bunk fashion—quite a surprise to my tired limbs. This is called Wisconsin House, kept by a lady from that State. This part of the trail I cannot fully describe. Our first part was climbing round the foot of the mountain over which the fire I wrote of had passed, burning away all the trees and brush, making it hard to get a foothold, especially at an angle of 40 degrees. At our feet was flowing a fearful river, boiling and bubbling over huge boulders that had tumbled from the mountains above, and into which was running the melting ice and snow. We crossed this on three logs thrown over for a bridge, and it trembled as we touched it. We then commenced to climb up an abrupt mountain as above, once having to cross a narrow plank over a waterfall and getting drenched with spray. The saddest sight yet met with we saw here—a man, a raving maniac, whistling for imaginary dogs and calling partners, making the mountains echo and re-echo with his awful cry. When he saw us he ran to the edge of the precipice and stood over the river mentioned above, and at a height of 3,000ft. We expected to see him dash himself over, and I guess, if we had followed, he would have done so. Sometime and somewhere, perhaps, a wife would look for his return from the gold-fields, which will, ere this year closes, turn into graves for many of them. We met drivers of pack teams (horses) and told them what we had seen, thinking they would

report it at the camp, and that search parties would come after the maniac; but they said: 'That's nothing. There's lots of those fellows around, and will be more before the season is ended.' We climbed around, up and down, stopping now and then to admire some piece of exquisite scenery, and finally ended our journey in a mud flat. For that is all Sheep Camp is, surrounded by mountains that are always with us. In front of the window where I am writing is a waterfall, tumbling down in a huge white mass from a glacier in the shape of a cone 5,000ft. above. It makes a grand picture as it empties into the river below and rushes on to the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Oh! who would live in civilization when they can surround themselves with such pictures? I step out and breathe this pure, fresh air, fill my lungs, and it makes me stronger, braver, to do and dare. The pure ice water we drink on the table is carried in in buckets. There was a big surprise awaiting us at dinner time. We had the first decent meal since leaving the ship. Here is the bill of fare: Roast beef, steak and onions, macaroni, potatoes, pickles, pudding, and coffee—and only paid 50 cents. My bunk, with feather bed, cost another 50 cents. This is the cheapest I've met with yet. I forgot to mention that after leaving Canyon City the Aerial Railway was with us over the tops of the trees, and it was a strange sight to look up and see a cook-stove, a bale of hay, a canoe, lumber, and other strange things flying by in the baskets in mid-air. They are first carried from Dyea by waggons to Canyon City, and then on the Aerial Railway to the top of the Pass—a distance of about nine miles. The cruelty of man shows itself all along the line, for dead horses lie on all sides of us, and the smell is something frightful. One of our party in advance—for now we are seven—will call out to those in the rear, 'Another horse,' and we hold our noses and run by. Some have fallen down the mountain side a little way, and broken their backs, and the owners had thrown huge boulders on their heads to end their misery—others lie with broken and bleeding legs, with a bullet hole through their heads, and so on. By looking, you can tell how these poor things died. Nowhere on earth is man's selfishness displayed more than on the trail here. They lash and spur their poor horses up the mountains weighted down with heavy packs, and if they stop to take a drink they will get rocks thrown at them, accompanied by curses. Their tired dogs, also carrying perhaps a 50lb. pack, they kick if one stops to rest. How my heart ached for these noble beasts; and to protect them was but



to bring down abuse on my own head. I had to shut my eyes and ears, and sadly pass on. Would that I could do something for them at Ottawa—I would plead on my knees for them for protection. There is lying at my feet a beautiful St. Bernard. He is looking up at me with his liquid eyes, pleading for my friendship. I could write whole chapters in this strain, but it is, to me, too sad a subject. By-bye. Will write from the other side of the Pass."



DEAD ANIMALS ON THE SKAGWAY TRAIL.

[Photo.]

"Lake Lindermann, June 13th.

"Here I am, safe and sound over the much-dreaded Pass. We crossed it at 1.30 a.m. Monday, and it was as light as day—our party being the only one in sight. I must plead guilty to being nervous, and was afraid to look back for fear I would fall to the bottom.

Imagine a mountain near 4,000ft. high at an angle of 45deg., covered with snow to the depth of about 40ft., and which, during the day, gets soft, making climbing easier—but at night freezes over, making walking not only hard but fearfully dangerous. I could not get a foot-hold. My rubber boots caused me to slip backwards. The guide went ahead and dug holes with his heels in the ice for me to put my feet into; I taking hold of his hand and with my other carrying a stick, which I drove down into the snow and held on to. Every now and then I

got so nervous, that I had to sit down on the snow. In this way, after hard work, I finally reached the top, and although it was intensely cold, I was in a profuse perspiration. I then took my first look back.

"The picture will remain with me when all else is blotted out. Below me I see the river bed, now filled with ice and snow, winding like a serpent back as far as the eye could reach. On either side mountain after mountain, snow-clad and intermixed with peculiar-shaped glaciers. On our left and about a mile and a half from the foot of the Pass is where the fatal snow-slide occurred that killed so many this spring. The stillness and solitude of this ice-bound region seem to oppress one, and make me thankful to pass on. The Chilcoot Pass is

difficult and dangerous to those not possessed of steady nerves, for towards the summit there is a sheer ascent of 1,000ft., where a slip would certainly be fatal. At the actual summit, which for seven or eight miles is bare of trees or bushes, the trail leads through a narrow, rocky gap, and the whole scene is one of the most com-



From a Photo. by

BLOCK MADE ON PORCUPINE HILL, SKAGWAY TRAIL.

[E. Hegg.]



From a Photo. by]

SUMMIT OF THE CHILCOOT PASS.

[E. Hegg.

plete desolation. Naked granite rocks rise steeply to snow-clad mountains on either side. Descending the inland or north slopes is equally bad travelling, largely over wide areas of shattered rocks, where the trail may easily be lost. At the top we were met by N.W. policemen to see if we carried anything dutiable. For we are now, and will be until we reach Dawson, in Her Britannic Majesty's domains. At the foot of the summit I am obliged from sheer exhaustion to take my first rest in an objectionable bunk-house. My kind friend watched over me while I slept. The sun was hot as we started at 10 a.m., and now I met a new trouble. The sun shining on the snow hurt my eyes; we had travelled at night heretofore and rested in the day. For fully six miles we waded through soft snow and ice. We are now walking on top of the lake (Crater), and I went through several times up to my waist. This walk was very trying—I had to raise my feet so high out of the snow ere I could place them down again. After this we had more steep climbing, which made a rest very welcome, on seeing a little green moss, free from snow. We reached here Monday 11 p.m., and here, thank God, ends my walking. From now on I shall write from the boat—that is, when we get started. Lots

of boat-building and bustle here. Meals 1dol., and nothing to eat for it. Money's getting scarce, and we must now limit ourselves. Just paid 120dols. for freight from Dyea to Lindermann, at the rate of 10 cents a pound."

"18th, Saturday.

"Been here since Monday waiting for our goods to arrive—they came last night. Everything safe but a hatchet, and that

we were allowed for when we paid the bill. We leave to-morrow, if the wind is favourable."

"Lake Le Barge, June 22nd.

"After writing the above we did not leave for four days—could not make up our minds about a boat. Thought we would join others in the purchase of one, making it cheaper for us all. We have found a party, so we start at once.



SHOWING MODE OF TRAVELLING ON THE CHILCOOT TRAIL.

From a Photo. by E. Hegg.

There are seven—three women, four men—and two dogs, with about three tons of freight. Our boat measures 27ft. by 8ft. We shall be packed pretty tight, and expect to land at night for sleeping. We started down Lake Lindermann in a stiff breeze, and in an hour reached the end, seven miles, where we made our first portage. The boat being emptied, the goods were carried around by waggons, while experts take the boat through the rapids of three-quarters of a mile. On loading up again we next find ourselves on Lake Bennett.



PORTAGE BETWEEN LAKES LINDERMANN AND BENNETT. (Photo. From a)

For portaging around the above we are charged half a cent per pound. The wind staying with us we sail along in fine style, and at 10.30 p.m. land for supper and the night. A tent is pitched for us women, and the men roll up in their blankets and sleep on the ground in the brush. Arose at five, cooked breakfast, and start again, still on Lake Bennett, which is twenty-six miles long. Now we reach Lake Tagish, and this place holds some terrors for our little craft and crew. We are to pass a place which our guide tells us is called 'Windy Arm,' and has upset many boats. The peculiar formation is caused by the opening of the mountains on both sides of the lake, through which the wind is always blowing, causing ripples and white caps on the water, and making it necessary sometimes to 'lay to' for days, watching and waiting for a chance to get through. Camp for the night."

"6.30 a.m.

"Passed all right. Got a little wet, but nothing more unless I add a good shake-up. We entered a river with a swift current, and that brought us into Lake Marsh. This we sailed till 11 p.m., when we landed for the night. Arose at 3 a.m., had breakfast, and found the wind had left us, making rowing a necessity. I took a turn at the

oars, being tired of sitting still, the other women following suit; and we have done it several times since. At Lake Tagish we stopped at the last British station, and had a trying time. The Customs officer came on our boat, or rather called us in and examined everything on board, looking for tobacco and whisky. I had a pound among my things, but he did not find it. They marked things O.K. and numbered our boat 13,951. Think of it—that number of boats had passed that station this year (and it's only June yet); each boat containing from five to

twenty-five persons. Yesterday beat the record for anxiety for us women. At the end of Lake Marsh the boat has to pass through Grand Canyon, a mile long, where the water dashes through walls of rocks from fifty to a hundred feet high, and about the same in width. Three of the men took the boat, while the other walked with us women, four and a half miles, to

meet it at the other end. After passing this, we portaged again. Then there was the 'White Horse Rapids' to pass—a name which many fatal accidents have converted into the 'Miner's Grave.' Our guide was a hero, but the two other men in the boat 'got rattled,' and worked against each other, while he alone brought them safely through. We women sat on the rocks waiting for them to come, one crying—her husband was in the boat—and presently we saw flying towards us our brave guide, standing up with his oar, facing the danger, hat and coat off, and working like a Trojan to keep the boat in the comb of the falls. With one bound it shot over and flew among the rocks, but he guided it into safe water. After that I felt perfectly safe with that man. While the others were white with fright, he was as calm as a summer sea. Nothing but snags and rocks are everywhere, a fruitful source of danger on this river; and now, from the rapids downward, scarcely a day passed that we did not see some cairn or wooden cross marking the last resting-place of some drowned pilgrim





From a

SHOOTING MILES CANYON, WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

[Photo.]

to the land of gold. Events have crowded so thick and fast upon me that I've lost track of time, but feeling hungry, I think it must be dinner-time. All our watches differ, and I have forgotten the day of the month. Flags are flying on the little boats around us, getting ready for the glorious Fourth of July. Some are displaying the British flags, others the American, and other nationalities are also represented. Some men are trying to shoot ducks, others are singing and hailing each other as they pass. The scene is a lively one.

"Fine morning. Left Lake Le Barge and enter Thirty Mile River. Been saluted by N.W. police on bank, to tell number of boat and telling us to look out for rocks ahead—about seven miles. They take more pains to protect life than they do on the American side; there is simply nothing done there. If a boat gets lost between Tagish and Le Barge it is known here, as all numbers are taken and compared at the other stations. They are then able to tell the names of the people in the missing boats, because they are entered in a book at Tagish with their number. This river is beautiful, with a swift current of eight miles. Sun hot; I am writing under umbrella. Left all snow and ice behind. Birds are singing, ducks flying around, and on both sides of us are growing wild flowers. The sail is down and we are going with the current. One man is steering, and the rest asleep. Rocks ahead. Just passed through an awful time. Came to the rocks we were warned of, and there are wrecks lying all along the shore. A few

moments before we came up, a boat-load went to pieces on the rocks. Thank God, we missed it, but we owe it to our guide again. He had been here before. As we fly along, on all sides are wrecks. We have passed seven in a mile. Some have saved their outfits and are drying them on the bank, and some are trying to repair their boats. They hail us as we pass—asking how we happened to miss that rock. Now in good water again, with a few more rocks ahead. Passed again, and are now drawing to the end of Thirty Mile—the worst

piece of water yet encountered. We are called in again by police at the Hootalinqua River to show papers and again give number; and they ask, for the first time, if we lost any lives in Thirty Mile. They have had a big list this season. Thank God, we had none to report, but we had passed a number of newly-made graves that told their own story. Reached 'Big Salmon' River, had again to report, and had the following added to our papers: 'Big Salmon, 29/6/98, A. F. Solly.' Fort Selkirk is the next stop, and if they don't take this paper away I will send it home. We camp to-night at Little Salmon, but there is no station to report there. Reached above 11.30 p.m. Up at four this morning and got started by five. Lewis River, we pull in. There has been a stampede from here, and there is a camp of tents of about 500 men, up the Lewis and Little Salmon; these men are prospecting, but only a few have struck anything."

"July 1st.

"Had to run about eight miles farther than we intended last night, because fire had burnt all the timber, and we got into trouble landing. No one hurt, only got wet. The mosquitoes are awful, and the veil I had from Mr. Hickson saved my face, but my hands are a sight. We are now looking forward to 'Five Finger Rapids,' one mile from here, and we have all grown serious. Its another bad piece of water, but no portage, and we will all have to stay in the boat. Five rocks divide the river, and the current makes it dangerous to get through them. We are watching the guide's face. It is calm, and he smiles on us



weak women, telling us it is nothing. 'Here's the Fingers!' I shut my eyes, and grip the first thing I lay my hand on. Passed! Oh, that was awful—we were tossed up like a cork. It lasted about three minutes, but seemed like hours. A Peterborough canoe that was following us got swamped; came over sideways. One more bad place, 'Rink Rapids,' to pass, and I think that is the last of them.

slept dry and warm in my eiderdown sleeping-bag. The rocks stuck in my back, but I am getting used to that. This morn I mixed my flour, for biscuits, with the Yukon water. First I've made; been eating hard tack. We had a party of men camping on the same beach last night who dug in the gravel for dust, and after digging about two feet, they washed the gravel in their pans and showed us women 'seven



From a

FIVE FINGER RAPIDS—GENERAL VIEW.

[Photo.

There is a barge alongside with about thirty people on, and some donkeys. One of our men called out, 'You're all right. You have horse power,' and they answered 'Yes—mule power.' Rink Rapids; passed again; all safe. Will mail this at Fort Selkirk."

"Pelly River, July 2nd.

"I mailed letter yesterday at Selkirk. I will catch same mail at Dawson (16th). We camped at above last night, but before retiring looked over this old place, which shows the first sign of civilization in the old ruins of Fort Selkirk, with such recent and probably temporary occupation as circumstances may cause. About fifty years ago there was a fight between the white settlers and the Indians, and there are two burying-places where the victims on both sides were buried. We have passed parties of prospectors, digging by the river side. Our men called out, 'Found anything?' They answer, 'A little colour.' 8.30 p.m., going to camp; looks like rain."

"3rd.

"Poured all night. Kept dry in tent, and

colours'—I call it particles of gold. They did not think it worth working. The men are rowing against a strong wind, and there is a doubt about our reaching Dawson to-morrow (4th). We are about 130 miles from there. Stopped at the mouth of Stewart River for lunch. There is another stampede on. The men have 'cached' their provisions by building huts up in trees and covering them over with bark. It looks strange as we pull in—like a settlement of peculiar people living up trees. Had a hard time after leaving the above; a gale sprung up and nearly swamped us. Had to get in, and it was a difficult task."

"July 5th.

"Rained all night; camped early; had a hard time finding dry wood to get supper and breakfast. We are about thirty miles from Dawson. Will reach it to-night."

"4.20 p.m.

"In sight of Dawson. I am glad of it. I am cramped, being so long in this little boat—thirteen days. Dawson lies at the foot of a mountain on swampy ground. Boats all along

the shore, looking for a landing-place—poor camping ground so far. Will finish to-morrow.”

“6th.

“Landed at 5.30 p.m. last night. Beat the first boat *via* St. Michael by four hours. This place is immense, over three miles long and packed with men. We camped on a rocky hillside last night, and I am sore all over, trying to find a soft place between rocks to sleep. Just heard of steamer going out; must close to catch it.”

“Dawson, July 13th.

“Three letters reached me to-day, and though I have been here a week I’ve not been able to get my mail. Post-office only opens a few hours

they send out a ‘grafter’ to investigate, and if the ‘find’ is likely to turn out rich, the unfortunate prospector loses it. Their answer is, ‘I am sorry, but that claim was staked before’; and the poor man not being allowed to see the books at the recorder’s office, cannot protect himself. These claims are being sold ‘under the rose’ to someone that will give an interest in them to parties in power. This is no secret in Klondike, and, therefore, no place for the poor man. They charge the mine-owners 10 per cent. on all outputs from mines, and then they can only call the property theirs for a year. Their license, for which they pay 10dols., only



*From a Photo. by*

TRYING TO MAKE A LANDING AT DAWSON CITY.

*[La Roche, Seattle.]*

a day, and there are hundreds waiting outside. Ladies are being let in by a side door, but the mail-men are slow in sorting, and one has to wait ten days or two weeks ere a mail can be distributed, after arriving. The brutal way these men at the post-office speak to the people would cause a lynching on the American side. They treat the men like dogs. Everything is grab here, people having to pay for everything. The miners are holding a meeting to protest against the way they are being treated. If a man stakes a claim he must first take a license, for which he pays 10dols.; or to record a claim, 15dols. That is, if they let him have it. If work is not done within the year, he loses it, and also his right to take up another claim in that district. On recording a claim they will not give an answer to a man for sometimes six weeks. In the meantime,

lasts that time. They pay for a permit to cut wood, for building or burning; 12dols. for permission to cut logs to build a cabin 18ft. by 20ft. It is worked out how many logs are required—say sixty—and the miner is told not to take any more. One dollar per cord is charged for green wood, and 50 cents for dry wood, for burning—that is, to cut yourself. But if one waits for winter and buys it, they will be charged 60dols. per cord, by private parties. All wood must be rafted down the Yukon, there being none at Dawson. Will quote a few prices. Doctor’s charge from 10 to 20 dols. a visit; a prescription 2½dols. A neighbour was asked 9dols. for putting in the mainspring of a watch. A live chicken brought in on a boat was sold for 100dols. Beef 1dol. to 1dol. 50 cents per lb. Washtubs 12dols., wash-boards 4, flat-irons 4; one of the latter brought 6 at auction.

Butter 1dol. 50 cents lb. Eggs 3dols. per dozen. Apples, oranges, lemons, same. Can of condensed milk 75 cents; potatoes 75 cents per lb., or 5dols. sack of two and a half bushels; and so on.

"20th.

"Steamer arrived last night, caused a big commotion. Someone started the cry: 'Steam-boat,' and it was taken up by every man and passed along the line, waking everyone up. All turned out to see it: full of passengers. There must be over 2,000 dogs here, and they fight night and day. Their owners feed them hardly at all in the summer, and the poor things go round stealing, making people's life a burden; for one cannot lay a thing down before some starved dog comes and steals it. They get in under the tents and clean them out. One took a steak out of a neighbour's frying-pan when cooking."

"August 7th.

"I have not done much writing, for two reasons: no mail in and sickness in our camp. Three weeks ago our guide was taken ill with pneumonia that turned into hæmorrhage of the lungs, and he lies almost dying. Four or five doctors say he can't live. Our noble guide and friend; the best man in Dawson! All the rest of our party have pulled out and left me alone to take care of the sick. I am writing this outside his tent, and not fifty feet away are kneeling twenty old men, on the rocky hillside outside the Catholic church, with bared heads, listening to the service, for this is Sunday. The scene reminds me of the picture, 'The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.' The sacred music brings me no comfort, for my heart is heavy, and I ask myself: 'What am I to do?' I tried to get the sick man into the hospital connected with this church, but only those willing and able to pay 5dols. weekly can hope to recover. All is gold dust here. So I am taking care of him alone. I have to carry the water about two blocks, and the wood I am depending upon my neighbours for. When I tell you that when we arrived at Dawson I had only 45 cents left, you will understand I have not much money for doctors or beef-tea, but am doing my best with the stock of provisions I have."

"September 4th.

"Friends have found our guide, and have come to me after seven horrible weeks and offer

me assistance. Thank God! The winter is coming, and we have no place to live in but our tents, and at 60deg. below zero a tent is a cold habitation. These friends offer to send him out to San Francisco, and say if I will go along to care for him they will buy my ticket. He is still bleeding, cannot be moved. Nights are cold and frosty; rains during the day; our outlook is poor. The cold nights make the sick man suffer fearfully. Yet I have no way of keeping his tent warm. The wind is too high to take the stove inside; it would surely burn it down. They ask 20dols. per month for a log cabin, and I have quoted the price of firewood. Oh! how dreary everything looks. I get drenched with rain trying to make a little coffee, for the stove is outside my tent."

"September 6th.

"I am terribly afraid that we will be caught in here for the winter, and that means death for the sick man and hardships for me. Poor fellow cannot be moved without great suffering. I have relieved him with ergot of rye, but each hæmorrhage seems to last longer than the former one. If I thought this poor man had a chance for his life, I would not go out after coming here. He was my help, and without him I am useless."

"September 11th.

"Last boat leaves here to-morrow for this winter. Friends will carry my helper to the boat on a stretcher, and I trust he will live through the trying time. We look for bad weather in the Behring Sea after we leave St. Michael's—that is, if we do not get frozen in on the Yukon. It's freezing now."

"Sept 12th.

"Came on board last night; no ill effects. Start at 12 midnight, and, oh! how glad and grateful I am to leave this place, where I have gone through so much trouble. I want to, and will, come back to this country though—for there is gold dust for all, and I will yet get some of it. But I never want to see Dawson again. Men are dying here like sheep—and no wonder. I feel that I have a loving husband waiting to welcome me home, whether I am successful or not."

"San Francisco, Oct. 27th.

"Arrived after seven weeks on the way. Mr. Damstrom still lives. His sister met and is taking care of him, and now my journey to and from the great Klondike, for the present, is ended."

## Through Pygmy Land.\*

BY ALBERT B. LLOYD.

### I.

We here present to our readers the personal narrative of a record journey through the land of the Pygmy and Cannibal Tribes of Central Africa. Mr. Lloyd's narrative is illustrated with a remarkable set of photographs taken by himself, the whole being published for the first time, solely and exclusively in "The Wide World Magazine."



I had often occurred to me that in spite of the very many alarming stories of the fierceness of the Central African Pygmies, and the wildness of the cannibals, it would nevertheless be possible to accomplish a journey through their territory with reasonable care, and without an armed escort. At any rate, I made up my mind to attempt it. Having lived for some four and a half years in the Uganda Protectorate, and during this period having acquired a thorough knowledge of African natives and their language, I was not altogether ignorant as to the best mode of procedure. Accordingly on the 19th September last year I started into the unknown, and after ten weeks' incessant travelling reached the coast and landed in London on Christmas Day.

Toro is a large country to the extreme west of the Uganda Protectorate, reaching to the north almost to the Albert Lake; to the south, to the Albert Edward Lake; and to the west, extending to those most wonderful of all Nature's marvels, the Mountains of the Moon.

The capital of Toro, Kavaroli, is a good-sized town on the eastern slopes of the mountains. The two chief hills upon and around which the capital is built are those occupied by the King Kasagama and by the Protestant Mission of the Church Missionary Society, to which I belong.

The house occupied by myself was built in the ordinary African style, with mud walls and grass roof, but it was extremely comfortable. It contained four good-sized rooms, the doors

being made of the boards of old chop boxes. There was an inner mud roof as a safeguard against fire, the ordinary grass roof, of course, being very inflammable. A few weeks before I left Toro, a very fine English terrier, belonging to the gentleman formerly occupying my house, was carried off by a venturesome leopard, which approached so near to the house as to catch the dog just under the window. It may be mentioned here that lions and leopards

of the man-eating variety are very numerous in this district of Toro, and constantly the news reached us that someone had been carried off by these horrible beasts. Even in the middle of the day, in lonely parts, lions will seize their prey; but more frequently it happens to be in the evenings, just as the sun goes down.

In the next photograph we have a very interesting view of Bamutenda, the head-quarters of the Toro Protestant Mission, looking eastward from King Kasagama's hill. It was on a beautiful morning (Sept. 19th last) that I left here to explore Pygmy and Cannibal Land. The mission houses shown in this photo. were built early in 1897, and have been occupied since then

by two European missionaries. The King very graciously gave to the mission a large garden, part of which is shown in the illustration to the left of the houses. It consists chiefly of bananas, which grow in great profusion in Toro; and although they are not used, as in Uganda, as the staple food of the natives, yet they are very much in demand for producing the native beer, which, when fermented with a small millet seed, is a mild and much-appreciated intoxicant.



MR. ALBERT B. LLOYD.  
From a Photo. by Seville & Co., Leicester.

\* Copyright, 1899, in the United States by Albert B. Lloyd.  
The complete account of this expedition, illustrated by over 200 photographs, will shortly be published in book form in England and America.





BAMUTENDA, IN TORO-LAND—MR. LLOYD'S STARTING-POINT. IN THE FOREGROUND THE KING'S HILL.  
*From a* UNDER THE TREE, ONE OF HIS PAGES. *[Photo.]*

The church shown next to my house is the largest of the buildings seen in the photograph, and the dispensary is the smallest. As many as 200 patients a day came to me for treatment while on this station, and even with a very limited supply of drugs, and an even more limited knowledge of surgery, I was enabled to cure many poor sufferers. In this work my boys helped me very considerably.

In the next illustration I give a photograph of myself and some of the little Uganda boys, who during the whole of my stay in the Protectorate have been most faithful to me; two of them even accompanying me all the way to the Congo.

I believe there is that in the composition of an ordinary Uganda boy which, when he is treated with kindness and justice, is seldom found in other African races. If his master is true to him, he is true to his master. All through the Soudanese rebellion I was accompanied by these boys, and their faithfulness to me and their sterling pluck on the battlefield have

endeared them to me in a way that I hardly thought possible.

In addition to the boys above mentioned, who have been my faithful followers in Africa, I must not omit to speak of the little poodle dog which has accompanied me in all my many wanderings. "Sally"—shown in the next picture—has been a great attraction to the natives wherever we have gone, and in the accompanying photo. we see what form of attraction this occasionally took.

Passing through the native market-place one day in Mengo, Uganda, "Sally" evidently thought that demonstrations of delight shown by her admirers were quite unnecessary, and turning sharply round upon the crowd that was following us, she made a dash into the thick of them, scattering them in all directions, to her own apparent satisfaction and to the discomfort of many.

House-building to the people of Toro is an



*From a*

MR. LLOYD AND HIS UGANDA BOYS.

*[Photo.]*



From a] SALLY SCATTERS THE NATIVES IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

[Photo.

art in which they have not at present made much progress. The native dwellings are of very primitive construction, and generally consist of the beehive-shaped hut of the lower savage; but in the next photograph we have a snap-shot of a house in course of erection belonging to one of King Kasagama's more enterprising young chiefs. It will here be seen that a rough framework of reeds is first put up, and the mud plastered on afterwards. Brick houses have not yet been taken kindly to by the Watoro, on account, no doubt, of the increased labour necessary; for laziness is the complaint from which most Africans suffer.

However, we missionaries of Toro have done what we can towards teaching the people the immense advantage of a substantial dwelling, and brick-making has become quite an industry on the Protestant Mission. Kasagama, the King, was very busy when I left Toro, constructing for himself a fine brick house. The bricks, made entirely under his own direction by the natives, are sun-dried, and rather larger than the ordinary English make.

I have already mentioned the prevalence in Toro of the man-eating lion, and in the picture on next page is the dead body of one of these awful brutes. While staying in one

of the suburbs of the capital, I was one morning called up by the chief to come at once and shoot a lion that was doing great damage in the district, and had just then killed a poor woman while cultivating her garden. She was stooping down pulling up some weeds, when, in front of her, she heard the horrid roar of a lion. Looking up in speechless horror, she saw in the grass a few yards away a huge male lion apparently about to spring upon her; but just at that moment the lioness, which had crept up behind her, sprang out, and with an awful stroke of the fore-paw killed her where she stood, and then

carried her off into the thicket.

As soon as I heard this story I started off with a couple of my boys to hunt the lions, but although I spent the whole day searching, not a lion did I see. The mangled remains of the poor woman we discovered, but the lions kept out of our way. However, a few days after this, a party of native hunters returning from their day's hunt after small antelope, were attacked by the same lions. Walking in single file through the long grass on the narrow path, the man at the end of the line was suddenly seized from behind by the lioness, and instantly killed and



From a]

HOUSE BUILDING IN KING KASAGAMA'S CAPITAL.

[Photo.



BRINGING IN THE MAN-EATING LIONESS KILLED BY THE BRAVE TORO BOY.  
From a Photo.

carried off. The rest of the party made off with all haste excepting one little boy, the son of the man killed, and he, amazingly plucky little fellow that he is, actually turned back and, armed with nothing but a small spear, followed the blood-stained track through the thicket. After a little while he came upon the lioness in the act of devouring his father. Without a moment's hesitation, this brave little chap rushed at the huge beast, and the lioness, becoming aware of his approach, left the prey and sprang upon the boy. By a merciful Providence the spear which the boy carried entered the breast of the lioness, and by the brute's own weight was forced right into its body, piercing the heart, and the great creature rolled over stone dead. The boy was utterly unharmed. Rapidly withdrawing his little weapon, he rushed to the mangled remains of his father, and while bending over them, the male lion came roaring through the thicket. The grief-stricken lad sprang up, and with almost superhuman courage rushed towards the second lion, waving aloft his blood-stained spear, and shouting, "Come on, come on; I'll kill you also!" But the male lion was so discomfited by the unexpected approach of the lad that he turned tail and fled, leaving his spouse dead by the side of her mangled prey.

The boy then went home to his village and called his friends to come and bring the dead lioness to the King, and this was done. The brave little fellow was suitably rewarded by Kasagama for his wonderful pluck, and he made him his own page. I photographed him with his little spear all blood-bespotted, just after this

noteworthy act of bravery, and he is the subject of the next snap-shot.

Mwanga, the rebel King of Uganda, has never found any favour with the people of Toro. In the earlier days Toro was the great raiding-place of the Waganda, and when the King's herds of cattle and sheep were running low, or he wanted more slaves to do his work, he would organize a raid upon the unfortunate Watoro; so there is naturally no love lost between these two tribes at the present time. Immediately Mwanga was outlawed, however, the Watoro showed their willingness to do all in their power to aid the British Government, and under the direction of the British Sub-Commissioner at Toro they gained several very successful victories over their old enemy. At one time they captured the women of Mwanga's harem and a large amount of loot and ammunition, loyally bringing in to the British officer all the spoil. Mwanga's army made several attempts to cross Toro, but each time was repulsed by the Watoro with loss of life. In September last the war-drum beat again on Kasagama's hill to collect an army to go out against Gabrieli, Mwanga's commander-in-chief; and the next photograph depicts the Watoro army collecting amid great



THE TORO BOY WHO KILLED THE MAN-EATER WITH HIS  
SMALL SPEAR. [Photo.]





THE WATORO ARMY COLLECTING TO GO AGAINST MWANGA, THE REBEL KING OF UGANDA. *(Photo. From a)*

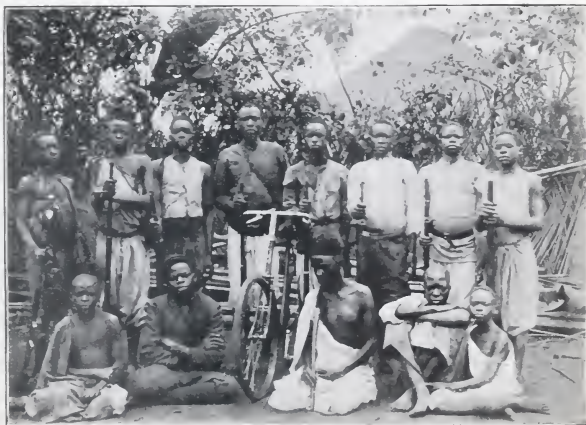
excitement. In less than a day, the news of the King's war-drum having been beaten had reached the most remote part of the country, and the chiefs from all quarters were making their way to Kabaroli with their followers. Some 600 chiefs armed with guns formed themselves around the person of the King, and then the rank and file armed with spears and shields, bows and arrows, etc., took up their position on the outside of the ring. As with most African tribes, their style of fighting consists of sudden rushes upon the enemy, retreating again to the rear, and again attacking from a different point. On one occasion the Watoro very skilfully entrapped their enemies in a little defile, and, without losing a man, killed thirty of the fierce Waganda.

During the Soudanese rebellion I was eight months with Major Macdonald's army, accompanied by my faithful Uganda boys as a body-guard. I was frequently in the forefront of the battle, and in many awkward positions, but never once did my little bodyguard leave me or hesitate to follow me.

In one of the fights, while I was taking the place of an officer who, through sickness, was unable to keep his post, a rush was made upon us by a party of the rebels, and the result might have been serious, had it not been for the pluck displayed by my

boys, who stood their ground around me, prepared to fight to the last. As it was, the rebels, finding so determined a stand made, withdrew. Strange to say, although the losses were always very heavy on our side, none of my boys were even wounded. I myself had my hat struck with a ball during one of the engagements, and once a bullet struck the ground only gin. from my knee as I knelt in the grass. But I came through all the eight months without a scratch, and there were very few engagements in which I did not take part.

After the rebels had been driven from Uganda proper, I was enabled to proceed on my journey towards the Congo, but on account of the number of little raiding bands of the rebels roaming about the country, it was necessary for me to have some kind of an escort through the Protectorate (see accompanying photograph). It was a journey full of adventure. About four days' march from Mengo we received a most alarming warning from a British officer who was at that time in the district, telling us that a band of 500 natives were on their way to attack one of the forts in the immediate vicinity. Some of the men who were with me, sent by the big chief of Uganda, wanted to return, but I told them that to run away when danger was near was cowardly, and it was much better to stand our ground. I then called up all the men of the escort and inquired what ammunition they had. I found to my horror that out of the fifty men only fifteen had more than one charge of powder, and only twelve men had bullets of any



UGANDA ESCORT PARTY LENT BY THE GOVERNMENT TO ACCOMPANY MR. LLOYD *(Photo. From a)*  
THROUGH THE PROTECTORATE.





*From a*

THE START FOR THE GREAT PYGMY FOREST.

*[Photo.*

description. I gave out to them what little powder I had, and then made up my mind to proceed on my journey. All that day we pressed forward, keeping a good look-out. We were passing through the most wild and uninhabited country to be found anywhere in Uganda, and then at night we camped in a small, deserted village. The Waganda escort kept watch all night and nothing happened. The next day, just as we left camp, we crossed a path that had been traversed in the night by a great number of people, and upon inquiring at a neighbouring village we discovered that they were Mwanga's people, who had gone that way in the night towards the Province of Bulimezi, passing within a mile of our defenceless little camp.

The next morning we pushed on, accomplishing a long march of about twenty-eight miles without any mishap, and then on the two following days we found ourselves traversing an uninhabited district. One night, after a very long, dreary walk, we arrived at a place called Nakabimba. We had made this long march so as to get to a place where we should find food, and house shelter from the rain, which was falling steadily.

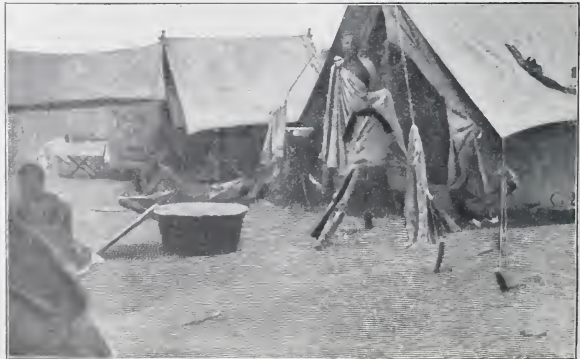
Alas, when we arrived, at about eight o'clock, we found nothing remaining of the houses but blackened ruins.

The gardens were all destroyed and the plantains cut down. Mwanga's party had been here only a few days before, and had burnt and destroyed the whole district.

There was not a soul to be seen anywhere, and so we had to make the best of a very bad job by going to bed with empty stomachs. The next day we passed through the very midst of an enormous herd of elephants. There must have been at least 200 of these huge creatures; they seemed quite undisturbed by our presence, and we marched on without interfering with them. I arrived

at the capital of Toro about fifteen days after the start from Mengo, and found all quiet. After a short stay at the mission I prepared for the next stage, which I intended should be a record one—*i.e.*, to complete the journey across Africa, passing through Pygmy and Cannibal Land, down the Congo to the West Coast.

The Waganda escort returned, and then with my ten boys, my bicycle, a donkey, and about twenty porters, I made a start on the 19th September. The snap-shot here given shows us all ready to begin the great journey. We were all in very good spirits, and I felt quite sure of success, although I had been told by many (especially by my native friends) that I should most surely be either killed by the Pygmies or eaten by the cannibals. The boys were to



MY FIRST CAMP AFTER LEAVING TORO—HERE THE EARTHQUAKE WAS FELT.

*From a Photo.*



From a) NATIVES COMING TO MY CAMP FOR MEDICAL TREATMENT. [Photo.]

return to Toro after accompanying me as far as the Belgian frontier fort, and I was to proceed with two only of my Waganda boys, and as small a number of porters as I could possibly do with.

From Toro we passed along the eastern ridge of the Mountains of the Moon, camping each day on the hill-side. I shall not soon forget the first night in camp after leaving Toro. You can see it in the photograph. I was sitting in my tent at about nine o'clock in the evening writing up my diary, when a violent earthquake took place. The things in my tent shook and tumbled about, and although I suppose it only lasted a few seconds, it was most alarming in character. It was of the undulating order, and the earth seemed verily to form into waves like the sea.

All my people were much alarmed, for, although we have often had earthquakes in Toro, this one was far more violent than any we had previously experienced.

In some of the villages that we passed through great numbers of the natives came to me for medicine, entirely believing in the skill of the European to cure anything from leprosy to stomach-ache. The type of people who thus came to make their supplications to the white man for treatment will be seen in the above photo. Not a bad "practice," if numbers go for anything.

On the mountain-sides live a tribe of people called the Wakonjo, a very harmless kind of folk, who live at peace with all men. Though a few in the photograph above wear clothes, yet this tribe have not the ambition for clothing that most Africans have, but prefer to remain in

Nature's own garb. Some of their villages reach an altitude of almost 10,000ft. above the sea level, and only a few thousand feet from the eternal snows. Once, when on a little trip up the mountain, I took the photograph next reproduced of one of their villages. The cold was intense, but these hardy mountain folk seem not to notice it, as for hours after sunset they sit outside their houses before huge fires, smoking their rank tobacco or drinking their native beer.

Passing round the Mountains of the Moon to the north of Lake Albert Edward, about five days' march brought us to the weird and wonderful hot springs of Kuwenzori. They are situated right at the base of Mount Gordon Bennett, and present a most astonishing sight to the traveller. Nothing could be more strange and fantastic than the approach to these wonders of Central Africa. While staying in the village of a Bamba chief, I was told about



A WAKONJO VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON, From a Photo.



*From a*

THE WONDERFUL HOT SPRINGS OF RUWENZORI.

*[Photo.*

the springs. I had read of them, but had never known quite where to find them, and now at last I found myself only about an hour's journey from the very spot. I asked the chief to give me a guide and direct me to the place. About twenty young Bamba warriors, all armed with their spears, presented themselves to me as prepared to take me to this strange place. We first climbed the mountain some hundreds of feet, and then one of the men pointed out to me in the distance what looked like a beautiful feathery cloud resting just above the earth's surface.

This I was told was the Hot Springs. We made our way down the hill again and entered a thick forest which runs all along the western base of the mountain. A tiny path winding in and out amongst the dense undergrowth was followed for about three-quarters of an hour, and then we suddenly came upon a large, well-made road, evidently much used, and along this we tramped. I asked what made the path so big, and was told that it was constantly traversed by numbers of sick folk who came every day from the districts round to bathe in the springs. A Central African watering-

place! This remarkable sight is shown in the next view. Suddenly we were made aware of a distinct rise of temperature, and also of a nasty, sickly odour. The vegetation very rapidly became ultra-tropical; ferns which in other places were small and stunted, here were huge trees.

The whole scene was changed. The path led through this most beautiful vegetation for about a quarter of an hour, when we immediately found ourselves entering a thick cloud of highly odiferous steam and then into a wide, open space, all over which were little bubbling springs of boiling water. Some were much bigger than others; the largest was throwing

up a spout of water to about a foot in height. A thick deposit incrustated the whole area. The water tasted of sulphur and potash and was quite undrinkable—to me, at any rate. Into the largest of these springs my boys threw a bunch of plantains, and in a surprisingly short time they were cooked. But a most disagreeable flavour permeated them, which, however, did not deter the boys from eating them. All the water as it bubbles up passes into one large stream, and this is again lost in the forest.



A CENTRAL AFRICAN WATERING-PLACE—SICK NATIVES BATHING IN THE HOT SPRINGS.

*From a Photo.*

*(To be continued.)*



## The Heroes of Niagara.

BY ORRIN E. DUNLAP, OF NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.

The author may be said to live on the spot and have personal knowledge of many of the heroes. He tells a series of graphic narratives, each illustrated by a photograph of the hero and his apparatus.



ALL newspaper statements to the contrary, it may be set down as fact by people both near and far that the Falls of Niagara have never yet been conquered by a human being who has lived to tell the story of his feelings during the voyage over the precipice. It is true, however, that several persons have caused to be spread broadcast the statement that they had made the trip over the Horseshoe Fall in safety. These persons have told marvellous stories of their experiences, all of which, no doubt, have intensified the interest in many dime museums distant from the falls. More than once within the past fifteen years the locality about the falls has been stirred by announcements that this one or that one contemplated a trip over the great cataract in order to determine certain scientific possibilities—saying nothing about a desire to gain notoriety in order that they might become museum “freaks.” To the newspaper men of the locality these desires of the various individuals were great fruit, for in the early stages of the attraction the stories of “intention” sold readily.

To one who has watched all such persons for many years the novelty of their plans has been a wonder, and it was evident that some of them must have esteemed life lightly to think of trusting themselves to their conceptions of safe apparatus. Several had ideas that they could make the trip in barrels. Others have conceived of a safe passage in rubber balls. Then another would shoot down the upper Niagara, over the reefs and rapids, in a boat, leaping from it at the brink of the fall, and, supported by a parachute, drop slowly into the foaming mass at the foot of the fall, there to float down-stream to a boat ready to capture him. But they were all “fakes.” That man has not presented himself at the falls who dared try and conquer the mighty precipice which has been looked upon and admired for ages by more people than ever viewed a falling body of water and admired its sublimity—a sublimity yet untainted by such modern “heroism.”

There is no doubt that the desire to conquer the Falls of Niagara is the direct outcome of the results obtained in conquering the whirlpool rapids, which form such an attraction for visitors, two miles below the cataract. After the passage of the steamer *Maid of the Mist* (already described in *THE WIDE WORLD*) through the gorge and rapids on June 6th, 1861, there was a period covering more than two decades in which that incident was told and retold, with all the “horrors” of the voyage most carefully pictured, in terms that made the terrible nature of the waters greatly intensified in the minds of strangers. High, high up in the air the foam-crested waves of the rapids dash in their apparent ambition to lick the cliff tops and bring death to venturesome humanity who dare breast them. The story of the *Maid of the Mist* was told in prose and verse; it was painted and pictured in many ways and in many countries. It made the circuit of the globe more than once, each time having new features. Its farewell appearance has not yet been heralded, for it was truly an accomplishment worthy of being transmitted from age to age, and it will be told as long as the Niagara flows onward from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario.

There was a brave Englishman named Captain Webb who had faced the dangers of the English Channel. He heard of the awfulness of the whirlpool rapids, and crossed the Atlantic to conquer them. He was recognised as the greatest swimmer of the time, and his passage from country to country to display his ability created intense excitement on two continents. No man had ever evinced such a disposition to battle with the waters of the Niagara gorge between the great railway suspension bridge of those days and the whirlpool rapids. He would do it unprotected even by a life-preserver. He was praised as a hero by many, while others said he was a fool. He reached Niagara. He viewed the gorge and waters. He was undaunted. He was a man of his word, and so he made arrangements to carry out his announced purpose.



It was about four o'clock on the afternoon of July 24th, 1883, that Webb made his fatal trip. He descended the bank by means of a roadway near the famous old Clifton House, recently destroyed by fire, and went to the ferry landing. He entered a small row-boat, and with "Jack" McCloy, a well-known guide, at the oars, was rowed to a point down the river a short distance above the old *Maid of the Mist* Landing. At 4.25 p.m. he leaped into the water. The river

banks for miles were lined with people. On the bridge there was a great surging mass of humanity. Webb had nothing on his body but a pair of plain, bright-red trunks. His stroke as he pulled away from the boat and swam towards the rapids that were to dash his life out was noble. It was a beautiful sight, and as he rode the first wave of the rapids, just beneath the old railway suspension bridge, the gorge echoed and re-echoed with the cheers of the multitude. This was followed by a terrible quiet, as Webb was swept onward down the river, into the rapids, by the current from which there was now no

escape. The next instant the white-capped waves were dashing over him. Onward he plunged, and the next moment he was lost to sight. Thousands of eyes searched the foamy waters for a glimpse of the man, but the largest wave in the gorge had been his conqueror. The more quiet waters of the whirlpool were scanned that day until darkness fell, and miles down the river watchers were all along the banks.

Then followed days of uncertainty. People were ready to swear they had seen him emerge from the river at various points. It was intimated that he had made the trip in safety, and was being concealed so that his friends

might win their wagers. It would take a volume to tell of the strange ideas advanced in those few days. To some it seemed impossible that Webb should die in the river after his accomplishments in other waters. But Webb did die at Niagara. His body was found about noon on July 28th, 1883, by Richard Turner, the spot being about a mile and a half below the village of Lewiston, N.Y. His body is buried in Oakwood Cemetery, Niagara Falls, N.Y.,

and yearly has the attention of members of a society to which he belonged, and also of friends who remember and admire his daring.

Three years passed without any further attempts being made to swim the rapids, and then, in 1886, a Philadelphia cooper named Carlisle D. Graham became imbued with the idea that he would risk his life in the rapids in a barrel of his own construction. He built the barrel and travelled to Niagara. On Sunday afternoon, July 11th, 1886, Graham entered his barrel and made the trip in safety, going right away through the gorge to Lewiston.

His success was applauded all over the world. His confidence in his own handiwork had not been misplaced. He was about thirty-five minutes passing down the river. Graham won great popularity, and all who knew him said he deserved it.

Then Graham became more daring, and on Thursday, August 19th, 1886, he made the trip through the whirlpool rapids as far as the whirlpool with his head protruding from the top of the barrel. In this, as well as in the first trip, his body was suspended in a hammock swung on the inside of the barrel, so that he could not strike the sides with any great force. Graham's barrel was long and high. Its narrow bottom



CAPTAIN WEBB, AND THE SPOT WHERE HE LOST HIS LIFE  
From a Photo.



THE PHILADELPHIA COOPER, CARLISLE D. GRAHAM, WITH HIS BARREL.  
From a Photo. by G. E. Curtis & Co., Niagara Falls, N.Y.

was well weighted so that it would stand upright in the water. Thus Graham virtually assumed a standing position on the inside of the barrel. His trip through the rapids with his head protruding required unlimited nerve, for then he could see when he was in the midst of the roughest waters, and had his barrel not been buoyant enough to keep him above the waters he must have drowned.

Graham made a third trip on June 15th, 1887, and a fourth trip on August 25th, 1889. In this last trip he used a much smaller barrel than on any of his previous trips, and

Vol. iii.—9.

passed through the gorge to Lewiston. He won more fame for his trips than any other person. All of his trips were witnessed by immense crowds, and it may be said of Graham that he never disappointed a Niagara audience. He was always to time. Following his fourth rapids trip, Graham announced his intention of going over the falls. He sent several barrels over the cataract to study the currents, and all but one were lost. The morning papers on Monday, September 2nd, 1889, told how Graham had gone over the falls on Sunday, September 1st, but it was a journalistic "fake." Graham afterwards stated that he had had a barrel sent over the falls that morning, while he watched in an eddy below the cataract for its coming. The barrel was smashed into small pieces, and, as he said himself, he had not the audacity to claim he came over the falls in any one of them. But, outside of this, Graham is deserving of much credit for what he *did* do at the falls, or rather in the rapids.

Following Graham's second trip, there came on the scene a Boston, Mass., policeman, by name of W. J. Kendall, who took all the glory out of the rapids navigation by going through them as far as the whirlpool protected only by a cork life-preserver. The day on which



W. J. KENDALL AND HIS CORK LIFE-PRESERVER.  
From a Photo. by C. E. Hendrickson, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

this feat was accomplished was Sunday, August 22nd, 1886. The trip was quietly performed, and but few witnessed it. Many have alleged that Kendall's trip was a "fake," but the writer has been assured by men of reputation that they saw him perform the act fairly and squarely.

The only woman who ever made the trip through the rapids is Miss Sadie Allen. The date of her trip was November 28th, 1886, and her companion was George Hazlett, who, on August 8th of the same year, had been through the rapids with William Potts. They used the same barrel used by Hazlett and Potts. Miss Allen's trip ended at the whirlpool.

With the coming of the summer of 1887, the



GEORGE HAZLETT AND MISS SADIE ALLEN—THE ONLY LADY WHO HAS EVER MADE THE TRIP THROUGH THE RAPIDS.

*From a Photo. by F. Barnett, Niagara Falls, N.Y.*

barrel business seemed to be overdone, and so Charles Alexander Percy, a waggon-maker, built a boat 17ft. long and 4ft. 10in. beam, with air-chambers at either end. In this craft Percy made the trip through the whirlpool rapids, as far as the whirlpool, on Sunday, August 28th, 1887. During the voyage he occupied one of the air-chambers, but on arriving at the whirlpool he came out and took a seat in the open part of the boat, which was self-baling, being built on the principle of the life-saving boats now

in use throughout the United States. Percy rowed here and there about the current of the great river-pocket in full sight of thousands of people on the banks and at the water's edge. He appeared possessed of great nerve. Finally, he pulled to the shore



*From a*

CHARLES A. PERCY AND HIS AIR-CHAMBERED BOAT.

*[Photo.*



and landed. For more than a month he allowed his boat to lie in the whirlpool at anchor, and the Press intimated that he was afraid to enter the waters below the pool. This was not so, as Percy proved.

On Sunday, September 25th, 1887, accompanied by William Dietrick, he entered an air-chamber, after the boat had been towed around Thompson's Point at the outlet of the pool, and struck out for Lewiston. Percy himself occupied the seat in the open part of the boat, and pulled at the oars to get free from the eddy currents. The gorge was full of smoke from adjacent burning woodlands, and in the west the sun was setting like a ball of fire. The trip had not been announced, so very few persons—not over eight or ten—were present. It was an inspiring sight which the writer will never forget. It is probable that never before had a white man sunk his oar blades in that part of the Niagara River. For

The air-chambers filled, and Percy and his companion held on to the keel until they reached more quiet water near Lewiston. The boat was lost. Percy built a second boat, and went through the rapids to Lewiston on September 16th, 1888.

Percy's experience with his boat on his first trip inspired others to give thought to boat construction, the idea prevailing that a small boat which could withstand the terrible force of the rapids ought to be adopted for general use in the life-saving stations of the country. To men who felt this way, and had any ideas of boat construction, riches were in sight. One who became imbued with this idea was Robert William Flack, of Syracuse, N.Y., and the story of the loss of this man's life in the waters of the Niagara is one of the saddest connected with the tale of rapids navigation.

Flack built his boat at his home, and shipped it on to the falls. He arrived there surrounded



ROBERT W. FLACK, WHO MET A FEARFUL DEATH BEFORE THE EYES OF A LARGE CROWD, INCLUDING HIS WIFE AND SON.  
From a Photo. by R. A. Goodwin, Syracuse, N.Y.

men who were desirous of being swept down stream on the bosom of such a tumultuous river as that of the Niagara, they had hard work to get within the current's grasp. More than once they were swung back into the eddy. Finally, however, they got well within the current, and then were off. They disappeared from the writer's view in the smoke just as they were entering the rapids off Foster's Flats, a point described by old fishermen as "the nastiest bit of water between the two lakes." Had human eyes witnessed the doings of the boat in that part of the river, the details of an interesting incident might be recorded. The waves off Foster's Flats overwhelmed the little craft.

by much mystery. His boat was of the common Clinker pattern, but he made strong claim that it was filled with material that made it impossible for it either to capsize or sink. He positively refused to state what this material was, alleging that he intended to patent it immediately after he had demonstrated its merit. Percy and Flack became fast friends. They conceived that it would attract large crowds if they ran a boat race through the rapids. It will be seen the idea was novel. As Percy had demonstrated the stability of his craft, it was decided that Flack should now make a trip in order to prove the boat that he had built. To attract public interest Percy issued a challenge, through the



newspapers, for a race with Flack. Flack accepted this challenge, and the writer of this article drew up the following articles of agreement, which have never before been published:—

Articles of agreement made and concluded this 21st day of June, 1888, between Charles Alexander Percy, of Suspension Bridge, N.Y., and Robert William Flack, of Syracuse, N.Y.

It is hereby agreed that, whereas Charles Alexander Percy has issued a challenge to said Robert William Flack to row a race through what is known as the whirlpool rapids to the public dock at Lewiston, N.Y., and such challenge issued by said Percy has been accepted by said Flack—that within six weeks from this date Charles Alexander Percy and Robert William Flack shall meet on some day to be hereinafter agreed upon, at the *Maid of the Mist* Landing, prepared to row the race. It is understood that the race is to be for 5000 ft. a side, 1000 ft. to be placed in the hands of — as stakeholder by each party, the remaining 400 to be placed in the hands of — on the morning of the race.

In witness whereof we have this day set our hands and seals.

Signed } ROBT. WM. FLACK.  
          } CHAS. A. PERCY.

Flack was repeatedly told that his boat had not the appearance of being safe; but, despite all warnings, he made the trip on the afternoon of July 4th, 1888, and lost his life. All the circumstances taken together, nothing so pitiful has ever been witnessed at Niagara. The writer and Percy bade Flack good-bye at the top of the path leading to the water's edge, where his boat was moored, and wished him God-speed. He was told that we would drive down to the whirlpool on the New York side and there await his coming. If he passed out of the pool and down the river, we were to drive to Lewiston to greet him, for in those days Lewiston and Niagara Falls were not connected by electric roads. Flack said he would start at three o'clock.

He was true to his promise. At 3.2 p.m. he passed under the cantilever bridge, and a moment later was in the rapids. Twice did the boat with its human freight capsized in the

rapids, but each time it righted itself. Flack was harnessed in by straps about his waist. The boat approached the pool. Flack was seen sitting upright on the seat. His oars were useless attachments just then. Next came a heartrending sight. Two more big waves to go by, and he would be in the more quiet waters of the whirlpool. But in the last of these waves death was lurking. Flack's boat struck the waves. The craft was sent high in the air. It stood on end, and then it toppled over. It was upside down. It floated off across the pool. Thousands of anxious eyes kept close watch in the hope that Flack would loosen himself and climb out on the keel. Round and round the pool it floated—three times or more. It did not right itself. A woman standing in the little summer-house at my side asked, "Do you think he is in the boat?" I said, "Yes." "Do you think he is alive?" "No," was the answer; "he's done for, I'm afraid."

It was Flack's wife. Her little boy was by her side. A man with her was an undertaker from Syracuse. What a strange coincidence! Those were horrifying moments as the boat floated round and round, too far out to be reached from shore on the Canadian side. The sight stirred the heroism of Percy. "I will save him if he is alive, or get his body if he is dead, or die myself," said he. "Be hopeful," he said to Flack's wife. We leaped into the buggy and drove at a terrific pace up the river to the old railway suspension bridge, which we crossed, and then drove rapidly to the whirlpool on the Canadian side. We were shot down the inclined railway, then in operation there, and hurried along the path around the pool. Percy tore off his clothes, stringing them all along,

as he went. The boat approached closer to the shore. Percy leaped into the current, where under other circumstances he would have been afraid to venture, or, at least, would have been



WALTER G. CAMPBELL AND HIS DOG.

From a Photo. by Barnett & Co., Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

foolish to do so, and swam out across the rapid current to the boat.

As he grasped it the banks fairly echoed with the cheers of the multitude on both sides of the river. Oh, what a tug it was for Percy to land that boat! The current swept him along, and it seemed as though he must let go. But he had decided to get the boat or die. If necessary he would have gone round the pool on the boat before he would have let it get away. It was his fierce determination that brought success. He landed the boat at a point where the bank was steep: the rocks were rough, but a few men managed to get to the point as Percy shoved the boat into the shore. By a mighty effort the craft was righted. Flack hung there, his heels and head down. The apparatus he had built to save the lives of others had cost him his own. It had made a loving little woman on the far bank a widow, and a little boy an orphan. The Syracuse undertaker had his work cut out for him. Poor Flack! A hole in the side of his boat showed it to be filled with old shavings, nothing else. All this happened in one hour and ten minutes. Flack was thirty-nine years old.

For over a year the rapids were left free to plunge at will, but in 1889, Walter G. Campbell, of Youngstown, N.Y., decided to make a display of

nerve—and foolishness. He made his trip on Sunday, September 15th, 1889. He rode in a Clinker boat until it capsized, and then battled with the waves protected by a life-preserver only. A dog that Campbell had in the boat was lost, but Campbell himself was swept into the pool and landed on the Canadian side just twenty minutes after he had started.

John Lincoln Soules attempted to swim the rapids on July 4th, 1890. He was caught in an eddy on the Canadian side and tossed upon the rocks by the waves, receiving a severe cut in one of his legs. He did not go through to the whirlpool, for this reason.

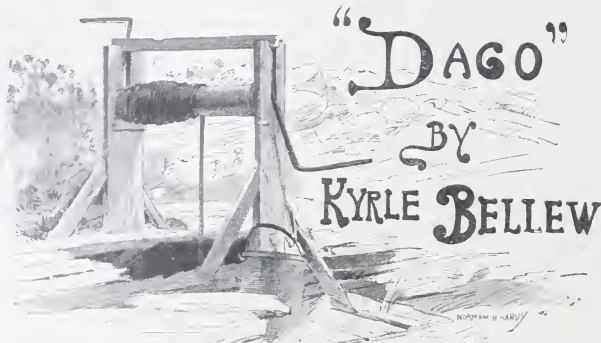
In the summer of 1898 Robert Leach, of Watertow, N.Y., made two trips through the rapids. One trip was made in a wooden barrel, the other in a steel barrel. Both barrels were lost.

Had the waters of the Niagara gorge been more solid, and therefore more buoyant, Webb would have undoubtedly made the trip in safety, but the fact is the water of the Niagara gorge is so charged with air that its buoyant qualities are lost. Webb was suffocated before he could pass through this light water. Kendall and Campbell, both of whom had life-preservers on, reached the whirlpool and were saved.

Niagara awaits the next sensation.



JOHN LINCOLN SOULES, WHO WAS INJURED ON THE CANADIAN SIDE.  
From a Photo. by F. Barnett, Suspension Bridge, N.Y.



The eminent actor tells a remarkable incident of his adventurous career, and illustrates it by means of photographs and a facsimile of his own "miner's right."



**AUSTRALIA** again! Well, what does it matter how many years had passed?

Sandy Magee (the coach driver), a bit greyer, a little more furrowed round the eyes, petted and hustled and swore and drove a four-horse team along the deep-rutted bush track between Grafton and Solferino. We were alone: I on the box-seat beside him.

Sandy and I coached that track once before alone together, but we were going the other way then, and I was pretty well broken up, and showed the raw red of healing scars I shall always carry with me. We crossed the old ford on the Clarence again, with the green island a few yards from the bank, and the broad, flat shelf of rock in the middle with a deep drop into a dozen feet of water a few inches off the near wheels, into which my mate and I went headlong — pack-horse and all — the first time we ever attempted it. By the way, we built the first punt that ever carried a dray across it in flood time—a good punt; it floats to-day—and we were driving quietly through old paddocks on the Yugalbar

—Ogilvie's, the very gum trees of which were familiar. We ring-barked many an acre of those same paddocks, my mate and I, at a price which was never paid us; but that doesn't matter now. Presently we came to a dip where the track led through heavy timber down a gorge at the foot of the ranges in which the Solferino diggings lay.

"You remember Dago?" said Sandy, pointing with his whip to a little grass-grown heap of mullock about a dozen yards from the track on our right.

"Do I remember Dago?" Yes, I remembered Dago well. My hand went involuntarily to a heavy scar on my chin. "That's Dago, Sandy," said I, pointing to it.

"Well—that's Dago—over there," nodded Sandy, with his head.

I looked round at the mullock heap, and as I turned my companion flicked at a blowfly on the off-leader's rump, who, suddenly jumping forward, jerked the old rattletrap of a coach half across the track.

"Whoa, mare! Whoa! Yes" (as we swung into line again at a gallop), "that's Dago! Whoa, can't yer?"



MR. KYRLE BELLEW.  
From a Photo. by Mr. Barnett, Falk Studios, Melbourne.

But they'd all four got the fidgets, and we flew along the next few hundred yards as if the devil was after us.

So that was Dago! It set me thinking—wandering back to New South Wales when I was a lad—a lad on the tramp for gold. Gold I couldn't win in coined sovereigns at home, but with hope in my heart and the dreams of youth I set out from my ship to dig for from the hard earth of a strange land.

And Sandy told me his memories as we drove through the silent bush. I told Sandy mine in return; and some of the terrible minutes of our lives came back to us both out of the past, and we lived them over again.

I have had other memorable minutes, but I don't remember so much being crammed into one of them as into that one which flashed back through our minds when Sandy said, "You remember Dago?" Yes, I remember

the city of Grafton, which now revels in a bishop, a cathedral, and other appliances of civilization, when it was only a straggling bush settlement consisting of one accommodation house, perhaps a dozen weatherboard shanties, a forge, and a few tents dotted about at irregular distances from one another on either side of one long, straight, grass-grown street.

But Grafton was looked upon even in those days as quite a "place"—for it boasted an annual race-meeting, and a wharf on the river bank where once a fortnight the steamer from Sydney used to call—an occurrence of the greatest importance to the gathered regularly at the waterside to witness it.

Grafton was the receiving place on the Clarence River for produce coming off the stations to the north; and it suddenly sprang into importance through being the nearest point

of debarkation for the new gold rush that broke out at Solferino—a point in the Yugalbar ranges, seventy-five miles away.

It was on a scorching hot day in the seventies that I and my mate, a young Scotchman who had passed for the Army, and who while waiting for his commission had come out to Australia in the same ship with myself, first set eyes on the place.

We landed, and the same evening left for the diggings by the one long straggling street which gradually dwindled away into a track, and soon lost itself in the depths of the primeval bush.

We steered northward by the compass. Besides ourselves there were our dog, a shambling, long-legged yellow kangaroo hound, we called "Jack," and one pack-horse—a raw-boned Waler—christened "Rosinante."

Somehow or other we soon lost the blaze-tree-line—the only indication of a way to the gold-

fields; but after many hardships and mishaps we recovered the track, made Solferino at last, pitched camp, and then settled down to the life of the diggings among some hundreds of others attracted there by the more or less exaggerated reports of the rich "finds" on the reefs. I still possess my miner's right, which I treasure as a relic of past days. It is reproduced on the following page. There was little or no alluvial gold at Solferino, however, the work being nearly all reefing; and we at once started out to prospect, soon stumbling on a blow-up of gold-bearing quartz, and follow-



MR. KYRIE BELLEW ON HIS WAY TO THE DIGGINGS.

entire population, who at the waterside to

ing it down to a reef which we duly registered as the "Don Juan." There were six of us in it: my mate, the Army officer; Sam Devere, an Irishman and a barrister; Abbott, a smart young fellow who had been in the police; Harry Allen, a Royal Academy of Music man from London who played divinely on





Mr. Kyrle Bellew writes: "This is my 'humpy' on the Solferino diggings. The barrel with the net over it was my meat safe. It kept off the flies and wild dogs. The apparatus on top of it was a wind tell-tale. The hut was built by myself of bark stripped from the red gum trees. The big tree shows how we used to strip it. The group is examining a 'prospect' of gold, washed in the tin dish or 'pan'. The man with the spade next to me was Jack Albott, the representative of law and order on the diggings in the shape of the mounted police. I was a sailor in those days, and, as you see, called my humpy the 'Main Top.'"

From a Photo. by Lindt, Melbourne.

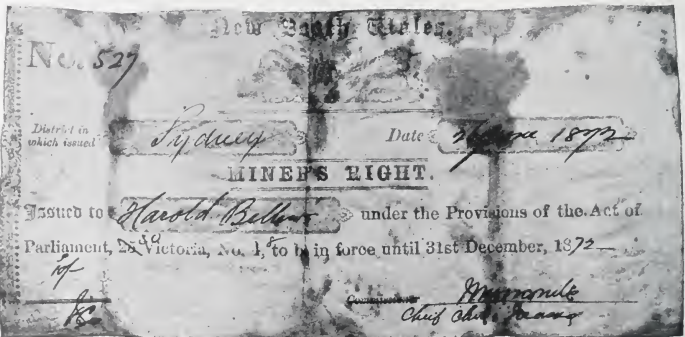
the fiddle and the concertina; "Dago," a Spaniard; and myself.

We picked up "Dago"—as we called him—not because we cared about him, but because we wanted an extra man to make up the six necessary to enable us to apply for a twelve-acre claim along the line of our reef; and Dago was loafing around doing nothing. That's how we roped him in. He was rather a sullen chap—

dark, handsome, with a black moustache, very white teeth, and a trick of showing them when he smiled, which wasn't often. He talked a little English of a sort, not unparsely sprinkled with deities and "big-big-D.'s," and he camped by himself about a quarter of a mile below the claim, on a bend of the

Yugilbar creek, where he had put up a log humpy, thatched with sheets of stringy bark. I strolled down there one Sunday, but he didn't make me welcome, so I never went near him again. Dago, my mate, and I worked in the same shift—two of us down the hole and one on top to wind up.

Dago and I had a difference of opinion one night; about a girl, of course! It was



MR. KYRLE BELLEW'S MINER'S RIGHT.

Mr. K. Bellew writes: "It was necessary to have one of these before you could take up any land for gold digging."

Christmas, and they had been having a jamboree in the camp and some dancing. The girl—there were only two altogether on the reefs—gave me a dance, and Dago didn't like it. So we quarrelled, Dago and I, and he gave me some of his special brand of “English.” I slipped into him, and of my forehead there is a scar—you can see it now—where the haft of Dago's knife caught me in the scrimmage. There were some words, but our mates separated us, and we went our ways. But Dago was never friends after that, and I hated being down the hole with him. Weeks went by, and I had forgotten all about it. I thought Dago had too—but he hadn't; and this is what happened.

We had sunk on the reef about roof., when we came on water, which made so fast that we couldn't work at the bottom of the shaft at all. There was nothing for it but to build a floor about 30ft. up from the bottom, and work at that level until the shaft below us was filled up. Then we would all turn to and bale out the water. So we got on.

This floor was simply made of young saplings with the bark left on, laid loosely on a couple of cross-pieces, one at each end of the shaft, which measured the usual 6ft. by 3ft.

The country we were going through was as hard as iron, and we could do nothing with it with the gads and hammers, so started blasting. It is necessary, in order to understand properly what follows, for me to describe our work and the way we did it.

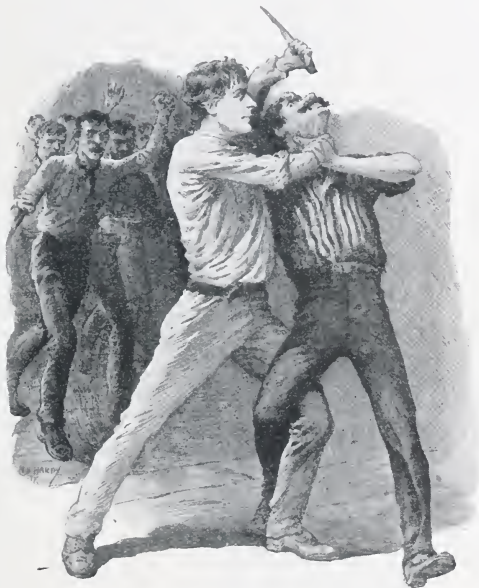
At the top of the shaft was a windlass, by which one of us hauled up iron buckets from below, whilst the other two filled them with stone and mullock as it was broken out. The buckets simply hooked on to an iron hook, which in turn was spliced on to the end of a manila rope working round the windlass barrel.

It was our custom when the bucket was full and hooked on to shake the rope. Then, whoever was at the windlass immediately wound up, and when the bucket reached the top emptied the contents into a paddock and then sent it down below again.

In the shaft we were obliged to blast, as I said before. This was done by drilling holes in the rock, which were then loaded with blasting powder, the fuse inserted, and then the whole tamped down hard and fired. The firing was done by lighting a bit of candle, over the flame of which we bent the fuse. While the casing of the fuse was burning through, whoever fired the shot would have plenty of time to put his foot in the hook, shake the rope and be hoisted up out of danger. Then off would go the blast, and when the smoke cleared away we went down the hole again and sent up the rock broken out by the shot.

After we put in the sapling floor over the water-hole, we began to drive along the face of the reef, and had worked in about a foot when my gold-mining days were almost brought to a sudden stop.

My mate, the Army man, had injured his hand, and knocked off work for a spell to get well. So Dago and I had to shift for ourselves. It was my turn down the hole, and I had succeeded after great labour in putting in two shots about 18in. deep, one each side of the shaft where we were driving. The labour of this was terrific, as, being single-handed, I had to swing my hammer—an 8-pounder—with one hand and turn my drill with the other. However, I got through, loaded up the two holes, bent my fuses over two pieces of candle which I lit, and then shook the rope as the signal to hoist away. Just as I put my foot in the hook, however, I noticed one of the fuses had buckled up with the heat and turned out of the candle



“I SLIPPED INTO HIM, AND HURT HIM.”

flame, so I stooped down to bend it straight again. The casing of the other fuse blazed away merrily, and I knew that in a few seconds the fuse itself would catch. There was no time to lose. I turned to grasp the rope, but it was gone!

Looking up the shaft I saw it disappearing high above my head.

I shouted to Dago, but he didn't seem to hear me.

The hiss of the fuses, which I had timed for half a minute, attracted me—fascinated me. I remember looking helplessly at them, and thinking I could, perhaps, drag them out.

I tried; but, no. I had tamped them in so tight that they wouldn't budge. My God! What was I to do?

There were about twenty seconds between me and eternity!

I heard nothing but the infernal hissing of the fuses; and it seemed to get louder and louder.

Suddenly, an idea struck me. If I could climb up the shaft I might get above the worst of the blast.

I put my back against one face of the shaft and my feet against the other and tried to work up that way.

It answered at first. I had got a few feet above the level of the drive, when I slipped and came down with a thud on the floor of the shaft.

I heard the saplings crack, but the noise was almost drowned by the awful hissing of the fuses. As I scrambled to my feet, a sapling broke under me and my leg went through the floor.

With an inspiration, I thought of the well beneath.

Still that awful hissing!

I knew I had only a few seconds now between me and utter annihilation.

I tore away at the saplings like a madman. My God! how hard they had been jammed down! I saw the water below me; the bright light from the top of the shaft was reflected in it.

Was it my fancy, or did I see Dago's face, reflected there, or was it my own?

The water was about ten feet down below me. There was no time to hesitate. The only chance of safety lay that way. I made one wild plunge, and as I fell I heard the splitting, hurtling, thundering roar of the blasts as they both went off above me; then I knew no more.

They told me it was days afterwards when I woke up. I was lying in my humpy, conscious of great pain. My head was all bound up; my left arm was strapped to a piece of wood, and I felt awful.

Dago's girl was sitting on a wood-heap in the big chimney of the humpy, heating something over the fire.

She came up presently beside me, and saw I was awake.

Dimly the remembrance of something happening in the mine dawned on me.

"What has happened?" I murmured, feebly.

She bent down over me.

"Hush, you mustn't talk."

"Where's Dago?" I wondered. I must have said it aloud, for she answered—

"Gone!"

"Where?"

"God knows!"

The tears welled up in her eyes. Then it all got dark again.



"I MADE ONE WILD PLUNGE AS THE BLASTS WENT OFF ABOVE ME."



## The Martyrs of Ku-Cheng.

By HENRY MOSTYN.

The touching story of a band of missionaries who were murdered in the interior of China, and the vengeance that overtook the murderers. With a complete set of photographs.



U-CHENG, needless to say, is in China; and its vicinity was, on August 1st, 1895, the scene of one of the most terrible massacres of missionaries that have occurred during recent years. No one can contemplate the set of portraits of the martyrs here published without a thrill of compassion and pity for that band of noble workers, who were content to live in that far-away land, notwithstanding the dangers and difficulties they encountered daily, culminating in the sudden and violent death of one and all.

The Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Stewart arrived at Ku-cheng city in December, 1893. The Misses H. E. and E. M. Saunders were awaiting them at Fuh-chow, having come out from Australia. Quite a number of C.E.Z.M.S. ladies were also on the spot, so that the prospects of the Ku-cheng and Ping-nang Missions looked very bright. And they continued so for some months, until trouble threatened from that revolutionary sect known as the Vegetarians. (Fancy a revolutionary Vegetarian!)

These, it seems, had been a source of anxiety since August, 1894, when they made an organized attack upon the native Christians of a certain village. A month or two later, owing to the characteristic weakness of the Chinese authorities, they assumed control over the city, and only consented to spare the public buildings on their own terms. More trouble came in March, when the ladies and children were, by the British Consul's advice, sent for safety to Fuh-chow. In June, however, it was considered safe for them to return to Ku-cheng, a walled city, containing about 60,000 inhabitants and lying about a hundred miles N.W. of Fuh-chow by the usual route up the River Min.

The Mission compound was situated outside the city wall about half a mile away across a river, and contained, besides the missionaries' houses, schools for boys and girls, and also a foundling home, for the Chinese have a habit of throwing away their girl-babies. During the

two hottest months of the year, July and August, the schools were usually closed and the missionaries went to live at a small cottage at a place called Hwa-sang, or Flowery Hill, some twelve miles distant, and about 2,000ft. above Ku cheng. Therefore, very shortly after the return of the ladies and children to the city the time arrived for the annual move to Hwa-sang. The party assembled there consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and their five children and a young nurse named Helena Yellop; the two Misses Saunders; and five C.E.Z.M.S. ladies, viz., the Misses Codrington, Gordon, Marshall, Hessie Newcombe, and Flora Stewart.

That the Vegetarians had been threatening the districts about this time is evident from a letter of Miss H. E. Saunders dated June 6th: "The Vegetarians have caused us a good bit of inconvenience, nasty old things. We had only been back (from Hwa-sang) one day, when a report of an indefinite number of armed Vegetarians meditating a raid on Ku-cheng reached the ears of the Mandarin, who ordered the city gates to be immediately blocked. He was in a terrible fright, poor old fellow! It was quite late at night when he heard this report, and the gates were being blocked up about midnight with the materials that fell into the hands of the Yamen officials—namely, coffin boards. They went and robbed the poor coffin-man's shop to block up the city gates!"

Here is the personal narrative of Miss Hartford, of the American Mission, who had, herself, the narrowest escape from death:—

"On August 1st, at half-past seven o'clock in the morning, I heard shouts and screams for the servants to get up, as the Vegetarians were coming, and were tearing down the houses on the hill belonging to the English Mission. Soon afterwards I met a man with a trident spear. He yelled out, 'Here is a foreign woman,' and pointed his spear at my chest. I twisted it to one side. It just grazed my head and ear. He then threw me on the ground, and



ROBERT WARREN STEWART, C.M.S.  
From a Photo.



LOUISA K. STEWART, C.M.S.  
From a Photo.





ELIZABETH MAUD  
SAUNDERS, C.M.S.  
*From a Photo.*

beat me with the wooden end of the spear. I afterwards jumped down an embankment, and ran till I reached the hill, when I stopped to recover my breath. The yells continued, and I saw two houses being burned to the ground.

"Subsequently all was quiet, and, supposing that the Vegetarians had gone, I sent a servant to inquire what had happened. He returned

and told me to come home, stating that five ladies belonging to the English Mission had been killed and others wounded, but that my house had not been troubled. I went home and there found Miss Codrington, much cut about the head and beaten all over; Mildred Stewart, twelve years of age, with her knee cut, and bleeding very much; Herbert Stewart, six years of age, with his head cut, and almost dead; while the baby of the Stewart family had one eye black and swollen, and the second Stewart girl, Kathleen, eleven years of age, together with the second boy, Evan, three years of age, had been beaten and stabbed with a spear, but not seriously injured.

"The Rev. H. S. Phillips, of the English Mission, who lived in a native house some distance away, escaped injury, only arriving in time to see the bodies of the dead and hear the Vegetarians say, 'We have killed all the foreigners.' At first we heard that some of the foreigners had escaped and were in hiding, but Mr. Stewart did not come, and we began to fear the worst. Mr. Phillips went to the ruins of the burned houses, and there found eight bodies, five of them unburned and three so terribly scorched as to be unrecognisable.

"Dr. Gregory arrived after darkness had set in, and dressed the wounds

of the surviving patients. Coffins were made, and in these the bodies of the dead were placed, while the bones of those who had been burned were put into boxes. Subsequently, another burned body was found, making nine in all. The grown-up people massacred were Mr. Stewart and his wife; the nurse, Lena, who came from Ireland; Nellie Saunders and Topsy Saunders, of Australia, who lived at Mr. Stewart's house; Miss HESSIE NEWCOMBE, from Ireland; Elsie Marshall and Flora Stewart, from England; and Annie Gordon, from Australia. The four first mentioned were burned beyond recognition.

"Topsy Saunders ran out of the house and was killed outside. HESSIE NEWCOMBE was thrown down an embankment, her head having been almost severed from her body, while ANNIE GORDON'S head was also almost severed. When the bodies had been coffined we left Hwasang for Chiu-kow at four o'clock in the afternoon on August 2nd. Herbert Stewart died three hours later, just below Coiong. We carried the body in a chair, and had a coffin

made for it at Chiu-kow, which we reached at eight o'clock on the following morning.

"We then telegraphed to Fuh-chow for a steam launch. We left Chiu-kow in native boats at three in the afternoon, and on the following morning (Sunday) we met a steam launch conveying soldiers going towards Chiu-kow. We engaged it to tow us to Fuh-chow, and soon afterwards we met a rescue party in a launch. The party consisted of the United States Marshal and two English missionaries, and they were bringing full supplies for the sufferers.

"Uong, the Ku-cheng magistrate, came to Hwasang on the afternoon of



HARRIETTE ELINOR  
SAUNDERS, C.M.S.  
*From a Photo.*



HESSIE NEWCOMBE, C.E.Z.M.S.  
*From a Photo.*



ELSIE MARSHALL, C.E.Z.M.S.  
*From a Photo.*



FLORA LUCY STEWART,  
C.E.Z.M.S.  
*From a Photo.*



MARY ANN CHRISTINA  
GORDON, C.E.Z.M.S.  
*From a Photo.*



From a]

VIEWING THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE.

[Photo.

Friday, August 2nd, with a hundred soldiers. He viewed the bodies of those who had been killed, saw the injured, and made inquiries as to the names and places of origin of the surviving victims. He drew up a report, and did what he could to help us to get off to Chiu-kow."

According to the statement of Dr. J. J. Gregory, of those who were killed outright Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Miss Nellie Saunders, and Lena, the faithful nurse, were almost incinerated in one of the burned houses.

A lurid light is cast upon Chinese ways when we learn that the very soldiers who were sent to guard the mission property at Ku-cheng actually broke open the house of the late Mr. Stewart,

ment. Steps were taken to appoint a Commission to investigate the affair and examine the persons charged with taking part in the crimes. On Friday evening, August 16th, the party (including the British and American Consuls) arrived at Ku-cheng. It was proposed to institute a joint investigation, the foreign Commissioners sitting with the Chinese officials. The Prefect, however, objected, and it was useless to argue with him. By the way, in the course of one of the interviews a Mandarin inquired how many lives were wanted by way of compensation! Human lives are always "on tap" in China, and even a condemned felon can buy a substitute.

The formal investigation began on August 21st.



From a]

THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY ARRIVES AT KU-CHENG.

[Photo.

forced all his trunks and boxes, and plundered them of whatever valuables they contained.

As will be seen, however, from the photographs reproduced in this article, speedy vengeance overtook the murderous Vegetarians. The place of the massacre was promptly visited by responsible persons, and the remains of the massacre brought to the coast for interment.



From a]

THE COURT READY FOR THE TRIAL OF THE ASSASSINS.

[Photo.

The prisoners were led in one by one and placed in the centre of the court. The Consuls, the American interpreter, and Dr. J. J. Gregory sat on one side, whilst Mr. Allen, Mr. Banister, and Lieutenant Evans, U.S.N., sat on the other. The Prefect and the Chinese interpreter sat at the end of the room, and the City Deputy-Magistrates just in front, close to the dock. In ten days thirty prisoners were examined in the magistrates' Yamen. Among the thirty were some ten or fifteen of the actual murderers.

The Vegetarians seem to have acquired power and influence very rapidly. About two weeks before the foul crime was committed, there appeared among the Vegetarians a fortune-teller named Tang-Hwai, otherwise known as "Long finger-nails." Tang's portrait is

seen in the accompanying group of prisoners, he being the second from the left. They are certainly a pretty villainous quartet. Tang gained an immense influence over his fellows, and the general testimony of the prisoners was that he persuaded them that the only way out of their



SOME OF THE RINGLEADERS (THE SECOND FROM THE LEFT IS THE FORTUNE-TELLER, TANG-HWAI.

From a]

WHO CAUSED THE MASSACRE.

[Photo.





[From a]

THE CONDEMNED VEGETARIANS IN CAGES WAITING TO BE CARRIED TO THE EXECUTION GROUND.

[Photo.

difficulties was to do some deed of violence and resist the soldiers and magistrates. They then cast lots as to which of three plans they should adopt. The first of these was to attack the city; secondly, to attack a rich man's house at Tang Teuk; and the third, to go to Hwa-sang to wipe out the "foreign devil" prevailing there.

Strangely enough, three nights in succession the lot fell upon Hwa-sang and its missionaries. This was kept very secret, and the murderous attack began on the night of July 31st. About 280 men started, but some deserted on the way, and only about 120 reached the mountains and actually took part in the terrible work. A band of thirty or forty attacked and did the killing, whilst the rest took part in the plundering and firing of the houses. The death warrants were signed by the Consuls and Prefect, and very soon the first instalment of victims was ready.

It was stated in private letters from missionaries that after the massacre the murderers returned to Ku-cheng, threw off all disguise and pretence of belonging to the Vegetarian sect, and partook of a gorgeous feast of pork and chicken. Then they took a new name as a rebel society.

It was rumoured that there was some hitch in the Commission of Inquiry, and that the British Minister at Peking, Sir Nicholas O'Connor, was to be appealed to, but according to a telegram from Hong-Kong, dated October 15th, it was announced that eighteen of the prisoners who had been convicted were about to be executed.

Our next photographs show the dramatic

closing scenes of the massacre of Ku-cheng. In the accompanying illustration we see a number of cages, each provided with a pole so that it could be carried by two men. Curled up in each cage is one of the unhappy wretches who is about to be beheaded.



THE TWO EXECUTIONERS AND THEIR RESPECTIVE WEAPONS.

From a Photo.





From a

THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE MURDERERS.

[Photo.

Next we have a photograph of the two executioners. Each man seems to have a fancy for a different kind of weapon, for whilst the mild-looking youth on the left prefers a long, thin sword for slicing off the victims' heads, his sinister-looking colleague prefers a heavy "cleaver." The photograph showing the last moments of a row of the murderers (they were worked off in batches) is extremely striking. It is an impressive thought that the moment the photographer had done his work the executioner began his, starting at one end of the line, and slicing off the heads as he goes. You will observe that the victims are in a kneeling posture, with their hands tied behind their backs. There are guards standing on the right, and a considerable crowd at a respect-



THE HEADS IN BASKETS HUNG ON A TREE AS A WARNING TO OTHERS.

From a Photo.

ful distance in the background.

Last of all comes what is, perhaps, the most impressive photograph of all, and one showing that the Chinese never miss an opportunity of conveying an object-lesson. The curious-looking little canisters suspended on the trunk of a tree each contain one of the heads of the executed Vegetarians; and, needless to remark, the exhibition of the heads in this way is meant to be a "horrible example" to potential evil-doers.

We desire to acknowledge our indebtedness for the foregoing notes to that great and truly world-wide institution, the Church Missionary Society, which suffered great loss in the Kucheng affairs, and whose able management is only excelled by the magnitude of its Gospel-spreading operations.

## Short Stories.

### I.—A Slip on Snow.

By F. B. OLDFIELD.

Returning from a specially advantageous point of view which he had successfully reached, the author slipped on a wall of snow, and went hurtling down towards the jagged rocks and the lake below. His sensations and wonderful escape described by himself.



O those who know the country, it is unnecessary and even presumptuous to attempt a description of the unique beauty of Norway—of her rugged, precipitous rocks rising several hundreds of feet above the woods of sweet-scented pine in which their base is clad; or of the waters of her famous fjords, deep beyond knowledge, and bearing on their face the reflection of the grandeur around them. But the mere recollection of the Eikisdal Valley compels a brief description of its glories, of its winding lake, and ever-changing scenery.

A day's journey from Molde, six hours in a steamer, and then a five-mile drive in a stolkjærre, the "dog-cart" of the country, bring us to the northern end of the Eikisdal Lake, where, from a steamer of Liliputian proportions, which has never yet and is never likely to pay a dividend, the real beauty of the valley is unfolded before our view. Throughout the twelve-mile length of the lake there is a constant succession of gorgeous scenes, each of which would compel the admiration even of those who are least susceptible to Nature's charms. In some places rocky crags rising 2,000ft. or 3,000ft. sheer out of the lake; in others a more gradual ascent, with the little sæters, or farms, nesting on



MR. F. B. OLDFIELD.  
*From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.*

the shore amidst the pine-woods; then the lofty cliffs, and yet above them a snowy peak with perhaps a wreath of cloud to enhance its beauty. And yet, again, a deep ravine extending far from the shore of the lake, and from the crest of the cliff behind it a waterfall, pouring its unceasing mass of water in one tremendous volume a distance of several hundred feet unbroken and unimpeded.

A fall with a peculiar charm is this Mahdal Foss, as it is named, for not only does it descend many hundred feet in mid-air without touching the cliff, but also from the glacial caldron into which it pours it branches right and left, and its two streams, joining each other once again some 500ft. below, thence dash downwards in another immense uninterrupted drop, until they lose themselves in spray amongst the rocks and pine-woods beneath them. But beautiful as the Foss is from below, from above it is even more magnificent, so one day we decided to climb the mountains and view it from the point where, some 3,000ft. in height, it bursts from the lake which feeds it and roars in torrents over the cliff.

It seldom happens in this part of Norway that snow lies on the lower slopes of the mountains after summer has well set in, but owing to the weather having been extraordinarily cold last year in May and



VIEW ON THE EIKISDAL LAKE, INTO WHICH THE AUTHOR FELL.  
*From a Photo.*



[Front a]

VIEW IN THE EIKISDAL VALLEY.

[Photo.]

June, it had not melted in many places, and bade fair to remain there till the following spring. This we found when, after a two-hours' climb, we had attained the level of the Mahdal Foss Lake. To reach the outlet of the Foss at the north-eastern end of the lake, we had to make a détour to the left around its south-western side. Here we found the winter's snow, protected as it was from the midday rays of the sun, not only unmelted, but frozen hard, and sloping at an angle considerably steeper than the roof of a house, and in parts not very many degrees out of the perpendicular, down to the lake, around which was a broad fringe of rocks and boulders rising well above the level of the snow. With ordinary wooden sticks, somewhat longer than walking-sticks, we had to climb across the snow-slope round the lake, and step by step, taking a line some 60ft. above its base, we cautiously made our way, planting each foot firmly before moving the other, as a fall of that distance on to the rocks beneath appeared almost certain death, so large were they and so closely ranged together.

We reached the other side without mishap, and were well rewarded for our trouble, for a few yards more brought us to the top of the Foss, which rushed from the lake over the cliff with a roar like thunder. Crawling round its edge under a half-melted wall of snow which extended to within about a foot of the brink of the precipice, we were able to look over and see the enormous mass of water descending its 700ft. into the caldron of ice which it had hollowed for itself out of the glacier, and there surrounded as with a halo by clouds of spray.

Deafened by its roar, and intoxicated by its grandeur, back we crawled round the edge of the cliff, and once more essayed our climb across the snow-slope.

Perhaps it was carelessness, perhaps it was that my thoughts were still with the Mahdal Foss; but almost at the steepest part my right foot slipped before I had my left firmly planted in the frozen snow. A desperate effort to recover myself, a frantic attempt to dig my stick into the snow, a wild clutch at its ice-hard surface, which seemed to elude my grasp as I touched it, and down I went—down, down, down. The greater efforts I made to stop myself the faster I seemed to go, though I tried to dig in my heels and scored the snow with my hands; so with ever-increasing speed, turning over and over, without a cry, without a sound but the swish of my body over the snow, I rushed helplessly at a terrific pace towards the rocks beneath.

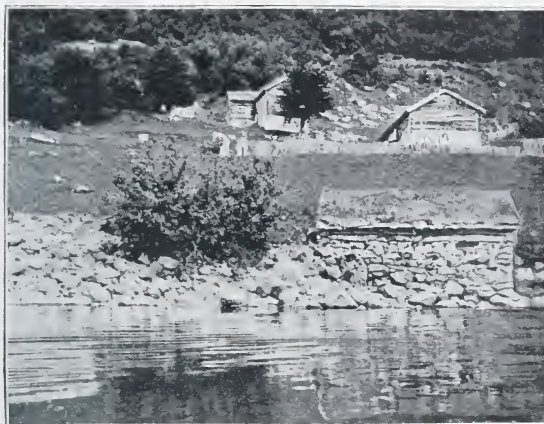
And yet I felt no fear; there was nothing present to my mind but a feeling of wonderment, of curiosity, as to what the rocks would feel like. I did not even contemplate the possibility of being killed—no such thought entered my mind. The sensation of that downward rush was exciting, even exhilarating, but in no way terrifying.

And so I rushed on unconscious of danger, for ages it seemed to me, towards the jagged rocks and the icy-cold lake beyond them. Then suddenly, abruptly as it seemed to my wandering mind, my back touched something hard, very hard, and I felt myself lifted upwards and hurled through space into the lake.

I must have struck the water at a tremendous pace, for when I came to the surface I found myself well out of my depth and several yards from the shore. It was at this moment that my friend who was climbing the snow-slope some way in front of me first knew that anything was wrong, for the swish of my body as I went down the snow was the first sound that reached him. By the time he was able to turn round, I was in the water, and his first impression of my accident was my head appearing at the surface of the lake—for all the world, as he said afterwards, like a big fish in his rise; and then, after a moment of suspense, he saw me to his immense relief strike out and swim towards the shore.

It seems incredible to me now that I realize the great distance I fell, and the many rocks, and big ones too, around the edge of the lake, that I should have escaped with nothing worse than a bad bruise; and yet that is the fact—no bones broken, my head untouched, and only a bruise, certainly a large one, but still nothing more, on my thigh. It was, I think, the provi-





From a] A "SÆTER" OR FARM ON THE EIKISDAL LAKE.

[Photo.

dential fact of the rock I struck being a small one (for, of course, had it been a large one I should have been killed instantly), coupled with the terrific pace at which I was travelling, that saved me, for, being a light weight, the small rock lifted me up, and the great momentum I had attained flung me clear of the others between it and the lake.

A few strokes brought me to the shore; mechanically I missed my hat from my head,

and fished it out of the lake with my stick, which I seemed to find in my hand; and then suddenly, as I stood there looking at the wall of snow and the rocks, came the reaction. Thankfulness at my escape, horror at the danger past; thoughts of the only two real possibilities, crowded hurriedly in blurred, uncertain succession upon my mind, as I stood up to my waist in water, shivering, nerveless, entirely unmanned. The snow-slope above me seemed an unscalable wall of whiteness, and, shaken as I was, climbing it was out of the question; so round the edge of the lake, which now felt colder at every step, I made my way, shivering. Fortunately, it was only about a hundred yards to the end of

the snow, where, after climbing over some rocks, I reached my friend, and together we started back. It took us over three hours to get home, as my right leg was badly bruised and dragged painfully at every step, especially when descending the hill. But at last we reached the valley and the farmhouse in which we were staying, where, after a few days' stiffness, a fast-disappearing bruise was the only souvenir of my involuntary slide.



From a] THE AUTHOR AND A NORWEGIAN FARMER.

[Photo.

## II.—My First Leopard.

BY WALTER H. BONE.

The well-known Sydney traveller relates one of his most exciting experiences in Central Africa.

ANY man who takes weapons in his hands and sets forth in search of excitement amongst wild beasts and savage men generally finds it. As a rule it is really enjoyable, but occasionally the luxury is a trifle too strong to be wholesome when taken neat, and of all the countries I have visited I fancy Central Africa can supply the greatest variety of that kind of entertainment.

As usual, the first experience one has of that

description is the most indelibly impressed upon the mind, to say nothing of the diary, and perhaps the genuine scare I received from a leopard when almost a novice among dangerous beasts may serve as an illustration. It happened while I was in charge of a station called Jomvu, a day's march inland from Mombassa, East Central Africa.

At the time of my advent the station was the



happy hunting-ground of a number of leopards; people, particularly the younger members of the community, disappeared with alarming frequency, and any night leopards could be heard grunting among the huts. Here I may mention that leopards and tigers do not roar and moan like lions, the note being a guttural, throaty grunt, unless wounded, when they both roar and scream — particularly scream. I had been kept awake several nights by the brutes patrolling out of shot beneath my window, and had actually fired at a yellow face that peeped between the bars as I sat over my book at the table, ill with fever.

Adjacent to my station was a Suahili town of the same name, presided over by a chief named Mwinyi Avi; this man, at the time I took charge, was very ill indeed, and finding the *waganga* (medicine men) of his tribe did him no good, he applied to me. I cured him in a few days, and he, as usual, accepted my good offices without a word of acknowledgment.

A fortnight later a favourite son of his, a boy about twelve years of age, was killed and eaten by a leopard, and the chief came up to the station and asked me to shoot the animal. I consented, and walked down with him to "spy out the land" and make arrangements for the shooting.

It appeared from his explanation that during the previous afternoon the lad had been playing with some other children about the edge of the jungle which ran up to the back of the huts, and had taken off or dropped a silver bangle from his arm. Soon after sunset, at which time all doors are barred against the entry of wild beasts, he recollected the article, and, as there was a bright



MR. WALTER H. BONE.

*From a Photo, by Freeman & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.*

young moon, the chief allowed him to go out to fetch the ornament.

He stepped outside. A few seconds later there was a snarling roar and a muffled shriek, and when the men, snatching up their weapons, rushed out, the child had been carried off. Nothing could be done that night, so the father waited for daylight, and then sought the avenging aid of the white man's rifle.

My companion led me down to the place where the tragedy had been enacted. Immediately behind the hut, which was built of wattled poles, plastered with red clay, and roofed with palm-leaf thatch (*makuti*), a fine tree had

grown up on the edge of the jungle, and huge thick masses of climbing plants afterwards growing up and around it had choked and killed it, and then, the branches decaying off, had left the interior of the foliage in the form of a perfect arbour.

Pushing through the back of the arbour, we took up the broad spoor left by the animal in its retreat. For a time we had nothing to do but follow the route marked by gouts of blood splashed profusely against the tree-stems and bushes as the brute forced its way through; then we crossed the bed of a dry creek, where

a dragging heel had left a furrow in the soft sand; then up a rocky incline to a patch of grass jungle on the edge of the forest, and here we suddenly stumbled on what was left of the boy.

Now for my share of the performance. It was evident that to look for the leopard by daylight would be labour thrown away; the most certain way to get within range of the animal would be to wait for it on the spot, and my idea was to have a few short poles fixed in a fork of a tree. It would be somewhat dangerous, of course, as



"THERE WAS A SNARLING ROAR AND A MUFFLED SHRIEK."

the moon would set an hour or two after sundown, and even with a bright moon it would be pitch dark amongst the trees, so that in all probability the brute would be upon me before I could see it. However, I decided to take the risk, and turning to the bereaved parent (who owned numerous slaves) explained my plan, and desired him to have the seat fixed up for me.

Poor fellow, grief was depicted in every feature as he turned to me, and in accents which showed how his heart-strings were wrung, remarked: "Ndio, Bwana; Nipe Reali Wa Nusu!" (*Very well, Bwana; that will cost you a dollar and a half.*)

Experience makes you philosophical, so I just swore at him and left, intending to defer my leopard shooting indefinitely; but a week later my determination to try and clear the village of leopards was revived by an incident that caused some amusement in the village, though the tragic element at first predominated.

For various sufficient reasons a rule obtained at the station that at 9 p.m. the people must be indoors, the villagers amusing themselves until that hour around fires lighted in the broad streets running between the rows of huts. But this rule was more honoured in the breach than in the observance whenever it was known that the Bwana was safely inside his hut and the light out. On this particular evening I had gone to bed early, and about midnight was roused by a succession of piercing screams. Springing out of bed I seized my rifle, and was rushing off down the moonlit village when the cries were drowned by prolonged shouts of laughter, and I returned to bed vowing to make somebody "sit up" in the morning for this flagrant infraction of the rules. At daylight, however, the matter was explained.

It seems that, knowing from my "boys" that I had retired, the villagers continued their open-air conversation until they were suddenly brought to a sense of duty by the grunting of a leopard. Instantly a rush was made for the huts, and all got safely inside with the exception

of one lad, son of a Mnyika, named Kupata, whose parents slammed and barred the flimsy door in his face, under the impression that he was already within, and before they realized what had happened the boy was seized by the mate of the leopard which had scattered them. Hearing the shrieks, a woman dashed out of a hut opposite, and seeing the boy being carried off, whipped off her waist-cloth and beat the leopard about the face until, confused by the thrashing of the cloth in his eyes, he actually

dropped his prey and retreated. I rewarded the heroic woman and doctored the boy, who had been seized by the shoulder close to the neck; he had several ghastly wounds inflicted by the leopard's claws along his back and ribs, and the flesh of his right leg from thigh to ankle was fearfully lacerated; but thanks to simple treatment—carbolic acid, 1 to 40 of water—he completely recovered.

I sent down to the Suabili village and purchased a goat, "Mtu-Mbusi"—a "man-goat" my boy called him, an animal whose aroma was powerful enough to attract—or repel—anything within a range of

a hundred yards. Selecting a young tree on the outskirts of the village, just on the edge of a jungly ravine, I had a small stage erected upon it about 8ft. from the ground, not too high, yet enough so to prevent any animal from standing up and clawing me off when I wasn't looking. Around the tree the scrub and long grass had been cleared for a radius of perhaps 15ft., and Billy was picketed between the tree and the village side of the clearing.

At dusk I went out and took my seat upon the stage. It was a perfect night; the moon, almost full, rose in a cloudless sky as the sun disappeared, and when the sounds died away in the village, the most absolute silence reigned, broken only by the crop-crop of my odorous William below, as he tugged at the short herbage. When the night deepened, however, there arose at intervals a most peculiar chorus. It was preluded by a faint restless flutter among the trees, then here and there monkeys began



"WHIPPED OFF HER WAIST-CLOTH AND BEAT THE LEOPARD."

to chatter and bark, boughs clashed, birds screamed, hyenas cooeyed, leopards grunted, until the uproar was something amazing, then above it all would rise the thunderous roll of a lion's roar, dominating all other sounds, and instantly—silence, until the concert began again. It was very weird to one sitting alone in the midst of it all.

When starting out from my house I found that my heavy rifle was temporarily useless, from the fact that it had been left with the breech open, and though in use only a day or two previously, an industrious hornet had built a clay nest as hard as stone in the barrel, and there being no time to clear it I had brought a light sporting rifle, together with the usual .450 revolver and long hunting-knife. The knife I drew from its sheath and laid on my left hand on the stage beside me, placing the revolver on my right (it is to the latter I owe my life), and sat cross-legged with my rifle lying across my knees watching every movement of the goat, on whose actions I principally relied to indicate from which direction danger was to be apprehended. In this way the night wore on; occasionally Billy would cease feeding and stare intently into the jungle, but nothing occurred till about 3 a.m. At that hour he was lying quietly beside his peg, when suddenly he sprang up and looked beyond me towards the ravine. I turned my head slowly round, and saw what made my fingers grip my rifle-stock very tightly indeed. Immediately behind me, and within easy leaping distance, thrust as far out of the jungle as his neck would allow, was the big head of a leopard—a pair of round, green, translucent eyes, and a display of teeth that was simply shocking. He wasn't looking at the goat at all—his whole attention seemed confined to me. How I did pray that he might not spring till I got my rifle up! But as my shoulders slued round the head was noiselessly withdrawn, and I spent the next half-hour trying to look fifteen different ways at once. At the end of that period my chance came.

Almost beside my tree, which was bare of foliage, grew a smaller one, whose thick crown cast a dense, black shadow round its foot. Billy snorted with terror, rushed to the end of his rope, and strained desperately to break away as out from the shadow of the tree beside me stole a long, grey form that went crouching towards him. I almost laughed at the softness of the shot; in my innocence I imagined that the leopard had failed to observe me, and with the object of crippling the brute and allowing the villagers the satisfaction of finishing him, fired at the base of the spine. Then I was sharply undeceived.

Simultaneously with the report of the rifle the leopard emitted a screaming roar, flung his forequarter round, and sprang up at me. My bullet had damaged his pelvis, and he leapt short. As he came I threw myself back upon the stage in mortal fear, and my outspread hand providentially touched and instantly closed round the butt of my revolver. He landed with his forearms between my legs—I shall never forget the fiendish expression of his face—while his hind legs grappled and tore at the trunk of the tree, and, as he thrust forward his gaping jaws to seize my side, I threw the muzzle of the revolver over my hip and fired blindly. The bullet struck him in the vicinity of the ear and threw him off the stage, and, as he again attempted to leap up, I fired down into his chest and stopped him.

Scream! I never heard such a demoniacal noise in my life. He struggled and squirmed to the edge of the ravine and disappeared, while I sat and watched him go, utterly dazed with nervous shock. It was some days before I quite recovered, though my only injury was a trivial scratch on the thigh, and it was other days before we found what remained of the carcass, which had been pretty well devoured by hyenas.

I have had some unpleasant experiences, but I think the Jomvu incident will live longest in my memory.



"HE LANDED WITH HIS FOREARMS BETWEEN MY LEGS."



III.—*Round the World in a Home-made Boat.*

BY W. S. GILLARD.

Telling all about the perilous venture of an American skipper, and the daily incidents of his journey. With photographs of his boat.



THE YACHT "SPRAY" AT CAPE TOWN—CAPTAIN SLOCUM IS STANDING ON THE JIBBOOM.

*From a Photo.*

PERHAPS no more interesting record of the sea will be handed down from the nineteenth century than that of the voyage round the world which has just been completed by Captain Joshua Slocum, who formed the sole occupant of a small yacht named the *Spray*. In the accompanying photograph Captain Slocum is seen standing out on the jibboom of his little craft.

Captain Slocum, who is an American, and hails from Boston, has been a ship-master for many years, and he conceived the idea a few years ago of making a voyage single-handed around the world. With this intention, therefore, he set himself to cut down an oak tree, and with this he built the *Spray* entirely with his own hands; every nail in her was driven by himself, and seeing that she has sailed some 40,000 miles safely in rough and smooth seas, he may well be proud of his handiwork.

The little vessel is yawl-rigged and of nine tons. She is 40ft. long, with a beam of 14ft., and she draws 5ft. of water.

Everything being ready, Captain Slocum left Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, in April, 1895, and in eight days was 1,200 miles across the Atlantic, being a record for the little craft of 150 miles a day.

It took Captain Slocum some time to get used to the solitude of the cruise, and he tried

all kinds of devices to make believe he had company. Firstly he would call out the name of the boy who had sailed with him in his last ship; then he would sing out the number of bells struck, and during the night watches he would even address himself to the moon. Eventually, however, he got accustomed to the appalling silence of the limitless sea.

In twenty-nine days the adventurer reached Gibraltar, where he met with such a reception as made him proud of his English cousins; and even after his long absence he still remembers with kindly feelings the many services

rendered him to make his stay pleasant.

From thence he sailed for South America where, off the coast of Terra del Fuego, the



*From a* THE "SPRAY" ENTERING SYDNEY HARBOUR. *[Photo.*



natives tried to board him, but on being fired at they made off. The following ruse had something to do with keeping them at a safe distance. Sticking his hat on a projection, so that it would show above the hatchway, near the tiller, the captain ran forward through the hold to the fore-hatch, changing his coat in the meantime, and placing another hat on a log of wood on the hatchway. He then emerged up the main hatchway, and walked the deck a bit, finally going below and taking his old place by the tiller, so that these movements gave the natives the impression that there were at least three men on board.

Slocum was about thirty days getting through the Straits of Magellan, always with a head wind and sometimes with rain. Returning through the straits some time after, he was followed by canoes, and as it was almost calm the natives soon gained upon him. The captain had, therefore, to prepare for a possible fight. He first sprinkled the deck with tin-tacks, with the points upward, and concealed a revolver up his sleeve, after which he merely awaited their approach ready for any emergency. He had also placed a repeating rifle conveniently near. On the arrival of the first canoe, which contained a chief, the captain was asked

where the remainder of the crew were, because when the *Spray* passed that way before there were three men on board. Slocum's reply was that "they were sleeping, and that they (the natives) had better not make a row, or the men would be very angry and make trouble when they awoke." Seeing the rifle, which he was itching to possess, the chief asked "how many times would it shoot?"; to which Captain Slocum replied, "As many times as there are natives in sight." Eventually the gallant skipper got rid of his unwelcome visitors without allowing them on board, and he proceeded on his way unmolested. In the chief the captain recognised a regular cut-throat, from the description given him by a master of a vessel, a friend of his, who warned him not to give him half a chance to get on board, but to shoot him down at sight. Happily bloodshed was avoided; the natives, no doubt, thinking the crew were lying hidden and ready to fire on them at the least sign of treachery. Had the savages even dreamed that this remarkable man was quite alone on the ocean, he would infallibly have been killed.

When bringing off some firewood at Terra del Fuego, the captain happened to bring off a spider with it, and on board he was intensely interested in a fierce fight which took place between it and another spider that had taken up its quarters in his cabin. The ultimate result was that the intruder was killed.

Off Cape Horn, the *Spray* fell in with a regular gale of wind, but she rode snugly through it, with two cables out, and a little reefed fore staysail to keep her before the wind; the wheel was lashed amidships, and the whole arrangement spoke volumes as to the man's ability as a seaman. The little vessel suffered no mishap, nor did she take in a dangerous sea, but the captain learnt afterwards that the crews of two larger vessels that had encountered the same gale had come to utter grief, their ships being both destroyed.

One night the skipper



"THE CHIEF ASKED HOW MANY TIMES WOULD IT SHOOT?"



"THE 'SPRAY' WAS TOWED INTO A SAFE ANCHORAGE BY SOME NATIVE GIRLS."

was startled by a whale which came up close to the *Spray*. This was the only incident that occurred for sixty days, during which time the captain did not even sight a ship.

He at length arrived off Apia, Samoa, where one of his first visitors was Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. He called at several islands in that part of the world, and noted the customs of the natives. He also brought away some very interesting curios for his friends in America. At one island the little *Spray* was towed into a safe anchorage by some native girls, who came out in a canoe to welcome Captain Slocum, an honour which the skipper of the little vessel keenly appreciated.

His next port was Newcastle, New South Wales, and after visiting and being fêted at all the Australian Colonies, the *Spray's* bow was pointed towards South Africa, arriving off Cape Agulhas on Christmas Day, 1897, where she did her best to stand on her head, the sea being so terribly rough. On the night of the 28th December the man who had braved so many perils of the sea passed the Cape of Good Hope and entered Table Bay with a fair wind.

Here the tiny vessel was hauled on the slip and cleared of the weeds and barnacles of many seas, and she also received a thorough overhaul preparatory to her run home. She was, of course, the object of much curiosity, and many thousands of sightseers, both black and white, wended their way down to the Alfred Docks to inspect the strange and wonderful craft. Admiral Sir Harry H. Rawson paid a visit to the *Spray* one day, and expressed himself amazed at the

captain's all but incredible voyage. The gallant voyager made a host of friends in South Africa, who will be glad to welcome him back to this part of the world. He told the writer that probably he would come out this way shortly in command of a clipper ship on another voyage around the world with some American students.

Here is the adventurous captain's own

estimate of his journey: "It was a pleasant voyage all through. In the most arduous part of the voyage I never felt taxed beyond my own small resources, and never once regretted having undertaken the enterprise. Some uneasiness was expressed for me in consequence of war, but I was loaded, and had a Spaniard come I would have fired one of my lectures into him. That would have settled him. The first intimation I heard of war was from the U.S.S. *Oregon* off the Amazon. The great battleship came up astern like a citadel out of the sea, climbing the horizon, for the world is round. 'Have you seen any Spanish men-of-war about?' was signalled before he was hull up. I had not seen any. My signal, 'Let us keep together for mutual protection' did not seem to strike Captain Clark as necessary, for he steamed on with a rush, looking for Spanish men-of-war. I hadn't lost any Spaniards. They probably couldn't have hit the *Spray* anyhow, even had I run in among them, I expect, unless they aimed at something else. Nothing has occurred to me to make me feel that I stayed a day too long in the Garden Colony: indeed, amazing hospitality both at Natal and at the Cape gave me strength of soul to treat all reverses, real or imaginary, with just contempt."

During his stay in Cape Town Captain Slocum gave several lectures in different parts of the Colony illustrative of his voyage. He also paid a visit to his Honour the President of the Transvaal, who, in the course of conversation, wanted to prove that *the world was flat!* Poor old Kruger!

After a four months' stay the *Spray* left Table Bay for St. Helena, and from thence across home to America, where I have heard the gallant captain arrived safe and sound. Before leaving he told the writer that he had enjoyed his voyage very much, and felt much stronger and better than when he started. Wherever he had been, he added, people had been most kind to him.

He considered he would lose nothing in pocket by his voyage, as the *Spray* carried cargo sufficient to pay him master's wages for the trip, and besides, when he arrived home, he considered

the vessel would be worth ten times as much as when he started. Accordingly he intended to take her up some river and convert her, with true American enterprise, into a kind of dime museum for sightseers.

The gallant skipper was half afraid after leaving South Africa that he would be captured by some Spanish cruiser, and so have his nearly-completed task frustrated, but happily no such bad luck attended him, and he was allowed to finish his self-appointed task in peace, and with credit to himself and his great country, of which he was such a brave representative.

#### IV.—*With Wolves in a Blizzard.*

BY MRS. E. HOWARD.

Mrs. Howard's sleigh misses the prairie track in a blizzard. Her husband goes for assistance, and returns to find her frost-bitten and unconscious.

LAST winter I spent in the North-West Territory of Canada, and it was while staying in the province of Assiniboia that I had my experience of a night on the prairie with wolves. My husband and I started in our sleigh with our team of bronchos the evening of December 10th, 1897, to drive to the house of a friend of ours living at Moose Jaw; we ourselves had a ranch not far from The Elbow. It was a glorious evening when we started; we had been so busy all day, that we were not able to leave our ranch till four o'clock in the evening, but as our friend's ranch was only fifteen miles from us, that did not matter.

The cold was intense—40 degrees below zero—but we were well wrapped up in long buffalo robes, fur boots, large fur storm collars and caps, etc., so we really did not feel it much. The vast prairie was covered with snow, which was crisp and hard. The sky was cloudless, the air very clear. The stars shone down upon us with a clearness and brilliancy unknown in lands of mists and fogs, and the Northern Lights were gloriously brilliant. At times meteors blazed along the star-decked vault of heaven, leaving behind them for a few seconds lines of silvery light. The Northern Lights flashed and danced with a glory and magnificence I have never seen surpassed. Sometimes, too, the wondrous auroras blazed out, flashing with an indescribable splendour,



MRS. E. HOWARD.  
*From a Photo.*



MR. E. HOWARD.  
*From a Photo.*

and the whole heavens seemed aglow with their beauty.

Often have I seen a cloud of light flit swiftly across these ever-changing bars, with a resemblance so natural to that of a hand across the strings of a harp, that I have often suddenly stopped and listened for that rustling sound of celestial harmony which some Arctic travellers have affirmed they have heard. But though I have watched and listened amidst the deathly stillness of the snowy prairie, no sounds have I ever heard.

Only myself and my husband were in the sleigh, and with our splendid team of bronchos, and the trail in good condition, we glided easily and quickly over the firm, crisp snow. The bells on the horses made a pleasant jingle, and all was exhilarating to a degree.

We reached our friend's ranch, slept the night, and stayed for the dance next day—which was great fun, and was kept up with much spirit till 3 a.m. We then wished to get home that day, and so we started on the return journey, not heeding the warnings of our friends who advised us not to go, as the sky, which the evening before had been a brilliant, clear blue, was now heavy and dull, and a few small snow-flakes were falling.

However, we fondly hoped we should reach home before the storm came, and got into our sleigh and whipped up the spirited bronchos. But we had only gone about three miles when

the blizzard broke. To persons who have not actually made the acquaintance of the blizzard storms of the North-West Territories it is almost impossible to give a satisfactory description. One peculiarity about them, causing them to differ from other storms, is that the wind seems to be ever coming in little whirls or eddies, which keep the air full of snow and make it impossible to tell the direction from which the wind really comes. With it apparently striking you in the face, you turn your back to it, and are amazed at finding that it still faces

of anyone, as he had an idea we could not be far from a ranch he knew. So he disappeared into the darkness, leaving me seated in the sleigh. How still and how lonely it was! Not a sound was to be heard, and the thought was not pleasant that I was alone on the vast prairie in a blinding blizzard. Presently I heard, not far from me—in fact, as I afterwards discovered, from a neighbouring bluff—the dreaded howl of wolves, which was anything but a cheering sound. I was powerless to do anything, however. I had a revolver



"THE NEAR HORSE TUMBLED DOWN."

you. Very few, indeed, are they who can steer their course correctly in a blizzard storm.

Down whirled the snow in all directions, seeming to come from the north, east, west, and south all at once. So dry and cold was the atmosphere that the vast clouds of snow were like fine dry ashes, almost blinding us by the pitiless way they beat upon us, filling eyes, nose, and even ears and mouth if left exposed. On we drove, however, the poor horses being now only able to go at a slow trot, as the ground was heavy with snow, and we made but very slow progress.

Finally, the near horse tumbled down, and was only with great labour whipped up again. On we plodded again for another five minutes, and then we discovered that every vestige of the well-defined trail was obliterated, and the snow was so blinding that we could not see five feet around or above us. After holding a council of war, my husband decided that the best thing he could do was to get out and see if he could by a loud whoop attract the notice

in the sleigh, but in that fearful blizzard I could not have taken aim at the wolves. The weary horses moved uneasily as the brutes came nearer and howled and yelped louder than before. I shouted at the top of my voice in the hope of driving them away, but it had little effect. They went away for a few minutes, but only to return with renewed vigour. I then fired the revolver at random twice into the black darkness, and I think the last shot must have hit one of the wolves, for I heard several howls of pain, and the creatures apparently retired a little farther off. The cold was now intense, and I could not keep warm. Soon my whole body was shivering, and I got so cold that I could have cried out in my agony. Then a strange sensation began to steal over me. It began by a singing in my ears, which sound presently seemed to change to the most exquisite music that ever fell on mortal ears—I was entranced by it. Next there flitted before my eyes the most delightful forms and colours. On the sleigh and





"I FIRED THE REVOLVER AT RANDOM."

the ground close by gathered all the hues of the rainbow. It seemed as though great numbers of prisms were before me, and everything visible danced and flitted in ever-changing yet gorgeous beauty. Then my eyes glanced down at the snowy ground, and as far as I could see it seemed like the most luxurious couches and divans, which seemed to have a voice that said, "Get out of your cramped position in the sleigh and come and rest a while and lie down here." Every pang of suffering, every twinge of pain had now left me, and a strange, sweet languor seemed to take possession of me, whilst in my ears sounded the most ravishing music. My senses left me then, I think. At any rate, I remembered no more.

How many minutes I was in this state I know not, but I am certain they could not have been very many, for I suppose my experience was like that of a drowning person, through whose mind sensations pass with marvellous rapidity. For the next thing I remembered was awaking, and in a dazed and semi-conscious condition I found myself tugging and pulling at what I thought in my dreamy condition was the end of my revolver. The vague impression on my mind was that I must have left the revolver behind my head and it had fallen across my face while I slept, and I had now got hold of the end of it. I next felt violent, vigorous blows being showered on my back. I was

being shaken and pounded, and told in rough tones to get up.

Slowly I came to myself, and realized that it was my anxious husband shaking me. I was now conscious of most painful sensations. The prickings felt when a foot is said to have "gone asleep" were felt by me all over my body, but magnified a thousandfold. It was more like being pierced by awls than tickled with needles. This lasted for several minutes. A cold perspiration then seemed to burst out upon me, followed by shivering, and then I felt I was again getting chilled to the bone. Now full consciousness had returned; I awoke to the fact that what I had imagined to be the end of the revolver *was my own nose*, and a badly frozen one at that. Both of my ears were in the same condition.

My husband, I afterwards learnt, had by yelling and shouting managed to attract the attention of some men who lived on a ranch, which next day we discovered was but five minutes' walk from the sleigh. They came to his help, and after an hour's hard search found the sleigh, which in the dense darkness and blinding snow was a great wonder. I was dragged to the ranch, and my nose and hands wrapped in paraffin rags, the pain being something terrible as they slowly unfroze.

We had to stay at the ranch three days, till the blizzard passed over. But otherwise we were none the worse for our adventure.

## My Cycle Ride to Khiva.\*

BY ROBERT L. JEFFERSON, F.R.G.S.

### II.

An account of a remarkable bicycle ride across the deserts of Kara-kum and Kizil-kum to Khiva. Mr. Jefferson is the first Englishman to follow the route of the late Colonel Fred Burnaby, whose ride to Khiva made him famous twenty-five years ago. Mr. Jefferson accomplished practically the whole of his journey on a bicycle, passing through France, Belgium, Germany, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, Galicia, and European Russia. The following story of his further ride across the steppes and deserts points conclusively to the fact that this is one of the most remarkable achievements ever accomplished by a cyclist.



"IT WAS A VERITABLE JUNGLE."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.



SOON after mid-day our caravan lined up. I mounted my horse, gave a final handshake to the good fellows who had done so much for me, and then we were off. For the first mile or two our way lay over a sandy plain,

but presently we came to a depression and entered the swamp. Reeds grew in every direction, while at times we were so deep that nothing could be seen on either hand. It was a veritable jungle of bulrushes, and occasionally, owing to the restiveness of my horse, the caravan was completely hidden from me. We only kept near each other by shouts and counter-shouts. We next struck due south for a little while, coming eventually to the bank of a tributary of the river. Here a large boat, which had been sent down for the purpose, was awaiting us. We embarked the caravan, and twelve towers set to work to drag us up the tributary as far as the water was sufficiently deep. Never have I seen

men work like those Khirghiz. A long thick rope stretched from the boat, and passed over each man's shoulder. The towers were most of the time up to their waists in water, and sometimes up to their chins; they strained and hauled and exhorted and fumed in the most extraordinary manner. For three hours we went on like this, when suddenly the boat grounded and we had to get out.

Night came on, but found us still in the swamp. It was the greatest difficulty imaginable to get the camels along. The jigitas were repeatedly lashing them for faster pace, and now that darkness was upon us, the leading-strings from camel to camel and horse to horse were put up, in order that no one should go astray. At last, however, we touched dry land—a hard, sandy stretch over which our horses frisked merrily. My dragoman told me that our first night would be spent in a Khirghiz encampment, and I should be the guest of one of the headmen of the middle horde of Khirghiz. He sent one of the jigitas in advance to inform



From a Photo. by "WE EMBARKED THE CARAVAN." [R. L. Jefferson.

\* Copyright in the United States by Robert L. Jefferson, F.R.G.S., 1899.



"NEVER HAVE I SEEN MEN WORK LIKE THOSE KHIRGHIZ."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.

the headman of our coming, and I was promised that in another couple of hours we should reach our destination for the day.

It is almost impossible to describe one's feelings on a desert march. The soft crunch of the sand beneath the camels' feet, the buzz and ping of numberless mosquitoes, the laboured breathing of the horses, the rattling of boot-heels in the stirrups, the occasional clatter of a scabbard, the voices of the men urging on the beasts, the frequent shrill cry or snort of the camels, and the big stars gleaming down upon that waste of white sand—all made up an environment, not exactly exhilarating, but awe-inspiring.

Soon we saw lights gleaming ahead. Shouts were wafted on the warm breeze, and presently we saw several brush-fires burning brilliantly, and in their light the round, dome-like tents, or kibitkas. Willing natives rushed towards us, and helped us out of our saddles with cries of "Yakshee! Yakshee!" ("good! good!"). I was stiff and sore from my unaccustomed equestrian exercise, and was glad, indeed, that the journey was over. A tall, handsome Khirghiz presented himself to me. He was attired in Sart costume, consisting of a long cloak reaching to his heels. On his head he wore a skull cap made of gold and silver fibres; around his waist, and bind-

ing his cloak, he wore a huge silver belt, in which he carried his whip and long native pistol. He was the chief of the tribe, and, bowing, grasped both my hands in his own, and gutturally uttered the word "Salaam."

I was conducted to the chief kbitka, a really sumptuously decorated tent. Rich carpets covered the sand; pillows and cushions were everywhere, while the walls of the tent were decorated with trellis-work done in the most brilliant colours. There was, however, no light, except that which entered through the narrow entrance by the fires; and so I instructed the dragoman to bring a few candles from our pack. The place of honour, of course, was given to me—a bunch of pillows and cushions at the head of the kbitka. Then the chief introduced his principal wife, a tall, handsome woman, who (although the Khirghiz are Mohammedans) had her face uncovered. She was quite black, but her features, although of the Mongolian type, were much more prepossessing than those of a more lowly order. A small boy came forward with a gourd containing water, which he poured over my hands, and presently a steaming samovar, or Russian water-urn, was brought in and placed in front of me.

In Russia, as my readers are probably aware,



"THE CHIEF INTRODUCED HIS PRINCIPAL WIFE."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.



the samovar is a national institution. Tea-drinking in the land of the Muscovite is in every respect the most important function of the day. The average Russian will consume twenty or thirty glasses of tea at a sitting. Beyond vodka, intoxicating liquors are almost unknown; beer is seldom or never heard of except in the largest towns, and then it is mainly consumed by the foreign population. For hundreds of years tea-drinking *à la samovar* has gone on, and the system has even crept into remote Turkestan. The Khirghiz who possess a samovar is thought to be a rich man.

A metal teapot was next brought, and, acting under the instructions of my dragoman, I ordered my own tea to be put in the pot—a compliment to my Khirghiz host. There was no sugar or milk, and we drank from china bowls without handles, instead of glasses or cups. It was extremely awkward for me to fall into the customs of a chief of Khirghiz, inasmuch as, being the guest, I was compelled to say "Yakshee" to everything that was given to me; nor would anyone attempt to eat or drink until I had first tasted the viands or liquids.

I drank a bowl of tea and, still acting under instructions, said "Yakshee," whereat my host nodded, smiled, poured out a bowl for himself, and drank it. We drank the whole contents of the samovar before food was brought. I understood that one of our sheep had been killed and the flesh was being cooked. Presently, a rough, wooden dish was brought and laid before me. On it were the heart, liver, kidneys, and other tit-bits, which had been spitted and roasted over the sage-brush fire. Once again the small boy came along and washed my hands. I tucked up my sleeves, and, seizing the heart, gnawed at it in what I considered to be the true Khirghiz style. I ate to repletion, for I was hungry, then passed the dish to my dragoman, who immediately handed it to the chief, who so far had watched me with eyes dancing with delight at my appetite. The chief ate, and the dish was then handed to the dragoman, and so it went on until all was finished.

A little later a huge bowl of broth, made by boiling the other parts of the sheep, was brought in. I drank from it first, and then it was passed round in orthodox manner.

Then the remainder of the sheep, boiled to a nicety, was brought in and placed, just as it was, on the

mat. I had already eaten enough, but rather than appear anything except accustomed to Khirghiz etiquette, I picked various pieces of flesh and ate them, and so the whole sheep disappeared, being handed from one to the other according to rank and distinction, until the residue fell to the lowliest of the crowd, and the scramble which I have previously described took place.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy and attention which were paid to me. My slightest wish was interpreted from a look, and when after the feast was over more tea was brought, and I broached a bottle of vodka (of which, however, I could not induce any of the Khirghiz to partake, since they are Mohammedans), I felt that if this was the frightful discomfort of travelling across the desert, exaggeration should be laid to the credit of someone.

I did not know, however, that this little orgie had been previously arranged by my friends at Fort No. 1, and I certainly did not know what lay before me on the desert of Kizil-kum.

A Khirghiz, attired in the usual flowing robe and furry hat, next came in and sat cross-legged in front of me. He had with him a guitar-shaped instrument with two strings, from which he strummed a weird and unearthly air. Then his voice went out in a wailing song, altogether indescribable, but, nevertheless, not displeasing. We smoked *papiros* and listened to him for some minutes, when he rose and with many salaams backed out of the doorway.

Then came the ablutions and the devotions of the Khirghiz, and throughout the small encampment the wail of "Allah, Allah, Akbar,"



"HE FOUND ME A FRIEND AND NEARLY AID."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jeffords.



resounded on the still air, mingled with the shrill cries and sneeze-like sounds of the camels, the neigh of the horses, and the yelping of dogs.

Osman, my dragoman, awakened me at sunrise, and by the time I had consumed a couple of bowls of tea the camels had been packed and the caravan made ready for the start. I was told that with ordinary luck we ought to do at least sixty versts, or forty miles, that day, as there was very little deep sand.

Having got my bicycle ready, Osman mounted his horse, and we set off in advance of the



*From a Photo, by*

"THE CAMELS HAD BEEN PACKED."

*(K. L. Jefferson.)*

There was not a trace of loose sand anywhere; the whole surface was as hard as concrete—this, I understand, being a kind of crust left by the rains of the last wet season. Underneath this crust, which was about an inch thick, the soft sand lay to a depth of several feet. It was a most extraordinary sensation to ride on this surface, as the wheels crackled over it, and I could see it waving here and there just as thin ice does under a skater. It was, in fact, the smoothest surface I had ever ridden on, being levelled by Nature, and without the slightest sign of rise.

Poor Osman and his horse were soon completely out-distanced, although they strove might and main to keep up with the "devil's tarantass," as Osman himself facetiously called my bicycle. The astonishment of my escort at the machine may be well imagined when it is explained that not only had they never seen such



"ONE OF THE KHIRGHIZ WHO WAS TO SHOW US THE WAY."

*From a Photo, by R. L. Jefferson.*

caravan, preceded by one of the Khirghiz, who was to show us the way for a few versts.

Leaving the encampment we passed a few women who were milking the mares in order to make koumiss. And I was astonished and delighted to find most excellent going soon after we got off the little plateau of stubble-grass surrounding the encampment.



"WE PASSED A FEW WOMEN MILKING MARES FOR KOUMISS."

*From a Photo, by R. L. Jefferson.*

an instrument before, but had never even heard of it; and after we had gone some five or six miles and waited for the caravan to come up, I feel sure that the members of my party looked upon me as a sort of magician. It was impossible to explain to them how I kept my equilibrium, and when one of them tried the

Osman, too, in spite of the alacrity which he had displayed at the beginning of the journey, turned out to be an insufferably lazy fellow. Moreover, once out of sight of the last traces of civilization, he became too friendly for my liking. However, I suffered all this without demur, waiting for my opportunity to assert my mastery over the caravan.



"GATHERING A FEW DRIED ROOTS OF SAGE-BRUSH FOR A FIRE."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.

machine and came off with a sounding thump on the hard ground, it was generally voted an instrument which no true Mohammedan ought to have anything to do with.

We progressed steadily until mid-day, when the heat became so unbearable that I called a halt. The little tent which we carried with us was rigged up, and in this I sought shelter, whilst the two guides searched for a few dried roots of sage-brush to make a fire and prepare some tea. It had been my plan when I left Kasalinsk to share and share alike in everything with regard to food, and I had given instructions to Osman to see that everybody had his fair share. If I had known what complications would ensue through this arrangement I would never have made it, but I knew nothing then of the various grades in which these men hold themselves. For instance, none of the Cossacks would collect wood for the fire. Neither would they help in the unpacking of the camels, as there happened to be with them two Khirghiz of lower caste (the guides); and upon these two poor fellows it seemed that the whole work of the caravan was devolving.

As soon as the sun had declined a little we set off once more, and through the whole afternoon I had the pleasure of riding over an excellent surface, while here and there it was possible to trace the track of previous passing caravans in a shallow depression of the concrete-like surface.

Night came almost as soon as the sun went down. The tent was pitched when the caravan arrived, tea was made, the camels turned adrift to grub for themselves for food, and the horses fed and watered; there being adjacent a fairly large well of water, which, although too strongly impregnated with alkali for human consumption, was good enough for the animals. Our meal that day was much the same as we had had on the previous day, namely, mutton. I had, however, grown tired of the mutton, and asked for the flour, so that I could make a hot cake, or "damper," as the Australians call it. Judge of my surprise when it was announced that the flour could not be found anywhere. It had either been lost on the road or stolen by the "friendly" Khirghiz with whom we had spent the previous night.

The bread which we had brought with us was very hard, and although we had been only two



"THE TENT WAS PITCHED WHEN THE CARAVAN ARRIVED."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.



"THESE BEING ADJACENT A FAIRLY LARGE WELL."  
From a Photo. by K. L. Jefferson.

days on the march, I was concerned to find that it was already getting mouldy—this, no doubt, on account of the slack baking and the heat which we had been passing through.

It was after the meal was concluded that I went outside the tent for a breath of air, leaving Osman and the three Cossacks in possession of the remainder of the feast. Lifting up the flap of the tent, I nearly fell headlong over someone who was lying across the doorway. Looking down, I perceived him to be one of the guides. The poor fellow crouched out of my way in a supplicating attitude, and then, raising himself upon his knees, said something to me in a half-whisper, which, of course, I could not understand. He perceived this, and shook his head in a sorrowful manner. His companion then joining him, pointed to his mouth and rubbed his stomach, signifying that he was hungry—a pantomime which I easily understood. Of course, I thought they were simply hungry for the remainder of the mutton which my escort was now busily engaged upon; but one of the guides pointed to the sky and swept his arm around in a circle until the digit-finger came to the sky again. Then round went his arm again until the finger again fixed itself in the direction of the sky. It took me a second or two to puzzle this out, but at length the idea flashed upon me—the poor wretches had had nothing to eat for two days.

I was furious with anger, and, going back into the tent, upbraided Osman in no measured

terms. He admitted that it was probable the guides had had nothing to eat, but it was nothing to do with him how two dirty Khirghiz got their food. The Cossacks should have seen to this. The Cossacks denied the responsibility, asserting that it was the duty of the jigitas to see that the guides were fed. In their turn, the jigitas knew nothing about the matter, and looked in open-mouthed astonishment at me as I stood in the middle of the tent, speaking in my broken Russian to Osman.

Seeing that it was necessary to take the bull by the horns at this juncture, else I should never have my way at all for the remainder of the journey, I took the whole of the remaining portions of the meat from the Cossacks, who had been gorging like wolves, and taking out my knife, divided it into equal parts. I then called in the two guides and

gave them their share. Never have I seen fellows so grateful as they. Osman and the Cossacks looked black and sullen, but it was clear that even if I had made myself a little unpopular, I had at least asserted my authority in the matter.

From that day forth, however, I found that not only had I difficulties in the way of the heat and sand to contend with, but on my shoulders, also, devolved the responsibility of keeping my caravan in working order. Fortunately, I had good maps with me, but, excellent as they were, they were very unreliable, and although I took frequent observations for my latitude and longitude, I could not make them agree with the trail marked upon the Russian map.

I found, too, that the Cossacks were beginning to deceive me in regard to distances—not that I believe they knew much about the journey. We calculated that on the third day out we ought to do at least sixty versts, or forty miles, and, on measuring up the map and allowing 10 per cent. for wandering off the track, I calculated that this should bring us to the first well in the desert. I mentioned the matter to Osman, but he said that would be an impossibility, as the well was two days' journey off.

"Then," I said, "we will do sixty versts to-day, whatever comes, and at midday will rest only half an hour for tea."

"But, Barin" (one of noble birth), "we cannot go on all day with only one drink of tea!"

"You have water with you," I said, "and that is enough; that is all I take, and I have to ride a velocipede. We start at sunrise."



Since grumbling had started in the camp, I fully determined to hold my own, knowing how vital was the necessity of getting forward, for we had only provisions and water enough for six-teen days. If it took more than that, starvation would stare us in the face, unless we should fall in with some friendly tribes to replenish our larder.

On the next day, however, the good surface ended, and long before mid-day I found myself plunging blindly along through sand knee-deep, with scorpions darting about in all directions, and Osman riding by my side with a half-jeer, half-smile on his face at my strenuous efforts. Several times I was forced to rest, and on one occasion I got stuck so deeply in the sand that it was impossible for me to move. I had to be lifted almost bodily out of it, and for another five or six versts rode on the top of a camel with my bicycle dangling at my side.

The work of getting the telega through this stuff was stupendous. The sand came right over the tops of the wheels, and the whole of the caravan had to be harnessed to the little cart, dragging it through the sand, sometimes on its side and sometimes on its wheels. It looked like nothing so much as a snow-plough in full swing.

Hard ground was reached again soon after mid-day, and here we pitched our camp and consumed a few bowls of tea. It was delightful once more to feel the wheels spinning smoothly beneath me, for my first experience of camel riding was far from pleasant, as all those who have tried this method of locomotion will readily understand.

That night—the third in the desert—the announcement was made that the bread had gone entirely rotten, and would have to be thrown away. I fancied, too, that the tea tasted somewhat peculiar, and, going to one of the water-tubs, was convinced that the water had begun to smell. Osman, who was a little brighter and more cheerful since yesterday's

episode, endeavoured to put the best face on the matter, saying that at the well of Bia-Murat, four days hence, we should be able to replenish our stock. I was even thus early in the march feeling far from well. The terrific exertions, combined with the great heat, were beginning to tell upon me. I was not sleepy, but I became hysterical, and only by liberal doses of quinine could I that night compose myself to sleep.

The fourth day went by without any incident, except that we fell in with a band of roving Khirghiz, who swept down upon us and were all around us in a moment, just as if they had dropped from the skies. They came to beg tobacco and tea, but we had none to give them, and they went away disconsolate, hurling shouts at us as they went. Here Osman came out in his right capacity. To be insulted by dirty, wandering Khirghiz was not to be suffered without resentment. He ordered up the three Cossacks with stentorian cries of "Skoro, skoro," and bade them pursue the Khirghiz and inflict chastisement.

The Cossacks went off like shots from a gun, the horses scattering the sand right and left, and their riders' faces low down to escape the wind. They went across the intervening distance between themselves and the Khirghiz like meteors, their long knouts cracking in the air as they swept along. Then came one of the most surprising things I have ever seen. Perceiving the Cossacks after them, the Khirghiz turned tail and fled. They made their horses double and redouble, endeavouring to elude their pursuers, but the Cossacks were too smart for them. They singled them out one by one, and gave them a sound trouncing with their whips, and in one instance a Cossack plucked one of the offending Khirghiz from his saddle, and, holding him by the neck-band of his long coat, dragged him along in the sand until, with a gesture of disgust, he flung him with his face to the earth. Not for one



"HARD GROUND WAS REACHED AGAIN SOON AFTER MID-DAY.  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.





"THE HEADMAN AND HIS SEMPIETERNAL KITCHEN."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.

moment did the Khirghiz endeavour to resent this onslaught; the big brass plates on the breasts of the Cossacks prohibited any retaliation.

The next two days passed without incident, and I was looking forward eagerly to the well of Bia-Murat, which marked the half-distance stage across the great desert. The first half, I was told, was the easiest, as beyond Bia-Murat the sand lay deeper, and there was little sage-brush with which to kindle a fire. We came one night upon a Khirghiz encampment, where the headman



"THE BEST SHEEP WAS KILLED TO MARK THE OCCASION."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.

gave us the shelter of a sumptuous khibitka, and where the best sheep was killed to mark the occasion.

Our commissariat was now dwindling considerably, and I began to see the force of husbanding some of the luxuries, such as the melons and the tea. The order announcing this was received sullenly enough by my escort, whom I firmly believe would have eaten everything we had in a day if they had had the chance. Each day, too, I took upon myself the duty of seeing that everybody had a fair and equal share of everything on the board—guides, jigitas, Cossacks, and "ourselves"—in which I include Osman and myself. The work of getting across was equally hard for everybody, and it was not the sort of environment, so at least it seemed to me, to stand upon ceremony or questions of caste.

I am firmly of opinion that had I not adopted this course we should never have got across the desert in the way we did. One day when I had been riding with Osman over a flat stretch, we waited for hours and hours for the caravan to

come up. Osman began to fear that we had got off the track, and that the caravan was ahead of us. I was of a different opinion, however, as, according to calculations, I knew we had come in an exact south-south-east direction, and as we could see for at least three miles on either hand, there was no question of our being off the track.

(To be continued.)

## Attacked by Leeches.\*

BY W. HARCOURT-BATH.

A traveller in the Himalayas suddenly strikes a country where the jungle is literally alive with leeches, which seem to hang from every leaf and twig. He describes his sufferings and his frantic endeavours to take his party beyond the leech-infested zone.



MIR. WILLIAM HARCOURT-BATH.  
From a Photo. by E. B. Mowll, Birmingham.



HAD climbed many a high mountain in other parts of the world, both for pleasure and for scientific purposes, when at last I resolved to cross the mighty Himalayas and ascend the high plateau of Tibet. My object in this case was to investigate and collect specimens of the interesting entomological fauna of those elevated regions; but I shall not trouble the reader with a technical account of my collections. It will suffice to chronicle the most extraordinary episode of that expedition.

We set out from Darjeeling with a party consisting of myself, ten Bhutia and Lepcha servants, and a Tibetan interpreter — twelve in all. After several days of weary climbing we reached the Donkia La Pass at an altitude of 18,500ft., *i.e.*, some 3,000ft.

\* Major L. A. Waddell, LL.D., etc., the latest traveller in the regions referred to in this narrative, also has something to say about the sufferings of himself and his party from leeches in the Himalayan forests. Readers should consult Major Waddell's recently published book, "Among the Himalayas" (Constable) Mr. H.-B. himself will shortly publish an account of his travels in the Himalayas dealing specially with the Fauna and Flora.

higher than the summit of Mont Blanc! Then imagine our mortification when we learnt that the Tibetan authorities permitted no European traveller to enter their territory through that pass. There was nothing for us to do but retrace our steps to Guntak, the capital of Sikkim, a semi-independent State under the protection of the Indian Government. Here I interviewed the Rajah of Sikkim, who most graciously ordered his Dewan to afford us every facility in our enterprise, and provide me with a letter commanding chiefs everywhere to assist me with coolies, ponies, etc. This letter I still possess. It is written in Tibetan and has the Dewan's seal attached.

There now lay before us two passes—opened to all European travellers, under certain conditions, by the late treaty between the British Government and the Tibetan authorities. These were the Zelap La Pass, the principal trade route, and the Nathni La Pass, which was far more difficult to cross owing to its being almost impassable for beasts of burden. As our object was to explore as many new regions as possible, and as it was more judicious to reserve the easier route for the return journey, I resolved



"WE SET OUT FROM DARJEELING."

to go by the latter pass and return to British territory by the former, limiting, through necessity, our beasts of burden to a single mule.

The scenery was magnificent when we started. Dense forests of dark conifers mantled the mountain side; rhododendrons, junipers, and willows dotted the slopes here and there; flowers of glorious hue entwined themselves in graceful curves round and round the shrubs; while luxuriant creepers hung in festoons from bough to bough, and even from tree to tree. We drank in the sweet fragrance, the dazzling sunshine, in deep, intoxicating draughts. Thus we commenced to climb down the slope to the Rungpu rapids that lay some 4,000ft. beneath.

Then the scenery changed. The Alpine verdure had given place to the densest tropical vegetation. Tall willowy bamboos waved their long stems in all directions from the central clump; dwarf palms, cotton trees, and plantains—the characteristics of the hottest and most humid regions of the earth—covered the valley in dense jungles. The atmosphere was moist and tropical. Not a breath of wind stirred a leaf; it became intolerably hot and stifling. To complete our discomfort—but, no, *that* was still in store for us; at all events, it came on to rain—a blinding, drenching, tropical downpour. The darkness was sudden and almost startling. Wearily we plodded on. The bed of the steep, stony water-course, that had been dry but an hour ago, was now occupied by a rushing, roaring stream. We waded through it, knee-deep, to the opposite side of the valley. It was a dense jungle without a single pathway through! What were we to do? The summit of the slope was some 7,000ft. above us, and there was no shelter before that.

We started through the jungle, cutting our way almost at every step. The shrubs on either side brushed and scraped us, and the long bamboo stems overhead dripped the rain-water down our necks with malicious persistence.

I presently noticed round, brownish things, two to four inches in length, hanging from every shrub and thicket before us like so many fruits. They clung to the barks of trees, hung from boughs and leaves, and grouped

themselves in bunches round everything that could bear their weight. Two parallel lines of a lighter hue ran longitudinally throughout the whole length of their dark-brown bodies, and gave them a not unpicturesque appearance amid the dense foliage. I knew the hanging things to be leeches, having had many previous experiences of them in various parts of Sikkim. But little did I dream what I was about to go through on this occasion. We continued the ascent, forcing our way through the jungle that tore our clothes on either side, and hitting up the bamboos overhead that threatened to poke out our eyes or knock out our brains at every step. Thus we proceeded—wearily, miserably, drenched and hungry.

Suddenly I felt a tickling sensation all down my calves and ankles, as if I had been bitten by a dozen mosquitoes. I thrust my hand down my leather leggings. Horror!—cold, clammy things touched my fingers! I hastily withdrew my hand and held it up—it was covered with



"FORCING A WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE."



blood. At that instant the tickling sensation broke out all over me—arms, legs, breast, and back. I looked down my body, and then realized the horrible truth. Scores of leeches were hanging on to me and sucking my blood! Yes! *they* were the dark-brown things I had seen but a moment ago! They had swarmed round me as I had passed through the jungle, and were now hanging on to me as they had done from the shrubs and trees.

With mingled horror and disgust I scraped off the loathsome creatures with my fingers. It was in vain, however: fresh swarms fastened themselves upon me at every step; nay, instinctively cognizant as they were of the approach of their victim, some of them actually leapt down upon me from their resting-place as I brushed past, and hung on to every available space on my body. To stand still for a single moment was to bring fresh hordes upon me; I rushed on furiously, stamping, jumping, scraping, like a madman.

Were my clothes any protection? Not in the least. The little brutes hung on to them in lumps over every inch of my body and sucked my blood through. Nay, some had worked themselves in beneath the folds, and lay with their cold, clammy bodies against my very skin! With a thrill of disgust I plunged my hands in to tear them off, but they dropped from one position to another and eluded my grasp. In frantic irritation—for now the tickling had become maddening in its intensity—I shook myself fiercely, tearing off the clothes where these horrible things had grouped themselves, and scraping them off with my fingers, against rocks, trees, anything—all in vain. Fresh hordes came on faster and faster. Every tree and shrub, as far as the eye could reach, was dotted with thousands of these awful creatures. I stood in despair. My entire body was now streaming with blood; I felt a coming weakness. With a wild recklessness I rushed on helter-skelter through the jungle to get out of that terrible zone of blood-suckers before I fell exhausted upon the ground.

How the other members of the party fared I knew not. We had been moving through the

jungle in single file, and had straggled into a long, disjointed line; the leeches scattered us farther apart, and we knew little of one another's misfortunes. But now a short open space, a few yards wide, enabled us to come together. What a sight met my gaze! The bare legs of my servants were one mass of raw wounds, from which poured innumerable streams of blood, dyeing the ground at every step. Having heavy loads to carry, the poor fellows had little chance



"WELL, A SIGHT MET MY GAZE!"

of reaching down to the myriads of leeches that dropped off ever and anon satiated with the blood of their victims—only, however, to be instantly replaced by fresh hordes thirsting to have *their* fill.

Good heavens! Was that my mule? There it stood trembling in every limb, unable to combat its merciless foes. Leeches clung to its legs and sides in serried ranks; leeches hung on to its eyes, ears, nostrils, like bunches of grapes; while dark circles of clotted blood marked the spots from which had fallen satiated leeches. I remembered terrible tales of whole herds of cattle being attacked by these dread scourges and suffering wholesale destruction because of their utter impotence. But what could we do for the poor mule? Its appearance was sickening. The patient beast cried out pitously and



trembled from fright and weakness. We did the only thing possible—scraped off the leeches, and thus relieved the pain for a time.

But to encamp there was impossible. We should be smothered by the leeches during the night; besides, the rain still came down in torrents. There remained a little daylight, and we must press on as best we could. So again, in single file, we started, climbing up and up every step, the drenching rain washing our bodies in pale reddish streams. Then, as the darkness came on, and we climbed higher up the mountain, it grew colder and colder. Many a mile we trudged along, weary, footsore, and faint from hunger and the loss of blood, but the wretched leeches gave us no rest. They attacked us again and again, till at times we were compelled to stay our progress and face them on the offensive. We attacked with our hatchets every bush and thicket—cutting, breaking, tearing, rending—but all to little purpose. It was easy enough to clear a little open space for a while, but that would not take us much forward; and it was getting darker and darker every instant. Well-nigh frantic with despair we pushed on through the jungle, permitting our relentless foes to have their fill for a time.

At last to our intense relief we reached a large open plot of ground; we could go no farther. Something was looming in the dark. Thank God! it was a hut; nay, only a roof supported on four upright posts, the remains of a hut, erected by some previous traveller in that inhospitable region. Into it we clambered and fell exhausted.

And now my men had made a blazing fire of loose bamboos. Fortunately my wardrobe, carried by one of the coolies, was still dry, and I was enabled to change my wet clothes. The coolies dried themselves by the fire, and I handed round a good dose of brandy to all to keep up their spirits and warm them up that cold and chilly night. The fire blazed and roared with short, sharp detonations as the coolies threw fresh bamboos on. Its lurid glare lit up the open space in front, where dripped the rain in incessant patter. Indeed, we were thankful for this shelter after the day's hardships, and with a light meal we prepared to turn in for the night, when, gradually, almost imperceptibly, it came on again—that horrible itching! All over the body—arms, legs, back, and chest—a continuous, insufferable itching.

Alas! I had forgotten. The innumerable punctures made by the leeches had now dried. I looked down—they were swollen hideously! The itching became unbearable; an almost irresistible desire seized me to rub the wounds

to allay the irritation. But, no!—the consequences might be serious. For I remembered that to do so would but serve to make them break out in frightful sores—perhaps poisonous. The feeling was horrible; little actual pain, it is true, but that terrible, incessant itching was almost beyond human endurance. I had read of people being tortured to death in the Dark Ages by incessant tickling on the soles of their feet, but this horrible itching became so intense, relentless, and prolonged, that it was nothing short of maddening. There was, however, nothing for me to do but clench my teeth and bear the torture. At that moment I felt that I could well spare half my worldly goods even for some little ointment to rub over the wounds, but none was to be had in that silent wilderness. No sleep was possible, so I sat by the fire waiting for dawn to appear.

And well it was that I did so. Suddenly I espied in the deep gloom outside some fitful shadows crossing the glare of the open space. One, two, five, ten—about a score of them. I sprang up with my revolver in my hand, and awoke the Tibetan interpreter, who lay snoring by the fire, as if leeches had had no thirst for *his* blood. He went out to reconnoitre. In a few minutes he returned to say that they were a band of Tibetan traders returning from Sikkim. I didn't quite believe the tale, for I knew that those passes were notorious for marauding thieves and cut-throats. So I awoke a few of the men and ordered them to pile more bamboos on the fire and keep a sharp look-out.

The Tibetans pitched their tents not far off, and were quite visible in the glare of our fire, which now blazed away furiously. The smoke rose up in thick columns, and then slowly and gradually trickled through the thin roof and passed out into the air above. I sat watching by the fire, wondering how long it *would* be before the blessed dawn appeared.

Suddenly a horrible thrill shot through my entire frame. At first I thought it was but a momentary climax of that dreadful itching—for it *was* a tickling, such as I had experienced when the leeches first attacked me. I dared not try to allay the irritation by rubbing. I cursed the day I had thought of visiting this infernal region. Suddenly I looked down over my body. Good heavens! it was covered all over with leeches again! Was I dreaming, and was this a mere horrible nightmare of what I had actually gone through that terrible day? No, the tickling broke out all over me. I sprang up with a curse: they were real, live leeches—sucking, sucking my life-blood at every pore. I jumped, scraped, hit out frantically in the maddening irritation that beset me.

Whence had they come into that hut? Surely they had not chased us along the ground? A sudden thought struck me. I snatched up a flaming bamboo from the fire and held it over my head. Yes! there, clinging to the roof, every inch of it, were bunches of leeches as thick and close as they had hung from the bushes we had passed that day. Ah! that unfortunate smoke. Passing through every crevice in that dilapidated roof, it had disturbed them from their places, and they had fallen on me as I sat by the fire.

What was I to do? Put out the fire and sit in that bitter cold? What about the foes outside? Would they not seize the opportunity to attack us under cover of the darkness, and perhaps murder us for the sake of our goods? What *was* I to do? Let the fire be, and go out into the cold, bitter wind outside, and sit out the night in the drenching rain?

That seemed to be the only alternative; for stay inside the hut with those leeches on my back I could not. I took a stiff dose of brandy to warm my blood (what little of it was still left in me), and walked out into the cold rain and biting wind. Once I tried to sit down on the ground with my back against a post of the hut, but a couple of leeches instantly fell upon my head from the projecting cornice above. With a shudder I sprang up into the open space again, frantic, reckless of wind and rain, so long as I was far from those horrible leeches.

There in the full glare of the fire I walked up and down to take the chill off my weary limbs and cause the remnant of my blood to flow. The Tibetans lay asleep, or seemed to be, in their tents in front. I gripped my revolver fiercely as some light sleeper moved in his dreams.

Thus passed that terrible night. Next morning I was cold, weary, and utterly exhausted from the want of sleep and the loss of blood. But I

swore to escape from that God-forsaken region even if I had to crawl on my hands and knees. I gulped down a hasty meal and pressed recklessly on into the jungle beyond. As before, we climbed in single file. As before, the leeches were there. Up and up that slope we climbed wearily, now regardless of the leeches around. We had grown resigned to our lot; and a faint hope spurred us on that we might gain a higher altitude, beyond the reach of our merciless and literally bloodthirsty foes.

Thank God! the leeches now were not so thick on the shrubs and bushes as they were before. I looked at my pocket aneroid: we were at a height of 8,500ft. Spurred on by this new-born hope we rushed on furiously, caring not to stop and fight our foes; our sole anxiety now was to get beyond their reach. One hundred, 200ft., 300ft. more we climbed, and noted with increasing joy that the leeches grew scarcer and scarcer. With a joyous rush we bounded on—400ft., 500ft., 600ft.—yes, at an altitude of 9,100ft. we left our foes behind!

We went no more that day; a long rest was needed. We pitched our tents there and stayed two whole days. Thenceforth our progress was rapid and even pleasurable, because of the increasing grandeur of the scenery and the

beauty of the foliage. We reached the Nathni La Pass, at a height of 14,500ft., and were received by the Chinese Commissioner of Customs with every hospitality. We needed it. After a week's rest we continued our explorations according to the purpose of our expedition.

I returned to British territory by the other pass, *viz.*, the Zelop La, at an altitude of 14,400ft. In future—that is, if I ever go to those regions again—I shall choose this pass for both journeys. The other—well, I shall leave it alone. The very thought of it still gives me a shudder.



"I GRIPPED MY REVOLVER FIERCELY.

## Odds and Ends.

Little photographic glimpses of all that is curious or extraordinary in lands both civilized and uncivilized. Photos. selected from among thousands submitted by travellers, and accompanied by full descriptive notes.



From a] GIGANTIC FIGURES OF WOOD AND LEATHER USED IN A CEYLON FESTIVAL. [Photo.



HE two photos. we reproduce here show an extremely interesting festival, which takes place annually in the North-West Provinces of India. This is known as the Ramlila, or play of Rama. The festival celebrates the victory of the god Rama over the great demon Ravana, king of Ceylon, who, according to tradition, once carried off a fair princess from Rama and lodged her in a fortress, whence she was rescued by the aid of Hanumān, the king of the

Hindu month of Koār or Asin. The figures are made of wood and leather, stretched over wicker frames, and they are bombarded with paper cannon-balls and fire-crackers.

The Moors are a very excitable, fanatical nation, and even in their games they delight in working themselves up into a frenzy of excitement to the accompaniment of much yelling and gun-firing. For example, there are the Ioawies, a sect of fanatics who dance without stopping for hours, lashing themselves up to such a pitch of nervous exaltation, that they foam at the mouth



From a] ONE OF THE FIGURES BEING BOMBARDED WITH CRACKERS. [Photo.

monkeys. Gigantic figures, as seen in our first photo., are set up to represent the two enemies and their attendants. Amid much discharging of fireworks and miniature bombs, a mimic battle is enacted, which ends in the complete overthrow of the wicked Ravana and all his satellites, who are forthwith burnt amid great rejoicings. These celebrations usually take place in October, in the





THE "POWDER PLAY"—AN HYSTERIC PERFORMANCE OF THE MOORS.  
*From a Photo.*

and often fall into convulsions. The accompanying photo. represents an institution which appeals strongly to the excitable nature of the Saracens. This is the "Powder Play"—the Moorish national game. The players dance frantically round a man in the centre, who juggles with a dagger or gun. At a given word all the dancers discharge their firearms into the air, meanwhile shouting and shrieking to their hearts' content. Very often accidents happen in this game, which is nevertheless very popular, and



BABY'S MORNING BATH IN CEYLON.  
*From a Photo.*



BOAT MADE OUT OF AN AUSTRALIAN MINER'S PUDDLING-TROUGH. THE ROWLOCKS ARE INVERTED HORSE-SHOES.  
*From a Photo.*

is always played on the occasion of a visit from some notable chief.

The charming little snap-shot we next reproduce shows a Singalese mother giving her little son his morning bath. Behind her is the well, from which she has just drawn a bucket of ice-cold water to pour over the baby, whose scanty wardrobe hangs on the post on the right of the photo. The little fellow is as "good as gold"—in striking contrast to the behaviour of some European babies we have seen—and apparently enjoys his alfresco toilet.

Of all the primitive craft ever designed for use on the watery

element, the canoe next reproduced is surely the strangest, surpassing even the old tub and caulked egg-box of our childhood. It is made out of a miner's puddling-trough, which in turn was fashioned from a hollowed log. The stern is boarded in, while the bow—of correct torpedo-boat-destroyer shape—is constructed of sheet-iron, roughly bolted on. The outriggers are bent tree-branches, while the rowlocks are nothing more or less than inverted

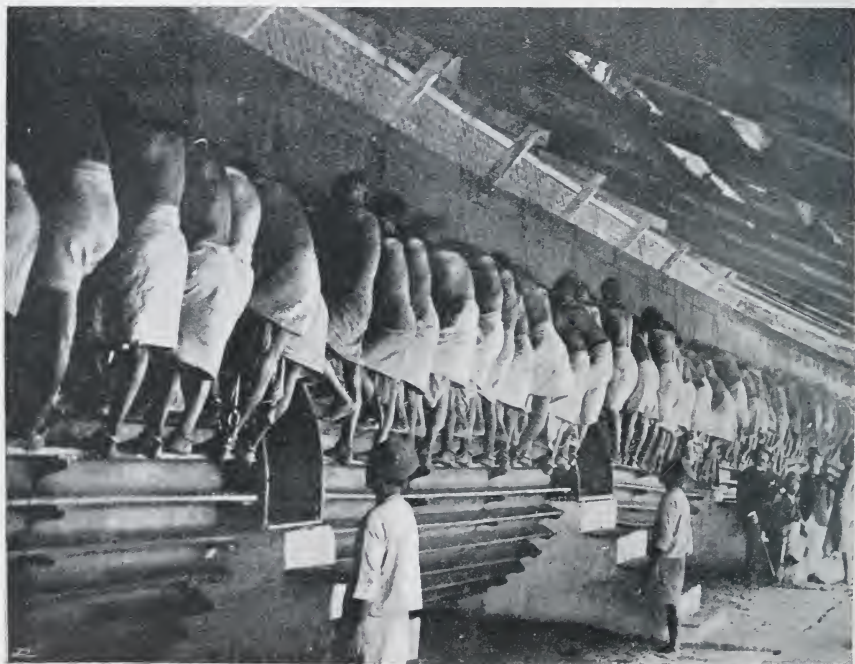


horse-shoes. One is not at all surprised to hear that this crazy craft was liable to capsize, but even here the ingenious designer had triumphed over difficulties by fastening rolling chocks to the hull. Shovels for oars completed the equipment of this unique vessel, which was photographed on the banks of the Macquarie River, N.S.W., Australia.

The whole machinery of the enormous prison at Rangoon—the largest in the East—is worked by human power generated by the treadmill seen in our photo., which will accommodate

any other work. It was the custom a few years ago, when executions took place, to erect the gallows just inside the main gates of the prison, which, when all was ready, were thrown open to the people, who flocked in to see the carrying out of the death sentence. This custom has now been abolished, the gallows being erected as a permanent structure in the centre of the garden of the prison, which is kept in beautiful trim by the good-conduct prisoners.

Next comes a remarkably interesting snapshot of vast numbers of the sooty tern, taken



PRISONERS ON THE TREADMILL IN THE GREAT PRISON OF RANGOON. (THE WHOLE MACHINERY OF THE PRISON IS WORKED IN THIS WAY.)  
From a Photo.

over a hundred men at one time. The wrists of the prisoners are chained to a bar, so that they cannot leave the mill until allowed to do so. If a convict is refractory, and will not "tread," he simply falls down as far as his wrist-irons will let him, while the ever-moving wheel barks his shins at each revolution. At a given word every man on the "mill" changes step and turns his body. All prisoners admitted to the gaol—European or native—have to serve a certain number of weeks on the treadmill before they are put to

on the Island of Ascension during the nesting season. On Ascension Island these birds breed in enormous numbers, the exact locality being a vast volcanic cinder-heap. The "sooty" is one of the rarest of the terns, so far as Great Britain is concerned, it being only an occasional visitor to these shores. The female is said to lay but one egg, in a slight hollow in the ground, which serves as a nest; but on Ascension Island the birds are present in such enormous numbers that as many as 200 dozen eggs



From a] SOOTY TERNS SWARMING ON THE ISLAND OF ASCENSION.

[Photo.

are gathered in one morning. Many of the eggs are gathered for eating purposes, but great numbers find their way into private collections and museums. Some of the specimens are most beautifully marked, the ground-colour being cream or bluish-white, and the blotches and spots in tints of lavender, purple, chestnut, and brown madder.

The belief in the horse-shoe as an emblem of luck is very widespread. In the October number of this Magazine we reproduced a photo. of a charm which showed that the Arabs regard it as a harbinger of prosperity, and from the annexed photograph it will be observed that the Chinese are also strong believers in the significant shape. This is a Chinese burial-ground, and each of the "horse-shoes" seen dotted about the hillside contains the body of some departed Celestial. The "horse-shoes" are built of concrete, and generally face south. After the dead man has been hermetically sealed up in his coffin a fortune-teller is called in, who casts his

horoscope and indicates a lucky day for the interment. A site has also to be chosen, and with this certain heavenly influences, known as the *Fung-chur* (Wind and Water), have much to do. Even when this has been decided upon, it is often years before the coffin is actually buried. As the sites are chosen indiscriminately, China is nothing more or less than one vast burial-ground. Hence much opposition has been shown to the construction of the railways across the country, to the disturbance of the dead and the wrath of their spirits.

The photos. that next appear were sent from Egypt in 1880 by Charles Berghoff, who in 1882 was stationed at Fashoda, on the White Nile, as an inspector for the suppression of the slave trade. He is reported to have lost his life as a



From a]

A CHINESE BURIAL-GROUND.

[Photo.

prisoner of the Mahdi. At any rate, he was never again heard of. The photos. have been lent to us for reproduction, being remarkable for their extraordinary clearness and good preservation.

The first shows in the background, along some sandhills, a caravan traversing the Nubian desert, called *Bachr bela Ma*, or the "Sea without water." It gives a magnificent idea of a scene we have all read about, but which comparativel



From a]

A CARAVAN TRAVERSING THE NUBIAN DESERT.

[Photo.

few of us have had an opportunity of beholding for ourselves. We quote from Mr. Berghoff's papers: "The desert road is marked here and there by stones placed upright, indicating the last resting-place of some traveller who has succumbed to thirst and heat. The dazzling yellow sand contrasts strangely with the thousands of white bleached bones and skeletons of fallen camels. If a camel during the desert voyage falls ill or becomes exhausted, it throws itself on the ground and cannot be induced to rise again. The caravan leader is then forced to distribute the load of the dying camel upon the other animals, and leave the poor brute to its fate. Quietly it awaits death, sometimes for days, as there are no carnivorous wild animals in the Atmur; and the vultures will not venture to attack a creature not quite lifeless."

The second photo. shows one of these skeletons, remarkable by reason of the circumstance that every bone has remained in the exact position in which it was when the camel met its death.

In the year 1896 there existed near Samsoun in Asia Minor a small village, peopled almost entirely by Armenians. They were a peaceable folk, rather prosperous, since they lived in a corner of the country literally overflowing with the bounties

of Nature. The country-side was well peopled, Armenian and Turkish villages alternating.

One autumn day news arrived from Stamboul of the Armenian rising in the Angora country, and in the particular village we name discussion was rife as to what next would be done. A wandering Mussulman carried tales to the resident pasha of the vilayet of Samsoun, and two days later Turkish soldiers were marched through the one street of the village, having in their wake a motley crowd of men armed with staves at least five feet long, three or four inches in diameter, and pointed at either end.

How the trouble started no one in Samsoun could tell, but sure it is that there was firing, and people—men, women and children—were slaughtered right and left. The Armenians, as



From a]

"FALLEN BY THE WAY"—A COMMON SIGHT IN THE DESERT.

[Photo.



much to blame probably as the Turks, fought valiantly. They had secreted arms and had barricaded various houses, but they were overpowered by numbers, and those who remained of the villagers fled towards the mountains. The soldiers and the camp-followers pursued them, and slaughtered them, with the exception of two brothers, who, more nimble than their compatriots, were able to seek safety in the high hills behind Samsoun.

This is but a side-light thrown on the Armenian and Turkish atrocities in Asia Minor during the period when Abdul Hamid was described by Mr. Gladstone as "the great assassin." But more is to follow. It became known to the authorities at Samsoun that respectable Turks had been found shot dead in remote passes and on roads in the mountains. Not only that, but in the Turkish villages adjacent to the seaport murders were also frequent. No one knew the perpetrators of the crimes, but certain it was that one or more desperate men had set themselves the task of waging an irregular warfare against the Turks.

Every effort was made to catch the so-called miscreants, but many months passed by before

they were sighted. Then intelligence drifted down to the coast that in the hills were two brothers, who, living on the scanty provisions provided them by sympathetic compatriots, spent their existence only in the hope of putting an end to as many Mussulmans as possible. Their depredations in the district became more and more acute. At last the district became thoroughly terror-stricken, and in consequence of the repeated raids many atrocities were committed by the terrified Turks upon perfectly innocent Armenians. At last the Government sent out an organized band, and for days these regulars chased the fugitive brothers in the mountains. The band consisted of close upon fifty men, and after nearly ten days' hunt they succeeded in cornering their quarry. The brothers, at the face of a rock, fought to the death. They were pistolled, rifled, and bayoneted a dozen times before they fell. They were then stripped of their clothing and stabbed again and again, and so elated was the officer in command of the expedition, that he sent down to a photographer and ordered a photograph to be taken—the one which is reproduced herewith.



*From a*

THE TWO DEAD ARMENIAN HEROES AND THEIR CONQUERORS.

*[Photo.*





*From a Photo. by*

A DUTCH CHEESE-MARKET.

*[A. M. Macdona.]*

The Dutch cheese is a familiar object in this country, and accordingly the photo. of a Dutch cheese-market here reproduced should be of interest. This market is situated at Alkmar, some twenty or so miles from Amsterdam, and is one of the busiest of the cheese-fairs. Here the peasants assemble week by week to dispose of their cheese to the dealers. It is said that upwards of 5,000 tons—half the product of the province—are annually weighed in the weighing-house at this place. The centre of the market-place is covered with piles of little red and yellow cheeses, in appearance like cannon-balls, and shining like varnish. When a purchase is made you see fifty cheeses or so carried on a sort of wooden litter strapped to the shoulders of two men dressed in white. These wear different coloured straw hats and ribbons to indicate the district for which they act. The method of bargaining is not by

writing, but by striking the hand, after the fashion in vogue at a Yorkshire cattle fair. Similar cheese-markets are to be found at Edam, whence come the little red cheeses which are to be seen in every grocer's shop; also at Hoorn, and in the Island of Texel, where 34,000 sheep are kept to supply the milk for a certain kind of green cheese.

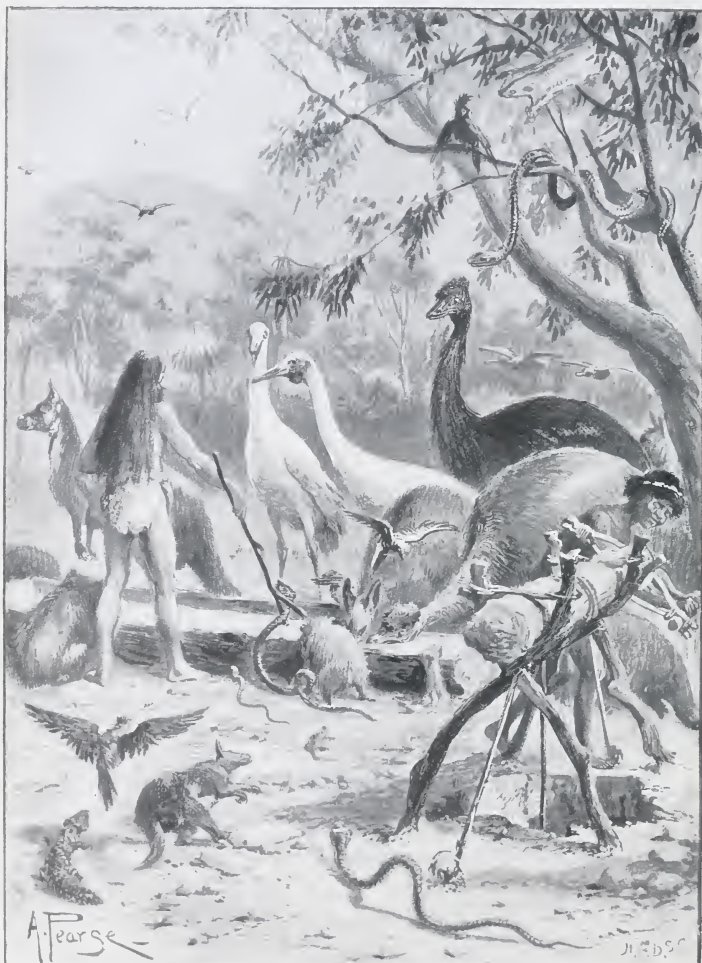


CALIFORNIAN CARRIAGE-DRIVE OVER HALF A MILE LONG, PAVED WITH APRICOT STONES.

*From a Photo. by Mrs. H. Stiles, California, U.S.A.*

In this country, where apricots are costly luxuries, only to be found on the tables of the rich, it comes to one with quite a shock to hear of a carriage-drive paved with apricot stones instead of gravel. The millions of delicious juicy apricots which must have yielded up their stones to make the broad road (it is over half a mile long) seen in our illustration, make one's mouth water. This remarkable thoroughfare is to be found on a ranch in Southern California. By the aid of a magnifying-glass the stones can be seen quite plainly.





"I PROVIDED THE DISTRESSED BIRDS AND ANIMALS WITH MEANS OF  
QUENCHING THEIR INSUPPORTABLE THIRST."

(SEE PAGE 121.)

# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

Vol. III.

JUNE, 1890.

No. 14.

## The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont.

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

X.

THE WIDE WORLD is a Magazine started with the avowed intention of publishing true stories of actual experiences and avoiding fiction. "The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont" were commenced under the belief that they were the true account of the life of the author. It now turns out that it is not possible for him to have been thirty years among the savages, as stated. His story was told in these offices over a period of several months, during which time he never contradicted himself once. But, after what has transpired, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not publish it as a true narrative, but only as it is given to us by the author, leaving it to the members of the public to believe as much or as little as they please. It is admitted that portions of the story are founded on his experiences. In any case, the story is so crowded with vivid, graphic, and consistent details, that it marks its author, if not a speaker of the truth, at least as a master of fiction who has had no equal in our language since Deloe; so that, even if the story is an invention, it is one which cannot fail to excite the deepest interest, and we are sure that our readers would be keenly disappointed if they were not allowed the opportunity of hearing the extraordinary developments and termination of the narrative. We may conclude, in the witty lines of the *Wort*:

"Truth is stranger than Fiction," —  
But De Rougemont is stranger than both.



NOT long after this incident a delusive hope was held out to me that I might be able to return to civilization. News was brought one day that the tracks of some strange and hitherto unknown animals had been found to the north, and, accompanied by Yamba, I went off to inspect them. I found that they were camel tracks for the second time, and as Yamba informed me that, from the appearance of the trail, there was no one with them, I concluded that in all probability the creatures were wild, having long ago belonged to some exploring party which had come to grief.

"Here at length," I thought, "is the means of returning to civilization. If I can only reach these creatures—and why should I not with so much assistance at my disposal?—I will break them in and then strike south across the deserts with my wife and family."

I returned to the camp, and taking with me a party of the most intelligent tribesmen I set off again after the wild camels; and when we had been several days continuously tracking we came up with the beasts. There were four of them altogether, and right wild and vicious-looking brutes they were.

They marched close together in a band, and never parted company. The moment I and my men tried to separate them and head them off, the leader would swoop down upon us with open mouth, and the result of this appalling apparition was that my black assistants fled precipitately. Alone I followed these camels for several days in the hope of being able ultimately to drive them into some ravine, where I thought I might possibly bring them to a state of subjection by systematic starvation. But it was a vain effort on my part. The camels kept in the track of the water-holes, and wandered on from one to the other at considerable speed.

At length I abandoned hope altogether, though not without a feeling of sore disappointment as I watched the curious, ungainly creatures disappearing over the brow of a sand-hill. Of

Sore  
Disappointment.



THE WILD CAMELS' FRENCH WIFE AND CHILDEN WITH OPEN MOUTH.

Copyright 1890, in the United States, by Louis de Rougemont.



course I took good care not to tell any of the natives the real reason of my desire to possess a camel, though I did try to explain to them some of the uses to which the people in other parts of the world put these wonderful animals.

A very strange experience befell Yamba not long after I had settled down among the blacks in my mountain home, and it serves to illustrate the strictness with which the laws against poaching are observed. You may have noticed, by the way, that I have not dealt at any great length with details referring to laws, manners, customs, and tribal observances, for these will ultimately appear in an appendix to my book. But the incident I am about to relate concerned me very nearly, and might have cost me my life as well as my wife. Well, it happened that Yamba and I were returning from one of the many "walk-about" which we were constantly undertaking together and with natives, and which sometimes extended over several weeks and even months. We had pitched our camp for the afternoon, and Yamba went off, as usual, in search of roots and game for the evening meal. She had been gone some little time when suddenly I heard her well-known cooey, and knowing that she must be in trouble of some kind I immediately grasped my weapons and went off to her rescue, guiding myself by her tracks.

A quarter of a mile away I came upon a scene that filled me with amazement. There was Yamba—surely the most devoted wife a man, civilized or savage, ever had—struggling in the midst of quite a crowd of blacks, who were yelling and trying forcibly to drag her away. At once I saw what had happened. Yamba had been hunting for roots over the boundary of territory belonging to a tribe with whom we had not yet made friends, and as she had plainly been guilty of the great crime of trespass she was, according to inviolable native law, confiscated by those who had detected her. I rushed up to the blacks and began to remonstrate with them in their own tongue, but they were both truculent and

obstinate, and refused to release my now weeping and terrified Yamba. At last we effected a compromise, I agreeing to accompany the party back to their encampment with their captive and have the matter settled there by the chief. Fortunately we had not many miles to march, but, as I anticipated, the chief took the side of his own warriors, and promptly declared that he would appropriate Yamba for himself. I explained to him, but in vain, that my wife's trespass was committed all unknowingly, and that had I known his tribe were encamped in that district I would have come immediately and stayed with them a few nights.

As showing what a remarkable person  
**A Remark-  
 able  
 Person.** I was, I went through part of my acrobatic repertoire; and even my poor eager Bruno, who evidently scented trouble, began on his own account to give a hurried and imperfect show. He stood on his head and tumbled backwards and forwards in a very loose and unscientific manner, barking and yelling all the while.

I do not know whether the wily chief had made up his mind to see more of us or not; but at any rate he looked at me very fiercely as though determined to carry his point, and then replied that there was but one law, which was that Yamba should be confiscated for poaching, whether the crime was intentional or not on her part. So emphatically was this said that I began to think I had really lost my faithful companion for ever. As this awful thought grew upon me, and as I pondered over the terrible past, I made up my mind that if necessary I

would lose my own life in her defence, and to this end I adopted a very haughty attitude, which caused the chief suddenly to discover a kind of by-law to the effect that in such events as these the nearest relative of the prisoner may win her back by fighting for her. This, of course, was above all things what I wanted, particularly as the old chief had not seen me use my wonderful weapons. And as I felt certain he would choose throwing spears, I knew



"THERE WAS YAMBA," DRAGGING BY THE WRIST IN AMONG A CROWD OF BLACKS.

that victory was mine. He selected, with a critical eye, three well-made spears, whilst I chose three of my arrows, which I purposely brandished aloft, so as to give my opponent the impression that they were actually small spears, and were to be thrown, as such, javelin-fashion. The old chief and his blacks laughed heartily and pityingly at this exhibition, and ridiculed the idea that I could do any damage with such toy weapons.

The demeanour of the chief himself was eloquent of the good-humoured contempt in which he held his

**A Strange Duel.** antagonist; and a distance of twenty paces having been measured out, we took our places and prepared for the dramatic encounter, upon which depended something more precious to me even than my own life. Although outwardly cool and even haughty, I was really in a state of most terrible anxiety. I fixed my eyes intently upon the spare but sinewy chief, and without moving a muscle I allowed him to throw his spears first. The formidable weapons came whizzing through the air with extraordinary rapidity one after the other, but long experience of the weapon and my own nimbleness enabled me to avoid all three, notwithstanding the precision and rapidity with which they followed one another. But no sooner had I stepped back into position for the third time than, with lightning dexterity, I unslung my bow and let fly at my antagonist an arrow which I had purposely made heavier than usual by weighting it with fully an ounce of gold. Naturally he failed to see the little feathered shaft approach, and it pierced him right in the fleshy part of the left thigh, exactly where I intended. The chief leapt from the ground more in surprise than pain, as though suddenly possessed by an evil spirit. His warriors, too, were vastly impressed. As blood was drawn in this way, honour and the law were alike supposed to be satisfied. Yamba was immediately restored to me, trembling and half afraid to credit her own joyful senses. My readers will, perhaps, wonder why these cannibal savages did not go back on their bargain and refuse to give Yamba up, even after I had vanquished their chief in fair fight; but the honourable course they adopted is attributable solely to their own innate sense of fair play

and their admiration for superior prowess and skill.

**My Opponent Greeted Me.** Why, when the chief had recovered from his astonishment he came up to me, and greeted me warmly without even taking the trouble to remove my arrow from his bleeding thigh! We became the very best of friends, and Yamba and I stayed with him for some days as his guests. When at length we were obliged to leave he gave me quite an imposing escort, as though I were a powerful friendly chief, who had done him a great service.

The question may be asked whether I ever tried to tell my cannibals about the outside world. My answer is that I only told them just so much as I thought their childish imaginations would grasp. Had I told them more, I would simply have puzzled them, and what they do not understand they are apt to suspect.



“THE BROTHERHOOD SHAKED OFF HIM IN THE TROUSERS PART OF THE LEFT THIGH.”

**I Explain Pictures.** Thus, when I showed them pictures of horse-races and sheep farms in the copy of the *Sydney Town and Country Journal* which I had picked up, I was obliged to tell them that horses were used only in warfare, whilst sheep were used only as food. Had I spoken about horses as beasts of burden, and told them what was done with the wool of the sheep, they would have been quite unable to grasp my meaning, and so I should have done more harm than good. They had ideas of their own about astronomy, the fundamental “fact” being that the earth was perfectly flat, the sky being propped up by poles placed at

the edges, and kept upright by the spirits of the departed, who, so the medicine man said, were constantly being sent offerings of food and drink. The Milky Way was a kind of Paradise of souls, whilst the sun was all in all to the whole creation.

I had often puzzled my brain for some method whereby I could convey to these savages some idea of the magnitude of the British Empire. I always had the *British Empire* in my mind, not only because my sympathies inclined that way, but also because I knew that the first friends to receive me on my return to civilization must necessarily be British. Over and over again did I tell the childish savages grouped around me what a mighty ruler was the Sovereign of the British Empire, which covered the whole world. Also how that Sovereign had sent me as a special ambassador to themselves to describe to them the greatness of the nation of which they formed part. Thus you will observe I never let my blacks suspect I was a mere unfortunate cast into their midst by a series of strange chances. I mentioned the whole world because nothing less than this would have done. Had I endeavoured to distinguish between the British Empire and, say, the German, I should have again got beyond my hearers' depth, so to speak, and involved myself in difficulties.

Half instinctively, but without motive, I refrained from mentioning that the ruler of the British Empire was a woman, but this admission dropped from me accidentally one day, and then—what a falling off was there! I instantly recognised the mistake I had made from the contemptuous glances of my blacks, and although I hastened to say that she was a mighty chieftainess, upon whose dominions the sun never sets, and that she was actually the direct ruler of the blacks themselves, they repudiated her with scorn, and

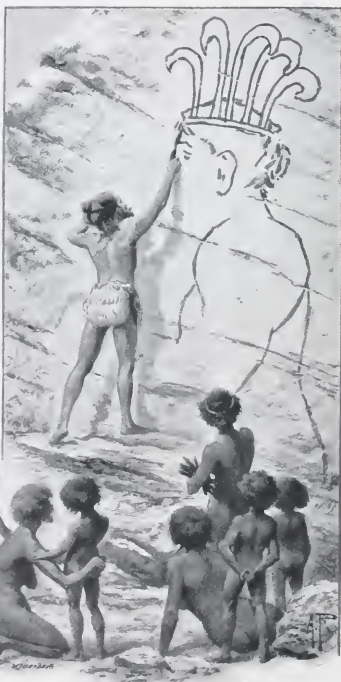
contemned me for singing the praises of a mere woman. I had to let this unfortunate matter drop for a time, but the subject was ever present in my mind, and I wondered how I could retrieve my position without eating my words. At length one day Yamba and I came across a curious rugged limestone region, which was full of caves. Whilst exploring these we came upon a huge, flat, precipitous surface of rock, and then—how or why, I know not—the idea suddenly occurred to me to draw a gigantic portrait of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. At this period, I should mention, I was a recognised chief, and periodically—once every new moon—I would give a kind of reception to my people, and also to the neighbouring tribes. At this interesting function

I would always contrive to have some new wonder to unfold. My visitors never outstayed their welcome, and I always managed to have an abundance of food for them.

Well, I came upon the cave region a few weeks after

my unfortunate blunder about the Queen, and I determined to have my great portrait ready for the next reception day. Taking some blocks of stone of handy size, I first wetted the surface of the rock and then commenced to rub it, until I had a pretty smooth face to work upon. This took some time, but whilst I was doing it Yamba got ready the necessary charcoal sticks and pigments such as the blacks decorate themselves with at *corroborees*. I had a slight knowledge of drawing, and climbing up on some projecting stones I commenced to draw in bold, sweeping outline what I venture to describe as the most extraordinary portrait on record. The figure, which was in profile, was perhaps

7ft. or 8ft. high, and of more than equally extravagant proportions in other respects. Of course, the figure had to be represented entirely without clothing, otherwise the blacks would simply have been puzzled. Now to describe



"THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA ON RECORD."

An Awkward Admission.

My Great Portrait.

the portrait as much in detail as I dare. The crown was composed of rare feathers such as only a redoubtable and cunning hunter could obtain; and it included feathers of the lyre bird and emu. The sceptre was a stupendous gnarled waddy or club, such as could be used with fearful execution amongst one's enemies. The nose was very large, because this among the blacks indicates great endurance; whilst the biceps were abnormally developed. In fact, I gave Her Majesty as much muscle as would serve for half-a-dozen professional pugilists or strong men. The stomach was much distended, and when I state this fact I am sure it will excite much curiosity as to the reason why.

Well, as the stomach is practically the greatest deity these savages know, and as food is often very hard to obtain, they argue that a person with a very full stomach must necessarily be a daring and skilful hunter, otherwise he would not be able to get much food to put into it.

This extraordinary portrait was finally daubed and decorated with brilliant pigments and glaring splashes of yellow, red, and blue. I also used a kind of vivid red dye obtained from the sap of a certain creeper which was bruised between heavy stones. I spent perhaps a week or a fortnight on this drawing (I could not give all day to it, of course), and the only persons who knew of its existence were Yamba, my own children, and their friends. After the completion of the portrait I went away from that place and waited impatiently for my next reception day. When the wonder-loving blacks were again before me I told them that I had a remarkable picture of the great British Queen to show them, and then, full of anticipation and childish delight, they trooped after me to the spot where I had drawn the great picture on the rocks. It is no exaggeration to say that the crowd of cannibals stood and squatted in front of my handiwork simply speechless with amazement. Eventually they burst out into cries of wonderment and astonishment, making curious guttural sounds with their lips and smacking their thighs in token of their appreciation. I pointed out every detail—the immense size of the great Queen, the various emblems of her power, and at last, stepping back from the rock, I sang "God save the Queen," the beautiful national hymn of Great Britain which I had learned from the two ill-fated girls, and which, you will remember, has the same air as that of the French song, "Frère Jacques."

The general effect was not merely to take away any bad impression that might have been created with regard to my damaging admission about the sex of

the great ruler, but it more than re-established me in my old position, and I followed it up by assuring them that Her Majesty included in her retinue of servants a greater number of persons than was represented in the whole tribe before me. Furthermore, I assured them that whilst the mountain home I had built was very large, judged by their standard, the house of Queen Victoria was big enough to hold a whole nation of blacks.

And in order to give you some idea of the nervous horror I had of losing prestige, I may tell you that, far from being satisfied with what I had done to vindicate the great Sovereign whose special ambassador I was supposed to be, I soon decided to give yet another demonstration which should impress even those who were inclined to cavil if any such existed. I pointed out that whilst the Queen, great and powerful and beloved ruler though she was, could not lead on her warriors in person into battle, yet she was represented in wars by her eldest son, who was a most redoubtable warrior and spear-thrower, and acted on behalf of his illustrious mother on all occasions where she could not appear. But as mention of the Prince of Wales called for a demonstration of his personality also, I determined to make another experiment in portraiture, but this time in the direction of sculpture. I think it was having come across a very damp country, abounding in plastic clay, that put this idea into my head. First of all, then, I cut down a stout young sapling, which, propped up in the ground, served as the mainstay of my statue; and from it I fastened projecting branches for the arms and legs.

Round this framework I built up my figure with blocks of clay, and at length, after, perhaps, three or four weeks' industrious modelling, I completed a statue of His Royal Highness which measured about 7ft. 6in. in height, and with body and limbs of abnormal development, much on the lines of my representation of his august mother. Fuller details would be interesting, but hardly edifying. This statue I "unveiled" at another of my monthly receptions, and, judged by its effect, it was even a greater success than the colossal portrait. A monster *carrobooree* was actually held alongside the Prince of Wales's statue, but, unfortunately, my handiwork went to pieces in a day or two, for when the fierce sun beat down upon the clay it cracked, and incontinently fell away in pieces. This gradual disintegration of the great ruler's deputy vastly amused the blacks, and I eventually had to hasten its end, lest their mirth should compromise my dignity.

The  
Stomach  
as a Deity.

A Colossal  
Statue of  
H.R.H.!

The Portrait  
a Success.





"I COLLECTED A TRACE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IN CLAY."

If I have omitted to mention Bruno in connection with every incident, it must not be supposed that my faithful companion did not play an important part in everything.

He was always with me, but it must be remembered that he was now growing old, and the natives around me were by no means so keen to possess him as the tribes of Carpentaria had been in the days gone by. Talking about dogs, it is an extraordinary fact that the savage womenfolk often suckle one

**A Sad Reflection.**

puppy out of a litter, under the impression that the dog so treated will grow up possessing almost human intelligence, and will therefore be of inestimable value when hunting kangaroo and other game.

All kinds of extraordinary incidents befell me whilst on the "walk-about." Many a time have I been deceived by mirage. One most complete deception I can recall befell me one day whilst Yamba and I were tramping over a stretch of low, sandy country. Suddenly I fancied I descried the boundless ocean in the distance, and with my usual impetuosity I rushed frantically forward in the firm belief that at last we had reached the coast. Yamba explained that it was only a mirage, but I would not stay to listen, and I must have gone miles before I gave up in disgust and returned to my patient wife. This brings me to another and perhaps still more extraordinary illusion. One day whilst Yamba and I were passing through one of those eternal regions of sand-hills and spinifex which are the despair of the Australian explorer, I suddenly saw in the distance what I was certain was a *flock of sheep*. There they were, hundreds of them apparently browsing calmly in a depression in a fertile patch where most probably water existed.

**A Strange Illusion.**

In an instant the old desire to return to civilization once more reasserted itself, and I dashed forward at full speed yelling back to Yamba, "Sheep, sheep—where sheep are, men are. Civilization at last!" When at length I had got near enough for the creatures to notice me you may imagine my disgust and disappointment when hundreds of tall heads went high into the air, and a *flock of emus* made off across the country at full speed. These huge birds had had their



"SHEEP! SHEEP!—CIVILIZATION AT LAST!"

heads down feeding, and not unnaturally, in the distance, I had mistaken them for sheep.

I think everyone is aware that prolonged droughts are of very common occurrence in Central Australia, and are largely responsible for the migratory habits of the aborigines, particularly those of the remote deserts in the interior. The most terrible drought I myself experienced whilst in my mountain home was one that extended over three years, when even the lagoon in front of my dwelling, which I had thought to be practically inexhaustible, dried up, with the most appalling results. Just think—never a drop of rain falling for over three long years, with a scorching sun darting down its rays almost every day! During this terrible period the only moisture the parched earth ever received was in the form of the heavy dews that descended in the night. Even these, however, only benefited the vegetation where any continued to exist, and did not contribute in the slightest degree to the natural water supply so necessary for the sustenance of human and animal life. The resulting symptoms were terrible to witness. Kangaroos and snakes, emus and cockatoos, lizards and rats—all lay about either dead or dying; and in the case of animals who had survived, they seemed no longer to fear their natural enemy, man.

**A Grave Danger.**

Day by day as I saw my lagoon gradually grow smaller, I felt that unless I took some steps to insure a more permanent supply, my people must inevitably perish and I with them. Naturally enough, too, they looked to me to do something for them, and provide them with some relief from the effects of the most terrible drought which even they had ever experienced. Almost daily discouraging reports were brought to me regarding the drying up of all the better-known water-holes all round the country, and I was at length obliged to invite all and sundry to use my own all but exhausted lagoon. At length things became so threatening that I decided to sink a well. Choosing a likely spot near the foot of a precipitous mountain I set to work with only Yamba as my assistant. Confidently anticipating the best results, I erected a crude kind of windlass, and fitted it with a green hide rope and a bucket made by scooping out a section of a tree. My digging implements consisted solely of a home-made wooden spade and stone pick. Yamba manipulated the windlass, lowering and raising the bucket and disposing of the gravel I sent to the surface with the dexterity of a practised navvy. What with the heat, the scarcity of water, and the fact that not one of the natives could be relied upon to do an hour's work, it

was a terribly slow and wearying business, but Yamba and I stuck to it doggedly day after day.

**I Sink a Well.**

At the end of a week I had sunk a narrow shaft to the depth of 12ft. or 14ft., and then to my infinite satisfaction I saw every indication that water was to be found a little lower down. In the course of the following week I hit upon a spring, and then I felt amply rewarded for all the trouble I had taken. Even when the lagoon was perfectly dry, and only its parched sandy bed was to be seen, the supply of water from our little well continued undiminished, and proved more than ample for our wants during the whole of the drought. I even ventured to provide the distressed birds and animals with some means of quenching their insupportable thirst. A few yards from the well I constructed a large wooden trough, which I kept filled with water, and each day it was visited by the most extraordinary flocks of birds of every size and variety of plumage, from emus down to what looked like humming-birds. Huge snakes, 10ft. and 15ft. long, hustled the kangaroos away from the life-giving trough, and occasionally the crowd would be so excessive that some of the poor creatures would have to wait hours before their thirst was satisfied, and even die on the outer fringe of the waiting throng. I remember that even at the time the scene struck me as an amazing and unprecedented one, for there was I doing my best to regulate the traffic, so to speak, sending away the birds and animals and reptiles whose wants had been satisfied, and even bringing skins full of water to those who had fallen down from exhaustion, and were in a fair way to die. As a rule, the creatures took no notice whatever of me, but seemed to realize in some instinctive way that I was their benefactor. Of course I had to cover over the top of the well itself, otherwise it would simply have been swamped with the carcasses of the eager animals and birds.

But, it may be asked, why did I take "Universal Provider." the trouble to supply everything that walked and flew and crawled with water when water was so precious? A moment's thought will furnish the answer, which is that if I suffered all the animals, birds, and reptiles to die, I myself would be without food, and then my last stage might be considerably worse than the first. I think the snakes were the most ungrateful creatures of all. Sometimes they would deliberately coil themselves up in the trough itself, and so prevent the birds from approaching. I always knew when something of this kind had happened, because of the frightful screeching and general uproar set up by

the indignant birds—that is to say, such as had the power to screech left. I would then hurry to the spot and drag out the cause of the trouble with a forked stick. I never killed him, because there were already enough of his kind dead on every side. The very trees and grass died, and in this originated another almost equally terrible peril—the bush fires.

Talking about bush fires, we often saw them raging madly and sublimely in the mountains. They would burn for weeks at a stretch, and devastate hundreds of miles of country. For ourselves, we always prepared for such emergencies by “ringing” our dwelling—that is to say, laying bare a certain stretch of country in a perfect

with much mysterious whisperings. The dear, sagacious brute always understood what I wanted him to do, and in the course of perhaps an hour or two he would come and lay the article at my feet, and then accept the flattering adulation of my black companions with the utmost calmness and indifference. Bruno never forgot what was required of him when we encountered a new tribe of blacks. He would always look to me for his cue, and when he saw me commence my acrobatic feats he, too, would go through his little repertoire, barking and tumbling and rolling about with wonderful energy.

His quaint little ways had so endeared him to me that I could not bear to think of any-



“HOW WE FOUGHT THE BUSH FIRES.”

circle around us. Often, however, we were almost choked by the intense heat which the wind occasionally wafted to us, and which, combined with the blazing sun and scarcity of water, rendered life positively intolerable.

I now wish to say a few words about Bruno—a few last sorrowful words—because at this period he was growing feeble, and, indeed, had never been the same since the death of Gibson. Still, I was constantly making use of his sagacity to impress the blacks. My usual custom was to hide some article such as my tomahawk near the house in Bruno’s presence, and then start off on a tramp accompanied by the blacks.

After we had gone a few miles I would suddenly call a halt, pretend to my companions that I had forgotten something, and order Bruno to go back and fetch it,

thing happening to him. On one occasion, when going through a burning, sandy desert, both he and I suffered terribly from the hot, loose sand which poured up between our toes and caused us great suffering. Poor Bruno protested in the only way he could, which was by stopping from time to time and giving vent to the most mournful howls. Besides, I could tell from the gingerly way he put his feet down that the burning hot sand would soon make it impossible for him to go any farther. I, therefore, made him a set of moccasins out of kangaroo skin, and then tied them on his feet. These he always wore afterwards when traversing similar deserts, and eventually he became so accustomed to them that as soon as we reached the sand he would come to me and put up his paws appealingly to have his “boots” put on.

Bruno as  
Accomplice,

But now age began to tell upon him: he was getting stiff in his limbs, and he seldom accompanied me on hunting expeditions. He seemed only to want to sleep and drowse away the day. He had been a splendid kangaroo hunter, and took quite an extraordinary amount

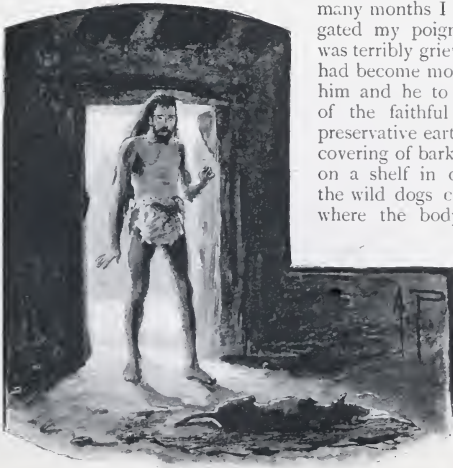


'BRUNO WOULD PUT UP HIS PAWS APPEALINGLY TO HAVE HIS  
'BOOTS' PUT ON.

of pleasure in this pursuit. He would run down the biggest kangaroo and bail him up unerringly under a tree: and whenever the big animal tried to get away Bruno would immediately go for his tail, and compel him to stand at bay once more until I came up to give the *coup de grâce*. Of course, Bruno received a nasty kick sometimes and occasionally a bite from a snake, poisonous and otherwise. He was not a young dog when I had him first, and I had now made up my mind that he could not live much longer. He paid but little attention in these days to either Yamba or myself, and in this condition he lingered on for a year or more.

One morning I went into the second hut — which we still called Gibson's, by the way, although he had never lived there—when to my

I Find  
Bruno  
Dead!



"I BEHELD POOR BRUNO LAID OUT STIFF AND STARK."

dismay and horror (notwithstanding that I was prepared for the event), I beheld my poor Bruno laid out stiff and stark on the little skin rug that Gibson had originally made for him. I do not think I knew how much I loved him until he was gone. As I stood there, with the tears coursing down my cheeks, all the strange events of my wondrous career seemed to rise before my mind—events in which poor dead Bruno always took an active part. He was with me on the wreck; he was with me on the island; he was with me in all my



wanderings and through all my sufferings and triumphs. He got me out of many a scrape, and his curious little eccentricities, likes, and dislikes afforded me never-ending delight. But now he was gone the way of all flesh, and although I had expected this blow for many months I do not think this mitigated my poignant grief. Yamba, too, was terribly grieved at his death, for she had become most devotedly attached to him and he to her. I rolled the body of the faithful creature in a kind of preservative earth and then in an outer covering of bark. This done I laid him on a shelf in one of the caves where the wild dogs could not get at him, and where the body of Gibson, similarly treated, had also been placed.

Sometimes, when all the tribe was gathered together, I would bring up the subject of cannibalism, and tell them that the Great Spirit they feared so much had left with me a written message forbidding all feasting



off the bodies of human beings. The "written message" I referred to on these occasions was my old Bible. Of course the blacks failed to understand its purport as a book, having no written language of their own; but my manner and words served to impress them.

My natives always seemed to manifest the keenest interest in the accounts I gave them of the wonderful resources of civilization;

but experience showed that I must adapt my descriptions to the intellects of my hearers. For example, I used to tell them that in the great cities ("camps" I called them) there was never any real darkness if men chose, because there were other lights at command which could be turned off and on at will. The most effective analogy in this respect was the twinkling of the stars in the heavens, but my hearers were greatly amazed to think that such lights could be under the command of man.

On one occasion I actually made a

**I Make a Perambulator.**

perambulator

for the conveyance of children!

It was the very first time that these primitive savages had seen the principle of the wheel applied to locomotion, and it passed their comprehension altogether. With childish delight and an uproar that baffles all description both men and women almost fought with one another for the honour of pushing this crude little conveyance about. The perambulator was made out of logs, and was a four-wheeled vehicle, the rims of the



"THE 'WRITTEN MESSAGE' WAS MY OLD BIBLE.

wheels being cut from a hollow tree. My blacks were also much amazed at the great size of my mountain home, but their wonderment increased greatly when I explained to them that some of the buildings in the great "camps" of the white man were as large as the hills and much more numerous.

**I Meet Whites.**

Elsewhere I have spoken of the extraordinary system of telegraphy that exists among the blacks. Well, in the early eighties news began to reach me that numbers of white men had appeared in the north, and in one of my many long tramps I one day

came upon a party of white men engaged in prospecting. I speak of this remarkable meeting thus abruptly because the sight of their tent met my gaze in the most abrupt manner possible. It is ever so in the Australian bush. I found that this party was by no means an isolated one, and I actually stayed in various camps for a few days, and then returned to my mountain home. I need hardly remark that the white men were far more astonished to see me than I was at meeting them. Of course, I could have joined them and gone back to civilization, but this I



"THE PERAMBULATOR WAS MADE OUT OF LOGS."

would not do without my native wife and family. It was in the Kimberley district that I met these parties of prospectors; and I may here remark that I had for some time been aware of the existence of this auriferous region. I learned afterwards that the Kimberley was geographically the nearest point I should make for in order to reach civilization.

As I was always very fond of children, I decided to try and put a stop to the dreadful habit of child murder, so I made it known far and wide that parents could pass their girl-babies on to me, and that I would rear them and look after them. The result of this widely-advertised offer was that I soon had quite an orphan asylum established—an institution which was valuable to me in many ways. Quite apart from the satisfaction I derived from knowing that I had saved these children from a terrible death, I was looked upon as a kind of prospective father-in-law on a gigantic scale, and young men came from all parts to treat with me for wives.

As I have said before, my regular reception days were held at the new moon.

My visitors, as well as my own people, gradually grew to have quite a reverence for the Bible, but I am afraid it was not on account of the sacredness of the book, but rather owing to the wonderful things it contained, and which were interpreted by me in such a way as would appeal directly to the primitive minds of these people.

Ofentimes I made mistakes. For instance, what seemed to interest them enormously was the story of how Moses struck the rock and obtained a miraculous supply of water. Anything in the way of fresh water procured in the desert interested them keenly. Only, unfortunately, they floored me by asking me to accomplish a similar miracle!

Another Bible story which brought me some discomfiture was about Balaam and his ass. Now, when I decided to tell the story of Balaam, I knew from experience that if I mentioned an "ass," that animal would require all kinds of tedious explanation which would probably result in needless mystification and consequent suspicion; so I boldly plunged into the story of *Balaam and his kangaroo!* But what staggered the blacks altogether was that Balaam's kangaroo should be able to speak. Now, it seems that a talking animal is the greatest possible joke known to the blacks, and so my narrative was greeted with uproarious mirth, and it even spread from tribe to tribe. I found it was no use telling my blacks anything they could not readily comprehend.

One day I told them about the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by fire and brimstone,

and this again landed me in disaster, for I was promptly asked how could anyone, Great Spirit or other, burn up the stones of which the houses were composed? And, of course, each instance of this kind would be pounced upon by a tribal medicine man or some other jealous enemy of mine, and used to discredit me. A few days after telling the Sodom and Gomorrah story, I was on a walk-about with Yamba in my mountain region, when I suddenly discovered that shale existed in very considerable quantities, and I thereupon conceived the idea of demonstrating to the blacks that, not only was the Bible narrative a true one, but that it was quite possible to ignite stone; and *I would even show them how it was done!*

Aided by Yamba and other members of my family, I constructed an immense shaft-like cairn, mainly composed of loose pieces of shale intermixed with sandstone. I put in the sandstone and other stones, partly in order that the blacks might not notice the uniform construction of the cairn, and partly also because I knew that when the ordinary stones were heated they would probably burst or explode with a loud sound, and so terrify the superstitious onlookers. The cairn was about 15ft. high, with an opening at the summit and other small openings at the sides in order to insure a good draught. At the base I left an opening sufficiently large for me to crawl through. Then I placed a quantity of inflammable material—such as wood and dry bark—inside, and as all these preparations went forward in a very leisurely manner, my monthly reception was quite due when everything was ready. Wishing to have an exceptionally large gathering, I sent out invitations to all the surrounding tribes to come and see my wonderful performance at which "I would set fire to the rocks and stones."

A perfectly enormous crowd assembled at the time appointed, for my previous achievements had led them to believe I had some marvellous manifestation of my powers in store for them. Never can I forget the keenness with which that great assembly anticipated the entertainment I had promised them. And, remember, they were growing pretty *blasé* by this time, having witnessed so many miracles.

In the twilight of the evening, when the murmur of the multitude was hushed, I crawled cautiously into the cairn (I should have been buried alive had it collapsed), and at once commenced operations with the flint and steel and tinder which I had taken care to leave there. In another minute I had set fire to the wood and

**A Dreadful Habit.**

**The Miracle of Moses.**

**Preparing a Demonstration.**

**An Expectant Audience.**

other dry material that filled the bottom of the shaft. When I was satisfied that it was thoroughly alight, I discreetly withdrew and joined the wondering crowd, which I had forbidden to approach too close. Dense clouds of smoke were soon rolling from the apertures of the great cairn, and in a short time the shaft was a fierce and raging furnace, with the ordinary stones red hot and occasionally bursting with



"DENSE CLOUDS OF SMOKE WERE SOON ROLLING FROM THE GREAT CAIRN."

loud explosions, which threw showers of glowing slag high into the air.

The blacks were almost paralyzed with fear, and many of them threw themselves prostrate on the ground, ignoring the showers of stones that fell upon their naked bodies. I stalked about among them, exulting in my power and the success of my manifestation. This huge shale cairn burnt for many days more fiercely than even a stack of coal would do, and I never ceased to wonder that the blacks had not before found out the inflammable nature of the "stone."

In general appearance I was now absolutely like a black, and wore only an apron of emu skin as a protection against the scrub I encountered when on the walk-about. In the ordinary way I never had any marks upon me with the exception of these scratches. Of course, on festive occasions I was gaily painted and decorated, and no doubt I would have been initiated into manhood, and borne the tribal marks,

were it not for the fact that I was a man when I came among the blacks.

It is obviously impossible for me to record minutely the happenings of every day, mainly because only the salient incidents stand out in my mind. Besides, I have already dealt with the daily routine, and have probably repeated myself in minor details.

A constant source of grief to me was the weakly condition of my two children, whom I knew could never attain mature age. And knowing they were doomed, I think I loved them all the more.

Yet so incomprehensible is human nature that I often found myself speculating on what I should do after they—and Yamba—were gone; because by this time my faithful helpmeet was growing ominously feeble. You must remember that when I first met her on the desert island she was an oldish woman, judged by the native standard; that is to say, she was about thirty.

The death-bed of my boy is a scene I can never forget. He called me to him, and said he was very glad he was dying, because he felt he would never have been strong enough to fight his way through life, and endure what the other black boys endured. Therefore, he argued wistfully, and half inquiringly, he would only be a burden to me. He was a very affectionate and considerate little fellow, with an intelligence far beyond that of the ordinary aboriginal child. He spoke in English, because I had taught both him and his sister that language. At the last I learned—for the first time—that it was always worrying him, and almost breaking his little heart, that he could never compete with the black boys in their games of strength and skill; and no doubt he would have become an outcast were it not that he was my son.



