

THE MAY 1913  
**WIDE WORLD**  
No. 181. Vol. 31. **MAGAZINE** 10 CENTS



See "THE CONFEDERATE FLAG" in this Number.

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# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

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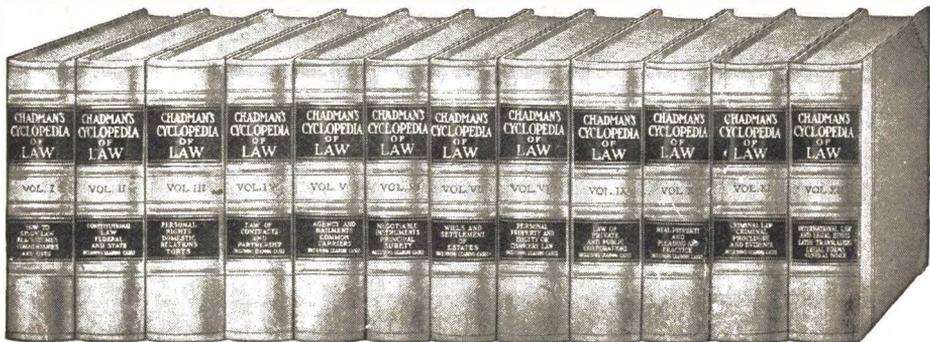
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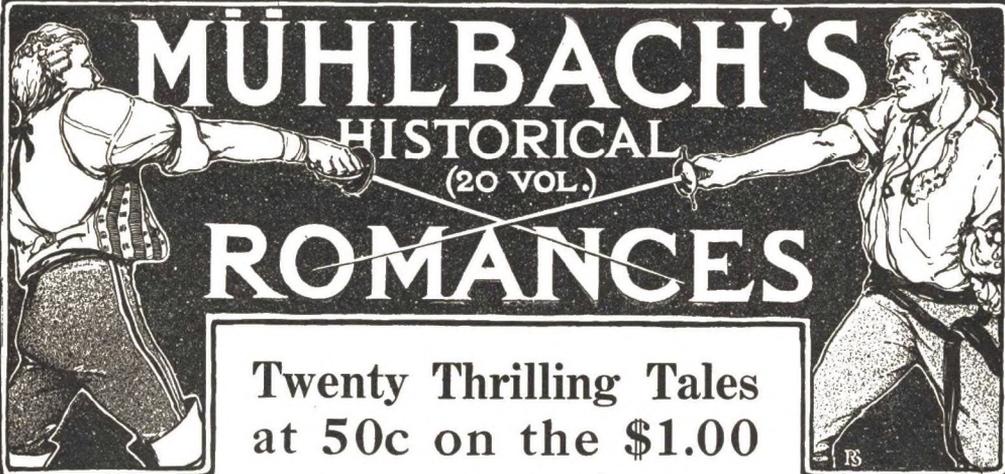
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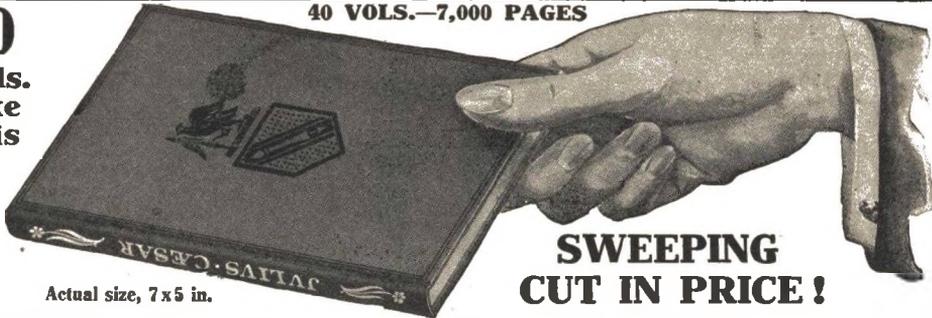
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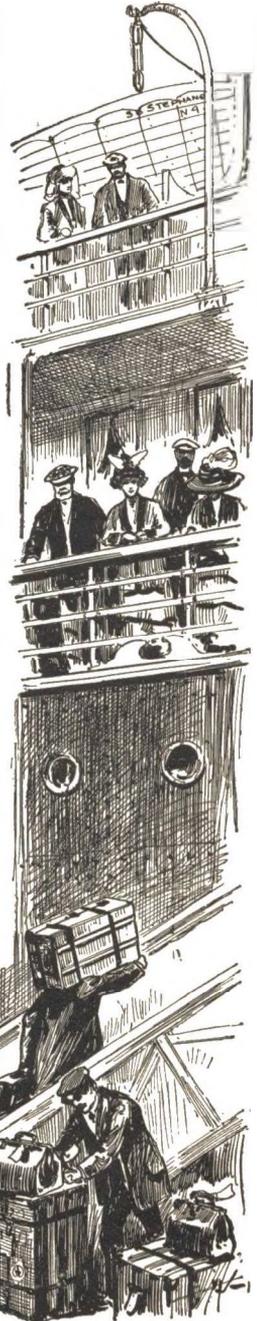
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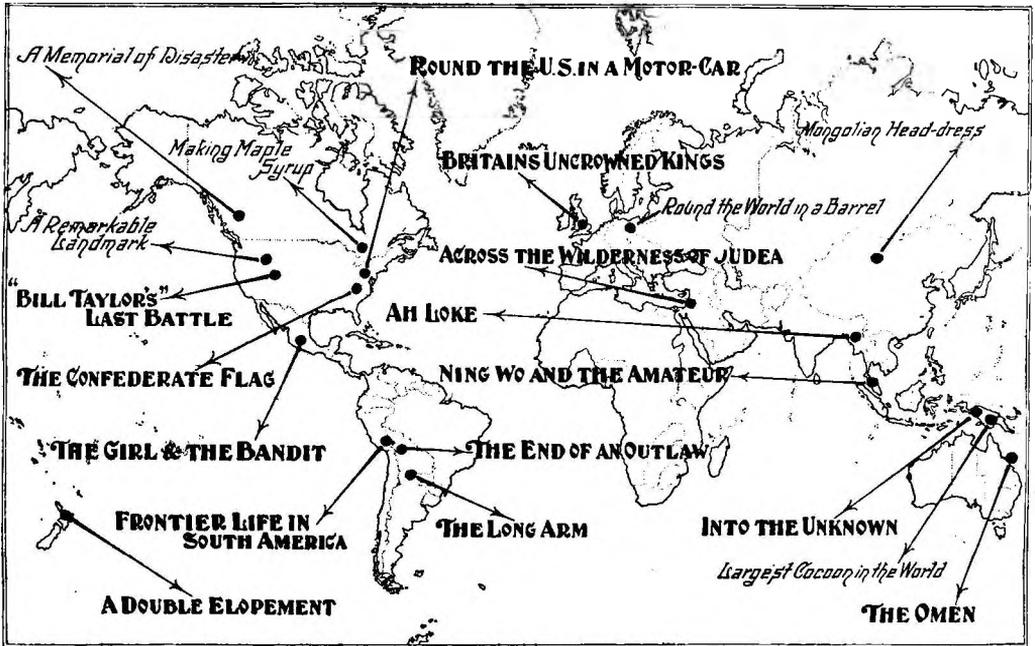
Professor Challenger has invited his old friends, Lord John Roxton, Professor Summerlee and E. D. Malone, to spend a day with him at his home in Sussex, and while journeying down they eagerly discuss the news that a mysterious and universal outbreak of illness has occurred among the natives of Sumatra, and that the lighthouses are all dark in the Straits of Sunda. They are doubly interested in the news as Challenger himself has a letter on the subject in that morning's *Times*. His theory, as he explains when he meets them, is that the world has swum into a stratum, or poison belt, of ether, and that the fate which has befallen the Sumatran natives will quickly overtake the rest of the earth's inhabitants. "It is," he says, "in my opinion, the end of the world."

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"THE TOP OF THE LADDER SLIPPED FROM ITS RESTING-PLACE."

SEE PAGE 4.

# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

Vol. XXXI

MAY, 1913.

No. 181.

## THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

By GEORGE H. LAMAR.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. S. STOTT.

---

The story of a particularly trying two minutes. One can understand the author's indignation at the attitude of the contractor who thought five dollars too much for "such quick work."

---



T was during the Confederate Reunion, held in 1901, at Petersburg, Virginia, that the following incident took place.

Even though I have had quite a number of narrow escapes in the pursuit of my calling—that of a structural iron worker—the adventure here narrated stands out most vividly in my recollection.

The contractor in charge of the work experienced no trouble in decorating the city with flags and bunting, the buildings all being low and easy to reach, until he came to that part of his contract which called for the placing of a Confederate flag in the hand of the statue of Justice which stood on the summit of the tower of the old Court House. As he was rather stout, it was well-nigh impossible for him to make the climb himself, and none of his men cared for the job, so that he was at a loss to know how it was to be accomplished. The parade was to take place the following day, and the flag must be placed in position by that time—but how?

While strolling down Sycamore Street I noticed quite a crowd congregated on the sidewalk, looking up at three negroes whom the worried decorator had eventually hired to do the work. The people were laughing and making various comments as to how long it would take the men to fix the flag, some venturing the opinion that they never would do it at all, which seemed to be a pretty safe statement, for, at the time I arrived on the scene, the negroes were standing on the roof of the building, looking at

one another and shaking their heads, quite undecided what to do next.

After inquiring what the men on the top of the building were trying to accomplish, I asked the decorator if he thought there was any chance of their ever getting through with the job, as they were making no move to do anything.

He turned on me almost angrily. "Why, do you think you can do it?" he asked.

"Well, yes, I think I can, providing the price is right," I told him.

"I am giving those fellows up there five dollars to do the job," was his reply.

"Yes, and from the look of it, I guess they would give about five dollars if they had never tackled the proposition," said I. "Anyhow, I am going up to see what they think about their contract."

Turning to a man by the name of Roland, whom I had met the day before, I asked him how he would like to give me a hand. Knowing he was a painter by trade and used to working at various heights, I thought he might be useful. The reader will see just how useful he really was before I have finished my story.

Mounting to the roof, we climbed the first ladder on the outside of the tower, and we were soon out on the landing or ledge above, from which a second ladder led upwards. One of the negroes was standing on the bottom rung, as though he had made up his mind to make the climb. I laughed at his timorous attitude, whereupon he got off altogether.

"What's the trouble? Can't you do it?"

Roland asked him. The black man knew Roland, and he rolled his eyes and replied in a voice that shook with fear: "Mr. Roland, if I had known I was this far from the ground when I first came up here, I would never have told that man I would take the job."

"Well, if you feel like quitting, we will finish it for you, and give you something for the use of your ladders," continued Roland.

"Yes, sah; yes, sah," cried the black man, eagerly; "you can have the job and ladders too, just as long as you want them."

"All right, then. Where is your flag?" I asked.

Picking up the flag, which was tightly rolled round its stick, I proceeded to ascend the ladder, Roland following closely at my heels. On reaching the top, I turned to Bob and cautioned him to be careful, for the top ladder was resting none too securely.

"You had better hold on to the bottom of this while I am going up, Bob," I said; "there's no room for any shaky business here."

"What's wrong?" asked Roland. "You ain't going to get nervous, are you?"

"No, but you know the proverb about prevention, don't you? Well, just exercise a little of it here, and there will be no necessity for a cure."

"Oh, go ahead and let's get those five dollars," he replied.

Cautiously I began the ascent of the last ladder, and was about to put my hand on the top rung, when, in some unaccountable way, my knee hit against a rung, jarring the ladder so that the top slipped from its resting-place, and brought up with a jerk just about an inch from the edge, one upright hanging about five inches outside and over the cornice. There, with me clinging to the smooth surface of the tower with my finger-nails, the ladder remained—ready to pitch to the yard below, a distance of over a hundred feet, at my slightest move.

I did not know just what kept me from going

the whole distance, until Roland told me later, and showed me what a fix I had been in. I knew I was on a shaking ladder, and that it had only one upright on anything solid, for I could tell by the way the other one quivered that it was out over the edge. I dared not look down; in fact, I am very much under the impression that for some time I did not dare to breathe.

All sorts of thoughts passed through my mind, but I think the chief was as to whether my mother, wife, or kiddie would ever see me alive again. The pavement was so very far down, the stones so dreadfully hard.

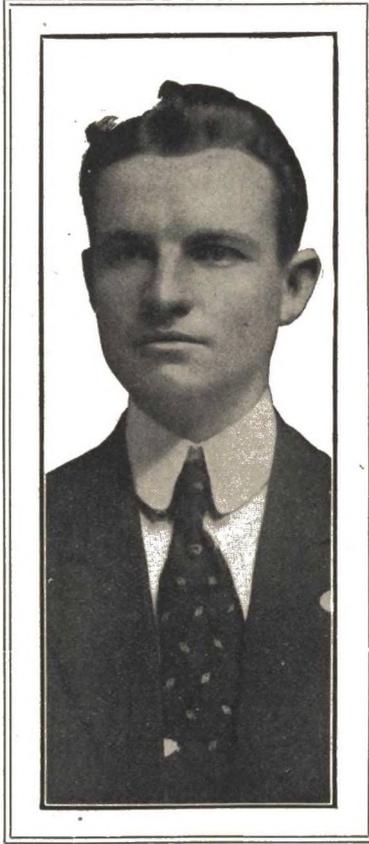
Just then Bob's voice came up to me, and it was as steady as though neither of us were in the slightest danger.

"Go on up, kid," he said; "don't look down, but go on up; it's safest. I won't let you fall. I have got you so that you can't slip any farther, but go slow."