Almost his last whispered words to me were that he would be able to assist me more in the Spirit-land than ever he could hope to do in the flesh. He was perfectly conscious to the last, and as I knelt down by his couch, of fragrant eucalyptus leaves, and stooped low to catch his whispered message, he told me he seemed to be entering a beautiful new country, where the birds always sang and the flowers bloomed for ever. Spirit voices kept calling him, he said, and he felt himself being irresistibly drawn away from me.

Upon my own feelings I do not wish to dwell. All I will say is I kissed my boy on the eyes and mouth, and then, with a soft "Good-bye, they have come for me," he closed his eyes for ever.

I felt it was to be. A few days afterwards the little girl, my remaining child, was taken ill, and so feeble was she, that she soon joined her brother in the better land. I seemed to be overwhelmed with misfortunes, but the greatest of all was yet to come. I have hinted that Yamba was beginning to show signs of infirmity through advancing years. I could not help noticing, with a vague feeling of helpless horror and sickening foreboding, that she had lost her high spirits and keen perception, to say nothing about the elasticity of her tread and her wonderful physical endurance generally. She was no longer able to accompany me on the long and interesting tramps which we had now taken together for so many years. Her skin began to wither and wrinkle, and she gradually took on the appearance of a very old woman. The result of this was I began to have fits of frightful depression and acute misery. I stayed at home a good deal now, partly because I knew the country thoroughly and no longer cared to explore, and partly also because I missed the companionship and invaluable assistance of my devoted wife. I constantly buoyed myself up with the hope that Yamba was only ailing temporarily, and that her enfeebled condition had been brought

on mainly by the misfortunes that had befallen us of late. But she grew more and more feeble, and both she and I knew that the end was not far off. Never once, however, did we allude to such a catastrophe, and whenever I fixed my eyes earnestly upon her in the vain hope of discerning some more favourable symptom, she would pretend not to notice me.

I would sometimes take her for a long walk, which was really much beyond her strength, solely in order that we might delude ourselves with vain hopes. And she, poor creature, would tax herself far beyond her strength in order to afford me happiness which the real state of things did not justify.

For instance, she would run and leap and jump in order to show that she was as young as ever, and after these strange and pathetic demonstrations she would endeavour to conceal her great exhaustion.

But very soon my poor Yamba was obliged to remain at home altogether, and as she grew more and more infirm she plucked up courage to tell me that she knew she was going to die, and was rather glad than otherwise, because then I would be able to return to civilization—that goal for which I had yearned through so many years. She pointed out to me that it would not be so difficult now, as I had already

been brought into contact with parties of white men; and, besides, we had long ago had news brought to us about the construction of the Trans-Continental Telegraph Line from Adelaide to Port Darwin. No sooner had she spoken of death than I broke down again altogether. The thought that she should be taken from me was so cruel that its contemplation was quite insupportable, and I threw myself down beside her in a perfect

agony of grief and dread.

I told her I did not mind how long I remained among the blacks so long as she was with me, and I tried to persuade her, with all the eloquence I could muster, that, far from dying, she would return to civilization

Yamba's  
Pathetic  
Efforts.



"SHE WOULD RUN AND JUMP TO SHOW SHE WAS AS YOUNG AS EVER."

Vain  
Hopes.



with me, so that I might spread abroad to the whole world the story of her devotion and her virtues. As she continued merely to smile pityingly, I changed my tone and dwelt upon the past. I went through the whole story of my life, from the time she was cast upon the desert island in the Sea of Timor, and at the recital of all the hardships and dangers and joys and troubles we had passed through together, she broke down also, and we wept long and bitterly in one another's arms.

By this time she had become a convert to Christianity, but this was entirely a matter of her own seeking. She had such implicit belief in my wisdom and knowledge, that she begged of me to tell her all about my religion in order that she might adopt it as her own. Like most converts, she was filled with fiery zeal and enthusiasm, and she tried to soften the approaching terror by telling me that she was quite happy that she was going, because she would be able to look after me even more than of old. "How different it would have been with me," she used to say, "had I remained with my old tribe. I should still be under the belief that when I died my highest state would be to be turned into an animal; but now I know that a glorious future awaits us, and that in due time you will join me in Heaven."

Yamba did not suffer any physical pain, nor was she actually confined to her bed until four days before her death. As the various tribes knew the love and admiration I had for her, the fact that she lay dying spread rapidly, and crowds of natives flocked to my mountain home.

Widespread sympathy was expressed with me, and all kinds of tender consideration was evinced by these savages. All day long an incessant stream of women-folk kept coming to the hut and inquiring after my dying wife.

It seemed to be Yamba's sole anxiety that I should be well equipped for the journey back to civilization. She would rehearse with me for hours the various methods adopted by the black fellows to find water, and she reminded me that my course at first was to be in a southerly

direction until I came to a region where the trees were blazed, and then I was to follow the track that went westward.

These last days seemed to pass very quickly, and one night the dying woman had a serious relapse. Hitherto she had always addressed me as "Master," but now that she stood in the valley of the shadow she would throw her arms about my neck and whisper softly, "Good-bye, my husband. Good-bye, I am going—going—going. I will wait for you—there."

For myself I could not seem to realize it.

Sometimes I would rise up with the sole intention of finding out whether this frightful thing was or was not a ghastly dream. Then my memory would go back over the years, and every little instance of unselfishness and devotion would rise before my mental vision. As I looked at the prostrate and attenuated form that lay silent on the couch of eucalyptus leaves, I felt that life was merely the acutest agony, and that I must immediately seek oblivion in some form or other or lose my reason. It seemed, I say, impossible that Yamba could cease to be. It seemed the cruellest and most preposterous thing that she could be taken from me.

Frantically I put my arms around her and actually tried to lift her on to her feet, begging of her to show how robust she was as in the days of yore. I whispered into her ears all the memories of the past, and the poor creature would endeavour to respond with a series of feeble efforts, after which she sank back suddenly and breathed her last.

Language is utterly futile to describe my horror, my distraction. I felt as I imagined a man would feel after amputation of all his members, leaving only the seared and bleeding trunk. I felt that life held no more joy, no more hope; and gladly would I have welcomed death itself as a happy release from the wretchedness of living. In my delirium of grief I often besought the repulsive savages about me to spear me where I stood.

Upon this subject I can dwell no more,



"GOOD-BYE, MY HUSBAND—I AM GOING."

Nearing  
the End.

Yamba  
Dying.

because of what followed I have only the vaguest recollection. For days I seemed to live in a kind of dream, and was not even sure that the people I met day by day were real beings. As to my awful loss, I am sure I did not realize it. What I did realize, however, was the necessity for immediate action. Like a dream to me also is the memory of the sincere grief of my blacks and their well-meant endeavours to console me. The women kept up a mournful howl, which nearly drove me crazy, and only strengthened my resolve to get away from that frightful place. So dazed did I become, that the blacks concluded some strange spirit must have entered into me.

They seemed to take it for granted that I left all arrangements for the funeral to them, the sole idea that possessed me being to complete my arrangements for the great journey I had before me. I told the natives frankly of my intention, and immediately forty of them volunteered to accompany me on my travels as far as I chose to permit them to come. I readily accepted the

kindly offer, partly because I knew that alone I should have gone mad, and partly because I instinctively realized that with such a body-guard I should have nothing to fear either from human foes or the tortures of thirst.

I left everything. I cut off my long hair with my stiletto and distributed it among the natives to be made into bracelets, necklaces, and other souvenirs; and then I departed with little ceremony from the place where I had spent so many years of weird and strange exile. Most of my belongings I gave away, and I think I turned my back upon my mountain home with little or no regret. My dress consisted solely of the usual covering of emu skin, whilst attached to a belt round my waist were my tomahawk and

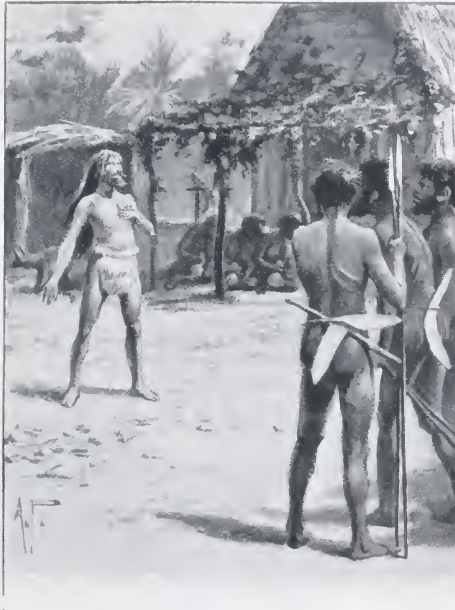
stiletto, my bow and arrows being slung over my shoulder. Day after day we marched steadily on, precisely as though we were on a walk about. The conditions of the country were constantly changing, and I came across many evidences of its natural richness in minerals—more particularly gold.

**A Mass of Gold.**

One day as we were all resting near the base of a rock, which was a kind of huge outcrop from the plain, I began idly to chip the stone with my tomahawk, when the edge suddenly glanced aside revealing a bright, shining, yellow metal. I sprang to my feet in astonishment, and realized in a moment that this great mass of rock was auriferous to an enormous degree, and there was one gigantic nugget in it which if removed would, I am sure, be as much as a couple of men could carry.

Week after week passed by, and still we continued our southward march. In time, of course, my companions returned to their own country, but so leisurely had our progress been that I had ample time thoroughly to ingratiate myself with other tribes, so that, as usual, I went from tribe to tribe practically armed only with my own knowledge of the savages and my invaluable repertoire of tricks. In the course of months I came upon the blazed or marked trees, and then I struck due west.

Very few incidents worth recording befell me, and I kept steadily on my way for eight or nine months. At last—at last—I came upon unmistakable signs of the proximity of "civilization," for strewn along the track we were now following were such things as rusty meat-tins, old papers, discarded and very much ant-eaten clothing, tent pegs, and numerous other evidences of pioneer life. One day, about noon, I espied an encampment of tents 500yds. or 600yds. ahead



"I BESOUGHT THE SAVAGES TO SPEAR ME WHERE I STOOD."

of me, and I promptly brought my men to a halt whilst I went forward a little to reconnoitre. Curiously enough, the sight of these tents did not cause me any great emotion. You see, I had met prospectors before in the Kimberley region, and besides, I had been looking for these tents so long from the time I first came across the evidences of civilization aforesaid, that my only surprise was I had not reached them before. Walking about were Europeans in the dress generally affected by the Australian prospector. Suddenly a strange feeling of shyness and hesitancy came over me. Almost stark naked and darkened as I was—a veritable savage, in fact—I realized I could not go and introduce myself to these men without proper clothing. I knew the value of caution in approaching so-called civilized men, having had bitter experience with the Giles expedition. Returning to my blacks, I told them that at last I had come up with my own people, but did not want to join them for some little time yet. Then I selected a couple of my companions, and explained to them that I wanted some white man's clothing.

I instructed them to creep quietly into the camp, remove a pair of trousers and shirt that were hanging outside one of the tents, and bring back these articles to me. They undertook the commission with evident delight, but when they returned in the course of a few minutes they brought only the shirt with them, the trousers, it seemed, having been removed by the owner a few minutes before they arrived. My blacks were intensely amused when I donned the shirt, and considering that this was practically the only article of wearing apparel I possessed, I have no doubt I did cut a very ludicrous figure. Then came another difficulty. I reflected I could not possibly go and show myself among these white men wearing one of their own shirts, so I decided to bid farewell then and there to my black escort, and continue my march alone until I reached another encampment.

In the course of another day or so I reached a second camp. Into this I decided to venture and explain who I was. Before taking this step, however, I rubbed off all the clayey coating on my skin, trimmed my hair and beard to a respectable length by means of a fire-stick,

threw away my bow, which was now my only remaining weapon, and then marched boldly into the camp. Some five or six bronzed Englishmen were seated near the fire in front of the tent having supper as I approached, and when they caught sight of me they stared, astounded for the moment, and then burst into laughter, under the impression that I was one of their black servants playing some joke upon them. When I was but a few yards away, however, I called out in English:—

“Halloa, boys! have you room for me?”

They were too much taken aback to reply immediately, and then one of them said:—

“Oh, yes; come and sit down.”

As I seated myself among them they asked:—

“Have you been out prospecting?”

“Yes,” I said, quietly, “and I have been away a very long time.”

“And where did you leave your mates?” was the next question.

“I had no mates,” I told them. “I undertook my wanderings practically alone.”

They looked at one another, winked, and smiled incredulously at this. Then one of them asked me if I had found any gold.

I said, “Oh, yes, plenty of gold,” and then the next query—a most natural one—was, “Well, why have you not brought some of the stuff back with you? How far have you travelled?”



“HALLOA, BOYS! HAVE YOU ROOM FOR ME?”

I told them I had been tramping through the heart of the Continent for eight or nine months, and that I had no means of carrying nuggets and quartz about with me. But this explanation only served to renew their merriment, which reached its climax when, in an unguarded moment, I put a question which I had been burning to ask:—

“What year is this?”

**A Startling Question.** “This is Bellamy’s ‘Looking Backward’ with a vengeance,” cried one of the prospectors—a sally that was heartily appreciated by the whole of the company, with the exception of myself, who began to think that if this indeed was the reception civilization had for me, I might well have remained with my faithful savages.

But in a few minutes the men’s demeanour changed, and it was obvious that they looked upon me as a harmless lunatic just emerged from the bush. I was assured that this conclusion was correct when I saw the diggers looking at one another significantly and tapping their foreheads. I resolved to tell them nothing further about myself, knowing full well that the more I told them the more convinced they would be that I was a wandering lunatic. I learned that the men I found myself among were a party of decent young fellows from Coolgardie. They offered me a meal of tea and damper, and pressed me to stay the night with them, but I declined their hospitality. I gratefully accepted a pair of trousers, but declined the offer of a pair of boots, feeling certain that I could not yet bear these on my feet. My rough benefactors told me that I should find many other camps to the south and west, so I wandered off into the bush again and spent the night alone.

**Towards Mount Margaret.** My next move was in the direction of Mount Margaret, and, along the road which I traversed I came across an interesting variety of picks, shovels, and other mining tools which had evidently been discarded by disappointed prospectors. I decided not to enter this town but to go round it, and then I continued my tramp alone towards Southern Cross and thence to Coolgardie.

**I Proceed to Perth.** After working for some time in the last-named town, I made my way to Perth, the capital of Western Australia. In Perth I was advised that it would be better to go to Melbourne, as I would stand a much better chance there of getting a ship on which I might work my passage to

Europe. Accordingly I proceeded to Melbourne as soon as I could, and the only noteworthy incident there was my humorous interview with the French Consul. I addressed that dignified functionary in execrable French, telling him that I was a French subject and wanted to be sent back to Europe. I bungled a great deal, and when my French failed I helped myself out with English. The Consul waited patiently till I had finished, stroking his beard the while, and looking at me in the most suspicious manner.

“You claim this because you are a Frenchman?”

“That is so,” I replied, involuntarily relapsing into English once more.

**The French Consul.** “Well,” he said, coldly, as he turned away, “the next time you say you are a Frenchman you had better not use any English at all, because you speak that language better than I do.”

I tried to argue the point with him and told him I had been shipwrecked, but when I went



“I ADDRESSED THAT DIGNIFIED FUNCTIONARY IN EXECRABLE FRENCH.”

on to explain how long ago that shipwreck was, he smiled in spite of himself, and I came away. From Melbourne I went to Sydney and from Sydney to Brisbane.

About May, 1897, I found myself in Wellington, New Zealand, where I was advised I stood an excellent chance of getting a ship to take me to England. I sailed in the New Zealand Shipping Company’s *Waikato*, and landed in London in March, 1898.



## An Interesting Announcement.

WE have great pleasure in being able to announce that in our next number (July, published about the middle of June) we shall commence, under the title of "In the Khalifa's Clutches; or, My Twelve Years in Chains at Omdurman," the astounding narrative of the unfortunate gentleman whose portrait appears on this page. This is Mr. Charles Neufeld, who for twelve awful years was a prisoner in Omdurman groaning under the frightful tyranny of the Mahdi's successor, Khalifa Abdullah, whose reign of inconceivable cruelty and oppression was only brought to an end by Lord Kitchener's victory at Omdurman. Sir Rudolph Slatin, C.B., K.C.M.G., Father Joseph Ohrwalder, and other white captives of the Khalifa have borne testimony to the terrible sufferings undergone by Mr. Neufeld in prison. The whole civilized world is agreed that the narrative of these men will probably never again be equalled for "colour," for "glow," for "thrill," and for romance—thanks to the rapid progress of civilization and the elimination of the "dark spots" of the earth.

Sir George Newnes, Bart., met Mr. Charles Neufeld in Cairo, and he will preface the story by an extremely interesting "personal impression" of the unhappy captive who, in great physical and mental distress, sought his assistance and advice.

Mr. Neufeld tells in plain and simple style how his well-equipped caravan set out; how he was betrayed in the desert

by his treacherous "guide"; and how the fierce Dervishes descended upon the party. He then passes on to his first entry into Omdurman, and dwells graphically upon his terrible reception in that weird city—how the populace played at cutting him to pieces; how he was led out to be crucified, and how finally the sentence was commuted to a kind of perpetual imprisonment, in which the grotesque and farcical alternated with the horrible and awe-inspiring. Then comes Mr. Neufeld's daily life in the prison; and here all the world will see that the descriptions—modest

and unsensational though they are—well merit the power of a Dante adequately to describe their terror.

The extraordinary incidents of Mr. Neufeld's daily life are recounted at length—how, through the representations of a white lunatic, he was called upon to make inferior powder for the Khalifa's army; how he was scourged with the dread *kourbash*, or hippopotamus-hide whip; how elaborate plans (which never came to anything) were laid for his escape across the desert, etc. And so this astonishing narrative is brought right down to the very day when the long-thought-out tactics and brilliant strategy of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum culminated in the Battle of Omdurman, and the striking off of Mr. Neufeld's chains.

The narrative will be copiously illustrated by the well-known war artist, Mr. Charles M. Sheldon, who is well acquainted with the Soudan, and spent many months in Dervish haunts.



From a

MR. CHARLES NEUFELD.

[Photo.

## My Baby Leopards.

By R. H. SUMMERS.

A Central African traveller relates how, having shot a large leopardess at close quarters, he adopted her cubs and brought them up. The difficulties of rearing and the general "cussedness" of the cubs humorously described and illustrated with photographs.



T was the dry season of 1896. I was shooting and prospecting in the Zambesi Valley, not far from the ancient Portuguese town of Senna, and had my head-quarters in a fairly decent house of sun-dried brick and iron built by an engineer a few years previously.

One morning after a cup of coffee we started out—myself, two gun-bearers, and a boy with water, etc. I carried a twelve-bore hammerless, the right barrel loaded with No. 4 cartridge, and the left with buck-shot. One boy had my double '303 and the other a double '577 express. Thus equipped I felt ready for anything from an elephant to a diuker. The ground was covered with spoor. Soon we approached within a few hundred yards of the forest pool, and patiently waited. Oh, how tedious that waiting is, with every nerve, every sense, on the alert—not daring to make a sound, and hardly daring to breathe. And how strange it is that at such times one *always* wants to sneeze or cough. Once some wild pig rushed by, but I did not fire. However, about daybreak a fine eland bull was seen rubbing his body

against the stem of a tree about thirty yards away. Taking a steady aim I fired, and before the beast could rise again, I let him have a second from the '303 in the same place—the shoulder. To my surprise, however, he got up and went off. I followed quickly, and easily traced the wounded bull by means of the blood. For two hours we continued on the trail, expecting every minute to see the quarry, and keeping a sharp look-out in case we came up with him suddenly and he charged.

The sun was now beginning to make itself felt, and the fast pace at which I had been going began to tell, when suddenly, passing through a thick piece of bush, I almost stepped on three helpless little cubs. I drew back and, hearing an angry growl, looked a little to the right, from whence it proceeded. There, within two yards, I saw a huge leopard lying on the ground, its head on its paws and its eyes blazing. This sort of thing is not pleasant, how-



THE AUTHOR WITH ONE OF HIS BABIES.  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*

ever used one may be to the bush, and therefore I have not the least hesitation in saying that it was a most unpleasant surprise. More by instinct, I think, I raised my rifle and fired. Next



THE BABIES TAKE UP THEIR NEW QUARTERS—"JUST ABLE TO CRAWL."  
From a Photo. by the Author.

moment I fired again with the left barrel, when, to my dismay, I saw that apparently neither bullet had taken effect and that the brute was rising. Here my boy behaved very well, for, thrusting the twelve-bore into my hands, he said, "Buckshot." I handed him the .303, and putting up the safety-catch of the twelve-bore, I thrust it forward until the muzzle touched the brute's head as she rose. I fired. Of course the result was instant death, and the leopard's skull was nearly blown to pieces. On examination I found that the two shots from the rifle had missed the skull and gone through the right and left legs respectively, breaking the bone in both cases.

Having disposed of the mother, I now turned my attention to the cubs. There were three, perhaps a week or so old, and about the size of a three-months' kitten. They were just able to crawl over each other. I noticed that one was deformed or injured in its back and hind-quarters, so I sent it to keep its mother company. The other two I determined to try and rear. Just then a shout from one of the boys drew my attention, and going in his direction I found not twenty yards away the dead body of the eland bull—and a very fine beast it was, too: fat as butter, and with the best head I've seen on any eland. I decided to skin both eland and panther at once, and sent back to camp one of the boys to bring along all the niggers he could. The other two and myself made a fire and grilled some meat off the eland, and had a good meal, washed down with water. This finished, we skinned the

panther and cut off the head and neck of the eland. Just as we finished the boys turned up, so, loading them with the panther skin and as much meat as possible, besides the buck's head and neck, we set off for camp, carrying the two cubs in a basket. On arrival I thought that the cubs would want something to keep them going, so I got a milch goat and, telling two boys to hold her legs and head, I took one of the cubs and put his mouth to the goat's teat. He speedily understood and began to suck vigorously, pushing the udder with his paws in fine style. The goat strongly objected, bleating piteously and struggling to get away. Still, cub No. 1 had a good meal. Then came the turn of No. 2, and the same performance was gone through.

The goat's teat, however, was rather large for my babies' mouths, and I found out afterwards that they had small teeth, which were very sharp, and accounted in great part for the uproar made by their unwilling foster-mother. The nanny-goat evidently had an instinctive dislike to the smell of the poor motherless little beasts. I was greatly puzzled where to put them at night, but I finally solved the question by taking them to bed with me, thinking that they needed a good deal of warmth. The next day, more goat's milk. This time, however, we put the goat on the ground and held her there, but the poor thing went as near hysterics as a goat can go; and I am sure if an officer of the



THE LITTLE LEOPARDS' FOSTER-MOTHER—A HALF-BRED ABERDEEN  
From a Photo. by TERRIER. [the Author.]





THE NATURE OF THE BEAST—BUT IT IS ONLY IN PLAY.  
From a Photo. by the Author.

R.S.P.C.A. had seen her, he would certainly have summoned me. I saw that this could not go on, especially as the youngsters had claws, and, what is more, could scratch. The udder of the poor goat was already badly mauled. I thought of and tried all kinds of things. I put the cubs in a box with the goat's kid, in the hopes that they would acquire the same smell, and the mother be unable to tell the difference, but it was no use; their own natural odour was too strong, and terrified all ordinary beasts. I then put a quill through the cork of a bottle and fed them in that way for a day or two. At last a grand idea struck me. I had a bitch at the time with pups about ten days old: she should



ONE OF THE LUPS CONDOLING WITH THE SURVIVING LEOPARD  
ON THE LOSS OF HIS BROTHER.  
From a Photo. by the Author.



A REAL NAUGHTY FIT—"WHY CAN'T I KILL THE CHICKENS?"  
From a Photo. by the Author.

suckle them! She was a cross between a dachshund and an Aberdeen terrier—a splendid little creature. She had already taken an interest in the cubs, and I was sure that she would not mind giving a mother's fostering care to two pets of mine. So I tried. No, she did not mind, except that she speedily taught them not to use their claws upon her; and at first she was rather inclined to push them away and let her own pups have first chance at the milk. I sacrificed two of the pups in order not to overstrain the mother; and to make sure that the cubs should have every chance of getting on, I engaged a youngster specially to look after them and be their nurse.

At the age of about four weeks the cubs were droll, playful creatures—just like

kittens running about all over the place, and a great source of trouble to their little black nurse. They slept at night, after the first fortnight, with their foster-brothers, the pups. They climbed on to my bed and pulled a blanket to pieces: they drank the cat's milk in the saucer, frightened the life out of my tame monkey; scared the fowls (who nearly died at the sight of them), and prevented the hens from laying for a whole week. Also, they nearly suffered death at the hands, or rather horns, of my patriarchal old ram,





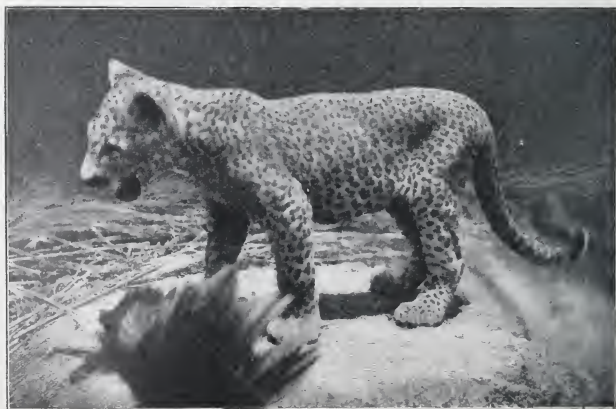
HIS MASTER WOULDN'T GIVE HIM MEAT, SO HE LAY IN WAIT FOR THE LIZARDS. (the Author.)  
From a Photo. by

because they *would* insist on biting his legs to see what they were made of. But, alas! there's an end to everything; and one day the end came, for cub No. 2 died! Yes, he died, after suffering for three hours from acute convulsions. Poor little chap. I took his skin home and had it stuffed, but it was rather damaged by his brother a few days after it was dried. You see, he mistook it for a new plaything or for one of my socks, and so he did his best to tear it to pieces. After the serious loss of his brother, he consoled himself with the pups, but he was getting big now, and was more than a match for them. I now gave him a name—"Cats"—which he very soon learnt. He presently decided that the pups were beneath him, and so started on a six-months'-old fox-terrier, who had previously treated him with contempt. Flirt, the terrier aforesaid, ignored his irritating attentions, but this was nothing. A sudden spring on her back and a

sharp nip made her take pained notice of this bold young thing. At the age of six weeks "Cats" made his first kill. One afternoon I was smoking under the shade of a tree, and I noticed him doing a quiet stalk after a fowl. A sudden spring, and he was on its back, and the excited and terrified fowl actually carried Master Cats round the yard before its neck was bitten through and it died! "Cats," however, was not allowed to taste the spoils of victory. I thought a milk diet was still quite suited to him. But when I found that he was humbly, yet slyly, catching lizards and eating them, I thought that a little cooked meat might be advantageous. So young "Cats" started on cooked meat.

But he was pining for something to kill; and as my chief idea was to bring him to England, I decided that to allow him to follow his natural instinct and diet was the best thing. Therefore he had a fowl every three days. He killed and plucked it all by himself, tearing out the feathers with his mouth and quickly getting the fowl ready for consumption. He would growl and snarl over his meal and look ever so fierce; and if anyone went within a yard of him he would take his prey in his mouth and strike out savagely on either side with his wicked little paws. When he had finished, he would come to me and I would wash his paws with strong disinfectant, as I did not want to get a nasty wound from any little scratch I might receive from my baby.

I managed to take him to Europe safely, and he is now in one of the big collections on the Continent—I believe, about to make his bow to the public as a performer of most wonderful feats.



HIS FIRST KILL AT LAST—A POOR OLD FOWL—"NOW I DO HOPE I SHA'NT BE DISTURBED."  
From a Photo. by the Author.

## The Peril of Seaman Diver Young.

BY MAJOR CHARLTON ANNE.

Going down as a diver to retrieve a lost torpedo belonging to the first-class battle-ship "Hood" he fouled his lines, got turned completely upside down, and remained in this fearful position in total darkness at the bottom of the sea off Crete for five hours.



TOWARDS the latter end of the month of September, in the year 1896, Her Majesty's first-class battle-ship *Hood* (Captain Drury) was lying in Suda Bay, looking after British interests in Crete—Crete the perturbed and lurid. This was before the recent row broke out, however, and previous to the Greek landing. A photograph of the *Hood* is reproduced herewith. The great battle-ship had only just

up with the usual service routine and strict discipline, which, as in the case of the *Hood*, is doubly severe on all newly-commissioned ships, until such time as the crew have got thoroughly knocked into shape. And, of course, strict discipline, combined with hard work, and plenty of it, is the surest way of arriving at this much-desired consummation on board a British man-of-war.

Despite the fact that the month of September



H.M.S. "HOOD" TO WHICH SEAMAN GUNNER AND DIVER JOHN YOUNG BELONGED.  
From a Photo. by Symonds, Portsmouth.

previously been re-commissioned, and had but recently arrived from Malta with an entirely new crew.

Whilst in Suda Bay the officers of the *Hood* amused themselves by organizing shooting expeditions to the neighbouring marshes, where duck and snipe abound. There was also a certain amount of exercise to be got in the shape of walking and riding—under somewhat stringent rules, however. For, needless to say, at that period the island was in a most unsettled condition.

Officers' bathing parties also took advantage of the many small coves lying around the Akrotiri peninsula, which was destined shortly to become famous as the principal stronghold of the Christian insurgents in Crete. The ordinary seamen, however, were on no account whatever allowed to land. They had to put

is the hottest month of the year in the Mediterranean, drills and gun-practice (with greater or lesser quick-firers) were the order throughout each day of the *Hood's* sojourn in Suda Bay. And when the sea was smooth enough there would be torpedo practice with those small torpedoes which are usually in vogue on these occasions. These are only about 12ft. long, so the sailors affectionately call them "babies."

Now, a torpedo is a thing with apparently as capricious a temper as that of a spoiled child at times. And so it happened that one of these infants, when fired from the *Hood* one morning, instead of pursuing an even and horizontal course in the direction of the target which it was intended to hit, suddenly took a turn, and tossing its tail upwards in derision in the face of the whole ship's company, ran down vertically at full

speed. The result was that its other end, or "nose" as it is called, became embedded some 6ft. or 7ft. in the stiff clay which lines the bottom of Suda Bay. It was afterwards found that one small split pin had come out of a rod, causing the torpedo to run vertically instead of horizontally.

At that time the *Hood* was anchored in about thirteen fathoms of water. A merciful Providence has apparently decreed (doubtless with a view to economizing much time, bad temper, and scarlet language on the part of ships' officers) that an escaped torpedo shall always let those above know its whereabouts by the bubbles which the compressed air, which works the mechanism inside it, discharges to the surface. Thus, a lost torpedo will sometimes continue to give off bubbles for days after it has disappeared.

In this instance the truant was quickly located through its boiling up like a veritable geyser in miniature, some fifty yards from the ship. Even a "baby" torpedo is too costly a thing to be lost without the utmost being done for its recovery, so preparations were at once made on board the *Hood* to do so in this case.

The ship's divers, of whom there were three, were immediately warned to get ready. The launch was manned and lowered alongside, furnished with all the apparatus necessary for diving operations. She carried one of Siebe and Gorman's patent three-cylinder air-pumps. These pumps are capable of supplying ample air to two divers simultaneously, at the depth of twelve fathoms. Beyond that depth, it is safe only to allow the pump to supply air to one diver at a time. In this instance, the lost torpedo being about thirteen fathoms down, it was not thought advisable

to send down more than one diver at a time during the subsequent operations.

In the course of the afternoon which followed, two divers had descended and found the torpedo. They had attached three-and-a-half-inch grass ropes to it, but these had broken at every attempt to drag the torpedo out of the mud in which it was so firmly embedded. At 5.45 p.m. it fell to the lot of No. 148,127, Seaman Gunner and Diver John Young (whose portrait, specially taken for this article, is here reproduced), to descend and make a final attempt for that day.

On this occasion the torpedo was (it was hoped) to be raised by attaching a five-inch hemp hawser to it.

It was rapidly growing dusk. The sea was smooth, with an occasional ripple on its surface, raised by the soft evening breeze. The temperature on the surface was about 85deg. Fahrenheit, and that of the waters underneath from 7deg. to 10deg. lower. A few yards beneath the surface it was practically dark, and it is necessary to bear in mind all these conditions and circumstances, they being essential to a right appreciation of the narrative. Diver Young had donned a brand-new dress for the occasion. Before the helmet was screwed home he assured his assistants that he would "have the blessed thing up in half a mo'." Only Seaman Gunner and Diver John Young did *not* say "blessed." He went over the side, his weights were put on over his shoulders, the cranks of the pumps began to revolve, and with the signal "All right," given by two pats on the top of his helmet, John Young gently sank beneath the waves, easing himself down his shot-ropes as he went, as seen in the first diagram reproduced.



SEAMAN GUNNER AND DIVER JOHN YOUNG,  
THE HERO OF THE TERRIBLE ADVENTURE  
RELATED HEREIN.  
*From a Photo. by Arthur Burgess, Folkestone.*



LIEUTENANT (NOW COMMANDER) E. CHARLTON  
WHO HAD CHARGE OF THE DIVING  
OPERATIONS.  
*From a Photo. by G. West & Son, Southsea.*



NO. 1.—5.45 P.M.

Sea moderate. Depth, 79ft. Diver Young descending.

It may be here mentioned that the shot-rope is an inch line, to which a half-hundredweight "sinker" is attached. This is always the first thing to be lowered from a diver's boat, and is a guide to the diver himself both in descending and ascending. Besides the shot-line—to which he is *not* attached—the diver is also connected with the boat by a breast-line which is fastened to his shoulders, and, of course, there is likewise the air-pipe, which is screwed into the side of his helmet, and then connected with the air cylinders above.

A pressure gauge on the pump indicates through a dial the exact depth at which the diver below is working. It must be borne in mind that the adventures of John Young after he became submerged could only be subsequently guessed after unravelling the incredible tangle of his various ropes and the air-tube after his rescue. But a careful note of the time of all his signals from below, and of every effort made above towards his aid, was kept on the

spot by the officer who was in charge of the diving operations; this was Lieutenant (now Commander) E. Charlton, of the *Hood* (his portrait is reproduced on the previous page). The admirable diagrams help us to realize the different stages of the diver's fearful position. These diagrams were originally drawn on the spot whilst the diver was below. It would appear that in Suda Bay there must have been a submarine current, probably only very slight, but nevertheless sufficiently strong when Young descended to turn him gradually, but completely, round, so that ere he touched the bottom he had unknowingly already got foul. Diagram No. 2 shows the position at this moment.



NO. 2.—5.50 P.M.

Diver sees torpedo and signals for hawser. He has unconsciously taken a turn round his shot-rope and is already foul.

Utterly unaware of this, and finding the torpedo immediately, Young gave the signal—a pull on his life-line—which had already been agreed upon, and which meant that he was ready for the 5in. hawser to be lowered to him.



This being done, and catching hold of the end of the hawser, he groped his way to the torpedo, wading through the heavy bottom mud, which was nearly up to his knees. Making the hawser fast to the tail of the torpedo he must have moved completely round the submerged weapon from left to right, thus making another foul. (See Diagram 3.)



NO. 3.—6 P.M.

Making fast. The diver here walks completely round the torpedo.

The hawser being made fast, Young now started to ascend up the shot-rope, quite unaware that he had made a hitch round both it and the torpedo with both his air-pipe and breast-line. The muddle so far can be realized by a glance at Diagram 4.

But to return to the surface. It was now 6.30 p.m. The wind, which had been hitherto blowing gently from the westward, suddenly increased and, with the sunset, veered round to the north.

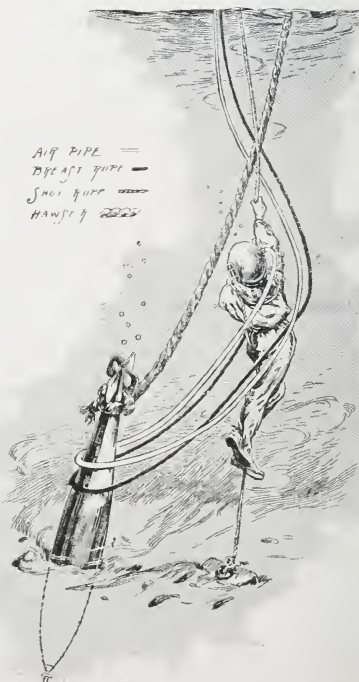
The huge battle-ship swinging to it threatened to carry away both the launch and the whole diving apparatus. This would, of course, have meant instant death to the diver below. Happily,

such a terrible catastrophe was averted by a kedge anchor and line being promptly laid out from the off-quarter of the *Hood*. The next diagram (No. 5) explains this situation.

By this time Young must have come to the conclusion that he was fouled, for he had ascended a short distance and then found he could not move. Therefore, like a wise man, he went down again and tried to find out where the trouble was; but owing to its being pitch dark where he was, it is not to be wondered at that he failed to do so.

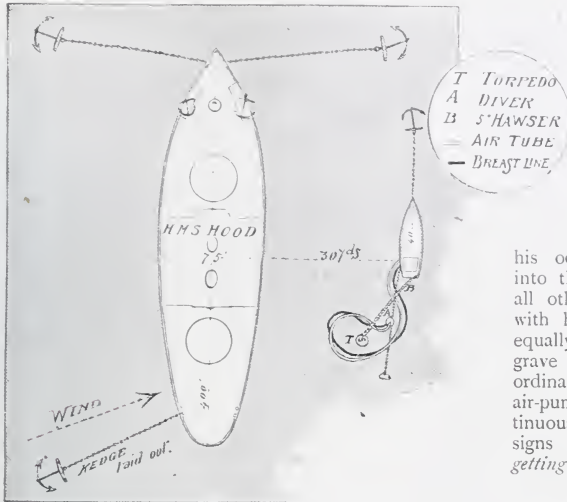
Almost despairing of being able to free himself, and dreading to resort to the last resource (that of cutting himself clear with his knife), lest he should get foul again whilst going up, the unfortunate man gave four pulls on his air-pipe. This is the most urgent signal that a diver can send to his friends above. It means, "Pull me up at once by my life-line." (See Diagram 6.)

At first the operators hesitated to act on this,



NO. 4.—6.15 P.M.

Diver tries to ascend on shot-rope, having got a hitch round it and also round the torpedo with air-pipe and breast-line.



NO. 5.—6.30 P.M.

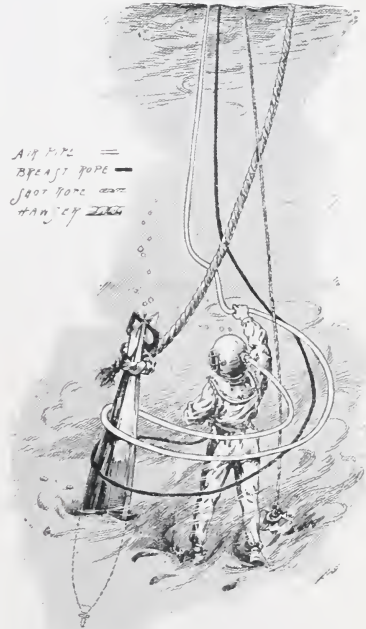
The wind shifts, and the battle-ship threatens to swing over the fouled diver. A kedge anchor averts this.

but on the urgent repetition of the signal, the order was given on the launch to haul in the life-line. But on commencing to do this the operators found it was impossible to bring up more than a fathom of the line. Worse still, the only result of this operation was to turn *Young completely upside down!* The very first pull on the line—entangled as it was round the torpedo—must have done this.

Now, once a diver loses his perpendicular and gets horizontal, the air gets into the legs of his dress—up they go, and then nothing that he can do will ever bring them down again. He is a mere helpless wind-bag, quite incapable of reversing himself. This is precisely what must have happened to Young. The loop of his life-line round the torpedo pulled him on to his chest; the hapless man's legs immediately went up, buoyed with air, and so he remained, bumping about on his head in total darkness, 78ft. at the bottom of the sea. The accompanying diagram (No. 7) shows at a glance the effect of trying to haul up poor Seaman Diver Young, who was now hopelessly entangled. Of course, those above could not tell what had happened, although they may have fairly well guessed. Unable to bring the diver up, and getting no more signals from him, a fifty candle-power electric submarine lamp was lowered down to him at 7.30 p.m. To this was attached a slate and pencil, so that the helpless

man could write on the slate and inform those above precisely what his dilemma was. (See Plate 8.)

After his rescue Young said he remembered seeing the light, but he never had any recollection of the slate. All this time he was floating at the bottom of the sea, heels uppermost, the monotony being varied by his occasionally thumping his head into the mud. During the next hour all other expedients to communicate with him were tried, but all proved equally fruitless. And now another grave danger entered upon the extraordinary scene. The cylinders of the air-pump, which had been working continuously for some eight hours, showed signs of over-work, and *were rapidly getting red-hot.* In this case they would



NO. 6.—6.55 P.M.

Descending again, Diver Young concludes he is foul. It is now pitch dark. He signals "Pull up at once."



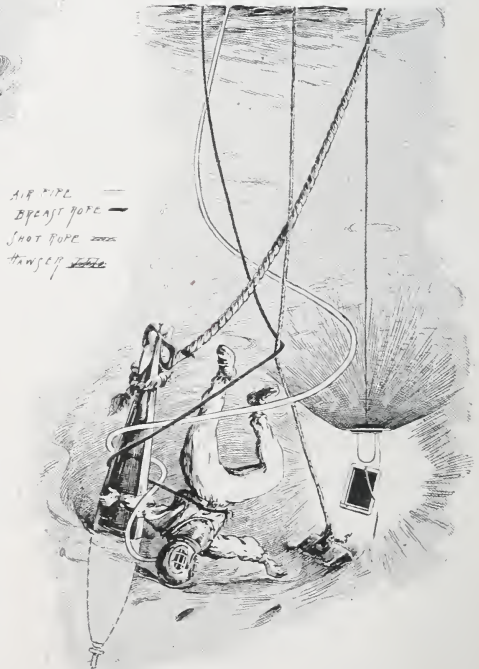
NO. 7.—7 P.M.

The result of hauling up the fouled diver. People above do not know. Diver now helpless and upside down. Dress leaks and water accumulates in helmet.

have to be stopped altogether. However, luckily there was a plentiful supply of ice on board the *Hood*, and by packing this continually round the pump it was kept cool enough to work.

While these operations were going on, Her Majesty's sloop *Dolphin* hove in sight, and joined her huge consort in Suda Bay. A signal was at once made to her from the flag-ship to send immediately a boat, with diver and apparatus. The *Dolphin's* boat brought at once a couple of divers and a one-man pump. One of the divers went down as quickly as possible in search of Young, but he was a new hand at the work, and speedily returned to the surface, having failed to see anyone or anything!

At 9 p.m. all lines attached to Young, which had previously been kept taut, as well as the hawser which he had fastened to the torpedo, and the shot-line—all were simultaneously eased. The result of this was that the unfortunate man gradually ascended—though of course he was still head downward. At 9.45 p.m. the second diver from the *Dolphin* descended, and by the aid of the electric light he found Young bobbing about in a perfectly helpless condition. He shook the luckless diver by the hand, and tried in other ways to attract his attention. Getting no response to his efforts, he came up and reported Young quite dead. The next diagram (No. 9) depicts for us this remarkable greeting. The unfortunate man was now actually sighted from the launch, legs up and head down, about 24ft. below the surface of the translucent water. There



NO. 8.—7.30 P.M.

A 30 candle-power submarine lamp is lowered; also a slate for messages. Diver floats, but often humps his head against the bottom.

remained only one thing to be done—namely, to pull up the torpedo by main force by means of the hawser attached to it. It was a desperate and last resource.

In a letter written home the next day, Lieutenant Charlton—who has already been referred to—said, "I had to decide and take the risk of the hawser being round the diver.

When all was in readiness the signal was given, "Full steam ahead." This was done twice, each time in a different direction, but without any apparent result. The torpedo firmly wedged in the clay would not budge! Then again once more—this time spurt at right angles to previous pulls and at full speed. Again eighty brawny arms in the launch heaved



Another Diver from H.M.S. *Dolphin* goes down. On coming up, the diver John Young dead hours ago.

when we put the launch and steam pinnace on her. Had the diver got the strain he must have been torn to pieces." The launch was now manned by a picked boat's crew of forty men, who laid hold of the hawser. The launch was in her turn taken in tow by the ship's steam pinnace, the latter's furnace burning for all it was worth, and her boilers carrying the fullest head of steam possible. (See Diagram No. 10.)

and hauled with a will: the steam pinnace panted and puffed, her screw beating the calm waters into a milky foam. Both boats were at a standstill, quivering with the immense strain put upon them from stern to bow.

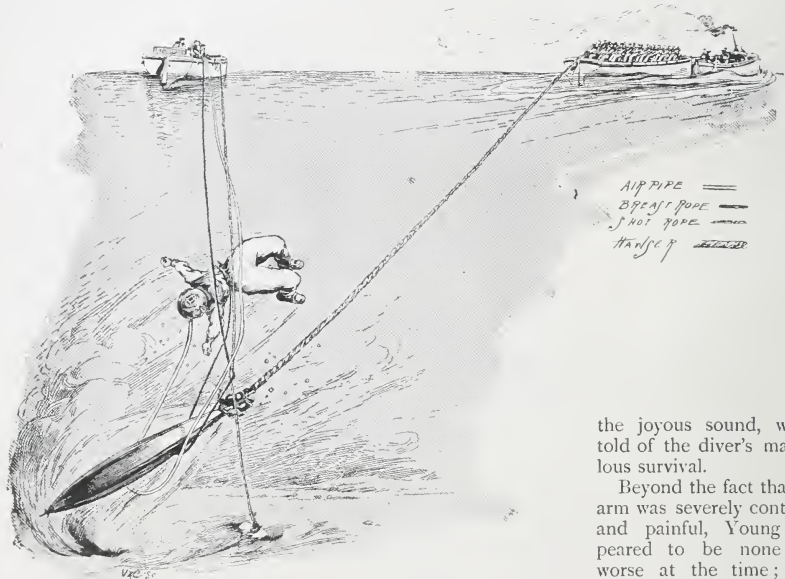
Then, suddenly, and without any apparent warning, the torpedo, having given way at last, the helpless diver came shooting out of the water feet foremost, with an impetus that almost landed him into the arms of the crew of the



launch. The lost torpedo came alongside almost at the same moment.

The shot-line was found twisted round Young's right arm, and the limb was apparently broken. The face-plate was quickly removed from the poor fellow's helmet, which was found three-quarters full of water. The new

supposed dead man opened, and a very sepulchral voice murmured, in feeble protest: "Don't cut the blanketly dress; it's a new 'un!" An immense cheer—such a one as only British tars can give—rent the air from the boats, and was quickly taken up on board the war-ship. The whole vicinity was filled with



NO. 10.—10.25 P.M.

The last desperate course: Main force. Full steam ahead and forty men pulling.  
Diver and torpedo come up with a run.

dress had evidently leaked slightly, and all the while that Young had been bumping about on his head the sea had been slowly oozing through and accumulating in his helmet. *It had reached his eyebrows* when he shot violently to the surface. Another quarter of an hour and his mouth and nostrils would have been covered.

The shot-rope was cut away. Every soul in the boat thought that the man had been dead some hours. They were beginning to cut away the sleeve of the indiarubber dress, so as to free his arm, when suddenly, and to the utter amazement of all present, the eyes of the

the joyous sound, which told of the diver's marvelous survival.

Beyond the fact that his arm was severely contused and painful, Young appeared to be none the worse at the time; and after a good night's rest he was going about his duties as usual next day.

When we consider that he was under the water, 78ft. deep, for over five hours in total darkness, most of the time upside down and hopelessly entangled with two ropes and the torpedo, we can safely say that his experience was unique, and in all the records of diving his escape may be taken as the most wonderful known.

Young evidently kept his head with great coolness from first to last, especially when he found he was foul. But it is surmised that for some time before his rescue he was probably almost unconscious, since he said, when asked about it, "that the time had passed very quickly!"

## My Cycle Ride to Khiva.\*

By ROBERT L. JEFFERSON, F.R.G.S.

### III.

Mr. Jefferson here concludes his personal narrative of one of the most remarkable cycling feats ever accomplished. The text illustrated with Mr. Jefferson's own photographs taken en route.



TOLD Osman to wait where he was, and without reluctance he consented to do so, while I sped back in the direction I had come. What was my astonishment, after a ride of about five miles, to see my caravan "in laager," so to speak! The tent was up, a fire was blazing, and, lo and behold! there were my faithful Cossacks, jigitas, and guides indulging in an orgie of melons and the only bottle of brandy I had with me. I came upon them with a silence and suddenness that nearly paralyzed them. Jumping from my machine, I was amongst them in a moment, the bottle of brandy was snatched from the hands of one of the Cossacks, a piece of melon was knocked out of the fist of another fellow, and a hearty kick given to one of the lazy guides before a word had been uttered on either side.

Not a man, of course, could understand what I said, but my looks were enough. They slunk away utterly abashed and discomfited at my appearance. The camels were re-packed, the tent brought down, and off the whole lot plodded again until we reached Osman who was comfortably asleep on the hot sand.

That night melons were out of the bill of fare. One of the Cossacks brought a melon and placed it before me with a smirk, and, after spitting on the knife and rubbing it on his sleeve, handed me that instrument also. I carefully cut up all the mutton that was brought in and shared it out, and after it had all been eaten covetous eyes were cast upon the melon.

"Tell them," I said to Osnian, "to take it back and put it in the bag."

Osman looked at me as if thunderstruck.

"Tell them," I repeated, "to take it back and put it in the bag."

He gave the order, and the melon was replaced. I began to feel now that I was getting my little company in something like order, for next day they were ostentatiously polite in everything they did.

I felt so queer at our evening meal on the seventh day out, that I could eat nothing, although it had been twenty-four hours since food passed my lips. None of my escort, however, would deign to touch a morsel until I had eaten something. I protested that I was not well and could not eat, and bade them go on. They waited for quite an hour before they would touch anything, and at last one of them came to me with the suggestion that they were all very hungry, and if I would only eat a piece of salt, they would gladly fall to according to my permission.

On the eighth day a long caravan hove in sight, as well as a party of Khivans riding on donkeys. These were the most extraordinary people I had ever seen. They were fine men — tall, muscular, and as black as negroes. Their costume was savage in the extreme. Each man was armed with knives



"INDULGING IN AN ORGIE OF MELONS."  
From a Photo. by K. L. Jefferson.

and pistols, but their headgear, consisting as it did of an enormous black sheepskin bonnet or shako bigger than a grenadier's busby, gave them a most ludicrous appearance—more especially as they rode donkeys so extremely small that the men had to curl their legs up under the bellies of the beasts to prevent them dragging in the sand. The Khivans informed us that the well of Bia-Murat was now only half a day's journey, and if we pressed forward we should reach it that night. They wound up their information with supplications for tobacco and tea, which I was forced to refuse, in spite of the munificent offers of snuff which were made on the part of the donkey-riders.



"THE KHIRGHIZ WOMEN SUPERINTENDED THE CULINARY ARRANGEMENTS."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.

Osman and the Cossacks were for making Bia-Murat on the next day, suggesting that the horses were played out, and, poor beasts, there was no question about that, for they hung their heads and dragged their steps in the most miserable manner. As for the camels, they seemed to be as blithe and springy as they were when they started, though they had had nothing to drink for five days, the last time being on the morning when we left our first desert encampment. I would not, however, consent to another night without fresh water, for ours had become positively awful. It was so bad, indeed, that when we made tea, the compound turned almost as black as ink, and the sugar which I was wont to put in the concoction would not sink to the bottom until it had become completely saturated. What was the matter with the water I could not tell. It was not salt, nor did it exactly stink, but there was a musty, earthy flavour about it which I had never experienced before.

There were shouts of gladness late that same afternoon when away in the distance we saw fires blinking on the desert, and knew that in an hour or so we should have reached the half-way stage. The Cossacks and jigitas spurred forward their jaded horses, and I, having a clear

run on hard sand, made a race of it. Queer as I was I easily got in first, to the profound astonishment, not to say terror, of the half hundred or more Khirghiz who were encamped around the well.

Our caravan, it seemed, was expected, and I was astonished at this until Osman made the revelation that the commander of Fort No. 1 had telegraphed to Fort Petro-Alexandrovsk by way of Tashkent, Samarcand, and Bokhara, to send out someone to see me over the remaining stages of the journey.

That night was one almost of revelry, for here not only were we able to replenish our water-tubs and skins, but we were also able to purchase a few more sheep. The Khirghiz women superintended the culinary arrangements, while willing hands took the horses and camels down to the well.

Bia-Murat, it seemed, was a sort of permanent station, for here were several families who lived the whole year round on this spot. Some possessed splendid khibitkas, but others only had the shelter of primitive rush and reed huts.

I was astonished to learn that Osman and the escort were going back from this point, and that



"WILLING HANDS TOOK THE HORSES AND CAMELS DOWN TO THE WELL."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.

forward to Khiva I should be accompanied by one Khalibi Bekel, a Bokharan in the service of the Russian authorities at Petro-Alexandrovsk. This picturesque individual, who was a man of about sixty years of age, spoke not a word of Russian, and he had with him four truculent-looking Khirghiz, who were to act as my escort

in place of those who were to return to Fort No. 1. Remembering the trouble which I had had with my original bodyguard, I looked upon my new companions with no sort of favour. They were a dirty-looking lot of desperadoes, armed to the teeth, and with a demeanour sullen and uninviting. There was no help for it, however, so I had to make the best of the situation.



"OTHERS ONLY HAD THE SHELTER OF PRIMITIVE RUSH AND REED HUTS."  
From a Photo. by K. L. Jefferson.

I was glad that we had been able to replenish our stock of provisions, and I learned with some degree of satisfaction that, all being well, we ought to reach the oasis of Petro-Alexandrovska in six to seven days, or one or two days earlier than I had ever hoped.

It was at the well of Bia-Murat that I saw an extraordinary Khirghiz ceremony, namely, the method of curing the sick amongst the nomads. Osman brought me from my tent and took me along to one of the kubitkas of the Khirghiz. An extraordinary spectacle then presented itself to me. Outside the doorway of the kubitka lay a man writhing in agony. Behind him, and sitting on his haunches, was one of the ugliest and most repulsive individuals I have ever seen. Osman described him as the doctor. This fellow had a huge instrument with two strings, upon which he continually strummed, chanting all the time in a doleful manner, and winding up the end of each verse of his song with a piercing shriek.

The man on the ground was attacked by dysentery, and this I was informed was the method by which the Khirghiz were cured. When the doctor had got half-way through his song, a couple

of Khirghiz approached, carrying two sheep. One was placed at the head and the other at the feet of the patient, and at a given signal each Khirghiz whipped out his knife and cut the throat of the animal, so that the blood should fall on the head and feet of the man to be cured. Whether it cured him or not, I do not know; but, disgusted with the spectacle, and partly fearing that the man was suffering from an infectious disease, I went back to my tent.

Osman informed me that this was the sole method of cure which the Khirghiz adopt. They have no idea of medicine, and it was quaint to hear my dragoman's answer to my query as to what happened when a man fell ill.

"He dies," said he—"simply dies."

Next morning my caravan, sadly travel-stained, was got ready. Osman and his companions brought forth their horses, and, hard as I had been on them during the journey forward, I could not help feeling a little sentimental regret for them in their journey back across the Kizilkum. I gave each man a present, and to Osman himself a gold-embroidered skull cap, at which he was more than pleased, and after hand-shaking in the peculiar Mohammedan fashion, we parted, they going to the east and we to the west.



"THE KHIRGHIZ DOCTOR AT WORK ON A SICK MAN."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.



For the first time I was now unable to converse with anyone. Bekel was a decent old fellow, trotting by my side and looking with profound awe upon my bicycle. The four men forming the escort accompanied the caravan to shield it from any raid on the part of wandering Khirghiz or Turcomans; for I now learned that we had passed over the zone of the Turcoman tribes, and should have to be very wary. Although Bekel knew not a word of Russian, it is strange how two men in such a condition as he and I were able to understand each other; and although the first day passed without any incident worth recording, it cemented our friendship, while I was gratified to find that my Mohammedan bodyguard were my abject slaves, refusing not only to eat with me, but also refusing to share the tent at night, preferring, probably out of respect to myself, the sands outside.

I now began to find the way extremely difficult. Again and again I was compelled to take to the camels. I frequently plunged on through the deep sand as far as was possible, and that was as far as Nature would allow me. I began to realize also that I was getting extremely weak, since I could not walk through the sand with the same vigour which I had felt at the start of the desert march. The least bit of sand discouraged me terribly, and I got into fits of despondency which it was difficult to recover from.

On the second day from the well of Bia-Murat we entered a country composed of huge hillocks of sand, some of them twenty or thirty feet high. I can compare the sight to nothing so much as a swelling sea suddenly petrified. The hillocks were all wave-shaped, with ripples of sand all over them. On every hand not a shrub or bush was to be seen—nothing but this blinding white sand, scorching hot, and into which one sank over the knees. It was difficult, too, for our guides to find their way, and one used to go forward in advance of the caravan and pilot us along by his shouts. He was very frequently at fault himself, however, and on several occasions we made long détours before the right direction could be ascertained.

On that day, too, an incident occurred which might have terminated in a far more tragic manner than it did. I had got ahead, not only of the caravan, but of Bekel, and, wearied with my exertions, lay down on the sand. I think I must have fallen asleep, but I certainly do remember picking from my face what looked like an enormous spider. I thought nothing of it until I began to feel a pain underneath my left eye similar to that left by a mosquito sting. In ten minutes my cheek had become

enormously swollen, and it was clear to me that I had been stung by some reptile or other. By the time Bekel came up my face was swollen so much that I could not even see out of the left eye. As soon as Bekel saw me and noticed my face he seemed stricken with terror. He leapt from his horse, knocked rather than pushed me down, and with the fingers of both hands commenced pressing the protuberance which had grown under my eye. The pain was terrible, and I yelled in my agony, until I think I must have fainted—although I well remember one of the Khirghiz coming with a long knife, when at once the idea entered my brain that they intended to “do” for me.

The knife, however, was only used to extract the sting of a tarantula which had bitten me. It was not until I reached Petro-Alexandrovsk and related the incident to the doctor of the lazaret there that I understood it was to the promptitude of Bekel and the Khirghiz that I owed my life. Another hour, and it would have been too late.

Our first encounter with the Turcomans occurred on the fourth day from Bia-Murat. I was now in such a weak condition that bicycling was completely out of the question, especially as we were passing over sand so deep and hot that to venture the foot upon it meant raising blisters all over the skin. It is a well-known fact that in this particular part of the desert the sand gets so hot that eggs can be roasted in it in less than two minutes. How the horses and the camels stood it is beyond my comprehension, but stand it they did, with never a whimper.

Our halts became much too frequent for my liking. The slightest excuse was taken advantage of for tea-drinking on the part of my escort, and considering the heat this was not to be wondered at. Nevertheless, it was a dull, monotonous plod, plod, plod, every man of us realizing that our only hope lay in getting forward, and that every step made was one nearer to the goal. It was about midday, and I was sitting in the little tent, drinking some wine, for I had now abandoned tea entirely, when one of the Khirghiz came in with a shout, “Turkmen, Turkmen.” Up jumped Bekel, and I after him. I heard shouts and cries, and the loud cracking of whips, but for a moment could see nothing but a blinding cloud of sand. In a few seconds, however, I perceived a band of horsemen swooping down upon us, and before I knew exactly what was the matter we were surrounded. Bekel and his men were already on horseback, and a lively time then set in. The Turcomans, attired in the Bokharan costume of huge turbans and long cloaks, were armed to the teeth, and the chief of them, a black, villainous-

looking fellow, rode straight for the tent. Bekel, however (plucky old man), went for him without any ado. He slashed his whip in the air, and at the same time caught hold of the chain around his neck which supported his breast-plate. The Turcomans drew near and inspected the plate; there was a hurried consultation, and then, with a shout and a confused scattering of sand, they careered out of sight.

The all-powerful influence of Nicholas II., Emperor of All the Russias, then came home to me: that these savages should respect and bow to the brazen emblem of his authority was to me an object-lesson not easily to be forgotten.

The next day occurred an adventure which I look upon as being the most serious of the whole arduous journey across the desert. Soon after midday we got clear of the deep sand, and I was overjoyed to find a hard surface upon which I could ride. The bicycle was taken down, and I was soon speeding merrily over the crackling ground, accompanied by Bekel, who cantered on his horse at my side. We paused at intervals in order to allow the caravan to catch up, and now that the road was so good I suggested, in pantomime, to Bekel that we might do at least another ten versts that day, for I realized that every verst less was something to be thankful for.

Night came on and found us still on the march. Bekel and I had got considerably ahead of the caravan, but I was assured that he knew the way. By the time that the moon, now in its last quarter, rose, I calculated that we were at least five miles ahead, and suggested a halt, but my companion shook his head and still cantered on. Feeling sure that he knew his road, I made no demur and kept on. We ultimately pulled up at what looked like a deep gulch, rendered all the more forbidding by the uncertain light of the moon. Bekel dismounted, crept down this seemingly deep chasm, and I followed, carrying the bicycle on my shoulder.

Reaching the other side we set off once more but in about five minutes' time Bekel called a halt, and said something which will for ever remain a mystery. Anyway, he dismounted from his horse and began searching the ground, which was now completely lighted by the moon.

The conviction came home to me then that he had missed the trail and was searching for it. Presently he waved his hand to me, and, remounting his horse, set off in an entirely different direction from that which we had been following, going straight in the direction of the moon. I followed him, and for at least half an hour we kept on a straight course, with no



"THE SLIGHTEST EXCUSE FOR TEA-DRINKING."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.

interruptions except small patches of sand and occasionally thickets of sage-brush. At the end of this half-hour my dragoman once more dismounted, waved his hands in pantomime, and gave me to understand that we were off the trail.

Not unnaturally, I was furious at this; but what was to be done? We had arrived at the edge of a sand-drift, and I knew how impossible it was to get through that with my bicycle. Still, Bekel was quite unconcerned. He got his saddle-cloth off his horse, spread it on the ground, and knelt down to pray. Meanwhile I stood over him, praying in a very different kind of way. His invocations to Allah being finished, he contentedly curled himself up on his mat and in a few moments was wrapped in slumber.

This was, indeed, a nice predicament, more especially as I was famished, having had nothing to eat for over twenty-four hours. The pain of my eye, too, was excruciating, and I was utterly wearied in body and mind. I sat down on the edge of the saddle-cloth to survey the scene. Nothing but a boundless wilderness on every hand, the only object in this sterile plain being the horse, which sent out its long, black shadow on the dazzling white sands. The only sounds that broke the awful stillness were the crunching noise of the horse's hoofs, the heavy breathing of my companion, and the scuttling of the



"THE LAST WELL BEFORE PETRO-ALEXANDROVSK.  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.

No. 1, but I have no clear recollection of anything until the next day, when I found myself on a camel and within sight of the last well before Petro-Alexandrovsk.

It was not until that night, when I had somewhat recovered from my fever—a recovery due solely to liberal doses of quinine—that I found I had been robbed of my pocket-book, while several of the little luxuries I had brought with me were lost for ever. In my condition, and realizing that we were so near succour, I made no complaint, as the last thing I now desired was to rouse the ire of my escort. I was in no fit state even to endeavour to assume the mastery of the whole arrangements as I had been earlier on the desert march, but allowed

lizard-like reptiles that seemed to be in their millions in the sand.

I strove hard to keep awake, but could not, and slept as I sat—how long I do not know; but I awoke with a start under the impression that I had heard something. It sounded like a bell, but when I was fully awake I could hear nothing. I was preparing to doze again when I again heard the sound of the bell, and, getting up, looked eagerly in every direction. For many minutes I could see nothing, but presently, silhouetted against the sky-line, I saw a long train of camels creeping slowly forward.

I roused my companion with a kick. He grumbled and grunted, but, running for his horse, soon mounted, and we commenced to struggle in the direction of the caravan, shouting as we went. I fired a couple of shots in the air to attract the attention of the camel-drivers, and was gratified to see that the train was brought to a halt. It was our own caravan, sure enough, and whatever might have been the gratification of Bekel, I know that mine was intense. Out there in that wilderness it seemed like coming upon a town to see our train of horses and camels and the poor, battered telega once more.

Whether it was owing to this upset or to the exposure I do not know, but that night I was in a high fever and became delirious. I understood afterwards that our caravan had fallen in with some Bokharans, who were making their way to Fort

things to drift on. Indeed, until we came in sight of the oasis of Petro-Alexandrovsk, which occurred on the fourteenth day of the journey, I have no clear recollection of what happened. I was in a high state of fever, my clothing in rags, and, so far as my memory goes, I must have been delirious. The Khirghiz, although inured to the desert life, were, if not quite so bad, at least sullen, dogged, and unwilling to do more than they could possibly help.

The last day was a frantic scramble. We had only forty versts to do, and I felt strong enough to ride the bicycle. I noticed now that we were



"WE HALTED ON THE EDGE OF THE OASIS."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.



gradually leaving the sand, for here and there patches of green, instead of grey, sage-brush appeared, indicating the proximity of earth. We halted for a brief space on the edge of the oasis, and erected our tent in the quickest way possible, so anxious were we all to get forward.

We were away again, and presently the trees near Petro-Alexandrovsk were sighted, and soon we left the last of the burning sands of the Kizil-kum and entered the oasis. My escort, indeed, seemed to appreciate their arrival even more than I did; in fact, they were frantic with delight, and capered like monkeys when we touched the first grass.

Peculiar mud huts next made their appearance. Swarthy Khivans, dressed in their extraordinary costumes and wearing great sheepskin bonnets, came down to us, and a long palaver was held.

Melons, figs, and other semi-tropical fruits were brought down in abundance, and a "Beg," or head-man of a section of Khivans, beseeched me to partake of the hospitality of his house, which was adjacent. I was, however, very anxious to get on to the fort; but, rather than disappoint the hospitable Khivan, we entered his mud-built house, which seemed, after fourteen days' wandering on the desert, a veritable mansion to me. Tea was made and some flat cakes of bread, something like oat-cake, were given us. The Beg himself was profoundly astonished at the bicycle, and could not take his eyes off it.

Later in the day we continued our journey to the fort, a distance now of only ten versts. We passed many fields under active cultivation, whilst I was astonished to see the number of irrigating ditches stretching in every direction.

Let it be understood that, although the oasis of Petro-Alexandrovsk is

rich with fruit and cereals (there is scarcely a foot of ground uncultivated), it is all owing to an irrigating system commenced centuries ago by the primeval inhabitants of Khiva. For nine months of the year not a spot of rain falls, not a cloud is to be seen, and it is clear to me

that the right bank of the Oxus River was a desert right up to the delta, but that the ground now occupied by Petro-Alexandrovsk has been reclaimed from the sands by a system of irrigation, which is as complete as it is marvellous, considering the state of the country and the condition of its inhabitants.

The ten versts to the fort were

soon reeled off. I presently heard the cheerful blare of bugles in the distance, and it was a glad sight indeed to see a battalion of white-coated Russian infantry swinging along the road to a stirring bugle march. Crossing little bridges over the irrigating ditches we ultimately reached the vicinity of the fort, around which quite a respectable number of houses had been erected. I immediately made my way to the house of the police-master, to whom I had a letter of intro-



"THE HEAD-MAN BESEECHED ME TO PARTAKE OF HIS HOSPITALITY."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.



"PROFOUNDLY ASTONISHED AT THE BICYCLE."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.





"I ESPIED THE BATTLEMENTS OF KHIVA'S WALLS."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.

duction, and was welcomed most cordially. Quarters were found for me in the fort, and I shall not easily forget the luxury of the wash and change of clothing which (especially the latter) I so much required.

My journey across the Kizil-kum desert was now finished, and no one could have been more satisfied than myself at its termination. Certainly, towards the end I began to have serious fears that I should not last it out; and when it is considered that the number of Europeans who have crossed by that particular route can be counted on the fingers of one hand, the task is not to be belittled.

I was received in the fort by M. Galkin, a gentleman of culture, who acts as Administrator of the Khivan province so far as it affects Russia. M. Galkin spoke a little English. He is one of those who acted for the Russian Government in the delimitation of the Pamirs some years ago, and it was while undertaking this work that he fell in with many English officers, and so acquired some knowledge of our language. He received me very hospitably, and gave me every facility for getting to Khiva, now only a matter of forty versts away.

I elected, however, to remain in Petro-Alexandrovsk for three days, as I was still far from well and utterly wearied of the whole thing. Information was sent on to Khiva of my arrival, and the Khan himself sent out one of his dragomen to pilot me to the city. In addition to this, His Excellency M. Galkin gave me the assistance of his own interpreter, as I should find nobody who spoke Russian in Khiva.

After remaining in the fort three days I set out once more. It was a

difficult task crossing the swiftly-rushing Oxus River. Big flat-bottomed boats, drawn by towers, were there to take our little party across, and here it should be mentioned that the Oxus River is in places three or four miles wide. It is a perfect delta, and progress across is only made by dodging from one island to another. It took us five hours to cross, and in another three (after passing through long lanes on either side of which grew in rank luxuriance vegetation of all descriptions) I espied the battlements of Khiva's walls.

I was not destined, however, to enter the city without an adventure.

The Khivans, it should be mentioned, have an extraordinary vehicle, which they call an araba. This is a two-wheeled affair, the wheels of which are 12ft., 15ft., and sometimes 20ft. high. It is used in order to get easily through the sandy stretches and through the morasses. On the axle of this vehicle a platform is fitted, upon which at least twenty men can find sitting room.

It was while entering Khiva that an araba approached us, and the men, seeing me, yelled with laughter, for although I had taken the precaution to adopt a semi-Oriental costume, it was easy for them to perceive that I was a white man. The emissary of the Khan who accompanied me was furious at their raillery, and instantly ordered his two jigitas to turn back and punish the occupants of the araba. No sooner said than done. The two horsemen turned and went for the araba like fiends. One by one they dragged the men from the vehicle, kicking at them and lashing them with their long whips, the wretched fellows doing nothing



From a Photo. by "THE CITY OF MY DESTINATION." [R. L. Jefferson.

to protect themselves, but, instead, burying their faces in the ground and obviously imploring mercy. The dragoman ordered more and more punishment, and it was a sight to see the unfortunate Khivans sprawling in the thick dust, while, with a regularity that became monotonous, the long whip-thongs hissed down upon them, whilst I stood an amazed spectator of this extraordinary scene.

"Let them be thankful," said the Russian dragoman to me, "that they get nothing more. It is quite within the power of the Khan's dragoman to take them into Khiva, where they would be thrown into prison."

Soon we passed under the crumbling gateway of the city of my destination. Ruin and disorder spread in every direction. The great walls, in places 40ft. or 50ft. thick, were in a state of



"RUINS AND DISORDER SPREAD IN EVERY DIRECTION."

*From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.*

decay. Huge gaps appeared here and there, and it struck me that perhaps these were caused by General Kaufmann's bombardment when Khiva was taken; but I was informed that only three shots in all were fired at the city before it capitulated.

Entering the narrow, dusty streets of the town,

it was easy for me to perceive that I was in a city which was rapidly going to decay. On every hand buildings were in a state of extreme collapse. Down the centre of each alley-like street ran a narrow canal of water, the stench of which was terrible.

We passed by a bazaar, which was roofed over with boughs and branches of trees, but here filth reigned supreme. Dogs barked and snapped at the heels of our horses; old men, blind or covered with horrible sores, clustered at every corner, begging for alms. It was a strange scene, more truly Oriental than anything I had ever witnessed before. Rottness was on every hand, and I was not sorry when at length our little cavalcade plunged up



*From a*  
Vol. iii.—20.

"WE PASSED BY A BAZAAR."

*[Photo.]*

a dark and narrow entry near the famous tower of Khiva, and I found myself in the palace of the Prime Minister and richest man in the city, Mohammed Mat Murat, who had consented to give me quarters during my short stay.

I have little to add to what other writers have said regarding Khiva, except that on comparing my notes with the descriptions of Vambéry, Dr. Lansdell, Colonel Burnaby, and Edward Moser, I am convinced that I found Khiva in a much farther advanced state of decrepitude than they witnessed. I was informed, too, that the population is declining very rapidly. The Khan, it should be mentioned, exercises absolute control over the province, and at the present time is the only ruler of the Central Asian tribes who has the right to demand exemption from Russian administration. No Christians are allowed in the city without

the Khan's written permission, and such is the fanatical order of things there, that although the present Emperor of Russia offered the services of a doctor to the Khan, in order to stay if possible the terrible mortality of Khiva's inhabitants, the offer was bluntly declined. Cholera, small-pox, fever, and dysentery are rampant throughout the whole of the year, and it is clear that in ten years' time, if Khiva exists at all, it will be but a huddle of mud huts, and with but a moiety of even its present dwindling population.

Since the all-victorious troops of the Great White Czar penetrated the barren deserts of Centra Asia, and pushed their way right down



"NEAR THE FAMOUS TOWER OF KHIVA."  
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.

to the Afghan frontier, erecting as they went great strongholds, the seal of doom was placed upon Khiva. Before then huge caravans from Chinese Turkestan, from Bokhara, Samarcand, and Afghanistan, bearing woollen goods and camel-hair for consumption in Europe, passed on the Oxus route through Khiva; but now the trans-Caspian railroad, built originally for

strategical purposes, has absorbed all this trade. Nothing now passes through Khiva, and it is certain that the Russian Government is not anxious to promote any development of the oasis.

I stayed three days in this strange city, during which time I saw many quaint and curious sights. I had a short interview with the Khan himself and with his son, the latter a rather bright young man, but who, like most Mohammedans, was exceedingly ignorant of the outside world. The Khan himself is also densely

ignorant. He cannot read, and possesses but a very vague idea of anything beyond his own little land. As a matter of fact, he knew scarcely anything about European States, and founded England with America, so that our interview was by no means an easy one. He could not conceive, however, why I had undertaken such a journey or for what purpose. Still, he was gracious enough to present me with a signed photograph of himself, one which had been taken some years ago when he visited the late Czar of Russia. This photograph is here reproduced, and forms a fitting conclusion to the story of my journey across the Kizil-kum desert.



HIS HIGHNESS THE KHAN OF KHIVA, WHO GRACIOUSLY RECEIVED MR. JEFFERSON.  
From a Photo.



## Our Baboon Hunt.

BY CHARLES WISBEY.

How the South African farmers battle with a serious pest. A remarkable Battue, illustrated with actual photographs. The author's personal experience, containing much curious information.



THE AUTHOR, MR. CHARLES WISBEY.

From a Photo. by C. F. Jones & Co., Kingston-on-Thames.



SUPPOSE it would be difficult to find in all South Africa a place better adapted for baboons than Graaff Reinet. In no other part are they so numerous. So quickly do they increase, and such mischief do they do—destroying crops, stealing fruit and ostrich eggs, and killing lambs and kids—that the farmers, to prevent themselves being quite “eaten out of house and home,” frequently set apart one day for a terrible slaughter. I had not been there three months before I was asked to participate.

Throughout my travels I have made it a rule never to lose a chance of acquiring an experience, so I readily consented to take part in the hunt, which was to be held early next day.

It was then about sun-down, and bearing in mind the fact that I was to be routed out somewhere about 2 a.m., I made preparations for an early retirement to rest. After looking to my gun, and placing it in readiness, I filled my little hand-camera with dry plates, and then went to sleep.

At 1.30 I was roused by the Hottentot “boy,”

who entered bringing the everlasting “morning coffee,” which everyone has brought to him just before he gets up. Jumping out of bed, I made a hasty toilet, and then, snatching up my camera and stuffing every available pocket with cartridges, I took up my gun and stepped outside. There was no moon; the sky was cloudy and overcast, and darkness reigned supreme. For some time I could make out nothing, but as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I could just perceive some shadowy forms grouped together, which on approaching I found to consist of the farmers and their sons, come to take part in the hunt. These had arrived the preceding night, after I had gone to bed. There were about eighteen of us whites, attended by half-a-dozen “boys,” or natives. All were thickly wrapped up, for the nights and early mornings here are quite chilly.

Suddenly, as we made for the scene of the hunt, without the slightest warning whatever, I found I was making a desperate effort to decapitate myself through colliding with taut wire stretched some 5ft. from the ground. With much difficulty I extricated myself and continued my way. But it was only a few minutes more before I became again hopelessly entangled—this time in a huge prickly-pear bush armed with extraordinary sharp thorns 2in. long. After frantic efforts I at length got disentangled, and emerged looking like a human porcupine or a gigantic walking pincushion. I peered around me for the others, but they were nowhere to be seen, and I dared not call out for fear of alarming the baboons. Yes, I was quite alone, and I had



GLEN HARRY FARM, WEST GRAAFF REINET, THE HOMESTEAD FROM WHICH WE STARTED ON OUR BABOON HUNT. [The Author.]





THIS SHOWS THE KIND OF COUNTRY IN WHICH WE FOUND THE TROOPS OF BABOONS.  
 From a Photo. by the Author.

only a vague idea of where the hunt was to be held.

As for the way to it, I was entirely ignorant. However, I decided it would be no good standing still, so, making use of whatever common sense I possess, I marched boldly forward. My next sensation was that of getting very wet. I was aware that my feet were soaked a minute or so before, but, thinking I was only going through some furrow or other, I took little notice of it and went on, until I discovered to my horror that I was now immersed almost up to the waist in a vain endeavour to walk through a pond as big as the one in Kensington Gardens. I retraced my steps, feeling anything but cheerful; but still went on, and was overjoyed to find that at length, by some wonderful chance, I had arrived at the scene of the hunt.

On telling the hunters there of my adventures they assured me that I had taken a short cut. I believed them. However, I inwardly vowed to have no further dealings with short cuts in general and this one in particular.

The faintest indication of dawn revealed a mountain directly in front of us—one of those that have tops like a cottage loaf. It is called a "krantz." Well, in this krantz, about 200yds. above us, I was given to understand the baboons were sleeping, and as the dawn drew on I could distinguish among the usual nocturnal sounds low grunts and little yells. These sounds are caused by the mother baboons spanking and pinching their little ones when they will not lie quietly. Most extraordinary

noises issue from the krantz during this performance, not the least amusing being the growls of remonstrance on the part of the male baboons, who strongly protest against being disturbed. I stretched myself out close to the others of the party and dozed. Presently I was startled by the report of a rifle shot, and then everyone was on the alert. The niggers yelled and hooted, and everyone made as much noise as possible in order to rouse the baboons. I was sent to the right wing of the mountain, and looking up I saw that the krantz was half surrounded by the rest of the party, who during the early morning had kindled small fires all round. The only side of the krantz left unprotected was that which faced the hunters be-

low. This was to give the baboons an opportunity of running down. By-and-by the noise made by the hunters aroused the attention of the baboons, and their curiosity to know what it was all about could not be restrained. Soon the head and shoulders of one of the creatures was discerned looming out from a cave in the krantz. Immediately three or four guns are levelled at him, and, should he escape these, in utter bewilderment, and perhaps wounded, he runs, leaps, and springs at headlong speed from rock to rock and crag to crag, now clambering up some steep ascent, then hurling himself down some giddy height, and all the time going at a terrific speed.

His example is followed by all the other baboons in the troop, of which the probable number would be about fifty. Sometimes they rush out in threes and fours, but, generally speaking, only one ventures at a time; and when those he has left behind find that he does not return they are impelled to go and see why, and they in turn get shot. There are very strict rules about shooting at these hunts. For example, those who surround the krantz are allowed to shoot in no other direction but against it or into it—they cannot shoot over it; while those posted at the base of the mountain are only allowed to shoot those baboons who are coming down and are below the krantz. I soon found that it required not only an accurate shot, but a marvellously quick one, to stand a chance of hitting one of them. Of course, I blazed away, but I was as likely to hit a streak of forked lightning



From a Photo. by]

AFTER OUR BABOON HUNT WAS OVER.

[The Author.

as a baboon. Two of the creatures actually ran right past me at a distance of only a yard, and I verily believe that if one had essayed to run between my legs he would have succeeded. They are, without exception, the quickest animals I have ever seen. They range from 4ft. to 4ft. 9in. in height, and have a bluish face—very human-looking—and they have teeth like a dog.

In the meantime reports of rifles kept coming to my ears, and I trusted that the persons who were firing were doing some execution. I had as yet done nothing but waste good powder and shot. Getting someone to take my post, I took only my camera and went to a central position. I found that the niggers were being sent into the bush to rout out any baboons that had taken refuge there. There were just one or two more stray shots, and then the hunt, which, counting from the time I had been called, had lasted for seven hours, ended. Each hunter collected the tails of the baboons he himself had shot, and the party, after slaughtering some fifty or sixty of the simians, broke up, and each went home. For each baboon tail the Government pays 3s. 6d. Whatever amount his tails may reach, the hunter nearly always invests the proceeds in more powder and shot. I suppose that, on an average, thirty or forty would be considered a fair number of baboons to kill at one hunt, though I know

of hunts where several more have been killed. At a neighbouring farm, a short while ago, there were no fewer than seventy-six shot in one hunt, and when I tell you that on this and the neighbouring farm the enormous number of 120 were shot during a fortnight (in which there were three hunts), you will be able to gather how numerous the creatures are, and how great is the amount of mischief and harm they would do, were they not kept down.

Isn't there a chance of one of these baboons attacking you? Well, I think that a baboon would seldom attack an unarmed man, and never if he had a gun; the animal would have to be aggravated very, very much, and the man would have to be without a gun before he tackled him. I've only heard of one case. But I don't think these remarks would apply to women and children. It is quite a common thing, when passing along the road, to have the baboons peeping at you from the bushes on each side. They first see if you have a gun, and if you have not, they won't budge.

"Why not pick up a stick and point it at them as a gun?" someone may suggest. It's not a bit of good. I've tried it, and they took absolutely no notice of it; they appear to consider it an insult to their intelligence. This may seem incredible, but it's a solid fact: no animal knows what a gun is so well as a baboon.

## A Night to Remember.

BY MRS. FRED. MATURIN, NÉE MISS EDITH MONEY.

Being a personal narrative of the awful plight into which two high-spirited and mischievous English girls got themselves in one of the wildest parts of India. Lost in the jungle; the jungle on fire; and a terrible man-eating tiger known to be abroad.

"HE bosh," said papa, "that you girls talk!"

"It's not bosh at all," said I, eating hot chupatties outside the manager's bungalow one lovely morning in December some years ago, before I married.

I remember this little conversation so distinctly, because of all that it led to.

My father, Colonel Money, had just brought me and my sister Leila out to India, the land of our dreams! All through the dreary years of education and deportment in our grandmother's dignified home in a quiet part of England we had talked, and planned, and dreamt of the day when our father would fetch us and take us back to India. While grandmamma, an aunt, and our governess conversed to us of morals, accomplishments, and eternity, *we* pondered on hair-breadth escapes, perilous adventures, and the conquest of male hearts by the score, when the day should come to spread our wings towards the East.

In the French convent that followed, we kept the nuns entranced with tales of all we had already gone through, and the valour displayed during our extreme infancy out in India; and we so horrified them, that seventeen special masses were put up for our preservation when we finally quitted the peaceful cloister for the rolling deep over which we were to be borne to

that land in which, according to us, life was not worth an hour's purchase.

Well, and here we were: landed safely in the Great Dooars—in those days, and even now, one of the most "tigerish" districts in all India. We had been here five weeks, daily longing to see a tiger or some other murderous animal, but so far hadn't caught a glimpse of even the tip of a speckled tail!

Papa had come out to India to look after his tea-gardens, and was very busy walking or riding about all day from one to the other, with his manager, dilating on "greenfly," "cricket," and "grub"; while Leila and I—who considered both him and the manager miserably slow—galloped on horseback about the dense jungles that surrounded the tea estate, seeking in vain the savage creatures we longed to encounter.

In the cool of the evenings we entertained the young bachelor planters, who rode into Phoolbarry from all points of the compass "to see the Colonel's daughters": for no fresh female white face had been seen there then for years, and the conquests

we had dreamt of now took place thick and fast.

We also beguiled the time writing letters home to the convent, describing combats with man-eaters and tussles with boa-constrictors, which we knew would send a thrill through all, from the fat little reverend mother down to the rosy-faced lay-sister who presided over the cloister kitchen,



COLONEL MONEY, NEAR WHOSE TEA PLANTATION THE INCIDENT OCCURRED. [Photo. From a]

and who would shudder and pray, as she stirred her eggs, that our innocent young lives might be spared a little longer.

Meanwhile, we complained daily to our father of the pitiful scarcity of man-eaters and poisonous reptiles in his jungles, and, in return, he would reply drily that he was sorry for our disappointment, but hoped luck might still come in our path; and, when it *did* come, that our valour would not ooze quite away, but that we should prove ourselves the heroines we evidently imagined we were.

"Oh, of course, you don't believe it, papa," said I, nettled at the wink he bestowed upon the manager, who stood by on this particular December morning, putting a huge plantain leaf into the crown of his mushroom-topee, for he had a long, hot ride before him. The manager smiled—to him we were just a pair of silly children—but I continued:—

"All I can say is, if I came upon a tiger in the jungle—as we might any day—I should get off my pony, and stand and stare him out of countenance—wouldn't you, Leila? I shouldn't even feel *tempted* to run away!"

"Very praiseworthy," said papa. "Well," he went on, "I didn't mean to tell you, fearing to make you nervous, but your chance may be near, at last."

"A man-eater," said the manager, gravely, "is reported to be devastating the native villages round about Money's Hope and farther on. The villagers came in a body this morning before you were up, young ladies, to ask the Colonel to get up a shoot; so you can see the fun from the howdah."

"Howdab, indeed!" said I, indignantly; "my own pony, and nothing else, please!" Whereupon papa gave it as his opinion that we were talking "bosh."

This little parley happened at seven o'clock on the morning of December 28th, at a time of our lives when we were both very young and very foolish. Leila and I little dreamt that before that time next day we should be able to

relate a really true story of extreme personal peril for the first time in our existence.

The tiger-shoot would take a day or two to get up, and, meanwhile, we were burning to get a glimpse of the doomed monster.

"We'll have our ponies round," said we, "and be off for a long ride at once. Any message for Money's Hope, papa?"

"There'll be no danger, Colonel," said the manager, reassuringly, "if they take care to be back before sundown."

"I forbid you," said papa, severely, "to be in the jungle after sunset. You hear, girls?"

Leila was about to protest at this inhuman order, when I nudged her under the table, and we both chimed meekly, "Very well, papa," then sighed, and completely took him in. So much so, that he added, apogetically:—

"I never like to check your fun, but in this instance I must be obeyed. Come to me before you start. I shall have a letter for Jones" (the manager of Money's Hope, one of papa's gardens).

Our ponies came round and we mounted, our hearts beating high.

Papa came out to see we hadn't left off our solar-topees, which we considered very unbecoming, and were always trying to avoid wearing.

We had no side-saddles; and papa—who always objected to unnecessary expense—had refused to get us any, so, being passionately fond of the exercise, and quite fearless, we had learnt to ride with ease sideways on men's saddles, the right foot in the off-stirrup turned over.

It was at best a mere question of balance, and I couldn't do it now; but in those days we could tear full gallop for miles like this, and it certainly made capital horsewomen of us.

"Good-bye," said papa, when he had arranged our

habits, seen that all was proper, and given me the note for Mr. Jones; "you'll tiffin with Jones, and I've told him you're to leave Money's Hope at two."



MISS EDITH MONEY.  
From a Photo.



MISS LEILA MONEY.  
From a Photo, by A. W. Grigson,  
Colombo, Ceylon.



Click—smack! Whips waved, and away we cantered, our half-naked syces flying along behind us between the tea-bushes. As we entered the jungle, we saw papa stoop his tall figure and re-enter the tea factory, inside which a rumbling noise and a strong smell denoted that some process of tea-making was going on.

We arrived at Money's Hope at midday, tiffined on *moorgie* and plantains with the manager, and had great fun whilst tidying our hair in his bedroom, preparing surprises for him in the shape of half a red ants' nest, which we found growing to his wall. This we transferred into his bed, and then wrote on his pillow, with phosphorus matches, "You shall die to-night." At two precisely he sent for our ponies, lifted us on to our saddles, and saw us off, returning into his bungalow blissfully unconscious of the fact that before morning he would probably be swollen to double his size with ant-stings.

Blissfully unconscious, too, of what awaited *us*, we trotted along laughing and talking, and then when we reached the jungle we put our ponies into a hard gallop, and kept it up till we had left the syces far behind. When we reached a point in the now dense forest where two paths went in opposite directions, we chose the one leading *from* Phoolbarry, and when we had cantered another half-hour or so, we drew rein and looked, laughing and delighted, at each other, for we were now in the heart of the Great Dooar Jungle, far, far from any plantation or European dwelling; and the nearest native village would be the one from which only the previous night a poor old man had been carried off by the dreaded man-eater.

Looking back now, I can't help feeling what *babies* we must have been to do such a thing. And yet we were grown-up girls of a marriageable age, and considered—by the nuns, at any rate—almost too clever for this miserable world.

"Now," said I, who was generally ringleader, "we must lose ourselves, Leila. Up to this I could find my way back, couldn't you?"

"I'm afraid I could," said Leila; so the drawback was quickly remedied by trotting down one path, up another, then back again, and off at right angles, purposely never looking back.

In another half-hour we were as completely lost in the jungle as anyone could be.

All this had taken a couple of hours, and it must now have been about four in the afternoon; and the air, which had been very hot all day, should have been growing cooler.

"But it's funny," said I, "that it doesn't. Isn't the heat stifling, Leila?"

"And," said my sister, "look, Edith, at the sky. It's burning red like brick-dust."

We drew our ponies in, sat still, and looked up. The dark-blue, cloudless firmament overhead was indeed to be seen only through a blood-red haze which momentarily deepened. Then from a long way off came a sound which caused us to start and stare breathlessly at each other.

It was only a vast, crackling, hissing sound, but we knew in a minute what it meant. Papa



"THE JUNGLE AROUND US WAS ON FIRE!"

had often told us about it. *The jungle around us was on fire!*

Some careless native had done it, leaving his fire alight after a meal, perhaps; or the long, bone-dry grass, growing thickly around us as high as the trees, and scorched with many suns to the

colour of straw, had ignited of itself as it often does, carrying death, terror, and devastation for miles and miles.

It must be understood that a Dooar jungle is composed mainly of this monster grass, wide as half your wrist, saw-edged, and tall as the forest trees, which also grow here and there amongst it. And it grows so thickly you can see nothing a few yards off. You can cut yourself very badly

and once more stared aghast at each other, then we both burst into tears.

One more path lay before us through which to flee. If, as we now feared, the rapidly increasing flames had met in a huge circle in the jungle, we knew, of course, that we were doomed to a horrible death.

I can never forget my feelings as we urged our terrified ponies down that narrow path.



"WE URGED OUR TERRIFIED PONIES DOWN THAT NARROW PATH.

with this grass, too, by plunging, for instance, through the jungle. Papa knew of a native who bled to death through a severed artery, caused by the knife-like edge of a blade of this rank stuff ripping open his naked arm.

So a more fearful death-trap than this kind of jungle when burning can hardly be imagined. Leila and I caught each other's hands as if for mutual help when the full significance of the blood-red sky and crackling noise dawned upon us.

Then, wheeling our ponies round, we put them into a hard gallop, away from that terrible heat, and glow, and hissing; but though at first it seemed as if we were to escape, we gradually became aware that we were once more approaching a heated atmosphere and a reddened sky. Presently, every moment convinced us that we were but galloping towards another point of the encircling fire. We drew rein again,

Vol. iii.—21.

led the way, and felt the tears whisk off my face as we tore along. All the time I could hear Leila on her pony behind me moaning, "Oh, help us—help us! Oh, no, no, no!"

You can all, no doubt, realize our sensations when, after apparently riding away from that red death for over half an hour, while renewed hope sprang to life in our breasts, the air, which had been *much* cooler, gradually—very gradually—grew hotter and hotter again.

I felt it distinctly sting and burn my face as we rode along. I wondered did Leila notice it. I hoped not, for then, oh, then! it might be my fancy.

No doubt I was flushed and hot. . . . It was nothing. . . . My sister behind had said nothing. . . . We had now ridden some miles without a word passing between us, and the rapid Indian twilight had fallen, and was quickly giving place to night.

Night in an Indian jungle on fire! A man-eater abroad, driven probably from his lair by the flames! Could a more fearful position be imagined for two young girls?

At last I drew in my pony and Leila drew up behind me. I said nothing, but turned and looked at her in the fast-deepening gloom. Our eyes met.

"Do you feel it?" I whispered. "Leila, say you don't."

She sobbed in reply, leaning over from her saddle, and catching my hand.

"Such a terrible, cruel death," she whispered. "Couldn't we strangle each other, or get the ponies to kick our brains out, or something?"

"We'll hang ourselves," said I, "to a tree; or cut our throats with the grass. We *won't* be burnt. Cheer up, Leila."

We talked it over and decided we'd try and cut an artery in our arms (remembering papa's story). I told Leila that I knew it was a very painless death.

We settled, however, to ride on a little farther, and see if any escape were still possible before we took this course.

We cantered on again, and could now distinctly see the burning jungle ahead of us. We noted, with a shudder, the sparks fly up towards the star-studded sky.

I suggested we should stop, ride back some distance, and quickly end our sufferings, but Leila pointed ahead.

"I believe there is a break in the fire," she said; "it hasn't met yet. The circle isn't complete. Oh, Edith, I know I'm right—quick, it's our last chance."

What a ride for life that was! And oh, what joy when, as we approached the great furnace (the grass being burnt, the thick low scrub blazed on), we saw that fully a half mile of the jungle yet remained unignited.

The path, however, was already enveloped in flames, which were licking across it; but by plunging into the jungle itself, escape was possible, and we urged our shivering little steeds through. The heat was terrific—the ponies stopped, reared, and jibbed with terror. It was all we could do, with no pommels, to keep on. Their flanks were cut every minute; nor did our own faces escape, though we got no bad gashes, for with our riding-whips we were able, more or less, to bend back the tall, saw-like grass in front of us as we proceeded.

At last we were safe! The flames closed in soon after we once more regained the path-way. What breeze there was swept the fire away from us; but, terrified lest the jungle might begin to ignite towards us, we pelted along that dim,

lonely jungle-path as never we had ridden in our lives before!

But, alas, our troubles were not over.

It seemed too cruel, just as one danger had been left behind, that another mishap should so soon befall us. As we were cantering along, obliged to slacken speed because it was hardly possible any longer to see the track, Leila's pony shied violently at a sudden rustling in the jungle, threw her heavily, and then tore away into the darkness ahead.

I knew from the shriek she gave that she was badly hurt. Of course, I jumped off my pony at once, and tying the bridle as best I could to a tree, I groped my way to where she lay moaning. She tried to stand up, but fell back again.

Her ankle was sprained, and it rapidly swelled up; the mere idea of moving made her cry out.

I knelt beside her, appalled at this fresh disaster. True, the jungle fire was burning away from us, and not towards us, and a belt of burnt, black jungle afforded a certain protection across a given area. But these jungle fires circle round such vast distances that it was impossible to say that the slightest shift of wind would not change its course back in our direction, when, in a more roundabout way, it would eventually meet us again.

Then came another fearful thought—the man-eater! All my courage was gone. The terror I had gone through; the darkness, lit certainly by the distant flames; the stars, and a moon in her second quarter, but all the more eerie on that account; and the vast, mysterious, whispering wilderness around us—all these had sapped my heart of what heroism I possessed. As for Leila, I really thought she was going to die of fright. She clung to my neck, giving a shriek now and then which I felt certain would either attract wild animals or scare them away; so one minute I said "*Hush*," and the next I screamed myself. In fact, we were both almost off our heads, I think. Thus we remained till I suppose about eleven o'clock.

We had, of course, no idea what part of the jungle we were in, or where our father's plantation was; but as we sat there, clinging to each other, and our eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, we noticed a tree a short way off, struck by lightning in rather a peculiar manner, and we remembered noticing it that morning as we rode from Phoolbarry to Money's Hope.

Unless there were two trees very much alike, we were, therefore, on the jungle path between the two plantations, and after a fearful scene with my sister, who at first implored me not to leave her, I persuaded her to let me mount my pony and try and ride to Phoolbarry for help.



Before she agreed, I assured her that I could, and would, lift her somehow into the split trunk of the lightning-struck tree, where she would be comparatively safe from wild animals.

This was easier said than done, however, and it took me half an hour to get her up into it; for first of all she had to be got to the tree, and was in such pain that she fainted once, and I thought she had died. I blew into her face, and when she opened her eyes we began again; but the most awful part was getting her up the trunk. She slid down each time before she reached the fork caused by the lightning, and falling heavily on her ankle, screamed with the pain. At last I got up myself, and she stood on one foot, whilst I leaned over and pulled her slowly up, almost dropping her once.

the nerve to take this step. It's like hearing of someone else doing it. Leila always says that hers was the worst position, left alone and inactive in that vast, silent, dark jungle; but I venture to say mine was as bad—perhaps worse; for the man-eater, of whom I could not now even endure to think, could demolish me and my pony with one spring and blow of his giant paw; whereas if Leila sat silent, she would perhaps pass unobserved in the darkness.

My one hope of not losing my head with terror was to put my pony into a fast canter, trusting to his instinct to take the right path home. But, oh, that awful, awful, lonely night ride!

It was now quite midnight, and the jungle on each side of me seemed full of strange sounds.

Once I distinctly heard some large, heavy animal bounding through the high dry grass on my right. I urged the pony on, my heart in my very mouth! Oh, how it beat! My brain seemed to thicken with terror, and my tongue stuck to my palate.

I was so tired, so trembling, that I no longer felt able to keep my balance on the man's saddle, which I sat sideways, and I had to hold my pony's mane to keep on at all.

I've often wondered how it was I never thought of riding like a boy, but it never even entered my head, though I was in momentary peril of being thrown off.

When the crashing sound in the jungle had continued for some time, it ceased, and I have never known what creature it was that kept pace with me so long.

It lasted ten minutes, and when it died away, I remember that I put my hand to my head, pulled a long lock of my hair from under my hat, and looked at it in the moonlight to see had it gone white! But it hadn't!

No words can describe my gratitude when after fully two hours I began to realize that the instinct of my little steed was bringing me to Phoolbarry tea-plantation at last. I saw, ahead of me, the native mud village

built on the outskirts of the plantation, and I tore through it about two in the morning. Most of the inhabitants were my father's coolies, and they were all buzzing about, our disappearance having evidently raised a terrible "tomasha."



"I LEANED OVER AND PULLED HER SLOWLY UP."

Then I kissed her, telling her to pray that all would still be well. Descending, I mounted my pony and rode away, she calling out at the last, "Oh, Edie! come back!"

I can't understand a bit now how I ever had



"There is the Missee Baha," they cried, and, with sounds of joy, raced ahead of me towards the spot where, in front of the manager's bungalow, a torch-lit crowd was gathered in the moonlight.

Papa, Mr. Jones, the manager, the manager's wife, and all our servants were there.

They had been hunting for us in all direc-

proaching her tree, and that now and then the two spots would cease moving and descend close to the ground, proving that they were the eyes of some large animal, who now and then paused and crouched. As this is the manner of the tiger tribe, her terror may be imagined.

That the creature smelt a human being is pretty certain. The poor girl never stirred, however,



"A TORCH-LIT CROWD WAS GATHERED IN THE MOONLIGHT."

tions, and must have passed the very place where Leila got thrown about an hour before we reached it.

They had then returned to the plantation for guns, a doolie, and brandy; but papa told me he had given us up when he saw the jungle fire.

We started at once for Leila. Papa wished me to go to bed and take quinine, for the Doovar jungles by night are deadly fever-traps, but I insisted on returning with them. I fell into a heavy sleep in the doolie, however, only waking when I heard papa shouting.

"Leila, dear child! It's all right! Here we are!"

A shriek from Leila—and "Oh, papa! Oh, Edie! The man-eater! The man-eater has been here! Take care, take care—have you guns?"

We have never known whether the man-eater *was* there or not. Lying beside me in the doolie, as we were carried home, just as the Indian dawn reddened the sky, Leila told me and papa, who walked beside us, that about an hour after I left her, she saw two great, red, shining spots ap-

and probably, thanks to this, the animal left her unmolested. It never came near enough to her tree for her to see what it was, and when our torches and shouts were seen and heard approaching it vanished into the jungle.

Papa, who was an experienced shikaree, said he did not think it *was* the man-eater, for if it had been, nothing could have saved my sister. It was probably an ordinary tiger or panther, the difference being that the man-eater, having once tasted human blood, cares for nothing else, whilst other tigers, unless molested, will generally leave you alone. We reached Phoolbarry at last.

We have both spent many years in India and Ceylon since, and had many adventures, but certainly none to beat this one.

It was months before papa dared joke us about our man-eater, or call us "his heroines"; and when he did, we generally told the story to someone, and had the satisfaction of hearing that, in *their* humble opinion, we had at any rate shown that we had "plenty of grit."

What do you think?

## The Jumping Procession at Echternach.

BY MRS. LILY BRIDGMAN.

All about a very peculiar Whit-Tuesday procession which makes its way through the streets of a quaint little town in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. With a complete set of photographs illustrating the festival.



NE would scarcely think it possible that such a ceremony as the accompanying photos. illustrate could, in these days of modern civilization, continue to be of regular annual occurrence. That it is so, however, you can prove by going in person any Whit-Tuesday to the quaint abbey town of Echternach, in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, one of the principal places of interest in what is termed "La Petite Suisse Luxembourgeoise." There you will witness one of the most extraordinary sights it has ever been *my* lot to behold.

Imagine to yourself the early dawn of a Whit-Tuesday—a morning, say, towards the end of May. On the occasion I am about to describe the clerk of the weather was evidently in an amiable frame of mind, for the dawn was beautiful and clear, and gave good promise of a fair day to come. I, with others, had started at an early hour from Vianden, a lovely village among the hills farther up the River Our, the course of which we followed, right down the valley as far as Wallendorf, where the Our meets the Sûre. At this point the scenery, a constant delight the whole way, becomes wilder and more diversified, with huge boulders standing up boldly out of the bed of the river; these were once portions of the rocky heights above us.

But we were not the sole occupants of that ordinarily quiet country highway. There were pilgrims perched aloft in queer, clumsy, hood-covered carriages, drawn by great, sturdy plough-horses, the property of well-to-do "bauers," or peasant-farmers. Pilgrims

crowded into the badly-built waggons of the country, and again pilgrims on foot (and these last preponderated by far in number). All were bound for the same goal as ourselves—a motley crowd of various nationalities, praying devoutly as they went for a blessing on their pilgrimage to the shrine of the great St. Willibrord, the patron saint of the Echternach Leaping Procession. Mere sightseers there were also on bicycles and in traps of every sort and description.

We had driven through the old monastery town of Bollendorf, past innumerable quiet, red-roofed hamlets, when, suddenly turning a sharp corner of the winding road, the town of Echternach lay before us, washed by the waters of the lower Sûre, situated in the midst of a fertile plain, and surrounded by high, wood-clad hills.

The accompanying photograph shows the quaint old walls which surround the town—a remnant of former days—just as we saw it on that interesting Whit-Tuesday morning.

Toni, our jovial-faced Jehu, drove us straight



From a

THE ANCIENT WALLS OF ECHTERNACH.

[Photo.

to the starting-point—a stone cross, lying on the right bank of the Sûre opposite the ancient bridge, which spans the river and leads into the town. This cross has been the starting-point of the procession from time immemorial.

Here we alighted, our intention being to follow the whole line of march from start to finish. We were none too early, however. Already the bells on the opposite bank were in full swing, announcing the near advent of the parish clergy; and all around us was an incessant hubbub of preparation amongst the numerous bands of pilgrims collected near the old wayside cross. We were told that most of these poor people, in many cases footsore and weary before the real day's work began, had tramped unceasingly all through the night, bent on reaching St. Willibrord's shrine.

The crowd was not formed of Luxemburgers alone: French, Germans, and Belgians were there also, the frontiers of their countries

the fourth century. Those who had come to lead the immense throng were waiting patiently on the other side, and when the gorgeously appressed priests were within fifty yards of the foremost amongst them they stopped.

As the chief prelate stopped he raised his hand, and, like a flash of lightning, the enormous multitude fell on their knees, bowing their heads and crossing themselves reverently as they received his blessing. He addressed them in a few well-chosen words—first in French and then in German. The bishop enjoined courage on his hearers, saying that God's blessing rested on every one of them, and that the holy Willibrord, whose saintly protection so many amongst them had come from so far to seek, would of a surety listen to their prayers. His final words ran as follows: "Remember as you go, the Divine words, 'According to your faith, be it unto you!' Let us begin: Holy Willibrord, pray for us! In the name of the Father," etc.



*From a*

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN, SHOWING THE BRIDGE OVER WHICH THE PROCESSION PASSES.

*[Photo.*

forming the independent little duchy's boundaries. As we stood gazing interestedly at the village "curés" doing their best to reduce order amongst their various flocks, a voice was heard, raised above the turmoil:—

"Ruhe da, Kinder! Sie Kommen, Sie Kommen!" ("Silence, children! they come, they come!") An almost miraculous quiet fell upon the great mob, and every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the banners which heralded the approach of fifty to seventy white-surpliced, black-cassocked priests, accompanied by the town band, on whose instruments the morning sun glinted brightly, lending added lustre to the banners' gay colours, and to the gold embroidered and jewelled copes worn by the three foremost priests.

On they came towards the eager thousands collected at the foot of the cross, then over the moss-grown bridge, the work of men's hands in

Again crossing themselves, the vast assembly rose from their knees, the curé of each parish formed his party into the order in which it was to go, and the small knot of musicians who, in nearly every case, accompanied each parish represented, and often consisted of merely a drummer, a flageolet player, and a piper, stationed themselves, with great tuning of instruments, at the head of their own special parties; and in an incredibly short space of time, the apparently endless procession was ready to start. The bells, which had been still for a time, now clanged out a merry peal from the church and abbey towers; the music struck up, and the enormous body of people began to move, away from the old stone cross, over the bridge, which our second photo. illustrates, and on which stands the statue of the good abbot and historian, Jean Bertels, who lived in the sixteenth century.





THE MUSIC TO WHICH THE FAITHFUL DANCE.  
From a Photo.

The melody which the bands played, and of which our third photo. forms the subject, is the same to which the feet of countless thousands of pious pilgrims have, year after year, kept measure for ages past. It has such an electrical effect on the listener, that I myself really felt almost impelled to join the throng and "go dancing along"! Had it not been for a lurking fear of being unmercifully chaffed by my companions, St. Willibrord might possibly have counted me amongst his followers on that extraordinary Whit-Tuesday.

Away they went in the morning sun. First, the bearer of a huge crucifix; behind him a group of banners fluttering in the breeze, and a hundred and fifty to three hundred singers came next, chanting the praises of the holy Saint Willibrord as they passed us. They were followed by double lines of priests, some bare-headed, others with birettas, and all telling their rosaries or reading their breviaries with earnest fervour. After these came the Archbishop and the curé-doyen of Echternach (equivalent to our dean-rector). Behind these two pillars of Mother Church walked the town band and some fifty to sixty boys of about fourteen to sixteen years of age, hatless, and all dancing hard, in their shirt-sleeves. From

inquiry made afterwards I ascertained that these lads were paid to join in the "Spring Procession," being proxies for those who were prevented, from illness or other reasons, from personal attendance. As the music waxed faster and louder, these boys leaped higher and higher," evidently bent on earning religiously every centime of the small wage they had been paid for their energy.

After these dancing deputies came the pilgrims. Some told their rosaries as they walked quietly along, but the majority joined in the marvellous, springy dance which St. Willibrord instituted whilst on earth. Three steps forward, two steps back, and then a high jump into the air. On, on, always the same, eight or ten abreast, holding hands, never ceasing, save when an occasional halt was called. This continues for *three or four hours* under the often almost unbearable heat of a hot May or June day! Strong men have been known to faint under the strain. I was told that on one stiflingly hot Whit-Tuesday, two men fell down dead whilst they were taking part in this procession, having been overcome by the heat. I observed white-haired men and women, bent with the weight of years, dancing and leaping with their youngsters, as fast and as high as any of them, their faces perfect studies of religious enthusiasm.



"THREE STEPS FORWARD, TWO STEPS BACK, AND THEN A HIGH JUMP INTO THE AIR."  
From a [Photo.]





"WE PERCEIVED THE PROCESSION IN 'FULL SPRING' MAKING  
From a] TOWARDS US ONCE MORE." [Photo.

We watched that great mass of humanity go by, and following over the bridge in their wake, we cut up a side street into what proved to be the principal street of the town. Looking up it, on emerging from the narrow alley, we perceived the procession in "full spring," so to speak, making towards us once more. Again we took up our stand at a favourable point, in order to have a second undisturbed view of all the participants in this astonishing festival.

Crowds of curious onlookers filled every window, every vantage point, and lined every street on either side all along the route, eager spectators of what is, looking at it from both the religious and physical points of view, one of the most extraordinary sights in the world: a sight once seen, never to be forgotten. To gaze on the almost ecstatic faces of those numberless old men and women, many of whom verged on four-score years; of men and their wives, side by side, and then from them to glance at the young men and maidens, all alike imbued with an intense desire to pro-

pitiate, by their frantic leaps and dancing, the patron saint of the "Spring Procession."

I saw epileptic children with no power in either arms or legs, and in most cases with idiotic smiles on their white, wan faces, borne in strong arms, the owners of which, whilst clasping their precious burdens, danced and jumped over Echternach's cobble stones. Here and there, a big, burly village curé in surplice and cassock headed his little flock, playing St. Willibrord's melody on his fiddle for his parishioners to keep time to, as he strode along.

One small group among the crowd especially attracted our attention, because of a huge blue cotton umbrella, which a man carried open in its centre, and which protected all those dancing beneath its shade from the fierce sun. Now and then I noticed a woman being carried out of the line of march by "Pompieri" (the local fire brigade) deputed to attend to such weaklings, incapacitated through faintness from carrying out their self-allotted task.



"DANCED AND JUMPED OVER ECHEARNACH'S COBBLE STONES."  
From a Photo.



THE DEVOUT JUMPERS ALL SHELTERED UNDER THEIR UMBRELLAS.  
*From a Photo.*

Almost invariably the famous procession takes place in fierce sunshine; but there are exceptions, as witness the accompanying photograph. Here we see the devout jumpers all sheltered under their umbrellas, for Whit-Tuesday has come on a hopelessly wet day.

After a rest in the Market Place the word was given all along the line to start off again. So, with banners flying, choristers chanting monotonously, bands all playing the same spirited air, and in the far distance the sound of voices counting their beads in a sort of dull drone, the huge concourse resembling, in its constantly advancing and receding movements, the waves of the sea, surged on again. We, too, hurried on alongside the crowd, so as to get into the church before they all poured in.

The parish church is dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, and dates from the eleventh century. It has been so frequently restored, that it differs almost completely from its original form. At the foot of the flight of old stone steps which leads up into the sacred edifice the music stopped playing, the procession ceased dancing, and the pilgrims climbed wearily up to the principal door.

They were no sooner inside, however, than the town band struck up once more, and then, followed by the again dancing and leaping multi-

tude, the musicians led the way round one side of the church, behind the altar, where, protected by an iron railing, lies the tomb of St. Willibrord. The procession then passed down the other side and so out by another door into what was in bygone days the God's acre of Echternach—transformed in these modern days into a quiet grassy spot, planted with shady trees. Here the final step was danced, the final leap made, the Archbishop's final blessing given, and the pilgrimage was at an end.

As we stood just inside the church, watching the wonderful scene, I saw the children I had observed in the street, carried by their elders, put down on their feet, and then, supported on each side, they were made to keep time to the music and go through the dancing and leaping movements as well as they could, all round the church. It made one's heart ache to see such a pitiful thing.

Within the church's walls the chief virtue of the pilgrimage is supposed to lie, and the weary but indefatigable pilgrim, whilst dancing and leaping, calls aloud on the blessed Willibrord to renew his faith and to cure him of his ills, or those of the person for whom he has prayers



THE PARISH CHURCH WHICH IS THE GOAL OF THE PROCESSION.  
*From a Photo.*



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH. ONCE INSIDE, THE FAITHFUL CONTINUE LEAPING AND JUMPING TO THE MUSIC.

*From a Photo.*

travelled many miles on foot as proxy. The men's deep and the women's shrill voices shrieking: "Heilige Willibrord, bitt' für uns!" or "Saint Willibrord, priez pour nous!" created a perfect pandemonium of sound, which nearly deafened us all.

As the last pilgrims danced out of the church we walked up behind the altar to have a peep at the good bishop's tomb. We found his recumbent stone effigy, representing him with his hands piously folded, and, to our astonishment, inside the railing, in front of the tomb, on the tessellated pavement lay piles of coins, from the golden napoleon to the modest centime. We learnt afterwards that these were the pilgrims' offerings to the Church in return for the benefits they had received, or trusted they might be about to receive, as the result of their visit to this Christian Mecca. Not far from the tomb stood a small side altar, dedicated to Saint Barbara, and near it hung a picture (which is represented in our next photo.) painted in 1605 by the famous Belgian painter, Antoine Stevens, of Malines, by order of Abbot Jean Bertels. It depicts the Saint calling down Heaven's benediction on the dancing pilgrims. And

now that I have described every detail of the "Spring Procession" of Echternach to the readers of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, I will explain its origin.

It is an institution handed down to devout believers in its efficacy for the cure of epilepsy and kindred complaints, and for the curing of various diseases amongst cattle, by one of our own compatriots! He was named Willibrord, and was a holy Northumbrian missionary, who introduced Christianity into the picturesque little Duchy in the year 698.

So great was the good man's virtue, that he possessed the power of working miraculous cures, and tradition hands down memories of many wonders he worked among those who were victims to epilepsy and similar diseases. We were told that the great Napoleon tried to put a stop to the procession—that he was in Echternach one Whit-Tuesday, whilst it was taking place, and commanded his troops to fire on "ces fous," as he termed them. But the pilgrims took no heed of either the Emperor or his soldiers, and danced on as usual.



THE SAINT CALLING DOWN HEAVEN'S BENEDICTION ON THE DANCING PILGRIMS.

*From a Painting by Antoine Stevens, of Malines (1605).*



## Short Stories.

### I.—Overcome by Mosquitoes.

By W. M. ELKINGTON.

How the obstinacy of a French Canadian pioneer nearly cost him his life in the dreaded mosquito swamp.



OR such a small creature the mosquito has earned its fair share of importance in the world. Travellers unanimously vote it the "peskiest little wretch in Christendom—or savagedom"; and even natives of the countries it affects generally condemn it as the one curse

of their existence. Though it is a fact that the mosquito usually hunts in hundreds and thousands, it by no means goes to prove that a single specimen lacks concentrative power; for anyone who has passed a night beneath a net into which a mosquito has made its way will bear me out when I say that its presence is as objectionable as that of a mob of howling Indians, and its attacks only a trifle less severe. In turn the mosquito has figured as a nuisance and a thing capable of driving one to madness; but on one remarkable occasion he only narrowly escaped becoming a murderer.

Travellers who have crossed the continent by the magnificent Canadian Pacific Railway will probably have noticed the large Sunbeam Farm promoted by Lord Brassey and other English gentlemen, on the south side of the line at Indian Head Station, in the district of Assiniboia. Nowadays, the

farm is one of the largest and the best cultivated in the country, but six years ago it was only newly laid out, and I was among the first who turned a furrow of the ground. In the little frame shanty on the hill we took our three meals a day of bacon and beans, and in the same place we laid our bunks round the

walls and passed our nights in wholesome sleep. But it was one beautiful summer evening, when all the teamsters were sitting round the "smudge" or smoke-fire with their short pipes, and setting at defiance the hordes of mosquitoes that buzzed overhead, that Louis told the following terrible experience. Louis was a half-bred French Canadian, and the biggest fellow in the camp; he had arms of iron strength, and was as fit to go in a plough and break prairie land as many of the poor horses thus employed, which probably accounts for his having survived. I am not aware that he had any other name; at any rate, he did not use it, for as Louis he came, and as

Louis he remains in my memory.

We were talking about mosquitoes, though in no very complimentary terms, and the boys were vainly endeavouring to make another Englishman and myself believe that the pernicious pests



"LOUIS TOLD HIS TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE."



preferred British blood to any other. My fellow-countryman retorted that the reason of the Canadian's boasted immunity from attack lay in the abominable quality of his tobacco; and then Louis began to tell us how he came so nearly being eaten alive in one of the swamps of Eastern Canada.

Louis was residing at the time in a small village not many miles from the town of Parry Sound, Ontario, and one of his pleasures on Sundays was to walk to another village situated at a distance of two miles east of his own. On this particular Sunday, during the month of June, he had delayed his return until eight o'clock in the evening. The night was delightfully calm and warm, and out in the bush beyond the village could be heard the croaking of bull-frogs and the buzzing of insects; while from among the pretty little farmsteads came the constant jingling of bells, as the poor, tortured cattle pushed and fought their way into the smoke to escape their winged tormentors. The sun had just gone down behind the fringe of pine trees to the west, and Nature seemed to have gone to rest, while the insect creation took possession of the earth.

Louis had evidently some strong attraction in the village he visited, though I am not able to state exactly what it was. At all events, if that had not been the case he would never have postponed his walk until so late, for he knew very well the perils of the pine swamp on such a night. This swamp, through which the road ran for nearly half a mile, was covered with a dense growth of tamarak trees; and people were wont to say that every mosquito in Ontario could trace its origin to that place. The swamp, as it was called, was not so much a marshy plot of ground, but it lay low, and being damp in the evening it was a perfect paradise for myriads of insects. At eight o'clock, or some few minutes after, Louis prepared to take his departure. In vain his friends, knowing the condition of the swamp through which he had to pass, begged him to wear a net over his face. No; Louis would have none of it. Men do not wear such things in Canada, for dignity comes a long way before personal comfort. Louis said his good-byes, lit his pipe, and then started down the village street. At the last house the farmer was standing at the door.

"Where are you going?" he cried, as the other passed.

"Home," said Louis, walking on quickly.

"Not through the swamp!" the other cried after him. "Here, come back."

Louis stopped impatiently and turned on his heel.

"Well, and I guess I've been through before, and I know the way," he said.

"You'll never get through that swamp to-night, boy," exclaimed the farmer, earnestly. "Hark! can't you hear them now? It's as much as a man's life's worth to try and rescue a cow out of it!"

Louis stood still and listened. From far away among the pines came a subdued buzzing, that rose and fell on the gentle breeze, and gave a terrible warning to the foolhardy fellow.

"Skities!" he exclaimed, contemptuously. "Let 'em. There ain't enough 'skities in Ontario to stop me to-night!"

And away he went, puffing the smoke from his pipe, while the farmer stood staring after him, amazed at his indifference and uncertain what to do.

Less than a quarter of a mile from the house the road entered the bush, and here the mosquitoes, which had hitherto been just sufficiently busy to make their presence felt, seemed to rise up from the grass on all sides and hover buzzing round the obstinate man. Louis puffed away at his pipe, and waved his arms and slapped and rubbed with the vigour of a giant, but still the persistent creatures seemed to get the better of the fight. As he swept his hand across his face and rubbed away a cloud of mangled bodies, another horde would come buzzing viciously to take their place, until his hands and face were literally streaming all over with blood. Then another misfortune occurred. The pipe, which had been used so perseveringly, at last gave out, and the flying masses that had hitherto been kept at bay by the smoke swooped nearer and nearer, and buzzed before and around the bewildered man until he could scarcely see his way. Then, as the grass all round seemed continually to give its contribution to the already countless millions, Louis began to run, and for the moment he seemed to distance his overwhelming pursuers. But it was only temporary relief. The man had scarcely time to see that he was still several hundred yards from the edge of the swamp before the clouds overtook him, and enveloped him until all was dark and blurred, and the buzzing of the hosts and myriads sounded in his ears like the hopeless groans of the dying. The poor fellow gasped and spat, and as he opened his mouth the creatures swarmed into the cavity; while his ears, eyes, and nostrils became full of the deadly pests. He waved his arms as a last frantic effort, while the blood streamed from them. He tried to cry out, and choked as the creatures got-down his throat. Then, in a state of suffocation, he threw himself, maddened and



"HE WAVED HIS ARMS AS A LAST FRANTIC EFFORT."

almost asphyxiated, on the ground, and rolled and fought until at last his strength was exhausted and he lay quite still, while the dense, black crowd buzzed over him in triumph.

The farmer at the end of the village was considerably nonplussed by the man's hardihood in venturing through the swamp at such a time. He himself remembered several occasions on which he had attempted the feat on much more favourable nights than this, and he could not imagine anyone else being successful where he had failed. Therefore, after thinking the matter over for some minutes, he suddenly conceived a resolve, and started up the village to question Louis's friends on the point. Strange to say, since the unfortunate fellow's departure, they too had grown uneasy, and it needed only a few remarks from the farmer to paint the horrors of the swamp to raise their anxiety to a high pitch. They immediately planned a relief expedition, and armed with nets and plenty of matches and wood for lighting a "smudge," they set out for the bush. Louis was a fast walker, and they realized that unless he had succeeded in getting through (and that was very unlikely), he must be in sorry straits by this time. So they quickened their pace and broke into a run, which soon brought them to the swamp. Clouds of mosquitoes kept pace with them and harmlessly buzzed outside the nets; and at last, when they were beginning to think the man had passed through after all, or had wandered from the road, they espied an

immense cloud of insects, and beneath it the body of a man, lying perfectly still, and apparently dead.

In an instant a "smudge" was lighted, and as the dense smoke began to pour upwards the body was dragged to the refuge and examined. The heart was still beating, though faintly, and restoratives were applied quickly and wisely by the village doctor, who was one of the party. The nostrils, mouth, and ears were cleared of their horrible clogged masses, and at last, after some hours, the unfortunate man regained consciousness.

But the horrors of that night were not to be dissipated at once. For weeks Louis lay on a bed of sickness, contracted from loss of blood and exhaustion, while the terrible swelling of face and hands caused by the bites made his appearance hideous. He says that until he lost consciousness his fight with the mosquitoes was frightful in the extreme. The excruciating pain was intensified by a sensation something akin to that of drowning or choking.

After this experience Louis was the only man in the Sunbeam Camp who could sit in a dense smoke without gasping. He told us that the bite of a single mosquito sent a cold shiver through his frame; and after such an ordeal it is little wonder that he never attempted to pass through that swamp again under similar circumstances. He even agrees with the farmer that no man could ever come alive through such an ordeal.

II.—*In a Madman's Embrace.*

BY H. KEMBLE.

An old West Indian planter relates his most thrilling experience, and provides actual photographs to illustrate the narrative. The alarm, the headlong pursuit down the line on a truck, the discovery of the madman, and the deadly struggle.



MR. H. KEMBLE.

*From a Photo. by Ernest Kavaastro, Kingston.*

SOME years ago I was engaged in banana planting on an estate in one of the West Indian Islands—Portland, Jamaica, to be precise. The owner of this and other properties, a Mr. Espent, had just laid down a tramway from Spring Garden, the property on which he lived on the sea-shore, to Chepstow, another estate lately put under cultivation seven miles inland. It was a wonderful piece of engineering work, and few men would have undertaken it in face of the difficulties that were to be contended against.

The line started from a wharf on Spring Garden and ran for about a mile through fields of sugar-cane, when it came to a river, which it followed for the rest of the distance (about six miles), sometimes along an embankment which had to be built up, and sometimes on solid rock, which had to be cut down some 90ft. At other times the line ran on an earthy bed cut out of the side of the

hill, with the outer rail, in many places, not a foot from the side, where there was a sheer drop of 60ft. It crossed another river, which emptied itself into the first, by a trestle bridge, and spanned several gullies by small bridges with unprotected sides. The remains of trucks which had jumped the rails at these places were usually found somewhere about the mouth of the river.

Trucks ran backwards and forwards on this line, bringing down sugar-cane, fruit, lumber, etc., and, for the most part, they went up empty. They were drawn up by mules, and were fitted with powerful brakes, as the decline was pretty steep, and a truck set going from the top came down the line at a truly terrific rate.

Soon after I had established my cultivation of a hundred acres of bananas, and had a slack time on my hands, the overseer met with a nasty accident on the line which, when he became convalescent, necessitated his being sent home for a change. Mr. Espent being at a loss for someone to take his place, I volunteered my services and, the better to look after the work, I moved into the overseer's house. This house was also tenanted by a Canadian sawyer, whose name I must give here as Laing, and his wife and children, as well as an American who was a cooper by trade, and Carter by name. The two men worked for Mr. Espent, and Mrs. Laing did



*From a*

A CUTTING THROUGH THE ROCK.

*[Photo.*





From a]

BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER, WITH UNPROTECTED SIDES.

[Photo.

the housekeeping for us. This house was the only one on the property, with the exception of the negro huts and the indentured coolie barracks, and the saw-mills were quite near to the house.

We all had plenty of hard work, mine being nearly all on horseback, and we were always ready to turn in early. I, however, found time every morning for a swim in a deep pool in the river, which considerably improved my swimming and diving powers. This was extremely lucky for me, as it proved later on.

Laing was a queer-tempered man, and very difficult to understand. He could not get on with the negroes at all—he simply hated them; and I often feared he would fall foul of some of them, in which case there would not have been much chance for the nigger, as Laing was an immensely powerful man.

One evening during my usual talk with him he suddenly said he must go down to the saw-mills for something. He went out of the room in his shirt-sleeves and stockings feet—his usual dress in the evenings. I then turned in, and was asleep in a couple of minutes.

I was suddenly awakened by a loud knocking at my door, and a voice, which I distinguished as Mrs. Laing's, calling me. Slipping on some flannels I went out, and noticed by the light of the candle she held that she looked terribly frightened. "Oh, Mr. Kemble," she said, "my husband has not come in, and he isn't at the saw-mills, for I have been to look."

"Well, I'll go and have a look," I said; "I expect he has gone to see one of the men about some work to be done to-morrow."

I went to the negro houses and the coolie barracks, but he had not been there. Carter then joined me, and together we searched in every place where he could possibly have been, but without success.

Returning to the house we were met by Mrs. Laing, who looked very white, and was

clutching a piece of paper in her hand. She handed it to me, and I read:—

"DEAREST WIFE,—I cannot stand this life any longer. By the time you get this I shall be at the bottom of the sea. God bless you and the children, and forgive me.—EDWARD."

"Where did you find this?" I asked, in astonishment.

"On my dressing-table, partly under the looking-glass," she replied, bursting into tears.

"Bear up, Mrs. Laing," I said, reassuringly; "we will overtake him; meanwhile, you get indoors, and we will soon bring him back. Come on, Carter, help me to get a truck."

The only way to the sea, except by going miles round, was by the tram-line, so that I had every hope of being in time by using a truck, which I knew he had not done. We had to take a small iron trolley, with no brake, as the large trucks were switched off some distance from the house, and were all loaded up ready for going down in the morning. Greasing the wheels well, we shoved off into the darkness.

Never shall I forget that headlong ride. Down we rushed through pitch darkness, with the river roaring below on the cruel rocks which we could imagine, although we could not see. No brake had we to stop the truck with should anything come in our way, such as a stone, or a stray animal, or one of the many obstacles which we knew often slipped down on to the line. Indeed, we could not have seen it if anything had been there. Fancying every second





[From a]

THE SAW-MILLS.—THE MAN ON THE RIGHT WITH THE LONG BEARD IS THE MADMAN.

[Photo.]

we were into something, our hearts were in our mouths when, every now and then, the wheels of the truck struck a stone and the whole crazy flying conveyance jumped—luckily back on to the rails again. It was a terrible ride, indeed, but fortunately did not last long. We were down in fifteen minutes, though it had seemed an hour. The last mile being on the level, we had slowed down considerably by the time we reached the overseer's house at Spring Garden, where we managed to jump off safely. The overseer was staying at the time in what we called the "Great House," where Mr. Espent himself lived, but the latter was away in the hills with his family. On making inquiries at the overseer's house I found that Laing *had* been there some minutes before—hatless, coatless, and bootless, but he seemed quite natural in his manner. He had asked for paper and written a letter to Mr. Garnett, the overseer, to be given him in the morning, and had then gone out again. Seizing the letter, I rushed up to the Great House and found Mr. Garnett on the steps. He had heard the noise made by our truck coming down, and had come out to see what was the matter. Opening the letter, he read: "DEAR GARNETT,—I have made up my mind to drown myself. I shall have done it

before you get this. Will you see after the wife and children, and do all that is necessary to get them back home?—LAING."

Garnett, Carter, and I, with some coolies to help us, were soon at work searching along the sea-shore. Carter and I went to the left and followed the shore as far as we could get; then we joined Garnett and the coolies, who had worked towards the mouth of the river on the right.

When we reached the river we stopped to hold a consultation on the bank, which was here steep, with a deep pool below. I thought I heard a noise in some bushes near, and stooped down to peer into them. Suddenly a dark form started up before me. Without a word the mysterious and startling figure seized me round the body in a grip of iron. Then a jump and a splash, and we were both in the river.

I realized in a minute that I was in the hands of a madman, who meant to drown me. For the first second I struggled. Then I remained calm, thinking that I should require all my breath. I began wondering who would hold out longest, and, if *he* lost consciousness first, would he let go his grip? I knew he did not swim; I, on the other hand, was an adept at the art. This gave me reason to hope that I

should be able to hold out longer than he. But I was only too well aware that one cannot take measures against all that a madman is capable of. I was so far entirely in his power. He held me very tight, and for some minutes we rolled over and over in this fashion in the water. Once we touched bottom, and I struggled to keep my presence of mind and to resist the sickening feeling of being lost. The madman's grip did not relax, and we rose together again. I felt lighter in heart and began to hope. Would he get tired and let me go? Over and over we rolled again; then we brushed against a rock with a dull thud and a thrill of pain. Next moment all became dark. I had lost consciousness.

When I came to myself, I was lying on the bank, with Garnett and Carter hanging over me. Laing himself was lying next to me.

"How do you feel?" asked Garnett.

"Oh, I dunno," I murmured.

A minute later, up drove the doctor with the coolie who had been sent for him. After a brief examination of me he gave me a sip of brandy and said I would do all right. Then he turned his attention to Laing. Having examined him, he said to Garnett, "You had better take Kemble to your house in my trap and get him to bed, and by the time you return I think I shall have Laing brought round." I was accordingly helped into the buggy and driven off. On arriving at the house I was put to bed, and was asleep in no time.

Next morning I was not much the worse for my nocturnal struggle with my would-be

murderer. Laing, however, was very ill with brain fever. He was unconscious for three weeks, and had to be carefully watched and attended to all the time. However, careful nursing by his wife and the skilful treatment of the doctor brought him round again.

It was decided that the sawyer had better return to his home in Canada, and just before he and his family started he alluded to that dreadful night.

He said he hardly remembered going down to Spring Garden, although it must have been a very painful walk in his bootless state; but he remembered wading into the sea up to his waist, when he heard his children calling him distinctly. He turned back and was wandering along the bank, when he heard voices, and then a form peered into the bush behind which he was crouching. Thinking it was a nigger, in the darkness, a sudden frenzy seized him, and he clasped his supposed assailant round the body and jumped into the river, hoping to drown the detested darkie and himself too. He remembered no more.

I learnt that Garnett and Carter had run down below the pool where it got shallow, and had caught us as we were brought down by the stream.

In comparing notes afterwards, Mrs. Laing said the children had awakened and called out for their father just about the time that Laing had fancied he heard them.

What I could never make out was why Laing chose the sea, when he could have ended his existence at dozens of places he passed on his way down the tram-line.

### III.—*My Short Cut Up the Cliffs.*

BY B. DE SALES LA TERRIERE, CAPTAIN LATE 18TH HUSSARS.

A sprightly and amusing narrative of the serio-comic dilemma in which Captain La Terriere found himself. Landing at the cliff foot to escape mal-de-mer, he found he could get neither up nor down. His frantic efforts and exciting rescue.

THE spring of the Jubilee Year, 1887, found me quartered at that delightfully clean and sweet-smelling "port of pigs," the gay city of Waterford.

I was in command of a squadron of my regiment, Her Majesty's 18th Hussars, and after a particularly sleety, sloppy winter, in which nothing much in the way of soldiering could be done (except keeping the old troop horses in exercise), the time came for the usual annual course of musketry to be got through.

I'm afraid we—the fraternity of "the jaunty cap and the jingling spur"—only looked upon the musketry course as a thing to be "got

through," and that as quickly as possible, as the present and most proper interest in that branch of a cavalryman's duties was then scarcely felt.

However, this particular course was destined to impress itself pretty considerably upon my memory before I'd done with it. There were no rifle ranges at Waterford, and the custom was for one of the two troops quartered there to be sent temporarily to Duncannon Fort, some ten or twelve miles down the river on the Wexford side, there to complete its course of firing, and then to be succeeded by the other troop for the same purpose.

I myself, as commanding the detachment at

Waterford, had a certain amount of business and routine work at Waterford, while at the same time I had to superintend the firing at Duncannon. Or, in other words, I had to perform the trick of that good old bird of Sir Boyle Roche's, and be in two places at once.

Quite easy when you try! I did it in this way. I used to ride down in the morning to a village on the Waterford side of the river, a mile or two above Duncannon, where, by arrangement with the most obliging of Coastguard officers, a boat, manned by three bluejackets, met me, and took me down the river and across to the little jetty of the fort. When the firing was finished, there was nothing to keep me at Duncannon, and so I returned the same way I had come, and finished my day's work at Waterford.

Now, the estuary at Passage, as the village on the Waterford side is called, was about two miles wide, and capable of holding a tidy "sea" on occasions; but, luckily for me and my journeys to and fro, the weather up till now had been very calm.

One morning, however, on arrival, I found a dead head-wind blowing up the river, and a five-knot tide doing all it knew to help out the wind. I happened to be very late that morning, having been kept at Waterford over some business or other, and didn't at all relish being further delayed by the long beat which we should have to make against wind and tide to reach the fort.

I should say that while the shore on the Waterford side slopes down to the estuary, that on the Wexford side rises sheer from the water in dull red cliffs 200ft. or 300ft. high, with here and there falls of shale and earth reaching in rugged steps to the top. We had made about two beats across the river, and made very little progress: the time for my musketry parade was already past, and (tell it not!) the "poppet" of the sea was beginning to make me feel it was quite time I was landed somewhere.

As we neared the shore I had a good look at it, and it seemed to me that in places where the rubbish and shale reached from the top of the cliffs to the bottom, in more or less of a slope, steep though it might be, there oughtn't to be anything to prevent a man of ordinary activity from climbing up to the top.

Anyhow, I determined to have a try. I soon spied a place that seemed just the spot I wanted, where the shale, *looking up* at it, seemed to

reach right to the top; and beyond a stiff climb it seemed to present no difficulties. Concealing my growing "qualms," I told the "sailor-men" that, as I was in a great hurry and late for my parade, I thought that if they would land me on the spot I had selected, I could make my way to the top, and reach Duncannon quicker than I could by beating down the river.

Delighted to get their morning's work done and back to their comfortable quarters, they landed me on some slippery rocks at the bottom of the cliff, and then, with a "good morning," they shoved off, and trimmed their lug-sail for a run home.

Down to the water's edge came the shale, pretty steep, certainly, but nothing to be afraid of, though I found that a tight frock-coat, gold-laced pantaloons, and jack-boots and spurs was hardly a first-class cliff-climbing kit.

I started away, and by zig-zagging a bit now and then, I was getting on finely. The top of the cliff seemed close at hand when, good heavens! *the slope of the shale suddenly gave out*, and I found myself confronted with, not even a smooth face to the cliff, but an *absolute overhang* of some 6ft. or 7ft. sheer!

A very few moments' examination showed me that to reach the top that way was just an impossibility, and I decided to go down the



"I WAVED MY HELM-CRESCENT."

way I came up and start at a fresh place. Quite easy to settle, but—loose shale to climb *up* is one thing, and loose shale to climb *down* is another thing.

I hadn't gone three steps in a downward direction before I felt the *whole slope was on the move!*

I was perfectly powerless to stop it, and before you could say "knife," I was dashing down with the rubbish, and only too glad when I found myself brought up against a very nasty, prickly blackthorn bush, that had managed to establish itself on the face of the cliff.

Here was a jolly predicament! I couldn't possibly reach the top, and to embark on the slippery, shifting shale again meant arriving on the ragged rocks below at a pace that would mean "pieces," and no more parades for me! What was I to do? On that wild bit of coast it was no good expecting "someone" to come and help me out of the mess, and I was at least a mile and a half from the fort, which was the nearest inhabited house. I supposed I *must* get down. I tried. Result: a rattle of stones, and "wump," I'm brought up again by a big projecting stone!

Then I gave up the idea of trying to climb either up or down, and concentrated my energies in an effort to attract the notice of the coastguardsmen, who had just hauled up their boat on the other side of the river. I began to shout (Lord, how I did yell!) and waved my handkerchief in the hope of being seen. I've got pretty good lungs, and after a bit I saw one of the men come out of their station-house, and then the other two; and a minute later the boat had started "to the rescue."

I wasn't feeling at all comfortable, and every minute expected to feel myself "on the run" again, with the rocks below to bring me up. I tell you I watched that boat's proceedings with considerable attention.

They had to beat down to me, and it seemed a very long time before they arrived. But at last they ran down their sail and shot in just below me. I shouted down and told them the fix I was in, and also that as I couldn't get *down* they'd have to haul me *up*.

They moved off to a place where the ascent was really practicable, and a few minutes after I heard a voice above me on the cliff top. I suppose it was about an

hour from the time I'd started to go up, and as for most of this time I'd been clinging to my stone like a fly to a wall, you may imagine that I was beginning to feel rather cramped.

The only available rope was the boat's painter, and this was looped and let down towards me from above. I say *towards me* advisedly, for it didn't reach the place I was stuck at by several yards. There was nothing for it but to climb up to the rope, and this I did, with several slips on the shifting rubbish, now thoroughly loosened, till I had the end of the loop in my grasp. I wasn't quite out of the wood yet, though!

A loop had been made at the end of the rope, which I passed under my arms, and very thin that rope looked, too, to support a man over some 200ft. of space. Anyhow, it was that or nothing.

As I mentioned before, the top of the cliff, which was principally gravel, and none too firm, *overhung* several feet out of the perpendicular, so I had to let myself go from my foothold and allow myself to be hauled up sheer and clear.

Very odd it felt, I can assure you, spinning round in space, and I didn't seem to go up over





fast, but I was congratulating myself on having nearly got to the end of my difficulties. Anyhow, I had perfect confidence in the ability of the bluejackets to see me through.

I was, I suppose, about a yard from the top, when I heard a shout, "Look out, sir, for God's sake! The cliff's cracking!" and in an instant there was a deluge of mud, shale, and gravel, filling my eyes and mouth with stones, and knocking me half silly, as with a rush like an avalanche a great mass of earth and stones dashed away beneath me, and fell with a mighty crash upon the rocks below, leaving me spinning and bumping against the cliff

I neared the top. It was probably to this plan that we all owed our lives.

The weight and exertions of the foremost man, added to my weight on the rope, had cracked the edge of the cliff where it overhung, and when the crash came, as it did without a moment's warning, he had only just time to shout out to me, and throw himself back to avoid being carried down.

Certainly half of his weight and all mine was thus thrown on the third man—then luckily some yards from the edge—and the odds are that if the rope had not been made fast round his body, certainly two of us must have gone



"HE THREW HIMSELF BACK TO AVOID BEING CARRIED DOWN."

like a sparrow roasting on the end of a bit of worsted!

Till I had collected my wits a bit I quite thought that I was falling too; but I found that the rope was still round me, and I remember seeing a scared face peering down at me and hearing a shout, "Hurrah, boys; he's all right! Haul away on him." I was being drawn up the steep incline that now appeared where the overhang had broken away. A moment or two later I was seized by the arms, and at last stood in safety.

It appeared that of the three men who had come to my rescue, one had stayed with the boat, and of the two who had scaled the cliff, one had made the rope fast round his body, and while his mate hauled on the rope, he "took in the slack" by crawling farther away as

down with the falling earth. If the two men had both been standing hauling *together* close to the edge when the slip occurred, we should *all* have gone to kingdom come for a dead certainty!

But what, you may ask, were my feelings on finding myself panting, and very dirty, but safe, on the top?

Well, I suppose I ought to say that I felt bursting with thankfulness and all sorts of nice sentiments; but in point of fact I can only confess to feeling much as I recollect doing after smoking my first cigar! There you have it!

The next time I attended musketry parade at Duncannon Fort, I chanced delay and *mal-de-mer*, and landed at the jetty like other folks.

## IV.—A Masai Massacre.

BY WALTER H. BONE.

With portraits of the murdered missionary and his wife. The author, who is a well-known traveller and explorer, was invited to investigate the affair, and he tells herein in able style all he saw and gathered on the spot.

THE methods of the Central African savage cannot even by his most hopeful student be termed humane. To one who has lived with him, who knows him and his works, it is

difficult to believe that the African occupies a niche in the same scale of creation as the civilized being; but among many inhuman barbarities perpetrated through what appears sheer lust of blood, so far as my experience extends, the murder of the Rev. James Houghton and his wife by Masai warriors at Golbanti in the Galla country, on the 3rd May, 1885, stands pre-eminent.

The slaughter of Bishop Hannington and his *pagani* by the King of Uganda was bad enough in all conscience, but that affair may have had some faint shadow of excuse in the fact that it was looked upon by the King and his tribe more in the light of an execution than a murder. The Bishop, as I was informed at the time by members of different tribes, had been warned by messengers from his quasi-majesty that the King was willing to receive him provided he came by the ordinary route, but he must not enter Uganda by the "back door." The Bishop persisted, was captured, stood in a row with the rest of his caravan, and speared. But in Houghton's case the Masai simply carried out in the most heartless, unprovoked, inhuman manner their tribal boast that "nothing lives where the El Moran have passed."

Golbanti, the scene of the tragedy, is a station on the Tana River, belonging to the United Methodist Free Church Mission Society, and was founded little more than two years previously by the Rev. Thomas Wakefield, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., etc., the eminent missionary and explorer, at the express wish of the Galla

King (Dardi) and his principal chiefs. The station was the only one at that time on the Tana River, and, by what is more, or perhaps less, than a coincidence, considering the fact

that the author's brother was (he believes) Vice-Consul at Lamu, the attack by Masai forms a telling incident in Mr. Rider Haggard's excellent book, "Allan Quatermain."

Having been invited by my friend Mr. Wakefield to accompany him on an expedition to investigate the circumstances surrounding the massacre, it was arranged that I should join him at Lamu, whence we were to make the first stage of the trip by dhow to Kipini, an Arab town at the mouth of the Ozi River. But I arrived at the rendezvous completely prostrated by a severe attack of jungle fever, contracted while shooting farther south, and this delayed our departure for several days, by which time, thanks to the more than brotherly care bestowed upon me by my companion and Mr. W. H. During, a coloured missionary, who accompanied us, I was sufficiently recovered to proceed.

The itinerary, however, was changed, and, instead of voyaging to Kipini, we disembarked on the mainland and marched to a village called Kiongwe, where we camped for the night in the goat-pound attached to one of the huts. Mr. Wakefield being provided with documents from the Sultan of Zanzibar, commanding the chiefs to afford us every assistance, we were next morning escorted to the confines of the village by the *wa-see* (chief men), who presented us on parting with some fowls and eggs.

Another day's march brought us to Mpekatoni, whose inhabitants, on our starting again, gave us a goat and more fowls. The long marches in the



THE REV. JAMES HOUGHTON.  
From a Photo. by George Hadley, Lincoln.



MRS. HOUGHTON.  
From a Photo. by George Hadley, Lincoln.  
(Both were slaughtered by the Masai.)

blazing sun brought on a recurrence of my fever, and towards midday I collapsed beside a small, marshy pool. A halt was called and a hammock rigged, into which I was lifted, and the march resumed. I did not enjoy that ride. The sky was like polished brass, whose fiery heat literally seared the flesh: I was mad with thirst; tormented by mosquitoes and flies; my skin scratched and torn by the thorn-jungle through which in places the trail led; my blood boiled with fever, and as a consequence of the disease I felt utterly despondent. It was very unpleasant. Through all the remainder of that hideously long day we marched, until, towards sunset, we reached Kipini. Here we took up our quarters in the barazza of a native hut (our pagazi being billeted elsewhere), and for three days I was hardly able to move, indifferent to everything but the self-abnegation of my two friends, who, though suffering slightly from fever themselves, did all in their power to set me on my feet.

The remainder of the journey was to be performed by water, *viz* the Ozi and Tana rivers, for which purpose *whozes* (long canoes) were procured, and in these we paddled up the Ozi as far as Kao, and as I was now strong enough to hold a rifle again, I paid a good deal of attention to the hippopotami which blew and snorted around us. I remember shooting, too, a black monkey, which I fetched out of a tree across the river at the third shot from my revolver.

Starting from Kao shortly after sunrise next day, by noon we reached the Belazoni, a peculiar narrow canal connecting the Ozi with the Tana. This canal, the origin of which we were not able to discover, runs through flat country covered with grass jungle. It is about two miles long, and from 3ft. to 12ft. wide, its course being exceedingly sinuous and erratic. The water, though shallow in parts, harbours numberless crocodiles, which lie in the shadow of the rank vegetation overhanging its banks. But mosquitoes! We Australians know something of the pest, from the "Little Black" to the "Scotch Grey," but never in my wanderings have I struck such awful swarms; they were simply indescribable. Our mosquito-net puggeries were no protection whatever; they stung through our clothing with as much ease as if it were the bare skin. The men suffered terribly as they marched in single file along the bank towing the canoes, each man with a palm leaf in his hand brushing the mosquitoes off the man in front, and the last man giving one for his leader and two for himself. The air was thick with them; one absolutely *breathed* mosquitoes. I killed a match-boxful

in a few minutes (During will remember it, for that night I handed the box to him when he asked for tobacco, and in the dark he filled his pipe from it; he only took two puffs, however) before I was driven, weak as I was, to get out and march with the men. However, I had not travelled a hundred yards before I stumbled and pitched into the water, from which I was instantly hauled out by the men, much to the annoyance of sundry crocodiles.

Half-way through the Belazoni some little excitement was caused by a party of Galla warriors who suddenly appeared, and seizing the first canoe in which Mr. Wakefield was sitting, ordered us all to land. Their object was *hongo* (blackmail), and we presented a strange picture while the matter was being discussed: Mr. Wakefield seated upon a camp-stool, with myself and During standing on either side, our men squatting in a wide semi-circle behind us with their backs to the canal, each man with his rifle between his knees, while opposite us crouched the Galla warriors, their number being added to every moment by fresh arrivals, their spears stuck erect in the ground, looking like a small forest of slender saplings with glittering points. It seemed we were in for a very pretty fight, as both parties glared savagely at each other over their weapons, but my companion being a past-master in the art of African diplomacy, we were at length conditionally allowed to proceed without molestation, it having been arranged that the matter should be settled at the next village the following morning.

Halting at a Wa-Pocomo hamlet on the bank of the Tana, we had another wretched night, and in the morning, after settling with the Galla chiefs, we resumed our way. Apart from the usual incidents of African travel, the remainder of our journey was performed without adventure, and when at last we arrived at our destination, we found that such of the mission people as had escaped the massacre had built temporary dwellings in the usual beehive form, on the opposite bank of the river.

The account of the massacre as resulting from our investigations on the spot was supplemented by details supplied by a tribesman named Mbaji (afterwards my personal attendant), who witnessed the whole affair from his concealment in the jungle, and is as follows:—

The station consisted of two houses, each surrounded by a *boma* or stockade some 12ft. in height, inclosing about an acre of ground; the buildings being at opposite ends of the village and distant from each other perhaps 300yds. The house nearest the *bandari* (landing-place), in which we quartered ourselves, was built of corrugated iron, and consisted of two rooms;

the other, lately occupied by the murdered missionaries, was situated on the edge of the jungle, and was of more recent construction, built of timber with thatched roof, and possessing much larger accommodation. Midway between the two houses, on the well-kept path which formed the main street of the village, a large building had been erected to serve the purpose of a church and council-house.

Some three months previously there had been an alarm of Masai, but no attack was made, and as there had been no previous instance of a white man being done to death by this ferocious tribe, all apprehension quickly subsided. It was afterwards seen that they were merely a scouting party.

Early on the morning of the 3rd May, Mr. Houghton, totally unarmed as usual, was down the village building a clay platform in the church already mentioned, and his wife was sitting on the veranda of their house, sewing. She had not been long at work when a large party of strange warriors was observed debouching from the jungle and marching round the stockade, carrying huge elliptical painted shields of buffalo hide, great broad-bladed spears, spatulate-shaped swords, and clubs: while to add to their terrifying aspect each man wore a face-circle of black feathers from which over each ear sprouted a large ostrich feather.

Startled at the appearance of the strange men, Mrs. Houghton asked a Galla servant what tribe they belonged to, but the woman did not know, and called to a boy who was at work inside. The moment the lad saw them he yelled "Masai!" and fled for his life. Terrified by the fearful meaning conveyed in that one word the poor lady rushed outside, leaving the comparative security of the stockade, and ran shrieking down the path towards her husband, pursued by a number of the savages. Hearing his wife's cries, Houghton left his work and ran towards her, meeting her at the moment when one of the Masai overtook her and plunged his spear into her right side. She staggered round, holding out her arms towards her husband, when another warrior leaping between them stabbed her again. Frantic with horror and grief, Houghton dragged



"HUGHTON DRAGGED OFF HIS HELMET, AND CROOKED IT IN THE SIDE OF A WARRIOR."

off his helmet and dashed it in the face of a warrior whose threatening spear was within an inch of his own breast.

Suddenly one of the Masai, thrusting him backward with his shield, stabbed him in the left side below the heart, and then, when he stumbled forward upon his face, finished the work by spearing him between the shoulder-blades. The Masai then mutilated their victims in a horrible manner with their spears and swords, and clubbed them all over till their poor bodies were battered almost out of the semblance of humanity, meanwhile dancing their war-dance around them. So died these heroic and devoted servants of Christ.

They then dispersed about the village, murdering men, women, and children as they found them, and generally acting the part of fiends incarnate. Taken by surprise, very few of the Mission Gallas made a stand—as a matter of fact, the very name of Masai is enough to take the heart out of a warrior of another tribe—but such few as did raise their weapons in defence of their women or themselves went down like slaughtered sheep.

At the bandari were two canoes belonging to the mission, into which the people crowded, knowing that once across deep water, even were it merely too wide to be sprung over, they were safe. One canoe load got safely across, but the other being overloaded, and probably ill-managed in the terror and excitement of the



moment, capsized, and such of its occupants as were not at once drowned were swept by the rush of the water into an eddy in the river close to the landing-place they had just left. Here the bank was lined by a swarm of laughing, howling Masai, who extended the shafts of their spears to the struggling fugitives as if to assist them to land, and then, seizing them one by one, stabbed them to the heart and threw their bodies back to feed the crocodiles with which the river swarms.

When no more victims could be found, the warriors returned to the mission-house, secured all the knives and implements of steel they could lay their hands upon, but scattered about the place a large sum of money in Mexican dollars, with the use of which they were unacquainted; and, out of pure wantonness, they actually speared the bedding, pillows, curtains, furniture, doors, etc., and then departed.

On our arrival at the scene the place was pretty much as it had been left by the raiders. With the exception of the knives already mentioned, we found the stores intact, and by degrees, emboldened by our presence, the refugees mustered up sufficient courage to return to the station.

Though the stern realities of our position were hardly conducive to the appreciation of humour, I cannot refrain from mentioning in conclusion two little incidents which gave us a wide smile during our work. Of course, we were liable at any moment to an attack, and, as the militant member of the expedition, it was my duty to inspect the pickets detailed at intervals around the station to guard against surprise. On my very first patrol I discovered one of the men squatting in the centre of the track, fifty yards from where he had placed his weapons against a tree, and industriously setting snares for a kind of partridge called *Kiringensi*. I

crept behind him, yelled, and fired my pistol. It was comical to see him leap into the air and run for his life without ever looking behind him. The next two were comfortably snoring behind bushes, and the last man I visited nearly shot me by mistake. They kept better watch afterwards.

The other case happened while I was taking an inventory of the drugs and chemicals. Many of the bottles were without labels, and I had to judge the contents by taste or smell. My proceedings were watched with great interest by a gaunt, long-legged, grim-looking Galla, who presently stole softly into the room, and, believing himself unobserved, began to imitate my example. Amongst the chemicals was a very large bottle of liquid ammonia, and gently removing the stopper he applied his wide nostrils and took a heavy sniff. His first impulse, when he could get his mouth shut, was to jump for his spear; but, as I took no notice of him, he presently quieted down and crept out of the place, returning shortly with



"I CREPT BEHIND HIM AND FIRED MY PISTOL."

another warrior, whom he led cautiously up to the ammonia, and by mysterious signs and mutterings induced to repeat the experiment. A moment after, the second man was staggering back with jaws agape, his eyes rolling, and an expression of the most horrified dismay on his countenance. He, too, grasped his spear and turned threateningly towards the white man, but seeing his comrade rubbing his stomach with one hand, and cramming the other into his mouth—literally doubled up with suppressed laughter—a grin gradually spread over his features as he took in the joke, and together they quickly left the house. My work completed, I locked the door and left, but on my way to our quarters met them returning with half-a-dozen others, upon whom they evidently intended to play off the same trick.

## Through Pygmy Land.\*

BY ALBERT B. LLOYD.

### II.

Completing the narrative of Mr. Lloyd's extraordinary journey through the Pygmy and cannibal districts of Central Africa. Copiously illustrated by photographs taken by himself. Published solely and exclusively in "The Wide World Magazine."



MY LAST GLIMPSE OF RUWENZORI (MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON).  
From a Photo.



FROM the hot springs, in a westerly direction, it is about two days' march to Mbeni, the frontier fort of the Congo Free State, and here we bade farewell to Ruwenzori. Crossing several beautiful mountain streams *en route* (the next snapshot was taken at this point), the current of some of these small rivers is very strong, and on two occasions we had the greatest difficulty in getting across; for, although the water did not reach the waist, still the swiftness of the stream made it dangerously difficult for the porters. The next photo. shows one of the worst of these rivers. My little dog, Sally, who had accompanied me so long, very nearly lost her life here. Jumping into the water to get out of the hot sun, she was swept away before we had the least chance of getting her out. I

ran along the bank for some distance, and then, reaching a place where the current was less violent, I waded into the middle of the stream and awaited with breathless anxiety the advent of my poor little pet.

Presently I heard someone on the bank calling to me, and turning round to see who it was, to my intense joy, there stood one of my boys with the best of all doggies by his side. She was looking at me with her head on one side in ever so cheeky a manner, as much as to say, "Well, you must think I'm a fool if you have the notion that a paltry thing like this river can make an end of *me*—after all I've passed through!" She had scrambled up the bank about fifty yards farther back, and had come to look for me.

From Toro to the Congo Free State frontier I took with me a few cows, so as to enjoy the luxury of fresh milk as long as it was possible; these had to return to Toro from this point, as the herbage of the forest is fatal to cattle. The picture at the top of the next page

shows my cattle on the borders of the Congo State.

When only half an hour's walk from Mbeni, I



THE DANGEROUS RIVER WHERE MY LITTLE DOG SALLY NEARLY LOST HER LIFE.  
From a Photo.

\* Copyright, 1899, in the United States by Albert B. Lloyd.

arrived at the border of the great forest, and very soon we were forcing our way along in eternal twilight. During part of the first day in the Pygmy forest, however, we were in more or less open coun-

dense undergrowth. I always marched at the head of my little caravan, keeping a good lookout, and one of my boys marched at the rear of the porters to keep them well together. One



*From a*

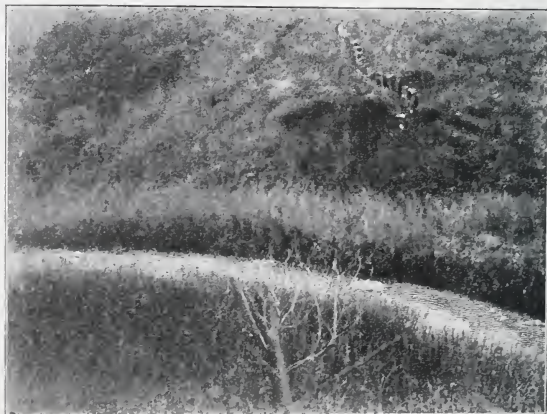
MY CATTLE ON THE BORDERS OF THE CONGO STATE.

*[Photo.]*

try, and the next snap-shot from a hillside shows my caravan threading its way through the thick bush on the opposite side of the valley; a rushing river being at the bottom. Some of the porters carried the loads on their heads, whilst others carried them suspended from the forehead by a piece of tough bark, the load itself resting against the back. When carried on the head a soft pad of bark cloth is used, and when resting on the back large forest leaves were used as a protection against chafing. None of my loads weighed over 55lb.; the men, therefore, were not too heavily laden, as the usual load for an African porter is 65lb.

At each village I came to I obtained fresh porters, sometimes paying big presents of cloth to the chief, and never accepting porters who did not willingly give their services in return for reasonable pay. I also obtained in this way native guides, who remained with me for one or two days. Generally speaking we were able to follow small tracks, but not infrequently were obliged to literally cut our way through the

thing I must mention with reference to these porters: not on one single occasion did I have to use the stick, either for idleness or rebellion; and all through the forest they marched quite willingly, bearing their heavy burdens in silence. Frequently by the side of the track we would come upon human remains—miserable wanderers lost in the forest who had



MY CARAVAN MAKING ITS WAY THROUGH THE GREAT PYGMY FOREST (TAKEN FROM A HILL). *[Photo.]*





From a] CARAVAN CROSSING A RIVER IN THE PYGMY FOREST. [Photo.

died of starvation. One day we found a poor woman reclining against a tree in a most desperate condition. She had been left in the forest by her cruel master, an Arab, there to die of starvation. Three days before this Arab had passed that way with slaves, and had left this destitute creature behind, she being unable to walk farther. She had had no food for two days, and when I came up with her she was chewing a kind of hard tree-bean that exists in great quantities in the forest. Directly she saw us she cried out for water, and I gave to her the bottle of cocoa that I always carried with me—this she drank with great eagerness.

We then gave her food and carried her on with some of my spare porters to a point near to the next village, when she was able to proceed by walking, having so far recovered her strength. In the great Pygmy forest are many beautiful running streams, and although the water is not very palatable, I think when boiled it is harmless enough.

The next photo. we have to consider shows my caravan crossing one of these rivers. My donkey is standing in the middle of the stream looking towards me as I took the photograph. Nearly all the rivers swarm with fish of various kinds, and frequently, when getting into camp, I would go down to the river bank and

fish for my supper. I was generally pretty successful—notwithstanding the primitive implements I used.

One day, when walking along in a very dark part of the forest, I suddenly heard a great noise not far from the path as of a lot of men talking together in anger, and I thought we had arrived at a large village; but when I asked the men who were with me what it was, they said it was the uproar made by the huge monkeys that live in the trees. I subsequently found that it was a large troop of gorillas. All this added much to the wildness of the primeval forest. My camp in the forest—the subject of the next illustration—was always pitched in as clear a spot as could be found; but usually I was obliged to fix my tent ropes to the surrounding trees, and then make a rough zareba round the whole. The photograph which is here reproduced was taken in the middle of the day, and with a very long exposure, for the place was all but in darkness, so dense were the trees and undergrowth. The men who appear in the foreground had very strict instructions from me to keep perfectly still, and I think that they did not do badly on the whole.

We always kept big camp-fires going—that is, until we retired to rest, for as we never kept



From a] MY CAMP IN THE HEART OF THE PYGMY FOREST. [Photo.



a watch at night, they always went out before morning. The first few nights it was hard for anyone to sleep, so strange and unearthly were the sounds from animals, birds, falling trees, and the like. As the rainy season was at its height, frightful storms raged nearly every night, and the wind was sometimes positively terrifying.

At twelve o'clock one night I was suddenly aroused from sleep by a frightful sensation of pricking all over my body. It was as if pins were being thrust into me in every part. Then I heard my dog Sally racing about the tent in a most excited manner, knocking everything over, including my washing basin, which was full of water. I struck a light when I had at last, after a great search, found the matches, and then beheld the tent simply full of red ants, the real biting sort. I did not take long to rush out of the tent and call for the boys and porters. They all brought fire, and, surrounding the tent, commenced killing the myriads of pests that were inside; whilst I, shivering outside in the rain, picked dozens of dangerous vermin off my poor aching body. It was not till 2 a.m. that the place was tolerably cleared, and even in the morning when dressing I found many ants on my clothes. And they *do* bite! While dressing in the early morning on another occasion, I happened to look out at my tent door to wake up the porters, when to my immense astonishment I beheld a great elephant looking over the zareba of our camp, mildly contemplating the peaceful scene. He soon ran away, however, when he found himself observed. I mention these incidents to show what one has to expect when tramping through Pygmy-land.

It has been said that the Pygmies have no kind of religion. I have, however, proved this to be incorrect, for not only do they wear a kind of charm, or fetish, but they have, apparently, some sort of superstitious idea with reference to certain trees. In the accompanying photograph will be seen a series of little "devil"-houses at the foot of a very large tree—evidently held sacred by the Pygmies, because I found these in a clearing in the forest, right in the centre of the Pygmy zone. I take it that they were undoubtedly put there by the Pygmies themselves. Frequently in my little hunting expeditions I came across small offerings placed at the foot

of trees—sometimes a little parcel of different kinds of food. At other times the offering would take the form of a little pot of honey. Close by a small encampment that I discovered I found several more of these curious little temples. Some were very neatly built.

I did not meet with the Pygmies until I had spent several days in the forest, nor did I see anything to lead me to suppose that there were any human beings there at all. But one day (about the sixth day in the forest) what was called by my boy a "man-monkey" was pointed out to me, and I was in the act of taking deliberate aim at the creature, thinking it must be a gorilla, when the boy stopped me, exclaiming, "It is a man." I then saw my mistake: it was a pygmy—a very short, sturdy little fellow, with massively developed limbs, hairy chest, and scrubby beard half-way down the body. He carried a bow and arrows, and upon seeing me he ran nimbly along the branch on which he stood, and, jumping from tree to tree like a monkey, disappeared. At the close of the day the little people, with great shyness, came into my camp to see me. I asked one of the men to give me the bow and arrows he was carrying, and he did so; also a horn made of ivory. Their chief procured me some fresh meat, and a large earthenware pot of honey.

I took the precaution of asking my little friend to taste some of the honey himself first,



From a

SACRED DEVIL-HOUSES IN THE PYGMY FOREST.

[Photo.

for fear his people wanted to do me an injury in a sly way. But he readily acceded to my request, and took a good long pull at the pot. I was then satisfied. I thanked him very heartily, and made him a suitable present. The next photo. reproduced shows a small settlement we came across in the great Pygmy forest.



From a

A SETTLEMENT IN THE FOREST.

[Photo.

For several days, owing to the great downpour of rain, we had to tramp through water sometimes to the waist, sometimes even *to one's neck*. The greatest difficulty was to select a dry place on which to camp. On one occasion I remember we were quite unable to do this, and my tent was actually pitched in the water, consequently we were obliged to do without fires. There are not a great many swamps in the Pygmy forest, but there is one nearly a mile in length which I shall not easily forget. To cross it oneself was hard work enough, but to have to get a donkey across also was terrible work. We were

nothing would move her, and I, feeling that all hope of getting my poor donkey out again was gone, was about to shoot her, when the poor thing made a supreme effort, and by our helping her, she finally got clear and once more reached solid earth. The photograph here reproduced was taken by one of my boys. It depicts the writer in one of these terrible swamps. After twenty days' marching through the forest we came to Avakubi, a Belgian station on the borders of the Pygmy forest. Here I was kindly received by the official in charge.

As in most Belgian posts, rubber is the sole object of life to the official. He must have rubber, at any cost to himself or to the natives—yes, and he gets the rubber; but it might well be said, as it has been said of ivory, that almost every few pounds of rubber collected represents a human life. At this place (Avakubi) I saw the first coffee plantation of the Congo Free State. It cannot be said that the crop was a successful one, as the trees seemed swarming with some kind of blight. The European potatoes at this place surprised me. Not only were they a fine size, but the flavour was as good as one gets at home. The seed had been



From a

MR. LLOYD IN ONE OF THE DANGEROUS SWAMPS.

[Photo.

the greater part of the day crossing this awful swamp of thick, black mud, with 6in. of water on the top. In places the mud was up to my thighs. The donkey constantly got stuck fast, and had to be literally carried out. At one place she seemed so absolutely stuck that

imported, of course, and under the Europeans' special care it had proved very fruitful.

Here at Avakubi my weary marches ceased, for although it seems almost incredible, from this place to the coast—no less than 1,500 miles—I journeyed the whole way *by boat*, canoeing



From a

TRAVELLING PAST THE CANNIBAL VILLAGES.

[Photo.]

on the Aruwimi and travelling by steamer down the Congo.

The officer in charge of the station kindly procured for me three good-sized canoes of the dug-out order and sent with me a native guide who could speak the language of the boatmen and also Swahili. In this way I was enabled to use him as an interpreter. Every day as we sped along the river fresh sights of wonder met my gaze. Each night I camped in a village by the river side or a clearing in the forest. The villages occupied by the notorious cannibal tribe, the Bangwa, are most curiously constructed, and the houses look for all the world like huge pine cones, as may be seen in the photo. They are not more than 10ft. in diameter at the base, but are at least 15ft. or 20ft. high.

Unlike the Pygmies, these cannibals are physically fine, being tall, stalwart fellows, warlike and fierce, and in all of them there was the bold and fearless look of the warrior. They always crowded around me on my arrival at their village, and the chief and his head men shook hands with me in the proper orthodox fashion. I noticed that they always carried about with them very beautifully-made knives and spears. There is an abundance of iron found in the forest, and this they work up most cleverly. Four of these cannibal chiefs are seen in the accompanying photograph. These people

make for themselves bright spiral wire anklets and bracelets. Round the waist most of the men (chiefly the big men of the village) coil a strip of thick hippopotamus hide, which is ornamented with certain designs, and tied in a rough knot at the front. Into this belt is slipped their awful knives, some with a blade 2ft. long, and made of bright burnished iron, with an edge such as one might almost shave with. They seldom wear these knives in sheaths. Usually they hang against the bare body of the warrior. They also make a great study of their head-dressing. The hair is allowed to grow, and is constantly saturated with palm oil, and sometimes a monkey-skin cap is worn.

When in full war paint the Bangwa looks a most alarming savage—one that might be capable of any atrocious act of cruelty. Often I have seen them drinking a concoction made from the kola-nut and working themselves up into a fury, after which they smeared themselves all over with a red, blood-like paint. Still I have found, wherever I have travelled in Africa, that the native, when treated as a man, and not as an animal, is to be trusted, and will prove himself a man. The African savage knows how to act honourably towards his visitor. There is nothing he hates so much as being suspected. This is, of course, sometimes necessary, but to show suspicion of his every act, and to do as I have known many men—*i.e.*, never sleep at night without



From a

FOUR CANNIBAL CHIEFS.

[Photo.]



first fortifying the camp and keeping a watch all through the hours of darkness—is to give yourself away, and show to the natives that you fear and suspect them. In such case you must not be surprised if they attack you. All through the great forest, and through the whole of the cannibal countries, I never once kept a watch at night of any sort. I pitched my tent right in the middle of the cannibal villages, and have come through without firing a shot in self-defence, or even speaking angrily to a single native of the country.

The four chiefs shown in the preceding photograph are amongst the most influential of the cannibal warriors: and, although spoken very roughly to by the Belgian officer in my hearing, on account of the small supply of rubber brought in by their people, I was surprised to find how quiet and docile these fellows were. But they are only cowed for a time, and there will be severe trouble with them before very long. Of this I am quite persuaded. While talking privately to the biggest of these chiefs, I was catechized most closely by him as to my nationality, etc. I told him that I was an Englishman, and he asked me if the English ruled anywhere over the black people. I told him about the Uganda Protectorate, and he then asked me, "Is there rubber in Uganda?" and when I told him "No," he then said, "Then why do the English rule the black people?" I said, "To do the black man good, and to make peace in his country." He was greatly interested, and asked me several questions about the Government of Uganda by the English, finishing up by saying that he wished his country were governed by the English also.

I was thirteen days on the Aruwimi, passing through the cannibal districts, and then arrived at Basoko, the convict station of the Congo—a beautifully-built station with the river frontage strongly

fortified. The houses of the Europeans were all built of burnt bricks. On the opposite bank of the Congo is Barumbu, the house of Captain Guy Burrows, and it was with this gentleman that I had the honour of staying some ten days.

Captain Burrows is an Englishman, and for some years served in Her Majesty's Army. He is now serving under the Belgian flag as officer commanding the Aruwimi district.

The station of Barumbu is beautifully situated on the river side some 200ft. above the water level. The houses are built right in the centre of a charming palm grove. The coffee plantations and the rubber claim, of course, the first attention of an officer of the Belgian State, each man having an interest in the profits. He is given so much for every plant of coffee over a certain height, and a percentage on every pound of ivory or rubber. It is therefore an inducement to the officer to get as much work out of the natives as possible, for by doing so he increases his own earnings, and therefore it is only natural that a certain class of men, of whom there are not a few on the Congo, grind the natives down, and practise dreadful cruelties to enforce labour from them. Happily the Belgian Government has now sent out a band

of Englishmen, such as Captain Burrows and others, whose conduct and example will, I trust, do much towards rectifying the misgovernment that one hears so much about. From this place I was enabled, by the kindness of my friend, to get a passage on one of the State steamers which was going down the river to Leopoldville with a full cargo of rubber, coffee, etc.

These steamers form a startling contrast to the very wild state of affairs in Central Africa. They are well built and finished, with about eight small cabins for the use of Europeans, besides spacious com-



From a) NATIVES CARRYING WOOD FOR THE CONGO STEAMERS. [Photo.



partments for the engineer and the captain. I took my meals each day in the captain's private cabin—a concession obtained for me by Captain Burrows. The captain spoke English, and as my French is of a very indifferent order, I was glad to be removed from the company of the eight or nine Belgian officers on board.

Wood is the fuel used on these steamers, as no coal has yet been discovered—although hope is still entertained in the minds of some that coal will be eventually found on or near the Congo.

The wood supply is, of course, unlimited, and many little stations here have been built at intervals along the river bank, where a good supply of wood is always found already chopped up.

The photograph reproduced at the bottom of the preceding page shows one of these stations—the third, I believe, from Leopoldville. There are on each steamer about twenty men, whose work is to carry fuel on board, or to chop it up if the supply of cut wood has run short.

We accomplished the journey from Basoko to Leopoldville in thirteen days—a creditable journey considering that no travelling is done at night. From Leopoldville by train to Matadi takes two days, through glorious country.

At Matadi the ocean steamers can be taken and a through journey made to Brussels. During all my wanderings my little dog Sally has accompanied me, and it would be hardly right to close this article without a photograph of this remarkable little dog, who has established something of a record among canine explorers. It is generally the case that a long-haired dog cannot live in Africa; but no dog could have been more healthy than she has been. She was never once sick, and never once carried; she has tramped with her master from east to west of the great Dark Continent. Often she has cheered

me in loneliness as only a dog can, and on more than one occasion she has actually saved my life. She is of poodle extraction, but not of good breed; but, after all, a mongrel dog is often the most affectionate creature on earth. Certainly this has been true in Sally's case. I think it can safely be said that she is the first dog to cross the continent—certainly the first of her kind. All across Africa she has been the greatest wonder to the natives, some going so far as to speak of her as the devil. She always inspired respect and even fear when she commenced to bark. I remember when I first reached Uganda, Mwanga, the now rebel King, sent a deputation to me, offering me two cows for my dog; but I told him that she was worth much more than that to me. The next photograph of Sally with the black baby is one I took whilst in Toro. These two were very great friends; the poor little boy, being a cripple, used to lie all day long in that reclining position, and it was Sally's delight to go and play with the little chap. Her love for this little black baby was extraordinary, for, as a general rule, she hated the black. Alas! I was obliged to leave her behind me on the West Coast, as the law of England forbids the entrance of dogs into the British Isles from a foreign country.

And now I am once again in England, and as I look back upon the journey I have just completed, it all seems like a dream. I think of the forest of the Pygmies, and the cannibals, and the many other strange sights that I beheld, and I can scarcely realize that, in the unprotected state in which I journeyed, I have come through quite safely and well. I hope

before long to go back again to this land, seeking fresh adventure and fresh spheres of usefulness with an intense desire to do something at least for the redemption of Darkest Africa.



From a

SALLY AND THE LITTLE BLACK CRIPPLE  
(THIS IS THE ONLY DOG WHO HAS EVER CROSSED AFRICA).

[Photo.

## Entombed in a "Drive."

By LOUIS ANSON.

It would be hard to imagine a more appalling situation than the one in which this young Australian found himself owing to a combination of terrifying circumstances. The incident is well known locally.



As a boy I had many terrible experiences in the "bush." At fifteen I was "gaining Colonial experience" on the Coralbinna run—the property of Sir Henry Fowler, M.P.—in the far interior of South Australia. An exciting kind of life it was at times. Boundary-riding, bullock driving, dam-making, fencing (I was a crack "lacer"), tank-building, quarrying, and well-sinking were kinds of work which fell to my lot in turn. The alarming occurrence which I am about to relate took place while I was engaged in the last-named hazardous pursuit far out on the wild run. My mate—or rather my "boss"—by name Jordan (if memory serves me aright), was an experienced well-sinker, and had been intrusted with most of the deep-shaft contracts on the Coralbinna and other runs in the North-West. Our tent had been pitched close beside our work, and I faced a huge round concrete tank, standing 7ft. or 8ft. high, which had been only recently built. The well was to provide water for the stock in the immediate district, a trackless expanse of salt-bush, sandridges, and porcupine hills. The tank, with a holding capacity equal, perhaps, to that of two ordinary swimming-baths, was used to store the water in; for it would have been impossible to have kept the troughs filled while ten or fifteen thousand sheep were being watered, no matter what the drawing capacity of a well might have been.

Jordan had sunk a shaft some 400ft. or 500ft. in depth before I joined him; but the quantity of water it gave out in the twenty-four hours proving to be insufficient to maintain an adequate supply in the tank, we had to cut a drive for fresh springs. A drive, it may be explained, is a horizontal or slightly inclined tunnel or passage, extending from within a yard or so of the



THE AUTHOR—MR. LOUIS ANSON.  
From a Photo. by American Photo. Company,  
Dunedin.

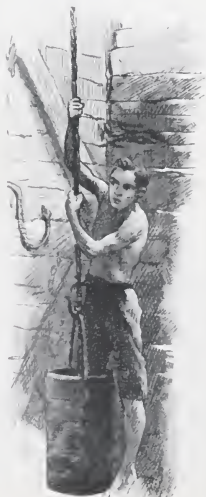
bottom of the shaft for some hundreds of feet under the earth.

Having emptied the well of a morning, both of water and snakes (for we used to find a snake or two coiled round the buckets nearly every day), we would descend. To be lowered down the shaft of a mid-Australian well 400ft. or 500ft. deep, and barely 3ft. wide, is not the pleasantest of experiences, even when you get used to it. You seize the rope with one or both hands, put your right leg in the bucket (made out of an old oil drum), leaving your left to dangle, sing out to the top-man, who is holding the handle of the windlass,

"Lower away," and then you slowly descend into the dampness and darkness, mist and vapour, of the bowels of the earth. It is necessary in so narrow a space to keep your arms well in to your side, or you may come to grief before you reach the bottom. Besides, you will probably pass a snake or two *en route*, clinging to or journeying along the timbers (or walls) of the shaft, which you repeatedly brush against in your descent.

Barring a pair of canvas pants, not much longer than swimming drawers, and a belt, work below was done in a state of nudity. I usually descended first. Then the boss would affix a block and tackle to the windlass, send down the end of the rope for me to hold, and descend himself. We had no top-man. We two were now quite alone under the earth in that desolate wilderness, far from human habitation of any sort.

Having lit a candle, we would climb out of 2ft. or so of rising water at the bottom of the shaft into the close, dark, steaming, dripping drive, and crawl or slip along its winding course to the "face" at the end. It had been expressly stipulated in the contract agreement that both shaft and



"SLOWLY DESCENDING."

drive should be timbered. This had been done in the case of the shaft. But only half of the 300ft. of drive we had cut had as yet been timbered, and pieces of the roof were, in consequence, constantly falling down, or the sides caving in.

One day, quite unexpectedly, a rather large boulder fell from the roof upon my leg, nearly laming me, whereupon I ventured to remark that it would be wise to complete the timbering of the drive before proceeding any further with the work of excavation. But I was laughed at for my pains, and jeeringly reminded, at all events in effect, if not in words, that little boys should be seen and not heard. Notwithstanding, young as I was, I never felt safe in that abominable hole. We were usually bathed in a clammy perspiration, and our bare backs were always wet and sticky with the water and slimy clay that constantly fell upon us.

My work was to wheel away to the mouth of the drive the boulders and clay, while the boss worked at the face with miner's pick and shovel. When the mouth of the tunnel was almost choke-full of refuse or tailings, I had to communicate the fact to Jordan, who would then go above and haul it up in the buckets, while I remained below to fill them. The only light we had was that from a home-made tallow candle, stuck in the clayey wall. As a rule, the steam and vapours which hung about the drive were so thick and heavy that it was impossible to see one another a couple of yards off; and when I tell you that Jordan worked on his knees, this circumstance itself should convey some idea of the height of the drain.

One afternoon I had just returned from the neighbourhood of the shaft with my empty miner's barrow. In order to remove some huge boulders out of Jordan's way, I placed it against the wall, on its side. As I rolled them away from his feet and legs I told him that the head of the drive was now choke-full to the roof, that the water there was ankle-high, and that,

as it was, it would be difficult to squeeze our way through to the shaft. "All right, lad, we'll lift it directly," he answered. Notwithstanding, he went on picking away round a prodigious erratic block in the roof. I suppose it must have weighed at least three or four hundredweight. Try as he might, he could not loosen it. I was standing just behind a row of large boulders, amusedly noting the disappointed look on his countenance as each attempt to dislodge the boulder failed, when I noticed a great crack in the dripping roof. I drew his attention to it, but he paid no heed to the observation, and went on working with the same stubborn indifference to danger and the same obstinate perseverance as before. I was on the point of reminding him that the lower part of the drive was fast filling with water, and that if we did not get out quickly, we might be drowned like rats in a trap, when, to our indescribable horror, the roof suddenly opened, the light went out, the earth rumbled and quaked; there was a violent rush of hot air, a dull, heavy, thunderous crash, resembling somewhat the sound of muffled artillery, and at the same moment we were dashed violently down upon our backs. *The tunnel had fallen in upon us!*

We lay buried beneath 400ft. or 500ft. of earth and rocks, entombed in a low, narrow, winding passage in the bowels of the earth, deep down below a lonely, uninhabited, desolate



"THE TUNNEL HAD FALLEN IN UPON US,"



wilderness, and a two days' stage from human aid of any sort. For there were no blacks anywhere about that we knew of. And even if a wild tribe had come along, they might have made our sepulchre more secure by hauling up the ropes in the shaft and making off with them, or by doing worse even than that.

Yet I lived, and with difficulty breathed, though my mouth was stuffed with clay, while my nose had been driven into a slab of the same substance. Still, as I have said, I was alive, and where there is life there is hope. Fortunately, I had been knocked down just behind a pile of boulders and alongside the iron-bound barrow, which, as luck would have it, had not only broken the fall of the earth and stones, but prevented their full weight from crushing the life out of me altogether. As for Jordan, he had uttered but one brief piercing shriek as the thunderous crash came, and then all was sepulchral silence. Cimmerian darkness reigned all round . . . The shock had been dreadful. The hinder part of the crown of my head was pressed back deep in the clayey bed of the drive, a position which gave my chin an upward inclination. My head ached dreadfully, and there was a feeling as of blood oozing from the occiput. A dreadful throbbing and a roaring were going on in my ears; my arms were pinned down to the ground by the prodigious weight upon them, and were fast becoming numb. Though I could breathe only with extreme difficulty, the power to think remained. I had heard it said that a drowning man very often sees his whole life pass vividly before him like a panorama, as he goes down into eternity. As scene after scene, face after face—schoolboy days, the green fields and country lanes of Old England, the faces of relatives and friends afar—flitted through my feverish brain in rapid succession, I bethought me of the visions of a drowning man. "Surely," I thought, "these scenes, these faces, could only come at a time like this—surely my time has come! But what an ignominious death to die! Is there no escape—no straw to clutch at?"—I asked myself. The thought aroused me from my reverie, and stirred me to energy.

The water had by this risen considerably; it was lapping against the back of my neck. In less than half an hour it would have risen above my mouth and chin. I struggled hard to free a hand, but all my exertions were in vain: the weight upon the limbs was immovable. Undismayed, I made repeated attempts to turn my feet sideways, and was just beginning to despair, as much from exhaustion as from failure, when I succeeded in turning my left foot outwards. My success overjoyed me, for I could feel from

my situation that I should have greater purchasing power were the position of my feet altered. Eventually, after almost superhuman exertion, I succeeded in twisting round the right foot. Then, using my head and back as a lever, and with my feet pressed hard against a boulder, I at length managed to extricate myself from the *débris*. As may be imagined, it was some minutes before I could do anything. My limbs were cramped, and I was utterly exhausted. Moreover, there was a dull pain at the back of my head, which I afterwards found to be bleeding freely. I must have struck it on the barrow as I fell. The first thing I did was to spit out the clay: the next, to sing out to Jordan. My voice had an awful sound in the death-like stillness of the living tomb. Utter darkness prevailed. There was no reply. Each movement I made, the swish at my feet reminded me that the water was rising in the drive every minute. I put my hand to my pouch, and took out a box of taudstickers. Thank Heaven! they were not damp. Having struck one, a spectacle of terrifying chaos met my gaze. There was a big hole in the roof, at the side of the huge boulder at which my mate had been working. The boulder itself had not fallen, strange to say. Jordan lay entombed behind the pile of stones to which I have before referred. I could just see his face. "Mr. Jordan! Speak! Speak, man!—are you alive?" I shouted, excitedly, bending low and peering in at him through the narrow aperture. He heard me this time: he spoke. Then he was not dead! It was only a whisper, but he said audibly, distinctly: "I'm dying; for God's sake! get me out—don't let me die in this 'orrible 'ole."

The drive was higher just here, so that there was no immediate danger of his being drowned. I therefore groped my way along the slimy walls to a bend at the extreme end of the drain, near the shaft. Here I found, above the rubbish heap, the candle I had left burning. It was stuck in the clay, high up on the wall. The water had not yet reached it, though it was nearly waist-high in this straight (14ft. or 15ft. in length), which opened into the shaft. Seizing a piece of timber and the candle, I waded back to the rescue of Jordan. First I tried to raise the load of hard clay and slate that was upon him, by inserting my lever of timber in an aperture between the wall of boulders and the fallen *débris*, but all attempts to do so proved abortive. It was a dangerous proceeding, too; for the greater part of the weight of the *débris* was upon the row of boulders, not upon my mate. By disturbing it, I might have unwittingly thrown the full burden on him. I therefore adopted another



method. I worked away at the supporting boulders, finally making a large enough hole through which to drag him out, meanwhile employing the piece of timber as a temporary bridge on which to support the weight of the *débris*.\*

For some little time after I had dragged him out he could neither stand nor speak above a whisper. There was a great gash in his forehead and a hole at the back of his head from which the blood oozed freely. He complained, too, of his back and one of his legs. Seeing the water rising round us, however, he pulled



"HE COULD NEITHER STAND NOR SPEAK."

himself together, and, with my assistance, had just risen from a boulder on which he had been sitting, when suddenly and without a second's warning, a terrific gust of wind blew out our candle. Simultaneously there was another dull, heavy, crashing sound, accompanied by a violent quaking of the earth, as before. Great heavens! what new disaster had befallen us? We were both of us too terrified to speak for a few moments. The awful silence was

broken by a faint moan from Jordan. Again we had been plunged in utter darkness. A clammy perspiration rapidly overspread me. I was voiceless: try as I might I could not speak—it was as though I had been struck dumb. The air was suffocating: every drop of blood in my body seemed to be slowly rising into my head, the veins in my neck to be swelling to bursting point. The sensation in my head resembled the roar of distant breakers. . . . When at length I struck a match and lit the candle anew, our horrible predicament was appallingly evident. *We were buried alive!* The drive had fallen in some 15ft. lower down. There was no escape now, apparently. Our retreat

had been cut off completely this time. We found ourselves entombed in a chamber perhaps 20ft. in length, enveloped in suffocating vapours, and with the water—now over our ankles at this end—slowly but steadily rising around us. The candle gave out but a faint glimmer, the air was so bad.

Jordan crawled to the spot and examined the barrier of *débris*. An expression of abject hopelessness overspread his countenance. "We're lost, lad, I'm afeared," he sighed, mournfully. "It's nine or ten feet through—that is," he added, with a despairing look, after tapping the barrier at places with a pick. "Afore we can work through it, this 'ere place'll be chock-full of water—and then there's gettin' to the shaft after that. Th' water'll be roof 'igh at tother side by th' time we've workt through." He looked very pale and ill in that poor light, and his heaving chest was covered with blood from the gash in his forehead, over which a lump of clay had been plastered to stop the bleeding.

Dejectedly flinging the pick from him, he sat down, buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child, moaning piteously the while. Presently, all of a sudden, he looked up and around him in a strange, dazed, absent-minded way. Then he fixed his wild, glaring eyes on the barrier in a vacant gaze. I must confess to have been frightened more by his terrible look than by the dreadful doom impending over our heads, which was awful and demoralizing enough,

\* Jordan, poor fellow, had encouraged my efforts throughout, and promised me all sorts of things if I should get him out alive. I really don't know what he was not going to give me. In justice to myself, however, I must say that these promises in no wise influenced my exertions to save his life. Nor did I ever receive a present from the man, though he often referred to his promise afterwards, and used to say, "Ah, lad, I can never forget that I should ne'er be 'ere but for thee." Should he read these lines—and it is highly probable he will, for every man on that run heard the story of our adventure from either his lips or mine—he (or somebody for him) will, I am sure, write to the Editor bearing me out in this statement.

in all conscience, without the additional horror of being imprisoned in that damp, dread vault with a raving madman. He tore at his hair, dashed his head against the wall, and shouted as one bereft of his senses. Then, with a sudden bound, he sprang to his feet, seized the pick, and rushed furiously at the barrier. He drove his pick in with a fury and jerked at the boulders with a vengeance that it would be impossible to describe. At length, he fell back from sheer exhaustion, frothing and foaming at the mouth. The candle was nearly out from lack of air; the water was well-nigh up to our knees. How high it was at the other side I did not know; indeed, I dreaded to give it a thought.

Jordan had done good work; he had made a hole at the top of the barrier fully a yard through. What thickness there was yet to penetrate I had not the remotest idea. I tapped the *débris* with the pick, as he had done, but the leaden sounds which the knocks made conveyed but little information to my inexperienced mind.

"Go at it, me lad," said Jordan, encouragingly, and in a calmer tone. "There's only another foot or so. Prise that boulder out with the piece of timber yonder."

After these encouraging words, I tore away at the *débris* with as much renewed energy as I could throw into the work—for breathing was difficult, and my head was bursting, my ears singing, added to which I would every now and then be seized with a fit of vomiting. Presently—I don't know how long, for minutes seemed as years—a splashing of falling clay on the other side, and a sudden inrush of air and water, told us that the wall was pierced. For a few moments, though overjoyed at the reward of our patience and industry, the reaction was too much for us. We reeled and fell about helplessly in the water. But I had caught just a glimpse of the long black line of higher water on the other side, and this recollection, together with the gurgling sound of water settling around us, aroused us to a sense of our position and to activity. The hole I had made was only a

comparatively small one, but it had now become bigger by the inrush of water, which was flooding our end of the drift in its levelling process.

While yet the water was rushing through we made our way—feet first—through the hole into that long black stretch of inky-looking water. We were possibly 28ft. from the shaft—a dark, crooked, flooded drain (3ft. wide by 4ft. deep) before us. To swim was, of course, out of the question. We walked, floated, dived, groped, and stumbled down it as best we could. At places where the roof bulged in the water touched the top, making it necessary for us to dive headlong. The water was, of course, higher in the drive the lower down we went. As we neared the bend in the straight leading to the shaft, the level of the water, stooping forward as we necessarily had to do in a 4ft. height, was higher than our mouths. To get along here we had to twist our necks, press our heads back and downwards, and rub our noses along the roof in order to breathe.

When the shaft was reached there were fresh difficulties in store for us. The bottom of the shaft—barely 3ft. in width—was a foot or two deeper than the drift. Consequently, slipping, I found myself "treading" water. But stretching my legs across the well, and planting my toes firmly in the cracks between the timber of its walls, I succeeded, after various mishaps, which it is scarcely necessary to prolong my narrative by describing, in hauling Jorcan up. It was

late in the night when we found ourselves on our stretchers in the tent. We must have been down in that ever-to-be-remembered drain quite twelve hours. We were both of us laid up for days afterwards. Jordan was crippled in one leg in consequence of injuries he received—I believe for life. At any rate, he was lame months afterwards when I parted from him.\*



"I FOUND MYSELF 'TREADING' WATER."

\* This experience will be remembered by hundreds of persons west and north-west of Port Augusta, to whom, however, I was better known by the *sobriquet* of "Lancashire Dick" than by my own name. Dan McGuinness (or Guinness), a blacksmith on the run, is who nicknamed me first, "The Lancashire Lad," and then "Lancashire Dick," which was subsequently abbreviated to "Lanky Dick," or simply "Lanky"—a *sobriquet* that stuck to me throughout my wanderings.

## Venomous Snakes and Their Ways.

By C. E. BENSON.

A budget of interesting gossip about the more familiar of the venomous serpents, interspersed with thrilling anecdotes and examples, and illustrated with photographs that have been specially taken for this paper.



HAVE applied the term "familiar" to the serpents which will be treated of in this paper, because a great many of us have seen them, and any of us can go and look at them provided that we can find the time and the necessary shilling wherewithal to pay our entrance to the Zoological Gardens.

It is probable that the Reptile House there attracts at least as many visitors as any other department, which is quite as it should be, for the establishment is, I believe, the best-appointed of its kind in the world; but it is also probable that 90 per cent. of the visitors leave the house absolutely as ignorant as when they came in, which is not at all as it should be.

The best remedy would, I think, be to provide the keepers with pamphlets giving a short, popular account of the animals under their charge, so that people who were even temporarily interested might be able to get information easily and cheaply. The handbook sold at the entrances is not sufficiently exhaustive.

Someone, indeed, might guess that the water viper eats fish, because it is described as *Ancistrodon Piscivorus*; but who could possibly know that Hallowell's tree snake (the man who coined that name ought to be fined) was the dreaded green mamba, or that the shielded death adder was the Australian tiger snake? However, I will do my best to remedy the deficiencies of the Society and of the public by relating a few incidents about the serpents now on view. Of the truth of these incidents I am myself convinced, though in many instances it is quite impossible for me to produce anything like conclusive evidence in support of them. As is natural in such cases, I have had to accept the unsupported statements of my

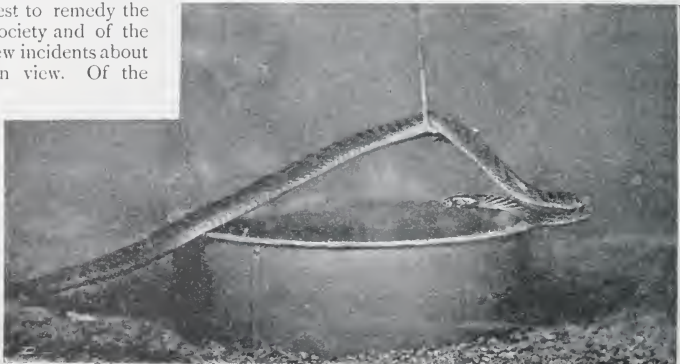
friends, just as I must ask the public to believe me when I say that I was once rather badly squeezed on the arm by a boa, and bitten on the wrist by a diamond snake.

It is well known that the vast majority of serpents, poisonous and otherwise, are of a timid disposition, and the present collection at the Zoo is remarkable for containing no fewer than four venomous serpents belonging to species which are distinctly vicious. Two of them, at least, are even aggressive. The collection also contains some seventy odd yards of python, in sections varying from 12ft. to 23ft. in length, a class of serpent which is always more or less fierce, principally more (the very first thing the big one did was to lay into the keeper's leg; luckily for him, it had its head in a bag at the time), and the funny-tempered South American rat snakes, which are quite gentle when handled, but bite like furies when free.

On this occasion, however, I propose only to speak at any length about the four venomous species.

The green mamba now on view was very nearly the cause of a tragedy at the Reptile House, there has been one, as it is, but I will come to that in its proper place.

"Good morning, sir," said the keeper who is



THE DEADLY GREEN MAMBA. (IT WAS A MAMBA WHICH BIT AND KILLED COLONEL MONTGOMERY.)

From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.



my very good friend. "We've got a new snake here."

"Indeed! What is it?"

"I don't know, but it is poisonous. I looked into its mouth and saw the fangs." 'Tis with the air of a man who had picked up a strange beetle or a rare flower.

I can assure you that when I found it was a mamba that he had been indulging in such familiarity with, I felt quite faint; but, then, I have not associated daily with cobras and rattlesnakes for fourteen years.

The mambas are found pretty well all over Africa, except in the north. They are long, slender snakes — the longest I have seen must have measured quite roft., and yet was no thicker than my wrist; and they are probably the most venomous and vicious serpents in creation. There seems to be no reasonable doubt that on occasions, especially at pairing time, they will attack without provocation, and, what is worse still, follow you up. In addition to these delightful qualities, they are arboreal (which presumably accounts for that strange name, Hallowell's tree snake), and, like Alice, when she was mistaken for a serpent in Wonderland, come wriggling down from the sky. A friend of mine saw a man he was out shooting with struck on the shoulder under such circumstances by one of these brutes, but fortunately the fangs did not penetrate. The next manoeuvre was necessarily an expeditious retreat from the neighbourhood of the tree, and as the enemy started in pursuit, the dispute was settled by a charge of shot.

I have spoken to many other "South Africans" on the subject, and they all confirm the idea that the mamba is of a distinctly aggressive disposition.

The most familiar species is the narrow-headed mamba, which is common in the southern part

of the Continent. It is popularly divided into two kinds, the green and the black; but, like many popular distinctions, this is entirely unreliable. Individuals of the same species may be either green or black.

It is to this serpent that the melancholy death of Colonel Montgomery, of the Welsh Regiment, is generally attributed; and as Lieutenant-Colonel Harvie Scott, Royal Army Medical Corps (to whose courtesy I am indebted for the following details), justly observes, this is probably correct; although some people think that the mischief was done by a puff adder. Colonel Scott gives sound reasons for the

faith that is in him. "Colonel Montgomery," he says, "had very long legs, and the wound was higher than one an adder would inflict." As the wound was in the upper and inner third of the leg, this effectually disposes of the puff adder, which anyone can see for himself — there are always three or four at the Zoo — is a sluggish, bloated brute, and could only with great difficulty strike much above the ankle. But it may have been a cobra.

I will now give Colonel Scott's account, almost *verbatim*.

"On looking over my notes of the case," he writes, "I find we had crossed the Tugela River to the Zululand side. After luncheon

Colonel Montgomery and his adjutant (Captain Reid) went out to shoot quail. When they were some short distance from camp they dismounted, and threw the saddles over the ponies' heads, as is the custom in South Africa, and then went into some long grass." (I have read elsewhere that it was a patch of meales.) "Soon after Colonel Montgomery felt something prick his leg, which he took to be a thorn, but in a few seconds he felt a great shock to his system, and called out to his adjutant that he had been bitten by a snake and that he



LIUT.-COLONEL HARVIE SCOTT (ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS), WHO TELLS THE STORY OF COLONEL MONTGOMERY'S TERRIBLE DEATH.  
From a Photo. by G. Schroeder, Dublin.





LIEUT.-COLONEL N. MONTGOMERY, LATE OF THE WELSH REGIMENT, WHO MET A DREADFUL DEATH IN ZULULAND THROUGH A BITE FROM A MAMBA.

From a Photo. by B. Kisch, Durban, Natal.

was to ride into camp for me. As soon as Captain Reid told me what had happened, I turned my pony (I was mounted at the time) towards the place indicated, and in a few minutes I saw Colonel Montgomery riding towards camp at a canter. He at the time looked like a drunken man on a horse, as he was swaying from side to side to such an extent that I momentarily thought he would fall off. When I got to him, I and others helped him to dismount. His legs immediately collapsed (the result of paralysis), by which it may be seen that he rode in by balance only. The injury was sustained at 4 p.m., and we helped him off his horse at 4.10 p.m. On admission he was pale, nervous, very sick (vomited profusely), had cramps, and a feeling that he was going to die. The wound, which was in the inner and upper third of the leg, had the appearance of being pricked with something sharp. A very tight ligature was put around the leg above the wound, which latter was encouraged to bleed by incisions, sucking,

etc. Stimulants were abundantly given by mouth and subcutaneously. Permanganate of potash was used locally." (It was evidently not Colonel Scott's fault that fatal results supervened.) "The restlessness somewhat abated, but now and then he would start up in bed and say, 'It's no use; I'm done.' For some time he appeared to improve and to become more hopeful, but at about 9 p.m. his sight began to fail, and he was unable to recognise articles in his tent. There was at the same time difficulty of breathing and of swallowing, and paralysis of the tongue and soft palate. Chronic convulsions of the upper extremities were frequent. Towards the end he got more quiet, and death ended this trying scene, when I was alone with him, at 2 a.m., on the 22nd September, 1883, ten hours after the accident. A *post-mortem* examination was held, and it was found that the fang had punctured the long saphena vein, and that the blood was in a fluid state. We estimated that the fang, before it touched the leg, passed through a cloth Colonial gaiter, Colonial riding breeches, and drawers. Colonel Montgomery was buried in Zululand at the Mission Station."



COLUMN ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF COLONEL MONTGOMERY BY HIS BROTHER OFFICERS.

From a Photo.

In speaking of the mamba I said that a man was struck by one on the shoulder, but that the fangs did not penetrate. Now, in view of the material that the fang passed through in the case of Colonel Montgomery, this may seem to require some explanation. The reason probably is that the snake struck him with the mouth either wholly or partially closed, or that the fangs did not reach him "point on." To understand this will require a slight study of the dentition of venomous serpents.

Leaving out the back-fanged snakes, as their poison is not sufficiently virulent to endanger human life, and the sea snakes, which are about the most deadly of the whole lot, as they will not live in captivity, venomous serpents are divided into two families—the poisonous colu-

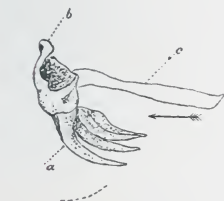


FIG. 2.

Fangs (a), maxillary (b), and transpalatine (c) of rattlesnake. The arrow shows the direction in which the transpalatine is moved in order to erect the fang. The dotted line shows the curve taken by the fang during the process of erection.

brines (which, however, include the sea snakes) or elapines (which do not), and the vipers. The fangs of the elapines are attached to the fore end of the longish bone (the maxillary), which lies parallel to the palate, and is practically immovable, so that they are to all intents and (Fig. 1), whereas the fangs of vipers are attached to the posterior end of a maxillary that stands perpendicularly to the roof of the mouth, and normally lie flat back on the palate (Fig. 2). When the snake strikes, however, certain muscles are contracted, and the transpalatine bone (Fig. 2) is pulled forward against the lower end of the maxillary, which is thus made to revolve through about a quarter of a circle, of course carrying the fangs with it, until they are erected at right angles to the upper jaw. I may here say that the erection of the fangs is not a necessary consequence of the opening of the mouth, Vol. iii.—26.

although it is frequently so stated by people who write as having authority.

The elapines include the cobras,raits, coral snakes, mambas, all the Australian poisonous snakes, etc. The vipers best known to the "man in the street" are the little English viper or adder, the puff adder, the rattlesnakes, and all the other American poisonous snakes, with the exception of the corals mentioned above.

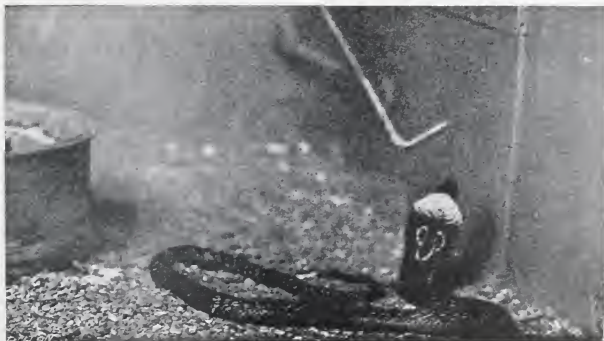


FIG. 1.

Maxillary (a) and fangs (b) of an Indian cobra, reproduced as being typical, the maxillary of the mamba being highly specialized.

Now, when an elapine strikes, it darts its head, usually in a more or less pronounced curve, at the object of attack and snaps at it; and unless this snap is made precisely at the right moment, the points of the fangs will not tell and no poison will be injected. Neither is this contingency a very remote one, for not only are snakes shocking bad shots, but the intended victim may see the stroke coming and start away, thereby disconcerting the serpent's judgment. A cobra once struck at my hand on the other side of the glass at the Zoo, and, glass or no glass, would have missed it; besides which, fortunately for itself, it made its snap much too early and got off with a bang on the nose, whereas otherwise it would have struck the glass with its open jaws and might have injured its mouth. My excuse for putting my hand so close is that I was endeavouring to explain some interesting technical point, and that I never thought the snake would strike.

The snapping of the lower jaw is common to both families, and is essential to the injection of the venom, for the chief muscle that compresses the poison gland is inserted on the lower jaw, and its contraction necessarily closes the mouth. Sometimes this action is performed with such violence that the recurved teeth of



INDIAN COBRA. HIS BACK IS TOWARDS THE SPECTATOR, HIS HOOD DILATED, AND "SPECTACLES" SHOWING.

[George Newnes, Limited.]

the lower jaw get entangled in the skin of the victim, and the snake has to shake its head vigorously from side to side in order to extricate them.

We have next to consider the fer-de-lance, which, though not the most venomous of serpents, is probably the most dangerous. The question of the comparative virulence of its poison need not, however, be discussed: a fair bite means death, and the question of an hour or two makes very little difference under the circumstances.

In the first place, there is no doubt that it is of a most vicious disposition; I have indeed high authority for saying that on occasions it follows up its attack, but I have been unable to

I do not believe that any snake can strike more than two-thirds of its length, some idea of the force with which this thrust is delivered may be gathered from the following anecdote in connection with an officer in the West Indies (St. Lucia).

He had entered his hut, the door of which was made in two parts, like an ordinary stable door, the upper-half being left open for purposes of ventilation, and the lower being kept closed for perfectly obvious reasons, and had just turned to attend to the bolt, when a fer-de-lance that had by some means got inside, and had perched itself on a transverse rafter, let go at him with such vigour that it shot clean over his shoulder and fell outside the door. It was



THE FER-DE-LANCE (PROBABLY THE MOST DANGEROUS OF SERPENTS).  
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

trace any instance of a man being pursued by one, sufficiently authenticated to warrant my stating that this is actually the case.

In the second place, it must be remembered that it is a viper, and as such has erectile fangs, and this fact, coupled with its method of striking, is in itself a most fearful element of danger.

In its fighting attitude—that is to say, its normal attitude when seen by man—the snake lies in coil, using its tail, as it were, as a *point d'appui*, and with the fore part of its body bent back upon itself in several curves. Suddenly it shoots forward its head with extreme velocity, throwing open its jaws to an angle of 180deg. It will thus be seen that the fangs, which are erected till they are at right angles to the jaw, must point straight at the object of attack, and that if this object lies anywhere in the line between the commencement and completion of the thrust, it is bound to be struck fairly by the points, especially as the venom-injecting snap is not made until the victim is struck or the thrust completed. Now, although

an extremely narrow shave, and it is probable that some sudden movement, providentially made at the precise moment of attack, saved the life of the man, with disastrous results to the reptile.