Still retaining my hold of the flag, which I held between my teeth, I began to go up again, though my nerves were on edge. If the ladder slipped again—and it had such a very little way to go! The distance, fortunately for me, was short, and was soon traversed. To reach the point I was making for, I had to stand on the very top of the ladder, in order to reach an opening above my head. Putting my hand in and grasping the edge firmly, I pulled myself up the face of the clock, trying hard to put no strain on the ladder. When I reached the foot of the statue, I was only too glad to rest for a minute on its pedestal. Roland, I discovered later, had held

the ladder in place all this time by main strength, aided by that invaluable quality that, in Western parlance, is commonly called "sand."

He told me, after we had reached the ground, that he either had to hold me up, or get scraped off himself when I came down, and that it was only through the instinct of self-preservation on his part that I did not take the drop. Be that as it may, I am convinced that he saved my life.



Mr. George H. Lamar, the Author of this story of a narrow escape from death.

*From a Photograph.*



"I pulled myself up the face of the clock."

When I unfurled the flag, I found that I had almost bitten the staff in two, so my nerves must have been pretty badly shaken.

After getting myself partly in hand, I began to make preparations for putting that troublesome piece of bunting in its designated place. Discovering that I had forgotten to bring any twine with which to make the staff fast, I am afraid that I said some things that would not look well in print. I looked up at the hand where the flag was to rest, which held a pair of scales, and noticed a piece of wire which was a part of the equipment and which I thought might come in useful. When I climbed to the figure's hip, however, and tried to bend the wire around the staff, both the wire and the thumb on the hand snapped off. In disgust, I threw both wire and thumb to the street, my action being greeted by a laugh from below and a scramble on the part of the youngsters in the crowd to recover the trophy.

I was told afterwards that the residents of the town were

under the impression that the figure was of stone, and were very much surprised to learn that it was only wood.

But to get back to how I finally finished my task. Suddenly a happy thought flashed through my mind—why not take the strings out of my shoes? They would make excellent lashings. So, sitting on the pedestal, I took out the laces and threw the shoes down to the crowd below. When I finally made the flag fast to the hand and its folds waved in the breeze, a

cheer went up from my audience, which had now grown quite large.

I was now without shoes, but I thought I could climb much better in my stockinged feet than in a loose pair of shoes. Getting back to the roof was about as nerve-racking a business as going up, but was accomplished without further mishap. After helping the negroes to lower their ladder, we proceeded to collect my shoes and the five dollars. One of my shoes had

a heel missing, which had separated itself from its proper place when it hit the pavement.

"Well," I said to the decorator, "are you satisfied with the job?"

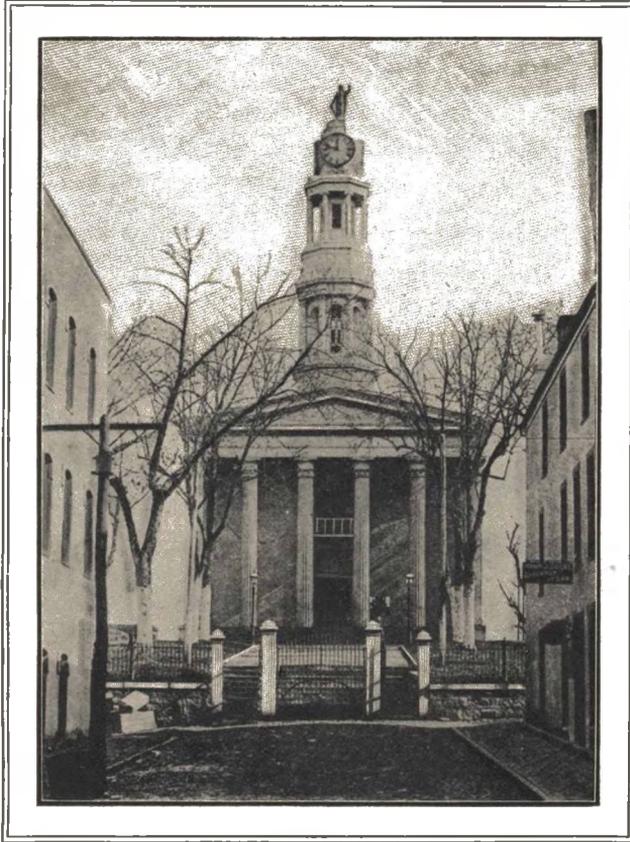
"Yes," he replied; "but don't you think five dollars is too much to pay a man for such quick work as that?"

You could have knocked me down with a feather. After what I had gone through in such a short space of time, to have him spring a remark like that on me took my breath away.

"Look here," I said, "you told me you were paying five dollars for this

job, and if you don't pay it, and quickly too, I am going up there to take that blessed flag down."

As a matter of fact I would not have undertaken the task for several five-dollar notes, but the way I said it convinced him that I would, for he promptly produced the money. I gave Bob two dollars, and another dollar to the negroes, and after I had spent ten cents for a new heel and bought a new pair of laces, the job netted me the magnificent sum of one dollar and eighty-five cents!



The courthouse at Petersburg, Virginia, where this adventure happened.  
*From a Photograph.*

# Britain's Uncrowned "Kings."

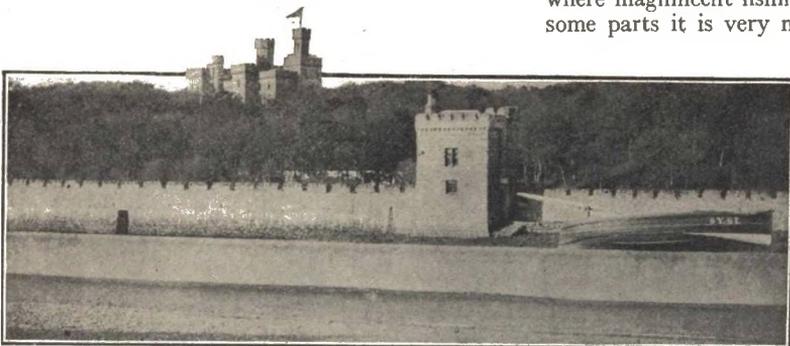
BY HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.

An interesting account of the numerous islands around our coasts whose owners, by virtue of ancient charters, can claim to be "monarchs of all they survey" in their sea-girt kingdoms. Many of these islands are rich in historic associations, and, as some of them are for sale, we commend this article to any reader who wishes to become a "king" in a small way.

**S**CATTERED around the shores of the United Kingdom are a number of islands, large and small, whose proprietors, whilst owning allegiance to King George, are, nevertheless, monarchs of all they survey, with greater power over the comfort and well-being of their "subjects" than His Majesty enjoys. Indeed, in some instances the British Parliament has no power to tax these island estates without the consent of their owners, nor can anyone land or reside upon them without the permission of their rulers. Some of them are but a few acres in extent, while others run into many square miles of territory, boasting of a lordly castle and quite a large population.

Kingdom next to Ireland. For the man desirous of setting up in a moderate sort of way as a monarch, here is an admirable chance, for Major Matheson is anxious to dispose of his kingdom. Lewis has figured largely in Scottish history, and the doings of that doughty warrior chief, Rurai Macleod, who once ruled it with a rod of iron, would fill volumes. Over and over again British kings have dispatched gallant soldiers to take the island and subdue its chiefs. After a few months' occupation, however, they invariably had to retire beaten. At one time the island fell into the hands of the Dutch, but they, like the king's forces, were eventually driven out.

The little kingdom boasts of extensive lochs, where magnificent fishing is to be had, while in some parts it is very mountainous, Mealasbhal and Ben More, the two highest peaks, towering eighteen hundred odd feet above sea-level. Over its extensive moors and forest land the red deer still roam. Everywhere there are numerous antiquities and Druidical remains. The owner's residence is a magnificent old castle close to Stornoway,



Stornoway Castle, on the Island of Lewis, perhaps the principal island property in the United Kingdom. *From a Photograph.*

Perhaps the principal island property in the United Kingdom is Lewis, in the Outer Hebrides, whose present ruler is Major Matheson. Lewis is certainly no mean kingdom, seeing that it boasts of an area of four hundred and thirty-seven thousand two hundred and twenty-one acres and a population of nearly thirty thousand souls. Indeed, it is the largest island in the United

the principal town. Many members of the Royal Family have stayed here, including the late King Edward. The principal industry is fishing, and in the season the girls of Stornoway go all over Scotland packing herrings. Next to fishing cloth-weaving engages the attention of the islanders, who are a hardy and thrifty set of people, the majority of whom know no other



From a]

A scene in the Island of Arran, which is ruled by the Marchioness

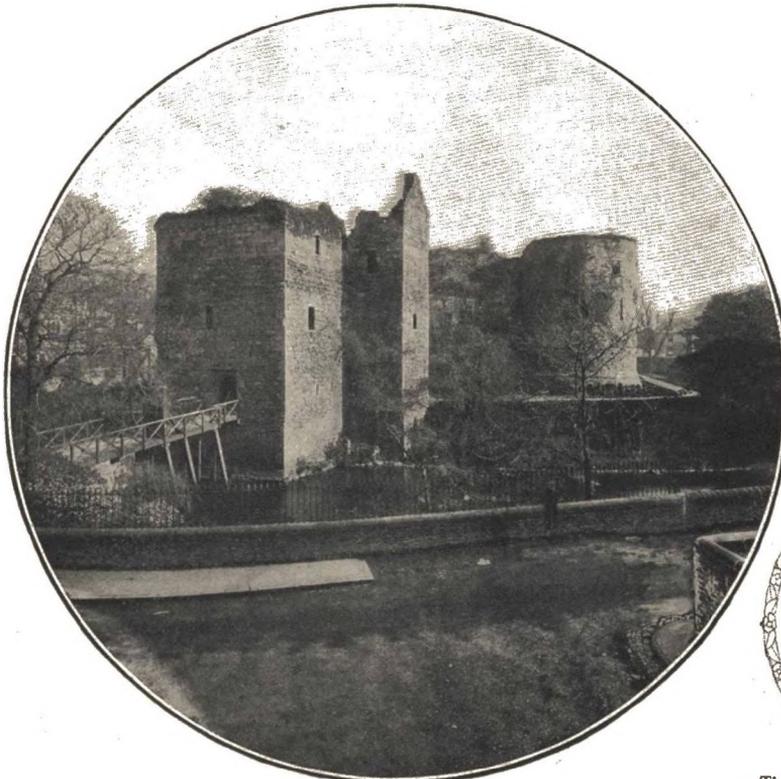
tongue but Gaelic. Major Matheson is asking three hundred thousand pounds for this island kingdom, and the auctioneers, Messrs. Osborn and Mercer, declare it as "dirt cheap" at the price.

It is in these northern waters, too, that we find Arran, another interesting island kingdom ruled over by a lady, the beautiful Marchioness of Graham, wife of the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Montrose. It was as Lady Mary Hamilton that the Marchioness inherited this little monarchy from her father, the late Duke of

Hamilton, whose only child she was. As sole owner of this sea-girt kingdom, the Marchioness rules wisely and well over loyal subjects, numbering in all nearly five thousand.

The island, which is some nineteen miles long and ten and a half broad, with an area of a hundred and sixty-eight square miles, has had a romantic history. Along the cliffs of the south coast there are several large caverns, one being known as the King's Cave. Here Robert the Bruce is said to have hidden himself for some time, while it was from Brodick Bay that Bruce

sailed to Carrick on his expedition for the recovery of the Crown. There are many interesting ruins, too, such as Lochranza Castle, once the residence of the Scots kings. Then there are cairns, standing stones, and stone circles. A few years ago several stone coffins were found in a cairn two hundred feet in circumference. Brodick Castle, the owner's residence, is on the site of an old and historic structure, but it has



Rothesay Castle, Bute, where Robert III. died.

From a Photograph.



The Marquis of Bute, owner of the island of the same name.

From a Photo. by Russell &amp; Sons.



of Graham.

[Photograph.

been rebuilt within recent times in Scotch baronial style. Situated upon the north-west shore of Brodick Bay, its position is an exceptionally fine one. In 1902, when cruising in these waters, King Edward paid a visit to the castle. Our photograph of this island was very kindly taken for us by the Marchioness herself, who is an expert photographer.

Next comes the Isle of Bute, in the Firth of Clyde, said to possess the mildest climate in all Bonnie Scotland. Its owner, of course, is the Marquess of Bute, who lords it over a kingdom forty-nine square miles in extent, and boasting of a population of eleven thousand souls. The scenery is varied, and in some places very picturesque. There are six lakes on the island, the largest being Loch Fad, two and a half miles long by a quarter of a mile wide. Here, in a cottage, lived Kean, the great actor, and also Sheridan Knowles, the famous dramatist. Among the antiquities of Bute is Kames Castle, the birth-place of John Sterling, the celebrated author and essayist. The principal town is Rothesay, in the centre of which stands Rothesay Castle, dating back to the year 1098. It was here that Robert III. died. From an early period Bute was more or less subject to the Norwegians, who held the castle. The present owner's residence, Mount Stuart, lies five miles from Rothesay. By an old charter in the possession of the Marquess's family, the present proprietor holds undisputed sway over the destiny of the island.

Not far from Bute is the beautiful Island of Islay, now governed by Mr. Hugh Morrison, brother-in-law of Lord Granville. This little kingdom, the richest and most productive island of the Hebrides, was the principal residence of

the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles. It passed, early in the seventeenth century, from the Macleans to the Campbells, and afterwards to the Morrisons. It has a length of twenty-five and a half miles, a breadth of nineteen, and a total area of two hundred and forty-six square miles. The population numbers seven thousand souls, the principal industries being dairy-farming, stock-raising, and whisky distillation.

The Duke of Argyll includes in his possessions not only Tyree Island, but also the Island of Iona, the most sacred and historic spot in all Scotland. Its history began in the year 563, when St. Columba, leaving the shores of Ireland, landed upon Iona with twelve disciples.

Having obtained a grant of the island, he built upon it a monastery. This was repeatedly attacked and destroyed by the Norsemen, many of the monks suffering martyrdom during these fierce forays. In 1203 a new monastery, as well as a nunnery, was founded by the Benedictines, and the ecclesiastical remains for which the island is now famous are chiefly of



Islay, owned by Mr. Hugh Morrison—This beautiful island has a population of seven thousand.