This awful serpent is common all over Tropical America, but it is as an inhabitant of St. Lucia and Martinique that it is most familiar to us. In these islands efforts have naturally been made to exterminate it, but the commission does not seem good enough to tackle, and a short sketch of the means adopted and the results achieved may explain why I consider this snake so extremely dangerous.

The first and most obvious plan was to offer a money reward for every snake brought in. Result: No sensible diminution in the numbers of the fer-de-lance, and (it is darkly whispered) a slight increase in the death-roll of the population. Next came the hog, the mighty hog, that wipes out whole districts of rattlesnakes. Accordingly he was introduced to the doomed serpent. Result: Great mortality among hogs.





KEEPER WITH MONGOOSE.

*From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.*

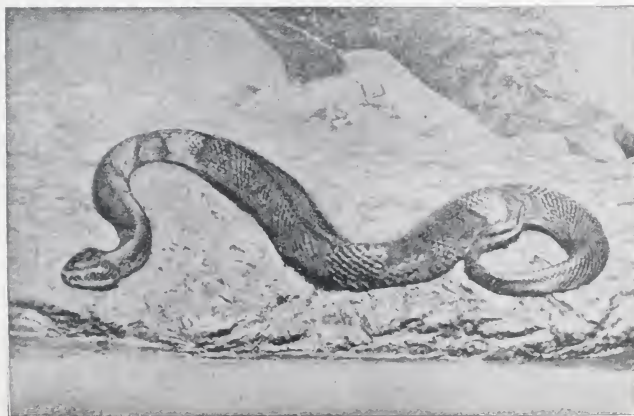
Last came the mongoose, a specially imported article. Now, Mr. Ghosh, in his interesting paper on the cobra in *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE* seven months ago, very properly points out that the mongoose depends solely on its quickness for its victory over the cobra, and not any fancied antidote. But, as I have endeavoured to show, the attack of the cobra is one thing, and that of the ferdelance — which wastes no time fooling about on end, but lets out at once — quite another; and, as Mr. Froude remarks, the mongoose very soon found out the kind of creature it had to deal with, and has taken no active steps towards its extermination.

Next we turn to the cottonmouth, water

viper, or water moccasin, which is said to be one of those creatures, naturally of a savage disposition, that become tame and even amiable in captivity. That it is naturally savage I will "presently demonstrate," as Private Mulvaney would say; but the specimen at the Zoo displays its tameness and amiability by striking at everything that is put into its case, sometimes even, in the excess of its rage, biting itself, which, however, has not the slightest ill effect on its health.

It was found impossible to obtain a satisfactory photograph of the water moccasin, notwithstanding that the officials of the Reptile House most kindly afforded us every facility. When an attempt was made to move it into a favourable position for photographing, it attacked the keeper's rod with the utmost ferocity, striking at it again and again. We desisted from further efforts for fear the snake should injure its mouth in its fury. When the rod was withdrawn, it was found that the top, where the snake had seized it, was bespattered with venom. The rod was immediately cleansed.

The water moccasin, as may be judged from its name, comes from North America, and is fairly plentiful all over the South-Eastern States. It must not be confused with the true moccasin, an innocuous snake which it somewhat resembles, which is principally distinguished by the trouble it gives keepers, owing to its propensity to eat not only its companion's food, but the companion itself, should both happen to fancy the same morsel.



THE WATER MOCCASIN.

*From a Cast in the United States National Museum.*



Although all is fish that comes to the water moccasin's net, it is properly described as "fish-eating" (*Piscivorus*), and seems to consider that it is privileged to exercise a right of free fishery over all streams, and violently resents any intrusion on its assumed rights, especially at night; and to this peculiar temper a sad story is attached.

An English gentleman, who was out shooting in Florida, discovered, after pitching his tent and making ready for the night, that he had left something he wanted in the boat. He then desired his servant to fetch it. The man, however, was native to the place, and his trained hearing enabled him to distinguish sounds which, he said, were caused by a moccasin fishing, and so he objected to going on the score of danger. His master, whose senses were less acute, laughed at his fears and insisted on his going. The poor fellow reluctantly obeyed, and a few minutes afterwards was attacked and struck, the bite proving fatal in a few hours.

snake, now on view, for instance, has eaten nothing but snakes since its arrival.

The hamadryad is probably the largest venomous serpent in existence, sometimes reaching a length of 14ft. A possible exception is the bushmaster of Tropical America, which is said to attain the same length; if it does, it must be considerably heavier, for it is a very bulky snake. Of the others I have mentioned, the mamba is, as I have said, a lengthy serpent, but slender; on the other hand, the fer-de-lance, some 7ft., and the cottonmouth, some 4ft., are very burly and powerful.

A cousin of mine, an officer in the Royal Navy, once routed a hamadryad out of a wood-stack with an iron bar, and then, having knocked it on the head, sent it on board, dead as he thought, as a present to the doctor. When he returned to the ship he found the crew in the rigging—it was before the days of universal steam and iron—and the festive hamadryad in possession of the deck. This time, when he



THE HAMADRYAD, PROBABLY THE LARGEST OF THE VENOMOUS SNAKES.

From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

The hamadryad, which is next on our list, is simply a great big overgrown cannibal cobra. For a long time, indeed, the fact that it lived chiefly, if not entirely, on other snakes was considered a sufficient reason to make a separate species of it, viz., the snake-eating elaps (*Ophiophagus Elaps*); and a very bad classification it was too, considering that the typical genus elaps, the coral snakes, live almost exclusively on other serpents, and many others are occasional cannibals. The plumbeous

did get in at it, he made no mistake about its death.

There can be no doubt that this serpent does attack without provocation, and does pursue with the most vicious determination. I know of two cases in point, but I am sorry to say I cannot give the names of the men. The one was pursued for more than a mile, but as he was on horseback there was no danger; the only regrettable part of the business was that he was unable to kill the snake. The other man was

chased across a paddy-field, which was not so amusing, as he had nothing with him, not even a cane, and a paddy-field is little better than a marsh. In fact, there is little doubt that he would have been caught had not the serpent most providentially run into a charge of shot that was dispatched to meet it.

It is possible that some people may be unacquainted with the story of the native and the hamadryad, repeated by Sir Joseph Fayrer, the eminent surgeon. Apparently the man disturbed the snake, which got up on end and looked at him. The man, not unnaturally, bolted; but, to his horror, the snake—most unnaturally in the opinion of a person whose previous experience only extended to the common cobra—came after him, and showed no disposition to give up the pursuit. At length the despairing fugitive plunged into a river, and, having swum across, was just beginning to congratulate himself on his escape, when out of the water came his enemy, head up and hood dilated. With much presence of mind the man hurled his turban in the serpent's face, and now comes the pretty rounding-off of the story. That the action saved the man's life is certain, and that the serpent vented its rage on the turban is very probable, but that there is any evidence of the latter I simply do not believe: I shall never be converted to the belief that the man waited to see what happened.

According to Sir J. Fayrer, the poison of the hamadryad is less virulent in proportion than that of the cobra, or even the Russell snake, a very deadly viper, but its great size and the length of its fangs would probably make its bite as fatal as that of either.

I have said that there has been a tragedy at the Zoo in connection with the snakes, and although the case was fully reported at the time, it is possible that, as it occurred six-and-forty years ago, many who then read the details have forgotten them, and it is probable that the majority of the present generation of readers have never heard of it.

Briefly, the facts are as follows: Edward Horatio Gurling,\* keeper, went into the Reptile House one morning in October, 1852, and commenced "playing the fool" (it is really the most appropriate expression) with the snakes. Eventually he got bitten on the nose

for his pains, and that by an Indian cobra. He shouted for help and, whilst waiting, with great presence of mind replaced the snake in its case. I fear that it is only too probable that the conclusion of the coroner's jury that he was intoxicated at the time of the accident was correct. Poor fellow, he paid dearly enough for his self-indulgence.

There are some discrepancies as to the time that elapsed before death, one report giving less than an hour, and another as much as two hours and a quarter. Also, there was a remarkable amount of rubbish written in the papers as to what ought to have been done, and the remedies that ought to have been employed. Personally I do not believe that if the most skilled medical aid had been immediately available, it would have been of the slightest use, except to prolong life for a few miserable hours. It is not easy to amputate a man's head or to stop the circulation in his throat without producing fatal results. I do not think these correspondents can have had any idea of the rapidity of the action and the frightful virulence of cobra venom.

As to the rapidity of the action, it is a fact that a cobra has been made to close its jaws on a dog's tail at a certain distance from the root, and that unless the tail were cut off short within four seconds, the bite proved fatal.

As to the virulence, it may not be out of place to conclude with the story of Mr. Buckland's escape. He was examining a rat that had recently been killed by a cobra, and in the course of his investigations he removed the skin, and scratched the flesh round the punctures with his finger-nails. Unfortunately, just a short time before he had been paring his nails, and had made a very slight abrasion on the top of one of his fingers. Into this a minute portion of the poison found its way, with the result that Mr. Buckland was seriously ill for some time: indeed, it is possible that but for his own presence of mind, and the fact that there was a chemist's shop handy, fatal consequences might have ensued. Mr. Buckland is of opinion that the poison had circulated through the body of the rat, but I think it far more probable that it was a drop that had not entered the wound. Examination shows that when an animal is struck, it almost always happens that a certain portion of the venom is thrown on to the skin about the bitten part.

\* Also reported as John Gurling, and Edward Curling.

## Where Women Never Speak

BY MRS. HERBERT VIVIAN.

Being a description of a remarkable community—a nunnery whose members are under a vow never to speak. Small wonder that they die young after so unnatural a life. In Italy they are known as "Sepolte Vive" (the Buried Alive).



AR down in the south-western corner of France, on the borders of Spain and under

the shadow of the Pyrenees, there dwells the strangest and most austere order of nuns in the world. These are the Bernardines of Anglet, sisters of Saint Bernard, the almost incredible severity of whose rule most resembles that of the famous Trappist monks. Indeed, they appear even more meritorious when one remembers that weak women cannot bear the same hardships or sufferings that men can. These devoted nuns abandon themselves to a life of solitude and take a vow of perpetual silence, which everyone must allow is far more praiseworthy in a woman than in one of the sterner sex. When I was staying at Biarritz recently I heard so much about these nuns, and such interesting tales about their lives, that I determined to go over to the nunnery of Anglet, and visit them in their hermitage among the beautiful pine forests.

I drove through sandy dunes and pine woods, and at last found myself before a wicket-gate, opening upon a long avenue of pine and poplar trees. Here the sense of monastic seclusion came over me at once, for on a sign-board near the gate I read the words, " *Prière de parler à voix basse.*" As the Bernardines themselves may never speak or even look at anyone, it was no use addressing myself to them, but I soon espied a kind, cheer-



THE ABBÉ CESTAC, WHO FOUNDED THE ORDER.  
From a Photo.

ful-looking *Sœur de Marie*, belonging to an adjoining convent, reading some holy book beside a little shrine. She put the work aside at once, and volunteered in a whisper to take me over the Bernardine quarter. She led me through a high wooden gateway, and then I found myself in a garden shut in on every side by low white buildings.

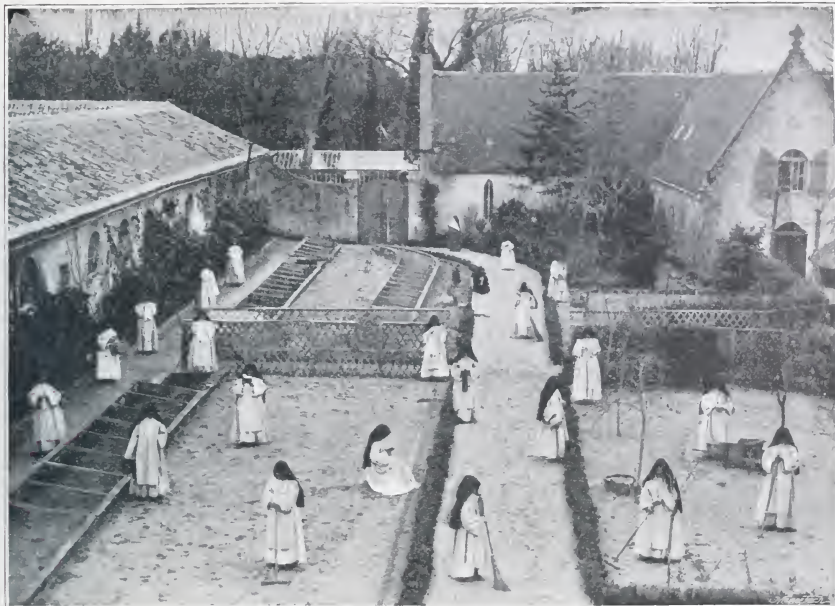
Here were a number of white figures not unlike bales of coarse flannel. Over their heads, and arranged so as almost to conceal their faces, were long black woollen hoods, which were rendered the more striking by the great white crosses that were affixed to the backs. Each nun wore rough wooden sabots, and round her neck a chain, to which was attached a large cross. There was little of the appearance of the ordinary nun about their attire, which contrasted strikingly with the flowing dark blue robes and snow-white coils of the *Sœurs de Marie*.

All the silent Bernardines seemed very busy—raking, hoeing, and weeding; and I noticed that none of them lifted their eyes from the ground, or seemed aware of our presence. My companion told me that, according to the rules, all curiosity of the eyes must be mortified. When the Emperor of the French visited the convent in 1854, he asked to be allowed to see the interior of a cell. The Abbé Cestac, founder of the monastery, threw open the door of one, disclosing a



NOTICE AT THE GATE, PRAYING PEOPLE TO SPEAK IN A LOW TONE.  
From a Photo.





From a

THE BERNARDINES AT THEIR RECREATION.

[Photo.]

nun seated on a wooden stool at needle-work, her back turned to the door. She did not move, but went on working quietly.

"May we not see her face?" asked the Emperor.

"My child," said the Abbé, "the Emperor and Empress are at the door of your cell and wish to see you."

The nun turned at once towards them and threw back her hood, showing the most exquisite face of a girl of eighteen. A murmur of admiration and pity escaped from everyone. The Bernardine, however, remained absolutely unconcerned, with her hands crossed on her breast and her eyes cast on the ground. She did not seem to be aware of their presence.

"Your Majesty sees," said the courtly Abbé, "how implicitly the Bernardines obey their rules. Not even for the privilege of beholding an Emperor will they raise their eyes from the ground."

Scattered about in the garden are various shrines, containing images of the Virgin and the Saints, and on summer days the Sisters come and sit near these with their needle-work. The Bernardines, by the way, are famous for their exquisite sewing. They



From a "THEY ARE FAMOUS FOR THEIR EXQUISITE SEWING." [Photo.]





From a] THE GROUP OF "NOTRE DAME DE PITIE" UNDER ITS THATCHED SHELTER. [Photo.

make a great many trousseaux, and I was shown a large stock of fairy-like embroideries for church linen, and handkerchiefs which must have taken many weeks or months to make.

Under a thatched shelter stands a beautiful group of *Notre Dame de Pitié*, which was presented by a lady who had lost everyone she loved. Here the Bernardines often come to pray for the souls of the departed, while others saunter along the neighbouring footpaths wrapped in pious meditation, utterly oblivious of the great world outside.

My blue-robed guide next took me into the chapel, which serves as a place of worship for the *Seurs de Marie* as well as for the Bernardines themselves, who, faithful to their vow of solitude, have their portion divided off by a curtain, behind which they listen to the Mass. The only occa-



THE IMAGE OF OUR LADY OF SORROWS, WHICH From a] HAS A ROMANTIC HISTORY. [Photo.

sion on which the nuns open their lips to speak is when they join in the prayers. If it were not for this they would probably almost forget how to talk!

On the altar of the chapel stands an image of Our Lady of Sorrows, draped in crape, and wearing an expression of infinite sadness. In her hand she holds a crown of thorns, and on her breast is a heart pierced by seven swords. There is a strange story as to how the image came to Anglet. Many years ago, during the first Carlist war, a number of Spanish refugees took up their abode near Bayonne, and the Convent of the Bernardines was one of their favourite places of pilgrimage. Amongst them was a lady of most distinguished appearance, who was remarked for her piety. One day, after she had been praying for many hours in the chapel, she came to the Abbé and said to him: "Father, I

will send you a statue worthy of the Solitude." Some months afterwards the image arrived, but no one knew whence it came or who was the donor. Long afterwards, when the Abbé was in Madrid, being overtaken by a storm one day, he sought refuge in a convent. On being asked his name, he replied that he was the Abbé Cestac of Anglet. The Prioress suddenly became very much interested and welcomed him warmly, saying, "Ah, it is you then who have Our Blessed Lady of Sorrows. Shall I tell why we sent her to you? At that time our abbess, the Royal head of the convent, was for a long while exiled in France. Suddenly she came back to us one day, but although we were in transports of joy at the sight of her, she seemed strangely sad and preoccupied. At last she said, 'Daughters, it is true that I have been restored to you again, but, alas! we have a heavy price to pay for my return. During my stay in France I made many a pilgrimage to a convent near Bayonne. One day, as I was praying, a Divine voice whispered to me, "You shall no longer be persecuted—you shall return again to your own land, but in return for this you too must make a sacrifice. You must offer up the beloved statue of Our Lady of Sorrows."' The Sisters were overwhelmed with

grief, for our Abbess could not have demanded a greater sacrifice. However, for her sake we yielded, and you, my father, now possess our most sacred treasure."

It was the Abbé Cestac, a saintly priest of Bayonne, who founded the convent at Anglet in 1839. His portrait appears on the first page. At first, owing to lack of funds, the nuns went through every sort of suffering, often having absolutely nothing to eat and no prospect of obtaining anything. However, by sheer pluck and hard work these courageous women overcame every difficulty, and now, although

they are not rich, they can at least provide themselves with the necessities of life. Their needs, after all, are very small. They fast constantly, and when they do eat, their food consists of vegetables, dry bread, and, three times a week, a little—a very little—meat. The refectory is a long, narrow, whitewashed room with a thatched roof and no artificial flooring, merely the deep sand of the dunes, which, however, provides the most comfortable of carpets. Each nun has her earthenware pitcher of water and a little drawer in the rough deal table where she keeps her wooden spoon, fork, and platter. On Fridays the Bernardines take their meals kneeling on the sand. At the appointed hour they make their way in single file to the refectory.

Every hour of the day is carefully mapped



From a

THE BERNARDINES ON THEIR WAY TO THE REFECTORY.

[Photo.

out, for the rules of the Order insist that not a moment shall be wasted. There are constant prayers on every occasion. Each time the big clock of the monastery chimes the hour, every nun falls on her knees and spends a few moments in prayer. Out in the fields it is marvellous to see how well the oxen know those chimes. Directly they hear them they stop instinctively, starting on their way again the instant the Sisters rise from their knees.

These wonderful women have actually built their own houses, workmen being only called in to put on the roof! At first these were most



[From a] THE LITTLE THATCHED CHAPEL, BUILT BY THE NUNS THEMSELVES. [Photo.]

curious little huts, made (walls and all) entirely of thatch. They were but 7ft. high by 7ft. broad, and had no window. Underfoot was sand, and the furniture consisted merely of a wooden chair and a bed made of branches, on which was piled a layer of straw or dry leaves. A rough woollen coverlet and a little hard pillow completed the bedclothes. These huts

were used for many years, but at last they were obliged to be discarded, as the number of deaths caused by the cold and wet was appalling. My cicerone, the courteous *Sœur de Marie*, took me to see one of these little huts, which is still kept as a relic of the past. She told me that even now the Bernardines are but short-lived. Hardly one of them reaches middle age, and even in the

prime of life they look like aged women. The accompanying photograph of the thatched chapel gives an idea of what these huts were like. However, though the original plan may have been modified, the result is just the same, and the *Sister* impressed upon me that the beds were not a whit less hard and uncomfortable than they used to be.

The next photograph shows a number of nuns, each sitting by the door of her little cell in the long white corridor outside. It is their hour of recreation, and a *Sœur de Marie* is reading aloud to them from a work of devotion. But even

during recreation they are not allowed to rest, but are always busy with their needles. This corridor is their only sitting-room, and a very cold one it must be in the winter, for there are no fires whatsoever at Anglet. Round the walls are a few pictures and sacred images, and everywhere one reads admonitory texts and verses, such as: "If you remember your sins,



[From a] A "SEUR DE MARIE" IS READING TO THEM AS THEY SIT AT THEIR CELL DOORS. [Photo.]



God will forget them ; if you forget them, He will remember them."

The thatched chapel is a very quaint little structure. The floor is, as usual, of sand, and tiny windows, set in the thatch walls, give a very dim, religious light. On the altar is a statue of the Virgin, and below it another of Our Lord, stretched on a couch. An inscription at the door relates how Queen Victoria visited the chapel and prayed there, when she was staying at Biarritz, in 1889. Prayers have been granted in the most miraculous way, said the Sister. The Empress Eugénie came here to beg for a son, and remained a long time, praying with much fervour. As she was leaving, the Abbé Cestac

the souls of the dead, sometimes at the grave of the Abbé Cestac's father, a holy man who is buried here ; and sometimes in the tiny thatched chapel which they have erected. In the photograph at the top of the next page we see one of the little shrines in the garden, and before it a nun is praying.

The Bernardines have no fear of death. Indeed, on the contrary, they long for it. When the first Superior of their Order lay a-dying she had an interview with one of the nuns, who implored her to intercede on her behalf in Heaven that she too might die soon. The Superior smiled, and in an inspired voice said that in a month her request should



From a

DEVOTIONS IN THE CEMETERY.

[Photo.

said to her, "Madam, the most Holy Virgin has vouchsafed to me the knowledge that your request will be granted. Do not fear, for assuredly your prayer has been heard."

And, strange to say, some months later a little Prince Imperial came into the world.

The cemetery is as austere-looking as the rest of the nunnery. The graves are the simplest little sandy mounds huddled close together in the most pathetic way, with a rude cross traced in cockle-shells upon them. At the head of each is a little bush, while firs and gloomy cypress trees are dotted around. Here the nuns spend much of their time, praying for

be granted. On the day of burial, just as the coffin was to be closed, the nun drew near to the body, whispered in its ear, and slipped a note into the dead hand, imploring the Superior not to forget her promise. Just a month from that date the nun, too, passed away, and so the promise was fulfilled.

Although it seems hard to believe it, the Bernardines do sometimes have their feast days. In the photograph on the next page we see them in single file as usual, celebrating All Saints' Day, which in the Pyrenean provinces is counted as one of the greatest of religious festivals. An altar is erected and beautifully decorated at the end of





From a

NUN PRAYING IN A LITTLE GARDEN SHRINE.

[Photo.]

the long avenue of poplar trees, and here the nuns assemble with banners and crosses. Even then, however, everything is so subdued and noiseless that it seems hard to believe that they can be rejoicing.

Perhaps the following story will illustrate better than any mere description how minutely the penitential rules of this extraordinary Order are

obeyed. Two Bernardines lived side by side for five years in two adjoining cells, and so thin a partition divided them that they could even hear the sound of each other's breathing. All this time they ate at the same table and prayed in the same chapel. At last one of them died, and, according to the rule of the Order, the dead nun was laid in the chapel, her face uncovered, and the Bernardines filed past, throwing holy water upon the remains as they went. When it came to the turn of the next-door neighbour, no sooner did she catch sight of the dead nun's

face than she gave a piercing shriek and fell back in a swoon. She had just recognised her dearest friend in the world, from whom she had parted with the deepest pain many years before to enter the convent. For five years the two friends had lived side by side without ever having seen each other's face or heard the sound of one another's voice.



From a

ALL SAINTS' DAY—THE ALTAR AT THE END OF THE POPLAR AVENUE.

[Photo.]

## A Fight with Wolves on the Altar.

By LOUIS H. EISENMANN, OF VIENNA.

The attention of "Wide World" readers is specially drawn to the following narrative, which surely merits the description of "unique." The sacristan of a remote village chapel in Galicia, going to prepare the interior for Christmas, is attacked on the very altar by three huge wolves. The amazing fight that ensued, the sacristan using a candlestick as a weapon; and his weird ruse in the end which led to his victory.



ALTHOUGH in most provinces of Austria wolves have been nearly exterminated, yet in Hungary—in the Bukovina and Eastern Galicia—they are still common enough, despite the fact that there also every effort is made to get rid of the brutes, and they are eagerly hunted. In the dense forests of the Carpathians, in particular, many wolves are to be found, and they do the peasants great damage, especially in winter. Driven by hunger, whole packs of them leave the forests and wander about searching desperately for prey, when they often attack lonely homesteads, carrying off sheep and other domestic animals, and at times even venturing into the middle of the villages. As a rule, how-

ever, they undertake their predatory expeditions only at night, but still occasionally hunger will urge them out into the open to get a pig, their favourite food, or a sheep for their next meal. For when the wolf's belly is empty, no beast surpasses it in boldness and thirst for blood. In the Carpathians every year a considerable number of persons are killed by wolves, particularly peasants' children on the way to or from school. But grown-up persons also, who are so imprudent as to go out without arms, fall a prey to them. Before now it has happened that a stout stick has saved a man's life; but mostly when a lonely wanderer is attacked by a pack of wolves he is lost, even though he have firearms about him, for not even the cleverest and most skillful shot can successfully withstand a simultaneous attack by ravening wolves from several sides at once.

Last December it was the lot of Stanislaus Bruhs, sacristan at the Galician village of Drobycze, to have an encounter which may be declared to be unique, both on account of its issue and of the spot where it took place.

Stanislaus Bruhs is a man of about thirty, who besides being sacristan at the Drobycze parish church, has also the duty of attending to a little church, or more properly speaking a chapel, about two English miles from the village. The chapel is an interesting building, erected two

hundred years ago by a noble family in the neighbourhood, in fulfilment of a vow. It is situated on a hill, whence there is a good view to the north, but in the other directions the forest shuts out all sight of the country. The Forest Chapel, as the villagers call it, is seldom used nowadays, though on certain days in the year masses for the repose of the founder's soul are read, and at the great church festivals service is held there. In summer also many pilgrims resort to the chapel from the surrounding villages, as its image of the Virgin is held in great veneration. In winter, however, when the narrow forest paths are covered with snow, several feet deep, the little sanctuary is left desolate and unvisited, except for the service at Christmas, to attend which none of the pious peasants near omit, however severe the cold, however deep the snow, or however violent the storm that may be raging.

Well, in that chapel Bruhs the sacristan had a fight for life and death with three wolves, of which he gives the following account:—

"On the Wednesday before Christmas, immediately after dinner, I set out for the chapel, intending to get it ready for the approaching service. For the sake of company I took my dog with me. The weather was very bad.

It was snowing hard, and the snow in places already reached more than half-way up my

thighs. I felt inclined to turn back, and postpone the work in the chapel till another day; but the recollection that the next day I should be unable to leave home determined me to proceed. Soon I got into the forest, and to my satisfaction found that it greatly protected me from the fury of the storm. Not long after I entered it my dog started a hare, and ran after it, and although I called and whistled to her she would not return, and soon disappeared from my sight. To my dog's love of hunting I owe the acquaintance of three wolves, which, as you may well imagine, I would very gladly have done without. It happened in this way.

"When I reached the summit on which the chapel stands, the snow was again driving with



STANISLAUS BRUHS, THE SACRISTAN WHO FOUGHT THE WOLVES.

From a Photo.

such violence that I could hardly see ten paces before me, and there was not the least sign of my dog. In order to show her, if she did follow, that I was in the chapel, I left the door open, which I could the better do, as the large roof of the porch prevented the snow from being driven in.

"Then I immediately set to work, for, if I wanted to reach home again before nightfall, there was no time to lose. In two hours I finished the greater part of my task, and had at length only to clean the altar, put candles in the candlesticks, and trim the lamps before leaving. It was already beginning to grow dusk. The lamps which I had to fill were standing on the stone flags near the front pew, and I had knelt down on one knee to prevent spilling the oil. While in that attitude, holding the oil-can in my left hand and a lamp in my right, I suddenly felt something pulling at me on the right. 'Oh!' thought I, 'my good-for-nothing dog has found me out at last'; and so, without turning, as I had to keep my eye on the lamp I was filling, I cried: 'Ah! you have come now, Diana, have you? Wait a bit, you truant, I will teach . . .'. At that moment I felt something bite my right calf, and though my leg was somewhat protected by my jack-boot, the pain was considerable. Leaping up with a cry, I looked round. Conceive my horror if you can when, instead of the dog I expected to see, my eye fell upon a huge, shaggy, hungry-eyed wolf standing close in front of me, showing its teeth and ready to spring upon me. My heart almost

stopped with terror. I wanted to cry for help, but could not utter a sound. And, besides, who would have heard me in that solitary spot? The next moment I had collected myself, and, stepping back, I hurled the oil-bottle I had in my hand at the beast's head, where it broke, but did not seem to hurt the creature in the least. Still, it had the effect of astonishing my assailant for a moment, and this brief respite I used in order to leap with lightning-like rapidity on to the altar. The wolf, however, almost equally quick, sprang after me, but fortunately a kick I gave it struck its nose with such violence that it tumbled backwards. Then, standing on the altar, and holding fast to the Virgin's image upon it, I looked round for my enemy, and perceived two other snarling wolves, which had till then escaped my attention. One of them was as large as the first, but the other was a little smaller. They had stopped in the middle aisle near the door, and were closely observing me and the first wolf, which now, after a short pause, renewed the attack. I had made use of the brief interval to get up and open my pocket-knife, the only weapon I had with me; and when the wolf was about to spring on to the altar, I lunged out and hacked at its head. With a loud snarl the brute retreated a pace or two, but in a couple of seconds it returned, stood up on its hind legs, and resting its lean, black-striped fore-legs on the altar, tried to tear my leg with its sharp teeth. Once more I struck out at the dreadful creature with my knife—this time, as it seemed, with greater dis-

comfort to it than before, for instantly it quitted its place with a loud howl, shook its head like a dog on coming out of the water, and joined its comrades. Then I think the amazing nature of my position dawned upon me. Here was I fighting with wolves on the very altar of a lonely church, the only sounds audible besides the blood-curdling snarlings of the wolves being the mournful howl of the blizzard outside.

"I had successfully warded off and repulsed the first attack, but was the struggle



"I FELT SOMETHING BITE MY RIGHT CALF."



at an end? I already began to hope and think the beasts would now leave the church. Yet, no, they did not; but, on the contrary, all three of them slowly, and with deliberate steps, approached the altar, cautiously snuffing as they came. They were famishing and desperate.

"In the expectation of another and more violent attack, I had altered my position and placed one foot on the tabernacle used for the Sacred Host, while a large altar candlestick supported the other. But as the frame of the altar picture was too broad to admit of my grasping it firmly, I was in danger of losing my balance and tumbling down amidst the beasts that were thirsting for my blood and waiting to tear me to pieces. My situation was a desperate one, indeed. Suddenly, however, the wolves, instead of rushing at me, turned and fled out at the door. Some sound inaudible to me must have frightened them and caused their flight. I waited a while, and then changed my uncomfortable position a little. Could I venture to get off the altar, I wondered. At last I decided to do so; but, alas! at that very moment one of the wolves reappeared in the doorway, and soon after another entered the chapel, whilst the third stayed on the threshold, probably to warn the others of any approaching danger.

"For a time, while the fearful beasts were crouching before me, I was racking my brain to find some means of escape, and was wondering if I might venture the attempt to reach the vestry door, which was but a few steps to the left of the altar. If, I calculated, I could get into the vestry, I should be safe, as the door was strong enough to resist the wolves. Well, then, there was no time to be lost. Slowly I crept to the extreme end of the altar, and gradually got down, keeping my eye on the beasts the while. Then came the question, should I make a dash for it, or rather steal quietly along? I decided on the former plan. The wolves did not move. I rushed to the door, seized the handle to open it, but to my unutterable horror the door remained fast shut! Unfortunate man that I was, a little while before I had myself locked it, but in my excitement had forgotten the fact altogether. To turn the key I had not time, for a hasty glance behind me showed that the wolves were hurrying towards me with rapid strides.

"I rushed back towards the altar, but before I reached it I stepped on a spot on the stone floor where the oil was spilt when I hurled the bottle at the wolf, and I slipped and fell. I breathed a prayer and gave myself up for lost. I actually believed I could feel the wolves' fangs in my neck already. Cold perspiration ran down my face. But a fortunate accident saved me for the moment. In falling, I

struck the ministrant's bell, which then rolled down the altar steps and rang out loudly as it struck the stone flags. The strange shrill sound awed the beasts for an instant, which was sufficient to enable me to climb on to the altar once more. But the next moment, recovering from their temporary fright, the wolves, growling horribly, the hair on their necks bristling with hideous rage, and an almost supernatural fire in their shining eyes, rushed simultaneously towards the altar trying to get up on to it. I kicked at them with all my might; but in my fall I had lost my knife.

"How long, I speculated, sick with despair, should I be able to defend myself without a weapon? A man's wits work with lightning rapidity at such times. Stay! Close at hand I had such a weapon as I wanted. With one of the massive metal candlesticks from the altar I could at least offer a desperate resistance and sell my life dearly. Instantly I took hold of one of them and struck frantically at the foremost wolf. I noticed I had succeeded in making the head of the smallest wolf bleed freely. His boldness and thirst for my blood had exceeded that of the other two. Nor did its companions escape scot-free, for I managed to give them some severe blows. You would have thought each blow with that terrible weapon sufficient to smash the skull of any animal but an elephant. But each time that I thought they had had enough they renewed the attack after a short pause, and, as I noticed with horror, it was with increasing savageness. My situation became particularly critical when, as if by agreement, they all three attacked me at once, one on the left, one on the right, and the third in front. While I was trying to keep two of them off the other bit my leg through my boot so violently that, in spite of my excitement, I immediately felt most severe pain. Only with great difficulty did I succeed in freeing my foot from that wolf's fangs. When the enraged creature came at me again, I collected all my strength, and dealt it such a blow on its head with the heavy candlestick that, without uttering a sound, it dropped down stunned or killed. At once the others withdrew from the strange fight, their whole attention being obviously taken up by their prostrate comrade, whom they snuffed at on all sides, only from time to time casting a suspicious glance at me. As the wolf had fallen just at the foot of the altar, my enemies were close enough to me, but yet I could not deal either of them a blow with the candlestick, because they kept just out of my reach. Once, however, when one of them seemed to have a great mind to fall upon his prostrate brother and make a meal off him, and so



"ONE OF THEM BIT MY LEG THROUGH MY BOOT."

perhaps became incautious, and got too near me, I made such good use of my candlestick that the beast staggered backwards and immediately made for the door, followed by its companion. They did not seem to relish the affair any more.

"Then I got a moment's breathing space. Might I, I wondered, rejoice in victory? And was this awful nightmare past? Evidently, however, the wolves had no intention of quitting the field of battle, for instead of leaving the chapel, as I had hoped they would, they crept up and down stealthily between the pews, obviously only waiting for a better opportunity of getting me into their power; or at least of

satisfying their hunger by devouring their comrade, who really seemed dead, as he never stirred.

"Meanwhile, it had grown so dark in the chapel that I was no longer able distinctly to see the wolves standing in the nave; only their glistening eyes were still plainly visible, glowing like coals, and never taken off me. In another half-hour it would be quite dark, and then, thought I to myself, they will creep up unheard, the fight will begin again, and continue until at last they pull me down and tear me to pieces. Minute after minute went by. My heart beat so loudly that I could hear it. Was there, then, no escape for me? Should I again try and get into the vestry? Before, however, I could turn the key, the wolves, I felt certain, would have me by the throat. What else, then, was there to be done? I could not endure the fearful tension much longer. The horrible luminous eyes, constantly fixed upon me, were positively hypnotizing me. I felt my fate must be decided, and that very soon: the awful uncertainty was rapidly growing intolerable. For one reckless moment I felt

very much inclined to spring from the altar and attack the beasts with my candlestick. The next minute, however, I saw that such a course would be sheer madness, for if at the best I succeeded in mastering one—knocking it down, and even killing it—the other, while I was doing that, would have the best possible opportunity of seizing me from behind.

"Suddenly it occurred to me that wild beasts dread the sight of fire. Could I not make a fire, or at least some sort of torch? Oh, that I had thought of it before! Perhaps it would be possible with it to make my way out of the chapel, or scare away the wolves themselves. Instantly I set about carrying out my plan. In

my coat-pocket I had the cloth with which I cleaned the lamps: it was, of course, saturated with oil, and so must burn finely. But such a little thing would be consumed in a few seconds, I reflected, so I must have more fuel. I cautiously took off my coat and carefully wound it round one of the altar candlesticks, tying it on with my scarf. Next I fastened the oily cloth over that. Then, indeed, I had such a torch as I needed. I then put it behind my back, and there struck a match, keeping the flame hidden from the wolves as long as it was feeble, in order the more to astonish them when it should burn brightly. It was the desperate remedy of a desperate case.

"Suddenly I leapt from the altar, with one hand flourishing my torch, and with the other another candlestick as weapon, and, yelling with all my might, I rushed straight at the astonished wolves. They, instead of facing me, turned tail and ran out at the door, evidently terrified by the sight of the fire, so that on reaching the threshold I could see no more of them. With my hands trembling with excitement, I plucked the door-key from the outer side, and, putting it into the lock on the inner side, slammed the door, and for greater security locked it too. Then I ran back to the altar; the third wolf was still where it had fallen, and surely must be dead. However, I did not venture to touch it, but with all my might beat its head with the candlestick as long as my arms held out. On looking at it afterwards by candle-light I found I had smashed its head to a pulp. This much was certain: I had no more to fear from *that* beast.

"It was some time before my excitement sufficiently subsided to allow me to look to my wounds. My legs had suffered considerably, and when I fell down with the open knife in my hand I had given myself a long and severe cut. After binding up my hurts as well as I could, I felt anxious to know whether the two other

wolves were still just outside the chapel, but did not, of course, venture to open the door. Accordingly, I resolved to spend the night in the chapel and wait till someone should come to look after me, for at home my long absence must be noticed.

"My release, however, came sooner than I



"THEY TURNED TAIL AND RAN OFF AT THE DOOR."

expected, for in a few hours' time I heard human voices and the barking of a dog at the door. When my dog had returned home alone, my brother-in-law and two friends became so uneasy that they started to seek me, fearing I had been lost in the snow, and might be frozen to death.

"Such was my adventure with the wolves in the Forest Chapel, which to the end of my days I shall remember with trembling horror."



## Odds and Ends.

A collection of photographs one cannot possibly help looking at. And the letterpress is even more interesting. These photographs are the pick of thousands from all parts of the world.



From a] PATCHING A TORN BIRCH-BARK CANOE AFTER PASSING THROUGH ROCKY RAPIDS. [Photo.

**N**AVIGATION on the rapid-flowing, rock-studded rivers of British North America is a somewhat dangerous operation: at any moment the frail canoe may be dashed headlong over foaming rapids or impaled on a jagged rock. This latter accident has happened to the birch-bark canoe seen in the accompanying snap-shot, which was taken on the Moose River, James Bay. The men engaged in patching the little craft are Indians, and they are deftly applying patches of bark to the torn keel of their canoe. Mishaps of this kind are of frequent occurrence, and the only thing to be done when a nasty leak develops is to paddle swiftly to the bank, bundle out all the cargo, and patch up the rent.

The subject of our next reproduction is probably unique in the annals of the photographic art. Here we see Judge

Lynch in the very middle of his merciless work. People in Great Britain are apt to think that lynching is a thing of the past, but this is a fallacy. Not long ago the *Chicago Herald* stated that in 1897, during a period of eleven months, no fewer than 113 cases of lynching occurred. Our photo. shows a negro, convicted of some heinous crime, in the hands of his judges. The halter round his neck and the desperate look in his eyes tell all too plainly that he is on the very threshold of

death. Around him are his captors—soon to be his brutal executioners—while on all hands frenzied cries of fury and rage reach the doomed man's ears. The trial was over in a very few minutes, the criminal being condemned to be hanged by the neck. Next day a coroner's inquest was held, and the farcical verdict of "Death at the hands of some person or persons unknown" solemnly recorded. One of the jurymen had actually taken a prominent



From a]

A LYNCHING SCENE.

[Photo.



*From a*

THIS IS HOW GOODS ARE TRANSPORTED IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

*[Photo.*

part in the affair! This particular lynching took place at Texarkansas, a town on the borders of Texas.

The photograph we reproduce here gives an excellent idea of the way in which transport is conducted in Central Africa. It represents a caravan of African porters starting on a journey up country from the head-quarters of the African Lakes Trading Company, at Mandala, British Central Africa. They are carrying bales of calico, cloth, beads, etc., which the agents of the company barter to the natives at certain trading stations established by them throughout Nyassaland. The weight carried by each man is limited by Government regulation, and should a bale exceed the maximum it is slung on a pole and carried across the shoulders of two men. As far as possible, however, everything is carried African fashion, that is to say, on the head. Both styles are illustrated in our photograph. The man in charge of a caravan walks last, carrying a

when he delivers his bale at its destination. The gentleman owning the caravan seen in our photo. paid his men at the rate of eight yards of calico for carrying goods 100 miles, and he never experienced any difficulty in getting all the porters he required, for in one week they earned as much cloth as they would receive for a whole month's work on the plantations. It very seldom happened that any of the goods were stolen, the most frequent cause of loss being a river swollen by heavy rains. Perhaps in crossing this the strong current would sweep the carrier clean off his feet into the water, goods and all.

Amongst the most remarkable statues in the world the great recumbent figure of Buddha, near Pegu, in Burma, shown in our next photograph, holds front place for size. It is curious not only on account of its gigantic proportions—which may be feebly judged by comparison with the standing figures beside it—but also as a marvellous natural formation of rock, assisted into its present shape, so far as the head is concerned, by native art. The famous Dai Butsu to be seen at Nara, the oldest capital of



*From a*

COLOSSAL RECUMBENT FIGURE OF BUDDHA, HEWN OUT OF THE LIVING ROCK.

*[177*

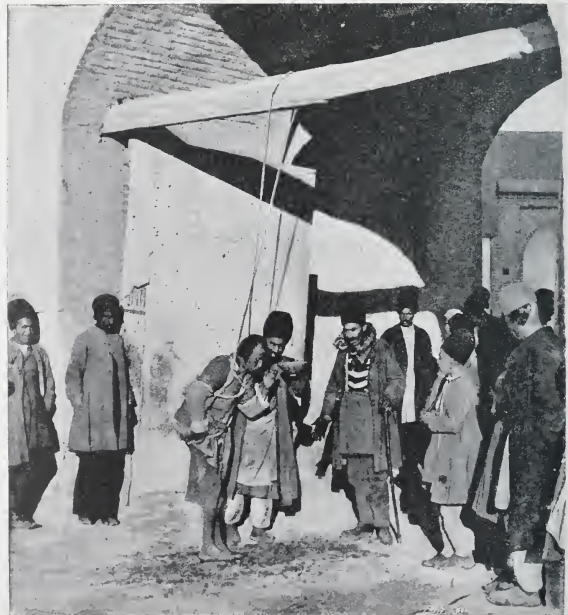
Japan, is also a colossal statue of Buddha, which, after eight failures, was finally cast and completed by a Corean artist, Takusho, in 749. But Dai Butsu, after all, is only 55ft. high, and sinks into insignificance beside the great figure at Pegu, which is 181ft. in length and 46ft. in height, measured at the shoulders. Very little is known respecting the history of this huge recumbent Buddha, although its antiquity is beyond question. It has been lost to sight for ages, and was only brought to light from out of a dense mass of jungle growth by an enterprising railway contractor so recently as 1881. To the generality of Europeans, perhaps, these massive statues and the gigantic temples of Buddha scattered throughout the East mean little, but to the Buddhist they mean much. These so-called "pagans and heretics," with their sins of the body, sins of the mouth, and sins of the mind, have a religion that aims as high, and has as high ideals, perhaps, as any. The great Gautama is reported to have laid down eleven of the "greatest blessings" which, taken as a rule of life, would lead anyone pretty near the mark aimed at by all religions. And as the "crucifixes" of the West signify to Christians the doctrines of Christ, so in the East do these huge figures of Buddha symbolize to 450 millions of people the Buddhist way of salvation.

It is the Persian method of treating a case of poison from opium that is seen in our next photograph. The scene is Teheran, the picturesque Persian capital. The person seen in the illustration administering the bowl to the patient is not, as one would naturally suppose, a physician. He is a grocer, keeping a small shop hard by the parade grounds. The patient, conveniently fastened to a rope hanging from the framework of the gate, is now enticed in caressing terms, now threatened, in order to make him gulp down a quantity of milk from the bowl. This done, he is twisted round until he vomits. Then come more draughts of milk, followed by further twisting, which suffices to force out the unusually large dose of opium from his stomach. To restore him completely, however, the process was continued

until he came to his senses, when he was unfastened and assisted to his usual haunt—a nook in the gateway. On the following day, being asked by the writer for an explanation of his senseless act, the patient, still somewhat stupefied, gave the following justification:—

"I am a stranger in this city, having come here in search of work only a year ago. I was getting on very well, when a swelling appeared on my right thigh, and I lost the use of my leg. I tried many Persian doctors, but all to no purpose. I was then admitted to the American Mission Hospital, from whence I was discharged after a week, owing to the closing of the hospital for the summer. I was unable to scour the city for alms, as one must do in order to get enough to live upon, and I therefore resolved to put an end to myself in as pleasant a way as possible."

The policeman standing next to the grocer is not on the scene for the purpose of taking the would-be suicide into custody. The police of Teheran do not bother themselves about people who wish to put an end to their lives. The representative of the law, in fact, is there by mere chance. Nor is he a wholly disinterested spectator, since he hopes to obtain a share of



HOW THEY CURE OPIUM POISONING IN PERSIA. THEY GAVE THE PATIENT MILK, THEN STRUNG HIM UP AND LET HIM TWIST.

*From a Photo. by Sturugun, Teheran.*





THIS LIFE-BELT WAS PICKED UP IN THE NORTH SEA, AND IT CONTAINED A SAILOR. [Photo.]

the money which he knows will be collected for the patient.

The accompanying photograph represents one of the tragedies which are so common on the North Sea in the winter months. The sailing-ship *Cito* left Goteburg two years ago. In the North Sea she encountered terrific weather, and became a wreck. One poor fellow managed to get into the life-buoy shown, and to secure himself to it. Four days later a smack from the Yorkshire coast saw the floating buoy and managed to haul it in. The crew, to their horror, found that it contained a corpse, but the dead seaman slipped out on the buoy being got on board. They brought the buoy home, and it was sold in the usual way as salvage. As the photograph shows, the canvas and cork were considerably worn by the unfortunate sailor's armpits.

Next we have what is called a Thot Kathin boat. Once each year, in accordance with immemorial custom, the whole population of Siam makes an ostentatious dis-

play of religious charity. Everybody visits the nearest temple to present to the priests ecclesiastical robes of yellow cloth or silk. These gifts are regarded by the people as a profitable investment, which will purchase a certain, and in some cases a definite, amount of happiness in some indefinite future existence. The donors, accompanied by bands and banners, join together to form long processions. The most interesting of these processions are those by water. The people exhibit considerable ingenuity in the decoration of their curious craft. Bits of coloured cloth, wreaths of flowers, and "umbrellas" of paper are everywhere conspicuous. In the capital the King himself proceeds to each of the Royal temples in an enormous State barge, propelled by sixty or seventy paddlers. The river is crowded with brightly-dressed natives. The ships have all their flags flying. Guns boom, bands play, and the crowd chatters and laughs and enjoys itself as if this were the only holiday in the year. The accompanying photo., taken many miles away from Bangkok, represents a rustic attempt to celebrate the holiday with becoming display. The central pagoda-like portion is the place in which the priests' robes were deposited as they were carried from the village to the temple. The occupants of the boat had never seen a camera before, and they threatened the photographer with all kinds of vengeance if he did not speedily remove himself. The "Captain,"



From a Photo. by

A FESTIVAL BOAT IN SIAM.

[E. Young.]



IN WINTER IN EASTERN RUSSIA THE WORKMEN HAVE SPIRITS DOLED OUT TO THEM TWICE A DAY.  
From a Photo.

however, on learning the nature of the strange-looking apparatus, and being the only one in the whole crowd who possessed a coat, agreed that a picture might be taken. When the photographer exclaimed, "It's all over," he made a frantic rush to see the result. When he discovered that there were other operations to be performed before the picture could be seen, he expressed his disgust in so forcible a manner, that the artist hastily betook himself to the shelter of his boat and the protection of his crew.

A curious Russian custom figures next in our Odds and Ends. There is a strange custom in Eastern Russia, the origin of which, like many other things in connection with that inscrutable country, is wrapped in mystery. This is the law which requires in certain provinces the free distribution of *vodki* to workmen in the winter months. As is well known, the winter in Russia and Siberia is exceptionally severe, and it is a fact that very many of the poor *mojiks* are frozen to death annually. *Vodki* is a fiery spirit, of which the humble members of the Czar's dominions are very fond. It is very heating, and during the winter is consumed by those who can afford it in large quantities. By law, an employer of labour is required during the time of frost and snow to give to his labourers a quarter of a pint of neat *vodki* twice a day, and our illustration shows the foreman or overseer of a gang of men doling out the rations. At the back will be seen the overseer's assistant, who is calling out the names of those entitled to their supply. The omission of any man to come forward is duly noted, so that he can have the amount credited to him next time.

The framed proclamation seen in the next snapshot is known as the "Czar's presence." The empire of Russia is so vast and the administration of it so difficult, if not impossible, from one centre, that the general governors of the various provinces possess powers equal in all respects to that of their Imperial master himself. This power, however, is only exercised in cases of

grave emergency, but the general governor has the right of life and death in his hands in exactly the same way as the Czar. When occasions arise which necessitate the exercise of this power, the trophy of the Emperor must be in the same room as those about to administer justice. Without it, the proceedings are of no great value, and the decisions can be appealed against. The trophy, as shown in the photograph herewith, is a huge frame in which is a proclamation signed by the Czar, and giving all his personal autocratic rights and powers to the general governor for the purpose in hand. The trophy actually symbolizes the presence of the Emperor, and



THE FRAMED PROCLAMATION YOU SEE IS CALLED THE CZAR'S PRESENCE, AND MAKES A DEAL OF DIFFERENCE TO PRISONERS.  
From a Photo.

any act performed in its presence carries the greatest weight and importance. Prisoners are punished much more severely when sentenced in its presence.

Next we have a view of the interior of the city gaol of Manila. The photo. was taken on the occasion of the celebration of the Feast of the Rosary, the greatest religious event of the year after Corpus Christi and Christmas. The scene resembles a Bank Holiday fair in England: discordant music is being played, everybody is in high good humour, and aniseed liquors, gin,

attended by hundreds of "pigtailed," decked out in all their silken finery, and devoutly carrying lighted candles. In the evening a banquet and ball are given by the Chinese Chief Mayor, which all the white residents are free to attend; whilst in the streets the public animation is sustained by illuminations and bands of music.

The good people of the Island of Sark must be law-abiding citizens indeed, for the edifice seen in the photograph at the top of the next page is the prison of the island. It contains four cells, but the weeds at



From a

THE ROSARY FETE IN THE CITY GAOL, MANILA.

[Photo.

treacle, cakes, ragoûts, hard-boiled eggs (with the chick inside half-hatched), and other native delicacies are being vended on all sides. Thus the prison is a very nicely-managed institution—from the inmates' point of view—and its attractions are such that European seamen often commit petty offences in order to be able to spend a term in this desirable retreat. The Rosary is the special festival of the Chinese residents of Manila. It extends over several days, during which the Celestials keep open house, bestowing unstinted hospitality upon their friends and business acquaintances. On the last day there is a gorgeous procession,

the door prove conclusively that it is seldom used. Indeed, the chief magistrate of the island—who also fulfils the functions of constable and warder—says that it has only been occupied three times in five years. In connection with this queer little place a delightful story is told. A girl was once incarcerated in the prison for the awful crime of stealing a handkerchief. It was with great difficulty that the door was opened to admit her, and once open it could not be shut. Accordingly, the prisoner was put inside and requested to stop there. This dread sentence apparently prostrated her, for she set up a dreadful howling,





From a] ANOTHER QUEER GAOL: THE PRISON IN THE ISLAND OF SARK.

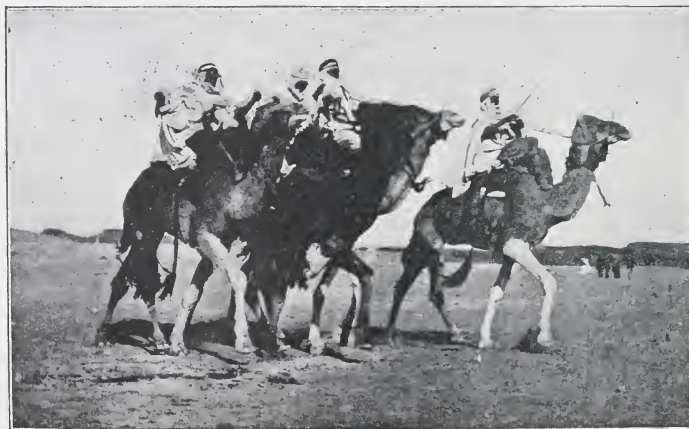
[Photo.

which promptly brought together all the sympathizing women-folk of the island, who sat around the open door and told her stories to pass the time away. Next morning she walked out to the magistrate's house, and asked whether he would release her if she promised to be good and not steal any more handkerchiefs. As magistrate the worthy official said she might go, as warden he formally released her from further detention in the open-doored prison house, and as constable he offered no obstacle to her immediate departure.

The best place to see a camel race is the south of Algeria, where valuable prizes are

offered for the encouragement of the breed of racers, and as much interest is taken in their preparation and performances as in that of race-horses at Newmarket. The racing camels are the result of very careful breeding through many generations, and in size, temper, and appearance they are so different from the ordinary beast of burden, that they might almost be considered a different race of animals. Perhaps the most conspicuous characteristic of the ordinary camel is its extreme slowness. Nothing on earth will ever induce it to hurry, and if you can per-

suade it to cover more than two miles an hour you can congratulate yourself on a meritorious performance. A £5 note will buy a very fair specimen, but for a *mehari*, or racing camel, you must be prepared to pay five or ten times that sum. The racer, however, may be counted on for nine or ten miles an hour, kept up for sixteen or seventeen hours almost without a stop. The pace in a camel race is generally fast and furious at the beginning, when all the animals are together, and seem to realize dimly that a contest is in progress. It is quite impossible to hold them in, however much the rider may be anxious to play a waiting game.



From a]

A CAMEL RACE IN SOUTH ALGERIA.

[Photo.





"I RAISED THE ALARM, AND ISMAIL GAVE THE CALL TO ARMS."

(SEE PAGE 239.)



# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

JULY, 1899.

No. 15.

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

By CHARLES NEUFELD.

Personal Impressions of the Author, by Sir George Newnes, Bart.

IT gives me the greatest pleasure to write a short preface to the wonderful story which commences in this number of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE. I do it because of the peculiar circumstances of my acquaintance with Mr. Charles Neufeld, the author.

I was staying in Cairo with a party of friends preparatory to going up the Nile. I heard that Neufeld was in Cairo, and the clergyman of the place where his wife had been employed as a nurse in England during his captivity happened to be also staying at Shepherd's Hotel. Curiously enough, one member of my party was also an English clergyman, and a friend of Mrs. Neufeld's rector. This gentleman said that the poor fellow was in great distress, and his wife had asked him to come and call upon me, because he had been told that he would not be allowed to publish the book containing the account of his life at Omdurman. He had substantial offers for the work, and was relying on the proceeds of it for a livelihood. Someone in the War Office had declared that he was not to be allowed to publish his story, except through certain people who had subscribed to the fund for the relief of the prisoners at Omdurman.

Neufeld, accustomed for so many years to be crushed by authority, bowed down before this improper and illegal threat, and his wife's clergyman friend asked me whether, having experience in these matters, I would see him and give him the best advice I could. This, of course, I readily agreed to do, and an interview was arranged.

I never saw a man look so broken and dejected as poor Neufeld did when he came to see me at Shepherd's Hotel, along with Mr. Crossland, who was very kindly helping him in the work of his book. Neufeld said that this intimation from the authorities had prevented him from being able to settle down to the work, and he was afraid to go on. The worry of it all prevented the improvement in his health which better nourishment than he had been accustomed to would have brought about.

Having heard the whole story and ascertained the full facts of the case, I advised him to take no notice of this edict from someone in the public offices. It was obviously one which ought never to have been made, as they had no power whatever to prevent him doing what he chose with his own. The most that highly sensitive honour could demand in the matter was that he should out of the proceeds of his book pay back the small sum—I believe, twenty or thirty pounds—which he had received from this relief fund.

Fortunately I was able to obtain sufficient influence with him to make his mind thoroughly at ease over the matter, and advised him to accept Messrs. Chapman and Hall's offer of a contract with them for the book, and to proceed with the writing of the same as quickly as possible. When he rose to leave, it was with a smile upon his brightened countenance, and as he shook me warmly by the hand he said that I had made a new man of him.

The next day I went up the Nile, and did not see him again for two months. On returning to Cairo I was glad to find him a changed man. His book had progressed well. His health was improving day by day. The colour had come back to his cheeks. Instead of an emaciated and worn-out wreck he looked a well-nourished and healthy man.

I had many hours of interesting talk with him, or rather from him, about that eventful period of his life at Omdurman. How entralling it was to listen to, and how his eyes glistened as he told of the sufferings he had gone through, and realized that he is now free from them all!

There are few who could have ever survived his experiences. Most men's nerves would have been shattered and their hearts broken; yet he is restored to health, comfort, and civilization. He now in the following pages makes his bow to the British public, and asks them to listen to him whilst he tells the weird story of his terrible twelve years in chains.

Mr. Neufeld's Explanatory Introduction—Preparations for the Journey—The start from Wadi Halfa—Serious Disputes—A Sandstorm—"Treachery"—Lost in the Desert—The Attack.

### INTRODUCTION.



WITHIN seventy-two hours of my arrival in Cairo from the Soudan I commenced to dictate my experiences for the present narrative, and had dictated them from the time I left Egypt, in 1887, until I had reached the incidents connected with my arrival at Omdurman as the Khalifa's captive. But, having got so far, I suddenly became the recipient of a veritable sheaf of Press-cuttings, extracts, letters—private and official, new and old—which collection was still further added to on the arrival of my wife in Egypt, on the 13th of October of last year.

My first feelings after reading the bulk of these, and when the sensation of walking about free and unshackled had worn off a little, was that I had but escaped the savage barbarism of the Soudan to become the victim of the refined cruelty of civilization. Fortunately, maybe, my rapid change from chains and starvation to freedom and the luxuries I might allow myself to indulge in brought about its inevitable result—a reaction, and then collapse; and while ill in bed I could, when the delirium of fever had left me, and I was no longer struggling for breath and standing room in that Black Hole of Omdurman, the Saier, find it in my heart to forgive my critics, and say, "I might have said the same of them, had they been in my place and I in theirs."

But the inaccuracies written and published in respect to my nationality, biography, and, above all, the astounding stories published in connection with my capture and the circumstances attending it, necessitate my offering a few words to my readers by way of introduction; but I shall be as brief and concise as possible

**False  
Accusa-  
tions.**

First of all, then, I have, both directly and indirectly, been blamed for, or accused of, the loss of arms, ammunition, and moneys sent by the Government to the loyal sheik of the Kababish, Saleh Bey Wad Salem. Some have gone so far as to accuse me of betraying the party I accompanied into the hands of the Dervishes; a betrayal which led eventually to the virtual extermination of the tribe and the death of its brave chief.

The betrayal of the caravan I accompanied *did* lead to this result; *it also led me into chains and slavery.*

According to one account, I arrived at Omdurman on the 1st or 7th of March (both dates are given in the same book), 1887; yet, at this time, to the best of my recollection, the general commanding the Army of Occupation in Egypt, General Stephenson, was trying in Cairo to persuade me to abandon my projected journey into Kordofan. In a very recent publication, in the preface to which the authors ask their readers to point out any inaccuracies, I am credited with arriving as a captive at Omdurman in 1885, when at this time I was attached as interpreter to the Gordon Relief Expedition, and stood within a few yards of General Earle at the Battle of Kirbakan when he was killed. It is probable I was the last man he ever spoke to.

The guide and spy who reported my capture and death on the 13th or 14th of April, 1887, only reported what he thought, as a possible result of arrangements he had made, had actually happened.

Then again, the refugee Wakih Idris, who reported in August, 1890, that I was conducting a large drapery establishment in Omdurman, must have been a

**I as a  
Draper.**



MR. CHARLES NEUFELD WRITING IN PRISON, AS LORD KITCHENER FOUND HIM ON ENTERING OMDURMAN.

Soudanese humorist, and was, doubtless, hugely amused at his tale being believed in the face of the Madhi's and Khalifa's crusade against finery and luxuries (although the tenets may have stopped short at the entrance to their harems); and when everyone, from the highest to the lowest, had to wear the roughest and commonest of woven fabrics. A drapery establishment is generally associated with fine clothing, silks, ribbons, and laces; in Omdurman, such an establishment, if opened, would have been consigned to the flames, or the Beit el Mal (Treasury), and its proprietor to the dreaded Saier, or prison.

Yet again, when I am more heavily weighted with chains, and my gaoler, to evidence his detestation of the Kafir (unbeliever) intrusted to his charge, goes out of his way to invent an excuse for giving me the lash, I am reported as being at liberty, my release having been granted on the representations of some imaginary Emir, who claimed it on the grounds that I had arranged the betrayal of Sheik Saleh's caravan!

There is one other subject I must touch upon—a subject which has made the life of my wife and child as much of a hell upon earth during my captivity as that captivity was to me; and a subject which has caused the most poignant grief and pain to my near relatives. I refer to my Abyssinian female servant, Hasseena. The mere fact of her accompanying the caravan opened up a quarry for quidnuncs to delve in, and they delved for twelve long years. It is needless to dilate upon the subject here; suffice to say if, when my critics have read through my plain narrative, they have conscience enough left to admit to themselves that they have more injured a woman and child than the helpless, and in this particular connection, ignorant captive, who has returned to life to confront them, and to try in future to be as charitable to their own flesh and blood as some of the savage fanatics were to me in the Soudan, I shall rest content.

My narrative—and here I wish to say that it is presented as I first dictated it, notwithstanding my being confronted with, as it was put to me, "contradictions" based upon official and semi-official records and reports—may be depended upon as being as correct a record as memory can be expected to give of the events of my twelve years' existence.

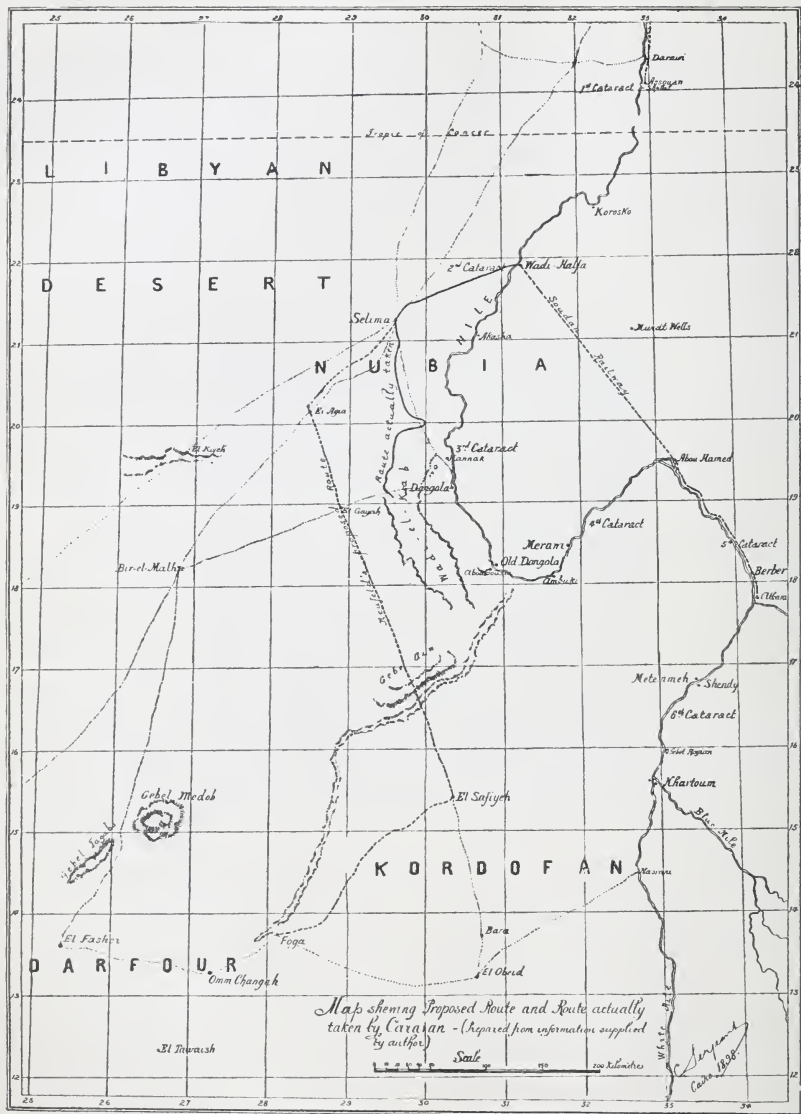
This period begins with All Fools' <sup>A Long Ride.</sup> Day, 1887, when, in spite of all warnings, I rode away from life and civilization to years of barbarism and slavery.

At the beginning of 1887, Hogal Dufallah, a brother of Elias Pasha, a former Governor of Kordofan, came to me at Assouan and suggested

my accompanying him to Kordofan, where large quantities of gum were lying awaiting a favourable opportunity to be brought down, he possessing a thousand cantars (cwts.). The owners of the gum, it appeared, were afraid to bring it to the Egyptian frontier, believing that the Government would confiscate it. Hogal was of opinion that, if I accompanied him, we should be able to induce the people to organize a series of caravans for the transport of the gum, he and I signing contracts to buy it on arrival at Wadi Halfa, and guaranteeing the owners against confiscation by the Government. Letters and messages, he said, would be of no avail; the people would believe they were mere traps set for them by the Government; and it was out of the question our attempting to take with us the large amount of money required to purchase the gum on the spot. I being looked upon as an Englishman, and an Englishman's word then being considered as good as his bond, Hogal was sure of a successful journey, so it was finally agreed that Hogal and I should make up a small caravan, and get away as early as possible. At this time—February, 1887—the loyal sheik, Saleh Bey Wad Salem, of the Kabbabish tribe, was holding his own against the Mahdists, and had succeeded in keeping open the caravan routes of the Western Soudan.

Hogal and I came to Cairo to make various business arrangements, and while here I called upon General Stephenson and Colonel Ardagh, and asked permission to proceed. They tried to persuade me to abandon what appeared to them a very risky expedition, but, telling them that I was bent upon undertaking it, permission or no permission, I was asked if I would mind delivering some letters to Sheik Saleh, as my visit to him was necessary to procure guides for the later stages of the journey. I was also to inform him verbally that his request for arms and ammunition had been granted. Also that he should send men at once to Wadi Halfa to receive them; and that a number of messages to this effect had already been sent him. General Stephenson evidently gave the matter further consideration, for, on calling for the letters, they were not forthcoming. He said he would write to me to Assouan; but, he continued, he would be glad if I would encourage Saleh, or any of the loyal sheiks I met, to continue to harass the Dervishes, and let him have what information I could on my return respecting the country and the people. The precise circumstances under which I received his letter I have forgotten; but my former business manager tells me that, one evening at Assouan, he found lying on the desk an official





MAP SHOWING PROPOSED ROUTE AND ROUTE ACTUALLY TAKEN BY CARAVAN (PREPARED FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY AUTHOR).

envelope, unaddressed. This he opened, and was still reading the letter it contained when I walked in, and exhibited great annoyance at his having seen it. This was the letter from General Stephenson to me, referred to by Slatin and Ohrwalder. I remember it but as a sort of private communication, not in any way official; and I think it well, at an early moment, to state so, as it has been borne upon me that there is an impression in certain quarters that I might, on the strength of references made to it in Father Ohrwalder's and Slatin Pasha's books, make some claim against the British Government. I consider it advisable, however, to say at once that no such idea ever occurred to me.

Completing our arrangements in Cairo, Hogal and I started south, Hogal going to Derawi to buy camels for the journey to Kordofan, and I going to Assouan and Wadi Halfa to make final arrangements, and prepare food for the desert journey.

#### CHAPTER I.

BEFORE leaving Assouan for Cairo, I had made an agreement with Hassib el Gabou, of the Dar Hamad section of the Kabbabish tribe, and Ali el Amin, from Wadi el Kab, to act as guides for us as far as Gebel Ain, where we hoped to find Sheik Saleh. Gabou was in the employ of the military authorities as spy, receiving a monthly gratuity or pay. He and Ali el Amin were to each receive three hundred dollars for the journey—a hundred and fifty dollars each to be paid in advance, and the remainder at the end of the journey. On arrival at Gebel Ain, they were to arrange for guides for us from amongst Saleh's own men. The route we had chosen is shown on the accompanying plan, taken from a map published by Kauffmann, a copy of which I had with me, and another copy of which I have been fortunate enough to find since my return.

On arriving at Derawi, Hogal at once set about buying camels. Our party was to consist of Hogal, Hassib el Gabou, Ali el Amin, my Arabic clerk Elias, my female servant Hasseena, myself, and four men whom Hogal was to engage, to bring up our party to ten people, so that we might be prepared to deal with any small band of marauding Dervishes. Hogal was to purchase camels from the Abab-deh, who possessed, and probably still do, the best camels for the kind of journey we

were undertaking. He was also to take them into the desert to test their powers of endurance, as, from the route chosen, they might have to travel fifteen days without water. He was also to purchase extra camels to carry water; so that if the necessity arose, we could strike farther west into the desert than arranged for, and be able to keep away from the wells for as long as thirty days. We were to take with us only such articles as were essential for the journey; such as food, arms, and ammunition; three hundred dollars in cash; and our presents of watches, silks, jewellery, pipes, and ornaments for the sheiks we met.

Hogal was to leave Derawi on or about the 20th of March, and, bringing the camels through the desert on the west of the Nile, was so to time his last stage as to reach Wadi Halfa at sunset on the 26th or 27th. The guides, my clerk, servant, and myself were to slip over by boat, and our caravan was then to strike off west at once. Our departure was to be kept as secret as possible.

**A Friendly Warning.** On my reaching Shellal, after leaving Hogal at Derawi, I was overtaken



"SHEHABEDDIN ELI AS THE FATHER OF THE PARTY WAS A TRIP AS HEY OR BERTH AND EDE."



\* MR. CHARLES NEUFELD (ON THE LEFT) MAKING HIS ARRANGEMENTS IN WADI HALFA THE DAY BEFORE HE LEFT FOR THE JOURNEY WHICH WAS TO TAKE HIM TWELVE TERRIBLE YEARS TO COME TO THE SOUTH.

*This Photograph was taken expressly for Messrs. Baird, of the Sudan Railway, and Mr. T. C. Taylor (Clerk in charge of the Telegraph Office).*



by an old friend, Mohammad Abdel Gader Gemmarecyeh, who, having learned in confidence from Hogal the reason for his purchasing the camels, hurried after me to warn me against employing Gabou as guide, as he knew the man was not to be trusted. Mohammad told me that Gabou was acting as spy for friend and foe, and was being paid by both; but this I did not then credit. I laughed at the man's expressed fears, and telling him that as Hogal and I were to direct the caravan, and Gabou was to accompany us as guide, I had no intention of abandoning a journey at the end of which a small fortune awaited me. I knew very well that not a single person was to be trusted out of sight and hearing, but as there was no reason why Gabou should not be kept within both, there was equally no reason why I should have any fears. Besides this, I was vain enough to believe that perhaps I might, as a result of my journey, be able to hand to the military authorities a report of some value; and lastly, the halo of romance which still hung over everything Soudanese was in itself no little attraction. I reached Wadi Halfa about March 23rd, and set to work quietly on the final arrangements. Hasseena, my female Abyssinian servant, had elected to accompany us, and this on the suggestion of Hogal, his reasons being firstly that, being accompanied by a woman, the peaceful intentions of our little caravan would be evidenced; secondly, that Hasseena, when she was the slave of her old master of the Alighat Arabs, had on many occasions made the journey between El Obeid, Dongola, and Derawi, and would therefore be of great use to us in harems in very much the same way that a lady in civilized countries, having the *entrée* to a salon, is occasionally able to further the interests of her male relatives or friends. And in the East, all women have the *entrée* to harems.

The morning after my arrival at Wadi Halfa I heard that forty of Sheik Saleh's men, led by one of his slaves, Ismail, had already arrived to take over the arms and ammunition. Gabou came to me the same day, and suggested our abandoning the proposed expedition, as he was afraid that the Dervishes might hear of Saleh's men coming in, and send out bands to intercept the caravan on its return; and he said we might easily fall into the hands of one of them. Believing that Gabou was simply trying to induce me to add to his reward for extra risks, I told him I should hold him strictly to his agreement.

A day or two later, seeing that I was determined to go on, he suggested that we should, for safety, accompany Saleh's men, but to this I objected. The Kabbabish were

fighting the Dervishes, and lost no opportunity of pouncing down upon any small bands, and I had no particular wish to look for more adventures than my expedition was likely to provide in itself. There was also the question of time; Sheik Saleh's baggage camels would only move at the rate of about a mile an hour, whilst ours would cover two and a half to three miles easily.

On March 24th I received a telegram from Hogal, who was then at Assouan, announcing his arrival there with the camels, and his intention to come on at once; so that he should have reached Wadi Halfa on the 28th or 29th of the month. Gabou now exhibited particular anxiety that we should join Saleh's party, and took upon himself to make an arrangement with them. On my remonstrating with him, he said that, if the Dervishes were on the road, they would certainly be met with between Wadi Halfa and the Selima Wells, or, maybe, at the wells themselves; and this was the only part of our route where there was any likelihood of our coming into contact with them, our road, after Selima, being well to the west. "Now," said Gabou, the guide, "if Saleh's caravan goes off, and the Dervishes on the road are not strong enough to attack, they will allow the caravan to pass, but wait about the roads either in the hope of getting reinforcements in time to attack, or with the hope of attacking smaller parties." He believed the Dervishes might go on to the wells, and encamp there, so that in either case we would fall into their clutches. It was also Gabou's opinion that Sheik Saleh's caravan was strong enough to annihilate the Dervish bands, which he now said he had heard were actually on the road. This decided me. I asked him why he had not told me of this before. He had forgotten to do so!

The 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st of the month passed, and still no sign of Hogal and the camels. Ismail was impatient to be off, and Gabou suggested that, as my camels must be close at hand, Hasseena, Elias, El Amin, and I should start with Saleh's caravan, he following us as soon as our camels arrived. My camels being in good condition, and unloaded, would, he said, overtake the caravan in a few hours, and he was very anxious to test them for trotting speed whilst overtaking us.

We were joined at Wadi Halfa by about twenty Arabs of different tribes, bringing our caravan up to sixty-four men and about a hundred and sixty camels. Gabou gave us as guide for Selima a man named Hassan, also of the Dar Hamads. Crossing to the western bank of the Nile early on the morning of April 1st, 1887, by ten o'clock we had loaded up and started on that

An  
Imposing  
Caravan.

A Wily  
Scoundrel.

journey to the Soudan which was to take me twelve long and fruitful years to complete.

When we had been two days on the road I began to feel a little uneasy at the non-appearance of my camels; but thinking that maybe Gabou had purposely delayed starting so as to give them a stiff test in hard trotting, I comforted myself with this reflection. As day after day passed, however, my anxiety became very real. On the night of April 7 we judged we must be close to Selima Wells, and sent out scouts to reconnoitre; they reached the wells, and returned saying they could find no traces of anyone having been there for some time. Our caravan reached the wells between nine and ten o'clock in the morning; and about midday, while we were occupied in watering the camels and preparing food, we heard a shot fired from the south east. Shortly afterwards one of our scouts came in saying that he had been sighted by a party of about twenty men on camels; one of the men had fired at him at long range,

was not to be thought of; and the only other alternative was to push on with the caravan.

I told Elias to write out short notes for Hogal and Gabou, which I had intended to leave at the wells; but as Ismail pointed out, I should have to leave them conspicuously marked in some way so as to attract attention, and, if the Dervishes got to the wells first, or if those we had seen returned with others, they would be the first to get the notes, which would endanger our caravan, as well as the little party I was so anxiously expecting. There was nothing for it, then, but to go on and hope for the best. If the worst came to the worst, it meant only that my gum expedition was temporarily delayed, and that I should, after reaching Sheik Saleh, take my first opportunity of getting north again.

#### CHAPTER II.

Now, there are five caravan routes running from Selima Wells. The one farthest west leads to

El Kiyeh, the next to El Agia, and the one in the centre to the Nile, near Hannak, with a branch running to Wadi el Kab. Our objective being to meet Sheik Saleh at Jebel Ain, we should have taken the route leading to El Agia, and this we had selected, as, being well out in the desert, there was little likelihood of our encountering any roving bands of Dervish robbers. When we had been on the road a few hours, I ventured the opinion that we had taken the wrong route, and a halt was called while I examined the map I had with me. After this examination I felt certain we were marching in the wrong direction.

The guide Hassan was equally certain we were on the El Agia road. A discussion ensued, which was ended by Hassan telling me, with what he intended to be withering sarcasm—"I never walked on paper" (meaning the map); "I have always walked on the desert. I am the guide, and am responsible. The road you want us to go by leads to El Etroun (Natron district), sixty marches distant. If we take your road and we all die of thirst in the desert, I should be held responsible for the loss of the lives, and your paper could not



"HE HAD BEEN SIGHTED BY A PARTY OF ABOUT TWENTY MEN."

and the whole party had then hurried off to the south.

A hurried conference was held; it was the general opinion that this party must be the scouts of a larger one, and that they had gone off for the purpose of apprising their main body. Ismail decided upon pushing on at once. There was little time for me to consider what to do; to return to Wadi Halfa was out of the question, as Ismail could not spare any of his men as a bodyguard. Then, again, to wait at the wells

speak to defend me." Hassan's dramatic description of the scene of his being blamed by the Prophet for losing all these valuable lives if he trusted to a "paper" had more to do with his gaining his point than pure conviction as to whether we were on the right road or not. From El Agia, as Saleh's men said, they knew every stone on the desert, but in this part they had to trust entirely to Hassan.

During the whole of this first day we forced the baggage camels on at their best pace, travelling by my compass in a south and south-easterly direction. The arrangement I had made with Gabou for my own caravan, and which arrangement Ismail had agreed to when Gabou suggested our travelling with them, was that we should travel a little to the west of the El Agia camel tracks, but keep parallel to them. When we halted that night I spoke to Ismail about this, and asked him to keep to this part of the agreement—that is to say, to travel parallel to, and not on, the track. Hassan objected, as it meant slower travelling. Still pressing on after a short rest, Hassan zig-zagged the caravan over stony ground with the object of losing our trail, as our caravan, consisting of about 160 camels, was an easy one to track up. We travelled fast until midday of the 10th, when we were obliged to take a rest owing to the extreme heat. We were in an arid waste; not the slightest sign of vegetation or anything living but ourselves to be seen anywhere. Off again at sunset, we travelled the whole night through, my compass at midnight showing me that we were, if anything, travelling towards the east, whereas our direction should certainly have been south-west. At our next halt I spoke to Ismail again, but Hassan convinced him of his infallibility in desert routes. The following morning—the 11th—there was no disguising the fact about our direction: the regular guides travel by the stars at night-time, but they laugh at the little niceties between the cardinal points, such as Hassan laughed at me when I tried to get him to believe in the sand diagram I drew for him, with the object of proving to him that a divergence increases the farther you get away from the starting-point.

El Amin now joined me in saying that he thought we were on the wrong road, but Hassan was prepared. He had, he said, during the night, led us further into the desert, with the object of again breaking our trail; and he was now leading us to the regular road. El Amin replied that in his opinion Hassan had lost the road in the night, and now was trying

to find it. This led to a lively discussion and an exchange of compliments, which almost ended in a nasty scuffle, as some were siding with Hassan and others with El Amin. Acting upon my advice, men were sent out east and west to pick up the regular caravan route. Hassan declared that a branch of the regular road would be found to the east; but Amin and I declared for the west. Hassan took two men east, and Amin, accompanied by two others, went west. About an hour after sunset both parties returned: El Amin arrived first, and reported that they had failed to find any trace of the road. Hassan came shortly afterwards, and, having heard before reaching Ismail of the failure of the others, came up to us jubilant and triumphant, as a road had been picked up just where he said it would. They had not only picked up the road, it seemed, but had also come to the resting-place of a caravan of fifteen to twenty camels, which could only be a few hours ahead of us, as the embers of the caravan's fire-places were still hot. I judged it best to be silent on the subject of the route now, though Amin, jibed and scoffed at by the victorious Hassan, was loud and persistent in declaring that we were on the wrong route, and that Hassan had lost his way. This again nearly led to trouble between him and the two men who had accompanied Hassan, as they considered their word doubted. We travelled east during the night, and crossed the road which Hassan had during the day picked up. But there was a feeling of uncertainty and unrest in the caravan. One after another appealed to me, and I could but say that I was still convinced my "paper" was right and Hassan wrong.

El Amin, pricked to the quick, spread through the caravan his opinion that Hassan had not lost his way, but was *deliberately leading us in the wrong direction!* When we halted on the 12th, Ismail, noticing the gossiping going on, and the manner of his men, decided upon sending out scouts to the east to see if they could pick up anything at all in the way of landmarks. El Amin joined the scouts, who were absent the whole day long. They returned at night with the news that we were nearer the river than El Agia Wells; and on this, our fourth day out from Selima, we should have been close to El Agia. This report, coming not from El Amin only, but from Saleh's own people who knew the district, created positive consternation. Again the "paper" was called for, and on this occasion Hassan was told it knew better than he did. That night scene of betrayed men, desperate, and with death from thirst or Dervish swords apparently a certainty, can be better imagined

The First Day Out.

A Suspicion of Treachery.

My Troubles Begin.



than described. There had been no husbanding of the drinking-water, and now it was almost out. Many of the men, in the hurry of departure from Selima, had not filled their water-skins. There was no doubt now that we were, as I had said from the beginning, on the road to Wadi el Kab, and travelling in the enemy's country. But Hassan, threatened as he was, had still one more card to play. He acknowledged that he had lost his way, but said this was not altogether his fault. He said we had been travelling hard, and, feeling sure he was on the right track, he had, perhaps, been careless, or had neglected to look out for the usual marks; and this was in consequence of Amin and myself having annoyed him about the road at the beginning of the march. He now said we were well to the west of El Kab, and that on its extreme limits, where the Wadi disappeared into the desert, water could be found. He also stated that, being so far west, it was most improbable that we should find any Dervishes there. Another council was held. Hassan was for continuing in an easterly direction; I proposed the west, believing now that the Wadi would be found in that direction. But Ismail, advised by Amin, elected for a southerly direction. At last it was agreed that Ismail, Hassan, and some of the men should ride hard in a south-westerly direction, in the hope of picking up some branch caravan route leading to El Agia. The remainder of the caravan, with myself and Amin, were to travel easily in a southerly direction for five hours, and then halt and await the return of Ismail.

We halted between three and four in the afternoon, but no sooner had we done so, than a heavy sandstorm

**Overtaken  
by a Sand-  
storm.**

burst upon us. There are varieties of sandstorms as there are of most other things, but this was one of the worst kinds. The air became thick with the finest particles, which gave one more the idea of a yellow fog in the north than of anything

else I might liken it to. We were obliged to wrap our own and the camels' heads in cloths and blankets to protect ourselves, if not from suffocation, at least from something very near it. The storm lasted until after sunset, and as it must have obliterated all traces of our tracks, scouts were sent out to sight Ismail. Up to midnight no signs of him were forthcoming, however. Breaking up what camel saddles we could spare, we lit fires to attract his attention to our position, and as these burned low, shots were fired at intervals of five minutes. After ten or twelve



"SHOTS WERE FIRED AT INTERVALS OF FIVE MINUTES."

shots had been fired, I recommended that volleys of five should be fired at the same intervals; and when I believe six had been fired, we heard Ismail calling to us from the darkness. He had encountered the sandstorm, but had evidently

had a far worse time of it than we had. He had heard our volleys, and had replied with single shots, but these we had not heard.

On reaching the caravan, Ismail ordered the fires to be put out and the camels at once loaded and their fastenings well looked to. The rifles, too, were cleared of the sand which had accumulated on them, and Ismail went round inspecting everything for himself. I called him aside and asked him what he had discovered. He whispered one word, "*Treachery*," and then returned to his inspection of the animals. When he had satisfied himself of the arms being in readiness, and the cases and packs so secured that even if the camels bolted they would not be able to throw off their load very easily, he gave the order to march. Ignoring Hassan completely, he led us west, sending out as scouts, on fast camels, Darb es Safai and El Amin, my guide; but at sunrise they came back to us, saying that not a trace of road could be found.

I cannot weary my readers with a day-to-day record of our hopeless zig-zagging in the desert—one day with Hassan in the ascendant as guide; another day, El Amin. Nor from this time can I pretend to remember the exact day on which particular incidents happened. There were far too many incidents to attempt a complete record—even with a diary, had I kept one.

El Amin had confided to me and Ismail his firm conviction that Hassan was doing all this purposely, and that he knew precisely whereabouts we were, as he (El Amin) had noticed him making some sort of calculations, and drawing lines with his camel-stick in the sand.

Perhaps it was because I did not wish to, that I could not credit the implied treachery. Gabou and Hassan belonged to the Kabbabish tribe; and as the rifles and ammunition we were carrying were to assist Sheik Saleh to fight the common enemy, what object could there possibly be in betraying us? Saleh's men would certainly fight to the death; betrayer and betrayed would run equal risks of being killed—indeed, the betrayer would almost certainly be killed instantly by those he was leading. I therefore dismissed the idea from my head, and took it for granted that the man had actually lost his way. I absolutely declined to fall in with El Amin's suggestion to say "good-bye" to the caravan, make straight for the Nile, and take our chances of passing clear as merchants, should we meet any people on the road. On, I believe, our sixth day out from Selima, we crossed a caravan route running east and west, and, referring to my map, I had no hesitation in telling Ismail that this must be the caravan route

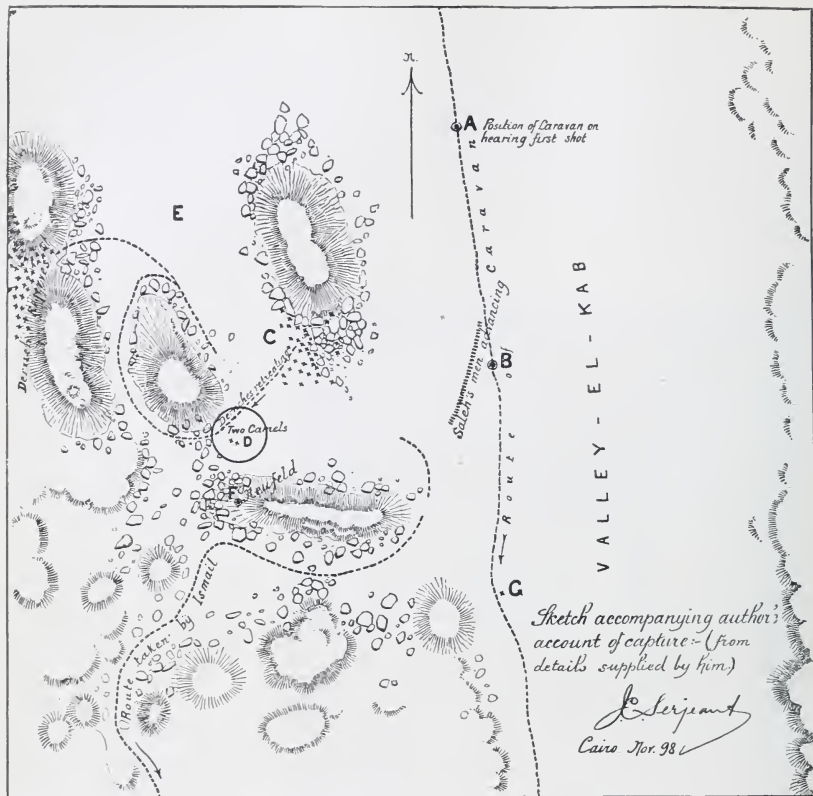
between El Kab and El Agia, but on which part of the road we were I could not imagine. I wanted to attempt travelling along this road, but Hassan declared it led to El Kiyeh. That we must now be close to Wadi el Kab every one of us knew. A "council of war" was at once held, at which it was decided to risk going on, as we must be travelling towards the wells on the extreme edge of the Wadi. We were to try and pick up the wells, water the camels and fill our skins there, and then strike direct west and encamp at night-time, so as not to remain near the wells.

While we were discussing the situation, some men had been sent along the road to try to discover anything in the way of marks or tracks which would give an idea as to our exact position. They soon reported that there could be little doubt of this being the El Kiyeh road, and that El Kiyeh must be six days distant. This news decided us. Our water-supply was out. A six-days' march over that desert under such conditions meant perishing of thirst, and there was, again, the uncertainty as to whether we would be, after all, on the road to El Kiyeh or El Etroun.

One of the camels ailing, it was decided to kill it, and let the men have a good meal of meat. Early the next day—I believe our eighth or ninth day from Selima—an Alghat Arab was sent scouting to the west; but he never returned. We halted and waited for his return, as arranged, and lost the night's travel in consequence. On the following day, unmistakable landmarks were picked up, which proved we were but a few hours distant from the Wadi el Kab; and it was believed we could reach the wells by sunset. Unloading the camels, and leaving four men in charge of the baggage, we started off for the wells, expecting to return the same night. We travelled without incident until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when we reached the broken ground skirting the Wadi proper. My guide, El Amin, and two men had been sent on ahead to reconnoitre. The place is dotted with sand-dunes and hillocks from 50ft. to 100ft. high, and on nearing the first hillock, and when approximately at "A," a shot rang sharply out. El Amin and his companions had then reached the spot marked "G" on the accompanying plan. We believed the shot to be a signal that they had found water, and so pressed on until we reached "B," when shot after shot was fired, the bullets whistling over our heads—greatly to our amazement and perplexity. At this moment we saw Amin and his companions hurrying back to us. Next came some broken volleys, but all the shots were high. Up to now we had not seen our assailants, but the smoke from

We Hold a Council of War.

Lost in the Desert.



the rifles now discovered their whereabouts—the hillock marked “C” on the plan.

I was slightly ahead of the main body, with Hassan, the guide, some yards away on my right. Being mounted on a large and well caparisoned white camel, and wearing a bright silk kaffiyeh on my head, I offered an excellent mark, and shot after shot whistled over and around me. I was turning my camel round to hurry back to the main body, when I saw Hassan fall to the ground. Calling to my clerk Elias, who was nearest to him, to help him back on the camel, or make the camel kneel to cover him, I tried to get mine to kneel also so that I could dismount, but the brute was startled and restive. Elias called out that Hassan was *mayat khaulass* (stone dead). Our

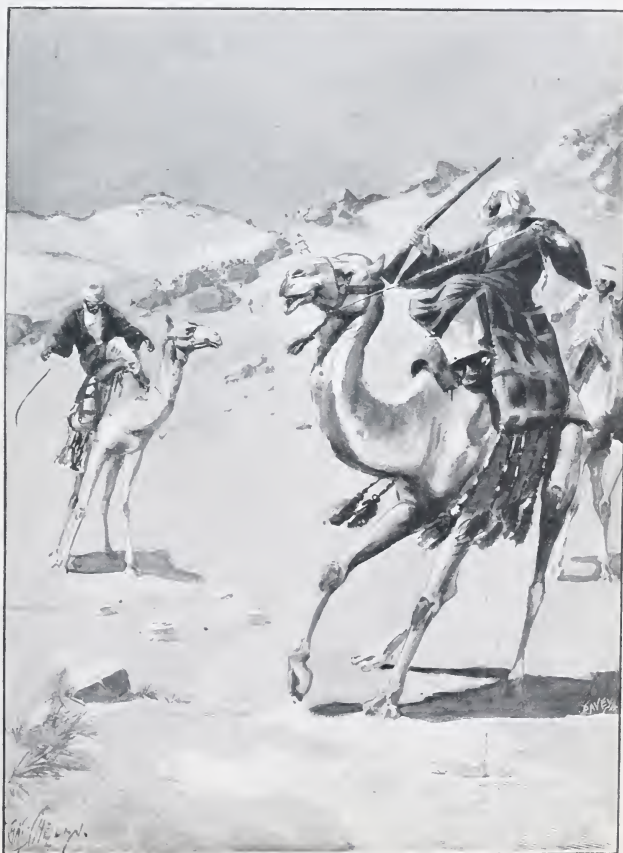
men were now quickly dismounting and loading their rifles. Bullet after bullet and volley after volley came, but no one was struck as yet, except Hassan. Making the camels kneel, as a precaution against their bolting, we advanced in open order towards the hillock from whence the shots came—I on the extreme left, Ismail in the centre, and Darb es Safai on the right. Rounding the hillock “C” we caught the first glimpse of the enemy, about fifty strong; they were then rapidly retiring. We fired a volley into them, on which they turned and replied, and a pretty hot fusillade was kept up for some minutes, but the firing was wild on both sides. I saw two of our men fall, and about eight to ten of the Dervishes. Picking up their dead or wounded, they hurried off again, leaving two



camels behind. Darb es Safai, who was leading the right, and was now well in advance, was the first to reach the camels, and discovered they were loaded with filled waterskins. Calling out, "*Moyia lil atshan; Allah kereem!*" ("Water for the thirsty; God is generous!") he commenced to unfasten the neck of one of the skins. A mad rush was made for the water. Arms were thrown down frantically and the men struggled riotously around the camels for a drink. I tried for a few seconds, when I reached them, to counsel moderation, knowing the effect of a copious draught on the system under the circumstances and condition they were in. Some of the men had been three days without water, and the camel flesh they had eaten had not improved matters.

While the struggle was still in progress, the girl Hasseena, who with Elias had followed us up, ran to me saying the Dervishes were returning, and, looking in the direction of "E" (see plan), I saw about a hundred and fifty men advancing at a rapid pace. I raised the alarm, and Ismail gave the call to arms; but few heard his voice in the din. Those few fired a few shots, but it was now too late. In a moment the Dervishes were upon us, friend and foe involved in one struggling mass. Above the uproar could be heard the voice of the Dervish leader reminding his men of some orders they had received, and to "secure their men alive." Even in that moment it flashed upon me that we had been led into an ambush, else why the reference to "our master's orders" given

by their leader? Elias, Hasseena, and I ran towards the point marked "F" to take cover. It was useless, I reflected, using my fowling-piece on that struggling, yelling mass of human beings, as I should have struck friend and foe. Just as we reached the base of the hillock, Elias was captured, and the five or six Dervishes who had pursued us occupied themselves with examining the contents of the bag he was carrying, and which contained my three hundred dollars, the jewellery, etc. They gave a mere glance towards me, and then moved off. Pushing a few stones together, I laid out my cartridges, reloaded my revolvers, and prepared to die fighting. Ismail, the leader of our caravan,



"I SAW HASSAN FALL TO THE GROUND."



"MADE A MOTION AS IF TO STRIKE AT MY HEAD WITH HIS SWORD."

had by some means managed to get clear of the mass, and, reaching my camel, mounted it and rode off, riding hard to the right of "F" in the plan. Seeing Hasseena and me, he called to us to try and secure camels and follow him up. Hasseena on this ran down the hillock; I had not noticed her disappearance from the immediate vicinity, as I was too much occupied in hurriedly constructing my diminutive zarea of stones. Glancing over the stones later, I was astonished to see her walking at the head of the Dervishes who had secured Elias, they following in Indian file. Hasseena called out that I was given quarter, and that I was to stand up unarmed. This I refused to do, and as the Dervishes continued to advance, I kept my gun pointed

at them from between the stones. Hasseena again called out, saying that they had orders not to hurt me, in evidence of which they fired their rifles into the air, and then laid them on the sand. By this time I could see our men were bound, and grouped together on the plain. I therefore left my cover, descended the hillock, and advanced to the Dervishes, when I was saluted with yells and cries of "El Kaffir, El Kaffir" ("the unbeliever.")

One, maybe more fanatical than the rest, after vituperating me, made a motion as if to strike at my head with his sword.

**A Perilous Moment.**

Looking him in the eyes, I asked, "Is this the word of honour (meaning quarter) of your Prophet and master? You liar! You son of a dog! Strike—unclean thing!" While, as is only to be expected, I was at that moment trembling with fear and excitement, I had lived too long in the East to forget that a bold front and fearless manner command respect, if not awe. My words and manner had the desired effect, for one of the Dervishes, turning to my would-be assailant, asked, "What are you doing?"

Have you forgotten our master's orders?" This was the second time something had been said about "orders." I put a few questions to my captors, but they declined to reply to them, saying I could speak to the Emirs Hamza and Farag, and with this they hurried me towards them. The Emir whom later I knew to be Farag asked my name, and what I wanted in his country; then, turning to his followers without waiting for a reply, he called out, "This is the Pasha our master Wad en Nejoumi sent us to capture—thanks be to God we have taken him unhurt." The latter remark was made as a reproof to the man who had threatened to strike me, the incident having been reported; it was also intended as a warning to the others.

(To be continued.)

## The Lady Bull-Fighters of Barcelona.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

The only lady bull-fighters in the world. Snap-shotted whilst rehearsing with dummies in the Barcelona bull-ring. An interview with their manager and their leader, the fair Lolita. How the Spaniards have solved the knotty problem of "What to do with our daughters."



From a]

SEÑOR TOTTI AND HIS CUADRILLA OF LADY BULL-FIGHTERS.

[Photo



HE great attraction during the off season in Spain, when serious bull-fighting is out of the question, is either the baiting of young bulls, known as *novillos*, or sometimes a fight between a bull and a lion or an elephant. Or, failing these—and most popular of all—there is a performance by the *cuadrilla de señoritas toreras*, or company of lady bull-fighters. On such occasions every seat is sure to be taken, and, apart from the originality of the idea, thoroughly good sport may be relied upon in spite of the sex of the performers.

New women have invaded so many professions which were regarded as the special preserve of the stronger sex, that the existence of lady bull-fighters will scarcely come as a surprise; but, nevertheless, some account of their methods and training may not be found altogether devoid of interest, even in this *blasé* age.

I first made their acquaintance one winter  
Vol. iii.—31.

afternoon in the bull-ring at Barcelona, when they were going through a rehearsal. Their manager, a very stout man with the delightfully inappropriate name of Totti, received me very graciously, and carried me off to his private apartments—a succession of long narrow rooms in the outer shell of the bull-ring. These apartments contained an incredible number of silent parrots of every shade of green and grey, and were adorned with innumerable coloured photographs of his troupe, in every variety of gorgeous costume and picturesque pose. On the wall there was also the stuffed head of a black bull, which had been killed by the chief *matadora*.

He told me that his was the only *cuadrilla* of female bull-fighters there had ever been; that they had now been at work for four years, with constantly increasing success; that they had performed not only all over Spain, but also in France and South America; that at first the



patrons of the bullring had been disposed to show jealousy of this invasion by the fair sex, and had sought to put it down with ridicule, but that now everyone had been overcome by the neatness and real prowess of the fascinating performers.

After some further conversation he took me into the ring, where the young ladies were at work. Lolita, the first of the two *matadoras*, was capering about and trying to dart the regulation sword into a dummy bull, composed of a large pair of real bull's horns surmounting a wooden face roughly painted with tar and adorned with two ferocious white eyes. His back was a wooden plank, and contained a square hole, some 2in. across, situated just where the most vulnerable point would be in the real animal, and where a good *matador*



LOLITA AND THE DUMMY "BULL" USED IN PRACTISING.  
From a Photo. by Mrs. Herbert V'irlian.

by no means an easy feat, but she certainly exhibited great dexterity, thrusting her weapon home again and again. It will be noticed that here the *señora* is wearing skirts like an ordinary woman, but then, we must remember, she is merely practising or rehearsing. When in the arena before a large audience Lolita and her fair comrades don the gorgeous regulation dress of the male bull-fighter.

I asked Señor Totti whether accidents were frequent, for it was obviously a very different business playing with a pair of horns attached to a perambulator and facing a powerful, vicious, and infuriated bull, engaged in his death-struggle. He replied that there had only been one bad accident since the formation of the *cuadrilla*, or troupe. Beckoning Lolita, he took her playfully by the nose and held her face



From a Photo. by

LOLITA MAKES A FINE HOME-THRUST.

[Mrs. Herbert V'irlian.

always endeavour to strike. This "bull" was mounted on a kind of go-cart, and was trundled about rapidly and in as realistic a manner as possible by a youth, while Lolita did her best to drive her sword straight into the hole. It was

to the sunlight so that I might see a long, white scar, which bore traces of having been sewn up; it stretched from her mouth to her ear. It was not worse than a German student's duello-slash, and Lolita evidently made very light of it.

"The bull did that with his horns," she said, with a merry smile; "but it was my fault, for I let my *capa* fall just when I most needed it. But I have never had any other hurt. Nor have any of us."

"Are you not sometimes frightened?" I asked.

"*Caramba!* I should hope not," she replied;

"if I were, it would soon be all up with me. I need all my nerve to give a good clean blow, and my greatest safeguard lies in always keeping as cool as possible."

"But how came you to take up so dangerous a profession — one which had previously been reserved for the pluckiest of your men?"

"Well, you know, nowadays women like to attempt most things, and the men don't have it so much their own way as they used to do. I suppose most of us took to it chiefly because we felt sure that the public would appreciate the novelty. In this we have been right, and we have made a great deal more money, not to speak of fame (which is always dear to our sex), than we should have done on the stage, say, or in a milliner's shop. However, please understand that we have all taken up bull-fighting entirely of our own free will. No one has brought any pressure to bear upon us to do it, and in every case our parents are in easy circumstances. My father, for instance, is a well-known Catalonian gymnast, so you can understand that I inherit a certain amount of agility from him. He was sufficiently

well off to send me to a good school, and I need not have taken up any profession unless I liked. Angelita there, our other *matadora*, is in much the same position. Her father has long owned one of the best beer-houses in Catalonia. Like most Spanish girls, we have been brought up to enthusiasm about the bull-ring from our earliest childhood; and, long

before this chance presented itself, we used often to sigh that we were not boys, and were, therefore, apparently precluded from taking up the national sport as a profession. That girl there, whom you will see jumping with a pole over the bull's back if you come to one of our performances, comes of a family of *toreros*. Her brother is a very expert performer, and she used often to play about with the bulls when she was a girl."

"You look very young to be engaged in such a serious undertaking!"

"Oh! as to that, it is a profession which must be taken up quite young,

while the joints are still supple. All the men who are going to be any good at it show what they are made of by the time they are twenty. I am only just twenty now. I began at sixteen. Several of the girls are still scarcely turned sixteen. Time alone will show whether we can ever hope to rival any of the great masters. At present we content ourselves with killing two-year-old bulls, but we may go on to tackle the full-grown ones of five or six years. As it is, we do several



From a

LOLITA AND ANGELITA IN FULL REGULATION DRESS.

[Photo.]



LOLITA ABOUT TO TACKLE THE BULL.  
From a [Photo.] WITH THE LONG LANCE. [Photo.]

ance. Then I tackle the bull on horseback with a long lance in my hand. You must not confuse that with the business of the *picador*, who uses quite a different instrument, and contents himself with gashing the

things which have generally been abandoned by the men. There is, for instance, the business of jumping with a pole over the bull's back. That requires quite as much nerve as any other part of the perform-

advanced and took up their positions in various parts of the ring, while a young man ran about and attacked them with a pair of horns affixed to the end of two poles. He would dart wildly at one girl, and she would promptly make all the regulation passes at the horns with her cloak, stepping lightly aside in the most approved manner. If he ever perceived that a girl was not attending to the performance, he would instantly set upon her and tax her energies to the utmost, while her neighbours would begin throwing out their cloaks to attract him away. It seemed quite a fascinating game, which everybody enjoyed thoroughly, and though the performers were in



BAFFLING A FURIOUS CHARGE WITH  
THE "CAPA."

From a Photo. by Mrs. Herbert Vivian.

their everyday dress, they made up quite a picturesque scene in the brilliant sunlight.

After this had gone on for some time, the genial Totti called for a pole-jumping exhibition, whereupon the *torero's* sister, a tall, sun-burnt girl, with a pleasing, open expression,



ANOTHER FORM OF DUMMY BULL—ONE  
OF THE CUADRILLA PRACTISING WITH  
THE "CAPA."

From a Photo. by Mrs. Herbert Vivian.

bull's flanks and exposing the wretched old horse he rides to be gored. I ride quite a decent little nag, and have always managed to give a good account of myself with his assistance."

But Señor Totti began to grow impatient at the length of this catechism, and now gave the signal for the rehearsal to proceed. The whole *cuadrilla*, holding long bright cloaks in their hands, then



PRACTISING THE POLE JUMP RIGHT OVER THE BULL.

From a Photo. by Mrs. Herbert Vivian.



stepped into the middle of the ring and proceeded to throw off her skirt, revealing to our astonished gaze a pair of bright chintz pantaloons. She retired with her pole to one side of the ring, while two men held out a thick blue cord at the other side. Then she and they ran towards each other, meeting in the middle, where she vaulted gracefully over the obstacle. This was repeated a number of times, the rope being raised higher and higher every time.

Then Angelita, the second *matadora*, proceeded to practise with another dummy bull. This was a much finer specimen than its companion, being entirely covered with black hide. The expression of its face was intensely comical. The idea of taking its photograph was welcomed with roars of delighted laughter from the whole *cuadrilla*, but Totti required much firm persuasion before he would allow the first dummy to



A MORE ELABORATE DUMMY BULL.  
From a Photo. by Mrs Herbert Vrehan.

be similarly honoured, vowing that it was really too ugly.

My next illustrations represent a performance given by the lady bull-fighters at Barcelona on the 31st July, 1898. The ring affords a striking contrast with its appearance in the previous illustrations, where we have had rows of empty benches, relieved only by an occasional string of clothes hung out to dry. Now there is not a nook or corner unoccupied, and all are on tenterhooks of excited admiration. The public interest is especially noteworthy in the first photograph. The seats in a bull-ring are divided into

those on the shady side (*sombra*) and those on the sunny side (*sol*). The shady seats, though more expensive, are far more eagerly sought after, and, even on grand occasions, the sunny side is rarely crowded. Here, however, we find it as densely thronged as the other, which is the



From a ENTRANCE OF THE CUADRILLA, OR TROUPE OF LADY BULL-FIGHTERS, INTO THE ARENA AT BARCELONA.

[Photo.

utmost possible proof of public enthusiasm. The girls are just entering the arena in the regulation procession, and it is amusing to note how carefully they imitate the usual pompous strut of the male performers. Indeed, they look quite manly with their knickerbockers and spangled jackets, while the thick cloth, always wound round a bull-fighter's waist, as a protection against wounds from the bull's horns, effectively conceals the female figure.

It is unnecessary to describe the performance at length, for it does not differ materially from the usual *corrida*, which has already been written about a great deal too much. We may, how-

The hair-dressing of the one on the right is worth noticing, for she has arranged a tiny little chignon at the back of her head, just like those worn by male bull-fighters.

The costume may be more carefully inspected in the group seen on the first page. The photo. was taken in one of the doorways of the ring at Alicante. The stout man on the right is Señor Totti. Next but one to him is Lolita, and on her right is Angelita. It is Lolita, you will remember, who bears the scar of the wound which she received from the blow of a bull's horn. The dresses explain themselves, and are chiefly remarkable for the profusion of gold embroidery



From a

LOLITA ABOUT TO KILL HER BULL.

[Photo.

ever, take one glimpse at Lolita, just as she is about to kill her bull. The great point is to get the bull to stand square, so that the sword, in her right hand, may be driven clean home between his shoulder-blades. That is the stroke we have already seen her practising with the go-cart. The red cloak in her left hand is wrapped round a sharp instrument. The bull is alternately prodded with this and confused by having the cloak waved in his face, until he can be induced to take the desired attitude and she finds her opportunity for the final blow. The two girls at the side have to stand very much on the alert, ready to obey orders instantly and distract the bull's attention at a critical moment.

lavished upon them. A successful bull-fighter will often spend as much as £300 on a suit, and even the simplest are never very cheap. The caps, covered with knobs of fluff, finely plaited silk braid, are also to be noted as specially characteristic. When a bull-fighter has been successful, it is the custom for the spectators to throw him their hats into the ring as a mark of enthusiasm, when he walks round to acknowledge their applause. The lady bull-fighter in the next photograph has been posed in this attitude, holding in her left hand the cloak with which she has made such skilful play during the performance, and raising her cap with her right.

Another girl has been taken in the costume of a *picador*. The *picador* is the man who rides about the ring on a wretched old horse and tilts at the bull with a long pole, at the end of which is a sharp triangular iron goad. The tilting generally results in his horse being gored to death by the bull, and, though his profession involves rather more danger than that of the other bull-fighters, it is less sporting and is considered less reputable. The *picadors* are older men, generally disposed to loaf and often to drink. Most people are agreed that a bull-fight would be much improved if their services could be dispensed with, and their performance is often omitted by the lady *cuadrilla*, though the bull is thus far less exhausted, and consequently more formidable and difficult to kill.

I always think the most graceful part of a bull-

fight is the play with the *banderillas*. These are short barbed spikes, gaily decorated with coloured ribbons. The *banderillero* stands facing the bull, and waving the *banderillas* to attract his attention. The bull then generally makes a ferocious charge, which is awaited till the very last moment, when the *banderillero* steps suddenly aside and deftly plants his weapons in the beast's flanks. One of Señor Totti's *cuadrilla* was particularly skilful in this work, which is probably the one part of a bull-fight in which women are naturally fitted to excel.

Whether women will ever rival men seriously in the bull-ring is open to doubt, but they have certainly exhibited sufficient intrepidity and skill to warrant the public interest which they have undoubtedly aroused, quite apart from the novelty of the fair sex engaging in such a terribly arduous and dangerous sport.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE APPLAUSE OF THE MULTITUDE.  
From a Photo. by F. Laureano, Barcelona.



## The Tragedy of the Funffingerspitze.

By MRS. NORMAN NERUDA.

His wife tells of the last climb in the Tyrol ever made by the famous violinist's son. The joyous fête—the eventful morning—the climb—the terrible fall—desperate efforts to save—the awful night with the dying man, and the rescue at daybreak. With photographs and portraits.



HE 8th of September, 1898, found the village of St. Ulrich-in-Gröden *en fête* for the ceremony of unveiling the monument erected to the honour of Herr Paul Grohmann, the well-known climber, who made the first ascent of the Langkofel and was one of the pioneers of mountaineering in the Tyrol. He now re-visited the valley for the first time since he had conquered the peak, in 1869, as the guest of the Vienna University Section of the "Deutschen und Oesterreichischen Alpen Verein," the members of which (amongst whom are to be found many of the foremost mountaineers of the day) had conceived and carried out the happy idea of the "Grohmann-Denkmal."

St. Ulrich, as every climber knows, lies in the Gröden Valley at a height of 1,236 mètres. It is reached by a three hours' drive from the station, Waidbruck, on the Brenner Railway. The Langkofel group lies within two or three hours' walk of the village. The valley is closed by the steep wall of the Sella group, and is very picturesque.

The two hotels of St. Ulrich—the Post and the Adler—were full to overflowing with a large and varied gathering of mountaineers of both sexes and of all ages, students from the various German and Austrian Universities, and their innumerable friends. We found ourselves, as usual, in our old quarters at the Post, in the midst of a merry crowd of Viennese students and other Alpine friends of many years' standing, and of all the old familiar jokes and happy, careless fun and laughter which

have always distinguished the St. Ulrich Alpine circle. Many a time has some non-mountaineering hotel guest stared in utter bewilderment at the wild pranks indulged in by certain well-known climbers, to say nothing of the eccentric behaviour of the members of our "clubs" in the room which has come to be looked upon as reserved exclusively for our social meetings. And while the ordinary hotel guest contented himself with remarking that he always *had* considered mountaineers more or less mad, more bigoted persons suspected, and, in fact, actually accused us, of being *freemasons*—which, in a Roman Catholic country, is considered almost a crime.

On the day preceding the great *fête* we had made what was, alas! to prove our last successful climb, in company with two or three of our lively friends—the Gran Odlá, in the Geisler group, from the Regensburger hut. The ceremony of unveiling the monument, which is an obelisk of the porphyry rock of the valley, raised on a base of large, rough blocks, and ornamented with an excellent bust

of Herr Grohmann—the work of the sculptor Herr Trautzi, of Vienna—and a simple inscription, was successfully carried out on the morning of the 8th, in perfect September weather, and in the presence of an enthusiastic crowd. The point where the monument stands commands a good view of the Langkofel, rising steep and imposing above the woods at the head of the valley. In the evening there was a banquet, with the orthodox health-drinking and speech-making, my husband being selected to



THE AUTHORESS, MRS. NORMAN NERUDA.  
From a Photo. by A. Bordigioni, Bassano.

speak on the subject of mountaineering. This was followed by an informal social evening, with students' songs and laughter and merriment that lasted well into the following day. Who amongst all that merry, light-hearted throng dreamed for a moment that all this gaiety and merriment were within a few hours to be changed into grief and gloom, and that the whole lovely valley was to be plunged into deepest mourning—all the sadder by contrast with the festival that preceded it?

Towards 5 p.m. on the afternoon of the 9th, after another pleasant day in St. Ulrich, a large party, amongst whom were my husband, Herr Theodor Dietrich, and myself, left to pass the night in the Langkofel hut, all of us in the highest spirits and without the least foreboding of harm. That was one of the liveliest of many a pleasant evening spent in that hut, which had been built by the Viennese students, and had long ago become to us our favourite among all other Alpine club-huts, and the one of all others in which we felt most at home. No one of the parties in the hut left very early the following morning; and that we were the very last to leave, at 8.30 a.m., was no unusual occurrence. The idea of ascending the Fünffingerspitze from the south, through the redoubtable Schmittkamin,\* was my husband's, and he had stated his belief, from what he knew

of Herr Dietrich's climbing powers and of mine, that it was not undertaking more than was within our capacities to accomplish. He had already ascended the peak twice over that same route, and had reached the summit six times! It has been asserted that a possible cause of the disaster was "over-exertion in pulling up two inexperienced climbers." Now, Herr Dietrich certainly climbed every inch of the chimney without the least aid from anyone, and my

husband himself said that he was quite capable of leading anywhere on that ascent. With regard to myself, I can only mention that the very fact that my husband left me to get up the difficult bits as I best could, leaving the rope actually slack, was the first incident that aroused in me a fear that he was not well—that he was not, in fact, able to give his attention so entirely to every detail of the climbing as should have been the case.

I cannot describe that climb, clearly as all its minutest details are burnt into my brain! At first all went well, and it was not until we had overcome the well-known difficult block above the Kirchl\* that my husband owned to not feeling well, and complained of severe pain at the back of the head. Both my companion and I used every effort to persuade him to give up the ascent, but he refused, saying he would lie down for a little, higher up. The place where we then stood, he said, was not convenient for a rest; *it was the very spot on to which he fell!*

Herr Dietrich then climbed first up the remaining 15ft. to 20ft. of the chimney—even here of no inconsiderable difficulty; and on the small platform above, at the point where the original route leaves the chimney for the wall, we halted for a good half-hour. This platform, composed of loose stones on the top of a large boulder, is perhaps

3ft. or 4ft. wide in parts, and is backed by a cave in the farther recess of the chimney, some 5ft. deep, where water drips continually night and day in hot weather. A drink of this water seemed to revive my husband considerably, and he presently rose to continue the ascent, following, as he had on every occasion, the original route found by Schmitt by climbing out on the left (orographical right) wall of the mountain. After a few feet had been accomplished, he turned to us and excused himself



*Norman Neruda*

MR. NORMAN NERUDA, WHO LOST HIS LIFE ON THE FUNFFINGERSPITZE.

From a Photo. by Watery, Limited.

\* Schmitt's "Chimney"—the name given to the south route on the Fünffingerspitze after the first climber. A chimney, it may be explained for the benefit of the non-climber, is a great chasm or cleft in the rocks.

\* The chapel—a name given to a curious cave or vault in the chasm on account of its resemblance to a small chapel.



THE FUNNFINGERSPITZE—THE MOUNTAIN ON WHICH THE CATASTROPHE OCCURRED.  
From a Photo. by Emil Terschak.

for going so slowly, as his breath had failed him. Again we suggested returning, but he again refused. For the first time on any climb the idea entered my mind that something might happen, and I asked Herr Dietrich to stand in front of me and hold the rope; for I was, of course, roped in the centre. A moment later my husband called out, "*Jetzt haben wir gewonnen*" ("Now we've got it; the worst is done"). And scarcely another moment later, when on an easy bit, without any sign of a slip, or any apparent reason for one,

he called, "*Ich falle! Ich falle! Halt!*" ("I'm falling! I'm falling! Hold!"), and without any effort to save himself he fell heavily backwards. The distance from us was perhaps 50ft. or 60ft., and, I think, some 20ft. above us. The rope was our English (Alpine Club pattern) one, and was about 90ft. long.

Herr Dietrich's coolness and presence of mind were simply marvellous, and without a doubt he averted an even more fatal disaster. Literally as quick as thought, he drew in the slack of the rope as my poor husband fell, and when the shock came upon him he had two or three coils of the rope wound round his arm. It slipped off a knob round which he had secured it, however, and my husband went crashing down into the chimney, striking the back of his head against the wall; and then he disappeared.

A coil or two of the rope slipped through Dietrich's left hand, so great was the jerk, which came upon him standing, and cut his fingers to the bone. But he held—how, neither of us can explain! Instinctively I had run back to the inner end of the cave, but it would have been a physical impossibility for me to have held the double weight had Dietrich also fallen, for we had twenty-five metres of rope to run out between us.

The whole disaster happened in a flash, and there was no time to realize anything. For one second I was in danger of losing my presence



of mind; but one word from my companion was enough to call back the mountaineer in me and render me scarcely less cool than he himself. I helped him to secure the rope round a big boulder, and held the end whilst he went down the chimney. Those were ghastly moments! And they would have been even more terrible had I known that Dietrich found my poor husband out of the rope-sling, save for one arm, and hanging over the dreadful abyss. With almost unbelievable strength he managed to pull the unconscious form back on to the small, sloping space above the last great block, having unroped himself for fear he might lose his balance and pull me with him in his fall. He levelled down the platform as far as possible and secured my husband with both ropes, as the English one had frayed considerably. Then he climbed up again to me—no easy matter with a wounded hand—and told me there was a slight head wound and injury to one foot. Later on he acknowledged that he knew at the time that the head wound was a very serious one, but dared not tell me for fear I might insist on going down to the spot where my husband lay. And this, all who saw the place say, would have meant destruction to us all, as there was only room for one, and it would have been far too risky to remain there unroped. Dietrich again climbed down with water and handkerchiefs to serve as bandages. We had nothing with us, having left all provisions and extra weight at the foot of the peak.

It was 2 p.m. From two till five we called for help, using the recognised alpine danger-signal, and this shouting acted as a safety-valve to all our pent-up emotion.

My husband was at first quiet; then he began to rave. But never at any moment, during all the weary hours of that or the next day, did he give the least sign of consciousness. He never answered any question, and spoke only German in his delirium—always the same words: "*Lasset das Seil herunter—schmeiss das Seil ab—kehren wir um, ja!—ich gehe herunter—zieh das Seil ein*" ("Pull the rope down, chuck the rope down. Let us go back, eh? I am going down. Let us turn back. Pull the rope taut"), and so on. At times he would remain quiet for hours—thus during the whole night.

At 5 p.m. we were assured that our calls had been understood, and being by this time completely voiceless we kept quiet for a time. Dietrich again went down to see if he could do anything for my husband.

At sundown we were obliged to retire into the wet cave—the only place where it was safe to remain without a rope; and warm though the night was, we were soon soaked to the skin

and shivering as with ague. Just before night fell the first rescuers arrived below us and shouted to us for some time, also lighting fires to encourage us. I was told afterwards that one of them—our old acquaintance, Toni Muhlsteiger—wished to ascend the mountain then and there, by lantern-light; but he was rightly prevented from making so risky a venture by his employer.

Every minute of that terrible night seemed an hour, every hour an age; and it seemed as though the dawn would never come. Our chief anxiety was lest my poor husband, in an access of delirium, should unrope himself. And every slight noise set our hearts beating in fearful dread that it proceeded from him. But during the night he remained quiet, and, so far as we know, did not once move. Every now and again Dietrich would lean cautiously forward to test the ropes, which he always found taut; and when the cold and wet became unendurable, we would stand up to try and warm ourselves by jumping. In the darkness we did not dare move beyond the cave, and we had not even a single match with us. Nor had we a particle of food of any sort, and my companion was without a coat. The only noise that broke the silence was the regular drip, drip, drip of the water falling on to us; and once or twice a shout came from below to tell us of the arrival of another party of rescuers. And when at last day broke, how long it was ere it was light enough to see the hands of a watch! With the first glimmer of dawn, the rescue party started up over the ordinary route for the summit, shouting to us as they proceeded for directions and advice. I calculated we were about 120 metres below the summit, and the rescuers used close on 110 metres of rope to reach us.

The shouting now seemed to disturb my husband, and he again began to rave, but showed no sign of knowing Dietrich when he went to him, or me when I tried speaking to him in English.

A little before 7 a.m. Muhlsteiger reached us, letting himself down in the most daring way, on a rope held from above, straight into the chimney. A second rope was sent down and, Dietrich helping me over the worst bit, we at once started up to the gap at the end of the snow-couloir, where the south, north, and east routes join. Here we found a large party of guides and friends awaiting us, and (my companion with Franz Fistill, of Gröden; I with Luigi Bernard, of Campitello) we at once descended over the ordinary route to the foot of the peak, where some thirty or forty persons—guides, porters, and friends—were assembled.

Meantime, Muhlsteiger, who certainly took the

lead in all arrangements for the rescue, with a courage and devotion beyond all praise, accompanied by the guides Pescosta and Michel Innerkofler, and Herren F. Hörtnagl and Carl Mayr, descended into the chimney to undertake the excessively difficult work of transporting my unfortunate husband down through that awful chasm. This required no less than seven hours, and just as the end of the chimney was reached my poor husband passed peacefully away in the arms of those who were carrying him—exactly twenty-four hours after the accident.

No words of mine can ever adequately express my gratitude to those who took part in the rescue; nor can I ever sufficiently thank all those kind friends in St. Ulrich for their affectionate care and help during the terrible time that followed. I then realized the full value of



THE GUIDE MÜHLSTEIGER, WHO ASSISTED IN RECOVERING MR. NORMAN NERUDA'S BODY.  
*From a Photo. by Aug. Wilcke.*

of those present at the simple funeral service on the 13th—at which the Bishop of Norwich very kindly officiated—mourned for their comrade as for a brother. And so long as they themselves are living will his memory be held dear; and so long as Alpinism exists will his name be known to readers of Alpine literature.

The following notes are also of interest in connection with the foregoing narrative of Mrs. Norman Neruda:—

The guides who took a leading part in the terribly difficult work of rescue in carrying Mr. Norman Neruda down the frightful chimney—a work that took *seven hours*, and can only be appreciated by those who have seen the place—were the following: Anton Mühlsteiger, of Pflersch, near Gossensass, who climbed up and down the worst part of the chimney several



THE CEMETERY AT ST. ULRICH IN WHICH MR. NORMAN NERUDA IS BURIED.  
*From a Photo. by Emil Terschak.*

Alpine friends. Amidst all that sorrow, there was comfort in the knowledge that every one

times, first assisting Herr Dietrich and Mrs. Norman Neruda to the top of the mountain, and

then helping with the transport—a great performance; Michel Innerkofler, of Sexten, who helped in the transport and evinced great coolness and courage; Josef Pescosta, of St. Ulrich, helped in the transport; Luigi Bernard, Campitello, guided Mrs. Norman Neruda down over the Daumenscharte, and then went up to meet the others; Franz Fistill, of St. Ulrich, guided Herr Dietrich down and then went to meet the others.

Two Innsbruck students—Herr F. Hörtnagl and Herr Carl Mayr—also assisted in the transport with noble courage and unselfish devotion, both climbing the difficult chimney more than once up and down to fix or unloose the ropes used, etc. The arrangements for the rescue were carried out by Herr Fritz Gedon, of St. Ulrich, ably seconded by Herr Emil Terschak and Dr. Marschall, of Nuremberg, in whose employ Mühlsteiger was at the time. Neither time, trouble, nor expense were spared in the effort to get together the rescue party, and within three hours after the news of a disaster had been carried to the valley (viz., at 8 p.m.) the first detachment of rescuers was at the foot of the peak, and the guides were with difficulty withheld from attempting the difficult climb by lantern-light. Mrs. Norman Neruda received

the greatest kindness and attentive care from the above, and also from the many Viennese students in St. Ulrich; from Herr Lardsehneider, the hotel-owner, and from many guests. The cause of the accident was a seizure, probably from some brain malady. Mr. Norman Neruda had no sign of heart-trouble, but his medical attendant was aware of cardiac weakness.

Mr. Norman Neruda was buried in the cemetery of St. Ulrich, in the portion reserved for non-Catholics. The coffin was carried by the guides. Speeches were made by Herr von Pfaff, on behalf of the Central Committee of the German and Austrian Alpine Club; Dr. Merz, for the Vienna University section of the same club; by Herr Forcher-Mayr, for the Bozen section; by Herr Domenigg, for the Austrian Touring Club; by Herr Gedon, for the Gröden section, etc. Dr. Christmannos, of Meran, spoke in the name of Norman Neruda's friends. Wreaths were sent from all the above clubs; also from the Innsbruck University section; the Munich University section; Nuremberg University section; Italian Alpine Club; Swiss A.C.; English A.C.; Rodl Club, of Gröden; Austrian A.C.; and over a hundred others from friends and guides.



From a]

MR. NORMAN NERUDA'S GRAVE.

[Photo.



## Saved from Hydrophobia

By E. H. JULIAN.

The author tells how he was bitten by a mad dog, and then describes his hopes and fears, the agonizing delays, his first impression of the world-renowned Pasteur Institute, his fellow-patients, the inoculations, etc. With a portrait of himself, the dog, and M. Pasteur, etc. The narrative will be read with interest and ready sympathy, for the accident might happen to anyone.



THE idea of being bitten by a mad dog is generally regarded, even by persons who are not wanting in courage, with fear almost amounting to terror. While this may be, to some extent, accounted for by the incurable nature of hydrophobia, the intense suffering of the victim, the horror and mystery which surround the subject, and the mythical tales of the violent means resorted to to put sufferers out of their misery (a belief which is still very general), I think the chief reason is dread of the long, wearying, anxious suspense which must ensue before the person bitten can feel that all danger is past.

Discussing the Pasteur treatment with some friends a few days before my accident, I ventured the opinion that, if I were ever bitten by a rabid dog, I should go at once to the Pasteur Institute—little dreaming that my resolution was so soon to be put to the test. The scene of my accident I may say was a house in the south of Ireland, near Cork, and the precise date, September 18th, 1889. Looking back now, with a full knowledge of what undergoing the treatment means to the patient, the risk attending it, the extreme debility, and, in some cases, permanent injury to health which ensues, I have possibly no hesitation in saying I should take precisely the same course if the occasion again arose.

One evening, shortly after the conversation above referred to, my groom complained that "Blackie," one of my dogs (a fox-terrier), was badly hurt, and at my request he brought him into the room where I was dining. Seeing the poor brute was badly cut about the head, a large part of the scalp being torn or cut away,

and hanging loose from his skull, I pulled out my handkerchief and took him in my arms, with the intention of binding up the wound temporarily. The moment I attempted to do so, however, he turned on me with a savage growl, and seized my thumb in his teeth. Although I drew my hand away, he was too quick, and inflicted a slight wound.

I dropped the dog at once, and he crawled out of the room with a peculiar reptile-like motion. I immediately sucked the wound vigorously, afterwards washing my mouth with whisky. Probably the best thing one can do is to suck a bite, provided the mouth and lips are sound; otherwise it adds to the risk. It was some hours before I could get the wound cauterized, and I have since learned it was then a useless proceeding. I took these steps merely as precautionary measures, as I had no serious reason to think the dog was rabid, though, of course, I noticed his shyness and peculiar slinking gait.

The following morning, on entering the stable-yard with a friend, the dog at once rushed at him. I shouted a warning, and he only saved himself by springing on to a water-barrel standing near. I was now convinced there

was something more serious the matter with the animal than his wound (which I afterwards found was given him by the owner of a bitch with a litter of puppies that he had attacked the previous day). I believe it is most unusual for a dog to attack a bitch with pups, and it is considered by experts a very bad sign.

We drove the dog into an outhouse, securing the door; and I then instructed the groom to obtain the assistance of a veterinary surgeon



THE AUTHOR, MR. E. H. JULIAN, WHO WENT THROUGH THE TRYING EXPERIENCES RELATED *From a* HEREIN. *[Photo.*

when he had completed his morning duties. Before he could do so, however, the animal escaped. The madness now developed into the "running stage"; and, after attacking another dog of mine (his great chum and play-fellow), a strong Irish terrier twice his size, and attempting to tear up several trees and shrubs by their roots, foaming at the mouth all the time, he was at length shot by a policeman, called in by the affrighted cook and groom, the only inmates of my house at the time.

I only learned this quite late in the evening, too late to do anything that night. The following morning I consulted a local doctor (who had recently had experience with a hydrophobia case), and on his advice started for London by the next train, there to await the report of the veterinary surgeons, who, it was arranged, should hold a *post-mortem* on the mad terrier—one acting on my behalf, the other being a Government official. It was arranged that the report should follow as soon as possible, and in the event of its being unfavourable, I was to see the eminent surgeon, Sir James Paget, and act on his advice.

I reached London early on a Saturday morning, but for some unexplained reason the report was sent by post, instead of being wired. In consequence, I was detained there till Monday evening—of course, in a condition of great anxiety and nervous impatience—thus losing nearly three days.

During my enforced detention in London I was buoyed up by the hope that Sir James Paget would not consider it necessary for me to go to Paris even if the dog had been rabid, as the wound was very slight. However, on consulting him, he advised me to start at once, and appeared very much annoyed and surprised at the long and unnecessary time which had been allowed to elapse, giving it as his opinion that after a week from the time of being bitten it would be quite useless to go. Therefore, in company with a friend, who kindly volunteered to accompany me, I started for Paris by the next boat-train.

Of course, everyone said the dog was not mad. I believe they always do on such occasions, and some kind friends suggested

that I was teasing the poor brute—a most ingenious plan for diverting any sympathy which might otherwise have been felt for me.

But even the elements seemed to have conspired to delay me, for, owing to a very stormy passage, we arrived some hours after the usual time. Thus, as it afterwards turned out, another day's delay was caused.

On arriving in Paris there was the usual tedious examination of luggage, amidst a babel of shrill tongues, in various languages. At last, however, we escaped from the Customs officers and drove to our hotel, and, after a hasty toilet, we hailed a *fiacre* in the Rue de Rivoli and drove to the Institut Pasteur. It is situated in that quarter lying away beyond the Invalides, in the Rue Dutot. Our first view of it was anything but reassuring.

A long, two-story building standing back from the street, surrounded by a grass lawn,

the jealousies, which were to every window, closely shut, the gravel walk leading from the entrance gates moss-grown. The whole place was absolutely devoid of either sign or sound of life, and had a melancholy and deserted appearance, in ill-keeping with a building evidently quite recently erected. Nor was our surprise lessened when we found that the entrance gates were securely locked, and that no means existed for making our presence known to anyone who might be within.

We were on the point of turning away in blank confusion and growing astonishment, when a passer-by, evidently guessing our dilemma, directed us to a small lodge at the farther end of the grounds, which till then had escaped our notice. After repeatedly ringing the bell, a young girl opened the door, and looked quite startled at seeing us. She appeared utterly to fail to grasp the situation, and we thought her very dense; I have no doubt she thought us equally stupid.

My friend, who acted as interpreter, asked for M. Rome. She said he was not there.

"Where could we see him?"

"He is away; somewhere in Russia, sir."

"M. Pasteur, then?"

"He is not here."

"Where is he?"

"No one knows."



THE DOG WHICH DID ALL THE MISCHIEF—MR. JULIAN'S FOX-TERRIER, "BLACKIE."  
From a Photo.

"Is no one here?"

"No one, sir."

"But the gentleman wishes to be inoculated."

"It is impossible."

As my friend translated each reply I had ample opportunity as the conversation proceeded for increasing mystification and surprise. M. Rome—somewhere in Russia! M. Pasteur—no one knew where! It was impossible to inoculate me!

By the time the interview had arrived at this point we were both reduced to a condition of utter bewilderment and dismay. All sorts of

the inoculations would be useless. Yet, through no fault of mine—in fact, in spite of every exertion on my part—seven days would now have elapsed, from the time of being bitten, before I could be operated on.

During the afternoon we called on a lady, to execute a trifling commission for a friend. On hearing I had come to Paris to undergo the Pasteur treatment, she uttered a pious exclamation of horror. She said, "M. Pasteur kills all his patients," and shouted for her daughter to come and see the silly Englishman who had come to Paris to be murdered—evidently regarding me as a curiosity!

Under ordinary circumstances, her thoughtless words might have made me uncomfortable, but at that time I had arrived at a state of desperation almost amounting to reckless indifference. I knew that if the virus had actually entered my system (of which there appeared to be little doubt), there was only a remote chance of the inoculations doing any good. Still, I had made up my mind to go through with the treatment, and, so far from shrinking from any risk, I think at the time the thought of ending the suspense was more a relief than otherwise.

On the following morning we attended at the Institute some time before the hour mentioned. But what a contrast was now presented to its appearance the previous day! All was now bustle and life. Surgeons, dressers, clerks, and assistants hurried backwards and forwards preparing for the daily work, while groups of patients and visitors stood about, conversing in that animated manner peculiar to French people.

Passing through the crowd, we entered the glass porch leading to the waiting-room. It is a large, oblong room, plainly furnished with oak forms and tables, the walls being hung with maps of various countries; suggesting, but for the strong smell of carbolic, a class-room in a college. Opposite the entrance-door is a wide passage, leading to the surgeons' "dressing" rooms (where bad wounds are dressed every morning), the laboratories, operating-room exit, and ladies' dressing-room.

The men are not provided with the latter luxury, and are expected to arrange their clothes



[From a]

THIS IS THE ROOM IN WHICH MR. JULIAN WAS BITTEN.

[Photo.]

wild, half-formed ideas passed through my mind. I think the one that most nearly assumed a definite shape was, that the whole thing was an exploded sham, and that MM. Pasteur and Rome had "bolted" to escape the consequences of having foisted a fraud on the public.

However, after some further questioning, we elicited the information that inoculations only took place in the morning, about eleven o'clock (it was then nearly two), and that if we came the following day, at that hour, one of the surgeons in charge would be in attendance. They both lived several miles from Paris, and it was quite out of the question to obtain the attendance of either that day. So one more day was lost, and with it went almost all hope of any benefit from the treatment.

So it was with no pleasant feelings that I turned away to face another day of suspense, feeling that every hour lessened my chance. I thought of Sir James Paget's impatience and astonishment at the loss of time, and his frank and emphatic opinion that after a week



as best they can, in full view of the other patients and visitors. On the left hand of the passage above referred to is the office, where all records of past and present cases are kept, and all particulars are entered on admission. The patients enter the operating-room through the office, and leave by a door leading into the passage above mentioned.

The hall-porter came forward on seeing us, and on giving him Sir James Paget's card, he appeared to understand. Of course, we concluded that the promised letter of introduction had been received, and that they were expecting me. We afterwards found that, owing to the absence of the head surgeon, the letter had been forwarded to St. Petersburg unopened. I

patient. The presence of various surgical appliances on the operator's table suggested anything but pleasant thoughts, and added to the nervousness I naturally felt on being placed in such close proximity to the surgeon.

While I was considering the advisability of removing to a seat farther off, and wondering if it was part of the prescribed system that newcomers should sit by while the inoculations were taking place, a number of visitors entered the room and, crowding in on either side, effectually prevented my moving till the whole of the operations were completed. I was surprised to notice that a large proportion of these were young ladies, who appeared to visit the Institute as they would a theatre or other place



*From a Sketch*] MR. JULIAN'S TURN AT LAST! HE IS INOCULATED IN THE PRESENCE OF M. PASTEUR. [by the Author.

mention these details, because the mistake led to a very unpleasant experience. The porter invited us to follow, and conducted us to the operating-room, where, having indicated seats immediately behind the surgeon's chair, he left us to contemplate our surroundings.

This room is furnished with a partition about 4ft. or 5ft. high, running round three sides, behind which the visitors sit, the upper part being lattice-work; so that while a good view is obtained, the spectators don't objectionably obtrude themselves on the attention of the

of amusement, and certainly displayed very bad taste and a want of modesty in doing so.

After what seemed to me a very tedious delay (though probably it was not many minutes), the surgeon for the day entered the room, followed by an assistant carrying several wine-glasses containing the virus (a milky-looking liquid in which a white stringy substance floated), and a small brass vessel with a lamp beneath. This latter I afterwards found contained boiling oil, in which the point of the syringe is heated before using. Two



From a

THE EXTERIOR OF THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE.

[Photo.]

other assistants quickly followed, and when all was ready the clerk took up his position, book in hand, at the door communicating with the office, and commenced calling the roll, beginning with the last arrival of the previous day. The object of this is, that the most recent patients, who are naturally more nervous than those who have been through the treatment several times, shall have the shortest time to wait. Thus, in proportion as one becomes more hardened and indifferent, they also get lower and lower on the list. So that, while a recent arrival may be attended to and dismissed in ten minutes, a patient of ten days' or a fortnight's standing may be detained an hour or more. The patient stands in front of the surgeon, with his left side towards the latter, for the first inoculation, two assistants holding him firmly during the operation, to prevent any movement.

The first two or three patients were Frenchmen, evidently of the working class, and not troubled with over-sensitive nerves. They stood the double inoculations without flinching, and walked away, buttoning up their clothes as they left the room, with an air of nonchalance. The inoculations are not hypodermic, or merely skin-deep injections, such as I have seen performed, the intensely poisonous nature of the virus making it imperative that it should be deposited at a considerable depth (nearly an inch) beneath the surface, to prevent any possible contact with the air, otherwise mortification would ensue.

After the first few men-patients had been disposed of, some women were called in. They usually groaned during the inoculation; some

even screamed, and most of them staggered away holding their sides, and uttering expressions of agony. The inoculation in the case of adults is made just in front of the "false" ribs, or rather below, on each side of the stomach. The surgeon grasps the flesh in his left hand, and rapidly sponges the surface with carbolic, the assistant mean-

while filling a syringe with virus, and afterwards warming the point in boiling oil and handing it to him when ready. He then performs the operation, and, in the case of recent patients, repeats the inoculation in the right side.

After a few women had been disposed of, some children were brought in. Those under seven or eight years of age are inoculated rather differently from adults, as in children of that age there is not sufficient depth of tissue in the region generally selected, so that part which in children does not usually present this defect is chosen. Most of the children shrieked for mercy, and pleaded most piteously to be spared, while being held down across the doctor's knee, and they continued their cries until they left the building, the chorus being taken up by those whose turn was yet to come.

After this, things began to get decidedly lively—men, women, and children indiscriminately followed each other in quick succession. One or two of the men fainted and were carried out, and this, together with the groans of the women and the cries and pleadings of the children, made me feel anything but happy, and seemed a very bad preparation for my ordeal.

On mentioning my thoughts to a doctor sitting by me, he was surprised to hear I had come as a patient, and said I ought not to have seen any of it, and that the porter evidently misunderstood our object in visiting the Institute. However, as I was closely penned in, I was obliged to put up with it for over an hour, and do my best to shut out surrounding sights and sounds. I afterwards found that no patient is allowed to enter the operating-room until the preceding one has been dismissed.

The patients were, of course, principally French people, and of the working class; but most countries were represented, and the English cases averaged about three or four during my stay. One of the latter, a young lad, had one day picked up a stray dog, and, boy-like, persuaded his mother to allow him to keep it. The dog was tied up in a stable, and on his going there the following morning the brute, which had broken loose during the night, sprang upon him, biting him severely. He managed to escape and rushed to the gardener for protection, pursued by the dog, which would probably have killed him but for the timely assistance of the latter, who, however, was also bitten before he succeeded in killing the animal. The lad's case was considered a bad one, and as for some reason the virus did not "take," he had been detained there some weeks.

As soon as the last case had been dismissed, the assistants packed up the apparatus and, accompanied by the surgeon, left the room. Up to that moment I was under the impression they knew of my attendance, and that I would be invited to step forward when the prior cases had been attended to. It now dawned upon me that some mistake had been made, and that unless I acted promptly the surgeon would have left, and I would not be inoculated that day, in which case over a week would have elapsed since I had been bitten, when (according to the best authorities) I might just as well return home as I came, for any good it was likely to do.

I was still hemmed in on both sides by the visitors, who displayed a provoking reluctance to leave until it was clear no further entertainment would be provided. But I saw the doctor's departure must be arrested at all costs, leaving explanations to follow; so with a reckless disregard for politeness and my neighbours' toes, I scrambled out and just overtook him as he was leaving the building.

My friend, coming up immediately after, explained matters, and after a hasty consultation and scrutinizing the veterinary's report (I may here mention that unless there is reasonable evidence of rabies they won't inoculate; one case was refused while I was there), they decided my dog was rabid, and we returned to the operating-room.

The assistants were recalled, and in almost less time than it takes to tell I was operated on. There is a curious stunned sensation and a good deal of nerve pain, chiefly caused by the virus forcing a way for itself between the tissues. I, however, was lucky in my operator on the first occasion. Another surgeon, who afterwards operated on me, caused much more pain, and earned anything but blessings.

One gentleman whenever this doctor attended always left the operating-room using language more forcible than polite; but, as he spoke in English, probably few noticed his remarks, and no doubt the French thought he was referring to some lady, as he used the French equivalent for that word very freely. Soon after leaving the Institute my sides began to ache, and this and stiffness increased from day to day, so that I could only lie flat on my back at night.

The following morning I found, contrary to my expectation, that I was first on the list. The patients congregate in the waiting-room, which has also to answer for a dressing-room for the men. The preparations, however, are not elaborate: the waistcoat and suspenders are unbuttoned, and the underclothing is turned up out of the way so that all may be ready on entering the operating-room. It is after the operation that the want of a private dressing-room is felt, as it is extremely awkward to be obliged to arrange one's clothing in the presence of ladies.

The patients stood about on the lawn, awaiting the arrival of the surgeon, unless they were very badly injured, in which case they were attended to by the dressers before being inoculated.

Being more composed than on the previous day I was able to study my fellow-unfortunates. They represented almost every country and quite as many different states of mind. There were evidently some Mark Tapleys among them, cracking jokes and telling funny stories to admiring groups, whose loud laughter showed their appreciation. It was not difficult, however, to see that their mirth was somewhat forced, and the majority appeared to be labouring under intense nervous excitement. The wounds were principally on the hand, but a good many had also been bitten in other parts. One poor fellow (whom I did not see) had an eye torn out; he died a few hours afterwards.

As I stood first on the list I was soon disposed of, when, of course, we left our painful surroundings at once, amusing ourselves for the rest of the day by "doing" some of the milder sights of Paris. Each day's experience at the Institute was much the same, but from time to time I missed persons whose faces had grown familiar. No one cared to inquire the cause of their absence—whether their treatment was complete, or if hydrophobia had supervened and they had been sent to an hospital.

I recall two or three who attended only a few times. Possibly they had "funked" the inoculations, but one could not help speculating as to the cause of their absence.

Naturally, during my course of treatment (I



was inoculated twenty times in the fifteen days I attended) I gleaned many particulars as to the preparation of the virus, etc. It is first obtained from the brain of a rabid dog or other animal; then a guinea-pig or rabbit is inoculated with this pure hydrophobia virus. After about three days the animal becomes rabid, though, to an ordinary observer, it looks simply stupid or sleepy in its cage. It is then killed, and the virus obtained is used for inoculating a second animal; and so the virus is gradually attenuated by passing it through thirteen guinea-pigs or rabbits, as the case may be. And the virus from the last is used for the human subject.

One day, shortly after my arrival, I noticed a most unassuming old gentleman entering the grounds. His face was very striking, and though deeply lined with thought, and indicating great firmness and resolution, it wore an exceedingly kind and gentle expression. I had seen him before, I thought, and while trying to recall where, someone shouted that M. Pasteur was coming! Immediately every window was crowded by visitors and patients anxious to see the great scientist. When he entered the waiting-hall everyone stood up, all the men raising their hats; and the officials seemed to regard him with sincere affection. I saw M. Pasteur on several occasions afterwards, when he stood close in front of me while I was being treated, watching my face with his keen, observant eyes.

After a few days I began to develop very unusual and alarming symptoms. My eyes and nose were constantly running; I had a heavy, dull pain over the eyes; my sight was confused, and the least excitement caused my temperature to rise to an alarmingly high point; while my appetite quite failed.

On the fifth day the surgeon looked at me very closely and questioned me in French. Not being conversant with that language, I answered in English. Evidently, however, it

made no difference, for he immediately asked, "How are you now? How do you feel?" I described my symptoms, and he nodded to the clerk. Afterwards the injections were reduced to one a day. From this I concluded that the symptoms present in my case indicated when the virus had "taken," and possibly they, to some extent, corresponded with the re-action produced by the anti-toxine test for disease.

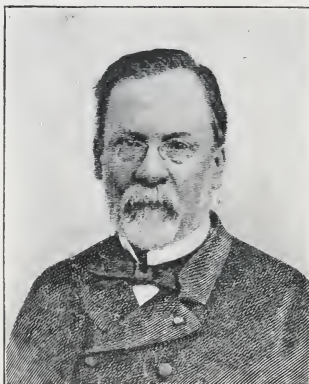
Shortly before I left, a young English doctor arrived for treatment. He was badly wounded, three of his fingers being bitten to the bone by a lad suffering from hydrophobia, who was brought to the hospital by friends, quite in ignorance of the boy having been bitten. Shortly after his admission, a paroxysm coming on, the doctor and nurse ran to his bedside and both were bitten. I saw an account of the death of this lad in the morning papers a few days after my return home.

On the fifteenth day, on entering the operating hall, I thought the clerk shouted something like "final!" It seemed too good to be true; but on inquiring of the surgeon he confirmed my supposition and said they now considered my course of treatment complete, and that I was hydrophobia-proof.

I left for England by the first train out of Paris, as I was anxious, in case of

accident, to be at home. A fortnight's stay with kind friends at Clifton, and the unremitting care and attention of a skilful doctor, removed some of the more alarming symptoms; but it was a long time before I fully recovered my usual health.

I cannot conclude this article without paying a tribute to the kindness and attention which I, in common with patients of all nationalities, received from the officials at the Pasteur Institute. One and all, from the head surgeon to the most subordinate assistant, showed the utmost consideration. They knew no distinction, and extended their assistance, skill, and sympathy equally to everyone without expectation of reward.



THE LATE M. PASTEUR, WHO WAS PRESENT WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS INOCULATED.

*From a Photo.*

## A Modern Utopia.

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.



A complete account, illustrated by photographs and facsimiles, of the extraordinary Socialistic community dwelling at Ruskin, Tenn. Money and rank are alike unknown. Photos. by the official photographer of the colony.

From a BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE REMARKABLE LITTLE TOWNSHIP OF RUSKIN (TENN.) —THE "MODERN UTOPIA." [Photo.]



RECOGNISED and established Socialistic colony, where all members are equal, where happiness and contentment reign supreme, and peace and goodwill to all is the prevailing sentiment—this sounds like the flight of a writer's imagination; yet such a colony exists. It is known as the Ruskin Co-operative Association—a band of earnest and enthusiastic pioneers, who have endeavoured to solve the great social problem by pure co-operation.

This modern Utopia was founded nearly five years ago, and is situated at the extreme edge of a long tract of undulating land, 1,800 acres in extent, in Yellow Creek Valley, in the State of Tennessee. At the present time the colonists

number over 250, including women and children. The entire settlement practically live as one great family. It has its own government—by the people. It can boast of its own system of money, a currency not based on gold or silver, but on labour. Every individual member receives the same pay, whether he be president or plough boy.

We find that the colony owes its inception to a Socialistic organ, *The Coming Nation*, which was first issued in the last week of April, 1893. The idea of such a colony was entirely proposed and organized by this paper, which has always devoted itself exclusively to the cause of labour. It was content, at first, to point out the evils of the competitive system, declar-

ing that the working man's only hope was in the abolition of private property and the founding of a commonwealth where a day's labour would be the standard of value. As its circulation increased it began to consider and propose schemes for the establishment of a commonwealth where labour would be king; and in October, 1893, it printed an article,

who arrived on the proposed site of the new Utopia on the night of June 29th, 1894. He was guided to the spot by a land agent, and found it nothing more than a deep ravine, thickly wooded. Lonsbury was a Socialist to the backbone, but he was tempted then and there to go back home and read about Socialism rather than endeavour to prove it in an actual

Advertisements accepted until the  
last day of every month.  
The rate is—  
205—  
BY PAID UP DEPOSIT ON CREDIT

# THE COMING NATION

17700 Is not your whole price  
cover as your ordinary  
rate unless with  
the advance  
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION 10

Edited and Published by me)

RUSKIN, TENN., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1899.

(Ruskin Co-operative Association,

Humanity Has Not a Minute to Lose. Quick! Quick! Let Us Hasten. The Wretched Have Their Feet on Red-hot Iron. They Hunger, They Thirst, They Suffer.—Victor Hugo.

TITLE-HEADING OF THE SOCIALISTIC NEWSPAPER TO WHICH RUSKIN OWES ITS EXISTENCE.

under the title of "A Co-operative Village," in which was given a prospectus or plan for the founding of a colony on the Bellamy principle.

The scheme proposed had undoubtedly much to recommend it, and we cannot do better than quote the following extracts from the article in question, which will fully explain the proposition put forward by this enterprising journal:—

"If you will increase the circulation of *The Coming Nation* to 100,000, it will leave a surplus of nearly £5,000 a year. This money will buy 3,000 to 4,000 acres of land. Those who send in 200 subscribers or more, or contribute as much, will be the charter members, who will proceed to organize the colony on such bases of equality as in their judgment will produce justice. Each man and each woman shall have an equal voice, no matter how much or how little they may have contributed. The land shall be selected by this committee, and the title vested in all. The land should have at least railway facilities convenient; good water, soil, stone, wood or coal. When workmen have erected houses for themselves, and a place for *The Coming Nation* office, the paper, plant, and workmen will be removed there, and will form the nucleus for the employment of the colony. All receipts of the paper will go to the common fund. The store will be owned by the whole people, and goods sold at wholesale price, plus cost of store-keeper's salary. Everyone must be free to do as he or she wills, so long as in so doing the equal rights of others are not infringed."

The circulation of the paper having considerably increased, 1,000 acres of land were purchased near Tennessee City, Tenn., as the future site for the colony. In the spring of 1894 "calls" were sent out to a number of those who had complied with the requirements. The first present member of Ruskin to reach the colony ground was a man named E. B. Lonsbury,

community. It was time to plant, but there was no ground to plant in that was not covered with trees or shrubbery. There was no water to be obtained within half a mile—absolutely nothing for man or beast to eat or drink. Not a rosy outlook, certainly, for the future of the "coming nation." Lonsbury watched the head of the ravine for the appearance of his brother pioneers, who came, one by one, to survey their future settlement, and by July 1st there were on the ground men of the following trades: 1 carpenter, 1 machinist, 1 barber, 1 shoemaker, 1 baker, 1 wire-nail operator, 1 butcher, 1 cooper, 1 blacksmith, and 1 labourer.

These men erected a building for the printing plant, dug a well, and otherwise prepared for the reception of the printers and printers' outfit, as well as for their own wives and children. On August 11th *The Coming Nation* went to press in its new quarters with a circulation of 50,000 copies weekly. As soon as this work was finished attention was immediately turned to the cultivation of the land. The clearing of the wooded slopes of the ravine was a very arduous performance, and many laughable incidents are recorded by those who were with the colony at that time. The woods were overrun by hogs of the "wind-splitting" kind. One day, as the men were sitting at dinner in their tent, one of these bold foragers of the forest ran in and actually seized a man by the arm in its attempts to secure a portion of the food. The Socialists, however, refused to co-operate in this manner, and the animal was unceremoniously kicked out.

The next difficulty experienced was that of organizing a co-operative association. No State at that time had enacted laws for the chartering of such corporations as the colonists then had in view. Before the end of October, however, this difficulty was successfully surmounted, and certificates were issued to thirty-five share-



holders, who had paid in various amounts—besides having in many instances secured subscribers for *The Coming Nation*.

Everyone now set to work with a will, and by July, 1895, some twenty-five to thirty houses were erected. It soon became evident, however, that it would be impossible for the association to prosper unless a more attractive and productive location could be secured. Some will ask, no doubt, why this point was not more fully considered earlier. It must be remembered, however, that the then proprietor of the paper which gave birth to the idea was but a theorist—not versed in agriculture or in the purchasing of land. It appears he went to Tennessee City, and, on the advice of a land agent, negotiated for the tract. The little band of hardy pioneers did the wisest thing under the circumstances, and sent out committees to view various localities in Kentucky, Pennsyl-

rise to sunset, the result being that a town of nearly forty dwellings, together with four large buildings, besides smaller ones, sprang into existence and was soon ready for occupation.

Such, briefly, is the history of the formation of this remarkable Socialistic community. Before describing the present life of these co-operative pioneers, a few details might be given of how one may become a member of the colony. In the first place, it is necessary for the applicant to fill up a blank form, which contains some forty questions, and is nothing less than an examination in the principles of Socialism. After a few personal questions, such propositions as the following have to be truthfully dealt with:—

Are you willing to do any useful labour when there is nothing for you to do in your chosen vocation? Do you believe that all members should have the same pay for the same hours of labour if they do the best they can? What works on social problems have you read? Define Socialism. Define Communism. Define competition.



From a

RUSKIN CHILDREN PLAYING ON YELLOW CREEK.

[Photo.

vania, Eastern and Western Tennessee, and other points. In February, 1896, a farm of 384 acres of excellent land, not far from the present site, was purchased in the Yellow Creek Valley, and the colony began to migrate thither. Shortly after this a second farm was secured, the whole forming a very desirable property, well watered, and possessing many other advantages.

It was not until July, 1897, that the printing plant was removed to its new abode—a fine building, soft by 100ft., and the largest in the colony. During the long summer days the colonists worked with untiring energy from sun-

What is your object in seeking to become a member of this association? If admitted to membership, to which would you attach the most importance—your own individual interests, or the perpetuity of the association? How long have you entertained these views of the co-operative mode of life?

The application is then posted on the bulletin board of the colony, where it remains from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon, which is election day, and a half-holiday. The poll is open for two hours, and if the applicant obtains a two-thirds vote of all the ballots cast, he is duly installed as a member of the community provided he is prepared to take up a share of stock. This latter means the payment of £100

in cash. As no instalment system is now in vogue, the poor, hard-working individual without means has but little prospect of becoming a member of this co-operative community.

But what advantages will a member gain?—this is naturally the next question. It will not take long to show that these are numerous. He will be guaranteed work every day that he is able to work, and pay for every day that he is sick. He is given a house and lot free, and is not troubled with taxes, for these are paid by the association. His board, laundry, medical attendance, and shoe-repairing cost him nothing; while his children are also fed and educated by the association. All that he has to buy is household furniture and the clothing his family wears. Should a member ever wish to leave the colony at any time he may do so, when the association invariably return his share of stock, without increment, though according to its by-laws he cannot force the association to purchase his share of stock.

But a general description of Ruskin as it is to-day and of the daily life of its members will convey a far better idea of the doings and workings of this remarkable community. A six-mile drive from Tennessee City brings one in sight of the colony, which is finely located in a beautiful valley, bounded by high limestone bluffs or cliffs in some places, and in others by

gently undulating hills, partially clothed by forests. The photograph on page 261 is a bird's-eye view of the colony, which was taken in the month of January, and this accounts for the naked appearance of the trees. Not much imagination is required, however, to perceive that the Socialists have chosen a very picturesque spot. Altogether there are nearly seventy small white-washed wooden houses grouped about the large printing building, the largest residence being the "Bachelors' Home," occupied by thirteen unyielding celibates.

After crossing Yellow Creek, which is shown in our second photograph, we enter this "earthly paradise," where all are equal and competition and strife unknown. The first thing to strike the visitor would probably be a large three-storied building, with its numerous windows and massive proportions. It is called the "Printery," and can be very well described as "the heart of the colony." Here is printed and published *The Coming Nation*—a wonderful Socialistic newspaper, which boasts of having the largest circulation of all other papers of its kind in America, if not in the world. Its mailing list is a lengthy one, containing over 30,000 subscribers. Inside the building one is shown the Campbell web printing press, which has a capacity of 12,000 copies per hour.

*The Coming Nation*, a facsimile of which we reproduce on page 262, is a purely Socialistic newspaper. It is well got up, and consists of four pages; it can boast of quite a number of signed articles. "Under the Searchlight," the editor (Mr. Herbert N. Casson) gives two columns of interesting reading, very cleverly written, touching, in a Socialistic strain, on many of the leading topics of the day. Under "Colony Notes" we learn much interesting local news, while there is also a lady's section and a children's column. The paper is issued weekly, and the yearly subscription is 50 cents.

Adjoining the "Printery" is the boiler-house, which furnishes power not only to the Printery, but to the steam laundry, and also to the saw-mill close



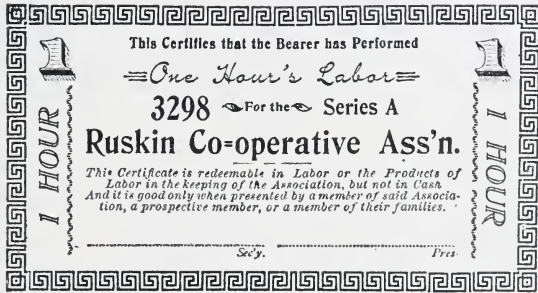
THE CENTRAL BUILDING OF THE COLONY—"THE COMING NATION" PRINTERY.

From a Photo.

by. To see the Ruskin teams bringing the paper to the printing-house, and the immense building, would give one the impression that the production of the paper was the chief industry of the colony. There are, however, numerous other industries in a flourishing condition—especially that of cereal coffee, which has found a large market outside the colony. The colonists also manufacture leather suspenders of a style which for ease and durability require a lot of beating, and the demand for this class of goods is constantly increasing. They also make leather belts, and their costume tailor-department is rapidly increasing its out-

garden. The flour used in the baking of the bread is ground in their own mills, from wheat raised on the farm. At 5 p.m. the whistle is again heard and the day's work is over.

The currency in vogue in Ruskin is undoubtedly unique. But money of any kind is seldom wanted, for all life's necessities are free. There is, nevertheless, a system of money called the "maintenance," which is paid every week to all workers. It is in the form of coupons, and its value is noted by the hours of labour performed. The specimen we reproduce herewith of this curious "money" is a one-hour cheque, and entitles its receiver to purchase anything from



THIS CHEQUE IS THE EQUIVALENT OF ONE HOUR'S LABOUR, AND MAY BE CASHED AT THE STORE.

side trade, while the works they publish on reform subjects are innumerable.

Life at Ruskin is very regular and methodical. At 5.30 every week-day morning a steam whistle awakens the sleepers. At six o'clock it is heard again, announcing breakfast, and again at seven o'clock, telling its inhabitants that the day's work has begun. No one is allowed to shirk this call to duty, not even the president, Mr. Allan Fields, a very pleasant man, who enjoys the full confidence of all the members of the community. From twelve to one is the dinner hour, when all the members of the colony may be found at the "Printery," partaking of the midday meal. To save expense and also labour they dine together. The third floor of the big building has been specially set apart for this purpose, and has a seating capacity for 250 persons. It is, indeed, a grand sight to watch these hardy pioneers of labour partaking of their midday meal, with a kindly, frank courtesy towards each other which plainly bespeaks their full confidence in their belief that equality alone brings true happiness and contentment. The fare cannot be said to be a sumptuous one, but it is wholesome, well cooked, and chiefly the products of the farm and

the community store to that value. This store has probably the most remarkable price-list in the world. This is how it reads:—

	Hours.
One pound of tea ... ..	11
One pound of coffee ... ..	7
One cut of tobacco ... ..	2
One pair of best shoes ... ..	70
One pair of woman's shoes, best ... ..	52½
One pair of pants ... ..	37
One straw hat ... ..	15
One gallon coal oil ... ..	6½

Every member is entitled to draw cheques to the value of twenty-five hours each week, while his wife may also draw the same, for both men and women are paid on the same scale; and their children also may earn cheques to the value of ten hours each week. On more than one occasion, however, the colonists have voted to stop the maintenance money when any heavy debt has been staring them in the face; and members have even been seen to tear up their cheques when any obligation has suddenly had to be met. At present, however, the Ruskin Co-operative Association is in a very flourishing condition financially, with every prospect of its continuing so.

Indeed, so prosperous has the colony become





From a]

A PROMINENT SOCIALIST ADDRESSING THE RUSKINITES.

[Photo.

that it is now erecting a college, which will be known as the College of the New Economy, and our photograph shows Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, a well-known figure in the Socialistic world, addressing the colonists at the laying of the corner - stone.

Ever since the colony was founded the training of the young has received careful consideration, and it is not going too far to say that the children of our great civilized cities can take many lessons from the bright, intelligent children of Ruskin, who are both obedient and well behaved. The colony can also boast of its masters who have gone to teach in the school at Ruskin, and among them we notice the name

of Professor Broome, who was sent as a commissioner to the Paris Exhibition, and who has now been teaching the young Socialists of this modern Utopia the fine arts for

more than three years past. He has also established a pottery, and more recently has completed a life-like bust of Ruskin, which is a masterpiece of art. And for this kind of labour he is entitled to the same privileges and



THE MAN WHO PLANTS BEANS IN THIS KITCHEN GARDEN GETS THE SAME PAY AS THE  
From a] COLLEGE PROFESSOR. [Photo.

receives the same amount of maintenance money as the man who plants beans in the association's kitchen garden!

It must not be supposed that the members of the colony suffer from ennui. Amongst the young people there is a society called "The Progress League," which meets every Monday evening, and gives very good



*From a*

NEAR THIS MILL-SPRING IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVES OF RUSKIN.

*[Photo.*

entertainments, while there is also the Ruskin Dramatic Club, whose members display very good amateur talent. There is also a library of over 1,000 volumes, which is well patronized.

Briefly, then, this is the financial, artistic, musical, and social side of life at Ruskin. It may come as a shock to some good people, however, to learn that there is no church in the colony, and what is more it will never have one. The members believe that a church would kill the scheme. To establish a commonwealth of equality and socialism among people divided on theology would be impossible, and so the erection of a place of worship is not allowed. The colony does not prohibit its members from worshipping, however, and on Sundays many of them drive to the nearest outside churches or

chapels to attend Divine service. The establishment of a drinking saloon, too, is also prohibited.

To describe with any degree of minuteness the forty different trades or departments which exist would be impossible, but it is pleasant to note that most of them are in a prosperous condition. They are all under the supervision of a foreman, who is elected by vote in the same way as the president and other officials, and who watches over his department with exceeding care, making a monthly report to the association of business done, for which he is entitled to the same wages as the lowest man under him.

The farm is the chief outdoor industry, while the kitchen garden and orchard, with its choice varieties of all kinds of fruit, is by no means a small concern, supplying as it does most of



A CORNER IN THE GREATEST OF THE CAVES—THIS ONE IS USED AS A CANNERY, A VINEGAR FACTORY, AND A BALL-ROOM.  
*From a Photo.*

the table wants of the colonists. The cattle farm can boast of a well-fed herd of cows. Mention might also be made of the chicken ranch, with its 800 head of chickens, most of which are pure-bred Plymouth Rocks; the pig farm, with its 160 head of Poland China swine; as well as the bee farm—all in a thriving and healthy condition.

The greatest natural wonders of Ruskin are its caves. They are well worth a visit, and the colonists allude to "our caves" with much pride. They are situated beyond the mill, shown in the photograph reproduced herewith, and here also can be seen the spring. We are tempted to stop and call attention to the group of children seen in this photograph, so healthy and bonny do these rising young Socialists look; and it cannot be gainsaid that life in this remarkable commonwealth does not agree with them. What is known as the "Big" cave is both picturesque and useful. It is now used as a cannery and vinegar factory, and some idea of its immensity may be gauged from the fact that on July 4th last the colony gave a

"barbecue" and dance in the cave, which was attended by over 2,000 Tennesseans—more than 1,000 of them being in the cave at one time. There are numerous passages leading from the big cave into many others, some of them being large and not yet properly explored.

The most wonderful of all, however, is the stalactite cave. A whole chapter might be devoted to detailing the many wonderfully odd and curious shapes of the crystal formations to be seen here. By dint of perseverance the photographer of the colony (for it has its own photographer, and our views represent beautiful specimens of his handiwork) has secured a photograph of this cave which gives but a faint idea of its many beauties. It makes a strange but interesting picture, showing some nine members among the various crystal formations with candles in their hands. The atmosphere of the caves is exceedingly pure and dry, and many happy hours do the colonists spend in exploring their wonders after a day's labour or on Saturday afternoon.



## A Fall of Three Thousand Feet!

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES WOLCOTT.

The well-known New York aeronaut tells the fearful story of his fall from the clouds in Venezuela. Our readers cannot, we think, fail to be interested in the amazing narrative of Mr. Wolcott's miraculous recovery after sustaining the shocking injuries detailed herein.



IN the fall of 1895, having closed a very successful season in New England, I prepared to sail for South America; I had a winter's contract with the Venezuelan Government. Arriving in New York City, I learned that my assistant (whom I had given a short leave of absence) could not join me in time for the boat which sailed next day. However, as I expected to spend several weeks in Venezuela before commencing my engagement, he could easily arrive in time by sailing on the next steamer, nine days later. So I deposited his fare with the steamship company, and when the "Red D" steamship *Venezuela* (now the U.S. troopship *Panther*) sailed next day, I was a passenger. With me went my dog aeronaut "Pedro," a thoroughbred English bulldog, which had accompanied me in many a lonesome voyage among the clouds. After a pleasant but uneventful voyage of seven days we arrived at La-Guayra. From there to the Venezuelan capital, Caracas, is a railway journey of but a few hours' duration. Arriving at the latter place I was soon comfortably installed in one of the several good hotels of which the city boasts.

That night I met several native friends whom I had known in New York, and arrangements were made for my entertainment during the weeks of my supposed idleness. For one thing, mountain lions were numerous within a dozen miles of the city, and a week of hunting was decided on by way of a start. I have always been an ardent hunter, and was somewhat disappointed when my agent informed me next morning that my contractors, having learned of my arrival, desired me to commence my performances at once. The fact that I had left my assistant behind was no fault of

theirs, and as I had no reasonable excuse for delay I sent word that I could be ready in twenty-four hours after arriving on the grounds. I thought I could easily pick up a man to assist me for a few trips, or until my regular assistant turned up.

I was informed that I was wanted on October 28th at Villa-de-Cura, the capital of the State of Miranda, to assist in the celebration of the birthday of Simon Bolivar, the liberator. That afternoon I received my orders, which, being interpreted, read, "Leave Caracas to-morrow morning, at 6.30. German railway to Cagua; then by express to Villa-de-Cura. Deliver the inclosed package to the Governor, General Andrada." This was rather meagre information, but thinking a more definite understanding could be had at Cura, I started. After a tedious ride of nearly ten hours in a poorly ventilated, ill-smelling, little, narrow-gauge coach, I arrived at Cagua, where I learned, to my amazement, that the "express" to Villa-de-Cura consisted of several large two-wheeled carts, each drawn by six wicked-looking mules, and escorted by several mounted men armed with Winchester rifles. This was a mode of



THE PARACHUTIST AND AUTHOR, PROFESSOR CHARLES WOLCOTT. [Photo.]

travel hardly to my liking, but it was that or nothing, so I had to put up with it. The overland trip, though interesting, was extremely tiresome. My driver volunteered the cheerful information that people seldom attempted the journey by night; and even in the daytime the presence of an armed guard was necessary, as wild beasts and highwaymen were always in wait, to pounce upon the unwary traveller. And as we wound our way through miles of wild tropical jungle, I could see no reason to doubt the truth of his statement. Late that night we arrived at the

little city of Villa-de-Cura. I had been advised to stop at the American House, and so to the American House I went.

I spent an entire day in getting together the material for the inflation of the balloon—which was a hot air one; and in looking over the possible landing-places, I found but one really dangerous place to descend, that being a large lagoon or dead lake, that stretched away for a mile or more across the plain, and was filled with decayed vegetation, which would make swimming impossible. As I looked the place over, I realized that to make a descent in such a place would be as much as a man's life was worth, no matter how strong a swimmer he might be. A native who lived near by told me the lagoon was infested by alligators and huge serpents, and that many cattle had been lost by wading out a short distance from shore.

The next morning (October 28th) dawned clear and beautiful. The crowd had increased during the night, until the streets were almost impassable. On arriving at the place from which the ascension was to take place, I found my paraphernalia surrounded by an immense crowd, and my native assistant in an adjacent wine-shop. All that day, until 5.30 p.m., the time of the ascension, I was annoyed and my work impeded by a multitude of crowding, hustling, shouting, curious, and excited natives. My helper was of no assistance whatever, I having all the work to do, while he was explaining the science of aeronautics to his many friends. You see, he was an important man that day. At last, however, I was ready to commence the inflation, and, taking my assistant inside the balloon, I gave him instructions and then left him. As the great balloon breathed in the hot air, and slowly grew larger and larger, the excitement among the spectators became intense—even comic. My assistant became frightened,

crawled hastily from inside the balloon, and positively refused to return, thus doubling the work for me. Calling a policeman, I explained to him that it would be necessary for me to go inside the balloon for a few moments to arrange the sand-bags and furnace cover before leaving the ground, and that I desired him to keep the crowd back from my paraphernalia. Whilst I did this I suppose he tried to do as I requested, but finding himself unequal to the task he called in the assistance of some twenty or more cavalymen, who rode their horses round and round the now rapidly filling balloon, trampling upon and hopelessly entangling the lines of my parachute, which had all been nicely arranged and attached by a small rope to the top of the balloon.

When I again came from inside the balloon everything was ready for the start, and so, quickly running to the trapeze-bar, I gave the word, "Let go all." I was instantly borne aloft, high above the heads of the shouting multitude. I had commenced my acrobatic work on the trapeze-bar when, chancing to look upward, I noticed the tangled condition of my parachute, which hung at the side of the balloon and was connected with my trapeze-bar by a small rope running to the corresponding bar of the parachute. I immediately turned my attention to repairing the damage, but as I

could reach only to the bottom of the entangled cords I made but little headway. I cursed all South American republics and their crazy peoples. At this time I was fully 6,000ft. high. It was rapidly growing dark on the earth, but from my elevated position I could plainly see the sun over the mountains. I had reached my maximum height, and in another moment was gradually descending. Realizing the impossibility of getting my parachute in proper condition for the leap before the balloon descended, and thinking I had only to wait until the balloon, losing its buoyancy, would



"I WAS INSTANTLY BORNE ALOFT."  
This Photo. was taken on the identical occasion referred to.

slowly and safely drift to the earth, I turned my attention to looking down and picking out my probable landing-place. Judge, then, of my horror, when I saw that it would undoubtedly be near the centre of the dreaded lagoon previously mentioned! I was already nearly over the edge of that noisome, alligator-infested lake, and was yet fully 3,600ft. high. A skilled aeronaut learns to think quickly. I knew that to descend in that dead lake was to meet a certain and terrible death. Should I jump? Well, the pressure *might* cause the parachute to open and the ropes to untangle themselves. It was an awful chance, but the only one, and taking a firm grip on the iron ring of the parachute and throwing one leg over the bar, I leaped into space.

For the first few seconds my descent was similar to hundreds that I have made during my aeronautical career; but I soon realized the fact that I was falling at a frightful rate of speed. For the first time in my life I thought I was facing certain death, and wondered if I would not have done better to have taken my chances with the balloon. I looked far above me and saw the balloon, which had overturned and was vomiting out dense masses of black smoke. I wondered if it would fall in the lake and be lost. I remembered a dear friend in New England who had advised me to give up this trip and remain in the States. I could plainly hear the shouts of the people, many of whom were following the course of the balloon. I remembered stories I had read of people falling great distances and losing consciousness, and dying before they reached the earth; I wondered what could possibly have given rise to that impression. I could hear the wind as it shrieked through the tangled cordage of my parachute, which had now failed me for the first time. I could feel the hissing wind cut my face like a knife. I knew I had fallen thousands of feet, and as the mad rush continued I could see the earth apparently flying up to meet me with terrible rapidity. An agony of helplessness came over me. I think I know all the sensations a man feels who falls to his death—right up to the point of unconsciousness. I don't suppose I felt the physical fear that would have seized almost anyone but a balloon man. Still, I made up my mind to die.

But when scarcely 200ft. from

the earth the parachute lines became loosened—the canvas cracked and swelled. I swayed dizzily. For an instant I thought I was saved, but the awful pressure of the atmosphere proved more than the parachute could stand. Though my fall was stopped for an instant, the cloth burst in a dozen places, with reports as sharp as rifle-shots. The cords broke like thread, and again I was falling. I now braced myself to meet the shock, and next moment struck fairly on my feet on the grassy plain—I actually *heard* my person strike the solid earth. The parachute had opened enough to save my life. I was unable to move, but knew I was terribly injured. I was dimly conscious of what was transpiring around me. I heard the mounted soldiers order the crowd away, and, when they would not obey, they charged them with drawn swords, riding their horses over me. I saw the flying hoofs above my head, and wondered that they did not step on me. Only one shoe of the flying feet struck me, cutting a small gash in my head. I knew when I was picked up and carried to a small bamboo hut near by and laid on a soldier's blanket. Then I must have lost consciousness, for when next I remember it was dark. I was still lying on the ground, and with the exception of my head and right arm I could not move a muscle. My faithful dog had found me during the night, and now lay with his head on my face, howling



"I SAW THE FLYING HOOFS ABOVE MY HEAD."



mournfully. It is simply impossible for me to describe my sufferings during the long hours of that terrible night. Most of the time I was conscious, and wondered how long I could hold out. Morning came at last, however, and just as day was breaking I heard someone singing. Attracted doubtless by the barking of my dog, a native woman who was on her way to the town came to the door of the hut. After gratifying her curiosity by answering many questions, and assuring her that I was positively alive, and that the dog would not injure her (a native of Venezuela is never in a hurry), I succeeded in obtaining her promise to deliver a verbal message to the proprietor of the "American House," she flatly refusing to go direct to the Governor. Then, after hours of waiting and suffering, the Governor came, accompanied by his bodyguard and a physician. The surprise and sorrow of General Andrada at seeing me in such a condition were certainly genuine. I had been reported dead, and he was about to give orders for my burial, when a soldier informed him that a woman had brought the report that I was still living. Procuring a doctor, he at once came to my assistance, and assured me he would do all in his power to aid me. He asked where I wished to be taken. I told him I had been informed that the only good hospital in the republic was at Caracas, and I thought I could get proper medical attendance there. He fully agreed with me regarding the hospital; but the physician, who, during our conversation, had been examining me, stated that it would be simply impossible to have me moved that distance—that nearly every bone in my body had been broken. Furthermore, that he was surprised at my having lived through the night; that I certainly would *not* live to cover half the distance to the railway. Finally, he concluded that it would make but little difference any way, as I had left but a few hours more of life at best. I, however, assured the Governor that, as I had already lived fifteen hours since the accident, I would certainly live to get through. If he wished to assist me at all, I said he could best do so by arranging for my transportation as far as the railway station at Cagua. While willing to accede to my request, he insisted on my knowing what my chances were, and informed me that during the night the usual South American insurrection had broken out, and that even now the city was threatened. I cursed all these Republics again. But he could furnish me with an escort, which, perhaps, would have no difficulty in passing the insurgent lines. The chances were a hundred to one that I would never live to reach the railway; yet, if I insisted, he would do all he

could for me. I did insist, and that afternoon, at three o'clock, I was taken by my escort, which consisted of twenty mounted soldiers, with their captain; six men to carry the stretcher (improvised from a canvas-cot); and a mule cart for my baggage. Just before starting the Governor called the captain to the side of my cot, and in my hearing gave him his orders. He should order his men to carry me as carefully as possible, by the most direct route in the direction of Cagua; and he was to keep on stopping when necessary, until either the station was reached or I no longer lived. In case of my death before the station was reached, my body was to be left wherever we might be. The soldiers were then to hasten back to Villa-de-Cura, as the town was sadly in need of every man capable of handling a gun. Then, after wishing me good luck and God-speed, General Andrada gave the order to march. Thus, twenty hours after the accident we started, my dog barking joyously as if he, too, was anxious to be off.

It is impossible for a pen of mine to describe the horrors of that journey. The route lay across the plains of Miranda. The tropical sun shone down upon my unprotected head with merciless force. Night found us in the foothills of the Andes, but brought no relief—up steep hills and over rough roads, until I thought each step would close my precarious lease of life. But still we plodded on, stopping only for a few moments when we reached the great Cagua jungles. If we passed any insurgents on the road, I did not see or hear them. The insects, however, were positively ferocious, and wild beasts howling close by made the night hideous. Once a mountain lion, attracted, the soldiers said, by the smell of blood, which still flowed from the wound on my head, screamed in the bush so near to us, that the soldiers were alarmed, and fearing an attack formed in a circle round my cot. My dog, too, bolted under cover with a howl; but a moment later the lion was heard stealing away through the bush in the opposite direction, and then the heart-breaking march was resumed once more. If anyone had told me that a human being could live to endure such horrible suffering as I experienced that night, I would not have believed it. Each step seemed to add to the torture, and I begged the captain to leave me and return, as I preferred to die rather than continue the journey. But the captain would reply: "You heard the Governor's orders?"

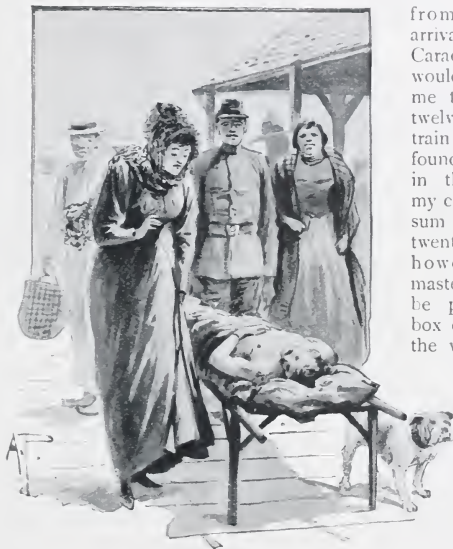
It was daylight when we reached the Cagua River; and at 9 a.m. we arrived at the station, where I was left on the platform. The captain and soldiers bade me good-bye, and started on

the return trip. The sun shone down pitilessly, and I soon began to feel the tortures of thirst; no one came near me, however, for some time. Then the low growling of my dog caused me to look up, and I saw a little native girl standing by my cot. Though seemingly frightened, she asked me in her native tongue if I was sick and why I was there alone. I told her I was indeed sick, and asked her to get me a drink of water; whereupon she hastened away and soon returned with a battered tin cup filled with coffee, which was still hot. I drank it eagerly, and never was a drink more appreciated by me. Fearing to be again left alone, I coaxed the child to me, and taking her hand tried to detain her, but becoming frightened she broke away and I saw her no more. After what seemed many hours the station-master arrived and asked me gruffly what I was doing there and what I expected was to become of me. I replied that I wished my cot placed in the baggage-car of the train for Caracas, as I was unable to move and was trying to reach the hospital at that place. He said he could not put the cot in the baggage-car, as that was intended for baggage only; and if I expected

to go on that train I must go in the passenger coach, where I would be allowed a regular seat for a regular first-class ticket. As he walked away I thought my last chance was gone, and bitterly regretted that I had not taken the Governor's advice and remained at Villa-de-Cura. Soon other people began to arrive and gather round my cot. Among them was a lady, who looked at me in surprise. And, indeed, I must have presented an awful appearance, being still clad in acrobatic silks and covered with blood and dirt. This lady asked me in a kind voice if she could do anything for me. I explained the situation to her as well as I could, and informed her that my only chance for life was to get to the hospital at Caracas. She quickly called one of her servants and bade him send the station-master to her at once. To him she explained that she was the wife of the Vene-

zuelan Secretary of War, and that I was to be put on that train at any cost. The man meekly promised to see what he could do, and was cautioned by the lady to *bathe quickly*. Then, ordering one servant to bathe my face and head in cool water, and sending another for a bottle of wine, she bade me keep heart, and said she would see that I got to the hospital at Caracas all right. She would, she said, telegraph to her husband to have arrangements made for my removal from the train on its arrival at the city of Caracas, so that no time would be lost in getting me to the hospital. At twelve o'clock, noon, the train arrived, when it was found there was no room in the baggage-car for my cot. For the modest sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars in gold, however, the station-master allowed my cot to be placed in an empty box car—into which, by the way, a crate of live chickens was subsequently thrown.

This station-master was not a native, but a German-American, who spoke English well, and who had formerly lived in New York. He volunteered this information him-



"SHE ASKED ME IN A KIND VOICE IF SHE COULD DO ANYTHING FOR ME."

self. The roof of my "special" car was of corrugated iron, and the inside like a furnace. I must have been unconscious during a great part of that frightful ride, but can remember that at nearly every stop the wife of the Secretary came to the door of the car, like a ministering angel, and asked her servant (who occupied the car with me) if I was still living. And she would order him to bathe my head with fresh water and moisten my lips with wine. At 10.30 p.m. the train arrived at Caracas, and was met by the Secretary of War. Caracas has no ambulance service, so my stretcher was taken on the shoulders of six of the little policemen who march round the city carrying Winchester rifles, and carried to the hospital, a distance of several miles. Vargas Hospital does not have a surgeon on duty at night, and so I was taken to the operating-room

in order to be in readiness as soon as they came in the morning. This was also in case of my death during the night, when they would not have so far to carry my body, the same room being near the morgue. I remember but little of that night. I seemed to be beyond further suffering. I was afterwards informed by one of my watchers that I talked incessantly all through the night, and begged them not to inform my friends in the States that I had met with an accident. The next morning, at ten o'clock, just *sixty-four hours after the accident*, the hospital surgeons gathered round my cot. I had accomplished my purpose, and lived to get

having a terrible time with the *yellow fever!* The days passed, and, contrary to all expectations, I lived and grew stronger. The visiting surgeon, Dr. Acosta, informed me that my injuries consisted of the following, which I am sure my readers will let me term an appalling diagnosis: Both ankles crushed, both knees crushed and broken, right thigh broken, right hip broken and socket crushed, pelvis broken clean across, every rib on left side torn from the spine, four ribs on right side broken, and spinal column dislocated in one place and positively fractured in another!

This diagnosis was, later, pronounced correct



From a ]

MR. WOLCOTT LYING IN VARGAS HOSPITAL, CARACAS.

[Photo.

into the doctors' hands. Nature would stand no more. The pain seemed to leave my body. Breathing became difficult. Then came oblivion. Two weeks later I regained consciousness, to find myself on a cot in the surgical ward. Wax candles were burning at my head and feet. A sweet-faced Sister of Mercy was standing at my bedside, holding a crucifix before my face. Seeing that I was conscious, she asked me in French if I were a Catholic. I replied "No," and she said, "It makes no difference—rest." The surgeons came soon after, and seemed surprised and pleased that I was conscious. They informed me that I had been

by the best surgeons of New York City, and verified by full-length X-ray photographs. I might write many pages descriptive of the six months I spent in Vargas Hospital. I will only say, however, that I slowly got stronger, nursed with loving tenderness by the Catholic Sisters of Mercy, who, although they could not bind a wound skilfully, knew the art of comforting, and would not allow a patient to suffer if they could prevent it. Most of the patients of that ward were brought in—some from long distances—suffering from wounds made by gun-shot, knife-thrust, or snake-bite. Occasionally a leper was found among them; but these were removed



as soon as possible to the leper colony, situated farther up among the mountains. Vargas Hospital is supported by the Government. The attending surgeons were all well-educated men, well up to their business. Many of them are graduates of the best medical colleges of the U.S. or France. But having no modern appliances and a limited amount of supplies, they were seriously handicapped. I have known the death-rate to be 3 per cent. a day for months.

They did little for me in a surgical way, and plainly told me that I might live for some time—perhaps for years—but would for ever be paralyzed from the waist down. Of course, I suffered a great deal, but nevertheless managed to derive a certain amount of amusement during my sojourn there. I at one time had a class of eight men and boys, whom I taught English; some of them became quite proficient. Many American residents visited me, and I was regularly supplied with newspapers and periodicals by friends in New England. As I grew stronger I determined to try and get to New York, where I knew I could obtain the best treatment with the latest appliances, for I thought I might possibly recover. It was against the advice of the surgeons that I left, but I had made up my mind; and in six months and two days from the time I entered Vargas Hospital I was placed on an inflated rubber bed and taken to the railway. The rain was falling in torrents at the time, and when I arrived at the depôt I was soaking wet. General Thomas, the American Minister, furnished me with a private car, and, accompanied by the Secretary of the Legation, I made the trip to La-Guayra, and was soon on board the steamship *Venezuela*. The officers



MR. WOLCOTT IN ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, NEW YORK, WHERE THE GREAT OPERATION WAS PERFORMED. (Photo.)

gave me a warm welcome and made me as comfortable as possible.

Seven days later we arrived in Brooklyn, and in a few hours I was comfortably installed in the beautiful new Saint Luke's Hospital, on Morningside Heights, New York City. My case attracted the attention of many of the principal surgeons outside the hospital staff, and was discussed far and wide; and the Metropolitan papers printed columns regarding my accident. After many consultations, it was at last decided that an operation alone could relieve me of paralysis; and after four months' medical treatment and careful nursing I was pronounced strong enough to be operated upon. In the presence of fourteen of the world's most prominent surgeons, the spinal column was chiselled into and the vital cord exposed for a distance of nine inches. Pressure was found and removed. As an operation, it was a success, and I was afterwards informed that it was the first operation of the kind ever successfully performed. Five months later I was able to walk with the aid of crutches, and left the hospital—just one year one month and one day after the accident. I am still in the aeronautical business, but my physical condition compels me to let paid assistants make the trip to the clouds.

## A "Bank Holiday" in Bangkok.

By HARRY HILLMAN.

All about the quaintest festival imaginable. The fair in the Siamese King's temple, the hilarious doings of the holiday-makers, and how the poor build decorated sand-heaps instead of temples. The whole illustrated by a set of snap-shots, taken in Bangkok by the author.



HOUGH it is true that we in England still link fancy fairs and bazaars with the promotion of religious enterprise, this meets with a great deal of disfavour in many directions. The Eastern, however, takes his religion into every action of his life. Hence there is nothing repugnant to the Siamese mind in utilizing the grounds of his beautiful temples for gatherings that suggest forcibly the old-time country fairs of England. The various leading events of Buddha's life afford an abundance of holidays, the number of which is swelled by the

This temple is erected on a hill—the only one for miles round, and even that is an artificial one. Built as Bangkok is, on the deposit from the overflowing waters of the river, the presence of a natural hill is out of the question, though there is an abundance of clay for brick-making. And so brick is used universally—for building, for paving the streets, and actually for erecting the hill known as the Poa-kau-tongon, or "Golden Hill," near the temple called Wat Sekate.

I am indebted to Mr. Riches, the Siamese Consul in London, for the loan of the first



THIS IS AN ARTIFICIAL HILL BUILT OF BRICKS. PILGRIMS CLIMB TO THE TEMPLE ON THEIR KNEES.  
*From a Photo.*

national festivals, such as the King's and Queen's birthdays, and those connected with the life of each individual—such as the betrothal and wedding, the sacramental cutting of the hair at the age of puberty, or the cremation of the dead. Then there is the pilgrimage to "P'ra Bah," the hill upon the summit of which Buddha has left an imprint of his foot for the adoration of the faithful. But not everyone can go this lengthy journey, and so a temple has been built at Bangkok within which is a replica of the impression.

photograph, which, having been taken shortly after the hill was erected, shows the brick formation very plainly. As can be seen, the hill is a fairly high one, and steep withal. It is now covered with trees, and their roots, while slowly disintegrating the bricks, at the same time serve to bind them more securely together. There have been paths to the top, which have since fallen in; and the inexperienced is likely to attempt a climb in several promising places, only to find a return to the bottom inevitable. But the way up from the main entrance is plain

enough, involving the ascent of two hundred and ninety steps, the last hundred or so being laboriously steep; dangerously so, in fact, were it not for the iron rail to which one can cling. The orthodox way of ascending the stairs at the original temple at P'ra Baht is on the knees, and occasionally a particularly zealous individual will climb the stairs of the artificial hill of Bangkok in the same manner. An easier staircase goes twice round the hill by a gradual rise, and a portion of this can be seen in the middle of the photograph. There are also on the way up a band-stand and a large *sala*, or shed, for resting in. The building on the summit is a square one. There is a covered corridor, the walls of which are flush with the edge of the hill, and are pierced with windows fitted with glass. This is unusual in a country where sunshine is the rule, but in this exposed position glass is by no means an unnecessary protection.

In the centre is the dagoba—the circular-spired roof seen in the photo. This building is supported on arches which afford entrance to the interior, in the exact centre of which is a hollow in the ground shaped in the orthodox form of Buddha's foot—that is, with all the toes of equal length. All the year round this foot-step is covered over with a stone, securely cemented down; but when the time for the pilgrimage comes round, this covering is removed. Then the faithful flock in thousands to the *wat*, or temple, and bring their little slips of gold-leaf, with which to gild the impression, as an offering. In the grounds, at the base, are erected booths, at which all kinds of goods are sold, either directly or by lottery. Here also are found shows of deformed folk and other wonders; theatres, and "all the fun of the fair" generally. But this festival is mainly a night one, and, therefore, in order to get a faint idea of it, it is necessary to refer to another festival held on the first day of the Siamese year, and so capable of being photographed. There are, by the way, two Siamese New Year Days—a State one, fixed, by a decree of the King in 1889, on April 1; and the old ecclesiastical one, fixed, like our Easter, by the moon. It falls always at the end of March, and it is at that time that the great New Year festival takes

place. It is known as the *krut*, and falls on the first day of the fifth lunation.

This festival is held at the King's own *wat* within the palace walls at Bangkok, the entrance to which is seen in the next photo. For most days in the year the door here shown is kept shut, and is smeared all over with dabs of gold-leaf placed on it either as a meritorious act *per se*, or else in fulfilment of vows. On the New Year's Day people gather from all parts to adore the famous emerald idol, which is the most treasured possession of the *wat*. John China-



ENTRANCE TO THE KING'S OWN TEMPLE. SELLING EATABLES TO THE HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

[From a

Photo.]

man, as usual, is ready to drive his bargains with the hungry folk, and sets up his stalls not only outside the gate, but within the sacred inclosure itself. His stocks of fruit and other eatables are displayed where the camera was able to capture them plainly, with the forms placed ready for the convenience of customers. Nearer the gate is a man who has just arrived with his portable kitchen. On a strong piece of bamboo placed over his shoulders he has carried—it may be for miles—a basket well stocked with articles of food, also a box containing a fire, together with charcoal for replenishing it, and various cooking implements. He is able to supply half-a-dozen or so differently flavoured dishes, all smoking hot and fresh from the pot.

The plainness of the exterior hardly prepares one for the beauty of the next picture. Passing through the doorway of the first courtyard, regardless of the ugly beast guarding the approach,



we come to a second courtyard, the splendour of which quite takes one aback. The very tiles on the roofs are richly and yet artistically coloured. Flowers of all hues, cunningly produced in delicate porcelain, adorn the front and roof of some of the buildings. Dagobas of exquisite design are dotted here and there, three of which, one large and two smaller, but of more elaborate workmanship, are seen in the middle distance of the picture. Another, beyond the scope of the

woman who is so modestly re-arranging her "pah home," or breast cloth, in view of the presence of a European, cannot resist the feminine tendency to know all about what he is doing with his funny black box, and so he has been able to catch her in a very characteristic attitude. The "pah home" is usually of a brilliant hue, made of silk, and accordion pleated. It is always carried, even when (as in the case of the woman



From a]

THE ANIMATED SECOND COURTYARD WITH ITS HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

[Phot.

photo., is gilded from spire to base, and glitters in the sun so that one can hardly look at it. Tasteful mosaics in glazed tiles, or in tiny mirrors of multi-coloured glass; carved wood-work covered with gold; quaint figures of men and women, of giants and dwarfs, of animals, of birds, and of reptiles; and plants artificially trained into the most curious shapes, abound on all sides.

And then there are the people. Look at them in the photograph. In the foreground on the right squat a couple of women selling little offerings which will be described in more detail later on. On the left there is a back view of one of the towering giants of the temple. The

behind) a short bodice is worn; but then it is thrown loosely over the shoulders, and is rarely put on otherwise.

Crossing the courtyard, past a figure standing at the salute, we ascend some steps at the side to the balcony, and then, standing within it, obtain a full front view of the giant under whose shadow we had just been standing. He is now seen in all his hideousness. Observe him in the photograph. One arm has tumbled off, but the hand remains clasping the huge club. His teeth and eyes must surpass the most vivid of our childish imaginings of what an ogre should be like. The whole body is inlaid with the coloured mirrors already referred to, and his



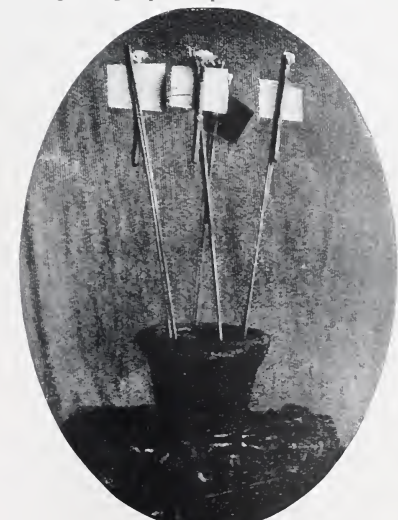
From a] THE COURTYARD WITH THE GROTESQUE GIANT.

[Photo.

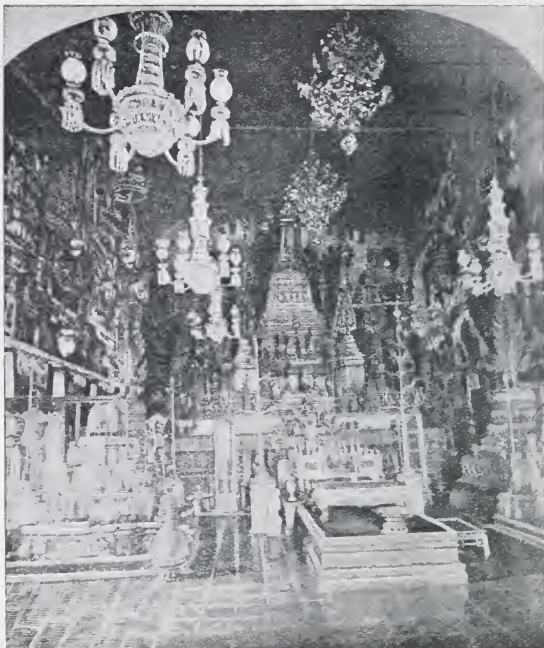
costume is such as is to be seen in Siamese theatrical performances to this day.

In the building behind the giant guardian of the gate, and stretching round the four sides of a quadrangle, is held the fair. What with the high dagobas and the lowness of the roof, the stalls are too dark for photographing. But if my reader will recall the stalls of a country fair—those with the most gaudy of goods—and transfer them to these corridors, they will have an idea of the general appearance. Then, in addition, there are to be had packets of green tea, clothing, lamps, medicines—all the needs of every-day life, in fact, even to the gamble, which is a positive necessity of the average Siamese life. In most of the stalls there is something in this line. It may be a table with the revolving needle, so familiar to us, which is turned by the customer, and determines his prize by stopping at it. Or it may be the wheel of fortune, with its tickets, "All prizes; no blanks." Or, again, it may be the very favourite plan of attaching a piece of cotton to each article on the stall, and passing the ends through a ring suspended in the front. The customer pays his or her money, takes a random choice of the strings, and gives it a pull, only then to learn what is attached to the other end.

But we turn our back upon this scene of buying and selling within the very precincts of the temple, and enter another courtyard, where a Chinaman is seen with the invariable supply of iced drinks. Onward still we follow the people, up some more steps to the *wat* itself. In the porch squat several men and women with bowls of scented water before them. They are selling in small doles to the worshippers, who also take care to provide themselves with the offerings next illustrated—that is, if they happen not to have already purchased them from the women at the gate. Each consists of two "joss-sticks," a little candle, and a piece of paper with a tiny square of gold-leaf in it. These are tied together, but are separated by the purchaser. Entering the lofty doors of the *wat*, it is a little time before one can get accustomed to the very "dim, religious light" inside. When one does, the walls are seen—as in the next photo., taken when the *wat* was empty, so making a long exposure possible—to be covered



OFFERINGS WITH WHICH THE PILGRIMS PROVIDE THEMSELVES—  
From a] JOSS-STICKS, CANDLES, GOLD-LEAF, ETC. [Photo.



THE GORGEOUS INTERIOR OF THE KING OF SIAM'S TEMPLE, CONTAINING  
 FROM A THE EMERALD BUDDHA. [Photo.]

with paintings from top to bottom, illustrative of events in the life of Buddha. For this photo. also I am indebted to Mr. Riches.

Cases containing trees of gold and silver work and costly offerings of all kinds are crowded into the building, the very pavement of which is all of brass plates, with engraved patterns. Handsome candelabra hang from the roof, kerosene lamps being the illuminant on the rare occasions when such is needed. At the farther end is a sort of pyramid, rising nearly to the ceiling. It is all of costly inlaid work, each step having its own design, and not an inch left without adornment. On either side is a large Buddha, with his hands held to the worshippers in the attitude of benediction. There are also, on handsomely inlaid stands, the sacred multiple umbrellas.

On the successive steps of the pyramid are crowded Buddhas, standing or sitting, of all kinds of material—silver and gold in many cases—and each with the sacred umbrella over him. In the foreground is the *daïs* for the priest who leads the devotions, a tray in front of him to contain the inevitable betel. At the

highest point, barely to be seen in the dimness and distance, is the famous sitting Buddha cut from a single emerald. At least, such is the story, though others assert it is made of jade. It is quite inaccessible, but that does not matter, as nearer the door there is a bronze statue which receives the offerings by proxy. The worshipper first pours over it the scented water purchased outside, and then dabs the little square of gold-leaf on it. It does not matter where—the head, or back, or chest, all seem to be equally eligible for the honour. In front of the statue is a bar of iron, with spikes in it, and the candles are lighted and stuck on the spikes. The joss-sticks are likewise lighted, and placed in a bowl of sand, where they gradually smoulder away, making the atmosphere heavy with their perfumed incense.

The pouring of water on the idol is only part of a general laving that goes on all over the country on this occasion. All the younger members of Siamese families call on the oldest, and pupils on their teachers, taking with them

offerings in the shape of new suits of clothes. The reason for these offerings is obvious from the purpose of the visit. The visitors have with them a quantity of water which has been consecrated by a priest, and the whole of this is poured over the person whose age entitles him or her to the distinction. Having thus spoiled the clothes worn at the time, it is but right that a fresh suit should be forthcoming.

But in the streets a different kind of washing is going on. The holiday-makers turn out in their best as a rule, but they have to be on the alert if they would preserve the stiffness of their laboriously starched and highly polished finery. At every corner there will be lurking groups of people supplied with an abundance of water not always of the cleanest, and armed with squirts of varying propulsive powers. Surely, a development *in excelsis* of the abominable ladies' tormentors of Hampstead Heath! It is all done in the best of humour, of course, but is none the less wetting for that. One is likely at any moment to get a *douche*, and bad-tempered indeed would



the person be thought who resented it on this the first day of the year. In their homes, this rougher play is varied by the throwing of scented, and enormous must be the sums of money spent at this season on Parisian and English perfumes by the well-to-do Siamese.

Another remarkable custom is that illustrated in the next photograph. This represents the grounds of a temple which have been thickly covered by small dagobas of sand. The building of a dagoba is always a very meritorious action, but the poorer people have not the wherewithal to erect so costly a structure.

Nearly all have boats, however. And so they travel up the river, away from the eternal clay of the lower part, to where they can, by diving, bring up sand from the bed of the stream. This sand they take down to the capital and empty into the grounds of the temple. Then on New Year's Day they set to work to build it up into dagobas. They first make their offerings of food or betel to the priests, then sprinkle the idols in the temple, and, finally, repair to

the grounds. The great aim is to make among them 84,000 dagobas during the day—that being a specially sacred number, the attainment of which is believed to be a most meritorious work for the attainment of individual or collective happiness. But think of a whole city carting sand into a holy place, and then setting to work earnestly to build little temples with it, against time, so to speak!

The sand is first sprinkled with scented water, and then allowed to trickle through a funnel so as to assume the mound shape. As each is completed it is surmounted with paper flags fastened to white sticks a foot or so long, as seen in the photograph. Sometimes the workers surround each dagoba with a railing of sticks

and paper, and expend some ingenuity in decorating the mound of sand with such primitive means as may be at their disposal. At the same time a great number of good-natured jokes are played off, the throwing of the scented water on each other taking place quite as frequently as on the mounds themselves; so that this sacred duty imposes no undue gravity on this light-hearted people, but is accompanied by shouts of happy laughter and many a jest. The photograph depicts an ordinary temple such as might compare with a simple village church with us. It is a very

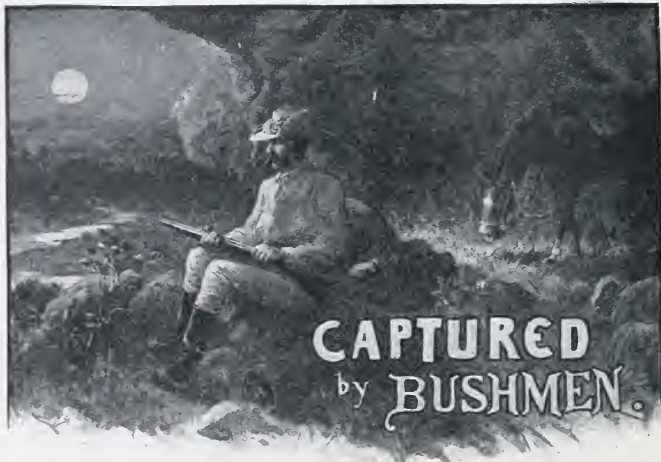
plain building, just showing to the right. At each corner is a brick stand of ornamental construction, upon which is placed a stone cut in the shape of a Gothic arch, only slightly narrower at the base than at the arch, with a hole through it. The grounds round the building are left bare, and it is here where the sand dagobas are made. The fence round the grounds is a temporary affair, and will be removed after the festival. On the left is a

real dagoba, with some cast-off robes of some priest wrapped round it. For the robes are sacred, and may not be put to any profane purpose or destroyed. So the practice is, when they become quite useless, to wrap them round either a dagoba or a sacred tree, and let the weather do the rest.

The buildings surrounding the grounds are the houses of the priests—or monks would be the more correct term. A larger building, hidden from sight by the temple, is the school and preaching-house, without which no temple establishment would be complete. The high platform so conspicuous in the picture is for any of the monks to retire to for meditation, should they so desire.