From a Photo. by A. Cameron.

that date. They consist of the cathedral of St. Mary, the nunnery, several small chapels, a building called the Bishop's house, and two fine crosses, St. Martin's and Maclean's.

A little to the south of Iona lies Colonsay, belonging to Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, who purchased it some few years ago from the heirs of the late Sir John McNeill. The island is eight miles long and from one and a half to three miles in width, possessing but sixteen square miles of territory, and is fairly flat, no point reaching five hundred feet above sea-level. Its relics consist of a number of standing stones and an extensive bone cave. The owner's



Iona, ruled by the Duke of Argyll—the history of this wonderful island goes back to the year 563.

From a Photo, by F. Frith & Co.

residence is Colonsay House, which has been the seat of the McNeills since the sixteenth century.

In the Inner Hebrides there is also to be found the Island of Rum, or Rhum, ruled by Sir John Bullough. This is virtually a huge deer and game reserve. The finest herds and some of the best shooting in Scotland are to be obtained here. Indeed, the place abounds in a great variety of game, which is zealously preserved by its owner. To receive an invitation to hunt in this domain is one of the ambitions of sportsmen. This island reserve is eight and a half miles in length by eight miles in breadth. Of its forty-two square miles of area only three hundred acres are arable, and these are devoted to sheep-farming. The whole of the remainder is deer forest and moorland. The island is very mountainous, a mass of high, sharp peaks, many towering two thousand feet and more in height. The island has had a chequered career. In 1826 the four hundred crofters living on the island were all cleared off to America, with the exception of a single family, and the arable land converted into a sheep-farm. Today Rum has a population of a hundred and forty-nine souls, who acknowledge Sir John Bullough as their rightful lord and master. He resides at Kinloch Castle, and dispenses there a hospitality in

keeping with the traditions of the island.

In the Outer Hebrides is another interesting kingdom, the Island of North Uist, belonging to Sir Arthur

J. Campbell-Orde, who served with great distinction in the South African War. No one can land or reside upon the island without the owner's permission, while it is also free from taxation—or, rather, no rates or taxes can be levied without the consent of its ruler. It has an area of seventy-six thousand acres and a population of nearly four thousand. It is famous for its natural beauties, its varied sporting attractions, for its horses, ponies, fat cattle and sheep, and its historic associations. The eastern half of the island is so cut up by lochs



The Duke of Argyll, lord of Iona and Tyree.

From a Photo, by Elliott & Fry.



The Island of Rum, a huge deer and game preserve.

From a Photo, by J. Valentine & Sons.

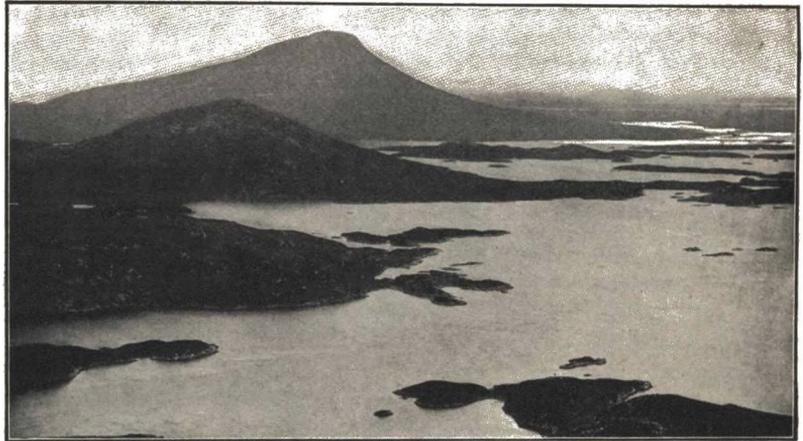


Rousay, which contains interesting relics of the Picts and Vikings.

*From a Photo. by T. Kent.*

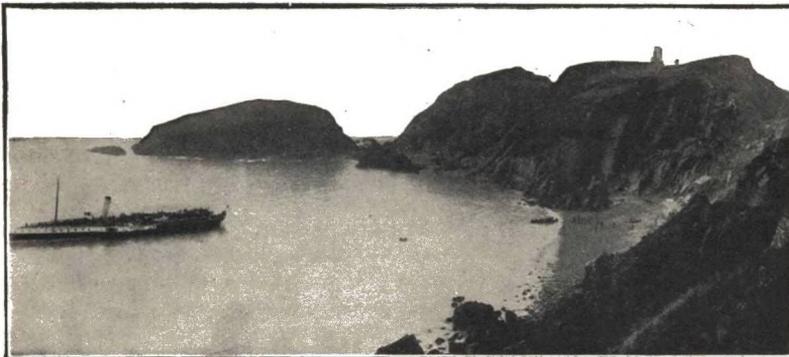
and watercourses as to have the appearance of an archipelago. Bonnie Prince Charles is said to have landed on North Uist Island and hidden in the heather.

Right away to the North of Scotland we have Rousay, an island of the Orkney group. For many



Loch Eport, on the Island of North Uist.

*From a Photo. by J. Valentine & Sons.*



*From a*

Lundy Island, in the Bristol Channel.

*[Photograph.*

of pirates and murderers, smugglers and convicts. At one time it fell into the hands of Turkish privateers; at another it was held by French pirates, and Charles I. kept

years it was ruled by the late Lieutenant-General Trail Burroughs. The property is now in the hands of trustees, and if rumour is correct Lord Pentland, who recently visited the island, will ere long become its "king." On the southern side of the island, close to the road—which, by the way, completely encircles Rousay—is situated Trumbland House, the principal residence. From an antiquarian point of view the island is rich in interest, Picts' houses, ancient burial-grounds,

a garrison here. In the middle of the eighteenth century the member for Barnstaple owned it, and when he undertook to transport convicts to Virginia he took them to



Rev. H. G. Heaven, owner of Lundy.

*From a Photograph.*

Lundy and worked them for his own profit!

Just over seventy years ago, however,



St. Michael's Mount, off the coast of Cornwall.  
From a Photo. by Preston.



Lord St. Levan, owner of St. Michael's Mount.  
From a Photograph.

Lundy passed by purchase into the hands of the Heaven family, and there it still remains.

The price paid for it was nine thousand eight hundred and

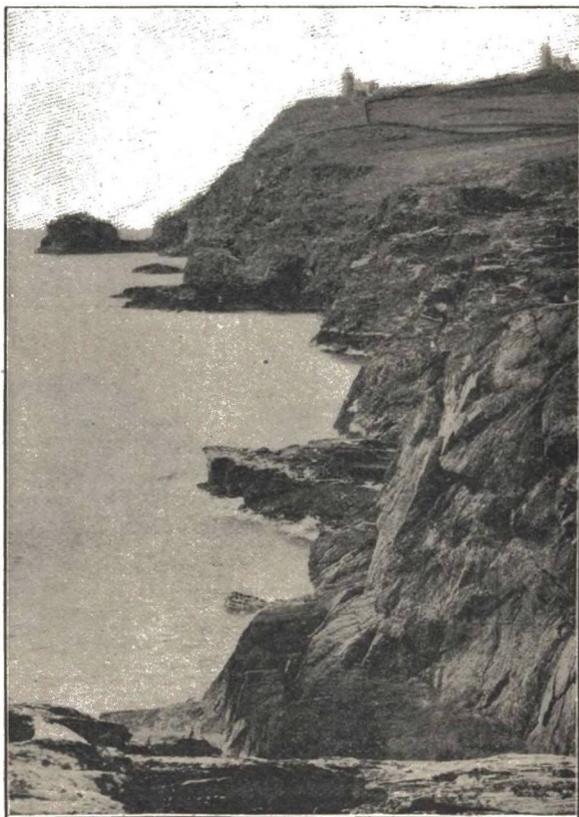
seventy pounds. The Rev. H. G. Heaven is the present owner. He became curate there in 1864, and as curate and vicar he has since remained, overlord of twelve hundred acres and of fewer than a hundred souls.

The island figures in Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and was the death-place of "Judah" Stukeley. Half a mile from the southern end is Lundy Lighthouse, a spot which it is most essential to light adequately, for the place has always been a menace to shipping. It will be recalled that H.M.S. *Montagu* went aground on the Shutter Rock, at the southern end of the isle, some five years ago, and became a total wreck. If the vessel had gone ashore in the island's only bay, Mr. Heaven could have claimed heavy salvage as lord of the foreshore, these rights being clearly defined in the articles of the charter. As it is, no one can land or reside upon the island without the consent of the owner, while it is also exempt from taxation. Here it may be added that Mr. Heaven is anxious to dispose of his island, and is on the look-out for a purchaser with a Robinson Crusoe turn of mind.

The great rock of St. Michael's, rising up from the centre of Mount's Bay, off the Cornish coast, is in a somewhat anomalous position. It is an island, and yet it is not, the fact

of the matter being that, for a few hours at low water, the Mount is connected with the mainland by a rough stone causeway five hundred and sixty

yards long. Perched at the summit of the rock, nearly two hundred feet high, stands the famous old castle, the residence of Lord St. Levan, the present owner. Clustered at the foot of the Mount, on its landward side, is the tiny village,



The Calf of Man, showing the twin lighthouses.  
From a Photo. by G. B. Cowen.

composed of a score or more of houses, chiefly inhabited by the retainers of Lord St. Levan. St. Michael's Mount must be almost the smallest



Lambay, as seen from the sea—The place is a paradise of birds.  
*From a Photograph.*



The Hon. Cecil Baring, owner of Lambay.

*From a Photograph.*

Isle of Man lies the Calf of Man, a delightful little island kingdom purchased last year from Mr. William Cary, son of Colonel Cary, the well-known American, by Mr. Samuel Haigh, of Huddersfield, for twenty thousand pounds. Under a grant of the land from the Crown in the days of Queen Elizabeth, the Calf of Man was declared to be for ever free from

island estate in the United Kingdom, being but little more than a mile in circumference.

Off the southernmost end of the

much as visiting the neighbouring kingdom, the Isle of Man. After enjoying a ten years' existence here in Robinson Crusoe fashion, his son at last disposed of the property.

Out in the waters of Cardigan Bay, off the coast of Carnarvon, is Bardsey Island, a small slip of land two miles long. Here reigns the Hon. Frederick G. Wynn, who is acknowledged



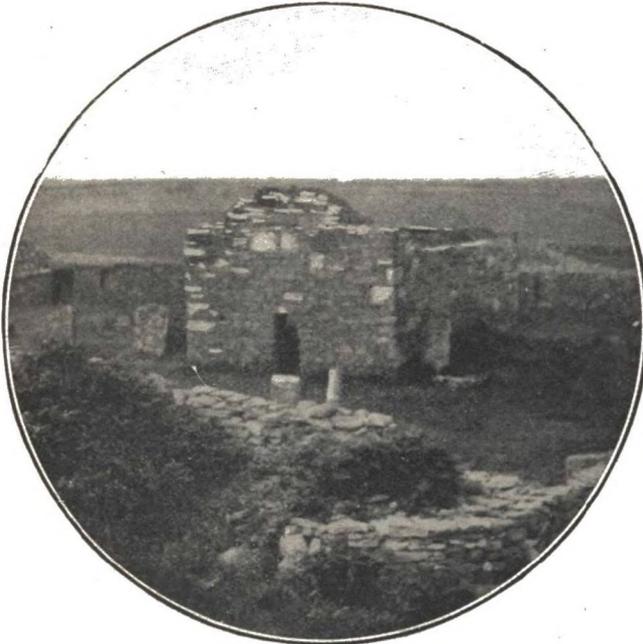
Valentia Island, showing the cable station.

*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence.*



Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, who owns Valentia Island.

*From a Photograph.*



The "Church of the Men," Inishmurray.  
From a Photograph.

as their chief by the inhabitants, numbering some eighty all told. The island figured largely in the early religious history of the country. Tradition has it that no fewer than twenty thousand "saints" were buried there. That the story has at least some substance of truth is proved by the immense number of human bones and antique remains which have been unearthed in every part of the isle.

Just north of Howth, in Dublin Bay, lies the Island of Lambay. Formerly it was the property of the Archbishop of Dublin, but a few years ago it was purchased by the Hon. Cecil Baring, heir to the earldom of his childless brother, Lord Revelstoke. The island is a small one, barely three miles in circumference, and, although scarcely four miles from the coast, is curiously isolated when one considers its proximity to the capital of Ireland. Lambay Castle, the residence of the owner, is an interesting old building of some historic note, from the fact that

Archbishop Usher, a staunch adherent to Charles I., took refuge in the house on one occasion when his life was endangered. Mr. Baring has considerably improved and beautified the castle, and spends a considerable portion of the year there with his wife.

Some declare that it was on Lambay that St. Patrick first landed in Ireland, and that he built his first church here; while others aver that the old church ruins on the island are those of a sacred edifice founded by St. Columba. To-day the island is famous for its castle, its animal life, and its flowers. Fallow deer roam over it, and also the rhea, while in its caverns dwell great grey seals. It is a paradise of birds, especially during the summer, and close on a hundred varieties make it their home, including the falcon. On the cliffs grow acres of scurvy-grass, with its creamy white flowers smelling like honey, and covering the land with blossom.

Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, twentieth Knight of Kerry, lords it over the Island of Valentia, off the coast of Kerry, the ownership of which en-

ables him to style himself the nearest European neighbour to the United States. This little kingdom in the Atlantic is some five miles long by two broad. The island is chiefly famous as the European terminus of more than one Atlantic telegraph. With its post and telegraph office, it is quite a busy little place, the population numbering nearly two thousand souls.

Another island kingdom in Irish waters is Inishmurray, in Sligo Bay. It is about a mile long by half a mile wide, some two hundred acres in extent, and has a population



Mr. Van Raalte, who owns Brownssea Island.  
From a Photograph.



From a Photo. by

Brownssea Island, in Poole Harbour.

[F. Frith & Co.

of some seventy souls. It has been owned for two hundred years by a family of the name of Waters. The late Michael Waters, the father of the present proprietor, was a great character and known throughout Ireland. Although his kingdom was small and his subjects few, he ruled without difficulty over a community which knew no law but his will, and who devoted themselves to farming, fishing, and to the manufacture of illicit but nevertheless excellent whisky. The island possesses the most interesting remains of early monastic architecture to be found in Ireland, St. Mulacius, a disciple of St. Patrick, having established a monastery there, his wooden representation being still preserved in the oratory. Among the oddities of the island is one graveyard for women and another, some distance off, for the men. The islanders firmly believe that no male could rest content in the female burying-ground, and that any attempt to inter him there would only result in a restless spirit and ghostly wanderings.

Down on the south coast, standing in the waters of Poole Harbour, is the little Islet of Brownsea. For



From a Photo. by]

A view on Osea Island.

[F. Frith & Co.



Mr. F. N. Charrington, the owner of Osea.

From a Photograph.

of exciting incidents. Indeed, for many years Brownsea was the haunt of pirates, smugglers, and wreckers. That the ubiquitous Romans had something to do with Brownsea is evident from the many pieces of pottery which have been found on the island and the presence there of an interesting Roman bath of marble. It was here, too, that St. Augustine, in the sixth century, founded a monastery—Cerne Abbey.

One of the best known of the many rulers of this kingdom was Colonel Waugh, who purchased it in 1852 for thirteen thousand pounds. The story goes that while he and his wife were wandering over the isle, without any intention whatever of buying it, Mrs. Waugh carelessly prodded the earth with her parasol, which stuck in a bed of white clay. Her knowledge of geology prompted her to conclude that it was of a quality required for the finest porcelain ware. The island was at that time in the market, and the colonel lost no time in securing an option to purchase the property, and employed an expert to examine the soil and report upon it. The report was magnificent. It pronounced the discovery to be that of "a most valuable bed of the finest china clay."

Upon this glowing account Colonel Waugh

secured the island, and at once began to spend money in improving it and developing its resources as if he were already a millionaire. He called in another expert, who, after spending some time on the island, declared that there could not be less than thirty to forty million tons of marketable clay, worth for manufacturing purposes from fifteen to twenty million pounds. Expensive machinery was installed, but, alas! it was discovered that the quality of the clay was not adapted for porcelain, and only suitable for terra-cotta and the coarser kind of pottery. The works were closed, and then came the failure of the bank from which the colonel had borrowed heavily, and of which he was a director, suddenly bringing his reign as "King of Brownsea" to an end. The present owner, Mr. Van Raalte, took over the property in 1900, and the hundred and forty-five inhabitants of the kingdom are all in his service.

Unique in many ways among these island kingdoms is Osea. It lies in a deep bay on the

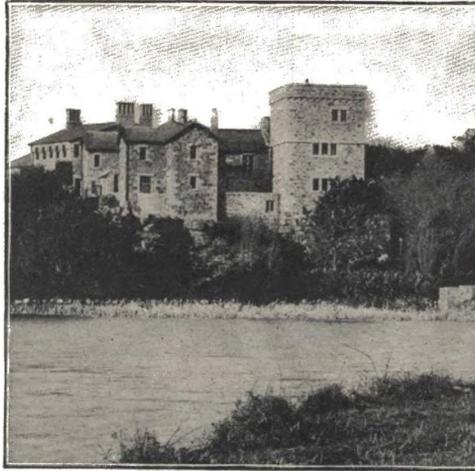
Essex coast, formed by the estuary of the Blackwater. The island is about a mile and a half long, three-quarters of a mile wide, and has a coast-line of some four miles. It is a delightful island retreat of beautiful meadow land and charming old elm trees, an ideal place for yachting, boating, bathing, and sea-fishing. It was purchased some eight years ago by Mr. Frank N. Charrington, the popular East-end temperance worker, who sacrificed a million and a quarter of money rather than continue in the great brewing business established by his father. After he had secured the island he converted it into a retreat for aristocratic drunkards, and also, for that matter, into a seaside and health resort. On this "teetotal island" there are no public-houses or drug stores. The largest building on the island is "Rivermere," a really charming residence for well-to-do inebriates. The island boasts of an interesting history, and from the time of Edward the Confessor has always had a small population and a "king."

Twenty-seven miles to the south-west of Land's End lie the Scilly Isles. They represent the strangest island holding in the United Kingdom, as in all they number two hundred islands, islets, and rocks—an extensive archipelago, and yet entirely the property of one man. At the present time only four of them are inhabited, and the second in point of size, Treesco, is the home of the lord-proprietor of the Scillies, Mr. T. A. Dorrien-Smith. Treesco

Abbey, Mr. Dorrien-Smith's residence, is built on the foundations, and to a great extent with the materials, of the ancient abbey, which dates from the time of King Athelstane in 936.



Mr. T. A. Dorrien-Smith, lord-proprietor of the Scillies.  
From a Photo. by Gibson & Sons.



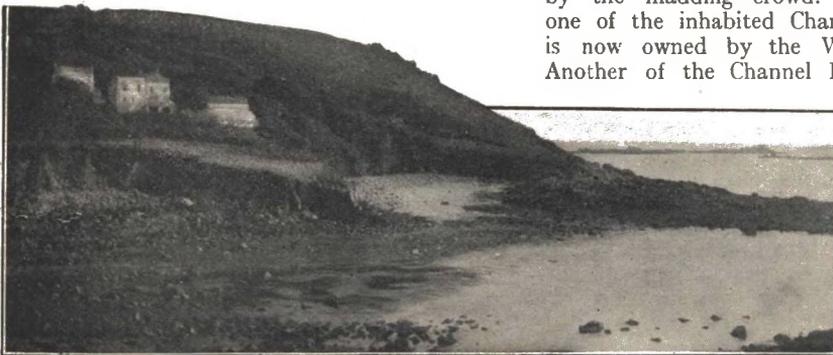
Treesco Abbey, Scilly.  
From a Photo. by Preston.

The Scilly Islands remained in the possession of the Godolphins until 1835, when they passed to Augustus Smith, uncle of the present "king of the Scillies." It was Mr. Dorrien-Smith's father who induced the islanders to take up flower-growing, an industry which has contributed much to the prosperity of the islands.

Naturally there are many islands scattered around our shores owned by private companies and also by various cities and corporations, and

quite a number that are Crown or Government property. In the Bristol Channel, for instance, there are two charming little islands, each about a mile and a half in circumference, known as Flat Holme and Steep Holme. The former is under the control of the Cardiff Corporation, and, like Steep Holme, is fortified. Steep Holme belongs to a farmer, Mr. James Sleeman, who raises sheep and milks his cows here undisturbed by the madding crowd. The smallest but one of the inhabited Channel Islands, Herm, is now owned by the Westbank Company. Another of the Channel Islands, the Isle of

Jethou, less than a mile and a half in circumference, is owned by Sir Henry Lee, of the British Embassy in Paris. He and his wife spend many weeks every year in its delightful manor-house.



From a

The pretty little Island of Jethou.

(Photograph.

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# THE GIRL AND THE BANDIT.

BY GUILLERMO CUERNADIA.

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS SOMERFIELD.

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The account of a girl's dramatic escape from the clutches of a villainous brigand chief—formerly one of her father's workmen—who had vowed to win her by fair means or foul. The story, which is absolutely vouched for, throws yet another side-light upon the present insecurity of life and property in the wilder parts of Mexico.



WING to the political troubles and the various revolutionary outbreaks from which Mexico has suffered since the deposition of President Diaz there has been a revival of the brigandage which in former days gave that country an unsavoury reputation for lawlessness. In the mountain regions and the more remote and unprotected parts of the country the bandits have had matters all their own way, and have established a regular reign of terror.

Many stories of the terrible doings of these outlaws are being told, but none of them is more realistic, more fraught with excitement and tragedy, than the recital of a series of events which had for their chief characters a notorious bandit chief, Juan Soreno by name; Miss Teresa Elerrea; her father, Lorenzo Elerrea, a wealthy mine-owner of Reynosa, in the State of Chihuahua; and Henry Meldon, a young American mining engineer.

The little village of Reynosa is situated far up near the source of the Rio Aros, in the timber-covered heights of the Sierra Madres, several days' mule-back journey from the nearest railroad. It lies far off the trail of ordinary travel, even of the venturesome mining men and prospectors.

Lorenzo Elerrea, father of the heroine of this story, is of pure Spanish blood. His wife died many years ago. Teresa was their only child, and Don Lorenzo has always lavished his love upon her.

When a mere slip of a girl, Teresa was wont to journey alone far into the depths of the forest. While on one of these jaunts she made a detour from the old trail and came round by the ancient San Miguel Mine, belonging to Don Pablo Mariscal. It was a fateful day for Teresa, for it marked her first introduction to the daring young man, Juan Soreno, who was afterwards to play such an important part in her life. Don Pablo and Teresa's father were friends, having

lived many years in the mountains as neighbours. Don Pablo scolded Teresa roundly for venturing alone into the mountain forests.

"You should not go unprotected," he told her. "I will send Juan, one of my trusty men, back with you."

In response to his shout of "Juan!" there emerged from the portal of the house a youth of fine build and most striking appearance. His every movement bore evidence of the strength and health born of his free life among the mountains.

"This is Teresa, the daughter of *mio amigo*, Don Lorenzo," said Don Pablo. "You are to escort her to her home."

Few words were spoken by either Teresa or Juan on the long journey back to Reynosa, but it marked the beginning of an acquaintance that Juan did not forget. It was a year or two later, perhaps, that Juan came over to Reynosa and obtained employment as a foreman in Don Lorenzo's mine. He seldom met Teresa, for they occupied different spheres of life even in that isolated community. Occasionally she would come across him in her rides through the mountains, and at these times he would remove his sombrero and feast his dark, luminous eyes upon her as long as she was in sight. With the intuition of her sex Teresa knew that Juan loved her. While her proud Spanish spirit made her realize that it was an affection she could never reciprocate, she was, woman-like, not displeased with the silent devotion which the lowly *peon* bestowed upon her. So matters went on until her private tutor told her father she was far enough advanced in her studies to be sent away to finish her education. Accordingly she went to France, and the two years that she spent in Paris rounded off the accomplishments that every well-to-do Mexican parent seeks to give his daughter. It also turned the immature girl into a very charming and graceful young woman.

It was during the time that Mexico was first disturbed by revolution that Miss Teresa arrived in the city of Mexico on her way back from Paris. Her father met her at Vera Cruz, and in view of the disturbance which was then raging over a wide area of the State of Chihuahua, it was deemed best to delay the journey to their mountain home until the situation improved. But the call of the forest was strong in Miss Teresa's ears.

"Why should we be afraid?" she argued with old Don Lorenzo. "Are the people of the Sierras not our people? They will not harm us, I am sure."

"Ah, my dear Teresa," replied her father, sadly, "great indeed are the changes that have occurred since you went away from the old home. No longer do we know who are our friends, and there are enemies everywhere."

He then related in some detail many of the terrible outrages and crimes that had been committed by roving bands of mountain bandits.

"Of all the men in arms," he concluded, "none is more vicious, more dangerous, and more dreaded by peace-loving people than one of my own men—a man whom I had learned to trust and had the highest confidence in."

"Who is he?" asked Miss Teresa.

"Juan Soreno, my mine foreman."

"Not the Juan who came to us from the mine of your *amigo*, Don Pablo?" she inquired.

"The same man," he answered. "He is now at the head of a band of brigands, and I have no doubt he would set his fiends upon our village if I had not enough men to stand loyally by me and guard the town and mine day and night."

Miss Teresa, fresh from the Paris boarding-school, was eager to return to her old mountain home, and the tale which her father told, instead of frightening her, stirred in her blood the latent spirit of adventure that had come down to her from her Spanish forefathers. Probably it was this desire to be in the midst of the dangers and excitement going on around Reynosa that led to her pleadings that they might proceed on their journey without further delay. Finally, though sorely against his better judgment, her

devoted father yielded to her insistent urging. They took train to Temosachie, and there leaving the railroad they started on the long overland trip.

Their route lay through Guaynopa, and there Don Lorenzo met Henry Meidon, a young American mining engineer, and employed him to go to Reynosa and make an examination of the old mine. As a matter of fact, Don Lorenzo, despairing of any improvement in the conditions, had determined to sell the property and move out of the bandit-infested district. He had received a tentative offer for the mine while in the capital, and his purpose in having it examined by an expert engineer was in order that an estimate of the amount of ore in sight and its value might be made.

Mr. Meldon went to Mexico from the United States several years ago, and had a good knowledge of that part of the country. While his mission to Reynosa was fraught with more or less danger, owing to the high-handed operations of the bandits, it was almost equally dangerous to remain at Guaynopa, so he threw in his lot with the Elerreas with a light heart. Accordingly, with an armed escort, Don Lorenzo, Miss Teresa, and Mr. Meldon set out from Guaynopa early one morning.

Having lived in the mountain wilds during the period when the country was at peace,

and not having been a personal witness of the turbulence and bloodshed that had occurred during her absence, pretty Miss Teresa could hardly realize the possibility of any danger. She looked upon the expedition as a pleasant frolic, and laughed at the gloomy forebodings of the good people of Guaynopa, who were aghast at her temerity in subjecting herself to such risks.

"I have not forgotten how to handle a gun," she told them, airily.

This, though said laughingly, was no idle remark. In the days of her girlhood no one in all Western Mexico was truer in aim with rifle and pistol than Teresa, and many a time wild animals of the forest had fallen victims to her prowess.