THE POOR, UNABLE TO BUILD DAGOBAS, ERECT NUMEROUS GAILY DECORATED SAND-HEAPS. [Photo.]



BY D. H. HOLTE.

An early South African pioneer tells of a remarkable adventure which befell him. The two white outlaws; the strange community of bushmen living in a cave; the convenient cure, and the prestige it brought; and finally the escape, pursuit, and triumph.



FOETY-FIVE years ago the frontier farmers living near the Drakensberg range of mountains were troubled occasionally with raids made by bushmen, who lived in the caves and deep kloofs of those wild regions. Being one of a party of farmers following on the trail or spoor, as it is called in South Africa, of these wily thieves, I found myself one day quite separated from my friends, having fallen upon the track of a troop of elands, whose foot-steps I had mistaken for the lost cattle. At that time I was a young colonist, and not an expert in judging footprints. So excited had I become in the chase that I had ridden ahead of the party, so that when I entered into the broken ground and ravines I was lost to view, and in half an hour's time found myself alone in the dark, with

no sound but the hard breathing of my jaded steed and a murmuring river, which sounded as if it were some hundreds of feet below me. I waited and listened in vain for any signs of my lost friends, fired off my gun again and again, but no response reached my ear save the echo from the high precipices of the black mountains on the west side of the river. The darkness of that evening came on like a huge pall thrown over me: almost immediately the sun disappeared behind the berg. Well, there was nothing for it but to jump off my jaded nag, take off the saddle, and hold him by the bridle until the moon rose, which it did, being nearly full, about an hour after darkness set in. It was winter, so there was little fear of rain in those parts; but the cold wind, which blew steadily from the berg, soon obliged me to seek



THE AUTHOR, MR. D. H. HOLTE, WHO FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE BUSHMEN.  
From a Photo. by T. Pope, Birmingham.

shelter lower down the valley, whither I led my horse. I had been told there were no inhabitants of those parts but bushmen, the Kaffirs and Zulus not daring to live near the stealthy little men of the caves, whose poisoned arrows would fly from a tuft of grass hardly big enough to hide a hare.

The cold wind drove me stumbling over the broken ground until the sound of the river came closer and closer—a weird sort of sound that seemed to tell you how dreadfully silent was that deep valley, where nothing else was heard but its own present tale of solitude.

At last I found an overhanging ledge of rock, behind which I sought shelter from the cutting wind. I determined to knee-halter my horse, and let him have a feed of grass. This done, I opened my saddle-bags, took a pull at my flask, and munched at some Captain's biscuits which I had fortunately provided for emergencies. The provisions had been following us on two horses led by Kaffirs. Every colonist going a trip like this takes care to have matches, a good flint and fusee, a rug, a waterproof coat, and enough food and grog to last for a day or two. A Good Templar would, of course, dispense with stimulants, but that evening, much as I respect temperance principles, I felt glad I had my flask full of good brandy. I must not forget another most important requisite to me at that time—my cherry-wood pipe. As I sat under the ledge of rocks, keeping a strict watch on my horse,

and with my loaded double Westley-Richards across my knee, I felt as if I had found a companion in my pipe which made up somewhat for the loss of my friends. I was hungry, but I had nothing to cook: two pieces of biltong (dried meat) were soon

disposed of. I felt tired and sleepy. "Dare I venture to sleep?" was the sudden suggestion that came into my mind. "May not the little men have been watching me, and waiting till I lie down to drive a poisoned barb into me and then walk off with my horse? Or, at least, if they spare my life—which is not probable—will they not have my horse and gun?" I brought up my nag, fastening the rein well round his neck, and then I tied the other end round my arm, and sat with my back up against the rock, the gun behind me, the rug round me, and generally prepared to have a nap at all risks. I had tried to keep awake, and smoked pipe after pipe, but that murmuring river down there seemed to soothe me to rest. I felt I must go off, no matter what happened. My horse was very quiet, hanging his head down, and he seemed well gone in a doze himself, so quiet was he. While brooding on

my surroundings I must have fallen asleep and slept soundly for five or six hours.

I was awoke by a sudden sensation of being dragged—and so it was. My horse had started back, seeing and hearing something, and had pulled me off my seat. I was on my feet in a moment with the rein untied, and my gun ready for a surprise. The morning light was spreading on the tops of the mountain peaks, but the valley below was dark as night. I heard a noise of breaking branches, and looked above the krantz under which I had been resting, when a voice called out, in good English, "Put down those firearms; we

are friends." And, a few seconds later, two rough-looking but smiling-faced men came alongside, giving me a rough grasp of the hand, and saying, "Good-morning, hope you had a good sleep. But why didn't you come across to our crib? Didn't you see



"TWO ROUGH-LOOKING MEN CAME ALONGSIDE."



the blaze we made across the river there, to attract your attention? We should have come over for you, but thought you might all of a sudden-like be letting off that shooter of yours, which you were firing away enough to frighten away all the bushmen and baboons under the berg."

Without giving me time for explanations, protestations, or inquiries, my horse was saddled up, and I was told to mount and follow, one of the men taking possession of my gun and walking behind my horse, while the other, holding the rein, led the way down the steep descent to the river. What did it all mean? I wondered. What could these Englishmen be doing in these wild parts, a hundred miles away from the nearest frontier settlement? I never heard of any white men being here. I was turning these things over in my mind, when we arrived at the banks of the river, now barely 3ft. deep, it being the dry season; but by the marks of the floods I could see that in summer it must be 30ft. or 40ft. deep at times of great rainfalls in the Drakensberg.

"Will you kindly tell me," I said, "if you have seen my friends who came along with me last evening, and of whom I lost sight over the hills there?"

"Your friends, eh? Then there are some more white faces about?" said the leader. "And so you got lost, did you? How lucky for you we found you, or those little skin-prickers would have woke you up ere now, I'll warrant. Why, man, they can spy out a rock rabbit in the mountains of the moon, they can."

"But that is not an answer to my question," I said.

"We have not seen the other men," said the man behind; "but if they crossed this river last night lower down, more than one of them, I expect, would stay there."

"They never crossed the river, you may depend; it would be dark before they got half-way down the valley," said the leader; having said which he fastened the rein he had held round my horse's neck, remarking:—

"There are some nasty holes in the crossing of that drift, so I will lead the way over. Now you can follow me, and I will take you to a breakfast of bushbuck and stewed partridges."

We went along silently, the mists rising out of the valley and ascending the mountain-sides. The sun now began pouring his warm light upon us, and the beauties of the valley came to me as a pleasant surprise. For some considerable distance we passed along the edge of a forest of yellow-wood and black-and-white iron woods, as well as rough-barked assegai woods.

"Fine timber trees here," I said.

"Yes, if there was a market near at hand," said the leader.

"They look better where they are than made into boards," said the other, evidently an admirer of Nature. We made a sudden bend through a neck of land and round a steep, bare rock which seemed a thousand feet high, and immediately one of the most beautiful little valleys opened up before us which I had ever seen. There was a small lake in the centre, and huge forests clothed the steep slopes down to the water's edge. Only one patch of green pasturage appeared, on which a number of horned cattle and sheep were grazing. The smoke of a fire arose under a projecting rock, near which we could perceive some moving objects. The two white men began speaking in a language with a large vocabulary of clicks; a few words of Zulu, however, I recognised now and again, and so supposed they were speaking the Suto dialect. We now entered a cattle track leading round the northern end of the lake, when the leader suddenly gave a shrill whistle, and in a moment up sprang from behind a rock half-a-dozen little men with bows and arrows, a skin rug thrown lightly across their waists, depending from a band round their necks.

"Bushmen," I remarked, laconically.

"Yes; they are not baboons, although there are plenty of *them* hereabouts, and as big as bushmen, too, some of them."

"Bigger," chimed in the man behind. I could now hear the bushmen talking in a gibberish sounding like the clacking of hens, turkey cocks, and a jabbering Hottentot drunk with hemp "smoke."

"Krijac," called out the leader, and in a moment the tallest of the little men came running up to us.

A conversation now commenced, but I could tell it was not the same language as that spoken by the bushmen. By their pointing in the direction we had come, I concluded they were referring to the friends I had lost. We walked on and came up to the overhanging ledge of rock, from which issued smoke. Here we came to a stand.

"Now," said my white "keeper," "if you will dismount I will see about breakfast. If you are as hungry as I am you will enjoy it. This way," he added, pointing to an opening in the rock; "this is the door to our mountain home. Keep quiet, and do not appear in the least surprised. Seem at home, if you can; your horse and gun will be quite safe with us."

I at once recognised by the pictures of animals—game of all kinds, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, elephants, and some birds, all wonderfully well painted with red and blue and white

ochie—that I was in one of the real bushmen's caves, which I had so often read about and wished to see. It was some 20ft. or 30ft. square and very high. At one end appeared a passage, probably leading to other caves farther in the mountain; but I remembered I had been told not to be inquisitive, so I only gave a passing glance around. A low whistle brought out of this passage a small, brown-skinned woman—it might even have been a girl, so small of stature was she. The light was but dim which came from the crackling fire, over which stood a steaming pot of savoury-smelling food. The woman stood as if in fear of me, but soon assumed a more assured aspect on being spoken to by one of the white men. Preparation was made for our meal: a huge, grass-plaited mat

round her neck made from variously coloured berries, with charms of small snake-bones and bits of bark. She had a large head for her small body, covered with crisp little black curls; a flat nose and huge cheek-bones, with a set of very perfect white teeth that shone like pearls in the dim light.

"Mulacaca" (click, click), said Burne, one of the white men whose name I now heard, and the dishes were cleared off. "Kicnakala"—or something very near that expression—and the woman brought us in a large assortment of wild fruits and herbs, besides some bulbs, which the white men relished, but which I could not eat. I had eaten my fill, and now wanted to find out what all this meant—my detention, and the cool manner of authority which my captors assumed over me. I felt from the



"I WAS RAVENOUSLY HUNGRY, AND SOON SET TO."

was spread on the floor; calabash cups and dishes were laid before us, with wooden prongs and hard, wooden blades in the place of knives and forks. Horn spoons, curiously carved, were also provided. I was ravenously hungry, and soon set to, for the meat was excellent and the table-ware clean, if odd. The little brown-skinned woman of some 4ft. stood near to help us, now and again casting a glance at me and as suddenly withdrawing it when I caught her furtive eyes. She had a buck-skin tied loosely round her loins, and a profusion of beads

first I was in their hands and at their mercy, so I must use every precaution for my safety, and take things as coolly as I well could. To attempt to run away would, I knew, be simply impossible, even if I could find my way in that fearfully broken country. The bushmen would track me through the grass and the bush much faster than I could go, even if I had a clear lead of some hours. I must temporize, lead the white men into conversation, and try and find out their history. From the very first I felt sure they were deserters from the

English Army, hundreds of whom were said to be hiding about the wild places of South Africa at that time, many living an outlaw's life with tribes, and generally no better than the Kaffirs themselves. But how had these men come to live with bushmen and a few Basutos? I recognised a Suto sitting on the greensward outside, twice the stature of bushmen. Were all these people a mere clan of thieves? Yes, I soon satisfied myself on that point. After breakfast I brought out my pipe, and the two white men got theirs. They smoked hemp, by the way (like the Hottentots), through a horn, with a bowl of water in a cavity of the pipe to clarify the smoke, which is drawn through the water. Soon they became talkative. One bared his arms, which were well tattooed.

"Been in the Navy?" I ventured to remark.

Burne, the other man, smiled.

"You have it," he said.

"And you," I said, looking at the second man, "are an old Forty-Fifth man—a brave Grenadier?" making a bold guess. He laid down his pipe and fairly shook himself with laughter.

"Well, young 'un, that's nearer the truth than thy horse is to his own stable, I do admit."

"I know some old Forty-Fifth men," I said, when his pipe was again in full retort.

"You do, eh?" said he. "Then tell me the names, and if you will do me a good turn, blest if we will not do you one—there, now." His pipe was put on the cave rack, and I was put on my mettle on the instant.

"Now for liberty," thought I. "You must have deserted," I said, "at the Basuto War, under Sir Harry Smith. Was it at Taba Bosiga, or at Boom Plaats?" I cunningly suggested. This seemed to satisfy them.

"The devil's in him," said one, looking at the other. "Why, that's ten or fifteen years ago, I'll go hang if it isn't; but we've lost count."

"What year is this?" said the Grenadier—"never mind the month or the day. It is somewhere about June, I know by the season."

I told him. They began to reckon up on their digits, but were some minutes before coming to a conclusion.

At last the Grenadier said:—

"Now, let me guess. You came out after bushmen, to shoot them if you came across them. You followed, or tried to follow, on the spoor of the stolen horses and other cattle; you got lost and fell into the hands of the bushmen, and would have been killed had we not come to watch over you. So your life is ours, and you will have to redeem it at our price. Let me tell you your friends have gone back—one wounded. The Kaffir boys with the led horses are in the hands of our neighbours, and we will have the kit up here before sunset, as we are thirsty and want a draught of the old canteen once more."

"A long speech makes a parched mouth—here," I said, "have a pull"—holding out my flask.

"Not a bad sort," said the marine. They had a pull and finished the lot.

"Now," said the Grenadier, "we will get to business. Name your friends of the old Forty-Fifth."

I gave the names of three retired men who were pensioned and settled not 120 miles away.

"Describe each of them," said he, suspiciously.

I described one, which seemed to tickle his fancy.

"That is Pat Laggard," said he; "he has a short step from a cut he got. If I am right, he also has a tattoo-mark like this"—baring his



"HE ALSO HAS A TATTOO MARK LIKE THIS."



arm—"three flags, a skull, and cross-swords on his left arm. We were tattooed at the same time by Harry King, the bragging corporal; there is no man in the British Army I would sooner trust than Laggard. Now I feel easier: you can save us—but more by-and-by. In the meantime you must remain here; if you move a step towards escaping your life would not be worth an hour's purchase. You can move about outside, but do not go fifty yards away alone. If you are fond of fishing you can have a rod and go down to the lake. A boy will accompany you. You need not think anyone can rescue you out of this valley. All round is a precipice 500ft. deep. There is only one way out—round the track we came by, and fifty men could defend it against a thousand. A guard of little men is always posted there or near; but"—and this he whispered in my ear—"we know another way out, and you will have to go that way if you are to escape alive. Be quiet and docile; we will talk more to-morrow."

I felt I should like to have another nap, and so I laid myself on a long mat, wrapped myself in my rug, and was soon fast asleep. I must have slept the day out, for when I woke up I found the whole cave alight with torches, and a huge fire of logs in the centre. In and out of the cave came what appeared to me to be boys and girls painted all over their naked bodies—some striped like zebras and tigers, and some with patches of red and white, their faces marked so as to give them a savage and blood-thirsty appearance. In they came at the opening, and passed on to the black passage in rapid succession, silent and noticing nothing. What did it all mean? I could not guess. I had not long to wait, however, before the sound of drums and stringed instruments came as if out of the bowels of the earth. A low chant was struck up; nearer and nearer it came from the direction of the dark passage, and then there entered the first pair of singers, who were followed by others, filing round the cave, so that I had to get up and stand against the solid walls to make room for them. They were far too intent on their part of the play or dance to take any notice of me. The singing, if such it could be called, was a continued clicking and clacking; but when dancing commenced there was more life and, what appeared to me, more ferocity in their movements. What singular contortions they made with their bodies, and how the little fellows jumped about as if flying upon game, then discharging arrows and following with a dash through the ranks, springing high as though after a bird or rolling on the floor and tying themselves in a knot no bigger than a football.

The chants at times seemed to have a little melody, but altogether the exhibition to me was tiresome and loathsome. There were some biggish men and women amongst them, whom I guessed to be Basutos. Their singing was more guttural—like the Zulus—a deep, murmuring cadence with a sort of grunting chorus and stamping of feet to the time of the piece. The cave became intensely hot, and the people weltered in perspiration, which literally streamed off their bodies on to the floor. I should have been glad to have gone outside, but my white captors were not to be seen, and I began to be anxious when the evening became far spent and I saw them not.

About ten o'clock, however, there came a whistling signal from the outside, and in an instant everyone dropped on the floor in silence. Then, led by reins round their necks came in the two Kaffirs, who had been following my party with provisions; and at a signal up jumped the bushmen with their pointed arrows. They rushed upon the poor stupefied Kaffirs as though they would have stabbed them, but stopped short when their arrows were a few inches away from the victims. There was next a dance round the captives, the bushmen making occasional rushes towards them. This lasted for an hour or more, when in answer to a call from the head bushman, all sat down to eat meat, during which a lively conversation was carried on with two or three of what appeared to be the leading men; the two white men taking no part in the discussion.

While this was going on, I was called out by the Grenadier, who conducted me to a hut similar to a Kaffir hut, only larger and of oval shape.

"This is our bedroom and kitchen. You must be hungry," said he; and so I was. I then had a good feed of hot venison and sweet potatoes or yams, stewed together, which would have been palatable enough had there been more salt and some pepper present.

"To-morrow there is a hunt. You must go. While out, I will try and converse with you when not noticed, as you see here we are watched and must be careful."

Another night in the cave, sleeping on my mat and rug. Morning was well advanced when I was called outside, and found a large party of bushmen ready for the chase. I had a hasty meal, and followed after in company with the marine and two Sutos. My gun was handed to me, with the ammunition I had.

"Don't waste your powder," whispered the former. "You may want it to-morrow or next day!"



"THEY RUSHED UPON THE POOR STUPEFIED KAFFIRS AS THOUGH TO STAB THEM."

I was fortunate in bringing down a fine buck at my first shot, which the two captive Kaffirs were called upon to carry away to the caves. I never expected to see them alive after the previous night's exhibition of the bushmen's malice towards them. I was told they were being kept for a great occasion at the new moon. I was hoping to be able to save them, and at last, when I had an opportunity of hearing the Grenadier's proposition, I urged him to let the poor fellows share my perils.

The bushmen showed great expertness in trapping game and killing at twenty or thirty paces, creeping through the long grass like snakes, and making themselves appear like bucks by putting on skins with the horns of dead game, thus stealthily approaching their prey, imitating the cry of monkeys and wild animals to perfection. Had this been a mere exhibition of their skill for my amusement I should have felt more interest in it; but I was a prisoner in the hands of cruel savages, who cared not one iota what pain or suffering they inflicted upon their victims. They seemed to gloat over the cries of pain of the animals. What would they not do with their human enemies? There was a great drive of game through a small forest, and here, in the excitement of the chase, the Grenadier and I got separated from the rest.

"Now," he said, "mind what I say. You go out fishing to-morrow in the lake. Follow the edge of the lake to the left. You will be followed and accompanied by the little woman who waited upon us the first night. You will be surprised to hear her speak a little English. She is a captive like you, but has been here so long that no one suspects her of treason. She is a bastard Hottentot or bushwoman, and has been here several years, but I cannot tell her story now. She will help us all to get away. We mean, if we can, to escape with you; if we cannot, you will, I think, be free with her or without her. I have told the bushmen you are a magician—a sorcerer amongst whites, and a doctor. If there is any chance of showing your skill in any way without exciting suspicion, do so. Now, go along with the woman until you come to a projecting rock where the waters of the lake disappear as if under the bowels of the earth. She will look carefully about for spies. You will be shown a water-worn passage under the rocks: follow it without fear until she bids you return. Catch some fish, and bring them back with you. I will say more to-night."

We returned at noon from our expedition, with a fine lot of wild game, and great feasting and dancing took place again. One of the children had got bitten by a snake, when caper-

ing on the rocks, and all at once it struck me that I had my bottle of *eau-de-luce* with me, which most Colonists carried as an antidote. I immediately applied some to the wound, and gave a portion occasionally to be drunk in a little gold water, the bushmen looking on with superstitious

here again; so good-night, sleep well. Your gun is near you."

Two more days passed. Morning came again. Before I was out, the bushmen were off; so after breakfast, accompanied by a boy armed with bow and arrows, I went out fishing. He



"I IMMEDIATELY APPLIED SOME TO THE WOUND."

awe. I had the child wrapped in skins and walked about to keep it from falling asleep, and also to induce perspiration. Some Hollands diluted with water was also given, as the white men had not quite finished the canteen found with the Kaffirs. In a few hours all danger had passed, although the poor child was dreadfully exhausted. There was great rejoicing over the event that evening, and I was evidently the subject of their song.

To bed again this evening. I was allowed (I suppose for my services to the child) to sleep in the hut, and a whispering voice gave me the full details of the way of escape.

"You must rest two more days. There will then be no moon before midnight. The bushmen will hunt on the berg and come back tired out: then will be your chance. If we can see our way to go with you, we shall do so, but if we cannot get twenty miles away from here before sunrise, our chance of escape is not worth much. The bushwoman will lead the way, if we cannot. To-morrow morning go out fishing, but keep near at hand; they will not ask you to go up the mountain, as I have told them you are exhausted with curing the child. To-morrow evening I will see you

Vol. i.—37.

stayed with me till midday, when he was relieved by the woman who attended me before. She spoke to me in broken English, and I gathered from what she said that, during the Suto War, she had been captured at or near a mission station, and was taken away by marauding Sutos, who destroyed the kraal of her father, and killed him and all the rest of the inhabitants except the young women—one of whom (a sister) was now at a mission station in the Colony, and my guide was wishing to get away and join her. She had been told of the arrangement to escape, and I might trust her to lead the way, as she had been over it alone on two occasions; but we should know more in the evening.

The hunters returned after sunset with an abundance of small bucks and some wild turkeys, bustards, paws, Korans, guinea-fowl, etc. There was soon a great feast prepared, but all were too tired for dancing and sought rest.

I was asked to try and cure a man who had by accident received an arrow-wound in his leg. The barb had gone first through his skin rug which hung round him, and although he was in some danger and pain, I succeeded, after a time, in relieving him, which greatly pleased the little



ladies of his establishment, which I found to be a cave some considerable distance under the mountain; the roof of the passage being covered with crystal-like incrustations, which glittered in various colours when illuminated with lighted fagots.

Having now returned to the Grenadier's hut, I found that some preparations had been made for our escape. I was told that the bushmen would surely make a bold effort to recapture us, as they thought I was a great doctor, and, therefore, invaluable to their society.

"The woman and the two Kaffirs, whom I have succeeded in hiding on your track, will accompany you. You will have to go on foot until you get to the river you crossed at first, where you will find a pony and saddle. The Kaffirs have your gun. We go also, but will give you two hours' start, and then, if all is clear, will follow you. But should anything happen to prevent our coming, take this letter—you see I have not forgotten how to write—and give it to Pat Laggard. It is the true story of my life these fifteen years. You will see we were not deserters, but taken prisoners in the Basuto War. If the bushmen find you are gone they will not suspect us, because they are so easily deceived. We shall persuade them you have charmed yourself away and taken the woman and the Kaffirs with you as your slaves. But let us hope to overtake you. When I wake you up, in about three hours, not a whisper, mind. Creep away like a bush cat; the woman will lead you by a cord. You will find provisions for a day with the Kaffirs. In six hours after passing the water race tunnel you ought to be safe. Now, lad, to sleep; you will be tired to-morrow."

Soon I was in dreamland — back in my schoolboy rambles on Lancashire moorlands, where I fancied I was being pursued by bushmen with javelins! I was awake by a squeeze of the hand, and sat up when I had

sufficiently realized the situation. A shake of hands and a whisper:—

"All ready—luck be with you. Take this cord; bend low and follow quietly. Take your rug only. Not a word in reply."

I followed by the pull of the cord, for when we got out it was pitch dark, a thick mist hiding everything. I could only see a sort of shadow moving before me, leading the way. The night was cold, and a white frost was on the grass, as I could tell by its crispy crackle under our feet. This was the only noise we made.

Not a dog barked; not a living thing moved. Soon we came to the sound of water, and followed along its edge for a painfully long time. Then I found myself creeping into the cold channel and stumbling among boulders and small projecting rocks. Following this stream for some time, we came to a bush and a fall of water.

"Be careful," the woman whispered, in bad Zulu.

Now we slid down a bank for some considerable distance, at the bottom of which I found the two Kaffirs waiting. I saw we were in a sort of hollow, surrounded by bush, with a dark gap into which rushed the water with great force. I was taken by the hand, the woman in front, and a Kaffir hand holding on behind. Knocking my head against rocks, I bent low, and soon found I had to walk almost bent double, as

we were in a water-tunnel. Passing on for about one hundred yards, we came to ground where I could stand out of the water. Here the woman lit a fagot, which had been left there in readiness.

"Now," she said, "we can talk. You will have to follow the light."

In ten minutes' time we were out of the tunnel and in the open, where we could hear the river I had passed a few days before. We now were also out of the mists, and had starlight, so that we could see our way. We hurried along and soon



"'NOW,' SHE SAID, 'WE CAN TALK.'"

came to the river, on the other side of which, tied to a tree, I found the Basuto pony.

The woman still leading the way, I now mounted and followed the rough ascent to the plain-over the valley, and on arriving there we rested for a few moments. I thought we had done well, but the woman seemed uneasy, so I again hurried on. She kept up at a trot with my cob, the Kaffirs well up on our rear. We descended another valley which was new to me, and again entered the fog, then crossed a small rivulet at the bottom, and mounted the opposite side—a very broken piece of ground, which seemed to tire the poor woman, but she bravely kept on. Arriving at the top, the moon was casting a feeble light. I now dismounted, and we all rested for ten minutes.

"We are out of the bushmen's land now," said the woman, "but still on their hunting grounds. We must not wait long; they have horses, and can move quickly."

So I mounted, and we trotted off again. The sun rose upon the plain I had passed over a few days before. My pony was getting tired and hungry. He would try and pick up a bit of grass whether I held him tightly or not. At last we came to a small forest, which the guide made for, and we were soon lost in the dense underwood.

"Now we can rest here for a time to see if the two white men will arrive. This is the place they will make for. Give your horse to a Kaffir to lead it to a piece of grass-land there. Here's some meat for us in this bag."

I felt I was indeed greatly indebted to this plucky woman, who had gone through the hardships of the last six hours. Her feet were now bleeding from cuts caused by the rough stones in the river we waded, yet she never complained, and only showed anxiety to get farther and farther away from the bushmen.

After we had each of us partaken of some meat I went to a piece of rising ground as stealthily as possible to see if any living object could be seen, but I could neither see nor hear anything.

After an hour's waiting I sent out the Kaffirs, who crept through the grass and climbed a tree on the outskirts of the forest. One almost immediately returned, saying he could see, moving behind a hill from the opposite direction to the one we had come, some white men and Kaffirs on horseback and on foot. They appeared to be going in the direction of the bushmen, he said.

I soon satisfied myself that this was true, and concluded at once that the farmers from the frontier settlement were coming to make reprisals on the little men, and were possibly in

search of me. There would be just time enough for that. So I bethought me as they came nearer to hoist a white flag, which I found means of doing by taking off my shirt and attaching it to a long pole.

We waited, however, till they got within half a mile of us. The signal was then hoisted, but at this time the horsemen broke into a gallop, coming partly in our direction, and a moment afterwards we spied a large number of horsemen on our left, coming at great speed in our direction, following two more horsemen. I concluded at once that the latter were our two white friends. They were being pursued by the bushmen, who were hotly closing upon them. I ran for my horse and mounted, calling upon the Kaffirs, who had their sticks and assegais with them, to follow. My gun was loaded in both barrels.

The white farmers had till now been under cover of a ridge of hills between them and the bushmen; but by the time I got on the open plain I saw them come rapidly within rifle range of the bushmen, but these did not fire, and, singular to say, the little men were in such hot haste after the two white men that they did not even turn to see the rapid approach of their enemies! The bushmen were now within one hundred yards of the pursued, and the Colonists two hundred yards behind them. Crack! crack! went the first rifles, and whizzing shots flew past me on the left.

Now a horse of the bushmen fell, then a man—then three or four fell, or slipped off their horses, and disappeared. A panic now seized the bushmen, as they saw some of their pursuers cutting off their retreat. Next I came within range, and seeing a bushman shooting his arrows at the Grenadier, I let off a right and left barrel at him, with the result that I brought horse and rider down to the grass. The white man now came up to me in great exhaustion, his horse being done up also; in fact, he was saved just in the nick of time.

The bushmen—some thirty of them—dismounted and disappeared in a forest on the edge of the plain. Many of their horses had been stabbed by them before or after dismounting, as we afterwards found. The woman, carrying the white flag, now came up, and the Colonists, who had been busy collecting what horses were fit to drive, came on also.

It is needless to say what a happy meeting we had, as the Colonists hardly expected to find me alive. After a shake-hands all round I introduced the Grenadier and the three companions who had fled with me. Then we



"SEEING A BUSHMAN SHOOTING, I LET OFF A RIGHT AND LEFT BARREL AT HIM."

mounted and went back to look for the lost marine. We searched for two hours, but could not find a trace of him or of his horse. I was certain I had seen a white man fall from his horse about twenty yards to the left rear of the Grenadier, and then re-mount and disappear again in the crowd of horsemen around him.

"He must have been dragged away into the bush," said one, but the Grenadier shook his head. Well, we could do no more, so we all turned towards the waggons, which were approaching us with a guard of armed Kaffirs round them. Soon I was "in clover," and need I say that we had a grand carnival that day? After dinner we turned about for home and trekked twenty miles. The Grenadier satisfied the farmers it was no use seeking to make reprisals on the little men.

I need not say that I saw the woman safely delivered to her sister, and that I introduced the Grenadier to his friend Laggard. What afterwards became of him is not recorded in the hieroglyphics (for such they were) with which he had intrusted me. However, I re-wrote them from his reading when he afterwards

became Mine Host of the Bushman's Cave Hotel.

Many months after the above events a large party of farmers and Zulus were taken on an expedition to clear out the wild men of the Drakensberg. It was then discovered that the marine who had so mysteriously disappeared had been driven by the astute bushmen into a large game-trap—a hole covered with reeds and grass, into which his horse fell, and became impaled upon the spears stuck up at the bottom. The man appeared to have died there of his wounds—whether inflicted in mistake by the white men, or by the bushmen, or both, will never be known—at all events, both horse and rider were lying there, their bones mingled together; and so, as they lay, they were covered up with earth, and a wooden cross was fixed on the grave.



## The Koumiss Cure.

BY VICTOR PITKETHLEY.

All about a wonderful "farm" in the Russian steppes where consumptive people are made well by drinking mares' milk and basking in the glorious sunshine. The milking of the mares; the operations of the cure; and the daily routine and amusements of this queer community, described at length and illustrated with a set of striking photographs taken mainly by the patients themselves.



FROM the earliest times physicians have striven to combat the ravages of that dread scourge, consumption. All sorts of wild and fantastic theories have been advanced as to its causes and cure, and numerous extraordinary and all but incredible methods have from time to time been brought before the medical world, without, however, any tangible results being secured. Now that a national crusade against this awful disease has been started, under the distinguished auspices of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and Sir William Broadbent, the attention of the general public has been forcibly attracted to the subject.

The method described herein is known as the koumiss treatment. Now, koumiss is nothing more or less than fermented mares' milk, which has been found to possess wonderful nutritive and restorative powers when combined with pure air and sunlight. Briefly, then, the treatment consists in taking the patient right away from the grimy, germ-laden atmosphere of the towns into the pure, bright air of the open country, and there making him bask in the sunlight, drinking vast quantities of koumiss the while. The results are marvellous and unapproachable by any other means.

This, at all events, was the conclusion which Dr. G. I. Carrick, an English medical man practising in St. Petersburg, and formerly a student at the Brompton Consumption Hospital, arrived at after a tour of the koumiss establishments of Russia. At the time of Dr. Carrick's visit there were about half-a-dozen of these places, all situated in the Government of Samara. So impressed was he with the wonders that koumiss performed that he returned to the steppes no fewer than six times, obtaining an insight into the methods of the koumiss establishments, and noting the advantages and faults of the system as administered by Russian medical men.

Finally, Dr. Carrick wrote a book on the subject, which created a stir in this country, and then, in consequence of the pressure brought to bear upon him, he decided to found a koumiss establishment of his own, wherein he could combine the wonder-working properties of the milk with the results of his own experience and observation. After much casting about for a suitable site for the farm, Dr. Carrick resolved to strike out boldly in an entirely new direction, and, accordingly, he went to the very borders of Asia, in order to get drier, purer air and better pasturage for the indispensable animals—the "sources of supply." Here, twenty-five miles from Orenburg, in the midst of the rolling steppes, and in what is perhaps the finest atmosphere in the world, this enterprising Scot purchased an estate of 2,500 acres, and started to build his establishment. This task, commenced in February, 1889, was finished in May of the same year. "Janetovka," as he christened it, was then, as it is now, the only place of its kind in the Government of Orenburg, a province about the size of France.

From St. Petersburg the journey to Janetovka occupies eighteen hours by rail to the banks of the stately Volga, thence by luxurious and well-appointed steamers to Samara, and from Samara it is another fifteen hours by rail to Orenburg. From Orenburg to Janetovka is a drive of twenty-five miles. A long pilgrimage, truly, but then what is a long journey when renewed health, strength, and even life be at the end of it?

In our first photo. we see Dr. Carrick's troika, or three-horsed carriage, which brings patients from the railway station at Orenburg. A lady and gentleman have just arrived, and the courteous doctor, cap in hand, is welcoming them to Janetovka. The drive is most exhilarating. The splendid steppe road takes one past herds of cattle and sheep, and through miles upon miles of sweet-scented



From a] THE DOCTOR WELCOMING NEW PATIENTS WHO HAVE JUST ARRIVED FROM ORENBURG. [Photo.

flowers. Everything is delightfully new and strange to the visitor: the nomad Bashkirs, ambling along the highway on their queer camels; the embryo crops of musk and water-melons; and, above all, the clear, bright air of the boundless, sun-bathed steppes, after the stuffy atmosphere of the railway carriage.

At the rear, behind the equipage, we see one of the cottages in which the patients reside. There are no fewer than thirty-six of these little houses, and a dozen huts of lighter construction—all set on the side of a hill, with a gentle river at the bottom. The huts are about 18ft. by 20ft., with a veranda running the whole length of the structure, and each cottage is separated from its neighbour by a space of from 35ft. to 70ft. The houses are arranged in two parallel lines, so as to form a sort of street, and the stables and other outbuildings are symmetrically arranged around.

Although the patients are at liberty to take their meals in the privacy of their own verandas, very few of them—and these only the most delicate—exercise the privilege, preferring to dine with

the rest in the spacious and airy dining-room, which we show in the accompanying reproduction. Here lunch—the principal meal of the day—is partaken of at noon, dinner being served at seven o'clock. All the dishes are of the best, and the *menu* is that of a first-class restaurant.

The scene in the dining-room—what with the lively conversation of the diners and the continual stream of jokes from the doctor—is one of great animation, and to see the round, ruddy, laughing faces round the tables one would not



From a] THE SPACIOUS AND AIRY COMMON DINING-ROOM. [Photo.



[From a]

THE DOCTOR'S KHIRGHIZ FELT TENT ON THE STEPPE.

[Photo.]

dream for an instant that all the people here were consumptives, such wonders do the fresh air, the koumiss, and the sunshine work.

The next photo. we reproduce shows the building of the doctor's tent, in which he sleeps during the cool, silent nights characteristic of the steppes, fanned by the balmy, flower-scented breezes. Dr. Carrick has a house, but he prefers to sleep in a tent such as the nomad Khirghiz tribesmen use. It is made of stout felt stretched over a wooden framework, and is extremely cosy inside. Even the door, as will be seen in our illustration, is composed of a gorgeous rug of native manufacture. During the daytime the roof of the tent is thrown back to admit the air and light.

The "season" at Janetovka only lasts for three months—from June till the end of August. The summer of the steppes is a very hot one, the temperature in the sun often registering 140deg. Fahrenheit, with a dazzling sky of cloudless blue. During the night, however, it may sink to 45deg., or even lower. One curious feature about the climate is that no dew falls at night. It comes down about an hour before sunset, leaving the evening cool and dry—a delightful change after the blazing sunshine of the day. These long, silent nights form no inconsiderable portion of the cure, since the poor, feverish patients are lulled to sleep almost in spite of themselves by the mysterious silence of the steppes. There is no sound

save the soft rustling of the wind through the long *kovil* grass; no sign of life save the twinkling of a light in one of the cottages; whilst overhead innumerable stars glow with a brilliancy quite new to the jaded town-dweller.

During the season the doctor employs no fewer than fifty-two persons, which number is reduced during the long, bleak winter to ten—the head horse-keeper and his household.

The next illustration shows several little Bashkir waiters of the establishment. The

head waiter, by virtue of his office, wears a European dress-coat and bow, of which he is inordinately proud. All the boys come from one village, and they pick up their multifarious duties in an incredibly short space of time. Dr. Carrick clothes them from head to foot, giving them an entirely new outfit every season, and in addition he pays them some



[From a]

THE LITTLE BASHKIR WAITERS.

[Photo.]



thirty shillings for their three months of service. Besides this, of course, there are the inevitable "tips" from grateful patients. Altogether, these sharp little fellows make a very good thing out of it, and they go back to their native hamlet like kings, swaggering about and displaying their wealth, to the unspeakable envy and amazement of all the other little boy Bashkirs. Work they will not till every penny of the money is gone, and then back they come to Dr. Carrick. The boys speak no language but their own, but they soon learn to understand the directions of the patients.

The making of the koumiss is, of course, a very important matter, demanding scrupulous cleanliness and a considerable amount of skill. Here we have a group of the horse-herds and

daily may seem rather a large quantity to the uninitiated, but it should be explained that owing to some obscure chemical changes which we cannot stop to describe in detail here, the milk is partially digested or peptonized during fermentation, thus enabling the patient to consume a far greater quantity without repletion than would be the case with ordinary cow's milk. Some of the old stagers, in fact, put away their *nine bottles a day* comfortably. The koumiss is drunk chiefly between meals, and never after seven o'clock in the evening. During fermentation it acquires quite a champagne-like quality, and has a tendency slightly to "elevate" those unaccustomed to it. Far from satisfying the appetite, it sharpens it, and patients who have never previously known

what it was to feel hungry have found themselves looking forward to lunch with keen expectation. The "strong" variety, if allowed to ferment for too long a period, will often burst the bottle with a loud report, spattering everything and everybody within a radius of several yards.

To produce all this quantity of koumiss Dr. Carrick has, of course, to maintain a large number of horses. As a matter of fact, he keeps about a hundred, of whom eighty are mares. The next photograph shows a general muster of the stud preparatory to being taken down to



[From a]

THE HORSE-HERDS AND KOUMISS-MAKERS.

[Photo.

koumiss-makers. The man on the left and the two ladies—his wives—make the koumiss; the ladies also acting as milkmaids. Koumiss, by the way, is made in three qualities—weak, medium, and strong. The weak is under twenty-four hours' fermentation, the medium over twenty-four and under forty-eight, and the strong is over forty-eight. The longer the milk ferments the more alcohol and lactic acid it contains, and the greater effect it has on the drinker. The koumiss is made fresh every day, the output being calculated on a basis of six champagne bottles per day for each patient; the average production is 300 bottles daily. Six bottles

the river to drink. Riding about among the animals we see the energetic doctor himself, conspicuous by reason of his Glengarry cap. Beyond, are the great rolling steppes, stretching away to the far horizon. The horse-herd, who is visible in the foreground, is armed with a curious kind of lasso, consisting of a loop of rope attached to the end of a six-foot pole. If the doctor wants any particular horse caught, the herder rides into the middle of the "mob," and hitches the loop over the head of the animal required. Then, if the beast is refractory, he calmly proceeds to twist up the loop until the horse is half-strangled, when it



MUSTERING THE HORSES BEFORE TAKING THEM TO WATER.

*From a Photo.*

usually makes up its mind to go quietly and without any fuss.

Besides this large number of horses the doctor also keeps about 150 sheep and a dozen camels—these latter for heavy work in the plough. All these animals take a great deal of fodder—no less than four or five hundred tons of hay during the season; besides a hundred tons of straw and chaff. All of this, however, Dr. Carrick grows himself. He has

also 120 acres under corn, which provides all the flour needed for the establishment.

After being gathered together, the herd of horses is driven off to the riverside to be watered, and our next snap-shot—which wears

*From a*  
Vol. iii.—38.

THE STUD OF HORSES DRINKING.

*[Photo.*



*From a]*

THE HEAD MAN'S WIVES MILKING THE MARES.

*[Photo.*

quite a sylvan appearance—shows the horses drinking their fill of the pure waters of the stream. Behind is the vigilant horse-herd, who is in the saddle practically all day long. Fourteen hours out of the twenty-four the mares are out at pasturage on the steppes with their foals, spending the remaining part of the day in stable, where they feed uninterruptedly until it is time for them to be milked. This interesting and curious operation is well illustrated in the accompanying photo., which shows the head man's two wives busily employed in milking a couple of mares, while the horse-herds hold the animals' heads. Behind is the grass-covered stable, wherein the stud is quartered. Leaving the horses out on the steppes during the day-time is quite out of the question; the heat and the clouds of vicious flies would render their lives a burden to them, and effectually prevent them from enjoying the long, feathery *kovil* grass which is their principal food.

Dr. Carrick's patients are decidedly cosmopolitan. They come from England and America,

from the banks of the mighty Amur, and the borders of China; from the south, and from as far north as bleak Archangel—all in search of health and strength. The next photo. we reproduce shows a group of patients outside one of the cottages. Perched on the rail of the veranda is Dr. Carrick himself, watching over his charges like a hen over her chicks. The gentleman on the extreme right of the group—himself a doctor—came all the way from the Crimea, far to the south, to drink the koumiss for three years in succession—a striking testimony to his belief in its virtues. He is now better, thanks to Dr. Carrick, and looks after his large



*From a]*

A GATHERING OF PATIENTS ON THE VERANDA OF ONE OF THE LITTLE COTTAGES.

*[Photo.*



practice without difficulty. The central figure in the party—the young Russian officer in white—has a very pathetic story. All this young fellow's family had died of inherited con-

daily routine resembles that of a prison. The charges, too, are positively awe-inspiring; everything is an "extra." At Janetovka, on the other hand, there is no system at all—or, rather,



From a]

A CARAVAN FROM BOKHARA.

[Photo.

sumption somewhere near the age of twenty-four, and the poor lad—almost in the last stages of the malady himself—came to Janetovka as a last hope. But the hand of heredity was strong upon him, and he died, one of the saddest cases the doctor has ever had to deal with.

The number of "cures" varies considerably from season to season, according to the condition of the patients when they come into Dr. Carrick's hands; but in all cases the percentage is surprisingly high. Hardly a person but gains in weight—sometimes as much as 30lb. in three months!

One of the features of Janetovka is the absence of system. At some of the koumiss establishments, for instance, the patients are all mercilessly turned out of bed at some uncon-

no apparent system. Everybody is free to do just as he pleases—to go where he likes, and eat and drink whenever he feels inclined. One lump sum, too, covers every possible expenditure, so that patients are spared the harassing dread of running up an enormous bill for such necessary "extras" as towels and teaspoons.

There are all sorts of quaint and curious things to be seen around the farm. The nomad Cossacks, bringing horses for sale, and the caravans of gentle-eyed camels which are for ever passing on their way to Orenburg, are constant sources of attraction to Dr. Carrick's cosmopolitan household. These caravans—a good specimen of which we show in the annexed photo.—come all the way from Bokhara, 2,000 miles distant, carrying such things as cotton,



From a]

A CAMEL PLOUGH AT JANETOVKA.

[Photo.

scionable hour in the morning, and from thence onward their day is mapped out for them in a most irritatingly complete manner. Everything is hedged round with galling restrictions, and the

hides, and carpets to the railway station at Orenburg, whence they are forwarded to the European markets. This system of camel transport is incredibly cheap. One driver takes

charge of from six to eight beasts, and they will do twenty miles a day with a load of 500lb. apiece. The journey from Bokhara takes between three and four months.

Whilst on the subject of camels, we must not forget the dozen belonging to Dr. Carrick. As we have said, they are kept for heavy work in the plough and mowing-machine, and we have pleasure in being able to give a curious little snapshot showing some of the ungainly beasts in this latter apparatus. Now, the camel is essentially a wily beast. He is for ever endeavouring to avoid labour, as much as he possibly can, and his ways of attaining the desired end are many and various. For instance, if for any reason his harness is taken off during the day, he promptly considers that labour is finished, and no amount of persuasion—moral or physical—will induce him to stir again. It is, therefore, necessary to keep his trappings on all day long, no matter how often the driver may be

own resources—would become monotonous. But this is far from being the case. The patients go out riding a great deal, buying or hiring horses from the wandering Cossacks. Some even bring their cycles, but the doctor prefers that they should ride on horseback. Croquet—an ideal game for the ailing—is much in favour; and the doctor, true to his Scotch instincts, even hopes to establish golf some day.

There is music in the evening—for which purpose a large, fully-equipped concert-room is provided. Besides chess, draughts, and other games, Janetovka also has private theatricals, which are very popular. A Russian play called "A Little War" is a favourite piece. The performances are given in the concert-hall, and are very well rendered. The patients make all their own scenery and costumes, and the doctor is usually allotted a leading part. But, busy man as he is, he does not trouble to learn, and



From a]

THE EUROPE AND ASIA BOUNDARY NEAR THE KOUMISS FARM.

[Photo.

changed. Other camels are perpetually moaning and whimpering in an irritating way. Susceptible patients imagine that the crafty creatures are being ill-used, and go to the doctor with all sorts of stories, but the gift of a piece of sugar—a thing which camels love exceedingly—ends the matter, so far as the ill-usage is concerned. The camel whimpers dolefully even as it chews the coveted morsel.

One might come to the conclusion that life at Janetovka—isolated as it is from any large centre of population and dependent upon its

his many and varied appeals to the prompter are not the least amusing part of the business.

Our last photo. will convey to the reader more accurately than pages of description the boldness of Dr. Carrick's move in establishing his farm so far from the crowded cities of the west. Here we stand on the banks of the mighty Ural, on the very verge of Europe, whilst on the farther side of the great stream is Asia; the boundary line between the two great continents being situated only a few miles from Janetovka.

## Short Stories.

### I.—Freezing to Death.

BY EGERTON R. YOUNG, OF TORONTO.

A well-known Canadian missionary describes in a very remarkable manner the insidious approach of death through intense cold—the extraordinary sensations and illusions, and the strange sense of powerlessness to resist temptations to “rest.”



HE mock suns had been unusually numerous and brilliant that forenoon. The sight of them filled me with admiration, but they were objects of terror and alarm to my Indian guide and dog-drivers.

The vision of four distinct circles at the same time around the sun, with four vivid mock suns in each circle, was a phenomenon to me of rare occurrence, and so I could not resist the inclination to check the speed of my dogs and gaze upon this wondrous sight. This action on my part at length called forth the quiet but emphatic expostulations of my Indians. When I questioned them as to their fears, they stated that these mock suns, or “sun dogs,” as they called them, were the sure forerunners of a terrible blizzard that would certainly assail us within a very few days. So we must hurry on, as it would never do for us to be caught by it in such a place.

We were hundreds of miles from home—far away from any Indian village, and were even scores of miles from the shelter of a spruce or balsam forest, where, among the dense evergreens, we could find some shelter until the fury of the storm was spent.

This information, which was far from comforting, showed what students of Nature these red men were; and as I had seen on many previous

occasions the fulfilment of their predictions under other circumstances, I did not doubt them this wintry day.

Stimulated by their forebodings, we pushed on as rapidly as possible, although in a short time the circles and mock suns disappeared, and the sun shone down upon us with his usual brilliancy.

The night following was one of the coldest I ever passed in that northern land. It was as much as we could do to keep from freezing to death as we shivered around our camp-fire. Our tea, taken boiling hot out of the kettle on the fire, froze in our tin cups within five or six minutes after being served out. Our milk was frozen solid, and we chopped it with a hatchet. Ice, in chunks, hung from our whisksers and fur hoods. It was, indeed, a cold night, and our noble dogs as well as their masters suffered very much. These faithful animals whined piteously in the cold, and amused us by their cunning ways and tricks to induce us to put on their

warm woollen shoes. When we had retired to try to get some sleep under our heavy robes and blankets, the dogs crowded around and on top of us, and thus added to our warmth.

Owing to the anxiety of the Indians to get on before the great storm should strike us, we were up very early the next morning; and, after a hasty breakfast of fat meat and strong



THE AUTHOR AND MISSIONARY, MR. EGERTON R. YOUNG.  
From a Photo. by W. F. Piggot, Leighton Buzzard.



tea, we left our camp in the snow, and pushed on under the starlight and the ever-changing glories of a very brilliant display of the Aurora Borealis.

Some hours after, the sun rose in splendour, but the cold was so intense that there did not seem to be the slightest degree of warmth in his brilliant rays. The light snow, in unsullied whiteness, covered the earth to a depth of from 3ft. to 5ft. With the exception of a few tracks made by wild beasts, the only signs of travel over it were the imprints of the snow-shoes of our party and our dog-sleds.

No one thought of riding that day. The severe vigorous exercise of snow-shoe walking was essential to keep us from freezing to death. It was certainly 60 deg. below zero. Thus we rapidly pushed on. When we thus travelled the guide was generally a mile or so in advance. The dogs were more eager to get on when he was some distance ahead of them. My train consisted of some St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs, which I had imported to take the place of the wolfish, thievish Esquimaux, with which I had become thoroughly disgusted. They were well-trained, magnificent dogs, and always obedient to my calls upon them, except when a wild animal suddenly crossed the trail in front of them. That was what happened on this occasion, and was the cause of the terrible ordeal through which I had to pass.

The animal that leisurely trotted across the trail of the guide, a couple of hundred feet ahead of us, was a beautiful black fox. The sight and scent of this saucy fellow, so near, was too much even for my well-trained and civilized dogs; and so, with a rush, they were off and after him. It is marvellous, the latent strength there is in a train of excited dogs. Encumbered as I was with my large snow-shoes, I was powerless to stop them, as away they dashed after their hereditary foe. They did not, how-

ever, get very far before the head of the heavy dog-sled struck against a tree, and thus suddenly brought them to a standstill. Indeed, so abrupt was this ending of their fox-hunt, that their harness, which is made out of moose skin, was ripped and broken in several places.

My Indian drivers of the trains following, after helping me to get back into the trail, kindly wished to remain and mend my broken harness for me. I ought to have accepted their offer, but I foolishly urged them to push on with their trains on the trail of the guide, and when they had found a suitable place for dinner to have it prepared, and by that time I would rejoin them. As they left me reluctantly, I shouted out:—

"Never fear; I'll be able to mend the harness and join you in a couple of hours or so."

As quickly as possible I went to work. From my dog-sled I obtained an awl and some fine deer-skin twine, and bravely began my task. However, it was impossible for me to sew with my large fur mitts on my hands, so I had to take them off whilst at work.

So severe was the cold, that when a few stitches were made, my hands were so benumbed that I had to stop work and warm them. This could only be done by putting on my fur mitts again, and then most vigorously pounding them. Thus, as the result of attempting to keep my hands from freezing, I made but poor progress with my harness-mending.

Soon the intense cold began to take hold of other parts of me, and it was not long ere my whole body began to suffer most keenly from its power. The snow was so deep, and so



"I WAS POWERLESS TO STOP THEM."

severe was the cold, that, like my Indians, I had run every mile of the way since we had left our camp in the early hours of the morning. So vigorous had been this snow-shoe exercise that, in spite of the low temperature, I had perspired a good deal, and my flannel under-garments were quite damp. Now, however, about the time I had succeeded in mending my harness so that it would at least hold together, I felt that the frost and chill had reached these inner garments, and they were hardening around me like steel armour. This freezing of my clothing ought to have been warning enough to have quickly started me off to join my comrades.

But while lingering to attend to some final arrangements a strange, new sensation suddenly came to me. The first intimation I had of its coming was the sound of faint, sweet singing in my ears. With such rapidity did it increase that I was hardly conscious of the time, until I seemed surrounded by the most ravishing music



"I SEEMED SURROUNDED BY THE MOST RAVISHING MUSIC."

that ever fell on mortal ears. As its exquisite harmonies thrilled and entranced me, every sensation of cold and suffering left me. I was rooted to the spot. I was in an elysium of bliss. Then, I remember, although almost fearful of breaking the spell, I ventured to look about me, and I found myself amidst the most gorgeous colours. Every frosted twig and

branch seemed prisms, through which streamed combinations of brilliant hues, which in their dazzling glories appeared to outshine the most glorious colour that ever blazed through painted window in palace or cathedral. These colours were not stationary, but seemed to flit and dance around me in ceaseless changes, and yet in every combination there was the most delightful harmony.

Thus was I dazzled by these gorgeous sights, and at the same time entranced by the exquisite music which ceaselessly filled the air. How long I gazed and listened I know not. It may have been for some minutes, but in all probability it was only for a few seconds.

Then another startling vision came before me. In my intoxication of bliss, I happened to turn my eyes for an instant from the visions of beauty above and around me to the trail made by my Indians who had gone on ahead. What a wondrous transformation! Instead of the great tracks made by the large snow-shoes of my travelling companions, here were spread out in order the most luxuriant and comfortable lounges and sofas imaginable. What seemed most remarkable about them was the delusion

that they each had a voice, and now with a certain rivalry, and yet in most loving, kindly tones, they were pleading with me. Very distinctly did I seem to hear them say: "You are tired and weary; come and rest awhile upon us, and listen to this delightful music and gaze upon these glorious visions ere you continue your journey!"

As I have already stated, all sensations of cold and suffering left me with the first sounds of music. Now, at the sight of these luxurious couches, a feeling of strange, sweet languor came over me, and there was an almost irresistible desire to respond to their invitation, and lie down

and rest awhile, and let both eyes and ears continue to be charmed and delighted by the glorious visions and divine harmonies. Very distinctly do I remember quoting to myself the words from "Lalla Rookh":—

Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this.

I can form no idea of how long I was in this

strange feeling of ecstatic bliss. That it was of brief duration is quite certain. Doubtless, my experience was similar to that of a person rescued from drowning, who spoke of the celerity with which the events of his life vividly passed before him in a few seconds of time.

Distinctly do I remember putting away the awl and deer-skin twine, and then gathering up the lariat or rope, one end of which was attached to the rear end of my dog-sled. With harness sufficiently repaired, there was nothing now left for me to do but to shout "Marche" to my impatient dogs, and instantly we would be off. But at that instant the music had arrested my attention and prevented the utterance of that one welcome word to my dogs, for which they were eagerly waiting, and which would have sent them flying rapidly along the trail. Then had followed the gorgeous visions and the sight of the luxurious couches inviting to the repose of death. Very distinctly at that moment there seemed to be another voice; and in loving, but emphatic, tones it said:—

"Look out; you are freezing to death! Remember what Mustagan, and others, who went on the Arctic explorations in order to find Sir John Franklin, have personally told you of the sensations of freezing to death. Rouse yourself, or you are doomed! Shun such resting-places; shut your eyes and ears to such sights and music; and be off on the trail to join your comrades on ahead!"

As a dream to me now, it seemed to be an effort that tried all my physical and will powers to the very uttermost. Fortunate was it for me that I succeeded. I managed in some way or other to fasten the end of the lariat to the sash belt which was securely tied about my heavy moose-skin coat. Then with what seemed to be my last conscious act, I cried "Marche" to my dogs. Instantly they were off on the trail.

Almost simultaneously I was jerked off my legs, and away flew my snow-shoes. On dashed the dogs. Well was it for my bones and brains that over the logs and rocks of that rough country there lay a mantle of snow several feet in depth. So powerful were my dogs, and so eager were they to join the other trains, that my weight at the end of that long rope was as nothing to them. On they raced. Sometimes it seemed as though I was ploughing through the snow head foremost. Then my feet appeared to change places with my head, and they made the light snow fly around me in a cloud.

When some obstruction seemed to have been met, they were twisted around, and it appeared as though I was pulled along sideways through the deep snow. To judge by the marks and bruises that long remained with me, I must have been banged against some trees and pounded against some rocks, as my dogs rushed



"I WAS PULLED ALONG SIDWAYS THROUGH THE DEEP SNOW."

madly onward. It is simply marvellous that I was not killed. However, not even a bone was broken, while I was thus involuntarily, and, at times unconsciously, ploughing along through the snow over every kind of obstruction.

I have not the slightest idea of how many miles I was thus rudely jerked along, but there does come to me the vivid recollection of the moment when I came back to full consciousness and realized that I was being very unceremoniously treated. The rough usage and



pounding sent the blood coursing through my veins, and this in all probability saved my life. But the agonies I endured as the warm blood seemed to be forcing itself through the different parts of my frozen body were simply indescribable. Death would, indeed, have been a welcome relief.

After a time I was so far restored that I was able to seize hold of the rope to which I was tied, and with a good deal of effort was able to pull myself up to my dog-sled, on which I thankfully threw myself. My whole body now felt as though I were being rolled in a bed of nettles. Next, a cold sweat burst out all over me, and was soon followed by painful shiverings. With full consciousness restored, I knew the danger of this, and also that in spite of my sufferings I must conquer it by vigorous exercise. So, soothing my dogs down to a more moderate gait, I slipped off my dog-sled, and

hanging on to the rope, I ran or staggered along behind in the trail, as well as I could, until the welcome camp-fire was reached. Here my anxious Indians were waiting for me with plenty of hot tea and a well-cooked dinner of fish and fat meat.

When I was able to tell them of my narrow escape they were much alarmed, and never again did they allow me to be left alone where there was the slightest risk of any similar evil befalling me.

For a long time I suffered intensely from this experience, but there was no help for it, and so on we were obliged to go. In a day or two we reached a dense spruce forest near which were many dry trees, which served for our camp-fire. Here we made our camp as secure as possible, and in it remained, until the predicted blizzard arrived and for days swept over us, with pitiless, blinding fury.

## II.—*For Life or Death in Niagara Rapids.*

BY ORRIN E. DUNLAP, OF NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.

Describing how an unfortunate man named Averill battled the whole day long, on his log, with the fearful rapids of the famous river, before the eyes of a great crowd. The desperate efforts made and devices arranged to save him; and the final triumph of King Death.

THERE never was another such thrilling incident enacted on the Niagara River as the attempted rescue of Averill on the morning of July 19th, 1853. This incident has gone down in history as the climax of daring displayed in a noble effort to save a human being from being swept over the Falls of Niagara to certain death.

The strife to save his life was not the work of a few minutes or an hour—but all day long the unhappy man battled with the current and rapids of the Upper Niagara, a few hundred feet above the brink of the precipice, in a despairing effort to live; while on the shore of the mainland and near-by islands thousands of people had gathered to witness the attempted

rescue, and do what they could toward saving the unfortunate man from the fate that hung over him. It was an experience the like of which has never since or before been witnessed on the famous river.

The photograph here reproduced is absolutely unique, showing as it does the heroic Averill on



UNIQUE DAGUERRETYPE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING AVERILL ON HIS LOG.

his log. It has never to my knowledge been published. I have lived here ever since 1861, and did not know or even imagine such a thing to be in existence until the other day, when in looking over some old daguerreotypes which belonged to the late George Barker, the famous photographer, I ran across this one showing Averill on the log. It is a remarkable picture and a remarkable story.

The news of Averill's peril had, on the fatal day, been sent to Buffalo and other places, and people poured into the then small village to see the wonderful sight of a man clinging to a log in the Niagara rapids, at a point where the slightest relaxation of his hold—the slightest giving way to the fatigue of the strain—would mean sure and certain death. Some few people are still living at the Falls who recall having seen Averill actually on the log; and when the incident is recalled to them they experience anew the mixed feelings of excitement, of pleasure, and of horror which were theirs on that summer day in 1853; and they shudder at the pitiful ending of it all.

In some manner the name "Averill" has been corrupted to "Avery" in the guide-books and other meagre records of the incident; and it is related that the man was lodged on a rock instead of a log. To this day, about 700ft. up from the brink of the American Fall there is a rock projecting above the water that is pointed out to visitors as Avery's Rock, probably owing to the fact that the log on which Averill landed was located about that point—possibly against this very rock.

Here is the story. Averill and two companions had been out boating on the upper river, and in some manner their boat was caught by the current and carried down on the reefs between Goat Island and the mainland. Averill's two companions were swept over the Falls to death that night, but he caught on the log from which the attempt was made to save him. When daylight broke, on the morning of July 19th, the early sightseers were startled to behold a human being clinging to this frail support only a few hundred feet above the brink of the American Fall. The alarm was quickly sounded, and before many hours the banks of the river were lined with people, all ready to give their aid. When first discovered Averill was lying along the log, grasping it with both arms, and having the appearance of being exhausted to the last degree. He had clung to the log all through the darkness of night, amid the roar and the turmoil of the awful rapids and the falling spray from the Falls, the latter drenching him and telling him he was not far above the edge of the great Fall, to pass over which would

be certain death. He had maintained this position for at least *eight hours*, and it may well be imagined that the break of day in the east renewed his courage and his hope. With the appearance of people on the shores he was still more encouraged, and, finally, he managed to sit upright on the log. A glance down-stream told him of the nearness of the Fall, and, compared with its frightful roar, the sound of human voices was most cheering.

Simultaneously with the gathering of the people, many plans for his rescue were discussed. A small boat was firmly lashed to a strong cable, and an attempt was made to let it down to him from the bridge running from the mainland to Bath Island. After floating a few yards in safety, however, the craft was upset, and spun round and round on the cable like a piece of cork on a thread. Soon the cable broke, and the boat was swept down-stream past Averill and over the great Fall.

In the meantime a telegram had been sent to Buffalo, twenty miles away, asking that a lifeboat be sent to the Falls by the first train that morning. This train reached Niagara Falls about 9.30 a.m., and the boat was met at the station by twenty or more strong men, who carried it on their shoulders down the street to the river bank. To all appearances it was a splendid craft, built of sheet iron, and having air compartments at either end. It was just such a boat as seemed to assure a rescue, and its arrival was received with tremendous cheers by the constantly increasing crowd. Strong ropes were wound about the boat, and two fine new cables that had been sent with the craft were made fast to it. Much time was consumed in these preparations, and in order to cheer the heart of the poor fellow out on the log the words: "The lifeboat is coming," were written on a sheet in German (his native language) and swung from the bridge so that he could see it. He seemed to understand that the sheet bore words of hope, and the people believed he understood. Finally the lifeboat was ready to be let down and was launched. It was a moment of intense excitement. The two cables were held by many men, who stationed themselves at each end of the bridge in order that they might thus direct the course of the craft. The progress made by the boat was satisfactory. She seemed to dance on the waves of the rapids and to stand in no fear of the reefs. But the Niagara River just above the Horseshoe and American Falls has its surface broken by a number of small falls as the water leaps over the formidable reefs. At the point where Averill was lodged there were many cross-currents; and in these

reefs and currents lay the danger to the boat. Steadily the craft was let down; now she was about to pass over the largest reef between the log and the rescuing party. Striking this reef, she tipped over; then she swung around, but continued down towards Averill, partly filled with water. Nearing the log, the boat became unmanageable. The weight of the cables and their length made it hard for the men on the bridge to handle them. The boat swung back and forth near the log with awful force, and the fear arose that Averill would be knocked off. Finally it struck the log and stood firm. It had reached the point to which it was dispatched. There were cheers from the gathered thousands. In a few minutes, however, it was seen that the boat was in a useless position. It lay on the log with its hollow inside directed up-stream, so that the entire force of the terrible current pressed it, in an almost immovable position, against the timber. Averill was seen to climb out on the log towards the boat, but in his greatly weakened condition he could do nothing much. The men up on the bridge carried both of the cables to one end of the structure and began a mighty effort to dislodge it. They were successful, but the minute the boat was released from the log it swung down-stream upside down. It pitched to such an extent that the cables were caught on the rocks, and soon the boat was fast under the fall of water plunging over the reef. In their efforts to recover the boat the men broke one of the cables, while the other was torn away by the current. Finally, the boat passed swiftly on the current to the Fall, over which it leaped and then disappeared.

This was the second boat sacrificed to save poor Averill—who, it was plainly seen, was visibly affected by the loss of this lifeboat. So much so, in fact, that his hope seemed to leave him. But the people on shore did all they could to encourage him, and the activity displayed must have told him that all hope was not lost. A third boat was obtained. It was long, with a flat bottom, and was of the shape commonly called a "scow." Its course down the river to the log was most fortunate. It ran right up alongside the log without accident, and the faces of the onlookers beamed with hope. The excitement, as you may suppose, was very great.

As the craft approached the doomed man he observed its successful trip; and, standing on the log, gave signals to the men on the bridge as to how to direct it. As the boat approached him he seized it with a gladness that made every heart thrill. He had been taken from the log! He signalled to the men to pull in. The voyage up-stream was commenced. Who can picture the intensity of the excitement and interest among the people on shore? There in a small boat stood a man who for many hours had been exposed to a terrible strain, and this boat—literally his life—was held only



"THE RACE WAS WILD ONLY BY A SLENDER ROPE."

by a slender rope! Behind him was the most stupendous and dangerous waterfall in the whole world. To be saved he must make the trip up through the rapids of the Upper Niagara, pulled by the strength of men, and wholly dependent on the rope not breaking. Before the boat had been hauled very far, however, some of the tackle caught, and it was found necessary to relax the strain a little. When this was done, the boat swung down the river. It floated round below the log, and when the men on the bridge exerted themselves, they found the cable had become entangled. Try their best they could not move the boat: pulling too hard they tipped it, and it partly filled with water. Averill was now in a more dangerous position than when first discovered. He had to work to save his life. He pulled off his boot and baled the boat with all his remaining



strength. Then he climbed out on the log; he pushed madly at the boat, but all in vain. Poor fellow! He was indeed struggling for his life. He could not move it. Over an hour was occupied in this work, and it was a precious hour, for the day was passing rapidly. That boat retained its position for *over three months*, until the action of the current washed the cable in two, allowing it to break away and float over the Fall.

Darkness was not to be allowed to settle without another effort at rescue being made. A raft, 20ft. long and 5ft. wide, was thrown together with wonderful rapidity. It was made of two stout poles set 5ft. apart and fastened by nailing 2in. boards at the ends. Thus it was a sort of a skeleton-raft, having platforms at each end. To the upper-end platform two cables were attached, also a large empty barrel to add to its buoyancy. On the lower platform, the one likely to reach Averill first, was tied a mass of ropes, in which it was intended he should lash himself. There was also placed on this lower platform a tin can of provisions, for it was conceived that the poor man must now be about famished. All previous efforts to send him food had failed. The raft was safely launched, and it reached the log in safety. Averill climbed on to the platform intended for him, and lashed himself tightly to it by the ropes. He signalled to be drawn up. With the pulling of the men, the raft advanced upstream. The empty cask or barrel had a tendency to raise the front end to such an elevation that, as the men pulled, the lower end of the raft, to which Averill was lashed, was depressed to such an extent that the water washed over half of it. Averill had to get up on all fours to keep from being drowned. He kept his chin well elevated, however. The people on shore expected every minute to see him disappear. Soon, however, the front part of the raft caught under a reef and the weight of the water pressed it down. The ropes were slackened: the raft fell back, but again she caught on her return. It was then decided to swing the raft off towards a small island. This was done, but efforts to pull it up in that direction also failed. Its course was changed slightly, and another effort to free it was made. This time the ropes caught on the rocks and the raft became stationary.

However, it was at a point where the current and rapids were not very strong, and the raft floated quietly, so that Averill was able to rest.

It was at this time that one of the large ferry-boats which had been brought up from the lower river in the gorge, where it was used to ply between the New York and Canadian shores, was pressed into service. She was a heavy craft. She was let down stream very carefully. As she passed the reefs she righted every time. By this time many had given up the thought that Averill could ever be rescued by a boat, for every craft of this kind dipped and filled at the terrible reefs. But the action of this last boat inspired new hope. It reached Averill. He untied his lashings and awaited the approach of the boat. He stood upright. The boat was there. He reached out to grasp her. There was a little fall right in front of his raft. As the boat reached this fall it seemed to stop; then it swung round and plunged over the little fall with a rush. It was just at that moment that Averill reached out to grasp it. The boat struck him a terrific blow in the chest. In an



"THE BOAT STRUCK HIM A TERRIFIC BLOW IN THE CHEST."

instant he was knocked into the river and was plunging blindly on toward the fearful Falls, in the torrent of the rapids and the grasp of the relentless current. Occasionally, as the unfortunate man was carried along, his arms were seen to swing above the water.

No human power could save him now. In another moment he was swept over the Falls into eternity. From the people on shore there burst a never-to-be-forgotten cry of horror. All the feverish efforts of the day were fruitless. Averill was dead. On the river bank that day women fell fainting to the ground, terror-stricken at the awful fate they had seen the man meet, after that long and pitiful fight for life. And the rushing waters of the Niagara went on pouring down from Lake Erie. It is estimated that 15,000,000 cubic feet of water pass over the Falls every minute; but even this force of

water has not been sufficient to wash from the little rock that stands far out in the rapids above the American Fall the history of the intensely thrilling incident of that July day in 1853.

Averill's body was never recovered. In fancy it is grouped, awaiting the resurrection morn, with many others who had before and have since made the awful plunge to death over the body-retaining American Fall; but the small rock projecting above the river's surface is as fitting a monument to the unhappy man's memory as any that might have been erected by human hands.

### III.—*The Murder of Ismail.*

By THOMAS DICKSON, OF CEYLON.

A narrative of the terrible fate meted out to a Mohammedan money-lender in Ceylon by his long-suffering victims. The author is acquainted with every minute detail of this amazing episode, he having actually served on the jury which tried the murderers.

FOR forty years coffee had thriven amazingly in the upland valleys of the beautiful tropical Island of Ceylon, bringing wealth alike to European planters and natives.

Hundreds of thousands of human beings depended upon the culture of the fragrant bean. Every Kandyan Singhalese villager owned half-a-dozen or more trees, and by the sale of the crop he was enabled to indulge in luxuries unknown to his forefathers.

Nowhere did these native coffee gardens flourish more luxuriantly than in the rich Valley of Matela; and there many Singhalese were the owners of well-cultivated coffee patches of several acres in extent.

But the history of Ceylon is full of changes, and the career of coffee was drawing to a close. A dire fungus took possession of the foliage, and year by year weakened the trees to such an extent that, from producing crops only on alternate years, they ceased to bear any crop at all. The first coffee to succumb to the dread pest was that grown

in the native gardens, for the Singhalese is not an enthusiastic cultivator, and he soon gave up the fight to save his coffee garden.

It was about this time that there lived in the town of Matela a wealthy Mohammedan trader, an Afghan, or Arab, as they are called in Ceylon, who had acquired considerable riches by lending money to the native owners of small coffee gardens on the security of their coffee crops. His name was Ismail. Like all men of his kidney, Ismail charged excessive rates of interest, and once in his debt few were able to shake themselves free. As the coffee crops commenced to fail, and speedily went from bad to worse, Ismail commenced such a reign of tyranny and oppression, aided by the terrors of the law, as speedily made him the best hated and feared man in all Matela. However, he was a man of commanding appearance and great physical strength and courage, and wherever he went he was received with smiles and cringing salaams, which as quickly changed to menaces



THE AUTHOR, MR. THOMAS DICKSON, WHO SERVED ON THE JURY WHICH TRIED THE MURDERERS.

From a Photo. by William Whiteley, Bayswater.

and curses when his back was turned. Every little garden proprietor who was unable to pay his advances was ruthlessly sold up; and if the sale of the victim's field was insufficient to cover the indebtedness—as it generally was—his house and cattle were immediately seized and sold over his unfortunate head.

Now, there was one village in particular in the Matela Valley almost every family of which had suffered in one way or other from Ismail's attentions. More than half the families had been sold up, and had either to leave and become vagabonds, or else crowd into their neighbours' holdings. But most of the latter were themselves also hopelessly in debt to the all-absorbing Ismail.

But even a worm will turn, and this oppression began to breed revolt. Little by little vague hints and muttered threats assumed a more definite shape, and from being whispered with fear and trembling at night, a conspiracy was planned by the villagers in the open day, to rid themselves of this tyrant. A body of young men banded together to murder Ismail, and murder him in such a diabolical way as would go far to pay him back for the misery he had brought on so many households. Night after night the conspirators met and discussed their plans, and, as is usual in Ceylon, whenever rascality is to the fore, a Buddhist priest, named Horatella Unanse, was one of the prime instigators. Their plans were perfectly laid, and succeeded only too well.

In the same village there lived a Singhalese girl called PUNCHINONA, whom Ismail used to visit when he came there to collect his rents and interest. She was a handsome woman, with a well-developed figure and voluptuous mouth so common amongst the Kandyans. Large and expressive eyes and beautiful teeth were in her case unspoiled by the red stain of the betel-nut. She was an orphan, living alone with her grandmother, and was unmarried. This girl was easily persuaded to act the part of "Delilah."

Quite unaware of the plot against his life, the unsuspecting Ismail paid his next visit to the locality, and having spent the day bullying, abusing, and threatening, as was his wont, retired in the evening to "Delilah's" house.

Shortly after dark the conspirators met at a neighbouring tenement, and waited patiently till midnight. Lots were drawn as to who should enter and tackle Ismail, and eight men were chosen. The rest were to surround the house and prevent escape. There was a slight moon, and by its light alone they silently approached the house of "Delilah," and effectually surrounded it. One of them then stepped stealthily forward and tapped gently at the door. Ismail slept, but not so PUNCHINONA. She lay expecting the summons, and, cautiously rising, opened the door to the conspirators. With a shout they were upon the hated one, endeavouring their utmost to tie his hand and foot with the ropes they had brought with them. But Ismail, as I have said, was a strong and resolute man, and, surprised and overpowered by numbers as he was, yet he fought like Samson himself. The very numbers of his assailants were in his favour, for the room was small and as dark as pitch. The frail walls of mud and sticks rocked to and fro as the combat was



“A TUMBLING, WRITHING MASS OF HUMANITY FELL OUT INTO THE MOONLIGHT.”



fought out amidst darkness, blows, shouts, and curses. The little house obviously could not stand this *mêlée* very long, and so presently, with a crash like thunder, the whole side wall fell out, and a tumbling, writhing, cursing mass of humanity fell out into the moonlight. Yet two assailants to each limb were insufficient to conquer Ismail, and it was not till overborne by fresh numbers that he was finally bound hand and foot and carried to a giant cocoa-nut palm which grew in the centre of the village. There the conquered Ismail was laid on his back—conquered it is true, but not subdued, for he still glared and hurled defiant curses at his enemies.

Carefully approaching their prisoner they bound fresh ropes round and round his body, pinioning his arms securely to his sides. They

and, joined by many other villagers, they now surrounded their prisoner in a dense circle, holding torches of flaming rags steeped in oil above their heads, and mocking him. To enhance this weird spectacle the Buddhist priest stepped out, his clean-shaven skull shining and flickering in the torchlight. A gun was produced, and the ceremony of loading it was performed in front of everyone. First the priest blessed the gun; then, in turn, the powder and bullets; and finally, when the weapon was loaded, he blessed the man who had been chosen to shoot Ismail. Then the crowd opened right and left, and held their breath in silence as the gun was brought to bear on their victim. But Ismail had no intention of sitting still to be shot. No sooner did he see the gun pointed in his direction than he



THE 'WALKING DANCE OF DEATH' WENT ON BEFORE THE MOCKING CROWD.

then tethered him to the trunk of the big cocoa-nut tree with about soft of strong rope, and, with a few slashes with a sharp knife, they severed the thongs which bound his legs. Ismail was now free to get up on his legs, though he could only move to the length of his tethering-rope in circles round the tree. It was some time, however, before the man could recover himself sufficiently to rise, as he had been very roughly handled. Rise he did, however, presently, to strain and tug at his thongs and make futile dashes at his enemies.

The latter, for their part, had not been idle,

bounded out of the line of fire, and thus the weary dance of death went on before the mocking crowd. As soon as the first man got tired of stalking his retreating prisoner, another of the chosen eight stepped forward and took his place, giving Ismail not one moment's rest from imminent death. Ever and anon the prisoner would retreat to his tree and endeavour to entice his enemies within the thirty-foot circle. Then, with the bound of a panther, he would leap forward and struggle with all his great strength to free his pinioned arms or reach one of his tormentors.

Morning dawned and found the spectators increased to a great crowd, while Ismail still retreated and dodged the threatening muzzle.

But even *his* great strength and endurance were drawing to an end; and between ten and eleven o'clock the same morning, exhausted with his struggle with death, he sank forward on his knees and was shot through the heart. He died game, refusing by word or sign to solicit mercy. It was never known which of the eight it was that shot him, for they all claimed the glory

sentenced to death, and will never forget the scene. The court-house was surrounded by a dense throng of village sympathizers, weeping women and silent men. No sooner was the death sentence pronounced upon them through the court interpreter than the eight prisoners simultaneously burst into a most plaintive Singhalese hymn, or death song. Such an extraordinary thing had never occurred before, and so surprised and spellbound were one and all by this weird singing, that it was some time



"THE EIGHT PRISONERS BURST INTO A MOST PLAINTIVE HYMN."

of it; and during the ten hours he was pursued round and round the tree every one of the eight had held the gun to his shoulder.

The villagers made no attempt to conceal their crime. They considered they had rid the world of a tyrant, and were proud of the fact. I was present in court when the eight were

before the officials recovered themselves sufficiently to endeavour to procure silence. It was a moving scene, and when coupled with the sobs and wails of their relatives outside made one glad to get away. The men all considered themselves martyrs, and went to the gallows with stoical calm.

## Strange Sights in the Himalayas.

BY ELLIS GRIFFITHS.

A plain, straightforward narrative of adventure and research among the highest mountains on earth. Illustrated with some remarkable photographs and other pictures of curious sights witnessed by one of the most able of modern Himalayan travellers.



One knows the Himalayas better than Major L. A. Waddell, LL.D., F.L.S., etc., Indian Army Medical Corps, whose explorations are described in brief in this article. Major Waddell has had no less than fourteen years' experience of Himalayan sketching, shooting, and collecting, especially on the frontiers of Tibet and Nepal. He got nearer to Mount Everest, the highest point on this planet, than any European, except, perhaps, Hooker; and the complete records of his journeys are embodied in his book, "Among the Himalayas," published a few months ago by Messrs. Constable.

Major Waddell made his head-quarters at Darjeeling, the well-known hill-station of India, which is twenty-four hours by rail from Calcutta, and lies several thousand feet above sea level. The views from this place are justly renowned. "To see the famous sunrise on the snows," says Major Waddell, "I got up long before daybreak and rode out to Senchal, a peak 1,500ft. higher than Darjeeling. Before me lay the grandest snowy landscape in the world. Snowy mountains stretched round nearly half the horizon, culminating in the mighty mass of Kanchen-junga, with its 13,000ft. of everlasting snow. The vastness of the view was almost oppressive. From the deep grove of the silvery Rang-eet River, several thousand feet below, great masses of dark forest-clad mountains rose tier upon tier, carrying the eye up to the majestic snows, with the colossal Kan-

chen-junga towering above the river in the background. At one glance you see an elevation of the earth's surface more than five miles in vertical height. Imagine Mont Blanc rearing its full height abruptly from the sea-shore, bearing upon its summit Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain. Then add two Snowdons, one on top of the other, and finally take in at one glance the superimposed mountain. Then, indeed, you will have some adequate idea of the view from Senchal."

It may well be said that the man who has travelled in the Himalayas is spoiled for natural scenery in any other part of the world, so satiated is he with the wonders of Nature. The Himalayas have several peaks over 28,000ft., and more than 1,100 over 20,000ft. And so enormous is the projecting mass of the range that physicists have shown how it not only draws the plumb-line considerably towards it, but actually attracts the sea so as to pull it several hundred feet up its side. Yet this is a fact so little known that most sea captains would stare if you told them that coming from Ceylon to Calcutta *they actually sail up-hill!*



MAJOR WADDELL'S CARAVAN ABOUT TO DEPART.





ACHOOM, THE CHIEF OF THE COOLIES, AND "GENERAL UTILITY" MAN. [Photo.]

Travelling in Upper Sikkim is a big business, demanding costly and elaborate preparation. Little or no food is to be had locally, whilst roads are so few and bad that everything must be carried on men's backs. Frequently there is no shelter, except what you bring with you, against the sudden trying changes of climate experienced in journeying in and out of the deep tropical valleys in the ascent towards the snows. You must bring your own and your servants' food, cooking utensils, bedding, forage, and tents. Also food and bedding for your

porters; so that you want a small army to carry your food alone. Another difficulty which the mountaineer experiences is the want of proper guides. Major Waddell, however, was fortunate enough to secure as guide an Upper Sikkim man, named Kintoop, a noted Tibetan explorer, who also acted as head man of the coolies. The illustration on the previous page represents the Major's caravan just as it was about to depart.

"There was a crowd of coolies outside, and their head man and our servants inside, weighing the various coolie loads into which we divided our baggage, stores, and food, as well as tents, shooting, collecting, surveying, and photographic apparatus. All told, the party, including my companion and myself, numbered fifty-three. Of these forty-one were porters or coolies. Their chief was named Achoom, a dignified Lepcha, who acted as courier, commissariat officer, chef, waiter, and valet—all rolled into one. There was nothing he could not do, from cooking some little dainty dish to carving a bamboo flute and decorating it with poker-work. He shot game, and dexterously prepared the skins for my collection. The coolies were mostly from the Tartar tribes of Darjeeling—strong as horses, all of them. Many of them brought their wives, who carried even heavier loads than the men. Each coolie carried in his hand a hollow bamboo stick to support the load when resting by the way, and

also to use as a water-bottle when crossing the sultry ravines."

Next we have a portrait of Kintoop, or "the Almighty One," who was quite a hero in his way, and certainly a most interesting and romantic personage. "He is the explorer 'K. P.' of the Indian survey reports, and did many deeds of daring in Tibet. He had innumerable experiences of adventure, sport, and narrow escapes in the wild unknown parts of Tibet, Bhotan, and Nepal, and he has done important geographical work for the Indian Government. Alone and unarmed, Kintoop forced his way into a weird country a few marches distant from Lhasa, and entered territory absolutely unexplored—a no man's land, full of fierce savages, who have successfully resisted the entrance of strangers, and who killed Tibetans purely on principle. Kintoop, I say, went far into this country with his life in his hands, and nearly perished from cold and hunger. He was treacherously sold as a slave, and whilst still a fugitive—because he did succeed in escaping—he struggled off down the right bank of the Tsang-Po, faithful to his mission, until he got nearly within sight of the plains of Assam. Then



KINTOOP, THE TIBETAN EXPLORER AND ADVENTURER, WHO ACTED AS MAJOR WADDELL'S GUIDE.

when further progress was barred he, according to arrangement, sent 500 specially marked one-foot logs down this remote river. However, this ingenious idea, carried out at such great pains, unfortunately came to nothing, because no one was sent to watch for the logs in Assam, owing to the death of Kintoop's master, Captain Harman, who was frozen to death amid the snows of Kanchen-junga. These thrilling adventures of Kintoop may be found enlivening the dull reports of the Indian Survey Department."

Just as Major Waddell's party was starting from Darjeeling, the coolies and the rest got mixed up in a kind of fair. "We met gay crowds of holiday-makers, and heard unwonted sounds of revelry from the village below. It was a Bhotiya Bustee. We found the village *en fête* on account of the Nepalese Feast of the Lanterns. The fun of the fair was both fast and furious—dancing and singing, playing on pipes, etc.; and they even had a kind of Earl's Court Big Wheel of primitive construction. My porters were treated to unlimited beer, and when I saw them some of them were already drunk. Alas! even Kintoop was not above suspicion. We saw the Nepalese stopping our coolies and making them drink. Needless to say, they did not want much persuading, but

deposited their loads on the ground and joined in the revelry."

But in due time the Major got all his caravan together and started off. Vexatious incidents of travel were very much to the fore, because hardly had the party started before one of the porters dropped a box of precious photographic glass plates into a dangerous torrent.

"We soon got into native or independent Sikkim, and at once missed the good roads of British territory. I found nothing but narrow goat tracks leading through tall gingers. We at length reached the hamlet of Kitam, hedged about with orange groves.



THE MAJOR'S CARAVAN STARTING FROM DARJEELING.

Here we were regaled with beer in fresh-cut bamboo jugs with new sipping-reeds. We had a big crowd of admirers. Afterwards we strolled through the village and among the homesteads, which were surrounded by clumps of feathery bamboo, banana, and ginger trees. We watched the villagers weaving at their primitive looms. They make a cotton fibre, which they dye with wild madder from the forest near by. They don't have to work very much, these people; their very umbrellas grow by the wayside, and it was very comical to see children, as represented in the illustration, sheltering from a shower under a leaf of the giant calladium,

which they had plucked in the adjoining jungle."

Major Waddell had much difficulty in photographing these people on account of the horror they had of the "Evil Eye of the box." An old Lepcha woman at this place gave them some eggs—a present that might always prove embarrassing in Sikhim, as it is a common way of proposing marriage. Next came a journey up the Teesta Valley to the capital of Sikhim. On the way Major Waddell visited a typical Lepcha house. Ascending the notched log of wood that did duty as a staircase, he stooped and entered a low door. Once inside he put his hat on a clean spot, but the good wife at once snatched it up and placed it somewhere else, apologetically explaining that the devil of the house was just then occupying that particular place. The Major was also nearly choked with smoke, as there was no chimney. In one corner were a few bamboo cooking vessels and some leaves which did duty as plates. The Lepchas, he noticed, never had money until quite recently, and when it was first given to them they wore it round their necks.

The Major did a good deal of specimen collecting, and that this is a paying hobby will be evident from the fact that there are 4,000 species of butterflies in Sikhim alone. Some of these are so rare and beautiful that collectors pay fancy prices for them. One specimen is said to be worth £20.

Major Waddell sent out some pioneers to discover what was the condition of a certain rope bridge over the Teesta, and they came back with the news that it was not safe. The crossing of this bridge, which is depicted in the next illustration, was one of the most hazardous enterprises the Major ever remembers.

"When we got to the bridge, descending a gloomy gorge, it became a moot point whether it was strong enough for us to cross in safety. It was a mere ragged skeleton, slippery with green slime, and spanning a great chasm about

300ft. across. The mighty river thundered along 60ft. or 80ft. below, crashing over great boulders of gneiss as big as cottages, and dashing up clouds of spray. One had to cross the bridge after the manner of Blondin on the slack rope. The structure consisted of two slender ropes of cane, stretched across the

gorge, their ends lashed to rocks and trunks of trees. Between these two parallel ropes, and tied from one to the other at intervals of a yard, were bits of cane forming V-shaped loops, in which were fastened a line of bamboos, end to end. On these one had to place one's feet. It was just like walking on a rope. And not only was it frail, but it was also rotten. The men we had sent on two days previously to repair it had declined to endanger their lives by venturing upon it. As a rule these bridges only last about two seasons, but this one was several years old and had never been repaired. It was, however, absolutely necessary that we should get across, and not spend a night in that fever-infested

gorge. I sent a Lepcha across to investigate, and then tried to cross myself. I almost shudder when I think of that awful passage. The moment you step on these cane bridges they recoil from you; they swing and shake in an alarming manner, rolling from side to side and pitching with every step like a ship in a storm. It is well not to look down lest you become dizzy; and yet if you don't look down you cannot see where to place your feet.

"After I had crossed, the laden coolies had to pass, but before they ventured over, Kintoop and his assistants rushed into the jungle with their knives and cut down lengths of giant creeper with which to repair the loose parts. The crossing of the coolies was a trying business, too. The loads had to be broken up into small parcels and slung on the men's backs. Some of the coolies squatted down in the middle of the bridge, half paralyzed with fear. Others refused to cross at all, and bolted off. The fall of this river, as measured by Hooker, was found to be 820ft. in ten miles,



THE SIKHIMISE ARE A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE—THEIR VERY  
UMBRELLAS GROW BY THE WAYSIDE.





THE CARAVAN TRYING TO CROSS THE AWFUL ROPE BRIDGE OVER THE TEESTA RAVINE.

"They stood alert on every twig. As we approached they lashed themselves vigorously to and fro and rushed to seize us. Wherever they touched they fastened firmly, and then mounted rapidly by a series of somersaults to a vulnerable spot. Then they commenced their dreadful attacks. The poor bare-footed servants and coolies were terribly bitten, and their ankles and legs gave out streams of blood all day. Every few steps I had to stop and pick the creatures off me. I had covered my stockings with tobacco-snuff, and had not felt the sharp nips myself; but I and my companion had picked off thousands of leeches from the outside of our boots and putties. We congratulated ourselves upon having escaped, but after sixteen miles of forest,

and the current in places is fourteen miles an hour."

Soon the expedition arrived at Toomlong, the mountain capital of Sikkim. On the way a damp forest was passed through, which was found to be simply swarming with voracious land-leeches no thicker than a knitting-needle.\*

when we took off our stockings and putties, we found that the leeches had sucked their fill of us, having got in through the eyelets of our boots and the folds of our putties. Thence they passed through the meshes of our stockings, and after having gorged themselves they withdrew, lying in the folds of the stockings, swollen to the size of small chestnuts. Others had crept down into our boots and got squashed, so that our feet were in a

\* Our readers will remember Mr. W. Harcourt-Bath's gruesome account, in a recent number, of how he was "Attacked by Leeches" in the Himalayas.

frightful condition. The poor cattle, too, were in a pitiful state. Their legs were always bleeding, more or less, and the leeches actually lodged in their nostrils and hung from their eyelids. All the Lepchas hereabouts had their legs covered with the scars of leech bites, and no doubt these formidable pestshavesomething to do with the remarkable absence of four footed game in these regions. The normal food of these terrible leeches is vegetable juice, and not one out of many millions can ever taste blood."

After visiting and photographing the King and Queen of Sikkim in their capital, Major Waddell's party started off again to Upper Sikkim, striking down the canyon of the Teesta until their course was suddenly barred by a point on the river which here swept round under a huge cliff. This had to be scaled by means of ladders of notched bamboos—the "high road" to Upper Sikkim in a very literal sense. The accompanying photograph shows the party negotiating this remarkable "high road."

The view up the Lete Valley was very attractive, and at this point the coolies began to get excited at the prospect of reaching the snows. They began looking up their snow-boots and blanket-coats. The women—as if their faces were not dirty enough already—smeared more brown paint round their eyes and noses as a protection against possible snow-blindness. The well-to-do Tibetans, by the way, sew coloured glasses into a band of cloth, or a close netting

of black yak hair; but the poor people when crossing the snow simply daub their faces round the eyes and nose with dark pigments.

As the party pushed onwards and upwards, the altitude grew so great that Achoom began to experience trouble with his cooking. The

water would not boil properly at this great height above sea level, and so the Major had to tell the distressed fellow

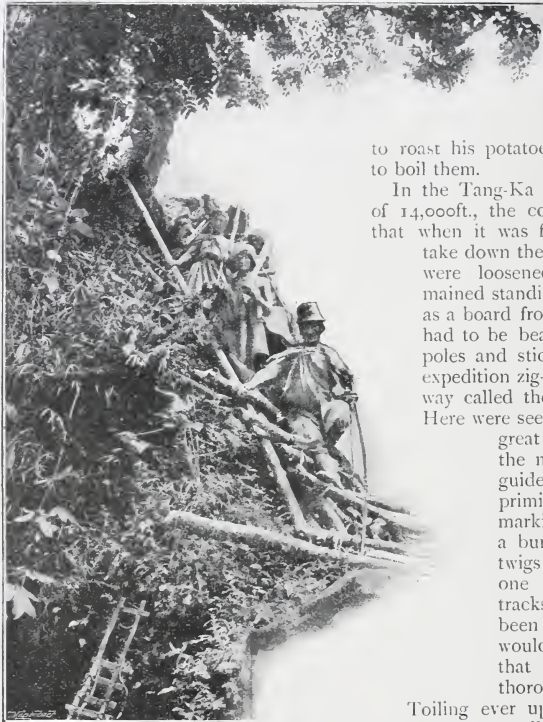
to roast his potatoes instead of trying to boil them.

In the Tang-Ka Pass, at the height of 14,000ft., the cold was so intense, that when it was found necessary to take down the tent, and the ropes were loosened, the canvas remained standing, "frozen as stiff as a board from our breath." It had to be beaten flat with tent poles and sticks. Later on the expedition zig-zagged up a rocky way called the Tired Yak Pass.

Here were seen the remains of a great landslip, and in the maze of tracks the guide pointed out the primitive device for marking the true trail—a bundle of freshly cut twigs laid lengthways on one of the diverging tracks. Had the twigs been laid crosswise it would have signified that there was "no thoroughfare" that way.

Toiling ever upward the rarefied air began to tell. Even the yaks and ponies suffered from mountain sickness. "We all had splitting

headaches, nausea, palpitation, and bloodshot eyes. Frequently we had to rest through shortness of breath and that sensation which Hooker so well describes as 'having a pound of lead on the knee-caps, two pounds on the stomach, and a hoop of iron round the head!' The men bled profusely at the nose, and altogether we were in a sorry plight as we staggered into the few bleak huts of Momay (15,000ft.), the highest grazing station in Sikkim. A few minutes after my arrival Kintoop came running up to tell me that the captain of the Tibetan guard of the pass was here, and was going to stop me. While Kintoop was explaining



THE "HIGH ROAD" TO UPPER SIKKIM—SCALING THE CLIFF  
From a [Photo.] WITH BAMBOO LADDERS.

several Tibetans came to the door of the hut, attending a fine-looking old fellow riding on a yak. He was the captain of the guard, and is seen in the photograph next reproduced. He got off, came forward, and presented the usual ceremonial scarf. I took it, and then he said who he was. Was I going up to the Dong-Kia (pass)? Yes, I was. Then he tried to dissuade

rare that no perfect specimen was hitherto known.

Major Waddell saw much of the captain of the Tibetan guard, because that earnest old gentleman had no idea of losing sight of the adventurous Englishman until he was sure that the latter would not get him into trouble. The Tibetan soldiers, the Major noticed, fortified themselves against the cold with bits of frozen raw meat shredded up with their daggers. "The Tibetan captain and his men accompanied us some distance, his yak clambering nimbly over the snow-laden stones, and far out-distancing my pony, who slipped and stumbled badly. He offered me the use of this yak, but the beast would not let me mount. It made several plunges at me when I approached, though it was held back by the rope through its nose-ring. I was not sorry afterwards, because the rope on the animal somehow became loose, and the captain suddenly came down with a rush from his high perch, half-buried



THE CAPTAIN OF THE TIBETAN GUARD, MOUNTED ON HIS YAK, ON THE ROAD MAJOR WADDELL TRAVELLED THROUGH TIBET. [1905.]

me. The weather was bad; snow had fallen and driven him and his men down. And, indeed, they had bloodshot eyes and blistered, peeling skin, as though they had been exposed to Arctic weather.

"The captain was civil. He protested that his instructions from Lhasa were explicit. No person was to enter the pass except a few privileged Tibetans. He trotted out with much pantomime the old, old story. If we were to force our way across, his own throat and the throats of his men would infallibly be cut. He was an interesting old fellow, who had fought against us in our little war with Tibet. He examined my shot-gun and revolver with great interest, and explained them to the awe-struck bystanders. He even asked me to experiment with my revolver on one of his straggling sheep.

"These Tibetans awed my men into silence. Later on they told me of the dreadful tortures that would be inflicted upon them by the Tibetan Government. It seems they have no gaols in Tibet, so when they don't kill their prisoners outright, or torture them to death slowly, they simply cut off their ears or chop off a hand, and then set the mutilated person free. Such mutilated criminals, I understand, form the majority of the beggars in Lhasa and other big Tibetan towns."

Not long after this interesting interview, Major Waddell secured a beautiful silvery water shrew (*Nectogale elegans*), which is so unique and

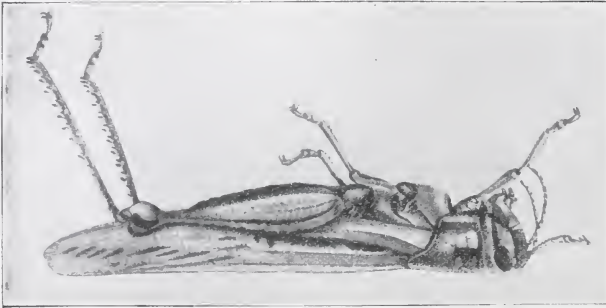
in his own cooking pots and pans, which were carried in bags slung behind the yak's saddle."

The next part of Major Waddell's wanderings with which we are here concerned is his journey through British Bhotan. On one occasion he came across some Bhotiyas preparing for a hot bath on the banks of a stream. Their method was both curious and original. They first burnt out part of the trunk of a tree, filled it with water, and then threw in hot stones. Returning from Choong Tang to the capital, Toom-long, Major Waddell came across some gorgeous spiders resplendent in brilliant scarlet and metallic blue. Now, these spiders would be a pretty big mouthful for an average untravelled person to swallow—in more ways than one. "They were, indeed, gigantic, 4 in. to 6 in. in spread, and spun webs so strong and large as to catch small birds, on which some of the spiders feed."

Later on the caravan reached a poor hamlet, where a Bhotiya offered Major Waddell a fowl for about twelve times the ordinary price. Nor would he come down, because, said he, "this is positively the only fowl left in this part of Sikkim."

As the expedition neared Darjeeling, on the return journey, great swarms of locusts were encountered. These insects were present in such numbers as actually to darken the face of day, covering roots, trees, and fields inches deep.





A FULL-SIZED LOCUST. THEY BLACKENED THE HIMALAYAN SNOWS FOR MILES.  
*From a Photo.*

Each locust averaged about 3in. in length. The Nepalese villagers rushed about gathering them in baskets for food, as they eat locusts like shrimps. It was probably these insects, says Major Waddell, that John the Baptist ate, and not the bean-pods of the same name; for the locusts that swarmed up from India were of the Egyptian species, and these, when salted, are understood to be the favourite dish of the Arabs of North Africa during long journeys. "I learnt afterwards," the Major goes on to say, "that this particular plague was first noticed in the desert of Sind and Western Rajputana, a thousand miles off, where the locusts laid eggs in the sand-hills. The young insects had covered the whole of India from the Punjab in the north to Madras and the Deccan in the

south and Bengal and Assam in the east. In the arid Punjab, where vegetation is so precious, the troops were actually turned out to combat and destroy the pests, and rewards were offered for their destruction. In this way, at one station alone (Kohat) no less than *twenty-two tons* of locusts were killed in a day. They penetrated even into Tibet, and more than one trustworthy traveller assured me that the dead

insects lay several feet deep in the Tang Pass (15,700ft.), blackening the snow for miles. Strangely enough, this identical plague of locusts was predicted in the Tibetan astrological horoscope for that year, and a Lama proudly pointed this out to me."

Major Waddell's next excursion was along the Nepal frontier towards Mount Everest. At one place he was serenaded by a weird-looking musician, armed with a most primitive one-stringed fiddle, which instrument one of the party became the proud possessor of for sixpence. And they had other serenaders: swarms of frogs that croaked among the reeds of an adjacent tarn. Here also they found frogs with a bell-like call, who caught insects by darting out their sticky tongues.



*From a*

A VERITABLE SEA OF CLOUDS RISING FROM THE PLAINS.

*[Photo.*

The slopes of the mountain at this place, by the way, are covered with the deadly night-shade, or aconite plant. "So abundant is the plant here, and so deadly is it to the cattle of this pastoral people, that all the sheep and cattle passing over the mountain are muzzled by the drovers; and at the foot may be seen great piles of discarded bamboo muzzles which have already served their purpose."

In the preceding photograph we have a very extraordinary view, showing a veritable sea of clouds rising from the plains.

The next photograph reproduced well deserves the sub-title of "the most sublime and imposing view that the eye of man can rest upon on this planet." This is a view of the Everest group—Mount Everest, 29,002ft.—taken from Sandook Phu.

"Sunrise over the snow was magnificent. As the eye wanders over the vast amphitheatre of dazzling peaks it is at once attracted by the great towering mass of Kanchen-junga. This stupendous mountain—almost the highest in the world (it is only a few hundred feet lower than Everest itself)—is simply sublime as seen from here with its dark setting of pines. The Everest group seen in the photograph, no longer shut off by the dark ridge that hid their peaks from view at Senchal, soars up through banks of clouds and above a deep gulf of valleys. It is at least ninety miles away.

"Scarcely less majestic than the view looking up towards the snows was the view looking down into the plain. Some 10,000ft. below was a rising mass of clouds, forming a vast woolly-white sea whose tide of rolling billows



THE MOUNT EVEREST GROUP FROM SANDOOK PHU. THIS IS THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN ON THE FACE OF THE GLOBE (29,002 FEET). [Photo.]

surged in and among the mountains. Their dark, rugged peaks stand out against the fleecy foam as bold capes and headlands and dark islands in a perfect sea of curling cloud. As we gazed, some of these clouds surged over us and glided slowly—like 'sheep of the sky,' as the Lepchas call them—upwards towards the summit, on whose pinnacles they settled in

flocky masses, veiling the peaks against the staring midday sun."

Not long after obtaining this superb view, Major Waddell witnessed a gruesome spectacle. "Climbing up a ridge called Sabar-Goom I suddenly beheld stretched on the snow, athwart the path, an unfortunate Nepalese who had been frozen to death. Several jackals and an animal like a hyena surrounded the body, and beside it were the remains of a little fire. He had probably arrived here benighted after the snow-fall had ceased, and, unable to proceed farther, he had lighted a fire, only to perish, however, in the piercing cold."

Once, near the slopes of Faloot, the Major had a very curious experience. Some villagers came to him and begged him to come and do what he could for a man who had been terribly mauled by a bear. "Arrived at the village, a powerfully-built man was led slowly out to me. He was in a dreadful state, with his head swollen to twice its normal size, and his face shockingly torn. I was told he was the village blacksmith. His children having complained that they were chased by bears whilst minding his cattle, he went unarmed to the bear's den and shouted a challenge. The old bear promptly took him at his word and rushed cut, and in a minute had inflicted the frightful injuries I had seen."

On September 22nd, 1896, Major Waddell started from Yampoong to visit the western

glaciers of Kanchen-junga, passing on the way a curious trap for a snow leopard, which was baited with the leg of a yak. It was built on the same principle as the brick-trap which school-boys construct to catch sparrows—save that in this case, the falling door was a massive slab of stone weighing a quarter of a ton, and destined to crush the animal to death.

It is no wonder that the gigantic mountains which surrounded Major Waddell should so work upon the imagination of the natives that they are worshipped as gods. Thus, the highest peak of Kanchen-junga (28,150ft.), called by the natives "The Receptacle of Gold," has a god all to itself. This god is worshipped and propitiated assiduously, particularly at the great festival which is celebrated with much pomp every year throughout the whole of Sikkim. It is worship of the devil-dance order, as may be gathered from the photograph here given, which is impressive chiefly on account of the extraordinary head-dresses of the devotees. "The Lamias," says Major Waddell, "dress themselves in the vestments of the pre-Buddhist Tibetan religion, and carry out the ritual of devil-dancing, as seen in the photograph. My friend, the young Lania of Phodong, who hospitably entertained us, is seated in state to receive offerings from the people of money, jewellery, etc.

"On penetrating the Pass of the Devil the track wound past several plants of giant rhubarb. Rounding a corner suddenly at the Oma Pass



From a

LAMA DEVIL-DANCERS OF THE GOD OF MOUNT KANCHEN-JUNGA.

[Photo.





MAJOR WADDELL CROSSING THE OMA PASS ON A YAK (HE HAD SPRAINED HIS ANKLE).  
*From a Photo.*

(15,320ft.), we came into snow; and here the sublime view of Kanchen-junga merged into sight. Kanchen and Kabru seemed quite near, but they were fast clouding over before I got my camera ready. I had sprained my ankle slightly, and was riding a spare yak, as you may see in the photograph."

Next came a steep descent of 3,000ft. in three miles. The road led through a gloomy gorge, called De Gamo-lang. It was infested a few years ago by a gang of Tibetan brigands, who murdered and robbed traders and others entering the gorge, dispatching them by rolling down upon them huge rocks. These brigands actually had agents at Darjeeling, who not only kept them posted up in the movements of "fat" and likely travellers, but also warned them as to the movements of the police who were sent on their track.

Major Waddell's photographs were occasionally taken under circumstances of difficulty and danger. "At one place we had been clinging to the sharp crest of a tremendous precipice, where I had to be held by my men while I stretched out to take pho-

tographs. Pieces of rotten rock frequently broke and fell with a crash into the awful depths below."

Before leaving the summit of the mountain the young Lama and Kintoop built a small cairn of stones on the topmost pinnacle, for, said they, no human beings have ever been here before. The young Lama stayed behind to blow a farewell blast on a human thigh-bone in honour of that monarch of mountains, Kanchen-junga.

The last photograph reproduced shows the lay governor of Lhasa and his suite. "A national party," says Major Waddell, "is rising in Tibet against the grinding yoke of the Chinese. I had the pleasure of meeting one of the leading spirits in this movement. This gentleman came to Darjeeling in the train of the Chinese Commissioners on the boundary question, and he is now chief lay governor at Lhasa. It was he who stopped Bonvallet and Prince Henri Orleans on their way to Lhasa, at a point fully a week's journey from that mystic city, instead of a day's journey, as claimed by them. In chatting about the Chinese with the lay governor, I happened to mention that our troops once held Peking. He, however, thought this was a great joke on my part, so successfully had the Chinese concealed their indignity from the Tibetans."



*From a*

THE LAY GOVERNOR OF LHASA AND HIS SUITE.

*[Photo.*



## THE CANDLE IN THE WINDOW.

BY MRS. FRED. MATURIN (MISS EDITH MONEY).

A droll story of two English maidens, their admirers, and their father in the Himalayas. Colonel Edward Money was greatly attached to his daughters, hence his persistent discouragement of young officers.



WHEN it began to grow very hot in the plains, papa took us up to Darjeeling, in the Himalayas. Here we lived in a beautiful little bungalow, perched in a very wild, lonely position on the top of a thickly-wooded mountain, about three miles from Darjeeling itself.

Nothing more lovely can be imagined than the scene that rolled away, as it were, from under our feet when we stood in the veranda that surrounded our little shanty. We would watch the sun rise and turn the great snowy range pink, as it faced us, looking so near, yet, in reality, eighty miles away as the crow flies.

Papa used to rout us out of our warm beds before sunrise—a horrible habit he had himself, and it irritated him to know that anyone else was sleeping when once he was up.

In the plains it was all right, because the early morning was generally the only time of the day in which you could take exercise without melting away; but how we loathed it up at these icy heights, when candles stuck in bottles (we lived most primitively—"Why spend money," said papa, "when you needn't?") lit the early bath, coated with thin ice, into which we were expected to jump; and when, on emerging in furs to *chota-hazaree*, laid out on the plateau by

shivering servants, it was often hardly light enough to see properly the wondrous world below us.

Yes; my father, Colonel Money, was, as hundreds know, a real martinet with us girls; but, all the same, I have often since thanked him for a habit which proved one of the greatest charms of my life in the East.

After *chota-hazaree* it was our daily duty to ascend with papa to "his office," as he called it, to receive his instructions as to the manner in which the day was to be spent. These instructions varied from the regular two hours at copying the MS. of his last new book or article (*dryasdust* stuff, about nothing in particular that we could see), down to what clothes and hats we were to wear. Also whether we might "ride into Darjeeling" (a great treat); whether we might invite any young men home to dinner (another treat), and, if so, how we were to comport ourselves in their presence.

Most stiff, old-fashioned ideas had papa as to the ways of young men and maidens, and one of them consisted in never even mentioning marriage, except with "bated breath and blushes"—such, said he, being the manner in which his great-grandmother, or some old dame, now bones, approached the subject in the presence of the male sex, and they in hers.

I suppose papa intended us to marry some day like other people, but if so, he behaved in an extraordinary fashion to the young men who dared timidly approach our bungalow; and thanks to this peculiarity of his, Leila and I had an escape of our lives one night which I sha'n't easily forget.

"Now," said he in his office, one morning about seven, our day being already two hours old—"no gallivanting off into Darjeeling this morning. This article for the *Pioneer* has to be copied; and mind, Edith, to underline, 'If the tom-fool who laughs at my new Sun Tea-Shriveller will pay a visit to my tea-gardens where the machine is now working, I shall be happy to burn a hole in his trousers with it, at a distance of fifty paces, before he can count ten, and that without the aid of any fire.'"

"Yes, papa," I assented, thinking what fun it would be to see the hole burnt.

"And you and Leila can ride into Darjeeling after lunch—just there and back."

"May we ask someone home to dinner?"

"Someone, meaning young men, I suppose? Well, you may ask one apiece—no more. And on condition that they understand they have to go at nine."

Delighted with this concession we retired. Papa's "office" was, be it understood, merely a rat-haunted attic between the roof of the bungalow and the ceiling of the lower rooms, and was only meant for dryness, till he—nothing if not original—had a pane



THE AUTHORESS, MRS. FRED. MATURIN (NÉE MISS EDITH MONEY).

From a Photo. by B. Collonette, Guernsey.

by it, he drew it up and was seen no more except at tiffin, when he would let down a small basket in which the *katmadgar* placed food. Having devoured this, one heard no more of him, except an occasional sneeze, till evening.

From all this it will be seen that my father was a sort of Diogenes, and was not fond of the society of mankind. My sister and I, being in our teens and full of fun, were a constant torment to him, and the necessity of giving us a little society was one of the bugbears of his life.

We rode gaily off on our Bhoontier ponies, into the station, after tiffin that day, returning about six with two young officers, then

quartered at Jellapehar, who (fortifying themselves with the reflection that "None but the brave deserve the fair") periodically approached our bungalow, with a new novel, an invitation, or some other flimsy excuse. They were, however, invariably frightened away by papa, hours



MRS. JACK BOSTEAD (NÉE MISS LEILA MONEY).

From a Photo. by Mayall & Co., Kingston-on-Thames.

of glass let into the top, and a rough table carried up through a hole cut in the boards. To this fair retreat he and we ascended daily through the hole, by means of a little rope-ladder made by ourselves, and which lent romance; and when we had descended again



THE GIRLS' FATHER, COLONEL EDWARD MONEY.

From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Company.



before the time, and swore to each other they'd never try it again.

I suppose that day they couldn't resist us, or else that the memory of the last visit was growing dim.

We all arrived in great spirits, and I rushed in, in my riding habit, to tell the kitmudgar to put all our nicest things on the dinner-table—some wine-glasses, kept only for special occasions, now appearing, as well as dinner-napkins—two European luxuries papa would have none of in every-day life. In fact, I often look back and think we lived positively like barbarians, and yet it was certainly not from necessity. It pleased papa, *et voilà tout*.

Of course he gave away the whole show directly we sat down, exclaiming, as he peered over his specs, "Dinner-napkins, I declare, and wine-glasses!"

Leila kicked him under the table, and then he jumped, and said, "Who did that?"; so we gave it up as a hopeless job.

Down came the Himalayan rain about the middle of dinner, thundering upon our thin tin roof as if a river dam had burst.

We went into the primitive drawing-room, of which the furniture was entirely made of empty tea-chests turned upside down, or inside out, or wrong way up, according to what they were intended to represent. It was all very uncomfortable and hard, and when you got into an arm-chair, for instance, you stuck, and couldn't get out again, and had to walk about with the chair fastened on to you till you found someone to pull it off.

The two young subalterns sank gingerly into two of these pieces of furniture, lit cigars at papa's invitation, and gazed pensively at the big rhododendron and fir-logs blazing in the open hearth.

"Do you like poetry?" asked papa of one of them, between the puffs at his cigar.

They both turned pale, but replied that they did—immensely.

"Thomas More, for instance," said papa. "I will repeat you something of his. I daresay you have heard it—'Rich and rare were the gems she wore.'"

A sickly smile played on the subalterns' faces. Was the evening to be spent like this? The colonel had been young himself. Why on earth didn't he retire to his office and leave his daughters to repeat poetry instead?

At least, that's what their faces said.

We sat for one hour by the clock listening to "Rich and rare," and other antiquated gems. The rain still roared down; the night was black as pitch, and one of the subs remarked that it was awful weather.

"Fearful," agreed my father, "and it's getting late."

This hint passed unheeded. The men had



"WE SAT FOR ONE HOUR BY THE CLOCK LISTENING TO 'RICH AND RARE.'"

no lanterns or coats. The barracks were on the ridge of the mountains far above us again, and the only way home was a lonely, winding, dangerous path of at least four miles. You wouldn't turn a dog out such a night, and Anglo-Indian hospitality is proverbial.

They quite expected, evidently, to be told to stop the night. We had a spare room. But, no. Papa sat on, and at last glancing again at the clock, said, "Dear, dear; how late it's getting." And he stood up and yawned.

"I don't see," said the most courageous of the two, "how we're to get up to Jellapehar to-night—eh, Chips?"

"Not well," replied Chips, scratching himself nervously. "Perhaps the Colonel——"

"I can't put you up," said papa, with refreshing candour, "if that's what you're hinting at. But I'll lend you lanterns."

"Oh, thanks, sir. But—er—you don't think we shall go over the *khud* in the dark, eh?"

"I hope not," said papa, cheerfully; "you must take care."

"They could sleep on the dining-room table, papa, just till the storm is over," said Leila.

"No doubt they could; but they won't," said my parent. "Hoity-toity; what are young fellows coming to? When I was a young man I wasn't afraid of melting in rain. Come, say good-night, girls, and off to bed with you."

The rain roared so loud, that one had to shout to be heard. Outside you could not see your hand before your face.

"No lantern will live in such a night," said Chips, dolefully, with a longing glance at the dining-room table.

"Feel your way if it blows out," said papa. "When you step out of the veranda, keep to the right. The left would take you over a nasty cliff—a drop of sixty feet on to rocks; and remember it's the same the whole way up."

"I've no more notion," I heard Chips remark, drearily, "how we're going to get home to-night than the devil."

And that was the last thing we heard them say to each other, as the black night swallowed them up.

Leila and I, once inside our bedroom, looked at each other for a minute, and then, sitting down on our two little charpoy beds, began to weep.

"He'll be dead by morning," said Leila, referring to the swain she preferred.

"He's a little lame now," said I, alluding to the other, "and is sure to take a false step—fall, and then be flattened to a jelly."

Before I lay down I stepped to the rickety little door of the bathroom, which opened out of our room on to the wild forest and mountains behind.

There was no wind. There never is in the Himalayas; but so terrific was the deluge that no lantern could possibly keep alight on such a night. I knew that the lonely zig-zag path that led to Jellapehar passed, once, right above the roof of our bungalow; and I stood, listening breathlessly, in one of those sudden brief lulls in the downpour, so characteristic of the Himalayas.

Imagine my sensations when I distinctly heard, somewhere above our chimneys, a limp, moist voice say, "Mine's gone out now. Where are you, Chips?"

"Sitting down—my legs over the edge. I'm going to stop here till morning."

"I'd like to wring——" began the other voice, and then swish—roar—the heavens opened again, pouring out their torrents, and the rest of the speech was drowned, though it wasn't hard to guess the end of it.

I'm sure you'll all own it was very hard lines on two soft-hearted young girls to feel that two

good-looking young men found themselves in such a position, thanks to an invitation meant only to give them pleasure.

We began to cry afresh, but there was nothing to be done.

Papa, who was a toughened "Old Indian," and had led such a life of peril and adventure himself that he forgot others hadn't, was, of course, by now fast asleep in his own room, which was right away from ours, at the other end of the bungalow, with the dining and drawing room and spare bedroom in between. He would be furious if disturbed, or the subject re-opened, so we at last retired to our pillows, sobbing dolefully. Before we did so, however, we propped open the little bathroom door and stood a candle (in a pilgrim-bottle) at the window, so that if any serious accident happened to either of the subalterns, the friendly gleam would perhaps be a guide back to our bungalow for help.

We were prepared, indeed, to make them up a bed on the sly, if necessary, in the stables, the cook-house, or any dry corner, and never say a



"I'M GOING TO STOP HERE TILL MORNING."



"WE STOOD A CANDLE IN A PILGRIM-BOTTLE AT THE WINDOW."

word about it; so hoping that the light would at any rate cheer them, and show them how sorry we were, we at last fell asleep.

I have often woken up with a start, but *never* such a start as now. The sound that awakened us was one calculated to strike terror to the stoutest heart!

Our beds were placed touching each other, mine being the outer one and Leila's against the wall. And you may conceive our terror when I tell you that we were awakened by a deep, threatening snarl, proceeding, it was clear, from some huge throat, and belonging to some animal who had evidently entered our room while we slept and got *under our beds*, where the smallest movement on our part caused it to give an ill-tempered growl—menacing, ominous, and altogether fearful. The smothered shriek we gave as we awoke elicited a fresh snarl, rather sleepy in character, yet terrifying enough to silence us at once; and there we lay like two figures of stone—for, I can tell you, we barely dared breathe.

We had not yet been six months in India, and knew very little of the habits of wild animals; but we had listened time and again to papa's stories of his own experiences and adventures. Few men, indeed, have encountered more wonderful ones, for he had first visited India in the days when it took five months' sailing to get out there; and, being of dauntless and original character, he had penetrated districts where he hourly held his life in his hand, both against natives and wild beasts.

So we had gleaned enough from papa to feel certain that for any wild animal to enter a bungalow in which a light was burning, and take refuge under an occupied bed, was a most unusual occurrence, and that there must be some remarkable reason for it.

However, as we were young and tender, and the near result seemed that we should shortly furnish the animal with a succulent meal, we troubled our heads but little as to the why and wherefore, and lay trembling at the bare notion of what was to come.

Outside, the rain still roared down. The candle had gone out—how long before, we couldn't tell; perhaps before the creature got in.

As yet not a glimmer of dawn broke the black, wet night which prevailed outside the uncurtained, unshuttered window of our room. As in all bungalows, we were, of course, on the ground-floor, there being no other. A box of matches lay, we knew, on a chair close to my pillow, but we dared not stir to touch it.

We lay and just pressed each other's hands convulsively!

I longed to yell for papa—the servants—anybody; but what was the use? Papa was a long way off, snoring. The servants were further away still, rolled in blankets in their mud-huts down the mountain side. We should be torn to pieces long before help arrived. Our only hope lay in keeping quiet.

I didn't know what Leila's thoughts were during that long and terrible vigil, but I pondered on many things. Of how it was all papa's fault, for we generally barred our bathroom door, which almost touched the forest, whilst to-night it had been propped invitingly open. Then, again, how sorry he'd be when he found our hair in the morning, and perhaps a bone or two. (We had both very long, thick hair; and I remember feeling certain it would stick in the creature's throat, and he'd have to bring it up again with our half-chewed-up heads, perhaps, still hanging on.) I also pictured Chips and Co. following the funeral of the hair and bones, and perhaps guessing that our pity for them had done it all. The candle would, I knew, be found stuck in the pilgrim-bottle, leaning up against the tiny bathroom window. Another light would steal upon Papa, Chips and Co., and a small thrill of satisfaction went through me as I pictured them "breaking down" as men do in novels, and "turning away to hide the tears that *would* come."

Leila has since told me she went further, and settled on our respective tombstones. Hers was to be snow-white marble, and mine granite (a great shame—why only *granite* for me?). An angel was to stand on



her tomb, and hold an inscription describing all her beauty and virtues; whereas my tomb, as far as I could make out, was to be a miserable cheap affair, and nothing about my beauty and virtues written on it, except that I almost came up to Leila, but not quite. You may wonder that we girls could have such thoughts at such a time, but please remember we lay there motionless for *over two hours*, and it's hardly to be wondered at that under the circumstances nothing more cheerful than our tombstones occurred to us.

As time went on, however, my thoughts received a sudden check, and a very nasty one. I began gradually to become aware that something was wrong with my left arm: it was hurting—it was hurting frightfully, with a most peculiar *plugged tight* pain. This is the only way I can describe it.

I lay still for a bit, my brain revolving round this new incident, and wondering what it meant. Had our midnight visitor helped himself somehow to a little steak out of my arm, unknown to me? Impossible, of course. Then what was it? And did I dare to move my other hand to touch it and see what it was?

Well, I *must*, and there was an end of it.

The agony was growing intense. If I died for it I must know what it meant. So I cautiously and very gingerly moved my hand, and on passing it over the upper part of my arm, I found *something growing out of the flesh*—something fleshy in itself, yet, when I touched it, to my horror it *moved*, yet was buried there fast!

I did think now I must scream or die. What horrible, loathsome creature had fastened itself to me in this wise—wriggled deeper if I touched it, yet was locked fast to my flesh?

First, I lay speechless, and then, all being

Vol. iii.—42.

quiet under the bed, I leant over carefully and whispered, sobbingly, into Leila's very ear what had happened to me. Then, taking her hand, I laid it on my arm.

As she touched the mysterious growth it moved again, and she gave a start so violent that both beds shook.

Instantly there vibrated through the room (which was now growing faintly grey with the coming of dawn) another long, low, ill-tempered snarl; and this time, losing all self-control, we dived beneath the clothes, yelling frantically for help!

It was all up now. We heard the animal move. We heard it struggling to get out from under the beds, and, worse than all (the beds being only charpoys made of wide, thick webbing plaited round a frame, and no mattress, but only a folded blanket), we could distinctly feel the creature struggling under us. Giving ourselves up for lost, we uncovered our heads once more to *howl*, and then dived in again; and if you think us cowardly, picture to yourselves our utterly helpless position.

For a moment, our visitor seemed caught in some way, perhaps by our violent plunges overhead; and then—well, I never can forget the ghastly roar it gave as it struggled out.

I have since felt certain that the poor animal—who, it transpired later, was somehow wounded—was as terrified of the two struggling, kicking beings overhead, as we were of it. Its roar was really a roar of pain.

Papa awoke, shouted "I'm coming!" and then rushed in—a unique and graceful vision in a very short nightshirt, his tremendously long, thin legs unveiled, and a nightcap over one ear. As he reached the door, and our heads emerged, we all three distinctly saw the animal—a small hill-cheetah—leap out through the other door leading to the bathroom! There it paused an instant *on three legs*, one paw uplifted and bleeding badly,



"AS PAPA REACHED THE DOOR WE ALL THREE DISTINCTLY SAW THE ANIMAL."

and then another leap took it out on to the khud.

Rushing for a gun (though we shrieked to him not to leave us), papa followed the wounded animal, and we heard him fire round the far side of the bungalow. Then another shot farther off, and we wondered whether the cheetah would come bang on Chips and Co. But papa returned, and said he had missed it; it had bolted *down* the mountain side—not up; so we hoped they were safe.

By this time we had got on dressing-gowns and were gazing at the blood-tracks on the bathroom and bedroom floors. Papa gave it as his opinion that it had been a precious lucky thing for us that our visitor had been wounded; though, on the other hand, unless hurt, it would probably never have crept in to take shelter from the weather under our beds.

Now, however, my arm was growing momentarily more painful, and rolling up my sleeve I was horrified to find, sticking up out of my flesh, a gluey, greyish body about the size of a big pea, which, however, as it moved, gradually grew smaller and smaller!

It was burrowing into my arm, and would soon disappear entirely. It's no exaggeration to say (and I am sure all of my own sex will understand) that this loathsome sight caused me more terror even than the cheetah had done!

I simply danced up and down on the floor almost out of my senses, while papa, seizing the thing in his finger and thumb, tugged at it, but to no purpose. It was like part of my flesh.

Directing Leila to hold on to it (which she did, with loud yells) he rushed for some pincers, and returning, he laid hold of it, and accompanied by a shriek from me which might have woken the dead, he tore it out of my arm alive.

The thing being gone, I flew out into the open air, I can hardly tell you why, except that the two frights had completely unnerved me. The sun was up now and the world light, and to papa's and Leila's great consternation I went and banged my head several times against the rocky mountain side behind the bungalow, still screaming and sobbing violently.

I also seized and threw wet mud at two or three servants, who, aroused by all this noise, were gathering here and there. Having plastered the astonished kitmudgar's face I felt much better, and stood by to watch with deep satisfaction papa burning the *tick*—for so this hateful little creature is called—in the open charcoal stove, which the servants were hastily blowing at, to boil the kettle for chota-hazaree.

Leila says she has never forgotten my face as I stood there, still panting, and watched the cremation. Nor, the obsequies being over, how I heaved a sigh, and murmured through my teeth: "I'm not cruel. No, I'm not cruel; but I'm *glad* it has suffered too."

Perhaps the men won't believe me, but I think the

women will, when I say that of the two experiences that night I would rather see the cheetah again than that tiny india-rubber coloured beast I found embedded in my arm. The parasite must, by-the-bye, have come off the cheetah, as they generally infest wild animals.

We heard next day in the station from the two subalterns that they reached home about 2 a.m. swearing like troopers, and simply eaten up by leeches, which swarm in the Himalayas during rain.

I was lunching with Chips not long ago, and he told me that he and Co. vowed that night they'd rather walk up to a cannon's mouth than ever face papa again.

But they did face him again—oh, yes—they danced at Leila's wedding two months later; and a year after, one of them stood and looked on at mine. The other was far away.

We have known each other ever since, and often talk with fits of laughter of the night when papa's hard-heartedness led us to put that candle in the window.

When we were safely married, and he couldn't punish us, Leila and I told papa *why* that light was placed in the bathroom window and the door propped open.

Papa was deeply shocked, especially because we told it to him with much glee, and not, as he was certain his great-grandmother would have done, "with bated breath and blushes."

Both the great-grandmother!



"HAVING PLASTERED THE ASTONISHED KITMUDGAR'S FACE I FELT MUCH BETTER."

## Odds and Ends.

The "cream" of travellers' photo-albums from every region, with full descriptive text.



From a "SOAPY SMITH," THE KLONDIKE DESPERADO, FALLS A VICTIM TO CAMP LAW. [Photo.]



HE first photo. reproduced shows "Soapy Smith," the Klondike desperado, lying in state. Soapy had a lively time during his life, but, of course, his "call" soon came. Incidentally the photo. is an eloquent commentary on how law and order are enforced in primitive communities. Listen to a recent writer:—

"Apart from the dogs, the peace and order of Skaguay at the time of my visit were unexceptional. A few weeks before, however, things had been very different. All last summer (1898) the town was 'run' by a collection of undesirable characters from the mining regions of the Western States, headed by a gentleman known as 'Soapy' Smith. The outrages that were committed daily under this régime at last culminated in a peculiarly audacious robbery. The more reputable of the inhabitants held a meeting to consult on what was to be done. Mr. Soapy Smith heard of the meeting, and considered it desirable for his welfare that he should be present. On his arrival he was informed by the door-keeper that he could not be admitted. In reply, he fired at and mortally wounded the sentinel, who, however, was quick enough before he fell to shoot dead the redoubtable Smith. The leader being destroyed, his associates and friends were quickly captured."

The impressive little photograph next shown depicts a cottage in flames in New Zealand. It appears that the native wood is so very inflammable, that in the event of one of the cottages taking fire, a mere half-hour or so will suffice for it to be totally destroyed. The lady who sent in this photo. says she saw the cottage while she was

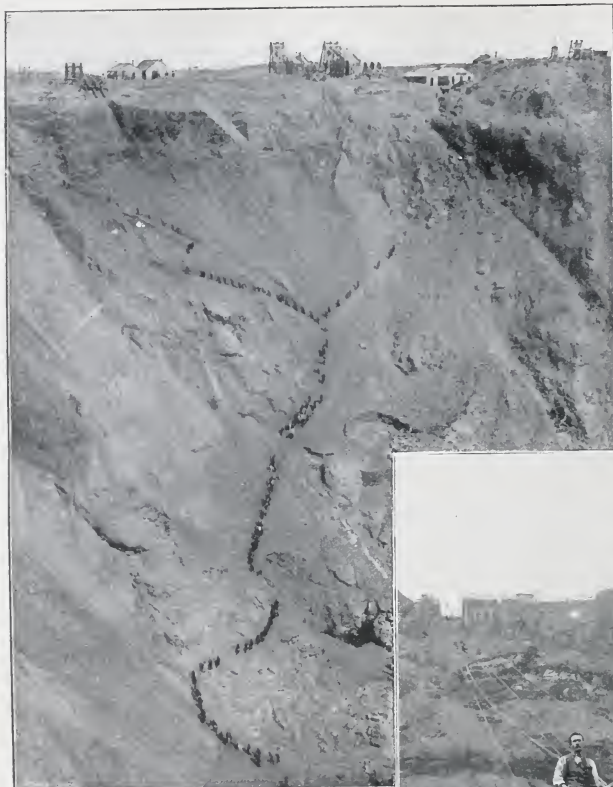
driving in the Feilding District last year. Judging from the enormous volumes of smoke, you would think that at the very least a fair-sized factory was in flames, instead of a humble little New Zealand cottage. This, however, is accounted for by the great fierceness of the conflagration.

We next pass to South Africa, and reproduce a very striking photo. showing the Kaffirs in the De Beers Diamond Mines returning home to the compound after the day's work. It is pretty generally known that these natives are practically imprisoned during the term of their engagement with the great diamond monopoly.



From a A COTTAGE IN FLAMES, FEILDING DISTRICT, NEW ZEALAND. [Photo.]





KAFFIRS RETURNING FROM THE DIAMOND MINES AFTER THEIR DAY'S WORK (OLD STYLE).

*From a Photo.*

During this time the men live in the "compound," which is simply an enormous stockaded village, and they cannot go out of bounds without special permits. It must be said, however, that the company provide them with every requisite, and even with means of amusement; but in spite of the elaborate system of examination adopted, the Kaffirs can and do steal diamonds. Of course, the old days of "I.D.B.," or illicit diamond buying, are over, but there is still a pretty considerable leakage — some say to the amount of £10,000 yearly. During the last week of their engagement the natives have huge gloves put upon their hands, which resemble boxing-gloves, and these are locked on. During these last days the men are also

watched day and night in order to see that they do not take away with them some of the company's property.

The photo. we have been describing was taken some years ago, but nowadays the Kaffirs — or, at any rate, some of them — do not walk to and from their work, but are conveyed in an extraordinary kind of aerial tramway or railway, whose flanged wheels rest upon rails of steel rope suspended in the air. The photo. next reproduced shows this very interesting and striking arrangement.



THE KAFFIRS OF TO-DAY GO BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS IN THE "AERIAL TRAM."  
*From a* [Photo.]



A DAY'S WINNINGS AT THE KIMBERLEY MINES—£10,000 WORTH OF DIAMONDS.  
From a Photo. by J. E. Middlebrook.

A third snap-shot from the famous mines of Kimberley is here given, and it shows one of the officials at the office examining and sorting three most enviable piles of diamonds. These represent one day's winnings from the famous "blue gravel," and their value is approximately £10,000.

It is no wonder that the compound Kaffir devotes every moment of his engagement to devising new and ingenious methods of secreting these tiny masses of dull crystal, which represent great wealth in a small compass, and mean to him all manner of luxuries in the shape of bad whisky, tobacco, old guns, and indescribable fashion novelties, which seem to find their way from Europe in a steady stream, and are eagerly snapped up by the absurdly vain and finery-loving natives.

This unique snap-shot of the Judge of Bocoyna in his coach was taken by Mr. J. Gurdon L. Stephenson, C.E., during the Mexican Western Railway Expedition of 1897. What a vision of splendour is called up before our eyes

by those words, "The judge in his coach!" We imagine the sleek, prancing steeds, the irreproachable, powdered coachman and footmen, and the luxurious carriage in which the magnate takes his ease. We look at the photograph, and the bright vision vanishes. What — that thing a coach? Or is it really a joke? It looks very like one of those little hand-carts which the street urchins knock together out of a couple of packing-cases, with two rusty wheels rudely fixed on. The attitude of the Judge of Bocoyna is full of pride and dignity as he meets the party of English engineers surveying the country, and adjusting his legs like a pair of compasses for the sake of balance, he stands like a statue, all unmoved by the fearful jolts of the vehicle, labouring along the uneven, bumpy ground. Unconsciously the little *tiger* at the back mimics



From a PHOTO. A MEXICAN COUNTRY JUDGE IN HIS "STATE COACH."

[Photo.]



[Photo.

"A LONG, LONG PULL" FOR LIBERTY—A NEWLY CAUGHT WILD ELEPHANT STRUGGLING TO RELEASE HIMSELF.

From G.]

the pride of his chief in a manner too comical for words, as he pushes up behind with might and main.

Bocoyna is a little place among the wilds of one of the mountainous districts of Northern Mexico, where life flows peacefully on untroubled by the cares and rush which are the curse of the civilized world.

The accompanying illustration may truly be termed a most striking photograph. It shows a wild elephant that has been caught during the "khedda" operations in the Duars district of India, close alongside the boundary of Bhotan and British territory. You will observe how strenuously the poor beast is trying to drag himself free—a long, long pull and a strong, strong pull, indeed. He is secured by strong ropes, carefully adjusted so as not to injure him in his frantic struggles, and these are fastened to the base of stout trees. It is an amusing sight to see the indignant villagers driving a herd of tuskers out of their fields. Keeping at a respectful distance, they shout and yell, beat tom-toms and empty tins, and generally make as much noise as possible. If the raid occurs at night-time, they wave lighted torches and light big fires. This pandemonium of sound scares the elephants, who move off, grazing the while. They often return, however, with aggravating persistency, when the villagers have dispersed.





HOW THE SOUTH AFRICAN FARMERS RESENT THE INTRUSION OF SPRINGBOK ANTELOPES—THE RESULT OF A TWO DAYS' RAID.  
*From a Photo.*

At certain seasons of drought in the uninhabited portions of the Upper Karoo, in South Africa, huge herds of springbok migrate in search of water towards the haunts of men. They move in countless numbers, and, as can be imagined, consume every vestige of herbage that lies in their path. They are no respecters of property, and when their roving leads them across the much-prized pasture lands of the farmer they are looked upon as unwelcome intruders, and taught the error of their ways. Our photo shows the result of a two days' raid made against them by a party of farmers owning

property in the district through which the springbok chanced to be passing. A great deal of this meat will be carried away, dried in the sun, and turned into famous "biltong" by the skilful hands of the farmers' wives. The horns are very little utilized.



*From a*

WILD PELICANS ON THEIR BREEDING-GROUND.

*[Photo.*



From a] A GROUP OF YOUNG PELICANS HUDDLED TOGETHER. [Photo.

We have now to consider two really unique photos. of wild pelicans on their breeding-ground—a small island in the Lake Reservoir, at Buena Vista, California. At the time our photos. were taken there were at least 10,000 of these queer birds on the island. They were within 20ft. of the photographer (who was hid in some rushes at the edge of the island), and as they came marching along in their grotesque manner they seemed almost like a miniature army. They feed their young by placing their bills in the mouths of the little ones, and then disgorging the food they have devoured, which consists entirely of fish. Only two eggs are laid in a nest, and all the nests are located on the side of the island facing the sun. Hatching out usually takes place in the month of May. In the second photo. we see a group of young ones, huddled together in a very curious

way. They get almost as large as a turkey before there is any sign of feathers, but once these begin to grow they become so strong and thick that nothing but a heavy-bore gun will penetrate them within a reasonable shooting range. Young pelicans can be easily tamed, if taken in hand early enough, and will then follow you about like dogs.

In many parts of Burma there are to be found numbers of remarkable sculptures, usually carved out of the living rock. The extraordinary carvings shown here are to be found at Thomboo, on the Irrawaddy. They are cut out of the face of a high cliff rising directly from the river bank, and are of great size. They consist of a succession of rudely-formed niches, in appearance something like the catacombs of Rome, and these are full of large and small images of Buddha, who is represented in several positions. On the summit of the cliff is a pagoda of great sanctity, which is visited by large numbers of pilgrims.



From a] EXTRAORDINARY ROCK-SCULPTURES OF BUDDHA AT THOMBOO, IN BURMA. [Photo.







"HUNDREDS OF THE POPULACE CAME TO SEE ME, FLINGING AT ME ALL THE ABUSE THEIR LANGUAGE IS CAPABLE OF."

(SEE PAGE 347.)

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

By CHARLES NEUFELD.

CHAPTER II. (*continued*).

ASKING me apart from the rest, the Emir continued, "I see you are thirsty"; and, calling up one of his men, he told him to pour some water over some hard dry bread. This he handed to me, saying smilingly, "Eat—it is not good for you to drink." I divined his meaning. Had our men not made that mad rush for the water we might have had a very different tale to tell; and who knows if, had we won the day and reached Sheik Saleh safely, the history of the Soudan for the past twelve years might not have read differently? *Mine* would have done so, at any rate.

I was handed over to two men, who were held responsible for my well-being. Hasseena and Elias were placed together in the charge of others, and we were ordered to seat ourselves a little distance away. The Dervishes had with them military tents, which must have been taken at Khartoum, and one was soon pitched. Here the Emirs and principal men met to hold a conference and inquiry. Darb es Safai and others were taken up one by one, and the question put to them direct, "Where are the rifles and cartridges?"—for no case or package had, of course, been brought on with us to the wells.

They denied any knowledge of them, and then Farag replied, significantly, "We will find them for you, and show you how they are used." My turn came next, and in reply to the usual question, I declared I knew nothing at all about either guns or ammunition. Questioned still further, however, I admitted I had seen a number of boxes, but I could not pretend to know what was inside them. Asked as to where they were, I said I could not tell—in the desert somewhere; they had been thrown away perhaps, as the camels, being tired and thirsty, could not carry them any longer. Still interrogated, I replied that the guide who had brought us here was the very first to be killed in the firing, and that I did not think anyone else in our caravan could find his way back to the place where the boxes were

left. On hearing this, rapid glances were passed from one to the other. Asked if I was sure he was killed, I could only reply that my clerk had told me so, and that I had seen him fall. I even indicated the place.

Farag at once sent off a man in **Trying Moments.** that direction after whispering some instructions to him, and during the few minutes he was away perfect silence reigned in the tent, with the exception of the regular click, click of the beads of the *Sibha*, or rosary. When he returned, the messenger whispered his reply to Farag. Two of the Alighat Arabs who had joined us at Wadi Halfa were next brought up and questioned: they did not give direct replies. They were presently taken aside, but not far enough away to prevent my overhearing part of what went on. As a result of first promises and then threats, I gathered that they undertook to lead the Dervishes to the spot where the cases had been left in the desert. It is quite certain, from the questions put by the Dervishes, that they were ignorant of the precise spot where the baggage had been left, and this in a measure confirmed the death of Hassan. Nevertheless, I have always had a suspicion that the treacherous miscreant shammed death and got away, to present himself later on to the renowned Emir Nejoumi. Hassan might easily have mingled with the Dervishes and not been seen by us.

The sun had now set, and the conference being ended, orders were given by Farag for all to march back by the route we had come, the Alighat Arabs, with Amin between them, leading the way. We marched for only an hour or so, for our camels, being tired and not having been watered, gave a good deal of trouble. A halt was then called for the night, and what water the Dervishes had was partly distributed. By sunrise the next day we were on the march again, twenty-five men, well mounted, having been sent on in advance with the guides. All Saleh's men, wounded and sound alike, were compelled to walk, the Dervishes and their wounded riding on camels.



"WE FOUND THE FOUR MEN WITH THEIR HANDS BOUND BEHIND THEM."

In the afternoon we reached the spot where we had left the four men in charge of the baggage, and found them with their hands bound behind them. The advance party had reached them about ten o'clock in the morning, and had doubtless found them asleep, as no shots had been fired. The men were not to be blamed in any way, and it really mattered but little whether they were asleep or awake when taken, so great were the odds against them. I had, on starting for the wells, left them the little water I had saved; had they not had this, they could not have slept.

In the same way that Saleh's men had forgotten everything in that mad rush for the water, so did the Dervishes break loose, forget all about their prisoners, and rush on the pile of cases.

The ground was soon littered with rifles, packets of ammunition, sugar, clothing, food, and the hundred and one articles to be found in a trading caravan; for the cases and bales of the Arabs who had joined us at Wadi Halfa contained only merchandise. My mind was soon made up: Running towards the other prisoners with my hunting-knife, I thought that at all events the thongs of a few might be cut, and that then, making for the camels and scattering in different directions,

**A Mournful Spectacle.**

a few might have made good their escape. It was a mad idea, but it was something. Before any part of my half-formed plan could be put into execution, however, the guards were down upon us. I was taken to the Emir, Said Wad Farag, but I excused myself before him for my actions, saying that, being a medical man, I had gone to see if I could attend to any of the wounded. Complimenting me on my thought for others, he

recommended me to think of myself.

He then appropriated the knife the Emir's guards had found in my hand, and **Promise.** told me he would let me know when to use it, warning me at the same time not to attempt to speak to any of the other prisoners.

When the excitement over the loot had cooled down a little a camel was killed in honour of the occasion, and my servant Hasseena was ordered to prepare some of the dishes. I was invited to eat with the Emirs. Our first dish was the raw liver of the camel, covered with salt and shetta—a sort of red pepper. I had often seen this dish being eaten, but had never before partaken of it myself.

I had two reasons for eating it now: Firstly, I was both hungry and thirsty; and secondly, one of the first signs of fear is a disinclination—I might say inability—to swallow food; and fear of my captors was the last thing I intended to exhibit. After the food, my clothes were taken from me, as they looked upon them as the dress of a base Kaffir, or unbeliever, and I was turned out into the night-air with my singlet, drawers, and socks as my complete wardrobe. My turban and Baghdad rofiyeh were also taken away, so that I was bareheaded into the bargain. When the Dervishes had finished their food, and before they lay down for the night, the Emir Farag sent for all the



loot to be collected and brought before his tent, when it would later on be distributed according to the rules of the Beit el Mal, or Treasury. This important institution and its working will be described later. Only a part of the loot was collected, for the men, knowing from experience the extraordinary manner in which loot "shrank" in bulk and number when placed in the hands of the Emirs to be distributed according to rule, concealed in the sand or beneath their jibbes whatever could be hidden there. The pipes and tobacco found in the baggage were burned, as their use was prohibited by the Mahdi.

Among my things was found my letter-wallet, and this was handed to the Emirs, who afterwards sent for me and demanded to know the contents of the letters. I replied that they were only business documents—receipts for goods, and such-like; but that if the wallet were handed to me, I would translate each letter. Being satisfied with this answer, however, Farag kept the wallet. Complaining of my clothing having been taken from me, he allowed me to have my flannel shirt, and gave me a piece of rag as head-dress. In this guise I lay down in the sand to doze and wake the whole night through—conscious yet unconscious, and with the strange incidents of the last eighteen days chasing each other through my excited brain.

The camp was astir long before sunrise, and by dawn we were on the move east towards El Kab, which we reached about three o'clock in the afternoon. The "wells" at the part we arrived at are situated on rising ground; but the name "well" in this instance is a misnomer. They are mere shallow basins scooped out with the hands or any rough implement, the water being found about 3ft. below the surface—the shrubs indicate where to scoop. The camels were watered and then left to graze on the scanty herbage. Another camel was killed to celebrate the capture of the

caravan, and again I was invited to take food with the Emirs. I was asked on this occasion but the most commonplace questions, but I could not get any reply to those I put, except that Abderrahan Wad en Nejoumi would tell me all I wished to know.

Farag  
Makes a  
Speech.

While still with the Emirs, Farag called up his followers again, and after congratulating them upon the capture of the "English Pasha" and the caravan (though the Emir knew very well who I was, from old days at Korti), he harangued them on the advisability of obeying to the letter the orders of the Mahdi transmitted to the Khalifa, and by the Khalifa to him, winding up his oration with threats of punishment and imprisonment to any of the faithful who robbed the Beit el Mal by concealing any of the loot. Finally, he ordered everyone to be searched again. I had many opportunities later of seeing evidences of what the Emirs most relied upon, in regard to the handing over of any loot: an exhortation to their followers and an appeal to their religious scruples, or else threats of punishment and imprisonment. Both went together, and were administered in the order I have given them; and there was seldom an occasion when a search did not follow the appeal to their honesty, and when punishment did not follow the search for concealed loot.

Wad Farag dismissed me for the night, but I had hardly lain down when two Dervishes stole up, and asked me to describe all the baggage I



"TWO DERVISHES STOLE UP AND ASKED ME TO DESCRIBE ALL THE BAGGAGE."

had with me. I said that a list would be found in my wallet, which, if they would bring to me, would allow of my giving them the required information. One left me, for the purpose, I imagine, of asking the Emir for the wallet, but returned shortly saying that I would *have* to remember, and that the list I then gave would be compared with the list in the wallet. There was in reality no list in the wallet, but there were one or two letters I wished to extract. I have thought since that, had I exhibited less anxiety to get hold of the wallet itself, I might have induced them to hand over these letters under one pretext or another. I soon discovered from their questions that the Dervishes were spying one upon the other, for they asked me directly what were the contents of the bag taken from Elias, my clerk. I told them three hundred dollars, as well as gold and silver jewellery, and some jewellery which my servant Hasseena had asked Elias to carry for her. Hasseena was then sent for to describe her jewellery. The information evidently gave these men huge satisfaction, and taking Hasseena with them, they presently sent her back with cooking utensils, food, and firewood, and ordered her to prepare food for me. Having had my food with the Emirs but a little time before, I was at a loss to understand the meaning of this, but learned later on that it was to prevent anyone else approaching her for information. Whether these two men were, as they said, in charge of the Beit el Mal; or whether, having seen some of the money or jewellery, they wanted to get their share of it, I cannot say. In the light of subsequent events, however, I am inclined to believe the latter.

When the food was ready, I invited my guards to eat it. I was hoping that a full meal—especially as their fatigue was very evident—would induce them to sleep; and feigning drowsiness myself I moved off a few yards, and scooped out a sand bed. I was prepared to risk anything for liberty. We were now in the neighbourhood of the wells, and might travel for days without being out of reach of water.

Explaining my plans to Hasseena, I told her, under the pretence of collecting firewood, to try and get up to Amin and Elias, cut their thongs with the large knife we had had to cut up the meat sent us for food, and then tell them to creep towards a small tree which I had noticed during daylight, and await me there. Some camels with their feet fastened by ropes were grazing near there, and I believed we might slip away unobserved and get some hours' start. But the guards of the other prisoners were not asleep; they were indeed very much awake, searching their charges

for any valuables—an operation which was carried out by each relief of guards; so that the sun rose with us still in the hands of the Dervishes. It was just after sunrise when we moved off again. My own particular guardian must have been impressed with my importance, for he saddled the camel for me himself, and brought me a gourd full of camel's milk. During this day's journey the Emir Mohammad Hamza, of the Jaalin tribe, who was commanding a section of the Dervishes, rode up to me and inquired about my health—the usual form of salutation. He told me not to be afraid of any harm coming to me, and then rode off again. That evening we arrived at a small encampment of Dervishes close to some wells, and I was taken before another Emir, whom I was told was Makkin en Nur, and who, from the deference paid him by the others, was evidently the chief. He, too, put a few questions to me of the same commonplace nature as the others, and then waved his hand for me to be removed. On being sent for again I was accused of being a Government spy, and asked what I had to say for myself. I replied, calmly, "I have told you the truth. What do you want me to do now?—tell you a lie, and say I *am* a spy? If I do so, you will kill me for saying I am one; and if I say again I am *not*, you will not believe me, and kill me just the same. I am not afraid of you; do as you please."

When the Emir questioned me again, I said, "I refuse to answer any more questions." My manner of speaking caused no little surprise, as it was doubtless different from what had been expected, and to what the Dervishes had formerly experienced when dealing with captives.

A young Dervish was at length called in, and told to conduct me to a spot removed from the other prisoners. As we walked along, the youth said, piously, "God is just; God is bounteous. Please God, to-morrow our eyes shall be gladdened by seeing a white Kaffir yoked with a shayba to a black one."

This shayba is the forked limb of a Dreadful Torture tree; the fork is placed on the throat pressing against the larynx, with the stem projecting before the wearer. The right wrist is then tightly bound to the stem with thongs of fresh hide, which soon dry and "bite" the flesh. Next the prongs of the fork are drawn as closely together as possible, and fastened with a cross-piece. It is a cruel instrument of torture, for the arm must be kept extended to its utmost. Any attempt to relieve the tension means pressure on the larynx; but when yoked to another man he throws pressure on you, and

Plans for  
Escape.

you on him. A prod in the ribs under the arm of either victim, with sword or rifle, affords endless amusement to their tormentors, who glory in the victims' gasps and grimaces as they gasp for breath. But the captors' cup of happiness is filled when an extra hard prod knocks one man off his feet, and both poor wretches are only helped up again when they are almost choking.

Irritated beyond endurance by the youth's gibes and jests, and hoping to put an end to everything at once, I threw my weight and strength into one blow—I was a powerful man then—and felled him senseless. Taking his rifle I strode back to the tent, almost foaming with rage. I glared from one to the other with blazing eyes, wondering whether to fire the one shot and then start "clubbing" until I was cut down. Hamza was the first to speak, and jumping up, he held up his hand, saying, "*Istanna*"—wait. I hurriedly related what had occurred, and told him what I intended to do. Hamza gave an impatient gesture, and cried, "*La, la, la*—no, no, no—there must be a mistake. You are not to be put in a shayba. Our orders are to deliver you alive and well." Then, turning to the others, he continued, "Hand this man over to me; I shall deliver him alive and well to Wad en Nejoumi. I hold myself responsible for him." Some demur was made, when, suddenly lowering the rifle, I placed the butt on the ground, rested my chin on the muzzle, and then, addressing myself to all, said that unless I was left in Hamza's charge, I should press the trigger—on which my great toe was then resting. Hamza again urged his point before the others, and said, "If you do not agree, and this man does any harm to himself, I declare myself free of blame and responsibility. I have heard him; and he will do as he says."

The effect of the words was magical. "Take him away—keep him; do what you wish with him. Never let him come near us again—never. Never let him look upon us with his eyes."\*

Then Hamza, turning to me, said, "You must know now that

our master, Wad en Nejoumi, knew of your coming, and sent us to conduct you to him. His orders were that you should be treated well; he wishes to speak to you. I will give you security until Dongola, where he is waiting for you. I do not know what he will do with you; maybe he will kill you—I cannot say.

But, for myself, I promise you will arrive in Dongola alive. If anything happens to you, the Emir Wad en Nejoumi will kill me. Will you promise that you will leave yourself in my hands, and will not try to kill yourself, or attempt to escape?" I gave my word, upon which Hamza said, "Leave this man to me."

The conversation which took place between us was of much longer duration than the above would appear to indicate; but, of course, I cannot pretend to remember *all* that was said after the twelve years' interval. The above is the gist of it, however. I handed Hamza the rifle, and he, taking me by the hand in the

**A Precious Prisoner.**



"LOWERING THE RIFLE, I PLACED THE BUTT ON THE GROUND AND RESTED MY CHIN ON THE MUZZLE."

\* The Soudanese—indeed, all Orientals—have a great horror of the "Evil Eye"; and the grey and grey-blue eyes of Europeans in anger, or even in a fixed stare, as I learned later, strike fear, if not terror, into the hearts of most.



Bedawi manner, led me out of the tent, and towards his section of the Dervishes. On the way, in a few hurried whispers, he gave me to understand that he was really still a friend of the Government, and I would do well to trust implicitly to him. On reaching his people, he called four men to attend to me, and sending for Hassena, told her to prepare such food as I was accustomed to.

Hassena came in in rags; her clothes, as had mine, had been taken from her.

**Asking for Clothes.**

But Hamza ordered one of her dresses to be returned; and on my showing him how the skin had been burnt off my back and shoulders by the sun, he ordered that I, too, should be supplied with more clothing.

Instead of our starting off the next morning at sunrise, a sort of "fantasia" was held. This consisted in men riding up and down the camp furiously, with mimic combats between individuals—a sort of circus display, in fact. Stricter watch was placed over me, and my guards were warned against allowing me to hold conversation with anyone. At sunset we were off again, and the following day halted in the desert, El Ordeh (Dongola) being then, I was told, a few hours' distant. We rested probably a couple of hours, and marched until evening, but had not yet sighted Dongola. A final search was here made for concealed loot, and a piece of my leather bag having been discovered on one of the men, he was flogged. Offering to confess, he declared that he had found the bag empty upon the ground. His clothing and that of his section was then searched, and resulted in the discovery of seventeen of my Turkish dollars. A further application of the dread kourbash, or whip of rhinoceros or hippopotamus hide, resulted in the discovery of the remainder of the three hundred dollars, whilst a third scouring brought to light the greater part of the jewellery. All this flogging and searching delayed us, and instead of travelling that night we only got away in the morning, arriving within sight of Dongola at noon, when men were sent in to report our arrival.

While awaiting the return of the messengers, discipline—what there was of it—was relaxed, and the camp given over to jubilation. The attentions bestowed upon me were not pleasant; both by words and actions I was given to understand what the men hoped and expected would be my fate. A respite was granted when the man who had received the floggings was brought to me so that I might certify that all the things discovered on him and his companions were extracted from my cash-bag, and that, furthermore, all the articles had been recovered. The sufferer seemed none the worse for his

experiences, and, on my expressing surprise, the matter was explained to me.

**How the Scouring is Done.**

When the Ansar, or faithful, are flogged—whilst on an expedition—for a theft which, as the Emirs know, everyone would commit, so many stripes are ordered to be given. These are administered with the kourbash, or rhinoceros-hide whip, on the fleshy part of the back and over the clothing. There is no abrasion of the skin, but the application of eighty blows—the usual number—causes local functional derangements which are as painful to the victim as they are amusing to the onlookers, particularly those who have undergone a similar experience, or who have, in the undisguised language of the East, had one related to them. The gibes and jeers, by the way, added to what passes for humour in the Soudan, has as much to do with extracting a confession as the make-believe castigation. The victim on this occasion forgave me, and blamed the sugar for his discovery. The sugar-loaves, which formed part of the goods of the Arabs who had joined the caravan at Wadi Halfa, had been broken up and distributed. At the wells some of the men had been noticed dipping pieces in the water and munching them; and none of the sugar having been handed in when the loot was collected, the first search was instituted, which resulted in the discovery of other hidden loot. I do not happen to know who is the "father of sugar," but I trust that the curses and imprecations showered on his head by my Dervish friends may not reach him.

**Hasseena's Forethought.**

Hasseena too was brought to be searched, and stripped naked; she cleverly dropped my seal in the sand, and pressed it in with her foot. I had asked her to get this seal from Elias, as, with this in their possession, the Dervishes might have written, through my clerk, whatever letters they chose, and sealing them with my seal, would have made them appear authentic. Hasseena was again questioned as to who I was, and persisted in saying that I was a merchant and not a Government official. While she was being threatened with the kourbash (and in this serious instance it would have been applied as the cat-o'-nine-tails is at home), the Emir Hamza came forward as a witness in my favour. Hamza was another chief who, friendly as he was to the Government, had been driven by force of circumstances into the ranks of the Dervishes. After the final search, a move was made towards Dongola, opposite which town we arrived between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Before the town we descried a grand parade of troops

taking place, and as we halted a band struck up a lively air.

From the sound which reached us, the band must have been composed of bugles and trumpets of all shapes, sizes, and pitch, with just as varied an assortment of drums. In the melody they played could be heard snatches of the so-called Khedivial hymn.

When the prisoners had been ranged up in such a manner as to make their exhibit most effective, and I, as the prisoner of the occasion, placed in the midst of the Emirs, a signal was given, on which the horsemen of the paraded army charged down upon us in their much-lauded and vastly over-rated exhibition of horsemanship. This exhibition consists of individual and collective charges right on to the opposing line of onlookers, then a sudden pulling-up of the horse which throws it on to its haunches, a meaningless shaking of swords and spears over one's head, and finally a swerve to the left or right, the direction being dominated by the half-broken jaw which the sudden pulling-up with the brutal ring-bit is responsible for. Another charge follows, and so on until the rider is tired or the horse jibs. This is the usual programme, but it is occasionally varied by accidents to horses and riders and onlookers—as, for example, the affair of Khalifa Ali Wad Helu, who, some few days before the Battle of Omdurman, gave an inspiring exhibition to the faithful in front of the Mahdi's tomb, in order to instruct them how to charge the British lines. He spoiled the whole thing, however, by being thrown, breaking his wrist, laming the horse, and nearly killing half-a-dozen of his most ardent admirers who were in the front rank. The parade and exhibition (called El Arrdah), given in celebration of our capture, lasted more than an hour, when a move was made towards Dongola, and on arrival at the town, Wad Hamza and Wad Farag led me to the gateway of Nejoumi's inclosure.

We were kept waiting at the entrance for some time, and it was as much as my guards could do to protect me from the rabble. The people were

clearly in a most excited state, and my position was not rendered any the more comfortable by my understanding the language perfectly. I was prodded with spears and swords, and maybe for a quarter of an hour—it may have been more; it may have been less—I was subjected to as severe an ordeal as ever man was put to. Many of those in the rabble knew me from pre-abandonment days, but the cringing supplicants of former



"I WAS FLOGGED WITH SPEARS AND SWORDS FOR MAYBE A QUARTER OF AN HOUR."

days were now my bitterest foes and tormentors. Curses and imprecations are common enough accompaniments in ordinary disputes in the East—disputes over the most trivial matters—where a child just learning to babble may be heard, in childish innocence, to lisp to its mother, "*Il la'an abook*," or a much shorter expression which, owing to the large number of people now understanding Arabic, I cannot here use. But it was the suggestive actions—

Threatened  
by the  
Rabble.

some representing beheading, some mutilations, and others of a description at which I may not even hint, which nearly drove me to exasperation. They did so actually, but I controlled myself, and did not allow my wrath to show itself in any way, either by word or deed.

On entering the inclosure, I was shown to a small room, on the floor of which three people were sitting. One of these rose, and, taking my hand, said, "*El Hamdu lillah*"—"Bis-Salaamtuk" (thanks be to God for your safety). I was told to sit down. The three scrutinized me, and I returned their gaze. For some moments nothing was said, and I was determined not to be the first to break the silence.

Presently food was brought in, and I was told to partake of it. As with the first meal with the Emirs, I set to with a will, and continued eating after the others had finished, taking not the slightest notice of my hosts. I was acting a part, I admit, for indifferent as I might have appeared to all taking place around me, I was at the same time all eyes and ears.

When I had finished eating, the one who had first spoken to me, and whom I had guessed

was Nejoumi, introduced himself to me. He prefaced the series of questions he put to me by saying, "Do not be afraid; I hope it will be my pleasure to receive you into the true religion, and then we shall be good friends." Nejoumi assured me that I would soon grow accustomed to my new mode of life, and would in the end bless him for having saved me.

He then told me that he knew perfectly well who I was, and, not being a "Government man," my life was safe in his hands; but my property, having been found in a caravan of enemies, must be confiscated. I did not follow his reasoning, nor was I allowed to, for he sent me off to the house of the Amin Beit el Mal (store-keeper or director of the Beit el Mal), with instructions that I should be well attended to. Hasseena was sent into the harem of the same house.

Early the next morning Nejoumi sent for me, and, upon arriving at his inclosure, I saw that he had a number of Sheik Saleh's men under examination. I learned later that some had admitted that I was once in Government employ, and had fought against the Mahdi, but that now I was a merchant only. There were, of course,

**A Trying Meal.**



NEJOURI'S FIRST QUESTION WAS, "WHICH ARE THE GOVERNMENT PAPERS?"



numbers in the town who remembered me in connection with the expedition, and in order to curry favour, they were by no means averse to credit me with exploits and prowess which, if related to and believed in by the British authorities, would have placed me upon an unearned pedestal. These things were in this instance related in the hope that I should be placed on the now well-known angareeb, or bedstead platform, which in a few seconds would be drawn away, leaving me suspended by the neck. When my turn for interrogation came, my letter-wallet was handed to Nejoumi; he had, no doubt, had the contents examined the night before.

**Nejoumi's  
First  
Question.**

His first question was, "Which are the Government papers?" I declared that there were none, and that all the papers were business ones. He then inquired, "Are there no papers from the friends of the Government?" To which I answered, "There may be; I am a merchant; I buy gum, hides—anything from the Soudan—and sell them again to anyone else who will buy them from me. It is *khullo zai baadoo* (all the same) to me who the people are—friends or enemies of the Government—provided they pay me. I gave good money for what I bought, and wanted good money for what I sold." Nejoumi then told me that he had had the letters translated by a girl educated in the "Kanneesa" or church of Khartoum. General Stephenson's letter had been translated as a "firman," appointing me the *Pasha of the Western Soudan*! with orders to wage war on the Dervishes, for which purpose I had been provided with money, rifles, and ammunition, and about forty or fifty men as my personal bodyguard!

**Bogus  
Transla-  
tions.**

At first I was dumfounded; then, serious as my position was, I could not restrain myself from bursting out laughing. I protested that the translation was false, and asked to be shown the document. I was not shown it. To a man whom I surmised was the Kadi, I said, "If the letter is a 'firman,' then it should be written in Arabic, as the Soudanese do not read or understand English." This remark appealed to Nejoumi, who said that he did not believe the translation himself, as it was quite different from the news he had received from Hassib el Gabou. I made inquiries about the above-mentioned black female convert to Christianity, and learned that she knew not a single word of English! She knew a few words of Italian, however, and like the remainder of such converts—so-called—went to the mission for what she could get out of it. I have forgotten her name, but hope to discover it before completing my notes, when I shall give it. It would be interesting to

learn how much Christian money had been wasted on the education of this supposed convert, married then to a Danagli, and a shining light amongst the most fanatical of the women, who, with their songs and dances, fanned the flame of fanaticism amongst the men.

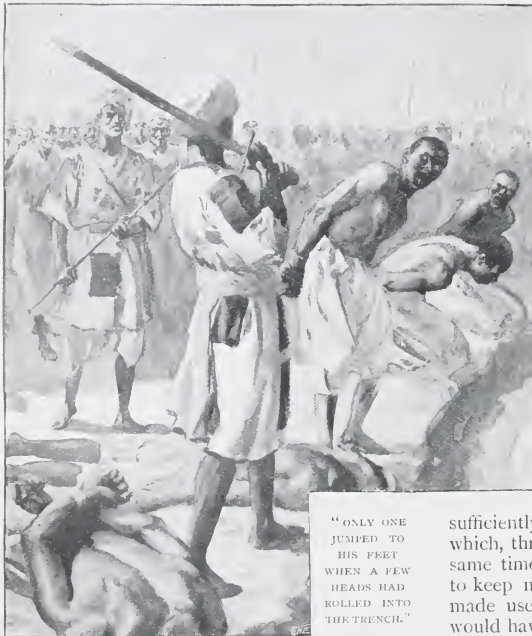
More of Saleh's men were presently brought in and questioned. I was questioned with them. In the end, I admitted that General Stephenson's letter asked me, if I was passing Sheik Saleh's district, to tell him that arms and ammunition were awaiting him at Wadi Halfa; but that I had nothing to do with the sale of them was proved by my arriving after they had been taken over. Furthermore, my papers would show that I had not sold them to him, and that I was not going to collect the money for them as they believed. The remainder of that conference is as a mere haze to me now, but I remember that later the same day I was told that Nejoumi, pressed by the other Emirs, had, in order to elicit the truth by frightening the others, ordered the slaughter of fourteen of the Arabs who had joined us at Wadi Halfa. Appalling news, indeed. El Amin, my guide, for some reason or other which I never discovered, was ordered to be executed at the same time, and was first to be beheaded. My surmises upon this incident had better be left to my next chapter.

On the following morning, the Amin Beit el Mal ordered me to get ready to attend a "fantasia" which Wad en Nejoumi had arranged, and at which he had ordered me to be present; but, being his prisoner, I must appear as one, and for this purpose a light ring and chain were placed on my neck, and a light chain fastened to my ankles. On arrival at Nejoumi's, I found the Kadi trying to persuade Darb es Safai and about twelve or thirteen of Saleh's men to become Mahdists. Darb es Safai was their spokesman. They scorned the exhortations of the Kadi, however, and heaped on his head whatever insults they could. Nejoumi was present, and to him Darb es Safai said, "We have ridden behind our master, Sheik Saleh, and we refuse to follow you on foot as slaves; we have come here to die—let us die."

**"Let us  
Die."**

Being told that if they persisted in their stubbornness they certainly would be killed, Darb es Safai repeated, "We have come to die—let us die." I was then removed to a small mud hut, and told to sit down. Whilst here, hundreds of the populace came to see me, flinging at me all the abuse their rich language is capable of, and striving with each other to excel in virulence. Darb es Safai and the others had been marched off a short distance and set to dig a shallow trench.

When this was finished they were ordered to kneel at its edge, and then their hands were tied behind them; this action is practically the declaration of the death sentence. Es Safai asked to be beheaded last, as he wished to see how his men could die. Only one jumped to his feet when a few heads had rolled into the trench, and Es Safai called



"ONLY ONE  
JUMPED TO  
HIS FEET  
WHEN A FEW  
HEADS HAD  
ROLLED INTO  
THE TRENCH."

out, with scornful pride, "Kneel down. Do you not see these cowards are looking at us?" This then was the "fantasia" I was to have assisted at, but, by some misunderstanding, was spared the horrible spectacle. When the executions were over, my chains were removed, and I was again taken before Nejoumi, and questioned as to what property I had in the caravan, and also if I had any slaves. I said I might not possess slaves, but had two servants—Elias, my clerk, and Hasseena, who was a freed slave, and now my female servant. Elias had been cross-examined, but had evidently, in his fright, contradicted himself time after time. First he said he was my clerk, then that he was the servant of Ali Abou Gordi of the Alighat tribe, who was at that time trading in the Soudan. Nejoumi told me that, if Elias's last tale were true, he

could not be returned to me, as he must be an enemy. I did my best for Elias, telling Nejoumi that he was a good clerk and a good writer, and that he might be very useful to him in writing letters. Hasseena was also brought in, and protested she was my slave—not my servant; that I had bought her, but, as slaves were not allowed by the Government, I had to give her a *shehaada*, or certificate, declaring her free.

Nejoumi calmly made a present of her to one of his men, and on this Hasseena squatted on the ground and refused to budge. She screamed to Nejoumi that he might, if he chose, marry her himself, but she went on to say whoever her husband might be, he would die the same night, she knowing how to poison people secretly. She really knew nothing whatever about poisons, but this remark probably was the reason for her being sent to the Khalifa, as it was thought she might prove useful. She was accordingly sent back as "property" to the Beit el Mal. My ordeal, however, was not yet over. Other chiefs came in, and the conference thus opened soon developed into a heated, if not acrimonious, discussion and dispute. I did not know Soudani

sufficiently to follow all that was said, besides which, three or four were speaking rapidly at the same time; but I gathered that Nejoumi wished to keep me by him, as he believed I might be made useful in signing letters which my clerk would have to write. The others, believing the girl's translation of the letter, were for dispatching me forthwith to the next world, and sending my head as a gruesome present to the Commandant at Wadi Halfa, accompanied by the supposed "firman" appointing me "Pasha." It is not a pleasant experience to sit down and hear your fate being discussed by semi-savages, conscious that the sentence will be carried out immediately if a majority are in favour of it. And surely no criminal ever scanned the face of a jury on its return into court as I did those of my savage captors, with ears strained to catch every familiar word; and difficult as it is after all these years to attempt to give a real analysis of one's feelings then, I know that one thought was uppermost.

It was, that had death been the sentence, I gloated over the scene my brain had conjured up—of my spring-

Desperate Thoughts.

ing at the throat of the first Emir I could reach, with my nails buried in and tearing at the flesh, until a blow would finish all; and so would I rob the fanatical horde outside of the pleasure of seeing a hated "Turk" publicly executed. That the recollection is no imaginary one may be guessed from the fact that, when I asked about Gabou's "health" at Assouan after my release, one part of that conjured scene sprang up, and doubtless would have been acted had that infamous traitor been alive.

Nejoui only partly won his point, but it was decided I was to be sent to the Khalifa. Seven men were sent for, and Hasseena and I placed in their charge. Nejoui then gave me some clothing, and also a hundred dollars out of the three hundred taken from me. We were ordered off to Omdurman that night.

(Extracts.)

"He (Nejoui) captured in the Oasis of Selima a large part if not the whole of the rifles. This was mainly owing to the imprudence of an enterprising German merchant named Charles Neufeld, who had accompanied the convoy, and, desirous of obtaining a supply of water, had descended to the oasis, where he was captured by the enemy."

"... Most of them were killed, and a few, including Neufeld, were taken captive to Dongola; there they were beheaded, with the exception of Neufeld, who was sent to Omdurman, where he arrived on March 1, 1887."

March 21, 1887.—"Sixty Kabbabish have arrived, sent by their chief to take over arms and money."

May 15, 1887.—"Mr. Neufeld is reported to have diverged from caravan of Kabbabishes to Sheik Saleh to Bahak Wells, and to have been taken prisoner by the Dervishes. A few Kabbabish letters are also said to have been captured; none from this office were intrusted to him" (Blue Book No. 2, 1888—Nos. 50 and 90).

"Neufeld was now free. His release was owing to one of the Emirs representing to Abdallah Khalifa the great service Neufeld had been in enabling arms and ammunition to be taken from the Kabbabishes at the time he was captured" (Letter to Mrs. Neufeld from War Office. Cairo, 10.3.90).

It may be as well at once to give the real history of my capture as regards the circumstances and the arrangements made to effect it. I received the details first from Ahmed Nur Ed Din, who, some months after my capture, came to Omdurman on his own initiative to try and effect my escape. His version was confirmed and amplified by my intended companion Hogal, who again fell into the hands of the Dervishes in 1897, and was imprisoned with me until we were finally released a few months ago.

The treachery of Gabou has also been confirmed by Moussa Daoud Kanaga, who came

from the Soudan to meet me, having heard of my release and arrival in Cairo. Moussa was one of the Soudan merchants with whom I had had many dealings in former days; and, believing he could do something towards effecting my escape, he, after many attempts to reach me, finally succeeded in doing so in September, 1889.

Now, instead of wearying my readers with snatches from one narrative and the other, I will try combining all, to make one narrative clear and connected, having for this purpose deleted from the last chapter remarks and questions put to me by Nejoui at Dongola in order to introduce them here.

The guide I had engaged for the journey, Hassib el Gabou, belonged to the Dar Hamad section of the Kabbabish tribe which was settled in and around Dongola. Gabou was employed as a spy by the military authorities on the frontier, but there is not the slightest doubt that he was at the same time in the pay of the Emir Wad Nejoui.

He related to each side just sufficient to keep himself in constant good grace and pay, and failing authentic news of any description, he was able to fall back upon his intimate local knowledge, his double dealings, his knowledge of the people and language, and a fund of plausibility which, at the present day, would not pass current for five minutes.

Between the Dar Hamad section, and the section acknowledging Saleh Bey Wad Salem as their head, there were a number of old outstanding jealousies which had not been settled; what they were all about I cannot pretend to say, but one of the principal was, whether Sheik Saleh or the head of the Dar Hamads should be considered the senior. It may not have been forgotten by those who have taken an interest in Soudan affairs that the existence of these tribal jealousies and disputes between divided tribes was taken full advantage of by the Mahdi and Khalifa, in very much the same way that a political agent runs one section of a party against another, and gains *his* point, at the cost and discomfiture of the others who, for the time being, are unconsciously playing his game for him. Sheik Saleh's party then were the real Bedawi or men of the desert, and, therefore, more reliable than the Dar Hamads, who had the "belladi" or town taint, or stigma, attached to them.

(To be continued.)

**The Real  
History of  
the Capture.**

**How the  
Traitor  
Worked.**



## My Adventures on the Roof of the World.

By R. P. COBBOLD.

### I.

Readers of "The Wide World" will be specially interested in this record of a magnificent journey in the remotest wilds of Central Asia—more especially as Mr. Cobbold was able to take such remarkable snap-shot photographs en route. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any Central Asian traveller's camera ever served him so well.

**E**VER since reading Captain Young-husband's interesting book, "The Heart of a Continent," I was filled with an ambition to visit that mysterious region called "Pamir," which until quite recent years was an utterly unknown land.

It was in August, 1897, that the much-longed-for opportunity occurred to gratify my wish. I was shooting in Kashmir at the time, when quite unexpectedly the Indian Government gave me permission to make use of the road to Gilgit, which, passing through the narrow defile of Hunza-Nagar, or Kunjut, eventually finds a way over the natural frontier of India—the Hindu Kush Mountains—and from thence descends on to the Pamirs. I was lucky to get leave, because for some inexplicable reason the Government closes the Gilgit road to all but officials. Formerly there were good reasons for doing so, as the military road did not then exist, and the only means of conveying baggage and supplies was on the backs of the natives—who, by the way, objected very strongly to the forced labour. Now, however, this pretext no longer exists, for there is a magnificent 10ft. road from Kashmir to Gilgit, a distance of something over 200 miles; and there is also an unlimited supply of baggage animals.

The real reason why the Gilgit road is closed is the jealousy of the officers of the Gilgit Agency over their sporting rights. For this district comprises the best shooting in the world. Markhoor, ibex, and orial abound, but no one is allowed to shoot except the half-dozen officers quartered at Gilgit. And a real good time they have! I did not take long making preparations. Some thick woollen suits made out of the cloth of the country; warm gloves, and long fur boots were easily procured. Stores required more thought. What I took consisted

principally of tea and cocoa, porridge, treacle, compressed soups, sugar, baking powder, flour, and rice. I had a dozen ponies to carry my baggage stores and my rifles, which consisted of a 12-bore ball and shot gun, a Mannlicher repeating rifle, and a single-barrelled '303. The Mannlicher was the weapon that did all my work; it is the best rifle for non-dangerous game that I ever wish to use.

The road to Gilgit is a very good one, as I said before; the two passes it crosses present no difficulties except in winter. Travelling by easy stages I arrived at Gilgit in a fortnight, where I was hospitably entertained by the Political Agent, Captain McMahan, one of the ablest men in his department.

My first photograph here reproduced shows the British Residency at Gilgit. It is a comfortable, single-storied house, overgrown with vines, which in September afford excellent grapes. Gilgit is a green and pretty village, situated in a valley surrounded by enormous mountains. There is excellent shooting here—the markhoor, ibex, and orial being constantly seen by the officers from their houses. There is a largish garrison, consisting of the Political Agent's escort of 200 regular troops of the Indian Army; two regiments of Kashmiri



MY STARTING-POINT—THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AT GILGIT.  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*

Imperial Service troops, and a battery of Artillery. There are about eight officers, some of them married, and their wives living there with them. They have a very good time of it, playing golf, lawn tennis, cricket, and football with the troops, besides enjoying the fishing and wonderful shooting. They are not very hard worked, and have no General to worry them. Then, of course, they are the nearest troops to the frontier, and would be the first in it if there was a disturbance. I stayed a week at Gilgit waiting for the Hunza River to fall. In the summer the path beyond Hunza is very difficult, as the lower road by the river is submerged, so that you have to climb along the precipices high up, hanging on "by your eyelids," so to speak. About the middle of October the water began to fall, and I started off.

As usual in such expeditions, my troubles commenced early. My pony-men, never having been beyond Gilgit, refused to go farther, and had to be persuaded gently to do so. As far as Hunza, which is sixty miles beyond Gilgit, the road made by sappers and miners in the war of 1891 is fairly good. I reached Hunza in three days. It was very hot in the narrow, barren defile, but the scenery was simply magnificent. The mountains inclosing this valley are among the most stupendous in the world. From one point you can see a dozen peaks over 20,000ft. high: Rakapushi (25,000ft.) is the highest. This mountain is a sublime sight, with a very sharp cone, and sides clothed with birch, mountain ash, and hazel—all in beautiful autumn tints. Below these come dark pine and deodar forests. Hunza-Nagar are two States on opposite sides of the river. We conquered them in 1891, and hard work it was; three officers gained the V.C. in one fight.

The natives are very interesting people—good-looking, with clean-cut, aquiline features. They claim descent from Alexander, who on his victorious march to India sent some sick troops to recruit their health in these lofty valleys—at all events, so the story goes. The Mir of Hunza lives in a lofty castle, high up on the mountain side, and overhung by a towering snow-peak. On one side his castle wall slopes sheer down to the edge of a precipice, with a mighty glacier thousands of feet below. Down

this precipice inconvenient relatives used to be thrown before we took the country. There is a wonderful panorama from the castle itself—huge peaks of fantastic shape as far as the eye can see; and below the castle and on the Nagar side of the river, cultivation and green orchards—a smiling contrast to the frowning peaks above. The people live on fruit half the year, eating it raw as long as it lasts, and then dried in the sun—peaches, apricots, grapes, and melons abound. The rest of the year they eat bread, which, however, is something of a luxury, for the steep nature of the country admits of little cultivation. The women are, as a rule, very pretty, but all except the old ones are kept religiously secluded.

Hawking is a great pastime. These birds are used to kill ducks, chikow, or French partridges, and many other small birds. The next photograph almost recalls the Middle Ages. It shows two Hunza men with their hawks. The clothes these people wear are all of sheep's wool spun in their own houses. Beyond Hunza the road ceases, and there is then but a mere track. Still, as the river was falling rapidly, the ponies managed to ford the stream successfully; and when it was too deep the men carried the baggage along the precipitous cliffs whilst the ponies swam. As you ascend the valley the



TWO HUNZA MEN WITH THEIR TRAINED HAWKS.  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*

villages get smaller and poorer. It is about one hundred miles from Hunza to the crest of the Hindu Kush. The ascent is rather severe and trying to the lungs.

The pass I crossed by is called Kilik. It is nearly 16,000ft. high, and the magnificent view



MY FIRST VIEW OF THE PAMIR FROM THE BRITISH FRONTIER—KILIK PASS,  
 15,600FT. HIGH. [the Author.]

from the summit is clearly indicated in the next snap-shot. Looking forward to the north, one sees a grand vista of snowy mountains—chain upon chain and range upon range, all snow. Behind lay the Hindu Kush, with its mighty peaks. Beyond, again, were the Himalayas, separating Gilgit from Kashmir; and in the far distance, two hundred miles away, the great dome of Munga Parbat, 28,000ft., towering above all the rest. Below me lay a wide valley, covered with brown grass—that was the Pamir. I had expected to see an elevated table-land, but there was none. The ponies I had hired now turned back. Poor beasts, they were much reduced in condition, and the men suffered greatly from cold.

Nurla Bai (the most remote British postman in the world) now met me with some yaks, which are a shaggy kind of ox peculiar to Tibet and the Pamirs. These beasts are wonderfully sure-footed, and

will cross precipices and frozen streams without the least fear of slipping—my interesting postman had also got some camels with him. Nurla Bai is a native of Yarkand, and carries Her Majesty's dak (the Indian name for mail) from the confines of Hunza-Nagar to Kashgar, where the Indian Government has an official stationed to look after trade interests. A portrait of this man appears in the next photograph, together with my cook Kellick, a native of Ladakh, which is a dependency of Kashmir. He is an excellent cook, in a rough way, and used to produce in thirty



HOUSE-BUILDING ON THE "ROOF OF THE WORLD."  
 From a Photo. by the Author.

minutes three courses—soup, meat, and pudding—with the thermometer below zero, no fuel, and only snow to boil with. But you will ask, how could he cook without fuel? Well, there is no wood in the Pamirs, so dried dung is used instead. It makes a good fire. Some years ago the Russians seized the dak to see what was in the letters, but I don't suppose they found anything exciting.

The next photograph shows the Kirghiz nomads of the Pamir putting together an "akoi," or tent. The framework is made of



ON THE LEFT IS THE MOST REMOTE POSTMAN IN THE WORLD, CONVEYING HER MAJESTY'S  
 1 MAILS ACROSS THE PAMIR FROM GILGIT TO KASHGAR. ON THE RIGHT IS MY  
 LADAKHI COOK. [the Author.]





A REMOVAL ON THE PAMIRS. THE KIRGHIZ REMOVE THEIR DWELLINGS BY CARRYING THEM OFF BODILY. [the Author.]

splines, supporting a wooden centre, whence the smoke escapes. The whole framework is covered with felt matting; and a first-rate dwelling takes about half an hour to construct.

We next have a photographic representation of house-moving on the "Roof of the World." Here we see a tent in process of being moved bodily to a fresh locality. Obviously it is not a very arduous undertaking. The curious dress of the Kirghiz women is also shown here. Their head-gear consists of many yards of cloth wrapped round and round till it takes the form of a huge cheese; these, however, are worn only by the married women. Then their dress is a coloured Russian cotton, whilst underneath they wear loose trousers. I don't think they wear anything else. A wife on the Pamir varies in price according to her looks. A good-looking girl will command a large price. She is purchased in kind. Perhaps ten camels, five ponies, five yaks, and fifty sheep would be paid; this would mean an outlay of £100, but it would only be a rich man who could afford such a lovely creature. The Kirghiz are very dirty; you see, it is much too cold to wash.

Vol. iii.—45.

They have great numbers of flocks and herds, and live on the flesh and milk. The milk of the camels, mares, sheep, yaks, and goats is all mixed together. The sheep's milk is the richest. Excellent cream is obtainable in every house. A whole family live together in one hut in a patriarchal sort of way—father, mother, children, and grandchildren—aye, and often the brothers and sisters of the parents also, if they are not well enough off to support themselves. Generally you find about ten in a hut.

When these nomads really change camp, they don't shift their dwelling bodily, as you see them doing in the next photograph. No; in such cases the tent is soon dismantled and placed, on a yak or camel. The whole structure, with cooking pots, carpets, etc., will weigh about 500lb. They are very warm, these tents, and their shape prevents them from being readily blown over by the wind, which blows furiously on the Pamir. In spring-time the tents are filled at nights with the young of all their animals, and a nice uproar they make. The Kirghiz talk Turki. They are a lazy race, and never walk by any chance if they can possibly



AND THE WHOLE FAMILY HELP IN REMOVING THE HOUSE. [the Author.]



I GO OFF ON A "SHOOT" MOUNTED ON A YAK.  
From a Photo. by the Author.

ride. They rarely tell the truth—are, in fact, great liars, and, if you don't watch it, thieves also.

In the next photograph the author is seen on a shooting ox, or "yak," as they are called. This animal, as I remarked before, is peculiar to Tibet and the Pamirs. He dies if he goes below 10,000ft. in summer-time. These beasts are wonderful climbers and invaluable for shooting purposes. No hill is too steep for them to climb, and no ground too bad for them to negotiate. You guide them with a rope run through the nostrils, which are bored for the purpose. The best way to make them go is to hit them behind the saddle on the spine with a stone; otherwise, unless you can get a man to drive them from behind, they will not go at all. Their dung constitutes the fuel of the Pamirs. Out of their long coats ropes are made, and they give a good amount of milk. The photograph shows the author going out shooting. Note the barren nature of the country, the sheepskin coat, and the Jaeger cap. Jaeger garments of all kinds are a necessity in extreme cold. I have found nothing so good. Felt boots lined with fur are also indispensable for keeping out the biting cold.

We next come to a very remarkable photograph — I

might well say a unique one — representing the great sheep of Marco Polo, called *ovis poli*. This animal inhabits the Pamirs, the Thean Shan Mountains, and some other lofty ranges to the north of Tibet. It is the largest sheep in the world, standing nearly twelve hands in height. The one in the picture weighed 36st. The method of hunting them is to start from camp on a yak long before dawn, so as to reach the valley where you think they will be feeding at dawn. They are found in large herds — sometimes a hundred together. In one place on the Russian side of the

Bayik Pass, five hundred of these magnificent creatures were seen in a day, including females. They are very wary and difficult to approach, the mountain sides being so bare that there is little chance of getting cover. The photograph shows the difficult nature of the country they inhabit. In the early mornings they descend to feed, but soon after the sun gets up they retire to higher ground, where they pass the day amidst the snow. So many of these sheep are killed by wolves in the winter-time that their horns strew the Pamirs. The flesh is good, and in the autumn very fat. The largest pair of horns known are those in the



THIS IS A UNIQUE SNAP-SHOT. IT SHOWS AN *OVIS POLI*, OR GREAT SHEEP OF THE PAMIRS, IN ITS ALMOST INACCESSIBLE WILDS. THE HEAD OF AN *OVIS POLI* IS THE "BLUE RIBBAND" OF THE BIG-GAME HUNTER.  
From a Photo. by [The Author.]



MY RETURN AFTER A SUCCESSFUL DAY'S HUNTING.  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*

possession of Lord Roberts — they measure 75 in. round the outside curve. These were picked up off the ground. The longest pair ever shot are 65 in. I myself was fortunate in shooting an ovis poli carrying horns measuring 64 in. in length—the second largest ever shot. Considering the inaccessibility of its haunts, the dangerous nature of the stalk, and the fineness of the trophy, it is no wonder that an ovis poli head should be numbered among the prizes of the big-game shooter.

In the next snap-shot is seen my return to camp after a successful day's shooting. In this case it was a very successful day indeed, for the yaks carry two heads apiece. The two native hunters are riding a third yak. When an ovis poli is killed there is much rejoicing, as the huge beast affords unlimited meat to the Kirghiz; the skin is used to make boots—though the hide of the ibex is more durable for this purpose. The ovis poli has very large bones, which are rich in marrow. Formerly there were great numbers of this sheep on the Pamirs, but the quantity is decreasing rapidly. The Kirghiz

kill a great many with dogs in the winter-time, when the snow is deep. These dogs, by the way, are wonderfully sagacious, and will follow an animal for miles and never leave it. Eventually they bring it to bay in some rocky ground, and there hold it till the hunter comes up with his gun. To fire a Kirghiz gun is rather an alarming business. The barrel is supported on the ground by a pronged rest, and the powder in the touch ignited by a piece of lighted string attached to the hammer. Still, strange as it may seem, they manage to kill a good many beasts with these fearsome weapons of the chase.

The highest peaks on the "Roof of the World" are shown in the next photo.—among them being the great Mustagh-Ata, 26,000ft., the "father of snow mountains." It is an imposing pile, and divides the Pamir from the plains of Turkestan. From the point of view of scenery, be it remembered, this is the most stupendous and awe-inspiring region on earth. The sides of Mustagh-Ata are seamed by eight enormous glaciers, which have cut deep beds in



THE HIGHEST PEAK ON "THE ROOF OF THE WORLD"—MUSTAGH-ATA, 26,000FT. HIGH.  
DR. SVEN HEDIN UNSUCCESSFULLY ATTEMPTED THIS PEAK.  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*





A CHINESE OUTPOST ON THE MARCH. NOTE THE DEVICES ON THE BANNERS REPRESENTING THE VARIOUS STYLES OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

*From a Photo. by the Author.*

the mountain sides. The natives have many legends about this great mountain. Some say that on the summit will be found an inferior kind of Paradise, with gardens and flowers, but the aspect of the mountain hardly coincides with this idea. From the point of view of personal comfort I should say a *very* inferior Paradise. Dr. Sven Hedin, the great Swedish explorer of Central Asia, attempted the ascent, but only reached a point 18,000ft. high. No one has ever yet seen the top of Mustagh-Ata, and most probably no one ever will. It is a wonderful sight. The whole mountain is so vast that it took my caravan two long days merely to skirt the base of it. The people of the neighbourhood could not understand what Sven Hedin had been doing in a boat on the lake close by; they imagined he had been taking soundings to see if the bottom was lined with gold.

Shortly after leaving Mustagh-Ata I met a Chinese force, and the next snap-shot shows a portion of the garrison of the

fort guarding the defile to Kashgar. They are going out in full dress to meet the Amban, or Governor. They are a curious-looking crowd, their banners and coats, covered with strange hieroglyphics, depicting the various styles and titles of the Emperor of China. Their arms are a motley accumulation of Sniders, Enfields, muzzle-loaders, and one or two magazine rifles. The meeting with the Amban was a curious sight. The escort all fired off their guns in a ragged volley, and then some of them galloped in front of

the great personage, firing wildly all the time. It was quite immaterial that many were loaded with ball cartridge, and that the bullets could plainly be seen dropping into the lake. That only encouraged them to fire more. The thing seemed to grow more attractive with the risk. The Amban's personal attendants also kept up the fusillade all round him, so he must have had quite a warm time of it.

I now left the Pamirs for the time being and descended gradually through a labyrinth of bare mountains to the plains of Turkestan. The



THE MARKET-PLACE IN THE REMOTE CENTRAL ASIAN CITY OF KASHGAR.

*From a Photo. by the Author.*

cold had lately been so excessive—generally several degrees below zero—that I and my men were glad to get to lower elevations. Two days after reaching the plains we arrived safely in Kashgar. This town is the seat of government in Kashgaria, and is a large city of 50,000 inhabitants—Chinese, Turks, Afghans, Indian traders, and many others.

We next have a striking view of the marketplace in Kashgar city. On Wednesdays the country people flock in from the surrounding country in thousands, bringing the produce of their farms to barter for cotton goods—mostly Russian, I fear, for the latter are much better and cheaper than the British-made cottons, or, at all events, those which find their way from home to this out-of-the-way spot. This photograph, I ought to explain, was *not* taken on a

in Kashgar at the same price as they do in Moscow.

I was invited to several dinner-parties during my stay in Kashgar. Here is the menu of one "little spread" given by the Governor (we were seven): *Hors d'œuvres*: Ham, tongue, pork, liver, ducks' eggs preserved in chalk, and sweetmeats. *Dinner proper*: Sharks' fins and sweet onions; fish-skins and onions; sea slugs; lotus beans and roots; bamboo shoots and roots; crackling of sucking-pig; celery and meat (unknown); liver of sucking-pig; fat of ditto; mushrooms; Kulchar pears, stewed with sweet rice inside; duck fried in batter; meat dumplings; sweet dumplings, rice, and condiments; hot elderberry wine; hot Benedictine; almonds and tea. A brazier of hot coal was under the table and the door wide



GOING TO MARKET IN KASHGAR—FATHER AND SON IN FRONT AND WIFE BEHIND.  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*

market day, otherwise there would not be standing-room anywhere. There are several Europeans in Kashgar. Firstly, there is the agent of the Indian Government; then a Russian Consulate and sixty Cossacks, and several Swedish missionaries. They cannot do any good with the people, and make but very few converts. I think they made one once, though. He was dying, and they forced their way into the house and threw water on him. The activity of the Russian traders is extraordinary. They are fast driving out the Indian merchants; but then, of course, the Russian Government allows such liberal bounties that the merchants are able to sell their cottons

open. It was a disgusting scene. The Chinamen threw the eatables about all over the table; and, as they have a jovial way of mixing drinks with any guest who is a particular friend, you get some truly awful concoctions offered you.

The usual method of going to market in this weird country is very quaint. In the accompanying photograph we see the father and his firstborn in front and his wife behind. The load on the top appears to be about equal in size with the unhappy beast of burden. The countrywomen age rapidly and become ugly. So do the donkeys. The town women are always closely veiled, and many are good-looking, with very red cheeks.

(To be continued.)



BY MRS. FRED. MATURIN AND MISS E. H. LEWIS.

Fun in a Himalayan bungalow—The sick officer—The still night—The turning door-handle and the fearful apparition—The tell-tale shoe and how it was tried on the suspects—Mrs. Maturin's journey—Another apparition and the toy pistol.



OUR Captain Fiddle lay, as all believed, dying, in the bare, white-washed room (yet the best we had) in the little Punjabic Himalayan bungalow which we had been trying for two months to leave, but couldn't, because our charge was so ill. Miss Lewis and I had nursed him since the June night when he had fallen over the *khud* near our shanty, broken both his ankles, and injured his spine. Captain Fiddle is really Captain C. P. Lloyd, late of the Buffs, but he was generally known as Fiddle.

His ankles mended, and he began to get about—much too soon, said the doctor, a dear little fat man, who used to run in and say, "Shure, an' how are ye to-day, Capt'in?" And when he'd re-banded the ankles, listened through a tube, examined his watch, made the invalid say ninety-nine

and breathe hard (and gone, in fact, through all the other medical Maskelyne and Cook manœuvres; the only difference between himself and Mr. Maskelyne being that nothing wonderful happened in the end), he would sit down for a rest on the patient's charpoy and gaze entranced while a number of us rehearsed a Turkish dance in front of Captain Fiddle's bed.

I was getting up theatricals "in aid of a charity" (the profits to be spent by the company on champagne suppers and a fancy dress ball; but you always put it like that in India), and Captain Fiddle was ballet-master. It was rumoured—and he never denied it—that whilst on a year's furlough "for urgent private affairs" he had gone home and joined the Moore

and Burgess Minstrels, trusting to the black not to be recognised. At any rate, he had



MRS. FRED. MATURIN IN THE IDENTICAL "TURKISH BALLET" COSTUME SHE WORE FROM A] ON THIS OCCASION. [Photo.



learnt to sing "Nelly Gray," falsetto, and could stand on one leg twenty minutes, and twirl the other round his head. Also he could do the Pigeon's Wing Step, which consists of jumping into mid-air and remaining there, flapping your feet together, after which, when the applause begins, it's the correct thing to go off the stage on your hands, your heels uppermost. It looked more unassuming, he always explained, than going off bowing, the right way up, which is apt to give a self-satisfied air.

His feet being useless, he showed us how to do the steps with his fingers on a tray; and he used to get so excited over the lesson (roaring at Miss Lewis, "Left leg, Miss Lewis, not right! Loop the right one up like I'm doing my thumb, for the love of Heaven!") that the little fat doctor would declare he was seriously injuring his health, and, on behalf of Miss Lewis, who had been trying for three weeks to stand on one leg and couldn't, the doctor would try in vain to point out that your fingers on a tray in bed and your feet on the ground were two vastly different things.

Captain Fiddle would declare that if there was one thing more than another which injured his health it was opposition. Miss Lewis *could* stand on one leg, and, what's more, she'd got to

stage head over heels in a graceful and natural-looking manner. It was being largely done at home by all the society women, premières, danseuses, etc. Would the doctor kindly not interfere? He might understand lungs and livers, but it was clear he didn't understand dancing.

The doctor was finally appeased by being promised that, if he made himself agreeable over this affair, he should be the *Pasha*, lounging in the background of the ballet, with a hookah, watching his wives dance; and as the "wives" were all good-looking and young, and, furthermore, in the pauses he was to be permitted to sit with his arm round each one in turn on the divan, he said no more. And the consequence of all this was the strange incidents I'm now telling you of.

I don't blame the doctor. Few men would resist such a bait, and he did all he could when the night came to keep up the ballet-master's strength with champagne, setting him the best of examples each time by saying, as a cork went pop, "Come now, Fiddle, me boy, I'll give you a lead," and before you could say Jack Robinson the bottle was empty.

The doctor made a jolly little *Pasha*, and performed his part so well that three infuriated



"THE DOCTOR MADE A JOLLY LITTLE 'PASHA.'"

—unless the whole dance was to be a failure. His hostess, Mrs. Maturin, had asked him to coach for this Turkish affair, and he never did things by halves. Miss Lewis was one of the central figures, and was to appear in the programme as *Bul-Bul, the Light of the Harem*, and she must dance up to the character. Before the 20th, she'd got to learn to go off the

husbands in the audience insisted on coming behind in the ten minutes' interval to ask him what he meant by holding their wives so tight that they screamed.

Whereupon the doctor referred them to Captain Fiddle, who, sitting in the wings with crutches under his arms, working the lime-light, said he'd never heard such nonsense in his life.

If a thing was worth doing, it was worth doing well—that's what *he'd* always been taught. Also, *if* you do a thing, do it with all your might; and if theatricals were to be a success, you'd got to be realistic; and who could be jealous of the little doctor? This led to a row. The husbands were angry at the mere idea they could be jealous of him, and the doctor was angrier at the idea that they couldn't. The lime-light, too, went wrong: it *would* fizzle away when the curtain was down, and stop fizzing when it went up; and the dance was such a *fasco* in consequence, and everyone so cross, that poor Fiddle was carried home to bed, in my dandie, speechless with exhaustion and disappointment. To crown all, Miss Lewis at the last moment had refused to go off head over heels. This appeared to affect the invalid more than anything.

The next morning Captain Fiddle was found sitting up trying to speak and couldn't. Paralysis, meningitis, and blindness rapidly came on, and oh! he was ill—ill as any mortal can be, and yet live. His sufferings were horrible. For weeks no one went to bed—neither I, nor Miss Lewis, nor the three soldier hospital-orderlies, nor the servants.

The season ended. Everyone left the Himalayas, and we were due in Agra, where my husband and our regiment were. A bungalow and servants were all ready there, and yet we couldn't get away, as there was no one else found to nurse the sick man. Now it was November. Our little fat doctor had gone, and his substitute had stood half an hour by the bedside shaking his head ominously and saying "Um"—as doctors do when they'd give anything to know what is the matter with the patient—and as he mounted his *tat* to ride away, he told me that the whole College of Surgeons couldn't save him—"Sorry; good-night." He rode up through the forest, and I stood outside the bungalow, leaning against a pillar, feeling utterly worn out, and breathing in a little of the keen air that sighed over deserted Dalhousie, as the rapid Indian night fell upon the mountain-world around us.

Away behind the bungalow, leaning up against Heaven, glimmered the Great Snowy Range, its pale pinnacles walling in the universe on that side, and joining earth to sky, with a silent majesty which dwarfed into insignificance such things as broken plans, cold, privation—yes, even the struggling life battling for existence under the little roof hard by! One felt that he struggled for a very short and miserable thing, as one gazed at that wide, white world beyond. And as for our privations—no dry wood for fires, no milk (our cow had been stolen three nights

before), and no food unless you seized it from the natives by force—what did it all matter as one looked at the darkening grandeur around, and realized that we were but specks crawling towards Eternity?—whether fast or slow signified but little.

I felt consoled as I at last left the plateau and re-entered the quiet bungalow. The children played almost noiselessly in the room farthest from the one in which the sick man lay. Two ayahs sat nursing their cold knees on the floor, murmuring to each other. The children built bricks in fur coats, for all the logs had to be kept for the silent room at the other end; and the cold was intense.

A sheep, skinny and small, and newly killed, hung in the veranda, and that was all the food we had to look forward to for a long time; we had sent my *khansamah* twenty miles into Chamba to fetch that. He obtained it by giving its owner a clout over the head, and then making off as hard as his legs would carry him, first throwing the price of it down at the infuriated native's feet; or he said he did. Miss Lewis always declares he did not, however, and that it was this which brought about what happened.

Dalhousie is only about twenty miles from Chamba, which is independent territory; and we are of the opinion that the Chamba men followed my *khansamah* and found out where we lived. Revenge was very easy for them. No one stops in Dalhousie after the 15th of October. The little hill-station becomes deserted. Everyone goes back to the warm plains, and as all the food supplies during the summer come from the plains, and nothing is grown, bred, or reared in Dalhousie, and these supplies cease with the demand—in October—he who remains there after that runs a good chance of dying of hunger and cold.

This, then, was our plight. Two English officials who are always forced to winter in Dalhousie provide against this by laying up wood and food during the summer, *à la cigale*. But *we* had *chantéed* all the summer, simply because we had no notion that events were to befall us which would pin us fast to this deserted spot long after civilization and food should have fled from it. Of the officials, one lived so far off, and had such a numerous family, that we dared not ask him for supplies; the other said he had hardly enough for himself.

So it really seemed as if starvation and death from cold shortly stared us in the face! The two officials had, during the bright summer days, shown me the photos. of their bungalows during the past winter, with only the chimneys sticking up through the snow, which in this

part of the Himalayas frequently falls to an even depth of *thirty-five feet*!—cutting you off entirely from the outer world. That the snow was coming now, we could feel and see. One by one the great, sombre fir-clad mountains between us and the White Range turned white too, and old, white-bearded Lal Bux, of the Bazaar, came up one morning to our bungalow, pointed away, and said, “It comes—and I go.”

He further earnestly advised us to go too (till now he had sold us rice and dal at high prices), but that was impossible. Our guest was dying, and what little chance of life he had would be shaken out of him if we tried to carry him down the seventy miles of rough mountain road which lay between us and comparative civilization.

the past season, had witnessed many a gay revel, and (draped with many a rich hue) had formed the background for bright faces of “fair women and brave men” now far, far away. The camels had weeks ago departed for the plains with all our domestic comforts when we were preparing to leave, and so our wretched little windows had not even a curtain to hide us from the night. Nor had we enough coverings for our beds, nor warm clothes, nor anything.

After long and earnest parley, we decided that as, if we all remained in Dalhousie, we must starve or die of cold, it would be best for me and my children and one ayah to get away down to the plains before the snow came.



“BE THROTTLED BY TO LOOK AT THE WOMAN LIE ON THE BED.”

However, our servants were listening eagerly to old Lal Bux, the soothsayer and prophet, and when he said, “The snow—it comes,” they knew it *was* coming; and that night all except the two ayahs and the cook ran away and deserted us.

This, therefore, was our strange plight that cold night in November in Northern India, in the year 1893. Miss Lewis and I sat in what had been my pretty drawing-room, and talked the prospect over till about 11 p.m. Bare, whitewashed walls, two chairs, two little round, worm-eaten tables, and the row of bare wooden grocery-boxes which had been the foundation of the Oriental divan for which my hill bungalow was always famous—this was all that remained of the dainty room which, during

Miss Lewis—dear, kind little soul—would remain to nurse the man whose toss-up for life now lay in our hands. Food for those who remained *might*, by using strategy or force, be obtainable, but for such a party as we now were, it was impossible. This being decided, we opened the door leading to the sick room, and tip-toed in to look at the worn figure on the bed.

Two soldiers, worn out, too, slept heavily in two rickety chairs by the sparse log fire, whose fitful gleams shone now red on their scarlet coats and pale faces, and then throbbled down into a dull glow. The one window of this room was curtained by two blankets, hung one over the other, the least ray of light causing the sufferer to shriek with agony (as is the case in



meningitis). Even now he moaned in a low, shrill way, as the fire-light played on the cracked ceiling above his up-turned face.

We whispered together, Miss Lewis and I, as to the division of the night-nursing; for we never left him alone with the orderlies. It was decided that, as I felt so ill, I should go to bed till 2 a.m. and then relieve Miss Lewis, and she was to call me if any change for the worse occurred. As the doctor had given him about half the night to live, I finally left the room with a heart full of dread.

The chill, vastly-silent Himalayan night, the great loneliness all around us, and the unseen Hand which seemed stretched over that still form ready to grasp it—all these, and the sinking depression caused by weeks of want of sleep, proper nourishment, and warmth, produced upon me an impression most appalling and profound, and I shuddered as I laid my head on my pillow and *instantly*—in three minutes, or so it seemed—dreamed that I stood by a cold, open grave, expecting to see a coffin in it, but instead fell in myself!

[The next bit of the story I will tell in Miss Lewis's words. She has kindly sent me her own account of what happened.]

When Mrs. Maturin had gone to lie down, I went round the bungalow to see that all was safe, and finally retired to the sick room. I put a fresh log on the fire, noticed how soundly the orderlies slept, and then tied my plush hood over my head and ears, for the cold was very great. Fearing to drop asleep if I lay down on the second bed, I sat myself in a chair by the sick bed, and tried to occupy my thoughts.

I let my mind travel back to my home in Devonshire and the dear ones there, and of all that had happened since the day I had left them and sailed for India in the troop-ship with Colonel and Mrs. Maturin and their children three years ago. I had many strange and even wonderful events to recall as I sat there. The life I had since led, as compared with the peaceful years previously spent in a quiet Devonshire parsonage, was, indeed, a startling contrast. According to Mrs. Maturin, it was like reading the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" after meandering through "The Daisy Chain."

One circumstance after another had led to the present strange situation, and now what lay before us? Mrs. Maturin, my one bright companion, and my three darling pupils, the children, were to leave Dalhousie in two days from then. This was necessary—and should I ever see them again? I was to remain behind—the only woman in a lonely Himalayan bungalow, seventy miles from civilization, from

which we should soon be completely cut off by deep snow, with two soldiers and a paralyzed and dying man—all of us short of food and every necessary of existence.

Pondering thus, I next recalled the very remarkable fact that, on our way up to this spot eight months before, a native fortune-teller at a dak bungalow at which we halted told me that ere the year was out I "*was to run a risk of my life through tending a man who was to have one leg diseased or useless.*"

How merrily Mrs. Maturin and I had laughed at this quaint prophecy! Well, our poor helpless invalid, then strong and well, and far away, had now got hemiplegia—paralysis of one whole side of the body. He could move one leg and not the other . . . Strange! . . .

At this moment I became aware of a sound. It was the handle of the door connecting with the drawing-room slowly turning. Mrs. Maturin often came in quietly thus, several times—even during the half of the night set apart for her rest. So, fearing that the creaking would disturb the patient, I rose, walked softly to the door, and taking the slowly turning handle in my fingers, I helped cautiously to turn it, saying as I did so—"Sh!—'Sh!—'Sh!—" (I little dreamt how near I now was to fulfilling the Hindu fortune-teller's prophecy!)