Her father had equipped her for this journey with a modern rifle, revolver, knife, and belt of cartridges, so that she felt quite secure,



Miss Teresa Elerres, the heroine of this story—She was captured by bandits in the wilds of Mexico. (Photograph from a)

News travels quickly, even in the most remote parts of the sparsely-settled Sierra Madres. How word was passed to the rendezvous of Juan Soreno and his band that this little party was on its way to Reynosa no one ventures to explain, but that the information speedily reached Juan was proved by subsequent events. Though it was two years since he had set eyes on her, the love of the bandit leader for the beautiful and accomplished Teresa had not cooled. His fixed determination to make her his own, even by the foulest means if necessary, caused him to decide upon desperate plans to accomplish his purpose.

At that particular time the bandit leader and his men, who numbered over a hundred, had just returned to their mountain fastness from a raid upon unprotected settlements over the line in the State of Sonora. To intercept Don Lorenzo and his party meant a forced march of more than a hundred miles across a terribly rough country. This, however, did not deter Juan from entering upon the undertaking. Had not two long years passed since he had seen the fair Teresa, and, now that he was in a position of power, would he not exercise his authority to take possession of her? In his egotism he thought his purpose might possibly be gained without bloodshed, but to obtain her he vowed, even if it had to be over many dead bodies. Swiftly he led his men onward to the Reynosa trail. He knew the ground well, and timed his arrival at the place where the travellers were to be intercepted so as to be there several hours in advance of them. His purpose in doing this was to send a formal request to old Don Lorenzo that Miss Teresa Elerrea should be delivered over to him.

He selected a peaceable ranch *peon* to carry this amazing message, which contained a proviso to the effect that if Miss Teresa was placed in his possession he and his men would exempt the town of Reynosa and Don Lorenzo's valuable mine from molestation, and that the bandits would even guard the community against attack by other marauders. As a further incentive

to the granting of his demand Juan declared that he had loved Teresa since she was a little girl and would make her his bride by the law of the Church.

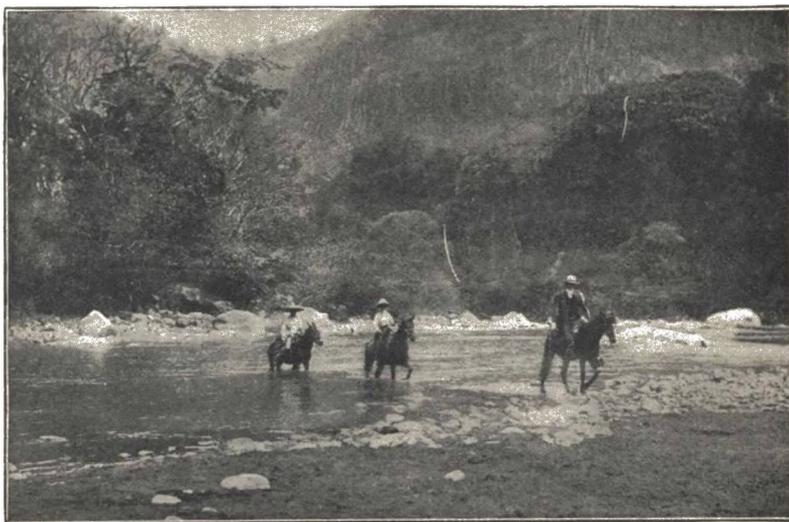
This startling communication was delivered to Don Lorenzo early in the morning, just as the little party was preparing to break camp on their last day's journey towards Reynosa. Dark, indeed, became the old man's face when he read it. Miss Teresa noticed his frowning face and perturbed manner.

"What is it, father?" she inquired. "Have you had bad news?"

"Nothing of importance," he answered, with an affectation of carelessness. Then, turning to the courier, he added:—

"Go back to the man and tell him I have no answer to make to him."

The threatened calamity was hard for the old man to bear. While he had no fears for himself, he dreaded the fate that menaced his adored daughter. He shrank from telling her of the danger, but he took the first opportunity to confer quietly with Meldon and the men of the armed escort. It was resolved, after a good deal of discussion, to continue the journey, as to turn



[From a]

On the way to Reynosa.

[Photograph.]

back on the long trail would be merely inviting an attack from the bandits, who could easily overtake them. They hoped, being forewarned, to be able to make a running fight of it and keep the outlaws off until they reached a place of safety.

"Be ready to use your rifle and pistol at a moment's warning," Don Lorenzo cautioned his daughter before they started. "We are in the



heart of a dangerous region, and may have trouble."

Notwithstanding the precautions that were taken by the little party, such as throwing out scouts in advance and protecting their rear from surprise, the expected attack of the brigands was made. The scene of the onslaught was in the Paso del Muerte canyon, some six miles from Reynosa, and the bandits outnumbered the travellers and escort by eight to one. The armed guards, when the rifles began to crack, made little show of resistance, but Miss Teresa, her father, and Meldon fought desperately.

"Miss Teresa and her father

The battle ended in a triumphant rush by the bandits, and the capture of Don Lorenzo and his daughter.

Meldon, however, escaped in an almost miraculous manner. To gain a more advantageous position during the encounter, he climbed up the side of the canyon, and, moving from boulder to



fought desperately."

boulder, kept up a constant deadly fire upon the bandits until his ammunition was exhausted. Then came the brigands' rush and the capture of his friends, and, seeing that he could do no more, he then sought safety in flight. His horse had been killed early in the fight, so, keeping out of sight of the bandits as best he

could, he hurried to the upper rim of the gorge and headed into the forest.

The ferocious yells of the brigands, who were close upon his trail, came to his ears, and just as he was about to give himself up as lost a riderless horse came galloping towards him and stopped within reach of his hand. It was the

work of a moment for him to grab the loose reins and mount the animal. Riding at break-neck speed towards Reynosa, he soon reached the village and gave the alarm.

"Teresa, the beautiful, and Don Lorenzo, her father, are in the hands of that murderous fiend Juan Soreno!"

Like lightning the news flew round the town, and a posse was immediately organized and started in pursuit of the outlaws. Meldon, however, did not go with it. He had no great faith in the possibility of their success, and told the excited people that he would search for the captives alone.

Meanwhile, what was happening to Teresa and her father? It is true of the Mexican *peon* that when placed in a position of authority he often displays all the latent cruelty and meanness of his Indian nature, but Juan Soreno, when he found himself before the flashing, scornful eyes of Miss Teresa, faltered for a moment and lost his arrogant air of superiority. Then, recovering himself, he assured the two prisoners that if his long-cherished wish to make her his bride was fulfilled no harm should befall Don Lorenzo.

"It is a simple request, easily granted," he told the mine-owner; "but if you do not agree to it within three days your bones will be left in the mountains for the wolves to feed upon."

In a perfect frenzy of rage Don Lorenzo turned upon the outlaw. Had not the deerskin thongs that bound his arms behind his back been strong he would have torn them in twain and pounced upon the man.

"Do your worst, you villain!" he stormed. "Your demand will never be granted."

"We shall see," retorted Juan, with an evil smile, and turned away to give directions for moving.

It was a terrible march that the brigands made with their captives. Over dim mountain trails that bordered yawning precipices, across deep barrancas, and through untrod forests they travelled. Miss Teresa and her father rode on the backs of mules, the outlaws making all possible haste to outdistance any pursuit that might be made. The girl, tired and worn out as she was, never lost hope of making her escape. She had overheard the conversation between Juan and her father, and she knew that each passing hour brought her nearer to a dreadful fate, unless Providence should intervene to save both her and him. In the hope of accomplishing their escape, she resolved to play a tactful game of deceit, like many a woman before her. The looks of hatred which she had at first turned upon Juan changed to shy glances, and there were smiles upon her lips when she returned the

ardent gaze of her captor. Finally, bidding him to ride by her side, she asked:—

"Are you the Juan who rode with me from the San Miguel Mine several years ago, and who was foreman of my father's property?"

"*Sí, señorita*; I am the man."

"We ought to be good friends," she said, simply.

With this opening they were soon getting on famously together. Juan, inordinately vain, like all his class, was convinced the girl loved him, and that she would ultimately obtain the consent of her father to become his bride. The bandit was thrown off his guard, and accordingly relaxed the watch which he had placed over her.

It was on the second night in camp that the opportunity came for which Teresa was waiting. Down the slight declivity about two hundred yards off was a spring. Late in the night, when all but the bandit who was on guard were asleep, she motioned the sentry to her and told him she was very thirsty.

"Get me a cup of water from the spring," she whispered.

Juan's instructions to his men had been to treat the girl with every consideration, and he had told them confidently the day before that she was willing to marry him, only the proud old father stood in the way. The guard, therefore, had no thought that she was playing a ruse in an attempt to escape. No sooner had he got well on his way towards the spring than Miss Teresa quickly arose and, grabbing a knife from its sheath, cut the bonds that held her father prisoner and whispered to him to rise and make his escape with her. Each of them stealthily picked up a loaded rifle and belt of cartridges without waking the sleeping outlaws. Then, hurrying away from the camp a few yards, Miss Teresa rapidly explained to her father that the guard was down at the spring.

"He must be killed before he gets back to the camp," she said. "Here is a knife; I will stab him in the back."

Don Lorenzo hardly recognized his erstwhile gentle daughter in this new *rôle*. Her peril had hardened her heart and steeled her nerves in extraordinary fashion.

"That is work for me to do, not you," he told her. "Give me the knife."

Hiding behind a tree close to the path that led to the camp, they awaited the return of the guard. No sooner had he passed them than Don Lorenzo stepped swiftly out from his hiding-place and struck at him. The man dropped dead without even a moan. Then, in the stillness of the night, father and daughter fled for their lives into the depths of the forest-



covered mountains, praying that no pursuit might overtake them, for if recaptured their fate would be too awful to contemplate.

Four days later they appeared in Rey-

mosa, half famished and utterly exhausted. On their long homeward journey they had lived on the roots of plants and wild berries.

"Where is Mr. Meldon?" was the question uppermost in the minds of Miss Teresa and Don Lorenzo as the days passed and no word was received from him. Poses from the village and a force of rural guards were still searching for the bandits, but without success.

It was on the morning of the sixth day after the return of Don Lorenzo and his daughter to Reynosa that two horsemen were seen riding into the village. One of them was Mr. Meldon; the other, strapped tightly upon the back of a led horse, was the erstwhile bandit chief, Juan Soreno!

Mr. Meldon is a man of few words. The only information he vouchsafed in regard to the capture of the notorious outlaw was that he had struck his trail over on the other side of the Sonora line and

followed it for several days, finally coming upon the bandit and three of his companions in a defile in the mountains.

"It was either shoot or run," he said. "I winged Juan's gun arm and brought him back to Reynosa."

"But what became of the other three?" he was asked.

"Their bones are back there in that mountain pass," replied Meldon.

"Don Lorenzo stepped swiftly out from his hiding-place and struck at him."

# "Bill Taylor's" Last Battle.

TOLD BY JOE HACK, AND SET DOWN BY ROGER FISON.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. HOLMES.

How a big grizzly bear, who seemed proof against bullets, was killed with a wooden leg. Mr. Fison writes: "I heard the story narrated dozens of times by Joe Hack, a local character living at Spinney, Colorado, on the Colorado Midland Railway, where I was stationed as night operator in 1908. I have no doubts as to the veracity of the story, as 'Bill Taylor' was well known to the old-timers in that section."



NE summer in the 'seventies I joined a small party of mining prospectors who had pitched camp near Sugar Creek Canyon, in the central part of Colorado. I happened to be the only one in the party who could boast of having served in the Civil War, and my wooden leg, a result of this service, was made the target of many a good-natured joke.

Thirty yards from our sleeping-tents stood the commissary-shack, a rough wooden structure, in which were stored canned goods, potatoes, flour, smoked meats, and other supplies. Scarcely a week went by without an attempted theft of these provisions, either by a coyote, a mountain lion, or a bear—generally a bear.

Talk about bear! Sugar Creek Canyon certainly had a variety—grizzlies, cinnamon, and black. The little black fellows were, as a rule, quite harmless; but the brown and silver-tipped grizzlies were a match for the best rifle ever manufactured.

Our two dogs—Bob and Waif—usually succeeded in frightening away the night prowlers by their barking, and on such occasions we paid little attention if we happened to be awakened. In spite of their vigilance, however, we got up one morning to find that our commissary-shack had been broken into during the night. Two large smoked hams were missing, a box of crackers had been smashed open, and potatoes and canned goods lay scattered over the floor.

While some of us stood outside speculating as to the probable culprit, Rab Sunday, our old cook, rushed out of the shack, shook his fists, and declared with great anger, "That's 'Bill Taylor's' work! He's the only thief in these parts that can pull off a job like that. Them's the only hams we had, too. I'll get that blessed silver-tip for this, see if I don't. 'Bill Taylor's' gone too far this time."

"Bill Taylor" was the largest silver-tip grizzly bear in that vicinity, and bore the name of a rancher he had killed. Though "Bill" had been tracked by many famous hunters no one had ever been able to bag him. He seemed, indeed, to bear a charmed life, and bullets appeared only to tickle his powerful frame.

Apart from his unusual size, there was a surer way of identifying "Bill Taylor." One of his front legs had been injured in some unknown manner, causing him to limp. But this in no way impaired his phenomenal skill as a fighter or man-chaser, for many a brave hunter had been maimed by "Bill," and an even larger number had been chased. Whether it was this particular bear that had stolen our hams, we were, of course, unable to decide; and as soon as the wrath of our excitable little cook had subsided, the theft ceased to be a topic of discussion.

We used to go to bed rather early at camp. After having trailed over rough mountain passes all day, with a prospector's outfit strapped to our shoulders, we did not feel inclined to sit up late, and consequently nine o'clock generally found us fast asleep.

One bright moonlit night, a week after the theft of the hams, I was awakened about ten o'clock by the sharp, nervous barking of our two dogs, and after listening for several moments I heard a series of deep growls. Rising from my bunk, I quickly slipped on a pair of overalls, grabbed my revolver, and then stepped cautiously outside the tent. I looked toward the commissary-shack, and the sight I beheld there was enough to surprise the bravest soldier that ever fired a gun.

Standing on his hind legs, his shaggy grey coat glistening in the clear moonlight, stood the largest grizzly bear I had ever seen in my life. Backed against the commissary-shack door, his eight feet of height, as he swayed from side to side, looked tremendous. By savagely displaying his large, ugly teeth, he managed to keep the two excited dogs at a safe distance.

No sooner did he observe my presence than he emitted a loud roar, slid down on to four feet, and started off in the direction of the canyon, the dogs after him. I could not fire at that moment for fear of wounding them; so I hobbled along as fast as I could on my stump. As the big brute headed for a clump of brush in the canyon, I called the dogs off and fired half-a-dozen shots in the direction of his retreating hide. None of the shots took effect, but the report of my gun aroused the entire camp.

"That's him! That's him!" interrupted the cook, as I tried to describe the visitor. "That description fits 'Bill Taylor' like a pair of wool socks. But that there toy pistol you got wouldn't have no more effect on his hide than a squirt."

Well, we discussed "Bill Taylor" and his thieving propensities for half an hour, and finally decided to set a trap for him the next



"Immediately he started up the boulder."

night. Bear-baiting, however, is an uninteresting subject to discuss among a lot of sleepy campers, so we all ceased talking and tumbled into our bunks.

The next day, deciding to do a little prospecting on my own account, I left camp about one o'clock and headed for 39 Range, a mile distant. As I merely intended looking over some old "locations," I carried nothing with me except my big repeating rifle, which I always took when travelling alone.

After climbing Sugar Loaf peak I began scratching about for specimens of silver ore. I had been thus engaged scarcely three-quarters of an hour when, suddenly turning about, I saw a sight that caused my flesh to creep.

Not two hundred feet away, in a little clump of cedar trees, stood a huge silver-tip grizzly, which I recognized immediately as the same bear that had attempted to break into our commissary-shack the night previous.

"Bill Taylor!" I muttered, in alarm.

Quickly raising my rifle, I took careful aim at his neck and fired. The bullet missed, but at the report of the rifle the beast uttered a fierce growl and headed straight for me.

Having only one more round of ammunition, I took careful aim and fired again. This time the bullet grazed his right shoulder, and the big fellow roared angrily; then he suddenly halted, as if determining upon further action.

Having no more cartridges, I hobbled as rapidly as possible over the jagged rocks and fallen

trees, intent on seeking some point of safety. Let me tell you, incidentally, that running over a mountain top on a peg-leg is very exciting sport.

After travelling about a hundred feet I came to an immense boulder, and much to my joy was able to scale it. I did so not a moment too soon either, for "Bill" had resumed the chase and was lumbering over the rocks with surprising rapidity.

He finally reached the boulder, and great was his roar of disappointment when he beheld my elevated position. Immediately he started up after me, but as he neared the top I gave him a sharp blow on his snout with the heavy butt of my rifle, which so angered him that he lost his foothold and slid to the bottom. There he sat gravely on his haunches, as if contemplating some brilliant move.

Realizing that I had not a moment to lose, I quickly looked about for a more suitable place of safety.

Not far from the boulder stood a tall cedar tree, with dead limbs extending from top to bottom. Could I but gain its top, I thought I would not only be much safer, but sufficiently high up to enable me to signal to our camp for help.

While "Bill Taylor's" attention was distracted for a moment, I slid quietly down the other side of the boulder and started for the cedar tree. I was making fairly good progress when my wooden leg caught in an old branch lying on the ground, causing me to trip and fall heavily. There was no hope of reaching the cedar tree now. The noise aroused the bear, and by the time I had got up I discovered, much to my alarm, that "Bill Taylor" was not more than a couple of hundred feet away. As my empty rifle served only to impede my progress, I flung it in the direction of my pursuer and started helter-skelter over the mountain top.

The situation was now critical. My only hope lay in the possibility that "Bill Taylor" would change his mind and cease following me. Never in my life did I hobble more frantically, and as I am somewhat near-sighted it was rather risky.

I was making fairly good headway when my progress was suddenly cut short by a most frightful outlook. So narrow had been my escape from death that for a moment my breath left me. I stood trembling on the extreme edge of a precipice, the drop over whose well-nigh perpendicular wall was fully twelve hundred feet. All hope left me, for my pursuer was but a few yards away.

There I stood, hopelessly wavering between the choice of being torn to pieces by an enraged bear or walking to instant death over the edge

of the mountain side. Never in my life have I experienced a more dreadful moment.

Happening to turn to my right, I noticed a gnarled oak tree only a few feet away, growing on the very edge of the cliff. My hopes rose in an instant. True, the tree offered only a slim chance of safety, but I warmly embraced that chance.

Dizzy and exhausted as I was, I managed to stumble to the little oak. In scaling it, nearly every limb that I stepped on broke under my weight. Nevertheless, I was at the top—fully nine feet above the ground—before my pursuer reached the foot. It was a shaky seat which I occupied—a broken-off limb—and every time I looked down over that cliff a feeling of death-like sickness stole over me.

"Bill Taylor" reached the tree a few seconds later. Bellowing with rage, he braced his bulky form against the trunk, rose on his hind feet, and began striking sledge-hammer blows at my overhanging legs. Each time he struck his steel-like claws came nearer the mark.

Suddenly he made a vicious lunge for my right leg, but as he did so I shoved the blade of my large pocket-knife into his snout. The big brute roared with pain, lost his footing, and rolled heavily to the ground. With him in his fall, however, went my only weapon of defence.

From my point of vantage I could clearly see the tents at our camp, though they were almost a mile away. So I quickly removed my coat, intending, if possible, to signal for help.

At that very instant, however, "Bill Taylor" made ready to renew his attack. He seemed determined not to be outwitted this time. Hugging the tree with his huge paws, he slowly rose to his full height.

I shook my coat in his face, hoping to blind him; but in an instant he had caught it in one of his paws and torn it from me. Then, before I realized it, he had my peg-leg in his iron-like jaws, and was slowly wrenching it from its strappings.

Thoroughly terrified lest he should pull me bodily from my seat, I struggled madly to release the appliance, and after much twisting and one tremendous yank I finally succeeded in doing so. This so enraged the bear that he began striking furious blows right and left with his big paws.

Suddenly he grabbed the trouser of my left leg and once again endeavoured to pull me from my seat. I had just about given way to utter despair when an idea came to me.

Quickly unstrapping my already loosened peg-leg, I grasped the smaller end firmly in my hand. Then, summoning all my strength, I dealt "Bill" a powerful blow over his right eye.

The blow had the desired effect. The huge grizzly loosened his foothold, struck heavily upwards at me from his position on the very edge of the cliff, and then, uttering one dreadful roar, lost his balance and went hurtling over its brink. My wooden leg followed him.



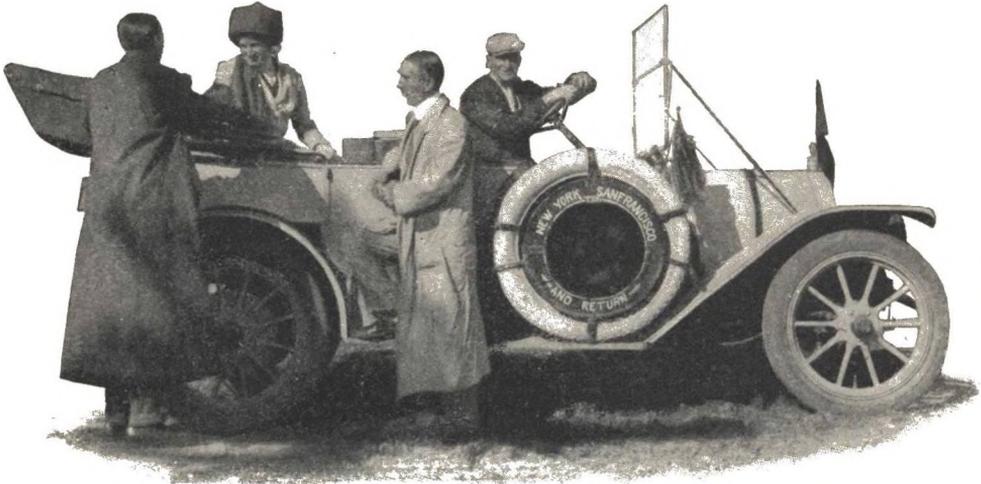
"He had my peg-leg in his iron-like jaws, and was slowly wrenching it from its strappings."

I was so weak from excitement that it was fully ten minutes before I could move. Then I carefully descended the mountain, and with the aid of a stout pine-stick hobbled back to camp.

Here I related my experience to Rab Sunday, after which we both started for the bottom of the

precipice. When we had almost reached it the cook all of a sudden started on a run and did not stop until he came to a large grey heap. "It's 'Bill Taylor,' sure enough!" he uttered, in great surprise. "Fancy the bullet-proof old thief being killed by a wooden leg!"

# Round the United States in a Motor-Car.



Taking leave of a kindly pilot in Iowa. The luggage of the party was so compactly arranged that they gave the impression of being ordinary motorists out for a spin. *(From a Photograph.)*

BY THOS. W. WILBY.

An account of a wonderful journey. With his wife, the author has recently accomplished the only circular motor-car tour of the United States on record, travelling over nine thousand miles in just a hundred and five days, and traversing about twenty different States. This remarkable feat is not likely to have many imitators at present, since the route leads along rough trails through hundreds of miles of uninhabited wilderness, desert, and mountain passes. In spite of this fact, most of America's natural marvels were seen from the car, and the author here describes how he reached them and narrates some of the perils and mishaps of his great journey.



WO facts dominated my mind when in the autumn of 1911 I decided to take a car, by hook or by crook, completely round the United States. I wanted to see the country, and particularly the West, apart from the train. I knew that no one else had ever undertaken a circular tour of America by automobile, and furthermore, that whatever glory attached to the first motor trip across America from ocean to ocean was already a Britisher's — Dr. Horatio Nelson Jackson, a Canadian domiciled in the United States. In 1903 Dr. Jackson had started for New York from San Francisco as a result of a bet made in a San Francisco club, and had reached the Atlantic in seventy-five days. What laurels, then, could another Britisher win?

"Transcontinentalism," which may be defined as the art of crossing America from ocean to ocean in an automobile, has in the last few years become a kind of fad in spite of the desperate condition of roads and trails. Usually

I.

it has degenerated into an aimless, one-way rush across the continent in which professionalism and dare-devil driving for records have been conspicuous. The idea of a sight-seeing tour of the entire country, therefore, came to me somewhat in the nature of an inspiration. Only one man, a professional, had attempted in a measure to circle the States and had failed. He had "shipped" the car for five hundred miles, he had almost starved to death, his machine had been swallowed by quicksands, he had been lost for days in a blizzard, and was all but frozen when the search-party found him and his companion. More than six months elapsed ere he saw his starting-point again.

My route, as I laid it out, was to take me from New York across the prairies of the Mississippi Valley, the great plains and the Rockies, thence through the Sierra Nevadas into California, and on to San Francisco. This is what is known as the Overland or Middle West Route. I then intended to follow the Pacific Slope to

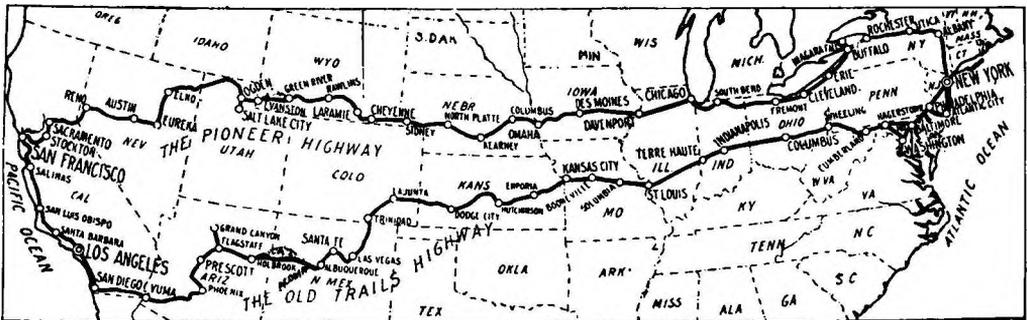
San Diego, and return through Imperial Valley and the Great American Desert of the south-west by way of Flagstaff, Santa Fé, Kansas City, and Washington. Though there was no continuous highway along these routes, there were at least recognized trails, and it seemed to me that those trails which had formed the natural routes of buffalo, Indian, and pioneer from time immemorial would afford the best and most direct way to the chief points of interest. History and tradition, the desert and the wilderness, the great cow trails and the overland routes of Mormons and gold-seekers, the vast plains and rolling prairies of the fast-dying West, where buffalo and savage Indian alike had roamed until the white man had displaced them—all these floated like an endless panorama before my mind's eye as I entered upon the work of preparation for the journey, which was to endure for a hundred and five days before we again saw the sky-scraping "canyons" of New York.

Thus began the first sight-seeing circular tour of the United States ever made. I planned to travel and dress as an ordinary tourist, accompanied by my wife. My driver was an expert who had crossed the continent before in a similar type of car, and who was therefore familiar with its mechanical secrets. The car was of American make, because the need of a high

wilderness, where a break-down might entail serious hardship. I kept my baggage down to a trunk and suit-case, strapped on behind, two suit-cases and camera-case, tied on end to the coat-rail, so as to form an impromptu table, and a lunch-basket which we placed on the floor of the tonneau between the suit-cases and the seat. Nothing which was loose or could slip and slide was allowed in the car. The only handbags we had were placed by the side of the driver, the canteen hung on the side of the car, and the invaluable Thermos bottle, with a score of other odds and ends, was thrust under the slip-cover of the top.

For that very-much-tried part of our anatomy, the smalls of our backs, we each had a handy khaki-covered pillow, and between us we strapped a buffer made up of coats and steamer rugs which, acting like an arm to a chair, helped us to hold on when the violent jerks of the car threatened physical disaster.