The door opened . . . but no Mrs. Maturin stood there . . .

I gazed up instead, horrified (I am a little woman), at a gigantic black man, who was rolled in a dark blanket, and held in his hand a huge curved knife, drawn out of its sheath. His large dazzling teeth gleamed in the uncertain light. . . . At the same moment I saw beyond him, in the veranda, others like him; and I knew they were men of the wild Chamba tribe, come probably to revenge themselves for the forcible taking of the sheep that morning! I instantly rushed back into the room, and seized and shook the two sleeping soldiers—the best thing I could have done.

The black ruffians had evidently not bargained for seeing Englishmen or red-coats. They had, of course, heard of the helpless sick sahib and the two memsahibs nursing him, and had calculated on an easy revenge. On beholding the orderlies spring up with a shout, and not knowing how many more there might be in the bungalow, the black fellow turned and fled, *dropping one shoe as he did so*. All the others, catching the scare, turned tail also and rushed pell-mell down the mountain through the jungle. The orderlies followed—not, however, as if specially anxious to catch them. I felt very angry about this at the moment, but have since found excuses for them, for I daresay they would



"I GAZED UP, HORRIFIED, AT A GIGANTIC BLACK MAN."

have been stabbed to death in an instant had they closed with the midnight intruders.

Mrs. Maturin came flying out of her room, white with terror. We went into the veranda. *The sheep was gone!* We all sat up till morning dawned, and then sent word to one of the officials (before mentioned), and also sent the dropped shoe, which was extraordinarily large. He dispatched a messenger to the Rajah of Chamba, who is friendly to the English, and His Highness suggested that a batch of suspected men should be sent to our bungalow and made to try on the shoe—a truly typical Indian mode of convicting a criminal!

The ceremony did actually take place with much solemnity, Mrs. Maturin sitting on a kind of throne as judge; but our Cinderella was not found. The shoe (instead of being too small) proved too big for any of the suspected feet. It appeared to strike no one that some of the men I had seen in the veranda might easily be standing before us now; but any way, as I could identify no one, it hardly mattered. I should not even have cared to identify the

native who opened the door in that ghostly manner. His height was remarkable, but his blanket was thrown across his face, and I should never have felt certain I was not perhaps laying my finger on an innocent man. And each man might well have been guilty, for as he was dragged up to try on the shoe he howled like a fiend. Mrs. Maturin's attitude, assumed half for fun and half to inspire awe, and with a mortar-board on her head, appeared to excite great anger amongst them, for it is well known that they despise our sex. I beheld the most furious glances levelled at her, and kept begging her to make herself scarce.

I believe Mrs. Maturin means here to relate the *finale* to this terrifying adventure, so I will make my bow and close.

(Signed) EULALIA HELEN LEWIS.

[Narrative concluded by Mrs. Maturin.]

Two days after that night, I left Dalhousie at 5 a.m. with my three children, one ayah, and our luggage slung between poles, and carried by a jabbering crowd of hill-coolies, who, elated at the unwonted sight of a memsahib travelling with no earthly protection in the shape of either men-servants or sahibs, went on in the most awful way the moment we had left Dalhousie above us, throwing down the baggage every two miles and refusing to go on unless supplied with money forthwith.

As I had had to pay fully for each one to a native official at Dalhousie, I at first indignantly refused, but had to give in at last, vowing vengeance—which I'm glad to say I eventually got on reporting them to the Commissioner.

However, all this delayed us terribly. The day passed, and as we got into the very wilds of the lower mountains, and darkness crept over the world, I began to feel nervous and wretched at the low whisperings and general demeanour of two of the coolies who had suddenly been joined by a third native—a *Chamba man*, I felt sure, by his face. He must have been awaiting us, for he hopped out of a steep ravine in a lonely part, and walking along close to my doolie, glanced now and then at me in a would-be careless kind of way.

At last I called my ayah to tell the fellow to go. He calmly took no notice. I would have given worlds to have hurled a bit of rock or something at him, for I was in a perfect passion at his insolent demeanour, coupled with my own miserably unprotected position; but the thought of my little children, sitting quarrelling sleepily in another doolie, stopped me, and I contented myself by looking at the creature with the deepest scorn.

When we at last reached a native village at the foot of the mountains, I refused to proceed any farther that night—evidently much to the disgust of the coolies; the stranger had disappeared. Their looks decided me more firmly than ever, and we retired to rest in a little dak bungalow, where, at any rate, the Government-chosen *khansamah* and *chokey-dar* slept near the dwelling all night, and would be more or less responsible for our safety.

Before I went to sleep I found and loaded,

remarkable height and odiously fiendish expression. I felt certain, and do now, that it was our Chamba Cinderella!

I sat up, took the pistol, and pointed it at him. He saw me distinctly, and ducked as I fired. Then away he went! I put another cap in the toy pistol, and, running to the door, opened it, and fired again and again; no European could possibly have been thus taken in; but a native, easily. And that he fled in terror, I know. Then I sat down and screamed.



"I SAT UP, TOOK THE PISTOL, AND POINTED IT AT HIM."

with as many little gunpowder caps as I could press in, a small, brown toy-pistol of the children's; price originally fourpence in the Lowther Arcade! This same pistol had stood Miss Lewis and me in good stead one night in quite another part of the Himalayas. Though it couldn't hurt a fly, it made a nice loud bang. I put the little pink box of caps close beside it near my bed, lit and placed a night-light in a basin, and then lying down closed my eyes.

But I didn't sleep. Now and then I opened them and lay thinking of all we had already gone through. Was our patient still alive, I wondered; and how would my dear little Miss Lewis fare in the strange situation she found herself in? After about an hour, turning my eyes drowsily towards the uncurtained glass door, I saw bending and peering in a *huge black man*, draped in a blanket. I should not, perhaps, have been *so* terrified but for his

The children woke up yelling; the *khansamah* and others came running in, and then I knew that at least I was safe for the rest of the night, so I felt at leisure to have a good cry, and did.

On examining the veranda we found the prints in the white sand (strewn over it for cleanliness) of two enormous naked feet! I had, unfortunately, left the tell-tale shoe behind up at Dalhousie with Miss Lewis, so couldn't measure them, but I felt quite certain who had been there. And had I been asleep (my door did not latch) I should, I suppose, have been butchered in my bed. The little pistol I have kept ever since.

The next night we reached civilization safely, and, I can tell you, I was glad!

To those who always like a "happy ever after," I will add—that Captain Fiddle did *not* die. He and Miss Lewis remained nearly all the winter in their lonely retreat.



Captain Fiddle not only recovered, but is now married, and the father of twins. He will have nothing more to say to private theatricals. He has never, he says, quite forgiven Miss Lewis for refusing to go off head over heels, but as he certainly owes his life to her noble and unselfish devotion under the most peculiar and trying circumstances, I think she has far more than atoned!

The accompanying group was taken by a native photographer outside my bungalow on the very morning of the theatricals which witnessed the disastrous Turkish ballet. Miss Lewis stands with her arm on my eldest child's shoulder; Captain

Fiddle sits in the dandie with his crutches. The other lady is myself. My devoted Bhootier ayah, who stuck to us through all our subsequent misfortunes, stands behind me; but the two men-servants behind Miss Lewis turned traitors and deserted us. The two windows in the back of the veranda belong to the very room in which the sick man lay on that eventful night, and which the Chamba man tried to enter. The stout man with a dog at his knees is an officer of the Highland Light Infantry; and, by-the-bye, that little black Tibetan dog of mine—Fátima—was carried off by a hill leopard a few nights after.



THIS IS THE IDENTICAL PISTOL WITH WHICH MISS MATURIN FRIGHTENED OFF HER MIDNIGHT VISITOR.  
From a Photo, by George Sezames, Limited.

Two men-servants who turned traitors and deserted Mrs. Maturin.

Miss E. H. Lewis, whose personal narrative is also given herein.

The faithful ayah.



Captain C. P. Lloyd (late of the Buffs), who Mrs. Fred. Maturin,  
was the invalid Ballet-Master, Captain Fiddle.

GROUP TAKEN OUTSIDE MRS. MATURIN'S BUNGALOW ON THE VERY MORNING OF THE "TURKISH BALLET" THEATRICALS.  
From a Photo.

## The Columbus Festival in Barcelona.

By B. WATERS.

They honoured him in this way before the war, but afterwards the citizens of Madrid pelted the great navigator's statue with rotten eggs. The discoverer of America is not in favour now!



ALTHOUGH the remains of Columbus were recently deposited in Seville Cathedral with much pomp and circumstance, amid the acclamations of a populace whose chief delight is in spectacular displays, the vogue of the discoverer of America is now by no means what it used to be in Spain. Indeed, the citizens of Madrid took occasion, not long ago, to revenge themselves upon him for the calamities which have followed his discovery by pelting his statue with rotten oranges and eggs. Before the war, however, he was probably the one man in all Spanish history whom his compatriots most delighted to honour.

It is not so long since all Spain was giving herself up to the celebration of the fourth centenary of Columbus, and at the same time proclaiming the praises of America to an extent which savours of grim irony to-day. My illustrations deal with this very striking festival

as it was observed in Barcelona, the most prosperous and one of the gayest cities in the peninsula.

The whole population was early afoot, and dense crowds soon thronged the magnificent broad promenade, with its double row of stately date-palms along the side of the harbour on the way to the bull-ring, where special performances were to be given later on in the day. This embankment was re-named "Promenade of Columbus" (Paseo Colon) in honour of the day, and it had undergone a strange transformation, which rendered it almost unrecognisable even by the oldest inhabitant. At each end was an enormous erection, consisting of two sturdy pillars supporting a great globe, which represented the world, and was surrounded by a huge canvas framework for the firmament, with stars and big yellow tongues intended to suggest sunlight. If the astronomy was not precisely accurate, the effect was at least imposing. The

general impression in the crowd was that the contrivers wished to recall old ideas of cosmogony. But it was surely sufficient that we had a fine display.

All down the avenue were rows of busts on lofty pedestals, a strange medley of Spanish-American celebrities and types. Famous generals and Aztec ladies, historical heroes and dusky potentates, were all arrayed like a gallery of Cæsars; while weird, fabulous beasts, barbaric crowns and emblems were scattered about below. At intervals in the centre stood gigantic idols of ancient American origin, taken out of the museums for exposure on this memorable day. Their head-dresses and pedestals, covered with all sorts of cabalistic designs, had long baffled archaeology, and evidently produced a powerful effect upon the minds of the vulgar.



From a]

THE DECORATED PROMENADE OF COLUMBUS.

[Photo.



"ALL DOWN THE AVENUE WERE ROWS OF BUSTS ON LOFTY PEDESTALS."  
From a Photo.

No doubt the arrangement and, indeed, many of the exhibits were excessively poor in themselves, but they certainly produced a strange effect, and one admirably suited to this particular celebration, which sought to call back memories of a remote and glorious age. The Spanish people have a gift for organizing and appreciating festivals above all other nations, and it was instructive to mark their methods. Little attention was paid to mere details, but the general result had a potent effect in directing the current of the general gaiety. Few troubled themselves much about Columbus or the circumstances of his festival, but there

was a mediæval spirit abroad, and it needed but a small stretch of the imagination to picture the same crowd gathering to celebrate the return or departure of Columbus, and still thinking first of their own enjoyment of the moment.

Later on in the day, when the masquerades began, the illusion of old times was still more irresistible. The Spaniards are born masqueraders, and enter into the spirit of their travesties with more zest than any other nation. The most popular costumes were, of course, the *gigantes* (giants), which are rarely absent from any Spanish carnival, and were welcomed as specially appropriate on this day. The two seen in the accompanying photograph are gigantic figures of Ferdinand and Isabella, the



GIGANTIC FIGURES OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA, 13FT. HIGH (THERE ARE PEELPOLES IN THE KNEES).  
From a [Photo.]



glorious Sovereigns who raised Spain to her highest pinnacle, and made the discoveries of Columbus both possible and useful. Each is fully 13ft. high, and must require extreme skill to manipulate by the man inside. The peep-hole or breathing-place may be discerned in the latitude of the knees, and emphasizes the comparative insignificance of the "motive power"

The specially striking and original feature of the spectacle was afforded by the great gilded barges, which were soon to be espied floating about in the basin of the harbour. One, provided with a dolphin's head at the prow, was particularly artistic. In the centre stood a bust of Columbus, with a globe as pedestal. Behind it was a rich banner with a coat of arms, and in



From a] ONE BARGE, PROVIDED WITH A DOLPHIN'S HEAD AT THE PROW, WAS PARTICULARLY ARTISTIC.

[Photo.

inside. These figures are exceedingly well modelled, and possess rich wardrobes, comprising mantles of velvet and ermine, besides crowns of considerable artistic merit. They are the property of an association, which has been in existence for several centuries and has ministered to the gaiety of many generations. The rest of the masks do not call for special comment—though many of them were of unusual merit. There was an abundance of mediæval costume; there were historical figures and grotesques; there were banners; there were allegorical cars, and all the paraphernalia of a Southern carnival. These are already familiar to us, however. Their chief interest here lay in their contribution to the general effect.

front was an alligator, as a symbol of the strange beasts of the New World. Shields, palms, and elaborate floral decorations completed a very dainty arrangement.

Another barge aroused a great deal of well-deserved admiration. It was perhaps less rich, but certainly more graceful; the ornamentation and the arrangement of flowers giving evidence of remarkable taste. And among bales and cases, emblematic of the commerce which the discovery of America had unfolded, were grouped a number of beautiful Spanish women, who reclined in easy poses and sang, to dreamy, mysterious airs, songs of patriotism and ancient glory. The crowds upon the banks took up the refrains with the utmost



*From a*

ANOTHER ORNAMENTAL BARGE THAT FIGURED IN THE WATER PAGEANT.

*[Photo.*

zest, and it seemed as though all Barcelona, seized by the spirit of song, had been inspired to join in one wild paean in honour of Columbus and America. The recollection of this outburst to-day, when the name of America cannot be mentioned anywhere in Spain without execration, must rankle in the minds of many who took part in it.

It was at night-time that the glamour of the festival reached its supreme height. I think that music is never so sweet or so inspiring as

when it is heard over the water, and when a blaze of illuminations is transfiguring the darkness. Even fireworks cease to be commonplace when they are reflected a thousandfold among the ripples. Here the old-world lanterns of the barges; the Spanish guitars accompanying the murmur of Moorish melodies; the soothing splash of the oars; the simple gaiety of the populace—all combined to call into being a fairyland which none who were privileged to behold it are ever likely to forget.

# A TUSSIE WITH WOLVES.

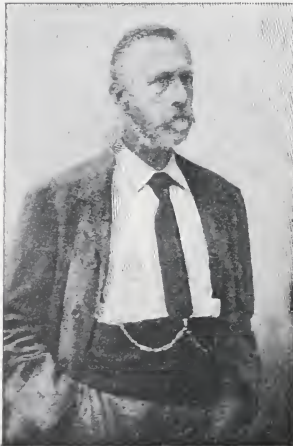


BY TOM C. NEWTON, OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The author graphically describes a terrible night's battle with a huge pack of wolves—a battle so fierce that at its close over thirty of these ferocious creatures lay dead upon the snow. But the dogs and men did not emerge scatheless.



HE winter of 1890-91 in the higher regions of Asia Minor was one of the severest ever experienced within the memory of the proverbial oldest inhabitant. I certainly never experienced such cold and biting frosts. The thermometer registered twenty degrees of frost. Animals and birds had great difficulty in finding food, and even the timid partridges made common cause with the fowls. Hunger had driven them to the hospitable manure-heap outside the garden wall. It was a strange and curious sight to see these usually wild partridges venturing so near the house, and especially feeding with the fowls.



THE AUTHOR, MR. TOM C. NEWTON.  
*From a Photo.*

The house where I was living was situated some 3,000ft. above sea level, and in a most lonely place on the hills. Our nearest neighbour lived a few miles away. A white mantle of virgin snow covered the uplands to the depth of several feet. The glare of the white mass was only broken here and there by jutting rocks or towering peaks, which seemed to loom out of the white sea double their actual size.

The tall, graceful pines on the hills beyond carried so great a weight of snow on their yielding branches, that they drooped heavily earthwards. The sharp frosts which followed the fall of snow had rendered its surface hard and crisp, and unyielding to the foot of man or beast.



The severe cold had caused the wolves to descend from the higher regions in search of food. Hunger had made them fierce and audacious. Every night would be heard their short, shrill yelps and angry growls, but, so far, they had not ventured near the house, as our big sheep-dogs replied in loud, gruff barks to their weird yells. Hunger, however, made them utterly reckless, and one night they ventured as far as the orchard at the back of the house. I was awakened by an unearthly series of growls and piercing yells ringing out in the still night air. The dogs had got at them, and as it was a fine moonlight night, I could see the battle raging fiercely when I reached the window. I made out that there were about ten or twelve wolves against our three dogs. I was not afraid of the dogs being hurt much, as they had iron-spiked collars on to protect their throats, so that the wolves could not get at that vital part without a sharp spike or two piercing their jaws.

The battle continued furiously for some time, but the dogs presently seemed to be getting the worst of it. I was afraid to fire, however, as dogs and wolves were mixed up pell-mell. Besides, my cartridges were loaded with slugs (eight to a charge), and slugs are rather erratic at fifty paces. I did not wish to let daylight into one of the dogs.

I noticed that one dog had a wolf by the throat, while four other wolves were attacking him from behind. The dog, however, would not leave the wolf he was worrying until he had finished with him. After giving him a good shake or two he dropped him, and then, seizing a second wolf by the back, he gave him one shake and threw him a couple of yards away, whilst a third wolf shared the same fate. The other dogs were doing like execution. But soon a change came over the scene. The exasperated wolves smelling blood turned on each other, thus giving the dogs a better chance to tackle the brutes more advantageously. They grabbed first one wolf and then another with their powerful jaws, and very soon quite half the pack lay writhing in the snow. Finally first one and then another of the intruders, having had enough of the dogs, slunk away, but not without a parting shot from me which crippled two of them. Four others, which the dogs had placed *hors de combat*, remained struggling in the snow. These the dogs went for again, and no doubt would have finished had not I gone out and put a charge of slug into their vile carcasses. The snow was fairly covered with blood, whilst the coats of the dogs were transformed from white to red. Next morning I examined the dogs for wounds, but found only a few scratches on their legs. Their

thick winter coats had effectively prevented the teeth of the wolves from reaching their flesh. I then examined the dead wolves, and found two with their throats ripped open; another with his back broken, and a fourth with a fractured leg. The dogs had done their work well, considering they were so outnumbered, but at the same time it must be remembered that the dogs were double the size and weight of the wolves. I was not surprised to see the wolf's back broken. A bite from such powerful jaws as those of the sheep-dogs was sufficient.

I was curious to know what had become of the two I had crippled the night before, so taking the dogs with me, I soon came upon them about a mile away trying to get up the hill. These the dogs soon finished, and I found that each had had a leg broken by the slugs. At forty to fifty paces I find a slug charge is safer than a bullet, for even if it does not kill, it stops the wolf from getting away. The next day our neighbours, the Turkish villagers, heard of the scrimmage, and many came to see the dead brutes. They were right glad to see the execution wrought, as many of their sheep had been worried by the wolves.

For several nights we were not troubled by these dangerous brutes. Those which had escaped evidently did not wish to renew the acquaintance of the dogs. One night, however, I heard the usual yelp, and the dogs bolted off in the direction of the sound, barking wildly as they ran. On looking out I saw a black mass on the crest of a hill, about 150yds. away, so I tried what effect a ball from the Martini would have, and, firing into the mass, I heard a piercing yell, and saw a helter-skelter scrimmage. Evidently one of the brutes had been hit, so I fired again. Another yell was the result, and then the whole pack bolted over the hill, leaving the two I had brought down behind them. These, of course, the dogs went for, and before I got to the scene they were both dead.

I thought it was now high time that something should be done to get rid of these savage brutes altogether. Owing to the continued intense cold they might even get dangerous in the daytime, especially as they were becoming more numerous. I had come across several small packs the day before, but they were not bold enough to attack me there in open daylight. Therefore, after some consideration, I approached some of my Turkish villagers, who had often accompanied me on shooting expeditions. I knew them to be cool, cautious, and true sportsmen, and very good shots besides. I suggested to them to come out with me one evening while the moon lasted, and have a slap at the wolves if we could come across them.

The result was that a dozen of the villagers turned up in the evening, and a queer-looking crew they were—in fact, a more disreputable-looking lot of cut-throats I never came across. Their feet were encased in moccasins, and their legs wrapped in canvas sacking; while round

them to the branch of a tree several feet from the ground. They had also made a fire and placed pieces of the liver in the smouldering ashes. As soon as these began to frizzle the wind carried the smell towards the hills. We knew that if the keen-scented brutes got the



"A QUEER-LOOKING CREW THEY WERE."

their heads, necks, and ears a long woollen scarf was wound turban-wise, leaving only eyes and nose visible. A military-looking cloak was tied tightly round their bodies. Six pairs of woollen gloves between the twelve completed their costume. They were armed with double-barrelled, muzzle-loading guns, while knives—murderous-looking weapons—were stuck in their belts. One, however, carried an enormous weapon, a single-barrelled duck gun (No. 4 bore), with a barrel a yard and a half long.

I thought this would play havoc among the wolves, especially with the peculiar charge its owner preferred to use instead of the slugs I offered him. He had cut up some lead piping, which he said would have far more effect than slugs. I found out afterwards the force of his argument.

"Well, Ahmet!" I said, addressing one who appeared as their leader; "what will be our 'Kismet' to-night?"

"Inshallah," he answered. "The wolves have been seen to-day, and I have sent two men out with the bait. We can pretty well locate them to-night."

Half an hour's walk over the hard, crisp snow brought us to the rendezvous appointed. In the afternoon the men had taken the entrails of a sheep that had been worried the day before and dragged them round in circles, finally tying

scent of the liver, they would follow up its trail without delay.

We counted up ten double-barrelled muzzle and two breech-loading guns, to say nothing of the murderous No. 4 bore, and our eight splendid sheep-dogs—or, rather, I should say a cross between a sheep-dog and a wolf-hound. Under cover of a wall, we were enabled to reach a spot within twenty-five paces of the tree where the bait was, without having been seen. Here we found three polecats quarrelling and spitting at each other in their eagerness to get at the entrails. The temptation to have a shot at them was strong, but we were afraid the report of the guns would frighten the wolves if they were anywhere about. So we decided to leave the little beasts alone and wait.

We crouched expectantly under the wall, which sheltered us a little from the biting, keen, and frosty wind. Some of us sadly wanted a smoke, but it was arranged beforehand that smoking should not be allowed. We wasted nearly half an hour—our limbs getting stiff and numbed with cold the while. We were just thinking of going round the hills to have a look for our quarry, when there came across the still night air a shrill, eerie, snappish yelp. "Shish! shish!" I whispered to my neighbours, who passed the warning along. In a few seconds more, several yelps reached us, and as they came

nearer and nearer the yelping became general, accompanied by growls and savage barks. The dogs were in leash, and their masters had them well under control. I had my own two faithful dogs by my side. They were eager to get at the wolves, but a gentle tap on their heads with my hand restrained them. At last the ferocious brutes came in sight. "Good heavens!" I whispered involuntarily to myself, and nudged my companion Ahmet. "Inshallah! what a lot!" he murmured, softly. The bright, clear moonlight enabled us to distinguish no fewer than between thirty and forty savage, gaunt, and hungry brutes, and as they bounded towards us we could see their bloody-looking eyes flashing in the moonlight. They had evidently got full scent of the entrails, and had come down with a rush, snapping at each other, to the tempting bait. The polecats had wisely cleared out when they heard the yelping.

As soon as the wolves reached the tree they began jumping up at the entrails, tearing down mouthfuls and fighting each other for them. It

tinctly distinguish the loud bang of No. 4 sending its charge of cut lead piping into the wolves. As soon as the smoke cleared off we repeated the dose. No sooner had we given them the second volley than I shouted, "Let go the dogs"; but Hassan, with his No. 4, shouted, "Wait until I have reloaded. I want another shot." Loading was rather a simple process. Taking a handful of powder out of one pocket and ramming it down, and a handful of lead piping out of another, and ramming that down also, with an iron ramrod, my picturesque Hassan was ready for another shot.

As he was the only one to fire I was curious to see the effect. A group of ten or a dozen wolves were skulking away and fighting among themselves. Into these Hassan sent his jagged messengers of death. "Inshallah," he said grimly, "that got them." And sure enough it had. The effect was terrible, fully half of the maddened creatures going down like ninepins. The leashes were then slipped, and the dogs dashed into the thick of the wolves with a



"TEARING DOWN MOUTHFULS AND FIGHTING EACH OTHER FOR THEM."

was an extraordinary spectacle, for the whole place seemed to be fairly alive with snapping, yelping brutes.

Presently I thought the time had come for a volley, so I nudged Ahmet, and he sent the signal along. We took aim as though we were a regiment of soldiers in battle, and twelve barrels belched forth twelve heavy charges of slug. Above all the reports I could dis-

tremendous rush, while my little "army" spread out in skirmishing order to pick off any that attempted to escape. Then commenced a terrible battle. At least half of the pack had by this time been mortally wounded and some killed outright, but none the less the battle was bloody and fierce for some time, the dogs going for all that came in their way, laying low first one snarling wolf and then another; while



bang, bang, bang came from all sides. I enjoyed it enormously. The skulkers were dropping here and there. Every now and then, like a minute gun, the heavy boom of No. 4 rang out above the infernal din.

Presently I heard a cry for help from the other side of the wall. I ran in the direction of the call, and saw poor Hassan with his two-yard gun trying to keep two huge brutes from springing at his throat. "Drop your gun and knife them," I shouted, but he had evidently lost his presence of mind for the moment, and before I could get to him one wolf had grabbed him by the muscles of his right arm. Drawing my hunting-dagger as I ran up to Hassan, I plunged it up to the hilt between the brute's shoulders. This made it relax its hold, but whilst giving it the *coup de grâce*, the other wolf sprang on my back and pinned me by the shoulder. Ugh, I could feel the brute's stinking hot breath on my cheek and his sharp teeth penetrating my flesh. It was now Hassan's turn to render me assistance. I could not reach to stab it behind me, and a sickening feeling was coming over me, when Hassan's curved yataghan flashed in the moonlight and came down on the wolf's back with a terrible swift-ness and force that almost severed the wolf's hind-quarters from its body.

It was a relief both to myself and Hassan to have dispatched the two wolves, as we were afraid others might come and assist them. Two were quite enough at close quarters. It appeared that Hassan's gun was loaded, but he had dropped the cap in the snow, and before he could put another on the wolves were upon him. Poor old Hassan. His arm was hanging listlessly by his side and the blood was trickling down, crimsoning the white snow. His cloak had fallen off during the struggle, and the wolf's teeth had only his coat

sleeve and shirt to penetrate, so they went pretty deeply.

It was the work of a moment to take his coat off. I put a handful of snow on the lacerated wounds and tied his arm up with my handkerchief. I felt a clammy feeling on my shoulder, but there was no time to look to it, as cries for help now came from the other side of the wall.

"Come along, Hassan," I said, "but cap your gun first!" This he did, and jumping over the wall we found some of our companions fighting the wolves single-handed, while others were assisting each other. It was all knife work now. The glittering blades were slashing right and left. Two of our companions were side by side cutting and hacking at three or four wolves which were trying to get at them. Just behind the two men some of the dogs had surrounded two wolves which were trying to get away, having had more than enough.

The dogs, in making a rush for them, tumbled against one of the men's legs from behind. Down he came backwards among wolves, dogs, and men. As he fell he uttered a blood-curdling yell, and then he seemed to get mixed up. We had some difficulty in singling out the wolves for fear of striking the dogs or the Turk. But Hassan dexterously managed to dispatch one of the brutes and the dogs pinned the other, whereupon our friend extricated himself more frightened than hurt. His face, however, had been badly scratched by the claws of both dogs and wolves.

By this time we had nearly finished our work. The dogs, however, were still worrying the wounded wolves, that lay scattered on that extraordinary field of battle. It was only a few minutes' work to finish the few struggling creatures, and then we felt we had had quite enough of



"HASSAN'S CURVED YATAGHAN CAME DOWN ON THE WOLF'S BACK WITH TERRIBLE SWIFTNESS."



"DOWN HE CAME BACKWARDS AMONG WOLVES, DOGS, AND MEN."

the ghastly business. The excitement and the sight and smell of blood, as well as the pain in my shoulder, had made me quite sick, and it was some time before the nauseous feeling left me.

We counted up our formidable bag, which totalled no fewer than thirty-two dead wolves stretched on the field of battle, some of them fine animals with their furs in good condition; and as these latter were worth a few shillings each, it was not a bad night's work even financially speaking, to say nothing of the fact that we had rid the neighbourhood of these sheep-worrying brutes. We supposed that about a dozen or fifteen had escaped, but some of these

would no doubt be found next day on the neighbouring hills.

We left the dead wolves on the field until next morning, when it was our intention to return and skin them. Calling the dogs we returned home, and made liberal use of carbolic acid in dressing our wounds, which were not so serious as we thought. Our clothes, however, had suffered considerably in the fight. Scarcely one of the dogs had come off scot-free. Most of them had torn snouts and lacerated lips, while one poor brute had a bad knife slash in the hind-quarters, done accidentally in the desperate *mélee*. I poured some carbolic acid over the wound, but it only sent the dog yelling to the village.

It was a long time before I could get to sleep that night. The excitement of the fight, and the remembrance of the wolf on my shoulder, had quite unhinged my nerves. When I did drop off, my sleep was disturbed by horrid dreams.

My wife woke me up telling me I was using abominable language, and calling out in Turkish to Hassan "to knife the brute!"

Next morning almost the whole male population of the village turned out to assist in the skinning operations. Some of us scoured the hills in the vicinity of the fight in the hope of finding some of the wolves that had escaped. We found only one dead, and two wounded, which we dispatched. The skinning process revealed the havoc Hassan's lead-piping had done. The flesh on the carcasses of some of the wolves was torn and ripped in all directions, while the skins were practically worthless from the same cause.

# Curiosities of the South Seas.

BY BASIL THOMSON.

## I.

A collection of curious and remarkable photographs or life in the South Sea Islands, ably and humorously described by one who spent many years in the various groups, and is a recognised authority.



O the historian of the twenty-first century one of the most remarkable phases of the Victorian age will be the awakening of native races by contact with civilized man. It is the fashion to deplore the decay of native customs, beset on the one hand by the zeal of the missionary, and on the other by the calico and strong liquors of the trader; for the romance and interest that cling to the transition and fusion of opposite races are forgotten in regret for ancient faiths and ancient polities fast crumbling into ruin. In a few generations the very natives themselves will have ceased to exist as a separate people, just as the Picts and Britons, from whom most Englishmen could claim descent, merged their blood with that of their Roman and Saxon and Norman invaders to form the English people of to-day. The eating up of weak nations is as old as the human race, and the romance of the assimilating stage comes with time. What now seems so flat and tame will be as fresh to Macaulay's New Zealander as Cæsar's conquests appear to us. But what would not an historian give for the material to which that New Zealander will have access—for a file, let us say, of a WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE published at Rome in A.D.

50, containing photographs of the late Queen Boadicea, and the dress worn by the Arch-Druid at the annual sacrifice? Even if the Arch-Druid added a Roman toga to his cool costume of woad, as the Malokulan dons Manchester prints at a modern celebration of the Maki, we should not cry, "Out upon the vulgar Colonists who wantonly destroyed the picturesque customs of the natives."

For the benefit then of Macaulay's Maori, and incidentally for the information of contemporary readers, the editor has collected photographs of those phases of life in the South Sea Islands that are fast passing away. The Fijian in our first photograph is a case in point. Being a good Wesleyan, who goes to church twice of a Sunday, he is decently clad in jersey and sulu bought at the neighbouring store, for in Fiji clothes are the outward and visible sign of Christianity as taught by the early missionaries, who considered the apron of fig-leaves, or, rather, the equivalent worn by the unconverted Fijian, shockingly inadequate. But he still cooks and eats his food as his fathers did. The pig and the taro in the picture are fresh from the pit-oven—a shallow grave lined with hot stones, on which green leaves have been laid to serve the double purpose of preventing the meat from burning and of helping the roasting by their steam. The pig, poor beast, had his hind legs broken whilst alive to prevent him from straying while the oven was heating; and, when they gave him his quietus, with a club-blow on the snout, his belly was filled with hot stones ere they laid him to rest in his warm bed.



From a

FIJIAN COOKING PIG AND TARO.

[Photo.





PREPARING A FEAST IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.  
From a Photo. by Kerry & Co., Sydney.

The method of roasting pigs is common to all the islands of the Pacific. Here is a photograph of the scene as it is in the Solomon Islands to-day. Take away the knife, the pipe, and the aprons of Manchester cotton, and you have the exact scene described in the manuscript journals of Gallego, the pilot, and Catoira, the purser of Mendana's ships when they discovered the Solomons in 1567. The names of places are changed sometimes; forest trees overgrow villages that swarmed with people in their time; but the ornaments, the language, and the habits of the people are to-day exactly what they were over 330 years ago. To do as their fathers did was their first article of faith. What a problem it suggests! There must have been a time when they advanced, for their elaborate customary law, their skill in carving and in canoe-building, must have been reached by successive steps. When did they stop, and why? And how came they to depart from the natural law that there is no halting between growth and decline? Theories there are plenty, but facts to prove them, none.

It is a popular fallacy that the introduction  
Vol. iii.—48

of pigs into the islands was the act of Captain Cook. On the contrary, that bluff sailor's chief concern was to reach an island in time to replenish his stock of fresh pork and so keep the scurvy, which had wrecked so many previous expeditions, at bay. The pig has been in the Solomon Islands probably as long as the natives themselves. He is a long-snouted, lean, melancholy brute, black and bristly, and, as village-scavenger, unspeakably filthy in his habits. His exact position in his master's affections is difficult to determine. The native puts his pig before his wife, and regards a stone thrown at the brute as a deadly insult to himself; but, on the other hand, he kills and eats him without compunction, and, having doomed him to the oven, will break his legs to save himself the trouble of catching him. No doubt the loved object is nearer the heart when it is housed in



THIS IS A GREAT TOWER, OVER 40FT. HIGH, MADE OF BUNCHES OF BANANAS.  
From a [Photo.]

the stomach. And this reminds me of the contour of the figure on the right. Pot-belly is the portion of every native in early youth, because, when one eats 10lb. weight of food at a sitting, one must make room to put it in. The pig in the constrained position on the left of the photo. is losing his bristles over the singeing-fire.

There are generally great rejoicings and much display of hospitality when a Prince of the Royal blood is married, even in Europe; but in far-away Fiji they make the occasion a pretext for an orgie, lasting sometimes for weeks, during which time incredible quantities of pork, turtle, fruit, and native grog are consumed. The queer-looking tower in our last photograph is upwards of 40ft. high, and, as may be seen, consists solely of big bunches of bananas, part of the dessert at the wedding of Prince Ratu Tui Sawau, of the blood Royal of Fiji. The festivities at this gentleman's nuptials lasted for some sixteen days, at the end of which the guests were quite unable to move, realizing thereby the seventh heaven of Fijian happiness. Those of our readers who are interested in abstruse arithmetical calculations may figure out for themselves the value of this tower of bananas at current Covent Garden prices.

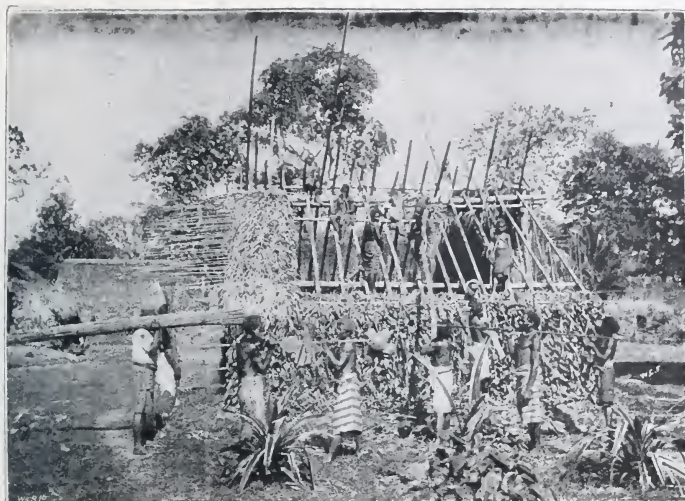
The costume of the Fijian in heathen days is shown in the photograph here given. The drummer wears a girdle of native masi—the inner bark of the paper mulberry, beaten out into a thick paper, and decorated with stencilled patterns—the free end being passed between the legs and looped up behind. A turban of the same material covers his mop of hair; his war-club lies at his feet, and his ula, or throwing-club, is stuck through his belt. The drum he is beating is a hollowed trunk of vesi wood, now used in every village to summon folks to church or court-house, but formerly to intimidate besiegers, or to carry the news of an attack to the neighbouring village-fortresses. The deep, melodious boom of a well-cut lali has a remarkable quality of penetration. The beat, which causes you no discomfort when standing beside the drum, will be heard distinctly in a village lying down wind seven or eight miles away. Like the Negus's drums in Abyssinia, the lali could convey messages—that the chief was drinking kava, or, by a tattoo of devilish significance, that human flesh was to be eaten. A superstitious reverence is attached to certain very ancient lalis in the mountain district; one of these, on its journey down the river with its European purchaser, was saluted with the tama, or salutation due to superiors, by all who encountered it.

The quality that distinguishes the Fijian from the other races in the South Seas is his conservatism. For four-and-twenty years he has been a British subject, with every opportunity for adopting the life of his civilized neighbours; but though the Tongan has his weatherboard house and his horse and cart, and the converted New Hebrides Islander loves to array himself in a cast-off militia uniform, the Fijian clings to the ways of his fathers, and secretly believes them to be vastly better. Take, for example, this unfinished house. It belongs to the delta of the Rewa River (you can tell that from the covering of makita leaves on the walls); and any native of that district, from his wages and his rents, could easily afford to build himself a wooden bungalow with an iron roof. But he prefers to call in his neighbours, and run up this hut, which will last for ten years at most. And, after all, is he wrong? This disembowelled hayrick of his will be cool in the hottest weather, and every inch of its soft matted floor will tempt its owner to repose. Englishmen who, like the writer, have lived for years in each kind of house prefer the native. Houses built of poles and grass in such



From a] A FIJIAN BEATING THE ALARM ON HIS CURIOUS DRUM. [Photo.





From a] HOUSE-BUILDING IN FIJI. [Photo.

a climate rot away to dust in a very few years; and there would be no visible proof of that time when, as an ancient saga tells us, "The people were so thick in the land that the earth could not be seen for men," were it not for the yavus, the substantial foundations on which the houses of the past generation were built.

As with the Fijian's house, so with his bridge. The native roads and bridges are the despair of the district magistrate, who rides a horse or walks with booted feet. For the Fijian, who always walks in single file and has a natural dislike for travelling on the flat, where an enemy may be lying in ambush, cannot see why he should be compelled to make a road toilsomely graded and four times too wide for his requirements, nor why a slippery log which he can cross safely with bare feet should not be good enough for the white man in boots. The bridge in the picture is a concession to foreign prejudices in that it boasts a bamboo hand-rail; for there are hundreds of bridges which the luckless European can only cross after a shower by sitting astride and progressing painfully in leap-

frog fashion on his hands, to the derision of his native escort. It has been suggested as a remedy that natives should be compelled under heavy penalties to travel three or four abreast; but the true cure will be found when they take to keeping horses and carts of their own, as, following the example set them by the Tongans, they have already begun to do in a few districts.



From a]

A PRIMITIVE FIJIAN BRIDGE.

[Photo.





FIJIANS CLOTHED IN TRADE STUFF WHICH WILL BE PRESENTED TO THE SPECTATORS AT THE CLOSE OF THE DANCE.  
From a Photo.

It is to be feared that the South Sea Islander finds the practice of Christianity as he has learned it from the missionaries intolerably dull. The excitements of war, the ceremonial of heathen rites, are denied to him, and it is not surprising that he takes every opportunity for indulging in such of his ancient rites as have not been condemned as unedifying. Mr. Herbert Spencer has taken the Fijian as an example of the germ of division of labour. One district possesses salt-pans, another clay for pottery, a third the soil on which the paper mulberry flourishes. And as each must have salt, and cooking-pots, and bark-cloth, it follows that there must be trade. No vulgar chaffering this. The ornate ceremonial that envelops the entire life of a Fijian spreads its mantle over his trade. Village A. requires cloth, and intimates its wishes to village B., who on a day agreed upon proceeds *en masse* to

A, to make a *solevu*, or presentation. Arrived at A. it arrays itself in its wares, and paints its face, and advances spear in hand upon its entertainers, as shown in the accompanying photograph; and at the close of a blood-curdling war-dance, it doffs its finery and presents it with due ceremony.



From a] A NEAR VIEW OF ONE OF THE "TRADING" DANCERS. [Photo.

The gentleman festooned in grey bark-cloth was brought up to face the camera when in the very act of undressing. His robes were secured round the neck by a single string, and when he stepped out and slunk away in as pitiable a case as a wether fresh from the shears, the dress remained standing very much as it did before, only without the head.

The war-dances that accompany these presentations are really magnificent spectacles. The rear of the houses is the green-room, and the spectators see nothing of the dancers until they advance fully equipped into the



"THE WAR-DANCES WHICH ACCOMPANY THESE PRESENTATIONS ARE REALLY MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLES."

*From a Photo.*

natural stage. Imagine, first of all, more than 100 spearmen crouching in serried ranks. A weird band chant a song, beating on the ground with hollow bamboos that make a deep, drum-like sound. Suddenly a third of their number spring to their feet with spears aloft and, with a loud shout, advance with quivering spears. They return, and, just as they join the rest, another third spring up. Again they return, and the last third join them as before, the entire band advancing close to the audience. Instead of returning this time they leap into the air and come down with a tread that shakes the earth, shaking their spear-points right in your face. The whole mass is as if on wires. They leap and dance like madmen seeking an enemy to stab. You never know what they are to do next, and yet, of the whole 100, not one moves out of time. They all do exactly the same thing at the same moment. Then they split into two, and seem to engage, the sweat pouring from their naked, painted bodies. It is the most astonishing piece of stage management. As a ballet at the

*peut* among the audience, who fled terrified to their canoes, thinking the man-eating heathen were upon them to avenge old scores. Behind is the presentation—a coil of tobacco-leaf twisted into a rope, and a roll of white bark-cloth, to which will soon be added the fathoms coiled about the waists of the band and the war-dresses of the dancers, amounting when unrolled to 4,000yds. or 5,000yds. Village B. will now be feasted, and A. will divide the spoil, but the day of reckoning, when B. will notify its poverty in salt, is not far distant. Then woe to A. if it is niggardly, for B. knows to a farthing the value of its cloth.

The love of dressing-up is not confined to Fiji, nor, indeed, to the Pacific Islands. Masks and wigs for use in ceremonial dances are found in every group of islands from New Guinea to the Society Islands.

The slender Papuan from Milne Bay in Eastern New Guinea knows too well the natural mildness of his countenance to trust to it when he desires to make your flesh creep, and, since Nature has cursed him with a mop of



A MILNE BAY NATIVE IN FULL DRESS.

*From a Photo.*

incurable frizziness, he chooses straight hair when he would look terrible. Attired thus he will dance the night through to the accompaniment of a lizard-skin drum, and, as this writer can testify, the third or fourth hour of the performance is excruciating torture.

On the other hand, the New Caledonian, who disdains to disguise his hands and feet, could more easily have attained his object by displaying his ugly features. A pure Melanesian, he is of sturdier build than the Papuan, and of less amiable countenance. His helmet is of human hair, and his costume of feathers.

The basis of the religion of all the races in the South Pacific was ancestor-worship; but in many of the Melanesian Islands the primitive idea was overlaid with mystic rites in which the initiated only were privileged to take part. These formed, in fact, a kind of secret society containing grades as in Freemasonry; and the idea underlying their rites was that at certain seasons the spirits of the dead were more profitably invoked to give good harvests and to strengthen the arms of their descendants in battle. Such were the Mbaki in Fiji, the Maki in Malokula, and in a less degree the Dukduk. The rites were, of course, an excuse for unlimited license and feasting, in which the ancestors were supposed to consume the spiritual essence of the viands, while their living descendants devoured its grosser fibre. Sometimes the rites were deservedly kept secret on account of their horrible nature, but, as a rule, women were stringently excluded from them.



NEW CALEDONIAN NATIVE IN CEREMONIAL DRESS OF FEATHERS AND HUMAN HAIR.

*From a Photo. by E. H. Dufy.*

It is safe to say that no European has been allowed to witness them, though more than one has pretended to have been so privileged; and we must, therefore, be content with photographs of the scene of their celebration when the sanctity of the spot has waned a little from disuse. Here, then, is the scene of the Maki, which is celebrated once every three or four years in Malokula, in the New Hebrides. In the shed hang the jaws of the pigs sacrificed at the last celebration, and at the farther end stand the sacred drums, which are better shown in the following photograph. They are tree-trunks of hardwood, about 11 ft. high, rudely carved to represent a human face, and hollowed from chin to foot by adzes introduced into the longitudinal slit. Struck with a wooden mallet on the lip, they emit a deep note like that of the Fijian lali. The Malokulans shown in this picture are peculiar, in that their skulls are squeezed into a peak by artificial compression in infancy, a fashion that does not seem to interfere with their intelligence; and they are further remarkable among South Sea Islanders as being one



"IN THE SHED HANG THE JAWS OF THE PIGS SACRIFICED AT THE LAST CELEBRATION."

*From a Photo.*





From a] COLOSSAL DRUMS USED AT THE MAKI FESTIVAL IN MALOKULA, NEW HEBRIDES. [Photo.

of the few tribes living near the sea who rarely learn to swim. Those who would know more of the Maki rites may refer to Mr. B. P. Somervelle's paper in the journal of the Anthropological Institute for August, 1893.

Since the dead play so large a part in the affairs of the living, every care was taken not to give them offence in disposing of their remains. A Fijian corpse was formerly washed and oiled, then rolled in a shroud, and wrapped in costly mats, with a whale-tooth upon its breast to cast at the mystic Pandamis tree on the

threshold of the after-world. Before the British Government interfered with the practice, the dead man was buried in his own house, which was either left to fall into ruin or was reoccupied

by his surviving family. The loud grief of the mourners was short-lived, because the spirit in its journey soon came upon and drank from a spring called the water of Solace, which straightway assuaged his grief and the sorrow of them who mourned for him at home. Sometimes when a man was very old or afflicted with a lingering disease his friends did not wait for death. With his own consent, sometimes at his own entreaty, he was treated as a corpse. The

grave was dug, the dying face was kissed with every token of affection and grief, and the earth was reverently trampled in upon the living corpse. An Englishman, who was present at one of these

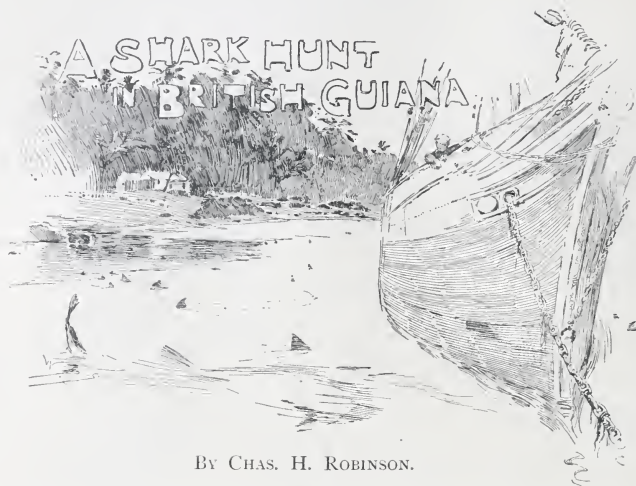


"A FIJIAN CORPSE WAS FORMERLY WASHED AND OILED, THEN ROLLED IN A SHROUD OF BARK-CLOTH." From a Photo.

burials, distinctly heard the body cough as the earth was shovelled in. There were cases, however, in which the grave was left open, and food was lowered daily, until it was seen to be untouched.

(To be continued.)

## Short Stories.



BY CHAS. H. ROBINSON.

A vivid account of an amazing battue organized by the colonists in British Guiana. How the monsters are entrapped and surrounded; their terrible fight for life, and the final scene of slaughter and excitement.



ROBABLY there are few parts of the globe where sharks abound in such immense numbers as in the yellow, turbid waters that wash the shores of British Guiana. From the deck of a schooner, lying off the mouth of the Demerara River, I counted on one occasion over forty of the hideous, triangular dorsal fins dotting the surface of the sea within a radius of a quarter of a mile or so.

Many are the tragedies in the colony laid to the account of these ferocious tigers of the deep. Fishermen planting their seines are frequently attacked, even in shallow water, and either devoured outright or else suffer the loss of a limb; whilst rash bathers have been torn to pieces before the eyes of their friends, who were powerless to render them any aid.

Indeed, I have heard it said that to fall overboard in the Demerara River is certain death, and that nobody was ever known to be saved who had met with such an accident, so numerous and voracious are the sharks infesting its waters.

The planters on the coast occasionally organize a great hunt of the monsters, when large numbers are slaughtered, merely for the excitement and sport of the thing, be it said, for their carcases are quite valueless. I was fortunate enough to be present on one of these

interesting occasions, and certainly the scene was sufficiently exciting. A description of a big "shark-shoot" cannot, I think, fail to interest all sportsmen—particularly those in whose ears the very term sounds outlandish.



THE AUTHOR, MR. CHAS. H. ROBINSON, WHO WAS PRESENT AT THIS EXTRAORDINARY HUNT.

From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

I was overseer on a sugar plantation on the east coast of Demerara, and my fondness for sport of all kinds being well known to Bob Dunn, the manager of a neighbouring estate (who was getting up the hunt for the edification of a visitor from the old country—a fellow-Scott of some eminence, who had been ordered a sea-voyage for his health), he good-naturedly invited me to join in.

Dunn, or "Long Bob" as he was generally known to his friends, of whom he had many, was an old stager at every kind of sport the colony afforded; and I may say here that his plans on this occasion were well laid, and proved entirely successful in every way.

and its waters had been well baited on the morning of the great hunt.

About half a mile from the mouth of the channel the body of a dead cow had been attached by ropes to the trunk of a tree, the fastenings being slack enough to allow the carcass to float well out into the stream. This place was about as far up as it was expected the sharks would venture. Between this spot and the sea, however, lumps of flesh, cut from the body of an old, worn-out mule, that had been



"THE BODY OF A DEAD COW HAD BEEN ATTACHED BY ROPES TO THE TRUNK OF A TREE.

The method adopted was as follows: Most of the sugar plantations on the east coast have channels running from the buildings to the sea. These were dug many years since for the purpose of conveying the produce—rum, sugar, etc.—by sailing craft to George Town, the capital, where it was transhipped to the big ocean-going vessels. Since the advent of the railway, however, and the greater facilities it offered for carriage, these channels have fallen into disuse, and are at the present time mostly turned to account as dumping places for the bodies of mules, cows, and other animals that have died a natural death, and, in fact, any refuse which it is desired to get rid of quickly is deposited in these inlets. As the tide recedes it carries the garbage with it to the sea, where it is made short work of by the sharks, which are naturally attracted to the vicinity in swarms.

It was one of these channels that had been selected as the scene of this extraordinary battue,

had been scattered at intervals, the idea being to entice the sharks up the channel at high water, and then to prevent them from returning until the tide had fallen sufficiently to force them to run aground on the numerous mud-banks in the bed of the channel; or at all events, to expose themselves to our bullets, as the water became shallow.

Near the entrance to the cutting some twenty canoes, filled with negroes carrying long bamboos, were lying close in under the banks, hidden from view by the overhanging trees and bush. These fellows awaited in silence the signal to perform *their* part in the proceedings. What that was will be seen presently.

At the hour appointed, about fifty of us—planters, overseers, and a few visitors from the town assembled at Dunn's house, and after partaking of the inevitable brandy cocktail, or "swizzle" as it is called in the West Indies,



we made our way, headed by Dunn and his Scottish friend, to the banks of the channel, where we waited patiently, and in complete silence for fear of scaring the quarry, until our host gave the order to start operations.

Each man was armed with a rifle, shot-gun, or revolver. I had chosen a small American revolving rifle with five barrels as being sufficiently effective at short range, and much lighter to carry under the tropical sun that was blazing above us.

A long and tedious wait ensued, which was not rendered more pleasant by the clouds of mosquitoes and sand-flies that settled upon our faces and hands, and did their best to devour us alive before the sport commenced. These tropical pests are always encountered in greater numbers and of larger size in the neighbourhood of bush and water.

At last an ugly, familiar three-cornered fin was descried, slowly sailing up the channel; then another and another, until in a few minutes so many of the dark objects were to be seen gliding stealthily along the surface of the oily-looking water, that it became apparent the channel was simply alive with sharks.

It soon became evident that the greedy monsters had scented the bait, for they were all making in that direction—but very cautiously, however; for though probably the most voracious of fish, Jack Shark is also a good deal of a coward, and unless very ravenous indeed he hesitates about trusting himself in narrow or shallow waters.

As I have already said, perfect silence had been enjoined upon us, and we almost held our breath as once or twice the fin of the leading fish, which was all we could see of the monster in that muddy water, wavered and stopped. Our excitement was intense at that moment, though we were obliged to suppress it, for upon the behaviour of that fin depended the success of all our plans.

From its size it evidently belonged to a big fish, probably the leader of the school, and should he take fright and turn back half-way, the rest of the shoal would assuredly follow his example, and then there would be an end of our sport altogether.

But fortune favoured us. Nearer and nearer the creatures approached the carcass of the cow—at first with evident hesitation, as if they rather suspected a trap. But the temptation became too strong to resist; their appetites, moreover, had been whetted by the pieces of the mule they had picked up on the way, and suddenly with a savage rush a dozen of the monsters threw themselves upon the body. Other sharks also glided swiftly up in rapid suc-

cession, jostling the first comers in their eagerness to secure a share of the spoil; and almost in an instant the hitherto placid water was transformed into a seething whirlpool by the struggles of the fighting, leaping, and tearing monsters contending for their prey. Every now and again there was the flash of a dull white belly and horrid gaping jaws, as one of the brutes turned over, hurling himself half out of the water at the same time, to make a grab at the body—from which, by the way, the flesh was now fast disappearing.

Our opportunity had come at last. Dunn gave the impatiently-awaited signal, and the whole party poured a volley into the dark, heaving mass, aiming at head, belly, back, or any part that was exposed for a second. The immediate crimsoning of the water showed that our shots had taken effect.

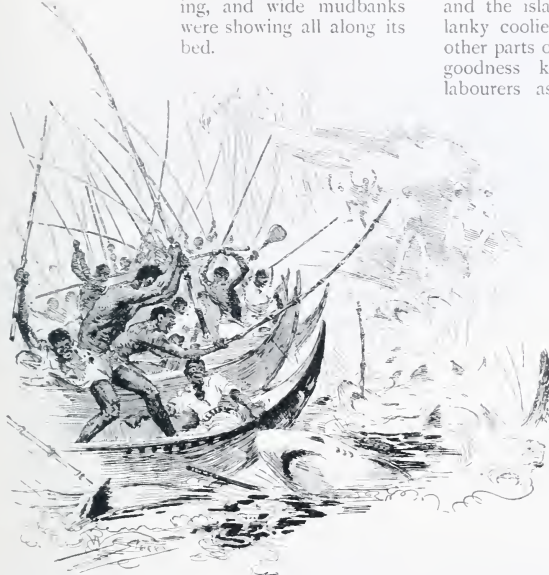
The sharks were obviously staggered, and some of them turned sharp round and made in the direction of the sea; but the others, more rapacious or less timid, after a short pause renewed their attack on the carcass, to be greeted with a second volley—and again the water was stained with red, which stain spread wider and wider every second.

This settled the matter. Immediately the whole school were in swift retreat. But they were not to get off so lightly. The purpose for which the canoes were intended became now apparent. Directly the men in them heard the firing they paddled swiftly out from their concealment, formed a line across the channel, and advanced slowly to meet the retreating sharks, yelling and shouting in a manner such as only a negro's leather lungs are capable of. At the same time they beat the water frantically with their bamboos, and altogether kicked up a fiendish hullabaloo. This movement had the effect intended. The terrified sharks stopped, backed, and eventually turned tail and fled swiftly up the channel again.

We on the banks were ready for them. Scampering along as fast as the inequalities of the ground would permit, we peppered away at any fish that showed the smallest portion of his body above water, until the doomed horde became utterly panic-stricken.

Hitherto they had kept together in a fairly compact body, but now *saucé-qui-pent* seemed to be the order of the day. A few of the baffled monsters turned once again down channel, and, boldly charging the boats, dived beneath and escaped to the sea, but the bulk of them darted backwards and forwards in a frantic, aimless manner. Meanwhile the men in the canoes gave them no rest. Pressing closely and steadily onward, they kept up the ear-splitting din until

the sharks were completely demoralized with terror, and one after the other ran themselves aground, for the tide had been falling for the past hour, so that the channel was rapidly draining, and wide mudbanks were showing all along its bed.



"THE MEN IN THE CANOES GAVE THEM NO REST."

As the helpless monsters lay gasping on their sides, impotently clashing their formidable jaws together, and sending showers of mud flying in all directions by repeated blows of their powerful tails, we ran from one to the other, riddling their bodies with our shots until the water and mud ran red with their blood.

The shark, however, is notoriously tenacious of life, and it takes a good many bullets to kill it outright, so at this juncture the estate labourers, to the number of several hundred—men, women, and children (who had so far been kept in the background for fear of their clamour prematurely interfering with the sport)—were now allowed to take a hand in the game, their province being to administer the *coup-de-grâce* to the huge writhing fish, which were by this time all completely disabled.

They were a motley crew which came upon the scene, composed as they were of many different races. Burly, lazy, laughter-loving West Indians; Kroomen from the West Coast of Africa—short, thick-set and sturdy, with faces gashed in parallel lines, and teeth filed to a

point, in a manner which they consider ornamental; also a number of nondescripts of intermingled races, descendants principally of slaves that had been captured long ago by British cruisers and landed free men in Guiana and the islands. Added to these were long, lanky coolies from Calcutta and Madras and other parts of India; sly-eyed Chinamen from goodness knows where (mostly indentured labourers as regards the two last-mentioned races), brought over by the planters to do the work which the negroes were too indolent to attempt. Each member of this weird gang was armed with some weapon—chopper, knife, old sword, or spear, the latter being improvised by fastening the blade of a knife or other sharp piece of iron to a bamboo shaft.

Shouting, screaming, and laughing, the noisy crowd rushed down the banks, women and children as well, with their scanty clothing tucked up to their middle. Wading through the mud, in a few seconds they were soon hard at work, slashing, chopping, and stabbing at the expiring sharks, skipping hither and thither meanwhile in order to avoid the snapping jaws with their terrible razor-like teeth, or blows from the ever-flapping tails—for a good, square blow from this part of a full-grown shark would break a man's leg as easily as one snaps the stem of a pipe.

It was a scene never to be forgotten. The mob of panting, perspiring men, racing and hustling each other along the banks to get a shot at some freshly-stranded monster; the knots of wildly excited natives, capering, yelling, and gesticulating like maniacs round the bodies of their palpitating victims; the shrieks and shrill laughter of the women and children as they dodged the dying monsters, and the hoarse cries of the negroes in the canoes, all combined to make up a pandemonium without a parallel in my experience.

A stranger at a little distance would have been excused for thinking that a terrible riot was in progress.

At last the slaughter ceased, when there was nothing left to kill, and the hubbub gradually subsided.

Scores of sharks, large and small, lay prone upon the mud. The largest measured over 14ft., and the others varied downwards to about 7ft.



"THE ESTATE LABOURERS—MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN—WERE NOW ALLOWED TO TAKE A HAND IN THE GAME."

Needless to say, we did *not* take home our bag. The bodies were left where they lay, to be carried out to sea by the next tide, and most probably to be devoured by their more fortunate companions; for sharks are rare cannibals, and will ruthlessly turn upon and rend even a slightly-wounded fellow.

An incident occurred during the *mêlée* which at another time might have been attended with tragic consequences. A young overseer, who had sprained his ankle and could not run along the bank, determined not to be altogether out of the fun. He therefore took his place in one of the boats, and as some of the sharks

approached (those which afterwards escaped) he stood up to get a better shot, but unfortunately lost his balance and plumped head first into the water, directly before the snouts of the ferocious creatures. He said afterwards that he felt their bodies brush past him while he was in the water.

The sharks, however, were very much off their feed for the time being, having other things to think of; so beyond the ducking and the loss of his gun the youth came to no harm. Only it was a very white and scared individual indeed that was dragged ashore—of that you may be sure.

## II.—*On the Way to Moongee.*

BY MRS. JACK BOUSTEAD.

Mrs. Boustead was on a riding tour with her husband in Ceylon when they came to a dangerously swollen river, and she now tells us what happened when they tried to ford the stream just above a roaring cataract.

THE sun was creeping slowly up the sky to the perpendicular position he insists on assuming in the tropics at noonday. Ceylon is within six degrees of the Equator, and one of the infernal regions; and for my part, I felt as if we were even nearer than that as I moved painfully in my saddle, and called out to my husband:—

"Jack, how much farther *is* it?"

My lord and master whipped his tired horse nearer to mine.

"Only about ten miles more," he said, with most annoying cheerfulness: "and Blazes looks as fresh as a daisy."

"Blazes may be, but I am not," I returned: "in fact, I think I am going to die."

My husband opened his eyes wide at this mild declaration, and appeared to be reflecting that horseback was a most inconvenient place for such a catastrophe.

"I am one huge ache from head to foot; the skin is blistering off my face, and the sun is beating into my brain," I continued, in a voice dangerously near tears. "Hold my pony, Jack; I am going to get off and put my head into that stream, or I shall drop insensible in a minute."



My husband obeyed, and staggering painfully to where a little mountain rivulet poured in a clear fall over some rocks, I took off my solar topee and held my head under it for a short time. The relief was wonderful. The congested feeling in my head, that seemed as if it were hurrying me to death's door, passed away. I picked some fresh cinchona leaves, which I placed in my hat as an additional protection against the sun, and then remounted.

I had every excuse for being as tired as a woman could be, for we had already come twenty-five miles that morning; and twenty-five miles under a burning tropical sun is a vastly different thing from what it is in England. My husband was making a riding tour on business through the island, and with the rashness of youth I had decided to accompany him—my baby—my precious first, blue-eyed baby—having been sent to the hills to friends during our absence from Colombo.

We had already been about a fortnight on the trip, putting up either at rest-houses or friends' estates, as happened most conveniently. We were now in Maskeliya, and bound for an estate called Moongee, the property of a bachelor Scotchman, who was going to entertain us for a day or two.

I can assure you it had not been all beer and skittles—nor, to use a more flowery metaphor, had it been a path of roses. On the contrary, there was often no path at all, so thickly strewn with rocks and fallen trunks of trees was our road at many a point. Fortunately our horses were well accustomed to such difficulties. Mine was a dear little Pegu pony, as sure footed as a cat; and to see him clamber along, sometimes positively leaping from rock to rock, would have delighted anyone. I had him many years, and always loved him dearly, all the more after our careers in this world of sin had nearly been cut short at the same moment—but I am anticipating. Polly, my husband's big Australian

mare, was less fitted for the gymnastic performances the trip involved: but she, too, scrambled along somehow, and so we made another three or four miles.

The douche of cold water on my head had refreshed me wonderfully, and when we struck into the deep, leafy shade of a belt of jungle, my spirits mounted rapidly. Everything was so lovely—the sunlight quivering through the banyans and palms; the whirr of the azure or scarlet wings of some tropical bird; and, above all, the sense of utter repose that the vast, dim silence around produces on the mind.

But our satisfaction was short-lived. There is no Eden without its serpent, and we soon found ours in the shape of tens of thousands of leeches. There had been some rain the day before, and this always brings them out; but I have never, in all my wanderings, seen anything like their numbers in this spot. The plagues of Egypt were a fool to them. They attacked us in myriads, and we grew weary of trying to pull the loathsome things off. I counted fifteen at one time on my husband's face, and our horses, our saddles, and ourselves were one mass of the uncanny-looking little brutes, who move along by turning themselves into hoops, in a way that is, I believe, unique to the creature.

"We shall die of blood-poisoning, I suppose," I remarked, with philosophical calm, when I had resigned myself to the situation. "People do sometimes from leech bites, I've heard."

"Not unless you pull them off, I think," said my husband, shutting one eye to survey a fine specimen on his nose. "When we get in, we'll get some salt—that kills them at once."

"We had better rub ourselves all over with it, another time, before we start.

It will keep them off altogether, perhaps," I suggested. "However, here we are, out of the jungle. How much farther is it now, do you think?"



THE AUTHORESS, MRS. JACK BOUSTEAD, AS SHE APPEARED AT THE TIME OF THIS ADVENTURE.  
*From a Photo, by Grigson, Colombo, Ceylon.*



MR. JACK BOUSTEAD  
*From a Photo, by G. T. Jones, Surbiton.*



"THE LEECHES ATTACKED US IN MYRIADS."

"There's Moongee over there—you can just see the factory," replied my husband, pointing at a distant white spot with his whip; "and here, thank goodness, are those infernal coolies with our boxes," he added, as up a short cut through a gully two perspiring specimens of humanity emerged on to the road, and ran ahead with the long, swinging trot common to their class. I began to laugh, for the sight of the box-coolies invariably tickled me. In the first place, my husband had a most singular method of packing his luggage. He never troubled to get everything into the box at all, but simply tied anything that was left out on to the outside. On the present occasion I remember that two pairs of boots, his pyjamas, a sponge-bag, and several collars were all dangling round the head of the man who carried it. But the behaviour and deportment of the coolies themselves were the most amusing. They lived in constant, and perhaps wholesome, terror of my husband. Like most Englishmen in the East, he was in the habit of emphasizing all his orders with kicks, and they had grown so accustomed to the fear of his boot coming behind, that the moment they saw him they instinctively drew their bodies into a curve exactly the opposite to that intended by Nature,

and whatever they were doing, they would do it in that attitude. If they remained long in our service, they gradually grew quite deformed.

"They have to go a different way from ours altogether now," observed my husband, presently. "They cross the river much higher up, where there is a boat. We can't be far off from it now," he added, reining in his horse and listening.

I, too, stopped, and strained my ears. A dull roar was distinctly audible.

"What on earth is that?" I asked; "the river can't be making all that noise."

"That's the waterfall, a little lower down. It's a very fine one."

The tired horses pricked up their ears at the sound of the water, and moved on more quickly. In about a quarter of an hour we reached the banks, and drew rein as we surveyed the scene before us. It was a broad and beautiful stream, shining refreshingly in the scorching afternoon sun; and it flowed past in a great, swift, silver sheen until, about a hundred yards farther down, it fell over the rocks in a tremendous cataract.

I measured the width with my eye from bank to bank. It looked about sixty yards.

"It is much more swollen than I expected," remarked my husband; "they must have had a good lot of rain here."

"Will it be safe?" I asked, anxiously. "It looks awfully deep in the middle."

"It's all right, I think. I've been over lots of times."

"Yes, on Polly. But Blazes is so small: he'll be taken off his feet."

"Oh, no; he won't," replied my husband, in the happy-go-lucky way that characterized him. "You keep close to me, and when you get near the middle, whip him up smartly."

I had some qualms, but I was the heroine of an adventure when I crossed the Ganges on an elephant, and was not going to be daunted by this. We spurred the horses, who had been drinking at the edge, and they began the fording gingerly. Deeper and deeper became the water, and the current proved to be far stronger than my husband had anticipated. I saw a look of anxiety cross his face, and my nerve began to desert me.

"Blazes is getting out of his depth," I cried, suddenly, as I felt the cold stream rush above my knees.

"He'll have to swim," said my husband, seizing my bridle. "Whip him, Leila! Whip him hard!"



"I MADE A FRANTIC LUNGE TO GRASP MY HUSBAND'S HAND."

I obeyed, and struck the pony over the head. There was not much else of the poor little animal visible by this time, for the water was above the saddle. He made a gallant struggle for it, so did I. Polly was holding her ground well, for she was a tall, powerful animal; but the expression of her terrified eye showed that she, too, had to do all she knew to keep on her feet.

Suddenly I felt myself bodily lifted from the saddle by the irresistible force of the water. I made a frantic lunge to throw my arms round Polly's neck, or grasp my husband's hand, but the next moment the cruel current took me, as if I were a leaf or a straw, and whirled me from them. I uttered one spluttering, gasping cry, and then my head went under. A mighty sea seemed to rush roaring over me, and beat my brains out.

Strange to say, I never lost consciousness entirely. Of what followed I have certainly but a very hazy remembrance—but I do remember it. Neither did I experience the feeling so often described by the drowning, of seeing their whole past lives pass before them as a panorama. I simply thought of the waterfall, and felt that certain death awaited me. I believe I made a wild effort to swim—my husband says I did—but I don't recollect it. A giant force was dashing me headlong towards destruction—that is all I know—when suddenly my progress was arrested by a violent jerk. What had happened I did not then realize, for I was blinded, half stunned, and choking. I became aware that some solid object was near me, and I instinctively flung my arms out frantically

and grasped—a rock. I had been saved by the providential accident of my riding habit skirt getting caught on the jagged end of a rock—one of a cluster that stood up out of the water about fifty yards from the fall. With my last remaining strength, I dragged myself up on to them, and then sank down—earth and sky and water becoming one great blur before my eyes.

I was roused by my husband's voice, and I felt him lifting me up. He, too, was dripping from head to foot. Polly was safe on the bank, and Blazes stood there also, with drooping head, and limbs quivering with fear and exertion. How they had all fared I, of course, then learnt. When I had been swept away by the current, my husband had flung himself off his horse after me. He was a powerful swimmer, and had not many fears for himself, but he fully expected to see me dashed over the waterfall before his eyes. Fortunately, the whirling stream swept me straight on to the saving rocks, round which it foamed and eddied, till a short



"I WAS ROUSED BY MY HUSBAND'S VOICE, AND I FELT HIM LIFTING ME UP."



distance farther on it formed the roaring cataract that came so near to being my death.

To get to shore when I was sufficiently recovered was no great difficulty. The rocks we had landed on were on the far side, and not twenty yards from the bank. We simply waded through, and Polly and Blazes whinnied for joy, and thrust their wet noses into our hands. Poor little Blazes! He had had a brave struggle to get to shore, and he seemed as pleased as anybody when I mounted his dripping wet little back and turned his head away from that dreadful river. The rest of our ride—about another three miles—was the most uncomfortable I have ever taken. Drenched, of course, to the skin, our soaking clothes only weighed us down; and, as both our tops

had disappeared in the water, we had no covering on our heads against the blazing sun. We felt this so much, in spite of the thorough wetting we had had, that we had to stop and pick cinchona leaves, which we fastened on our heads with handkerchiefs tied under our chins.

Certainly, we must have presented most curious-looking figures when we finally reached the bungalow, and our host ran out to greet us. I burst out laughing at his face of amazement, and if he had only had a kodak with him, I should now be able to present my readers with two very interesting photos. As it was, the box-coolies not having arrived, and there being no clothes exactly suitable for me handy, I had to go, simply and ignominiously, to bed for the rest of the day.

### III.—A *Splendid Feat*.

BY CAPTAIN CECIL DYCE.

How a young Indian official had a hand-to-hand fight with a leopard, which he killed by sheer strength and a daring inspiration.

AN Anglo-Indian author of repute, who writes under the *nom-de-plume* of "Maori," in a book entitled "Sport and Work in the Nepal Frontier," mentions incidentally that a powerful young Scotchman belonging to the Forest Department, in a struggle with a leopard, "by pure physical strength dashed the animal's brains out against the jagged edges of the stump of a sal tree." A line or two lower down he continues, "Of course, the young hunter was horribly mauled in the encounter, but by this splendid feat he saved his own and a fellow-creature's life." It is the story of this deed, heard from the lips of the hero of the adventure, that is here narrated, and as far as possible in his own words. The hero is my friend Captain Edward Wood, formerly Conservator of Woods and Forests in the North-West Provinces of India, but now retired:—

At the time I had not been very long in India, and was temporarily posted as assistant engineer to the Etawah

branch of the Ganges Canal. As the line of rail from Cawnpore to Etawah was on the point of completion, our executive engineer naturally wished to transfer our head-quarters from Mynpoorie to the latter place, which from its position would now be altogether more convenient and easy of access. Thus it came to pass that one fine morning I found myself marching into Etawah, then unknown ground to me. On entering the station I espied a European hard at work with theodolite and chain, surveying; stepping up to him I said, politely:—

"Will you kindly direct me to the nearest camping ground?"

"Tell me now, are you Edward Wood?" he asked. This sudden question, couched in tones redolent of the "Ould Counthrie," took me by surprise, but I answered, promptly:—

"Yes, that is my name."

"Faith, then, we have been on the look-out for you for some time past. Me own name is Patrick Cogan, and I belong to



THIS IS CAPTAIN EDWARD WOOD, WHO PERFORMED THE "SPLENDID FEAT" RELATED HERE.

From a Photo. by Shepherd & Robertson.

the same Department as yourself—sorry I can't accompany you home—too busy. But I'll write a note to my wife, who will look after your creature comforts."

This was a piece of luck, but I subsequently discovered that the invitation was characteristic of the man, who, if a trifle off-hand, was as kindly and hospitable a soul as ever breathed.

He scribbled a few lines and handed them to a peon, under whose guidance I duly reached the bungalow, introduced myself to the lady of the house, had an invigorating tub, and presently sat down to a bountiful chota hazri (early breakfast). We were yet in the middle of the meal when Cogan rode up, with a small crowd of gesticulating natives following in his wake.

"Isay, Wood," he exclaimed, "see, here are at least half-a-dozen villagers at me. They all declare that some wild beast, of which they are mortally afraid, and which rejoices in the outlandish name of 'tenduah,' has taken possession of their fields, and they want me either to kill it or drive it away. Maybe it is a hyena or a wolf; do you feel in the humour for a bit of sport?"

"Certainly," I answered; "but all my baggage, including guns, is behind."

"Oh, then I'll lend you a tolerable blunder-bus," he rejoined, cheerfully.

Very soon we made up a party and started in the direction of the village. I was armed with a gun, the right barrel of which was loaded with *shot*, and the left with *ball*. Presently we reached some wheatfields, in which the corn stood nearly 4ft. high, for the land was well irrigated. Here the beaters formed line and the drive commenced. We worked systematically through several fields, but with no result; and I was getting a trifle careless and inclined to fancy that amid the general din and hubbub our

quarry had sneaked away unperceived, when, to my amazement, right in front I saw a fine, full-grown leopard dash across a patch of open ground to where the cover was denser.

Without thought or calculation I let fly—and, as is usual under the circumstances, instead of the *bullet*, my charge of shot added some extra speckles to the already beautifully spotted skin of the animal. In truth, I must have peppered the brute sharply, for he instantly wheeled round and charged. The celerity of his onset was such that I had no time to collect myself: he came at me like a thunderbolt, so to speak. I

fired my remaining barrel; of course, missed, and was hurled to the earth, at the same moment my weapon went flying from my grasp. The impetuosity of the leopard's attack carried him several yards beyond me; I managed therefore to spring up just in time to face the infuriated beast a second time.

From this point I offer my description of the fight with considerable diffidence. Under the cir-

cumstances one's recollection must of necessity be faulty and confused. It seemed to me that at one time I was clutching the brute's throat with one hand in a resolute attempt to keep his fangs from tearing open my windpipe, and his claws from disembowelling me; while with my right fist I instinctively rained down a shower of blows on his head and neck, precisely as though I were in deadly grip with a human being. At another time I was sprawling on the ground, the result doubtless of a frenzied effort to throw off the panther and be free of him, even though it were only for a moment. On the latter occasion my fingers came in contact with the steel barrels of my weapon; and this proved a God-send, for in the "round" that ensued I so battered my spotted foe that I must have rendered him dizzy. In the mean-



"HE CAME AT ME LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, SO TO SPEAK."

time, seeing how fully the leopard was occupied with my luckless self, some of the natives, recovering from their panic, returned, and I remember quite distinctly that Cogan's gun-bearer actually succeeded in placing the muzzle of the loaded rifle he carried against the panther's body, making the while frantic attempts to pull the trigger, but the gun refused to go off, as it was *on half-cock*. Nor, in the mad excitement of the moment, could I muster sufficient Hindustani to tell the capering idiot of his mistake. The native, however, paid somewhat dearly for his stupidity, for the leopard suddenly turned from me, and, springing on the poor fellow, bore him to the earth.

Then, for me, there came a blissful pause in the breathless fight for life I had been waging; yet, strange to say, half-a-dozen seconds were enough to put new vigour into my relaxed muscles. There was the leopard barely two yards off, its superb frame dilating with rage as it stood triumphant over at least one conquered foe. Its hind-quarters were nearest me, and its splendid yellow tail swayed to and fro before my eyes. My shattered, useless gun slipped from my fingers, for, to tell the truth, that oscillating tail fascinated and drew me, and before I well knew what I was about I had seized it at the root, and, putting all my strength

into the effort, had swung the leopard clear of the man, and was whirling the brute round, with my own body answering to the motion. Quite three-parts of a circle had been completed, when I felt a great shock, and the leopard's skull seemed to crack. It had come into violent contact with the ugly spiked stump of a sal tree. Probably the impact also broke its neck; but after the shock I remembered no more, as I must have dropped down in a dead faint, due doubtless to loss of blood and exhaustion after the terrible excitement of the struggle.

Of course, the question naturally arises, where was Cogan all this time, and how was it he was not at hand to help me in my difficulty? It must be remembered, however, that neither of us expected to find a leopard in the fields, hence Cogan was at the extremity of the drive some 100yds. distant, and at the moment I fired his attention had been diverted by a drove of wild pig which broke cover quite close to him. He, however, arrived in time to witness the finale of the fight, which, though so full of incident to myself, could not from first to last have occupied many minutes.

For many weeks I lay seriously ill with fever, delirium, blood-poisoning, and their concomitants. The surgeons at one time wished to amputate my arm, but were afraid I might sink under the operation, so fortunately they left it alone. At length a good constitution and the devoted, careful nursing I received at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Cogan (to whom I can never be sufficiently grateful) prevailed, and I became convalescent; but it was quite six months before I was once more fit for work. My arm as you see is badly scarred and indented, so also is my chest, and I have partially lost the use of these two fingers. Otherwise, I am thankful to say, I am none the worse for the terrible tussle I had with that leopard, whose glossy, speckled coat I have always retained as a trophy. Of course, it was my friend Cogan who, during my illness, had the skin beautifully cured, and when I became convalescent presented it to me with a kindly little speech. The native gun-bearer, I am glad to say, recovered very quickly from his wounds, which were not of a serious nature.



"PUTTING ALL MY STRENGTH INTO THE EFFORT, I SWUNG THE LEOPARD CLEAR OF THE MAN."



## The Quaintest Wedding in the World.

By KATHLEEN SCHLESINGER.

We think this extraordinary account of a Finnish wedding in Russian Carelia—illustrated as it is with a set of unique snap-shots taken by J. K. Inha, and copyrighted by K. E. Stalberg—well merits the above title. Such ceremonies, and wailings, and prostrations, and visits from the magician! In Carelia a wedding is an ordeal indeed.



It is impossible to imagine anything more doleful and unique than a peasant betrothal and wedding in Russo-Finland—that is to say, in those parts near the boundary where Russian customs prevail.

In order to understand the photographs which illustrate this article, it is necessary to explain where they were taken, for there are not many Finns even who have ever witnessed the ceremony. The scenes here represented took place in 1894, in a small village in the forest-land of Russian Carelia, just across the Finnish border. The actors in this lamentable drama, although of Finnish stock and preserving the curious and ancient customs of that people, have lived for so long subject to Russian influence and religion, that they present the strongest possible contrast to the highly cultured Finlanders proper.

These scenes are all the more unique and interesting because they are taken from the life of the folk among whom the great Finnish epic "Kalevala" was collected, and the different phases of the elaborate ceremony are genuine survivals of ages long gone by.

Such a thing as a radiant bride is unknown in those regions, and the chief idea seems to be to make as great a show of grief as possible and to make the function as dismal as a funeral. In all probability the bride does not feel half as miserable as she looks, but tradition demands the shedding of many tears on this occasion. You see, her mother and grandmother wept in the orthodox manner, and therefore she—like a dutiful daughter—does likewise. As is usual in all countries where

dowries are given to the bride and mercenary arrangements play a prominent part, the young people do not settle their love affairs themselves—if indeed love enter into the matter at all. The proceedings are strictly official and correct in every detail, and the wooing begins by proxy.

The young man chooses a professional spokesman, who afterwards acts as best man, and is sent to see "how the ground lies," and what responsibilities rest on his broad shoulders! If he is satisfied with all he sees and hears, he asks the parents with assumed indifference whether they intend to get their daughter married, and what they propose to give her when that doleful day dawns. A few days later the young man's parents, accompanied by the spokesman, make their appearance in solemn state, and the latter official at once announces the object of the visit.

"Formerly I came as a guest; now I come as wooer," he cries as the door opens.

At these words there is a general stir and flutter of excitement. The guests are led to the seats of honour and candles are lighted before the *ikons*; the negotiations then proceed—how much is to be given for the bride; how many



From a] THE RETURN FROM THE BATH—THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE "WEEPING DAY." [Photo.

kegs of spirits and what provisions are to be provided for the festivities, and what presents the bride is to give and receive. The poor girl is spared the humiliation of hearing all this haggling, which is often exaggerated to satisfy tradition, and not entirely from mercenary motives; she is only summoned to give her formal consent when everything has been settled.

A few days before the wedding the formal betrothal takes place, which is as binding as the marriage itself.

Our first illustration represents the return from the bath, which is the opening ceremony of the *weeping day*, or day before the wedding. In the morning early the maiden, accompanied by her girl friends, sits on a seat in front of the house, while the professional wailers sing doleful laments. Then, rising and entering the house, she beseeches her brother to go and fetch some fire-wood to heat the bath-house. With a voice choked with tears, she next turns to her sister, begging her to make ready the bath, while a friend is told off to draw water from the well.

"Let me bathe for the last time to efface from my white body all traces of grief, and from my heart my ardent sorrow." This is the burden of the song she sings while all is being got ready; it forms part of a regular collection or Litany, which has been religiously handed down by word of mouth among the Finns, and these wailing laments play a great part at their wedding ceremonies, which are surely the dullest in the world. Let it be said *en passant* that the bath-house is a characteristic institution in Finland, where every tiny cottage has one. Saturday is the regular tub-night all over the country.

The future bride has just returned with her bevy of maidens from her ablutions; she walks first, supported by her chief wailer. On enter-

ing, they are met by the brother, who is an important person on these occasions. He holds an embroidered towel in one hand and with the other dips the *kouvcchine*, or metal cup, shaped something like a little saucepan with a handle, into the basin, and offers his sister holy water for another ceremonial ablution—this time to scare away evil spirits and diseases, for the Carelians look upon the bath as a pagan institution. The religion of the Carelian, by the way, consists of the most incongruous mixture of superstition, heathenism, and orthodoxy imaginable, as will presently become evident to the reader.

The mother then appears, and, weeping also, leads the party into the inner room, where we will follow them. Looking at the next photograph we see that a somewhat impressive scene



"THE WOMEN BOW DOWN, INVOKING A BLESSING ON THE BRIDE, WHILE THE MEN STAND SOLEMNLY BY."  
From a Photo.

is taking place. All turn to the East. The women then bow down before the sacred images, touching the ground with their foreheads and invoking a blessing on the bride, while the men stand solemnly by.

It is really quite a relief to find that after this the party becomes more cheerful, and sits down to a meal, at which pancakes form one of the chief dishes. The future bridegroom is never present on this *weeping day*, which is devoted solely to bidding a mournful farewell to the happy girlhood of the maiden, and to indulgence in the joys of being and making others miserable.



"THE BRIDE, SUPPORTED BY AN ANTICATED WAILER, IS INVITED BY ONE OF HER RELATIVES TO ENTER THE HOUSE." [Photo.]

This gloomy view of marriage is, of course, but a reminiscence of the customs of the semi-civilized East, where woman is at best but a slave after marriage.

After the meal, the girls, wailers, and a brother or two set off to make a round of farewell visits to all the relations of the bride; and by looking at the next photograph we are enabled to picture their arrival at an aunt's house. The bride, supported by an antiquated wailer, is being invited by one of her relatives to enter the house, in the doorway of which the aunt is just dimly visible.

The song announcing the sad occasion of the visit has already been sung in front of the homestead;

and as these songs are often of considerable length, this gives the aunt time to make hot some beer or wine, which custom demands should be drunk on entering the house, possibly as a kind of charitable pick-me-up. Then there follows an endless succession of embraces and bowings to the ground on the part of the bride, intermixed with snatches of prayers and songs, etc., before the party finally sits down to refresh the inner man by a small repast. After this sometimes the inmates bring presents to the bride—generally small coins of the realm—or else the company sits down to sew or play games; next follow more songs and bowings, and then the whole of this

little comedy is repeated at the house of another relative.

There seems to be a constant supply of tears laid on which never runs dry. The voices do not get hoarse, and the cakes, beer, and sweet-meats never seem to pall or the appetites to flag, however great the demands made upon



"WHEN THE MOTHER HEARS THE MOURNFUL PROCESSION RETURNING SHE GOES TO MEET HER DAUGHTER." [From a Photo.]



them. Life seems a little short for a wedding of this kind, but after all it is a question of observing ancient traditions.

All this time the bride's real mother, who seems to keep in the background and to delegate her rights to others, has been preparing the house for more meals—baking unlimited loaves and cakes and other delicacies. When she hears the mournful procession returning, she goes to meet her daughter, who stands supported by her young companions. Behind are the brothers and the rest of the maidens, all in their ordinary everyday clothes; and of course it would be a crime to do aught but weep, weep, weep, more and more tears.

presence is tolerated on these occasions—not even that of the ever-useful brother. All male folk are banished for the night. After the repast they adjourn to another part of the room shut off by a curtain, and the Liturgy of Tears begins.

Of course, it will be understood that all this weeping is a formal act—a survival of the cherished old customs of the real Finns. Among some of the Russian tribes the weeping is replaced by a sort of howling, compared with which the demeanour of *our* Finns is positive hilarity. The wailers, whose dirges are stirring and full of the most poetical and pathetic ideas, work themselves up in such a realistic manner



[From a] "THEY ADJOURN TO ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOM, AND THE LITURGY OF TEARS BEGINS." [Photo.]

You or I might be moved to mirth at the sight. All these girls wear a curious ribbon passed across the forehead and tied at the back, the long ends hanging far below the waist. Over this ribbon is worn the kerchief of silk or linen, often beautifully embroidered, which conceals the hair.

The little children are the bonniest-looking of all; but even on their baby faces there is a reflection of the melancholy of their elders. One longs to lure them away from all this mock sadness, and romp with them till smiles break over the little faces and merry laughter replaces the wailing.

A climax is reached in these sad ceremonies when all these womenfolk sit down to supper together and sing marriage songs. No man's

that they frequently burst into real sobs and tears. Thus these dirges naturally increase and stimulate the sincere sorrow which the bride feels at leaving her happy home. Next the bride kindles a light in front of the ikon, thus signifying her willingness to be married, and goes to sit behind the stove; her head-kerchief is solemnly loosened, the ribbon untied which encircles her brow, and her tresses released. Each female member of the family comes forward in turn and unplaits some of the maiden's hair, who as bride loses the right to wear it plaited; and she presents the deposed ribbons to her chief bridesmaid, singing a special song to mark the act.

In Russian Carelia the family ties are very strong, and each member participates by right in all important functions like the above.

The next photograph represents a singular scene, and needs a little explanation. On the wedding morning, as soon as the bridegroom's party is heard approaching, there is a mighty stir in the girl's home. Led by the professional wailers, the bride repairs to the yard; a sheepskin is brought, and then begins a curious and humiliating ceremony, dangerous to apoplectic subjects. The poor victim is walked up to the sheepskin, and the two wailers, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs and wailing out appropriate songs, make a show of forcing the bride down on to her knees. Then lower still must she bend, like the Mohammedan at prayer, till her forehead touches the dust, or the feet of all the guests, and of her own parents and relations in turn. Our snap-shot was taken as she grovelled at the feet of the most important

victim, who has had a pretty bad time of it on the whole, and will have cause to remember her wedding day.

In the meanwhile, feasting goes on until the bride is sent for. A large square shawl conceals her head, and, as she cannot see, she holds in her hand a handkerchief, by which she is led, after a while, out of the house by the bridegroom into the yard, where another solemn ceremony takes place—the exorcizing of evil spirits by the magician. The bride, distinguished by her veil, has on her right her chief maiden, and on her left the bridegroom, who is still holding the end of the kerchief. Her brothers and the best man complete the group in the centre, while parents and guests stand around.

The *Patvaska*, or magician, wearing in his white girdle the embroidered towel presented by



From a

THE BRIDE'S OBEISANCE BEFORE THE VILLAGE MAGICIAN.

[Photo.

personage of all, the magician, at whose bidding demons and spirits are banished and wicked men cease to trouble the young couple.

After this humiliating prelude, the wedding party adjourns to the living room, whilst the bride is carried off by her maidens to be dressed for the wedding. One can readily conceive that after all this labour and grovelling in the dust, ablutions and a change of apparel must be most necessary for the comfort of the poor

the bride, rushes out of the house with a blazing firebrand in one hand and an axe in the other. Bending low, he describes with the axe three magic circles round the young couple, muttering the while certain ancient magic runes, exorcizing all bad spirits and removing from the path of the pair all evil-disposed persons who might wish to do them an ill turn. One might truly be back in the Middle Ages, in the days of the black art and of witches and broomsticks!



From a] THE MAGICIAN, WITH AXE AND FIREBRAND, EXORCISES EVIL SPIRITS THAT MIGHT AFFLICT THE HAPPY COUPLE. [Photo.

This curious ceremony, which is never omitted by any chance, always occurs when the bride leaves her home on the way to her

husband's. The next scene gives one the idea of a funeral rather than a wedding procession. It shows the wedding party leaving for the



THE PROCESSION LEAVING FOR THE BRIDEGROOM'S HOUSE (THE GROOM IS LEADING HIS VEILED BRIDE IN TOKEN OF "BLIND OBEDIENCE"). [Photo.





From a

THE MAGICIAN LIFTS THE VEIL FROM THE BRIDE'S FACE.

[Photo.

bridegroom's home. Everyone looks gloomy and miserable, as though a great catastrophe had taken place. First walks the magician, followed by the bride's brothers — one of

them carrying on his head the loaf of bread sewn up in a white damask cloth, together with a complete cover for one person, as a symbol of the maintenance now undertaken by the



From a  
Vol. iii.—51.

THE BRIDE GIVES PRESENTS TO HER NEW RELATIVES.

[Photo.

bridegroom. The latter leads the bride by means of the kerchief as before. This is probably also a foretaste of the "blind obedience" he will exact from her in the future; the father and mother follow their daughter.

Such lugubrious ceremonies might well deter Carelian maidens from entering the estate of matrimony with undue haste; and yet such is not the case by any means. We will now leave the party to wend its way to the new home, taking the church on the way, the bride's face remaining concealed from view the whole time. There is nothing unusual about the religious ceremony, so we will wait until the party is seated at table before we take a peep at them again.

At last the time comes when the fond husband is allowed a glimpse of the bride, whose weeping,

must wait, for there is yet one more debt to be paid to custom—one more *corvée* for the bride. She must now give to her new relations certain presents, which may consist of articles of dress and various foods and drinks. This done, each recipient rises in turn, and the unfortunate bride has to make new prostrations to each relation, touching the table with her forehead in token of humility and obedience to her "husband's people."

After this the doings of the party cease to interest us, and become quite commonplace, for they merely eat and drink and make merry like ordinary individuals, and the reign of the wailers is at an end.

The next morning finds the bride paying homage to her mother-in-law in an exceedingly untidy-looking room—that is, everything



NEXT MORNING FINDS THE BRIDE PAYING HOMAGE TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.  
From a Photo.

by the way, both personal and vicarious, is now at an end. The magician, who seems to take a far more prominent share in the ceremonies than the happy man himself, now pronounces some more magic runes; then he solemnly lifts the veil from the face of the standing bride, while the bridegroom remains meekly seated with his back to the window, and so bathed in light that only his own peculiar mode of tying his tie gives the clue to his identity.

The *samovar* filled with fragrant tea and the eatables are on the table; but the hungry folk

apparently that it ought not to be. Sometimes the mother-in-law graciously renames her daughter, bestowing upon her some such pet name as "the darling" or "the beautiful," by which she is henceforth known. Only sometimes she may be neither.

This is the last act in the strange comedy or drama, whichever we like to call it, and the young couple are now allowed to settle down quietly in their own home, where we will leave them in peace, with due apologies for having hitherto shown ourselves so inquisitive.

## Captured by Cannibals

By P. A. McCann.

This well-known trader and explorer has only recently returned to England after many years' residence in West Africa. The following is the most terrible adventure even in Mr. McCann's experience; and all will agree that it is an almost painfully graphic narrative, giving a vivid idea of what such men are occasionally called upon to endure.



THE following adventure befell me in the month of October, 1883, when trading in the Gaboon country. At the time I was up-river agent for a Liverpool firm, and was stationed on a hulk anchored off the Island of Ningüē Ningüē, at the confluence of the rivers Como and Bognē. Several other firms had hulks anchored about there, and these were in charge of black traders, who belonged to the Coast tribe (Mpongwe) of the Gaboon. I was, therefore, the only white trader in the river.

Trade being more than usually dull at this time, I resolved to make a trip into the upper river, and see if I couldn't stir up business. Therefore, loading a small, twenty-ton schooner with a varied assortment of merchandise, I went up beyond the usual trading limit, and anchored off a populous cluster of villages called Attacamma. I was well armed, and, knowing the treacherous nature of the people, took every precaution against a surprise. The natives (Mpongwes) were cannibals of the worst type, and I knew I had little mercy to expect if I were caught napping or relaxed my vigilance in any way. As trading negotiations are always opened by an interview with the chief of the community, and making him a friendly present, I asked to see this individual, shortly after anchoring off the villages.

The chief, I was told, had gone into the bush to attend some family palaver, and was not expected back for a couple of months, so I requested his deputy to come along instead. In due course this individual came off attended by some followers, and as he clambered up the schooner's side and stepped on to the deck, I don't think I ever beheld a more evil-looking villain; I took an instinctive dislike to him right



THIS IS A PHOTO. OF THE AUTHOR, MR. P. A. MCCANN, WHO EXPERIENCED THIS TERRIBLE ADVENTURE. THE PHOTO. WAS TAKEN BY HIMSELF ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.



away. He had a smoking-cap on his head, and was clad from the waist to the knees with cloth made from the bark of a tree. In his hand he held a bamboo switch, with which he kept off flies, and with a large brass ring upon each ankle his attire was complete. Afflicted with some form of leprosy, his face and body were covered with large scaly patches of white, which gave him a fearfully loathsome appearance. His hands, too, from the cicatrization of ulcerous sores, were cramped up like claws, and to complete his horrible appearance, his mouth, when he spoke, revealed teeth which had been filed to a point and looked as sharp as needles.

It is not good trading policy, however, to let one's instinctive personal feeling stand in the way of business, so concealing the repugnance I felt, I paid him the usual courtesies and gave him a liberal present of cloth and tobacco, as a trade opening. While talking to him,

ivory than the schooner could carry. As a friendly offering he had brought off a fowl and two bunches of plantains, which, as he spoke, were handed over to me by one of his followers. These, I might add, I gave to the crew as soon as he had left. After expressing his satisfaction at my arrival and reiterating his professions of friendship, he went ashore with his followers. During the next week everything went on well: trade was fairly good and the people friendly enough. There seemed every prospect of my completing a successful trading trip, and things looked so peaceful that I decided to make a prolonged stay and complete barter of cargo I had brought before returning.

My quarters on board the schooner, however, were far from comfortable, and as it was the height of the hot season, the cabin was insufferably close and stuffy. At nights, too, I was so pestered with rats, cockroaches, and

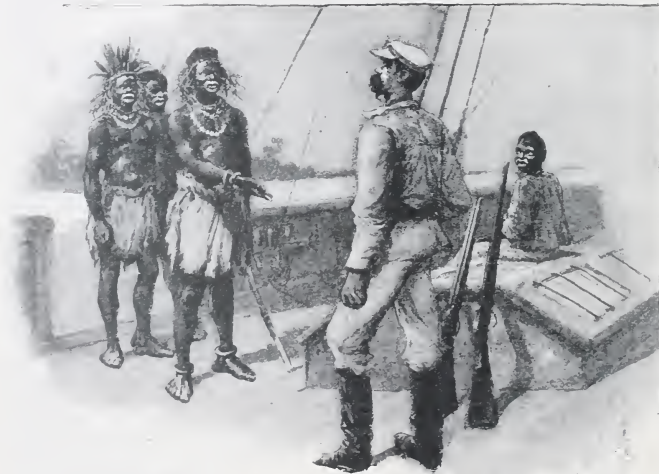
mosquitoes that I got very little sleep.

The rubber also (one of the products brought in by the natives), stored in the hold, gave off a vile odour, and this, added to the other discomforts, was more than I could stand, so I decided to transfer my quarters ashore and use the schooner as a *dépôt*.

Not far from the landing-place, off which the schooner lay, there stood a good-sized native house, built after the Gaboon style; and on inquiry I found that it had been put up by a Gaboon man, who, coming

up here to trade some years ago, had intermarried and settled amongst this tribe. He took ill and died, however, and his wife, not liking the position of the house, went back to her people.

It was situated pleasantly enough on a little knoll close to and overlooking the river, and stood by itself embosomed in a thick grove of plantain trees. Peeping out from among the broad leaves, its roof could just be seen from the deck of the schooner; and to me, cramped up in the close and ill-ventilated little trading



"I PAID HIM THE USUAL COURTESIES AND GAVE HIM A LIBERAL PRESENT AS A TRADE OPENING."

however, I could see him taking furtive note of everything about the deck, and when his eyes rested upon my repeating rifle and double-barrelled gun which stood up against the cabin skylight handy to my reach, and when, further, he noted the heavy six-shooter which I wore buckled round my waist, he exchanged some significant remarks with his followers in an undertone.

Seeing I noted this he affected jocularly, and hastily remarked that he and I would become good friends, and that he would bring me more

vessel, it looked delightfully cool and tempting to live in.

To understand the following events it will be necessary for the reader to have an idea as to the position of the villages. Attacamma collectively comprised three villages, each being composed of one long street about 800 yards in length, with the houses on each side. These were built of bark, thatched with matting made from fronds of the bamboo palm, and were all joined together. Two of the villages were situated at right angles to the river, and between these two the third lay parallel with the water-side; the general shape of the three, looked at from a bird's-eye point of view, forming an irregular H. Each village had its own landing-place, that of the central one being half-way between the other two, and, leading up from the waterside for about forty yards, it opened into the street at about the middle of the village.

A little to the right of this landing-place was situated the house just mentioned, and as it was convenient for trade, and handy to the river, it suited me nicely. The approach to it branched off from the path leading between the village and the river. After arranging with the owner, I took possession.

It was built of bamboo, and for a native house was fairly comfortable. In size it was about 25ft. long by 15ft. wide, and contained four rooms, and a veranda which faced the river. Opening from the veranda, a doorway led into a central room, from which again rooms opened off on the three sides. The room on the left extending across the whole width of the building was larger than the others, and in this I took up my quarters, using it as living and sleeping room. The one opposite to mine I allotted to the cook and steward, and the remaining two were used as store-rooms. The doors not being provided with locks, I fastened them at night with wooden bars. About thirty yards off the landing-place, the schooner lay in mid-stream, in charge of a boatswain and six men, all of whom were armed with guns.

Shortly after I had established myself in the house the deputy chief paid me a visit and brought a small goat as a present. With fulsome compliments, he hoped I would stay at his village a long time, as he had formed a great friendship for me, and his people were greatly pleased to have a white man living among them. I took all this for what it was worth, of course, and did not fail to notice that my evil-looking friend exhibited great interest in the disposition of things about the room—particularly the case of cartridges and the guns standing by the bed. Before leaving he glanced into the other rooms

in a casual sort of way, and said, "White man, in a few days you will see these rooms filled up to the top with rubber and ivory, and you will be glad that you have come here," saying which he saluted me and went off.

Things went on quietly for some days, and one morning, no business being on hand, I thought I would give my guns a rub up; so going into my room and drawing the rough table up close to the bed, I placed the guns and cleaning things upon it, and, taking my seat upon the edge of the bed, started to work.

At the time the only other person in the house was my steward, Ndongo, the cook having gone off to the schooner. I had finished cleaning my revolver and was at my rifle, when Ndongo came in and said one of the big men of the village was outside and wished to see me. Now, if there is anything I dislike, it is being interrupted when I am doing anything, so in an angry tone I asked him what the fellow wanted. "I no sabby, massa," Ndongo replied.

"Let him come in, then," I said, and the words were barely spoken before a powerful and burly native entered.

It was a strange thing, but at that moment I had just closed the breech of the rifle, and the weapon lay across my knees with my right hand upon the lock and trigger, as if I were about to fire it. The fellow, as he stood inside the doorway, was thus covered by the gun, and exasperated by his abrupt entrance, I sternly demanded what he wanted, and in my anger forgot about the manner in which I held the gun. The man was evidently labouring under some strong excitement, as I could see by the rapid rise and fall of his massive chest, and the bloodshot appearance of his eyes. It struck me that, perhaps, some of my crew had made trouble in the village, and he had come to me to seek redress. My stern manner seemed to disconcert him, however, for he spoke in a very incoherent way, and as if he had forgotten what he had intended to say. Edging back from the gun, he managed to explain that he had just heard there was a lot of ivory in a town a day's journey off, and as the people there could not bring this down on account of a war palaver between them and another tribe on the route, he wished me to trust him with 200dols. worth of goods, so that he could go and buy it for me. My boy Ndongo interpreted, so I told him to tell my visitor that I did not give trust to anybody; that he had better go for the ivory and get the owners to trust him; and that if he brought it down, I would pay him a good price for it. Seeing there was no use talking further, I waved my hand to indicate that he had better go, and with surly

demeanour he turned and reluctantly went out. Asking Ndongo what he thought of the man's manner, he replied, in Mpongwe, that the man had drunk plenty of palm wine.

Dismissing the matter from my mind, I continued my cleaning, and was just finishing when Ndongo came in hurriedly, saying, "Massa, them fellow sabby lie too much; he say ivory live for bush, and now he come back with piece ivory for sell; he be rascal man."

"All right, Ndongo," I replied; "put the ivory on the steelyard and tell me how much it weighs."

The boy went out to do this, but almost immediately came back, saying that the native had refused to let him weigh it, alleging that he would be cheated, and that he wanted the white man himself to do it.

As it would only take a minute or so to do this, I hastily put the gun I was cleaning down upon the table, and passed into the outer room. I had just reached the doorway opening on to the veranda, when suddenly from behind a grip as of steel seized me round the neck and waist, and a cold sweat broke out all over me as I realized that I was trapped, and in the hands of these cannibals. Like a flash, I saw through the whole thing. The fellow who came to ask me for trust had evidently been told off, being a big and heavy man, to seize me; but, seeing me armed, he withdrew,

and then had recourse to the other dodge of enticing me out to weigh a piece of ivory; his laboured breathing and bloodshot eyes were thus explained. While my boy was interpreting, the two men who now seized me had passed through and secreted themselves in the back room.

Knowing the fate that awaited me if captured, I struggled desperately to throw off the grip, and with almost superhuman strength forced my two captors across the room and managed to get hold of the frame of the bedroom door. Then with a convulsive effort I endeavoured to get at my revolver. Alarmed at their inability to hold me, my assailants called out, and in a moment the place was alive with people. Shrieking like fiends, the savages seemed to start out of the very ground; they came from everywhere—from behind the plantain trees, from the back of the house, from the bush skirting the path, and every available space that could give shelter.

Holding on like grim death to the door frame which I had gripped, the frantic crowd hauled and dragged at me, until with a loud rending noise the door frame and part of the bamboo partition gave way and came down with a crash, and we went in a struggling heap on the floor. Over, under, and around me, the black frenzied fiends tugged and pulled, until I thought my limbs would come apart with the fearful strain put upon them.

The room was packed so tightly that the crowd could not get through the doorway, and none of those who gripped me would relinquish their hold, so the struggle went on until the air of the place became heavy and fetid with the steaming exhalations from the perspiring bodies.

The din, outside and in, was appalling, and the place a veritable pandemonium. Finally, some space being cleared outside, an effort was made to force me through, but, the narrow doorway again getting blocked, the crowd



"A GRIP AS OF STEEL SEIZED ME ROUND THE NECK AND WAIST."



inside surged and pushed until the doorway broke away from its fastenings in the bamboo wall and precipitated myself and my nearest captors into the veranda. With the desperation born of despair I struggled and kicked for dear life, and, as I was forced along, head down, I made a convulsive clasp at one of the veranda posts, but with a wrench my grasp was torn away, causing the blood to spurt out from under my finger-nails. Gripping me wherever they could get a hold, the yelling crowd of demons surged up the path to the village. Emerging into the street, the crowd bore me to a tree which stood some distance to the right of the path, and deposited me like a log upon the ground, while some of them went for bush rope with which to tie me. This was quickly brought, and I was lashed up to the tree in a twinkling. They had no difficulty in doing this, as, exhausted and half dazed, I was incapable of any further resistance. Covered with blood and half stunned, I was too stupefied to notice my surroundings for some time; and when my faculties grew clear again, I saw a couple of natives about a yard off, one on each side of me, leaning upon long guns and eyeing me intently. They were evidently stationed there to prevent me from attempting to escape.

The view from the position I was in looked up the street towards the higher of the two villages which lay at right angles to it. Most of the angle of view, however, was blocked by a small palaver house (called Banjê, by the Mpongwes), which stood in the middle of the street, so that the only portion of the upper village which I could see was what showed through the doorways at each end of this building. The huts between me and the Banjê house numbered about five on each side. The path to the waterside was a short distance behind the trees and on my right-hand side.

A continual stream of yelling and frantic savages thronged up from the waterside with packages of the looted merchandise on their heads; and the scene that went on absolutely beggars description. It was a veritable hell let loose. With the capture of so much loot, all that was diabolical in the savage nature of these cannibals was stirred to its lowest depths; and over the distribution of the spoil they quarrelled and fought like beasts. Knives were used and blood flowed freely among them. The excitement spread even to the sick and diseased, and from the dark recesses of the huts gaunt and emaciated forms crawled out to get their share of the plunder. Some had lost the use of their legs from ulcerous sores, and crept painfully on their hands and knees. Others, thin as skeletons, from some wasting sickness, tottered

along with the aid of sticks; while lepers, with noses ulcerated away, and hands and feet gone, hobbled about on their remaining stumps, and fought with the looters coming up from the river for possession of the spoil they were carrying.

It was a sickening sight, and so revolting that words fail me to convey the least idea of it. While one of the lepers was crawling past me, a native at the same moment came out of the path from the river staggering under the weight of a heavy case of brass rods which he carried upon his head. The leper at once made for him, grabbed at his legs, and, with a vigorous pull, brought him with a crash to the ground. The case bursting with the fall, the rods were strewn about in all directions. Quicker than it takes to write it, a crowd was on the spot, fighting and struggling like demons for possession of the precious rods.

Amidst this uproar the sentries guarding me quietly disappeared. Evidently they could not remain passive any longer. All day long the din went on around me, and as the sun was going down a couple of fetishmen came and danced around me for some time. After this two of the young men brought a pile of wood, and kindled a fire about two yards off. They then put mats down by it, from which I could see they were going to act as sentries.

My sufferings during that fearful night I cannot attempt to describe; they were beyond words. Of escape or rescue there was not the most remote chance. Days would elapse before the news could reach the traders at Ninguê Ninguê; and about another week would pass before it reached the French authorities at Gaboon. So in this direction I had no hope whatever. What had become of the crew I knew not. Seeing me captured, they would probably jump overboard, swim ashore, and make their escape into the bush, if they could. If they had not got off before the natives boarded the schooner, then their earthly careers were surely finished.

In the village, quarrels and angry altercations went on all through the night over the distribution of the plunder, until within an hour or so of daybreak, when all grew quiet, and the stillness was only broken at intervals by the shrill shriek of the screech owl, or the discordant cry of a sloth from the adjacent bush. With the break of day the village was soon astir, and through the open doorways of the Banjê house I could see the people collecting for the purpose of a palaver. Far up the street I could discern, as the people moved to and fro, one end of a tier of cases containing gin, and the distribution of these was evidently the topic under discussion.



"A COUPLE OF FETISHMEN CAME AND DANCED AROUND ME FOR SOME TIME."

The evil-looking deputy-chief was at the head of the proceedings, assisted by his head men, and among these I noticed the burly form of the savage who had been the means of decoying me. Bitter regrets filled my mind at the sight of this fellow, and I deeply deplored my imprudence in leaving the schooner. If I had been attacked on board the craft, I would at least have had the satisfaction of making a vigorous defence, and giving my assailants a warm time of it. By slipping the anchor I would have had a chance of getting away; but to be seized and tied up like a sheep for slaughter was horrible beyond expression. In other villages from time to time I had seen bodies cut up and cooked, and little dreamed then that a fate like this would ever befall me.

The uproar and confusion in the village seemed to increase, and from the angry manner in which knives were drawn and guns handled, it looked as if a fight were going to take place. Things quieted down, however, and I heard the chief's iron gong sounding to call silence and attention. The people then formed themselves in rows on each side of the street, while the deputy-chief and his head men sat upon

stools in the middle, and near to where the cases of gin were stacked. With various degrees of uproar and interruption the palaver went on for hours, and the sickening anxiety I endured was horrible beyond words to express; for I felt that with the termination of the palaver my end was at hand. Suddenly the chief's gong sounded again, and its dull "clang" went through me like a hot iron as it seemed to knell my last moments. A cold sweat broke out over me as, unable to restrain my feelings, I groaned aloud with bitter anguish.

Immediately after the gong had sounded I observed one of the chief's followers, with a gun in his hand, start off running at the top of his speed down the line of auditors on the left, and reaching half-way, suddenly stop, and then, with a waving sweep of his hand to indicate that he included everybody, he uttered some words in a loud voice. In answer, the throng on that side of the street replied, with a deep "Yō," in such perfect time that it sounded as if from one throat. Extending his hand again with another inclusive sweep, he repeated his remark,

and got the same deep and unanimous answer, after which he raced over to the other side, and, going through the same performance, got the same answer from the people there.

He then darted out to the middle of the street, and with frantic contortions went through the preliminary steps of a war dance, which, with a violent movement of the body, he suddenly broke off, and started to race down the street like one possessed. Passing the Banjé house, he stopped in front of me, and commenced to dance about with wild gesticulations and a frequent pointing of the gun. He fairly quivered with excitement, and as he chanted a war song at the top of his lungs, the veins of his face and neck stood out like whipcord. Twice he came up so close to me, that I could feel his hot breath on my face as he shouted out some contemptuous remark and flourished the gun before me.

This done, he set out at the same wild speed back to where the chief was sitting. Cases of gin were now broached, and, after a lot of singing, followed by firing of guns, a wild orgie started. Crowds of women and children gathered around, jeering and mocking me; and

while this was going on, a tall, gaunt fellow, armed with a gun, suddenly darted out of the Banjè house, followed by another native who was evidently trying to stop him. From the wild rolling of his eyes he was evidently half mad with gin. Coming within a few yards of me, he put up the gun and cocked it. The click of it, to my tensely-strung nerves, sounded like blows of a hammer upon an anvil, and my heart almost stopped beating. Giving myself up for lost, I closed my eyes, momentarily expecting the explosion. Instead, however, I only heard the click of the flint as it struck against the pan, and then a tussle as if between two persons. Opening my eyes, I saw that the *gun had missed fire*, and my would-be executioner was gripped by the man who had followed him, and a struggle for the gun ensued.

At this juncture some other men came along, and, interfering, they overpowered the one with the gun. Then, taking the weapon from him, they led him away. My life for the present was saved, but, as I was to find later on, this intervention was not instigated by any motives of humanity, but from a desire to reserve me until they were ready to put me to a lingering death and enjoy the sport of watching my dying struggles.

Singing and carousing went on all through that day, and about evening the beat of tom-toms and clang of gongs announced another ceremony. Through the Banjè house I could see a crowd coming down the street in my direction, and presently there emerged out of the Banjè house a fetishman wearing his fantastic ceremonial dress and attended by drummers and a large following. He wore a short skirt made of dried grass, and around his ankles were bands of the same material, to which were attached small brass bells, which jingled loudly as he walked. Bound upon his head was a circlet of eagle feathers, and in his hand he carried a deer's horn, in the open end of which was stuck a small round mirror. The upper part of his body and his face round the eyes were smeared red, with a paste composed of powdered redwood and oil, which gave him a fearfully repulsive and ferocious appearance. He and his followers were all under the influence of gin, and as the crowd surrounded me with derisive laughter and jeers, my heart pulsated wildly, as I thought the final scene was approaching.

With an ominous sound, the drums now commenced to beat, and with this, the fetishman approached and commenced to chant in a low tone, keeping time with his feet. Slowly he moved about me in a half circle, looking from

time to time at the mirror set in the horn he carried. Gradually the chanting grew louder and quicker, and, accompanying his voice, his feet and bodily movements increased in rapidity, until he became as one frenzied. Then his movements and voice would gradually slow down and sink into a cadence, until he resumed his normal state again.

This went on for about half an hour, as near as I could judge, when, an opening being made in the crowd, the fetishman went off. From out the crowd then came the evil-looking deputy-chief and the big fellow who had been the means of trapping me; and closely following them was another man bearing a large iron pot. Advancing, this individual put the pot down a few yards from me, and as he did so, the act was accompanied by a great uproar among the crowd standing about.

They commenced to dance round it with violent contortions of their bodies, and calling to me to look at it, they made a sawing motion with their hands, as if cutting off a head. Over this pantomimic display the savages laughed with fiendish delight. The chief and the big fellow with him had been drinking heavily, for their eyes were red and bloodshot, and they walked unsteadily. The chief danced about, saying to me tauntingly in the coast language, which he knew I understood, "*O' bells cola mpungi, Ntangan? Ugo, Ugo, mpungi eri si nyngi.*" Translated, this means: "You want to buy ivory, white man? Come, come, ivory is here in plenty!" Saying which, he danced off, derisively signing for me to follow him.

The big fellow then danced in his turn. Leering and gesticulating at me, he pointed to my throat, and then making a sawing motion with his hand to his neck as if cutting off a head, he pointed to the pot; after which, indicating the position in the sky where the sun rose, he raised his hand a little above the horizon to point out the time when the head was coming off. Interpreted, his action plainly said: "Your head is going into that pot to-morrow morning at seven o'clock." Going off with the drummers, the crowd gradually followed.

With the setting of the sun the watch-fires were again kindled, and the sentries prepared their mats for the night. For about an hour after sunset comparative quiet reigned in the village while the people were at their evening meal. This over, the drums gradually started again, and by eight o'clock a tremendous drunken orgie recommenced. What with the deep boom of the drums, the firing of guns, and bacchanalian singing, it gave one an impression of the infernal regions. It was a dense black





"HE POINTED TO MY THROAT, AND MAKING A SAWING MOTION, POINTED TO THE POT."

night, and the village street was illuminated by native candles (made with the inflammable gum of a leguminous tree) stuck here and there in the ground. These, as they cast their fitful light over the dense moving throng, which danced and capered about with frenzied movements, gave a weird and supernatural aspect to the scene, intensely realizing to my excited fancy Dante's conception of the Inferno.

As the pangs of hunger and thirst, and the fearful agonizing pain of my cramped position, caused me to moan heavily at intervals, the sentries laughed boisterously at my suffering, and, mimicking my groans, enjoyed this joke immensely.

When the orgie in the village seemed at its highest, one of the sentries went off as if to fetch something, but not coming back, the other went after him. Neither of them turning up again, I concluded that the dancing and drinking had proved too much for them. About midnight, as far as I could judge, the noise gradually lessened, one drum after the other stopping, until only one was left, and the loose, unconnected beat of this plainly indicated that the performer was very far gone with liquor.

This finally ceased, and, shortly after, I heard someone groping about in the Banjé house, and finally fall with a drunken exclamation on to one of the bamboo seats which ran along the

side of it. Some time passed and a dead silence reigned, the only thing indicative of life being the rustle of wings as huge bats flapped past me from time to time; occasionally I heard the sharp, barking voice of a mandril in the bush. The last ember of the sentries' watch-fire had just flickered out, when suddenly from out the darkness at the back of me, I fancied I heard a voice whispering. Did I hear aright? Or was it the working of a disordered imagination? No, there it sounded again, and it seemed real enough. But it could not be; it must be fancy. From whence could a voice come?

The blackness of the night seemed to intensify, and the silence almost grew oppressive, as instinctively I felt the presence of some living thing. With senses now painfully on the alert, I listened with bated breath, and suddenly I heard a slight rustle at the back of me, and a voice, the reality of which I could no longer doubt, say, "Massa, Massa!"

Almost afraid to speak, I hoarsely muttered, "Who is that?"

"It be me, massa—your boy, Ndongo!" replied the voice.

For some moments I could hardly realize that it was true, until the boy produced a knife, and commenced to cut the ropes which bound me. "Massa, make we go quick," he said; "if

'Pongwe man wake up and catch we, we go die one time.'

At that moment we heard a noise in the Banje house, and my breath came in gasps, as I feared it was the sentry waking up. The noise not being repeated, it was evidently only someone turning over in a drunken sleep. When the ropes were taken off me, to my horror I found that I couldn't move; the cramped position I had been so long in had completely numbed my limbs. The boy was in a fearful state of trepidation lest some of the men should wake up and discover us.

Trembling with excitement, I directed him to flex and move my limbs up and down by turns, and this gradually brought feeling back. In what seemed an age, but couldn't have been more than about half an hour, I was able to stand, and, leaning on the boy, started off down the path to the waterside. I had to halt every few yards from the pain in my limbs, and I feared I would never reach the river.

The hope of life strong within me now, however, I made desperate efforts, and finally got down to the waterside, where we found a whole line of canoes drawn up. Some were high and dry out of the water and others, afloat, were fastened by bush ropes to paddles stuck in the ground. Near by, among the long grass growing on the bank, loomed up the



THIS IS THE FAITHFUL BOY NDONGO, WHO CUT MR. MCCANN'S BONDS AND HELPED HIM TO ESCAPE FROM THE CANNIBALS.  
*From a Photo, by the Author.*

black and indistinct mass of the schooner, where she had been hauled by the natives. Pulling up two of the paddles, we got into a canoe and were soon off and in mid-stream; and as the strong current seized the canoe and swiftly bore us down the river, I felt as if snatched out of the very jaws of death. I wondered, indeed, whether any other man had ever had such a perfectly miraculous escape from what seemed absolutely certain destruction.

We were not clear of danger yet, however, for if the sentries woke up and found their captive gone, they would be after us speedily and soon overhaul us. Paddling for dear life, our efforts and the strong current carried the canoe along with tremendous velocity. We went on for some hours, until the black of the sky gradually greyed and heralded the approach of dawn; and as, at length, we shot past the landing-place of some villages whose inhabitants were at feud with my recent captors, I at last breathed freely and with a full sense of freedom. As the grey pall of the sky lifted and day commenced to break, I felt so exhausted that I had to lie down in the canoe.

There were many unfriendly villages still between us and safety, so I directed Ndongo to steer for the bush, so that we might lie by until night-fall, and go on then with more security.



"THE BOY PRODUCED A KNIFE AND COMMENCED TO CUT THE ROPES WHICH BOUND ME."



"PULLING UP TWO OF THE PADDLES, WE GOT INTO A CANOE AND WERE SOON OFF."

Therefore, hauling into the bush, the canoe was got alongside the bank and carefully concealed among the overhanging mass of foliage which grew in a thick tangle on the riverside. The great outspreading branches of the trees overhung the river for about ten yards, and from these a dense network of creepers and vines grew down and trailed in the water, forming an opaque curtain, which effectually hid us from the view of anybody passing up or down stream.

Ndongo making a couch of leaves for me, I stretched myself upon these, and, exhausted and overcome with what I had gone through, I fell dead asleep. In this I dreamt that I had been recaptured and taken back to the village, amid the fierce exultation of the people. Tied up in my old position, preparation was made for my immediate execution. Near me was the large iron pot, and under it a big fire had been kindled. My evil-looking friend, accompanied by the fetishman, danced around me with triumphant yells, and in their hands they held long, glittering knives, with which they made feints at me from time to time. Warriors, with eagle-feather head-dresses and bodies painted red, formed a huge ring, round which they danced with the delight of fiends as they kept time to the drums.

The cold sweat poured off me, and the agony of death was now really upon me. The drums beat quicker; the shouting and singing grew

like thunder; and, amidst frenzied dancing, the deputy-chief, with his Satanic face, sprang at me with upraised arm. Like a lightning flash, the glittering blade was buried in my flesh. With a loud cry I awoke, bathed in perspiration, and with the blood surging at my temples, as if the arteries would burst.

Everything swam around me, and for some moments I could not realize where

I was, or what had happened. As surrounding objects took tangible shape—the bush around and overhead, the water with shimmering discs of light where the sunlight streamed through between the leaves of the trees; and finally my faithful Ndongo, sitting not far off, with mouth open and eyeballs protruding with horror—I realized with ineffable relief that it was only a dream, and I was in comparative safety. Ndongo, seeing my convulsive struggles when asleep, thought I was dying, hence his horror-stricken appearance.

During my sleep he had gone out to forage, and coming to a farm, he carefully reconnoitred and was able to get some cassava roots, and these he had brought back with him. Having no means of making a fire, we ate the roots in their raw state and appeased our hunger considerably. At nightfall we pushed off in our canoe again, and though several times hailed from passing canoes, Ndongo answered in 'Pongwe and satisfied the curiosity of these inquirers.

We finally reached Ninguê Ninguê without any further mishap just as day was breaking, and when the traders and natives heard of my arrival they greeted and congratulated me as one risen from the dead. I may conclude by saying that when the matter was reported to the French authorities at Gaboon a gunboat was sent up, and after a stiff fight, in which the natives lost heavily, the whole of the villages were razed to the ground.



## The Miracle Fair of Congonhas.

BY HERBERT KILBURN SCOTT.

A remarkable article from little-known Brazil. How the village awakes from its slumbers for the "Festa," and all the amazing doings of the pilgrims.



From a]

GENERAL VIEW OF CONGONHAS DE CAMPO, WHERE THE GREAT MIRACLE FAIR IS HELD.

[Photo.



HE Festa of Congonhas de Campo, in the State of Minas Geraes, is held annually, and is one of the most important of the religious festivals or fairs in that vast, but little-known, country—Brazil. Each province or State has one or more Festas during the year, in connection with each of which there is usually some religious ceremonial. A growing stone is the great attraction at Congonhas; a statue of a saint at Barra de St. Joas, in the State of Rio de Janeiro; and a stream, whose waters are supposed to possess healing properties, at Peres, in Minas Geraes. Very large numbers of people attend these fairs, those of Congonhas and Nazareth, in the State of Para, being the most popular.

Congonhas de Campo, so called to distinguish it from Congonhas de Sabara, another village in Minas, is situated about 300 miles north of Rio de Janeiro. Being on the high road to the gold-mining district, it was a very important stopping-place during the first half of this century, as practically all the gold troops or caravans passed through Congonhas during the prosperous times of 1830-60.

Nowadays the greater proportion of the pilgrims travel by rail to Solidade, the nearest station, and then go forward on foot or horseback; but this will shortly be changed, as the authorities are about to construct a branch line. The country between Solidade and Congonhas is typical of the Highlands of Brazil, and consists

of "campo" and "matto"; campo being the grass land covered with the "capini gordura," a very good fattening grass for animals, and matto, the wooded part, mostly second growth which has taken the place of the virgin forests. The country consists generally of low hills, but northwards it is mountainous, the peak of Ouro Branco being the most conspicuous. Between Solidade and Congonhas the road is continually obstructed by immense heaps of rubble, known as "cascallio," which are all that remain of the placer gold deposits worked by the first Portuguese settlers. Some of these heaps are of colossal size, and generally lie along the banks of streams.

The road follows the River Parcopeba, one of the sources of the Rio San Francisco, which is over 1,500 miles in length, and drains a vast tract of country. Fortunately, the road, or rather network of roads, is in good condition in the early part of September during the Festa, but the narrow footpath which is the invariable short-cut used by pedestrians and persons on horseback is so often crossed and recrossed in all directions that travelling without a guide is rather difficult. The main roads used by the ox-carts are more easily followed, but they are much farther round.

The cheerfulness and happiness of the pilgrims as they plod along with their Mecca in sight are especially noticeable. They come in from every part of the State of Minas and the almost unknown interior, and this although

travelling is very difficult and monotonous. Several hundred miles seem but a short distance in Europe, where roads are well defined and easy to follow, but in Brazil the case is quite different, and it is a hard task, even for a native mounted on a good horse, to travel long distances. Yet, notwithstanding the days passed without food, and the nights in the field or wood, far away from any human habitation, these poor people will willingly face anything to go and fulfil their "premessas," or vows, at Congonhas. One cannot help admiring the religious zeal and great faith thus shown in such a practical way. On one of his visits to Congonhas, the writer met a woman who had tramped on foot from Jannaria, a distance of over 400 miles. On asking her if she had no fear of travelling such a long distance alone, she replied, cheerfully, "No, I persevere; and coming to fulfil my 'premessas,' the Good Jesus accompanies me." This courageous and truly religious woman would return to her own village when the Festa was over, passing through the same difficulties and trials with a cheerful heart, borne up by the one thought of having fulfilled her vows.

During the greater part of the year Congonhas is only suitable for those wishing to be very, very far from the "madding crowd." Scarcely a person is to be seen in the streets, and houses and shops alike seem to be enjoying a sort of Rip Van Winkle sleep. When a traveller arrives in the village, he finds the greatest difficulty in getting anything to eat, as the inhabitants cannot be roused from their indifferent and indolent state without a sustained struggle. With the beginning of September, however, the scene changes: the streets begin to be peopled with pilgrims, and confusion reigns supreme. First come first served is the rule; and all the houses of the Brotherhood are immediately hired at exorbitant rates. The axles of the ox-carts screech; the horses rattle

their shoes over the vile "calçada," or pavement; and the noise is further augmented by the increasing hubbub of human voices. The inhabitants wake up from their ten months' sleep and throw open their houses to all comers. Tents of all kinds, shapes, and sizes are erected on every available piece of ground, until it is difficult to find a resting-place at all, even the churches being filled. The zealous pilgrim makes light of these inconveniences, however, saying: "The ground is hard, but the sky is a roof large enough to cover all humanity," and so the late comer contentedly sleeps out in the open air.

Along with the pilgrims come the component parts of the fair proper. Merchants of all descriptions bring their goods, and with the handicraftsmen, jewellers, saddlers, etc., erect booths along the principal streets. They do a thriving business, as many of the pilgrims can only make purchases once a year, when they visit the fair. There are also several small circuses and menageries, and these, together with the roundabouts and penny shows, minister to the amusement of the younger visitors. Last, but not least, come the pickpockets, card-sharpers, etc., who as in other countries find plenty of greenhorns among the rustics. The gamblers, who come up from Rio Janeiro, go in mostly for roulette and baccarat, the play being generally conducted in the back rooms of gin-shops, where these swindlers are allowed to carry out their fraudulent practices without a protest from the authorities. Even when a person's pocket is picked, or a



"THE STREETS BEGIN TO BE PEOPLED WITH PILGRIMS." (THIS IS A VIEW OF A STREET DURING THE FESTA.) [Photo.



"THE SIDE-SHOWS IN THE STREETS ARE INNUMERABLE." (HERE WE SEE CROWDS OF PILGRIMS AVAILING THEMSELVES OF THE TEMPORARY ATTRACTIONS OF THE TOWN.) (Photo.)

robbery committed, the police content themselves with looking on and, "*tomar conhecimento do facto*"—that is, "make a note of it." Among the thieves are not a few who profess to be excessively religious, and one of their dodges is to pass on their knees (as is the custom with the pilgrims) from the door of the church to the altar, and whilst kissing the feet of the sacred statue draw into their mouths some of the paper money left there by the pilgrims! Others there are who make it their business to become friendly with the more religious of the pilgrims and ask, as collectors, for money for the saints—which money, it need hardly be said, does not find its way into the coffers of the Church. The priests are aware of the presence of thieves in their midst, and counsel the faithful to use care in distributing alms, but further than this they are unable to go, and consequently all kinds of impostures are carried on.

A few of the *bona-fide* collectors wear official dress, and carry a figure of a saint or a banner bearing some sacred picture, which pilgrims are allowed to kiss, after which they present a small sum. Burton says that the income of the Festa in 1869 was £2,000, but the writer was told that the average for the last few years has been £8,000. About £2,000 is deposited with the sacred image under the altar in the principal church.

The shopkeepers, strangely enough, are mostly Turks, who, like the Portuguese, have a happy knack of making money quickly and returning to their native country to spend it. The side-

shows in the streets are innumerable; the Edison phonograph which found its way to the fair last year attracting more than usual attention. The people showed great interest in the taking of the photographs accompanying this article, but it was almost impossible to make them understand that they must stand away from the camera. When informed, in reply to ceaseless questions, that the camera was an infernal machine

they showed a disposition to stand farther off, but soon became artful and shook their heads at this explanation; some of them even made off with the dark slides, thinking they would be able to take photographs themselves. A good Margate or Scarborough sands specialist taking photographs "while you wait" would do a roaring business at remote and far-away Congonhas.

The village is scattered over two hillsides, which slope down to the River Paracopeba. The more important buildings, such as the churches, etc., are built in a substantial way, but the majority of the houses are made of large sun-dried bricks, or clay pressed into a framework of rough timbers. The walls are afterwards plastered and whitewashed inside and out, forming when new a fairly presentable building. Unfortunately, however, the natives have no "spring cleaning," or in fact any other kind of cleaning, and, consequently, after a time the inside walls become very dirty. Many of the houses were built in the latter part of the last or the early part of this century; and the destroying hand of Time has begun to lay hold of them. Hundreds of swallows build in the roofs of the dilapidated houses, where they remain until disturbed by the Festa, when they take possession of the interiors of the churches—like the human pilgrims.

The village can boast of three large churches and several smaller ones. The mother church of the patron saint, Bom Jesus de Mattosinhos, is situated at the highest point of the village, and





"MOSQUE-LIKE EDIFICES CONTAINING REPRESENTATIONS OF THE DIFFERENT STATIONS OF THE CROSS."  
From a Photo.

is reached by a stiff climb over the cobble-stone pavement, which no doubt serves to remind the pilgrims of the Biblical "narrow way." The steep streets of all Brazilian villages are paved in this, to a traveller, abominable manner—partly to secure a better foothold for beasts of burden passing up and down, and also to break the force of the waters during the rainy season.

In front and below the mother church is a walled-in space, in which are some Asiatic mosque-like edifices containing representations of the different stations of the Cross. These small chapels are interesting, as they show in *tableaux vivants* style, and with strict attention to detail, the different stages of Our Lord's life, leading up to the Last Supper and the Crucifixion. Artistically speaking, they are not imposing, but from the visitor's point of view they are interesting enough, as they give an insight into the customs of the place.

During the Festa the pilgrims visit and revisit all these chapels, and the writer can vouch for the fact that the *tableaux* fulfil their mission admirably. The figures are a little grotesque to the foreigner, and the artist has dressed them *à la* Congonhas. He has actually furnished the table of the Last Supper with cutlery and glass, and also native Brazilian dishes—feigas, or black beans; arroz, or boiled rice; and cachaça, the native rum. Judas

occupies a seat near the door, and all good pilgrims think it their duty to strike him in the face, with the consequence that the traitor's visage is completely knocked out of shape. The noses of the Roman soldiers are amusing, all being without exception about twice the size they should be, and with the ridge shaped something like a switchback railway.



"JUDAS OCCUPIES A SEAT NEAR THE DOOR, AND ALL GOOD PILGRIMS THINK IT THEIR DUTY TO STRIKE HIM IN THE FACE."  
From a Photo.



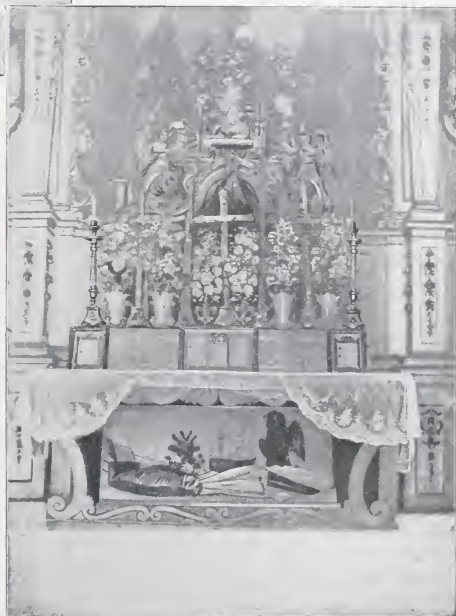
COLOSSAL STATUES OUTSIDE THE CHURCH. (THE SCULPTOR GOT £3 EACH FOR THEM.) [Photo.]

it was a national institution. The church was the very first thing thought of when a few settlers had gathered together to work the alluvial gold, and it is to their credit that they raised up edifices which are in good preservation to this day. In many villages the church is almost large enough to swallow up the remainder of the buildings together. Inside the church at Congonhas there are two pulpits and several confessionals, but an entire absence of seats of any kind, the people worshipping either standing or kneeling. Below the altar, in a reclining position, is the wooden figure shown in the photograph, and this figure is much visited and venerated by the faithful. The image, which one is bound to say has not a very attractive appearance, is carefully treasured, and the writer was only able to procure the photo. through the friendship of the Padre Superior. All good pilgrims to Congonhas visit and revisit this shrine, hoping that by so doing they will be guarded from all ills until they return again the following year. It may fairly be considered as being worth its weight in gold,

The boundary wall of the church is adorned by a number of colossal statues, some of which are shown in the photograph. These statues are about 15ft. high, and were designed and wrought by a local artist. According to the account-books of the church, the sculptor was paid at the rate of £3 each, and little enough, too, when one considers the dimensions. Among the most noticeable statues are Jonah astride a whale, and Daniel with the lions.

The inscription on the façade of the church indicates that it was built and consecrated in the year 1755. This was at a time when slaves were abundant, and manual labour cost very little. In Brazil it is not at all unusual to find large and well-built edifices, which could not be attempted nowadays; and although it is almost impossible to believe that a church should ever own slaves, yet this one at Congonhas was built undoubtedly with slave labour, and, what is more, it is only about forty years ago since the Santuario, or governing body of the church, sold off its few remaining slaves. But do not let this shock you. Remember,

Vol. iii.—53.



THE RECLINENT WOODEN FIGURE OF CHRIST BELOW THE ALTAR IS THE LODESTONE THAT ATTRACTS ALL THE PILGRIMS.

From a Photo.

seeing that since its arrival at Congonhas, twenty years ago, it has earned an immense fortune for the Santuario. Like Judas's face, the wood of which this sacred figure is made has suffered, though to a less degree and in a vastly different way, through the millions of kisses and tears which have been showered upon it. The stone which is supposed to grow occupies a space of about two square yards on the left-hand side of the church, on the very spot where the Saint Bom Jesus de Mattosinhas is said to have first made his appearance. For this reason the stone was specially venerated, and, owing to the anxiety of the pilgrims to possess pieces of it, it began to disappear. To avoid the loss of so valuable a relic, the fathers had it railed in, and it is now supposed to get gradually larger every year.

Perhaps some explanation of the word "premissa," which has been mentioned several times, may be interesting. In Brazil, when anyone is suffering from an illness or other misfortune, they make a promise to pay for masses, to give money to the church, or do penance, in the event of their recovery. The consequence is that at each Festa at Congonhas there are the accumulated masses and penances of a year to be got through. The easiest and most common form of penance is to crawl on one's knees round the church and up to the altar, and it is quite a common occurrence to see whole families going in for this kind of devout exercise. Another form consists in going round the church kneeling and kissing every flagstone, finishing up at the figure of Bom Jesus under the altar, and there leaving alms for the church. Sometimes a man, half-clothed, will be seen carrying a great iron chain on his shoulders round the church, while his wife assists in carrying the last links, and thus participates to a certain extent in the penance. Some women cut off their hair; and the writer saw a well-dressed lady lying flat on the pavement, dragging herself on her elbows round the church and up to the altar. As this was a difficult performance, she was carried

out fainting. Others there are who carry lighted candles in their mouths, thus obliging themselves to hold back their heads in the most uncomfortable and painful position. One devout penitent had a coffin made, and was carried in precisely the same way as a corpse, with candles burning and relations weeping, three times round the church.

About a ton of wax candles are offered annually, and these are sold by auction at the end of the Festa, the money going to the church funds.

The religious services, called "missoes," are supposed to commence on the 8th September (although previous to this date preparation services are held), and they continue until the 14th. There are two services per day in addition to the ordinary mass. Owing to the immense concourse of people who attend the evening service, it is generally conducted out of doors from the steps of the church. Only the best preachers are chosen, and in consequence the people listen most attentively. The thousands of worshippers—men with heads bared, and women and children all earnestly listening to every word of the preacher—together with the glorious panorama of the surrounding country and Ouro Branco in the far distance, make a most striking and impressive picture. After the sermon there is a procession round the church.

On the 14th September the Papal Benediction is given by the Bishop of Marianna, and this marks the close of the great fair as far as the religious services are concerned. The number of people present at this benediction is enormous, as indulgences are given to all



From a

"AFTER THE SERMON THERE IS A PROCESSION ROUND THE CHURCH."

[Photo.





INTERIOR OF THE MIRACLE ROOM—" BESIDES THE PICTURES, THERE ARE MANY WAX MODELS OF HEADS, LEGS, AND ARMS." [Photo.]

present. When it is over, the more devout pilgrims take their last farewell of the miraculous image of the saint. Men, women, and children crowd round the altars and pass hours, and often the whole night, singing in a melancholy tone and asking for the saint's protection.

The Miracle Room is interesting, and a view of the interior is shown in the next photograph. It contains pictures and sketches representing the circumstances under which pilgrims have been rescued from great dangers and imminent death. Besides the pictures there are many wax models of heads, legs, and arms — presented by persons desirous of returning thanks for their recovery from broken limbs — also crutches, bandages, and clothes of all sorts connected in some way or other with injuries and ailments which have been cured. In this room, too, is the original cross made by the first settlers, and which tradition says commenced as early as the year

1700 to work miracles.

Behind the church are the "Romarias," or houses where a large number of the pilgrims are lodged, or, rather, packed together like sardines. These houses for the pilgrims belong to the Brotherhood of Congonhas, the members of which are said to number close on 20,000. The Brotherhood have also a bank at the back of the church, where all the financial business is transacted.

No account of Congonhas would be complete without some mention of the poor beggars. Cripples, lepers, and persons suffering from all kinds of terrible diseases come in their hundreds from all parts of Minas, and gather for the most part on the steps or round the walls of the church. To a considerable extent, the alms they receive at the Festa keep them alive for the rest of the year. Some of the pilgrims change a large sum into small notes, and give systematically to all the lepers and goitre-stricken persons.



SOME OF THE BEGGARS. "THE ALMS THEY RECEIVE AT THE FESTA KEEP THEM ALIVE FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR." [Photo.]

## In the Stronghold of the Bees.

BY CAPTAIN FRANK C. WEMYSS, OF THE CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES)

It is a remarkable story which Captain Wemyss tells. The beautiful marble gorge of the Nerbudda, near Jubbulpore; the vast colonies of nesting bees; the greedy Gonds who rob them; and the terrible revenge of the buzzing myriads. With a complete set of photographs and sketches done on the spot.



HE "Marble Rocks," near Jubbulpore, are one of the sights of India, and form a superb gorge through which the River Nerbudda flows. The rocks on each side are from 40ft.

to 80ft. high, mostly perpendicular, and are composed entirely of white marble. Time and weather have to a great extent stained them, and this is apparent in daylight; but in the glorious light of an Indian full moon they are dazzling white, and form one of the most beautiful sights in the world. The gorge is about two miles in length, and in its upper part, for a mile or so, the width from cliff to cliff is not more than ten to fifteen yards. One spot the natives call the "Monkeys' Leap," and here they show one where the monkeys jump across; but as the animals are supposed to take a flying leap from a point about 80ft. in height to a flat rock on the opposite side, not more than 4ft. or 5ft. above the water-level, one has one's doubts.

The water runs rather sluggishly through the



THE AUTHOR, CAPTAIN FRANK C. WEMYSS, OF THE CAMERONIANS.  
*From a Photo.*



THIS IS THE FALL AT THE SPOT WHERE THE NERBUDDA DESCENDS INTO THE GORGE.  
*From a Photo.*

gorge, except at the top, where the river falls from the upper level of the country into the gorge itself, a drop of 40ft. or 50ft., below which, for two hundred yards or so, the water fairly boils along at a tremendous pace. It soon settles down, however, owing to its great depth, and a boat can easily be rowed right up to the beginning of the rapid. At the lower end of the gorge are two rest bungalows, which are much patronized by people from Jubbulpore, thirteen miles away. There are a couple of boats belonging to these bungalows for the use of



THE WAY THE GONDS  
ROB THE BEES' NESTS.  
From a Sketch supplied  
by Captain Wemyss.

abundant in all the Central Province jungles, building their nests on the boughs of trees and among rocks. The Marble Rocks of the Nerbudda Gorge are a veritable stronghold of them. During the cold weather they are to some extent torpid, and therefore not nearly so likely to give trouble. At the same time, it doesn't do to annoy them even then. But in the

visitors. People very often come out to dine, and row up the gorge afterwards, when the moon gets high. But if one goes up in the daytime, the natives always impress on one the necessity of not making a noise, and more particularly of not smoking, as this is likely to disturb the vast colonies of bees, which build multitudes of hanging nests on the cliffs.

And it's better to be chased by almost anything, from a *Muskh* elephant downwards, than by a host of angry Indian bees. They

hot weather they are much more to be feared, partly because they are then much more lively, but chiefly because the Gonds, the natives of the Central Province jungles, take their nests at this time for the sake of the honey, leaving untold thousands of the angry insects both homeless and restless.

The way the Gonds take the honey, by the way, is quite marvellous. They first jam a stake into a crack of the rock at the top of the cliff, above the place where they have marked a nest, then they climb down a cord swinging from the stake. This is done at night, when the bees never seem to do any harm. When the natives get to the nest, they just pull it to pieces, take out the honey, and then climb up the rope again. The ropes they use are most crazy-looking things to trust oneself to from the top of a high cliff.

But now to my story. One day in April, 1894, three men of my own regiment, the Scottish Rifles, then stationed at Jubbulpore, went for the day to the Marble Rocks, meaning to row up the gorge and come back in the cool of the evening. When they reached the river they had their dinner, which they had brought with them, and then started up the gorge, rowed by two native boatmen. The accompanying photograph shows the identical boat and rowers. It was by this time about



VIEW OF THE MARBLE GORGE OF THE NERBUDDA, SHOWING THE IDENTICAL BOAT USED BY THE MEN.

From a Photo.





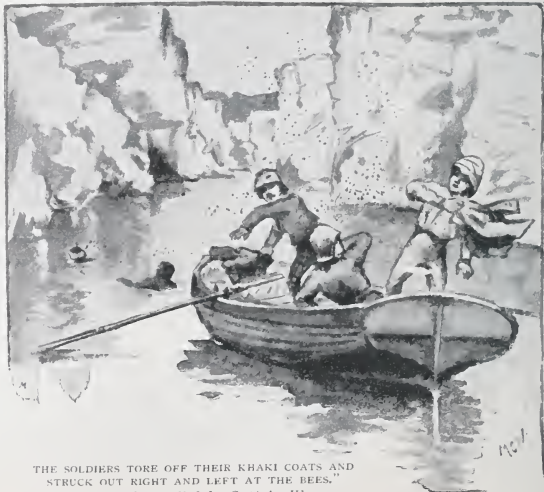
THE MARBLE GORGE A FEW HUNDRED YARDS BELOW THE PLACE OF THE ACCIDENT. THE CROSS SHOWS THE VERY SPOT WHERE THE BEES ATTACKED THE MEN. [Photo.]

3 p.m., and very hot. The Gonds had for some time past been engaged in taking the honey, and the bees all up the gorge were in a very restless state. The boatmen warned the men not to smoke or make any noise, and at first they complied. After half an hour or so, however, having seen no sign of any bees, except some nests which so far had escaped being taken, the men became somewhat less cautious. At about a quarter to four they arrived nearly at the tail of the rapid. The cliffs here were extremely high, and the water-way very narrow; the exact spot is marked with a cross in the photograph. The boatmen had for some time been getting nervous from various signs they had noted, and would willingly have turned back earlier. But the men wished to go on, and their wishes were obeyed by the natives.

Having gone as far as they could, they were just proceeding to turn the boat round when suddenly, with a roar and a buzz, myriads of angry bees were upon them. The boatmen at once jumped into the water, being

absolutely unprotected from the onslaughts of the furious insects. The soldiers tore off their khaki coats and struck out right and left at the bees. But this only had the effect of making them more and more enraged; and at last, maddened with the pain, the soldiers also sprang into the water—though one of them was a very indifferent swimmer. Even in the water, however, they were not left in peace, and were compelled to dive and swim under water as much as

they could. Each time a head came up a swarm of buzzing, stinging bees was upon it in a moment; and at last one of the unfortunate men, utterly exhausted with the double struggle, sank to rise no more.



THE SOLDIERS TORE OFF THEIR KHAKI COATS AND STRUCK OUT RIGHT AND LEFT AT THE BEES. [From a Sketch supplied by Captain Wemyss.]

The two natives and the two remaining soldiers, swimming under water as much as possible, at last shook off the overwhelming enemy, and landed on a piece of flat rock some three hundred yards below where they had been attacked. After waiting a short time here, the boat came slowly towards them, drifting down with the current, and with a cloud of furious bees still hovering over it. The men all crouched motionless on the little bit of rock, fearing that the slightest movement would bring back their relentless foes. A short distance below them the boat caught against an angle of the rock and there remained. The bees, after buzzing round it for half an hour, at last left, and the four exhausted men then swam down to it and got in. When they reached the bottom of the gorge, they returned to Jubbulpore and there reported the melancholy business.

The Colonel ordered me to go out early next morning to collect the native evidence for the inquest, and also, if possible, to recover the body and select a spot for the grave. Accordingly I drove out, taking with me a sergeant and two men. Shortly after we arrived, about 7 a.m., the inspector of police joined us, and we started by interviewing the boatmen. They were still in a terrible fright, and had their heads smeared with some yellow stuff to allay the pain caused by the stings. Except on their heads they were practically untraced, having taken to the water at once. Naturally they were very loth to venture into the gorge again, but were allowed no choice, and after providing ourselves and them with blankets to wrap ourselves in if the bees attacked us, we started in the same boat to try and recover the body by dragging with a large grappling-iron fixed to a long rope. We crept along in absolute silence except for the slight splash of the oars, very unwillingly worked by the two natives.

When we arrived at the scene of the catastrophe, we first looked about for a possible spot

on which to land in case the bees attacked us. We found, just at the foot of the rapid and slightly above where the party had been attacked the previous day, a good-sized piece of flat rock, and on this I decided we should land and lie down covered with blankets in case of accidents. We then began dragging, but soon found that this was practically useless, as the surface of the bottom was so uneven, that at one moment the grappling-iron would want 80ft. of rope, while the next we would be pulling it up the side of a soft precipice under the water.

I was just thinking of giving it up and going back when the boatman screamed "Mukki ata!" (the bees are coming), and were with difficulty restrained from jumping into the water. Sure enough, the bees *were* coming. Some indeed were already round us, and there was a perfect roar of buzzing in the gorge below us. We each seized a blanket and made for the flat rock, which was now only a few yards away; this gained, we fairly hurled ourselves out of the boat. There we lay down wrapped in our blankets from head to foot, with unnumbered hosts of

bees buzzing all round us. We remained in this trying position for half an hour or so, which seemed like an age, as you may suppose. At last the buzzing stopped, and cautious investigation from under a blanket showed the coast to be clear. We had to go through the gorge again to get back, and we didn't like it too much, I can tell you; but, after waiting

another half-hour, we started off, rowing as hard as we could, and got through without any misadventure.

Before I went back I chose a place for the man's grave, in case the body should be recovered. The spot was next to the grave of a man *who had met an exactly similar death* fourteen years before. The body of our man was found by some natives early the next morning close to the bungalows at the lower end of the gorge, and it was buried the same day.



"WRAPPED IN OUR BLANKETS FROM HEAD TO FOOT, WITH UNNUMBERED HOSTS OF BEES BUZZING ALL ROUND US."

From a Sketch supplied by Captain Wemyss.

## In the Wilds of Alaska.

BY A. BEVERLY SMITH.

Entering the country by Cook's Inlet, on the south-western coast, this gentleman penetrated to new and almost unknown gold-fields. He illustrates his paper by a series of snap-shots showing the manner of life in this wild region.



THE AUTHOR, MR. A. BEVERLY SMITH, ON THE SUSHITNA RIVER, ALASKA.  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*



HE year 1898 witnessed the opening up of another division of the great territory of Alaska. Attempts have previously been made by the Government of the United States to find a

pass into the interior of Alaska and the Klondike region, by which entrance could be obtained without passing over British territory; and for this purpose several expeditions have unsuccessfully attempted to ascend the Copper River. In 1898, however, a new point was selected for attack, and three expeditions entered Cook's Inlet, on the south-western coast, prepared to force the Knick and Sushitna Rivers. One of these expeditions was successful, and I was fortunate enough to accompany it, armed among other things with a camera.

This section of the country had up to this

time remained unexplored, except by the priests of the Greek Church, who have penetrated far into the interior, and through the influence of their teachings paved the way for the peaceful entry of the dominant race.

As is always the case where gold is likely to be found, many hardy and adventurous men entered this new region with the Government forces and followed, or in some cases led, them in their explorations. They found many difficulties to overcome, however. The Sushitna is a broad, shallow stream, divided into many channels, and with a very swift current, such as is found in all Alaskan rivers. Owing to the many bars and shallows, the river is full of snags; some of them projecting high out of the water, and others masked by a few inches of water running over their point, as seen in the photograph here reproduced.

These snags are by far the most dangerous obstacles, for in the riffles it is difficult to distinguish the break of water over the point of the snag. The fate of the boat that runs against this concealed foe while going down stream is sealed; for before one can think the boat is overturned and the contents lost in the



*From a Photo.]*

A DANGEROUS "SNAG" IN THE SUSHITNA RIVER.

*[by the Author.*





From a Photo.] A COUPLE OF PROSPECTORS IN THEIR CANVAS BOATS. [By the Author.

rushing flood, while the occupants themselves are lucky to escape with their lives. Many of the parties on the river last year met this danger, and lost one or more boats and cargoes, although there was but one life thus lost, so far as is known.

Of course, there were many patterns of boats used. Each man thought he knew what model was best suited to river navigation; while, as a matter of fact, there were few of the crowd experienced in such work. The hobbies were numerous, and the results in some cases laughable. Perhaps the oddest craft that entered the river last year was a sort of house-boat, propelled partly by steam and partly by sail. It was named after the State from which its captain hailed, but when it appeared on the river someone dubbed it *Noah's Ark*, and by this name was it known until the end. The favourite boat was a pointed skiff, long and narrow, usually built roughly after the arrival at the Inlet. These were in the main the most satisfactory. There were many Peterborough and other canoes, which were found to be too delicate for the heavy work re-

Vol. iii.—54.

quired, and a few folding canvas boats, which were very good indeed.

The photo. here given represents a couple of prospectors with their canvas boats. In the background we have a typical scene on the river banks. Two of these canvas boats went up the river successfully and without accident of any kind, excepting an occasional hole punched by a too familiar rock. And even in that event they were easily repaired with a patch of canvas. They were overloaded though, as were all the boats, the disposition of the "tenderfoot" being to carry

too much. They had tarpaulins fashioned into square-rigged sails, which worked well.

A common experience was meeting with and chopping through the many log jams. Burdened with their heavily-laden boats, the explorers chose the smaller and quieter channels, for there they found the current less violent, although the log jams were more numerous. Frequently these jams extended entirely across the channel, and sometimes covered acres in extent with a tangled



FREQUENTLY THESE JAMS EXTENDED ENTIRELY ACROSS THE CHANNEL, AND TO CHOP A PASSAGE THROUGH WAS NO EASY TASK. [By the Author.



"IT USUALLY REQUIRED THE ENTIRE STRENGTH OF THE PARTY TO MOVE ONE BOAT."

*From a Photo. by the Author.*

mass of giant tree-trunks and other *débris*. To chop a passage through one of these, as seen in the photograph, was no easy task, and generally required hours of arduous and dangerous work, both in chopping and afterwards hauling the boats through the narrow channel thus made. The last-named operation is well represented in the next snap-shot.

It usually required the entire strength of the party to move one boat, some bending their utmost efforts upon the tow-line, while others skilfully steered the boat through the boiling passage.

As the adventurers travelled farther and farther north, they found the day increasing in length, until in midsummer the sun remained above the horizon nearly twenty hours out of the twenty-four, presenting the novelty of a sunset at midnight. One of these, occurring at 11.30 p.m., June 19th, is here shown.

The natives of this part of Alaska present a somewhat interesting study.

Dirty and degraded, without honour or traditions, they are sinking rapidly down the slope of time to extinction. Once the coast tribes were strong, with men of valour and might, as may be read in the picture language of their former Shamens, or medicine men, and the paraphernalia of their secret societies. Now, however, the tribes are few in number, and the people dying fast of consumption and kindred diseases—mostly the heritage left them by the foreigners who have been their real rulers since Captain Cook discovered their abiding-place. To illustrate these remarks I reproduce at the top of the next page a snap-shot showing a typical chief's house.

Their villages are built without any attention to regular order. The houses are of logs, usually consisting of one or, in some cases, two rooms and an outer shed, which also acts as a storm-door to the house, and always contains an open fire of logs. The roofs are covered with strips of birch bark, held in place by logs laid upon them.



"THE SUN REMAINED ABOVE THE HORIZON NEARLY TWENTY HOURS OUT OF THE TWENTY-FOUR."

*From a Photo. taken by the Author at 11.30 p.m.*



From a Photo.]

A TYPICAL CHIEF'S HOUSE ON THE RIVER.

[By the Author.

Each cabin has its attendant "caché," a small house built of logs and mounted upon high posts. In these cachés are stored the dried fish and other provisions of the owner, secure from predatory animals. Each supporting post usually has a circlet of tin or other metal near the top, to prevent the encroachments of the smaller climbing animals. Attached to many of the houses may be seen a low structure of logs, with the floor sunk under ground and an entrance a few inches square leading into the cabin. These are the bath-houses. The Russians taught these people the use of the steam bath; and at least once each week a huge fire is built, great stones heated, and the family retire into these cells. The hot stones are then brought in and water poured over them, making a dense steam; this is followed by a general rubbing down and massage of one another, after which all don their discarded garments and return to the always dirty dwellings.

The priest is the real head of the tribe, although there are generally a head chief and second chief to each. All the tribes of the Sushitna district are under the spiritual leadership of one man, Father Ivan Bornovsky. He is stationed at Kenai, and has nine villages under his charge, which he visits at least twice each year. He is an earnest man and venerated by his scattered flock. His portrait was taken, together with that of Ivan, the head chief of the middle Sushitna tribe. How persistently the trail of Russia lingers in this land.

Each native bears two names—one of Indian origin and the other conferred upon him at his baptism into the Greek Church. For the latter, the name of one of the saints of the Church is generally selected, and as there are not enough

saints to go round, the result is a puzzling duplication of cognomens. Ask for "Stepane" at one of their villages, and four or five will appear; whilst "Ivan" will bring forth half the male population.

The ordinary costume of the natives is a travesty on that of civilization. For the "bucks," a flannel shirt and "overall" pantaloons, with always a "Derby" hat, if they can get it. The squaws wear a loose gown of printed cotton goods—usually much the worse for wear. Ordinary observation fails to reveal any other garment during the summer season.

On gala occasions a new gown, with a bright bandana kerchief on the head, and beaded moccasins, set off the women; while the men appear in the full glory of "store clothes" of varied makes.

The natives bury their dead, erecting over each a structure of hewn logs, or sometimes (in case of children) a little tent of gaily coloured calico, with always the triple cross of the Greek Church at the head. One custom is peculiar—the dead are always buried with the head to the



IVAN, HEAD CHIEF OF THE MIDDLE SUSHITNA TRIBE, AND THE RUSSIAN PRIEST, FATHER IVAN BORNOVSKY.

From a Photo. by the Author.





GRAVEYARD OF THE INDIANS IN THE INTERIOR OF ALASKA—THE TWO LITTLE TENTS ON THE LEFT MARK THE GRAVES OF TWO PAPOOSES. [by the Author.]

north-east. Close inquiry fails to disclose the reason for this, but so it is. Here we have a photograph of one of these Indian graveyards. Notice the two little "tents" on the left, marking the last resting-places of a couple of papooses.

It is difficult to obtain a photograph of the native women. They seem to have great objection to having it done, and it is only under positive orders from their chief that they will pose. The writer was fortunate enough to secure the accompanying photograph of all the squaws present at the time in one of their villages. The endeavour of one to hide her face almost prevented the recording of her beauty. At the critical moment, however, a blood-curdling yell from the artist and author caused her to look up, and the camera was snapped. The men are not so chary about having their pictures "took," and

the camera was a never-ending source of wonder and amusement to them. Allowed to look through it at some of their companions, they would evince the greatest delight—chattering volubly and laughing heartily at seeing them apparently standing on their heads; those in front meanwhile posing in all sorts of ridiculous attitudes. They could not understand how it was possible to see people upside down whom they knew were standing on their feet. One old fellow insisted on turning the camera over and then looking through it, and was mystified at this making no difference.

The food of the natives consists mostly of dried salmon and other fish; also the flesh of moose and such other animals as they may kill during the fall and winter. Salmon forms the bulk of their diet, and is very plentiful during the season, which begins about July 1st, and lasts until frost comes in September. An idea



SQUAWS AND CHILDREN OF A SUSHITNA VILLAGE. [by the Author.]



RESULT OF ONE HOUR'S FISHING WITH A SMALL NET—AGGREGATE  
*From a Photo.* WEIGHT OVER 500LB. *[by the Author.]*

may be obtained of the great quantities of these fish from the next photo., which shows the result of a single hour's fishing with a small gill net. The aggregate weight of this haul was over 500lb. ! It is a common occurrence during a canoe trip for the Indians to reach out and capture a salmon in their hand as it is swimming past the boat. The natives clean and strip the fish and then hang it up to dry in the open air, using no salt or other preservative. Each cabin during the season has before it a framework filled with the drying fish. The preparation of the salmon, drying, etc., is entirely the work of the squaws.

The Sushitna Indian builds his boats for the river of birch bark, and, for navigating the Inlet, of the skins of the hair seal. In the construction of these boats he manifests considerable ingenuity, but little originality of design. The framework is always of spruce, bound together with sinew, or with spruce roots split to the requisite thickness. The joints and imperfect places in the bark are rendered watertight by cementing with copious applications of spruce gum. These boats are very light (two men are holding one in the photo. with little apparent effort), and will safely carry about 400lb. They are inferior in design and capacity to the bark

canoes of the Canadian or North American Indian.

In disposition the natives are friendly, their recognition of the property rights of others being their redeeming trait ; but they are thoroughly unreliable otherwise, and born liars. They cannot be depended upon to carry out the smallest contract. Engaged as guides, they require constant driving and careful watching to prevent their shirking the work, or deserting the traveller in the wilderness, without a moment's warning. Here is a case in point. One of the prospectors, an old man, engaged two Indians to guide him up the river and perform the heavier work of the journey. He had hard work to get his guides past the last village on the river, and being unfamiliar with their ways was unable to cope with them to advantage, until it became a question as to which was the leader of the party. Arrived one night at an island in one of the widest and swiftest channels of the upper river, they went into camp. The old man, being very tired, went to his tent, leaving the Indians to attend to the necessary work of the camp. Awakening in the morning, he wondered at the unusual quietness, but suspected no treachery. On rising, his dismay can be imagined when he discovered that during the night his guides had left him, not only deserting him, but also carrying off the only boat, although they did not take the food or outfit.

His situation was serious. There he was deserted on an island far up the lonely river, with absolutely no means of reaching the mainland, and no help within reach. To add to his trouble, the river began to rise, and he saw from



BIRCH-BARK CANOES OF SUSHITNA INDIANS—THEY ARE VERY LIGHT, AND WILL SAFELY  
*From a Photo.* CARRY 400LB. *[by the Author.]*

the driftwood on the island that it was entirely submerged at high water. Something must be done, and that quickly, but what was best was difficult to determine.

Going to the pile of driftwood, he cut with his axe a stout pole, to which he fastened a flour sack as a flag; after which he set it up at the head of the island, in the hope that it would attract attention should there fortunately be any parties passing up or down the river. He then laboriously rolled to the water some of the lighter logs from the jam at the head of the island, and secured them with ropes formed by stripping up his spare clothes into a small and rude raft. This done, he sat down to await developments, feeling it was better to remain where he was rather than trust himself to the raft unless it became absolutely necessary. He had no means whatever of guiding the raft, and the fastening was so insecure that there was great probability of its going to pieces in some of the rougher riffles of the river. He also knew it would be impossible to carry any of his outfit or stores on the raft, as it was barely large enough to sustain himself.

The first day passed quickly in this preparation for the worst; the second day seemed interminable; the third found him still on the island, with no prospect of rescue. Fortunately the river was no longer rising—was, in fact, subsiding; so he was at least safe for the time being, and in no danger of starvation. But how was he to get away? Suppose no parties passed up or down the river for weeks? Such was likely to be the case; or those who passed might take another channel, of which there were many. Visions of home, and of the friends he might never again see, passed before him, and he felt despair approaching.

Just as he felt that all was hopeless, he saw an Indian canoe nearing the island, the occupants of which were curious to discover the meaning of the extemporized flag. A fresh disappointment awaited him here. The Indians would not take him into the canoe because of his inexperience and the danger of his capsizing them. As a last resort, he wrote a note to the agent at the trading post near the mouth of



TRADING POST NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER—THE "STRANDED" PROSPECTOR WANTED TO REACH THIS PLACE. (by the Author.)

the river (see accompanying photograph), and secured a promise from the Indians that they would deliver it as they passed down. He knew how little reliance could be placed on the fulfilment of this promise, but it was the best he could do, and he could only wait with what patience he could command for the outcome.

In this case the Indians proved more faithful than his guides had been, for they delivered the note in due time. A rescuing party was organized, and brought him and his belongings safely to the post. He afterwards found his boat hauled up on the bank at the post, where his deserting guides had left it for him to recover, or not, as might happen. Needless to say, he travelled no more with Indian guides, but attached himself to a party of white men for the remainder of his stay.

The ascent of the Sushitna River proved to be a difficult and tedious accomplishment. Now wading and dragging the boats through the riffles; then towing them by long ropes through the swift reaches, first hewing a trail through the dense underbrush along the banks, or, again, crossing and recrossing the river constantly to avoid the rapids as much as possible. The progress was very slow—sometimes five miles, sometimes a little more, would be the result of a hard day's work; but always there was travelled a distance entirely out of proportion to the miles gained in progress up the river. The river is in some places many miles in width, and the writer has known parties to travel five miles, crossing from channel





"NO BAY RUM AND NO 'KICKING' WAS THE MOTTO AT THESE ESTABLISHMENTS."  
From a Photo. by the Author.

to channel, whilst making but one mile up stream!

Each permanent camp, or stopping-place for more than one party, had its amateur barber and extemporized barber shop. No bay rum and no "kicking" was the motto at these establishments; and woe betide the one who objected to the style of cut, or complained of the dulness of the razor. But better than any description is the snap-shot here reproduced.

As the days advanced into August, the rainy season (so called) set in. For days at a time the clouds and mist obscured the sun, and everything became soaked with water. Clothes, bedding, and camp equipage—all were wet. At this time a clear day was hailed with delight, and the journey temporarily abandoned to allow the drying-out of men and outfits, as is seen in my next illustration.

At one of these camps a laughable incident occurred, that furnished sport to all but the participants. Three of the men had gone on a trip farther up stream for some purpose. As they were returning, and just outside the limits of the camp, they came across

a yearling black bear crouched behind a stump, and watching their approach. The leader gave a mighty yell, and each man sought a tree, up which he climbed with frantic haste, while the bear, as much alarmed as they, shambled off in the opposite direction. The yelling roused the camp. Each man grabbed a gun, and all sallied to the rescue. The bear was met and killed by a well directed shot, after which the three descended from their perches in the trees, amid the jeers of the crowd. It was not safe after this to say "Bear" to either of the victims, although it was long before

they were allowed to forget the incident.

Twenty-five miles above the mouth of the Sushitna River, the Alaska Commercial Company have established a trading post for the accommodation of the Indians and prospectors. There is also an Indian village at the same place.

It was the writer's fortune to be at this trading post on September 7th, 8th, and 9th, when there occurred a sudden flood which did a great deal of damage. It had rained steadily for days—not the gentle rain of the temperate zone, but a steady downpour, as if the heavens



THE "DRYING-OUT" OF MEN'S CLOTHES AND OUTFITS AFTER A DRENCHING.  
From a Photo. by the Author.



"THE WATER WAS NEARLY 4FT. DEEP ALL OVER THE ISLAND ON WHICH THE POST WAS SITUATED."  
*From a Photo.* *(by the Author.*

were again opened for the destruction of the world. The river rose slowly but surely. Notwithstanding the numerous channels it became full, and finally overran its banks. The swift current began to wash out the banks, and sections — sometimes acres in extent and bearing great trees upon them — crashed into the water with loud reports, that reverberated among the mountains like thunder.

Steadily the water rose. The Indians beheld with horror the approaching ruin of their cabins and stores of food. They held night services in their little log church, and thus tried to avert the impending disaster. Finally, they got out their little canoes and placed in them the most precious of their effects, and then awaited the coming of daylight. (The photo. shows the front of the store in flood.)

When day broke on the morning of the 9th it showed a scene of desolation and damage. The water was nearly 4ft. deep all over the island on which the post was situated. All the houses were uninhabitable, and only the store proper and

the "cachés" on their high foundations were above the water. And the river was still rising. All night the white men and Indians had worked side by side in the darkness to save their precious goods and outfits. There were at the post large quantities of prospectors' outfits — clothing and food mostly — that had been cached in the log-houses by those who had gone up river and not yet returned. These were nearly all covered by the water and lost, notwithstanding that each man at the post worked hard to save property without respect to ownership. Owing to the scarcity of boats it was

impossible to save all, and, of course, each man looked out for his own first.

Breakfast that morning was light, and prepared in many novel ways. One party built a fire on a little knoll, the top of which projected a few inches from the water, and fried the inevitable "bacon and pancakes" over it, the cook wading to and from the former tent-table for the batter.

This cooking under difficulties is seen in the



*From a Photo.*

RESCUING GOODS IN THE FLOOD.

*(by the Author.*



From a Photo.]

BREAKFAST UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

[By the author.]

next snap-shot. Another party set up their camp stove in their boat and cooked on it, standing around knee-deep in the water to eat the meal (see photograph). At six o'clock a.m. all hands turned in to help remove the goods from the trader's store, and by noon all abandoned the island for the mainland, getting across the swollen channel in their heavy boats with difficulty, but without accident.

Reports had from time to time come down the river that there had been a good "strike" made on the Chanilkna, or Clearwater Creek. These reports could not be verified, for the new field was difficult of access by white men, and no one who had come down had visited it. The writer, however, undertook to get there, although the season was so far advanced that there was danger of being frozen in for the winter. Taking a baidarka, or native skin-covered boat, however, with twenty days' stores and a couple of Indians as guides and helpers, I started, and by steady work reached the Chanilkna, and the scene of

Vol. iii.—55.

the reported strike nine days afterwards. I found the reports had not exaggerated. The find proved to be in the bed of what was evidently a prehistoric river. The Chanilkna, a modern creek, now occupies portions of the old river-bed, and has cut its way through it. It is a beautiful stream, but impossible of navigation for even the lightest boats, owing to the huge boulders and many rapids.

Gold was found in plenty, and, unlike that heretofore obtained in this section, was in coarse grains and small nuggets. A subsequent assay of this gold shows it to be of unusual fineness, the assay report being that it was

833 fine, and worth \$17.15 per ounce. At one point of the creek the discoverers had commenced operations. They had put in a dam and bedrock drain, and had sunk a shaft almost to bedrock. The sudden advance of winter, however, put a stop to their work before bedrock was reached, but they expected to begin washing out gold early in this spring. There will undoubtedly be a rush made to this field in the present year.



From a Photo.]

THE FIRST MINING OPERATIONS ON CHANILKNA CREEK.

[By the author.]



## The Kidnapping of Johnny Conway.

By W. H. BRAINERD, CITY EDITOR OF THE ALBANY (N.Y.) "ARGUS."

How a child was kidnapped in August, 1897, and after many strange happenings restored once more to his parents—not, however, through police efforts, but through the brilliant enterprise of the Albany "Argus." With a full set of portraits. An extraordinary instance of journalistic enterprise.



HE old Dutch town of Albany was excited; in fact, it was stirred to its depths. Five-year-old Johnny Conway had disappeared from his home two days before, and on the day of his disappearance a letter had been received by his father, informing him that if 3,000dols. ransom were not placed in the hollow of the old tree close to the toll-gate, on the Troy road, within a specified time, he would never see his child again.

Now, the strangest part of the affair was that the child of a labouring man should be carried off, when there were so many rich men in Albany who had children of tender age. But the reason for selecting Johnny became apparent later. The note to the father demanding ransom told him to withdraw the money from the bank.

This convinced the police and newspaper reporters who were at work on the case that someone who knew pretty well the circumstances of the parents of Johnny had a hand in the kidnapping.

Two days had passed, and the police seemed to have made but little progress. Searching parties were formed to scour the woods to the north and west of the city. The haunt of the "Growler Gang" (known as the "Devil's Hole") was difficult of access, and was thought to be the hiding-place of the kidnappers. But it was not. The morning of the third day dawned, but brought no tidings of the missing child. The searching parties returned from their night's tramp, and fresh ones started out to follow up the paths where they had left off. It was noticeable that Joseph M. Hardy (little Johnny's

uncle) and Matthew Fasker headed the parties which went in the direction of Karners. They did not sleep, and while others retired for a few hours' rest, they continued the search. The police remarked the unusual interest these men took, and Hardy being a relative of the Conways, they were both placed under surveillance.

Hardy, it was learned, had been in hard luck for some time, and had endeavoured in a number of ways to extort money from Mr. Conway, but without success. With Wednesday morning came another letter to Mr. Conway, making a last appeal for the ransom, at the same time intimating that dire vengeance would fall upon him for laying the matter before the police. The position of the kidnappers was growing critical. Searching parties were increasing hourly, and rewards for the capture of the boy and the kidnappers were offered by the newspapers, including the *Argus*, and Mayor Thacher.

The street in the vicinity of the Conway home (a small, unpretentious house) was filled constantly with an excited throng of persons, who grasped upon each new rumour. Hundreds crowded into the sacred precincts of the desolate home, and eagerly offered sympathy, financial aid, and personal services.



THIS IS POOR LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD JOHNNY CONWAY, WHO WAS KIDNAPPED. [Photo.]

It was the noon hour, in the office of the *Argus*, when the managing editor, James C. Farrell, emerged from his room, and seated himself on a "horse" containing exchanges alongside the desk of the city editor. Mr. Farrell was a very sympathetic man, and his personal feelings, more than any increased business which might accrue from such an act as he contemplated, moved him. With a determination

which the city editor had scarcely ever noticed before in him, Mr. Farrell said:—

"I am going to restore Johnny Conway to his mother. My plan is to charge Joseph Hardy and H. G. Blake with the crime. What do you think of it?" Mr. Farrell had been watching the case, and with his true newspaper nose for news, had been making a little investigation on his own account. He had nothing, however, but a few circumstances and his own suspicions on which to make the charge. The matter was debated between him and his city editor for a short time, and it was understood that this line of work should be carried out.

It was now time for that portion of the reportorial staff which worked into the night to report for duty. All the general reporters but one man who was to cover the story from police head-quarters, and another who was sent back to the Conway house to watch out for that part of the story, were taken from their former work. One man was sent to the livery stables to learn whether a rig had been hired on Monday morning; another was sent to a saloon on Broadway, where Hardy, Blake, and Fasker lived; a third went to a merchant for whom Blake formerly worked; others on similar missions; all on detective work.

The clues which these reporters brought in fastened the crime so thoroughly upon Hardy and Blake that they made the charging of them with it a matter which could not injure Mr. Farrell, even if they refused to accept his conditions. This is what the reporters brought in: A surrey was hired by Blake at 8.30 o'clock Monday morning, at Elliff's livery stable, and was not returned until between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. The writing in a journal which Blake kept in a business house corresponded with the writing of the man who signed for the surrey. Carriages had been hired at various other liveries by Hardy and Albert Warner, and on the morning of the kidnaping a man in a surrey had purchased sandwiches, candy, oranges, and other eatables on the streets

through which the surrey passed on its way to the vicinity of the Conway house. There had evidently been a number of unsuccessful attempts to get the child, as was indicated by the frequent hiring of carriages by the trio. The letter which the father received was penned by the same hand that wrote the entries in the journal and the signature in the book at Elliff's livery stable.

Albert Warner was found to have been registered at Keeler's Hotel since the Friday previously; and the place of rendezvous for the trio was in Malony's saloon, a short distance therefrom.

It was also learned that, the kidnapers finding that the game was up; that the hiding-place of the child was likely to be found, because of the increased number of searching parties; and that discovery meant lynching to whoever might be found with him, actually intended to throw the child into one of the city reservoirs, close by where he was held captive, or even before a railroad train, on Thursday.

It was Wednesday evening, in a north-end undertaker's shop. Several reporters, of the *Argus*, and private detective Michael E. Riley, also in the employ of the paper, sat in the room whose sides were flanked with coffins. Hardy

and Blake were there too. They were charged with the kidnaping. Hardy turned deathly pale, while Blake assumed a dogged air. They would admit nothing, though Hardy exhibited signs of wanting to tell something. The reporters induced the two men to go to the office of the *Argus*. The men separated when they went forth. Hardy took one side of the street, Blake the other. Close to and in front of Blake walked two detectives, who were shadowing Hardy. Hardy went into Malony's saloon, and Blake followed shortly after. They tried to play pool, but could not. The reporter having Hardy in tow induced him to continue his journey with him. Blake came from the saloon, stood alongside the city detectives, and heard what they had to say. He walked down Broadway, close to them, until Hardy passed into the office of the *Argus*.



"I AM GOING TO RESTORE JOHNNY CONWAY TO HIS MOTHER," SAID MR. JAMES C. FARRELL, MANAGING EDITOR OF THE 'ARGUS.' (Photo.)

The police had got wind of the *Argus's* operations, and there were several policemen in and about the building. Blake, believing a trap had been set for him and Hardy, stood about for a while, and then walked up the street. In a short time Hardy emerged from the building and passed up the street also, the detectives following. Blake walked down on the opposite side, and smiled as he went by.

In some manner Hardy eluded the detectives, and he and Blake met in a down-town resort. Blake had been scared away by the police, and Hardy was so thoroughly frightened, that he did not know what to do or to say. The men simply cast about like a helpless ship at sea.

The reporters of the *Argus* were now sent out to discover the two men, and James Farrell went to police head-quarters and told what he had learned. The police wanted to arrest the men immediately they were seen, but Mr. Farrell prevailed upon them to hold off until the child was recovered, promising to allow two representatives of the police department to go in the carriage with his reporters to the place of rendezvous. This was agreed to, and two police officers returned with him to the *Argus* office, but all other policemen were kept away from its neighbourhood.

John F. Farrell, a star reporter, who studied law while he did much of his best work, and who was now the attorney for the *Argus*, dropped in the office to see how the kidnaping case was being handled. He learned of the result of the first attempt to get Hardy and Blake into the confession chamber. He told the city editor that he would try his hand again at the old work, and asking private detective Michael E. Riley to accompany them, they left the office about nine o'clock. Two hours later, they returned with both Hardy and Blake, and all went directly into the managing editor's room, and the door was closed.

When the door had been closed, James Farrell charged both men with being implicated in the kidnaping, and backed up his charge with the proofs the reporters had discovered. Blake said that he did not kidnap the child, but that he knew where he was. "If you will conduct my reporters to where the child is, and deliver him to them, I will give you 2,000dols.," said Mr. Farrell.

"Yes, and put the police on us at the same time," was the man's sneering reply.

"No," said Mr. Farrell, "I will give you my word of honour that there will be no police interference." He appreciated that he had a desperate game to play, and decided to play it.

"Well," said Blake, "if you will guarantee that the police will not interfere with us until we are outside of the city lines, and make it 2,500dols., I'll do it."

Mr. Farrell acquiesced.

Blake remained in the managing editor's office, while Hardy returned to his home, being shadowed by police, three of whom stood about it all night, and arrested him in the morning.

Mr. Farrell did not believe that it would not be legitimate to deceive Blake.

So he went forth to get the money. Blake would not accept a certified cheque; that he thought might lead to his detection. He wanted hard cash. Mr. Farrell has a wide acquaintance, so he immediately set out. He visited several big merchants and bankers, and succeeded in getting such money as was not issued by the Government that they had in their safes. To this he added some good money, and returned to his office. The money was counted out before Blake, and tucked into a nice, new black morocco pocket-book, which John Farrell placed in his pocket. From that time on, John Farrell did not get out

of sight of Blake, who was to receive the money when he delivered the child.

Towards daybreak, a surrey, drawn by a span of greys, left the office of the *Argus*. In it were the two policemen, one disguised as a hostler, and the other representing a reporter, private detective Riley, Blake, and Farrell. The three latter sat on the rear seat, and Blake on the outside by agreement. He directed the movements of the driver, and the route taken to the outskirts of the city was circuitous. At last the horses were turned into the Shenectady turnpike. Blake was nervous, and kept facing around constantly to see that the surrey was not being followed. In the dim grey light, just before the sun cast his rays over the eastern hills, the surrey came to a halt in a thick piece of wood. Blake alighted, and bid Mr. Farrell accompany him. He would



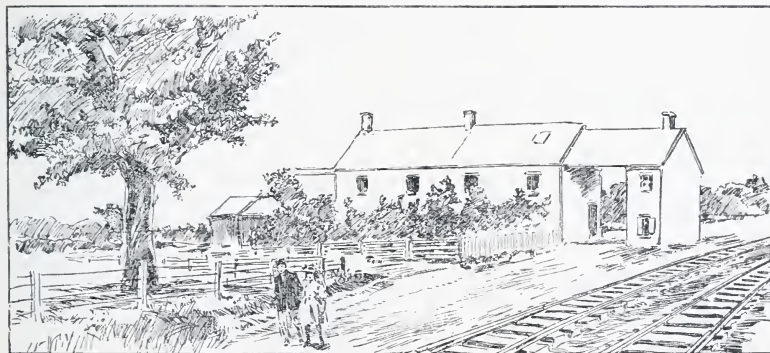
THE CHIEF REPORTER, MR. JOHN F. FARRELL, WHO TOOK CHARGE OF THE OPERATIONS AND INTERVIEWED THE KIDNAPPERS. [Photo.]



not consent to anyone else going along. So the two disappeared into the wood. Another circuitous route was taken. Mr. Farrell knew that he was being conducted about in a circle, and that he had covered a mile of territory. Not a word was spoken by either. Finally, a low whistle from Blake was followed by the cracking of twigs. Mr. Farrell was commanded to stand still. Blake left him, and shortly afterwards his voice was heard in angry dispute with that of another man. The hot words continued for some time, and then the two men came to where Mr. Farrell stood. Blake's companion was Albert Warner. He had a handkerchief over the upper part of his face, and was complaining of Blake making a muddle of

asked Blake what kind of a game he was playing on him. Blake said nothing, but ducked into the wood. As Farrell climbed into the surrey more shots came from the wood, a volley was sent back from the surrey, the whip was applied to the horses, and the distance between the kidnapers and the boy was increased—that between the child and his mother decreased.

The surrey was to have returned to the office of the *Argus* by six o'clock. Six o'clock came, but nothing had been heard from the party in the surrey. An hour went by, but no tidings of the surrey. Then the long-distance telephone was brought into play, and Hurst's, Normansville, Loudonville, Whitbecks, Karners, and other places were called up, and the question



THIS TREE WAS DESIGNATED BY THE KIDNAPPERS AS THE DEPOSITORY IN WHICH THE RANSOM WAS TO BE PLACED.

the whole affair, which would likely result in their arrest. While the conversation was going on, Johnny Conway had been awakened by the talking, and, unobserved, had crawled through the underbrush, and appeared at the edge of the wood. Detective Riley sprang for him. The party could indistinctly hear the voices of the three men who were now disputing over the money and the means of escaping police interference. Riley and the two police officers jumped into the surrey, and then called to Farrell to come along. But this was not an easy matter. There were two to one, and each had a drawn pistol. Farrell used diplomacy, and it was agreed between the three that Blake and Farrell should return to the surrey and secure from the police the pledge that they be allowed to get out of the county. Warner broke his agreement to remain where the conference was held, and followed Blake and Farrell. He got a sight of the carriage, and in it the child. He discharged his revolver. Farrell turned and

asked: "Has a light coloured surrey, with whitish horses, passed your way?" Karners was the last place interrogated, and the word came back: "Yes; it went toward Malloy's, down by the reservoir, half an hour ago, and in it were four men and a boy."

Just as this message was being repeated to those who stood about the telephone, Police Sergeant Beckett, with five police officers, came into the office and asked if any word had been heard of the party which left the office of the *Argus*. He was given the information just received, and hurried his men out with instructions to procure a locomotive engine and proceed to Karners.

The morning contemporaries of the *Argus* had its reporters shadowing the office, and had carriages ready to follow any which left with the reporters of the *Argus*. Particularly attentive to the goings on was the nearest neighbour, a few doors up the street, called the *Press and Knickerbocker*. Its reporters even ventured in

the office of the *Argus* to learn what they could. They, however, got a little information, which is sure to leak out, even about the best-regulated newspaper office. It was not the reporters who gave anything away, for they knew that the *Argus* had a "big scoop"; but some of the men connected with the other departments, who had not been schooled to know the value of an exclusive piece of news from an editorial standpoint. It was certain that someone "leaked," for the *Press and Knickerbocker* recalled its printers, and held its pressman and others in the mechanical departments.

Managing Editor James Farrell was a modest man, and when his city editor talked over the matter of preparing the story of the capture, he suggested that there be a simple announcement, without ostentation or "scare" head-lines. The city editor, while not a great admirer of "stud" heads and "scare" head-lines, counselled that the piece of news was too big to dismiss with such a bare statement. Mr. Farrell then left the matter with the city editor to use his discretion.

The mail edition had gone to press, so the decks were cleared excepting for the late news for the city edition. The city editor called his star reporter, George D. Morris, and told him

he wanted a three-column story on the recovery of little Johnny, and the facts which led up to it. Morris could operate a typewriter as fast, nearly, as he could talk, and it took him less than an hour to throw together the story of the recovery of the boy. The exciting trip in the surrey, and the scenes about the office when the vehicle drove up with the child, were left out. This class of journalism was not popular in the office of the *Argus*. The story was complete up to the time the rescuing party left for the woods. Then was added one small paragraph:—

"Little Johnny was delivered into the arms of his mother at 10 o'clock this morning."

The story was sent to the printers, sheet by sheet, marked "double leads." It was in type by four o'clock, the plate was made—that is to say, a stereotype plate of the first page was cast—in good time, and sent to the press-room. It was fastened to its cylinder on the press, and the big machine, which seemed at times to be possessed of human intelligence, stood in readiness to be started at a second's notice. It seemed to wait impatiently. Certain it was that those who were about the editorial room were nervously impatient. The paper could have been printed and sent out had it not been for the last paragraph in the article, telling of

Johnny's capture. What if anything should happen that the plan to get the boy should fail? Then the last paragraph would be a fatal statement for the truthfulness of the *Argus*. The minutes lengthened into hours, and while it was certain that the capture had not been consummated as planned, there was also a feeling in the minds of those who anxiously awaited the return of the surrey that it had failed, and that the boy was not retaken. The police authorities continued to grow more and more anxious—and also to say harsh things about the reporters of the *Argus*, after the manner of police generally.



A LUSY CORNER IN THE EDITORIAL ROOM. MR. GEORGE MORRIS, REPORTER, ON THE LEFT, AND ON THE RIGHT MR. W. H. BRAINERD, CITY EDITOR OF THE "ARGUS." [Photo.]

# JOHNNY CONWAY FOUND

Through the Efforts of The  
Argus He is Returned to  
His Parents.

## EXCELLENT WORK OF REPORTERS

They Run Down a Clue Which Fastens the  
Crime on an Albany Man.

## RANSOM OF \$2,500 PAID BY THIS PAPER

Police Commissioner Phalen and Detective Michael E. Riley Assist Materially in Bringing About the Result—Police and Citizens Make Desperate Efforts to Find the Boy and Smoke out His Kidnapper, but Without Success—The Most Important Clue Came From Finding Where was the Horse and Wagon Which Carried Away the Little Fellow—The Child Delivered by His Captor at The Argus Office at Six O'clock this Morning—Joy in the Household of the Distracted Parents, and Relief in the City at Large.

THE JUSTIFIABLE EXUBERANCE OF THE "ARGUS" PEOPLE OVER THE COMPLETE TRIUMPH OF THEIR GOOD WORK—PERHAPS THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE ON RECORD.

It was just as the stroke on the bells used by the fire alarm telegraph system of the city sounded the hour of nine that the surrey rounded from State Street and passed down Broadway to the office of the *Argus*. The thoroughfare was filled with men, women, and children. As if by magic, a passage-way was opened up and the carriage with its party, consisting of the same number of persons as when it left the office, but with a child in place of a strong man, halted in front of the newspaper office. There was a great shout from the assembled crowd as the child was lifted from the carriage and carried into the office. Then followed a clamour from those on the outskirts of the crowd for a sight of the little fellow. So he was carried to the managing editor's room on the second floor, and held up at the open window. The assembled throng broke into a wild hurrah; hats were thrown into the air, and traffic in the street was stopped for the time.

Early in the morning one of the reporters had roused the clergyman of little Johnny's parish from bed, and brought him to the office of the *Argus*. It was thought fitting that he should break the good news to the mother, but he was held like the Press, until it was certain that the boy was secured. So, immediately the surrey stopped at the office of the *Argus*, the clergyman was sent post haste on a hack to the Conway home, and the pressman was given orders to start his presses. As if by magic, the newsboys darted among the dissolving crowd, for Johnny had been replaced in the surrey and was moving along with it. The surrey was surrounded, and its passage was slow. Many touched with their hands the half-frightened child, his rescuers, or the vehicle. All were happy, and many in their happiness shed tears. There were a few in the crowd, however, who did *not* join in the demonstrations of joy. They were the blue-coats, who felt in anything but a happy frame of mind, for allusions made to the police failure to ferret out the abductors were heard on all sides, and were anything but complimentary.

"It is a shame," said a policeman. "Here we have known just where the kidnapers had the child for two days, and we were going to make a descent on the camp and capture them, when the *Argus* jumps in and spoils everything."

George Morris, the reporter, who happened to be in hearing, became wroth. He was of athletic build, and was to have been one of the party which went in the surrey. He was crowded out, however, to make room for the two policemen, and although he had put a good story together, he would rather have taken the ride than have written it; so he replied, rather hotly:—

"You had two policemen in our waggon; why didn't they capture the kidnapers? They crowded out two of our boys. We were not doing police work. We wanted to get the boy, to restore him to his mother, and we got him. The police's duty is to get the kidnapers. We gave the police the opportunity; took them to the spot where the kidnapers were; and yet they let them get away. Why didn't they



remain in the neighbourhood of the place where the boy was found? Our reporters were amply able to bring the child back in safety." While Morris had been talking, quite a crowd had collected and cheered him on. There were some mutterings against the police, which were very unpleasant. Morris saw that to continue the conversation might result in disorder, so he ceased, and went on his way.

The capture of the boy and his return to his parents concluded the mission which the *Argus* had set out to accomplish. The populace was relieved to think that the child was again safe in the home of his parents. The public, however, as every newspaper writer learns from experience, if he has not the knowledge previously, is restless. The child home, but the kidnapers still at large save Hardy, would not do; the people demanded the capture of the culprits. The police had allowed them to slip through their fingers, and so the public looked to—aye, demanded of—the *Argus* that it should now effect the capture of the kidnapers. But the province of the *Argus* was not to perform police duties, but if it *could* render a public service, it was perfectly willing to comply. So the reporters of the paper were once more sent out. One party in a surrey discovered the camp, in a clump of woods, where little Johnny was held in captivity. There were sandwiches, oranges, candies, cakes, and horse-blankets which had been taken from the carriages hired by the members of the gang. The blankets were traced to their owners, and the wrappers about the fruit, candy, etc., to the places where purchased. In this manner the reporters wove a chain of circumstantial evidence around Hardy and Blake.

John Farrell was resting on the platform of the freight depot at Schenectady when he saw Blake coming along the railroad track. He talked with the culprit, and induced him to accompany him to Albany without trouble. Blake knew the temper of the people in the matter, and felt that if it became noised about that he was one of the guilty parties, he would be lynched. So the captured and the captor made the trip to Albany, on the regular train, and few, if any, suspected that Blake was a prisoner, or soon would be.

The day after the capture of Blake, a man walked sprightly into the editorial room of the *Argus*, and in an impatient manner said: "Where are your down-the-river exchanges?" The city editor, to whom the question was directed, pointed to a "horse," across which they had been thrown. "You folks are on the wrong scent," said the stranger. "In what re-

spect?" asked the city editor. "Why, you should send your reporters down to Kingston. I just came from there. I was sent out by the *Journal*, of New York, to work up this end of the line in trying to capture Warner."

"You were, eh?"

The city editor had acquaintances among the members of the staff of the journal, and asked about them. The visitor pretended to know them. As in all trades and professions, a pretender will make some remark or do some act which will clearly demonstrate that he is bogus.

The visitor worked his cards well, but still there was a suspicion in the mind of Mr. Brainerd, the city editor. The visitor promised to call in the next day, to look over the "down-the-river exchanges" again, and then he departed. When he was gone, Mr. Brainerd called up the *Journal*, over the long-distance telephone, and learned that no such man as his visitor was employed by it, and that the *Journal* had sent no reporter out on the kidnapping case.

The bogus reporter came in the following day, as he had promised to do, greatly to the surprise of Mr. Brainerd, who excused himself, and, going into the telephone-box, called up the chief of police. He explained that he had a man whom it would be well to watch, and requested the loan of a detective. Detective Greagan, of the city force, came into the editorial room a few moments later, and, seating himself at one of the reporters' tables, began to throw off yards of copy.

"Mr. Greagan," called out Mr. Brainerd, "what are you working on?"

"The road improvement," he replied, immediately.

"Well, you can drop that for the present; I want you to go out on the kidnapping story. I understand that Blake is willing to grant an interview."

"All right," replied Mr. Greagan, and he turned to go.

"Wait a moment; here is a man from the *New York Journal*—perhaps he would like to go along with you."

The bogus reporter, who sat a short distance apart, pretending to be looking over exchanges, and who appeared to be oblivious to what was going on about him, got up and proceeded to where the city editor and Mr. Greagan were talking. He answered that he would be pleased to go along, because he had failed upon several occasions to get an interview with Blake.

The men proceeded to police head-quarters, and Mr. Greagan, taking out a card, wrote upon it:—

M. GREAGAN, Reporter.

The *Argus*.

J. GREEN, Reporter.

*New York Journal*.

The men were ushered immediately into the presence of the chief of police. Mr. Greagan performed his part well, but his companion convinced the chief, in a few minutes, that he was not what he pretended to be. The chief smoothed matters over, by requesting the men to wait until the next day, promising them that no one should see Blake in the meantime. The detective and his companion then repaired to an adjacent café, and strengthened their acquaintance in a sociable drink. This was to allow the chief to send a second detective out to shadow Greagan's companion.

When the two emerged from the café, there was standing on the opposite sidewalk a man who seemed to be waiting for someone. Mr. Greagan noticed him immediately, and recognised him as Mr. Nolan, a brother detective. Greagan then bade his companion good-day and started for the office of the *Argus*, to finish his "road improvement" article. His companion took another direction, shadowed by Mr. Nolan at a safe distance.

While the clever piece of detective work was going on, and the meshes about Warner were being pulled smaller and smaller, his friends were on the alert. It is hard enough, under ordinary circumstances, to run down such a clever man as Warner, but when there is a spy in the camp of his prosecutors, the task is doubly hard. It proved that in the office of the *Argus* there was just such a young man, who was watching out for Warner's interests. He was Gene Gooter, and saw Detective Greagan leave the office with the bogus reporter. Believing the latter was under arrest or going to

make a confession, he telegraphed to Warner at Schenectady, and within a short time Warner was travelling westward. It was an hour later when the telegram from the chief of police, sent upon the information secured by Detective Nolan, reached Schenectady. Gooter went to the bogus reporter's place of employment.

"Is it all up?" asked Gooter, in a whisper.

"No," replied the bogus reporter, "I have just written to Warner that I am to have an interview with Blake to-morrow."

This caused Gooter to look surprised.

"The chief has promised the reporter of the *Argus* and me an interview with Blake to-morrow. Then I can slip a note into Blake's hand."

Gooter's look of astonishment increased.

"Why," he said, in a low, but intense, tone, "that fellow—the one you left the office of the *Argus* with—is not a reporter, but a detective!"

"The deuce, you say."

The bogus reporter did not sleep in Albany that night.

Warner was traced to Riley, Kansas, and discovered at work on a farm. For the information which led to the arrest the *Argus* paid 1,000dols. in good currency of the country. The trial of the men was short, and each got the limit of the law with proper deduction for weather. In New York State a sentence must be made so as not to expire in winter. The terms of sentence, therefore, were fourteen years and six months in each case.

Warner was a lawyer who had hit upon the kidnapping scheme; Blake was a college graduate who had failed to make several kinds

of business go into which he had embarked; and Hardy was the uncle of little Johnny, who had an aversion for work, and who found the victim for the first "strike."

Little Johnny Conway went through a severe fit of sickness as the result of exposure during the period he was held for ransom, but the little fellow always refers to the affair as "My picnic."



ALBERT S. WARNER, THE LEADER OF THE KIDNAPPERS  
(EACH WAS SENTENCED TO FOURTEEN YEARS  
From a) AND SIX MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT). (Photo.

## Odds and Ends.

Special attention is drawn to the photographs, with their descriptive notes, reproduced in this section. They are selected with extreme care from thousands submitted by travellers, officers, explorers, missionaries, and others; and the standard of remarkableness and interest can therefore be maintained at a very high level.



INSTANTANEOUS SNAP-SHOT OF A TERRIFIC CYCLONE THAT STRUCK THE TOWN OF WAYNOKA, OKLAHOMA.



HERE is an instantaneous and undeniably impressive photograph of a terrific cyclone which passed through the town of Waynoka, Woods County, Oklahoma, at about six o'clock in the evening of May 18th, 1898, destroying eighteen houses and other property. The distance from point of view is about two miles. The cyclone was preceded and accompanied by a rapidly falling barometer, the clouds were low, and had an angry, turbulent aspect. The general direction was from south-west to north-east, the onward movement being rather slow, while the rotary motion was terrific, sweeping away everything in its path—which was, however, fortu-

nately only from 60ft. to 300ft. in diameter when it touched the earth. The funnel rose, lowered, and swayed on its journey of destruction, and after a time gradually dispersed, to the immense relief of the Waynokans.

Our next photograph represents a fishing wheel, as used on the Columbia River, near Portland, Oregon. It is fixed near the bank of the river, a place being selected where the river is most rapid. The wheel consists of three receivers, as it were, one of which is seen just leaving the water in the accompanying picture. These receivers are inclosed on three sides by wire netting, and as the wheel revolves by means of the current, each receiver is submerged beneath the water and scoops up the salmon, as they jump up the rapids. The receiver then continues on its upward journey, the salmon meanwhile slipping down towards the axle of the wheel until at last, when it becomes perpendicular, the fish is shot into the wooden slide, which may be seen in the picture on the top of the axle of the wheel. From this point it slips into the longer wooden slide, and is hurled downwards into the boat seen in the bottom left-hand corner. There are several of these wheels, which catch many thousands of salmon a day.



SALMON FISHING BY MACHINERY!—THEY ARE CAUGHT AUTOMATICALLY BY THIS WHEEL AND HURLED INTO A BOAT. [Photo. From a]



The palanquin, or "palki," as most people know, is a usual mode of travelling in India, and for rough roads, such as that shown in our photo., it has a very obvious advantage over wheeled vehicles. To the uninitiated it may seem a very luxurious mode of locomotion—lying at your ease on a mattress and being carried by eight men, who take turn about in relays of four each. It is pleasant enough, certainly, if the journey is a short one, but when it extends over fifty or sixty miles it is apt to become unendurable. The comical grunt of the bearers as they jog along is peculiarly irritating, and they give vent to it for a very curious reason. It assists them to *keep out of step*, which is the secret of carrying a palanquin

—no more worthy of the name of houses than the unspeakable track through the jungle deserved to be called a road. They were in no way furnished, and the bedstead difficulty had to be solved by carrying in the palanquins and sleeping in them. It was creepy work going through the jungle, for at one spot the cheering news was imparted that only two hours previously a man had been killed by a tiger only a hundred yards or so away, and the operator who took the accompanying photo. could not help remembering that it is always the last man of a party that the tiger goes for. Small wonder is it if an uncomfortable sensation *did* creep up his back while his head was hidden under the focusing cloth, for he did not know what might be

peering out from behind the bank to the left in that veritable home of the man-eater. But finally, we are glad to learn, the bride arrived at her new home safe and sound.

The odd figure seen in the illustration on the next page is not an escaped patient from some lunatic asylum, in spite of his bizarre appearance. On the contrary, he is a personage of great importance in his own country—the



From a

A HONEYMOON TOUR THROUGH A TIGER-INFESTED JUNGLE.

[Photo.

smoothly, and without discomposing jerks. When they have settled down to their work, however, they generally manage to fall into step in spite of the grunt, and then the poor victim inside is not to be envied. The lady seen in our photo. was a bride, married but a fortnight previously in Calcutta, and she was on her way to her future home, which lay twenty-five miles away through the jungle. Shortly after setting out from the nearest railway station, one of the "palkis" broke down, and there was nothing for it but for the bridegroom to do the journey on foot. Luckily—as every traveller in India knows—there are "dak bungalows," or rest houses, at intervals of seven or eight miles all along the main roads, which may be occupied by weary travellers in consideration of a small sum paid to the Government coolie in charge. The bungalows along the route taken by the bride were wretched

neighbourhood of Meran, in the Tyrol. He is known as a Saltner, and it is his duty to guard from thieves the grapes and other fruit. These Saltners are generally fine, stalwart specimens of humanity, being chosen from among the young men who bear the best reputation. Their dress, as can be seen from our photo., is highly fanciful, and dates back many centuries. It consists of a three-cornered hat, adorned with a profusion of feathers, not to mention squirrels' and foxes' tails; a leather jacket, covered with wild boars' teeth and metal chains; and short leather breeches, which leave the knees bare. The Saltner's armament is somewhat peculiar, consisting as it does of a mediæval halbert and a modern six-shooter. The work is very hard, the men being on duty night and day all the year round. They are even debarred by the exigencies of their employment from attending church. Their



"IT IS HIS DUTY TO GUARD FROM THIEVES THE GRAPES AND OTHER FRUIT." [B. Johannes.

dwellings—called "Saltner huts"—are miserable affairs, made only shelter against the inclemencies of the weather. All night these grape-guarders wander about, each man having his own district, which he may not leave.

We next reproduce a striking photo., showing some of the remarkable images of Judas on sale in Mexico City during the extraordinary Passion play which is held in that place. These images are pyrotechnic figures, which are hung up in great numbers in the streets and ex-

ploded at ten o'clock in the morning of the Saturday in Passion Week, in order to represent the destruction of the betrayer of Christ. Good Friday in Mexico City is an amazing festival, with its gaudy colours, showy trappings, and paint and painted feathers. All day long on the occasion when our photo. was taken the crowded tram-cars poured the people of Mexico City into the beautiful Plaza of Coyoacan, one of the historic suburbs. Interest centred round the historic figures of Pilate, the Virgin Mary, the Roman soldiers, the centurion, Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and the rest of the Biblical characters. The different trials were heard and the sentence loudly proclaimed by a Roman herald. Then Pilate vainly washed his hands, and Judas rushed frantically forth and hanged himself. And presently the slow procession wended its weary way up the volcanic slopes of the little Calvary, and the thieves—huge and hideous cardboard men—were crucified upon the right and left. Then a black and somewhat ghastly image of Christ, with movable head and limbs, was nailed with spikes a foot long to a big black cross. A crown of long cactus thorns was placed upon His brow, and then the cross was slowly lifted and dropped into its socket on the hill. Then the people went and revenged themselves on the betrayer by means of the pyrotechnic images seen in our photo.



PYROTECHNIC FIGURES OF JUDAS WHICH ARE EXPLODED IN THE STREETS OF MEXICO CITY.

From a Photo. by Waite.

The photo. next seen depicts the finish of the Maori *Hahines'* or girls' canoe hurdle-race which took place recently at Ngaruawahia Regatta, N.Z. A canoe hurdle-race sounds an impossible function, but wait until I explain. The dug-out canoes are skilfully worked over a series of hurdles or cross-bars of bamboo, each being raised fully a foot above the deep and swift-flowing waters. Each hurdle is literally charged at full speed by the two occupants, who sit well back in the stern of the canoe, whose bow is tilted well out of the water. When partly over the bar the girls balance the frail

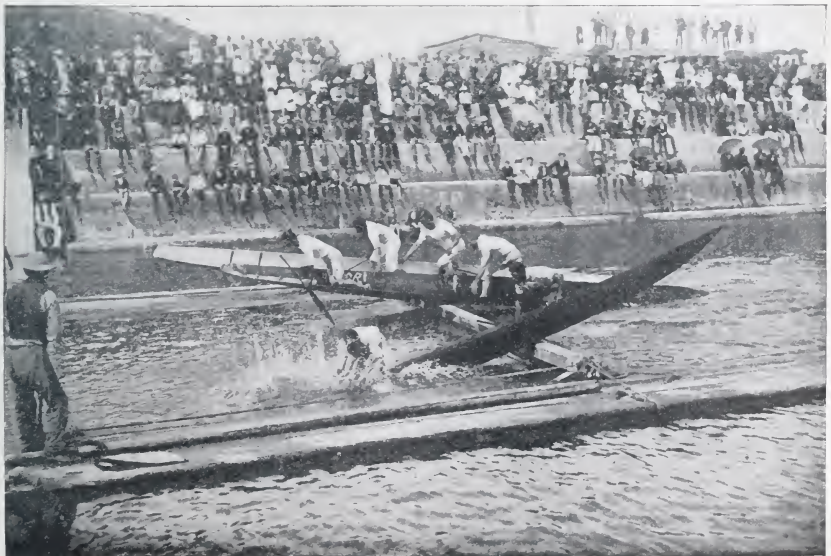


THE FINISH OF A MAORI GIRLS' CANOE HURDLE-RACE.  
*From a Photo.*

craft as well as possible, but more often than

ing "meeting of the waters," the rivers Waikato and Waipa joining their waters at that particular

have to struggle in the water to right it, regain their position, and return to the charge. As a successful negotiation frequently is only effected at the third or fourth trial, it will be realized that a considerable degree of proficiency and courage is requisite; whilst the amusement of the spectators (spectators are always amused) is, of course, immeasurably greater than in the case of an ordinary boat-race. It will be noticed that the finish of the race shown was most exciting, two canoes being on the final hurdle together. Ngaruawahia is a Maori word signifying



*From a Photo. by*

"EACH HURDLE IS CHARGED AT FULL SPEED,"

*[Foster Bell, Auckland.]*



spot. This most extraordinary variety of contest is even better seen in our next snap-shot, which represents a Maori canoe hurdle-race in Calliope Dock, Auckland, N.Z. The occasion was a native championship regatta held last January.