To extricate us from tight places, we had a shovel, block and tackle, wheel-chains, and ropes for sand and mud. Sudden storms were provided against by means of a large tarpaulin, reserve oil-cans were carried on the running-board, there were a compass, a speedometer, and two odometers, two gay little flags fluttered at the sides of the wind-shield, and the device "New



**Plan of the Wilby Circular Automobile Tour of the United States, August 31—December 13, 1911.**

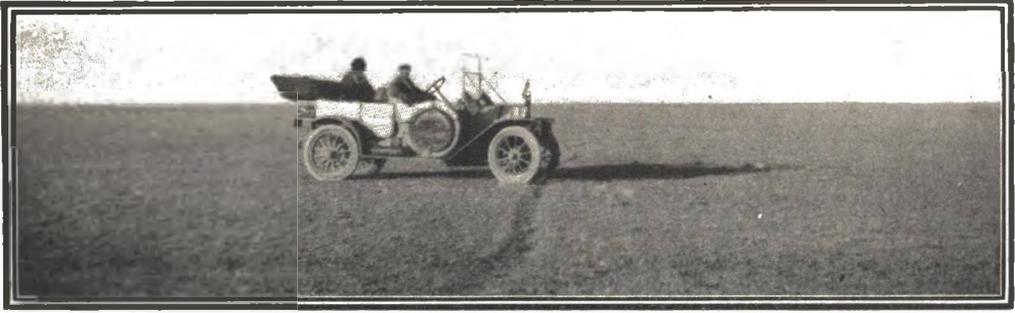
Map of the route traversed during the Author's great journey. The party travelled over nine thousand miles in a hundred and five days.

clearance would alone have disqualified an English car. It had seating capacity for five, Cape top, and weighed four thousand one hundred pounds fully loaded. The forty horse-power engines were capable of developing as high a speed as fifty-five miles and as low as four miles per hour without changing gears. The springs were carefully chosen with regard to the right kind of flexibility on the rough roads, and the mud-guards gave us complete immunity from mud. Lightness of equipment was a matter of supreme importance to me, as we had before us thousands of miles of desert and plains, mountain and

York to San Francisco" was painted on the rim of the tyre-trunk with the avowed object of keeping our courage at the sticking-point on the long journey.

In order to reduce liability to punctures and blow-outs, we carried unusually wide tyres, which were somewhat deflated when crossing the deserts.

We selected the waning summer for the start, thus escaping high temperatures. The first part of our route was along the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys to Niagara Falls; thence along we skirted the Great Lakes to Chicago, which we reached in ten days.



From a]

The car on the great plains where the buffalo once roamed.

[Photograph.

The roads up to the "Windy City" were mostly smooth, and we found excellent hotels for noon and night stops. In fact, from any point of the road a big town could be reached within a hour or two. We crossed the Mississippi at Davenport, and then commenced the long run to the Missouri at Omaha by way of Des Moines. There had been heavy rains ahead of us, and soon we began to fairly wallow in mud of the greasy, black kind known as "gumbo." We were now face to face with the one real, vital consideration of the undertaking—the American "dirt" road. The foreigner, making its acquaintance for the first time, not unjustly marvels at a national complacency which tolerates this anachronism. Storms may render a "dirt" road impassable for weeks; a dry spell will smother the traveller in clouds of dust that is often surcharged with poisonous alkali. Gently, and almost imperceptibly, however, we were being prepared for what was to come, but it took many days of trial ere we acquired that degree of moral courage necessary to enable us to overcome the physical obstacles in our path.

Once we had crossed the Missouri, we caught the first glimpses of that elusive West which is for ever retreating from the advancing East. Before us stretched the great plains of Nebraska, where once roamed the buffalo and the antelope; but which have now been converted into the granary of the nation. There had been no rainfall to speak of, and we were able to make fairly good time along these natural highways that run for hundreds of miles across the level plains between barbed-wire fences and the eternal telegraph-poles. Near Kearney we were following the old Mormon trail on the edge of the dry country. Where they had not fallen under the hands of the agriculturist, the parched, rolling hills were covered with sage-brush, which, together with the kindred greasewood, is the sign and symbol of the wilderness. We often saw a sweep of virgin, brush-covered land extending to the horizon, and amid which we

seemed to be mere specks in infinity. In Wyoming lonely mountain trails, far from human habitation, recalled to us the need of extra precaution in the matter both of food and automobile supplies. Our petrol-tank held seventeen gallons, good for a hundred and sixty to a hundred and seventy miles on level roads; but such calculations were not to be depended upon in the Rockies, where one might use up several gallons endeavouring to get out of a gully or other awkward place. Our daily runs, from an average of something like a hundred and twenty miles, had now been cut down to under a hundred on entering Wyoming. Mid-day lunch was now taken *al fresco*, owing to the absence of any better accommodation than a few shacks set down on the plains. We stocked grape-juice, malted milk, and beef-tea tablets, and bought whatever supplies we could before setting out in the morning.

The climb of the Rockies was gradual, and we had unforgettable days when the mountain road was as smooth as glass. It was indeed difficult to believe, as we crossed the Sherman Pass at an elevation of eight thousand one hundred feet, that we were on the summit of the Continental Divide. But a sudden hail-storm struck us as we were gazing at the pyramidal monument which marks the highest point in the Union Pacific railroad system, pelting us unmercifully with huge hail-stones until the driver had thrown the big tarpaulin over us. When we emerged again the world looked sinister and cold, and civilization remote. For still another ten days or more those rocky fastnesses were to hold us, and incident and adventure were to unfold themselves in quick succession. Indeed, only a thousand yards beyond the monument, as we followed the downward slope of the plateau, we were suddenly conscious of the fact that the car was slipping off her course like a rudderless ship. We had absolutely no control on the greasy earth. She turned sideways, then swung stern-on down a

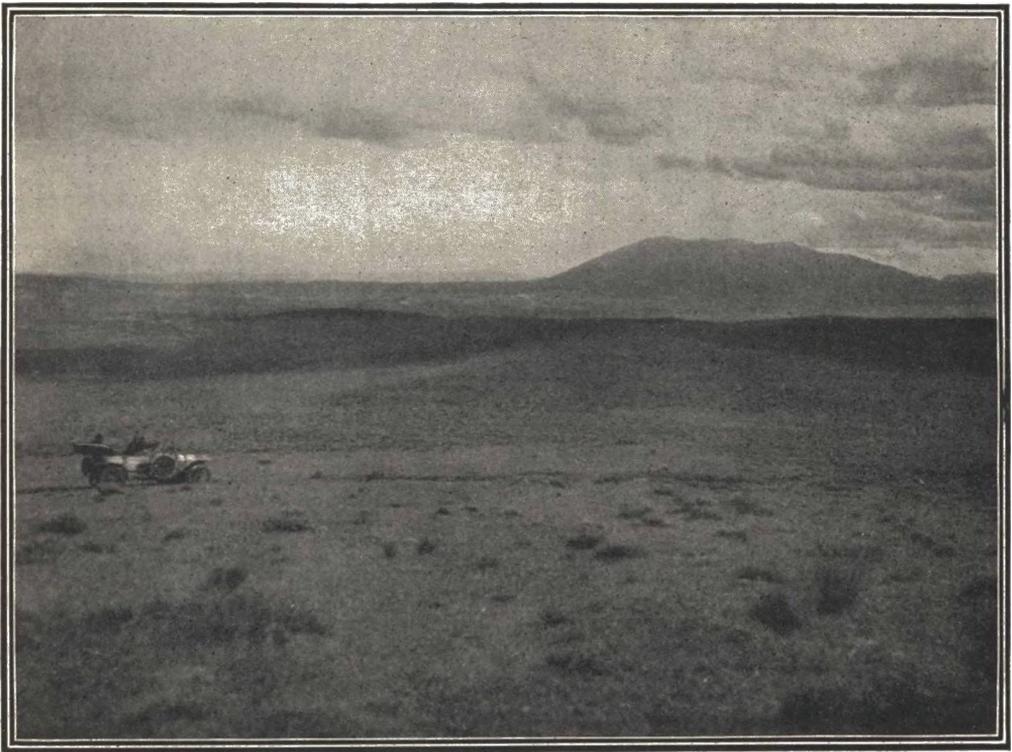
cut or "wash." There was a sudden jolt, a shower of blinding rain, and the car stopped with a crash. We crawled out in the mud and rain, and saw that she had buried her spring-hangers deep into the bank. The storm passed and found us digging out the monster of steel and petrol, which was hereafter to bear us round America, so twisted in her frame that she would never again steer "true."

But the wound, happily, was not mortal, and we headed her for the broad uplands of the Medicine Bow Range, where streams run into sinks and are lost or disappear in alkali flats. Here the wind blew violently out of the north, the sky grew threateningly darker and darker with storm-clouds, and the trails became confusing. It was ranch-land, but we saw no ranch-houses, and seldom a wire fence—nothing but the eternal brush and distant mountains watching us in their dim, misty, blue way. We were amid the haunts of the slinking coyote, whose "kill" in the shape of bones of colts and calves began to show along our path. Sometimes we caught the wolfish eyes watching us warily, but always at a safe distance. Occasionally an antelope would spring across our path, and we would catch a sudden view of the American

grey and black hare, the jackass-rabbit, as he leaped in and out of the sage-brush. We were now miles from anywhere, describing a great arc that must eventually bring us in a north-westerly direction through the wilderness to the "cow town" of Medicine Bow. Once or twice a rude board, sticking up a few inches out of the ground, did duty as a finger-post. Then twilight fell. An antelope bounded across the skyline and disappeared; badger holes gaped wide in the trail and sent us bouncing skyward. At last complete darkness fell, and then a confused cluster of crazy, shadowy shacks and the familiar American wooden house set down at the very edge of the sage came into view—Medicine Bow.

Medicine Bow is the meeting-point of the great cow trails, as they run up from the south and penetrate to the bleak regions of Montana. Owen Wister has told of its strange life in "The Virginian."

Lights gleamed from the windows of the saloons, where rough-dressed men leant carelessly against the bars. A thin man, soft of speech, and with dark, lynx eyes, drifted to us out of the gloom. He might have been gunman, gambler, dreamer, poet, or saloon-keeper,



From a]

Alone in the wilderness.

[Photograph.

or all combined. But we were to find that he was the sublimated spirit of the new and optimistic West, for he had planned and built a big, incongruous hotel of concrete.

"That freak isn't finished," he said, whimsically. "But you all come into my house, and we'll make you comfortable for the night."

We groped our way to a small wooden house, with the universal veranda, and entering by the kitchen soon found ourselves discussing fried meat, hot biscuit, and a diversity of fruit preserves at a long table crowded by the rough but good-natured faces of the hotel-builders. There was no getting into the hotel except by the fire-escapes.

"You're just four days too early," said our host, regretfully. "We open in true Western fashion, and Owen Wister will preside at the ceremonies. Sure, there'll be cowboys on hand, and broncho-bustin' an' a prize-fight, because that hotel's to be called 'The Virginian.'"

As I climbed the fire-escape with him next morning to inspect the caravanserai, he grew communicative: "They think me mad to lay on 'hot and cold,' and private baths, fire-escapes, and electric lights out in these wilds. Cowboys and ranchmen haven't much use for brass bedsteads and mirrors. Still, mirrors are 'right handy' to shoot up." He chuckled as he led us over his "palace" by the lone water-tank and the thirsty land. "But I've been mayor and judge and sheriff of this cow-town, and I'm not so mad as not to know that Medicine Bow has a future. I'm building for the future. The city's coming—sure!"

I surveyed it all a few minutes later from the lofty, bulging drum of the railroad water-tank, he, not a bit dizzy, carrying my camera, because he had been used to dropping from the skies in parachutes before he took to building embryo cities. The land looked worth about a dollar a mile, and existence rather less. But it was the spirit of men like this which made the West—which even now is redeeming the wilderness, even though it be applied to the dignifying of shabby little towns like Medicine Bow.

Finding the way in the West is by no means an easy task. As a rule, one gropes his way as best he can. However, where there is no road there is usually a trail, more or less worn. Sign-posts are conspicuous by their absence. Sometimes there is a confusion of trails running at all angles through the unfenced sage-brush or greasewood. Between these bushes grow rabbit-brush and bunch grass. I am speaking now of the wilderness rather than of the plains, on which grows only the short, almost invisible buffalo grass. Trees are universally absent, except in the higher altitudes of the Rocky

plateaus. Occasionally one sees pine, but the staple tree is the dwarf cedar, whose dark green branches stand out strikingly against the tawny grey of the grass and the deep blue of the sky. On the rolling plateaux these proved a welcome shelter, under which we crept for rest, or for midday lunch. Mountains alone relieved the general monotony of the landscape, but a subtle beauty and witchery of colouring was with us everywhere—colour in the rocks, colour in the atmosphere—and pervading all a sense of grandeur and space, and the mystery of a land on which a great past has left its inexpressible stamp.

Often we had to try several trails before we hit the right one. In spite of verbal directions, we were "lost" many times. Frequently for fifty miles or more we were compelled to follow a couple of wheel-tracks on a sandy plain, gleaming white with that dreaded phenomenon of these arid regions—alkali. This was especially true of the Red Desert and the Bitter Creek country in Wyoming, where we crossed for many miles the dry and cracked surface of a former lake. We took care to avoid drinking any water which had the slightest suspicion of alkali in it, as its poisonous effect was often observable in the shape of the bleached bones of ranch cattle, which, by the way, sometimes formed excellent, if melancholy, sign-posts.

"Turn left by the dead steer," or "Proceed to bones on hill," were not unusual directions for us to receive from ranchmen.