A rainless season in Southern Persia causes great privation and loss to the natives—more especially the poorer class, as they depend on the rain to soften the baked-up soil, so that they can plough it with their rude implements, and sow their corn, etc. And not only is the drought a terror to the natives, it is also a cause for anxiety to the Europeans, who are scattered about in the different provinces in twos and threes. For, in rainless times, pillaging becomes rife in the towns, and highway robbery an everyday occurrence. The drought

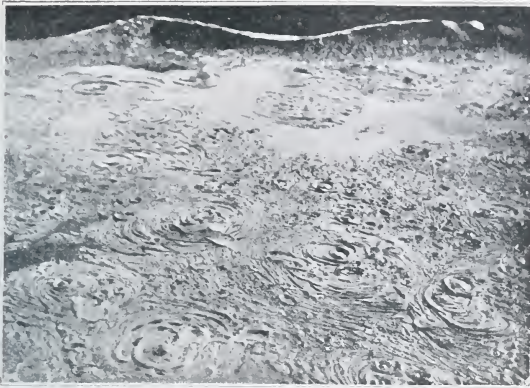
of drought the *Seyeds* and *Moollas* hold constant prayer-meetings at the mosques, and the various signals are generally given by the *Mooshtad*, or high priest, who, watching a favourable opportunity (probably when a few black clouds are about), orders an *en masse* prayer-meeting, sending criers around the town for that purpose. The whole populace promptly troops out on to the plains beyond the town and then, facing the south-west, in the direction of Mecca, and led by the *Mooshtad*, *Seyeds*, and *Moollas*, they engage in prayer—now standing, now squatting, or else bending their bodies till their foreheads touch the ground, as seen in the remarkable photograph reproduced. Or they touch with their foreheads the little piece of stone (from Mecca) that most of them carry with them. All the



THIS EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A WHOLE NATION PRAYING FOR RAIN IN SOUTHERN PERSIA.

is invariably put down to the least likely circumstance, and at such times a more evil eye than ever is cast upon the unfortunate Ferringhee, or foreigner. The populace must have some outlet or other for their feelings, and consequently something is singled out as being the cause of the drought—more especially so if that something has any connection with a European. In such cases a howling mob speedily congregates, and the offending person is given an exceedingly uncomfortable quarter of an hour, if indeed his house be not forthwith demolished. In times

earnest devotees keep time more or less with the *Mooshtad*, or high priest. The prayers sometimes last a whole day, great reverence being consistently shown to the *Mooshtad*. Hundreds of the faithful kiss his hands or garments, whenever an opportunity offers. And should rain happen to fall within a week, the *Mooshtad's* fame spreads far and wide. Needless to say, the *Mooshtad* is by way of being a weather prophet, and he is careful to select for the great prayer a moment when he has good reason to suppose that a heavy shower is not far off.



VIEW LOOKING INTO THE CRATER OF THE GREAT BUBBLING MUD VOLCANO  
*From a Photo. by* (NATIVES EAT THE MUD). *[J. Valentine, Dundee.*

Everybody knows the famous pink and white terraces of New Zealand, which resembled frozen cataracts of whipped cream, and which suffered so severely from an earthquake some years ago. But the extraordinary mud-volcanoes in their neighbourhood are by no means so well known, although the difficulty of reaching them is by no means great, and there are many of them. Our photo. represents what is known as the Great Mud Crater, a conical mound some 10ft. or 12ft. high, and 90ft. in circumference. It is open at the top, and resembles a huge caldron. This is filled with seething mud of the consistency of porridge. On the surface are little round whirlpools of bluish-coloured mud, which circle round and round sluggishly, every now and then throwing up bubbles of gas and spurts of creamy froth. These, as they fall, take the form of quaint rosettes and odd flowers of fantastic hues, which remain for a few seconds and then disappear. A spectator's first impression is that some monster culinary process is going on. It is as if some Titanic cook were stirring regular rivulets of liquid sweetmeat for the decoration of a Brobdingnagian cake. The natives of the locality are so far dominated by this idea that they

come in great numbers to collect tiny portions of mud and eat them as a delicacy, to which they attach great medicinal virtues. White people, however, find the mud inexpressibly nauseous.

Here we see some Canadian Indians making a "portage." The greater portion of the Province of Quebec being covered with dense and all but impenetrable forests, the inhabitants are obliged to avail themselves of the many rivers by which this vast region is intersected as a means of getting from one place to another. The Canadian Indians are the most expert river navigators in the world, and the dexterity with which they handle their frail canoes is something wonderful; sometimes ascending

swift rivers, sometimes sweeping down stream and safely steering their little craft amidst eddying currents and treacherous shoals, or shooting boiling rapids between jagged rocks, where the slightest error must result in their thin-skinned canoes being ripped from end to end, or overturned, with the loss of all their goods, and perhaps their lives. At times, however, these intrepid voyagers come to a waterfall or a rapid which even they are unable to negotiate. They then make a "portage." Placing their canoes and baggage on their heads, they carry them overland to a point where they are again able



CANADIAN INDIANS MAKING A "PORTAGE" PAST SOME UNNAVIGABLE PIECE OF WATER.  
*From a Photo.*

to take to the water. The Indians are able to carry enormous weights in this manner for incredible distances.

This is one of the extraordinary feats played by a strolling band of jugglers in India. One man takes hold of a slender bamboo pole about 20ft. long, and holds it straight up in the air. Another runs up it as if it were a ladder, and goes through a variety of postures on the top. One posture is to lie down on his back on the top of the point and stretch out his legs and arms to their full length. In the photograph we see him clinging to the pole with his legs,



From a] "A BIRD OF SOME UNKNOWN SPECIES CUTTING ALL SORTS OF CAPERS. [Photo.



AN OPEN-AIR VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT IN INDIA.  
From a Photo.

while he stretches out his body almost at right angles. Imagine how dexterous he must be to go through such a variety of feats on just a bare smooth pole borne by his companion.

In the next photograph we have the same band of strolling players and jugglers going through another performance. One has a drum, which he is beating, and another is singing a weird air. Before them is a bird of some un-

known species, cutting all sorts of capers for the amusement of the villagers. What bird this is, I leave my readers to guess!

The British farmer is driven to some curious shifts in order to circumvent the various pests that threaten to destroy the results of his labour, but what would he say to having to stack his hay in trees? And yet this is what the Indian agriculturist has to do every day in order to save the hay from wandering cattle and from the all-devouring white ants. The accompanying photo. gives a very good idea of one of these haystacks in the air, and you will see that it is conveniently located in the forks of a large tree, well out of reach of the longing cattle.



THE INDIAN FARMER BUILDS HIS HAYSTACKS IN TREES TO AVOID THE CATTLE AND WHITE ANTS. [Photo.







"I COULD SEE WHAT APPEARED TO BE AN ENDLESS STREAM OF PRISONERS  
COMING THROUGH THE DOOR."

(SEE PAGE 460.)

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

By CHARLES NEUFELD.

### III.



ABOU'S first plan was, according to his lights, to act loyal to his section of the tribe, and so arrange matters that the arms intended for his rivals, Sheik Saleh's section, should fall into the hands of his people. And with those arms turned against the Dervishes, he might see his section come to the front as *the* support of the Government, and himself maybe in possession of the coveted title of Bey, *plus* a Nishan or decoration if his plans succeeded. An ambitious fellow was my treacherous guide Gabou. I have no doubt that, had his first plan succeeded, he would have been prepared with a plausible tale, and gaining any slight advantage over the Dervishes would certainly have atoned for his defections. His plan as originally conceived was as follows: First, he wrote to his own sheik giving him full details of the arms and ammunition awaiting Saleh's caravan; and there is every reason to believe that the letters sent by General Stephenson to Sheik Saleh in the first instance were delayed by Gabou until his plans were complete. The guide Hassan, who I believed had been engaged at the last moment, had been engaged some time before, and was fully instructed in the part he had to play. Gabou had promised his people that after Sheik Saleh's caravan left El Selima Wells, they would be led towards the Wadi el Kab instead of towards El Agia Wells; so that even had we filled our water-skins at leisure at Selima, we should only have been provided with four instead of eight days' water. And even two days in the desert without water has its discomforts. When a Bedawi or desert man will travel two or three days without water and not murmur, it may well be imagined what Gabou's promise to hand us over "thirsty" meant.

In fact, it meant precisely what actually did occur: the madness of thirst approaching; the lips glued together; the tongue swollen and sore in vain attempts to excite the salivary glands;

the muscles of the throat contracted; the palate feeling like a piece of sandstone; the nostrils choked with fine sand; and the eyes reddened and starting, with the eyelids ready to crack at every movement. Only those who have experienced what we did during those last days on our journey to Wadi el Kab can fill in the missing details in the history of Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage.

The Dar Hamads, on receiving Gabou's news, made their preparations. Arms, buried in the ground to conceal them from the Dervishes, were unearthed; but the very evident activity of the people excited the suspicions of Wad Nejoumi. Believing a revolt was intended, he prepared to meet it, but, having his spies about, bits of the real truth leaked out. Gabou was put to the test. Either written messages or messengers were sent to him by Nejoumi, asking about Saleh's caravan and the purposes for which its members had gone to Wadi Halfa. Gabou, seeing at once that his first scheme had miscarried, and rather than the caravan should fall into the hands of his rivals, gave, as being first hand to Nejoumi, the plot he had planned for the benefit of his own people.

#### The Traitor's Plans.

It was on this account that he had, as related, tried at one time to get me to abandon the projected journey, and, as can be understood, there were many reasons for his sending word to Nejoumi saying I was to accompany the caravan. His keeping back of Ismail, the leader, day after day, was only to allow of his messages reaching Nejoumi in time for that Emir to make complete preparations for intercepting us.

Hogal arrived at Wadi Halfa on the very evening of our departure, and sent over his message. Gabou met him and gave him his confidence. He told Hogal the means he had used to try and get me to abandon the journey, but that he dared not give me the real reasons, as he knew I should report the matter, and then his head would be in danger. He had, he declared, done the best he could by letting





"ARMS BURIED IN THE GROUND TO CONCEAL THEM FROM THE DERVISHES, WERE UNEARTHED."

Nejoumi know who and what I was. Still dexterously playing his cards, and in order to keep Hogal quiet, he said he knew that the English were going away; they certainly would not take him with them, and as he and Hogal had their family ties in the Soudan, unless he worked with Nejoumi, Nejoumi's "good word" would be of no avail to his family and friends when the Dervishes came down to occupy the abandoned towns.

I trust my readers are now beginning to see the light through this dark conspiracy, and, that I am making the narrative sufficiently intelligible and clear without constantly requesting you to turn back to earlier pages.

Gabou, playing a double part himself, and being naturally suspicious of everyone else in consequence, thought that I might have divined his treachery when the camels did not overtake us, and might change the route in consequence; and these suspicions he communicated to

Nejoumi. Had he not done this, I might have forgiven him—for it was everyone for himself in those days. There was not the least necessity for his warning Nejoumi that we might change our route on finding that the guide was leading us in the wrong direction, for had Nejoumi's men *not* found us, Gabou could not have been blamed.

Nejoumi, on receiving the news, dispatched a large number of Dervishes under Wad Bessir to Umbellila, opposite Abou Gussi; and another force under Osman Azrak to El Kab, opposite El Ordeh (Dongola). Said Mohammad Wad Farag, Mohammad Hamza, Makin en Nur, and Wad Umma were ordered to the various wells in the Wadi el Kab; the latter having orders to keep the Dar Hamads in check.

**An  
Imposing  
List.**

I am, be it understood, giving this list of now famous names from recollection of what I was told at Dongola and Omdurman, and not for the purpose of, by their means, investing with a halo of barbaric romance an incident which was nothing more or less than a bit of highway robbery. But my chief reason is that, should any of those named be still living, and should they eventually come

into the hands of the Government, they may be questioned as to this affair, and their account compared with the series of contradictory passages which head the present chapter.

Wad Farag sent a flying party to Selima Wells, led by a slave of Wad Eysawee, named Hassib Allah. It was Hassib Allah who had fired the shot we heard on the day of our arrival at Selima, and when taken before Wad Nejoumi at Dongola, one of the questions put me was, "Did you see anyone, or hear a shot fired the day you reached Selima?" I answered, "Yes," as regarded the latter part of the question, and thereby made an everlasting friend of Hassib Allah, as a reward had been promised to the man who should first sight us and then hurry back to the main body with the news; Hassib had fired the shot, so that the question might be put. Even from this you may gauge the amount of confidence the Ansar or faithful had in the word of their Emirs, and the amount of credence a European might give to their tales when they

lied to and deceived each other with such charming impartiality.

After dispatching Hassib, Wad Farag divided his party, sending one to the district between Wadi el Kab and the Nile, and the second, commanded by himself, he led to the desert to intercept us. The Aghat Arab sent out by us as a scout, and who did not return, must either have been captured by Farag, or what is more likely, as he was sent out by Hassan he was an emissary of Hassan's to Wad Farag or any of the other Dervishes to give them the news, as Hassan must have been aware of our position and the proximity of the Dervishes. The tracks we had picked up on the road when the embers of the caravans' fires were found still hot were the remains of the fires of Hassib's men, who had kept within touch of us the whole time, only losing touch on the day following the disappearance of the Aghat.

On reaching the broken ground leading to El Kab, my guide Amin and the two others had intentionally been allowed to pass unchallenged, as the Dervish plan was to form themselves into three parties, which were to rush us from three sides at the same time. It was in direct disobedience of orders that the first shots were fired at us, but this was probably done by someone to gain the promised reward for sighting us, and it ended, as already related, in a general fusillade. The camels loaded with filled waterskins were left behind purposely, but their being left was a happy thought at the moment of Farag's men. When they retired, it was only to join the other section which was to have rushed us from the left; the section to rush us in the rear being a little farther out in the desert than the plan shows.

Our leader Ismail I never saw or heard of again; he may have succeeded in escaping altogether, only to be killed when the virtual extermination of the tribe took place—when Sheik Saleh, standing on his sheep-skin, fell fighting to the last.

This account of the capture of the caravan, and the explanations given, though not agreeing in essentials with the accounts given officially, may be accepted as being as nearly correct in every detail as it is possible for memory to give them; and the occasion was one of those in life where even twelve years' sufferings are not sufficient to obliterate the incidents from the mind.

I feel some little confidence in offering to the world my version of the circumstances attending my departure from Wadi Halfa for Kordofan, as well as the date upon which I really did leave

Egypt—as unfortunate a date for me as it evidently has been to some of my biographers: also the actual circumstances attending my capture.

You see, I happened to be present on the various occasions spoken of, and I do not think it will be asking too much if I request that the same amount of credence be given to my own story as has been given to that of others referred to in my introduction.

It now remains, before closing this chapter, to deal with Dufa'allah Hogal and his part in the affair. In my first letter from Omdurman which was written for me by dictation of the Khalifa, I am made to say that I blamed Hogal for his deceit, but at the same time thanked him for it, as it had led me to grace! This was a clever invention of the Emir at Dongola, or of the Khalifa himself, to get Hogal into trouble with the Government, and draw away suspicion from Hassan and Gabou. This letter was received by one of my clerks at Assouan, who fortunately retained a copy before forwarding it on to Cairo. A translation of it will be given later.

Hogal is not to be blamed for keeping his own counsel after Gabou had given him his confidence. He had nothing to gain by telling the authorities the truth, and he had everything to lose if he did. The Khalifa's spies were everywhere—in the Government and out of it; just as in the same way the Government spies were among the Mahdists. There can be no doubt that they were paid by both sides—and who is to blame them? Hogal's family ties and relations were in the Soudan, and it was no use his raising a question over a dead man.

I may have something to say about guides and spies later on, but it will not be with the idea of calling any of them to justice. The only justice they knew of was that contained in "Possession is nine points of the law," or "Might conquers right"; and it suited their natures admirably to play a double game, which was rendered so easy for them with, on the one hand, a Khalifa who had made up his mind to do a certain thing and ever kept that object in view, and worked for its accomplishment; and, on the other hand, a Government which did not appear to know its own mind from one day to another as to what should be done with the Soudan and its subjects resident there.

During the early part of the night of April 27th, the Amin Beit el Mal told me to prepare for my journey to Omdurman, as Wad Nejoumi had sent for me. There was little preparation I could make, however, except to beg some sesame oil to rub

What Became of the Scout?

A Credible Witness.

The Disappearance of Ismail.

The Spies' Notion of Justice.

Severe Sufferings.

over my face, shoulders, back, and feet. The woollen shirt and clothing I had been allowed had not been sufficient to protect me against the burning rays of the sun; and the skin was now peeling away from my face, shoulders, and back, while my feet were blistered and cut. My stockings had been worn through in a day's tramping through the sand. Taken to Nejoumi's inclosure, that great Emir and I sat together talking for a considerable time. He told me that he had wished to keep me by him for the purposes of "akhbar" (information, or news), but that the other Emirs had insisted upon my being killed at once, or sent to the Khalifa with the supposed "firman" appointing me "Pasha of the Western Soudan," to be dealt with by the Khalifa at Omdurman. Nejoumi said he had written asking that I should be sent back to him. He put to me many questions about the Government; also the fortifications of Cairo and Alexandria; Assouan; Korosko and Wadi Halfa. In particular he was anxious to know all about the British Army and "Inglaterra." The advance up the Nile for the relief of Gordon had evidently given him a very poor opinion of our means of transport—at any rate, as regards rapidity of movement; for when I told him of the distance between Alexandria and England, and assured him that steamers could bring in a large army in a week's time, he smiled and said, "I am not a child, that you should tell me a tale like that."

Nejoumi may or may not have gone to his grave believing I was romancing, when I described to him

what an ocean-going steamer was like, and did my best to give him some idea of the proportions of a Nile dahabieh compared with an ocean-going steamer and a man-of-war of the first class.

I left him firmly impressed with the idea, and this impression was only intensified months later when a number of his chief men were ordered back to Omdurman and thrown into prison with me. I then gathered that had Nejoumi had anyone in whom he could have reposed his confidence and absolute trust in such a delicate matter, he would have sent in his submission to the Government; and then laying hands upon the Emirs sent by the Khalifa

to spy upon him— for he was then under suspicion—he would have led his army as "friendlies" to Wadi Halfa, and asked assistance to enable him to turn the tables on the Khalifa. What further leads me to make such bold assertion or statement is that the Emirs, or chief men, referred to already as having been thrown into prison with me at Omdurman, gave me, as their fellow-captive, first their sympathy, and then their complete confidence.

I learned from them the fate of those of Saleh's caravan whom I had left alive at Dongola. They had, they told me, been executed in batches of varying numbers at intervals of some days; Elias, my clerk, being the last to be executed, and he not until about two months after my departure. Nejoumi, for reasons which will be at once seen, kept him alive until the last; and then doubtless only gave the order for his execution when, despairing of my being sent back to him, he gave way to the importunities of the other Emirs, who were anxious to see the last of Saleh's people destroyed. Judging from what the



AN OBJECT-LESSON FOR NEJOUMI—"I GAVE HIM SOME IDEA OF A NILE DAHABIEH COMPARED WITH A MAN-OF-WAR."



prisoners confided to me, there could not be the slightest doubt that a conviction of the imposture of the Mahdi's successor was growing and spreading amongst the Mahdists; but the system of espionage instituted by the Khalifa nipped in the bud any outward show of discontent. There can be also no doubt that these confidants of Nejoumi had, in some way, compromised themselves when speaking in the presence of some of the Khalifa's agents; and probably the only reason why Nejoumi himself had not been ordered back with them was owing to his popularity and the Khalifa's fear and jealousy of him.

There was not a soul whom Nejoumi **Surrounded**—or, for the matter of that, anyone, not **by**—even excepting the Khalifa himself **Treachery.**—might implicitly trust in the Soudan.

The man to whom you gave your innermost confidences might be friend or foe; and, as all changed face so rapidly and as circumstances dictated, it would be safe to say that no one in the Soudan trusted his neighbour for a single moment.

Whatever Nejoumi's convictions may have been in the earlier days of the Mahdist movement, it is certain that they subsequently underwent a great change; and his advance against the Egyptian army at Toski, when he was killed, was, as I was told after their return by some of his people imprisoned with me, only undertaken when he was goaded to it by the reproaches of the Khalifa, who accused him of cowardice and treachery, threatening also to recall him to Omdurman—and Nejoumi knew well what this implied.

I have already remarked that I would later offer some surmises as to the reason of my guide Amin having been the first to be executed at Dongola, and it would be well to insert them here, while speaking of my fellow-prisoners from Nejoumi's army. They were certain that Amin's two or three passages-at-arms with the guide Hassan had been related to the assembled Emirs at Dongola immediately after our arrival, and Amin was in consequence ordered to be at once decapitated.

I expressed my suspicions as to the **A Bogus** actual death of Hassan at El Kab, **"Death,"** and in face of what I was told, I cannot but believe that his falling from the camel was an arranged affair, and that he came with the caravan to Dongola, and gave evidence against Amin. Then following up the suspicion or supposition, it is very probable that he originated the "cock-and-bull" story related to the military authorities, detailing the supposed incidents of the capture of Saleh's caravan and myself. It will not have been forgotten that the published official and semi-official records report

my capture at two different places 150 miles apart—or, in other words, a minimum of five days' journey, and that at different dates. In one instance my arrival at Omdurman as a captive is announced one month before the caravan I was supposed to have betrayed—or been the cause of the capture of through "imprudence"—had even started from Wadi Halfa.

But to continue. In the early morning of April 28th, I and Hasseena were taken outside the town to where the guards and camels were awaiting us, and setting off on our journey, we travelled through Hannak, Debbeh, Abou Gussi, and Ambukol. The incidents connected with our appearance at these places are not of sufficient interest to warrant my detaining my readers with them. From Ambukol we struck into the desert, making for the Nile at Gebel Roiyan, and, of course, enduring the inevitable discomforts and privations of such a journey. On arrival at the village near Gebel Roiyan we took possession of what we believed to be a deserted house, and, after taking a little food, laid down to sleep.

During the night, however, a wretched **A Weird** old woman crept into my room, and **Visitor.** commenced that peculiar wailing known to those who have been in the East. She was, she said, *El umm Khashm el Mus*—the mother of Khashm el Mus; but the expression may be taken to imply merely that she was one of the numerous family or relatives of Khashm el Mus, whom Gordon had sent with gunboats to Metemneh to accompany Sir Charles Wilson on his voyage to Khartoum. The woman's sons—indeed, the whole of her family or tribe—had been killed by the Khalifa's order, and, as far as she knew, she was the only one left. Taking no notice of my guards, who had come in, attracted by the wailing and talking, she cursed the Mahdi, and everything and everyone connected with him. The wailings of the poor creature—her pinched and sunken cheeks; her glistening eyes; her skinny, hooked fingers; her vehement curses on the Mahdi and Khalifa, and the faint glow from the charcoal embers which only served to outline the form of the old woman as some horrid spectre as she stood up and prophesied my death, completely unnerved me. If there were one night in my life upon which I required a few hours' rest it was surely on this—the last, as I knew, before entering Omdurman. But no sleep came to my eyes that night.

Soon after the woman left a sound of **A Night** dull thuds, a shriek, a moan, and then **Tragedy.** silence told their own tale. She had been battered to death with curses on the Mahdi on her lips. The night was one long, horrible,

wakening nightmare, but all was real and not a fantasy of the brain. How I longed for the dawn! And how impatiently I waited for it! For the first time I had fears for my reason. The sensation I felt was as if a cord had been slipped round my brain, and was gradually but surely tightening. But enough of this: it is not necessary to interlard my experiences with painful mental sensations, real as they were.

to the Khalifa, and also to announce my arrival. Shortly afterwards Nur Angara, Slatin Pasha, Mohammad Taher, and the chief Kadi, with others, came to question me.

Slatin addressed a few words to me in English, but not understanding him, I asked him to speak in German, upon which he said in an undertone, "Be polite; tell them you have come to join Mahdiah

in order to embrace the Mahdi's religion; do not address me." Nur Angara, who put the majority of the questions, asked, "Why have you come to Omdurman?" I hesitated a little before replying, but not long enough to allow my European blood to cool sufficiently to reply "politely" to the imperious black confronting me. I told him, "Because I could not help myself. When I left Wadi Halfa it was to go and trade, and not fight; but your people have taken me prisoner, and sent me here. Why do

you ask me that question?" Slatin on hearing this moved behind the other Emirs, and I believe made some attempt to make me understand that I should speak differently to them. But my helplessness was galling to me; there was not a man there whom, pulled down as I was, I could not with sheer strength have crushed the life out of. I was questioned about the number of troops at Wadi Halfa and Cairo, the fortifications, etc., but neither place would have recognised the fortresses I invented for the occasion, and the numbers of troops with which I invested them. When told that news had been received from Wad Nejoumi that the British troops were leaving, I admitted the truth of this, but said that they could all be brought back to Wadi Halfa in four days.



"THE WAILINGS OF THE POOR CREATURE AS SHE STOOD UP AND PROFESSED MY DEATH COMPLETELY UNNERVED ME."

It was with some little difficulty that I shuffled my way to the camels next morning, to mount and get away on the last stage of my journey to Omdurman. We reached the town at noon, on Thursday, May 5th, and passed in almost unnoticed until we reached the market-place, when the news of our arrival spread like wildfire. We were soon surrounded by thousands of people, and it was with the greatest difficulty we fought our way to the open praying-ground adjoining the burial-place of the Mahdi. The tomb had not then been built. Here I was placed in the shade of the rukooba, which is a light structure of poles supporting a roof of matting and palm branches, in the shade of which the people rest during the heat of the day. Two of my guards went off to deliver Wad Nejoumi's despatches

All the questions, or nearly all, were in connection with the army and the movement of the troops; and this will be the better understood when it is remembered that by some I was believed to be a "Pasha," and all Pashas in the Soudan were military leaders. I have been shown a statement to the effect that my readiness to talk "made a bad impression"; but this remark was not, at the time of writing, sufficiently explanatory. And yet it may have been.

Other captives had grovelled at the feet of their captors. I did not; hence probably the "bad impression" created. And while the world may blame me for being so injudicious as to treat my powerful captors with such scant courtesy, it can hardly be expected that I, even had I not passed six years in close connection with the British Army on the field of battle, and in times of comparative peace, should in a moment forget and lose my manhood, and cover with servile kisses the hands of a savage black—and one of the murderers of Gordon to boot. I thank God, now that I am restored to "life," that my first appearance as a hapless captive in the clutches of the Khalifa "made a bad impression."

On the Emirs and others leaving me, some Dervishes advanced, stripped me of the jibbeh and clothes given me by Nejoumi, and replaced them with a soldier's old jersey and cotton drawers. My feet were next fettered, and a ring, with a long heavy chain attached, was fastened round my neck. During that evening—indeed, during the whole night—crowds came to look at me, while the awful ombeyeh, or war trumpet, made from a hollowed tusk, was sounded the whole night through. A woman—a sort of Mahdist amazon—walked and danced up and down in front of me, singing and gesticulating, but I could not catch the full meaning of her words. Noticing Hasseena sobbing violently a few yards away, I called to her, and asked what was the matter with her. She told me that the ombeyeh was calling up the followers of the prophet to come and witness my execution, and that the woman before us in her rude rhyme was describing my death agonies, and my subsequent tortures in hell as an unbeliever. One of my guards told me that what Hasseena had related was true, and I had curiosity enough to ask him the details of an execution; these having been described to me, I refused food and drink. I was determined to deprive the fanatics of at least one anticipated element connected with my execution—but I may not enter into details.

At dawn the following morning a Dervish came to me, and crossing my right hand over the left at the wrists,

palms downward, proceeded to bind them together with a rope made of palm fibre. When the ropes had, with a bit of wood used as a tourniquet, been drawn well into the flesh, water was poured over them. The agony, as the ropes swelled, was excruciating. They "bit" deeply into the flesh, and even now I cannot look at the scars on my hands without a shudder, almost experiencing again the same sensations as those of twelve years ago.

Then, with the perspiration rolling off me owing to the pain I was enduring—and I could no longer conceal that I was suffering—I was led forth to be the sport of the rabble. Made to stand up in the open space, bareheaded, with thousands around me, I truly believed that at last the moment for my decapitation had come. Muttering a short prayer, I knelt down and bent my head, but was at once pulled to my feet again; the populace wanted their sport out of me first. Dervishes rushed madly at me, prodding with spears and swords; and while this was going on, two men, one on each side of me, with the mouths of their ombeyehs placed against my ears, blew their loudest blasts. One powerful man in particular, armed with a large spear, gave me the idea that it was he who had been told off to give the final thrust; and when he had made a number of feints, I tried in successive ones to meet the murderous blade. One of the men guarding me, however, taking the chain attached to the ring round my neck, pulled me back each time, much to the delight of the assembled people. The ropes with which I was bound had now done their work; the swollen skin gave way, and the horrible tension was removed as the ropes sank into the flesh. If I had exhibited any feeling of pain before, I was now as indifferent to it as I was to the multitude around me. A messenger of the Khalifa, Ali Gulla by name, asked me, "Have you heard the ombeyehs?"—a bit of the Khalifa's supposed pleasantry, when it was by his orders that the mouths of the instruments had been placed against my tortured ears.

On nodding my reply, Gulla continued: "The Khalifa has sent me to tell you that he has decided to behead you," to which I replied, "Go back to your Khalifa, and tell him that neither he nor fifty Khalifas may so much as remove a hair from my head without God's permission. If God's will it is, then my head shall be cut off; but it will not be because the Khalifa wills it." He went to the Khalifa with this message, and returned saying, "The Khalifa has changed his mind; your head is not to be cut off; you are to be crucified as was your prophet, Aisse en Nebbi" (Jesus

**Mr. Neufeld  
as a Pasha!**

**Creating  
a Bad  
Impression.**

**Agony and  
Torture.**



the Prophet). After saying this he told my guards to take me back to the rukooba while preparations for my crucifixion were being made. By this time, what with the fatigue and privations on the journey; my head almost splitting as the result of the ombeyehs' blasts; the agony caused by the ropes binding my wrists; the torture of scores of small irritating and stinging flies attacking the raw flesh of my hands; and the sun beating down on my bare head, I was about to faint. An hour later, I was ordered off to the place of crucifixion. Being heavily chained, I was unable to walk, so had to be placed upon a donkey, on which I was held up by two men. On coming to a halt, I found a set of gallowes, instead of the crucifix I had expected. I was lifted from the donkey and placed close to the angareeb, or bedstead, with the noose dangling just over my head. Pain and faintness at once left me.

A few minutes more,

I thought, would end all, and I had made up my mind that the horde of savages about me should respect me, even in my death. I tried to mount the angareeb, but my chains prevented me. Suddenly a tall black—the chief Kadi of the Khalifa—placing his hand on my arm, said, "The Khalifa is gratified at your courage, and, to show this, offers you a choice of the manner of your death." I replied, "Go back to your Khalifa, and tell him that he may please himself as to what form my death takes—only if he wishes to do me a favour, let him be quick about it; the sun burns my brain." To this the Kadi replied, "You will be dead in a few minutes; what will you die as—a Moslem or a Kaffir?" I was growing desperate, and

answered at the top of my voice, "*Ed Deen mush hiddm terrayer nahaarda ou Bookra*" (religion is not a dress to be put on to-day and thrown off to-morrow).

My reply, and the manner in which I gave it, I was gratified to see, made the Kadi angry. While we were still talking, however, a man on horseback made his way through the crowd to us, and spoke to the Kadi, who, turning to me, said, "Be happy; there is no death for you; the Khalifa, in his great mercy, has pardoned you."

I at once asked, "Why?—Have I asked for his pardon?" For I did not believe for a moment that such was actually the case. Nevertheless I was at once bundled on to the donkey and taken back to the rukooba, or shelter. Someone had reported to the Khalifa about the state of my hands, and a man was sent at once with orders to have the ropes removed. Food in abundance was then sent me, but this I gave to the ombeyeh men who had escorted me back to the rukooba. I could even then smile at one of the men who complained that he could not enjoy the food, as his lips—great thick black ones they were, too—were almost as raw with blowing the ombeyeh all night as my hands were with the ropes used in torturing me.

On the following day I was taken before the Kadis, with whom were the Khalifa and Slatin. I was again asked,

"Why have you come to Omdurman?" To which I gave the same reply as I had given to Nur Angara. The letter of General Stephenson was then shown to me, and I was asked, "Is this your firman?" I replied that it was no firman, but a letter from a friend



THIS IS SIR RUDOLPH SLATIN (SLATIN PASHA), WHO TRANSLATED MR. NEUFELD'S PAPERS FOR THE KHALIFA (SLATIN WAS ALSO A PRISONER, BUT ACTED AS THE KHALIFA'S ORDERLY).

From a photo. by Dr. Székely, Vienna.

R. v. Slatin

Before the Kadis and Slatin Pasha.

about business, and that it had nothing whatever to do with the Government.

**Statin as  
Inter-  
preter.**

Slatin was told to translate it, but, fortunately, did not translate it all. On being asked his opinion of me, he told the Khalifa that from the papers found in my wallet, I appeared to be a German and not an Englishman, but that I had the permission of the English Government to go to Kordofan on merchant's business. He also said that Sheik Saleh's name was mentioned, but only in connection with business of no consequence. I was then asked if I wished to send any message to my family. Naturally I did, and pen and paper being given me, I commenced a letter in German to my manager at Assouan; but, after a few lines had been written, the Khalifa said the letter had better be written in Arabic. When finished it was handed to me to sign, but not knowing the contents I scrawled under the signature, as a flourish, "All lies," or something to this effect.

The letter was sent down by one of the Khalifa's spies, and was delivered to the Commandant at Assouan. The word "Railway" appearing as part of the address, it was sent to Mankarious Effendi, the station-master, who,

after taking a copy of it for reference, returned it to the Commandant, with the address of my manager. Now, Mankarious Effendi, having heard of my recent arrival in Cairo, has come to me with the original copy of the letter taken in June, 1887. The following is a literal translation of it:—

**An  
Amusing  
Letter.**

In the name of the most merciful God, prayers be unto our Lord Mohammad and his submissive adherents.

From the servant of his lord Abdalla el Muslimain, the Prussian whose former name was Charles Neufeld, to his manager Möller, the Prussian in the Railway, Assouan.

I inform you that, after departing from you, I have come to the Sudan with the men of Saleh Fadlallah Salem el Kabbabashi, who were carrying with them the arms and ammunition and other articles sent to Saleh by the Government.

On our march from Wadi Halfa, notwithstanding our precautions and care for the things in our charge, we arrived at the so-called Selimia Wells, where we took sufficient water, and then proceeded on our journey. Suddenly we were met by six of the Faithful in the desert; they attacked us, and we fought against them. Our number was fifty-five men. At the same time a number of men from Abdel Rahman Nejoumi came up; they reinforced the six men and fought us, and in the space of half an hour we were subdued by them. Some were killed, and the rest were captured, with all the baggage we had. Myself, my servant Elias, and my



"HE TOOK A SHORT POLE AND USED THIS AS A LEVER TO FORCE THE ANKLETS OPEN."

maidservant Hasseena were among the captives. All of us were taken to Abdel Rahman Nejoumi at Ordeh, and by him sent to the Khalifat el Mahdi (peace be unto him) at Omdurman. On our arrival at Omdurman we were taken to his presence, where we were found guilty and sentenced to immediate death; but the Khalifat el Mahdi (peace be unto him) had mercy upon us and proposed unto us to take the true religion. We therefore accepted El Islam, and pronounced the two creeds in his presence: "I testify (bear witness) that there is none but God, and Mohammad is his prophet," and then, "I believe in God and his Prophet Mohammad, upon whom God has prayed and greeted; and in the Mahdi—praise, and peace be upon him and upon his Khalifa." I further requested the Mahdi to grant me the "abai'a" (oath of allegiance), which he was pleased to grant me, and thereupon shook hands with me. He then named me Abdallah, after embracing the true religion. Therefore I was pardoned by the Khalifat el Mahdi from the execution which I have deserved.

He pardoned me because he is gracious, and **"Because He is Gracious."** for the sake of the religion of Mohammad which I now adhere to. So I thought it well to inform you all about these events; and I inform you further that Dufa'llah Hogal, although he deceived me, I cannot sufficiently thank, because his deceiving me has resulted in the great mercy and good which has come to me. Saleh Fadallah Salem is deserting and hiding in the desert, for fear of his life. All that I have informed you is pure truth. I am still living, thanks be to God for this and my health.—17th Shaaban, 1304 (May 10th, 1887).

Slatin I saw but once again during my long captivity, and then it was only in the distance on one occasion when he called at the prison to give some orders to the head gaoler. The Khalifa I saw twice again, on occasions to be referred to later.

After signing the letter, I was taken back to the rukooba, or "waiting-room," where, about sunset, a man carrying a long chain came to me and said he had orders to remove my fetters. Passing the chain through one of the anklets and round one of the posts, he took a short pole, and used this as a lever to force the anklets open. Whilst still engaged in removing the chains, the chief Kadi came in, and ordered the anklets to be hammered back again, and the ends cold-welded.

I remained in the rukooba for the night, and the following morning was placed upon a donkey and taken to the prison. I was told that, to save my life, Slatin had suggested this course being taken, using as an argument that I could there be converted to the Mohammedan religion, devoting all my time to my instructors.

On entering the prison I found myself in the company of about a hundred poor wretches—Soudanese and Egyptians—and all heavily chained. I was taken at once to an anvil sunk in the ground until the striking surface was almost level with it. Then first one foot and

then the other had to be placed on the anvil, while more anklets, with chains connected, were fitted to me. I had now three sets of shackles, and another ring and chain was fastened to my neck. During my twelve years in chains, and amongst the hundreds who came directly under my observation, I never saw, as has been illustrated in some papers, any prisoner with chains from the neck connected with the wrists or ankles. All prisoners were shackled in the manner as shown in my photograph, and the chain from the neck was allowed to hang loose over the shoulder.

The shackling completed, I was taken to a room measuring about 30ft. each way, but having a square pillar about 4ft. wide to support the roof, thus reducing the actual space to about 26ft. between each face of the pillar and the walls. I was assigned a place at the wall farthest from the door, and between two chained men who were dying of small-pox. There were about thirty other prisoners in the room—some lying down seriously ill, but to whom not the slightest attention had been paid for days—as sickening visible evidences proved. Near the roof were a few small apertures, presumably for ventilation; but the only air which could possibly come into the place was through the doorway when it was opened. The stench in the room was sickening, awful, overpowering.

I had little hopes of surviving more than a few days in such a ghastly hole, and must have swooned off soon after entering, for I remember little or nothing until roused after the sun had set. Then in the dim light I could see what appeared to be an endless stream of prisoners coming through the door (see frontispiece), and no sooner was the door closed than a terrific din and uproar ensued. What a frightful experience for a civilized man—a European—to go through. It was surely worse than the most fiendish horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Mingled with the clanking of chains, the groans of the sick, the moans of the dying, and their half-uttered prayers to Allah to relieve them speedily of their sufferings, were the most fearful imprecations and curses as the prisoners fought and struggled like maniacs for a place near the walls or the pillar, against which they could rest their backs. And this hell was supposed to be a SLEEPING PLACE! Of course sleep had to be snatched during the day, when we were allowed out into the zereba. But it is out of the question my trying to describe my first night in the dread Saier, or prison of Omdurman. It is a confused, horrible dream to me.

(To be continued.)

Off to Prison.

A Terrible Experience.



# My Adventures on the Roof of the World.

By R. P. COBBOLD.

## II.

Mr. Cobbold here concludes the story of his extraordinary wanderings in the wildest parts of Central Asia. He also relates the story of his arrest by the Russians. That he used his camera to good advantage will be evident from the striking and curious snap-shots herein reproduced.



HOW MR. COBBOLD LOOKED WHILST TRAVELLING IN CENTRAL ASIA.  
*Photo. by The Photographic Association, Brook Street, W.*



WAS fortunate to be in Kashgar city during the progress of a great Mohammedan religious festival. In the first snap-shot is seen the lane made for the Mullah to come down from the mosque. What a wonderful hold the Mohammedan faith has on its followers! Even in extreme dangers and discomforts they never forget to pray.

There is a fine mosque just out of the city, which I visited on this day. The Mullah standing on the steps of the mosque called the people to prayer with the well-known incantation of the Koran, "*Allah-ho-Akbar ; Allah-ho-Akbar. Arsh Haddoo Unmah Mahomeda Razul Allah*" (God

is great ; God is great. There is only one God—God has sent us Mahomed as his prophet.) Then like one man the mighty multitude bow themselves to the ground, touching the earth with their foreheads. Up they stand again, repeating further verses of the Koran—then suddenly drop on their knees, and bow to the earth again. There must have been nearly 20,000 people whose devotions I witnessed from the roof of a house and photographed. It was a most impressive scene. There were no women to be seen, for the Mohammedans do not admit that women possess souls. Nevertheless, I used often to see the Kirghiz women praying lustily, without being checked by their lords and masters.

A remarkable person appears on the next page. This is a Fakir—a very holy man, but very poor, as may be seen by his garments. These Fakirs travel great distances to follow the impulses of religion—many thousands of miles on foot, in fact—depending solely on charity.

I now prepared to make a start for the north. The beautiful range of snow mountains which, on a fine day, I could see from the roof of my host's house enticed me still farther on. This range is the Thian Shan, or Celestial Mountains, which run half-way across Asia from east to west. There are many different ranges comprised in the system, but I will call them



"I WAS IN KASHGAR DURING THE PROGRESS OF A GREAT MOHAMMEDAN FESTIVAL."  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*



"A VERY HOLY MAN—BUT VERY POOR, AS MAY BE SEEN BY HIS GARMENTS."

*From a Photo. by the Author.*

all Thian Shan; they form the frontier barrier for a considerable distance between the Russian Asiatic Empire and Chinese territory. They are not so high nor so precipitous as the Himalayas, although one peak attains a height of 24,000ft.

I had got together a fresh lot of ponies during my stay in Kashgar, but they were a bad lot, and most of them broke down soon after the start. For two days I travelled across a desert, and then entered the lower spurs of the mountains. All was barren and dreary, there being no vegetation of any kind except a species of wild lavender, which the ponies managed to subsist upon. The road soon entered a defile through which ran a wide river. Its surface was frozen, but the ice was not very thick, and the animals were constantly breaking through and tumbling down, which meant long delays to readjust their loads, and much loss of temper. The road ascended gradually, the cold becoming more and more intense daily. Every night the thermometer sank to several degrees below zero, and it was difficult to keep one's circulation going. However, my dogs—an English fox-terrier and a Chinese pug—managed to survive, swimming across freezing rivers, and negotiating glaciers and snow-fields with the best of us.

After about a week we came to the foot of a pass called Turgat, where there were a couple of huts and some Kirghiz, stationed there by the Russian authorities to help the messengers conveying the Imperial post to Kashgar from the nearest Russian station. We were glad to find these huts, as it was now snowing hard, and the prospect before us by no means a pleasant one. They were, however, crowded with snow-bound travellers—some Kashgar merchants, some Russian Cossacks, my own party of five men and myself, besides the Kirghiz family. I should think there were about twenty of us altogether in that small hut, but the cold was such that I didn't mind the close fit—although the smoke from the burning dried dung with the outlet of the tent closed was rather oppressive.

The next day we crossed the pass; it is about 12,000ft. high, and not difficult. There was a fine view from the top, embracing all the ranges of the Thian Shan chain as far as the eye could reach, and far below a great frozen lake, Chadir Kul, which we subsequently crossed. Then another pass had to be surmounted which was much steeper. The ponies, tired with their long day, had to be dragged up with ropes, causing endless delay. When at last we all reached the summit night was approaching, and as the caravan were so weary that they could not move farther, I rode on in the hopes of finding some Kirghiz with whom to get shelter.

In the next view is seen my caravan crossing a glacier some miles below the top of this pass.



"MY CARAVAN CROSSING A GLACIER SOME MILES BELOW THE TOP OF THE PASS."  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*

On the far side the descent is much steeper. My servant and I could not get a foothold on the smooth, frozen snow, and we had many severe tumbles before we got to the bottom. Here, one evening, we startled a herd of ibex feeding, though precisely on what, it was difficult to say. At last, about 10 p.m., we came on some nomads' tents, where I spent an uncomfortably cold night with no blankets and no food except some tough ibex flesh, which was very nasty and very musty. I was afraid all the ponies would die of exposure on the summit of the pass, but to my delight they turned up at noon the next day seemingly none the worse. The men had placed the baggage and ponies round them in a circle, and slept huddled up together in the middle, with the dogs inside their sheepskin coats.

From this point I reached the Russian frontier settlement of Akbashi, where I was hospitably entertained. My host, who was a Sous-Prefect of the district, was an excellent fellow, but we could not understand each other, as he did not know French. I found that the Russians drink an awful lot of vodka and brandy; and I was expected to drink *a pint of neat spirit* at each meal! Fortunately the cold was excessive—25deg. Fahr. below zero—so it did not matter much. My hostess had caught and trained some Kirghiz girls to act as domestic servants, but they were rather strange at the work. I saw some fine horns of the Thian Shan wapiti here. These animals are pretty numerous in the neighbourhood, and the best time of year to hunt them is from September till the first snowfall in November. They are a magnificent trophy.

The scenery here must be lovely in summer. All the mountain sides are clothed in pine and cedar, and there are luxuriant grass and flowers of all kinds—quite a little paradise, in fact. Here I disposed of my ponies and hired sledges as far as Narin, about forty miles farther on, where there is a Russian garrison of 200 infantry and about fifty mounted Cossacks. The officers were all very civil to me, but it meant more brandy. The quantity they can drink is altogether excessive, and they get quite

offended if you refuse to take your share. Narin is about 230 miles from Kashgar, and it took me sixteen days to do the journey. Here I hired rough carts and Russian drivers and went on to Viernoi, which lies on the far side of the mountains in the steppes. This was another 250 miles, but not very difficult travelling, as there was a road of a sort for carts. In Viernoi I met a Frenchman who was in charge of the college there; for this is a large town of nearly 30,000 inhabitants, of whom 20,000 are Russians—mostly convicts, or the sons of convicts, banished to Siberia. Many of the banished, by the way, belong to the highest families, and are among the best educated in Russia.

My French friend advised me to try a hunting excursion into the mountains to try and shoot one of the wapiti I mentioned before. The attempt was, however, fruitless; the weather was too bad, and I was nearly snowed up in the woodcutters' hut where I took up my abode, far up among the pine forests. I did see some tracks, however, and shot lower down a magnificent ibex, with horns 50in. long, the most massive head I have ever seen. Unsuccessful in obtaining a wapiti, I returned to Viernoi, and started to Ilinsk, where the main Siberian road crosses the River Ili. Here there is a large Cossack village, and hiring three hunters I started off for Lake Balkash, into which the Ili River empties itself, 400 miles lower down. It is a wild, desolate region, with only a few wandering bands of Kirghiz for inhabitants. On either side of the river extend vast deserts.

In the next photograph we see my caravan



MR. CORBET'S PARTY STRAGGLING ACROSS THE FROZEN STREAM OF THE ILI RIVER.  
From a Photo. by the Author.



crossing the frozen stream of the Ili River. It is a fine stream, in some parts a good mile wide. Now, however, at the end of February it was frozen to a great depth. The people had never seen a traveller before, except occasionally a Russian official, so they thought I was of that nationality. They do not like officials much, as they are obliged to provide them with transport and food by Government order. So they did not look with favour upon me till they found that I paid for everything they supplied me with. Then it was all right. I had, however, a lot of trouble to get transport. The Kirghiz thought I meant to steal their ponies, and would not lend them, so the Cossacks had to catch them as best they could.

Generally at night they managed to bring in enough ponies to take us a stage, but this occasioned a lot of hard fighting, and once my escort had to fire a rifle, but did not hit anyone. I think they only meant to frighten the people. However, things soon got easier, when they found I paid up. There was very thick reed jungle along the river, and a fair number of tigers, but they would not kill baits that I tied up for them, as there were such quantities of wild boar at hand, and they prefer pork to anything. I came on two tigers asleep one day, but was riding on pony-back and so enveloped in sheepskin coats, that long before I could unslung the rifle they were off. The jungle swarmed with pheasants, and I could have shot a hundred in a day had I wished to, but they were poor eating. The Cossacks used to kill wild boars for their dogs' food, but the Kirghiz would not cook the flesh for us, so it was mostly wasted. I spent a month on this part of my journey, going as far as Lake Balkash. This is a dreary looking place in the middle of a desert. It is about 350 miles long by eighty broad. There are no inhabitants to be seen in its vicinity except in the summer season, when Kirghiz come and fish.

The sand round the lake is rich in tin deposits. It was terribly cold in this place, 35deg. F. below zero being the extreme temperature I experienced. All my provisions froze solid; a cup of scalding tea was solid in five minutes. Even rum froze. The tigers had

gone farther up the river, where it was not so cold, so I did not stay long. In the summer time all the estuary of the Ili River is a huge swamp for fifty miles, and is covered with long reeds. Naturally, no one can get about except in winter, when everything is frozen solid. Going back, we caught ponies and tied them with ropes to an improvised kind of sledge. It was exciting work, as the animals had never done harness work, and often broke the traces and overturned the sledge; the snow, however, was thick, and rendered our fall soft.

We got back to Ilnsk without serious accident, and there, picking up my servants and dogs, returned to Viernoï. Here I found that in my absence leave had come from the Governor-General of Turkestan for me to travel on the Russian Pamirs, so I started off back to Kashgar by much the same road as I had come. I saw one extraordinary natural feature on my return journey, and that was a mountain from the sides of which ran streams of liquid mineral wax, so clear and transparent that birds come and settle in it, mistaking it for water, and are held fast.

I was back again in Kashgar in April, and soon got together a fresh caravan of a dozen ponies to carry the baggage and grain, for nothing of that sort can be obtained on the Pamir. I also procured a couple of riding ponies for myself and the cook, who was no walker. We ascended once more to the lofty Pamir region, which was still under snow in most places, but the weather was becoming warmer daily. I did some shooting and had fair sport.



SWINGING BRIDGE OF TWISTED BIRCH BARK AND TWIGS WHICH MR. COBOLD'S CARAVAN  
HAD TO CROSS. [the Author.]



NEAR VIEW OF NATIVE RAFT. IT IS MADE OF INFLATED GOAT-SKINS.  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*

All went well until one day, crossing a large river, the guide took us to the wrong place to ford. Then there was trouble, for the swift current soon carried off the struggling and already heavy-laden ponies. I lost three of the animals and most of my provisions. My rifles and some cartridges, fortunately, were saved. I was in an awkward predicament, being more than 300 miles from Kashgar. I took counsel with my Kirghiz guide, and decided, on his advice, to make for the Oxus, where I should be certain of finding food and a road back to Chitral.

Before describing my journey to the Oxus, I wish to point out to all who read my narrative that this valley of the Murghab, by which I at last reached the great river, had, so far as I know, never before been traversed by an Englishman. Russian exploring parties have penetrated some distance in the winter; but the last official, General Unif, who tried to find a way, lost all his ponies by their falling down a precipice. Of road there is none—merely a goat track. The Murghab River runs along the bottom of the defile, and from the river rise bare, steep mountains of enormous height.

Vol. iii.—59.

The bridges over this river, by the way, are very remarkable. The one depicted at the bottom of the previous page is made of birch fibre and twigs twisted together. It sways a good deal in the wind, and is suspended high above the river. It is not very pleasant when you are unused to it.

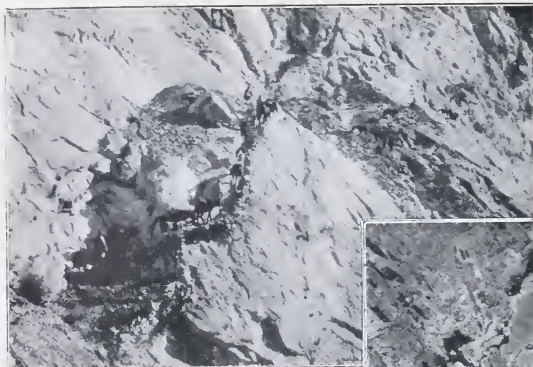
The rafts employed here are also extraordinary. As will be seen in the next photograph, they are made of inflated goat-skins. This is the only method of crossing the rivers. Notice the character of the natives of the district. These are called Tayiks. They are of Persian origin, and speak that language as well as their own. Taken alto-

gether they are a good-looking lot, fair in complexion, and with clean-cut features. We next see this same raft laden with my baggage and being conveyed across the river. Two Tayiks strip and push it over, kicking vigorously behind. The water is glacier water, but they do not seem to mind. By the time they reached the opposite side they were carried down half a mile, so swift is the current.

The so-called roads in this district are perhaps the most extraordinary in the world, as will be seen in the specimen shown in the next photo-

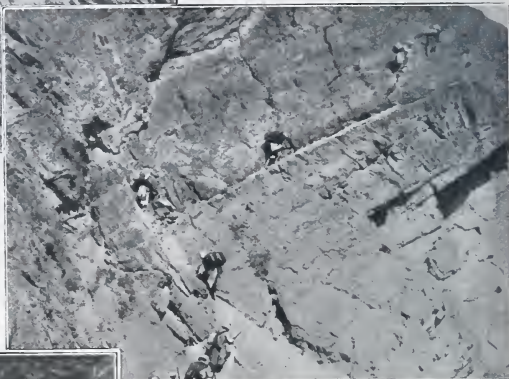


THE SAME RAFT, LADEN WITH MY BAGGAGE, BEING CONVEYED ACROSS THE RIVER.  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*



"THE POOR PONIES CRAWLING ALONG A PRECIPICE,  
WITH THE RIVER THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW."  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*

graph. The poor ponies can be seen crawling along the edge of a precipice, with the river running thousands of feet straight below. I had to send on men in front to scrape a path with the pointed tips of ibex horns. This



"WHERE THE PONIES HAD TO BE ABANDONED  
ALTOGETHER."  
*From a Photo. by] (the Author.*

for them to cross. They are, therefore, swum round the base of the rocks whilst the baggage is carried on the natives' backs. The poor animals often got their legs badly cut by the jagged edges of sunken rocks. Sometimes, also, when swimming across the river they would get carried into rapids and turned over and over by sunken rocks. Until this journey I never knew ponies were such good and brave swimmers. I had only two drowned, in spite of the enormous difficulties.

I make no apology for introducing so many photographs. They illustrate the remarkable nature of this journey more accurately and more graphically than whole pages of mere verbal description. My next snap-shot, then, deals with the section where the ponies had to be abandoned altogether, as the nature of the defile was too difficult to afford a passage for them. The natives with my baggage in this photo. are seen crawling like ants along the side of the cliff. As for me, I had to take off my boots and stockings to gain a foothold on the rock. The path is all up and down—sometimes thousands of feet above the river; at other times descending to the river bed. The



"THE PONIES ARE SWUM ROUND THE BASE OF THE ROCKS."  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*





"THE NATIVES CONSTRUCT HANGING GALLERIES OF BIRCH TWIGS AS 'HIGH ROADS.'" *(the Author.)*  
*From a Photo. by*

heat, too, is stifling. In June the narrow valley admits no air, and the rocks scorch one's feet. Only occasionally, and at rare intervals, is any green to be seen: all is barren and desolation.

In this region the natives construct hanging galleries of birch fibre and twigs, which as "high roads" would take a lot of beating for remarkableness of character. One is shown above. They are built in places where the rock is so sheer as to be impassable without artificial improvement. Ropes of birch fibre and twigs are made and secured in cunning fashion to crevices in the precipices. To the ends of these a swinging gallery is attached, and along this dizzy and awful road one has to pass or remain

behind. In places the ordeal is simply horrible, and enough to make one's head turn giddy. In the photo. is shown my dog Spot. Poor beast! he followed me faithfully all the while, and I don't know what I should have done without him.

The photograph next reproduced shows a gallery, somewhat similar to the last one, constructed along the side of the mountain. One of my men can be seen coming along. This is not such a nasty place to cross as the last one, for it is not so high, the river only being a few hundred feet below. I never could make out how the natives manage to carry heavy loads over these places, for I found great difficulty in crossing, even with nothing to carry.

When at length I reached the end of this terrible place, I emerged into the broad valley of the Oxus. It was a fine sight, as can be judged by the photograph here seen. On the opposite bank rose the snow-capped mountains of Afghanistan; whilst on my side of the river a succession of green villages presented a pleasant contrast to the eye after the dreary rocks behind. However, I was not long allowed to enjoy myself amid these pleasant surroundings, for no sooner had I arrived at the foot of Kala-i-Wamer, which is situated at the junction of the Murghab and Oxus rivers, than I was arrested by the Bokharan chief-in-charge, who had received orders from the Russian officer in command of the district, and, therefore, could not help himself.

The fort had a garrison of Bokharan troops—dirty-looking fellows, armed with a most motley collection of rifles. There was much excitement



"I COULD NEVER MAKE OUT HOW THE NATIVES MANAGE TO CARRY HEAVY LOADS OVER THESE PLACES." *(the Author.)*  
*From a Photo. by*



THIS IS THE FORT WHERE MR. COBBOLE WAS ARRESTED BY THE RUSSIANS.  
*From a Photo, by the Author.*

at the time, as one of their officials, who had recently arrived from Bokhara, not knowing the ways of the country, had incautiously pitched his tent outside the walls of the fort. During the night some Afghans had crossed over in their "mussuks" (by which I mean a blown-out goat-skin) and murdered the unfortunate Bokharan, afterwards making off with his belongings. The Bokharan commander had written to the Afghan official in charge on the

quarters were eighty miles up the river, complaining of my arrest. In reply he promised to come and see me, which he soon did.

The group here inserted includes a portrait of Captain Kevekiss, the Commander of the Pamir and Upper Oxus district. The three principal Bokharan officials are with him, and his Cossack escort behind. He is a Swede by nationality. The Russian service is full of foreigners. He told me he had received orders



RUSSIAN OFFICER WHO ARRESTED THE AUTHOR—BOKHARAN CHIEFS ON THE LEFT AND RIGHT OF HIM.  
*From a Photo, by the Author.*

opposite bank, but he took no notice of his letter, so they were naturally very bitter about it. All the people of the Oxus Valley carry these skins about with them hanging to a belt at the waist; and when they want to cross a river, they just sit down, inflate the skin, and, tying themselves to it, propel themselves across. So you may say these people carry

to arrest me wherever he could find me. Evidently among the Russian officials it was generally supposed that I was a spy in Government service; for Kevekiss had his orders direct from the Governor of Ferghana. Captain Kevekiss's Cossacks had been hunting for me for a fortnight, but when I got down the Murghab they could not follow. He was a

very pleasant man and treated me well. There was a famine raging at the time, and the natives were living on roots and grass; so it was difficult to get much to eat.

After a fortnight at Kala-i-Wamar, Kevekiss took me with him to Shignan, the Russian

After going about 300 miles we came to the Chinese frontier. The next and last photograph shows the mountains constituting the boundary. Here I was released, and glad to get away I was, I can tell you. This is my first camp on the Chinese side; the little tent was the only



CHINESE FRONTIER WHERE MR. COBOLD WAS SET AT LIBERTY.—"MY FIRST CAMP  
From a Photo. by [the Author.] ON THE CHINESE SIDE."

head-quarters. They have a well-built fort there. Just opposite is an Afghan fort, garrisoned by a couple of hundred Afghans. The Russian officers (six in number) seemed quite pleased to see me, and I was allowed to go about, but not to photograph. At last orders of some kind for my disposal reached the commandant, for he told me that he would send me back to the Chinese frontier with an escort. And so off I started again. I had great difficulties in getting back—a fearful road and no provisions. The natives who had helped me in my journey to the Oxus had been seized and sent in chains to the Governor of Ferghana for daring to assist an Englishman. My poor hunter had been sent to Siberia, for it was he who had showed me the way. The people I met with were, therefore, naturally not inclined to assist me or give me food; but the Cossacks with me took what they required, and I fed with them.

part of my baggage left. I had bartered everything else remaining to get some money, and much had been lost. The tent only weighed 40lb., but it lasted me well. My dog is asleep in the tent. He, too, had survived. I stopped here and had some shooting, but rinderpest had killed most of the wild sheep. The Kirghiz were very friendly and gave me every assistance. I found my way back to the British frontier in about three weeks' time, and arrived at Gilgit in August.

The Russians, as will have been seen, are very suspicious of English travellers visiting out-of-the-way corners of their Central Asian frontier; but no explanation of the reasons why my passport was secretly cancelled, and why I was arrested, has yet been forthcoming. The Czar's Government, in reply to an inquiry from the Foreign Office, merely intimated that I had been reconducted across the frontier.



## Twenty-Seven Days in an Open Boat.

BY CAPT. JAS. RICHARDS.

This modestly told narrative of dreadful suffering illustrates in a most striking manner the extraordinary fortitude of British seamen.



It is over twenty years since the events I am about to relate took place. I was little more than a lad at the time, but though many stirring scenes in a sailor's life have been shared by me since then, I still retain a very vivid recollection of the last voyage of the *San Rafael*.

She was a full-rigged ship of 1,200 tons, a three-masted barque, built after the American type, and she was commanded by Captain McAdams. She was well found and manned in every way, and had a crew of twenty-two, all told. In addition, the captain's wife sailed with him, making in all twenty-three souls aboard. Her owners were the well-known Liverpool firm, Balfour, Williamson, and Co., and she sailed from Liverpool in October, 1874, with a cargo of coal, bound for Valparaiso by way of Cape Horn.

I had the honour to be her third officer, and this was my first voyage in that responsible capacity. Nothing of any great importance happened in the early part of the voyage. The *San Rafael* made a very long passage to the Cape, the winds being light and baffling. At about midday on the 28th of December, the ship being somewhat to the south-west of Cape Horn, we suddenly encountered a terrific gale—such a gale as only old Cape Horners can ever have experienced, or are able to comprehend. The sea was tremendous, with a great long "fetch," most probably caused by there being nothing to break the force of the waves for so

many thousands of miles. Indeed, the giant waves have, one may say, a clean sweep right round the world, and they rise here to a height unknown elsewhere, and an Atlantic sea is almost insignificant in comparison. We were buffeted about for three days and nights, unable to show anything but a mere rag of canvas to keep the ship to the wind. Towards the morning of Sunday (New Year's

Day) the gale moderated, and advantage was taken of this lull to go into the forepeak for some spare gear, in order to repair damages and relash spars, which had been washed adrift by the waves that had broken over us during the past three days.

On taking off the hatches we made the most appalling discovery known to "those that go down to the sea in ships." We noticed that smoke was issuing from the cargo, accompanied by sulphurous fumes. No one said anything for a few moments. Each man looked at his neighbour as the dreadful truth flashed upon us that our ship, our home, our salvation in that dreary waste, was on fire.

Although one and all fully realized what had happened, very few words

were spoken, nor was there any hurry or confusion as the gear was rapidly passed out, and the hatches immediately clapped on again to prevent the draught from getting at the fire, and thus forcing into a flame that which appeared as yet to be only smouldering. The second officer gave the men some necessary orders, and then went aft and reported the awful news to the captain.



CAPTAIN RICHARDS AS THIRD OFFICER OF THE "SAN RAFAEL."

From a Photo. by Vandyke & Brown, Liverpool.



"WE NOTICED SMOKE ISSUING FROM THE CARGO—THE SHIP WAS ON FIRE!"

A consultation was at once held, in which the captain, the first and second officers, and carpenter, in addition to myself, took part. At a time like this there could be but few minutes to spare for palaver, so, glancing hurriedly at the situation in all its bearings, the decision was arrived at to keep the ship away and steer for the Falkland Islands, some 1,200 miles distant—say, about four and a half days' good run before the wind. This was considered the best port to make for, because if the wind remained steady we could run straight for it. In the meantime, great care was taken to prevent the spread of the fire by "corking" every vent and outlet from the hold. But notwithstanding this, early on the Monday morning we found that our attempt to smother the fire had been unavailing, for the smoke now began to force its way through the seams in the ship's side and deck, rendering all the berths in the cabin and forecabin untenable. By Monday noon we had done all that lay in our power to prepare for the worst. We had busied ourselves in making the boats seaworthy and provisioning them, and now all, except one officer and the man at the wheel, tried to snatch an hour's sleep, simply choosing the most sheltered place about the deck for this purpose.

The hapless *San Rafael* was at this time running under her top-gallant sails before a fresh gale, the sea still being very high and the old ship being driven to her utmost. Under

ordinary circumstances it would have been extremely risky to carry so much canvas in such a wind, but on our vessel's speed we felt our lives depended. At ten o'clock that night we were all startled by hearing a loud report and seeing a volume of flame shoot up from the main hatch to a height of some 60ft. It was a fearful spectacle under the circumstances, and one that filled us with terror. It was like a square, solid pillar of blue flame, much the same shape as the hatch from which it rose, and it tapered away to a point. Imagine a night as black as your hat, the ship illuminated from stem to stern as if by vivid lightning, and after the

one loud report like thunder, no sound to be heard but the whistle of the wind through the rigging and the rush of the vessel through the dark and swelling waters. Every man had sprung to his feet, and orders were given to start the force-pumps, which had been kept in readiness. Every man worked like ten. Each worked as if he realized that upon his exertions alone depended the safety of the ship and every soul on board. For about four hours we laboured without any apparent effect, and then reluctantly we were compelled at last to conclude that the flames were gaining slowly but surely upon us, and that a few hours at most must see the last of the *San Rafael*.

"Reduce sail!" was the ominous order issued about two o'clock in the morning, and everything was taken in except the storm staysails and topsails, under which the ship was at length hove to. The next business was to get the boats out—a task of great difficulty, owing to the rolling and pitching of the ship. Our complement of boats consisted of one long-boat, one pinnace, a gig, and a dinghy, the last measuring only about 17ft. keel. The long-boat and pinnace were put safely over the side with a man in each to take care of her, and dropped astern, but unfortunately, in putting out the gig she was stove in and sank immediately, with all the provisions she contained. We had not intended originally to take the dinghy, cockleshell as she was, but it now became absolutely neces-

sary, the gig being lost. At last the dinghy, with her 17 ft. of keel, was put safely out, and dropped astern. It was then about five o'clock in the morning, when the word was passed to take to the boats, which we did by getting over to the stern, that being the safest plan in bad weather.

The captain's wife and the apprentice boy were lowered first, and the men followed, the captain and officers being, of course, the last to leave the ship. We hung on astern until nine o'clock in the morning, in the vain hope that the smoke and flames might attract some passing ship, for the *San Rafael* was by this time a huge mass of glowing, crackling fire, the burning sparks and spars blowing about and falling in every direction. Higher and higher, fiercer and fiercer, grew the fire, until at last it became so imminent a danger to us all astern, that the word was passed, and a moment later we were cut

adrift for ever from all that remained of our once beautiful vessel. In the long-boat was the captain, his wife, and nine men. In the pinnace, the first mate and six men: and in the dinghy the second mate, two men, a boy, and myself.

We were selected for the smallest boat as the lightest weights; and it was feared that if disaster came our fate would be first sealed. Before the boats were cut adrift from the burning vessel, and whilst we were still together hanging on to her stern, a further consultation had taken place as to the best course to be adopted.

From the time we had first kept the ship away to the moment she was finally abandoned, we had run some 450 miles, which would still, it will readily be seen, leave us some 750 miles from the Falkland Islands.

Now, the coast of Tierra del Fuego lay, roughly speaking, some 150 miles to the N.E. of us, and for that point we finally determined to run, hoping that it might prove possible to make our way overland to the Straits of Magellan, and there attract the attention of some passing steamer. We were without sails, but by each using an oar for a mast, a boat-hook for a yard, and rigging up blankets as a substitute for sails, we were, with the good breeze then blowing, enabled to run between four and five knots an hour.

The day was intensely cold, but bright, clear, and cheerful, and notwithstanding our gloomy outlook, we took heart of grace and hoped for the best. Somewhere about one o'clock in the afternoon we were caused considerable uneasiness by seeing a heavy snow-squall working up astern, and sure enough it overtook us about two o'clock, hiding for ever from our view all that remained of our burning vessel. Still, we believed it would last but a few minutes, and so continued to run with what wind we still had. But the heavy flakes fell and fell, thicker and faster each moment, until it was impossible to see a boat's length ahead through the blinding downfall. For over an hour the storm continued, and when at last it cleared, we looked



"WE WERE CUT ADRIFT FOR EVER FROM ALL THAT REMAINED OF OUR ONCE BEAUTIFUL VESSEL."



anxiously around for our companions. Had we anticipated that the snowfall would have lasted more than a few minutes, or been so heavy, we should have cast a line from boat to boat, and thus made pretty sure of not parting company. Perhaps under any circumstances we ought to have done so, but this was only one of the many lessons we afterwards learnt by bitter experience. As I said, when the squall cleared we looked anxiously around for the other boats, and at last discovered one some three-quarters of a mile distant on the starboard bow. This proved to be the pinnace with the first mate, but the captain's long-boat was nowhere to be seen. As we came up to the pinnace—"Seen the captain?" were the first words shouted simultaneously from each boat. "No! No!" came back the reply. Again and again a dozen earnest faces with anxious eyes were turned this way and that, and a dozen hearts beat a shade faster when it was found that the captain's boat was not in sight. "Had she dropped astern or run ahead," we asked ourselves, "or was she to right or left of us?" We had no fear for her safety, because she was far and away the 'biggest and best of the three; and as there was now a good deal less wind, we did not fear that she had been capsized or swamped. No, the cause of our anxiety came still nearer home to us. *She had aboard the great bulk of the provisions*, which it had been arranged should be divided on getting ashore, no matter whether we decided to abandon our boats and make our way across country, or whether we should find ourselves compelled to put to sea again. For over an hour we remained where we were, hoping the captain might have hove to, and that he would now, the squall being past, get under way and overtake us. At length we abandoned the idea, and determined at all hazards to make the best of our way to land, trusting we might there meet the long-boat at some accidental rendezvous.

The wind, which had lulled during the afternoon, afterwards freshened, and by ten o'clock at night it was blowing a moderate gale, and momentarily becoming an ever-increasing danger. We therefore determined to heave to for a while and put out a sea-anchor.

The gale we had experienced on board ship was from the west, but the one now blowing was from S.S.W., thus causing a nasty, dangerous cross sea. We had to meet each sea as nearly as possible bows on, and to do this we had recourse to a steering oar, a rudder at such a time being quite useless. At somewhere about two in the morning the first mate called out that his boat was becoming unmanageable and had twice been nearly swamped; he

suggested anxiously that we should take the foremost place. Now, the dinghy was so short, being nearly as broad as she was long, and so much lighter too than the other boat, that with an oar from the pinnace for steering (an oar quite as long as the boat itself) great power could be obtained, and the dinghy slued round more readily and with greater certainty to meet the seas. With extreme care and great caution we proceeded to change places with the pinnace, but not without grave misgivings as to the result. We hardly relished finding ourselves in the van, as it were, with nothing but a boat hardly bigger than the coracle of the ancient Briton between ourselves and drowning; for no swimmer could live in such a sea. To our great relief, however, the experiment answered admirably. Yet, notwithstanding the great success attending the change of position of the boats, we passed a night of the most intense anxiety. Although we later on rode through three heavier gales, we never afterwards felt one tithe of the terror and highly-strung nervous excitement of this first awful night. Although experienced sailors, none among us had ever before been placed in anything like such a predicament. We had yet to learn the full capacity of the boats that carried us. Although the change of position was a distinct success, it took us all our time to keep the boats clear. Now and again the waves would break clean over us, rendering baling operations constantly necessary. Even our oil-skins were saturated and we were wet through, literally, to the skin. The night was bitterly cold, and we had not broken our fast from the time we left the ship. Still, no one felt hungry, strangely enough. Events had followed one another so closely; the excitement had been so constant; our exertions so continuous; the tension of our nerves so great—that we had no thought of either rest, or hunger, or thirst. We were battling with the angry waves for dear life, while death seemed to sit at each man's right hand. Towards eight o'clock the gale moderated, and we took breakfast—a biscuit being served to each man. This was the first food tasted for nearly thirty-six hours. The blankets were again set as sails, and we stood towards land with a fresh breeze, the morning being only varied by occasional snowsqualls. What with our steady running before the wind and drifting in the night, we had made considerable progress, and at last, about noon, the word went round, "Land ahead!" Yes, there it was, distinctly visible about fifty or sixty miles distant. We ran on till about nine at night, when we stopped for a consultation in the bright moonlight. Land was now about twenty miles



"WE WERE BATTLING WITH THE ANGRY WAVES FOR DEAR LIFE."

ahead, and we decided to stand in until within two or three miles of it. This we did and then hove-to till morning. At break of day we again got under way, and ran in pretty close. To and fro our eyes wandered vainly searching for a spot to land, but nothing could we see but vast unbroken cliffs, towering sheer up to a tremendous height from the sea, which dashed itself angrily against those mighty buttresses, throwing up the spray to a height of over 150ft. At another time, and under happier circumstances, one's admiration would have been compelled by the grandeur of the magnificent panorama stretched out for miles before us. The great, grey cliffs looked grim and grizzly; eternal silence reigned over their stupendous heights; and at their base the wild tumultuous waves, with never-ceasing energy, raged and battled, and spent their blind fury in unavailing assaults upon the impassive rocks. Presently, however, the mate fancied he saw a small inlet—or, at all events, a place where the water broke less violently. When we made for the spot we found that the mate's eyes had not deceived him, and we ran through a narrow channel some hundred yards wide.

A glance at the chart will show this part of the coast to be made up of islands, and I have since been able to identify this inlet. I also found that it was between two of these islands we had put in.

Once inside, to right and left of us there stretched away a sheet of smooth, clear, pellucid

water where all was calm and quiet, and in welcome contrast to the turmoil without. The cliffs shot sheer out of the water, and rising hundreds of feet seemed to touch the very sky. Steep as the side of a house were these majestic heights, and so crystal clear was the water that their lines could be traced for fathoms below the surface.

For many hours we searched in vain for a place to land, and at length, as the

afternoon wore on, we discovered a spot where the rocks shelved. Here we landed and succeeded in hauling up our boats. We were in a bit of a valley, we found; and on either side the towering mountains were covered with snow down to within a couple of hundred feet of the water's edge. Our first thought was to make a fire, for we had matches. In the sheltered crevices of the rock we found a stunted shrub which grew to a height of some eighteen inches; we gathered a quantity of this and at length succeeded in getting a fire—from which, however, we received but little comfort. The wood was green, and the great quantity of dense smoke was sadly out of proportion to the warmth afforded by the feeble flame. If one crawled near enough to obtain a little warmth it was at the expense of being nearly choked by the smoke. Supper was by-and-by served out, and between the twelve of us we divided a four-pound tin of Australian mutton, with half a biscuit to each man. A little water was by each in turn put into the tin and heated over the smoky fire.

It was now Thursday evening, and this was the first warm food we had tasted since Monday's tea. Exhausted and almost worn out, we lay down on the ground, and, partly sheltered by a huge rock, we slept soundly in spite of a biting wind, which blew down from the snow-clad mountains. We were all astir at five o'clock on Friday morning, and at once resolved ourselves into a kind of ways and means committee to

see what was to be done and how to do it. The mate spoke first, and said that before forming any plans it was necessary to come to a distinct understanding that discipline and obedience—more essential now than ever—should be rigidly maintained, and he looked to everyone strictly to uphold his authority, as we had now given up

tion seemed a likelihood of being frozen to death. So we determined to get to sea without an hour's delay.

We now took stock of our provisions and stores, and a pretty slender stock it proved. We had two bags of bread (*i.e.*, biscuits), each bag containing about fifty pounds; twelve four-pound tins of Australian mutton; two beakers of water, each containing about four gallons; a twenty-eight pound case of tobacco, and that was all. In the way of gear, we had between the two boats eleven oars, two boat-hooks, two bolts of canvas, one coil of small line, and half-a-dozen buckets for baling. Among our number was the sailmaker, who fortunately had with him his small bag, containing needles, twine, etc., and



"THE MATE LOOKED TO EVERYONE TO UPHOLD HIS AUTHORITY."

all hope of meeting the captain and must shift for ourselves. Obedience being promised, we soon came to a few practical conclusions.

It was clearly no use staying where we were. It was utterly impossible to scale the mountains, and so carry out our original idea of making our way by that route to the Straits of Magellan. The perpetual snows and precipitous steeps put this notion out of court. There seemed nothing to be done but to make our boats as seaworthy as possible, and to proceed to sea again in the chance of being picked up by some passing ship homeward bound. Standing out to sea again looked a pretty desperate resource—a forlorn hope—but we agreed it seemed a toss-up whether we starved or were drowned: the death of a pauper or the death of a sailor. If the worst should come to the worst, we could but die, and death by drowning had been so near for days that the King of Terrors was robbed of half his power to fright; besides, at sea there was just a chance of being picked up. Where we were, the only alternative of starva-

was thus able to make sails for both boats from the canvas available. All day on Friday we worked unceasingly, but in spite of every effort to get everything complete, we found ourselves compelled to spend another night ashore. When we knocked off for the day we had supper. It had already been decided in the morning that the day's rations should be for each man one biscuit and a small portion of Australian meat. Supper done, we sat round for a smoke, but this also was a slow business, for, strange to say, we had but one pipe among us, and a box of wax vestas. The tobacco had been carefully and equally divided in the morning, so, too, had the wax vestas. Each man took his share of matches, carefully wrapped them in a few bits of oilskin, and stowed them away inside his shirt. I cannot tell you how much loving care was bestowed on these few matches, though the ordinary value of the whole could not have been more than a halfpenny. Each man in turn had the privilege of filling our one and only pipe, smoking it, and passing it on to the next man.

(To be concluded next month.)



## How the Miners Conquered the Teslin Trail

BY H. MORTIMER LAMB, OF VICTORIA, B.C.

A British Columbian gentleman tells how a number of miners, deceived as to the possibilities of the all but impossible "Teslin Route" to Dawson City, resolve to push on at all risks. The photographs show the remarkable and ingenious methods of transport devised by these sturdy and undaunted Eritons.



**T**N the early spring of last year some three thousand prospectors and miners, many of them having made their way up the Stickine River on the ice, attempted to reach the Klondike diggings by what was known as the Teslin route. This route had unfortunately been represented as by far the most feasible way to the goldfields. The country between Glenora, at the head of navigation, and Teslin Lake was described as a rolling prairie, over which supplies could be transported with the greatest ease; and from Teslin to Dawson City the journey, it was stated, could be comfortably continued in boats. Imagine, therefore, the consternation and anger of the unfortunate men who, having relied on this information, travelled long distances and spent their all in outfitting, only to discover that the Teslin trail was almost, if not quite, impassable. Yet such was the case, and many of those that had left farm or workshop

to join in the mad rush northward, retraced their steps, now weary and dispirited, and returned to their homes. Others died of exposure or want; but a few, more experienced or more resolute than the rest, pushed on. Here, then, was the opportunity for the born prospector to display his natural ingenuity. Horses were out of the question in that land of dense forest and treacherous swamp. How, then, was he to get his supplies, of which he carried from 300lb. to 500lb. weight, through to Lake Teslin over that 140 odd miles of difficult country?

The task was manifestly not a light one,

but these men, bred in the backwoods of the North-West, are not easily daunted. The roughness and narrowness of the trail demanded the use of one-wheeled vehicles, and consequently unicycles of every conceivable shape and form were fashioned out of the rude material at hand. Small trees were cut down, roughly squared with an axe, and converted into wheelbarrows, carts, and "go-devils." Dogs were also pressed into service to do duty as both pack and draught animals; and thus after infinite labour the journey was successfully accomplished by the plucky few. The first photograph illustrates that most extraordinary of vehicles, the "go-devil." This contrivance consists firstly of a box with a framework of hewn boards, firmly bolted together, to which are attached a couple of poles some 12ft. in length to serve as handles. Next a big wheel, generally from 5ft. to 7ft. in diameter, is fitted to the box, and grooves are cut in the centres of the two handle-poles to receive the axle-trees, which are



A UNIQUE MODE OF LOCOMOTION THROUGH THE FORESTS AND SWAMPS. THIS IS A TYPICAL "GO-DEVIL" MADE BY THE MINERS. [Photo.]

securely held in position by stout iron or wooden staples. At length the "go-devil" is declared complete in every detail, and the proud builders begin the skilful loading of their belongings into the body of their strange vehicle. Presently all is in readiness for the start, and one man seizing the pair of handles in front, and the other those in the rear, they commence the difficult journey before them. The two men in the photograph conveyed in this manner nearly five hundredweight of provisions and supplies a distance of fifty-five miles, going at an average rate of from five to ten miles a day, through a terribly difficult country. In some rare cases a horse took the

goodness only knows what else. He is, however, an exceptionally good and painstaking inventor of "cuss-words." Well, it will perhaps be admitted that, all things considered, it were better that men should "blow off steam" in forcible language than in cutting their own or other people's throats; and many of those who last summer travelled the Teslin trail were desperate enough, and sick and disappointed enough, to do any mad act.

I have some faint recollection of having read, in those far distant days when I attended a school kept by a lady, a disquisition on dogs, in which that animal was generally described as man's staunchest companion and friend. I



THEY DON'T LOOK AMIAABLE, BUT IT IS NO WONDER. THIS WAS THE ONLY TWO-WHEELED VEHICLE  
From a) [Photo.]

place of the man in front, but then it would often require several men to keep the "go-devil" in an upright position, or to hold it back on an abrupt descent. And, by the way, some of those descents were so precipitous as to necessitate the use of block and tackle to lower the outfits and supplies of the travellers.

My next photo, I think, hardly requires much explanation, but I may mention in passing that the cart the three men are so laboriously navigating was the only two-wheeled vehicle used on this trail. The individual wearing the fierce expression, and manfully tugging in front, was by turns a preacher; a "bull-puncher" in Michigan; a lawyer in San Francisco; and

wonder what the author of that excellent work would have given me for the next two photographs wherewith appropriately to point his moral and adorn his tale! For if a man's dog is his friend in civilized communities, how much more so then in the wilderness—on the deserted trails, or in the backwoods of Canada's great North-West? Many a man who has lived for weeks and months without the sight of a fellow-being has reason to thank his God who made dogs and imbued them with a sympathetic intelligence. I met a man once who had existed for three years in a country where none dwelt but Indians, and he told me that if it had not been for his two dogs, he must have gone



From a] THIS PROSPECTOR ACCUSTOMED HIS DOGS TO CARRY BAGGAGE, AND SO GOT THROUGH. [Photo.

mad. As it was, he was not quite what one would call sane. But to return to my photographs. The prospector to be noted in the accompanying illustration was one of the few of the 3,000 who started out on this most difficult and perilous journey to Klondike. He finally reached his destination. This was assuredly because he was a sensible man and adopted a plan which is very common among the Indians—the plan of accustoming his dogs to carry weight. The animals soon get used to the “pack,” and trot along quite contentedly with loads weighing 20 lb. and even 30 lb. for days at a time. Indians, however, have very little consideration for the poor, patient brutes; and their unfortunate dogs are frequently taxed by their dusky owners quite beyond their powers of endurance. Thus in the Omineca district of British Columbia, dogs are utilized almost entirely for transport purposes, and earn very substantial sums in the course of a season for their Indian proprietors. But you

have only to look at an Indian “pack-dog”—poor creature—and he will run off whining, with his tail between his legs. Mongrels and curs of low degree, all of them, with raw and hairless backs where the packs have rubbed, but withal sturdy, able-bodied little fellows, whose honest and pathetic eyes appeal strangely to one.

Another way in which dogs are made to assist prospectors on their marches is shown in the



HARD LINES ON THE “FRIEND OF MAN.” A LOADED FOREST-MADE WHEELBARROW AND A FAITHFUL DOG. [Photo.



second of these two photos. Here the "Klondiker" has manufactured for himself a stout hand-barrow, to which he has harnessed a tolerably muscular dog, who is seemingly pulling away for all he is worth. Surely these photographs convey a more eloquent conception of pioneer life in the backwoods than pages of mere description! It is hard work, too, for both dog and man, as anyone who has attempted to wheel a heavily weighted barrow over soft ground can easily understand. Nevertheless, the pair made very good headway, and subsequently reached Dawson City last autumn—but without the wheelbarrow, which was abandoned after a distance of about forty miles over the trail had been covered. If only the

chief difficulty, of course, was in breaking the animals to harness, and in teaching them to answer to the word of command. Goats are proverbially giddy beasts, and the first attempt to "hitch" them to the sleighs resulted in a scene of the maddest and wildest description. While one goat was executing a frantic waltz another would try the effect of standing on his head; and a third and fourth would engage in a pitched battle, in which one of the combatants was at the obvious disadvantage of being prodded in the rear by a pair of sharp horns. All this was very exciting, and had, moreover, its humorous side; but the prospector cannot afford to lose precious time. So, still unbroken to work, the goats were urged



From a

"A STRANGE WAY OF GETTING MOTIVE POWER OUT OF ONE'S FOOD!"

[Photo

story could be written of faithful dogs in Canada, how pathetic and heroic the narrative would be!

One more photograph, and this little article must conclude. It is no very remarkable thing for dogs to be trained as transport animals. It is a common enough practice in all northern countries; and on the continent of Europe—in Belgium and France particularly—one gets quite accustomed to the sight of teams of dogs drawing the milkman's or the baker's cart from door to door. But whoever heard of goats for such work? Yet, the experiment was not only tried in the Yukon last year, but proved a great success. The native animals are strong, hardy, and swift; capable, too, of great feats of endurance. But

forward somehow, and in the course of a few days of steady travelling they were as tractable and obedient as could be desired. No doubt the goats were eventually eaten. But surely this is a strange enough way of getting motive power out of one's food!

I could, I believe, fill a very fair-sized volume with accounts of the many strange and ingenious methods adopted by Western prospectors in overcoming difficult conditions of travel, which to untrained men—or "tender-feet," as the vernacular has it—proved insurmountable; but for the present enough has perhaps been said to give the readers of *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE* some idea of what this phase of life in Western Canada really is.

## How the Lasso is Used.

By HOWARD REYNOLDS.

A complete description by an acknowledged expert, illustrated with photographs showing how this peculiar weapon—which is so indispensable on the great cattle-ranches of the Western States—is manipulated. With many curious and interesting facts.



THE AUTHOR SHOWING HOW THIS WONDERFUL WEAPON SHOULD BE HELD. [Photo.]

**R**ERHAPS the most picturesque and romantic characters of the recent war between the United States and Spain were the Western cowboys, formed into a regiment of cavalry variously known as Roosevelt's Rough Riders, Teddy's Terrors, and other like euphemisms. The fact that the bulk of the command was composed of superb horsemen, familiar with the use of that unique implement, the lasso, caused at the time a variety of statements in the Press regarding the potency of the "rope" as a weapon—statements which were amusing to anyone like the writer familiar with the article in question.

For instance, one recent statement in a New England paper implied an effective range for the lasso of something like 100 yds.; while in the most sensational sheets there have been vivid illustrations of lasso charges against massed Spanish troops!

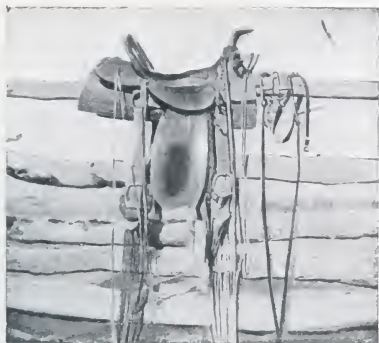
As a matter of fact, a lasso is about 40 ft. long—seldom exceeding 50 ft.—and out of that must be deducted the amount taken in making the noose and the part which is retained in the hand. Thus it is seen that the average cast is about 25 ft. or 30 ft.; and the "roper" who can throw anywhere near 50 ft. with accuracy is a rarity. In California they sometimes use a rope as long as 65 ft.; but there they seem to have a habit of throwing an enormously large loop—much larger than is really necessary. In actual work, however, it will be found that a man's hand is not large enough properly to hold much more than 40 ft. of rope when coiled ready to throw.

The lasso is a creation of a certain environment and need. Its place is on the broad prairies and grazing lands, and its chief utility lies in the stock business. It is almost useless in a wooded country by reason of the obstructions afforded by branches and bushes. The lasso seems to be a weapon of the chase peculiar to North America and the outcome of an aboriginal need. Savages all seem to have weapons peculiar to themselves—as, for example, the Australian boomerang, the Papuan blow-gun, the Zulu assegai, the Indian tomahawk. Again, in South America the Gauchos use the *bolos* for purposes similar to the lasso, and with equal skill.

The finest lassos are of raw hide, cut into



"ITS CHIEF UTILITY LIES IN THE STOCK BUSINESS." [Photo.]



THIS SHOWS A COWBOY'S SADDLE WITH ALL ITS FITTINGS  
From a) AND LASSO ARRANGEMENTS. [Photo.]

thin strips and braided, six-ply, into a rope of from  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter. They are quite expensive, a good 40ft. rope costing about 7dols. On this account, of late years a fine, hard-twisted grass rope is used; but the raw-hide rope is the best in a wind, as it is heavier, and when filled with oil it is not affected by wet weather. A braided rope, also, has less tendency to kink than a twisted rope. Cowboys have a mixture of lard and beeswax with which they dress their hemp or linen ropes to keep out dampness, and also to prevent them from getting too dry.

The most celebrated make of the genuine "riattas" are those made by the Raw-hide Manufacturing Co., of Chicago, who produce an article much superior to the rougher ones turned out in Mexico.

There are three general methods of throwing,

with many minor variations of individual habit. The rope is held in practically the same way in every case. First is the plain, straight cast, noose swinging around above the head from right to left, by a rotating wrist movement. Some "ropers" throw a small loop, hard and fast, almost on a level; others a larger, lazier kind, which nevertheless "arrives." For myself, I rather favour the small loop thrown hard, as it seems the best all-round style, most effective against the wind or other adverse conditions.

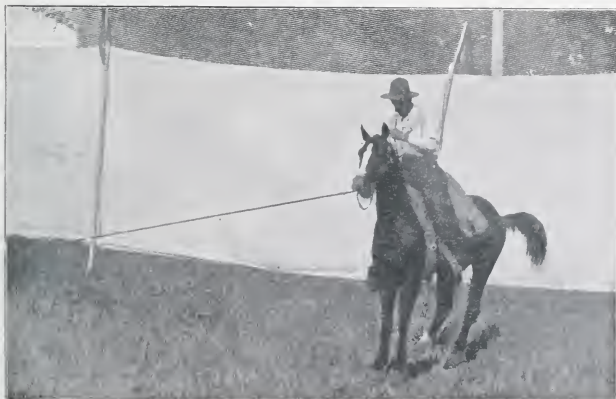
The aim is somewhat to the right of the object to be roped—say, a foot and a half on a



HERE WE SEE MR. REYNOLDS AT "TRICK WORK" WITH HIS  
From a) LASSO-ENL OF PLAIN SPIN—LOOP LARGE. [Photo.]

25ft. throw; the exact instant of release being governed by weight of rope, wind, velocity of swing, etc. Judgment comes instinctively with practice. The rest of the rope is held coiled in the other hand and released as fast as desired, two or three coils being retained.

To "snub" the rope (wind it about the pommel after casting) in the instant of time allowed, is a trick quite as difficult as throwing properly. The Mexicans with their large-diameter pommels only have to take one turn; the American pommels being smaller require two. The pommel often smokes from the friction created, and is frequently deeply grooved and almost



"HE IS TAUGHT TO SETTLE BACK ON HIS HAUNCHES THE INSTANT THE ROPE BEGINS  
From a) TO TIGHTEN." [Photo.]  
Vol. iii.—61.





A CALF HAS JUST BEEN "ROPED" FOR BRANDING.  
*From a Photo.*

burned by the rope. The important part played by the trained cow-pony is obvious. He is taught to settle back on his haunches the instant the rope begins to tighten, and in many other ways materially to assist his master.

The second method of throwing is exactly the reverse; *i.e.*, the noose is swung from the left to right above the head before release. This is called the "California Throw," and possibly gives a little greater range. At any rate, one or two of the longest throwers I know use it, and I find it so myself. It may be only a personal result. Any good "roper" can throw either way.

The third cast is the "Corral Drag," which, as its name implies, is for use afoot and in confined quarters. It consists in trailing out the loop on the ground behind one, and snapping it forward by an underhand motion.

From the foregoing it will be seen that a lasso

charge against massed and unshaken troops is impracticable and absurd. The men would have to ride up to within 40ft. of a line of armed men, cast ropes and whirl their horses to right or left, and then race back again. They would have to be deployed so that their ropes would not strike each other while being whirled, and the attempt to wheel might result in inextricable confusion. At five times the distance, armed with six-shooters, the fine marksmanship of the plainsmen would be infinitely more deadly and decisive, until the enemy were on the run. On broken or panic-stricken troops, either infantry or horsemen, the lasso would find a special and peculiarly effective field; and a squadron of "ropers" turned loose on a demoralized and scattering enemy would scoop them in at an amazing rate. But where the lasso comes into



COWBOY CHECKING "BUCKS" AND KICKS WITH THE LASSO.  
*From a Photo.*

contact with firearms, it must make the swiftest kind of retreat. Where the adversary is unarmed, or only has a knife, it is an entirely different matter.

The lasso's greatest effectiveness, as a weapon, is when the wielder is mounted. When both adversaries are afoot its value is very slight. With cattle or horses it is an entirely different thing. The whole essence of the matter is to tighten the noose around an opponent with a jerk sufficient to dismount him or take him off his feet. To that end you may ride past him swiftly, or, if pursuing him, stop your own horse suddenly. Or if he is stationary and you cannot ride past him, you can



A SHORT WAY WITH A TROUBLESOME HORSE—THE COWBOY IS JUST ABOUT TO MOUNT.  
*From a Photo.*



THIS IS VICENTE OROPESA, CHAMPION "ROPER"  
OF OLD MEXICO.

From a Photo. by Stacy, Brooklyn.

wheel your own horse and retire after a successful cast. In lassoing a man, if done skilfully, the instant of time is too brief for him either to throw off the tightening noose or cut it. And it is one of the most deceptive things to attempt to dodge.

In giving the above description of the limitations of the lariat or lasso, it is without any desire to detract from its peculiar effectiveness, when used under proper conditions. The following clipping from a recent paper is self-explanatory:—

#### SHE ROPED A WOLF.

From the *Minneapolis Times*.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., Jan 20.—Miss Eliza Walker, who owns a stock ranch a few miles north of this city, to-day brought in the scalp of a large grey timber wolf, and the story of its capture by a lady is interesting. All the fall Miss Walker has been troubled by this wolf. It appeared to make its head-quarters in a small ravine, filled with timber, about a quarter of a mile from her house, and from this point it sallied forth in quest of food. A short time ago it killed a young steer belonging to Miss Walker, and several neighbours have lately suffered similar losses. Miss Walker states that towards evening, as she was out on horse-back rounding up her cattle for the night, she discovered the wolf in the very act of making an onslaught upon a young calf in her bunch. Her only weapon of offence was a rope attached to her saddle, and she concluded to make an attempt at roping the animal. This she succeeded in doing at the first

attempt. She then started her horse on a run, and after she had exhausted and subdued her capture in this way she permitted her dogs to finish the job.

Although not explicitly stated, the lady in question undoubtedly rode astride, on a regular stock saddle, as is quite customary for women in cattle-raising localities; and she dragged the wolf from the pommel in the most approved style. Cowboys frequently ride down and capture mountain lions in this manner; and three or four of them together have even succeeded in taking a full-grown grizzly bear—an animal of such strength and ferocity, as to be hunted only with the same caution as is observed in the case of a tiger.

It is possible to control the noose of a lasso by the remainder of the rope, but it is a dexterity which few acquire in years. The finest roper I know, Vicente Oropesa, champion of old Mexico, who is with Buffalo Bill's "Wild West," can do this to perfection; and his performance is one of the ablest things in that interesting exposition of plainsmanship. Oropesa is an enthusiast. One of the Mexicans once told me that one night the champion dreamed of a new cast, and at once got up and went out scantily clad, and in half an hour had mastered it.

In spinning the rope I have been accused of sticking or securing the "honda" or slip-noose from sliding; but in reality it is perfectly free to move along the rope. In fact, I can readily start spinning a noose 2ft. in diameter and increase it steadily to 8ft. or 10ft. across.

A peculiarity about roping horses or steers is that after getting a hard fall a few times they quickly get "rope-sense." I have often seen them, in a corral, stand stock-still when the rope falls across their backs—even when, as a matter



THE AUTHOR SPINNING A VERTICAL NOOSE FOR PRACTICE.

From a Photo.



[From a] CARVEYING SPINNING NOOSE IN ROTARY MOTION AROUND SPINNER. [Photo.]

of fact, they are not caught. If any reader has ever encountered a clothes-line while running at full speed in the dark, the line stretched at about the level of the throat, he will notice that he doesn't run across that lawn any more after nightfall. He's got "rope-sense," in fact.

There are several uses which the lasso could be put to, it seems to me, even in quite densely populated districts. In capable hands it would afford an excellent means of stopping the many street runaways, and it also could almost always be utilized where a skater broke through the ice. And as a regulator of fast bicycling it would easily stand unrivalled, for no scorcher would dare to ride past a guardian of the peace equipped with the persuasive lariat.

As I am left-handed, I handle the rope in a manner precisely the reverse of the way which I have described it. In picking out and roping any particular leg of an animal while in motion, I cannot analyze the method. I commence whirling the noose while watching the foot rise and fall, and when the instinctive feeling comes of its being the right time, I let go.

The Mexicans generally use a larger "eye," or more open "honda," for the slip-noose than do the Americans. The latter use the rope a good deal in

branding calves, and require a small "honda" to allow the noose to close quite snugly on the slender legs of these little animals.

The spinning of the rope, of which four photographs are shown, gives great practice in acquiring general accuracy, and is also useful in catching animals by the feet. It also gives a certain amount of control of the noose after it has left the hand (by manipulating the remainder of the rope), which those who have not had this practice do not attain. What little practising I do is with a short rope, only 25 ft. long, simply because it is easier to keep clear of kinks and tangles. I have only

shown the plainest and simplest forms of rope-spinning. From this foundation many elaborate and interesting feats are possible, such as spinning oneself into the centre of the loop, jumping in and out of the circle, etc.

I recently spun and cast my rope in a very moderately-sized room, which fairly bristled with bric-à-brac and costly ornaments, without doing any damage whatever; though I fancied my hostess looked a trifle relieved when I had ended the performance.



THE AUTHOR SPINNING THE NOOSE BEHIND HIM ENTIRELY BY THE "FEEL" OF THE ROPE. [Photo.]



## The Professor in the Bear Trap.

BY OTTO FRANK.

This extraordinary narrative of personal adventure will, we think, attract a good deal of attention. The well-known Austrian savant, Professor Ernst Schmidt, commissioned by his Government to survey some mountains in Bosnia, was actually caught in the jaws of a powerful bear trap chained to a beech-tree. His long imprisonment, the dreadful agony of his leg, the visit of the bear, the desperate struggles to get free, and by what strange expedient this was finally brought about.



In the world-remote wooded mountains of Bosnia bears are very numerous to this day. There Mr. Bruin finds an abundance of the berries and other fruits which his heart loves.

On the approach of winter, which is usually very severe in Bosnia, he will, in a sheltered spot, prepare himself a nest of twigs, leaves, and moss, in which to lie dormant through the coldest part of the year. During that time he takes no food, but lives literally on his own fat; so that when he comes out in spring he is a sorry spectacle—thin and haggard, and therefore a dangerous customer to meet. Driven by hunger, he then seeks for food, and when there is a scarcity of vegetables—as may well happen early in the year—he seeks after flesh. When once he has tasted this he becomes a beast of prey in the true sense of the word. Success makes him bold; he goes farther and farther afield, finally invading the habitations of men and robbing the stable or cow-house of some villager.

Of course, the Bosnian peasant does not quietly put up with that sort of thing, but tries his best to become still more nearly acquainted with the ungainly brown robber, in order at once to stop his thieving and to secure his valuable skin. Oddly enough, bears almost pedantically keep to one beaten track; and so the peasants take great trouble to find out the robber's wonted way, and having succeeded, they place right in the middle of the path an extremely strong iron trap. The chain attached to this trap is then fastened round a tree—or if there be none near, to a large and heavy log of wood.

These bear traps are commonly placed far away from all spots visited by man; and scrupulous care is taken to cover both trap and chain with moss and leaves, so as not

to excite the bear's suspicions. Now to our story.

Professor Ernst Schmidt, whose portrait I am able here to reproduce, had been commissioned by the Austrian Government to survey the mountains to the south-west of Sarajevo, in order to prepare a geological map thereof. Now of necessity this work compelled the professor to penetrate to many different points in order to obtain specimens and ascertain the nature of the stratification; he also wanted to study the Bjelasnica Mountains, the highest peaks of which are over 6,000ft. above the sea. Accordingly, one morning very early he left the railway at Tarcin, and wandered up the highly romantic Lepenica Valley. Having reached the sources of the Lepenica River, he struck into the mountains in an easterly direction, with the intention of reaching Pazaric, on the Sarajevo-Konjica Railway, the same night.

Professor Schmidt wore an ordinary tourist's suit, with laced boots and leather leggings. He carried in his knapsack a havelock or overcoat, besides food enough for the day, consisting of cold meat, a flask of wine, some eggs, bread, etc. He also had a coarse

bag to hold his specimens, and a moderate-sized hammer, with which from time to time he broke off bits of rock after the manner of geologists. The professor possessed a good general knowledge of the Bjelasnica Mountains, having already made several excursions in them; but, nevertheless, he had provided himself with a good map of the district and a compass.

He had a hard day's work cut out for him. A tour in the Bosnian Mountains is difficult enough under any circumstances, as in places they are very steep and full of crevasses; and Professor Schmidt, in order to attain his object, might not always take the easiest way. At times,



THIS IS PROFESSOR SCHMIDT, THE YOUNG AUSTRIAN SAVANT WHO SPENT SEVENTY HOURS IN THE BEAR TRAP.

From a Photo. by Gebastianutti & Bonque, Trieste.

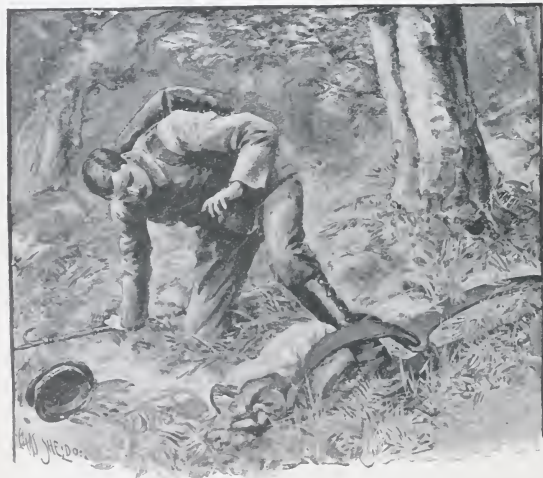
indeed, he was forced to climb the face of an extremely steep rock; at others, to penetrate almost impassable thickets, such as are common in the forests of these mountains. Consequently, it was no wonder that early in the afternoon, when he turned back, he was very tired—especially considering that he had to carry a heavy bag of stones with him. But yet that did not deter him, on the descent, from stopping now and again to examine the ground—on which occasions, by the way, the bag got fuller and heavier. At last he had almost reached the Krupar Valley, whence an hour and a half's walk would take him to the railway station. In his left hand he held the bag, which already dragged along the ground, and in his right he grasped his alpenstock. Just as he was in the act of quitting the thick beech forest and entering a meadow, Dr. Schmidt suddenly felt a terrific blow on his left leg, and instantly he was hurled full length on the ground. On rising, he was astounded to find that *he was caught in a bear trap!* Professor

so very serious, believing myself strong enough to press down the spring and thus release my imprisoned limb. With all my might and main, therefore, I pressed the spring with my right foot, at the same time endeavouring to lever open the jaws by inserting my alpenstock between them; but it was in vain. Then I tried another way, but equally unsuccessfully; the spring was altogether too strong. There was apparently no getting my foot out. Next I began to consider matters as more serious. 'And yet if I cannot get out,' I said to myself comfortingly the next moment, 'why, I must try and reach the valley with the trap on my leg. The peasants will laugh heartily on seeing what a strange bear they have caught!'

"Then came my second disappointment, and it was far bitter than the first. *The trap was fastened to a stout beech-tree by means of a strong chain;* and when I endeavoured to unhook the latter I found to my horror that it was impossible, as the two ends were held together by a padlock. With my pocket-knife and geological hammer I tried to open a link in the chain, and to break the lock—but it was in vain; all my efforts were fruitless. Soon the conviction forced itself upon me that I had no means whatever of releasing myself, and, therefore, there was nothing for it but patiently to wait till somebody should visit the trap. 'To-morrow,' said I, trying to comfort myself once more, 'a hunter or peasant will certainly come and let you out; and you certainly can bear it till then.' But, despite a hundred repetitions of this comfort, I was growing very depressed, I frankly confess. I called out as loudly as I could, but at length I became too hoarse to shout any more; and besides, who could possibly be near that lonely spot at that hour? In my wanderings through the mountains I had not seen a single soul

all day long, and the nearest farm was, at the very least, several miles from my remarkable prison!

"The pains in my leg grew rapidly more and more intolerable; and there was not a single thing I could do to relieve them. I did not dare to cut off my leather legging, for fear that the jaws of the trap should penetrate still deeper into my flesh and injure the bone. Nor had I even any water wherewith to cool the



"ON RISING, HE WAS ASTOUNDED TO FIND THAT HE WAS CAUGHT IN A BEAR TRAP!"

Schmidt believes that had not fortunately the bag of stones got into the trap at the same moment as his own person, the bone of his leg would have been crushed, so great was the force with which the trap shut. You see, the tremendously powerful jaws first struck the bag, and then, with considerably diminished violence, his leg.

"The first moment or so after my capture," says the professor, "I did not deem the affair

suffering part, which already burned in an agonizing way. Only a few paces from me a brook ran murmuring by, but it might as well have been a mile off, for my chain was too short to allow of my getting a drop. My wine-flask, too, was well-nigh empty, and I resolved to spare the little still left in it for the next day. With food I was better supplied. Not having been hungry all day, my knapsack still contained two hard-boiled eggs, a bit of meat, and some bread. Contenting myself with an egg, some meat, and a little bread, I saved the rest for the next day.

"Meanwhile it had been growing darker and darker, till at last it was quite night. Imagine the situation for yourself. The darkness, the loneliness, the intolerable pain, and the absurd situation—a man of my position caught by the leg in a bear trap! In Bosnia the spring nights are pretty cold, the temperature often falling below freezing-point. The night on this wretched occasion promised to be cold, and despite the fact that I had put on my overcoat I began to shiver a great deal. 'I shall be frozen to death, if I sit still on this cold ground,' I said to myself. 'I must take some exercise, otherwise it is all up with me.' I thought to walk round the tree to which I was chained, but I had forgotten my injured leg. Even standing increased the pain to an unbearable degree, and so walking was utterly out of the question, as it would have involved dragging the heavy trap with my suffering leg. After standing for a while leaning against a neighbouring tree I sat down again, contenting myself with doing gymnastic exercises with my arms. Then for a change I took my long, iron-pointed alpenstock and stabbed at the trees within my reach.

"In this manner I succeeded in passing a few awful leaden hours, but I felt convinced I could not continue the gymnastic exercises all night—although they had certainly warmed me a little. At last, however, my arms grew so tired that I could hardly move them at all. Accordingly I resolved to rest for a little while. But when I wanted to resume my gymnastics I found my arms even more tired than before. Also my eyes closed, and it became clear that I should be overcome in my resistance to sleep. By the light of a match I looked at my watch and found it was a quarter to twelve. How was it possible, I thought, for me, in my exhausted state, to keep awake the six dreadful hours of the night? My leg, it is true, still pained me, yet not so intensely as at first; it was, however, just as though it had been plunged into hot water up to the knee. Was it, I wondered, getting numbed? I thought of blood-poisoning, of limbs falling off, and other gruesome

things. At length, giving way to my fatigue, after wrapping my overcoat tightly round me, I lay down as comfortably as circumstances permitted. Yet I did not drop off to sleep so quickly as I had expected. My excited brain kept me awake. I thought and thought, and wondered how long my captivity would last—how it would end, and whether there were not some possibility of getting out of the horrible trap without help from anybody. Suddenly it dawned on me that *perhaps the bear for which the trap had been intended might soon come along*. The thought filled me with horror. Cold drops of perspiration stood out on my forehead. 'If the bear comes you are lost,' said I to myself. 'In this position—immovable, unarmed, and caught, literally, like a rat in a trap—how could you resist the fierce creature? It would eat you up as it would a lamb or a goat.'

"When this thought came it banished all sleep. I could not get the bear out of my head. Years before I had passed some weeks in Croatia, and had ample opportunity of learning what bears are like. How, when once they have become accustomed to eating meat, they are very dangerous and relentless enemies of man. Consequently, I knew precisely what fate awaited me if the bear found me during its nocturnal rambles.

"Some hours must have elapsed when suddenly, from a distance, and in the direction of the plain, I heard a low, unmistakable growling, which I knew must come from a bear. Then it was quiet again for a time; but soon the growling recommenced, louder and more angry than before—as if the beast were irritated. I listened with an indescribable feeling of helpless horror. All grew quiet again; then once more I heard the violent growling. Next a perfect Babel of sounds reached my ear, without, however, my being able to decide from what animal they came. 'Ah! the bear is fighting with some other animal,' said I to myself. 'But what animal?' For a while quiet again prevailed. At last, when the beast made itself heard again, its growling was much more distinct than before—as if it had approached the spot where I was. When, after a few minutes' pause, its voice was heard again, it was quite close to me. The bear at this time could not have been farther from me than the breadth of the glade before me. Distinctly I heard the twigs cracking. Evidently the forest there was very dense, and at times I even thought I heard the beast snorting. My excitement, my torture, my helplessness, were something truly awful. It could not be long before the bear, which, as is well



known, has a very acute sense of smell, would find me out. A short struggle—its result certain beforehand—and I should be dead, torn to pieces. And yet what I could never have hoped for actually took place. The bear left my vicinity and took its way towards the valley. Soon its voice sounded far away, and finally all was silent again. Once more I breathed almost freely. I listened a long time, but all remained quiet, and at last I fell asleep, not to wake until it was broad day.

“The first thing I did was to try every imaginable means of getting free, whether by opening the lock, a link of the chain, or the jaws of the trap itself. But all my efforts were in vain—despite all I could do I remained a helpless prisoner. Then I examined my leg, and found it terribly inflamed and swollen almost up to the knee. It was now causing me considerably more pain even than it had the evening before. Something had to be done, otherwise I think I should have gone mad. With my clasp-knife I dug up some earth, and applied it to the inflamed part as far as possible. Finding this peculiar compress brought me some relief, I renewed it several times in the course of the day. On feeling my pulse I found I had a little fever, and probably that was the reason of a want of appetite, which made half a hard-boiled egg enough for my breakfast. My thirst, however, became very tormenting, and soon the little remnant of wine I had saved was all gone.

“Hour after hour passed without anybody coming to see after the trap. I cried for help as loudly and as long as I could, but no one came to my rescue. Knowing that the hunters usually start to look after their traps soon after daybreak, I had confidently reckoned on being freed in the course of the morning. But noon came and found me still fastened in agony to the tree. How much longer, I wondered dizzily, was I to remain in that torturing condition? When would *somebody* come up the mountain? And suppose that the trap had been altogether forgotten? Or the man who looked after it been taken ill, or otherwise prevented from coming—what then? Then indeed I should perish miserably of hunger and thirst. However small the rations I allowed myself, my provisions could not possibly be eked out for more than another day, and to drink I now had nothing whatever. Deep depression took possession of me. For a long while I sat resting my head on my hand, brooding in melancholy and despair. I thought of my aged parents—what a terrible blow it would be to those dear ones to lose their only son. Then I remembered a saying my father was

fond of using: ‘Don’t despair!’ And curiously enough, those words encouraged me. Taking heart again, I roused myself from my useless lethargy, and again made every possible effort to free myself from my hateful captivity. The result was the same as in all my innumerable previous attempts. Then I began considering whether it would not be possible to burn down the beech-tree to which the trap-chain was fastened. But soon I was forced to the conclusion that if the trunk of the tree were on fire I, who was hardly two paces from it, should inevitably be consumed: also—apart from the fact that at the same time the whole forest would be set on fire. But then again, could not I cut down the tree with my clasp-knife? I had asked myself the question long before, it is true, but had concluded that such a manner of deliverance was both impossible and grotesque. The beech was a thick one, with a diameter of almost 2ft. How then could I even dream of felling it with my pocket-knife? But even presupposing the bare possibility, it was a job that would take not mere hours, but whole days. And, besides, I could not conceal from myself the possibility that the falling tree might crush me to death, so that my efforts would result only in my own speedier destruction. All these things occurred to me, and yet I had a much greater mind to try than I had had previously.

“Losing no more time, I set about my apparently absurd work. As my painful leg compelled me to sit all the time, I was forced to make the incision pretty near the ground, where the trunk was, of course, thickest. I began by cutting two rings right round the tree about a foot apart, and then stripping off the bark between them. That was comparatively easy. But when I began cutting the wood itself I found at once how hard beech is. Very soon the perspiration was running down my face and my right hand was covered with blisters; but the result of this labour was very unsatisfactory. Next I tried another way, which proved much more effectual. I put my knife—which, as I omitted to mention, had a large, strong blade—slanting against the tree, and with my hammer drove it downwards towards a cut I had made lower down, and then with little trouble I could break off large chips; for beech wood splits easily. I worked hard all the afternoon and evening, and when increasing darkness compelled me to stop, I was well satisfied with what I had accomplished. Fancy a feeling of comparative content under such circumstances—the second night darkening down. I had got on unexpectedly quickly, because the wood was diseased and soft in one place, where the cut



"I PUT MY KNIFE SLANTING AGAINST THE TREE, AND WITH MY HAMMER DROVE IT DOWNWARDS."

was already almost as deep as the large blade of my knife was long. After eating a few mouthfuls of meat, I was about to arrange my primitive bed, when it suddenly began to rain very heavily, so that in half an hour there was not a dry thread about me, despite my overcoat. Nevertheless, I was heartily glad of the rain, for I was already suffering dreadfully from thirst, which now, thank God, I could quench. I caught the water in my hat, and dug a little hole in the ground in which to store some more. I also drank as much as I wanted, and filled my flask besides.

"After a few hours the rain ceased. Although I was so cold in my wet clothes that my teeth chattered, I was so very tired that I soon fell into a sleep, which fortunately lasted all night, undisturbed by any bear.

"When I awoke the next morning it was raining again, and it hardly left off the whole day and the succeeding night. The inflammation had by this time extended farther up my leg, which I could not now bend without frightful pain. My fever, too, had increased, as I found on feeling my pulse. Nevertheless I immediately set to work at the tree once more, and continued working almost uninterruptedly till evening, when I sustained a fresh blow. Just as I was getting out a rather large chip my knife-blade broke—evidently I had overstrained

it. Imagine my despair! The work had been progressing remarkably well, and just when success became probable—nay, well-nigh certain—this new misfortune occurred to dash my hopes. I lost my one and only tool—the sole thing that could possibly deliver me from my amazing bondage and save my life. But now I was reckoning how long I could eke out my scanty remnant of food, and how many days after it was gone I should have to endure the awful tortures of hunger before I finally died of starvation. I remembered reading of imprisoned miners who had lived without food for a week or more.

"It was long before I had sufficiently recovered from the shock to consider that after all it might be possible to use the broken blade. The break was a favourable one, being not in the middle, but close to the handle. My first task was to get the blade out of the wood in which it was stuck—a difficult operation, as it did not project enough to enable me to catch hold of it with my fingers. After considerable exertion, however, I

at last succeeded in wrenching off the chip with my alpenstock and getting out the precious blade.

"Meanwhile it had become so dark as to make it impossible to do anything more that night. Having nothing to eat, all I could do was to stretch myself on the sodden ground, and there I slept for some hours, despite the pouring rain.

"As soon as the next day began to dawn I resumed operations on the cruel beech. I found I could use the broken blade like a chisel; but separating the chip was much more difficult and slow. Nevertheless, I did not lose courage; my progress was slow, it is true, but still it was constant, notwithstanding my increasing weakness. But would my strength, I wondered, hold out until the tree fell? I worked with feverish haste—my hands trembling and my temples throbbing. I was fully convinced that, unless release came soon, exhaustion would overcome me and put an end to everything. My excitement increased so, that repeatedly I hit my left hand a smashing blow with the hammer. But, regardless of the pain, I worked on and on breathlessly.

"At last I had got so far that the tree might fall at any moment. Now my fate should soon be decided. Either I would be free or crushed to death. The rain had ceased in the early hours of the morning, and the wind had risen and blew a gale at noon; it had, however,



"I GAVE ONE LAST DESPAIRING CRY FOR HELP, AND THEN FAINTED."

moderated since then. Towards one o'clock there was a sudden gust, and to my delight my beech cracked, and then slowly fell on to its neighbours. Finally, it fell to the ground with a crash like thunder.

"Unhurt—free! A seventy hours' captivity over! Not quite, however, for the trap and chain were still attached to my leg. But yet I could by some means now get into the valley, not that that was an easy undertaking—even to a man full of strength. Being unable to use my left leg I could only slide along in a sitting posture. At first I got on pretty well, but after a while the unwonted mode of motion tired me so very much that repeatedly I was forced to rest awhile through sheer inability to move. For six dreadful hours this extraordinary journey continued before I reached the village of Pazaric, which I entered with my clothes rent and my face so torn by the bushes and boughs that the blood was running down it. My hands also were bleeding and blistered. But summoning up the last remnant of my strength I gave one last despairing cry for help, and then fainted.

"On coming to again I found that some men had removed the huge trap from my leg, and that I was in a peasant woman's house. There

I had to remain four days before I was able to return to Sarajevo.

"The reason why no one had come to look after the trap was as follows: The bear, whose growling had so frightened me the first night, had been caught in another trap which the peasants had put in a meadow, and which, for want of a tree near by, they had fastened to a large log of wood. Thus, though the bear was caught, it could walk about. Evidently it meant to go to its lair in the mountains, and on its way had passed very near me. On arriving at the glade it must have changed its mind, so to

speak, and gone down towards the Krupar brook. There its log was caught in the thicket, and so in the morning the men found the captive beast with little trouble. Joyful at catching their enemy, they very naturally omitted looking after the other trap, and the following day they were again deterred by the torrents of rain. Besides, in the conviction that there was no second bear in the neighbourhood, they naturally were not in any hurry to visit the other trap.

"My leg was in a terrible condition; but fortunately it had not sustained any permanent injury, and in a short time was perfectly well again.

"My knife, despite its broken blade, has a place of honour on my desk. Although the sight of it reminds me of three woful days, such as I hope never again to experience, yet I treasure the simple thing as the saviour of my life."



THIS IS THE PROFESSOR'S TRUSTY POCKET-KNIFE, WITH WHICH HE CUT DOWN THE TREE, AND TO WHICH HE OWES HIS LIFE. IT WAS SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THIS NARRATIVE.



## The Great "Passion" Procession at Murcia.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

A mediæval function of to-day. A strange and wonderful religious ceremony of Spain described in all its fantastic details and illustrated with impressive photographs.



THE Middle Ages die hardest in Murcia. There are many who think that this wonderful survival ought to be walled in and only shown to favoured visitors, provided with tickets, and that at long intervals. But such precautions are scarcely needed in a province where all cherish the same ideas and habits, cling to the same traditions, accept the same blind faith, and do honour to it with the same antiquated magnificence as their fathers have observed for centuries. It would need a lifetime of patient observation to penetrate the fringe of a Murcian's conservative character, but we may at least gain an inkling of the picturesqueness of his creed by mingling with the crowds which congregate in his streets to reverence the out-door ceremonies of Holy Week.

Chief among these, and more interesting because less hackneyed than the pageants of Seville, is the ancient Good Friday procession, with its wonderful sculptured groups (masterpieces of the unique Spanish art of coloured wood-carving), comprising as they do the most famous works of the immortal Salzillo. Before describing these marvellous creations of that mighty mediæval genius, and the no less imposing fervour and enthusiasm of the assembled Murcians, it may be interesting to trace the origin and development of the foremost among their many religious functions.

As far back as Christian history can trace, the Murcians have afforded special devotion and respect to the various holy brotherhoods, which, in spite of every change and turmoil in the outside world, are still almost unchanged down to the minutest particular. In Moorish times, Christians were relegated to a suburb, much as Jews have been confined to a Ghetto in most Christian kingdoms. This had its inconveniences, but it served to make the conquered people cling more closely together and cherish more tenaciously than ever their various religious institutions. Among these was the famous hermitage of the miraculous Virgin of the Arrixaca. Near this another hermitage was established in 1475 (the year of the bubonic plague), in honour of San Sebastian, to whose intervention the staying of the epidemic was ascribed. In 1675 both the plague and

(to the grave disapproval of a contemporary historian) the saint's intervention had been forgotten, and the neighbouring Augustin convent obtained authority from the bishop to demolish the Hermitage of San Sebastian and build a chapel of their own. But another religious body intervened and, after acute litigation, obtained the site where the existing Hermitage of Jesus was set up.

The successful litigant was the "Confraternity of Our Father Jesus, or Brotherhood of the Nazarenes," which had obtained ecclesiastical recognition in the year 1600. One of the special objects of its foundation had been to organize and keep up the annual processions of superb carved groups (known as *pasos*), which we so much admire to-day. The officials comprised a number of "major-domos," generally noblemen, each of whom had the special charge of one of the *pasos*. At first the major-domos were elective, but the same holders of the office were regularly re-elected, and the position soon became hereditary. About 1736 the old *pasos* were replaced by the existing ones, the work of the great master, Salzillo, who was made honorary major-domo and chamberlain of all the *pasos*. He was born in 1707 and died in 1783, after a life of arduous work; no fewer than 1,792 wooden sculptures are ascribed to him, nearly all of them dealing with religious subjects. It is said that, proud as he was of his work, he was prouder still of his official position as one of the familiars of the Holy Inquisition.

All through the eighteenth century the Confraternity of Jesus received especial support from the various trade guilds of Murcia, the principal ones associating themselves each with one of the *pasos*, and being privileged to carry it in the Good Friday procession. The tailors bore the gigantic group of the Last Supper; the gardeners, that of the Prayer in the Garden. The bakers took up—in a very literal sense—the *paso* of the Kiss of Judas; the weavers, the group of St. Veronica; the carpenters, that of Christ's Fall under the Cross; the shoemakers, that of St. John; and the ropemakers, that of Our Lady of Dolours. All the bearers were dressed in violet, which is the colour of the Confraternity, and they carried lighted candles and musical instruments, but no cross.

Tradition says that the procession has been continued every year since 1603, but it is probable that it did not assume precisely its present form until 1690. It was only abandoned one year, namely, in 1809, when the Government forbade it. At six o'clock on the morning of Good Friday, the standard of the Confraternity is displayed at the gate of the hermitage to summon the brethren. According to the primitive statutes they were bound to go bare-foot and in silence, without looking to the right hand or the left, under pain of a fine of half a pound of wax.

At the head of the procession came the standard-bearer, accompanied by a number of boys, whose duty it was to proclaim to the crowd that "This is done in remembrance of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ," while

finally the clergy in copes and the representatives of the Sovereign and the bishop. Now, the procession is still much the same as ever, except that it is preceded by a body of mounted gendarmes, and that the brethren now escort all the *pasos* in double file, each holy man wearing a violet hood, which completely covers the head and face, but leaves two slits for the eyes. Round their waists they have a knotted girdle of rope. Instead of going barefoot as of old, they wear a sort of knitted stocking of white wool as a compromise.

In the photograph we see the procession just emerging from the Church of the Confraternity of Jesus. The bearers have not yet let down their hoods over their faces, but we may observe among the crowd some of the brethren who have done so. It is interesting to note what a



From A THE GREAT PROCESSION ISSUING FROM THE CHURCH (NOTICE THE RUDE CROSSES BORNE BY THE CROWD ON THE RIGHT). [Photo-

others punctuated the sentence with trumpets and bells. Then came the first five *pasos*, borne by the members of the guilds associated with each. Next came the Confraternity itself, escorting the *paso* of Our Father Jesus in full state, with loud drums, blaring bugles, and a dazzling blaze of lights. After them came the rest of the *pasos*, borne by their guilds, and

large number of rude wooden crosses are being paraded by individuals in the crowd, as a simple way of testifying their interest in this time-honoured procession. This is the *paso* of the Kiss of Judas, but the wealth of floral decoration makes it difficult to distinguish the figures clearly, as we shall have an opportunity of doing later on.



From a

THIS GREAT "LAST SUPPER" GROUP WEIGHS ONE TON AND A QUARTER—TWENTY-FOUR MEN CARRY IT: A SUMPTUOUS REPAST IS SERVED TO THE FIGURES.

Updike

We will now take each of the *pasos*, or groups, in turn, as they well repay a closer inspection. First comes the representation of the Last Supper. This is the largest and heaviest of all the *pasos*, but is generally considered the weakest in execution. It weighs *over a ton and a quarter*, and requires twenty-four strong bearers during the procession. The honour of sharing in this task is eagerly coveted and, owing to a curious old custom, handsomely remunerated. After the procession is over, a sumptuous repast is served to the figures, every kind of delicacy being offered by the richest people of the neighbourhood. This strange banquet to wooden figures consists of lambs roasted whole, fat capons, creams, fruits, game, etc. These excellent comestibles are later on sold by auction, and fetch exceptionally high prices, as, owing to the sanctity of their association, they are supposed to bring particular good fortune to those who consume them. The proceeds are then divided among the bearers of the Last Supper group. So minutely have all the points been investigated which concern this strange procession that each of the figures in the Last Supper has actually been weighed separately. I need not enumerate the details, but it may be curious to note that the Saviour weighs  $83\frac{1}{2}$  lb., St. Peter 101 lb., St. James the Less 112 lb. (the top weight this), and Judas Iscariot 105 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. The Saviour has the lightest weight of all. Many of the details of the group are open to criticism. Christ's chair, for instance, belongs to the Louis XV. period, if it belongs to any. The stools of the Apostles are such as might have been seen in aristocratic



drawing-rooms at the time of Salzillo himself. Moreover, the group is anything but historically accurate. The Jews celebrated their Passover standing up, with their loins girt, and with staffs in their hands. Again, if the Last Supper were not the Jewish Passover, but rather a family meal, the positions would have been recumbent. In no case could seats have been used as they are here represented. Moreover, Christ would not have occupied the end, but the middle of the table. Still, if Salzillo errs in these respects, he errs in good company, as Titian, Raphael, Tintoretto, Leonardo da Vinci, and all the other old masters made the same mistake—namely, that of representing the Last Supper as suppers were represented in their own day. But the

each figure is a transcendent masterpiece, and no touch of modern vulgarity can impair its beauty. The angel Gabriel is pointing out a golden chalice in the palm-tree, and the best critics consider that he has no equal in wood-sculpture anywhere in the world. It is related at Murcia that the Duke of Wellington offered £80,000 for the angel alone, but I have not been able to discover any convincing authority for the statement. The expression of the Saviour is strikingly human, and the sleeping Apostles are unequalled in their realism. There is a curious legend with respect to Salzillo's execution of this group, and the custodians at Murcia firmly believe that it was a supernatural creation—at any rate, so far as the design is concerned. When Salzillo had



THE "AGONY IN THE GARDEN" GROUP, CONSIDERED THE FINEST OF ALL (THEY SAY IN MURCIA THAT THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON OFFERED £80,000 FOR THE ANGEL ALONE). [Photo.]

expression of the figures is little short of sublime. That of the Saviour is full of majesty and loving-kindness, and the Apostles are as natural as they are dignified. The photograph gives a very good idea of the whole, but no photograph could possibly do justice to the grandeur of the original.

The next *passo* represents the Agony in the Garden, and is considered the finest of all. It is known as "the pearl of Salzillo." To my thinking it would have been more impressive without the gilt throne, added in 1893, and the somewhat theatrical cloak with which the Saviour is clothed for the procession. Still,

determined upon this *passo*, we are told, he made several sketches, none of which satisfied him. One night, however, when he was working late, and beginning to despair about accomplishing anything satisfactory, there came a knock at his door. "Who is there?" he asked. "A poor man who does not belong to this earth," was the reply—"one who craves a night's lodging." Salzillo often received such requests, and had a room which he was accustomed to place at the disposal of the homeless. So he ushered his guest in, locked him up, and retired to rest. Next morning he found on his table the design which was actually used for this group, and, when he



From a] THE "KISS OF JUDAS" GROUP—IT ALSO SHOWS PETER SMITING MALCHUS. [Photo.

unlocked the door of his guest-chamber, the visitor had disappeared. When he showed the design to the Confraternity, it was welcomed with enthusiasm, and he proceeded to execute this *paso*, which afterwards contributed most to his fame. In connection with this group, the accounts of the Confraternity are curious. I find among them the following items: Cloak for Jesus, £200; crown, £120; sword for St. Peter, £3; gilt chalice, £20 — which items certainly show that the authorities were not niggardly in furnishing the groups.

The third group shown is known as "The Kiss of Judas." Here the various figures are much larger and nearly twice as heavy as those of the Last Supper. The ground is represented by cork, and on close inspection matches

badly with the solid realism of the figures. Critics may also draw attention to the Roman soldier's armour, which is that of the sixteenth century; and also to the costume of Malchus, which, with its blue and white striped stockings, recalls that of Murcian peasants a hundred years ago. It is likewise pointed out that the smiting of



CHRIST BEING SCOURGED AT THE PILLAR (IT IS SAID THAT A CHARCOAL-BURNER AND A MARKET-PORTER POSED AS MODELS FOR THE SCOURGERS). [Photo.

the servant of the high priest was not simultaneous with the kiss of Judas, and ought not therefore to be represented in the same group. But as the second incident is depicted at the back, that surely implies the short lapse of time suggested in the Gospel narrative. And in any case it seems a pity to carp at details, when the work of art is so very beautiful as a whole. Judas has his left arm round the waist of the Saviour, and his right hand on the Saviour's right shoulder, while the Christ himself, cheerfully accepting the traitor's kiss, places his left arm round Judas's waist. The Saviour's face is admirable in its expression of dignity and disappointment, but that of Judas is perhaps even more successfully rendered. It is sufficiently repulsive without being overdone, the sculptor having evidently realized that the contrast of the Saviour's face in such close proximity with that of Judas (both were carved out of the same piece of wood)

as he bends forward trying to see how he may best deliver his blow in the uncertain light. It is in details of this kind that the peculiar excellence of Salzillo's art stands revealed.

The group at the bottom of the previous page represents the Flagellation. Here, again, are the usual historical improbabilities. The usage was for one man only to wield a four-thonged whip, and the sufferer was certainly never tied to a pillar in the way here represented. Nor is the workmanship so good as in the other *pasos*. The Saviour wears no particular expression. Not only does he exhibit no fear or shrinking, but there is no suggestion of resignation in the presence of an outrage. Were Christ depicted merely in the act of washing his hands, he could not appear more unmoved. Some have thought that this figure cannot be the work of Salzillo, but tradition attributes it to him, and



From a

CHRIST FALLS BENEATH HIS CROSS—A MARVELLOUS PIECE OF COLOSSAL SCULPTURE IN WOOD.

[Photo.

sufficed to emphasize the coarse, sordid features of the betrayer; St. Peter's uplifted arm is also specially admired by all good judges. Indeed, it is related that a German tourist recently offered £1,000 for this limb alone. The saint's attitude is also very skilfully rendered

even recalls a charcoal-burner and market-porter, who are alleged to have posed as models for the two executioners.

The fifth *paso* represents St. Veronica, who held a handkerchief to the Saviour's face while on His way to Calvary, and received upon it the



imprint of His sacred face. Next comes the Fall Beneath the Cross. It is interesting to note here that the ruffian with the club was taken from the same model as that which served as the sublime angel in the group of the Agony in the Garden, seen in our third photograph. The mailed warrior is in the garb of Spain during the Middle Ages, and Simon of Cyrene is dressed like any Murcian peasant of last century. This was Salzillo's last work, and he has here perhaps been most successful in his rendering of the Saviour's face, which is at the same time grander and more sublime than in any other of his sculptures. The seventh *paso*, known as that of "Our Father Jesus," is the special insignia of the Confraternity itself. It is imposing enough in a procession—perhaps even the most imposing of all; but at close quarters it suffers a good deal from the tawdriness of its decorations and the profusion of varnish, which has not spared even the face. The Confraternity possesses three magnificent brocaded cloaks, which this image wears, one during this procession and the others on the two other annual occasions when it is taken abroad. The eighth *paso* is a life-sized statue of St. John the Evangelist, on a throne supported by two poles, requiring twelve men for the procession. It is among the most admired of Salzillo's works, and in it he has avoided his usual error of representing a Jew of the first century with short hair.

Finally, there comes the famous statue of Our Lady of Dolours (Fig. 7), the face of which is considered by many judges to be the finest treatment which this subject has ever received. One story is that Salzillo took his wife as his model for this Virgin, and, in order to obtain an expression of the utmost possible anguish, suddenly accused her of a dreadful crime. Another version is that his daughter was his model, and that he obtained the desired expression by bringing in a forged letter announcing the suicide of the man she was engaged to marry. In either case the ruse has proved astoundingly successful, and no praise could be too high for the artist's success in seizing a look of supreme sorrow. I am certainly free to confess that this last image moved me far more than any of its predecessors, wonderful as they are. Some have thought that the gorgeous vestments worn by the image are not in keeping with the subject, but in my eyes they served to heighten the effect, as did also

the wealth of flowers, the clouds of incense, the blazing candles, the tumult of musical instruments, and the devout enthusiasm of the crowd. It was impossible not to be profoundly impressed by this strange, old-world procession, which carried me back hundreds of years into the Dark Ages, with all their majesty and mystery. But what moved me most was that face of inexpressible anguish and those haunting eyes, from whose mute misery I feel that I shall never altogether escape.



THE STATUE OF OUR LADY OF DOLOURS.  
(THE ARTIST ACCUSED HIS WIFE OF A CRIME  
IN ORDER TO GET THE EXPRESSION).  
*From a Photo.*

## Short Stories.

### I.—Besieged in Paraguay.

By F. W. GRAUERT.

A gentleman who has spent the greater part of his life in the South American Republics tells one of his many thrilling adventures. He was besieged in a frail hut by a crowd of bloodthirsty Paraguayans, clamouring for undue wages.



T was in Paraguay that the circumstances occurred of which I am about to write. As manager for a foreign corporation, I needed about 200 natives for cutting firewood. Previous experience had taught me to intrust the hiring and afterwards the managing of these people to a native a little higher in the scale of intelligence than the average native. His name was Patiño. He received better wages and acted in the capacity of foreman, or "Capadaz." I instructed him plainly and distinctly to promise one patagon and fifty cents (about 1s. 6d.) for a day's work of ten hours. Also that he should take particular notice of the most efficient workmen, and to promise them 1.75 the "second" month. It appeared afterwards that Patiño, in order to obtain the required number of men, promised each 1.75 a day from the beginning.

The place where I was stationed was known by the name of Za-pu-cay, a locality famous as

the hotbed and rendezvous of robbers and assassins. The railway passed within two hundred yards of the house I occupied—a

large square rancho, built of logs and mud, and divided into two rooms. It stood upon a knoll in an open plain, from whence a splendid view of the surrounding country was obtainable. Within half a mile in all directions from the house the country was covered with dense forests.

The men had worked twenty-three days in the month. Pay-day arrived, and the whole number with their families were squatting in the high grass surrounding the house, passing their time in dancing, gambling, and drinking caña, the vilest home-made alcohol, worth about threepence the quart.

The paymaster, for some unaccountable reason, was three days late, and when he arrived the natives were as disagreeable as drink and delay could make them. Speedy arrangements were made to pay the crowd, which had by this time grown into an unruly mob. It is

necessary to explain that it is as customary for a native Paraguayan to carry a long, keen-edged knife as it is for other men to wear shoes and stockings. Many of the angry men outside were armed with cheap, old-fashioned revolvers, while others carried a "honda," a murderous instrument composed



THIS IS MR. GRAUERT, ONE OF WHOSE MANY ADVENTURES IS HERE RELATED. HE HAS HAD EXTENSIVE EXPERIENCE OF LIFE IN THE TURBULENT SOUTH AMERICAN STATES.  
*Photo. by Emberson & Sons, Wiltou Road, S.W.*



*From a*

VIEW OF THE IDENTICAL STATION WHERE MR. GRAUERT WAS BESIEGED.

*[Photo.]*

of from four to six strings, each about 2ft. long, and made of raw hide, with a musket-ball fastened on the end. Others carried a "revenga," a kind of riding-whip made of iron. One room of the house had a door, made of strong, hard wood, and a window. The men drew up in line, each presenting himself at the window, when his name was called, and he received his pay. Only a few had received their money when they returned, and in a boisterous manner demanded the rest of their pay, each claiming he had not received what was due to him. I told them, if they thought they had not received their promised pay, to wait until they had all been paid off and then we would talk about it. About half had received their money, when the noise of discharged fire-arms put a stop to the proceedings.

I went outside to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, when I was surrounded by a howling mob, threatening to do me bodily harm. Great heaps of dry wood and grass had been piled around the house, and I saw an Argentine from Corrientes, a man known to me as an assassin and author of many a bloody deed, setting fire to one heap of it. With great effort I managed to extinguish the flames, and dealt the drunken villain a heavy blow, felling him to the ground. Then, turning to the crowd, I asked what they wanted. This was all done in much less time than it takes me to relate it. Their response was, "Oh, nothing, boss; we are only having a little fun." I approached Patiño, who, it appeared to me, was actually the ringleader, and told him I would hold him responsible to the extent of his life for any harm done. Human life is very cheap in South America. Though very drunk he fell upon his knees, and attempted to kiss my hand. He promised to keep his men in check. However, I saw that some other precautions were necessary on my part. Before entering the house I stationed a German, a member of the San Bernardino Colony, near the window, with the only weapon of defence in my possession—a .44 Colt's lightning rifle—with orders to shoot if anyone attempted to disturb the proceedings or make mischief.

Scarcely had I entered the house and closed the door behind me, however, when I heard a terrible uproar outside, and in a moment my German friend entered, minus the gun, and bleeding from four knife wounds in the chest. His head also was frightfully battered. The paymaster, under the pretext of riding to Paraguay, the nearest telegraph station, a distance of ten miles, to telegraph for assistance to the Government in Asuncion, left me alone and practically defenceless. After securely barricading both door and window, my first attention was

bestowed upon the injured man. I soon found I could be of no help to him; he turned and twisted several times, threw up his legs and arms, with a gurgle in his throat, and then expired.

I took the money, books, and everything of value to me, and dug a hole 1½ ft. deep in the corner of one room; in this I buried everything, and then put a notice of all these proceedings in a bottle securely sealed. I thought the end was near. When the infuriated mob saw the paymaster leave, all who could still use their legs attempted to follow him, but the speed of his horse saved him. This was the reason of my not being molested while I was completing the above arrangements. I ventured to take a peep through the crack in the door, and saw with horror that the fiends had torn up the railroad track and rolled two heavy logs across the line, where in three hours' time a heavily-laden train was due. Like a cloud of locusts the murderous and drunken crowd returned towards the house—Patiño this time leading on horseback! When near the place I saw they were amusing themselves by throwing wood against door and window, but I soon found that their intention was to roast the "gringo." Someone had kindled two heaps of rather damp grass and wood, and nothing but the calmness of the afternoon prevented the flames from spreading. Heavy smoke and clouds, however, poured into the frail building, so that I was nearly suffocated. There were only two alternatives left me—either to face the mob outside, or be roasted alive. Knowing the cowardly propensities of the Paraguayans, I chose the former. Fortunately, the man in possession of my Colt's rifle stood so near the door that I could almost touch his clothing through the cracks. He was too drunk to be encumbered with the rifle, so he had placed it against the casing. The smoke, favourable to my intentions, almost blinded me; but taking advantage of the situation, I slowly opened the door, as noiselessly as the occasion required. No one seemed to pay particular attention to the door, and, favoured by a big cloud of smoke, I slid behind the scoundrel, and with one solid kick from my right foot sent him flying about five paces ahead, landing him on his stomach. One grab forward, and the rifle was mine. Once in my possession, I levelled the gun at Patiño and called upon him to come to me. He staggered, and, almost sobered by his fright, fell on his knees. To show the cowards that I was not afraid of them, I placed the rifle securely in the corner of the door from whence I had taken it, and advancing several steps towards them said:





"I SLID BEHIND THE SCOUNDREL, AND WITH ONE KICK SENT HIM FLYING."

"What do you wish to do? Do you wish to kill me?" After this I advanced still farther, and taking Patiño by the arm, ordered him to enter the house with me. When he had done as I ordered, I found him so drunk that he was almost incapable of speech. My hope was to sober him, so I made him drink four siphons of soda-water, several cups of strong coffee, and some olive oil! I then left him to enjoy a good dinner, while I went into the next room to arrange to pay off the men myself. For this, however, I needed the assistance of Patiño, and an explanation regarding the arrangements for pay which he had made with his people. As he had been in the house more than an hour, and hoping that my precautions had sobered him somewhat, I returned to the room, to find him with his head on the table, fast asleep; near him was an empty bottle of Hennessy's cognac, which I kept full in a cupboard near the table. All efforts to rouse him were an utter failure.

Venturing outside once more, unarmed, I explained Patiño's state, and asked if they would remove the obstacles they had placed on the rails, repair the line, and accept the pay I considered due to them. To my amazement they agreed to my terms, and within an hour and a half the line was clear, they had been paid off, and had returned to their various camping-places near by. Patiño, unable to move, was left in my charge.

The last man had scarcely disappeared when I took a half-inch rope and pinioned the fellow's arms and legs, and rolled him into a corner of the room. Meanwhile, night was fast approaching, and with it came sixteen white men, who had been working under my instructions about six miles farther down the line. I apprehended that the natives would return under cover of the night, and do harm if they could. It was eleven o'clock, and all but myself and a trusted labourer, an Irishman, had gone to rest. Pat kept watch on the veranda of the house, while I, rifle in hand, patrolled the surrounding country. The night was pitch dark. When about one hundred yards from the house, I thought I heard the sound of approaching horses from the principal road. As the sounds came nearer and nearer, I called three times in Spanish, "Who is there?" but getting no reply, I fired two shots in the direction of the noise.

No sooner had the echoes died away, than native voices shrieked in unison, "For love of God, don't kill us, boss; we bring important despatches from the Government."

So it proved. They brought a telegram from the Government at Asuncion advising me that 250 soldiers, infantry and cavalry, had been dispatched from the capital to my relief. On the discharge of my rifle the horse of one of the natives had bolted, throwing the rider, who sustained a broken collar-bone and a broken arm. He showed me his straw hat where one of my bullets had passed through the crown. The messengers I sent on to Paraguay, taking the injured man with them, and then I made my way back to the house. Scarcely had I started, however, when five revolver shots rang through the stillness of the night. Pat, on hearing my rifle, madly ran in the direction of the noise, thinking someone had fired at me. To be sure I should know he was near, he discharged all five chambers of his revolver at random. When I reached the house I found, to my great consternation, that the large white silk handkerchief I had loosely tied round my neck was pierced by a ball in two places at the extreme ends!

I decided not to wait until the soldiers should arrive to arrest the ringleaders, but to do so myself, as I knew the Paraguayans too well to expect they would arrest their own countrymen.

There was no time to lose. Pat and I set to work at once. I took the revolver this time, whilst Pat provided himself with some short ropes, and in the stillness of the night we

He went into the house like a lamb, and there we tied his feet securely. In this manner, without disturbing anyone, we brought fourteen of the worst of the gang to the house.



"I PUT THE COLD STEEL UNDER THE SLEEPING MAN'S NOSE WHILE PAT TIED HIS HANDS."

entered the hut of the Argentine I have already mentioned. By the light of a bull's-eye lantern, I put the cold steel under the sleeping man's nose while Pat tied his hands. When secured, we marched him up to keep Patiño company.

left the village, so that there was no one to receive or care for the prisoners, and the fugitive magistrate never came near his office until the last prisoner had left the town, unmolested and unpunished.

## II.—*In a South African Flood.*

BY E. J. AUSTEN.

A typical narrative of a man who has "knocked about the world." Mr. Austen is the well-known cyclorama artist, now residing near Newark, N.J. The illustrations are by himself, and therefore have a peculiar interest.

It is more than twenty years ago now since Jim Mitchell and I started off from Port Elizabeth with the intention of going to the diamond fields. The railroad, which now runs to the fields, was at that time (1877) completed only as far as Grahamstown, and the usual mode of travel was either by coach, post-cart, or bullock-waggon. We had been in the country for some years, and were tolerably familiar with "the ropes," so we invested in a light waggon with a span of six bullocks, with which to make the journey. Our belongings

included a camera and photographic outfit; and we proposed to pay the expenses of the trip by photographing the farmers whose places we passed on the road. This was before the days of dry plates; and we had fitted up the back part of our waggon as a dark room.

For several months the country had suffered from a severe drought. The rivers were all very low, or partially dried up; while the veldt was so badly scorched that we took the advice of several experienced transport riders and selected a route which, although a little longer,

passed through a country which had not suffered so severely from the dry spell, and still afforded some grass for the bullocks. We wanted to get well on our road to the fields before the inevitable rains came, so we trekked on steadily, saving our stock as much as possible.

We crossed the Boschberg Mountains in the Sneeuwberg range, and soon struck the banks of the Great Fish River. We had been near it ever since leaving town. Some transport riders we met had told us that there had been heavy rains farther up country, and the rivers would be rising soon. They advised us to cross the river as soon as we came to the drift— if we did not want to be delayed indefinitely.

and an appalling accompaniment of thunder and lightning. We had hardly started to out-span when it burst upon us.

We had been told that the river might be dangerous, but in our ignorance supposed that it would simply get deeper and deeper *gradually*; and, as the water on the drift was not up to my middle yet, we thought we had plenty of time. Still, as it was raining so hard, we concluded it was better for us to get across at once, instead of waiting till next day. The transport riders had told us that when the river was swollen, it might be many days before it would be fordable again.

It is bad for the oxen to trek in the rain, but we were anxious not to be delayed; so we stripped ourselves to our shirts, sent Jan, our Koranna voerloeper, ahead with the trek-touw, or head reins, of the two leading bullocks, and started. Jim took the whip, while I went on the opposite side, to yell at the oxen, and keep them in a straight line.



"IT WAS COMING ON LIKE A GIGANTIC WAVE, CARRYING WITH IT A FRINGE OF DÉBRIS."

When we reached the banks we found the water much higher than it had been farther down stream; but as we had already trekked a considerable distance, we thought it wise to out-span for a while, in order to give the bullocks a rest before tackling the job of hauling the waggon across the drift. We had noticed the clouds coming up, and supposed it would rain soon. It did; and before we were ready, too. It came with a rush, with the sky black as ink,

The Great Fish River is quite wide at this point, and the drift takes a bend in the middle. Our progress was slow, for the water was deep, and the bullocks floundered among the stones. The rain was coming down in torrents.

We had reached nearly to the middle of the



river, when we heard a roar. It was a roar that we could hear above the shouting of the storm, and above our own yellings to the straining oxen. I turned and looked up the river. . . . I saw something I shall never forget.

There was a veritable wall of water rolling and crashing towards us! Whether ten feet or fifty feet high, I can't say; it looked a thousand. It was coming on like a gigantic wave, carrying with it a fringe of debris—chunks of the bank, and great trees torn up by the roots.

I stood appalled! For fully half a minute I simply stood and stared. Then I came to my senses and yelled, "Look out, Jim!" and—it was upon us!

A jumble—a rush—a roar! I was turned upside down and stood on my head. I saw the waggon topple, then fall over on its side, and—swish! away she went.

The next moment I found myself being swept along at the rate of what seemed like a million miles a minute. I had no time to think, so that whatever I did was instinctive. How I escaped being crushed against the waggon, or swept under the hoofs of the oxen; or why I wasn't brained by one of the great logs which were all about us—I don't know. I was right alongside the struggling bullocks, most of them on their backs, choked by their neck reins. I had a sheath-knife in my belt, which I had on over my shirt. I snatched this out and cut the neck reins of the two beasts next to me, then swam a stroke and released the leaders. Just as this was done, we were all—the waggon, two of the bullocks, and myself—swept into a tangle of trees and bushes which hung over the river at a bend. The waggon drove on into the thick of it and remained fast. I pulled myself up out of the flood and found we were on a spit of land, which was almost a bar, and was rapidly being washed away by the terrific racing flood. The two bullocks managed somehow to get a footing and climbed out.

Then I thought of Jim, and it came over me like a flash that he was not much of a swimmer. Not that anyone could possibly sink in that tremendous rush of water; but a stroke or two on nearing a bend might save a man from being swept on into the Indian Ocean.

Just then I caught sight of him. I didn't think at all, but just hurled myself back into the water and made for him. He was well out in the river, and so missed the end of the bar which had caught the waggon and myself. He wasn't making a move. I reached him with the first plunge, otherwise I expect I should have been swept on within arm's length of him, but without being able to touch him. I yelled at

him, and he heard. I screamed out for him to look out for the next bend and make with me for the point.

All this takes much longer to tell than it did to happen. We had been so taken by surprise that it hadn't even occurred to us to be scared. It was a dream—a nightmare; and we just clutched and grabbed, as our instincts guided us, at every little stick we could see. We were carried plunging along, and presently went whirling close under the bank. There were the roots of a tree dragging in the water. I wrenched myself over and caught hold of one, gripping Jim by the tail of his shirt at the same time. Both the root and the garment held. For a few seconds, however, it was nip and tuck between the roaring torrent and the hold I had. But I was evidently not born to be drowned, for I hung on, and presently Jim caught hold of another root. Then we dragged ourselves out and crept up, on to the bank.

What a sight it was! The river, which had been but a few minutes before a placid stream, hardly deep enough to compel one to swim at its deepest place, was now a boiling, raging, roaring, seething torrent, foaming and hissing as the rain, pouring down in sheets, bored and stung the surface of the angry waves. The tawny-crested breakers leaped and plunged as though in play, and hurled the giant logs and trees, which had been torn from the banks, into the air as a child would a ball. Tumbling and tossing; raging and pounding—stung by the rain-drops into fury; shouting and roaring as it tore its resistless way along, it made us shudder as we gazed upon its might. We could hardly realize that we had escaped its angry clutch.

Everything had gone with such a rush that it all seemed like a dream. We were both of us dazed; and for a long time after crawling up the bank we could do nothing but stare at the water. As for formulating any plan of action, that was quite out of the question. The only definite impression I was conscious of was a deep feeling of thankfulness to God, who had permitted us to escape with our lives.

We had, as yet, no sense of having lost all our worldly possessions at one stroke. Remember, the team and waggon, with what it contained, represented all we had. But the thought of having escaped the furious water-wall, the sight of the raging flood, and the awful aspect of Nature were enough just then. Everything was apparently dissolving under the terrific torrent of rain which was pouring down in sheets, obscuring the farther bank. We might have been seated at the margin of the ocean for aught our eyes could tell us.

So passed an hour. We did not attempt to



"THEN WE DRAGGED OURSELVES OUT AND CREEPT UP ON TO THE BANK."

speaking much. The noise of the waters drowned every other sound. Then the rain gradually lessened. The sheets became large drops, the large drops small ones, and presently it stopped altogether. Hardly was it over when the clouds began to roll away to the south. There had been thunder and lightning with the storm—we could hear the last of it rumbling away in the distance. In half an hour after the last rain-drop had fallen the sun came out.

Then we rose to our feet and looked at one another. The extent and serious nature of our loss struck us at the same time. We made one or two disjointed remarks about the waggon and bullocks—and Jan, whom we hadn't seen since the great wave first struck us. Then we sat down to think it over again; we looked at each other a second time, and burst—into tears? No! We burst out laughing!

I suppose we were hysterical. But I remember now, how the ridiculous side of the situation struck me. I could no more have helped laughing than I could have prevented the rain. It wasn't exactly funny, only grim. I remembered how often we had thought we were such smart fellows—able to go anywhere and cope with anything; yet here we were, for all our boasting, and, after our years of work and saving, half-drowned, thrown out on the banks of an African river, penniless, and stripped to the shirt.

And we sat there by the waves—by the wreck of our fortune—and laughed.

But laughing at, and not with, one's self soon

gets monotonous. The humorous feature of the situation gradually assumed less prominence, and presently we jumped to our feet to see how much of our property remained to us. We had come ashore nearly a mile below the drift, while the point on which I had landed with the waggon and the two bullocks was half-way back—fortunately on the same side of the river.

We followed the flood till we came to that spot.

There was the waggon, sure enough, tightly wedged in the branches of an uprooted willow tree—and, wonderful to say, right side up. It was well above the waters which had placed it there, showing that the flood was already subsiding. Fifty yards away, serenely grazing, were the two bullocks that had come ashore with me. The tongue of the waggon had been broken off. Tangled up with it and their yokes were, no doubt, the two after-oxen—drowned bees by this time—well on their way to the sand-bar which marks the entrance of the Great Fish River into the Indian Ocean.

I had released the other two bullocks; they might possibly have made their escape lower down. And Jan? Well, it was quite probable that he, as well as the bullocks, had been drowned, and was now tossing about in the river, somewhere near Grahamstown.

We managed to scramble out to the waggon, and found it in tolerably good condition, though soaked through and through, and most of the contents probably ruined. Our stores, such as coffee, sugar, flour, and so on, were useless, of course. But we got out some clothes, which, though drenched, were at least a covering; a bottle of brandy and some tobacco.

We each took a big drink of the brandy, and felt the benefit of it directly. We next laid

some tobacco out on a rock to dry, and then decided that the first thing to do was to look for Jan and the other bullocks; so we started back on the trail of the torrent.

We travelled nearly two miles without seeing a trace of them, when lo! right across the river, and travelling back in our direction, we suddenly beheld Jan, calmly driving two bullocks before him. He waved his hand to us, and we shouted; but the river was so wide now, that we could not make him hear what we said. Of course, there was no chance of our being able to re-unite our forces by way of the drift for several days yet. So we waved our arms, pointed up the stream, and returned to where the waggon was stuck:—we on one side of the river and Jan and the bullocks on the other. Here we camped in sight of each other, and discussed a plan of action. By this time our clothes were partially dried; and, about three o'clock in the afternoon, we started off for a farm-house we could see in the distance.

We had the good fortune to strike an English farmer, who made us sit down to a good meal and the inevitable coffee. He gave us some dry tobacco and matches, and gave orders for a span of sixteen oxen to follow us out to the wreck.

Arrived there, the trek-chain of the team was made fast to the front end of the "schooner," and after a great deal of chopping away branches, and crashing and cracking and straining, our derelict waggon was hauled out on to the bank.

Fortunately for us, South African waggons are built for wear rather than show. Our beauty was badly splintered up; some spokes were smashed and the cover was partly wrecked, but everything was there, except the tongue, and was repairable.

We lost no time in getting everything out of the waggon, and laid out on the grass. Our photographing outfit was damaged, but not seriously. We should have to lay in a new

supply of paper and chemicals; but otherwise, nothing was hurt save what the sun would make all right.

We did not worry about Jan on the other side of the river; Kaffirs know how to shift for themselves. He would probably find a kraal, and there is a perfect freemasonry between the "boys" when they find a fellow in trouble.



"THERE WAS THE WAGGON TIGHTLY WEDGED IN THE BRANCHES OF AN UPROOTED WILLOW TREE."

Our kind host, Mr. Miller, told us we should most likely have more rain for three days to come; and meanwhile, his span and men would carry our belongings up to the house. He shouted to Jan what we were going to do, and directed him over to a kraal he knew of on the hill. Jan trudged off with the bullocks while we turned back to the house, getting the last of our sodden blankets in under the friendly shelter of the farm-house just as the rain came down again as fiercely as ever, and accompanied this time by a lively thunder obligato.

Three days later we started off again, the sun shining and the sky clear. The river was still too deep to ford, but Farmer Miller lent us his team, making our waggon fast to the back end of his. Jan was instructed to go on to the town with the two bullocks on his side of the river. There was a bridge there which had survived the flood—although I believe it had been washed away on a previous occasion.

We had the waggon repaired, paying for it with money we had in our belts. Then we bought two more bullocks to make up our span, and in three weeks were on the road again, well on our way to the fields.



III.—*How We Waited for Death.*

BY BASIL C. D'EASUM, OF FORT SASKATCHEWAN, ALBERTA, N.W.T.

How a couple of pioneers lay for several seconds in their mining tunnel in Castle, Montana, expecting to be blown into eternity by a barrow-load of blazing dynamite, which, with a box of detonators, stood near the mouth of the tunnel.

DYNAMITE is queer stuff; you can never be sure how much you know about it. It is very like women—the more you see of it, and the older you become, the more you are obliged to confess that you know nothing at all about it.

Perhaps the first thing you will be told about dynamite is that concussion is needed to set it off. Now, I have accidentally cut a stick of dynamite into halves with a spade, and nothing happened, except that my heart leaped into my throat as I saw what I had done. Again, I have seen a miner pick up a stick and throw it at his partner, who, luckily, caught it in a most delicate way, and then gently laid it down and went for the fool, and well and truly thrashed him.

Another instance. Two of us were working at the bottom of a shaft, and had made ready for a shot. Some sticks of dynamite were being sent down to us in a bucket, but the man at the top, who was seven or eight different kinds of a born fool, managed to drop a stick over the side of the bucket, and it fell some 50ft. down the shaft and landed at our feet. George Ross, my partner, looked at me and I at him; we said nothing, but I believe that we both thought a whole lot. So you see that concussion does *not* always set off dynamite.

But, oh! there is another side to the question. I knew a miner who was carrying two sticks of dynamite in the bosom of his shirt when he stumbled and fell. Where he fell the ground was torn up and a big hole made, but nothing more was ever seen of that miner.

Another case. A teamster was driving slowly up the hill, picking his way and keeping a sharp look-out for rocks on the road; his waggon was loaded with dynamite, carefully packed.

One wheel struck a stone; there was a jolt and a roar, and then the teamster, his waggon, and four mules were scattered over the State of Montana. And the coroner's jury did not view the remains, because there were none.

As I said before, it is queer stuff, and yet it looks so innocent and harmless—like the women again! It is made up into sticks about roin. long and rin. in diameter, wrapped in yellow or white paper. And these sticks look very like the Roman candles and big squibs used in firework displays. The stuff is very sensitive to changes of temperature, and has to be thawed out before using if it has become frozen. At first one is inclined to look upon this thawing-out process as rather ticklish work—although, with proper care, it is usually perfectly safe. A fire is made, and the dynamite is placed near it.

Often you will see a miner, who wishes, perhaps, to startle some "tenderfoot," take a stick and set fire to it, holding it in his hand while it sputters and burns with a sharp, acid, and choking smoke. But sometimes the Fool-killer Angel (who deals also in unloaded guns) is attending to his business, and then that miner's benefit lodge has to pay an insurance

claim to the widow. The only thing you can say about dynamite is that the unexpected is just as likely to happen as the expected.

Now for my story. In October, 1897, I was at Castle, Montana, not far from the Crazy Mountains. While the boom was going on, Castle was a lively, wide-open town; but when I was there the bottom had fallen out of the boom, and the town, if not dead, was decidedly sleeping.

Upon the hillsides were the open shafts of



THIS PORTRAIT REPRESENTS MR. D'EASUM IN A COAT OF CARIBOU SKINS MADE BY AN INDIAN SQUAW, AND HE HAD TO GO A LONG JOURNEY BY DOG-TRAIN AND SLEIGH TO GET THE PHOTO TAKEN FOR THIS NARRATIVE.

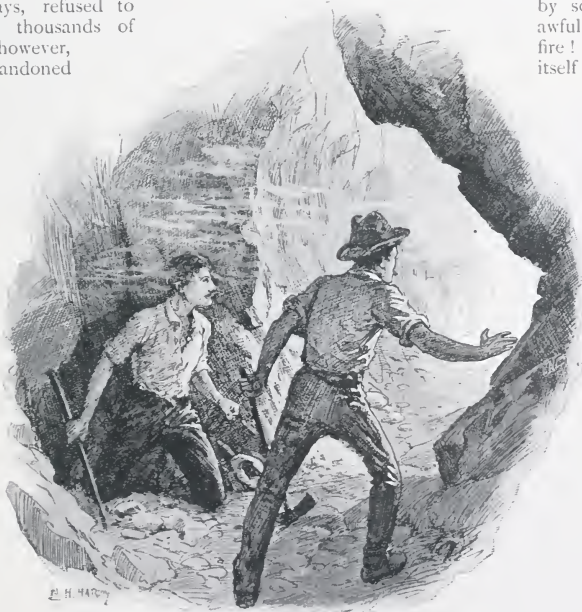
From a Photo. taken by C. W. Mathers,  
Edmonton, Alberta, N.W.T.

abandoned mines. Fine buildings and expensive machinery were left untended and falling to pieces; whilst the boarding-houses, filled to overflowing by miners in the palmy days, were empty and deserted. The inhabitants of the little town made pathetic attempts to convince themselves and stray visitors that times were picking up, and that there would yet be prosperity for them. Is there, by the way, anyone in the world who is more sanguine than a miner or prospector?

A few mines were still being worked, and rumours of rich strikes were constantly heard on the streets and repeated in the poor little weekly paper. I know of nothing more pitiful than a dead mining-town; and Montana has many such dreary wrecks. In Castle there were many mines whose owners, in the golden days, refused to sell them for thousands of dollars; now, however, they were abandoned

One day we were at work on a tunnel which we were running into the side of the hill. The tunnel was about 40ft. long, and while we drilled some holes at the wall end of it, at the mouth we built a little fire and laid near it some sticks of dynamite which were frozen. Beside the fire stood a wheelbarrow, and on it, wrapped in a piece of gunny sack, were some lengths of fuze and a little tin box containing the caps or detonators used to explode the dynamite. We were busily working one morning, I holding the drill and turning it while George was striking, when suddenly we both noticed that a choking smoke was curling into the tunnel, bringing with it the unmistakable smell of burning dynamite.

The reader may judge of our horror when I tell him we saw that by some means the awful stuff had caught fire! Now this of itself might not have



"WE BOTH NOTICED THAT A CHOKING SMOKE WAS CURLING INTO THE TUNNEL."

altogether, or were worked, in a half-hearted manner, "on shares."

George Ross and I had taken the "Golden West" mine on shares; George was an experienced miner, but I was green at the work, having but lately come from the cattle country, and being more handy at throwing a rope than at swinging a pick or turning a drill. But we got on capitally together.

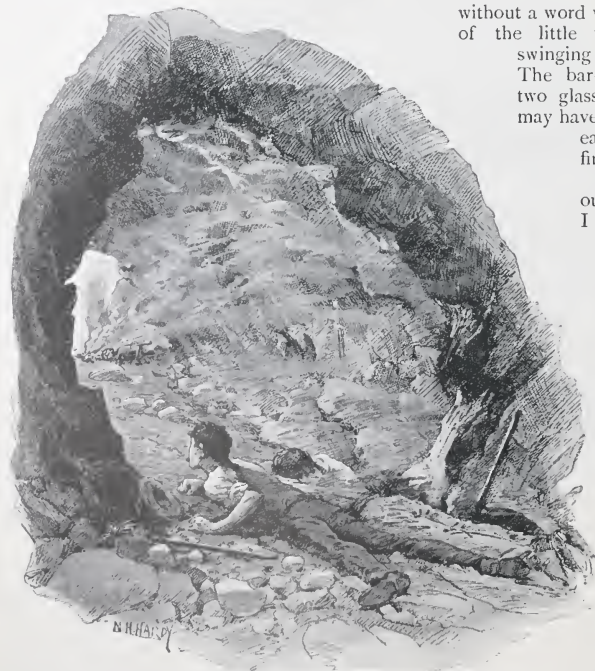
frightened us greatly, but we both knew that the danger lay in that little box of percussion caps. If *they* should explode, why, then, nothing on earth could save us, for the concussion would set off the dynamite, and then we knew that we should be blown to pieces in our tunnel. George put out his hand and squeezed mine.

"I guess we're done for," said he, simply.

We threw ourselves on our faces, for the smoke was choking us. I know I tried to pray, but it was a jumbled attempt, on account of the whirling confusion of thoughts that rushed through my excited head. I thought of my old home in England; of mean things that I had done at school and since; and of the girl who would never know how much I had loved her. Through all there buzzed the pitiful refrain:—

"It's a shame—it's a *shame*, to die like this—blown to pieces in a hole in the ground!"

We could see the fire catch the piece of gunny sack and flicker all over it. In a few seconds we knew the caps would go, and then—well, then the miners at the "Jumbo" above us, when they came down to dinner, would find the mouth of our tunnel choked up and they would dig and dig, and perhaps find some horrible pieces of what had once been the partners who were working the "Golden West" on shares.



"THE BARROW WAS TILTED A LITTLE, AND AS THE SACKING BURNED THE BOX FELL OUT AND ROLLED DOWN THE HILL."

I say we saw the fire catch the gunny sack, which was wrapped round the box of caps, and we hid our faces, stretched at full length on the ground. But, like one mesmerized, I could not keep my eyes away from that flickering gunny sack, from whence utter annihilation was to come. But it was not to be. I looked again, and saw a marvellous thing—a thing I shall never forget, for it is printed at the back of my eyes and branded on my brain. And like all marvellous things, it was wonderfully simple. The barrow was tilted a little, and as the piece of sacking burned, the weight of the box of caps slowly unrolled it. The box then fell out on the side farthest away from the fire, and gently rolled down the side of the hill into safety!

It was a few seconds before we realized that the chief danger was over; then we scrambled to our feet and staggered to the entrance of the tunnel. I went down and picked up the still warm box of caps, and sprang down the mountain-side with it. George followed me, and without a word we went down the main street of the little town and pushed open the swinging doors of the "Nugget" saloon. The bar-keeper shoved the bottle and two glasses towards us, and the bottle may have clinked against the glass as we each poured out about "three fingers of tangle-foot barbed wire."

Remember, that the time from our first noticing the smoke until I saw that blessed little box roll away could not have been more than a few seconds. And there was not much chance of showing bravery or cowardice. A kitten, drowned in a sack, may be brave or may not; it makes no difference to the kitten or to its reputation afterwards. So it was with us in that tunnel on the "Golden West."

"There," said George, wiping his moustache with the back of his hand, "what do you say to that for a close call? Now, would you call that an accident, or what? And why, do you suppose, weren't we wiped out just now?"

And I could not answer him.



## Curiosities of the South Seas.

BY BASIL THOMSON.

### II.

A further photographic revelation of the strange sights and peculiar phases of life "by reef and palm" in the beautiful islands of the Pacific. With full descriptive notes by an acknowledged authority on these fascinating regions.



From a] "A SCHOOL OF WOODEN PORPOISES WEIGHTED WITH DEAD MEN'S BONES." [Photo.



HE belief that the spirits journeyed across the ocean to a better land, where the fruits of the earth ripened with-

out tillage, and labour and sorrow were not, was universal. This better land seems to have been the country whence the ancestors of the race had emigrated generations before; and, just as colonial-born children draw from the reminiscences of their elders an exaggerated idea of the glories of "home," so the Polynesian exalts the land of his origin to the rank of an Elysium. There were

wooden porpoise ferries him over. Here is a school of such porpoises freighted with dead men's bones. A wrench upon the dorsal fin

various routes to the promised land. The Fijian had "jumping-off places" facing the north-west, the position of these being no mean indication of the wanderings of the race. The native of Rubiana in the Solomons, whose tutelary deity is the porpoise, takes ship in the belly of his god—that is to say, his bones are deposited in a wooden model of a fish, and, inanimate things having souls as well as animate, the wrath of the



ON THE RIGHT STAND THE CARVED KING-POSTS OF A RUINED HOUSE. THE FORMER OWNER IS NOW HOUSED IN THE WOODEN PORPOISE. [Photo.



"IN THE BACKGROUND STANDS A NEW-MADE GRAVE, WHOSE TENANT IS FED DAILY WITH PLANTAINS AND FISH." [From a] [Photo.]

brings the whole side away and discloses the bones in a neat little chamber within. The cage beneath the roof-tree contains the skulls, from which every shred of flesh has been reverently removed by repeated boiling! Sometimes the skull itself is deposited within the fish.

Hard by stand the carved king-posts of a ruined house, ruined because the owner has no further use for it, being now housed within the belly of the wooden porpoise. When you reflect that these posts were carved with tools made of stone and shell, you will admit that the Solomon Islanders have a right to be called the artists of the Pacific.

The native gentleman in the next illustration has been photographed in his ordinary costume of shield and spear, which are infinitely more necessary to his well-being than the apparel of civilization. His wives and daughters grow his food and cook his dinner, while he stands guard over them against surprise. He is no mean ship-builder, for the canoe behind him, unlike those of most Pacific tribes, has neither outrigger nor dug-out hull, but is built up of planks neatly jointed and sewn together with sinnet.

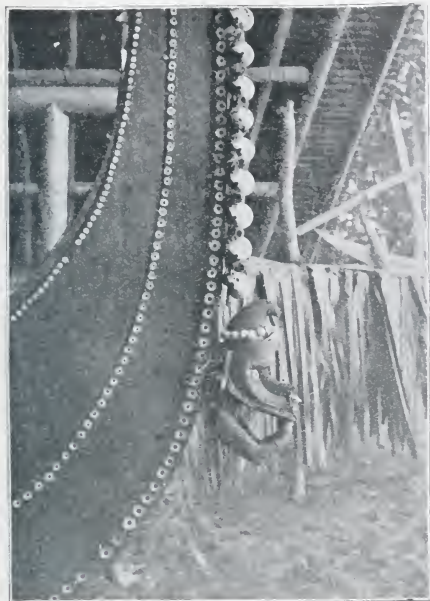
In the background stands a new-made grave, whose tenant is fed daily on plantains and fish.

The broad-brimmed hat is an invention that has never occurred to the Rubiana people, whose woolly hair is protection enough for the head, but not for the eyes. But they have hit upon a sunshade which may be described as a brim without a hat. The fisherman in the accompanying illustration has reason to be proud of the years of patient culture he has bestowed upon the lobes of his ears. Into the first tiny perforation he introduced a grass blade, and gradually increased the number until the aperture was large enough to take in succession a roll of banana leaf, a stick, an empty cotton reel, a tin matchbox, and finally this shell ring. Some day it will catch on a twig and tear, and he will then have to mend the string of flesh by excoriating the ends and splicing them until they adhere. In the Solomons, as elsewhere, "*il faut souffrir pour être beau.*"

The artistic taste of the Solomon Islander is not confined to sculpture. Look, for instance, at the prow of a Bougainville canoe inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Each of these stars has been laboriously cut out of pearl shell with stone tools, and laid into the wood with black vegetable gum. Think of the



RUBIANA NATIVE WEARING "A BRIM WITHOUT A HAT"—NOTICE THE EXTRAORDINARY WAY HE HAS TRAINED THE LOBE OF HIS EAR, [From a Photo. by Capt. Davis, R.N.]



PROW OF A BOUGAINVILLE CANOE INLAID WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL—  
*From a* CARICATURE OF AN ENEMY AT FOOT. *[Photo.]*

labour of it! The little figure-head attached to the fore-foot is intended to represent the features of the Bougainville hill-men, who are ever at war with the coast natives. The caricature hits off very cleverly the hill-man's prognathous jaw, which is his notable characteristic. It is complete even to the painting of the face and the nose and ear ornaments. These canoes are propelled by paddlers sitting two abreast to the number of ten to thirty according to their size, and they attain an incredible speed for a short distance.

But the primitive savagery of

the Solomons is doomed. After the Germans had claimed the northern islands of the group, England, who had long had the expense of policing the immense stretch of coast under the authority of the Western Pacific Order in Council, proclaimed a Protectorate over the southern portion, and appointed Mr. C. M. Woodford, the author of "A Naturalist Among the Head-hunters," the first Resident. The post is no sinecure, for, as may be gathered from this photograph, the first duty of a Resident is to build his own residence. Although the Solomons were discovered by Mendana no less than 330 years ago, these few planks are the first tangible signs of civilized authority.

Except in the hurricane season the Resident can point to a British gunboat cruising on the coast when he wishes to enforce an order, but for the rest he has to trust to his own tact and what poker-players call "bluff" for maintaining order among his turbulent subjects, many of whom have lost their awe of the white man by working for him on the plantations of Queensland and Fiji.

The Solomons are the Western limit of the Melanesian race, for though Melanesians have crossed the narrow sea that separates them from New Guinea, taking their language and customs with them, the prevailing type on the great island-continent is Papuan. As with the racial type, so with the fauna. The great stretches of upland swarm with wallaby, the forest with birds of Paradise and cassowary; and to the sportsman, the naturalist, and the orchid-hunter



A GLIMPSE OF THE HARDSHIPS OF EMPIRE—MR. C. M. WOODFORD, THE BRITISH RESIDENT, BUILDING HIS  
*From a* OWN HOUSE IN THE SOLOMONS. *[Photo.]*





From a] "A PLAIN OF HOT SULPHUR HONEYCOMBED BY GEYSERS. [Photo.

camera was pitched was pulsating like a high-pressure engine, and the camera itself narrowly escaped destruction from a shower of boiling filth belched into the air by the caldron in the foreground. The half-starved trees behind are the most easterly specimens of the Australian gum-tree that have yet been found.

Travel in New Guinea is not a luxurious experience, for the weight of baggage must be strictly limited to the available supply of carriers. After a week the gorge rises at hard tack and damper, and the spirit yearns for leavened bread. To the good bushman even this is attainable, provided that his swag contains flour and a little German yeast, and that an ant-hill can be found. To the "tender-foot," however, no more unpromising material for an oven could be found than this pyramid of crumbling and unwholesome-looking mud, but our half-breed Australian cook knows better. The carriers are sent out to bring in firewood, while Tom scoops a doorway in the side of the mound. Out swarm the ants, struggling and tumbling in the ruins of their city. But Tom knows no mercy. With a dexterous twist of his tether-pin he scoops out the bowels of the hill, until nothing is left but a crust alive with infuriated ants. But worse is still to come. Tom sets a match to a handful of dead leaves and twigs, and

alike, New Guinea is a paradise.

The writer was among the first who explored the Ferguson Island, which is divided from the mainland by a strait scarce ten miles wide. Yet this strait has sufficed to prove an impassable barrier for the birds. The weird spot reproduced in this photograph is a plain of hot sulphur honeycombed by geysers, and the forest on the right is the only spot in the world where the beautiful *Paradisea Decora* is found. The poor bird is so easily decoyed to its death that the Government has wisely forbidden its destruction by law. The photograph is a little woolly in outline because the ground on which the



AN ANT-HILL AS AN OVEN IN NEW GUINEA—CARRIERS BRINGING FIREWOOD, WHILE TOM SCRAPES A HOLE IN THE MOUND. [Photo.

smoke bursts out from every pore of the mound. Down roll the ants in showers, writhing a solid inch deep in the grass ere they make off to build a new city upon a site less subject to volcanic eruption. As the wood burns up, the crust changes colour. You can see by the shimmer in the air that it is red-hot. Out with the embers and in with the dough, building up the doorway with moist earth. It is wonderful how the walls hold the heat: at the end of two hours they are too hot for the hand, and the loaves are browned to a turn.

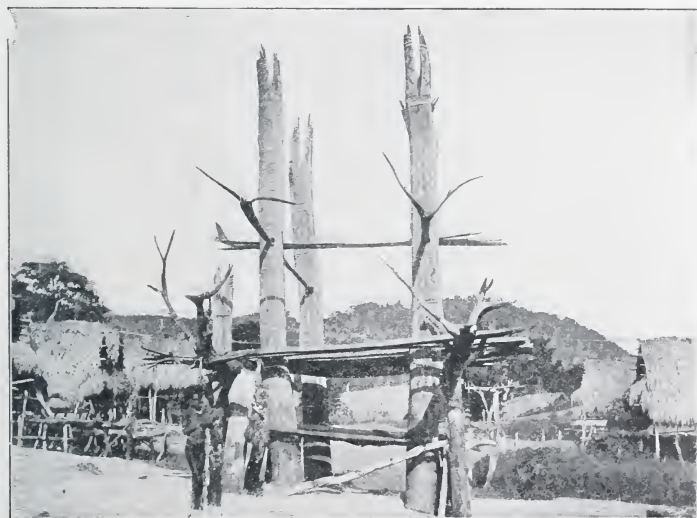
The men who carry your baggage on this part of the coast hail from Rigo, the large coast village shown in the next picture. In the centre street stand four posts, elaborately carved, and over 20ft. high. The platform and the spikes protruding from them are for suspending baskets of food, probably propitiatory

who devised them might also have taught that the emptying of slops and refuse through the crannies in the floor, to form a stinking wallow for the pigs, goes far to counteract the salubrity of his invention. The piles are often surmounted with a flat wooden disc to prevent the rats from ascending them. The full dress of a Rigo gentleman may be noticed near the sacred platform. It consists of a narrow girdle, to which a pack-thread passed between the legs is attached fore and aft.

No account of South Sea curiosities would be complete without a reference to cannibalism. Men were eaten in New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, and very rarely in Tonga, but the practice was reduced to a fine art in Fiji. It is now, of course, safer to travel alone in Fiji than in some parts of England, although so late as 1894 two men were killed and eaten by an

inland tribe as a mark of defiance to the Government. But from the beginning of this century until late in the sixties warriors slain in battle were often eaten by their conquerors—not in most cases from taste, but as a quasi-religious rite of triumph. This ferocity in moments of triumph did not imply that they were incapable of kindly feeling, for many ex-cannibals with whom the writer has been on intimate terms are good administrators, kind fathers and husbands, and gentle-mannered, intelligent men. The horrible barbarities of which they were undoubtedly guilty were confined to war-time, and practised only on their vanquished foes. A photograph of the "Cannibal Stone," or slaughtering-place of human victims at Bau, in Fiji, is next reproduced.

When a canoe approached the town after a successful expedition a peculiar tattoo was beaten on the drum, which was caught up by the great drum in the village. Men and women flocked down to the water's edge, bandying



PLATFORM AND SPIKES FOR SUSPENDING OFFERINGS TO THE DEAD (COAST VILLAGE OF RIGO, NEW GUINEA).  
From a Photo.

offerings to the spirits of the dead, who are usually buried under the raised floors of the houses. The origin of these platform huts, which are used throughout British New Guinea, is difficult to determine. They may be survivals from a time when every village was built on piles in the sea to guard against surprise, like the village near Port Moresby, which can only be approached in canoes; or they may be the result of an empirical discovery that an air space beneath the floor keeps off malaria. In the latter case the sage



FROM a] THE "CANNIBAL STONE," OR SLAUGHTERING-PLACE OF HUMAN VICTIMS, AT BAV, FIJI. [Photo.

obscenities with the returning warriors who, it could now be seen, had corpses or captives on board. If they had far to walk the body was bound to a pole, and the warriors advanced dancing the *thimbi*, or death dance. The body was thrown down to be insulted and mutilated by the populace, while the oven was made ready. It was then prepared and baked whole, exactly like a pig, and afterwards carved skilfully with a bamboo knife. Each joint—and there were special names for all—was wrapped in leaves, and apportioned to the different chiefs, who ate it in secret with certain wooden forks that were reserved for that purpose alone, and were regarded with superstitious awe.

This photograph of the *thimbi* was not taken on the spot for obvious reasons, but, as a reproduction of the grim scene, it is very fair. The

corpse, however, ought not to be lashed to the pole face upwards, for a corpse in that position has a tendency to fold up; but, no doubt, the "corpse" in the photograph considered that accuracy to the extent of lashing him to the pole faced downwards savoured of pedantry. The *thimbi* is accompanied by a savage chant, and while the warriors advance dancing, and making their spears shiver as in the act of throwing, the women shriek out plea-

santries never permitted at any other time. In a case described by Jackson, who was present, the body was placed in a sitting posture, and an orator took it by the hand, and spoke to it, kindly at first, remonstrating with it for its foolhardiness in coming out against so redoubtable a foe. Then, working himself into a passion,



FROM a] THIS IS HOW A CANNIBAL ORGIE COMMENCED IN THE OLD DAYS.

[Photo.



he kicked it over amid shouts of laughter, and then the riff-raff ran in to mutilate it. So shame-faced were the warriors at returning empty-handed on one occasion, that a missionary, sailing past their canoe, saw them strip one of their own party, and lay him bound upon the deck to counterfeit a corpse slain in battle!

There are contrasts enough in these fair islands, so bounteously made by Nature, and so marred by man. Here are two types of criminal, both condemned to life-long imprisonment in a land where a life sentence means what it is called.

The first was a veritable wild man, a reversion to the pre-paleolithic type, when man struggled for his place among the other beasts, at war with them and with his own kind. His history as we learned it afterwards was this. A labour-schooner brought him to Fiji from the New Hebrides in 1877, and he was indentured as servant to the English doctor stationed in Kandavu. But domestic service was not to his liking, and he ran away into the bush and disappeared. Those who thought of him at all believed him dead, and in a year or two he was forgotten. Ten years passed, and then the island was startled by a series of murders, ruthless, unprovoked, and objectless. Lonely men, returning from their plantations in the dusk, were struck down with an axe; wayfarers were attacked from behind without ever seeing their assailant. A native mission teacher, suspected of one of these murders, was arrested and tried, but the chain of circumstantial evidence wanted a link, and he was acquitted. Then another man was chased by a wild naked creature, and escaped to tell the tale. The island was in panic. It was a giant, one of the gods of old! But later an explorer came upon the mysterious one's lair, a cave in an inacces-

sible crag. This witness saw the creature leaping from crag to crag like a wild goat, and he brought home the furniture of the cave—an axe of antiquated pattern and a stick for rubbing fire—evidence that none could dispute. At last the wild man grew bolder, and pursued a mission teacher, who made for the village with the murderer in such close pursuit, that they made a rush upon him and bound him fast. The Court found him to be insane, and consigned him to the lunatic asylum, where his photograph was taken, with

the corrugated iron fence for background. They had given him clothes, but he tore them up and festooned the shreds about his neck. He knew no human speech, and the only human possession he would accept was a clay pipe and some tobacco, and there he sat all day smoking in a mild, contemplative mood. He was a gentle, melancholy creature, incapable, one would have said, of the smallest unkindly act. His spirit pined for the free life in the woods, and, as the body could not come, it left the body with us, and went alone.

One turns to the second type of criminal with a sigh. When you land in New Caledonia in the afternoon, you find Noumea *en file*. The whole population—soldiers, naval officers, Civil servants, and merchants' clerks, together with every wife and daughter in the place—is taking the air in the little square where the band is playing. It is a good band, and something odd about its uniform excites your curiosity. You draw nearer, and note that the uniform is of sacking, that the band is attended by guards: that it is, in fact, composed of convicts, who regard their membership as a privilege. These are men who have nearly earned their remission, and may each within a few years



WILD MAN FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES WHO DEVASTATED THE ISLAND OF KANDAVU. [From a Photo.]

own a wife, *libérée* like themselves, and a little café on one of the excellent roads that traverse the islands. But the others—those who never pass the prison wall? What of them? In this photograph you have a glimpse of the lives *they* lead. It is the exercise-

afford the passage money. The convicts dream of France too, but they will never see it more. Not France, not even the glorious scenery of their tropical island; not the blue Pacific, and the foam-crueted reef they can faintly hear. Their world is in this narrow yard, with the heat



CONDEMNED FOR LIFE IN NEW CALEDONIA!—"THEIR WORLD IS IN THIS NARROW YARD, WITH THE HEAT AND THE MOSQUITOES."  
From a Photo.

yard of the prisoners, "condamnés à perpétuité" in the prison of the Nou. There is no help for them. If they rebel, it means chains and the iron ball.

If they acquiesce, it means that this yard will be the brightest spot in their lives until death releases them. Their warders, the garrison kept to overawe them, the civilians who administer their colony, dream of France, and realize their dreams as soon as they can

and the mosquitoes. It makes one smile to think of the pity poured forth upon the sleek malefactors in our own prisons, working in the open, in the breezy air of Dartmoor or Portland, already full of plans for their certain release, and then to remember the shiver that went down the back when one looked upon those others on the Ile Nou. There are strange things to be seen in the South Sea Islands, but none, as I think, stranger than this.

## In Search of My "Goddess."

BY MADAME CATHINCA AMYOT.

An interesting page from the life-story of a well-known lady artist. Madame Amyot's early aspirations. She seeks her goddess (the Swedish artist, Mlle. Sophia Ribbing) in the Castle of Christiansborg. She goes astray in the vast, silent saloons, and finally has a terrible fall into a mysterious pit, from which her "goddess" rescues her.



THINK I may say that few people, if any, have experienced an adventure like the one I met with some thirty years ago in Copenhagen. I had not yet begun my artistic studies, for at that period my native town offered no opportunity whatever for a lady to study art seriously. My desire to do so met with the strongest opposition in my own family; a lady artist being then looked upon almost as a freak. Indeed, in the eyes of these decorous and old-fashioned people she was synonymous with an "emancipated" woman, dressed in knicker-bockers, with short-cut hair, and smoking cigars.

I therefore thought it wisest to keep to myself my hopes and plans: to leave my native country and study abroad—at least, until my resolves could be laid before the family council as something more than mere day-dreams.

In our whole circle there was nobody who could advise me in this matter; and pictures by foreign artists being very scarce at our yearly exhibitions, it was difficult for me to form any idea of where to find a school of art abroad.

But a picture exhibited just at that time of indecision turned my straying ideas into a distinct groove. It was a figure

picture by the Swedish artist, Mlle. Sophia Ribbing, a pupil of the great Belgian painter, Louis Gallait.

From the moment I saw this picture I made up my mind to communicate with the lady and ask for her advice. She was, however, at that time in Rome, whence rumour carried her fame in the most glowing terms. Her talent, her beauty, her bewitching manner, and her sweet temper brought everybody who knew her under a perfect spell; and it was said that every man and woman, old and young, almost

worshipped her. No wonder that my youthful enthusiasm, kindled by all these eulogies, endowed her with a halo, and raised her to such a pinnacle that I would never have dared to approach this goddess without an introduction.

But as it is always the unexpected which happens, I found myself actually brought into contact with her through a coincidence—which, as Rudyard Kipling would say, "is another story altogether." I saw her but a few moments, and it is doubtful whether she even caught my name; but I found myself at once under the spell of her charming personality. She appeared but one moment to cheer my dull, humdrum life, and then she disappeared.



THIS IS MADAME CATHINCA AMYOT, WHOSE ARTISTIC CAREER BEGAN SO STRANGELY. [Barraud, Ltd.]



This was in early spring. All through the summer I lived in an ecstasy of worship (I was very young then!). I lived a kind of double life—a monotonous, uninteresting one, with an undercurrent of a delightful dream-world in which I fancied myself in intimate friendship with my goddess. I would be conjuring up conversations, adventures, confidences, and arguments with her, and basking in the sunshine of her wonderful eyes and the charm of her presence. Naturally, then, it was with a kind of delightful shock that I, on a hot August day, read in the newspaper that Mlle. Sophia Ribbing was in Copenhagen, and engaged on painting another lovely child's picture.

How I got her address matters little; but taking "*mon courage à deux mains*," I started one morning, determined to find her, and to put my case before her.

I did not tell anyone at home where I was going, for I felt as shy about it as if I had been in love. Besides, I had perfect freedom to go where I liked, so long as I returned punctually for the meals.

First I walked at full speed, carried forward by the intensity of my desires; but when I came nearer the street where my goddess was living, I slackened speed, doubt and hesitation filling my mind. What was poor I, that this glorious being—living in an atmosphere of art and admiration—should remember me? Of course she would have forgotten me, and she would perhaps look upon me as an intruder.

The daring of my undertaking grew upon me to such a degree that, on finding myself before her door, I felt inclined to run away again; but, angry with my own weakness, I boldly crossed the Rubicon and pulled the bell hard.

She was not at home. She had started early that morning for her studio to arrange a lot of things, as she was leaving for the country the following day. My first feeling of relief at finding her out gave place to one of great dis-

appointment, but with my defeat all my courage returned. So on learning from the servant that Mlle. Ribbing had a room to paint in at the Royal Castle of Christiansborg, I immediately set out to find her there. The servant's suggestion of calling again at her lodgings late that evening, or early next morning, I could not entertain, as my very slight acquaintance with the great artist would hardly justify my intruding on her at such unconventional hours.

The Castle of Christiansborg, which was totally wrecked by fire about ten years ago, was an immense pile of buildings, and was not used as a residence at all. It contained the State apartments; the two Houses of Parliament; the National Picture Gallery; and endless stores of furniture, china, and plate; being, in fact, the "Garde Meuble" of the Danish Crown. Separated from the castle by vast courtyards were the Royal stables; the manège; the arsenal; the Chapel Royal, and the Government offices.

Except during the winter, when the Parliaments sit, and on two days weekly, when the picture gallery was open, the enormous edifice was perfectly deserted. It looked gloomy and forbidding, like a house of mourning, with its endless rows of windows with drawn blinds, and its large, empty courtyards, where the monotonous cooing of the pigeons and the measured tramp of the sentinels were only now

and then varied by a cart or waggon from the arsenal or stables, whose terrific rattling over the rough cobbles re-echoed from all the surrounding buildings as if a whole convoy of carts were advancing with deafening noise.

It was with a depressed and hesitating feeling that I stood before the enormous portals, which were more like the gates of a citadel than the doors of a Royal Palace. The colossal bronze statues of Minerva and Æsculapius which guarded the entrance had something crushing about them, and made me feel like an ant coming to face a giant.

I did not know how to get into this forbidding-



Mlle. CATHINCA ENGELHART (MADAME AMYOT) AS SHE APPEARED AT THE TIME OF THIS ADVENTURE.

From a Photo. by Georg E. Hansen, Copenhagen.

looking building, so I asked the sentinel to direct me—unaware of the fact that he was not allowed to speak whilst mounting guard. The Lifeguardsman simply stared straight before him, and his immovable features and absolute silence struck me with an awe which must have been strongly expressed in my face, for the son of Mars was evidently moved to pity. Raising his left gloved hand, he pointed towards the green copper dome of the Chapel Royal, and grunted, "Porter's lodge." To find this was an easy task, and I congratulated myself on having at last safely arrived at the goal of my wishes. But I little knew what was before me.

The fat porter in the scarlet coat, black velvet knee-breeches, white stockings, and cocked hat received me with that affable condescension which is the true badge of real greatness. And he listened to my request to be directed to Mlle. Ribbing with the good-natured patience of a man whose time is absolutely his own.

"Yes," he said, with a voice sounding as if it came through cotton wool (beer, most likely), "there is such a person"—Oh! my goddess!—"working here. We have accommodated her, as she was specially recommended to Us from over there."

This, with a wave of his fat hand in the direction where he supposed Sweden to be situated.

"But I cannot say that I ever set eyes on her, as she does not come under my department. You see, little miss, you have come in by the wrong entrance. You ought to have entered by the south door. You are a long way from the painter-



MADAME ENGELHART, MADAME AMYOT'S MOTHER.  
From a Photo. by E. Lange, Copenhagen.



MADAME AMYOT'S FATHER, M. ENGELHART,  
CHEF DE BUREAU IN THE NATIONAL BANK OF  
DENMARK. (HE LODGED A COMPLAINT AFTER  
HIS DAUGHTER'S ADVENTURE.)

From a Photo. by L. Hartmann, Copenhagen.

lady's room. However, if you will follow my directions you need not go all round to the other side, which is quite a journey. It is quite easy to find her. Now, you look here. You first go up this staircase to the first landing, and go in by the door there, which you cannot mistake, there being only one door. It will take you into the 'Long Gallery': go straight through it and the following three rooms. In the last you will see a green baize door before you, which will take you into a kind of corridor, with doors on both sides. The third door to the right—no, let me see, to the left—no, no, to the right—is your door. Open that and pass through another

long gallery until you find a door with a glass pane in the centre, which will take you into a passage. There, keep to your left till you see a door, on which is written 'Fireplug': open that, and then you are on the staircase which leads to the lady's room. Go up till you come to a landing with three doors: the left door leads to her room. It is quite easy; you can't go wrong if you only stick to my instructions," and he returned to his private apartments, leaving me alone at the foot of staircase No. 1.

I had at that time a very retentive memory, and trusting to that, I plunged boldly into the vast, deserted palace, all the time rehearsing the directions I had received, for fear of losing the Ariadne thread which was my only safeguard. I mounted the stairs and opened the heavy door which led into the "Long Gallery"—how weird it looked! The blinds were all drawn, and in this semi-darkness the shrouded chandeliers and the white-covered

furniture had a ghostly appearance. And the innumerable large, dull pier-glasses, which reflected the architecture, gave the place a bewildering impression of endless perspective. I carelessly let the heavy door bang, and was nearly frightened into a fit by the thunder-like

pails stood in solemn array. Somehow these emblems of active domestic life added to my isolated and lonely feeling, for not a housemaid, or boy, nor even a charwoman, was to be seen. It was, indeed, the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty.

I had come to a knotty point, for had my cicerone not hesitated as to which door I was to take? I felt puzzled—for on trying the three first doors on either side, they were all found to open on dark cup-boards containing firepails, hoses, some kind of large stove, and other miscellanies.

I tried the fourth door to the left. It was a double door, and the inner one, though



THIS IS THE DESERTED PALACE OF CHRISTIANSBERG (SINCE BURNED DOWN) IN WHICH MADAME AMYOT'S "GODDESS" WAS AT WORK.

echo which rolled upon me from all sides, and made me fear that the whole place was going to collapse.

The stillness which followed was quite oppressive. I walked on tip-toe to avoid hearing the echo of my steps, which startled me with the impression that some unseen person was following me. I dared hardly look about me, but hurried on as fast as I could, with bated breath, my heart beating a loud thump, thump, and my nerves tingling. All the time the rigmarole of my directions was running like an obligato accompaniment through my brain.

Through the three next rooms! Yes! It was all right—they were ante-chambers, or such-like, and much less formidable. One had even an uncurtained window, through which I could see the ships on the canal yonder, the church of "the Navy," and the beautiful spire of the Royal Exchange, with its four intertwined dragon-tails pointing up into the blue summer sky. Voices and sounds of the street traffic reached me, but seemed all to belong to another world; and an unreal, dream-like feeling came over me, as if I were a sleep-walker, and might suddenly awake to find myself somewhere else.

The green baize door successfully opened, I found myself in the long, semi-dark corridor, where long step-ladders, brooms, brushes, and

locked, had a key in it. I opened it boldly, and was delighted to find that it *did* open on a long gallery; so it was all right.

I stood almost dumfounded at the sight of this magnificent hall—probably the State ball-room. It was extremely long, and built something like a basilica, with a gallery all round, supported by rows of beautiful Corinthian pillars, richly gilded. It was lighted from windows high up in the gallery, and the sun rays, striking the cut crystals of the large chandeliers, sent shafts and dancing spots of rainbow-coloured light down on the white and gold decoration of this splendid apartment.

But the air was very close and heavy with the smell of bees-wax, turpentine, and mastic varnish—easily accounted for by the shining parquet floor, and the many highly-varnished pictures on the walls. These were, of course, a great attraction for me, and whilst wandering down the splendid apartment and gazing at the pictures I quite forgot everything else.

I had to repeat my directions from the very beginning before I knew what my next steps were to be. A door with a glass pane in the middle. Impossible in a State ball-room! Here were only two superb, heavy, double portals, one at each end, and both locked! How had I entered this place? Where was the door? It struck me that I had no



recollection of having shut the door behind me. It seemed suddenly to have vanished, and the more I considered the matter the clearer it became that it must have been a door hidden in the wall or covered by a picture.

In vain I tried to open the large portals; of course they would not yield to my efforts. I began to feel both hot and cold and extremely nervous at the idea of being a prisoner until some caretaker might be passing that way—which, perhaps, would not be that day, or even the next. My alarm grew with every moment. I hurried forward and backward. I listened, but not a sound was to be heard except my own panting breath.

By an inspiration I ran up the stairs leading to the balcony above. At one end was the orchestra—and there was my much-longed-for door, with the glass pane in the centre. I was saved! I was quite right after all; though how it was that the porter had not explained things better, both puzzled and angered me. And my anxiety was renewed when, on opening the door, I found myself on a narrow, wooden staircase, and not in a corridor, as I had expected. I descended it, however, and on seeing before me two doors, one of which had the inscription "Fireplug," I took courage again—especially on finding that it opened on what was called "The Queen's Staircase." I had, when quite a child, visited the State apartments, and remembered this magnificent staircase, which was only used on great State occasions.

It was built entirely of different coloured marbles, and richly decorated with sculpture and gilding. The flight of broad, white marble steps rose to a landing, then divided into two flights, and alternately like this through the entire height of the palace.

On the landings and in niches in the walls were white marble statues of all the Danish Queens from the earliest times. I mounted the marble steps slowly. It was so cool there, and so solemn—almost like in a temple. Now and then I stopped to rest and recover my breath, for it was a considerable ascent, and the emotions and anxieties I had passed through had made me feel quite tired out.

At last I reached the top landing. It was quite unornamented, and, as I had been told, I saw three doors there—one in front of me, and one on each side wall.

The one to the left was ajar, and I heard voices coming from within, though muffled by distance. I knocked at the door, and it left the impression on me that it sounded like iron, though I did not stop to realize it fully at the time.

A voice in the soft, singing, Swedish dialect

said, "There was somebody knocked at the door."

A door was opened and shut again, and a deeper voice replied, "No! There is nobody there."

The conversation continued as before, and as I could hear all that was said, and did not like the situation of an unwilling eavesdropper, I opened the door, certain that this was some dark passage leading to Mlle. Ribbing's room. I entered with a quick step to the left, whence the voices seem to come—one step—only one—between me and eternity, as I thought—for I stepped into empty space, and felt myself falling, falling, falling into an unknown pit!

It is impossible in words to describe what I felt in those few seconds. I knew by intuition that I had fallen into a chimney, and, lightning-like, the thought struck me, "I go to the bottom to starve to death—to rot, or to be eaten by rats, if on landing there I am still alive."

Before my mind's eye I saw my home, my parents, my sister and brother. Nobody knew where I had gone. Nobody expected me in this terrible place. It was all done in a few seconds, but my whole life passed before me, with a farewell to its joys and happiness—with remorse and sorrow at its transgressions and unkindnesses. Lights were spinning before my eyes, and stars seemed to sparkle in the darkness. Brick and mortar, and Heaven knows what besides, came rattling and rushing down with me in my headlong descent. In this narrow space I felt myself bumping right and left against wooden beams, which hurt and bruised me all over. Farewell, dear life! Farewell, dear ones! But suddenly I was stopped on my downward career; I had landed on some projecting place.

With nervous hands I grasped at the walls for support, and, clinging to some timber, managed to keep on the narrow ledge where I was stranded, so to say. Close to my left a voice cried, "There was something fell down."

Strange to say, I, who would have shrieked if a mouse, or even a good-sized spider, had run over me, had not uttered a sound in that moment of intense agony, when the whole world seemed to slip away from me; and now that I found at least a few moments' respite, my inbred humour was irresistibly tickled by the absurdity of my position, and I felt myself shaken by hysterical laughter.

"Is anyone there?" called the unknown somebody, somewhere to my left.

"Yes! It is a lady who wants to call on Mlle. Ribbing."

Oh, the irony of the whole thing! I, who

did not think myself justified in intruding on the great artist at unconventional hours in her lodgings—I had now come down upon her in this extraordinary fashion.

"But where are you?"

"Somewhere in a chimney." I was almost choked with laughter, and dust, and grit. But, really, my position was anything but laughable—perched on a rough brick ledge, probably with a chasm gaping at my feet, and in such a state of general pain, that I really did not know which of my bones was left unbroken. And then to be obliged to converse with strangers, and explain things which seemed inexplicable to myself!

The situation was most mysterious. We heard each other's voices as if we were in the same room, and yet we were separated by we knew not what! I was in utter darkness, except for a little light high above me, caused by the open door.

"Are you hurt? How can we reach you?"

"If you go up the Queen's staircase, right to the top, you will find me, but you must bring a ladder, and please make haste, for I am holding on here for dear life."

There was a great deal of bustling about close by: then the slamming of a door, followed by a death-like silence. A dream-like feeling crept over me, and almost numbed my senses, and a dreadful doubt took hold of my mind. Were those voices, which had now ceased to speak, a hallucination, or perhaps an aberration of my brain, consequent on my fall, and would I be left to die in this open grave? The dreadful thought forced my



"I SAW THE DARK FIGURES ABOVE ME IN THE DIM LIGHT."

*From a Drawing specially executed by Madame Anyot herself.*

waning consciousness back, and the bodily pain, which increased every minute through my cramped position, kept me fully awake. Slowly, slowly, like hours, the minutes crept on. The fearful stillness which surrounded me became almost unbearable. Would my deliverers *never* come? The thought of my dear ones at home returned with a fearful choking in my throat. How little they all knew what trouble had befallen me! They seemed all so far away, as if seen through the perspective of many years. I fancied that I could hear them in years to come, saying, "That was when poor Cathinca was still with us." For, strange to relate, now that I could hope for help and deliverance, my situation appeared more hopeless than in the moment of my imminent danger. I expect it was a reaction, and that very likely my mind had received some shock, which robbed it of its natural strength. However, I felt all the time thankful that my mother, in her delicate and hyper-neurotic state of health, knew nothing of the danger I was passing through. Poor mother, who was always so tender and full of care for me! In my dark prison she seemed suddenly to be present, her face full of anxiety, shining in the darkness before me.

How slowly the time was passing! It seemed hours before I caught the first sound of approaching footsteps on the Queen's staircase. (It took them really about thirty-five minutes, they told me afterwards.) How loud their voices sounded after the silence, repeated by the echoes of

that lofty staircase. They came nearer, and nearer. I heard their heavy breathing, caused by their ascent, and, catching the meaning of their discussion of my whereabouts, I cried:—

"Go up to the top landing—here! this way—the iron door!"

I suppose it was really the sound of my voice which guided them, for they could not possibly have heard my words from my dark grave. Yes! it was like a grave! And when, at last, I saw the dark figures up above me in the dim light of the opening, I felt as one buried alive on the point of being exhumed.

I forget whether they had a lantern, or only matches were struck to localize me, for in the ruddy light, which suddenly burst out up there, I saw only one face—the beautiful face of my goddess—that face of which a certain great contemporary artist in Rome said, "When Phidias meets Sophia Ribbing in Heaven, he will find himself face to face with his Venus of Milo."

How they managed to lower their ladder and fix it securely close to me, and how they finally got me up, I scarcely recollect—for a kind of reaction set in, and dimmed my impressions of everything except the light of those wonderful eyes, and the sound of that soft and comforting voice, which to me will always be associated with all that is most elevated or beautiful in life. I have no idea of how I got down the many marble steps, or how I, at last, found myself in Mlle. Ribbing's room. I was sitting in a large arm-chair opposite the beautiful picture she was then painting. She was bending over me, bathing my face, and tending me in every way; whilst her companion, a stolid Norwegian, much older than herself, was knocking at the walls with an umbrella, to find out where the hollow place was which I a few minutes before had occupied, and which might have held me till Doomsday. For, as my two

new friends explained, they had been on the point of leaving the room when they heard the noise of my falling down; and if I had been a few minutes later, there would have been no help at hand, this being their last day at the palace. They intended leaving town the next day, and always taking the key with them, not even a charwoman or caretaker would have come near the place.

Whilst they were explaining this to me, my eyes fell on a clock, and seeing that it was a quarter to one, I remember making a mental note of the fact that my accident must have taken place just about twelve o'clock. Aching and shaken as I was, I still found words to explain why I had come; and I pleaded my cause so well that Mlle. Ribbing promised on her return from the country to give me all the information I wanted, as well as help and advice in my studies, should she remain in Copenhagen during the winter, and should I not be able to realize my hope of going abroad.

I then had to consider my return. My clothes were torn to tatters; my hat perfectly unworthy of such an ambitious

name. It was a miracle I had no broken bones. No doubt the narrowness of the shaft and the beams which had broken my fall accounted for this; but I was in great pain, nevertheless. Until this day I bear the marks upon me of that fateful day.

I drove home in a closed cab, but, on account of my mother's excitable and nervous state of mind, I dismissed it before I came to our house; and entering as quietly as possible, I hoped to slip away to my own room undetected; I would then change my dress before appearing in the drawing-room. But my mother's sharp ears had heard me, and she called from the drawing-room:—

"Is it you, Cathinca?"

"Yes, all right, mother; coming directly," I



A PENCIL PORTRAIT OF HER "GODDESS"—THE BEAUTIFUL SWEDISH ARTIST, Mlle. SOPHIA RIBBING—DRAWN MANY YEARS AGO BY MADAME AMYOT.



answered; and, throwing a dust cloak around me, and substituting for my wrecked hat a garden hat I found in the hall, I opened the door and peeped in.

My mother had raised herself from the couch on which she was lying; her face had a strained and anxious expression, and her eyes seemed to question me.

"Where have you been? I have been in the most dreadful anxiety about you," she cried.

I answered that I did not see why she had any reason to fret about me, as I was in the habit of going out every day without special notice.

"No, no," said mother, fretfully, "this has been something quite unusual; I had not been thinking of you at all, till about twelve o'clock. I was then suddenly seized with a most extraordinary feeling of anxiety and fear on your behalf, and it grew so upon me that I could not rest anywhere, but went about from room to room, and sat at the window, looking for your return. When the maid brought my luncheon, I asked her if she knew where you had gone, and added that I felt you must be in some great danger or trouble. I am indeed thankful to see that it was all unfounded."

What my mother's feelings were when, little by little, my adventure leaked out, you can easily guess! It was certainly an instance of a distinct telepathy.

My father went that same evening to the architect of the palace, who was a friend of ours, to tell him of my narrow escape, and he added that he would lodge a complaint against the porter, who had sent a young girl alone into the maze of that great castle, where such death-traps were found. The architect was much distressed and puzzled; he declared that no such place existed. He got out all the plans of the palace, and showed my father that on that

top landing of the Queen's staircase there were only three doors, leading to the three great shafts of chimneys. He added that those doors were never left open by any chance. He and my father went at once together to the palace, provided with a lantern to inspect that dreadful spot.

They found the door still open, with all the traces of the catastrophe about it, in the shape of *débris* of bricks and mortar. My father was

not an alarmist, nor a man given to exaggeration; but he said that he turned almost giddy when he peeped down into that dreadful shaft and saw the narrow ledge which had saved my life. Had I gone but one step more to the right, I would have fallen to the bottom of the pit.

The mystery was now fully explained. I had, of course, lost my bearings, owing to the porter's involved and muddled directions; and, instead of emerging on the western staircase, leading to Mlle. Ribbing's room, I had come out on the Queen's staircase. As ill-luck would have it, the chimneys had the day before been inspected, and through a most unpardonable carelessness, that fatal door had been left open. The chimney into which I had fallen was one of the great central arteries, from which other chimneys branched out. Falling from two stories above, I had landed on the upper ledge of the fireplace in Mlle. Ribbing's room, the opening of which had been covered with an arras, stretched on beams; there was, then, only this tapestry between me and the two ladies, and this, of course, explained why I could hear every word they spoke.

My adventure ends here. It was a narrow escape, and I think that very few artists have started on their career by such a *débâcle* as that which I experienced.



M. ZELTNER, CONSULTING ARCHITECT OF THE PALACE, WHO INVESTIGATED THE CAUSE OF MADAME AMYOT'S CATASTROPHE.

From a Photo. by F. H. Ramus.

## The Great Ice Cave of Dobschau.

BY L. H. EISENMANN, OF VIENNA.

A complete description, illustrated with photographs, of the marvellous Ice Grotto near Dobschau, in the Carpathians. In the hottest day of summer you can dive into the mountain and suddenly find yourself in a veritable world of ice.



IN that part of the Carpathians which has received the name of the Cave Mountains, because of the number and richness of its caves, there is a natural curiosity which has not its like in Europe. I refer to the Dobschau Ice Grotto. Not only does it contain ice all the year round—which itself is a remarkable phenomenon—but ice is present in such enormous quantities, and assumes such bizarre forms, that the spectator may easily imagine himself transported into the Polar regions. The

springs, and fountains which only betray that they are frozen by their rigidity and unearthly silence.

This subterranean world of ice is about ten miles from the little Hungarian mining town of Dobschau, from which, also, it takes its name. The way there leads through the romantic Stracena Valley, which is shown in the first photograph, and which in places narrows to an imposing gorge with picturesque groups of rocks on either side.

The entrance to the grotto is at the foot of a



From a] DOWN THIS GORGE-LIKE ROAD ONE GOES TO THE ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT ICE CAVE. [Photo.

impression produced by passing from the outside of the mountain, which is covered with flowers, blooming in the scorching sun of a Hungarian summer, into the ice-clad depths inside is utterly indescribable. Instead of living tree-trunks, impervious to light, the amazed spectator beholds trunks which never bore a green twig, and whose icy masses allow a faint and ghostly glimmer of light to pass through; and instead of the gay flowers of the upper world he sees glittering ice-flowers by the side of

steep, rocky wall, and takes the form of a perpendicular fissure. This opening, at the edges of which ice is found even in the height of summer, had been known to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood by the name of the "Ice Hole" since time immemorial. Whenever they wanted ice they simply fetched it from the "Hole," but nobody ventured to enter the opening and penetrate into the unexplored interior of the mountain—an undertaking which might have been dangerous in the

extreme, because of the precipitousness of the sheer, icy walls and the unknown depth of the abyss. Nor was the tradition attaching to the grotto of a nature to entice even the most daring to explore the mysterious cave. It was related that on one occasion a young peasant, who wanted to examine the grotto, paid for his curiosity with his life.

In the summer of 1870, however, the mining engineer, Eugen Ruffinyi, whose portrait we are here able to give, visited the spot and fired a gun into the opening by way of an introduction. The long, rolling, rumbling echo which followed led him to believe that there must be extensive chambers inside, and so the daring young man determined to satisfy his desire for knowledge by exploring the interior. Accordingly, a few days after firing the gunshot, and in the company of two friends, he returned furnished with the necessary ropes, ladders, axes, and other implements. Ruffinyi then bound round his waist a rope, the other end of which was fastened to a windlass above. He next took in his hand a strong string attached to the signal bell, put a miner's lamp on to his belt, agreed with his companions on a code of signals, and finally, all being ready, he began to descend into the cold, unknown depths with a true miner's courage. The enterprise was accompanied by real danger to life. For a long time the explorer had to seek for a passage in the shaft, which was filled with *débris* and a confused mass of fallen tree-trunks. Then, again, he would let himself down steep, smooth surfaces of ice, only to be compelled to ascend again. To the right and to the left he searched for a way in, always following up the ice. At last he succeeded in entering a roomy cavern, where he was able to stand firmly on the top of an ice-hill. Turning the light of his lantern in different directions, he perceived at the foot of the hill a perfectly smooth sheet of ice, with shining ice-pillars rising from its surface to the roof, which was covered with ice-flowers. Although the feeble light of his lamp sufficed only to discover to his astonished gaze a very small part

of the place he was in, yet it convinced him that he had penetrated into one of Nature's jewel-cases—and a unique and extraordinary one at that. His heart beating high with excitement, he hurried back to his comrades, who were eagerly awaiting the adventurer's return, and then, in a voice trembling with excitement, Ruffinyi joyfully exclaimed: "Down there I have found a glorious ice-grotto!"

Subsequently all parts of the cavern were explored thoroughly, the town of Dobschau itself sparing no expense in its endeavour to make the grotto accessible to visitors. Steps were put in, and the various weird ice-chambers lighted throughout with petroleum and electric light, so that now every interesting point can be visited and inspected without danger or difficulty.

The extent of the grotto is a little less than three acres, of which more than three-quarters are covered with ice. The quantity of ice is estimated at 4,500,000 cubic feet, probably weighing more than 100,000 tons. The ice consists of innumerable layers, firmly frozen together. Sometimes it forms a huge smooth plain; at others, gigantic walls of ice, or enormous icicles, cones, and fantastic pillars, etc., in places trans-

parent as the clearest glass, and in others of a rather whitish colour and opaque.

The formation and preservation of the ice in the grotto are due to the fact that the temperature in it is always low, so that the ice formed in winter does not melt in summer. The mean temperature for the year is 27deg. Fahr., the highest recorded being 40deg. Fahr. The grotto is 3,000ft. above the level of the sea—a considerable elevation; and it is situated on the northern slope of the mountain. Of course, its elevation alone would produce a low temperature, while the moss-covered, rocky wall over the mouth keeps the grotto in perpetual shade. This mouth is very small, and the opening at the other end, serving to drain the grotto, is very narrow. Except at those two points no air from outside can enter, and even at the entry and exit the circulation of air is very slight, for the mouth of the cave slopes downward. The



THIS IS EUGEN RUFFINYI, THE BRAVE ENGINEER WHO, REGARDLESS OF SUPERSTITIOUS YARNS, BOLDLY EXPLORED THE GREAT CAVE AND DISCOVERED ITS WONDERS. [Photo.]



consequence is that in winter the cold and heavy air can easily penetrate, whereas even in hot weather it cannot readily escape; while on the other hand the hot air cannot enter. The ice in the cavern is constantly on the increase, and sooner or later would completely fill it up were it not for the preventive measures which have been taken.

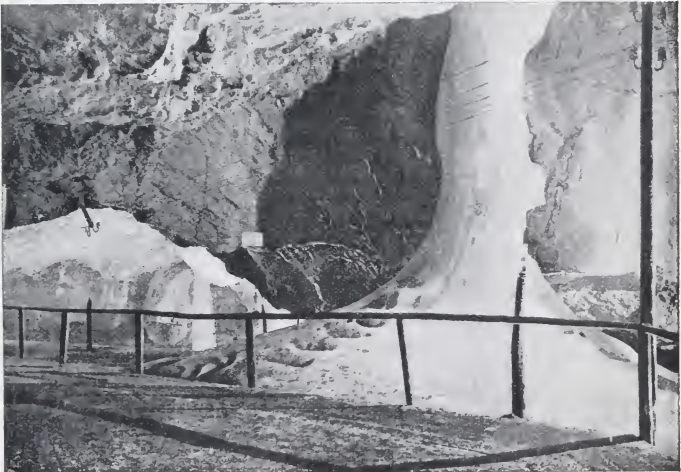
But now it is time for me to invite the reader to accompany me into this mysterious subterranean world and inspect its unique beauties. Immediately on entering we feel the cold air upon our cheeks. Descending a few dozen wooden steps, we next find ourselves in the nether world altogether. Soon the space around us opens up with an arched roof, and we stand on the platform of an ice-hill, where a surprising sight presents itself to our gaze. From this point we are able to overlook almost the whole of the chief "saloon" in the grotto, the height of which is about 30ft.; its breadth in places amounting to 180ft. and its length to no less than 400ft. The floor for the greater

part is formed of perfectly smooth ice, which demands wary walking lest we fall. At every step we crush thousands of ice-crystals which have fallen from the roof. Here we see a pillar of clear ice rising from the floor; there we observe a high hill of ice almost reaching to the roof. Yonder, again, is another fantastic formation, reminding us of the singular shapes to be seen in ordinary stalactite caves. The roof is of limestone, but at certain seasons it, too, is so thickly studded with millions of ice-crystals and large and small icicles as to make it seem as if it also were entirely of ice.

Whereas a few moments ago we were crossing a flowery mead with the sun's rays pouring down upon us, now we are beholding a sight such as is not to be found elsewhere save only in the Polar regions. And it is just this sur-

prising contrast that makes such a deep impression on the visitor to the Dobschau grotto—an impression never to be forgotten.

This chief portion of the cave is divided into two unequal parts. The upper and smaller one is popularly known as the "Little Saloon," and is the portion first entered. It contains some very interesting ice-formations. Lying in the middle of the floor are two ice-tablets, known as the "Gravestones." On the right wall there is a wonderfully fine waterfall, 30ft. high and 20ft. broad; it looks so natural, that only its rigidity and the deep stillness prevailing betray that the water, which looks as though it flowed from the roof in a large arch, is frozen. By the opposite wall, shown in the next photograph, will be observed a column resting on the floor and leaning against the wall; this is called the "Oak Tree." The name, indeed, is remarkably well chosen, for it does look uncommonly like a tree-trunk, and its surface has grooves running lengthwise, precisely like the bark of a tree. The "trunk" is almost 25ft. long and 6ft. in diameter.



THIS IS THE "OAK TREE"—FANCIFULLY SO CALLED. EVERYTHING IS OF PURE ICE, EVEN ON THE HOTTEST MIDSUMMER DAY. [Photo.]

Proceeding further with the investigation of the cave, we descend some steps cut in the ice into the lower part of the chief division—the "Large Saloon," of which we have already had a glimpse from the "Little Drawing-room." The first thing to arrest our attention here is the splendid floor. Throughout its whole extent of some acre and a half, there is neither mound nor depression, flaw nor failure, in its



THE "LARGE SALOON."—AN ACRE AND A HALF OF GLISTENING ICE. A SKATING CARNIVAL WAS HELD HERE IN AUGUST, 1894. [Photo.]

perfectly smooth and glistening surface. This magnificent sheet of ice with its mirror-like surface has in summer often been alive with merry skaters; and in August, 1894, an ice festival was held here, in which hundreds of skaters of all ages and both sexes took part.

The floor of the "Large Saloon" is rapidly increasing; so rapidly that an ice stalagmite on it almost as clear as crystal grew 2ft. in a single year. Some time ago when a wooden gangway was erected in the "Large Saloon" the boards were put a good foot higher than the ice-floor; but in two years the ice had risen nearly a foot above the boards. So in order to retard the increase of the ice in the "Large Saloon," a short time ago a drain was made to carry off the

water into the lower part of the grotto.

From the ice-parquet rise three mighty bluish ice-pillars, which look as if they wanted to help support the heavy rock-roof, while the walls in places are adorned with splendid ice-crystals, which seem to be arranged in groups and glisten with the brilliance of many-coloured gems. One of the pillars rests against a high ice-hill—it is strikingly transparent, and on nearer inspection is seen

to be hollow, with a little stream of water constantly running down inside it, eating away a hole in the ice of the floor and keeping it almost always full of water. This has earned for it the name of the "Pump." A view of the "Large Saloon" with the "Pump" is here reproduced. These photographs, by the way,



VIEW OF THE "LARGE SALOON" AND "PUMP." [Photo.]

were extremely difficult to take, requiring exposures of very long duration. The two other great pillars, the "Altar" and the "Bedouin's Tent," about 30ft. high and from 6ft. to 9ft. thick, are almost transparent and hollow, while their surface is charmingly adorned with thousands of beautiful ice-ornaments. These two pillars are also shown in another photograph, which incidentally gives a capital idea of the superb floor of glassy ice.

That portion of the grotto which we have

hole made in the ice, and then passing through a tunnel 30ft. long he found himself in a new space—the left passage. There are now convenient wooden steps leading down to it through the tunnel. The passage has in most places a width of 20ft., but here and there it widens out to a breadth of 60ft. to 70ft. The rock forming the one passage wall forms also the ceiling, and extends right across and meets the other wall, which is of solid and pure ice. This ice-wall, extending as remarked to a length of about

600ft., is particularly interesting, because it permits us to observe the structure of the mass of ice in a manner otherwise only possible in Arctic regions. The entire mass consists of layers varying from a few lines to some inches thick, alternately like alabaster and like glass.

In some places there are layers of chalky dust, thin as paper, running in the same direction as the ice-layers. This extremely old wall of ice shows also some recent formations,



"THE SUPERB FLOOR OF GLASSY ICE." HERE ALSO WE SEE THE TWO GREAT ICE-PILLARS KNOWN AS THE "ALTAR" AND THE "BEDOUIN'S TENT." [Photo.]

already visited is the upper story, so to speak, but there is also a lower story, which is by no means inferior to the other in beauty.

The formation of the lower story is as follows: It consists of one long, uninterrupted passage. The same rock that bounds the "Drawing-room" on the south continues down through the lower story, forming its one wall, while the other consists of solid ice. In this place the ice is some 20ft. removed from the rock, thus forming a curious passage. Originally there was a parting wall of ice separating the corridors into two parts, but, some years ago, the ice was tunnelled, and the whole converted into one long passage of 600ft.

The left wing of the passage was discovered by Ruffini. Noticing that the water ran off, he looked round and became aware of a narrow cleft between the ice-floor and the rocky wall of the "Drawing-room"; and, supposing consequently that there must be a second space or portion of the grotto, he had a

hole made in the ice, and then passing through a tunnel 30ft. long he found himself in a new space—the left passage. There are now convenient wooden steps leading down to it through the tunnel. The passage has in most places a width of 20ft., but here and there it widens out to a breadth of 60ft. to 70ft. The rock forming the one passage wall forms also the ceiling, and extends right across and meets the other wall, which is of solid and pure ice. This ice-wall, extending as remarked to a length of about

600ft., is particularly interesting, because it permits us to observe the structure of the mass of ice in a manner otherwise only possible in Arctic regions. The entire mass consists of layers varying from a few lines to some inches thick, alternately like alabaster and like glass. In some places there are layers of chalky dust, thin as paper, running in the same direction as the ice-layers. This extremely old wall of ice shows also some recent formations, which, in places, are of striking beauty. Probably, also, in this lower story, the ice reached to the rocky wall once, and has gradually receded, not so much owing to melting as to evaporation, and thus were formed this steep wall, which in places overhangs, and also the passage. But the wall is by no means the only interesting ice-formation here. One of the most noteworthy is the so-called "Bower," standing on a hill of ice and looking as though it consisted of garlands of palm leaves and fine grasses woven together. The interior of the "Bower" is adorned with parti-coloured glittering ice-crystals, and when it is lighted up it presents a fascinating spectacle viewed from the outside. Its dimensions are about 30ft. high and 20ft. broad. After passing through the above-mentioned tunnel we reach the wonderful "Chapel," which has its walls covered with a great variety of ice-formations. This is the coldest and driest part of the grotto, where the ice has never been observed





From a "ON THE LEFT A GREAT WALL OF SOLID CRYSTAL ICE FROM 45FT. TO 60FT. HIGH." [Photo.

to melt. The accompanying photo. shows the left passage. The "Chapel" is at the top, and on the left a great wall of solid crystal ice from 45ft. to 60ft. high.

There are interesting things also in the right wing of the corridor. Of these must first be mentioned the "Curtain," which excites the admiration of every beholder. It hangs from the ceiling without touching the wall, leaving room enough for a person to get in between. It displays picturesque folds right down to the ground, and is adorned with fine garlands and tassels of ice hanging free.

At the end of this wing there is a mighty mass of ice, formed by a great inclination of the floor, resembling a frozen waterfall, whence it has obtained the name of the "Gigantic Waterfall." Perhaps none of the other

photographs convey such a wonderfully impressive idea of the interior of the great Ice Cave of Dobschau as the one here reproduced, which shows the "Gigantic Waterfall" in the right wing of the corridor.

A staircase with 150 steps leads back into the "Small Saloon," and thence in a few moments we get back to the upper world, again astonished to see how close together are the realms of winter and summer.

The unique Ice Grotto of Dobschau not only attracts visitors from all parts, but is also a distinct acquisition to the town itself, whose population, when almost overcome with the heat of a Hungarian summer, can simply disappear into the interior of the mountain, and transport themselves into a weird fairy palace of Arctic ice.



From a "A MIGHTY MASS OF ICE, RESEMBLING A FROZEN WATERFALL."

[Photo.

## Lost in the "Seventy-Mile."

BY T. W. HICKSON, LATE INSPECTOR, GENERAL SURVEY DEPARTMENT, NEW ZEALAND.

A New Zealand surveyor and his party get lost in the bewildering bush for no less than seven days, owing to their having struck a blazed track, which led them round and round in an all but fatal circle. Their miseries and sufferings; how they found their way out; and their first extraordinary meal.



HE adventure related herein happened to me some twenty odd years ago, when I was surveying for the New Zealand Government in the wild South Central part of the North Island. At that time this region was *terra incognita* indeed—a mere blank on the maps; and this survey expedition was specially intended to fill up the blank. It proved a very fertile region, and is now thickly settled with prosperous farmers. Now for the story. There were six of us in the camp, and only a biscuit apiece left. Taking with me two stalwart young fellows, Fred Fairburn and Walter Ramsbottom, I started off, expecting to be back in camp with food by nightfall.

Our instructions were to follow up the Mangaone stream until, on its right-hand bank, we came upon a blazed track. Turning to the right and following this track would bring us to a small open space in the forest, called Eketa-huna, near which a stock of food had been left for us by another exploration party, whose work we had taken up.

"Easy as falling off a log" it looked—on paper.



MR. T. W. HICKSON, THE LEADER OF THE PARTY WHICH GOT LOST.

From a Photo. by Schweitner, New York.

An hour's smart scramble brought us to the blazes. We turned to the right and followed the track. A "blaze" is a mark made upon a tree by chopping out a piece of the bark and leaving the lighter-coloured inside wood conspicuously visible some distance off. A series of these marks, each one visible from the preceding one in the chain, forms a "blazed track." Beyond a mark, here and there, made in cutting away intervening under-*scrub*, *supple-jack*, fallen limbs, or other impediments, there was nothing else to guide us.

The timber generally was lofty, the foliage overhead densely matted with creeping vines, the trunks and limbs of the trees thickly clothed with mosses, filmy ferns, lycopods, and orchids; while the ground also was literally carpeted with similar vegetation in bewildering variety, beautiful beyond description.

All was plain sailing. Only at one point were we at fault, losing the track for a few minutes, but presently picking up the blazes again.

By noon, according to our instructions, we should have easily been out to the clearing, but



THIS GIVES YOU AN IDEA OF WHAT MR. HICKSON AND HIS MEN LOOKED LIKE WHEN IN NEW ZEALAND SURVEYING RIG. [Photo.

the midday hour passed without sign of getting out.

We rested, munching our last biscuit as we did so.

"Don't like it," Fred ejaculated.

"More do I," said Walter.

"It *is* funny," I agreed.

Soon through with our biscuit, we pelted on again, the blazes perfectly plain, the track un-

mistakable, and yet no end to our journey, still less to our anxiety. At three I called another short halt.

"They couldn't have been having a game with us, surely?" said Fred.

"Mr. Baker would be the last man to do that," I replied. "So put that idea out of your head."

"No one else been blazing tracks, do you think?" suggested Walter.

"Never a soul supposed to have been in here before Baker and ourselves."

The thing was a mystery, but guessing its solution would not help us out, so on we pelted again. The sky had become as gloomy as our own thoughts, and presently rain began to spatter heavily through the overhead foliage, quickly wetting us through, for we had come lightly clad, leaving coats and waistcoats at camp. By five it was almost too dark to see the blazes, and our progress was, in consequence, slow. Our case seemed desperate. "Nothing for it, boys, I am afraid, but to find a hollow tree and doss out for the night." So a halt was called beside one that seemed to promise us a dry "doss" in case the rain kept up. In groping about to find some dry fern or bark to make a bed, my eye caught something white

a few yards from us in the line of the blazes. My curiosity drew me to it.

"Paper, by Jove! Someone has been here quite recently by the look of it. Good God! Why, it's the very paper we had our lunch wrapped in—a piece of the *Graphic*. Boys, we've circled round on our own tracks; this is where we had our lunch."

"How can that be, when we've been following the blazes all the time?" exclaimed the others, doubtful until they had themselves examined the place, to see whether I had not made some mistake. But there was no mistake about it. We were back where we had eaten our lunch. "Whoever cut this track must have been lost themselves: and we're 'bushed' on their track."

To relate a tenth part of our tribulations from this moment on to the end of the story would weary the reader to death. He would skip this narrative as surely as we would have skipped the experience if

we had been afforded the option.

I must say this, however, that the experience, bitter and near death as it was, has made me a better satisfied, more easily-contented man than I could ever possibly have been had I never gone through it, and as contentment is "a pearl of great price," it may pay the reader to follow me patiently through to the end of the trip on the chance of being able to find the gem himself.

We congratulated ourselves on having a dry tree to shelter under. Fred was disposed to grumble—Walter to take a cheery view of things.

"We're ashore, at any rate, and that's better than being at sea on a stormy night in a sinking



"WHY, IT'S THE VERY PAPER WE HAD OUR LUNCH WRAPPED IN—A PIECE OF THE 'GRAPHIC'!"



ship on a lee shore. We've only got to wait till daylight, and then we can push along again all right."

We were a good deal bothered, though, to understand how things had taken this unexpected turn.

"It's all a blooming mystery to me," groaned Fred; "all I know is, I'm hungry enough to eat my boots, and that cramped I can hardly move; and cold is no name for it."

It was a little uncomfortable, but might easily have been worse.

"It's lucky for us there's three of us together," was Walter's response, as he wedged his shoulder in between Fred's and mine to give it a warm, the other side having "had its turn."

Towards midnight the water had accumulated and began to rise under us, until we had to abandon our sitting position and stand.

"You didn't know when you were well off, you see, Fred, and your growling has brought a judgment on all of us."

The water gradually filled our boots and crept up until it was above our knees.

"Well, it's better'n if it was up to our necks, anyway. What's the use o' grumbling because your socks are wet? You're always on the growl, Fred. Why don't you look at the sunny side o' things?"

"How *can* you look at the sunny side when there ain't one?"

"Ain't one, be bothered. Make one. What's your imagination given you for if it won't help you out that much?"

At last daylight came. But, oh! the dreariness of it. Everything was wet and dripping—streams and pools, where yesterday all was dry and lovely. Hungry, stiff, and shivering, we set forth again as soon as it was light enough to see the blazes.

At noon, as nearly as I could judge—for my watch had stopped, and I had no key to wind it—despite our utmost efforts to find a "branch off" we found ourselves back again at the "Graphic Hotel," as we named our resting-place of the night before.

This pushing onward all the time, and yet everlastingly coming back to our starting-point, was disheartening work. Turning about, we worked back in the opposite direction, hoping we might be able to make out the point at which the track from the stream joined "the Circus," as Walter dubbed it, but without avail, for night found us back again at "the hotel."

Another night out. This time in comparative comfort, for we had found a larger dry, hollow rata tree on higher ground, and made it pretty comfortable with fern and bark for a bed. But

for our hunger and the cold and general discomfort, we would not have been so badly off. Huddling as closely together as we could, and taking "turn about for middle berth," we managed to enjoy a few snatches of sleep. In the morning I found my trousers frozen stiff (I had hung them up to drain over-night), and had to scrunch them up and shake the frost out of them before putting them on. Even Fred had to smile at my plight, Walter improving the occasion with, "There, Mr. Growler, how'd you like to be the boss and have to jump into the likes o' them? I hope you recognise when you're well off."

We made a welcome discovery this morning. Chewing some icicles hanging from the trees, we found that the moss inside them had a strong taste of allspice and quite a refreshing and sustaining effect on our spirits. It being plentiful, we chewed much of it. There was, however, nothing more substantial about it than its flavour, and its effects did not last long. Our jaws ached greatly with chewing, and our bodies derived no lasting benefit. We had tried and exhausted the well-known plan of "taking in a hole in your belt," until there was not another hole left, and still the sensation of ever-dragging hollowness remained within.

Fred, as usual, was disposed to grumble, while Walter reckoned "it wasn't as bad as being sea-sick—anyway, we had enough to think about without worrying about grub."

I was inclined to agree with him, and "thank God we weren't sea-sick."

This day we made but one round of the Circus. It poured in torrents. For the life of us we could make out no sign of any "branch off," and when night again came on we were thankful that at least we had the dry shelter of our "hotel" of the night before. The incessant downpour had left no other dry spot that we could see anywhere on the dreary round of this dismal ten-mile circus, in the arena of which it seemed to be our destiny to dance to the end with but the one spectator, grim old Death, as the master of the show.

Another endless night, without glimmer of star or moon to relieve the density of its darkness.

Another long and more than ever dismal day. A deadly languor and feebleness seemed creeping stealthily over us. We could hardly drag one leg after the other. The day was nearly done, and we had but traversed half the round of the circle, without trace, look high or look low, of any side track.

Crawling on hands and knees—for I was tired, and this afforded me a restful change—my eye was suddenly caught by something I

had never noticed before; it was not much, just a bit of stick, a supple-jack cane, *with a bit of folded paper stuck in a cleft at one end.* It had evidently been left standing erect, but had been trodden down and almost buried out of sight in the fern and moss underfoot. The paper was sodden, weather-beaten, frayed, and pulpy, but to me, at that moment, it seemed of more value than a mint full of gold.

The others came up. With painful care we unfolded our prize, anxious to know its contents, but dreading lest it should fall to pieces and be unreadable. The tattered thing was in fragments before we had it fully spread out, and then all we could decipher of a long pencil message were two words, "Keep . . . . track . . . ."

"Considering we've been keeping the blessed track all the time, I don't give much for that tip," growled surly Fred.

"Nobody don't get any option on my interest in that document, all the same, Fred," said Walter. "I'll put my hat over it to keep the rain from washing it away, and we'll see what we can make of it in the morning."

That night was the worst of any. It seemed as if day would never dawn, and, when the dawn did appear, as if it would never be light enough to read the message.

Impatient at the delay, I thought to search for blaze marks abreast of the spot, while waiting for more daylight to read by. Some yards away on our right lay an enormous dead pine tree that had recently fallen. Beneath this I found, to my intense joy, a living "blazed

tree" that had been crushed to earth by the fall of the larger one. Looking over and beyond the giant trunk of the pine I could see another blaze—"Deliverance at last!" I yelled.

Calling to the others I pointed to my discovery. Their joy knew no bounds. They, too, had made out more letters on the paper—for example, "ight," which we took to mean "right," the whole message probably being something about "keeping the track to the right." But we did not bother about it now we were off that dreadful Circus. Our spirits went up sky-high, and we could not put that Circus behind us

quickly enough. On we pelted, hoping every moment would bring us out as we passed blaze after blaze. But, oh! it was disappointing work. In place of "getting out" we got into dreadfully rough country. Our strength was failing us very fast, too. As darkness again set in we came upon what had evidently been a camping place of those who had gone before us. Ends of burnt wood, an empty meat tin, a matchbox equally empty, and some dry fern and bark under a sheltering and overhanging wall of rock. We rested here in comparative

comfort again. The night was milder; the rain had ceased, and we secured some sleep. The morning broke clear and bright for once, and we heard the tinkling, bell-like notes of the tui, or "parson-bird," for the first time since leaving camp. The bush seemed alive with them, but sweet as their music sounded, we felt that our teeth in their flesh would be sweeter still—such savages doth hunger make of men.



"LOOKING OVER AND BEYOND THE GIANT TRUNK, I COULD SEE ANOTHER BLAZE—'DELIVERANCE AT LAST!' I YELLED."

But our ravenous cravings were of no avail. The birds were far out of our reach. The sight of the meat tin had aroused afresh the partially dormant pangs of hunger. Walter picked it up and examined it carefully, on the off-chance of finding a dainty morsel of grease or something equally luscious about it. Disappointed, he flung it into the creek below.

Away we trudged again, more hopeful than before, though we hardly knew why. The signs of civilization had, perhaps, put fresh life into us.

But we were very stiff, and the vigour of the morning did not stand to us very long.

We were soon "done" again. Only able to do a short spell and then a rest. Towards night we came to a white pine or kahikatea swamp, into which the blaze marks carried us up over our knees in water. Darkness fell upon us while still in it, and we did not get out of it before daylight. We *had* to keep moving; and although each of us had been "ready to drop" long before night overtook us, when there was nothing to drop into but cold water, we somehow managed to keep on our legs, feeling our way from tree to tree and blaze-mark to blaze-mark. Evidently we had only been "malingering" the day before. It is wonderful what a man can endure when he *has* to endure it.

To our amazement and chagrin we found when daylight did come that we had only been a few yards away from a cliff similar to that which we had sheltered under the night before, running parallel to the flat we had been wading along all night.

Exhausted as we now unquestionably were, we were grateful for the chance of a rest on dry ground. It was an almost fatal rest for us all. When at noon I tried to rise, the muscles of my thighs and legs seemed to form into hard knots, and it was only with the most excruciating pain that I managed to straighten them again and drag myself to my feet. All efforts to arouse the others were vain.

Huddled closely together, hardly a stitch of clothing now left upon them, they lay in a state of torpor or stupor, rather than sleep. I could get nothing from either of them, more than a groan and a muttered appeal to let them be—to go on myself and leave them. The night's work had been too much for them. They were done.

I thought moving away might rouse them—that when they found I was really gone they would try and get up and follow me. They were immovable, however.

I moved farther away each time, but my own strength was going fast. I could hardly drag

myself along, and dare not lie down lest I should be unable to rise again.

"Oh, if I only had one mouthful of brandy," I thought, "just enough to put one spark of fresh life into us; or a bit of food, one word of encouraging news—anything—— Good heavens! What's this?" I was standing full upon a broad, well-trodden pack-track, which I knew must be the one—the only one in that vast region of forest—that led through the Eketahuna clearing and past the depot we were looking for.

Back I ran to the boys, scrambling, stumbling, tumbling, anyhow: "Walter, Fred, rouse up! We're out! I've found the pack-track!"

All stupor was at an end. In a twinkling they had struggled to their feet, trembling—shaking like palsied beings—haggard, wild-eyed spectres of their former selves, but all alive once more.

"Where? Where? Oh, for God's sake you're not fooling us, boss? Show us it, quick!"

A few moments brought us to it. They seemed hardly able to believe their senses. Tears of joy streamed down every cheek as we clasped and shook each other's hands.

Another problem faced us: "Which way to turn? On which side was Eketahuna?"

"Toss up the billhook"—a chopper I had carried all through—"if it comes down with maker's name up, we will turn to the right; plain side, to the left."

It came down with the name "Sorby, Sheffield," uppermost. We turned to the right, and in an hour were out on "the clearing"—an open space about the size of an average cricket-field. What a relief again to see the open sky, after nearly a year's submergence working in the forest's shade.

But "the grub," where was it? Our directions said we would find the remains of an old slab shelter on the edge of the clearing. At the foot of the rise on which it stood, in the shelter of some scrub, and fifty paces from the river, we would find the raised platform upon which they had packed the stores. But this spot we found submerged by the overflow from the flooded river, and no sign of the platform. Wading in up to my armpits I stumbled over something under water. It was our stock of provisions. The platform had collapsed.

Raising and carrying the various bags and packages ashore, we found that the sugar had melted, a syrupy ooze only trickling from the bags. Raisins, a pulp; we gorged on these for a commencement. A handful of saturated rice in a pannikin followed the raisins. Next came a tin of wax matches, the phosphorus heads all



settled in a paste in the corner of the box ; put this aside for use later. Some candles : gnawed the ends of these. Jar of salt : very precious ; a bag of same being all melted away. Box of tea : saturated, but we could dry it out. Several "fifties" of flour in bags, the interior contents preserved by the outer coating of paste formed by contact with the wet.

This last item was the one thing indispensable, for it meant life, home, friends, and all that is worth living for.

In the first bag of flour opened we found a nest full of young drowned rats—tempting, pink morsels of *meat*! Don't shudder—we were starving ; but we passed them and, mixing a paste of flour and water in the pannikin, swallowed that in preference.

Night was closing in again, sharp and frosty. Fred was set to work to hunt up something to serve for a griddle, while Walter gathered wood for a fire and fern for our bed.

I turned my attention to getting a fire, utilizing the phosphorus in the match-box, mixed with a little shredded shirt-sleeve, dried in a groove made hot by rubbing the end of one piece of wood on the flat surface of another—much as a boy will rub a chisel on an oil-stone to sharpen it. Soon we had a fire going. Walter mixed some dough, using an empty sugar-bag for a mixing-board. Fred had found the remains of an old spade with the business end of its blade gone. It made an admirable griddle.

"Why not make a damper," Walter suggested, "Australian fashion, in the ashes?"

"Dampier, my boy, is all very well when you

haven't the conveniences of civilization about you for making anything better. We have, and will have some scones." An empty rum bottle was raked out of a rubbish heap beside the old shanty, in the angle of whose sheltering walls we were now established ; and while I heated the griddle, Walter rolled out his scones. Not without some delay, however, for we were all the while picking at the fringe of his dough, and "putting away" portions of his scones before they had time to reach the griddle. For several whole days and nights we had not had an atom of food—were, in fact, practically dying of hunger and exhaustion—so my readers will, it is hoped, excuse our manners ; we were too hungry to wait for the conventionality of cooking.

The first few that *did* reach the griddle were snatched and demolished before they were fairly warm. Getting "something with the chill off" into our interiors was a sensation never to be forgotten.

The wind swirled round the ends of our sheltering walls, lapping the flames and smoke into our faces, but what cared we? We were too happy in having a fire at all, and positively delighted in its rude caresses, congratulating our-

selves on again tasting the sweets of civilized life ; on possessing a dwelling-place ; a hearth ; a cooking utensil : food—in fact, everything necessary to render life thoroughly enjoyable and worth living.

Presently, having removed the raw and ravenous edge of our appetites, we permitted some of our scones to acquire quite a distinct tinge of colour—of brown—in flecks here and there on one side, before committing them to



"WHILE I HEATED THE GRIDDLE, WALTER ROLLED OUT HIS SCONES."

our interior depths. There was not merely warmth but "flavour" about them; and when, later on, we permitted them a chance to brown evenly on *both* sides our enjoyment was complete. And yet—yes, some people seem never really content. So it was with us. The cloven hoof of discontent peeped out even at this moment, when we should have been on our knees praising Providence for unbounded benefactions.

The baneful effects of unwonted luxury began to manifest themselves. Nothing would satisfy us but we must have a drink, and a *hot* drink at that. Visions of delicious "pannikins of tea" assailed us. The consumption of scorching-hot scones had created an insatiable craving for liquid refreshment. Fred raked up a couple of empty jam tins for himself and Walter, while I, as boss, was allotted the pannikin.

Our thoughts were not entirely of ourselves, however. Never for a moment were mine entirely free from anxiety for those we had left behind in camp and the terrible plight they must be in, not knowing which way to turn for relief, or at what moment we might return with succour; or whether we would ever return at all.

Their predicament was an ugly one. We knew it, and the knowledge weighed heavily upon us, for we had not undergone any of those callousing processes which in older countries and centres of a "higher civilization" enable men to eat while women and babes are starving.

We just brewed ourselves some tea, wringing in a dash of sweetness from a wet sugar bag; tipped each other's tins "to our starving comrades," and sipped our brew, with bowed heads, in silence, resolving that with the dawn of the morrow we should

lose not one moment in finding our way back to our distressed companions at the camp.

A final word as to the men who had been left behind. By the time we got back to them they had been *eleven days* without food. One was a raving maniac and died six months later in an asylum. Another was a mere bag of bones over which the skin was drawn with hideous tightness; but a third had weathered



"BY THE TIME WE GOT BACK TO THEM THEY HAD BEEN ELEVEN DAYS WITHOUT FOOD."

the storm surprisingly well. He was a good-humoured man-o'-war's man, who took life easily and never worried. He had been acting as cook.

## Among West African Swamps.

By P. A. McCANN.

This gentleman has lived for many years in the "White Man's Grave," and only recently returned to England after having penetrated into many remote and hitherto untrodden regions. Mr. McCann brought back with him thousands of extraordinary and beautiful photographs, of which the ones we reproduce are a fair sample.



CONSPICUOUS in the history of the Gold Coast, the River Pra stands out prominently as the scene of many a hard-fought engagement between the Ashantis and the coast tribes; and, in the latter period of its history, between the Ashantis and the British forces. It takes its rise in the Kwahu country, and traversing about 180 miles through the territories of Kwahu, Akim, Assin, Tufel, Was-saw, and Ahanta, finally emerges into the Atlantic, near the town of Chama.

It is called Bosompra, or Sacred River, and is an object of veneration to all the tribes

through whose territory it flows. Each tribe has its special god abiding in the river; and, prior to the British occupation, human sacrifice was regularly offered by each tribe to its particular deity. The Ashantis venerate the river on account of Osai Tutu, the founder of Ashanti, having been killed upon its banks by a body of feudatory Akims, against whom he was marching to quell a revolt. The King was shot as he was about to lead his men across the river, and the body, falling into the water, was carried away by the current and never recovered.

In 1824 the river was the scene of a crushing defeat inflicted upon a British force, under the



SIR W. E. MAXWELL, LATE GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST, CROSSING THE SACRED ASHANTI RIVER, PRA.

*From a Photo. by the Author.*



command of Governor Sir Charles McCarthy; and after a stiff battle, Sir Charles and about 1,000 of his troops were slain, very few making their escape. The head of the unfortunate Governor was cut off and sent up to Kumassi, where it was formed into a drinking-cup for the King of Ashanti, who used it when offering sacrifice to his tutelary deity at the Royal mausoleum at Bantama.

The heart being taken from the body was eaten by the chief war captains, while the flesh having been dried was distributed with his bones among the men of consequence in the army. These, the respective owners kept about their persons as charms to inspire them with courage. The photograph herewith reproduced is a typical view of the sacred Pra. The event upon this occasion represents the passage of one of the most noted of the Gold Coast Governors, the late Sir W. E. Maxwell, K.C.M.G., to whom is due the opening up and annexation of Ashanti to the British Empire.

Leaving the Pra, the journey to the Sacred Lake of the Ashantis (called by the natives, Bosomshwi) leads through Eastern Adansi. From the river bank we enter an unbroken forest tract, where the tall and massive trees are interwoven with creepers, which interlace so tightly with the branches of the trees as to form a thick and matted canopy of vegetation absolutely impenetrable by the sun. Here and there we come to a monarch of the forest which has been felled by lightning, and in falling has brought down with it a great mass of the canopy, revealing the sky above—a curious gap in the "roof" of the forest. Coming to these openings, where the beams of the sun cut into the gloom of the forest like thick, golden shafts, is positively like coming from underground and getting a glimpse of the world above. The bright light and freshness of the air at these places give one a sense of exhilaration, which quickly evaporates, however, as one proceeds on again into the recesses of the bush and comes within its depressing influence. Occasionally we mount a steep hill, which causes the breath to come and go in gasps, and necessitates frequent halts to rest and recover. Valleys between the hills are frequently strewn with rock boulders and pebbles of primary rock, and intersected with shallow streams, where the sand, thickly charged with mica, glistens like gold as the clear and limpid water sparkles over it. Here and there this effect is heightened as pencils of sunlight find their way through the trees and matted foliage overhead, and dance and shimmer on the rippling water. In these moist-laden valleys the graceful bamboo-palms gladden the eye with their beautiful feathery

fronds, which droop and curve from the trunks on all sides. Contrasting with the darker hue of the foliage round about, the light green of the parasitic ferns, which clothe the trunks of the palms in every conceivable variety and luxuriance, stands out in prominent relief. Anon, the valleys are marshes and beds of black mud, the fatiguing struggle through which exhausts one's temper and energy. Here everything is indicative of Nature in her worst mood—the straggling, sickly vegetation; the low flats of ooze covered with copper-coloured fluid, and emitting a fetid odour; the scrubby bush bounding this, among which grow innumerable prickly plants and various species of strong creepers, armed with thorny hooks which tear the clothes and flesh wherever they come in contact. Innocent-looking vines, too, which when grasped in the hand leave an impression one does not forget in a hurry; for, apparently covered with fine-looking moss, this stuff turns out to be minute spikes, so minute and close together as to resemble moss to the eye; grasped in the hand, however, these delicate spikes enter the flesh and break off, causing not only exquisite pain, but loss of power in the hand and fingers until all the spikes are extracted. And as these have to be cut out with the point of a needle, the operation is exceedingly painful.

Struggling waist-deep at times through these filthy swamps, one regains *terra firma* with a sigh of relief, but with clothes torn, skin bleeding, and one's body caked up to the waist with thick black mud, which has to be scraped off with a cutlass. Coming to a stream of water we wade in and wash off the greasy mud. It is useless putting dry clothes on, for half a mile or so farther on we have to wade through mud again. The monotony of this bush and swamp is occasionally broken by a farm clearing, where amongst the crops we notice growing are yams, cassada, maize or Indian corn, and plantains. The plantains, with their broad, drooping leaves of a beautiful transparent green, are always a welcome sight, and give the tired traveller a sense of relief and refreshment, for wherever the plantain is seen, it is a sure sign that a village is not very distant, and a rest and a meal generally follow. The krooms, or villages of the natives, are generally about two miles distant from the farms. They are mostly situated on knolls, and are always near running water. Krooms are distant from each other about nine to ten miles, and occasionally twelve to fifteen.

I generally reached a kroom before sundown and obtained a couple of huts for the night, one for my men, and the other for myself and baggage. My party consisted of seventeen men

(fifteen carriers, a cook, and an interpreter). Rising early, the cook would be up by 4.30 and have coffee made by 5.0, after which, bed and baggage would be packed up and the party would start by 5.45.

Five days' laborious travelling through the Adansi country brought us to a volcanic range of hills on the Ashanti border, among which lies Bosomshwi, the crater lake of Ashanti. We took up our quarters for the night in a small village lying at the foot of the circling series of hills which inclose the lake, and getting up betimes made an early start. Two and a half hours' toilsome marching over a steeply rugged series of hills brought us to a kroom on the crater's edge (height by aneroid, 650ft.), and from here the path descended. Owing to the density of the bush, no view was possible, as the tops and sides of the hills were clothed with trees and foliage as luxuriantly as the valleys. The path down the crater's side was very steep, and hands as well as feet were fully occupied in descending. Extreme care was necessary, for a slip might mean a fall of roof. or so, in places where the path curved perilously near crevices in the hill-side. It was simply marvellous to see the way in which the carriers manœuvred round these ticklish spots with the heavy loads (60lb. to 70lb. weight) upon their heads. As they stepped from boulder to boulder, and swung themselves round dangerous corners—the only thing between them and absolute destruction being their hold upon the sinuous roots of a tree, laid bare by the action of the rain in the wet season—it gave one the impression that they bore charmed lives. Crossing the bed of a gully near the bottom of the hill, we emerge on to a flat tract leading through a grove of plantain trees; and a few hundred yards farther on a turn in the path suddenly reveals a broad expanse of water shimmering in the sun fully roof. below us. The path now winds down the hill, and hurrying on, we quickly reach a village on the edge of the lake.

The habitations of the people are built in compounds after the Ashanti style—that is, four little huts built to inclose a small square and walled around, with a doorway opening into it. In one of these huts the owner sleeps, two others are occupied by the wives and family, while the fourth is used to cook in and hold the cooking utensils and farm implements. The floors of the huts are filled in with earth, so as to raise them 2ft. or 3ft. above the ground, and this keeps them tolerably dry in the wet season. The lake is thirty-six miles in circumference, and dotting the shore all round are thirty-five villages, with populations ranging from 100 to 300. It was

discovered and populated by the Ashantis about the latter end of the seventeenth century. It occupies the crater of an extinct volcano, and the water now filling it is the accumulation of centuries of rainfall. The rise of water in the wet season does not much exceed 5ft. A remarkable feature is the great evaporation which goes on daily, and this causes so thick a mist, that between the first hour of sunrise and last hour of sunset it is not possible to see objects beyond twenty to thirty yards distant. During the day the oppression caused by the hot moist air deprives one of all energy, and induces a feeling of extreme languor. With the going down of the sun, however, the evaporation lessens, and about 4 p.m. a light breeze springs up over the surface of the water, after which the air cools down and bodily energy seems to return to the traveller.

Plantains are the staple food of the people, and these grow in luxuriant groves all around the lake, adding greatly to the picturesque appearance of the villages.

Fishing is the chief occupation of the people, and it is done by means of hook and line, and large seine-like nets made from the split fronds of the bamboo palm. The lake literally teems with fish, which, in the months of August and September, are so numerous that vast quantities are cast up and die on the shores. Crocodiles are also very numerous, but are evidently so well fed that they never molest the natives. The lake is called Bosomshwi by the Ashantis. This is derived from Bosom, a god, and Shwi, a great open place or expanse—literally meaning, "God's place."

Upon all Ashanti festivals and ceremonies many human victims have been sacrificed to the God of the Water; and an idea may be gathered of the numbers of human beings immolated from time to time by the fact that upon the death of Osai Quamina, in 1824, 200 slaves were sacrificed every week for three months. Bodies of victims thrown into the lake would not be cast up again, and it was believed by the superstitious natives that the god had taken them. Their disappearance, however, is easily accounted for by the crocodiles which abound in the lake.

When the first settlers established themselves on the lake, their fetish priest announced that the god had spoken to him and expressly commanded that canoes were not to be used on its waters; and that if at any time they disobeyed this command the lake and all its inhabitants would be destroyed. This law they have rigidly observed to this day, and no canoe has ever been afloat on its waters. In lieu of canoes, the people go about on poles of

light, pithy wood, got from trees growing near the lake, and in the use of these they are very expert. The poles are about 8ft. long and from 9in. to 1oin. in diameter; both men and women use them. They get astride them at the centre, and paddle with their hands. They go as fast as a man would paddle in an ordinary canoe. The photograph illustrates a couple of natives on their poles in the lake.

only resource, therefore, was to put on a bold front and try a game of bluff. Buckling on my revolver, I went amongst the shouting crowd and sought the chief. In an angry harangue, I told them that I had not interfered with their fetish temple or property, and, being a white man, I was not subject to their god, and consequently had broken no law; therefore, if they dared to harm me, the English Queen's



THIS IS THE SACRED LAKE OF THE ASHANTIS. CANOES ARE FORBIDDEN, SO THE NATIVES USE POLE RAFTS INSTEAD.  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*

Wishing to go out on the lake to take some soundings, I asked the chief of a village if he would allow his people to construct a raft for me. This request caused great commotion among the natives and excited their ire. They refused point-blank, so I determined to make a raft myself and steal a march upon them. Rising before daybreak one morning, I went down to the water, and hastily constructing a raft with some of the fishermen's poles, I shoved off and got afloat. Empowering a paddle with a forked branch of a tree, I was able to guide the raft fairly well. I got about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles off the shore when a mist came on, and I was forced to return. In the meantime the natives had assembled in great force in the village, and the young men handled their guns threateningly. Fighting on my side was out of the question, as my men were unarmed, and I would have had no chance of success. My

representative, who was at Kumassi, would send down soldiers and destroy their town. The power that had seized and imprisoned the King of Ashanti would also reach them. If they wished to kill me, let them shoot, and they would see what would happen to them. Saying this, I turned and strode back to my quarters. It was a near thing, as I could see by the tremulous clutching of the guns by some of the men, and the fierce looks they cast at me. A tremendous uproar followed my speech, but it evidently made them consider, for shortly after I got back to my hut the chief came along, accompanied by some of the elders and a boy leading a big sheep. He came to say that the palaver was finished, and to apologize for the impetuosity of his young men. He, therefore, hoped I would take the sheep he had brought as a present. He had heard of the white men's power at



Kumassi, and begged me not to bring the soldiers down upon his people. I was extremely relieved at this peaceful termination of the palaver, and told the chief I was glad an amicable understanding had been come to, and as he had become conciliatory, all need for soldiers was at an end. However, although the affair seemed settled, a certain latent excitement and hostility was discernible throughout the day, and under the impulse of fetish inspiration, it was quite possible that some of the young men might be tempted to do something

fetish deities. The market-place is one of the historic parts of Kumassi, and in times past was the frequent scene of sacrifices. It is now, as will be seen from the photograph reproduced, a daily scene of bustle and peaceful excitement. In days past considerable quantities of gold dust were brought from the interior by native traders, and were bartered in the market-place for other commodities. It was a strict and peculiar law of Ashanti that whoever dropped any gold, either from their person or whilst weighing it, dare not pick it up again



THE MARKET-PLACE AT KUMASSI. EACH TIME THIS SQUARE WAS SWEEPED IT YIELDED 1,600 OUNCES OF GOLD.  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*

rash in an inflamed moment; so the wisest thing for me to do, I reflected, was to get away while I had a whole skin. Packing up before day-break next morning, I and my carriers had got clear of the lake and were on our way through the bush before the villagers were awake.

A journey of thirty-five miles north-west of the lake brings us to Kumassi, the capital of Ashanti. Space will not admit of my giving a detailed history of this remarkable place, which has become notorious by the fearful amount of human life sacrificed to propitiate

under penalty of death, as the soil and everything that it contained was the property of the King. Strangers coming into the capital, and ignorant of this law, have at times innocently picked up pieces of gold which they saw lying about, and paid the penalty with their lives. Some idea of the vast revenue supplied to the King may be gathered from the fact that during the reign of one of the Ashanti Kings the soil of the market-place was washed upon two occasions, and each time yielded 1,600 ounces of gold.



THE KING OF MAMPON AND HIS RETINUE. SOME CARRY GOLD-MOUNTED ELEPHANT-TAILS TO KEEP THE FLIES OFF HIS MAJESTY.

*From a Photo. by the Author.*

The photograph next reproduced represents the King of Mampon and his retinue; Mampon being one of the feudatory States of Ashanti. Standing around him are his drummers, gold sword-bearers, and horn-bearers, also some of his wives; while seated in a crescent shape before him are youths of good family who have particular offices to perform, such as carrying gold-mounted elephant-tails and horse-tails, to keep flies from the Royal person, bearing gold-mounted sandals, the keys of the Royal coffers, gold-mounted pipes, and so forth. Amongst other feudatories, the King of Bekwai is an important one, and at the head of his retinue the chief sword-bearer next seen is a conspicuous figure. The head-dress, as will be seen from the accompanying photograph, is made of eagles' feathers, mounted on a band of leather, decorated with cowry shells and gold ornaments. The lower part of the sword of office is made of iron, and the upper part of gold. The chain round the breast is made of silver, and is of exquisite workmanship. The dress is a symbolical one, and connected with fetish rites observed by the King.



A STATE DIGNITARY IN UNDRESS UNIFORM--THE KING OF BEKWAIS CHIEF SWORD-BEARER. *(The Author.)*





MR. MCCANN'S CARAVAN CROSSING A MOUNTAIN RANGE IN THE BLACK VOLTA COUNTRY.  
From a Photo. by the Author.

Fifteen days' journey north-west of Kumassi lies the interesting and little-known city of Buntuku, in the Gaman country. Going out north from Kumassi, the first three days' journey leads through fairly dense bush, after which the timber thins down and we gradually emerge into undulating open country covered with long, coarse grass and clumps of gum trees. Nearing the Black Volta, the open country becomes more pronounced, with mountain ranges breaking the monotony of the view. The characteristic feature of this scenery will be noted in the accompanying photographs, one of which shows my carriers crossing a mountain range.

Approaching from the east through fertile valleys and grassy plains, we reach Buntuku, in the country of Gaman. The exact period of the founding of Buntuku is not known, but by the style of its buildings it is evidently of great antiquity. The probable date of its settlement is about 1595, when the Moors invaded the territory of the Songhois and conquered that nation. The Songhois originally came from Egypt, flying from thence upon the fall of the last of the

Pharaohs, when the followers of the Khalifis overran that country. They settled at, and founded, Jenne, on the Niger, A.D. 765. Unable to brook the rule of the Moors, some of the chief inhabitants withdrew to southern regions and established themselves at the present site of Buntuku.

In the photograph reproduced of a Buntuku dwelling, the art of Egypt is unmistakably seen, as will be noted by the general pyramidal form,



THIS SHOWS THE KIND OF DWELLINGS IN THE WEIRD BUNTUKU COUNTRY VISITED BY THE AUTHOR.  
From a Photo. by [the Author.]





VIEW OF A BUNTUKU HOUSE. NOTICE THE QUEER NOTCHED LADDER CUT FROM A SINGLE PIECE OF WOOD. [the Author.]

the flat roof, and triangular battlements. The walls are made of sun-dried bricks plastered over inside and out with a cement made with quartzose gravel obtained from auriferous alluvial in the plains outside the city. This sets very hard and resists the disintegrating influence of the heavy rain in the wet season.

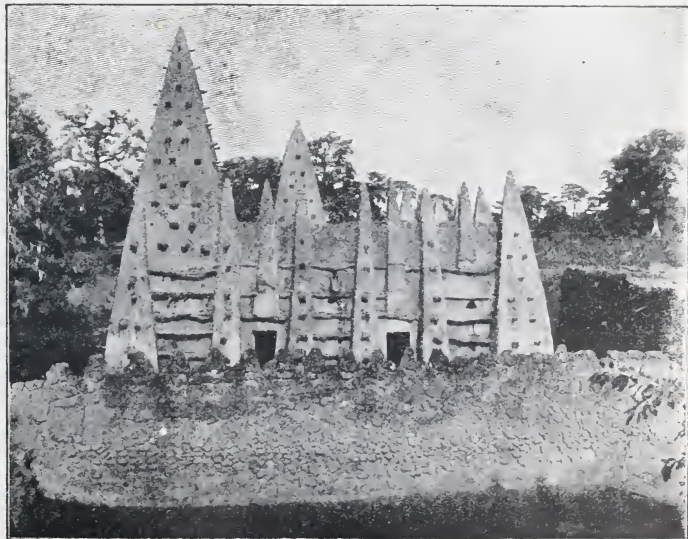
The next photograph shows how access is obtained to the flat roof: the ladder, it will be noted, is cut from a single stick, the steps being formed by notches cut into it. The chief idea of this ladder is that in case of

attack from an

This, as will be seen from the accompanying photograph, is a wonderful structure for a

enemy, the inhabitants of the house mount on to the roof, the ladder is drawn up, and, lying flat, the defenders shoot down upon their assailants without exposing much of their persons.

With the incoming of the Jenne founders, Islamism was introduced amongst the people in this region, but did not take a firm hold until about 1795, by which time sufficient zeal had been established to allow of a mosque being built.



From a Photo. by] A MARVELLOUS MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE IN THE BUNTUKU COUNTRY. [the Author.]



"THEY LIKEWISE GROW INDIGO"—AND THIS SHOWS SOME OF THEIR QUAINT AND WONDERFUL DYE-PITS. [the Author.]

people who have only sticks and clay to build with. The pyramidal towers are 35 ft. in

height, and the projections jutting from the walls are made from very hard wood, and are deeply set in the structure. Upon certain festivals, meetings are held upon the terrace on top of the building, and these projections are used as steps to ascend by. The interior of the mosque is divided into passages which intersect each other, and in these the faithful regularly assemble for prayer. The walls and towers are built as described in a

The above photograph shows their quaint and wonderful dye-pits.



"OFTEN WE WERE NIGHT-BOUND IN THE BUSH." THIS SHOWS MR. MCCANN SICK AND WEARY WITH HIS GREAT JOURNEY IN THESE ENERVATING REGIONS. [the Author.]

dwelling. Prior to the city of Buntuku being besieged by Samory it was a great emporium for native industries; the wood-work, carving, pottery, iron, gold, and silver work turned out being of a high degree of excellence. Growing their own cotton, this was spun into yarn and woven into cloth of beautiful texture upon looms of their own construction. They likewise grew indigo (*Indigofera Tinctoria*) and dyed the cloth they made.



Of the journey back to the coast from Buntuku words fail to convey the least idea of the hardships I had to go through. Being the latter end of the rainy season, the rivers on the route were swollen into impetuous torrents, and most of the low-lying tracts of bush were under water. I had a 500-mile journey through this to perform before reaching the coast. The provisions I had brought with me on my way up were exhausted two weeks before I left Buntuku, and from this date until I got back to the coast I was forced to live on the meagre diet of the natives. A basin of corn gruel morning and evening formed my daily meal for weeks. The fearful tract of country lying between Buntuku and Kumassi, by the south-east route, and the hardships involved in getting through this, I shall not forget for some time. It took me seventeen days to get through to Kumassi, this being half my journey to the coast. What with the scarcity of food; the daily tramp through fetid malarial swamps and bush; damp huts to sleep in when villages were reached; frequent attacks of fever, it seemed hopeless that I would ever get through. Often we were night-bound in the bush; and the photograph at the bottom of the previous page gives an idea of our camp at night.

The last photograph illustrates the Krobo Hill, which is situated about ten miles from the Volta River, at a point about sixty-five miles up from the mouth. It is located in the country of the Kroboes, and a remarkable geological feature about it is its rising abruptly from an unbroken expanse of plain, and towering up to a height of 800ft. From this peculiarity the natives believe it to be the abode of a god. At one time a number of villages were built upon its summit, and the inhabitants of these were notorious throughout all the surrounding country for their cruel and ferocious disposition.

Making frequent raids upon the dwellers of the plains, and seizing persons and property, they carried them off to their hill stronghold. All prisoners they seized were put to death by being taken to the highest point of the hill and flung down upon the rocks lying at its base in the plain below.

The chief object of their raids was to get victims to offer up as sacrifices to the god of the hill. A few years ago the Government, with the determination of stamping out these customs, sent a punitive expedition against them, and, after some sharp fighting, the hill was taken and the villages destroyed. Some of the chiefs being captured, they were promptly hung as a lesson to other offenders.



THE EXECUTION HILL IN THE KROBO COUNTRY. "PRISONERS WERE PUT TO DEATH BY BEING TAKEN TO THE HIGHEST POINT AND FLUNG DOWN UPON THE ROCKS BELOW." [the Author.]





## TOUCH AND GO

BY MRS. JACK BOUSTEAD.

A narrative of wild pioneering life in North-East India in the seventies. How Colonel E. D. Money's wife avoided the nocturnal murderer's knife by rolling out of bed with her baby on her arm. With portraits of Colonel and Mrs. Money and their daughter who was the baby of the story, and sister to the writer.



HE India of to-day is not the India of yesterday. This has been said before; but the following true and terrible adventure, experienced by my father and mother in the year 1870, will serve to illustrate the fact with some interest, I hope. In numerous districts where the hand of civilization is now at every turn to be seen there was in those days but one vast mass of wild jungle, and Europeans lived in the midst of alarms that would seriously upset the nerves of the modern Anglo-Indian, whose sole notion of the country is generally a gay round of society in the plains in the cold weather, and an agreeable migration to one of the hill stations in the hot.

The scene of my present story is laid in the wild district lying between Chittagong and Akyab. There, to all intents and purposes quite expatriated from home and kindred, my parents sought their fortunes — their object being the planting of tea, for which the hot and humid climate was eminently favourable. Before I go any further I must explain that my father (Colonel Edward Money) was the pioneer of the tea industry in India, and so it happened that he was the first to avail himself of the offer made by Government at

that time of granting free (or for merely nominal sums) large tracts of land for the cultivation of the tea-plant.

Imagine him, then, with my mother and us children settling themselves in their far-off, uncivilized home, eighty miles from Chittagong and on the borders of the Sungoo River. No European had ever lived or scarcely even set foot there. Malaria and deadly fevers of all kinds rose pestilential from the newly-turned soil; for it is a curious thing that Nature often conceals her most fatal weapons under a smiling face. "Let sleeping dogs lie" would appear to be her motto; and the land that for ages remains innocuous, at the first touch of the hand of man breathes forth sickness and death unsparingly.

But the climate and the wild beasts were not the only dangers that threatened. They very soon discovered that a foe more deadly than either lurked at their door. The whole of the savage tribes around were up in arms and filled with fury at the invasion by the English of what they considered their territory. Their forefathers had always held it, they said, and no man, white or otherwise, had a right to take it from them. And matters were made worse by the fact that in apportioning out the plantation,

Government had not assigned any distinct boundaries, and so constant feuds were the result.

Whether the natives had really any right to be aggrieved, I should not like to say. That the English as a nation have a habit of trying to take away everyone's property seems very clear, but the Bengalis had never made the slightest attempt to improve or cultivate the soil, so it seemed rather dog-in-the-mangerish to prevent anyone else from doing so. Not a man would come, at any price, to work the land. All the labour had to be imported at immense expense from Assam, and in the face of such difficulties, perhaps few men would have persevered. But my father never gave up.

"If I live, I will make this the Tea Garden of India," he said. He little knew how very nearly his earthly ambitions were destined to be cut short by a horrible death—but he kept his word.

They had been on the plantation about three years, and another child, my youngest sister, had been born to them, when the incident I am going to relate occurred. Life had been full of hazard and danger from the beginning, to say nothing of utter discomfort. Their servants they got from Chittagong; but as none but the very worst, and with no characters at all, would consent to live amidst such perils and in such a place, it can be imagined that even this was a serious matter in itself. Frequently they would wake up in the morning to find everyone gone—cleared out in the night, generally with whatever portable property they could lay their hands on. Only one mitigating circumstance had occurred. They were no longer the only settlers about. Twelve miles away another tea-garden, called Putteljamb, had been opened by an ex-sea captain named McLaren and a young fellow called Thwaites, who had joined him as partner in the enterprise.

The delight with which they were welcome cannot be realized by those who have never experienced what it is to live year in year out without the sight of a white face. Captain

McLaren was a jolly old scoundrel, with a wonderful fund of yarns always forthcoming—whilst his partner was a pleasant man of artistic tastes, and with a passion for music and theatricals that the surroundings hardly lent themselves to. In spite of the distance between the plantations and the rough, wild jungle separating them, they all exchanged visits as often as possible, and a sincere attachment between them was the result.

It was a sultry day in August, and the end of the rains. The ground reeked with the steaming damp—exactly the atmosphere of a hothouse. We children lolled about with white, wan faces and inert limbs, and my mother longed to be able to take us

away to healthier climes, and see the roses return to our cheeks. But the tea was flushing beautifully; the factory was now nearly finished—after being burnt down twice by the Bengalis; and a nest of cobras had been routed out from behind the big tub in the bath-room, and exterminated before they had bitten anyone.

My mother thanked Providence for all His mercies, and went to tell my father that hazaree, or breakfast, was ready. She found him in his little office, holding an interview with the khitmagar. The man was gesticulating wildly as he talked, and my father's face was dark and frowning.

"What's the matter, Edward?" she asked.

"Why, this fellow says that the man from the bazaar with the rice and chickens refuses to sell us any. They intend to starve us out—that's the last game, I suppose."

"What on earth shall we do? Yesterday I had a difficulty in getting any milk. Oh, Edward,



COLONEL EDWARD MONEY, WHOSE "SHORT WAY" WITH NATIVES BROUGHT ABOUT THIS ADVENTURE.

From a Photo. by G. Lickfold, Croydon.



MRS. MONEY, WHOSE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE IS HEREIN RELATED.

From a Photo. by Clarkington & Co., Regent Street.

my precious babes will starve," said my mother, in pathetic tones—and not without a note of resentment, for she always laboured under a sense of injury that she, a young and beautiful woman, had been buried in such an awful place.

"I don't know," returned my father. "I'll go out and talk to him. Here, where's my revolver?" and reaching for the weapon he usually kept with him day and night, he went out, my mother following, full of curiosity and alarm.

The Bengali was squatting on the ground disposing of his rice and curry materials to the bungalow servants. He made no salaam and took no notice of my parents' approach, beyond a side-long look out of the corner of his eye, in which there shone an expression of malevolent enjoyment. But Europeans in India never stand such manners. The next instant a tremendous kick stretched him full length on the ground.

"Get up," said my father.

The man obeyed, slowly and sullenly, drawing himself to his full height, and stood there surveying them with quiet insolence.

He breathed heavily, but his eye caught the pistol. Then he suddenly flung the bag of rice over his shoulder, and picking up the basket of chickens he had brought with him, turned to go. But my father, boiling under the long series of insults and injuries he had received from this people, sprang upon him and shook him as a dog would a rat. The native was a big man for his race, but my father was six feet two, and, patting all his strength into his arm, he made the teeth rattle in the man's head, finishing up by flinging him from him with all his force. Then, directing the khitmagar to take possession of the poultry and the other provisions, he tossed the money for them upon the prostrate form of the Bengali.

"I think he's dead, sahib," suggested the servant, equably, eyeing the rupees.

"Nonsense. He's shamming."

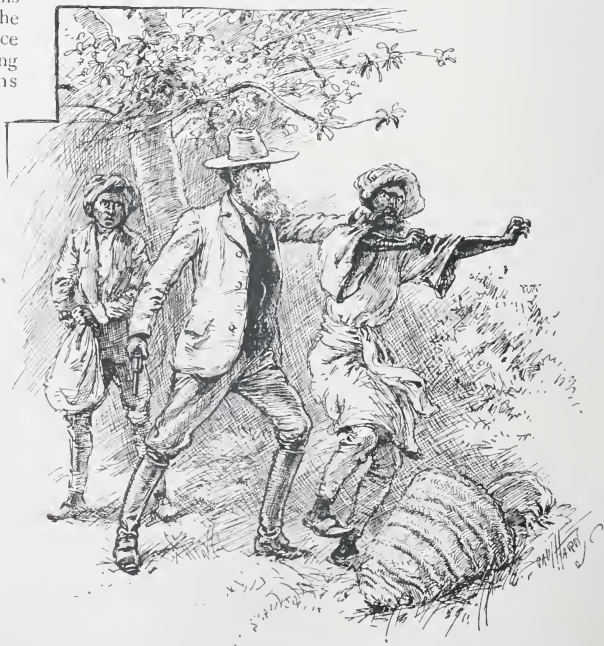
But the man was neither the one nor the other. He presently rose from the ground, his lip cut where he had struck it against a stone, and moving slowly away, looked back. Hatred, murder, and all uncharitableness can but dimly describe that look. My mother says it would have been a relief to have seen him shake his fist honestly at them. She turned and went back into the bungalow, shivering in the noon-day sun, for the shadow of an indefinable terror lay upon her.

The rest of the day passed quietly. My father, though he tried to conceal it, was uneasy about the question of provisions for the future.

"If they really go on with that game, it means checkmate," he said. "I think I'll send a letter in to Colonel Lacy, of the police at Chittagong, telling him about it. He may send out some assistance."

"But no one can force them to sell us food if they won't," said my mother.

"Oh, yes, they can. It's wonderful what the sight of a few mounted police will do. And it's high time we had some protection and let them see we've got Government at our backs."



"PUTTING ALL HIS STRENGTH INTO HIS ARM, HE MADE THE TEETH RATTLE IN THE MAN'S HEAD."



It was high time, indeed. But it came almost too late. Night fell, hot and breathless as only an Indian night can be. The far-off howl of a jackal or the bark of a pariah dog in the coolie lines came up every now and then on the heavy air. My father and mother sat up late, talking of many things, and wondering why they had heard nothing from their friends at Puteeljamb lately.

"It's three weeks, quite, since they were here. McLaren said affairs were pretty quiet with them then."

"Perhaps they've been starved out too," suggested my mother.

"I don't think so. They would have been over here if it had come to that. I hope it's nothing serious, but I'll ride over there in a day or two and look them up."

"Well, you must take me and the children also, Edward. I can't be left here alone; I feel so frightened."

"But you often have been left before; and if I start early I shall be back by sundown."

"Yes, but it's different now. That man's awful look to-day—I can't forget it. You didn't notice it as I did."

"Don't bother your head about him. He's a sadder and a wiser man by now. But if you're nervous, I won't go till Lacy has sent us out some police, and then you'll be as safe as a church."

"Oh, yes," said my mother, reassured; "but very likely we shall hear from Puteeljamb to-morrow. And now, Edward, I must go to bed. I am dead tired."

In order to make more clear what follows, I must here pause for a moment to describe the bungalow and the position of affairs inside it. It was an ordinary one-storied, thatch-roofed dwelling, built up on poles about 6ft. from the ground, as a protection against wild beasts and fevers. There were only four rooms—two bed and two sitting rooms, and a veranda ran entirely round it. From each side a rude flight of steps led down to the ground, and the whole thing, raised on a kind of plateau, overlooked the jungle for miles around. The two bedrooms communicated by a door, and each, of course, gave out on to one of the verandas. Outside the bungalow was the little log cabin my father used as his office, and about 100yds. away lay the servants' quarters.

The baby had been very fretful lately with teething and prickly heat, and for the last few nights my mother had been keeping it alone with her in one room, while we elder children slept with my father in the other. The beds had not been moved back, and so, though to-night she felt very nervous and would gladly

have had some protection, she was obliged to keep to the arrangement. On going to her room she found the ayah, who always remained beside it till she came, fanning the baby with a large talipot fan, her great black eyes fixed on it with the marvellous watchfulness and patience of her race.

"Butche very good to-night, memsahib," said the woman in Hiadustani. "Sleeping quite quietly—memsahib sleep also."

My mother was certainly glad to hear it, for, owing to its screams, no one had slept at all of late. Afterwards she wondered if the woman had been bribed to drug the child. If so, their very machinations saved her. But I am anticipating.

She dismissed the ayah and undressed, feeling very weary and tired. The exhausting climate and the constant strain upon her nerves were beginning to tell upon her health, and she cast a longing thought towards home and Old England as she got into bed. The baby lay upon her arm, for though it often slept in its cot, and this stood close beside her, she preferred having it where she could easily hush it off if it cried.

She says the last thing she remembers before falling asleep was the peep of the rising moon as it glimmered through the open door. She must have been asleep an hour or two when she awoke—why, she does not know, unless it were owing to the extremely bright moonlight falling full on her face. The position of her bed commanded a view of that portion of the veranda where the steps joined it, and as she lay dreamily gazing out, she became aware of a strange-looking object crouching on the top of the steps. What on earth could it be?

She was not at first very much alarmed, for her senses were in that half-torpid state that follows on first awaking; but as she became more fully alert, she examined the thing attentively. Was it an animal? It looked like one, certainly, though whether tiger or what, she could not see. The next instant it suddenly rose erect, and the figure of a man was sharply silhouetted against the brilliant sky. He was stark naked except for a loin-cloth about his waist, and in this cloth she distinctly saw the handle of a dhow, or large curved knife, sticking out. But she had also time to observe something else. His sleek black body was smeared from head to foot with oil, which gleamed in the moonlight with every movement he made.

My poor mother was far too well acquainted with the habits of the natives not to realize instantly the situation. He had come to murder them in their beds, and, according to a custom she had heard of, he had covered himself with



"THE FIGURE OF A MAN WAS SHARPLY SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE BRILLIANT SKY."

oil in order to be able to wriggle along the floor instead of walking—with, consequently, less fear of being seen.

What could she do? To scream and rouse my father in the next room would be probably only to precipitate a catastrophe, and the murderer would knife her before help could come. That it was the same man who had refused to sell the food in the morning she had not the slightest doubt. With the cold perspiration standing on her forehead and her heart thumping like a sledge-hammer, she lay for a few moments absolutely paralyzed with terror, as she saw him cautiously extend himself on the ground and commence to wriggle in from the veranda.

Then the next moment all was plunged into darkness. The moon had gone suddenly behind a cloud. To this providential circumstance there is no doubt my mother owes her life, for if the light had remained streaming upon her bed she could not possibly have carried out the plan she now in her desperation conceived. This was simply to clasp her baby to her breast and roll as noiselessly as possible out of the bed, and *under it* as the assassin

came up on the opposite side. She had just had time to observe before the moon went out that he was making for the right hand, and this circumstance favoured her, for the cot stood there, and, with its long curtains reaching to the ground, might afford some sort of screen to her hiding-place.

Of course, she was fully aware it could be at best but a short respite. If the moon came out again he must at once discover her—but as a drowning person catches at a straw, she resolved to make at least this attempt to save her own and her child's life. Perhaps Heaven would send her some help in time.

Happily, owing to the heat, there were no bed-clothes to cumber her, and fortunately also the bed (a simple charpoy) was not high from the ground. Breathing a despairing prayer, she commenced to roll out as softly as possible. Suppose the baby woke and cried! All would be lost. But it did not, and holding it tight to her with one arm, she used the other to support herself with, as she lowered herself down . . . down . . . gingerly to the ground.

In spite of her best efforts, however, she was unable to accomplish it without a slight thud. At the same instant the dogs outside began barking loudly. There was a swift rush and—oh, horror! she was aware that, with a cat-like leap, the man was upon the bed. She heard the sound of the knife as it struck the pillow and ripped it open. But only for a moment was the murderer baffled. The next, his foot touched her.

She remembers his groping with his hands, which wound themselves in her long hair . . . the dogs were baying furiously . . . why was Death so long coming? . . . there were other strange sounds she could not distinguish, and the crying of the baby seemed far off . . .

When she came to herself, the baby was still crying, and something warm was trickling over her arm. It was blood from a flesh wound in the poor little thing's shoulder.

"The only one who has a scratch," said a familiar voice in a cheering tone, "and it is nothing. A bit of plaster will put it right in no time. Well, Mrs. Money, you look astonished enough at seeing us."

My mother was certainly regarding him with perplexity. It was Captain McLaren, clothed only in pyjamas, with bare, torn feet and a general air of the most utter dishevelment about him. A few yards off Mr. Thwaites, in the same airy garb and condition, was kneeling on the floor examining something under the light of a lamp held by my father. My mother raised herself on her elbow and uttered a terrified cry. It was the body of the Bengali.

"Yes, he's a stiff 'un," said the captain, with an extreme relish which even the tragic circumstances could not subdue. "I shall always believe in a Providence after this, and if there was a church handy I'd go right off there and say my prayers—straight, I would."

"I think we'll stick him on a pole as a scarecrow to frighten others off," suggested Mr. Thwaites—"see, colonel, there's where your bullet got him," pointing to a dark spot on the prostrate body.

My mother shuddered and clasped her infant

hadn't tried to do for us, too, we shouldn't have been here to save you."

"Did they try to murder you?" asked my mother.

"Yes—burnt us out last night. They have been leading us a terrible life during the last fortnight. You know, we only had the mud-but as yet for our quarters, and they set fire to it when we were asleep. They hoped, of course, we should be quietly suffocated, and there wouldn't have been much trace left to show what had become of us; but, fortunately,



"SEE, COLONEL, THERE'S WHERE YOUR BULLET GOT HIM."

closer to her. There was some difficulty in persuading her that she and her little one were both really alive; but marvellous to relate she was actually entirely unhurt, and the murderer's knife had simply grazed the baby's shoulder. Of course, she was eager to hear the explanation of her miraculous escape, and when she had been as far as possible restored to composure, and the baby's wound attended to, Captain McLaren proceeded to give it graphically.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," he remarked, tritely, "and if the devils

Vol. iii.—70.

Thwaites awoke, spluttering and gasping with the smoke, and roused me. We got out, Heaven knows how, nearly dead, and made for the jungle. If they had found us, we should have been murdered without much ado, but we hid there all day, and when sundown came, started off for here, meaning to take shelter with you. You see the plight we are in, having had to come barefoot across this awful country, and half-famished too, for we have had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours. We felt thankful enough to see the bungalow at last, as you may imagine,



but we didn't guess how badly we were wanted. Just as we were climbing the ravine, I felt certain I saw somebody or something creeping up the veranda steps in the moonlight. I pointed it out to Thwaites, and we halted a moment, for we thought it might be a panther, and of course we had no arms with us at all. Then suddenly Thwaites shouted:—

“By jove, it is a nigger. They're going to do for them too—come on, McLaren!” and without stopping to think we dashed ahead. As we passed the coolie lines, all the pariahs rushed out barking like mad, and your wolf-hound was straining at his chain like a wild thing—you should have him loose, you know. We made straight for your room, to which the yelling of the baby guided us. The fellow was bending over you, but at the sight of us he dropped you (we certainly thought you were dead) and made a bolt for the other door. But he cooked his goose at a quick fire, for your husband had been awakened by the noise, seized his revolver from under his pillow, and sprung out of bed. The fellow was right in a patch of moonlight and made a splendid mark, and he got him slick. He fell dead without a groan, and serve him right; and that is about the whole size of it.”

“Help me pull his body out of the way, colonel,” said Mr. Thwaites; “it's not a pretty sight, and I'll tell you what—if those other chambers are loaded, I'd go and fire them all off outside if I were you, in case there are any more of the gentry about.”

My father carried out this suggestion, and then as the hands of the clock pointed to three, and everyone felt that bed and sleep were out of the question, they gathered in a corner of

the veranda, and sat up talking over the perils of their situation.

“I must send you and the children home, Ina,” said my father, when he had smoked his third pipe and the grey light of morning was stealing over the scene; “this is no fit place for you.”

“Look! What's that?” said Mr. Thwaites, suddenly, pointing down the plateau. They all gazed in the direction he indicated, where the narrow path, cut through the jungle, wound like a white ribbon in the faint dawn; and as they looked they saw first one dark figure and then another steal stealthily out of the dense undergrowth and, crossing the path, disappear into the jungle beyond. No explanation was needed. They all knew that the savages had been hiding there in ambush, until frightened from their purpose by the firing.

“Twenty—thirty, at least,” said McLaren, at length, when the last figure had vanished, and rather an awe-struck silence had fallen upon the little party. “What chance could we have if they all came?”

“None at all,” said Mr. Thwaites, drily; “but they're such

cowards they probably never will.”



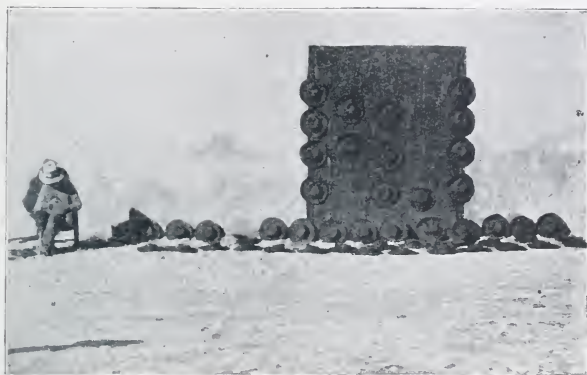
THIS IS LITTLE MISS ETTY MONEY, WHO WAS THE "BABY" MENTIONED IN THE STORY.

From a Photo. by Le Bon, Ostend.

Three months later, when the *Lord Warden* sailed homewards from Calcutta, my mother and her children were passengers on board her. During the next few years that she remained in England she lived in constant expectation of hearing by every mail that her husband had met with some terrible end, but he survived all the dangers he subsequently encountered, and his prophecy regarding Sungoo came true. He reaped the reward of his labours by selling it for a large fortune.

## Odds and Ends.

The photographs reproduced in this section are the "plums" from albums and collections belonging to travellers, officers, missionaries, and others.



"EVERY MORNING THE LOCAL HATTER (OF RONDA) PINS HIS WARES TO ONE OF THE GATES OF THE BULL-RING."  
*From a Photo. by* (Mrs. Herbert Vevian.)



UR first photograph represents a characteristically Spanish scene. It was taken in the dreamy, old-world town of Ronda, which is perched at the edge of a tremendously precipitous ravine between Gibraltar and Granada. Ronda, though possessing a population of 20,000, does not boast of a real hat-shop, but every morning the local hatter comes and pins his wares to the wall and one of the gates of the bull-ring. His wares consist exclusively of those very broad-brimmed wideawakes which are worn by everybody all over Andalusia. The hatter himself is seated at the side, wearing one of his own hats, buried in dreams, and apparently quite indifferent whether custom comes his way or not. Even when a large crowd of loafers collects to watch this snap-shot being taken, he does not trouble to look up. The hats are spread out upon the ground and hung on to whatever nails or projections he has been able to find in the big door of the bull-ring. They look like some flight of strange birds, which have settled there, or a swarm of sleeping bats.

A cathedral with a peal of bells hung in a tree is somewhat unique, and we accordingly have pleasure in being able to reproduce a photo. of the cathedral bells of St. Peter's, Pietermaritzburg, S.A. — the cathedral with which the late Bishop Colenso was connected for so many years. These bells hang from the branch of a blue gum tree, and the bell-ropes

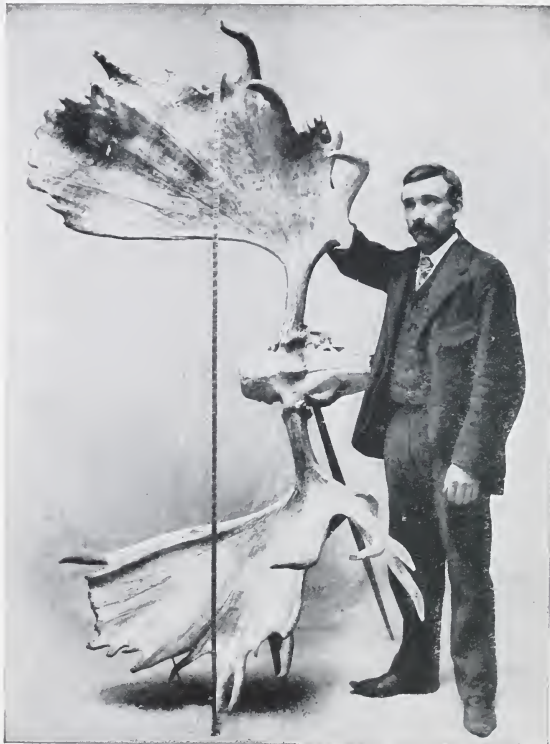
are switched up on another branch out of the reach of mischievous boys. Summoning the congregation to church in a shower of rain must be a rather unpleasant experience for the poor, unprotected ringers.

The next photo. well repays inspection, especially on the part of big-game hunters, depicting as it does the largest moose head in the world. This unique trophy measures no less than 6ft. 6½in. in spread, and has forty prongs. Its history is rather romantic. For several years the Indians round Fort Selkirk and the mouth of the Stewart River, in the north-west

territories of Canada, had been telling the traders about a *hi-uh* (big) moose that they had seen on many occasions, but were unable to kill. Gradually they acquired a superstitious reverence for this mysterious beast, which es-



A PEAL OF CATHEDRAL BELLS HUNG IN A GUM TREE.  
*From a Photo. by H. W. Armstrong, Pietermaritzburg.*



THE LARGEST MOOSE HEAD IN THE WORLD. THIS SUPERB TROPHY HAS A ROMANTIC HISTORY. [Photo.]

miles from Dawson City (Klondike). He tried to get some Indians to help in bringing in the meat and head, but this the superstitious braves absolutely refused to do, declining to be party to any such sacrilegious proceeding, so it was a very long time before the daring hunter could set himself right in the eyes of the indignant tribe. Finally, some whites went out from the post and brought the moose in, and the following year the head was sent down the Yukon to Tacoma, Wash., where it was purchased by Mr. W. F. Sheard, a skin merchant of that city, in whose possession this unique and magnificent trophy now remains.

The photograph next shown conveys an excellent idea of Virginia Post-office, which is situated on the stage road between San Diego and Escondido, in San Diego County, California. Two stages stop at this post-office daily, except on Sundays, to deliver and take on mails. The entire structure of the post-office, I grieve to say, was originally a mere piano-box, and is about 6ft. high, 3ft. wide, and 5ft. long. It has five private boxes on one side, fitted with Yale locks. It is undoubtedly the smallest post-office in the United States, if not in the whole

caped unharmed from all their assaults, and they declared it to be the re-incarnated spirit of some great warrior. The matter-of-fact traders, however, paid no attention to these stories, well knowing that every tribe of Indians has its own legends and ghost stories, and the description of the big bull moose was set down as a fable of the usual order until October, 1897, when an Indian, or French half-breed, came into the post and reported that he had followed the *hi-uh* moose for four days, and had ultimately killed it near the head waters of the Stewart River, two or three hundred



THE SMALLEST POST-OFFICE IN THE UNITED STATES—IT WAS ORIGINALLY A PIANO-BOX. From a Photo. by Howland & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.





From a]

THREE "DUG-OUTS"—EXTRAORDINARY DWELLINGS OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN PROSPECTORS.

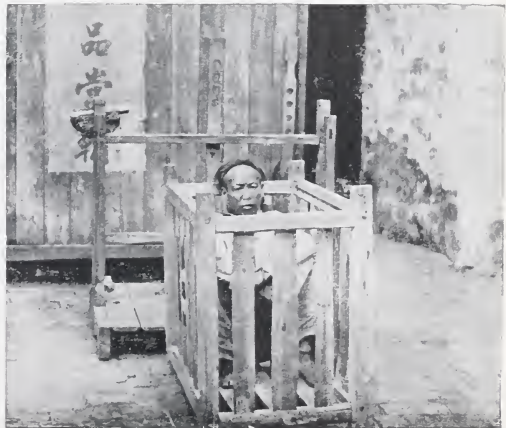
[Photo.

world. The post-mistress and her son are seen standing outside. Virginia Post-office is *not* a money order post-office. The city of San Diego is the nearest town.

Our next photo. shows three of the picturesque "dug-outs" of the Rocky Mountain miners. They are not particularly palatial, and for a winter residence one could fancy a more comfortable abode, but the miner is usually a cheerful, uncomplaining person, and he takes what he can get and makes the best of it. As may be seen, a typical specimen of the class sits at the door of one of the "dug-outs" enjoying his evening smoke. Although the miner's "house" may not be over pretentious, he is not so badly off; all the necessities of life are his—if he cares to pay for them, and there is the ever-present prospect of making a "strike"—a rich gold "strike," that is, not one of the strikes affected by the unions of English workers.

The gentleman here shown in durance vile is a fine specimen of the Chinese rough. In England we have the "hooligan"; America boasts of "corner boys"; Australia's lowest development is the "larrikin"; but the Chinese *piegiang*, or villain, is the *ne plus ultra* of blackguardism. Although John Chinaman is generally of a peaceable disposition, every village possesses a few specimens of these scoundrels, and they swarm in the large towns by

hundreds, ever ready for loot, pillage, and riot. Our own villain (amiable soul!) was concerned in the massacres of 1895, in which many people lost their lives. After his capture by the native police he was placed in this cage, which was then slung on bamboo poles and carried to the Yamen, where our photo. was taken. He is utterly callous as to his fate—whether it be kneeling on chains, the thumbscrew, the ankle-twist, or one of the numberless other forms of Chinese punishment.



"A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE CHINESE ROUGH"—HE WAS CONCERNED IN THE MASSACRES OF 1895.

From a]

[Photo.



A QUIANT CUSTOM IN SOUTH GERMANY: MUSICIANS PLAYING ON THE CHURCH STEEPLE.

*From a Photo.*

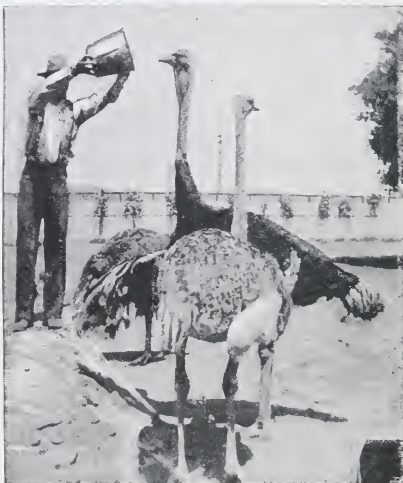
The accompanying photo. illustrates one of the many quaint and interesting customs which have been kept alive for centuries in the old University town of Tübingen, in South Germany. Every day in the year at a few moments before noon a small group of musicians takes its stand on a dizzy platform high up on the church steeple, and plays first to the east and then to the west a choral or sacred melody. This music can be heard faintly and weirdly for miles around, and the effect below is very quaint and pleasing. Our reproduction is from a snapshot taken by Mr. Robert Cattlay, of York.

Our next snap-shot brings us to the consideration of the ostrich in California. The African ostrich has been taken over to California, and is now cultivated there in half-a-dozen beautiful localities. The creature does not enjoy the freedom granted to it by the African ostrich farmer—permitted to roam over miles of plain, the fields surrounded by wire fences; but in California the treatment it receives is merely that given to geese and turkeys. The huge birds are cooped up in pens, partly for convenience in display as an exhibit to interested tourists and, of course, partly also for economy. Our photograph shows a keeper at a California ostrich farm

allowing an ostrich to peck oranges out of a bucket. Notice the width of the neck near the head; an orange is descending the throat. Male ostriches have black feathers, and female grey.

The Chinese, as most people know, believe in a future existence; but in that future state they are by no means certain whether all one's wants are provided for, consequently they have a way of their own of consigning earthly comforts to their departed friends and relatives in the other world. Soon after a relative dies, it is the usual

custom for his friends in this world to send him everything that he is likely to require. These different comforts are conveniently made of paper, and on some auspicious day they are burned amid the wailings and shouts of all assembled; the departed one being supposed to receive the offering as soon as the flame dies out. The first offering made is a small paper house, hardly large enough to accommodate a baby. On the journey to the other world, however, it is supposed to extend to the required dimensions. After the house follow servants,



GIVING ORANGES TO A COCK OSTRICH—THE BIRD IS JUST SWALLOWING ONE.

*From a Photo.*



HORSE, SERVANTS, AND OTHER CHINESE LUXURIES MADE OF PAPER—THEY ARE TO BE BURNED, AND SO CONVEYED TO THE DEAD.

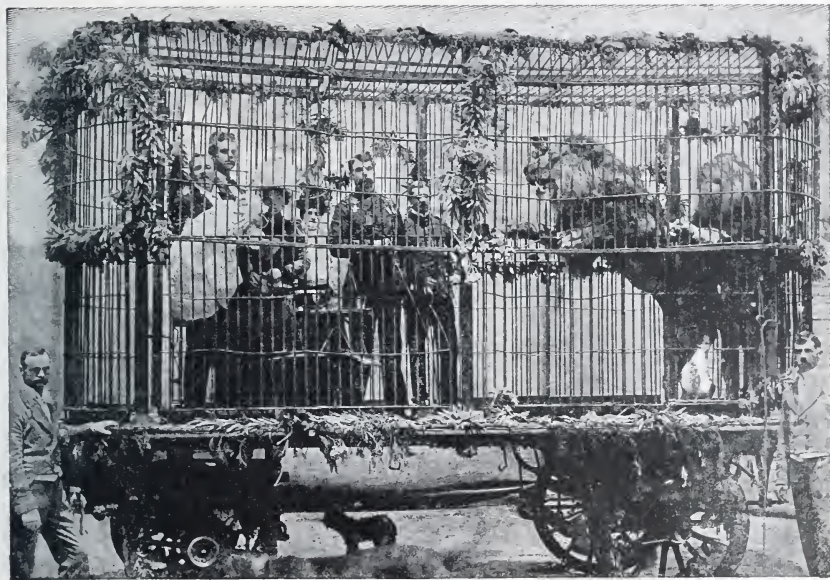
*From a Photo.*



palanquins and bearers, concubines, horses, and the necessary funds to support the entire establishment—everything being made of paper. In our illustration a mounted soldier, a palanquin and bearers, together with a stock of provisions—all of paper—are about to be consigned to a departed Celestial. On the approach of the camera the people interested vanished, disgusted at the irreverence of the foreign devil; this accounts for the absence of mourners.

“What is this?”—our readers will ask. Well, it is nothing more or less than a christening in a

lion's den. Holding the sleeping baby in his arms we see the officiating clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Cook, while behind him stands no less a personage than Leo, the African Giant Wrestler. Next come Mrs. Captain Taylor, the mother, and Miss Godfrey, one of the lady jockeys of the establishment; while beyond them again are the stalwart captain and his assistant, keeping a vigilant eye on the snarling lions, who resented fiercely this unwonted intrusion into their den, and would no doubt have made short work of the entire party—baby included—but for the ever-ready



A CHRISTENING IN A LIONS' DEN—THE FATHER AND MOTHER WERE ALSO MARRIED IN THE SAME DANGEROUS PLACE.

*From a Photo. by Lee & Co., Cape Town.*

lion's den! This unique and extraordinary ceremony took place at Fillis's Circus, Cape Town, on December 15th, 1898, the hero of the occasion being the infant son of Captain Taylor, the lion tamer. The announcement of the christening aroused the good folks of Cape Town to an unprecedented state of excitement, and thousands were turned away from the doors. In our photograph we see the lions' cage, which was appropriately decorated and lighted by electricity for the auspicious occasion. Gathered around the infant are quite a collection of circus celebrities. Starting from the extreme left, the gentleman standing beside the car is Mr. J. FitzSimmons, the Kangaroo Boxer.

whip and iron nerve of their dreaded tamer. The man on the extreme right, by the way, is Professor Mooney, who guides the destinies of the elephants, and who took a fatherly interest in the welfare of his brother-tamer. Mr. Mooney prepared a lot of forks, red-hot irons, and other nasty things which lions don't like, in case of any unpleasantness. Everything, we are glad to say, went off without hitch or accident, amid scenes of wild enthusiasm. Presents were showered upon the courageous couple and their interesting offspring, and ringing cheers all but drowned the roaring of the lions—much to the astonishment of the little woolly dog underneath the cage. Captain





RICE GODS IN A GANGES VILLAGE—ELABORATE OFFERINGS ARE MADE TO THEM TO INSURE GOOD CROPS.

*From a Photo.*

and Mrs. Taylor were also wedded in the lions' den a year previous, when a similar ovation was accorded them.

In reading of Indian matters one frequently meets the word "paddy." Now, paddy is young growing rice, and we next produce a missionary photograph of two droll idols, which are nothing more or less than paddy gods. These quaint images are to be seen in all the villages in the Ganges delta during the growth of the rice crops, and elaborate offerings are made to them, according to the means of the worshippers, to the end that drought, floods, or any other calamity that may injure the crops might be averted. It will be seen that these peculiar gods consist only of a head, and it is sometimes explained that this is the head which the god Ganesha lost when a baby, and for which the head of an elephant was afterwards substituted.

One of the most popular of the many inland watering-places in Japan is Myanoshta, situated about fifty miles southwest of Yokohama. The hot springs

abounding in that district contain sulphur and other therapeutic ingredients, effective in curing many of the ills that yellow as well as white skinned flesh is heir to. In the numerous inns or resting-places are baths of these waters, which are borne from the springs in bamboo pipes. The accompanying photo. was taken at an hospital in an isolated spot on the east of Lake Hakone, in the Myanoshta district. Afflicted "Japs" flock there from all parts of the country to be cured of skin and other diseases. Frequently patients who are too weak to walk when they arrive go on their way rejoicing after a few weeks' treatment, restored to health and strength. The two men in the photo. are taking their daily bath in the open air, the hot sulphur water being allowed to run over them from bamboo pipes in the manner shown.



A QUEER JAPANESE WATERING-PLACE—THE SULPHUROUS WATERS FLOW THROUGH BAMBOO PIPES ON TO THE PATIENTS.

*From a Photo. by Mr. John Heathcott, M.Sc.*





“ BY THE TIME I REACHED THE KHALIFA I WAS IN A FAINTING CONDITION.”

(SEE PAGE 566.)



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

By CHARLES NEUFELD.

### IV.



On the opening of the cell door next morning I swooned again, and was carried into the open air to come round. I had no sooner partially done so than I was carried back, in order, as I was told, "to get accustomed to the place." My first three days passed in fever and delirium, and my legs were swelling with the weight of the chains and anklets. My earliest clear recollection was on what I knew later to be the fourth day, when an Egyptian, named Hassan Gammal, was sent to attend to me.

Later on the same day my servant

Hasseena was sent to me to prepare some food and bathe my legs. Up to this time I had actually eaten nothing, nor have I any recollection of even taking a drink of water. Hasseena, on my being consigned to prison, had been sent into the Khalifa's harem. The money I had brought with me, and which had been taken from me on my arrival, and sent to the Beit el Mal, was given to Hasseena with which to purchase my food. On her entering the prison inclosure, Idris es Saier, the head gaoler, relieved her of the money, saying he would take care of it, and then

shackling the devoted creature with a light chain, he calmly sent her into his harem.

I now received permission to sit outside during the day, and also to converse with the other prisoners. On my first entering the prison, however, I had been warned, under threats of the lash, not to speak to anyone, and the other prisoners, under the same threat, had likewise been warned not to speak to me. But, as may be guessed, they were most anxious to talk to me, and get some news from the outer world; at the same time they were most guarded in

their inquiries. There were many prisoners in the place who, to curry favour with the gaoler or the Khalifa, would have reported anything in the way of a complaint against the general treatment—a wish on the part of anyone to escape, or an expressed hope that the Government would soon send troops to release us. Knowing that the Government had, for the time being, abandoned all thoughts of reconquering the Sudan, I told those of my fellow-captives, when they spoke to me about a probable advance of the combined armies, that they must have patience until the hot weather passed. Had I told them what I knew their despair could not



"ON ENTERING THE PRISON, THE HEAD GAOLER RELIEVED HER OF THE MONEY."

have been concealed, and the truth would soon have reached the Khalifa's ears. A number of the prisoners were old soldiers of the Egyptian Army, who had been taken at the fall of Khartoum and elsewhere; and they waited day after day, week after week, and year after year, in that foul den, ever hoping that the Government for whom they had fought would send troops to release them.

But, with the greater number, their release came only with death—death at the gallows; at the Khalifa's shambles; or by disease and slow starvation. Imprisoned at one time with me was Mahmoud Wad Said, the Sheik of the Dabaanich tribe, who for years had kept the Abyssinians in check on the Egyptian frontier in the Eastern Soudan. At one time he had been powerful—rich in cattle, slaves, and lands; but he had been taken prisoner early in the Mahdist movement. When he had been imprisoned about three years and four months he became paralyzed, and his release was ordered by the Khalifa, who had so far relented as to allow of his dying with his family, who were then at Omdurman, patiently waiting for his promised release. By their careful nursing and attention the old man recovered—only, however, when the Khalifa heard of it, to be thrown into prison again, where he passed another thirteen months, at the end of which time he was once more released, on condition that he would collect the remnants of his tribe and attack his old enemies, the Abyssinians, whom the Khalifa was then fighting with. A few months later I heard that Mahmoud was dead, one report saying that he had died of a broken heart, and the other that he had been “removed,” by orders of the Khalifa, for failing to bring together again a tribe which the Khalifa himself had almost exterminated.

Another of my companions in adversity was Ajjab Abou Jinn, of the Hammadah tribe; he fought with the Government troops at Sennar, and, when defeated by the Dervishes, he retired to his country with his men until, on the fall of Sennar, he was attacked and defeated, his property confiscated, and he himself taken prisoner to Omdurman. His wife was sent into the Khalifa's harem.

After spending four years in prison, he was considered sufficiently “educated,” and was therefore released. In a few months he was allowed to return to his own country, when he set about making preparations to attack the Dervishes. He tried all sorts of means to get into communication with the Government, many of his people coming to see me in prison, in the hope of

learning news from me of a forward movement. The three sons of Awad el Kerim Pasha, of the Shukrieh tribe, were also in prison with me; their father had died in prison shortly before my arrival. After keeping the three brothers—Abdalla, Mohammad, and Ali—incarcerated for nineteen months, the Khalifa promised to release them on condition that their tribe came to Omdurman and tendered their submission.

This they did; but, coming unprovided with food, the tribe, in the four or five months they were kept waiting at Omdurman, was decimated by disease and starvation, and then, and then only, the Khalifa kept his promise, and released their chiefs.

A man with whom I almost struck up a real friendship was Sheik Hamad En Nil, a well-known religious teacher from the Blue Nile. Having great influence over a large number of people, the Khalifa, fearing he might obtain a great following, ordered him to Omdurman. Here a difficulty arose as to what charge could be brought against him in order to condemn him to imprisonment. Sheik Hamad had taken neither one side nor the other—Government or Mahdieh; and he had devoted his whole time to a strict preaching of the Koran, as he had done for years. No kadi dare condemn him on any charge made, suborn “witnesses” as the Khalifa would. But the crafty Abdullah was determined to effect his condemnation by some means, more especially as Sheik Hamad was rich, and the Beit el Mal short of funds. Men were, first of all, sent to the sheik's house with orders to conceal some tobacco in the ground. Other emissaries were then sent to discover it; and, tobacco being forbidden by the Mahdi, Sheik Hamad, in spite of all protestations, was sentenced by the kadi to imprisonment and the confiscation of his property. His health broke down after about eighteen months' privation, and he was released; but recovering once more, as did Mahmoud, he was again imprisoned, and died a few weeks later.

Of all those in the prison, Sheik Hamad was the only one who dared say openly to those whom he trusted that both the Mahdi and Khalifa were impostors. Two of my first four years were spent mainly with the sheik learning to read and write Arabic, discussing the respective tenets of the Christian and Mohammedan religions, and my telling him of our social life and customs in Europe.

There was one arrival at the prison whom I was rather pleased to see—Ahmed Abdel Maajid, of Berber, a great supporter of both Mahdi and Khalifa, and one of the bitterest enemies of Christians and Europeans. He was,

**Death as  
a Release.**

**A Whole  
Tribe  
Betrayed.**

**A Bold  
Prisoner.**

**A  
Completed  
Education.**

for the Soudan, well educated, and also rich. Naturally he had much influence, but his vanity got the better of him. He gave evidence of his wealth in the richness of his dress and luxurious living, and this had been reported to the Khalifa; but as yet Maajid had not accepted any of the Khalifa's pressing invitations to pay him a visit at Omdurman. Maajid made up his mind to marry another wife—a young and pretty one. Preparations for the marriage ceremonies, and the feastings which accompany it, were made on a large and lavish scale. The Mahdi had fixed ten dollars as the sum to be paid to the parents of a virgin upon her marriage, but Maajid paid one thousand; and this scouting of the Mahdi's orders coming to the ears of the Khalifa, he sent off a party to Berber with instructions to bring Maajid and his bride back with them. This party arrived at Berber while the festivities were still going on, and Maajid could not refuse the Khalifa's invitation this time.

When he arrived at Omdurman he was, with his bride—who was reputed to be the most beautiful woman ever seen in the Soudan—hurried before the Khalifa and the kadi; and the latter, having his brief ready, accused Maajid of having broken the rules as laid down by the Mahdi, and also of having detained moneys which should have been sent to the Beit el Mal—as was proved by his having so much money when the coffers of the Beit el Mal were empty.

His property was condemned to be confiscated and sent to the Beit el Mal; his bride was taken possession of by the Khalifa, and Maajid himself sent to prison, where he spent six months, mainly in cursing the face of his bride, as it was she, he said, who had brought him to grief. At the end of six months he was released and sent back to Berber "educated," with a strong recommendation from the Khalifa not to be so ostentatious with his wealth in future.

The Khalifa kept Maajid's money—and also his bride. It was this same Maajid

who, after Slatin's escape, ferreted out the people in Berber who had assisted Slatin's guides, and had them sent to the White Nile, where those who did not die on the journey died miserably there later. Those I have mentioned above were what I might call the better class of prisoners, and with them I mainly associated during my first two years in prison; the remainder were slaves, thieves, ordinary criminals, debtors, murderers, etc.

When I had recovered a little from my fever I was placed upon a camel and paraded past the huts, rukoobas, and zerebas which at that time constituted the town of Omdurman. A number of Haddendowas had come in to tender their submission to the Khalifa, and he had seized that occasion to exhibit me to the "faithful" as the great Pasha sent to conquer from him the Western Soudan. I was also used to impress the Haddendowas. A halt was made at the hut of the Emir Said Mohammad Taher, a relative of the Mahdi, who, after relating *his* version of the death of Hicks Pasha, and the destruction of his army—both of which events had, according to him, been brought about through the agency of angels sent by the Prophet for the purpose—gave me a long lecture on Mahdieh, at the end of which he asked me my opinion of it.

Neufeld  
Offers  
Tuition.

I told him that if he himself wished for a few lessons on religion, and as to how the God I prayed to dealt



"A HALT WAS MADE AT THE HUT OF THE EMIR, WHO GAVE ME A LONG LECTURE ON MAHDIEH."



with His faithful, and the means His teachers in Europe employed for converting people and making them religious, I should be pleased to give him as many as he required. The reply angered him, and another batch of prisoners were, by his orders, told off to lecture me the whole day long on the doctrine of Mahdich. While quite ready to talk to them about the Mohammedan religion as propounded in the Koran, I would not believe in the mission of the Mahdi or his new religion. On Taher asking what progress I had made in my "education," he was told that I would make none in Mahdich, but was ready to become a Mohammedan.

I knew perfectly well what an out-and-out acceptance of Mahdich meant — my release, but only to be put into the charge of some troops, and, having already fought with the British against the Mahdists, I had no wish to be caught in the Dervish ranks fighting against my friends, or to be found dead on the field, after the fight, in the garb of a Dervish, pierced by a British bullet.

Taher was not pleased at the results of his interview with me, and reported my insubordination to the Khalifa. It was probably on my fifteenth day that, accompanied by the Haddendowas, who had come in to make their submission, I was taken by steamer to Khartoum, in order that I might be "impressed" with the power of the Khalifa and the truth of Mahdich. We were first taken to Gordon's old palace, where Khaleel Hassanein, acting as the Mahdist governor of the town, and at the same time director of the arsenal, received us and gave us food. We were then taken through the rooms, which were dismantled, and shown at the head of the stairs what we were told were the blood-stains of Gordon.

After this we were placed on donkeys and taken round the fortifications, while our "instructors" in Mahdich, pointing to the skeletons and dried bodies lying about, gave us glowing word-pictures in advance of how the fortifications of Wadi Halfa and Cairo would look after the Khalifa, assisted by the angels, had attacked them. It was a melancholy journey for me, and I am not ashamed to say that fortifications and skeletons grew dimmed and blurred, and then were lost to view, as the hot tears fell upon the back of my hand.

Taken back to prison, I became worse. The weight of the chains and anklets dragging on me as I rode, and the chafing of the skin, set up a dreadful irritation; and the filth and dirt of the prison soon contributed to the formation of large ulcers.

It was while lying down in the shade one morning, unable to move, at the time of the great Bairam feast, that two camel men rode into the prison inclosure, and, making one of the camels kneel down near me, ordered me at once to mount, as the Khalifa had sent for me. The other prisoners crowded round and bade me good-bye; Mahmoud Wad Said telling me to pull myself together, and to act as I did "when they tried to burst your head with the om-beyehs." There was a grand parade of the troops that day, and everyone believed that I was to be decapitated in front of them. The two men could tell us nothing but that the Khalifa had sent for me, and, living or dead, they were bound to take me. I was, therefore, lifted on to the camel, and taken off to the parade-ground outside the town. The long, swinging stride of the camel communicated its motions to my chains, and by the time I reached the Khalifa the ulcers were broken, and I in a fainting condition. The Khalifa, noticing this, asked one of the Emirs what had happened. Although I was close to him, he would not address a word directly to me, and yet I could hear what he said, and my reply must have been perfectly audible to him. On hearing the reason of my shocking condition he gave orders that the chains were to be removed that night, and a lighter set fitted. The Khalifa was surrounded by his Emirs and body-guard, and ranged on the plain in front of us was his great army of horse and camel men, and foot-soldiers. I should have been marched past the whole army, but before reaching the horsemen the Khalifa said to the Emir Ali Wad Saad, "Tell Abdullah (myself) that he has only seen a quarter of the army, and let him be brought up for the parade to-morrow."

The prisoners were astonished to see me return alive that evening, and still more astonished at the orders given to Idris es Saier, the head gaoler, to remove my chains at once, and put on a lighter set. For once, the Khalifa's orders could not be carried out; the legs having swollen so much, the anklets, almost buried in flesh, could not be brought near enough to the face of the anvil to allow of their being struck, and the following day I again attended parade in pretty much the same state of collapse as the first. The Khalifa was furious at this; he had no wish to parade before his troops, as an evidence of his power, a man who had to be held up on his camel. My gaoler was sent for, and asked why he had disobeyed orders. He gave as reasons, first, that he had no lighter chains, and secondly, that my legs

**A Message  
from the  
Khalifa.**

**A  
Significant  
Object-  
Lesson.**

**A Surprise  
for the  
Prisoners.**

were so swollen he was unable to get at the anklets. The Khalifa replied that they were to be removed that night, and they were; but it was a terrible ordeal for me. Before leaving the parade-ground, he sent to me Saïd Gumma's donkey and Slatin's horse, telling me that I might ride either of them back to town, as their motion would be better for me than the camel—I elected to remain on the camel, however.

I had done my best to get near Slatin, to have a few words with him, but he was hardly for a moment near the Khalifa's side, galloping from one part

of the army to another with his orders. Ali Wad Saad, on the part of the Khalifa, asked me what I thought of the army; to which I replied, "You have numbers, but not training"—a reply which gave little satisfaction to the Khalifa, who could overhear it without having to wait for Saad to repeat it to him. This was the last time upon which I saw the Khalifa; but I live in hopes of seeing him once again.

My first spell in prison was one of four years. After nine months the rings and chains were removed from my neck, but the fetters I wore continuously—with the exception of thirteen days—during the whole of my captivity. Now, a day-to-day record of my experiences is out of the question, besides being unnecessary—even were it possible to give them. I must, therefore, content myself with a general description of the life passed there, and an idea of the day's routine.

When I reached Omdurman, the prison proper consisted of the common cell already mentioned ("Abou Hagar"—the house of stone), which was surrounded by a large zarefa of thorn trees and branches, and standing about 6ft. high. There were thirty guardians, each armed with a

"kourbash" (rhinoceros-hide whip) with which to keep their charges in order. There were no sanitary arrangements—not even of the most primitive description. All prisoners had to be fed by their friends or relatives; if they had neither they simply starved to death, as the prisoners, charitable as they were to each other in the matter of food, had barely enough to eat to keep body and soul together; the best, and greater part of the food sent in, being eaten by the gaolers.

At sunrise each morning the door of the common cell was opened, and the prisoners allowed to shuffle down to the banks of the



"AT SUNRISE THE DOOR WAS OPENED, AND THE PRISONERS ALLOWED TO SHUFFLE DOWN TO THE BANKS OF THE NILE."

Nile, a few yards distant, for their ablutions and water for drinking. After this we assembled for the first prayer of the day, which all had to join in. When not working we had to read the Mahdi's ratib,\* a kind of prayer-book, containing extracts from the Koran with interpolations of the Mahdi. All the faithful were ordered to learn this "ratib" off by heart, and

\* The "Ratib" occupied about three-quarters of an hour in recitation, and, by the Mahdi's orders, it had to be repeated daily by everyone after the morning and afternoon prayers; it ranked in importance with the five obligatory daily prayers ordained by the Koran. It was also looked upon as a sort of talisman; and it was given out, after such fights as Toski, Ginniss, and the Abara, that those killed were those who had either not learned the Ratib or had not a copy with them. The book was carried in a small leather case suspended from the neck. A number of copies were printed on the old Government press, but it was considered more meritorious to write out a copy rather than purchase one. The Mahdi hoped that this Ratib would eventually become a sort of a Koran, accompanied by its volumes of "traditions"; hence his anxiety that everyone should learn to write.

Slatin  
Pasha as the  
Khalifa's  
Orderly.

Prison Life.

Daily  
Routine of  
Life.

for this purpose each had either to purchase a copy or write one out. At noon the second prayers were held, followed by another midway between noon and sunset, and a fourth at sunset.

We should have repeated the night prayer when the night had set in, but as we were driven into the "Abou Hagar" at sunset, the time which ought to have been given to this prayer was fully taken up with brawls, fights, and those comprehensive curses of the Arabs which, commencing with the cursed person's father, go back for generations, and include all the female ancestors.

It has been found impossible, even in the most guarded and disguised language, to insert here a real word-picture of a night in the dread Saier. The scenes of bestiality and filthiness; the means employed for bringing the most powerful man to his knees with a single blow; the nameless crimes committed night after night, and year after year, may not be recorded in print. At times, and sometimes for weeks in succession, from 250 to 280 prisoners were driven into that small room. We were literally packed in; there was scarcely room to move our arms; our "jibbehs" swarmed with insects and parasites, which in themselves made sleep an impossibility and life a misery. As the heat grew more oppressive, and the atmosphere—always vile with the ever-present stench of the place—grew closer with the perspiring bodies, and with other causes, all semblance of human beings was lost.

Filth was thrown from one side of the room to the other by anyone who could move his hand for the purpose of doing so; and as soon as this disgusting element was introduced, the mass, in its efforts to avoid being struck with it, swayed from side to side, fought, bit, and struggled like mad dogs, as far as their packed condition would allow. They kicked with their bars and chains the shins of those next them, and the scene became one such as only a Dante might describe. Any prisoner who went down on such a night never got up again alive; his cries would not be heard above the appalling pandemonium of clanking chains and bars, imprecations and cursings; and for anyone to attempt to bend down to assist, only meant his going under also. In the morning, when we were allowed to stream out, five and sometimes six bodies would be found on the ground with the life crushed and trampled out of them.

One's and two's were of such constant occurrence that we came to look upon them almost as an established institution in connection with

the Saier. Occasionally, when the uproar was greater than usual, the guards would open the door, and, standing in the doorway, they would lash at the heads of the prisoners with their hide whips. And always when this occurred death claimed its five or six victims, crushed and trampled to death in the awful stampede. I wish I might say that I had drawn upon my imagination for what is given above; I can but assure you that it gives but the very faintest idea—merely the vaguest of indications—of what really occurred.

Until we had been set to make bricks and build a wall round our prison, our life, in comparison with what it was later, was I might almost say endurable. By "backsheeshing" the guards, we were allowed to go down to the river during the day almost as often as we pleased; and these excursions, taken ostensibly for the purpose of ablution and drinking, gave us many opportunities for conversing with the townspeople. This life I enjoyed but for a few months. A large number of prisoners succeeded in escaping. Then the digging of a well for infiltration water to supply the prisoners, and a wall round the prison, was ordered by the Khalifa to be constructed as rapidly as possible.

The prisoners who escaped were mainly slaves, and as most slaves were chained to prevent their running away from their owners—hundreds going about the town fettered—they had little difficulty in effecting their escape from prison, and also from Omdurman. On being allowed to go to the river to wash, they would wade down the bank until they came opposite some large crowd of people. Coming on the bank in this way their chains would excite no suspicion, for, as I have already said, hundreds similarly fettered were going about the town. Making their way to the nearest blacksmith, he would remove their chains in a few moments for the sake of obtaining the iron, which was valuable to him.

We were not at that time altogether without news. Papers published in Egypt were constantly arriving, brought thither by the Khalifa's spies, who passed regularly backwards and forwards between Omdurman and Cairo, keeping up communications between the Khalifa and some of the more fanatical Mohammedans resident at the Egyptian capital. Since my return to civilization I have inquired about an incident which happened on the frontier in connection with the army some years ago. I shall only relate what we heard, and as given out by the Khalifa and his Emirs. All the English officers, according to the report re-

**The Night Hideous.**

**A Ghastly Inferno.**

**"An Established Institution."**

**Prisoners Who Escaped.**



ceived, had been dismissed, and had left with the Sirdar.

The English soldiers had also been removed from Egypt; so the Khalifa was jubilant, and looked forward to the near future when the Egyptian troops would attempt to attack him, and when not a man of them was to be left alive. I was to have been a witness of the great battles when the angels of Allah were to fight with the believers, and assist the Ansar, or faithful adherents, utterly to exterminate the Turks. While this was still the topic of conversation, another messenger arrived to say that the trouble had been arranged; the English officers and troops were *not* leaving, and as the Khalifa's hopes fell, ours rose.

Of all the people whom the Mahdi himself appointed to posts, two, and, I believe, two only, retained their positions up to the time of the taking of Omdurman. One was Khaleel Hassanein, the director of the arsenal, and the other Idris es Saier, the gaoler. Idris — for he is still living — is a man of the Gawaamah tribe. This tribe the first missionary will have some little trouble with, unless he is prepared to revise one of the Ten Commandments out of the Pentateuch, as the following story, connected with my gaoler's first appearance in the world, may indicate.

Idris's mother had a sister who, tired of single blessedness, proposed to, and was accepted by, a swain of the tribe who was a constant visitor to their hut. You must never be surprised at anything in the Soudan. Idris's mother had also the intention of proposing to the same man, but having told her sister this, the sister popped the question first and was promptly accepted. Then Idris's mother upbraided her after the manner

of her tribe, which evidently consisted more in actions than in words. When the happy swain next put in his appearance, Idris's mother, with Idris in her arms, asked him how he dare go against the custom of her section of the tribe, and accept in marriage a girl who had no children, *while she had already had two!* "Saier" in the Gawaamah language means "custom" and "customary," and Idris was named Idris es Saier when, in after years, a satisfactory explanation could not be found for his not boasting a father. Idris's mother evidently went on "Saiering" to the end, and did not marry. When appointed as gaoler by the Mahdi, his prison was called "El Beit es Saier" (the house of Saier), which later on was contracted to "Saier," and the name eventually replaced the



"IDRIS HAD BEEN A FAMOUS ROBBER, AND WAS NEVER TIRED OF RELATING HIS EXPLOITS."

proper word for prison. All prisons were gradually called the "Saier," and the head gaoler was dubbed "Saier" also.

Idris had been a famous robber and thief, and he never tired of relating his exploits, winding up by pointing out what good Mahdieh had done for him. By his conversion, he said, he was now the honoured guardian of all thieves, robbers, and murderers, and there is little doubt that he had a sneaking regard for all such, as forming a link between himself and his earlier days.

Leap Year  
or not  
Leap Year!

The Head  
Gaoler's  
Past.

He was superstitious to a degree, was Idris ; and although the Mahdi and Khalifa had strictly forbidden fortune-telling and the writing of talismans, Idris followed the example of the Khalifa himself, and regularly consulted the fortune-tellers ; most of his ill-gotten gains going to them in fees. He had made twenty-five to thirty boards of hardwood, about 18in. to 20in. square ; and on these he had written daily a sourah from the Koran. The ink with which the sourahs were written was a mixture of wood-soot—or lamp-black, when that could be obtained—gum arabic, some perfume, and water. As soon as the writing was finished, Idris would, after carefully washing his hands, take a small vessel holding about two teacups of water, and carefully wash off the writing, allowing the water to drip back into the vessel. Not a drop was to be spilled on the ground, otherwise the writing would have to be done over again, for the name Allah, and many of his attributes, were then contained in the solution.

Having washed the board clean, **How Idris Practised Magic.** caught every drop of water, *and then drunk it*, he would come to us, and deliver himself of the following harangue. And as we heard it two or three times a week for years, I have an almost verbatim recollection of it.

"I am a born thief and robber ; my people killed many on the roads, and robbed them of their property. I drank as no one else could, and I did everything possible against rule and religion. But the Mahdi then came and taught me to pray and leave other people's property alone." (This last, by the way, always raised a bitter smile on the faces of hearers, as he used to torture us to deliver up for "the Khalifa" any small coin or article of value we might come into possession of.) "How much I come to thank the Mahdi for," he would say rapturously, "having made me a good, holy, and new man, and he will at the Day of Judgment be my witness, and take me with his Ansars (helpers) to Heaven.

"Think what I have been, and see what I am now ! I have been worse than any of you. If you stole anything, you stole when you were with the Government, and you only did what the Government and everyone else did. So I was worse than you ; I had no authority. God has pardoned me, however, and will also pardon you if you repent and give to the Beit el Mal what you have taken from the poor ; for there are now many poor in the town crying for food, and there is no money in the Beit el Mal to purchase any. I have given all my money in

charity, and my wives and children are crying for food. I have no boats to bring me merchandise, and I have no land to cultivate to grow dourra" (Sorghum, a grain in the Soudan, which takes the place of our wheat). "I am a prisoner, as you are, and the pay I get is not sufficient to feed my family. Yesterday there was no dourra in my house to feed my children, so they had to lie down hungry. I thank God for his grace in supporting me through these trials, for which I shall be rewarded in the next world. I am going to see my starving children now, and then I shall pray to God, and ask him to release you if you repent, and turn the Khalifa's heart to you. The Khalifa knows everything you do, and sees you all the day. For 'El Nebbi Khiddr' is his eyes and ears, and 'El Nebbi Khiddr' not only sees and hears what you are doing and saying, but sees what your very thoughts are."

After this, all but myself used to rise and kiss the hands of our eloquent but hypocritical gaoler ; I never did so. At the end of the first harangue he gave in my presence, and also at the end of his harangues for weeks afterwards, he would continue : "And now you man from the bad world, you understand Arabic well.

"The Khalifa has told me to instruct you in the true religion ; your fellow-prisoners will tell you how Hicks Pasha was, with all his army, killed by the angels. Not a single shot was fired, nor a spear thrown, by the Ansar. The spears flew from their hands, and, guided by the angels, pierced the breasts of the unbelievers, and burned up their bodies. God is great. You will soon learn that you are mistaken, and that all your world is wrong ; there is no religion but that of the Mahdi. How happy you should be to have lived in his time and entered into the company of the Ansar, or faithful. God now loves you ; it is He who has brought you to us, and with the Khalifa's blessing you will yet be numbered with the Ansar, and you will fight against the unbelievers and Turks as other converts have done. You have a strong mind, and the Khalifa therefore has not a bad opinion of you. Thank him for his mercy that he did not kill you. Be converted, and I shall be pleased and proud of you, and be as your father. You others, you have seen the Mahdi and the Khalifa and their dealings ; tell him of them. You, Hamad el Nil, you are a learned man, and know more of religion than I do ; make Abdullah know who God is, and who is His prophet."

At the end of my first lecture, Abou Jinn asked me how much money I had. I inquired

why. He replied, "Do you not understand? The Saier wants some money from you." I told him of the money Haseena had, and which the Saier was taking care of. On hearing this he smiled and told me that the Saier would not take the money himself, but he would compel me to *give* it to him for his "starving children."

A few days later I was sent for to hear the Saier hold forth again, and on this occasion he finished up by saying that some of us must have done something wrong; that the Nebbi Khiddr had reported it to the Khalifa, who had in consequence ordered him to add more chains to our feet. We were, however, to submit to this without bad feelings against the Khalifa. All the principal prisoners, with the exception of myself, were then marched to the anvil, and had their chains hammered on.

I was spared, as, after the first lecture, I had, on Abou Jinn's advice, sent prompt word to the Saier to take fifteen of my dollars for his "starving children." We prisoners then held a conference, and it was decided to present more moneys to the unscrupulous ruffian in whose power we were. It took us two days to scrape together the requisite sum—about fifty dollars; and to this I added seventeen of mine. This had the happy result of not only removing the extra chains of the prisoners, but Haseena's also. The Saier then called us together, gave us a homily on repentance and good behaviour, and told us to continue in the same path, as it was evidently looked upon with approval by the Nebbi Khiddr.\*

\* The Nebbi Khiddr is a mythical character in Islam. Sects are divided as to whether he is a prophet or not. His name does not appear in the Koran. By some of the old writers he is made the companion of Noah, Abraham, and Moses. Having drunk of the waters of the Fountain of Life, he is believed by some to be ever present at one of the Holy Places. His exact whereabouts and his attributes have never been defined. The Mahdi killed two birds with one stone by appropriating this unclaimed prophet to himself; firstly, his supposed presence made Omdurman a Holy Place, as the Nebbi only appeared at Holy Places; and then, by investing him with the powers as related by Idris es Saier, he was able to impress the more ignorant of his followers concerning his—the Khalifa's—omni science and omnipresence through the Nebbi Khiddr's agency. The Mahdi laying claim to this prophet and attributing to him the powers he did, raised in the minds of Hamad El Nil and others their first suspicions as to the Mahdi and his mission.

But this Nebbi Khiddr was never satisfied for long with our conduct. Every month he had something to report to the Khalifa, and just as regularly we were given extra chains, until a few dollars, entrusted to Idris for the poor, had sent him to the Khalifa with a favourable report. Most of these ill-gotten moneys, as I have said, went to soothsayers, fortune-tellers, and talisman writers, in whose absolute power the Saier was; though part went in backsheesh to the servants and counsellors of the Khalifa, whom the Saier had to keep in funds in order to retain his place—"Great fleas have little fleas," etc.

The Saier knew very well that not a single one of us believed in this Nebbi Khiddr business; but as outside the circle of the principal prisoners—and they were the only ones from whom money could be squeezed—were always gathered a number of the ignorant and, therefore, more fanatical of the Khalifa's adherents, he invented this tale, which he gave year after year without the slightest variation in words, in order to hoodwink them and prevent any tales reaching the Khalifa as to the sums "presented" by the prisoners.

It was during my first months in prison that Ahmed Nur ed Din, of the Kabbabish, succeeded in getting into prison in the hopes of effecting my escape. I had for some years had dealings with Nur ed Din in connection with the Intelligence Department, and also with the caravan trade. When I left Wadi Halfa with



"HASEENA, WITH TWO BOYS, USED TO CARRY ME ABOUT FROM SHADE TO SHADE AS THE SUN TRAVELLED."



Saleh's caravan, Nur ed Din was then at Saleh's camp bearing messages to him from the Government. On his return to Wadi Halfa he heard of what had happened, and, coming at once to Omdurman, he sent a message by my servant that he had come for me. All his applications to get into the prison being refused by the guards, and fearing to make an application direct to Idris es Saier or the Mehkemeh, he arranged with a friend to have a petty quarrel in the market-place; his friend hurried him before the kadi, and Nur ed Din was ordered into prison. On seeing me walk towards him as he entered—as I did not know then that he came as a prisoner—he gave me a "hooss," the Soudanese equivalent for our "ssh" (silence), and then walked off in another direction.

Later in the day, and when we were being marshalled to be driven into the common cell, he came next to me, and whispered, "I have come for you; be careful; keep your eyes open; try and obtain permission to sleep outside the Umm Hagar." Two weeks elapsed before we had another opportunity of exchanging a few words, but in the interval Nur ed Din was ingratiating himself with the prisoners who associated with me, and gradually allowing his curiosity to speak to the "white kaffir" to become evident. It was necessary for him to act in this cautious manner in order to avert suspicion; and another week passed after his introduction to our little circle before he dared seize an opportunity to consult me about his health and numerous ailments—which was his explanation when questioned about our long conversation together.

His plan, when he saw that there was not the slightest hopes of my being released from prison, was a desperate one, and we ran every chance of being killed in the attempt to escape; but this risk I was quite willing to take. I knew Nur ed Din would make no mistakes. It was not as if he were actuated by avarice in assisting me; it was a feud to the death, and it was *his* desiring to be the one to be left alive which prompted him to act, for he knew that if he could conduct me to Wadi Halfa, Gabou would soon decorate a scaffold or be shot out of hand. Nur ed Din, through the services of one of his party—a boy whom he had brought with him, and who came into the prison daily as Nur ed Din's food servant—first arranged for relays of camels, then the purchase of rifles and ammunition, which were buried in the desert a short distance

from Omdurman. These preparations being complete, six of the ten men at his first relay station were sent for to cut a hole through the wall of the prison nearest the Nile. This they were to do on the night we sent a message to them or gave a signal; one of the men being always near the bank, close to the selected part of the wall. Final instructions were given on hearing that the camels were ready and well provided with water.

After creeping through the aperture, we were to make our way to the river, dragging an old fishing-net behind us; this part of the scheme was to hide my chains and prevent their clanging from being heard. On passing the last of the huts we were to leave the river. Rags were then to be bound round the chains to deaden their rattling, and, mounting the camels, we were to travel as fast as they would go for twelve hours direct west, where we would pick up the first relay. We had sent the boy out with a message to our people to procure three revolvers and ammunition. Nur ed Din and I were to take one each for use in case necessity arose before we could reach the buried rifles; and the other weapon one of the men was to take. If our flight were at once discovered he was to fire towards a boat which had been taken to the opposite bank, and swear that we had escaped by its means. This would put our pursuers on the wrong scent for some time. But only one revolver and seventeen cartridges could be found just then, so Nur ed Din decided on waiting until others could be obtained. During the few days these were being searched for Nur ed Din became feverish, and to my horror and despair I saw all the symptoms of typhus fever developing.

This fever had been named Umm **A Strange Fever.** Sabbah (seven), as it invariably carried off its victims in seven days. It may be guessed how anxiously and carefully I nursed Nur ed Din, and how Hasseena was kept busy the whole day long brewing cooling draughts from tamarinds, dates, and roots, in order to allay his fever. He might have recovered had he not kept himself excited at the fear of losing his vengeance on Gabou; but he gradually sank and died. I was locked up in the Umm Hagar on the night of his death, and the fever was then taking hold of me also. Two days later I was senseless, and, of course, helpless. Hasseena, with two boys, used to carry me about from shade to shade as the sun travelled; but my neck-chain dragged, and sometimes tripped one or the other up, and then it was that orders were given to remove it.

(To be continued.)

"I Have  
Come for  
You."

Details of  
the Pro-  
jected  
Escape.

A  
Desperate  
Plan.

A Strange  
Fever.

## My Impressions of Pekin.

By ALFRED EDMONDS.

The narrative of a journey to one of the queerest cities on earth, describing the scenes and incidents en route. The whole being illustrated by a set of photographs by the author, showing those curiosities which at once strike the Western eye.



"ALTHOUGH HER ENGINES ARE REVERSED, SHE FINDS IT IMPOSSIBLE TO EXTRICATE HERSELF."  
*From a* *Photo.*

**P**EKIN, of course, abounds in curiosities which may, with the prosaic advance of railways, "fade into the light of common day"; but until the city is brought into closer contact with Western civilization, it must always possess an air of mystery for Occidental minds.

Before the railway line was laid from the Taku forts to Tientsin, the journey from the coast was generally made in a steamer up the Peiho River—one of the most difficult streams to navigate in all China. Owing to the enormous amount of silt carried down, and the bad condition of the banks, the bed is exceedingly treacherous, and fresh mud-banks are continually being formed.

The first illustration represents a steamer hopelessly stuck; and although her engines are reversed, she finds it impossible to extricate herself. Not infrequently, lots are drawn amongst the passengers as to who shall ride to Tientsin

for assistance. The person on whom the lot falls hires a pony in the neighbourhood, and on reaching Tientsin sends down lighters—long, flat-bottomed craft—which relieve the steamer of just so much of its cargo as will enable her to get afloat once more.

The road depicted in the second illustration is the termination of the long and dreary overland journey from the city of Tientsin to the capital. This journey is usually performed either on horseback or in springless carts, which threaten with every revolution of their wheels to dislocate the joints of the unhappy traveller. Good horsemen, with relays of ponies, have been known to cover the ground in one day; but

in carts it takes two days, a night having to be spent in a Chinese inn, where the traveller has to sleep on a Kang (a low structure of bricks), and where he is usually "hush'd with buzzing night flies" to his slumber.

By the extension of the railway from Tientsin to Lukachiou, however—a town within



A COMPARATIVELY DECENT BIT OF ROAD APPROACHING PEKIN FROM TIENSIN.  
*From a Photo.*

a few miles of Pekin—the cart journey is obviated, and the great city can now be reached in half a day from the coast. The stream shown in the illustration is the moat (in many parts dry) that surrounds the city walls; and the high pagoda in the distance surmounts the Yung-ting-men gate, at the southern entrance to the wonderful city itself.

The third snap-shot shows a party of travellers proceeding along a stone road which runs right through what is known as the Chinese City, to the gates of the Tartar City. On the right of this road, immediately at the entrance, is the Temple of Heaven, where the Emperor proceeds once a year to worship his ancestors; and



From a "CENTURIES OF TRAFFIC HAVE MADE HUGE RUTS IN THIS ROAD." [Photo.

on the left is the Temple of Agriculture, where he annually guides the plough at the commencement of the season. Centuries of traffic have made huge ruts in the great boulders which form this road. These are frequently a foot and a-half in depth, making travelling over—or rather through—they in a cart positively dangerous. But no attempt appears to be made to repair the "thoroughfares," though money is annually set aside by the metropolitan authorities for this purpose. When the Emperor proceeds to the annual ceremony, the ruts are filled up with mud, so as to induce him to believe that the road is kept in proper repair. But in this land of make-believe—painted "dummy" cannons and the like—this is not a matter for surprise.

The structure in the fourth illustration is the chief gateway into the Tartar City from the Chinese City, and is called Ch-ien-men. On either side are hucksters exhibiting their wares for sale. It is no uncommon thing to find among the

mass of rubbish offered for sale some really choice bit of porcelain; but the betrayal of the slightest anxiety on the part of the intending purchaser will cause the dealer instantly to put a fancy price on the article. Expert buyers generally offer one-fourth of the sum asked, and, finally, a bargain is usually struck, when about 50 per cent. of the original price is taken off.

It should be mentioned that the wall, an idea of the solid character of which may be gathered from this photo., consists of a stone foundation, and then two brick walls filled with mud. That of the Northern, or Tartar City, is 40ft. high, 50ft. thick at the base, and 36ft. at the top; and it is strengthened by massive buttresses at

intervals of 300 yards. It has nine gates, each of which has on the outside a semi-circular or square *enceinte* in which a smaller tower stands opposite to the gate tower.

The building dimly visible to the right of the pagoda in our photograph is the Nantang Roman Catholic Cathedral—one of the two noble edifices which the Catholics possess in Pekin; the other

being Hsi-tang. It is computed that there are about 8,000 Roman Catholics in the city—descendants of the converts made by the Jesuit missionaries in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Few things are more impressive, by the way, than the sight of a huge congregation of Chinese worshipping in one of these cathedrals, though



From a

THE CHIEF GATEWAY INTO THE TARTAR CITY.

[Photo.





"THE PEKIN OBSERVATORY, ONE OF THE GREAT SIGHTS, IS ON THE EASTERN WALL OF THE TARTAR CITY." [Photo.]

to the European there is at first sight something ludicrous in the idea of a pig-tailed priest. The devotional attitude of the whole of the worshippers, however, speedily dissipates this idea. They murmur their Latin prayers with the facility of a congregation at St. Peter's, and the almond-eyed priests comport themselves at the altar with the grave dignity of a cardinal. There are no seats in the body of the cathedral: the women sit on the floor on one side of the aisle, and the men on the other. The instruments in the orchestra (which is a really excellent one), are played by Chinese. For these strange people, under competent tuition, soon become skilled musicians, and this is evidenced by the accomplished band which Sir Robert Hart, Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs, has organized for his private delectation.

The next photo.—a view in the great observatory at Pekin, with two of the native officials—conveys but a faint idea of the exquisite beauty of the bronzes and instruments in that wonderful institution. The Pekin Observatory, or Kwang-hsiang-tai—one of the great sights—is situated on the eastern wall of the Tartar City. Chinese astronomers, we may say, have not been generous in their conclusions.

All the world, under Heaven, in their opinion, is China; and the constellations exist for that world's especial benefit. The observatory establishment dates back to the reign of the famous Kublai Khan, and is mentioned by Marco Polo. It consists of a terrace abutting on the city wall, and a small court-yard at the bottom. Two planispheres and an astrolabe are among the older instruments. They are of great size and are made of bronze, supported by huge dragons; and they are considered to be the finest specimens of ancient bronze workmanship to be found in the whole of Eastern Asia. A number of astronomical

instruments, less elaborate, but of greater scientific interest, are erected on the terrace, and rise above the wall.

No one expects to get an Hotel Cecil or Waldorf in Pekin; but though the Hotel de Pekin—the only European hostelry of any pretensions in the Celestial City—cannot boast of the splendour of these palaces of gastronomy, it is nevertheless very comfortable, and is regarded as a positively luxurious establishment by those who have experienced the verminous and other horrors of a Chinese inn. The front part of the building is devoted to a large store, where most European comestibles can be obtained at fairly moderate prices. It is only



[From a]

THE ONLY HOTEL IN THE CELESTIAL CITY.

[Photo.]

during a long and severe winter that any fear of a dearth of food-stuffs is entertained; and the European inhabitants have not yet been known to resort to birds'-nest soup. For some months, however, the coast is ice-bound, and no supplies can be got by sea. During one winter the Legations ran short of soda-water, and the wily landlord of this hotel, hearing of it, got enormous prices for the small stock he had in hand. The bedrooms are in a court-yard at the rear of the store, and are moderately well furnished; while the attendance of the Chinese servants is in every respect admirable. The charge for accommodation is about six Mexican dollars, or twelve shillings, a day, exclusive of wines; and the meals are well prepared.

Pekin after rain is a nightmare. Pools 3ft. and 4ft. deep are often formed, *and children are sometimes drowned in them!* But the utter callousness of the Chinese with regard to human life is frequently observable in the Celestial City. For example, a stranger never attempts to save either a drowning man or child for fear of being saddled with the burial expenses should the unfortunate creature die; and very rarely will even the relatives come to the rescue.

The next illustration may be regarded as depicting a fairly typical Pekin street. It is in the southern or Chinese City, and presents a most brilliant and picturesque appearance on a fine day. The streamers across the road are painted in vermilion and gold and a variety of



From a

PEKINESE SHOP SIGNS AND ADVERTISEMENT POSTERS.

[Photo.

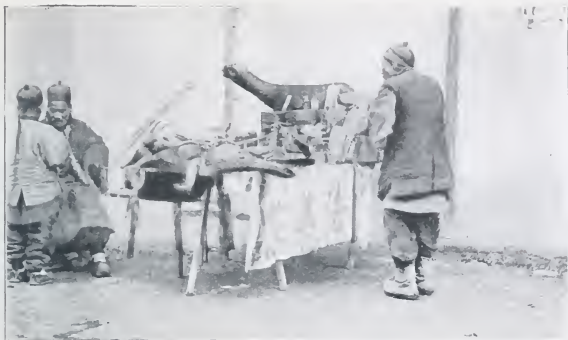
colours, setting forth in grandiose terms the surprising character of the goods to be obtained in the shops. The scroll shops, by the way, are very attractive to the Western stranger on account of the wealth of colour displayed in the production of their wares. Cloisonné stores and snuff-bottle shops are also centres of interest.

The formidable-looking characters on the wall in the next reproduction would strike the Chinese eye much in the same way that huge pictorial posters would arrest the attention of a European in his own country. Not satisfied with merely advertising his goods, the average Chinese tradesman will place on his sign-board his birthplace, and also some such expressions as the following: "This is the abode of

generosity and kindness"; "We live but to serve others" — excellent sentiments, which, unfortunately, are more honoured in the breach than in the observance. A doctor will boldly assert on his sign-board that he will cure patients of any disease in three days, and will restore them to perfect health in seven. Many of the boards bear the characters "Pu er chia," which, literally translated, mean, "No two prices." The shopkeeper, however, will not hesitate to charge a foreigner double the advertised



From a] THIS IS A TYPICAL PEKIN STREET, WITH STREAMERS IN VERMILION AND GOLD. [Photo.



A PEKINESE DOCTOR PRESCRIBING FOR A BOY.—THIS "DISPENSARY" IS FULL OF WEIRD THINGS. [Photo.]

price of an article, in the hope that the purchaser is ignorant of the Chinese language; and even when detected he simply laughs and says, "Fixed prices are not intended for foreigners."

The above illustration depicts a doctor prescribing for a Chinese boy; the collection of animals and horns on the table near him forming his "dispensary." The medical system in China is, according to tradition, as ancient as the monarchy itself; and its followers are generally unsuccessful literary candidates or poor scholars, who must do something to earn a livelihood. The leader of the art is a gentleman who rejoices in the name of Chin Che Chun Ching. He has written forty volumes on the subject of the curing of ills. Of these, seven are devoted to nosology, eight to pharmacology, five to pathology, six to surgery, and fourteen to the diseases of women and children. More than any other work in any other land it possesses the quality of originality. According to the writer, the human body consists of water, fire, wood, metal, and earth; and as long as the equilibrium between these elements is maintained the body enjoys perfect health. When, however, one component becomes predominant sickness ensues. Curious that this never appears to have occurred to our doctors. The prescriptions are equally original. Sudden faintness, paleness, and tremor are to be relieved by pouring the blood of an animal, when

Vol. iii.—73.

still warm, down the throat of the sufferer. True, under this kind of treatment, instant death is by no means uncommon, but such accidents create little sensation, because it is dying according to the system established by the ancients. And there is a lot in that; the Chinese are a most conservative race. One of the drollest treatments is that for persons under the influence of demons. They are to have their nose twisted, their face spat upon, their feet bitten, and their elbows burnt. Trying, no doubt, but wonderfully efficacious; that sort of thing should rouse any demon.

The Chinese really possess many excellent herbal remedies, and there is scarcely a shrub, leaf, or root which has not been adopted as an ingredient of medicine.

No characteristic of the Celestial is more marked than his reverence for the dead, and funerals are consequently very solemn and elaborate ceremonies, enormous expense being gone to in the provision of the coffin and the hearse. The hearse shown in the next illustration is one of the more costly kinds, the deceased, who was a successful tradesman, having selected it as rather a neat thing before his death. Do not be shocked at the apparent hilarity of the bearers. They forget for a



A CHINESE FUNERAL PROCESSION.—THE BEARERS ARE WATCHING THE "CRAZY FOREIGN DEVIL" TAKING THE PHOTOGRAPH. [Photo.]





"FREQUENTLY THE HEARSE IS PRECEDED BY THE FAMILY JOSS,"  
From a Photo.

moment their grave charge in watching the manœuvres of the crazy foreign devil with the "picture-box."

Frequently the hearse is preceded by the family Joss, as in the above photograph—a huge figure, of sinister cast of countenance, dressed in the costliest of



"A LOAD OF IMITATION PAPER MONEY, WHICH IS BURNT AT THE ANCESTORS' TOMBS." [Photo.]

to proceed to the burial-place. China might well be called the Land of Graves. They are everywhere to be seen—in fields, in gardens, and on the roadside. The wealthier erect tablets over the graves of their dead, but the majority of the tombs are mud-mounds, similar in shape to the hut of a Hottentot; so that most fields look like the kraals of African chieftains.

The illustration shown above represents a woman carrying a load of imitation silver paper money, which is burnt at the ancestors' tombs—a ceremony which takes place in the March of every year, and is continued for a



"THE STREETS ARE THROGGED WITH SPECTATORS WATCHING THE APPROACH OF THE FUNERAL." [Photo.]



From a "TRADESMEN CONTRIBUTE TOWARDS THE SUPPORT OF THESE VAGABONDS." [Photo.

month. All Chinamen who have any respect for themselves and their families visit the graves of their ancestors at this period of the year, and send the spirits of the dead any little article likely to be of use. The tombs are decorated with bamboo sticks, to which are attached long streamers of tough white paper, these signifying that the graves on which they are found have been duly visited and attended to, and that the dead are *not* without dutiful descendants. All kinds of offerings are made to the departed. In addition to the silver paper money, sticks of fragrant incense and candles are burnt; and boiled pork, fowls, ducks, geese, tea, rice, and wine are brought to propitiate the good services of the deceased. A space around the grave is swept clean, and after due prostrations the edibles are consumed by the worshippers. Finally, the function is wound up by a blaze of crackers — to the Western mind, rather an unseemly termination to an otherwise reverent and decorous function.

If there is one thing more than another that makes a visit to the lower quarters of Peking unpleasant to the stranger, it is the crowd of beggars by whom he is surrounded on every hand. The majority of these hideous gentry suffer from the most frightful diseases, and the

only way to keep them at arm's length is by distributing among them a plentiful supply of copper "cash." Begging is as much a profession in China as is the calling of the medicine man; and the mendicants form themselves into strong guilds whose ramifications extend throughout the whole of the Empire. Tradesmen contribute towards the support of these vagabonds in the hope that they will abstain from troubling customers—the beggars' blackmail, in fact! It is related of a tradesman in Shanghai, that because he refused to support the ragged brotherhood they crowded round his shop to such an extent as effectually to keep away all customers, and so they ruined his trade. Our photo. shows three Peking beggars in consultation.

The peculiar building methods adopted by the Chinese are illustrated in the next photo. Before any stone or brick work is proceeded with, the shape of the structure is fashioned out of long bamboo rods, and the illustration shows a very fair specimen of this kind of scaffolding. Though "coolie" labour is very cheap, it is calculated that a white labourer will get through as much work as three coolies.



CHINESE BUILDING OPERATIONS.—"THE SHAPE OF THE STRUCTURE IS FASHIONED OUT OF LONG BAMBOO RODS." [Photo.

From a

## Two Love Affairs, and How They Ended.

BY KITTY RUSSELL.

Colonel Tryon's sprightly narrative illustrates in a very remarkable way the romance of real life, of which there is a vast deal lying idle, so to speak. His own love affair ended in his falling head first down a deep well full of garbage, and he remained there all night in dreadful agony.

"YES, love is a curious thing," said Colonel Hervey Tryon, when we were out for a ramble the other day, and had been talking of India, adventures, and THE WIDE WORLD, which he carried under his arm. "I should think it must cause more real adventure than anything else, if people would but tell the truth."

"I'm sure it does," said I; "but what do you mean? Anything strange happened to you, Colonel Tryon? If so, do tell me, and let me send it up to THE WIDE WORLD."

"Let's sit down here," said the Colonel, pausing at a fallen tree which looked inviting, "and we'll talk it over. I did once have a very curious adventure—caused, I may say, indirectly by a young lady; and I also witnessed another in which love formed a very prominent part. It was in my subaltern days, and I remember being much impressed by the two disastrous results.

"My own little affair was all nonsense; the other, which occurred to a young couple on my first voyage out to India, was far more serious. Mine landed me head downwards for a whole tropical night in an Indian well. The other"—

"Begin at the beginning, please, Colonel," said I, opening my parasol and drawing off my gloves; "this will make a lovely story. I'm so glad you told me."

"Easy, easy," said the Colonel. "I don't know now if I'll tell you. But I was reading THE WIDE WORLD the other day, and I remembered these two incidents, and thought, 'What about them? They are queer and startling enough. Shall I tell Kitty and let her send the story up in ship-shape form? Can I face an illustration of myself in full regimentals, wrong side up, in that open tomb, just as I must have appeared? And that ship love-adventure, which

was terrible enough for any novel? Or shall I keep it all dark?'"

"I'm so glad you haven't," said I, awfully pleased. "You've got to go on now, Colonel Tryon, whether you like it or not. For I won't budge from this seat, nor let you, till you have."

"Well, may I smoke?" asked the Colonel, producing a cigarette-case. "What, you don't? Well, very sensible, too. I don't like to see women smoke. They never did in my young days."

"Women are charming creatures, aren't they, Colonel Tryon?" said I, hoping gently to lead him up to the story; "and I suppose when you first joined you fell in love once a month with someone or other? On board ship, now, going out to India round the Cape?"

"During my first voyage out to India, when I first joined," said the Colonel—fairly launched without knowing it—"I was occupied most of the time in watching another couple's love affair, and am not at all sure that I wasn't a bit spoony on the appropriated young lady myself. But it ended in an awful manner, and I'll tell you about it,

for such things don't happen, as a rule, except in novels—where they're not believed.

"It was in '62. My regiment was the old 48th—the Northamptonshire. I was ordered out to Lucknow, and we left Cork on the 14th of September, 1862, in the *Lady Jocelyn*, twin screw steamer, with troops on board, the vessel being commanded by Captain Kerr. He was a very smart fellow, I remember—always wore white kid gloves on deck—and kept one hand thrust into the breast of his coat, after the manner of Lord Nelson; and he wasn't unlike him, either. He was a good chap, but 'pon my word there seemed to be a curse on his ship that voyage. Deuced hard lines on him.



COLONEL HERVEY TRYON (LATE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT). [Photo.]



"A very pretty girl, aged eighteen, had been brought on board at Cork by her parents and placed in his charge. 'She's engaged,' explained the father, 'to a rich civilian out in India, and has suddenly taken a violent dislike to him, just as her going out to be married was all arranged.'

"'Funny, that!'" said Captain Kerr.

"'Not funny at all,'" said the father (a perfect beast, a second Mr. Icy Chill, and no mistake); 'nothing is funny in this world when you've discovered what causes it. She's fallen in love with another fellow.'

"'By gum,'" said the captain; he couldn't think of anything more helpful.

"'I'll *gum* him,'" said Mr. Icy Chill, drawing in his breath with a whistle, 'if he interferes with this marriage any further. We have forbidden him to approach her, and are now shipping her off quickly with you, captain, to save all further unpleasantness. We commend her to your care. Keep a sharp look-out at ports. She might bolt, or he turn up. She'll be met at Madras.'

"The girl looked broken-hearted till we got well out to sea, and then she suddenly cheered up and looked happy as could be. I had my suspicions. I was young and impressionable myself, and I noticed rapid but sweet glances between two pairs of eyes on that deck day by day, which seemed to me to hint at a very pretty little romance indeed.

"I asked the captain one fine morning whether he happened to know the name of the delinquent who had tried to upset the rich civilian's hopes. 'No,' said he, 'I don't—forgot to ask. Of no consequence now.' And I became more sure than ever that our young Lovelace was on board.

"Finally we were all made acquainted with the fact in a most terrible manner.

"We'd got into the tropics, and it was positively grilling down in the cabins at night, so,

with many others, I moved my mattress on deck and slept there. I often got up during the small hours and would take a turn, leaning over the bulwarks, and watching the moonlight on the water.

"One glorious night about twelve, I was doing this and smoking, when, to my astonishment, I saw something dark dropping slowly down against the side of the white vessel, in a very quiet and cautious fashion.

"Fearing some kind of foul play from the crew, I moved along till I came to where a stout rope had been fastened, and on casting my eye down it, I soon made out that a human being dangled at the other end, and was casting anchor, as it were, just outside a certain open port, which I knew belonged to the cabin in which slept the bride-elect and two other women.

"Here was a pretty little business!

"Young Lovelace, having reached his haven, balanced himself on some rigging. A pretty, tumbled dark head emerged from the port; the man's fair head bent forward; and then the two heads met by a process known to most lovers, I suppose.

"There that highly romantic young couple remained, talking—well, for quite an hour. The bride's cabin companions I could, I fancied, hear snoring, but that may have been my imagination.

"I was tickled—it was a rare joke. But I kept my counsel, and have felt sorry since, for their poor sakes, that I did so.

"Lovelace went on doing this night after night, but by day they both looked as innocent as a pair of doves. Being in the secret, however, I caught glances from her dark eyes and his blue ones which no one else had the key to.

"One night, when the sea lay around us as calm as a pond, and the Southern Cross burned overhead, I caught sight of the little meeting again, and then, thinking I'd no business to be looking on at all, I turned away, threw myself



"YOUNG LOVELACE, HAVING REACHED HIS HAVEN BALANCED HIMSELF ON SOME RIGGING."

on my mattress, and fell sound asleep in five minutes.

"A splash! A most terrible and piercing shriek—these were the sounds that woke me! I rushed to the ship's side. The officer on watch rushed too. . . . Other men rushed. . . . The girl was leaning half-way out of her port, shrieking and holding out two white arms towards where, already a speck on the moonlit ocean, her young lover struck out for the ship that was fast leaving him behind!

"He had somehow slipped from his rope and fallen into the sea; and the water here swarmed with sharks. In those days 'man overboard' drill had not become the practised art it is now. It took fourteen minutes by my watch before a boat could be lowered. Meanwhile that speck vanished. No one quite knew when. You were gazing at it—we all were. Our hearts thumped in our mouths; then you blinked. . . and the speck was gone!

"The poor little bride-elect never beheld her lover again. As for me, 'pon my word I don't like talking of it even now—I get choky."

My companion paused, and his kind face clouded as he puffed at his cigarette. He seemed to be gazing at the bygone picture of that gallant ship and that moonlight night when a poor young girl's heart-strings snapped in the very joy of life. Then he continued:—

"The days passed on and a gloom seemed to have dropped on the ship. Two weeks later (you understand we were making for India round the Cape) another tragedy—a double one this time—occurred. The under-steward (leaving a note in his cabin to say he couldn't stand the upper-steward's bullying any longer) jumped overboard one morning when we were all on deck playing quoits. A sailor—plucky chap—jumped in after him. The under-steward

couldn't swim, and clutched his rescuer round the neck, so that both were drowned under our very eyes. So much for that ill-fated voyage.

"We arrived at the 'Shiny' at last, and I proceeded by dāk from Calcutta to Lucknow, a glorious spot in the Indian 'cold weather.'

"I shared a jolly little bungalow with two brother officers, and we had quite a pretty, English-looking garden, where I used to wander

in the cool, and, as the hot weather came on, compose poetry to a young lady of my acquaintance named Edith. Edith is a very difficult name to provide a rhyme for, and all that I could think of was this:—

Where the gentle ewe-  
lamb feedeth,  
Meet me there, my  
darling Edith;  
Where the mahli\*  
daily weedeth  
I rove, and think of  
you, my Edith.

-And so on. And I remember being knocked flat when one day she produced, with an air of gloomy triumph, a rival production from another swain, who had got over the difficulty

by addressing her as *Edie*, and who poured forth his soul thus:—

With love I'm getting seedy,  
Take pity on me, precious Edie.

But if you ask me, I consider mine beats his into fits.

"I mention this little incident because, but for Miss Edith, I don't believe I should ever have gone into that well."

"What fun," I here chipped in. "I wish I'd been Edith, Colonel Tryon. If there's one thing that's more fun than another, it's having two men in love with you at the same time, both trying to outdo the other."

"Great fun for the lady," said the Colonel, sniffing, "and horrid for the men. Well, I was so upset at that fellow clapping his beastly poetry on the top of mine, that as I dressed for



"ALREADY A SPECK ON THE MOONLIT OCEAN, HER YOUNG LOVER STRUCK OUT FOR THE SHIP."

mess that night I hardly knew whether I stood on my head or my heels."

"And you little dreamt," I added, "that you were about to stand on your head in earnest, eh?"

"I little dreamt," assented the Colonel, "that I was about to stand on my head in earnest, as you say. I heard the mess-bugle going, and I started to walk across the three compounds that divided us, my mind seeking for a fresh rhyme for 'Edith,' so as to cut the other chap out for good and all. I tried the whole alphabet, and when I got to N, was overjoyed at the word 'needeth' cropping up. A lot I knew could be done with 'needeth.' I could say, for instance, that my soul needeth . . . Edith . . . And put more poetically—rounded off, as it were—it would sound uncommonly well and, I thought, rather neat.

"At this very moment (it was now quite dark—we get no twilight in India) I tripped over some stone coping or other. Not realizing *what it was the coping of*, I stumbled on . . . and . . . the next instant I was shooting head downwards apparently into the very bowels of the earth! I remember the sensation as my head bumped first on one side of that well and then the other. It was a very narrow well, and about 50ft. deep (so I afterwards discovered). It was dry, however, or nearly so; and luckily for me, the native servants from bungalows around had been in the habit of throwing refuse down it—mostly in the shape of dirty straw out of their sahibs' stables. This made a thick padding at the bottom, which, with the foot or so of water in the well, provided quite a nice spongy pulp for my skull to alight on; and 'squash' went my face into this. Even let down thus easy, it's a marvel my neck didn't break; but I, of course, threw my arms instinctively downwards, so that they received a lot of my weight, and no doubt saved me.

"I can tell you, young lady, it was a horrible bed to alight on, face downward. Straw and manure and dirty water; odds and ends of long-decayed vegetables; scraps of food; filthy remnants of native clothing; and—to add to the charm—empty tins and a bottle or two, which, luckily, my face did *not* strike. Such was my couch that fearful night.

"On first alighting I was fairly stunned for Heaven knows how long. I thought I was diving, and wondered when I was going to reach the bottom. Then it slowly dawned on me that I *had* reached the bottom, and reached a horrible smell at the same time. Then full consciousness returned, and I began to try and right myself. For a long time I simply couldn't.

There I stuck head downwards almost up to my neck in that filth. The heat was terrific. The perspiration poured off me, and to add to my miseries, millions of creeping insects of all sorts, bred by the decaying animal and vegetable matter, began to crawl over my head, neck, and face, and even into my ears, till I could have roared with pain. I would take first one hand and then the other off the ground, and try to scrape the hideous things off me, but in vain. I felt that unless I could find relief, and that quickly, it would all be over with me very soon.

"My legs were not straight up all this time. They were, in fact, bent at the knees; whilst my feet were jammed against the brick side of the wall. It afterwards turned out that I could have righted myself at once but for my feet having caught in a broken fissure in the brick-work. I soon discovered this, however, and, after frantic struggles, freed myself; my legs then dropped down, and I turned myself right way up.

"I now, for the first time, knew for certain that it was a well I had fallen into. Far up overhead gleamed the stars of an Indian night, looking, from this depth, brilliant and large to an extraordinary degree. Not a sound broke the stillness for a time, and then, sounding a long way off, and very muffled, I heard the regimental band playing outside our mess!

When other lips and other hearts  
Their tales of love shall tell. . . .

I always thought it a sweet, pretty air.

"Now—to-night—as I stood in my open grave (for such it seemed to me) and thought of the world above; my friends (yes, of course, I thought of Edith, too—the little minx, and how delighted the other fellow would be at the final extinction of me and my poetry); well, I tell you, I felt as choky as when my mother left me at my first school and told me to be a good boy and not eat all my jam the first week.

"But the music changed and my mood with it.

"'When Johnny comes marching home again,' inspired me with a sudden resolve *not* to die—if it were only to spite Edith and the tom-fool she preferred to me.

"And when tune No. 3 stole in down to me—

Oh where, and oh where, is my Highland laddie gone?  
I made up my mind I'd let 'em *know* where, if I burst my lungs over it. And I started bellowing and shouting till I was fairly hoarse.

"But it was all of no use. Nobody came near me. And now fresh tortures began. The vermin that infested the rubbish in which I stood began crawling up the legs of my tight



uniform trousers, whilst mosquitoes in thousands 'tinged' round my head and face. It would, indeed, be hard to describe to you what I went through in the well that burning Indian night.

"I shouted—I yelled—I swore; I tore at my legs and feet; I dashed my hands round my face. I covered my face with my hands, and then the loathsome creatures settled on my hands. The narrow confines of my hideous prison; the inability to move or walk about, which would have been a relief; the suffocating

my legs doubled up, when I suddenly discerned the figure of a native, looking very small, yet sharply defined against the morning light above.

"I gave one more shout. He vanished, and despair seized me. But in a few moments more figures appeared, voices dropped, hollow-sounding, down to me, and I knew dimly that I was saved.

"A rope and bucket were soon lowered, and I scrambled in somehow. When the fresh, sweet air of the upper world blew upon my swollen, disfigured face I fainted with relief and the



"WHEN THE FRESH, SWEET AIR OF THE UPPER WORLD BLEW UPON MY FACE I FAINTED WITH RELIEF."

heat, foul air, stench, and, above all, the vermin and mosquitoes which were soon devouring my whole body—well, I won't dwell on my sufferings that awful night, for I tell you I don't care to remember it for long.

"Morning came at last. A ring of daylight took the place of the stars above me, and, with all the strength I could muster (but I was, now, nearly done for) I again yelled for help.

"I knew it was my last chance. I was almost exhausted . . . and when my strength and voice should fail me, it would of course be all U P—for who'd dream of coming to look for young Tryon down a disused old well?

"I was sitting in the filth at the bottom, my head leaning back against the brick-work, and

feelings it brought. And that's the whole adventure."

"And Edith?" said I.

"Oh, yes," replied the Colonel—"Edith!" I'd had a sickening of poetry. I tried no more. And the other chap used the word 'needeth' with such effect (the only other one left in the alphabet, you see, that rhymed at all) that a gay wedding very soon followed."

"And were you broken-hearted?" said I.

"I was for a bit," replied Colonel Tryon, "but I'm bound to say that in a month from then I was trying to find a good rhyme for the name Jessie—or was it Julia, now? I declare I can't remember which. But I know it began with a J."

## The Hook-Swinging Ceremony as I Saw It.

BY THE REV. JOSHUA KNOWLES.

The able representative of the London Missionary Society in Pareychaley, Travancore, South India, sends his personal impressions of one of the most extraordinary pagan festivals in the world. The devotees have iron hooks fastened into their flesh, and they are then swung high into the air at the end of a long pole.



SINCE I first went out to India in 1880 as a missionary of the London Missionary Society, I think nothing has impressed me more than the belief which many of the more ignorant classes in India firmly hold, that their

sufferings and sicknesses come upon them because their deities are displeased with them. The cause of the god's displeasure is generally attributed to failure on the part of the worshippers to perform the religious ceremonies due to the idols. And so, in order to propitiate these cruel deities, the relatives of the sick will visit the idol temple, and by offerings try to appease their wrath. Or the sick persons themselves will make vows that on their recovery they will do honour to the gods.

In the case of children, the parents or relatives will make appropriate vows on their behalf. Sanguinary offerings—either of the blood of goats or fowls, or of the sacrificer's own blood—are believed to be specially pleasing to these deities.

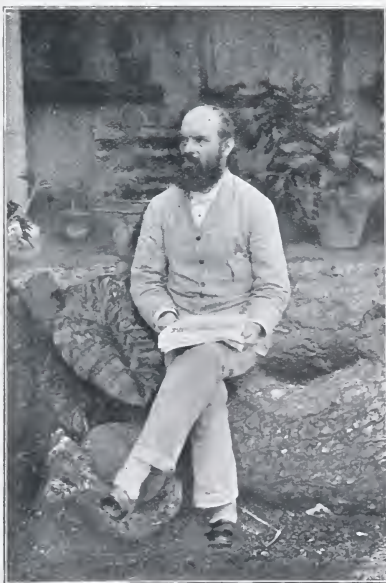
At certain festivals held in honour of the goddess Bhadra Kāli, in the Native State of Travancore, South India, the most strange and striking form which these sanguinary sacrifices take is known as Hook-swinging. The devotees have iron hooks inserted into the fleshy part of their backs, and are then swung up in the air

before the goddess. I think of all the superstitious and cruel ceremonies it has been my lot during my missionary career in India to see or to hear of, this one of Hook-swinging is (with the exception of the sacrifices under the car of Juggernaut, now prohibited by the British

Government) the most extraordinary. In one respect, viz., that infants and children are included in the ceremony, Hook-swinging is worse than the "fire-walking" sometimes practised in parts of India.\* The following is an account of a visit paid by me to the festival about eighteen months ago.

"Next week there will be the annual Hook-swinging Festival at Kollangodu. There will be many thousands of people there. We hear that some twenty men are to be swung. Will our missionary be pleased to come with us?" asked Laban, the Evangelist, of me at our fortnightly agents' meeting.

It was the end of March, and the hot season was beginning. I did not half relish the exposure to the sun I knew the visit must involve, but I had heard so much of Hook-swinging that I was desirous of seeing the festival; and also I wished to encourage the mission agents



THE REV. JOSHUA KNOWLES HAS DONE MUCH TO WEAN THE DEVOTEES FROM THIS BARBAROUS PRACTICE.  
*From a Photo.*

\* In the WIDE WORLD for May, 1893, appeared a remarkable article on the mysterious "fire-walking" practised in Fiji. Each phase of the ceremony was illustrated by a photograph.

by my presence. So I told Laban I would endeavour to be at the temple where the swinging took place early on the day of the festival. Accordingly, on the morning appointed, I took a supply of Bible portions, handbills, and pictures for sale and distribution, then got into my jinrickshaw, and set out for the temple in which were the idols in whose honour the festival took place.

The road was thronged with people of almost all castes, including a great number of women and children. The travellers were mostly on foot, with here and there a well-to-do Sudra, or Chetty family, in country carts, drawn by bullocks. The temple is near the sea-shore, and for the last two miles the road was over heavy sand along a narrow lane, so I got out, and leaving my men to bring the jinrickshaw, with my camera, on to the place, I joined the multitudes going there. At two or three places I found large crowds gathering in the court-yard of some native houses before the household gods. On inquiring I learnt that devotees were there being prepared for the Hook-swinging ceremony. The preparation, so far

as I could gather, consisted in making offerings of goats, fowls, coconuts, and flowers to the idols in the court-yard. Then, having bathed, they rubbed themselves over with oil, till their skins shone with it. There was also, it seemed, a good deal of drinking of toddy. I spoke to several of the devotees, and tried to find out what led them to offer themselves to be swung, but they were in such an excited state that I could not make out clearly their reasons. I gathered from them, however, that they did it to propitiate the goddess—though some by-

standers informed me that they were paid for being swung by the relatives of the children or sick people on whose account vows had been made. Sacrifice by deputy, in fact.

Pushing forward with the crowd, I came to the Kollangodu temple where the Hook-swinging ceremony is yearly performed. Thousands of people were gathered together, many having come from a great distance. The place had the appearance of a vast fair. There were shops and booths for the sale of rough country-woven

cloths; calicoes from Manchester; prints; native dyed goods; brass and copper household vessels; earthenware pots; and all the miscellaneous things sold in an Indian bazaar. There were also, of course, the ubiquitous arrack shops and booths for the sale of this intoxicating liquor; and here and there a knot of men gathered round some gambling-place.

Near the temple was a building with small verandas facing the temple; and on these verandas were gathered companies of Sudra women and girls, gaily dressed for the occasion, and wearing quantities of gold and silver jewellery. Here, also, I found the

tahsildar, police-officers, peons, and others, on whom devolved the charge of keeping order during the great festival.

I took a photograph of one of the Sudras here; I believe he was the village schoolmaster. I tried to include in it one of the women, but failed to obtain permission. As usual, the boys crowded round us, so some of them come in. These Sudras are generally well-to-do farmers. In North India Sudras are considered low caste, but in Travancore they rank quite high. The marks on the man's forehead and chest denote



IN THE OLD DAYS THE DEVOTEES WERE SWUNG LIKE THIS—WITH ALL THEIR WEIGHT ON THE HOOKS. [From a Photo.]





"I TOOK A PHOTO, OF ONE OF THE SUDRAS HERE,  
From a Photo, by the Rev. Joshua Knowles.

his religious sect; they are put on by the finger with sacred ashes. The tuft of hair on the crown of the head marks him as a Hindu, and it is by this that, according to the popular belief, the wearer is to be raised to Heaven.

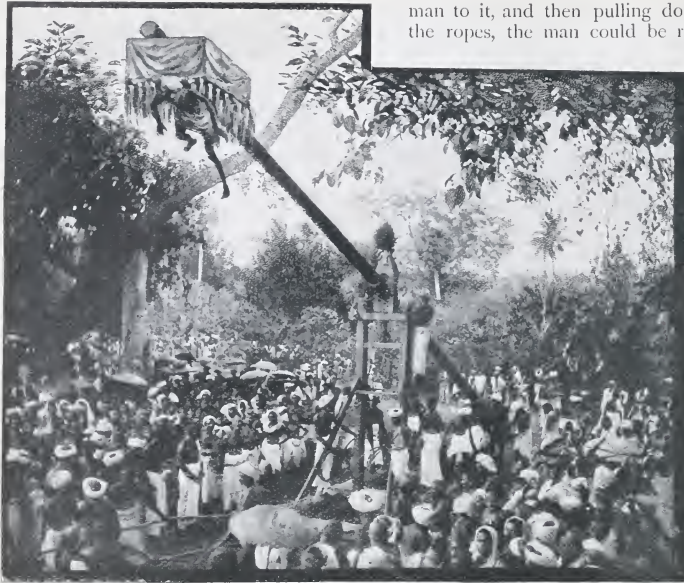
In front of the temple was a booth containing the image of the goddess, called Bhadra Kālī—a cruel deity, who is supposed to delight in blood. This hideous image was decked out with jewels and garlands. Alongside of it were some other images,

such as the elephant-headed Ganesha. The priests were in attendance to receive the offerings of the people. These came forward one by one. They prostrated themselves on the ground before the idol, made salaams to the priests in attendance, put their offerings into a collecting box, not unlike a missionary box, and then gave way to others. The offerings during the day amounted, I was told, to a very considerable sum. Now and then the crowd grew greater, as the devotees who were to be swung, and the children who were to have a sad share in the ceremonies, came forward, accompanied by musicians beating tom-toms and playing Indian flutes. The devotees seemed to me half-mad as, leaping and dancing, they dashed to the front. But whether it was religious frenzy, or drink, or opium, or bhang, or all of these things combined, I cannot say.

At a little distance was the car. I took a photo. of this as a devotee was being made fast. The bottom part of this car was very much like the lorry used when transporting large logs of timber by means of elephants. There were four solid wooden wheels of thick timber, with a framework, like a railway wagon on a small scale. To this were attached two thick cable ropes. Joined to the sides of the car were two upright posts, about 15ft. high,



HERE THE SEE-SAW POLE IS LOWERED. BENEATH THE CANOPY ON THE LEFT THE DEVOTEE IS BEING MADE FAST.  
From a Photo, by the Rev. Joshua Knowles.



ALL BEING READY, THE FANATICAL VICTIM IS RAISED HIGH INTO THE AIR BY PEOPLE PULLING ON THE ROPES. THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE IS THEN DRAGGED ROUND THE TEMPLE.  
*From a Photo. by the Rev. Joshua Knowles.*

man to it, and then pulling down the other end by the ropes, the man could be raised into the air a height of some 40ft. or more. The whole car, with the man in the air, could then be dragged by the thick cable ropes around the temple. Some native carpenters were on the car, to direct the people in raising and lowering the man, and to be ready in case of any accident—a thing likely enough to happen.

The next photo., though not taken at the same festival as the others, gives us a closer view of the car of the cruel goddess

strengthened with stays and cross-pieces. On the top was a piece of thick timber, with a hole in it and the bottom rounded, which fitted into a cross-piece, and allowed the long beam on which the men were swung to move up or down. This beam was some 35ft. or 40ft. long, and about 9in. in diameter. It was placed through the hole in the piece of timber on the top of the upright frame, and balanced in the middle, like a huge seesaw. At one end of the pole was a covered canopy, and at the other long ropes were fastened, which trailed on the ground.

The whole arrangement of the car was such that, by lowering one end of the long beam to the ground and fastening a

unobstructed by a crowd. The men are Chogans of Travancore. The boy on the extreme left is



HERE WE HAVE A CLOSE VIEW OF ANOTHER HOOK-SWINGING CAR. THE DEVOTEE IS DECORATED WITH PEACOCKS' FEATHERS.  
*From a* [Photo.

without the *kudumi*, or "Disraeli curl," which Hindu boys and men wear on their forehead. This boy and the bald-headed man to the right of the frame work are Christians. The strangely-clad swinger is being kept in position by the man below, while his photo. is being taken before he begins to swing. Over the frame above his head a mat is stretched, partly to do him honour, and partly to protect him from the sun. His head and neck are richly ornamented, and below he is bedecked with peacocks' feathers. Not so evident as these things, but much more useful, is a cloth-band which will bear at least some if not all the weight of his suffering body. The hook is passed through his back, and after being photographed he will swing to and fro in front of one of the temples.

The pain these devotees go through for the honour and glory of their god is intense. They generally take drugs and intoxicants beforehand, but, in any case, the passing of a large hook through the sinews of the back must be accompanied with excruciating agony.

I wandered about among the crowd for some time giving away handbills and conversing with the people, but they were so excited that I fear, from a missionary point of view, I made but little impression on them. Yes, they said, Christianity was good, but—what did I think of the festival? One and all were full of high expectation.

Presently I heard loud reports as of fire-arms; and going in the direction I found they proceeded from small mortars filled with gunpowder. Anyone could pay for mortars being let off, and with the report his sins flew away! So the people said. Soon followed the beating of tom-toms, the screeching of native flutes, the shouts of the crowds. The canopied end of the long beam was now lowered. The devotee lay prone on the ground below the end of the beam, and was fastened to the beam by means of ropes passing under his arms and around his chest. To some of the ropes iron hooks were fastened. The priests took hold of the fleshy part of the man's back, squeezed up the flesh, and fastened the iron hooks into it. Some four hooks at least were put through the flesh. A rudely fashioned

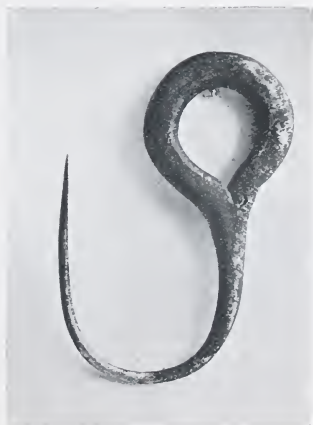
native sword and shield were then given to the man. Then, whilst the people shouted, the rope fastened to the other end of the long beam was pulled down, and the man swung upward into the air, waving the sword and shield and making convulsive movements with his legs as if dancing in the air. With shouts and cries, loud beating of tom-toms, and screaming flutes, the people took hold of the long cable ropes, and strained and tugged till the car moved forward. The place, as I have said, was very sandy; the wheels sank into the sand, so that the work was heavy. Slowly, but surely, however, the people dragged the car round the temple, a distance not quite as far as round St.

Paul's Cathedral. Some of the men were suspended while the car was dragged round three or four times. I should think that from the time the hooks were put in till they were taken out half an hour passed.

Finally the devotee was lowered to the ground, the ropes unfastened, and the hooks taken out of the flesh. I managed to secure one of the hooks—in fact, I assisted in taking it out of the man's back, and a photograph of it specially taken for this article is here reproduced. There was, of course, some bleeding; and I saw the wounds made by the hooks. This man and the others must have suffered not a little pain; but the barbarity and cruelty were to my mind a much more

offensive thing than the actual pain inflicted. Perhaps, however, that may be because I have been familiarized with surgical operations.

But barbarous as had been the above-mentioned proceedings, a greater barbarity was to follow. The next devotee was fastened in the same way to the beam, but instead of giving him a sword and shield, the priests gave him an infant in his arms, and devotee and infant were swung up into the air, and the car dragged round the temple as before. Mounting a banyan tree, I tried to secure a snap-shot as the car moved up to the stopping-place, but I failed to secure a very clear image of the devotee and hapless infant. I did not think it right to ask for a moment's delay in the horrible proceeding, so the image was a little blurred.



THIS IS THE IDENTICAL HOOK WHICH MR. KNOWLES TOOK OUT OF THE DEVOTEE'S BACK.  
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.



The terror of the little infant and the feelings of the poor mother waiting below may best be left to the imagination. The only bright ray I saw in the whole of this barbarous business was the almost tender way in which one of the men assisting gave the child into the devotee's arms. During the day about a score of devotees—some with swords and shields, and some with children—were swung in the way I have described.

On this occasion, at least, the devotees were not actually swung by the hooks alone, but by ropes and hooks. I was, however, shown some big, awful looking iron hooks—thicker than the

I believe, the ceremony had not been performed for years). The fleshy part of the man's back was first beaten to cause it to swell. Then two large hooks were fastened into the flesh, and the poor, deluded victim swung away into space, as we see him in these remarkable snapshots. The distension of the flesh caused by the hooks can be seen in the accompanying photo. The whole ceremony, however, was so brutal that I really do not care to enter into further details. The missionaries of the American Madura Mission petitioned vainly against the ceremony, but of one thing I am sure—that the best and most influential and largest portion of



HOOK-SWINGING AT MADURA. POLE DECORATED WITH COLOURED CLOTH AND FLOWERS.  
From a] MAN SWUNG BY HOOKS ONLY. [Photo.

largest butchers' variety—which I was told were formerly used in the Hook-swinging, until the Government interfered in the matter.

At Madura, in the Madras Presidency, however, some three years ago, the Hook-swinging ceremony as already described took place, and on that occasion the devotee was swung by the hooks alone, as shown in the accompanying photographs. The pole was longer than that used at Kollangodu, and it was, as seen in the photo., decorated with coloured cloth something like a barber's pole, and garlanded with flowers. Instead of being fixed on a car, a large platform was used instead. Thousands of people gathered to watch the proceedings (especially as,

the Indian people would be glad if the British Government stopped any repetition of this ceremony.

But to return to the Kollangodu festival in Travancore. Some children were brought forward whose parents had made vows about them. The little ones were then made to prostrate themselves before the image of the goddess Kāli. Then the fleshy parts of their sides were pinched up, some wires put through, just as a surgeon would sew up a large open wound. This done, the wires were placed in the hands of relatives, and in this way the suffering children were led round and round the temple, as though in leading strings. Any

cries they made were drowned by the noise of the music and the shouts of the people.

In the afternoon—but long before all the proceedings were over—I came away, with feelings of pity for the suffering children, and with a more earnest longing than ever that the people

all these tortures were entirely self-inflicted, and no one but the devotee himself need take any part in them. In Hook-swinging and side-piercing, however, there are the temple authorities, the priests, the relatives, and the people holding the ropes— all taking a distinct part,



From a]

GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOOK-SWINGING FESTIVAL AT MADURA.

[Photo.

should be taught a better way of giving themselves and their children to God's service. The day had been a very hot, sultry one, and the heavy thunderstorm which had been threatening all the afternoon burst upon us when we had gone about five miles. This, however, I learnt afterwards from my agents, did not stop the festival.

I have during my missionary life in India seen various kinds of self-inflicted torture by religious devotees and fakirs. I have seen men with iron skewers thrust through their cheeks. I have seen men walking on sandals with nails driven through. I have seen men sitting on little carts made of a board with hundreds of sharp nails driven through point upwards; and I have seen men lying naked on beds of thorns—but

and all (I hope my Hindu friends will excuse the word, but none other will express the meaning) being brutalized by the ceremony and taught to combine in a cruel rite. Then there are the infants and children, unwilling sufferers in the ceremonies; and for this reason, and on behalf of the children, I do hope every possible influence will be brought to bear to bring this barbarous and dangerous practice to an end.

Kollangodu is in Travancore. This is a Native State, having self-government and a British Resident; but the Travancore Rajahs have always been loyal to the British throne, and I believe His Highness the Maharajah would join the Madras Government in making this ceremony a thing of the past.

## A Desperate Plight.

BY CAPTAIN H. V. BARCLAY (LATE ROYAL MARINES), F.R.G.S.

The well-known Australian surveyor relates one of his most fearful experiences—which, of course, spells "thirst"—in the arid interior of the island continent. The desperate lonely ride through the gorge, the dying horses, the terrible fall and the ultimate rescue.



WHEN in charge of the Trigonometrical Survey of Central Australia, in unexplored country, in a dry season, we had many adventures and frequent difficulties to overcome, not the least of which were those encountered when searching for water.

The story of one such experience—always hazardous to the Australian pioneer, especially when without camels—I now relate from notes made at the time. The main facts may be found in the Government records.

I started from Port Augusta in South Australia (being in the service of the Government) in February, 1878. Besides myself and

from great heat by day to cold and heavy dews by night; the last, however, being a fortunate circumstance, on many occasions enabling our horses to traverse great distances without water, which otherwise could not possibly have been accomplished.

Towards the north and east and on the far south the plateau is bounded by rugged granitic ranges, frequently rising precipitously for thousands of feet, and presenting an impassable barrier excepting where torn by tremendous convulsions into dusky gorges and passes, weird and intricate, into which it is far easier to penetrate than to return.

In the immediate vicinity of our depôt, as shown in the illustration on page 594, the ranges, although often 4,000ft. high, were evidently negotiable, notwithstanding that the difficulty of crossing was accentuated by dense mulga scrub covering the lower slopes, every scratch from which makes a painful festering sore difficult to heal, and the source of delight from dawn to dusk of swarms of small flies, whose persistence and determination almost insensibly caused us to cease brushing them aside for very weariness.

The exigencies of my work requiring me to shift my depôt—providing I could discover

enough water to enable me to do so—we made many fruitless searches in the vicinity, and finally had to fall back on such information as we could obtain by capturing natives, few of whom had ever seen a white skin before, although the white man's reputation as the apostle of death or destruction had preceded our arrival.

Therefore, to establish friendly relations under the circumstances was not easy, particularly as neither the blacks nor I were able to understand a word of one another's language. However, by liberality with such food as we could spare, we managed to calm their terrors,



CAPTAIN BARCLAY (ON THE LEFT) AND HIS PARTY IN CAMP.  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*

my assistant, there were seven other white men in my caravan, including Charles Fitzner, my foreman, who was my companion in the desperate plight herein mentioned. We travelled direct to Alice Springs from Port Augusta, and our second depôt camp was seventy miles due north of this well-known telegraph station.

The camp was situated on the northern confines of a vast elevated plateau over 2,000ft. above the sea, and almost centrally situated with regard to the Australian Continent, being above 1,000 miles from the ocean in any direction. It was a climate of rapid changes,



and by means of a kind of picture language extemporized on the spot we succeeded in obtaining consistent information of water in a direction a little to the east of north. There seemed a probability of our being able to reach it, too, providing we were fortunate in finding a pass by which we could cross the range in that direction.

Our black friends of both sexes, although resembling our primitive ancestors in the matter of clothing (as shown in the accompanying photograph of a bush family), were a fine people



"OUR BLACK FRIENDS WERE A FINE PEOPLE"—BUT THEY WOULD NOT ACT AS GUIDES  
From a Photo. by) FOR THE CAPTAIN. (the Author.)

—"the Highlanders of Australia," in fact. They were by no means lacking in courage and bright intelligence, so I determined to make an effort to reach their water. Previous experience, however, had convinced me of the futility of attempting to take them with us as guides, since—probably through fear of their own compatriots—they invariably misled us, or slipped away when unobserved.

The supply of water-carrying appliances we had was slender in the extreme, being limited to a few small canvas bags whose contents usually suffered much from evaporation. They also absorbed saline matter from the perspiration of the horses carrying them, thus rendering the water brackish and thirst-inducing rather than refreshing. I therefore decided on taking with me but one man, Charles Fitzner, with four of our most reliable horses, packing two with a

Vol. iii.—75.

limited supply of charqui (sun-dried beef), some tea, flour, tobacco, and sufficient ammunition for our rifles and revolvers, lest we should unfortunately be attacked by the blacks, who were very treacherous in these parts, and certain to be numerous in the vicinity of water such as we hoped to discover.

Having completed our preparations for the trip overnight, we were enabled to start at the first streak of dawn on a lovely summer morning. We commenced forcing our way through the dense scrub, now dripping with the heavy dew peculiar to these elevated regions. I made the best course I could by compass towards where I believed we should find the lowest part of the range.

On emerging from the scrub, in a sorely dilapidated condition after several hours' hard work, we were delighted to find ourselves in a pass which, though difficult, was yet practicable; and by half-past three in the afternoon we were safely over the range in open country. Before us in the distance could be seen the dark winding line of gum trees, invariably found on the borders of rivers of the interior. We pushed along smartly until we arrived at what in wet seasons must be a considerable stream, but

which was now a dry bed of sand.

We continued along its course for many miles without finding water, until at 7 p.m. we unpacked and hobbled our tired and thirsty horses, turning them out on the abundant and dewy grass in the vicinity. Then, having refreshed ourselves with a little brackish tea, charqui, and damper, we proceeded to make a deep hole in the sandy bed of the water-course. After much hard work, without, however, finding any indications of water, we were compelled to give up, tired and disappointed, and rolling ourselves in our blankets, we lay on the soft sand feeling pretty secure from attack in such a waterless country. We slept as only those can who have tried shovelling loose sand after a long day's ride under a blazing sun.

Before dawn we brought in the horses, now quite refreshed, and loaded them up, starting

onwards at 5.30 a.m. and following the course of the creek, which was still taking a north-easterly direction. Having proceeded some miles we arrived at its junction with another large water-course; and here again, the position appearing favourable, we unpacked the horses and turned them out to feed, whilst we made a well in the sand. Not finding any trace of water, however, we again re-packed the horses and resumed our journey along the creek, now greatly increased in size. The sandy bed, between high banks, was studded with gum trees, the course being now about 100yds. wide.

After an hour's travelling the creek turned to the north, but I determined to adhere to the north-easterly direction in which our black informants had pointed, hoping shortly to find the reported water of which we were now sorely in need. By the way, I often think that an account of Central Australian exploration must bore the reader, since the feature that figures in almost every sentence is the incessant hunt for precarious water.

Well, crossing some low hills covered with broken flint stones, for some time, we presently saw before us a much larger creek, with high, steep banks, answering the description given us by the blacks; and shortly after we reached it. We found the sandy bed dry, however, and so followed along its course for some distance until we reached a promising-looking spot, when we dismounted and dug a well about 6ft. deep in the bed of the creek, going right through the sand to the clay below it—but again without success. We then continued to follow the course of the creek, being determined at all hazards to verify the statements of the blacks regarding the large camping-ground where they described the water to be; consequently we continued along the creek, occasionally halting to test the sand for water, but always with the same unfortunate result.

At last we came upon the remains of an extensive camp, now deserted, and found the position in the bed of the creek where holes had been made for water. These "wells," however, were now partially filled with sand, but with infinite labour we opened them out, and in



THIS IS THE CAMP FROM WHICH CAPTAIN BARCLAY STARTED OUT ON HIS ALL BUT FATAL RIDE.  
*From a Sketch by the Author.*

some cases deepened them, without finding even a trace of water. We searched the creek for about four miles beyond the camp, faintly hoping we might find some other spot where a little of the life-giving fluid had remained; but in vain. We were then reluctantly compelled to admit that our only chance of escaping with our lives (for our condition and that of our beasts was now simply desperate) was to return to the nearest water we knew of—that at our now far-distant depôt camp. Accordingly we struck across to the creek along which we came, following it homeward until we found some excellent green grass. Here we unpacked our poor horses, who were now very much done up, owing to thirst aggravated by the great heat, and turned them out to rest, hoping they might eat. This, however, the poor animals would not do, as the dew had not yet commenced to fall. At six o'clock we resumed our homeward journey, making fairly good progress until 1 a.m., when we camped for a much-needed rest.

At daylight we packed our horses, but finding them very sorely pressed, although there had been a copious fall of dew, damping our blankets as we lay on the sand, we decided to proceed on foot, driving them before us, and occasionally mounting to rest ourselves. In this fashion we continued journeying until we were about ten miles from the depôt and near the mountain pass through which we had come. At this point two of the horses refused to move, even when unpacked, and it was evident they were in a dying condition. My companion, too, was greatly exhausted, and declared he would rather lie down and take his chance than attempt to reach the camp. I felt very much

the same myself, but the knowledge that having ordered Fitzner to accompany me I was responsible for his sufferings, even if they were unavoidable, strengthened me in my resolution to go on. So, leaving everything except two leather pack-bags, which I thought might be useful for bringing out water, and a light sporting rifle with a couple of cartridges in case of attack, I pushed on alone with the other horses straight for the dépot, hoping to bring out assistance before it was too late.

It was impossible not to recognise that our position was well-nigh hopeless. Between us and help there was yet the most formidable obstacle of all—a rugged mountain range with deep gorges and heavily-timbered slopes which we found difficult enough to negotiate when fresh and well-mounted. Now, however, worn out with fatigue and thirst, and with dying horses, it seemed utterly impossible that I should succeed. But I knew our only chance was for me to attempt it, and I set out on foot, driving the remaining two horses before me.

Their instinct telling them that we were homeward bound towards the longed-for water, they moved along willingly enough for a time, until climbing up the steep gorge began to tell on them, and then I could no longer keep them in front of me. Our camp was now not more than six or seven miles distant, and we were over the saddle and on the downward slope towards it. So, as a last resource, I re-mounted and drove the other horse before me. I got along well enough for about a mile, when, to my horror, while going along the side of a very steep gully, the horse I was riding suddenly collapsed, and, falling heavily, caused the muzzle of the rifle I was carrying in a gun bucket on the saddle to strike the ground with great force, the butt end crashing against my side just below my ribs, and throwing me headlong down the gorge. Fortunately I was thrown clear of the horse.

I received a stunning blow on my head, and must have remained unconscious for a considerable time. The accident occurred about half-past five in the afternoon, but the stars were shining brightly when I came to myself.

For a time I could not recall the situation—then the urgent necessity of pushing forward to the camp flashed across my mind, and with difficulty I climbed up the slope, only to find the pack-horse in the throes of death, whilst the other had vanished without leaving a trace. Possibly he had fallen down the gorge.

The night was now cold and very damp, and although too much dazed from the fall to be able to proceed at once, I was surprised to feel the longing for water, and the sense of suffocation which accompanies it, much less keenly than was the case earlier in the evening. The probable reason for this was my having been slightly relieved by the loss of blood from a cut I received on the back of my head. This seemed to have bled copiously. After resting a few minutes I made another attempt to reach the camp, and entered the scrub, taking the stars for my guide. I was by no means clear in my mind, but was possessed by one dominating thought—that I must reach the camp somehow and return with water to my companion, poor Charles Fitzner. I believe the intensity of this, my one desire, endowed me for the time with faculties of perception and endurance beyond



CAPTAIN BARCLAY ON THE IDENTICAL HORSE THAT THREW HIM IN THE GORGE.  
*From a Photo. by the Author.*

those ordinarily enjoyed by humanity, enabling me to scramble through the dense mulga in the dark without much difficulty—and, strange to say, without being greatly scratched by the tangled mass—so little, indeed, that many times I was nearly overcome by a sense of intense and pleasurable languor. I remember this distinctly; was I dying, I wondered?



Eventually, I emerged from the scrub on to the open plain in the immediate vicinity of the *dépôt*, where I shortly after arrived—greatly to the men's surprise and alarm, and seeing my dreadful condition. I now found that, owing to the swollen state of my tongue from thirst, I could neither utter a sound nor yet swallow—although the maddening craving for water had returned at the sight and smell of it. For even pure water can be *smelt* when a man is urgently in need of it. My men threw buckets of water over me, and I believe that the pores of my skin must have absorbed it like a sponge, as my condition became greatly relieved. Presently, not being able to articulate, I wrote an order for the horses to be brought in at once and loaded up. Fortunately they were near the camp in hobbles, and by 1 a.m. a rescue party was ready, consisting of a couple of men and my black tracker, with four horses loaded with as much water as we could contrive appliances to carry.

Then a new difficulty arose. None of my men could possibly travel by compass and distance in such country, even if I could have given sufficiently exact data; and it being dark my black tracker, also a stranger to the territory, could not or would not guide them. Like all Australian aborigines, he feared a night expedition in the gorges. So, although severely bruised, yet feeling little pain, and the only solution being to show the way myself, I returned with them through the scrub. About 2.30 a.m. we were well in the pass. The country being too dangerous to attempt to proceed in the dark, we camped till dawn, when we resumed our journey.

Not long afterwards, my tracker discovered what he said was Fitzner's track going towards the *dépôt*. Later on we found places where we could see it for ourselves without doubt, on its being pointed out by the tracker. Hence, it was no use proceeding farther, and we returned to the camp, following up Fitzner's tracks under the guidance of my black boy, lest he should have failed to reach the camp. From time to time our guide would show a broken branch, a footstep, or a bit of shirt lost in tearing through the scrub, thus

taking us along rapidly until we reached the *dépôt*, where, to our inexpressible relief, we found Fitzner recovering from the terrible sufferings he had endured. Buckets of water were being poured over him by our cook.

The subsequent explanation was that when the dew began to fall, in the cool of the evening, he removed his clothes and lay in the damp grass until sufficiently revived to push on, in the hope of meeting me on my return. We—that is, the rescue party—passed quite near to him, but owing to his tongue being swollen he could not stop us, and being unable to find his way through the scrub in the dark, he simply rested until daylight. Then he crossed our track and followed it to camp, arriving there in a condition of terrible distress through want of water, but without any serious injury.

The men I had with me having rested, I dispatched them under the guidance of my tracker to find our saddles, packs, etc., and bring them in. Meanwhile I and my companion enjoyed a hardly-won rest for a couple of days, when the remainder of the party returned with nearly all we had left behind.

A few days later a severe thunderstorm, accompanied by heavy rain, swept over the country in the direction in which I desired to proceed, and so we packed up our many instruments and other impedimenta. Our difficulties in quest of water were now at an end for many months, a circumstance which only those who have explored the arid interior of Australia can fully appreciate.



"WE PACKED UP OUR MANY INSTRUMENTS AND OTHER IMPEDIMENTA."

From a Photo. by the Author.

## The Great Grottos of Han.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.

All about the marvelous caverns near Han-sur-Lesse, in the Belgian Ardennes. Described by one who thoroughly explored them, and illustrated with a set of magnificent and impressive photos. taken by M. Paul Boyer, of Paris.



THE Belgian Ardennes aren't nearly well enough known. In the various villages there you can live like the proverbial fighting-cock for about five shillings a day, and enjoy some of the most charming scenery in Europe. You go to Brussels; thence to Namur, and from there down the Meuse in a steamer to Dinant—dear, quaint little Dinant, with its curious church with the funny egg-shaped arrangement on top, nestling under the tremendous rock on which the citadel is built. Then, one morning you sally forth and take the train to Eprave. You may go on to Rochefort, which has quite a considerable cavern all to itself; but on the whole Eprave is the best station. Going down in the train, a meek-faced person speaking weird English comes and sells you tickets. If you attempt to interview him, you gather that the wonderful grottos you are about to see are the private property of a gentleman residing at Namur; at least that's what I gathered. And considering that the entrance fee is 7fr. for one person, and 5fr. a head for a party, I should think our friend has a fine fat thing. And, by the way, the rules and regulations that he has set his seal to are among the queerest imaginable. But I was talking about Eprave Station. Here you are met by a break, which takes you to the Hotel Mallarm, where, strangely enough, there is a long wait for refreshments.

But at last the break is ready once more, and this time you see your companions. There are not many of them. Only half-a-dozen surprisingly fat French cyclists; a little English *madame*, and a large French lady with a hoarse voice and a dear, sweet face. Everybody beams at everybody else, and the entire party is in a state of suppressed excitement. You hear someone say that for centuries no one dared to enter the vast, mysterious chambers and grottos. The coachman cracks his whip, and away we go towards the village of Han. Here you buy your ticket of admission to the grottos themselves; also your ticket

for "The Loss of the Lesse" (fifty centimes extra); the firing of the cannon to wake the echoes (also fifty centimes extra); and other little things which vex you horribly at the time, but which afterwards you wouldn't like to have missed. It was raining abominably, but nothing could damp the spirits of our party.

At length we are off again, and everyone is craning his or her neck to catch a glimpse of the precipitous hills in which the grottos are situated. At last the break stops, and we all get out. A sweet-faced Walloon girl greets us, and leads the way across some wet and muddy fields. At last we arrive at the ugliest hoarding I ever saw. In a moment I know its object; it is to keep the cold eye of the non-paying public from the "Perte de la Lesse"—the awe-inspiring spot where the river plunges into a subterranean abyss.



THE PLACE WHERE THE RIVER LESSE DISAPPEARS INTO THE ABYSS.  
From a Photo.

The dear Walloon girl clears her throat. The pretty smile vanishes, and she commences the old parrot-like peroration commencing with: "*Messieurs et mesdames,*" etc., etc. Yes, it is very interesting; and the little English *madame*, with that desire to "see things" which is so characteristic of her countrywomen, leaves the main party and goes carefully down the precipitous slope almost into the cavern. A little way in, the river falls into an awful abyss. About fifty yards before the Lesse enters the cavern it is dashed into foaming breakers, and is altogether unlike the placid little stream we hugged so closely coming from Dinant in the train.

After a few minutes the fat Frenchmen begin to look a little bored. Also they look at one another as though asking why they had come there, and then they look at the little Walloon girl somewhat sternly, as though bidding her take them to the entrance of the great cavern. *Mam'zelle* was careful to see us all out through the door in the hoarding, which she scrupulously locked, and then led the way along a muddy path through the woods towards the entrance to the famous Grottos of Han.

At length the path widened and grew firmer. There was a sharp bend, and suddenly we stood before the rather alarming, tunnel-like entrance. We waited some time here, and some of us shouted for the guide. Presently he came along, apparently a poor, decrepit old man, with a stout stick in his hand and a number of lengths of frayed tow in his girdle. He also had with him two or three more girls and a middle-aged woman—all assistants, and each provided with a curious arrangement consisting of a handle in

the middle and an oil lamp on either side. You will see these lamps in many of the photos.

In we walked. Need I say that the little English *madame* was first? Feeling confident that no one understood what she said, she declared, with an indignation there was no earthly excuse for, that no one should go before her. Yes, she would follow close behind the guide, and everybody else would have to take a back seat, of course.

Altogether, there are twenty-two "rooms." Nothing could be more impressive than the way in which the narrow, winding, low-roofed passages (one of them—the *Grande Rue*—is 115 metres long, and is naturally hewn out of black marble veined with white) abruptly widened out into

the most stupendous galleries—the largest of them of the truly colossal dimensions of 500ft. by 400ft., by 250ft. in height. Not even the most blinding glare of the magnesium ribbon could illumine the vast heights of this sombre cavern.

Our second illustration conveys a most admirable idea of one of the stairways, which appear to have been fitted by our commercial friend at Namur, who owns the place. Nevertheless, in spite of the staircase, the experience is rather a trying one, especially for the ladies. The entire tour of the grottos takes not less than three hours, the way being a seemingly



THIS GIVES YOU A GOOD IDEA OF THE NEVER-ENDING STAIRWAYS LEADING FROM ONE "SALOON" TO THE OTHER. [Photo.]

interminable succession of staircases, winding pathways, abysses, and galleries, with occasional glimpses of the silent river, flowing at an extraordinary distance beneath, and reflecting weirdly the lights carried by the girls. We notice that electric light is installed throughout, but we also observe in the card of rules that when it is "on" a few francs extra are



added to the already ridiculously high admission fee.

The little English *madame* is a great trial to the guide. She is perpetually tapping at the slender stalagmites, and saying positively wicked things when she finds they are as rigid as iron. She wants to take a few of the crystals home with her, and her anxiety in this respect causes her almost to lose the high place she has hitherto held in the guide's esteem. She asks her husband, in a whisper, "What is the French for 'hammer'?" He says he thinks it is *marteau*, but isn't sure, as he hasn't a dictionary with him. "Well," replied the little lady, "I am going to ask the guide to lend me a *marteau*, for I am going to knock off a few of these crystals."

That is enough. The guide has caught the word, and from that time until we make our weird exit in a boat on the subterranean river he keeps his eye on *la petite Anglaise*. Under the pretext of placing her in the most advantageous position, he dexterously arranges that she shall be put behind everybody else, and out of reach of the precious stalagmites and stalactites—particularly the slenderest ones. Still, *madame* has an active mind and must be doing something, so she frightens the entire party out of their wits by tipping enormous pieces of rock into the abyss in order to wake the echoes. The fat French cyclists were grieved at this out-of-place frivolity, but the dear Frenchwoman laughed so heartily that she had to be supported up the staircase by her unfortunate spouse, who must have weighed at least twenty-two stone.

When the narrow ways branched out again into vast mysterious grottos the old guide would call a halt. We always knew when he had arrived at some impressive point of view, because one of the fat cyclists would cannon heavily into the curious little oil reservoir, mounted on an iron pipe in the ground, the use of which I will explain.

In the semi-darkness—for the lights carried by the girls merely served to intensify the extraordinary gloom—the guide would dispose his charges here and there, and then make preparations for lighting up the Saloon. Detaching one length of tow from his girdle,

he would hand it to one of the girls. She took it, and, opening the little iron reservoir on top of the oil-pipe, dipped it in and out until it was saturated. Even in the semi-darkness you could catch the angry warning glances of the ladies, who feared that their dresses might get splashed with petroleum or kerosene, or whatever the stuff was. Then our friend the guide put the dripping tow on the end of his stick and lighted it. The effect was simply astounding. As the oily stuff blazed up one had a momentary glimpse of the tremendous proportions of the Saloon. Up and up and up the eye travelled, dazzled by the diamond-like glitterings of the crystals and the snow-white brilliance of the extraordinary stalagmites—the latter in many cases looking like immense fountains that had been instantaneously frozen solid.

The photo. next reproduced shows the scene—a small part of it, that is. On the left we see the guide with his blazing tow on his stick, and before him are the tourists, carefully inspecting the wonders of the place in the light of his glowing descriptions. I suppose it is inevitable, but these guides mumble in such a way that one cannot catch the words. They, however, lay extraordinary stress on the preliminary "*Messieurs et mesdames, ceci est la salle—*" and then the thing dies away altogether. And so the guide's voice rises and falls in the most maddening way.

The proper attitude expected of the tourist-



A HALT IN ONE OF THE GREAT CHAMBERS—THE GUIDE DESCRIBING THE WONDERS OF THE PLACE. [Photo.]



"LA TIARE" (THE PAPAL CROWN), ONE OF THE LARGEST STALAGMITES.  
From a Photo.

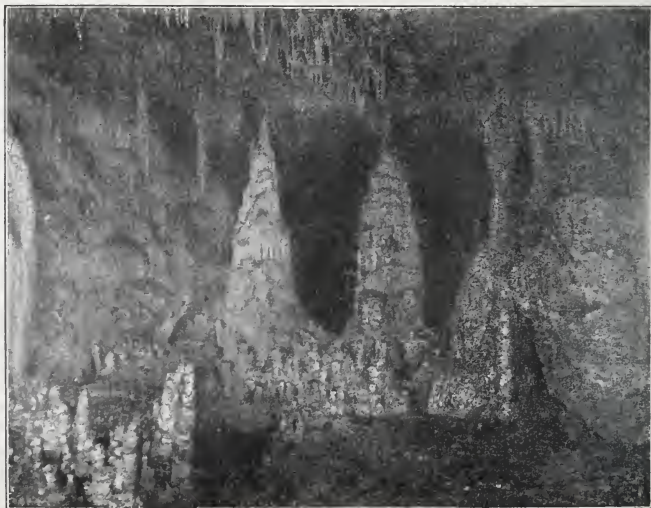
spectator is one of reverential awe, and hence it was that the little English lady aforesaid came in for much disfavour. Having seen the guide gravely kneeling down and sounding some of the stalagmites with slight knocks, thereby producing quite a dulcimer-like air, she would insist upon throwing lumps of rock at the finest stalagmites in order to see what their particular note was. And she would drop absurdly large stones into abysses so deep that she had time to walk to quite a distant part of the Saloon, there to be meekly listening to one of the girls, before the terrific rumbling and mys-

terious crash burst upon the startled ears of all present.

Our next reproduction shows one of the most extraordinary stalagmites in these vast grottos. This is known as "La Tiare," and I reproduce it because its shape really bears out its title; for even without knowing the latter, one could not fail to be struck by its resemblance to the world-renowned Papal triple crown, or tiara. There are, of course, "cascades," "tombeaux," "trônes," and such-like, but most of these titles are very far-fetched indeed. At many of the finest spots our guide, discarding the blazing tow, would light up some magnesium ribbon, holding behind it, close to himself, a huge reflector—a useful institution, seeing that it saved us from the glare of the light.

Talking about the guide, he gave quite a curious little show of his own—quite unconsciously, perhaps, but still nevertheless entertaining. He would take the blazing tow in his bare hand long before it had burnt out, and, still continuing his description of a stalagmite or cavern, commence calmly and leisurely to crumple up the dripping, blazing stuff in a way which recalled the "Fire King" of the country fair.

The "Salle du Précipice," seen in the accompanying photo., is a weird and mysterious place. The roof is covered with a veritable forest of slender and delicate stalactites—(the little English lady had to be forcibly



From a "THE 'SALLE DU PRÉCIPICE' IS A WEIRD AND MYSTERIOUS PLACE."

[Photo.

restrained from throwing lumps of stone at them)—whilst the ground was covered with a curious fungus-like crop of stunted stalagmites. In the background were rare and impressive steeple-like structures of great height. But this saloon gets its name from the abysses it contains. On the left-hand side can be seen one of these. The guide told me it was over forty mètres deep. But the most terrible precipice of all lies behind and between the two steeples in the background. The fat cyclists never inquired much into things, having all their work cut out for them merely to follow the guide in the usual round. But the French lady inquired whether it was possible to go down these precipices by ladders or ropes, and seemed quite disappointed when told that such a thing was altogether unprecedented, unconventional—and *not* included in the entrance fee.

The next photo, conveys a very fine idea indeed of the magnitude of one of the caverns. But no photo. can ever convey an adequate idea of the size of this place. At this spot we remained quite a long time. The poor old guide took off his coat, slowly and feebly, and prepared for something—we knew not what. Suddenly, with a loud yell, he dashed up the

precipitous rocks on the left, with a big bunch of blazing tow in his hand. We watched him—up, up, up, until his figure seemed no larger than that of a little doll, and his flaming torch a tiny speck of light in the infinite gloom. Would anyone have believed that that seemingly feeble and slow-moving old man could yell like that or dart up those frightful rocks like a chamois?

As we look up at him now we realize why he did this; it was to give us an idea of the utter immensity of the place. We are standing on a kind of platform, and behind us, to the right of the photograph, is a frightful precipice; and down, down, down below there were two or three of the girls moving with lights, which were reflected in the mysterious bosom of the silent, swift-flowing Lesse. Hark! one of the girls is singing a plaintive old French song, and each note is echoed and re-echoed in a most impressive manner. We take our eyes away slowly—bring them up, so to speak—over the vast space and glance at the old man. He, too, is giving vent to all kinds of “coo-eyes” and eerie cries; and altogether the scene is fairy-like and unreal. It is more like a transformation scene in a pantomime than anything else.



PART OF ONE OF THE LARGEST SALOONS—"IT IS MORE LIKE THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE IN A PANTOMIME THAN ANYTHING ELSE."

*From a Photo.*





From a

THE ENTRANCE TO THE "SALLE DU DRAPERIES."

[Photo.

The entrance to the "Salle du Draperies," which is shown in the next photo, indicates that we are nearing the end. As we wind in and out of the strange paths (occasionally we pass places where a slip would result in a frightful fall) we notice that we are getting down nearer and nearer to the river, which a few minutes ago appeared hundreds of feet below us. As this saloon, too, is lighted up, words utterly fail to convey an idea of the unearthly beauty of the millions of stalactites that droop from the roof. The place is not properly lighted. Probably it would be impossible to light it thoroughly. Even the brilliant and dazzling magnesium can only illumine one corner, whilst the blazing tow leaves numberless strange recesses and dark abysses merely indicated in a terrifying manner.

I forgot to mention that at one truly colossal cavern (I think it is called the Salle du Dôme) there is a weird, uninviting refreshment-place, where abominable wine and worse champagne are retailed at absurd prices. However, I must say it is worth while having something, if only for the sake of sitting there and looking down into the mysterious, half-defined darkness which lies before you. Down, down, down goes one of the Walloon girls, with the double lamp in her hand, to the frail bridge which spans the

subterranean river. Arrived here, she puts her lamp down and sings another melancholy song. The voice seems strangely muffled and far away, and the echoes are quite extraordinary. The Salle du Dôme takes its name from the immense arched roof, which springs at one stupendous span from one side to the other. The silence at this place is not so appalling as in the other saloons, for drops of water can be heard falling with a reverberating crash into the dark and silent river below.

Our next photo. shows one of the last of the principal attractions. This is the "Alhambra," so called on account of its many exquisite pillars and quaint

natural courts. In the picture one of the guides is seen in the very act of pointing out



GUIDE POINTING OUT THE BEAUTIES OF THE "ALHAMBRA" TO A PARTY OF TOURISTS.

From a

[Photo.

the strange beauties of the place to a party of tourists. You will notice that the gentleman in the foreground carries a bag suspended from his shoulders; and I strongly advise all other tourists visiting the grottos to do the same—that is to say, to carry a flask of wine and some sandwiches or other refreshment with them, for the way is long and tiring.

At last we are down almost level with the placid lake, formed here by the Lesse, where we embark in boats which are in waiting to carry us to the spot where the river sees the light of day once more. This photo., perhaps more than any other, gives one an idea of the

The roof is simply ablaze with stalactites, which glisten like a lady's sequin dress. So fine are they that you would almost think a breath of wind would set them swaying to and fro like masses of sea-weed. The plash of the oars is quite alarming on account of the volume of sound it awakens; and the girls in the prow sing snatches of French and Walloon songs. They still have their lamps alight, but before we get to the exit they will put them out. Every now and then our old friend the guide causes a strip of magnesium to flare up and reveal for us the indescribable beauty of our surroundings. On and on we go, ever so slowly, but with unerring



From a]

NEARING THE END OF THE TOUR—VISITORS BEING ROWED TOWARDS THE EXIT OF THE RIVER.

[Photo.

astonishing beauty of the scenes awaiting the tourist who visits this place. Indeed, the original photo. does great credit to Monsieur Boyer, and is really a beautiful picture in itself. The embarkation is very carefully arranged, with a view, I believe, to the disembarkation. At any rate, the stout people got in first, and the little English lady last. She was rather glad about this, as she wanted to find out all kinds of things—whether the water was deep, whether it was cold, how the steering man knew where he was going to, and many other things. She was an inquisitive little person. When all were aboard we glided off without the slightest sound on to the placid lake which the river forms at this point.

accuracy. At last we fancy we see a faint glimmer of daylight. Can it be?—no—yes, it is, though; and in a moment we are plunged into the most intense darkness, for the girls promptly extinguish their lights and commence to sing softly amidst the great blackness. Our rowers give one or two long strokes and then rest. We are now gliding quite swiftly along the surface, and the spot of light ahead grows brighter and brighter. At last we reach the curious spot seen in the next photograph, which is quite close to the exit. The sensation on reaching the outer world after that long, weird imprisonment is altogether unique. The sun—it was a feeble sun—seemed painfully dazzling.



From a] THE SUBTERRANEAN RIVER HURRYING TO REACH THE LIGHT OF DAY ONCE MORE. [Photo.

The grass, the trees, the flowers—all seemed to possess an extraordinary brilliance which quite shocked and hurt the eyes. Another curious

are any number of “magnifiques” and “superbes” flying about, and even the little English lady says decisively that it is the

sensation was that one appeared to breathe more freely.

The opening grew larger and larger, and finally the boats glided out into the air at the spot shown in the accompanying illustration. This, again, in the original, makes an extremely beautiful picture.

Our companions are asking one another what they thought of it, and each is vying with his neighbour in the matter of adjectives. There



From a] AT LAST! TIRED TOURISTS DISEMBARKING AT THE EXIT AFTER THEIR WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE. [Photo.



most wonderful experience she ever had. The very river seems to be relieved that it is here permitted to breathe the outer air of heaven once more. It has grown larger and quieter and—shall one say?—wiser, after the trying ordeal through which it has passed. The guides are perspiring freely, and making unblushing demands for *pourboires*. The girls are doing the same, only they ask so prettily that one gives with less reluctance. You will see that there is a kind of refreshment kiosk here at the exit, and, indeed, one needs some refreshment after the great exertion. On the extreme right, but not shown in the photo., is a large glass case in which are exhibited the entire series of M. Paul Boyer's photos.

Have we quite finished? No, not quite.

extraordinary reverberating roars echoing and re-echoing until one thought they would never stop, and great was her mirth thereat.

"You see," she said, triumphantly, to the Walloon maiden who was taking her out of ear-shot, "I have not paid, but I have heard." And the young peasant smiled sweetly, as though she had received a second *pourboire*. But she would not have smiled had she known what *madame* was saying.

The photo. just previously described gives us an excellent idea of the appearance of the Lesse at the point where it issues from the great cavern. It was probably taken from the little bridge which is here thrown across the river, and which is well seen in our last photograph here reproduced. This conveys a fine idea of



From a

LOOKING BACK AT THE EXIT—"THE VERY RIVER SEEMS TO BE RELIEVED,"

[Photo.]

The rest have taken tickets for the firing of the cannon at the exit to make the myriad echoes; but the little English lady and her husband have not. Therefore, one of the girls is specially deputed to lead these undesirable persons far away from the place, so that they may not be placed on the same footing as those who have religiously paid their half-francs. Nevertheless, *la petite madame* did hear the

the truly magnificent scenery of the Ardennes. And from this point onwards the Lesse is quite a staid stream—no more flowing in subterranean abysses or tumbling over its rocky bed. Yes, the little lady and her husband looked back from this point at the superb landscape depicted in the photo., and *madame* murmured with conviction: "I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

## Short Stories.



# HELD BY AN OCTOPUS.

BY HERBERT PERKINS.

The story of a terrible situation. The author exploring a marine cavern, and walking along a narrow ledge above the water, is suddenly gripped by one of the terrible tentacles of a "squid"—and the tide was rising!



INDING I was likely to be kept in Sydney for a considerable time, I bought a third share in a large open sailing boat. The other shareholders were her skipper and a gentleman who only showed up for a sail occasionally on holidays. As for the skipper and I, we fairly lived in her, and spent nearly all our time knocking about the harbour, camping in our boat, and between fishing, shooting, etc. (there was some shooting to be got in those days), we had a good lazy old time of it.

On entering Sydney Heads you see a fine bluff headland facing you. This is Middle Head, and the water of the harbour proper, leading up to the city, flows round its left-hand side;

whilst round the other a fine wide branch called Middle Harbour runs inland for many miles.

Middle Harbour was then an ideal camping-ground for boating and fishing parties, and greatly affected by us. At the time of the occurrences I am going to relate we had been down there some days, and with us was a lad some years younger than myself. We called him Charley; he was a first-rate boatman, a good fisherman, and a frequent member of our crew.

The skipper had gone overland to North Sydney on some business, and Charley and I were by ourselves. At this time we had a fad for catching the common green rock-eels; or rather for coaxing them out of their holes with a baited hook on the end of a stick.



THE AUTHOR, MR. HERBERT PERKINS, WHO WAS  
"HELD BY AN OCTOPUS."

From a Photo. by E. H. Cox, Torquay.

On the morning in question, leaving the yacht moored out in the stream, we pulled ashore in the dinghy bent on this rather silly sport. To make what follows clear, I must explain that the hills shutting in Middle Harbour are mostly rather steep, and come down boldly into the water. Along the foot of them, however, there is, in many places, a level flat shelf of what I will call sea rocks, only covered at high water. The width of this shelf varies greatly, and is in places littered over with boulders and stones, fallen from the hill-sides. Just beyond where we landed on this shelf is a high steep point, round which the harbour turns; and a little way on our side of it there had been, at some time or other, a regular avalanche from above of great rocks and large flat slabs of sandstone, which had piled themselves against one another in an almost systematic manner.

As Charley and I were passing round the edge of this avalanche, I noticed for the first time (though I had often been that way before) an opening between two of the rock slabs facing the water, and immediately over a wide fissure in the shelf. There was plenty of room to get through at that stage of the tide, which had just turned for the flood, and so I decided to have a look inside, while my mate went on round the point. I presently found that the fissure ran into a circular rock-hole some 15ft. in diameter, roofed in by the overlapping rock slabs. Round it on one side was a narrow ledge, barely a foot wide, on which these rocks rested, but from the way they slanted over the water I could only get along the ledge in a very awkward fashion—at one time going sideways with my back to the rocks and leaning forward over the pool. After sidling along as far as I could get, I saw there was no chance of eel-fishing there, and

was going back when, unfortunately for me, I stopped to admire the beauty of the pool. The water was about 4ft. deep, nearly awash with the ledge, and perfectly clear. In the middle a large boulder, like a miniature island, rose above the water, and all round it and the sides of the pool there waved a most lovely wealth of seaweeds of many colours and shapes—corallines, sea-anemones, and other marine growths. It was a regular little sea garden. I may as well mention also that I was bare-foot and bare-legged up to the knees at the time. As I was standing, admiring these marine beauties, with my right foot slightly over the ledge, I suddenly felt something like a strip

of wet flabby green hide flap round my right ankle, and looking down, you may imagine my thrill of horror when I saw that it was the tentacle of an octopus, the creature to which it belonged being underneath the ledge, here undermined by the water, and therefore just out of sight. In the fright it gave me I dropped my eel-stick into the water, and was in the act of stooping to try and recover it, when I suddenly thought of what one of the Balmain watermen had told me only a few days before. He had been out at low water one morning after bait, and while lying down flat on some rocks with his

head over the water, poking about with a sort of harpoon called a mutton-stick, and searching for a star-fish he knew to be there, the creature had whipped a tentacle round his neck, and the only way he could get loose

was to roll over into the water, which was only up to his knees, and then, getting a firm purchase with his feet, he managed to tear off the horrid thing.

It struck me that, in the very cramped position I was in, I should be completely helpless if I stooped for the stick (rather a difficult job with-



"LOOKING DOWN, I SAW THAT IT WAS THE TENTACLE OF AN OCTOPUS."



out toppling forward) and happened to get another tentacle round my arm, so I let the stick go. Rolling over into the water was out of the question, for, as I have said, it was fully 4ft. deep, and instead of being fast by the neck like the fisherman, and being able to get a purchase on the bottom for my feet—if I went overboard it would be a case of heels up and head down.

Of course I tried to drag my foot away, but as soon as I did so the brute whipped two more slimy tentacles round it, thus holding me with three—and yet leaving himself with five others to moor himself fast with. Well, I tugged and pulled away, and poked at the horrid tentacles with the other foot, keeping a sharp look-out not to get it caught too, for ever so long; but all in vain, there was no shifting them. For one thing, I could not exert much strength in the awkward way I was standing, and I was really frightened all the time of falling forward into the water. Every now and then, slackening up his moorings a bit, the brute would pop his hideous body and wicked-looking eyes above the ledge, *which by this time was beginning to be covered by the rising tide*; but a movement of the other foot or the waving of my arms always made him bob down again.

I had been at this game fully half an hour, judging by the rise of the tide, and was having a spell, keeping my feet as wide apart as possible, when to my disgust I felt my left foot seized in a similar way, by another and much smaller octopus, but he was big enough and strong enough, in my then state, to hold me hard and fast. It is firmly believed by our fishermen that star-fish hunt in couples. I am inclined to the same opinion now, though I cannot vouch for its correctness.

Things began to look serious, though I can safely say that at the time I was not seriously frightened, my principal fear being that the horrid creatures would commence to bite me. I take no credit to myself for this, for it was simply the result of ignorance of the danger I was in; for surely, though I have had rather an eventful life, I was never in more deadly peril. I kept consoling myself with the thought that at the highest the tide would not reach farther up than my waist, and something was bound to happen before then.

In the meantime I kept on shouting and cooey-ing for help. There were plenty of gaps in the roof where the rock slabs did not meet. Through

some of these the sun poured in his brilliant rays, and through others I could see up the hill-side, the green trees rustling in the breeze, and showing up in sharp contrast against the bright blue sky. This made me feel really bad and want to get out all the more.

As the tide rose both star-fish came up bodily on to the ledge. If only I had had a knife or an axe! Under other circumstances it would have been interesting to watch the methodical manner in which the hideous things moved themselves, loosing one of their mooring tentacles at a time and getting a firm hold with it, before bringing up another. I still managed to keep them at bay by shouting, waving my arms, and jerking my legs as much as I could. When I did so, they would shrink back and erect their bodies, seeming to puff them out and glare at me with their terrible eyes.

I am certain there is no other living creature with so devilish an expression in its eyes as an octopus. I had now been held fast by both feet for a considerable time—more than another half-hour I counted—when I noticed a movement among the seaweeds on the far side of the great boulder in the middle of the pool, and after a while I fancied I saw something



"PRESENTLY I SAW IT AGAIN AS IT FLICKERED OVER THE FACE OF A ROCK."

writhing about among them, but then again all was still. At first it struck me as being probably a large rock-eel.

Presently I saw it again as it flickered over the face of a rock, and this time I knew with my first feeling of terror that it was no eel, but the *tentacle of a huge octopus, a regular "old man."*

I had every opportunity of examining the two star-fish that held me, and I judged the biggest one to have tentacles from 22in. to 24in. long, and the other from 15in. to 18in.; but this new monster on the far side of the boulder must have had tentacles over 4ft. long. I form this estimate from long

experience, having killed and seen great numbers of these loathsome creatures since then. The discovery of this fresh danger would have been a greater shock to me if just about the same time I had not caught the sound of Charley's voice answering my shouts. When he got close I made him understand he was to climb on top of the rocks, and I can assure you that his face looking down through one of the gaps in the roof was a very welcome sight to me. In the yacht, which was not more than 150yds. away, we had a long light bamboo, intended for the shaft of a lance. I told Charley to get this and lash a very sharp-pointed bait knife on to its end, and to be sharp about it. This he soon did, and passed it to me

through the roof; then taking a steady aim I stabbed the smaller star-fish fairly between the eyes. The instant it felt the knife it left my foot and clasped its tentacles round the bamboo, and a tough job I had to get it loose, I can tell you. Then I repeated the operation on the other brute, which was still worse to get off the shaft than the first one. Both the repulsive creatures sank down to the sandy bottom of the pool, where they caught hold of

one another, twisting and writhing themselves into a regular knot like a bunch of snakes.

I only just managed to get out of this horrid den without diving, and you may believe that, though far from realizing the mortal danger I had been in, I was very thankful to stretch my cramped limbs in the bonny, wholesome, free sunshine.

On my way to the dinghy I heard Charley, who was still perched on the rocks, calling to me to come back and see some jolly lark or other, but I was not so inclined, having other views, and getting aboard the yacht as quickly

as possible, I administered to myself a good nip of strong rum internally and then rubbed my ankles with some of the same medicine. I wish to say here, distinctly, that although I had been in the grasp of first one and then two octopuses for considerably over an hour (both Charley and I calculated it an hour and a half from the tide rise), with their tentacles round my ankles and stuck on to my naked skin, I never felt any agonizing pains from the contact of their suckers. My legs got certainly very much cramped from the strained position I was kept in, and there may have been a slight numbness from impeded circulation, with a slight pricking something like what is called "pins and needles." I cannot describe the feeling of

the tentacles better than I have already done, as a tight adhesive clasp. Where the suckers had been were little round red marks. I rubbed my legs two or three times with the spirit, and next morning the marks were barely traceable. I need not add that neither octopus sucked or absorbed any blood from me.

When Charley came aboard he described the "lark" he had wished me to come back and see.



"I STABBED THE SMALLER STAR-FISH FAIRLY BETWEEN THE EYES."

"Just as you got out of that beastly hole, I saw a huge star-fish—and, by Jove, he was a boomer!—dart round the big rock and fasten on to the two beggars that were squirming about on the bottom. First he seemed to want to separate them, then when he found that was no go, he laid himself flat on top of them and seemed like to gather them together in his feelers. So I dropped a lump of rock down on him and made him bolt off for a spell, then

back he came again, and I kept him at this game for a bit, but each time he cleared off I could see where he had been biting bits out of his mates. My word, it's a precious good job for you, old man, you didn't have that big chap to deal with; he would have made it pretty warm for you."

In which statement I cordially agreed then, and do so still more cordially now, when I think the affair over.

## II.—Shooting the Reversible Falls.

By F. R. FAIRWEATHER, OF ST. JOHN, N.B.

Canoeing extraordinary. The attempt of two Indians to shoot the Reversible Falls at St. John, New Brunswick. This extraordinary if foolhardy feat resulted in the death of one Indian in the presence of a vast crowd. With photos. of the Falls, the canoe, and the men.

It was in the middle of the month of August, in the summer of 1898, when a rumour first began to circulate about the city of St. John, N.B., that two Indians were to shoot the falls, at low tide, in a canoe. Very few people believed or, in fact, took much notice of the

Before narrating the exciting attempt of the 26th of August, perhaps it would be well to describe briefly the curious Reversible Falls. The St. John River, as everyone knows, flows into the Bay of Fundy at St. John. This river is, in places, two or three miles wide, and not



THIS IS A VIEW OF THE FALLS ABOVE THE BRIDGES--THE CURRENT IS RUNNING DOWN WITH FEARFUL VELOCITY.  
*From a Photo.*

story. Such a thing had been talked of before, but the attempt had not been made in the memory of living man. One or two there were among the people of St. John who had passed safely through those awful rapids and treacherous whirlpools, but in these few cases the perilous journey had happened by accident. On the other hand, there was a long record of deaths; for many had been caught in the fierce current and been drowned in the tossing waters.

far above the city it opens out into a large lake or river expansion. But, as it nears its mouth, it becomes narrower, and the waters are confined between high hills. These open out just above the falls, but close in again; and the outlet to the sea is through a narrow passage between high and jagged cliffs. The rise and fall of the tide is about 26ft., and when the tide is out there is a tremendous fall of water as the river rushes to the bay in white rapids and foam-



capped waves. As the tide begins to rise the scene changes. The waters from the Bay of Fundy first equalize the mad rush of the struggling river, and then, during a short period, navigation is possible for the smallest craft. Row-boats, canoes, yachts, schooners, and tug-boats hurry through, going and coming. Gradually, however, the current begins to move upwards, beating back the strength of the river, then overwhelming it, and hurling it back upon its own waters—slowly at first, but increasing in restless strength; while the roar of the conflict rises, and the rushing water begins to foam in mid-current and whiten around the jagged rocks along the shores.

Still the bay sends forward its masses of water to the contest, and at the last, at high tide, the upward current pours through the narrow

this point the river takes a sharp turn to the left, causing more whirlpools and eddies, their vortices yawning as if eager for prey. So, four times each day, the battle is fought, and Nature shows herself in calm and storm; and twice each day the river and the sea yield and conquer, each in turn.

This is a brief picture of the falls at high and low tide. The two Indians intended to shoot them when the tide was at its lowest ebb. Down these rushing waters and through the whirlpools they contemplated guiding in safety a light canvas canoe.

In the St. John papers of the 25th of August, 1898, and in the morning papers of the 26th, the street rumours referred to were printed—not, indeed, as an authentic fact, but as some street gossip picked up by the enterprising



From a] HERE WE SEE THE FALLS AT THE BRIDGES, FROM WHICH CROWDS WATCHED THE LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLE. [Photo.

channel in resistless power, majesty, and beauty, flowing far inland up the river. The downward fall is even greater than the inward flow, as the river is aided by the natural drop of the channel.

The scene at low tide is magnificent. First, above the falls, is the smooth, gleaming, black water as it glides swiftly towards the narrow channel. Then it falls over some natural obstruction or drop at the bottom of the river, and breaks into wild, whirling, seething rapids. This pitch at the head of the falls, where the waters plunge downward, is about 7ft. in height, and from here there is a stretch of rapids and whirlpools down to where the railway and passenger bridges hang suspended over the gulf. Below

reporter. Although many people refused to believe that the Indians would try the foolhardy feat, yet the mere intimation that they thought of doing so brought a large crowd to the falls. Before ten o'clock the suspension bridge was crowded with people, including many ladies; and the precipitous cliffs forming the side of the gorge were also lined with spectators. All classes and conditions were present—tourists, merchants, the ubiquitous small boy, and the loafers; ladies, gentlemen, mill-hands, and labourers. They came on foot, in carriages, in coaches and 'buses; and the crowd flocked to every point of vantage that commanded a view of the falls.

The morning was foggy, but a little after ten the sun began to pierce through the vapour, which hung low upon the earth. It was a sight to be remembered, to see the vast crowd intently watching the rushing waters below them. The falls presented a scene of awful commotion, and as the tide fell in the harbour the violence of the current increased.

The Indians, Xavier Francis and Louis Mitchell by name, were evidently pleased with

speed became greater and greater, and at last the wild, fierce current seized the frail craft. The canoe seemed almost to fly down the watery incline, and with a plunge it went over the pitch.

A cry arose from the crowd, "They're gone!"; but no—the light boat had actually passed over the worst place. Francis still maintained his position, standing in the bow. Then the canoe was seized by an eddy and whirled around,



THESE ARE THE TWO INDIANS WHO TRIED TO SHOOT THE REVERSIBLE FALLS—  
From a) XAVIER FRANCIS ON LEFT; LOUIS MITCHELL ON RIGHT. (Photo.)

the sensation they were making and the prospect of a large reward if they should successfully accomplish the daring feat which they were about to attempt.

The crowd was not kept long in expectation. At 10.30 the canoe, with the two Indians paddling, shot out from above Union Point, the head of the falls, and came into view of the assembled thousands. "There they come!" the crowd shouted, and the words were taken up and passed along; while the people, now all excitement, surged forward on the bridge and on the cliffs, so that those in front were in danger of being pushed over the abyss by the pressure behind.

The sight was, indeed, a thrilling one, as the canoe approached the pitch at the head of the falls. Francis stood erect in the bow, while Mitchell sat in the stern, and they paddled calmly towards the raging waters before them. Slowly at first, but with ever-increasing speed, they approached the watery declivity, and the spectators positively held their breath in silent, intense excitement. The Indians now seemed to be bent only on steadying the canoe and keeping it bow on. As it neared the pitch the

broadside on, while another groan of dismay broke from the crowd. A stroke of Francis's paddle averted the threatened catastrophe; but only for a moment. Suddenly, the canoe went down in another pitch, and the awful rapids, tired of playing with the fragile craft, threw it up almost out of the water. Francis was bold and skilful, but this shock was too much for him. He was thrown out, standing as he was, and in an instant the canoe was upset.

At this awful sight the crowd lost all control, and the people shouted in wild excitement for someone to help the imperilled Indians. But, alas! they were beyond the reach of human aid, and nothing could be done. Every eye was now strained towards the spot where the canoe had upset; and as it turned over, one of the Indians was seen clinging desperately to it. The other had disappeared, but in a moment he, too, was seen struggling wildly in the raging, foaming rapids, with nothing but the light paddle to help him, and distant about 15ft. from the canoe. The crowd watched him in horror-stricken silence as he struggled hard for life. The resistless strength of the water tossed him about with merciless buffetings, but the Indian managed



THE SURVIVOR, LOUIS MITCHELL, IN THE IDENTICAL CANOE USED IN THE FOOLHARDY FEAT.  
From a Photo.

to keep his head above water. In the meantime, some workmen, who had been repairing the bridge, lowered a rope down to the surface of the water, and it was thought that the struggling swimmer might reach this last chance of safety. The rapids carried him quickly down towards the spot, but suddenly he threw up his hands and sank. He rose again under the bridge, close to where the rope was suspended, but his strength was gone. He

sank once more, and was never seen again.

Mitchell was more fortunate. By a lucky chance the current carried the canoe in towards a cove. It drifted out of the rapids and reached some calmer water beyond, the Indian still clinging to it. He urged the canoe towards the land as well as he could by swimming, and was soon out of danger of being carried down below the bridge. As he neared the shore two men put out in a boat and towed him to the land.

When the crowd saw that one at least was saved they seemed to recover from the horror caused by the death of Francis, and a loud cheer went up. Mitchell's face lighted up as he heard it, and he waved his arm and shouted faintly back.

The Indian seemed none the worse for his terrible experience. When they told him of the death of Francis he took the news stoically and simply grunted, "He good fellow; should have held on to canoe."

### III.—My Fight With "Jacko" the Ape.

By SAM BOLTON.

The author is an officer of a well-known Canadian Liner. All will allow that the adventure is a very remarkable one. It took place nine years ago.

I was only an apprentice-boy at the time, and just sixteen years old. I was not very big nor exceptionally strong, but just about the right size and sufficiently strong to make a fairly even match for "Jacko," an Indian ape, in the terrible fight we had, some eight years ago, one moonlight night in the middle of the Bay of Bengal.

Jacko, a fine specimen of the larger species of brown-haired Indian ape, had been presented to our skipper in Calcutta by a friend of his. Our ship was the *Queen of England*, a fine full-rigged steel vessel of 2,070 tons, then sailing between Liverpool and Calcutta.



YOUNG SAM BOLTON, WHO WAS ATTACKED BY THE APE. [Photo.]

When standing upon his hind feet the ape's height must have been about 3ft. 6in. Not very tall, you might say; but anyone who knows the extraordinary strength of these creatures, and their wonderful agility, will know that he was quite tall enough to be a formidable creature for a sixteen-year-old boy to encounter single-handed.

Somehow Jacko, who was docile enough with any of the other men, seemed to have taken an especial dislike to me, and I could never pass him without being treated to a vicious "coo-ch," and a succession of wild leaps, any of which would have lifted him right upon me but for the





From a THIS IS THE SHIP ON WHICH THE EXCITING INCIDENT HAPPENED. [Photo.]

sudden tautening of his chain, which, tugging at his neck, invariably "finished up" his leap in a disgraceful way, as it twisted him suddenly round, and brought him sprawling ignominiously on to the deck. He was, during the fine weather, usually kept tethered to a ring-bolt at the fore-end of the No. 3 hatch. Between this hatch and the main life-rail was a goodly space of open deck, where was no other obstruction but the main-deck capstan—a high "patent purchase" affair, with a double top—which stood amidships.

On the night of my set-to with Jacko we were somewhere about the middle of the Bay of Bengal. A light monsoon just contrived to belly out each sail, and heel our ship over about 5 deg. or so. A fine, clear night it was, with a bright full moon above and a mill-pond ripple on the sea around.

The watch on deck had coiled themselves—as is the general custom in fine weather—along the deck to the lee side of the house, where, handy for any call, they snored in their sleep. The only hands aboard with their eyes open were the look-out man, away for'ard in the

fo'c's'le head; the second mate, upon the weather side of the poop; and myself, on the lee side. At about five bells (10.30 p.m.) the second sent me for'ard to examine the side-lights and report upon them. He then went aft, where, leaning over the taffrail, he gave himself up sailor-fashion to his wakeful dreams.

I went for'ard, passing Jacko, who was asleep. I then mounted the fo'c's'le head, yarned awhile with the look-out, examined the side-lights, and finding them burning satisfactorily, proceeded leisurely aft along the weather side.

Arriving at the main life-rail I turned to go to leeward, and, utterly forgetful of the presence of Jacko, walked sleepily past the capstan. The ape awoke, perceived me, gave his usual vicious "coo-ch," and sprang into the air towards me. Accustomed to these impotent leaps I stood, motionless, hands in pockets, awaiting the usual absurd ending of the performance.

This time, however, the chain snapped close



"THIS TIME THE CHAIN SNAPPED CLOSE TO HIS NECK. AND HE WAS UPON ME."

to his neck, and, almost before I was aware of the fact, the brute's form, dark and shadow-like, came flying through the air, and he was upon me. He alighted fairly upon my shoulders; I staggered to leeward, under the sudden weight, and fell into the scuppers, at the same time warding off with my arm his ugly face from mine. Brute-like, he seized that part of my body nearest his jaws and bit, fiercely, deep into my left shoulder; then, springing suddenly from me, he leapt into the main rigging, swarmed aloft, and stopped, a dozen ratlins high, to grin and "coo-ch" at me. During the whole time of the extraordinary struggle which followed I made no sound with my lips—why, I do not know. And yet I was mightily scared of the ape. I fancy it was the suddenness of the attack, which gave me no time even to think of calling for help and awakening my shipmates.

Jumping to my feet excitedly, I stood upon the deck, with fists doubled and in boxing attitude, awaiting Jacko's next spring. Except for the ape's low chuckling "coo-ch," we made no sound. I was barefooted, so that even my footfalls were noiseless. Had I run, Jacko in all probability would have left me alone, but seeing me standing somewhat defiantly in his accustomed place, he accepted my attitude as a challenge.

He came stealthily and cautiously down the rigging to the top-gallant rail, watched me awhile from there, and then swarmed the royal backstay to a height of about 15ft. — never taking his eyes off me all the time. Here he stopped and commenced to shake the backstay violently. But apparently seeing the uselessness of wasting his strength in this way, he presently stopped, then leapt into the air, and I saw his shapeless body, extended arms, and doubled-up legs outlined in the moonlight as he descended towards me. Stepping aside to avoid him, I hit him as he fell somewhere about the chest, with my clenched fist. The blow changed the course of his flight, and his body struck with a thud against the corner of

the hatch. Thinking I now had him at my mercy, I sprang upon him and seized him by the slack skin at his throat. I had reckoned, however, without a knowledge of the brute's astonishing strength. He put out his arms and clasped the back of my neck, and with all his strength endeavoured to force me to him; gripping my waist at the same time with his powerful hand-like feet.

With Jacko clinging to me, I fell heavily to the deck. For some moments we lay there panting, but motionless. His strength was such that my arms fairly ached with the effort to keep his formidable jaws from me as I lay there watching his hideous face and teeth. His nails dug deep into my neck; his teeth gave vicious snaps in the air; I could hear his breath forcing its way through his throat, which I had tried to grip as I held on to the skin around it. We must have lain there some three or four minutes, when Jacko suddenly jerked himself backward, wrenched his throat from my hand, and leaped upon the capstan to consider the next round.

Without giving me time to rise, however, he sprang at me again and seized my left arm with his hands and teeth.

Usually when a monkey bites he gives a quick snap, and springs away, frightened at his deed; for the average simian is an arrant coward.



"JACKO BURIED HIS TEETH DEEP IN MY LEFT FOREARM, AND, WITH THE TENACITY OF A BULLDOG, KEPT THEM THERE."

Jacko, however, departed from this custom, for he buried his teeth deep in my left forearm and, with the tenacity of a bulldog, *kept them there*. I beat his face with my free hand and banded

his head on the deck, but all to no purpose. I had no waistcoat or jacket on, and my shirt-sleeves were rolled up, so that he had the bare flesh to work upon. I staggered with him to my feet, and actually carried him to the hatch where, forcing him upon his back, I beat his body frantically with my free fist. So close, however, did he cling to me with his feet that my blows told with little effect. Seeing this, I raised the big ape before me, and holding my left arm with my right hand, rushed toward the capstan, and with all the weight of my body behind the blow, crushed his head against its iron rim. Then, though apparently not in the least stunned, Jacko let go and ran a little distance from me.

Had there been a witness present he would have been treated to a strange, if somewhat ludicrous, sight.

Picture to yourself a bright moonlight night, over an open space in a big ship's deck—a deck so beautifully clean as to show a gleaming white expanse to the rays of the moon. The background consisted of bulwarks, rigging, masts, spars, and sails, with the attendant mass of running gear, blocks, and tackles; and one of the central figures of the weird scene, a boy no taller than 5ft. 2in., though somewhat sturdy in build—bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare-armed—clothed only in a light cotton shirt, with sleeves rolled up, and a pair of "Calcutta whites"; his left arm and shoulder discoloured with blood, and his erect little figure standing with fists doubled up awaiting the spring of a huge ape that stood with his four legs upon the capstan—where he had jumped after letting go my arm—shaking his body to and fro in a terrible rage, his teeth grinning, bare; his ears and the skin upon his brow drawn tightly back, and his fiery eyes widely dilated.

Jacko, standing thus upon the capstan, seemed for a moment to ponder the situation. Then, judging from his subsequent actions, he appeared to have resolved to "board me from behind." First he sprang from the capstan to the hatch; then, swift as lightning, he turned and leaped back again—a leap of some 14ft. from a hatch at least 2ft. lower than the capstan itself. From the capstan he jumped to the main fife-rail, thence across the deck to the lee rigging, and, lastly, back to the capstan again.

I followed his every movement, determined not to let him get behind me. Apparently perceiving this, the ape changed his tactics. He came leisurely down from the capstan and crawled slowly and deliberately along the deck towards me, until at length he stopped within a fathom's length of my feet. Then he bounded upward and again landed fairly upon me.

He gripped my throat in a manner that was almost human in style and intention. He clasped his strong hind legs around my waist, and made a vicious snap at my face with his awful jaws. I ducked my head, barely in time to save my features, and his teeth snapped in my hair, some of which was torn out. Fearful for my face, I put up my right hand to grasp his throat, my left arm having by this time become somewhat numbed from the effects of his savage bites. My hand strayed, however, or he dodged it, and it went between his teeth. He bit cruelly, and one of his molars went clean through, opening a vein from which the blood commenced to spout in an alarming manner.

The fight now became a wrestling match; while no other sound came from either of us save the hiss of our panting breath and the patter of my bare feet. We struggled frantically to and fro upon the deck. The blood, spouting from my hand, spread over Jacko's hairy head, neck, and face, until he became a ghastly sight. I felt myself growing weaker from the loss of blood, while my powerful enemy appeared to be growing rapidly stronger! We staggered against the main fife-rail. With my growing weakness, fear came upon me—fear of the horrible disfigurement my features would for ever show, should I become too weak to keep the ape's jaws from off my face.

Now the fife-rail was studded with iron belaying-pins, placed there for the purpose of belaying the crossjack braces. One of these, luckily, was free. I put up my left arm, and with it forced Jacko's head against the wooden rail; then seizing the iron belaying-pin with my free hand, I raised it aloft and brought it down again upon Jacko's brow with all the strength I could muster.

The second mate, wondering why I had not returned to report upon the side-lights, and thinking I had probably sat down somewhere and gone to sleep, came down the poop ladder bringing with him one of the poop buckets; these, by the way, were always kept hung up at the fore part of the poop, and in hot weather were kept filled with water to prevent the wood from becoming too dry. It was the mate's unkind intention to rouse me in the time-honoured fashion by drenching me with its contents. Creeping stealthily along the deck, he came to the main fife-rail, where he saw in the moonlight a sight which caused him to change his intention.

He told me afterwards he could never forget the sight, even if he lived to be a hundred. Jacko was lying stretched across the coil of the weather crossjack-brace, my body being face



downward, stretched across Jacko's, and a pool of blood marring the whiteness of the deck and making ghastly the sight of our two apparently inanimate forms.

Jacko recovered from the effects of the blow

"I made my way there and found the place closed during the daytime, it being the off season; but I hunted up the caretaker. I explained to him what I was after. His reply was: 'I should think I *do* remember the brute.



WHAT THE SECOND MATE SAW IN THE MOONLIGHT: "MY BODY FACE DOWNWARDS, STRETCHED ACROSS JACKO'S."

I gave him. He was presented, I believe, to the "Palace Menagerie" at New Brighton, where, for all I know to the contrary, he is to this day. As for me, I bear the marks of his teeth upon me yet, and shall be glad to show them to such WIDE WORLD readers as care to call upon me between voyages at my home, near Manchester. They are rather faint upon my shoulders, but on my hand is a scar  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. broad. Two of the scars upon my left fore-arm each measure  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in length, and the distance between them is  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in.—a striking proof of the size of Jacko's jaws.

Thinking that WIDE WORLD readers would like to know what became of Jacko, we instructed Mr. Frederick Bolton, the author's father, to make inquiries about the ape at the Palace, New Brighton. We append Mr. Bolton's report:—

You see that finger?' he went on, showing me a mutilated finger—the middle finger of his right hand. 'I was going my rounds one day and was trying the gate of his cage when he sprang at me like lightning and had my finger in his ugly mouth like a vice before I knew what he was up to. You can see for yourself, sir, the mess he made of it. Another time,' continued the caretaker, 'the brute got out of his cage and it took all the fellows about the place to cage him again. When he first came they put him with the other monkeys, but he killed a number of them, so he was placed in a special cage by himself. About twelve months ago he got so full of rheumatism that they drowned him.'

"How high did he stand?' I asked.

"Well, sir,' replied my informant, 'you seldom saw him stretched full length, but he was, I should say, from 3ft. to 3ft. 6in.'"

IV.—*The Ocean The Young Man, and Mr. Bolter's White Flannels.*

BY MRS. FRED MATURIN.

It must be admitted that Mrs. Maturin, as a girl, gave an incredible amount of trouble to all who had charge of her—as this her latest reminiscence amply testifies.

"You have a sister married to a Cornish Methodist parson, meine Frau?" asked papa, reflectively, puffing at his long Indian hookah, and watching me sniffing in the corner.

"I have, Colonel. A most pious and worthy creature is my dear brother-in-law, Mr. Bolter, and eminently fitted to have charge of Edith."

I sniffed again. It sounded depressing. I was Edith, and in fearful disgrace. And Bonnam-Rhein was in an uproar. The once peaceful seminary, kept by Father and Mother B. (thus were they known amongst us girls), was upside down. A German student, bearing the romantic Christian name of "Hugo," had fallen in love with me—had told me so in a letter hung to the pear-tree on the lower lawn, and added, in a fit of desperation, that Father and Mother B. were a pair of *Eselköpfeunerhörigquälentlige* fools! Father B., taking an unusually early ramble in the garden, had hooked the missive off the pear-tree, drunk in its contents, telegraphed for papa, locked me in my bedroom, and was now sitting painting to my father in lively colours the frau I had led him and Frau B. since my arrival from the convent.

"Serenades," said Father B., removing a needle from the corner of his eye (he had some weird complaint which paralyzed his tear-ducts; and needles stuck in at the corners were the only things that prevented his weeping, morning, noon, and night)—"serenades all night, and no sleep. Bouquets, with notes concealed therein, all day. Strings of notes following the school during their walks. The English Church blocked with German students, and no room for the English residents at all. And during carnival—"

Here, the needles being out, Father B.'s tears gushed forth, and Mother B., fat, red, and indignant, took up the strain.

"During carnival this once peaceful dwelling entered by main force—at least twenty masked

students. My beloved husband seized and locked into the coal-cellar—I pushed into my bed-chamber and the key turned on me. The girls chased round and round the garden by the masked revellers, and *enjoying it*—yes, I blush to say it—in peals of laughter! Your daughter Edith, here, *in a tree*, Colonel Money, and two or three red-capped students swarming up after her. Oh," concluded the lady, with a shudder, "ask me not, Colonel Money, to continue this theme. Ask me not to describe how——"

"I won't," said papa, hurriedly, "calm yourself, meine Frau."

"Ask me not to relate how——"

"Pray don't," said papa, "I'd rather not hear. One thing is certain—Edith must leave this place."

"My pious and worthy brother-in-law——"

"Alfred Bolter and his wife Minna," added Father B., inspecting a needle.

"Live in a secluded spot in Cornwall—near Land's End—where the frivolities of this world are unknown. Mothers'-meetings, spelling-bees, and decorating the chapel at Christmas—these are the simple pleasures that simple household enjoy."

Here I burst into a loud fit of crying—and no wonder—while Father B. rapidly stuck half-a-dozen needles into each eye and then glared at me.

This conversation took place when I was fifteen, and a terrible mad-cap. I recollect it very well, because it ended in my being sent to Cornwall for a year; and it was there, in a tiny cove close to the seaside village of Portpheap, that the little adventure occurred which I'm going to tell you of.

Papa was presently on his way overland to India, so when all was decided, a maiden aunt from England was telegraphed for to fetch me, and without one line of farewell to, or from, the devoted Hugo (whom I've never seen since, but hear has grown fat) I was removed



MISS EDITH MONEY (NOW MRS. FRED MATURIN) WAS ALWAYS UP TO SOME FRANK OR OTHER.

\* Photo. by Fred Palmer, Kingston-on-Thames.

from Bonn, and dragged, almost by force, on to the Antwerp and Harwich steam-packet one lovely May evening.

I remember hanging on to the gangway and refusing to go on to the boat; and it took my Aunt Fanny, the stewardess, and the captain to induce me to move. And when darkness set in and we were well out to sea, I went on deck, took off my shoes, stockings, and frock, and threw them all overboard as a slight revenge for my sufferings.

The commotion next morning when we landed, and I had to be hurried, just as I was, into the train for London, where we were met by my grandmother—a dignified old dame, who nearly had a fit—consoled me, somehow, vastly. In London I wrote long letters to Hugo, in broken English, to suit his knowledge of our language, and gave them to a housemaid to post; but he never got them, for I have since learned that the housemaid copied them to send to her own lover (who thought she had gone mad), and burnt the originals.

I next found myself in my new home in Cornwall, and, kind as Mr. and Mrs. Bolter were to me, I really think I should have pined away if, after some months, my dear little sister Etty had not been sent, at my earnest request, to the Bolters' too.

She was about ten years old (a lovely child), quite as great a romp as myself, and my spirits now began to revive. I raised my head once more, sniffed the breeze for adventures, and met one which nearly ended all such for us both for evermore!

It was a heavenly summer that year. We used to get up early, before even the maid-of-all-work was awake, rifle the larder, and disappear for the day to the coast, which was about five miles from St. Austell, the little place where this, our temporary home, was situated.

On our return, somewhere before midnight, Mr. Bolter used to rate us; Mrs. Bolter would cry, and we pressed handkerchiefs to our faces—upon which the entire family, the servant included, fell upon our necks, and asked us to

forgive them, which, after some sobbing, we consented to do. And in a few days we disappeared again. In fact, we did pretty much as we liked; but after the horrible descriptions given of my pranks at Bonn, Mrs. Bolter expressed herself as thankful that I proved content with such comparatively harmless pastimes as paddling up to my neck in all my clothes, which was at this time my pet amusement.

It was a baking August morning, and I rose, refreshed, from my bed—where I'd just spent three whole days while my wardrobe dried. This was such a nuisance that I decided to give my clothes a rest and take a bathing-dress this time—or, as we had no proper bathing-dresses, some convenient substitute. So we got up at four, explored a cupboard on the silent landing, found two white flannel suits of Mr. Bolter's, cut the legs off at the knees, and the arms off at the shoulders, for coolness, then rolled the things into a towel and decamped for the day.

We took it easily on the road to Porthpean. The country was delicious at that exquisite hour. The lark already carolled in the blue; the murmur of the sea stole over grain and clover to our ears, and we anticipated a glorious day in Mr. Bolter's chopped-up flannels.

We reached the rugged cliffs, passed the still sleeping coastguard station (or, perhaps, the occupant was inside having his breakfast), and ran, hot, and longing for a plunge, down the winding path on to the yellow bay below.

But just as Etty and I were going to disrobe we discerned a nice-looking young man (a gentleman) sitting on a rock, doing something with some worms. He glanced at us with interest, and we glanced at him, but he didn't move.

Well, we couldn't bathe in Porthpean Bay, that was evident; so, taking up our bundle again, we began walking round the cliffs (the tide was out), and settled we'd bathe instead from "the Silver Beach."



IT WASN'T ETTY'S FAULT, POOR LITTLE DEAR—  
OF COURSE, HER BIG SISTER WAS TO BLAME  
FOR IT ALL.

Photo. by Westfield & Co., Calcutta.



Etty and I had named it that. Out in a boat we had often noticed the shining, silvery little cove, and thought what a *darling* it looked. It would be lovely to run bare-foot over those silver pebbles, down the oxidized-coloured sand, and "splash" into the blue waves!

So we flew along the sands, and met an old fisherman, who, seeing our errand, called out to us in Cornish dialect to "Take care of un little beach round there. He be covered at high tide an' no way out."

It was low tide now—and high tide a long way off. And what a glorious time we had! Mr. Bolter's flannels, garnished with blue sashes—the jackets worn as tunics—were most picturesque since their mutilation, and we basked in the sun in them a long time before we entered the water.

Then, when we got in, we stopped—oh, quite an hour, I should think. And when



"WHERE WE GOT IN WE STOPPED—OH, QUITE AN HOUR, I SHOULD THINK."

we got out, we basked again, paddled in pools, hunted for shells and shrimps, and finally sat down, half-dressed, to eat saffron-cake and wish we had some fresh water.

I was telling Etty all I remembered about India, and she was telling me all *she* remembered. I know we both began inventing, so as to outdo each other, and I was thick in a story of a personal encounter at the age of three with a Bengal tiger, and the marvellous presence of mind I had shown, when a shriek from my sister brought me to a stop, and I looked

sea-wards where she pointed . . . . .  
*The tide had come in and cut us off from the world around!* . . . . .

At first I wouldn't believe it, and wasn't very frightened; but when I'd looked round a bit, and found a long belt of deep, deep water between us and Porthpean Bay (which, however, we couldn't see from here), and jagged, inaccessible cliffs above, overhanging and not a foot-hold on them, I realized our situation, and stood still to drink it in. Neither of us could swim a stroke. In vain had papa paid Father and Mother B. to have me taught in the Rhine baths at Bonn. While the rope was round my waist, and the man holding on to the other end, I was all right. I was all right, too, in the shallow

part, where, with one leg on the ground, I struck out nobly, shouting, "Girls—I'm swimming!" But when the day came on which the swimming-master said I was proficient, and could do without the rope, and (calling Mother B. and the other pupils to witness my performance) took it suddenly off me in deep water, I sank, with deep gurgles; and the wretched man was all but strangled by my arms when he jumped in and fished me out.

Yes, I recollected all this now, with unpleasant distinctness; but there was no time to think.

Seizing the remainder of our clothes (we had dragged on some), but clean forgetting Mr. Bolter's mauled and sopping flannels, we made for the water and plunged in up to our knees. But it got deeper and deeper as we went on, and in a few minutes poor little Etty was wading up to her chin, and, at last, was lifted off her feet. I was well-grown and tall for my age, and, coming to a rock, I got her on to it; then, throwing away the

clothes we had in our hands, I hoisted her on to my shoulders, and once more plunged on.

But very soon the waves broke very near *my* chin *too*, and how heavy—how *terribly* heavy—Etty was! And how she clutched my hair! And what was the use of asking me, with sobs, to "give mamma her turquoise ring," when no one would be left to give it?

"Tell papa," said I, thinking I might as well send a farewell message too—it sounded well—"that I died forgiving him." Then slosh went a salt wave into my mouth, and I stumbled

over a sunken rock and fell forward, Etty shooting off me into the water.

It would all have been over with us then but for that sunken rock, which led to another not so submerged. I clutched Etty by her white petticoat (our dresses were now floating away towards France), and got her somehow up on to the rock. Then I struggled up myself. It was nearly covered, but we were now *just* in sight of Porthpean Bay, and so set to work to shriek for help.

The water between us and safety was now well out of both our depths, so it was lucky for us that the young man with the worms was still there, sticking hooks into them. He at once grasped the situation and sprang up, a fisherman

The fisherman's wife took us into her cottage upon the cliffs, dried our clothes, and lent us jackets and skirts; then we walked home.

But I have never seen the young man again. He hung round that cottage a good while, and now and then I peeped out at him; but as I was still in great *d'eshabille*, it had to be *only* a peep. He certainly had very nice blue eyes and curly hair. I remember that. The fisherman's wife said he was "stopping with some grand folks near."

But when we came out he was gone, worms and all.

I dreamt of him that night, and of our rescue, but who or what he was, or whence he came, will for ever remain to me a pretty



"THEY PUSHED OFF A BOAT, AND ROWED TOWARDS US AS FAST AS THEIR ARMS WOULD WORK.

behind him; they pushed off a boat, and rowed towards us as fast as their arms would work. I watched them in an agony, clutching my little sister.

Every fresh wave nearly washed us off that wretched slippery, green rock, but the boat came up at last, and we were hauled in just in time; the fisherman remarking quietly, "What did I tell un?"

It was awkward sitting in such *d'eshabille* in front of that young man, but he was kind, and looked the other way.

romantic mystery—unless he happens to see this.

We never breathed a word to the Bolters of our adventure. On reaching home we disrobed and sprang into bed. The family were at a meeting for providing the Cannibals with combinations, or some such mission. Mr. Bolter, I know, decided to send his white flannels, and next day a great hunt took place. But never did he know—and I hope he never may—that the ocean swallowed them, when it so nearly swallowed us.

## Life in an Italian Village.

By RAINALD WELLS.

An amusing account of daily life in the remote mountain villages near Pallanza. Lady porters and gold mines in Italy, religious processions, and strange feasts. A village ball, and a funny case of "playing at soldiers." The whole illustrated by the author's own snap-shot photographs.



From a] VIEW OF PALLANZA, ON LAKE MAGGIORE. [Photo.



SHORT description of the life and customs in an Italian village, from an Englishman's point of view, would, I think, be rather amusing to the majority of my readers. The villages

I am about to describe are situated about thirty miles from the town of Pallanza, on Lake Maggiore. They are in, perhaps, one of the most picturesque of the Italian valleys, namely, the Vall' Anzasca. High mountains bound them on both sides; and even the villages themselves are just about the same height above sea-level as the summit of Snowdon. When I arrived there was no carriage road to Pestarena, the village I was going to stay in, so I had to walk the last five miles, my luggage being carried up by women on their

backs, as seen in the photograph. I was very much amused at the time, because it had taken two strong men to carry one of the portmanteaus downstairs in England, whilst here, in Italy, a woman will put the same box into her basket or "civvera," as they are called, and walk the five miles quite easily, only charging 10d. for the job.

The third photograph is another group of women, carrying the "amalgam" from a gold mine, which was being worked near the



"MY LUGGAGE BEING CARRIED UP BY WOMEN ON THEIR BACKS."

From a Photo.



"YOU DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE GOLD MINES IN ITALY? WELL, HERE ARE THE WOMEN CARRYING AMALGAM FROM THE MINE. [Photo.

village I was staying in. I suspect that the majority of English people will be rather surprised when they read that there is a gold mine in Italy; but I can assure them that mines of the precious metal have been worked in the North of Italy



for a great many years. In winter sleighing is used for portage—sometimes by horses or mules, but usually by hand. I have seen as many as forty men harnessed to one sleigh dragging up a heavy piece of machinery. The photograph shows the kind of sleigh which people use to get about in.

Shortly after I arrived one of the numerous feasts was held. Each village has several important feasts in the year, and each individual person has his own particular feast day, according to the saint he or she has been named after. It is kept much in the same way as children in England keep their



"IN WINTER SLEIGHING IS USED FOR PORTERAGE." [Photo.]



"SHORTLY AFTER I ARRIVED ONE OF THE NUMEROUS FEASTS WAS HELD." [Photo.]

the word for the band to strike in, which almost drowns the chant, as it seems to be the ambition in the band I saw for each man to try to play louder than his fellow. As the procession winds along past the various little shrines (see photograph) to the church, bombs and rockets are sent up. The bombs are fired from holes driven in the rocks. They make a great column of smoke and much noise, thus pleasing the Italian peasants greatly. The church itself was very small, holding, perhaps, about 150 people. A kind of gallery is erected

birthdays. The village feast begins in the morning with a procession of the whole village. Four people carry the image of the Madonna, and pay 5fr. for the privilege. The image at the village I was staying in was about 6ft. high, and made of some sort of terra-cotta. It had a most beautiful dress of light blue, covered with gold and silver tinsel. Each set of four people carry it for a short distance, then four more take their places. In the photograph girls are seen in the foreground with their veils on, which they always keep down during the service. Behind them comes the band, and then the Madonna with the priests grouped round it. During the procession the women keep up a kind of chant. Presently the bandmaster gives



ONE OF THE LITTLE SHRINES PASSED BY THE PROCESSION." [Photo.]

on feast days to accommodate the band, which consisted of about forty instruments. The interior of the little edifice is very beautiful. The band plays at intervals during the service, tuning their instruments between times. After the service is over, the congregation adjourn to various places of refreshment and recreation to have their feast.

I had my meal with the priests and a select number of village notables, of whom I took a snap-shot. I give the menu for the benefit of English housekeepers: 1. Sausages; 2. Cocks'-combs; 3. Liver and brains; 4. Soup; 5. Boiled beef chops; 6. Green peas on toast; 7. Roast beef; 8. Chicken legs and salad; 9. Coffee.

During the latter part of the meal we were serenaded by the band, until wine at length, which is the universal drink of Italy, was served round. During the afternoon the people had a siesta until about eight o'clock, when a dance finished the day. Now, a dance in an Italian village is a very different affair from one in a London ball-room—although the dancing itself is quite as good, if not better, in the former. The guests arrive punctually at eight, and all the men who can play bring their instruments, which usually consist of a concertina, or, perhaps, even a barrel-organ, if there happens to be one in the village.

The dances themselves are conducted in quite a different way from those in England. When the music strikes up, you choose your partner, and ask her to dance, which she has to do, or else not dance at all, as it is quite against Italian village etiquette to refuse a partner. You dance right through, and when the music stops you leave your partner, murmuring a thousand thanks, and then walk away in the opposite direction. Between the dances the men and girls sit apart. The men all dance with heavy boots on, the greater number of the footgear having big nails in them as well, which

would not improve a polished floor. The floor for some reason which I have never fathomed is purposely made rough by putting sand on it, which is watered periodically to keep the dust down. I came off rather poorly the first dance I went to, as I only had shoes on for the first part of the evening. At the close of one dance I found I only had the upper parts left. The dancing is kept up till four or five o'clock in the morning, some of the people not going to bed at all.

There are a few rather funny dances. One not unlike a figure of our cotillon is called the *speechio*, or looking-glass dance, and is very amusing to watch. A chair is placed in the middle of the room, round which

a couple dance once or twice. The man then places the lady in the chair, and hands her a looking-glass. He then goes and gets another man, with whom he dances, and finally brings him up behind the girl in the chair. She sees his face in the looking-glass, and, if she likes him, gets up and dances with him for a short time. Then the man sits down, and girls are brought up in the same manner for him to choose. If he does not like them, he wipes the looking-glass with a handkerchief, and the girl

has to retire, with a red face, amidst the laughter of those looking on. It seems rude, but is customary. Another dance I have never seen in England is called "The Candle Dance," perhaps on account of the amount of grease flying about, as the candle is kept lighted during the dance. It begins by as many couples as care to take part dancing round in the usual manner. One man who has not acquired a partner stands in the middle of the room with the lighted candle. He suddenly cries "Stop," and immediately each couple commences to walk round him arm in arm. He then cries "Go forward" or "Go backward," whichever he likes, and all the men have to leave their partners and take the girl in front or behind them as the



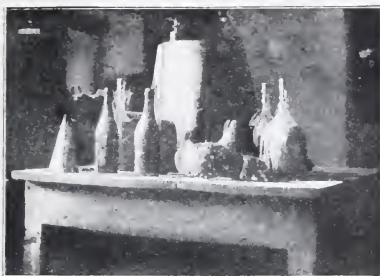
THE PRIESTS AND THE VILLAGE NOTABLES WHO PROVIDED  
From a] ME WITH SUCH A WEIRD FEAST. (Photo.



THIS IS THE DEAR LITTLE GIRL I DANCED  
WITH AT THE PEASANTS' BALL.  
From a Photo.

case may be. Meanwhile the man with the candle is himself trying to get a partner before one of the other men. If he succeeds the man left out has to take the candle, but if baffled he still continues to hold it. Dancing commences again as soon as everybody has got his new partner.

The refreshments at the dances are not very elaborate. The eatable part consists of small cakes and hot chestnuts, the latter being one of the chief articles of food of the Italian peasant. The white and red wines of the country are



DANCING REQUISITES—FLASKS OF CHIANTI AND HOB-NAILED BOOTS. [Photo.]

down from that time; a certain sum of money having been left for the purpose.

The next photograph is a group of the men in their quaint uniforms. It gives a very poor idea of the men's appearance, however, on account of the absence of colours. The fit also appears better than it really is, as you see men in uniforms which are absurdly large for them. Some of the uniforms are very valuable, not only on account of their antiquity, but also on account of the mass of gold lace and other decoration on them. I saw one sash which was said to be worth 1,000fr. There is a band belonging to the company, although its representative in the photo. has not got his right uniform on. The play begins by a parade, when the droll-looking "troops" are reviewed by one of the "officers," as shown herewith. Then the gallant fellows commence to march round the village, firing salutes with their old matchlocks as they go.



From a] AT BANNIO THE VILLAGERS PLAY AT SOLDIERS. [Photo.]

drunk, neither being very strong. The photograph at the top shows a cask of wine on end. In the foreground are a pair of "dancing pumps." The bottles on the right are the kind used for the wine. The conical-shaped tin on the left is the apparatus used for watering the floor. The barrel of wine seen in the picture had, by the way, been carried five miles by a woman, who danced all the evening afterwards!

At Bannio, a village near Pestarena, the feast day is kept in a



From a] THE DROLL-LOOKING "TROOPS" ARE REVIEWED BY ONE OF THE "OFFICERS." [Photo.]



## On the War-Path with Redskins.

By JAMES W. SCHULTZ.

The author has married an Indian squaw, and lives in the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana. Therefore he speaks as "one of themselves," and here describes a perfectly unique experience—a retaliatory raid of the Redskins, described in all its stately ritual and picturesque detail.



HE passion for shooting, I believe, leads men into more strange places, and among more queer people, than almost any other form of recreation or work. It was my love for the rifle and outdoor life that resulted in the experience I am about to relate.

The summer I was eighteen I happened to visit some friends in St. Louis, and there met an Indian trader from the far North-West. He told me wonderful stories of the big game which fairly covered the plains and hills of that far-off country: and his tales so excited my imagination that I lost no time in sending for my shooting outfit, and within ten days was comfortably quartered on a stern-wheel steamboat, which was steadily but slowly pushing its way up against the swift current of the Missouri River. I cannot here describe that grand trip of more than 2,000 miles up the winding Missouri. If you would know something about the splendid scenery, the immense herds of game, and the various tribes of Indians I saw, read "Lewis and Clark's Expedition," or Catlin's "Eight Years." I found the country practically as wild as they did. There were but one or two passengers on the boat, and they, like myself, were bound for Fort Benton, a trading post of the American Fur Company.



THIS IS THE AUTHOR, MR. J. W. SCHULTZ, THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GUIDE, ETC., WHO LIVES AMONG THE BLACKFEET — THE NEAREST PHOTOGRAPHER LIVES 110 MILES FROM A] FROM THIS HOMESTEAD. [Photo.

The boat, however, was not to reach there that year, for the water kept falling rapidly; and at Cow Island, several hundred miles below our destination, it could go no farther. At that point we found some "bull trains" awaiting us; the freight on the steamer was loaded into the heavy waggons, and we proceeded overland. This part of the trip occupied two weeks, but every day of it was a delightful experience for me. One of the "bull whackers" lent me his pony, and I used to ride ahead of the long train and shoot buffalo and antelope for the ever-hungry men. We arrived at the Fort at last, and this itself was worth travelling a long way to see. It was about 180ft. square, and was built of "adobe," or cakes of sun-dried mud. At each corner was a two-story bastion, mounting small cannon, and pierced with loop-holes for musketry. So far as the Indians were concerned it was impregnable. Within the thick, high walls were rows of adobe houses, most of them two-storied, and here the factor and his men had their quarters; here also the trade goods and furs were kept. At the time of which I

write this Fort was the only abode of white men on the Upper Missouri, except one or two mining camps which were just springing up in the Rockies, several hundred miles to the south-east.



From a]

AND HERE WE SEE MR. SCHULTZ'S RANCH.

[Photo.

I met an Englishman at the Fort named Ross, who had years before left the Hudson Bay Company in the far north, and coming south had joined the Blackfeet, marrying one of the women of that tribe. These Indians were camping near the Fort for a few days, fitting out for the winter's hunt; and as soon as they finished trading, Ross intended to go south with them into the Judith country, where game was always plentiful and the winter comparatively mild. Having obtained Ross's consent to join him on this expedition and share a part of his lodge, or "teepee," I got out my memorandum-book and asked him to write down a list of such things as he thought I should buy. He looked at me quizzically as he took the book, and asked if I had plenty of blankets, clothes, and ammunition. I replied that I had; whereupon he wrote a few words, and returned the memo-book. I read: "Two good horses; one saddle and bridle; 25lb. of tobacco; 15lb. of salt."

"What? No flour—no sugar—no bacon—no anything good to eat?"

"No; any small amount of such stuff as the trader could be induced to sell would last but a few days, anyhow."

"But what shall we eat?" I asked.

"Why," he replied, "we'll eat just what I have been living on for years: meat of various kinds, cooked in various ways. Occasionally pemmican; berries, fresh or dried; and sundry edible roots."

I said nothing, but I quickly made up my mind that I could stand such fare if he could, and straightway went into the Fort to make my few purchases. I got two very good horses at a reasonable price. I forget what the saddle and bridle cost, but I do remember that I paid eight dollars a pound for tobacco, and two for the salt.

Two days after making my purchases the camp "pulled out," my bedding and personal effects being packed on some of the extra ponies belonging to Ross. It was wonderful to see how quickly the squaws pulled down their lodges, lashing the long poles to the ponies which were to drag them, and packing their

household goods and effects on others. In a very short time the long, straggling column began to ford the river, and wind like a great serpent up out of the valley and out on the rolling prairie. There were about 3,000 people, 10,000 ponies, and the Lord only knows how many dogs in this long procession of wild hunters. Every child of six or seven years and upwards rode a gentle little pony and helped to drive the loose horses belonging to the family. Those of less years rode in their mothers' arms, or were lashed in a *travoi*—an A-shaped contrivance of poles, drawn by a horse. The cross-bar was made of two poles 2ft. or more apart, and the space between them filled with loose net-work or slender sticks. In this receptacle one could often see three or four children, and as many or more pups, riding along very comfortably.

For a time after joining these people I suffered a great deal from my change of diet: there was a constant feeling of hunger, even after eating a large meal of some kind of meat. I became quite weak, and not inclined to move about. I hankered for bread and sugar especially. I think I would have given anything for a plain apple-tart. I used to dream about apple-tarts! After five or six weeks, however, this feeling wore away, and I became as well satisfied with a meat diet and as healthy as the Indians themselves. I was much interested in observing the customs of these strange people, and from the very first began a comprehensive study of their language, with the view of getting at their minds and learning just what

they thought and believed. I was so deeply interested in this that I kept deferring my departure for the east and home, and only once in two years visited the Fort. During this time we moved here and there over an immense extent of country, passing the summers up close to the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and in winter camping along the sheltered valleys of the streams several hundred miles to the eastward, where the season was not so rigorous.

The most marked trait of the Blackfeet was



THE AUTHOR HAS MARRIED AN INDIAN  
SQUAW—THIS IS MRS. SCHULTZ.

From a Photo.

their love of war. Coming from the far north, about the beginning of the present century, they had driven different tribes from the head-waters and tributaries of the Saskatchewan and the Missouri. These tribes, while they did not dare to venture to live and hunt on their ancient possessions, were continually sending war parties to harass the Blackfeet, and the latter in turn were continually sending out parties of their own warriors to retaliate. The pursuit of game to these people was mere hard labour; the pursuit of man was their chief amusement and

their principal topic of conversation. I used to listen to the stories of the warriors, which were often very exciting, and wish that I might accompany them on one of their forays. But I could scarcely find it in my heart to go on a murderous expedition against people who had done me no wrong or harm. My opportunity came, however. Very early one morning in June word was passed through the camp that some of our horses had been stolen during the night. A few minutes later a young man was found on the side of the hill shot full of arrows and scalped. More than two hundred horses had been driven off by the enemy, among them my two. From the signs the raiders left, it was evident that they had killed the young herder and stolen the horses the evening before; and having so long a start it would be useless to try to overtake them. But that did not mean we were not to avenge the wrong. Far from it. Heavy Runner, one of the most noted warriors, ordered the camp crier to announce that in three days' time he would lead a party against the enemy; and that those who wished to join him should begin preparations for the raid. I felt that now I had just reason for going with a war party, and straightway asked Heavy Runner if I could accompany him. He gave a smiling assent, and I hurried home to ask Madame Ross to make me five or six pairs of moccasins. We were to go afoot, and the harsh prairie grasses destroyed foot-wear very quickly.

To earn the goodwill of these children of



"IN THIS RECEPTACLE ONE COULD OFTEN SEE THREE OR FOUR CHILDREN."

Nature, and to learn the mysteries of their religion, I had made them believe that I, too, was a worshipper of the sun; and now that the time had come to test the truthfulness of my assertion I could not draw back, and was obliged to take part in the ceremonies incident to our departure on a dangerous expedition. Heavy Runner chose an old medicine man named Red Eagle for our priest. He was to pray with us each day before our departure; superintend the "sacred sweat"; lend us his medicine pipe—which was supposed to guard us from harm during our travels; and lastly, ride about through the camp every evening while we were away, calling out the name of each absent one, and asking the people to pray with him for his safe return. I must omit a description of the ceremonies held each day, when the old priest besought the sun to have mercy on us and guide our steps. Space forbids. Our last act before leaving was to be a sacrifice to the sun, and for this we were obliged to cleanse our hearts and our bodies. There were so many of us that we could not all get into one of the hemispherical sweat-houses which had been built by the river, so four of them had been constructed close together in the form of a square. The frame-work of these sudatories was of willow, and they were covered with tanned skins, robes, lodge linings—anything, in fact, to keep in the steam. Women were soon heating rocks in a great fire near by; and when all was ready we entered the lodges, leaving our robes by the doorway. The red-hot rocks were passed in and placed in

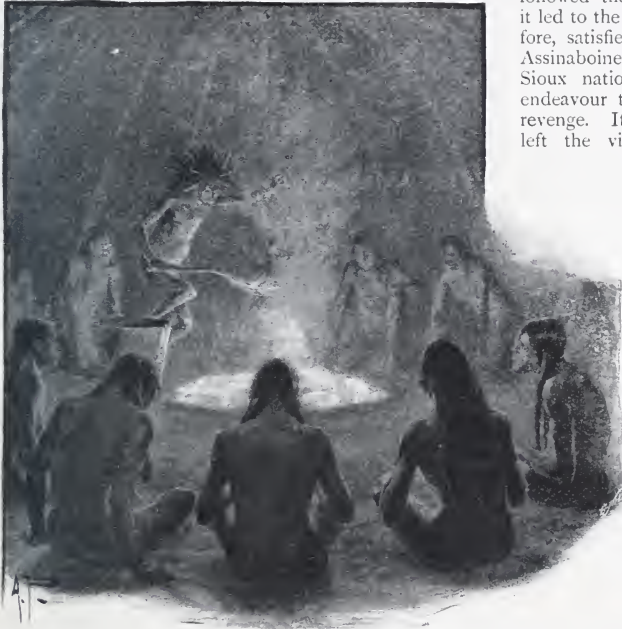


a shallow hole in the ground in the centre of the lodge. Beginning a low chant of supplication, the medicine man dipped a buffalo-tail in a vessel of water and sprinkled the rocks lightly. Steam immediately began to rise and fill the

where it always remained until destroyed by the elements. My sacrifice was a fine hunting-knife, with sheath and belt complete.

We were camped on the Yellow River (named by Lewis and Clark the "Judith") when the enemy raided us; and scouts who had followed their trail away reported that it led to the north-east. We were, therefore, satisfied that the raiders were the Assinaboines—a tribe of the great Sioux nation, and it was to be our endeavour to find their camp and get revenge. It was quite dusk when we left the village and, led by Heavy

Runner, struck out over the rolling plain. We made a long, straggling column, there being eighty of us in all. There would be a little bunch of three or four walking side by side; then men singly or in couples; and again another group of five or six. A young man, named Mam-i-yán (Fish Robe) was my partner. He had always been very friendly to me, and we had hunted much together. I was the only one who had a modern gun; it was a Henry repeater of .440 calibre. The rest carried percussion-cap smooth-bores and rifles. A few had Hudson Bay Company flint-locks; and as auxiliaries many carried



"THE MEDICINE MAN DIPPED A BUFFALO-TAIL IN WATER AND SPRINKLED THE ROCKS."

lodge. At the end of the chant a prayer was said, and the rocks again sprinkled. We began to feel the moisture dripping from us. Prayer after prayer was repeated, interspersed with ancient songs, and finally the medicine pipe was filled, lighted, and passed around the circle—each brave as he received it imploring the sun for safety and success, before he drew a whiff through the sacred stem. The pipe finished, one by one the warriors crept out, hastily threw their blankets around them at the doorway, and going to the bank of the river plunged into its clear, cool depths. From there everyone went to his own lodge and dressed. Then, taking the article he had selected as a sacrifice—always one of his most valued possessions—each went into the timber, and with much prayer formally presented it to the sun. The sacrifice was tied on to a tree or bush,

bows and arrows and shields. No one had much impedimenta. Besides our weapons we had each a few pairs of moccasins; a little pouch of pemmican—to be eaten when so near the enemy that we could not build a fire—and that was about all. Heavy Runner carried the sacred medicine pipe. Many had their war clothes and eagle-plume head-dresses with them, which they would do, if they had an opportunity, before going into battle.

We travelled steadily due east all night, and when dawn came were near a stream named It-sis-ki-ots-ope: the "It crushed them" creek—so-called because a party of women digging red earth were killed by the bank falling on them. All about us were herds of buffalo and antelope, feeding or lying down on the sage-brush plain. We did not wish to disturb them, for game rushing wildly over the prairie is

a sure sign that man is near, and we wanted to go through the country quietly and unobserved. So we sneaked into the head of a long "coulie," or ravine, and followed it down to the stream, where we entered a grove of cotton woods and willow. A band of elk got up out of their beds and stupidly stared at us, and at a sign from Heavy Runner I killed two young bulls, which furnished us plenty of food for the day. After a hearty meal of roast and broiled meat, two men were sent up on the hills to watch, whilst the rest of us lay down under the trees and slept. At midday the sentinels were relieved. About five o'clock we ate another meal of elk meat; and then Heavy Runner unwrapped the sacred pipe, and we smoked and prayed. When it began to grow dark we started out once more and walked steadily all night, the next dawn finding us among the pine-clad brakes and buttes of the Missouri. Three buffalo cows were killed out of a small herd found feeding among the pines, and each man taking what meat he wanted, we went down the hill a little way, to where we found a spring; here we camped.

We were now about thirty miles from the mouth of the Musselshell River, where we expected to find that the enemy had crossed the Missouri with the horses they had stolen from us. This was one of the few fords on the river, and was known to all the different tribes of Indians in the country. Starting again at dusk we arrived some time before daylight at the hill overlooking the junction of the two rivers and the ford; and Heavy Runner sent us all over to a thick grove of pines, where

we were to remain until he joined us. We had intended to build some "war-houses" here, but found three or four standing in the thick timber, which we took possession of. These so-called "war-houses" were built in the shape of an ordinary lodge, of long slender poles and brush, and were always used when in the enemy's country. A small fire could be built in them and not give out any tell-tale smoke, as a fire in the open would; and in case the party should be unable to move when night came, the thick layers of poles and brush would prevent the light of the fire from being seen.

We did not kill any game that morning, but some of the party had saved some cooked meat from the last meal; and those who hadn't ate a little of their pemmican. A small spring in the grove afforded us plenty of cold water, but it was strongly impregnated with alkali, and we drank sparingly of it. It was nearly midday when Heavy Runner came in. He reported that the party we were after had crossed at the mouth of the Musselshell, as we thought they would, and that there were signs, not two days old, of a large mounted party having come from the other side and gone straight over the valley. We wondered who they could be, and if they were going on a raid up into our country, or south to the Yellowstone River against the Crows. The river was very high, so we were obliged to make rafts by lashing old logs together with our lariats, and then, placing our clothing and weapons on them, we swam and pushed them across to the other side. We crossed early in the afternoon, and killed a couple of elk, on



44 PLACING OUR CLOTHING AND WEAPONS ON THE RAFTS, WE SWAM AND PUSHED THEM ACROSS.

which we feasted; while several of the party took up the trail of our enemy to learn which way they went after leaving the river. They came back in a little while, and said that after reaching the level prairie the raiders had gone straight north; so we were sure that their people were camping on Milk River, and felt that in a couple of days we must find them.

Striking the valley of this stream one morning, we found the trail of a large encampment travelling east. There were the horse tracks, the marks of the dragging poles, and the snake-like impressions of the *travois* as fresh as if they were not an hour old. We concluded they had been made late in the afternoon of the preceding day, and that we must be near the camp. We lay in the willows until night, and then started down the valley. We travelled, perhaps, two hours, when we heard the barking of dogs, and a little later saw the lodges of a big camp; the fires within illuminating them plainly. We halted and waited for the people to retire; and, meanwhile, Heavy Runner issued his instructions. We were to divide into two parties and search the hills on both sides of the valley for the main horse-herds of the enemy. Having found them we were to drive as many as we could to some point above the camp, and there leave them in charge of ten men. We were then to retire to the camp, using the utmost caution, and lead out the buffalo or war horses, which the owners would have staked near their lodges. If discovered, we were to make the best fight we could and get out. If not discovered, Heavy Runner said, he had a plan which would give us a chance the next day to avenge our wrongs.

I went with my friend, Fish Robe, with the party down the south side of the valley, and out through the hills. We found numerous "bunches" of horses directly opposite the camp, and in a very few minutes every one of us had lariated a pony and mounted him. We then gathered several bunches into one big band of perhaps 150 head, and slowly and quietly drove them up the river to a point at least a mile above the camp, where we were soon joined by the other party, also driving a good-sized band. Heavy Runner now selected ten of the youngest and most inexperienced men to herd the horses, while the rest went back to the camp. I was named as one of the ten, but pleaded so hard (backed by Fish Robe) to be allowed to go with the party that another man was told off in my place, and we started back down the river.

It was now every man for himself. As we neared the village the party spread out and encircled it, entering at different points. I kept

close to Fish Robe, and both our rifles were cocked and held so that we could fire instantly. As we stole within the confines of the camp and moved cautiously about among the dim lodges I wished I had remained with the horses. It is no use disguising the fact. It is wearing on one's nerves to face the enemy in battle in broad daylight; but to penetrate into his very stronghold at night keeps one's heart in one's throat. Mine beat so hard and fast I thought it would choke me. We strained our eyes trying to make out each faintly-seen object about us. We listened intently for any suspicious sound. So near us that we could have slit the lodge and touched him, some weary sleeper murmured in his dreams. A child awoke frightened, and bawled lustily until quieted by its dusky mother. We heard a door-stick rattle as someone stepped from a lodge near by, and, crouching down, we could see his figure faintly outlined against the star-lit sky. Presently he went back in, and we moved slowly off in another direction. "What if someone is on the watch," I thought, "and can see *our* forms in the starlight?" Every minute I expected to see the flash of a gun, or hear a bow twang, and feel the missile pierce my ribs. There were one or more horses tethered with short lariats by every lodge.

Presently Fish Robe cut two loose and handed me the ends of the ropes, while he went to another lodge and secured two more. Gently—ever so gently, and moving but a few steps at a time—we led the animals out between the lodges, and, finally, passed beyond the bounds of the village with a long sigh of relief. To me, at least, the suspense and anxiety had been fearfully trying. When we arrived at the meeting-point, we found the whole party assembled, waiting for us; and in a few minutes we were all on the move, riding our horses bare-back and using our lariats as bridles. We had such a large herd to drive, that it was difficult to start them. But once out of the valley and on the high, rolling prairie, we "whooped them up," and went thundering through the night towards the Missouri.

When day broke we were perhaps twenty miles from the Assinaboine camp, on a high ridge not far from the river. Here and there on the sides of the hills were groves of quaking asp, and thickets of the wild plum. Some of the party soon shot a few buffalo, and turning the horses loose by a shallow lakelet, we rested for a time and cooked some of the fresh meat—the first we had had for several days. While we cooked and ate our breakfast Heavy Runner gave us an outline of the plan he had before mentioned. We were to mount fresh horses—the best we could pick out



—and drive the remainder down the ridge to the river. Then, returning to the top of the ridge by another route, we were to conceal ourselves in a big grove close by, and wait for the Assinaboines to come along on our trail. When they had passed us and begun the descent to the river, we were to rush out and attack them. Everything was done as the chief directed, and in two or three hours we were safely concealed in the timber, anxiously looking for the enemy to approach. Most of our party were now decked out in their gorgeous war-dresses, and very fierce and imposing they looked. Their faces were painted red, blue, or yellow; and some had all three colours in stripes, dots, and various other figures.

We had begun to think that the enemy would not follow us after all, when they suddenly came in sight over a neighbouring hill, riding as fast as their horses could go. It was a thrilling moment for me. We could not count them, but saw at a glance that they largely outnumbered us. Like most of our party they, too, were dressed in their war finery. Following the trail we had made, they passed within three hundred yards of us and down over the brow of the hill out of sight. Then we mounted and went after them. Some of them, looking back, saw us as soon as we reached the edge of the hill, and the whole party stopped and faced our charge, beginning to fire their guns as we advanced, and shouting their war cry. "Don't shoot yet," Heavy Runner called out. So we held our fire until the two parties had almost met, and then poured it into them. I saw a number fall, and the next minute we were all mixed up in a hand-to-hand fight. Arrows whizzed, and guns were clubbed; only the cooler braves taking time to reload.

Just as I was about to aim at a fellow who seemed to have an unlimited supply of arrows, my horse was shot, and down we went. For a minute or two I was dazed, and when I came to, the Assinaboines were flying in all directions pursued by our party. I got up and looked about me—fifteen silent, motionless forms lay on the side of the hill. I wanted to examine them, but my rifle was gone, and I sat down again and waited. In a little while my

friends began to return. Many of them carried a scalp or two, or a weapon taken from the fleeing enemy. Others led horses, whose riders were lying out on the hills in their last sleep. Presently Fish Robe came along, and, handing me my rifle, said: "There were but three cartridges, but each one got me a scalp," and he waved the bloody trophies before me.

"Where is my brother?" someone suddenly cried. That started us looking up our own dead, and we found nine. Three men were crippled, but able to ride. Every one of the fallen enemy had been scalped; we counted the black locks and found there were thirty-seven. Collecting our dead, and burying them as well as we could, we rode down to the river, crossed to the other side with our herd, and leisurely rode westward towards the mountains and home. Heavy Runner is still alive.



"JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO AIM AT A FELLOW MY HORSE WAS SHOT, AND DOWN WE WENT."

## The Fantastic Carnival at Pongau

By KATHLEEN SCHLESINGER.

All about an ancient, peculiar festival held in a remote part of the Austrian Tyrol. Illustrated with photographs by Raimund-Ehrich, of St. Johann, Pongau.



T scarcely seems credible that the festival here illustrated and described should have survived to this day, but fortunately there *are* spots on this earth where life is still leisurely, calm, and peaceful; where the hideous shriek of the railway engine is practically unknown; and where the simple, vigorous country-folk still indulge in the joys and pastimes which delighted their forefathers.

In the Austrian Duchy of Salzburg, high-perched on the snowy Alps, lies the little village of St. Johann, the scene of this mid-winter festival called *Berchten* or *Perchtenlaufen*, which is undoubtedly a survival of the heathen worship of Berchta or Perahtha, the consort of Wotan, and the resplendent goddess of light, love, and productiveness, whose attributes and qualities vary with her names in the different districts of Southern Germany and Austria. By some she was believed to extend her maternal care to the souls of new-born babes no less in life than in death. The people are fond of relating many touching and beautiful legends about this guardian goddess of the little ones.

This *Berchten* dance is a genuine survival of one of the solemn processions in honour of the goddess, in which the people attempted to portray scenes from the lives of gods and men. At the present day the conflict between light and darkness, beauty and ugliness seems to be the key-note of the procession at St. Johann. During the second week in February, the rare stranger, hardy and resolute

enough to brave the perils and hardships of that mountainous region, could not fail to notice in the village a strong undercurrent of excitement among the peasants—all as busy as bees in their homes; while the children, wild with delight, and their faces full of wondering curiosity, skip hither and thither on some errand to a neighbour to beg a little twine, some nails, or a hammer.

By midday on the third Sunday in February an expectant throng has gathered in the marketplace, seeking points of vantage as high as may be, for reasons which will by-and-by become obvious.

The crisp, white snow lies thick on the ground; in the trees glitter millions of diamonds, while the sun glances approvingly on the beautiful



THE EXTRAORDINARY PROCESSION CLOSING UP THE MAIN STREET  
—NOTICE THE FOLK'S LATTICE-LIKE SHEAL TUGGING AT ONE  
From a PHOTOGRAPH BY RAIMUND-EHRICH OF THE HEAD-DRESSES.

white land, bestowing its sunniest smiles in honour of "the bright, the luminous, the glorious Berchta."

Suddenly an odd mixture of brass band, cow-bells, and shouts, and of the tramp of many feet, announces the approach of the procession, and all heads turn in the direction of the somewhat narrow street. The camera has recorded the strange sight that meets our eyes, dazzling and almost blinding them, as the sun flashes on the tall erections of scarlet and silver borne aloft over

the heads of the crowd, sending out from innumerable mirrors those fitful flashes with which schoolboys delight to torment unwary passers-by.

The procession consists of *Schönberchten* (the handsome) and of *Schiachen*, or hideous Berchts—no doubt in allusion to the powers of light and darkness, and presenting a most incongruous mixture of the solemn and the grotesque, of dignity and impudence.

Behind the band struts with mock dignity the leader and life of the revels—the Jester, bearing as his wand of office a cow's tail filled with sand, which he uses liberally to keep the crowd in order.

Behind him walks the arch-demon clad in hairy garments and wearing a frightful mask provided with horns and long ears; he is just visible in the centre of the first photograph. He strikes terror into the hearts of the little ones, who shudder and hide behind their mothers until he has passed by; but their eyes brighten as the pride of the village appears. This is the *Vor*, or chief Bercht, with his mate. They march along with slow and stately steps. He is the most richly and tastefully adorned of all the *Schönberchten*.

He wears a strange and unique head-gear, which we are able to show in the next photograph, in which he is represented in front of his house, ready to join the masquerade at the appointed rendezvous. His father and mother look down at him with pride from the balcony, and his wife and child are on the seat by the door.

And who, you may well ask, is the maiden at his side if not his wife? She is his mate, but only for the one day, and is at best but a counterfeit maiden. Truth to tell, custom decrees that a strapping young lad must accompany each of the *Schönberchten*, and be clad in the national dress of the Pongau maiden, whom he must so faithfully represent as almost to defy detection.

But only think what sacrifices this entails! The treasured moustache and beard must be ruthlessly shaved off. The young peasant manages very often to catch the lively grace and archness of the village beauty, and mimics her to the life. In fact, he takes quite as much pride in his disguise as his mate does in his

wonderful and fantastic Berchten cap. The latter, by the way, needs a little description before its beauties can be fully realized.

The two squares are made of thin pieces of wood, connected down the centre by an iron rod, which also acts as a support on the shoulders for the unwieldy erection, which sometimes reaches the astonishing height of 16ft. The front is covered with a scarlet cloth foundation; in the centre of each square is fixed a mirror, framed for the occasion



"HE WEARS A STRANGE AND UNIQUE HEAD-GEAR."—IT IS MADE OF WOOD, CLOTH, MIRRORS, AND MONEY. (Photo.)

with brilliant metal flowers sewn on to bright-coloured ribbons. Round this centre ornament are arranged coins of the realm and all the silver and gold heirlooms of the family. These may include the dowry of the wife and of the bearer's sisters if unmarried; also numbers of silver chains with richly jewelled clasps; watches—of which five or six are often used; girdles of coins collected one by one by ancestors and worn by many blushing brides. All



these riches, polished till they shine dazzlingly, are grouped round the mirrors, together with bows of bright-coloured ribbons and silvered leaves, feathers, silver fringes, and tassels—the whole surprising concern usually surmounted by the Austrian eagle or a crescent. The actual cap worn on the head is of crimson velvet similarly decorated.

These occasions are naturally red-letter days in the annals of the family, whose wealth is thus displayed before the admiring eyes of neighbours and strangers; and for months this festival and its wonders form the chief topic of conversation in this picturesque and remote Tyrolean village. Thus the pride of the chief Bercht and his whole family can be readily understood on the great day. The rest of his costume is but the peasant mountaineer's national dress of green cloth and black leather, embroidered with silk, with just a dash of red in the necktie. His apron, however, must be tucked up on one side, and his right hand holds a drawn sword of which he makes no use whatever; but, of course, it adds a little to the

dignity and solemnity of his appearance. The back of the huge erection forms a complete contrast to the gaudy, glittering front. On the canvas which covers it the local artist has depicted, in bold design, the chief annual event in the mountaineer's life—the departure of the cattle for the Alps.

In the foreground of this picture are the two stiff little figures of the owner of the homestead and his wife, who might have stepped out of a child's Noah's Ark. They stand watching their

cattle and horses as they ascend the winding path to the châlet, which nestles in a hollow half-way up the Alps—that is to say, at the extreme top of the monstrous Bercht cap!

The next photograph shows us another very important personage in the pageant—the chief of the "Schiachen" and his portly mate. In this Berchten cap there is no display of riches, but the chief distinction here lies in the amount of ingenuity which the owner has displayed in grouping together his gruesome materials.

The camera has mercifully toned down some of the most repulsive features of this strange head-dress, and the antlers and chamois heads almost atone for the dead birds, mice, and bats, and the skeletons of moles and ferrets, intermixed with rags, twigs, and feathers, with which the cap is decorated. The motley crew of his subordinates lay no claim to picturesqueness. Their masks and disguises are hideous and grotesque in the extreme. But who cares? The deafening din they make with their large bells and their yells and jodellings amuses the crowd no less than their jokes



THIS HEAD-DRESS IS COMPOSED OF ANTLERS AND CHAMOIS HEADS, DEAD BIRDS, [From a] MICE AND BATS, RAGS AND SKELETONS, ETC. [Phot.]

and mad pranks. They have all come out to enjoy themselves and make merry, and everything pleases them; they even laugh good-humouredly when the fool with his long wooden carnival shears carries off their hats and caps, or holds the revellers fast by their coat-tails. By the way, he has been caught in the very act by the tell-tale camera, and the long lattice-like shears can be plainly seen in the first photograph tugging at the horny head-gear of a "Schiach."

The procession perambulates from hamlet to hamlet the whole day long. The head fool, who acts as marshal and commander of the forces, orders a halt when he comes to a likely spot, as in the fourth photograph. Here we see him standing in the centre calling upon the

the dancers in their top-heavy and absurdly high head-gear are necessarily slow and not at all graceful. The counterfeit "belles" vie with one another and play their rôles to perfection; but then the peasant lads of Pongau are no awkward country yokels, for dance and song are second



THE HEAD FOOL CALLS A HALT AT A LIKELY SPOT AND ARRANGES THE DANCE. THE SPECTATORS IN THE  
*From a* BACKGROUND ARE STANDING ON A MOUND OF SNOW. *[Photo.*

Berchten to make ready to dance; and forthwith the crowd forms into a ring, climbing on to the roofs of out-houses, up trees, and gazing out from all available windows to witness the strangest of all the sights in this extraordinary masquerade.

The band strikes up a lively tune, and the *Schiachen* are the first to dance and pirouette about through the crowd, cutting the wildest capers and playing off their jokes on the good-natured spectators.

Then the *Schönberchten* and their mates come forward; the music changes to a slow rhythmic measure, and the wonderful sight of the "Berchten dance" is at last witnessed. The evolutions of

nature to them, and their agile, supple limbs are as much at home in the maze of the dance as when springing from rock to rock after the chamois or the Alpine eagle's nest.

The festivities end with a lively dance at one of the inns in the evening, when caps and masks are laid aside and good-fellowship and jollity reign supreme.

In the Pongau, this festival, which used in years gone by to be held every winter, is now of rarer occurrence, and the one here illustrated was the last; it took place in 1891. The peasants find the expenses very heavy, and the preparations take a long time.

## Twenty-Seven Days in an Open Boat.

BY CAPT. JAS. RICHARDS.

### II.

The following is the completion of an experience which probably represents the very uttermost limit of human endurance. We here learn how the unfortunate castaways were eventually rescued. Their condition was simply ghastly.



HE men sat around moody and silent, the only sounds that broke the death-like stillness being the low murmur of the distant breakers, and the occasional crackle of the smouldering, smoke-choked fire. Presently even this small comfort was denied us, for a heavy rain extinguished what little flame there was; and when the black embers gave no longer even the smallest sign of life we realized how much comfort we had found in the smoky pretence of a fire, although it had afforded us but little warmth. But there was no help for it, and so there we sat motionless as the half-frozen, steady downpour wetted us through and through. Good refreshing sleep was out of the question. For my own part, I only dozed a little by fits and starts; but the longest night must end at last, and just before sunrise the sleet shower ceased. We were not long now in completing our preparations, and in the early morning we launched our boats, whilst the sun shone out hopefully. As the bright sun rose, so too rose our spirits once more, and as we pulled steadily towards the outlet we felt vigorous with renewed life and hope. Although all was calm and smooth within, however, it was outside blowing a fresh breeze, and there was a considerable sea.

Here our first bit of toil commenced, and we perceived that a long pull was before us, the wind blowing dead on shore. We laboured steadily at the oars all that day, and by night-fall had made an offing of about fifteen miles. Fortunately the wind shifted two or three points, enabling us to make use of our sails, and to stand off all night obliquely from the shore. Regular watch was set as on board ship—four hours on and four hours off—an officer at all times at the steering oar, and a man on the look-out.

January the 8th—just a week since we made the first discovery that our ship was on fire. We continued to stand out from land, until we obtained an offing of 100 to 150 miles, and then, judging ourselves fairly in the track of homeward-bound ships, either from the Colonies or the west coast of South America, we put out our sea-anchor and allowed the boats to drift.

Each morning as we saw the sun rise, our spirits rose also; each night as the sun set, and

darkness again enveloped us, our spirits, too, went down, and nothing was left us but despair—darker and blacker even than the starless night. Conversation had never been very continuous, nor very lively; it flagged and flagged, and finally ceased altogether. But on Thursday night we found something positively sickening to talk about, and knew we should very shortly have something to do; perhaps we were near the end. The sun set with a ruby-red, fierce, and angry glare. The sea-birds were restless. High above our heads they circled round and round with never-ceasing motion. Everything indicated a coming storm. A long, heavy swell commenced to roll from the westward, and we reckoned we were in for a fearful ordeal that night. As darkness set in the wind increased, until by midnight it blew a fresh gale. From that time until four in the morning the wind blew steadily, and we began to hope we were getting the worst of it, but we were deceived, for just as daylight broke the wind increased, until by eight o'clock it was blowing a hard gale. It was now that we found how much we owed to our improvised sea-anchor. A hundred times during the gale it was our saviour. But we had, on the other hand, to regret one serious omission—that when we left the ship we had neglected to bring away a good supply of oil. It is my firm belief that a boat riding to a good sea-anchor and properly managed may, by dropping oil over the bows, ride out the hardest gale that ever blew. The sea was at this time running mountains high, as they say in books; but, fortunately, the waves were true—that is to say, regular. At times, as an enormous roller came along, combing over its foam-crested head, it seemed as if our small boat must inevitably have been engulfed. As it was we had continually to get on our knees and clutch the thwarts to prevent ourselves from being thrown over the stern. And, besides, each huge wave as it broke partly over us left our boat quite two-thirds full of water; and then we had to bale for dear life before the next one came along. The extreme regularity of the waves was, fortunately, unbroken, or we should, without doubt, have been swamped. So we went on for another thirty-six hours—two entire nights and one day—with no rest, no sleep, no warmth, no food, and wet through the whole



time. Every man was cold and numb, and with every bone aching acutely; but curiously enough, instead of despairing our nervousness had in a great measure worn off, and, like old soldiers, we were getting accustomed to staring death in the face. By midday on Saturday the wind had decreased to a moderate gale, and we were glad to find that neither our boats nor the sea-anchor had suffered much, and they seemed little the worse for their prolonged knocking about. By far our most serious mishap was the loss of a considerable portion of our already scanty store of biscuit. The water we had from time to time shipped had reduced most of it to a pulp, and it had washed out of the bags; this was a terrible business, for it now became necessary to reduce the daily allowance. We had still enough to last us another week at the rate of a *half a biscuit a day*, and everyone was accordingly placed upon half the former slender rations. The remaining tins of meat were ordered to be served out at the rate of half a tin a day now; and thus the allowance became for each man per diem half a biscuit and between 2oz. and 3oz. of meat.

Owing to the continued lack of nourishment, and the consequently impoverished state of our blood and low vitality, we were beginning to feel the effects of the cold much more severely. The following Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday were very fine and clear, but quite without incident. Each day was like its predecessor except that it was, if possible, more wretched. On Wednesday, the 18th inst., just after a bit of food had been served out, we were startled by a cry from the mate's boat—"Sail ho!" We sprang to our feet as one man. There! sure enough, on our port bow, was a large barque, about five miles distant, standing in towards the land, close-hauled on the port-tack.

We took in the situation at a glance, and saw that as she was then steering she would pass some five miles ahead of us, and that our only

chance was to take to our oars in the hope of cutting her off.

How we pulled! Weak as we were, we made the boats almost leap out of the water. After labouring at our oars for about forty minutes, we perceived that, in spite of our utmost efforts, the vessel would pass a considerable distance ahead of us; but on we steadily pulled, dogged but half-despairing. At last we were near enough to see the man at the wheel. We could see him look alternately at the compass and then at the sails; we could distinguish the copper sheathing on the ship's side as her bow rose and fell. We could also see the smoke curling up from the galley—telling of warm food and comfort, and we were at the utmost not more than *half a mile* from her; but although so close, and we could see all so distinctly, unhappily they never saw us. On her way stood the barque majestically, little dreaming of the scene of misery and despair which was being enacted so close at hand. One



"ALTHOUGH SO CLOSE, UNHAPPILY THEY NEVER SAW US."

after the other our men called out, and then shouted all together; it was of no avail. We cried aloud, but we knew our voices could not reach her. On she went, silent and spectre-like—the twelve castaways craning their necks in the direction of the rapidly disappearing ship. With hungry, eager, wistful eyes we watched her as long as she remained in sight, and when she vanished there seemed to depart with her the last fragment of hope. Even

should we sight another ship, we reflected, the same thing might occur again: we might almost get within hailing distance and yet be passed unseen. Blank despair was plainly written in each man's face; strong men crouched down in the boat, hid their faces in their hands, and sobbed like little children. I hope I may never see the like of that again. As for the ship, I think from her rig and build she must have been an American. She appeared to be in ballast, which may account for our seeing but one man on deck, it being customary to allow the men to work in the 'tween decks in these cold latitudes. Or they might have been at dinner, all hands taking that meal together in American ships. What a luxury pea-soup and salt pork would have been to us poor devils, although many times we might have cursed the man who invented them! For the next two or three days—although we had at no time been in anything like good spirits, we were more than usually depressed; the very soul seemed pretty well crushed out of us. It remained bitterly cold all night; the Antarctic sun seemed to give but the merest ray of light, and that was frost-bitten. Sometimes the silence would remain unbroken for hours together. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," they say; but at that time we had very little. For my own part, all light, all hope, all future, seemed blotted out; everything seemed like a blank, and nothing appeared to be left but to die—thousands of miles from all I loved; to die, and the old folks at home would never know when or how. To die by inches, and thus die a thousand deaths! The last scraps of our starvation rations were divided on the morning of Saturday, the 21st. This was our last meal, and everyone knew it. I can never hope to tell you our feelings as this last mouthful was handed round. I cannot tell you my own; they are probably easier understood than put into words. Wretched as had been our morning's allowance, it was at least better than nothing. Always hungry—desperately hungry—we had looked forward keenly to "breakfast" time; but now there was not a scrap left. Under the desperate circumstances in which we were unhappily placed, the smallest bite of food had gone a long way, and when Sunday came and dawned unusually bright and fine, it found us after our twenty-four hours' fast breakfastless, and with no prospects of ever again obtaining a meal. Years have gone by, and sometimes all this seems like a hideous nightmare. I have tried to forget those dreadful nights, but I cannot, and never shall. All that Sunday I thought of home and of my parents, and their grief when

they found that I never returned to them. As a matter of fact, my thoughts were generally of home and my father and mother; but on this particular Sunday I thought and thought until I was not quite sure of my senses: my head seemed almost gone, so to speak. The recollection of it all now is so painful that I am almost sorry I sat down to tell it once more. Hitherto the sailors had occasionally spun a yarn or two to help to enliven the weary hours; but, strange to say, their yarns were always full of incidents about food: they seemed to think of nothing else, poor chaps. On this fearful Sunday, however, I do not think a soul among us said a word, and so not a sound broke the crushing silence except when the watch was changed. The mate had a valuable chronometer, and by that we kept the watches regularly. That Sunday each man smoked one pipe of tobacco and had a drink of water; one pang was mercifully spared us, you will have observed—that of thirst. Constantly wet through as we were, and bitterly cold as was the weather, we rarely drank any of the water; indeed, we seldom seemed to need it. The long, long day, "like a wounded snake, dragged its slow length along." The night came at last, and after another long interval the light of day again appeared.

Later in the day the wind freshened; the sky assumed a hard, steel-like glint, telling us as plainly as spoken words to expect a southerly gale. By midnight it was fairly upon us, and although the sea was not so high as on the last occasion, the cold was intense. Hail squalls followed each other in quick succession, and these, although increasing our sufferings, did us good service by beating down the sea. Do you not wonder why we did not voluntarily put an end to our prolonged and intolerable miseries? It is indeed nothing short of miraculous what human beings can bear. Although baling was often necessary and constant care required at the oars of our tiny craft, we rode through the night in safety. By the next afternoon the wind had moderated to a fresh breeze and the squalls were less frequent.

During the last few days the cook, a man of about thirty-five, had been very low and ill, and during the gale he was able to do very little in keeping the boat clear. The unfortunate man was now evidently sinking fast. As the boat was riding head to wind, we had placed him in the bows, as being the most sheltered position. During the day he had twice been insensible, for a considerable time; but on the squalls passing and the sun breaking forth, its warm rays seemed to revive the spark of life which still lingered feebly within him. At about

six o'clock one of the men drew my attention to the attitude in which the cook was then sitting, huddled up in the bows of the boat. I directed the man nearest to him to try and rouse him. On being touched, however, he fell forward on his face, and on turning him over, we plainly saw that at least one of our number was at length released from his sufferings. After making sure beyond doubt that it was not a third relapse into insensibility, the body was reverently covered up, and it was decided to bury him next morning. His pitiful bit of tobacco and four or five wax vestas were too valuable to be uselessly wasted, and these were taken from their place of security inside his shirt. And so death was with us at last. There lay the cook, poor fellow; and I can say with certainty that there was not a man amongst us who did not sincerely envy him his release. We had come to regard death as inevitable now—as something no longer to be regarded with terror, but rather to be looked forward to as a happy escape from an agony so long drawn out as to be altogether insupportable. Wednesday morning dawned fine and clear. About six o'clock the boats were drawn up close together. We had no Prayer-book, and only one Bible, but we tried to do our best in the way of a burial service. All the men uncovered their heads; those who could still stand stood up, and the

first mate read the thirty-ninth Psalm. We then repeated the Lord's Prayer all together, and as the last tremulous words were uttered our shipmate's body was dropped over the side of the boat. As we faintly uttered the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," there was a dead pause before any man went on to the next line; and if that moment's pause could have been translated into words, of what pent-up agony would it not have told? The day passed quietly enough, and, as was usual now, in unbroken silence. If each man's thoughts could have been read that day, the one uppermost would, I think, have been as to *whose turn would be next?*

As the day wore on the wind freshened—this time from the north-west, and we had a spell of cold, thick, dirty, rainy weather. Most of us had by this time almost entirely lost the use of the lower part of the body. For some days past our legs had been gradually swelling, and were now almost twice the ordinary size. They were, moreover, totally devoid of sensation. We had little moving about to do, and that little had to be done by dragging our bodies along with what strength was still left in our arms. The upper part of our bodies was terribly emaciated, and we could scarcely remain on our feet during the few minutes which the short burial service took. And yet we rather

welcomed the deadly numbness in our legs as a relief from the terrible suffering we had endured from the cold. Little did we know then what this numbness really meant, otherwise we should have combated it by every means in our power. As we afterwards learnt, this torpor was the result of defective circulation.

We presented, indeed, a terrible sight—we were surely the most pitiable objects. Haggard, unkempt, wild, hungry-looking fellows, with a blood-shot, famished, fierce look in the eyes, that was horrible to see. Strange to say, the biggest and physically strongest



"AS THE LAST TREMULOUS WORDS WERE UTTERED, OUR SHIPMATE'S BODY WAS DROPPED OVER THE SIDE."



appeared to suffer most, and were the first to become incapacitated and helpless.

Fortunately all hands were British, and it is but common justice to say that from first to last they, one and all, behaved remarkably well. Throughout the whole of this terrible ordeal every order was obeyed to the very last and to the best of the men's ability. On Thursday afternoon the wind hauled to the south-west, still blowing fresh; at the same time the weather cleared up and the rain ceased. Friday passed, Saturday passed, Sunday passed. Exactly *how* they passed I could never remember: they seem a blank in my life. In a kind of listless, semi-comatose state we lay about in every conceivable attitude of discomfort, and in patient agony awaiting the end. Those three days might have been three weeks or three months. They seemed to have no end, as they seemed never to have had a beginning. About six o'clock on Monday morning the look-out—for watch was still kept regularly—sang a hoarse "Sail ho! Sail ho!" Yes, there was no

mistake. The men feebly rubbed their eyes and raised their aching heads, scarcely roused from their lethargy by the most welcome sound that could ring in their ears. "Sail ho!" What a world of meaning that had for us. If the joyful anticipation it aroused could only have realization this time, and not, as in the former case, merely raise our hopes to the seventh heaven of expectant bliss, only to dash them down to the lowest, deepest dungeon of despair! A ship had indeed been sighted from the mate's boat, and following the direction of the look-out's finger we saw a fine, full-rigged ship, under all sail, bearing

Vol. iii.—81.

down upon us. We immediately took our sea-anchor on board, and put out our oars, determining to get as nearly in her direct track as possible. We resolved this time that they should *either see us or run us down*. Then came some twenty minutes of the most intense anxiety, the most awful suspense. On she came, rushing through the water at about twelve knots an hour. Nearer and nearer came our salvation, and as yet no sign to indicate that we were seen. I believe that my heart ceased beating when the sickening fear came over us that we were again to be overlooked. At last she was within half a mile, and, to our unspeakable joy—literally unspeakable, for every man's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and a great, big lump stuck in his throat and choked his utterance—we saw that they were clewing-up their royals. The top-gallant sails were immediately afterwards lowered away and also clewed up; and at the same time we saw they were hauling up their courses. Beyond a doubt we were seen, for, although it was blowing a moderate

gale at the time, there was nothing to cause so hurried a reduction of canvas on a ship running before the wind. Nearer she came, and nearer still. At last she rushed past us about 100yds. ahead. A crowd of people on her decks sent up a hearty and welcome cheer as she passed, and then the vessel lowered her topsails and came to the wind. That cheer was the most welcome sound I ever heard either before or since, and as we began to realize that we were indeed saved, there was not a dry eye amongst the whole lot of us. The ship was now to leeward, so that we had no great difficulty in pulling towards her. Great



"AS THE SHIP ROLLED TOWARDS US THEY LIFTED US OUT ONE BY ONE."

care had to be exercised, however, as to how we approached her, for the waves ran pretty high, and a small boat is easily stove in or swamped alongside a big ship when there is any sea on. Very cautiously, therefore, we got to leeward of her, and watching for a smooth place, finally got alongside. They had lifted one of the large main deck ports in the wake of the chain plates, and at the port stood two men, secured by lifelines. As the ship rolled towards us they lifted us out of the boats one by one.

When all the eleven men were safely aboard, the old boats which had stood us in such good stead were cast adrift.

We were almost dazed when we found ourselves once more on board a good ship. It was now thirty days since we had discovered the fire on board the *San Rafael*, and of these *twenty-seven had been spent in an open boat, and the last eight of these had been spent totally without food.* Indeed, all each man had eaten during the entire month would not have been sufficient to satisfy a hearty man for two days. As soon as we were all aboard, the ship was kept on her course and her sails again set. In the meantime we were carefully carried below, where we were at once attended to by the ship's doctor, who ordered each man a cup of warm coffee with a glass of rum in it and a small milk biscuit. I am not going to attempt a description of what I felt as I took the first nourishment I had had for eight days. My feeling then beggared all description; it was as much as I could do to restrain myself from making a wolfish grab at the biscuits, and the other men watched them too in a tigerish sort of fashion. This delicious but frugal meal over, we were, by the doctor's orders, now stripped. It was found necessary to cut away our long sea-boots and trousers owing to the dreadfully swollen condition of our legs. The boy was attended to first, and hearing an exclamation of horror from the doctor, I looked and saw—well, I do not wish to inflict the description upon you. Mortification had apparently been at work for some days, and now each man knew at once that the poor lad would have to suffer amputation, so that we became alive to a new horror. I was stripped next, and as the knife was run down my boots I looked with terrible anxiety at my feet. Thank God, they were quite sound, although in a terribly bad condition. Some of the others were less fortunate, for five out of the eleven were found more or less maimed, and had to undergo surgical operations. We were now rubbed vigorously with sweet oil, especially our

legs, but for all I could feel at the time they might as well have been rubbing away at the sheet-anchor. We were next put to bed and two or three spoonfuls of chicken broth given to each.

We found we had been picked up by a homeward ship from Melbourne carrying passengers. The midshipmen kindly gave the three rescued officers a share of their berth, and the men were carefully carried to the fore-castle. In spite of the doctor's unremitting care, however, even the best of us were over three weeks before we could leave our berths. Perhaps the greatest agony we suffered was caused by the returning circulation in our extremities. It was truly dreadful—altogether beyond description. For days my legs felt as if scores of red-hot wires were constantly probing through and through them. Although we got about at last, we were invalids during the whole trip; and after a fine but somewhat lengthy passage we safely arrived in London. Everybody was most kind to us, and the passengers contributed a purse to send the sailors to their homes. We were still much enfeebled when we landed, and every man seemed aged by ten or twenty years. With much emotion we parted from our good preservers. When I reached home it was over seven months since I had sailed on the *San Rafael* from Liverpool. My friends had entirely given me up for lost, and I was welcomed home as one who had returned, as it were, from the dead. Many events have occurred since then, but none yet has happened, or is likely to happen, which can obliterate from my mind this terrible tale of the sea, in which I was one of the leading characters.

It was over six months after my landing in London that I learnt the fate of the captain and his party in the long-boat. It appears they reached some land about fifty miles eastward of the place where we landed, and had gone ashore on an island known as New Year's Island. In this dreary and desolate spot the bodies were afterwards found by some natives, and from their condition it was evident that they had died from the effects of cold and starvation. Who first fell a victim, and who was the last to die, we shall never know. They had evidently preferred to take their chance of being taken off the island by natives or by some passing ship—although the latter would have been a somewhat remote contingency, few ships passing New Year's Island sufficiently close to enable anyone ashore to attract their attention.

## *Naia, the Witch of Rochefort.*

By CHARLES GÉNIAUX, OF PARIS.

All about a real, live witch—mysterious, credited with supernatural powers, and possessing enormous influence over the peasants. Naia lives in a ruined castle in Rochefort-en-Terre, in Brittany, and photographs of her—all by the author himself—are here reproduced.



SCARCELY had I arrived in Rochefort-en-Terre, a delightful little town in Brittany, when I met an artist in search of landscapes.

"You're looking for sorcerers?" he said. He knew my weakness for folk-lore and the like. "Very well, we have here what you want—Naia Kermadec, the 'Witch of Rochefort,' who is known all over the country; only I can't be sure that you will be able to see her, for no one knows exactly where she is. People have met her on the same day at places very far from one another, and it is difficult to explain how such an old woman can travel so fast over such considerable distances. The good folks of Rochefort are convinced that there is something supernatural in this.

"They will tell you that Naia travels on a broom through the air—or maybe underground—when she does not want to be seen going on her errands; that she fears neither fire nor water, disappears when she likes, and takes any shape that may suit her purpose. Through her magical power, they say, she attracts young people, especially those who are in love."

"How long has she lived here," I asked, "and where does she come from?"

"Old people say they have always known her as she is now," returned my friend; "withered and bony through age. They remembered having heard of a family named De Kermadec, who had the reputation of knowing wonderful secrets, and were suspected of having been in league with the Spirit of Darkness. Well, Naia is supposed to be the last member of that old family.

"I have spoken to her once," added my informant, "and I was astonished at her marvelous intelligence, her knowledge, and the information she seems to possess in spite of her retirement and isolation."

For a fortnight I was disappointed in my search for Naia. To all my questions the peasants invariably answered that they did not know where she was living at present. One morning at daybreak, however, a young boy knocked at my door.

"Make haste, sir," he cried, "make haste—the witch has come back to the old Manor. If you like I will take you to the ruins," he added. "I know where to find the 'Door of Hell,' through which Naia goes out."

I accepted his offer with pleasure. Some minutes later we were proceeding at a brisk pace towards the witch's den.

The ruins of the Château de Rieux are heavily clothed with ivy, and are situated on an abrupt and rocky hill, covered with ancient oaks. Sometimes Naia is seen coming out of crannies in the rock, and sometimes disappearing in the crumbling towers or deep dungeons of the mediæval stronghold.

Suddenly my young guide maliciously ran away, laughing. I turned round hastily to call after him, and found myself in the dreaded presence of the weird inhabitant of the ruins.

There she stood in her majestic and withered ugliness,

solemn and imposing as a pythoness of ancient times. In silence we looked at each other. Her eyes inspire awe: they are sunken, creamy in hue, and glassy, like those of the dead. Her large, bony hands rest on a thorn stick, and a kind of colourless shroud partly covers her head and shoulders, falling down to her feet. Long locks of white hair escape in disorder from her hood. An indomitable will is impressed on her wrinkled face, with its marked expression of intelligence, which is still more striking than the horrid ugliness of her features.

Naia was sitting in a niche carpeted with ivy, and her cold eyes were making a survey of my person.



M. CHARLES GÉNIAUX, WHO VISITED THE WITCH  
*From a* IN HER RUINED CASTLE. *[Photo.*





"NAIA WAS SITTING IN A NICHE CARPETED WITH IVY."  
From a Photo.

I had felt compelled to come through curiosity, railing inwardly at the witch and at the stupid credulity of the peasants. Now, however, I was awed by this strange creature, and seized by a vague oppressive wonder, which made my heart beat faster than usual.

"Have no fear, my son, but approach," she said, with much dignity and an ironical smile, as I stood motionless at some distance from her.

There was in her deep voice an unaccountable charm. It was at once soft and sonorous; with the expressive inflections of people accustomed to speak in public.

I told her how curious I was to get acquainted with her, and I tried cautiously to induce her to talk about her "marvellous" powers.

She at once got up, looking very tall and dignified.

"And thou, my son, dost thou believe in supernatural gifts?" she asked.

I wanted to be conciliatory, so I answered with prudence.

"It depends. I believe that certain mysteries in Nature are not yet explained, but I am rather like St. Thomas, who wanted to see before he believed."

"Town folks are such unbelievers," retorted Naia, with emphasis. "They know a little, and fancy they know all. I like peasants best. I direct them in their business, and they feel the benefit of it. When the priest is powerless the husbandmen come to me, and I tell them: trust Gnamí," she went on, "he is powerful; Gnamí dares Heaven; he is stronger than death!"

"Who, then, is Gnamí?"

"He is the one who obeys me—the one who flies through air at my order. Gnamí is the human spirit of man. I make him travel wherever I wish. I have only to think and he executes my commands."

"You must be very rich, Madame Naia, with such a great power."

"My son, thou speakest like a mortal," she retorted, rather scornfully. "Those who can possess everything if they choose have never any wish."

"You have said just now that I was speaking like a mortal. Is it, then, that you consider yourself an immortal being?" I asked.

"I do not remember ever having been a child, and Gnamí, who exists in me, cannot die, for he is a spirit."

I could see my questions were beginning to tire her. She refused point-blank to answer me when I tried to penetrate into her secrets and formula of incantation. Still, before I left I persuaded her to let me take her photograph, and told her that it would be published in *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE*. She smiled, and gave me leave to come another time with my camera.

I wanted to acknowledge her kindness by shaking hands with her, but she repelled me violently with her big stick.

"Stand back," she screeched. "Do not touch me, for I burn."

At my own risk I should have liked to try the experiment, but I saw it was impossible. Country people assert that they feel a violent shock if they touch her hand.

When a peasant is uneasy about his wife, or any member of his family who may happen to be ill, he goes to Naia and tells her the details of the complaint. Whereupon she makes a fire on the ground, and throws on the flames a handful of herbs from her pocket. A thick smoke rises in the air. With dishevelled hair and haggard eyes, panting and breathing hard, the witch pronounces incoherent words, curses the elements, and calls with a strong voice, "Gnamí! Gnamí!"

Naia in such moments is apparently insensible to pain.

"I have seen her," a peasant told me, "as truly as I see you, placing her hands on the fire for several minutes and picking up red-hot coals, which she crushed with her fingers and scattered to the winds."

She generally gives some of the cinders to those who consult her, with the injunction to apply them to the sick, whether it be a human being or an animal.

At Pluhlerin, a small neighbouring village, Naia saved an old man from a blazing fire. In vain his son had tried to penetrate into the burning house, where the father was lying in bed. Overpowered by the violence of the flames the youth was obliged to retreat, and, mad with grief and despair, was crying bitterly, when suddenly Naia stood by him. She whispered something in his ear; he nodded assent, and the witch, quietly entering the roaring furnace, delivered the old man from a fearful death.

But from that day the son changed entirely. He became a drunkard and a reprobate. It was rumoured that Naia had made him sell his soul to the Spirit of Evil, as a condition for the rescue of his father!

Several times I directed my ramblings in the country towards the ruin of the Château de Rieux, where Naia lived. The place suited her as well as she suited it. It looked uncanny and weird, like the supernatural being who had chosen it for her home.

The castle, built in the Middle Ages by the powerful Seigneurs de Rieux—great and terrible warriors—had gloomy cells and hiding-places, underground passages and dungeons, where mouldering bones had been found among rusty fetters.

But to-day, of all the splendour of bygone times there remain only some crumbling walls, part of a tower, and a vast area covered with

sculptured stones, amidst an entangled mass of tree trunks, branches, boughs, and ivy festoons. But the underground part and the secret rooms (known only to the De Rieux family) are still in existence. Naia is evidently acquainted with them, and seeks there a shelter against the weather. This explains an incident which dreadfully frightened some country people one winter night when they were coming back from the fair of Malansac, in the neighbourhood.

To take a short cut they thought of going across the fields, and with that intention went through by-paths disused for a good many years.

Heavily laden, they were climbing the steep hill leading to Rieux, when one of them, stopping suddenly, exclaimed "Fire! Fire!" in a terrified voice.

And sure enough, from the chinks in the ground, flames and smoke were issuing, blackening and burning the grass and bushes on the surface. The peasants also said that a strong smell of sulphur was spreading around; but

this may be set down as pure imagination.

When they arrived at the farmhouse, the church bell was beginning to toll for the dead. On making inquiries, they learned that a young girl, with a bad reputation, had just died suddenly.

Summing up the incidents of that stirring night, the peasants attributed to Naia the power of going down to hell when she liked, and of attracting there the souls of people who had died in a state of sin.

The Justice of Peace of Rochefort told me he had also seen on several occasions those suspicious clouds of smoke rising up from among the stones. The most plausible explanation is that Naia, in winter, lights a fire in the underground parts of the ruins to warm



"THE PLACE LOOKED UNCANNY AND WEIRD, LIKE THE SUPERNATURAL BEING WHO HAD CHOSEN IT FOR HER HOME."

From a Photo.

herself, and naturally the flames and smoke sometimes penetrate the chaos of stones and frighten the country people, who think they see an infernal fire.

The dark passages frequented by Naia lead to some damp, broken stairs, descending into the depths of the castle.

On the day I photographed this entrance to Naia's den two quaint little Breton children were playing in front of the dark hole, not in the least disconcerted by its fateful and ominous renown. A large piece of rock almost bars the "Witch's threshold," which is also called "Hell's door." It is with great difficulty that one scales that rock to enter the gloomy passage on the other side. Nor could I find any means of exit at the end of the corridor, for the thorny bushes which tore the sleeves of my jacket prevented me from advancing any farther.

As I extricated myself from their treacherous embrace I reflected that Naia's clothes must be made of very strong material indeed to resist such daily assaults.

The Justice of Peace, who has lived in the place for a score of years, told me he has always seen Naia wearing the same clothes, and never noticed any change in her face or appearance. The merchants in the town and all about the country affirm that "the witch" has never bought anything from them, that she has never been seen to eat or drink, and, as for her clothes, they simply never wear out like those of ordinary people.

All the information I gleaned confirmed me in my belief of the old creature's extraordinary abstinence. What, then, does she live upon? No one knows, for nobody has ever given her anything in the way of victuals.

With great impatience I waited for the time of my interview. At last the promised morning arrived. A storm was threatening. Black and heavy clouds were hanging low like funeral draperies.

I was directing my steps towards the ruins, when a sudden shower obliged me to take shelter under the vault of an old drawbridge. Moodily I gazed at the water, flowing down like little cataracts on the pebbles and green moss, when the weather suddenly cleared up, and a glorious sun shone out on the refreshed country.

Rejoicing at this lucky change, I was preparing to resume my walk, when all at once a strong voice called out near me:—

"Good morning, my son!"

Quite amazed, I turned quickly, and lo! on my right Naia was standing with her arms lifted up towards Heaven, and her eyeballs quite white in the sunken depths of their sockets. She was uttering uncouth words in that Bas-Breton language which I do not understand.

I own that, in spite of my incredulity, I felt for a moment a kind of irrational fright at her sudden appearance and uncanny bearing.

"Stay as you are, please!" said I, having recovered myself. "I want to photograph you in that position."

It was prosaic, but also interesting. With good grace she granted my request, muttering

the whole time. We were alone, face to face, she with her tall figure erect and her arms uplifted—I, under the cover of my camera, looking at the weird and fantastic figure before my eyes.

Suddenly I thought I heard someone talking behind me. I turned round and the voice became silent, but next moment it began again with great volubility. For the second time I turned my head, but still saw no one as far as my sight could reach. Very much puzzled and mystified, I looked at Naia. The witch had seated herself against a wall, her head hanging down on her breast, and her hands clutching her stick. She looked as if she were asleep.

As I looked at her the voice which had started me before now came from above, and seemingly from the top of an oak. More and more puzzled, I sat quite near my strange com-



"TWO QUAIN'T LITTLE BRETON CHILDREN WERE PLAYING IN FRONT OF THE DARK HOLE." [Photo.]





"NAÏA WAS STANDING WITH HER ARMS LIFTED UP TOWARDS HEAVEN." *From a* [Photo.]

panion, watching her closely. Her breathing was heavy and regular. She was evidently sleeping, for I spoke to her and she did not answer.

At that moment a distant voice called out loudly, "Naïa! Naïa!"

"Do you not hear? Someone is calling you!" I cried to the Witch of Rochefort.

All at once the voices ceased, and my unearthly companion opened her eyes and rose up.

I must explain this strange scene. An old doctor of the neighbourhood, who had taken much interest in studying Naïa and the peculiarities of her existence, told me that the witch was a most clever ventriloquist. She made use of her wonderful gift to impose on the credulity of simple folks who go to consult her about their fortunes.

"I cannot answer thee," she says, "but Gnami, the Spirit, is going to speak for me."

Then "prophetic" words are heard drop-

ping from heaven or coming out of the earth; and the amazed countryman cannot do otherwise than believe.

Naïa's predictions have such absolute influence upon the simple, ignorant man that he unconsciously works out their realization with all his might, and often succeeds by that means in bringing them to pass.

"It is in vain that I have tried to enlighten the country people on Naïa's doings," added the doctor. "They believe in witchcraft and don't heed my warnings. Her predictions have caused a great deal of harm sometimes, and I have a personal knowledge of a premature death which was the result of such 'foretelling.'"

"I was attending an old man who suffered from gout, and considered that he might still live on for several years; but I was reckoning without Naïa. That man had a nephew who was impatient to come into his inheritance. He went to consult the witch, and persuaded her to visit his uncle. So one night, when the quiet little town was asleep, Naïa passed unnoticed through the deserted streets



"THEY BELIEVE IN WITCHCRAFT, AND DON'T HEED MY WARNINGS"—YOUNG PEOPLE WAITING TO HAVE *From a* [Photo.] THEIR FUTURE FORETOLD.

and knocked at the door of old Pieric. His nephew opened it, and, with a feigned terror, pretended to go into a swoon before the apparition that passed over the threshold.

"The witch, wrapped up in a shroud, and bearing a red light in each hand, came towards the old man's bed.

"'Pieric,' she called out, in a sepulchral voice, 'attend to the salvation of thy soul, for thou shalt die when the bells ring for mass next Sunday!'

"You can fancy how that trick frightened the poor invalid! Next day he told me of this diabolical visitation, and I could see he was almost out of his mind.

"'It is really absurd,' I protested; 'some wicked person has been playing on your ignorance and credulity. I certify that you have still many years to live.'

"'You say it to comfort me,' he declared, with tears; 'but I know I am lost—the ghost told me so!'

"On the Sunday morning I went to see him.

He was very bad and almost delirious. I could not help getting angry.

"'You are a fool, Pieric,' I cried; 'you are simply killing yourself, when I affirm that you might still live on for a good many years, if you kept quiet.'

"'I am going to die!' he repeated, with tearful obstinacy. 'It has been predicted by the ghost. . . .'

"I felt greatly impressed. For many years I had been in practice, but never before had I witnessed anything so heart-rending.

"When the church bell began to call the people to mass Pieric's face became convulsed, and he sobbed aloud:—

"'Mercy, O Lord, mercy! . . . I am not yet ready to die! . . .'

"'You shall not die, Pieric,' I cried, putting into the words all the strength of my conviction.

"But when the bells left off ringing the old man uttered a dreadful shriek and fell back dead on his bed.

"You have been told," the doctor went on, "that the witch can put her hands into the fire without feeling any pain. That is true to a certain extent, and without doubt is another trick of the old crone to impose upon country folks. It is proved that a certain astringent preparation, mixed with a fat substance, and spread on the skin, acts like an isolating medium between the nervous sensibility and the fire."

I now come back to my own interview with the famous "Witch of Rochefort." She had taken me among the ruins and we were seated on trunks of trees in a place carpeted with ivy

which she called her "drawing-room." While I was questioning her, a pretty girl called Yvonne, a young goat-keeper who lived at a short distance from the ruins, came to ask for a consultation. After she had gone happy in her heart, and smiling at the prophetess's predictions, I asked Naia if she would also tell me my good fortune.

After some minutes of meditation, the witch spoke like the tenebrous oracles of antiquity. I was pleased to find an allusion to my travels through Algeria. But how could she have known? And she wouldn't take the money I offered her.



YVONNETTE, THE PRETTY LITTLE GOAT-KEEPER, COMES TO NAIJA TO "LIFT THE VEIL." [Photo.]

## Through Italy in Bedouin Dress.

BY "IBRAHIM EFFENDI."

The narrative of a remarkable wager made by a well-known traveller and Orientalist. Written by himself, and full of humorous situations.



THIS IS THE WELL-KNOWN ESCUTTEK AND ORIENTALIST WHO WON THE WAGER. HE IS DRESSED IN THE IDENTICAL BEDOUIN DRESS.  
*From a Photo. by Lombardi, Siena.*

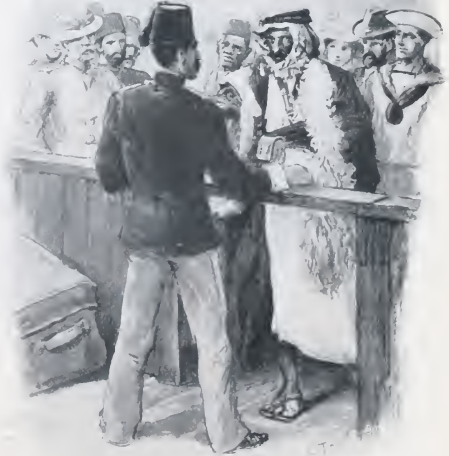
"**N**ONSENSE, it's impossible. I bet you ten pounds you don't get there without being bowled out—and, mind you, without speaking a word of any language but Arabic, between this and Siena." That settled it. I had just arrived from the desert dressed as a Bedouin, and was discussing with a friend the best way of getting to Italy. I rather prided myself on the cleverness of my disguise, and had said jokingly that I had half a mind to go as I was. Men have done more foolish things for a bet, and I was nettled at the bare doubt of my ability to deceive Europeans with a make-up that had taken in the Arabs themselves.

There were few preparations to be made. I drove to the railway station in the character of my friend's servant. His native secretary took my ticket, while I shouldered my *nurg* and *gouffa*, and lounged on to the platform. The friendliness of the ticket-collector bored me. I longed to get out of Cairo, and I saw detection in the eye of everyone who glanced at me. The risk that attends detection in the desert adds dignity to

Vol. iii.—82.

the performance; but to be found out so early in the day in so sorry a joke would have made me the laughing-stock of Cairo. But as time passed, I came to discover that I was not the only thing in the world that occupied everybody's thoughts, and I played my part the better for my growing confidence.

The secretary played town mouse to me, piloting me through the pitfalls of the gay city of Alexandria. He chose a cab, and began negotiations by offering the man half his fare. When he objected, we sat down Arab fashion on the ground, and considered the situation. Our next move assured us the victory. Turning indifferent eyes towards another cabman, we made an ambiguous sign. It was too much for cabby No. 1, who gave in with a tragic shrug, and took us to the boat for half his fare. My friend was good enough to tip me at parting, with my



"MR. — WOULD BE GRATEFUL IF YOU LET ME THROUGH."



own money, which I laid in my palm in that truly Arab manner that impresses the donor that his gift is being appraised and found wanting. Nevertheless, I blessed him with suitable blessings.

A serious difficulty met me at the boat. I was asked to show my passport. I could not account for myself except as myself, and to do this would have broken the conditions of my wager. The official who barred my way was well known to me, but thus far he had not recognised me. Placing myself between him and the crowd, I looked him straight in the eyes—possibly I may have winked—and, pointing to myself, I said, with unnecessary emphasis, Mr. —

would be grateful if you let me through. When light began to dawn in his puzzled eyes, I added in Arabic "Be careful!" He understood, and assured his colleagues that he knew my master, and that I might be allowed to pass. "Then why didn't his master get him a passport?" was the not unnatural reply. My friend then took a desperate step. He called the chief man aside: what he told him I do not know, but the barrier was withdrawn, and I was handed over to an all too affectionate native policeman to be piloted to the ship. I would fain have parted from him on the steerage deck, but he willed it otherwise. A countryman of his could not be allowed to leave the land of his birth without some token of goodwill, and the brute folded me to his bosom and kissed—yes, kissed—me again and again. And what was I to do? I could not kill him there in cold blood where he stood.

A steerage ticket to Brindisi costs £2, and does not comprise board, nor, for the matter of that, lodging, except in the most elementary sense. My commissariat consisted of sixpenny-

worth of Arab bread, some cakes, dried dates, and forty eggs, which, for reasons into which I need not enter, I was glad to hurl overboard.

I pass over the details of the voyage. The crew fingered my clothes, and cracked jokes at my expense, which I pretended not to understand. Some Arab porters questioned me regarding my faith, and assured me that I should be miserable in the land whither I was going. An Italian woman, who travelled with seven cats, three dogs, and five game fowls (and let them all loose in our only sleeping quarters), taxed me with my nationality, persecuted me with questions, and even tried to pull off my head-gear, all of which indignities I bore with a Bedouin patience that ultimately convinced her. I even treated her to a dissertation in Arabic on the art of training hawks, and followed her about the deck until she had heard it all. Thereafter she left me alone. Once, indeed, I had a narrow escape. A voice hailed me from the bridge, and, looking up, I saw two officers whom I had known well at the club in Cairo. "Why, the fellow's got blue eyes," said one. "He's no Arab." They pestered me with questions in English and Arabic, but even then I believe I convinced at last. At any rate they left me alone.

I felt some qualms of conscience about one of my fellow-passengers. He was so unaffectedly kind and sympathetic to the stranger in a strange land, as he thought me, and took such pains, at inconvenience to himself, to commend me to the care of others when he could go no farther with me.

"My master" was my shield through every dangerous encounter. Did a Jewish money-changer at Brindisi want to change my English sovereigns into paper lire, it was my master who had told me that I must not take less than



"A VOICE HAILED ME FROM THE BRIDGE, AND, LOOKING UP, I SAW TWO OFFICERS I HAD KNOWN IN CAIRO."

twenty-seven, for I had, of course, no views of my own for or against the transaction. Were there no third-class carriages on the express, my master had told me to lose no time even if I had to go second. This master of mine had provided for every emergency by providing me with three documents: First, an envelope addressed to my sister in Siena; second, a letter entreating the reader to give the bearer, who spoke nothing but Arabic, such assistance as would lead him to the house of an English lady (name mentioned); and third, a card with "Siena" writ large in red pencil to distinguish it in my untutored eye from its fellows. When I was pestered with questions, I talked Arabic and produced my papers.

My bread was very stale, my dates were very dry, and the only addition to them was a large onion, which a Jewish steerage passenger, pitying my forlorn state, forced upon me. I had to eat it, because it was inconceivable that a Bedouin should do otherwise, but I could well have done without it.

At Brindisi the interpreter pounced upon me, and at once became a great man. He lectured upon me on the ship and at the café, and proved his marvellous linguistic accomplishments by jabbering very indifferent Arabic, while a friendly grocer was wrapping up my sword and dagger in innocent brown paper.

My reception at every station on the railway threw the ovations accorded to the victorious Sirdar into the shade. My travelling companions passed the word to the people on the platform. Tiers of heads blocked the carriage windows, and men and women clamoured into the carriage and gazed at me over the partitions. My Italian friend was human. He had travelled with me; had seen me eat, drink, and sleep; he knew exactly what my camel bag contained, nay, even what lay concealed within that innocent brown-paper parcel, a sword, and a dagger—stained, no doubt, with human gore. He discoursed on me; explained the use of everything I wore; expatiated on my qualities, and frankly admitted my defects. Though he

knew no Arabic, he constituted himself, like Mrs. Plornish, my interpreter. A man offered me wine in unmistakable pantomime. My friend enunciated, in a loud voice, the infinitive of the Italian word to drink, and pointed down his throat. I shook my head, and the public was told that I did not wish to drink—nay more, that Moslems did not drink wine, and, moreover, that they married many wives, and lived in tents. Then a man got in who put my friend to shame, for he knew one verb and four nouns in Arabic. He was the hero of the hour. He said them all to me in varying order. I had not the heart to hurl him from his pedestal, so I replied; and though he did not understand me, we kept up the comedy as if we enjoyed the innocent pastime.

About noon we reached a town where the train stopped for ten minutes. It was a large town, and every inhabitant must have been on the platform. They fastened on the carriage



“PRODDING THE FLOOR WITH A STICK WITHIN AN INCH OF MY SANDALLED TOES.”

like a swarm of bees, and as the minutes wore on, and my stolid behaviour balked them of the promised entertainment, one of them tried to wake me up by prodding the floor with a stick within an inch of my sandalled toes. I began to lose my temper as any Bedouin might have done. But fortunately at this juncture my Italian friend brought me some bread and cheese. There was a fresh scrimmage for the front places, for it was

plain that I was about to eat. It seemed cruel to balk them, but for the life of me I could think of no new way of conveying food to my mouth. And yet, oddly enough, they seemed quite satisfied. When I put my bowl to my mouth, and said, "moya," which my interpreter informed them meant "water," their enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Meanwhile, my interpreter had found a friend in a little bagman, to whom he explained me. My bowl, he said, had come from Mecca, an inaccuracy which I did not feel myself called upon to correct. The bagman handed it back to me, gently raising his eyebrows, and expressing by the solemnity of his demeanour the respect which he felt for my religious convictions. Presently he thought he would try a little conversation. He pointed out objects of interest as we passed, and explained the uses of the carriage fittings. Then he began to prepare me for the surprise of a tunnel. Eyes and mouth were made as round as Nature would allow. His hands described circles in the air just in front of my face, and he pronounced the word "Tunello" very clearly and slowly, biting out each syllable. Then he puffed and hissed in feeble imitation of a steam-engine, and sat back to await events. When we emerged into daylight, I found his face almost touching mine, so intent was his scrutiny.

At midnight we reached Bologna, and it was discovered that I had got into the wrong train. My friends called the station-master, and they settled the matter between them. I was to be locked up in the waiting-room, and fetched when wanted. There was a bench there, and at last I was alone, thank Heaven! Fain would I have stayed there until the morning train was due, but it was not to be. They led me out in the small hours, just as passengers began to arrive for the early trains. I think that many of these must have changed their plans on seeing me, and have sent into the town for their friends, and made a morning of it. Every moment the

crowd thickened until there was not room to turn. Every officer who had been in Abyssinia spoke a few words of atrocious Arabic to me, and presently the crowd began to finger me. This was more than I could stand, and, shouldering my camel bags, which take up a good deal of room, I began to pace the platform as if (as I heard one of the crowd express it) the whole place belonged to me.

My train came in at last, and we were off. The gentleman opposite pointed out the beauties of the landscape to me. To every remark he

made I replied "Quais," on which he announced to the carriage that my "enthusiasm" for Italy was unbounded, and I immediately became popular. At intervals he counted up to ten in Arabic for my relaxation, and if I was not amused it was my own fault. But a party of card-sharps created a diversion, and for a time I was left alone.

If they annoyed me at times, I had my revenge in my imperturbable calmness—my only weapon. The ticket-collectors in particular did not love me. First I had to be made to understand what they wanted of me. Then the basket had to be put down, the camel bags thrown off my shoulders, the sheepskin laid upon them, the pockets in my belt searched for my papers, and the wrapper of my ticket leisurely unfolded.

At Florence the porters sent for Cook's interpreter.

I do not know whether he suspected me, but he tried every European language upon me that he knew. Then they fetched a police-officer who had been in Abyssinia and spoke Arabic uncommonly well. He had a splendid time. He assured them that I was the genuine article, an Arab of the Arabs, and though he did not understand the half of what I told him, it did not prevent him from satisfying the crowd with a fluent interpretation out of his own head. He escorted me to my carriage, and we parted as if we had been life-long friends. At Napoli, where I had to change, a lady used me educationally for her two children, whom she



"THE TICKET-COLLECTORS DID NOT LOVE ME . . . THE POCKETS IN MY BELT HAD TO BE SEARCHED FOR MY PAPERS." [Photo. From a]



drew up in front of me while she lectured on Abyssinia. The little brutes wanted to fiddle with all my brass chains and accoutrements, but my temper was getting short, and

from school, wrote Greek verbs on a torn envelope, in Greek he should have been thrashed for, and passed them to me to win applause for his wit and his erudition. But



"HE ASSURED THEM THAT I WAS THE GENUINE ARTICLE—AN ARAB OF THE ARABS."

I pushed them off. It grew shorter still when in the train a soldier told me roughly to open my coat, and even tried to do it for me. I pushed him off, and he expressed his opinion of me with considerable freedom. Then they began to make faces at me, and roar at me in every language they knew, and a boy, fresh

there is an end to every torture. The porters were shouting "Siena!" I shouted "Bosta" to the cabman. My letter was examined at the post-office, and my cabby directed to my sister's house. I had bought my experience at a price that I reckon as far exceeding the amount of my wager.

# One Thousand Miles on Mule-Back.

BY MABEL PENNIMAN, M.A.

Leaves from the Journal of an American lady during an extraordinary voyage from New York to London via Panama, Lake Titicaca, and Buenos Ayres, with a rare collection of photographs illustrating South American life.

## I.



OW that it is over it appears like a dream, for I can hardly believe it possible for me to have undergone such hardships as I encountered during that thousand mile ride on

mule-back, and emerge from them a strong and healthy woman. I had never been strong, and came from a consumptive family. Probably the long sea voyage as well as the bracing air of an altitude of from 10,000ft. to 14,000ft. above sea level may in a great measure account for my ability to endure the enormous changes of temperature, manner of living, etc., which I experienced. Three years ago it was impossible for me to walk even a short distance without feeling extremely tired, whereas in the last eight months there was no mountain too steep or too high for me; no day's ride too long or too tedious. Much of my success in this direction, however, must be ascribed to the excellent care and advice I received from my ever-watchful husband.

We left New York in March, 1896, and had a pleasant but tiresome seven days' voyage to Aspinwall, which we reached early on a Friday morning.

After a short stay of only a few hours in Panama we took passage on a steamer bound south. The first port was Guayaquil, Ecuador, 840 miles from Panama, and three days' journey. There was an English man-of-war riding at anchor in the harbour, alongside the solitary Ecuadorian torpedo-boat, which constitutes the

entire battle-fleet of this nation. Here we took on board a large cargo of tropical fruit for Valparaiso. On going up the steps leading to the promenaded deck I felt an intense pain in the calf of my leg. Upon reaching a seat I

found that a large tarantula (brought on board with the fruit) had bitten itself fast. After a speedy removal a gentleman offered his cud of tobacco, the juice of which I rubbed into the wound, and this timely application prevented any serious consequences.

On the morning after Good Friday it was whispered around that we had a yellow fever patient on board, in the person of José Martínez, Vicar-General of the San Franciscans. This padre, in company with his secretary, had been sent out from Rome on a special mission of inspection to the Pacific coast, and after a visit of some weeks to Ecuador had boarded our ship at Guayaquil with several more belonging to his Order. His secretary explained that the illness of the padre was entirely due to his having eaten the whole of a pine-apple and eleven bananas on Good Friday. On our arrival in Callao the following day a ten days' quarantine was pronounced upon the steamer, and throughout the whole time our ship was guarded by an

armed force in small boats with old blunderbusses.

Monday at eventide the sick man was removed to an old hulk a short distance away. As he was being lowered into the small boat we



THE AUTHORESS, WHO TOOK THIS REMARKABLE JOURNEY.  
(SHE IS THE WIFE OF AN IMPORTANT SOUTH AMERICAN OFFICIAL.) [Photo.]

had a good look at him. The colour of his face and hands was as pink as that of a newborn babe, and his voice was clear, as he gave orders to protect his face from the rays of the setting sun. His secretary accompanied him to the lonely place. Tuesday, at 9.55 p.m., he breathed his last. Not yellow or any other fever had killed him, but ignorance on the part of the doctor. His body was placed in a zinc-lined coffin and buried (supposedly) in the Island of San Lorenzo, at the entrance of Callao Harbour. We learned afterwards from indisputable authority that the taking of the coffin at night to the island was only a ruse, and that the body was dispatched to Valparaiso and thence to Rome.

After our release we went on to Lima, which, though entirely built of mud, is an imposing city. Even the great cathedral on the Plaza is built of mud. A few days' sail from Callao and we landed in Mollendo, 420 miles distant, the place for embarkation for the Peruvian railroad to Lake Titicaca. This is a very dangerous place to land at, and the roaring of the surf may be heard miles away. The foaming sea, in a white milky mass, dashes madly against the rocks which form a narrow passage for the boats

to pass. A large boat, manned by nine sturdy Greeks, infused confidence into my womanly heart, and I trusted to their skill to bring us safely through the seething, boiling mass.

From Mollendo the railroad took us in ten hours to Arequipa, a distance of 107 miles, the town being built at an altitude of 7,550ft. On the section from Arequipa to Puno we passed Cruzero Alto station, 14,666ft. above sea level. When nearing Cruzero Alto I felt a slight pain in the back of my head. Shortly after a violent headache came, and I found it very hard to breathe. These were the effects of the "sorocho"—a mountain sickness known only in the Andes, and which is caused by the rare and dry atmosphere. I rubbed my head and neck with garlic, and

also sniffed it; relief came immediately. Upon ascending higher I used ammonia freely, and at the summit drank eight cups of clear and very strong coffee.

The ascent into the high altitudes should be made by slow stages. A few miles farther the railway passes nearly 15,000ft. The bit of track shown in the photograph is the highest point, and from here the railway descends to Puno. The snow-clad mountains in the distance are part of the Sorata range in Bolivian territory, of which Sir Martin Conway has furnished such a graphic description.

At nine o'clock at night we reached Puno, and went directly to the steamer *Coya*, which sailed at eleven and reached the other side of the lake in Bolivian territory (Puerto Perez or Chililaya) by six the next morning.

Dark heavy clouds were nesting upon the mountains, and heavy flashes of lightning were playing among them when the *Coya* left her moorings at Puno. A peal of thunder, sharp and terrific, which brought us all to our feet, rang like the discharge of a thousand guns through the air, disturbing the sea, and making it appear as though the mountains were lifted from

their bases. The storm, coming from all directions, blew a hundred-mile-an-hour gale. The frail craft appeared to roll and reel and pitch all at the same time. Everything and everybody was hustled about in wild confusion. Everyone sought refuge upon the floor of the saloon, which was lined with a shrieking, praying mass of humanity, holding on like grim death to the legs of the tables or any stationary piece of furniture within reach. Those who had a free hand at the time of a terrible thunder-clap would cross themselves over and over again. Prayers went to Heaven in English, French, Spanish, German, Aymará, and Quichua. The storm raged in wild fury all night, and only ceased with the dawn. These storms are frequent on the lake, but often the water is as calm as a mill-pond.



THIS IS PROBABLY THE HIGHEST BIT OF RAILWAY IN THE WORLD. BEYOND CRUZERO ALTO STATION ON THE PERUVIAN RAILWAY—NEARLY 15,000 FT.





REMOTE LAKE TITICACA, NEAR PUNO. ON THE LITTLE ISLAND A YALE PROFESSOR WAS BURIED IN 16 FT. OF CONCRETE FOR FEAR OF THE PERUVIANS DESECRATING HIS GRAVE. (Photo. From a)

The above photograph shows Lake Titicaca, near Puno. On the highest point of the island in the photograph a stone may be seen, which marks the grave of Professor James Orton, of Yale University, U.S.A. He died in Puno of fever. With the permission of the Peruvian authorities he was buried in a cemetery near by. The curé, however, demanded an exorbitant price for his services, and failing to receive it denounced Mr. Orton's body as that of a heretic, and in a passionate tirade inflamed the ignorant and superstitious Indians to an act of vandalism. The day after the burial, in the early morning, his body was found on the road-side in possession of the dogs of the town. A resident of Puno, a noble Scotchman, took what was left of it, and with the assistance of some of his countrymen buried it on

the island in sixteen feet of concrete!

Lake Titicaca is the largest fresh-water lake in the world at such an altitude. It is 157 miles long, 50 miles wide at its widest part, and 1,000 ft. deep. The lake has no outlet. Our stay at Chililaya was anything but agreeable, as we had to remain at the "posta," or post-house. Our room was small, having no windows or doors. In one corner there was an elevation made of sun-dried bricks—like the house—

about 2 ft. high, 4 ft. wide, and 8 ft. long, and on this we placed our bed. There was absolutely nothing to be had in the way of food or drink. Fortunately we had prepared for this.

While at Chililaya waiting for the coach to La Paz, we made a pilgrimage to the miraculous shrine of Nuestra Señora de Copacabana, which is situated on the shores of the lake but a few



VIEW OF COPACABANA, A GREAT PILGRIMAGE PLACE ON LAKE TITICACA. (Photo. From a)

[Photo.]

hours' ride from Chililaya. Copacabana is the Lourdes of South America for the faithful adherents of the Roman Catholic Church. Tradition says that after the downfall of the Inca religion the Virgin appeared on the slope of the mountain near where the church is located, incarnated in a figure of stone which is preserved in the church at the present day. To this image miraculous powers are ascribed. The devout Indian seeks relief here from any illness or loss. Women pray to the shrine for the blessings of maternity; the blind, that they may see; the cripples, to be cured; and the rich, to be richer still. It is the custom of every newly-elected President of the Republic to pay homage at the feet of the Virgin for at least eight days before he undertakes his arduous duties.

A ride of forty-five miles in a large Concord coach over a level country brought us to the city of La Paz. Our ride was an exciting one, as part of the way we had unbroken mules. Before the mules were harnessed we were told to take our seats in the coach, which we did. The animals were in a corral—an inclosure made of stones. In the centre there was a strong pole securely fastened in the ground. The "postero," or keeper of the post-house, entered the place with a strong lasso in his hand, and everything belonging to the harness was thrown into the yard. The harness, by the way, was old, patched, and spliced with pieces of wire and rope. The first mule was caught, and three Indians helped to pull the animal to the pole, where it was securely fastened with its nose tied to the ground. Its eyes were banded with an old cloth, and then without any trouble it was harnessed, and afterwards led to the coach, still blindfolded. In a short time all eight were harnessed and hitched to the coach, with an Indian holding the cloth of each one. When all was ready the driver, a native, mounted his seat and took the reins, having his foot on the brake. Instantly, when he released the brake and yelled *largo*, meaning "release," each Indian snatched the cloth from the eyes of his mule. The noise of the brake, the yells from the driver urging on the animals, made them leap as though for dear life. There were mules to the right of us and mules to the left of us, swinging and scrambling from one side to the other.

Sometimes indeed all were in one heap kicking and bucking, frightened by the clatter of the chains dangling around their legs. Fortunately the road was level. We made the fifteen miles to the next post-house in two hours. For the rest of the way we travelled on a plateau which, next to Tibet, is the largest and highest in the world.

Having a fresh supply of tamed mules, we jogged along in a style quite the reverse of what we had experienced a few hours before. The driver had provided himself with any amount of stones the size of an egg, which he aimed skilfully at the hind quarters of the leaders. However, the mules seemed to be used to such abuses; at any rate no epithets such as "mula canalla," or "mula caraco," which the driver showered upon them in profusion, to say nothing of the stones, would move them a bit the faster.

As the mules crawled along, the monotony of the situation was only relieved by the endearing terms which the driver bestowed upon the animals. The wind blew at almost a gale, driving the sand of the "pampa" or plain into our eyes, causing intense pain. Suddenly the driver stopped the coach and alighted from his seat, saying we were nearing the city. He brought from a box under the seat the sole of an old shoe, and with a few tacks and the aid of a stone picked up near by, proceeded to attach the sole to the brake. Several passengers had alighted, and we did also. A short walk then brought us to the brink of a precipice, 1,000ft. deep, at the bottom of which lay the city of La Paz, surrounded by towering mountains. It is not the good fortune of many globe-trotters to behold such a grand panorama as lay before us. There spread the city with its many churches, its whitewashed houses with their red-tiled roofs, its narrow streets and scanty vegetation, and with the majestic snow-clad Illimani as a background to this enchanting, never-to-be-forgotten scene.

A "vamos" from our driver brought us back to our senses. We had forgotten the brake and the fact that our road led down the precipitous mountain-side. There was no time to consider, for when we were all comfortably seated the driver snapped the brake, which was sufficient to start the mules. Down we went along the road, which was only barely wide enough for our coach to pass, swinging and twisting over the snake-like track. One half-hour of this mad ride brought us safely into the city of La Paz, which is the principal commercial city of the Republic of Bolivia and contains about 50,000 inhabitants.

Every Sunday morning the Indians from the surrounding country come to La Paz to sell their produce. The streets are fairly alive with them. The goods are spread upon blankets on the cobble stones, as seen in the photograph on top of next page, and neither weights nor measures are used, the beans, peas, maize, wheat, barley, potatoes, and other things being sold at five cents, or about a penny, a heap.



"EVERY SUNDAY THE INDIANS COME TO LA PAZ TO SELL THEIR PRODUCE."  
From a Photo.

In the Church of Loreto the Bolivian House of Commons has assembled at times when the Government has found it necessary for political reasons to remove the seat of government from Sucre. The last Congress, however, passed a law making Sucre the permanent capital of the Republic. Within the walls of San Loreto 153 political prisoners were massacred on the night of October 23rd, 1863, by order of Placido Yanez, Commandant of La Paz.

On our journey from La Paz to Oruro I had my first experience of riding on mule-back. Our ride for the first day was only thirty miles, but never shall I forget it. Though the road was level and the pace very slow, still I suffered untold agony, being sore and bruised the first day. The second day was

more agreeable, and the third day quite a pleasure. The evening of the second day we reached Sicasica, a small mud-built town surrounded by silver mines. It was a feast day, and I watched with intense interest some thirty Indians, who were beautifully attired in fancy dress, and were dancing to the most doleful music imaginable. The costumes were made of velvet of the brightest hues, and embroidered in the most elaborate fashion. Each dress, I was told, represented the savings of eight years' hard labour. The dresses worn and the dances indulged in are the same as those of the feast days of the Sun under the Incas. Some of the dancers had on a head-gear made of ostrich feathers, the size of a waggon-wheel, as seen in the photograph reproduced.

Two days later we made our entry into Oruro, which is noted for its rich tin and silver mines, and at one time could boast of a population of over 100,000; but now, on account of the low price of silver, it is a forlorn-looking place.

From Oruro to Cochabamba (for my special benefit) we travelled by stage coach, as the mountain passes were steep and dangerous. The coach was nothing but a covered express waggon, with seats for six passengers, and drawn by eight shadowy mules. Part of the way it was very cold, and with our rugs we were packed in so tight that it was a case of one move all move. A crowd met us at one small town, presenting the "diputado"—a Congressman, on his way to Sucre—with a wreath of paper flowers; and a padre invited us into his house for some lunch. We were shown into



THIS CHURCH HAS AT TIMES BEEN THE BOLIVIAN HOUSE OF COMMONS. WITHIN ITS WALLS 153 POLITICAL PRISONERS WERE MASSACRED IN ONE NIGHT.  
From a Photo.



a room with adobe seats round the sides, and a wooden table minus a cloth, in the middle of which was a huge tureen of soup. I should imagine there was a little of everything in the soup, and nearly half an inch of grease on the

we had to get out. As the nearest house was three miles away, there was nothing for us to do but walk that distance. The entire way was in a river-bed, through which a small stream of water wound its way in and out, and which we



"HEAD-GEAR MADE OF OSTRICH FEATHERS, THE SIZE OF A WAGGON-WHEEL." THE INDIANS WORK FOR YEARS TO BE ABLE TO BUY THESE THINGS. [Photo.]

top. We made only a short stay, and then went on to the post-house, where we found our meal waiting us. I can't say I enjoyed it much, but the rest seemed to. So I suppose it was very good. We made such good time—thanks to the stones which the driver threw at the mules—that we passed through the town where the regular post-house was, and stopped at a small farm-house several miles farther on. We had been in bed but a short time when I heard vinchucas flying around in the room, and as they are a flat-bodied creature that sucks the blood from human beings and animals, I put my head under the covers, and consequently slept but little.

We were off next morning at daybreak, and had travelled only about two hours when the axle-box of one of the hind wheels broke, and

had to cross seven times. As there was no other convenience at hand in the way of a bridge, an Indian carried me over on his back.

At first I felt rather doubtful, but when I saw him carry a 200lb. woman across in this way, I ventured to trust myself also. My husband had gone ahead to look after a new coach, and for nearly two hours I was alone with the Indian, but I felt perfectly safe with him. The Bolivian Indian is perhaps the most docile, industrious, and abused of creatures. The next day brought us a new coach and new mules from Cochabamba, but the new coach being much heavier than the other soon tired out the poor animals, so that when we were within sight of the city they absolutely refused to go any farther. We were, therefore, compelled to wait until they sent again for fresh mules.

(To be concluded next month.)

## The Bogus "Rush" at Coolgardie.

BY JOHN MARSHALL OF KALGOORLIE. LATE HON. SECRETARY OF THE WESTRALIAN GOLD-DIGGERS' ASSOCIATION.

A graphic and thrilling story of the most extraordinary bogus gold "rush" that ever took place in Australia. Told by one of the most prominent officials on the Gold Fields, and illustrated with portraits and photographs. A vivid picture of wild gold-mining life.



HE whole town of Coolgardie was thrilling with excitement, one midsummer morning in 1895. Groups of men were seen standing under verandas, and even out in the broiling sun, discussing the sensational find of alluvial gold reported to have been made "down south someway" in that morning's

local paper. The edition containing the news had been speedily bought up, and it was a common sight to see a number of excited miners grouped round one of their fellows, who would be reading out to them the stirring news respecting the great gold find. And exciting the news really was—sufficiently so, at any rate, to rouse the most phlegmatic and matter-of-fact people, let alone the hundreds of daring and resolute miners, to whom the news of an extraordinary gold find was as the scent of battle to an old war-horse. "We have been credibly informed," said the journal in question, "that a kerosene tin filled with gold was brought into town from the new 'rush,' and everything points to the existence of a new and extraordinarily rich gold field."

The wildest rumours were afloat as to the locality in which the find was situated. The only thing that appeared to be definite was that it was "somewhere down south"—but precisely where, no one knew. Parties were leaving Coolgardie at all hours of the night and day, some of them well equipped, others with sufficient supplies to last only for a few days. There was a wild, mad rush towards the vicinity of

Widgemooltha, which lay south of Coolgardie. But, despite the large numbers that were hourly leaving, the crowd of miners in Coolgardie grew greater and greater. The reports were so sensational that thousands of men from the outlying districts—Hannans, White Feather, Black Flag, Broad Arrow, I.O.U., Roaring-Gimlet, Menzies, etc.—kept pouring into the town. Many of them

were on foot and carrying their "swags" and a few provisions. Others might be seen with wheel-barrows, which they trundled laboriously before them. Hundreds were in buggies, or on horse-back and camel-back; and taken altogether they were a motley crowd. But the more prudent and experienced among them wanted to know something definite before they would start out on what might prove a wild-goose chase. Chafing with delay, and burning with excitement and desire to reach the great alluvial find, the impatience of the crowd began to manifest itself ominously. Scores of men on horse-back and camel-back, as well as on bicycles, were scouring through the bush in all directions looking for the new find, and hundreds

of men on foot were following in their tracks; but so far no traces could be found of the new gold discovery.

It was stated by one of the local journals that a man named McCann had given the news respecting the gold find, and that he knew the locality. Then came the unanimous roar—Where was McCann? A week of this maddening excitement had passed, and the problem appeared to be no nearer solution than ever.



THIS IS THE AUTHOR, MR. JOHN MARSHALL, TO WHOM  
[From a] MCCANN OWED HIS LIFE. [Photo.]

The excitement was rising dangerously, and with the large number of exasperated miners swarming into town serious trouble was anticipated. Murmurs against the newspapers for publishing misleading intelligence were loud and deep; and, in turn, McCann was made the scapegoat by the newspapers. No steps had been taken by a responsible person to locate the alleged new find up to that time.

How a party was formed for the purpose and the result achieved was written by me at the time as follows: I had been attending at the court house as a juror, and coming down Bayley Street about 12 o'clock I saw an excited crowd of men trying to force an entrance into the offices of the *Miner*. They were, however,

that the "spieling," or rough fraternity, which at that time was very strong on the gold fields, was largely represented in the crowd, and trouble was sure to ensue unless some strong measures were taken to prevent it. As hon. secretary for the Diggers' Association, I had been trying to devise some scheme to determine the accuracy of the reports, as it was quite possible that many persons would sacrifice their lives—getting lost in the bush, and also through want of food—should the mad rush continue.

A number of the baser fellows, upon whom the impress of villainy, not honest labour, was stamped, were roughly using a tall man, who appeared to be much agitated, and whom I learned was none other than McCann himself, who was blamed for starting the "rush." Now, I thought, is the time to act, if at all. I therefore raised my voice to its highest pitch, and cried, "Look here, boys! You know that I am John Marshall, Hon. Secretary of the Western Australian Diggers' Association. Things are getting serious! Thousands of men are rolling into town. The reports published by the newspapers so far



BAYLEY STREET, COOLGARDIE, WHERE MR. MARSHALL SAW THE MINERS TRYING TO FORCE AN ENTRANCE INTO THE OFFICES OF THE "MINER."

From a Photo. by W. Roy Millar, Kalgoorlie.

resolutely kept back by the members of the staff, who mustered in full force and prevented the people from gaining an entrance. This crowd had, I understood, gone the round of the various newspaper offices trying to get all the available information possible about the alleged find; but the news they had been able to obtain was of a meagre and extremely unsatisfactory kind. Now it occurred to me that this great excitement—which had been gathering in intensity for some time—was likely to culminate in some serious disturbance.

An angry feeling prevailed against the local newspapers—especially against the *Golden Age*; and, to a modified extent, against the *Miner*. These journals had undoubtedly published sensational reports (particularly the *Age*), without taking precautionary measures to gauge their accuracy. I watched the crowd swaying backwards and forwards for some time. I could see

appear to have no foundation in fact, and it is time something was done to end this maddening doubt and uncertainty. I am determined to take steps to locate the alleged 'rush,' and find out whether McCann's report be true or not. I shall, therefore, call a public meeting on behalf of the Association this afternoon at three o'clock, and the matter will then be fully discussed. McCann will have to speak out and tell us what he knows, when steps shall be taken to organize a party to go out with him and settle whether the find be a fraud or not. I shall take charge of McCann and see that he turns up with me to the meeting."

The idea caught on. When I had finished speaking, I was applauded enthusiastically, and then the crowd dispersed. Next, the bellman went round announcing a monster public meeting on the Reserve. Long before the time appointed an immense crowd of miners, store-





"AN IMMENSE CROWD OF MINERS, STOREKEEPERS, ETC., TURNED UP TO WATCH THE PROCEEDINGS."  
From a Photo. by Joshua and Dwyer, Kalgoorlie.

keepers, etc., had turned up to watch the proceedings. Punctually at three o'clock the meeting commenced, and after a few preliminary speeches, McCann stepped up into the wagon which served as a rostrum, to make his statement. His appearance was the signal for a perfect storm of hisses and derisive cheers.

I felt sorry for the man. There he stood—a big, broad-shouldered, brawny man, with heavy dark moustache, compressed lips, and pale cheeks. His manner was halting and undecided—he had apparently been drinking heavily—and he was surrounded on all sides by crowds of angry miners, hundreds of whom believed him guilty of that greatest of all crimes, the originating of a bogus rush; and these would willingly have lent a hand to "give him a lift up," had a suitable rope and the opportunity been available. Although he was nervous and agitated at first, however, as he warmed up to his subject his speech became less faltering. He briefly recounted what he had actually said, and denied his responsibility for bringing about the rush. Indeed, McCann spoke with such an air of candour and assurance that many in the crowd, even acute men, thought he spoke the truth.

I could not help admiring the man's pluck at the time, and especially in view of the fact that the whole story, as we subsequently learned, was a tissue of lies from beginning to end. He brazened the matter out admirably, but he ran a

fearful risk. He actually volunteered to lead a party to the place where the alluvial gold had been obtained! His utterances were received with rapturous applause, especially when he declared his willingness to lead a party to the golden spot. Here he is at last, they thought. This is the man who will settle the great question for us! There were others who knew more than appeared on the surface; but their mouths were closed. It was proposed and

carried that a party of four be sent out in charge of McCann to locate the alleged alluvial discovery. Subscription lists were at once opened, and in a short time sufficient funds were raised to send away a party.

At the close of the meeting McCann was handed over to my charge, as it was feared that if he got the chance he would clear out. He was on my premises till late. During the night I rose to see if he were still in the house, and found, to my horror, that he was missing. In the morning, however, he turned up all right, looking miserable in the extreme. I tried to "draw" him, and find out what were the chances of success. I was not at all sanguine after what he hinted to me at that interview. Two buggies were engaged in which to travel to the vicinity of the place where the gold was alleged to have been found. The four members of the party who had been chosen at the public meeting were all determined men—experienced bushmen—and, withal, armed to the teeth. Also, they were under solemn vows to bring McCann back at all hazards, safe and unharmed if possible, but dead or alive. The party set out the following morning amidst the shouts and cheers of an immense crowd.

After the party started I had much misgiving as to the wisdom of the step I had taken. I was weighed down with a sense of the responsibility I had incurred. I knew there were ten

chances to one that if McCann could not locate the alleged find he would be either shot or hanged on the road, as there were many desperate characters who would willingly undertake the job. During the absence of the party I interviewed the warden and inspector of police. The warden told me that in the event of anything happening to McCann whilst in the charge of the party he would hold the latter responsible for his life. This was not a pleasant assurance to receive. However, we were in for it now, and were determined to see it through. A great many alarming bulletins were now being received from different parts of the field. One of them reported that hundreds of men were starving, and a relief fund was started, which happily was never needed. It was all owing to the great McCann rush. Fortunately for all concerned a considerable amount of rain fell about this time, and all anxiety on the score of men perishing from thirst was thereby allayed. An Intelligence Department was organized, and all persons who came into town and could give any news were expected to call at the secretary's office.

Bulletins were posted up outside the office, giving the latest news from the seat of operations, and for a couple of weeks the place was literally besieged; thousands of men hanging about, many of them frequently calling for the latest intelligence. When a man on horse-back or camel-back rode up to the secretary's office, you would see the crowd quickly gather and wait till the news was posted. During the whole time the most intense interest was manifested, and the whole town was in a simmer of excitement. I dreaded the return of McCann with the search party, as I feared, from a hint he let fall to me, that his mission would not be a success; and in the then temper of the people it would be hard to say what excesses might not be committed.

We did not know how long the party would be away, and did not care to keep up communication with them in case of their task proving fruitless, when it might become a matter of life and death with McCann. We trusted to the four veterans we had sent with him, all of whom

were tried men, to evade the clutches of the numerous parties known to be lying in wait for the unfortunate deluder, should his attempt to locate the alleged find prove abortive.

The police rendered us every assistance. Scouts were kept night and day at the main approaches of the town to give us timely warning of the return of the party. The time passed away slowly. I was hoping and praying that the party might return on Sunday, when the public-houses would be closed, and the danger of having to contend with drink-inflamed men averted. About six o'clock on Sunday evening a loud, imperative knock was heard at my front door, and rushing out I saw that the party had returned. A word was enough to inform me the search had been unsuccessful, and, hurrying McCann into my place, I rushed through the back premises to the police-camp, which was about fifty yards away. Soon the whole available force of police came down to protect McCann at my request.

In an incredibly short time after the arrival of the party the street was crowded. It was agreed that a report should be drawn up, showing the route travelled and the results obtained. This took nearly an hour, during which time the ever-increasing crowd was growing impatient, and the angry men indulged in knocking loudly on the door.

As time passed the cries grew louder, and threats were freely indulged in. I became alarmed for the safety of my place, as it seemed

Thursday 1<sup>st</sup>

Latest News

Officer who has been out with a party of  
Camels reports as follows:-  
"I have been out for 14 days & have  
travelled 400 miles trying to locate  
the supposed new rush but without  
success." "Numerous of men are seeking about the  
hills, and with hunger, rage & disappointment  
all seeking the supposed new find."  
"The Hon. Mr. Carruthers & Party reported  
having spotted a fine fourweight piece"

John Marshall  
Hon. Secretary Gold Diggers Association

there was every likelihood of its being pulled down. Now, I had no intention, after working so hard as I had done for the public good, and without fee or reward, to be made a martyr of. I accordingly curtailed the report, and sending out a big case into the middle of the street to serve as a rostrum, the party suddenly opened the door and filed out. McCann wanted to come out with us to face the crowd, and it was all we could do to persuade him to go to the lock-up with the police for protection. Had he

fraternity sang out, "Marshall's hiding McCann; pull his place down about his ears!" I could see that the fury of the crowd was now rising to madness, and that it only required some restless, daring spirit to lead it to commit excesses of the most awful character. Now is the time, I thought, to pour oil on the troubled waters and calm the fury of the multitude, if possible, as they appear to hold me responsible for baulking them of their scapegoat upon whom they want to wreak their vengeance. I would boldly



ANOTHER PARTY OF MINERS OFF TO THE SUPPOSED "MCCANN FIND."  
From a Photo. by Roy Millar, Kalgoorlie.

not done so he would, undoubtedly, have been torn to pieces.

By this time the crowd was the largest I had ever seen on the gold fields. When the report, drawn up and signed by the members of the party, was read out showing that the alleged great gold discovery was a cruel hoax—that not an ounce of gold had actually been discovered; that thousands of men had been fooled, tens of thousands of pounds spent, and the lives of hundreds of men endangered through the senseless babblings of a drunken fool, to whom credence had been given and authority lent by journalists who ought to have known better, the rage and fury of the crowd knew no bounds.

Then occurred a scene which positively baffles description. The excitement which had been pent up for weeks burst forth into a torrent of mingled howls of wrath, execration, and vengeance. Cries of "Bring McCann out!" "String him up!" "Pull his liver out!" "Tear him limb from limb!" were wildly indulged in. Then one of the "spieling"

the crowd, I decided, and appeal to the diggers, who I knew were amenable to reason.

But what a task! Never shall I forget the curious feeling that passed through me as I stepped on to the rude rostrum to face the music of that angry crowd, in whom that latent feeling of devilry, which lurks at the bottom of every man's nature, had now been fully aroused. I waited until comparative silence reigned, and then, with the feeling of one who is himself upon his trial, I briefly narrated the steps I had taken to serve the public interest, and that at great expense and considerable inconvenience to myself. I appealed to the miners not to allow themselves to be stirred up to deeds of violence by the pimps, parasites, and "spielers" who were in the crowd. I laid particular stress on the warden's warning, given to me, that, in the event of anything happening to McCann, we, who had assumed the responsibility of sending him away in charge of an armed party, would be held liable. I blamed the newspapers for publishing



such sensational reports without first taking precautionary measures to gauge their accuracy; and I also begged them not to take vengeance on a poor drunken fool. I wound up by telling the crowd that as I had taken the initiative and considered myself responsible for the whole affair, I had requested the police to take charge of McCann, and he was then in the lock-up for safe keeping. It was in their own interests that I had acted, and I urged them not to create a disturbance.

The crowd was good enough to accept my statements, and would have then dispersed had not a man got up and harangued them and awoke their fury against one of the leading newspapers. After he finished, a rush was made for the office of the journal in question with the object of wrecking it. Fortunately, a strong body of police, headed by Warden Finneity and Inspector McKenna, and assisted by a large number of law-abiding citizens, formed a cordon round the building; and beyond breaking the windows and doing a little damage to the outside of the place nothing serious happened.

Early the following morning McCann came to bid me good-bye, and thanked me for saving his life, as he said he thought it was all over with him. One of the party told me that when they found it impossible to locate the alleged rush, and it was decided to come back to Coolgardie, McCann had repeatedly requested a revolver to blow out his own brains with. He had also some narrow escapes on the road from parties who were desirous of "doing" for him. The party who had him in charge were determined to prevent him from committing suicide, as well as to shield him from the vengeance of others.

A few days later a large number of men, accompanied by camels, teams, etc., arrived from Widgeemooltha, where they had been

camped waiting for definite news. On the back of the foremost camel a gallows had been erected, on which a life-size effigy of McCann was swinging. As the procession neared the town it was joined by a large number of miners, and as these marched up Bayley Street the whole cortège presented quite a formidable appearance. Slowly it moved up the street till it reached the square in front of the Post Office, and faced the offending newspaper office, where the windows had previously been smashed. A bonfire was then lit, and the effigy, which was



"ON THE FOREMOST CAMEL A LIFE-SIZE EFFIGY OF MCCANN WAS SWINGING FROM A GALLOW." [Photo.]

thoroughly saturated with oil, set on fire amidst loud yells, shrieks, curses, and cries of revenge on McCann and the offending journal. Soon it was in a blaze, the assembled crowd meanwhile whooping and yelling with delight. When the effigy was nearly burnt out a number of willing hands tried to hurl it, burning as it was, into the newspaper office in order to set it on fire. Fortunately for the whole town, however, their efforts were abortive, owing to the presence of a large force of police. The crowd then dispersed, and the last act was closed in the drama of the great "McCann rush."

## Odds and Ends.

Photographs showing strange phases of life and curious things generally reach us in thousands from remote countries. These are a selection—the cream of unnumbered albums and collections; and they enable the home-stayer to do his sight-seeing by his own fireside.



THIS IS HOW PLOUGHING IS DONE IN NEW GUINEA—EACH MAN DOES AS LITTLE AS HE CAN.  
*From a Photo.*



HE photograph here reproduced shows a row of Papuans engaged in preparing the soil for a food crop. This photograph cannot fail to be interesting to all classes, and to farmers particularly, since it shows the method of ploughing in vogue in New Guinea. The men stand in a row, each armed with two sharp-pointed sticks. Then, at a given signal from the leader, each man plunges his sticks into the ground, and simultaneously the whole row turn up one long, if somewhat irregular, furrow. As this mode of procedure goes on with astonishing rapidity, quite a large tract of ground is "ploughed" in a few hours. The idea of the thing is delightfully simple and ingenious, and is evidently designed to throw as little labour as possible upon each individual.

The next photo. shows an old sailing ship called the *New Amsterdam*, which was moored in the river at Old Calabar, West Coast of Africa, and used for a number of years as a hulk for trading purposes. Eventually becoming too old to be safe

afloat, she was beached at a very high tide, and the earth filled in around her, so that she was several yards away from the water but yet answered her purpose just as well.

Women coal-heavers in Dresden! Dresden, the gay Art-capital of Saxony, with which one associates everything that is dainty and beautiful. Our snapshot, however (taken specially for THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, by Max Baum, of Dresden), represents a street-scene of everyday occurrence in the Saxon capital. The male carman, whose task is practically at an end when the coal has been shot into the road, stands at the horses' heads, while the three women coal-heavers shovel it up into the baskets which stand on stools at a height which seems more convenient for loading than filling. The woman standing on the pavement has just returned from one journey and is ready to exchange her empty basket



WHEN SHE GOT TOO OLD AS A SHIP AT SEA SHE BECAME A SHOP ON SHORE.  
*From a Photo.*



"WOMEN COAL-HEAVERS IN DRESDEN—DRESDEN, THE GAY ART-CAPITAL OF SAXONY."  
From a Photo. by Max Baum, Dresden.

for a full one. The road contains very English-looking semi-detached villas, standing in their own gardens, and having at most two flights of stairs. It is quite another matter in the city itself, however, where the tall houses are let in flats, and the lady coal-heavers have three, four, or five flights to climb with their heavy loads. The postman has paused in the gateway, and in his face we read his good-humoured surprise that anyone should take the trouble to photograph such a very ordinary scene. This Athens or Florence on the Elbe (for Dresden has been called both) is a real paradise to the lover of the Arts, and a city that appeals very strongly to Englishmen. Yet as a contrast to the gay, happy life, and the general atmosphere of intellect and culture which prevail; to the pleasures of the magnificent opera and countless concerts; to the priceless collections of pictures, statues, and gems in the many museums, we have but to turn to the life of the lower classes—to whom the Saxon capital is a stern Sparta. The women, who grow up vigorous, muscular, and tough—notice the brawny, bare arms of the foremost woman in the photograph—lead a life of unceasing toil, shared only by their

patient dogs. Woman and dog trot along contentedly together, drawing a heavy load in one of the little dog-carts—which in this case is no misnomer. In the parks again it is woman who is the gardener. She digs, plants, and prunes the trees; she trundles the heavy wheelbarrow; and yet her husband and family are not neglected. In Dresden the

much discussed question, "Should women work?" has evidently been solved in the affirmative.

One of the most meritorious of the many reforms for which the British *raj* in India is responsible is the abolition of *suttee*—the detestable custom which decreed that when a man died his whole household, even to the domestic animals, should be burnt alive on the funeral pyre. In the accompanying photo. we see a collection of *suttee* stonings in Mandi, a small native hill State some eighty miles from Simla. These stones are unique in their grim significance; each large one stands for



From a

SUTTEE, OR WIDOW-BURNING STONES AT MANDI.

[Photo.



a Rajah, and each small one for a woman or baby of the Royal house. The large figure at the top of each stone is intended for a portrait of the deceased monarch, and below are the effigies of all the hapless people and animals who suffered *suttee* at that particular funeral—the monarch's wives, umbrella bearers, horses, elephants, etc. On one stone in the background no less than sixty-four figures may be counted—a truly appalling holocaust; while the large one on the left in the foreground bears twenty-six. These weather-beaten stones, with their terrible records of wholesale murder, bear silent, but

none the less convincing, testimony to the wisdom of the authorities in ruthlessly stamping out the awful practice of *suttee* throughout the length and breadth of India. The stones stand beside a river, every fish in which is held sacred on the off chance that one or other may contain the soul of a departed Rajah!

Here is a section of a Californian big tree which has been metamorphosed into a very cosy

the relative sizes of the man and the tree will give the reader a very good idea of the immense girth of the trunk.

A curious old custom is observed in Florence on Ascension Day which affords the greatest



THIS SECTION OF A BIG TREE HAS BEEN TURNED INTO AN AIRY SUMMER-HOUSE.

From a Photo.

amusement and delight to the children. From early dawn crowds of the little ones wend their way to the beautiful fields surrounding the city, their object being to hunt in the grass for *grilli*, or crickets, which are put into tiny, prettily-painted cages, such as we see in the hands of the little people in our photographs. The poor captive, fed on lettuce leaves, sadly bemoans his lot in a sorrowful

chirp for ten days, when he is generally set free—if a worse fate has not previously befallen him at the hands of his somewhat thoughtless young captors. But the cages are kept year by year until the little collector has grown up, when they become to him—or her—a fond recollection of the happy hours of *grilli* hunts in childhood.

If even readers of THE WIDE WORLD have ever beheld a more astounding photograph than



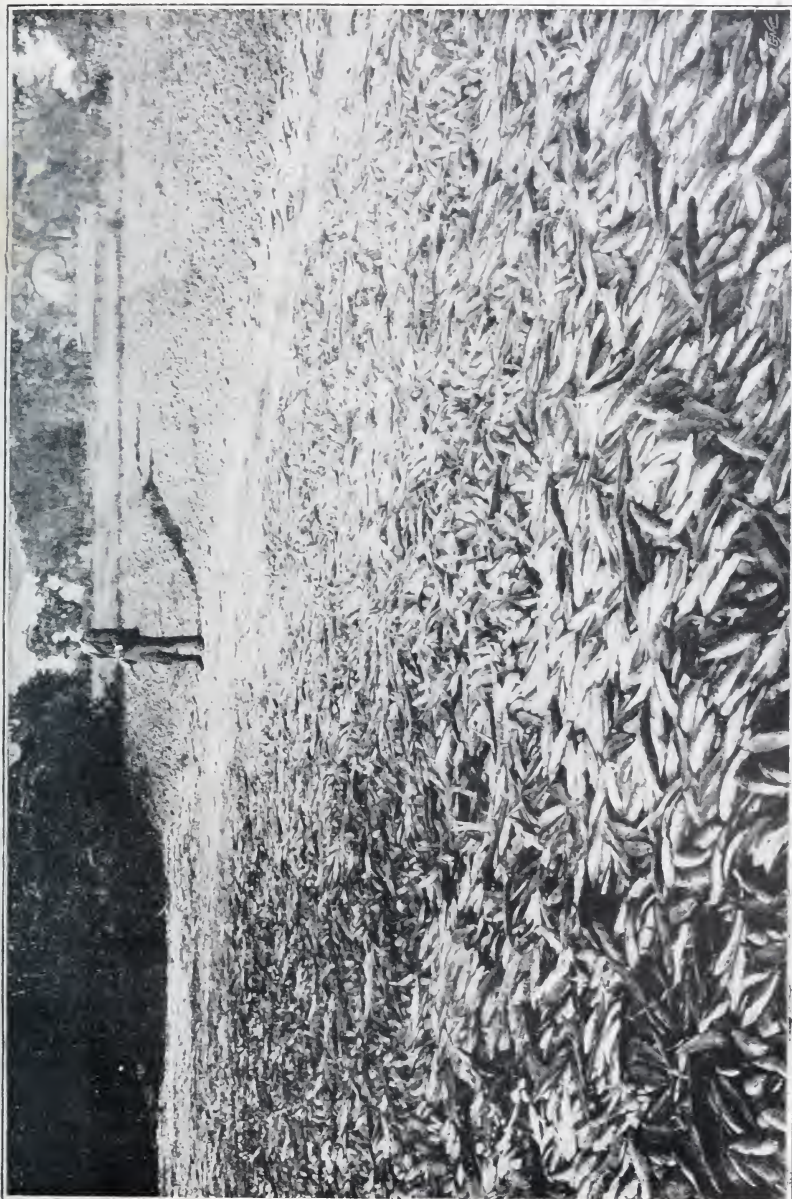
FLORENTINE CHILDREN LOOKING FOR CRICKETS ON ASCENSION DAY. [Photo.]



"THE CRICKETS ARE PUT INTO TINY PAINTED CAGES AND KEPT FOR TEN DAYS." [Photo.]

summer-house. It stands in the grounds of the U.S. Agricultural Department at Washington, D.C. On the other side of the tree is the door, and a flight of steps leads to the upper room, with its tiny windows. A comparison of

the next full-page illustration we should like to inspect it at once. Truly it is a photo. to be handed round to one's friends and relatives. It shows a remarkable "run" of fish in Kelsey Creek, Lake County, California. Only America,



"WIDE WORLD" READERS ARE HERE PRESENTED WITH ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS EVER TAKEN: A "RIVER" OF "SOLID FISH" 3 FT. DEEP, WITH 50 WALLS!  
*From a Photo*



so prodigal in natural wonders, could show such an extraordinary sight. Kelsey Creek is a tributary of Clear Lake, a body of fresh water about twenty-five miles long and eight wide, in Lake, one of the northern counties of California. Fish run up the creek from the lake in enormous quantities to spawn; and when the May rains are sufficient to raise the waters they get back safely to the lake again. But it sometimes happens—as in the present instance—that the rains fail, and the waters run down, forming gravel beds, through which the water percolates, leaving the creek almost dry. Last

up in countless millions—*5ft. deep by actual measurement*—and covered several acres. The extraordinary sight attracted vast crowds of people from all parts; and the neighbouring farmers carted home waggon-loads of the queer catch and fed their hogs on them. The "hitch," by the way, are about the size and colour of herrings, and range from 10in. to 12in. in length." The photograph is by Mr. O. E. Meddaugh, a lug-gist, of Lakeport, the capital of Lake County.

In this photograph is seen a number of the Bisharin Arabs competing in a race especially set apart for them. The interesting event was



From a] A BISHARIN SACK HURDLE-RACE AT LUXOR—IT WAS GOT UP BY ANGLO-AMERICAN RESIDENTS. [Photo.

season, after the fish had been going up in vast shoals for some time, a few hot days came, and the water near the mouth of the creek drying up rapidly, the fish were left stranded in countless millions, forming a veritable "river" of almost solid fish without any water! What would the British papers say if a mere narrative of this were cabled over unsupported by this amazing photograph? The fish is known as the "hitch," or "forked tail"; or by the local name of "chipall." It resembles smelt in size and colour, though it is of no special value except as food for better kinds of fish, such as bass and trout. A visitor at Highland Springs, however—a summer resort in Lake County—has a large ranch, on which he employs many Indians, who are very fond of this fish: so he had several tons of them dried and sent up to his ranch for their use. It has been suggested that next year the farmers should cut off the return of the "hitch" to the lake, and then carting them off in waggons, use them as a fertilizer on their fields. An eye-witness of this amazing spectacle writes: "The fish were piled

down in the programme as the "Bisharin Hurdle Race." The men were, however, put into sacks first, and then started off. The sports took place in a field a mile outside Luxor, up the Nile, on the 2nd February

last. It was got up by the Anglo-American residents, chiefly for the fun-loving natives themselves. It was well patronized by the many visitors who yearly come to Luxor for its warm and beautiful climate.

We usually associate emigration with the crowded hold of a great emigrant steamer, but the photo. here reproduced shows us that emigration on the Continent may in some instances be quite



From a] MANY ITALIANS EMIGRATE INTO FRANCE IN THIS WAY, LIVING AND TRAVELLING IN THE CARAVAN. [Photo.



an idyllic business—nothing more or less than a kind of gipsy caravan arrangement: the "motive power," however, being out of all proportion to the size of the travelling house. How the microscopic donkey seen in our photo. managed to haul his gigantic load passes comprehension, but possibly the gentleman in the smock-frock lent him a helping hand at times by pushing behind. Be that as it may, a family of Italian emigrants are here seen journeying from place to place in this queer equipage, halting every now and then for refreshment, and to allow the poor little donkey a brief breathing-space in which to graze and contemplate his enormous responsibilities. Many Italians emigrate into France in this way, living and travelling in the caravan.

Next we have a camel-fight at Kairwan. The following description is supplied by an eye-witness: "I have seen strange combats between animals in many lands, but none more remarkable than one I chanced to light upon in the Holy City of Kairwan, in Tunisia. If the Arabs were like the Spaniards and South Americans, they would certainly go in for camel-fighting as a regular sport. Even cock-fighting is not an exhibition of greater pugnacity, and the trial of strength between camels is naturally on a far larger scale. The Arabs, however, do not approve of camel-fighting: firstly, because they are not a cruel race, and secondly, because the event invariably means the loss of one valuable animal—if not of two. Once two camels have begun to fight in real earnest it is impossible

to part them before one at least has been killed. The cause is generally jealousy! But though the Arabs do not approve of the fight, the sight is not one to be missed, and they quickly gather round in great crowds, as you see in the snap-shot reproduced. The camels begin by lowering their long necks, and bending down like bulls about to rush. Their object is both to bite and to charge. A camel's bite is usually made only with his lips, but these are of such exceeding strength that they can inflict very serious wounds. The important point in a camel-fight is for one

beast to get his antagonist down, either by tripping him, breaking his legs, or by some other judicious application of science. This done, the next thing is to pummel him to death with the cushion-like feet, which are like the hardest boxing-gloves ever tolerated in a prize-fight. The owners of the camels may be discerned in the photograph, waiting with sticks in the vain hope of separating the combatants; but when once the fight has regularly begun, it is much too late for any human power to intervene.

Everyone has heard of Lourdes, the famous place of pilgrimage and more or less miraculous cures. Interesting indeed have been the de-



A CAMEL-FIGHT IN THE HOLY CITY OF KAIRWAN, TUNISIA—"EVEN COCK-FIGHTING IS NOT AN EXHIBITION OF GREATER PUGNACITY." [Photo.]

scriptions given of the heavily-laden "white train" that leaves the big Paris terminus for the quaint little town in the heart of the Pyrenees. This photograph gives an idea of the sad faces one sees at Lourdes. The sick are laid out thus in the afternoon to be cured by the Holy Host during the procession. The space in front of the Church of the Rosary is kept free, and the sick and the general crowd form a strange oblong, walling in this open space. The priest carrying the Sacred Host walks slowly round. A tiny golden umbrella is held by another priest over his head. He looks gorgeous in his cloth of



SICK PILGRIMS AT LOURDES—"THE SICK ARE LAID OUT THUS IN THE AFTERNOON TO BE CURED DURING THE PROCESSION." [Photo.]

gold vestments. He paces slowly round, lifting up the Host over the sick, and priests and crowd cry out incessantly, and with heart-touching pathos: "*Marie, ayez pitié de nous; Seigneur, guérissez nos malades.*" Last year, during the national pilgrimage, sixty sorely-stricken people are said to have leaped up, forty of which were afterwards proved to be miraculous cases. You may call them "faith-cures," or what you like. But there they are.

This wonderful bore, or tidal-wave (the French people term it "*le mascaret*"), takes place on the Seine, and considering its wonderful proportions, it is astonishing that this phenomenon is so seldom witnessed by English sightseers.

Wending its way up the river from Havre, it travels beyond Rouen before expending its energy; but perhaps the finest position obtainable for viewing it is at Caudebec—about one-third the way from Havre; and the time chosen should be the highest spring-tide of the

Equinox. The thunder and commotion of the on-coming waters may be heard several minutes before the great wave itself appears in sight, at the curve of the river, about a mile distant; and a feeling of awe and amazement inspires the onlooker as he watches the huge mass of water relentlessly "galloping" towards him. Very soon it is level with and has passed him, rushing along at the speed of a full-trotting horse, and leaving a seething and tumultuous river behind, *eighteen feet higher than the level in front.* On the occasion on which the writer witnessed this bore, three years ago, he measured the distance from the river's surface to the top of the quay, just before the arrival of the wave, and found it to be twenty-one feet. Persons of authority in Caudebec stated that excursion steamers go down the river from Rouen, *on purpose to meet the wave*, and that the boats cut through it and mount to the higher water, without mishap. The velocity of the current on this section of the Seine is very great, and the impact between this and the encroaching wave dashes the water to a great height, with magnificent effect.



THE GREAT TIDAL WAVE IN THE SEINE—SPECIAL EXCURSION STEAMERS LEAVE ROUEN ON PURPOSE TO MEET IT. [From a Photo.]

# INDEX.

	PAGE
ADVENTURES OF LOUIS DE ROUGE MONT, THE. (AS TOLD BY HIMSELF) .....	3, 115
Illustrations by A. Pearse, and from Photographs.	
ALASKA, IN THE WILDS OF .....	A. Beverly Smith. 424
Illustrations from Photographs.	
ANNOUNCEMENT, AN INTERESTING .....	132
BABOON HUNT, OUR .....	Charles Wisbey. 155
Illustrations from Photographs.	
BANGKOK, A "BANK HOLIDAY" IN .....	Harry Hillman. 276
Illustrations from Photographs.	
BEDOUIN DRESS, THROUGH ITALY IN .....	"Ibrahim Effendi." 649
Illustrations by C. J. Staniland, R.L., and from Photographs.	
BEEES, IN THE STRONGHOLD OF THE .....	...Captain Frank C. Wemyss, of the Cameronians. 420
Illustrations from Drawings and from Photographs.	
BESIEGED IN PARAGUAY .....	F. W. Granert. 498
Illustrations by Norman H. Hardy, and from Photographs.	
BOGUS "RUSH" AT COOLGARDIE, THE .....	John Marshall, of Kalgoorlie. 660
Illustrations from Photographs and a Facsimile.	
BUSHMEN, CAPTURED BY .....	... D. H. Holte. 282
Illustrations by C. J. Staniland, R.L., and from Photographs.	
CANDLE IN THE WINDOW, THE .....	Mrs. Fred. Maturin (Miss Edith Money). 324
Illustrations by Paul Hardy, and from Photographs.	
CANNIBAL-LAND, A NATURALIST IN .....	R. H. Mackellar. 32
Illustrations from Photographs, and Sketches by the Author.	
CANNIBALS, CAPTURED BY .....	P. A. McCann. 403
Illustrations by C. J. Staniland, R.L., and from Photographs.	
CHAMBA CINDERELLA, OUR .....	Mrs. Fred. Maturin and Miss E. H. Lewis. 358
Illustrations by Paul Hardy, and from Photographs.	
COLUMBUS FESTIVAL IN BARCELONA, THE .....	B. Waters. 366
Illustrations from Photographs.	
CONGONHAS, THE MIRACLE FAIR OF .....	H. Kilburn Scott. 413
Illustrations from Photographs.	
"DAGO" .....	...Kyrle Bellew. 70
Illustrations by Norman H. Hardy, from Photographs, and a Facsimile.	
DESPERATE FLIGHT, A .....	Capt. H. V. Barclay, F.R.G.S. 592
Illustrations from Photographs, and a Sketch.	
ECHTERNACH, THE JUMPING PROCESSION AT .....	Mrs. Lily Bridgman. 165
Illustrations from Photographs, and a Facsimile.	
ELOPEMENT, A TEXAN .....	John H. Jones. 24
Illustrations by Paul Hardy, and from Photographs.	
ENTOMBED IN A "DRIVE" .....	... Louis Anson. 193
Illustrations by Norman H. Hardy, and from a Photograph.	
FALL OF THREE THOUSAND FEET, A .....	Professor Charles Wolcott. 269
Illustrations by A. Pearse, and from Photographs.	



	PAGE
FREEZING TO DEATH ... .. Illustrations by C. J. Staniland, R.L., and from a Photograph.	<i>Egerton R. Young, of Toronto.</i> 301
FUNFFINGERSPITZE, THE TRAGEDY OF THE ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Mrs. Norman Neruda.</i> 248
"GODDESS," IN SEARCH OF MY ... .. Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings.	<i>Madame Cathinka Amy.</i> 517
GROTTO OF IAN, THE GREAT ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>William G. FitzGerald.</i> 507
HIMALAYAS, STRANGE SIGHTS IN THE ... .. Illustrations by A. D. McCormick, H. Philip Cornish, and from Photographs.	<i>Ellis Griffiths.</i> 313
HOLY WEEK PROCESSION IN SEVILLE, THE ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Herbert Vivian.</i> ..
HOME-MADE BOAT, ROUND THE WORLD IN A ... .. Illustrations by W. B. Wollen, R.L., and from Photographs.	<i>W. S. Gillard.</i> 87
HOOK-SWINGING FESTIVAL AS I SAW IT, THE ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Rev. Joshua Knowles.</i> 585
HYDROPHOBIA, SAVED FROM ... .. Illustrations by Warwick Goble, and from Photographs.	<i>E. H. Julian.</i> 254
ICE-CAVE OF DOBSCHAU, THE GREAT ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>L. H. Eisenmann, of Vienna.</i> 525
"JACKO," THE APE, MY FIGHT WITH ... .. Illustrations by C. J. Staniland, R.L., and from Photographs.	<i>Sam Bolton.</i> 613
JINKERS AND JINKERING ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Ras de S. Magnussen.</i> 40
KHALIFA'S CLUTCHES, IN THE: OR, MY TWELVE YEARS' CAPTIVITY IN CHAINS IN OMDURMAN ... .. Illustrations by Charles M. Sheldon, and from Photographs.	<i>Charles Newfeld.</i> 227, 339, 451, 563
KHIVA, MY CYCLE RIDE TO ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Robert L. Jefferson, F.R.G.S.</i> 93, 145
KIDNAPPING OF JOHNNY CONWAY, THE ... .. Illustrations from Photographs, a Drawing, and a Facsimile.	<i>W. H. Brainerd.</i> 434
KLONDIKE MISSION, MY ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Mrs. L. A. Oliver.</i> 43
KOUMISS CURE, THE ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Victor Pitkethley.</i> 293
KU-CHENG, THE MARTYRS OF ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Henry Mostyn.</i> 75
LADY BULL-FIGHTERS OF BARCELONA, THE ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Herbert Vivian.</i> 241
LIASSO IS USED, HOW THE ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Howard Reynolds.</i> 480
LEECHES, ATTACKED BY ... .. Illustrations by Norman H. Hardy, and from a Photograph.	<i>W. Harcourt-Bath.</i> 101
LEOPARD, MY FIRST ... .. Illustrations by the Author, and from a Photograph.	<i>Walter H. Bone.</i> 83
LEOPARDS, MY BABY ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>R. H. Summers.</i> 133
LIFE IN AN ITALIAN VILLAGE ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Reinold Wells.</i> 622
LOST IN THE "SEVENTY-MILE" ... .. Illustrations by Norman H. Hardy, and from Photographs.	<i>T. W. Hickson.</i> 531
MADMAN'S EMBRACE, IN A ... .. Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Harry Kenble.</i> 174
MASAI MASSACRE, A ... .. Illustrations by W. B. Wollen, R.L., and from Photographs.	<i>Walter H. Bone.</i> 181
MOONGEE, ON THE WAY TO ... .. Illustrations by Norman H. Hardy, and from Photographs.	<i>Mrs. Jack Boustead.</i> 388

	PAGE
MOSQUITOES, OVERCOME BY Illustrations by Warwick Goble.	<i>W. M. Elkington.</i> 171
MULE-BACK, ONE THOUSAND MILES ON Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Mabel Penniman, M.A.</i> 654
MURCIA, THE GREAT "PASSION" PROCESSION AT Illustrations from Phot. graphs.	<i>Herbert Vivian.</i> 491
MURDER OF ISMAIL, THE Illustrations by C. J. Staniland, R.I., and from a Photograph.	<i>Thomas Dickson, of Ceylon</i> 309
NAIA, THE WITCH OF ROCHEFORT Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Charles Géniaux, of Paris.</i> 643
NIAGARA RAPIDS, FOR LIFE AND DEATH IN Illustrations by Norman H. Hardy, and from a Photograph.	<i>Orrin E. Dunlap.</i> 305
NIAGARA, THE HEROES OF Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Orrin E. Dunlap.</i> 63
NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A Illustrations by Paul Hardy, and from Photographs.	<i>Mrs. Fred. Maturin.</i> 158
OCEAN, THE YOUNG MAN, AND MR. BOLTER'S FLANNELS, THE Illustrations by Paul Hardy, and from Photographs.	<i>Mrs. Fred. Maturin.</i> 618
OCTOPUS, HELD BY AN Illustrations by Paul Hardy, and from a Photograph.	<i>Herbert Perkins.</i> 606
ODDS AND ENDS Illustrations from Photographs.	106, 218, 331, 442, 555, 666
OPEN BOAT, TWENTY-SEVEN DAYS IN AN Illustrations by W. Christian Symons, and from a Photograph.	<i>Capt. Jas. Richards.</i> 470, 637
PEKIN, MY IMPRESSIONS OF Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Alfred Edmonds.</i> 573
PERIL OF SEAMAN-DIVER YOUNG, THE Illustrations from Diagrams and Photographs.	<i>Major Charlton Anne.</i> 137
PONGAU, THE FANTASTIC CARNIVAL AT Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Kathleen Schlesinger.</i> 633
PROFESSOR AND THE BEAR-TRAP, THE Illustrations by Chas. M. Sheldon, and from Photographs.	<i>Oto Frank.</i> 485
PYGMY LAND, THROUGH Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Albert B. Lloyd.</i> 55, 185
REDSKINS, ON THE WARPATH WITH Illustrations by A. Peirse, and from Photographs.	<i>James W. Schultz.</i> 626
ROOF OF THE WORLD, MY ADVENTURES ON THE Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>R. P. Cobbold.</i> 350, 461
SHARK HUNT IN BRITISH GUIANA, A Illustrations by W. S. Stacey, and from a Photograph.	<i>Chas. H. Robinson.</i> 384
SHOOTING THE REVERSIBLE FALLS Illustrations from Photographs.	<i>Frank R. Fairweather.</i> 610
SHORT STORIES:—	
A SLIP ON SNOW ... .. <i>F. B. Oldfield.</i>	81
MY FIRST LEOPARD ... .. <i>Walter H. Bone.</i>	83
ROUND THE WORLD IN A HOME-MADE BOAT ... .. <i>W. S. Gillard.</i>	87
WITH WOLVES IN A BLIZZARD ... .. <i>Mrs. E. Howard.</i>	90
OVERCOME BY MOSQUITOES ... .. <i>W. M. Elkington.</i>	171
IN A MADMAN'S EMBRACE ... .. <i>Harry Kemble.</i>	174
MY SHORT CUT UP THE CLIFFS ... .. ... .. <i>Capt. B. de Sales La Terriere.</i>	177
A MASAI MASSACRE ... .. <i>Walter H. Bone.</i>	181
FREEZING TO DEATH ... .. <i>Egerton R. Young.</i>	301
FOR LIFE AND DEATH IN NIAGARA RAPIDS ... .. ... .. <i>Orrin E. Dunlap.</i>	305
THE MURDER OF ISMAIL ... .. <i>Thomas Dickson.</i>	309
A SHARK HUNT IN BRITISH GUIANA ... ..	384
ON THE WAY TO MOONGEE ... .. ... .. <i>Mrs. Jack Bonstead.</i>	388
A SPLENDID FEAT ... .. <i>Captain Cecil Dyce</i>	392
BESIEGED IN PARAGUAY ... .. <i>F. W. Granert.</i>	498
IN A SOUTH AFRICAN FLOOD ... .. <i>E. J. Austen.</i>	501
HOW WE WAITED FOR DEATH ... .. ... .. <i>Basil C. d'Easum.</i>	506
HELD BY AN OCTOPUS ... .. <i>Herbert Perkins.</i>	606
SHOOTING THE REVERSIBLE FALLS ... .. ... .. <i>Frank R. Fairweather.</i>	610
MY FIGHT WITH "JACKO," THE APE <i>Sam Bolton</i> THE OCEAN, THE YOUNG MAN, AND MR. BOLTER'S FLANNELS ... .. <i>Mrs. Fred. Maturin</i>	613 618
SHORT CUT UP THE CLIFFS, MY Illustrations by C. J. Staniland, R.I.	<i>Capt. B. de Sales La Terriere.</i> 177

	PAGE
SLIP ON SNOW, A .. .. .	<i>F. B. Oldfield.</i> 81
Illustrations from Photographs.	
SNAKES AND THEIR WAYS, VENOMOUS .. .. .	<i>Cland E. Benson.</i> 198
Illustrations from Diagrams and Photographs.	
SOUTH AFRICAN FLOOD, IN A .. .. .	... <i>E. J. Austen</i> 501
Illustrations by the Author.	
SOUTH SEAS, CURIOSITIES OF THE .. .. .	... <i>Basil Thomson.</i> 376, 509
Illustrations from Photographs.	
SPLENDID FEAT, A .. .. .	... <i>Captain Cecil Dyce.</i> 392
Illustrations by Norman H. Hardy and from a Photograph.	
TESLIN TRAIL, HOW THE MINERS CONQUERED THE .. .. .	<i>Mortimer Lamb.</i> 476
Illustrations from Photographs.	
TOUCH AND GO... .. .	... <i>Mrs. Jack Boustead.</i> 548
Illustrations by Paul Hardy, and from Photographs.	
TWO LOVE AFFAIRS, AND HOW THEY ENDED .. .. .	... <i>Kitty Russell.</i> 585
Illustrations by C. J. Staniland, R.L., and from a Photograph.	
UTOPIA, A MODERN .. .. .	... <i>Harold J. Shepstone.</i> 261
Illustrations from Photographs and Facsimiles.	
WAITED FOR DEATH, HOW WE ... .. .	... <i>Basil C. d' Easum.</i> 506
Illustrations by Norman H. Hardy, and from a Photograph.	
WEDDING IN THE WORLD, THE QUAINTEST .. .. .	<i>Kathleen Schlesinger.</i> 395
Illustrations from Photographs.	
WEST AFRICAN SWAMPS, AMONG .. .. .	... <i>P. A. McCann.</i> 538
Illustrations from Photographs.	
WOLVES IN A BLIZZARD, WITH... .. .	... <i>Mrs. E. Howard.</i> 50
Illustrations by J. Finemore, R.B.A., and from Photographs.	
WOLVES, A TUSSELE WITH .. .. .	<i>Tom C. Newton, of Constantinople.</i> 370
Illustrations by Paul Hardy, and from a Photograph.	
WOLVES ON THE ALTAR, A FIGHT WITH .. .. .	... <i>L. H. Eisenmann, of Vienna.</i> 213
Illustrations by Chas. M. Sheldon, and from a Photograph.	
WOMEN NEVER SPEAK, WHERE ... .. .	... <i>Mrs. Herbert Vizian.</i> 266
Illustrations from Photographs.	













P  
LE  
W

605213

Wide World Magazine.  
v. 3 (1899)

NAME OF BORROWER

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
LIBRARY

DO NOT  
REMOVE  
THE  
CARD  
FROM  
THIS  
POCKET