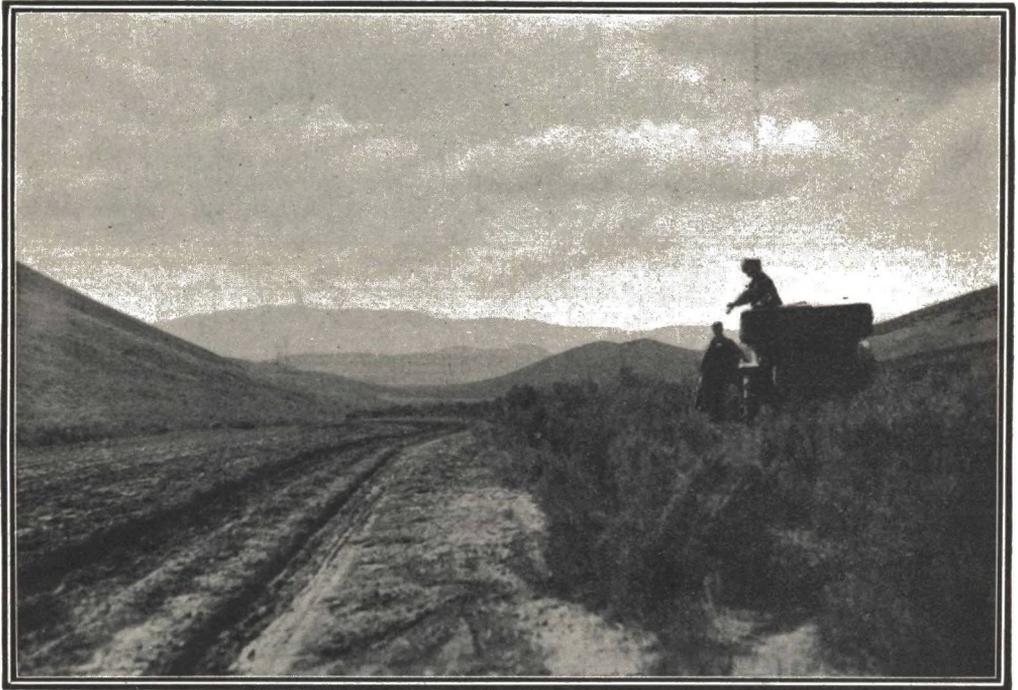
Utah gave us the most surprising experiences and adventures in the art of trail-following, in which I think we can safely say that we acquired something of the instinct of an Indian. Before us was the problem which faces the Trans-continentalist in Utah, after he has passed that remarkable landmark, the Devil's Slide—the problem of which route to take, the one to the north or the one to the south of the lake. We proceeded to Ogden and took counsel there. Then we went to Salt Lake City, and took counsel there, only to find that we had exploded a veritable mine of controversy between the rival cities. The capital interpreted our advent as a proof that Brigham Young's poplar-shaded city was in the direct line of march to the coast; Ogden retaliated with gigantic headlines and the withering scorn of a triumphant foe.

When at last we decided upon the northern route, we discovered, to our dismay, that heavy rains had preceded us, and that it was necessary to take to the mountains by way of the Mormon village of Snowville, if we would avoid miles of mud and the dangerous alkali flats. The oral directions were hardly illuminating, our

only source of instruction being a fur-trader, who had covered part of the route a year before. He was a fellow-guest at a log hut, which did duty as "hotel," and he assured us that if we went west "a piece" we should find a fork round a "sink," then by turning north we should "by and by" find another fork that led west again to a right turn that led through somebody's ranch, where "maybe" there was still a sign-post. Anyway, we "couldn't miss" the road. Unfortunately, however, as we soon found out, the worthy Westerner had forgotten to mention half-a-dozen other forks that all led around the "sink," and so we did immediately "miss" it to good effect, for we wandered hither and thither for several hours, through mud and

as it proved, for we travelled to San Francisco before we put in a new spring.

In spite of the uninviting wet alkali trail ahead, we determined to carry out our programme for the day, and to try to "make" Lucin (an "hotel" and railroad station). But as darkness fell we were still struggling along through an interminable succession of "wash-outs," past the deserted towns of an abandoned railroad line. By eight o'clock we were held fast in a gully, perhaps nine feet deep, and as wet and slippery as the most adventurous spirit could desire. The engines roared and groaned as the car desperately essayed the slope again and again. We shoved, we pushed, all was unavailing. The hubs of the rear wheels sank



From a]

A halt for lunch in Utah.

[Photograph.

a drenching rain, before a chance human being disclosed the fact that we were eighteen miles off our course on the Idaho State line. There was nothing to do but gloomily retrace our way, discover the proper road, and start out afresh. When, at about three o'clock of a dismal afternoon, we succeeded in reaching our luncheon destination, Kelton, we were not cheered to find that we had lost a wheel-chain as well as the road, and had broken the upper leaf of a front spring. This was the first real disaster in three thousand two hundred miles—not a bad one,

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lower and lower into the mud. Finally, some distance up the "wash" a small bed of gravel was discovered. Laboriously, shovelful by shovelful, the driver brought it to the car and, jacking up the wheels, inserted it between the rubber tyres and the wet alkali. The process was slow. We got out the block and tackle, and fastening it to the front of the car my wife and I pulled strenuously. At last by these united efforts we conquered the wretched gully, and the car stood again on *terra firma*. We looked at our watches. The hour was twelve-thirty, we



A contrast in long-distance travel. The modern "prairie sohooner" here shown had already travelled nearly two thousand miles  
 From a] when it met the car. [Photograph.

were cold and hungry, and a front tyre, as exhausted as ourselves, breathed its last—the first tyre to need attention in all the journey thus far.

With a new tyre, and some material refreshment from the luncheon-basket, we set forth again in the chilly darkness. There were more gullies and no possible way around them. History repeated itself—and this time, being too weary for renewed herculean efforts at escape, we presently gave ourselves up to the fates. Frequently we crawled out of the car to sprint up and down in the sage to get warm; semi-occasionally we slept, coiled uncomfortably amongst the suit-cases, canteens, and umbrellas of Transcontinental travel. Dawn saw us devouring the last of our food supply over a brushwood fire, and nerving ourselves for the impending struggle. Three hours, and we were out and on our way again. But the "hotel" where we breakfasted towards noon, and where we should have spent the night, only served to completely reconcile us to the gully.

And now there came the smooth mountain trails that unite the mining settlements of Nevada, crossing in long, yellow ribbons valley after valley, and range after range. There were wonderful landscapes of sunny, cloud-swept sky, bare mountains, and sage, lonely ranches shaded

by a few cotton-woods, and great flats of alkali, now, fortunately, smooth and dry. Day after day we travelled, alone in the wilderness, traversing a path long ago made famous by the gold-seekers of the East, who sought the treasure hidden in these grim mountains of Nevada and the California beyond. At last we found ourselves in the pastoral scenery of Reno, the strange colony of the *divorcées*, and then, almost at once, we were climbing through the lofty Sierras and among the beautiful, jewel-like mountain lakes that herald the glory of California, on our way to San Francisco. It had taken us forty days to cross.

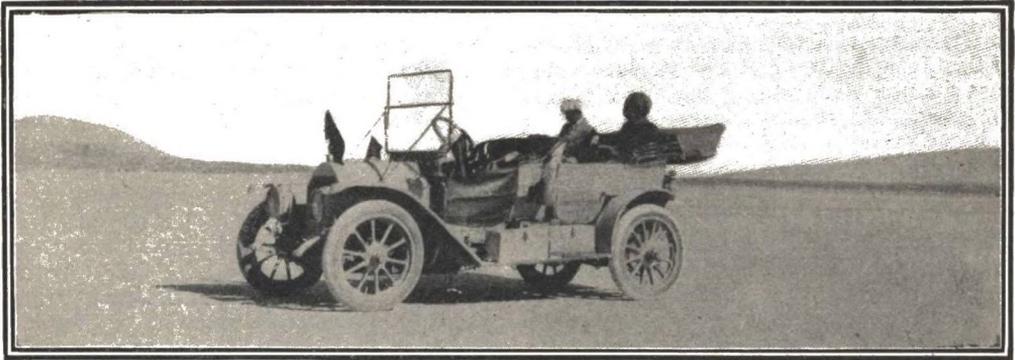
Eager for new adventures, we set out along the Pacific Slope about the middle of October for San Diego, a distance of five hundred and seventy miles. We were ahead of the rainy season, and the air was balmy. We planned to follow the oldest of all the trails in the United States, the Camino Real, or old Spanish Missions Road, which is marked by mission bells as sign-posts. It traverses a veritable fairyland of orange-groves and live-oak forests, of palm-lined avenues, and flowering highways varied by mountain passes with steep grades, and by long, sandy stretches beside the blue waters of the ocean. But the charm of the landscape is nothing compared to the romantic old churches established, from the

Mexican border to San Francisco, by Father Junipero Serra and his sandal-shod, long-robed Spanish followers. Father Serra founded the first mission at San Diego in 1769 for the purpose of converting the Indians. During the following forty years other missions were established in a chain extending north along the coast and connected by trails across the mountains and through the forest, over which travelled the robed *padres* of the Franciscan order. These pathways, worn by the footsteps of the good old priests, became the present King's highway. There are now some twenty missions of varied architecture, some built of stone and others of adobe, some in a deplorable state of disrepair or ruin and others, like Santa Barbara, possessing great picturesqueness, and being still in use as monastic buildings or as churches for regular services. But the mission Indian has long since disappeared. At San Juan Capistrano,

had still four thousand miles before us, and at our feet, beyond the rolling hills which guard the southern coast, stretched the Great American Desert.

Almost immediately after leaving the town we were again in a world of wild desolation and trails without sign-posts. For countless miles we were to catch only occasional signs of civilization's outpost—the railroad, for which we were generally thankful.

Ever since leaving New York State we had crossed hundreds of railroad tracks without any sign of protective gates or watchmen, and the prospect of the engine going wrong or breaking our flywheel while we were on the metals more than counteracted the feeling of assurance which a handy train might otherwise have inspired. Trails, too, had always been in a deplorable condition wherever they hugged the railroad.



The car on an alkali flat. Sometimes these deadly wastes stretched to the horizon giving the travellers an uncanny impression of being the last inhabitants of a dead world. [Photograph.]

of which only a single corner has been repaired for use as a tiny chapel, we found a young Irish priest in charge, a rude tent amid the ruined cloisters doing duty as his "cell." At scarred old San Luis Rey we were in the heart of a country which charms the eye with its soft, rolling landscapes and great sweep of sapphire ocean. There is a Southern languor over everything, and the country-side is still more Mexican than American in character.

October the nineteenth saw us pushing our way joyfully out of San Diego, headed eastward. We

We soon realized the advantage which we had scored in crossing the Southern Desert so well into the autumn. We were destined to escape the terrible heat which in the history of pioneering has filled its pages with tragedy after tragedy. Here is the home of the mountain lion, the vulture, and the carrion crow; here is the land of the lonely water-hole and the poisoned pool; and here, too, are the shifting sands and the deep, overheated depressions in the wilderness which were once the beds of vanished seas.

(To be concluded.)



# THE END OF AN OUTLAW.

BY A. G. FRANCIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.

Our issue for October, 1910, contained an article entitled "The Evolution of a Bandit," describing the lawless career of one Harvey Logan, alias "Kid" Curry, who was described as having the longest criminal record ever known in the United States. Curry specialized in train "hold-ups" and bank robberies, and for years, with his band, he terrorized the West, having many murders to his credit and rewards aggregating forty thousand dollars on his head. Finally, finding things getting too hot in the States, Curry and his lieutenant, "Butch" Cassidy, with other desperadoes, migrated to the Argentine Republic, where they initiated further robberies. A typical exploit of the brigands in South America was described in our May, 1911, number, under the title of "The Bandits of the Argentine." Now comes the sequel, published below—the striking story of Curry's last "hold-up" and the manner in which he and Cassidy came to their end, told by a man who—little guessing their real identity—was their host for several weeks and, later, an unwilling "accessory after the fact."



At the time I made the acquaintance of "Kid" Curry and George Leroy Parker, *alias* "Butch" Cassidy, I was employed in superintending the transportation of a large gold-dredge from the village of Verdugo, in the valley of the Rio San Juan de Oro, Sud Chicas, Bolivia, to a new site near Esmoraca, at the source of the same river. The country thereabouts is very rough and uncivilized, inhabited principally by Indians with extremely primitive ideas. Roads, as we understand the term in England, are unknown, and consequently the work of transporting a large quantity of heavy and bulky machinery and constructional ironwork was a slow and arduous task, attended by many difficulties and occasionally not a little danger. The work was done by means of heavy two-wheeled carts, drawn by six, nine, or twelve mules, and owing to hard work, poor pay, and the hardships inseparable from the life, the *carreros*, or carters, were recruited from a very low class of humanity. My crowd of about thirty men were made up of Argentine and Chilian criminals of various degrees and Bolivian half-castes. The *pueblo* of Verdugo is situated about five leagues from the town of Tupiza, in which town resided the only other Britisher within several days' journey. I had my quarters in a fairly large adobe house, in which I also kept a store for the supply of the necessities of life to the men.

One evening during the month of August, 1908, I was enjoying a solitary meal, when a loud outcry on the part of my dogs announced the arrival of visitors. Going to the door of my house I was in time to greet two riders, who, from their saddles and general appearance, I judged to be Americans. This opinion was confirmed when one of the new-comers, a burly, pleasant-looking man with a moustache, said cheerily:—

"How do? We have seen Teddy"—my friend—"in town, and he told us you wouldn't object to having us stop here a while to rest our animals."

"Get your saddles off, boys," I said, "and come right in."

I then called my boy to attend to the new-comers' animals, and after seeing that this was done I rejoined my visitors. The big fellow, who I afterwards found was the famous "Kid" Curry, informed me that his name was Frank Smith, and the other, a rather slightly-built man of middle height, with a fair beard and moustache and eyes like gimlets, was George Low (George Leroy Parker, *alias* "Butch" Cassidy). They had been in the stock business together, and later on intended to proceed to the Argentine.

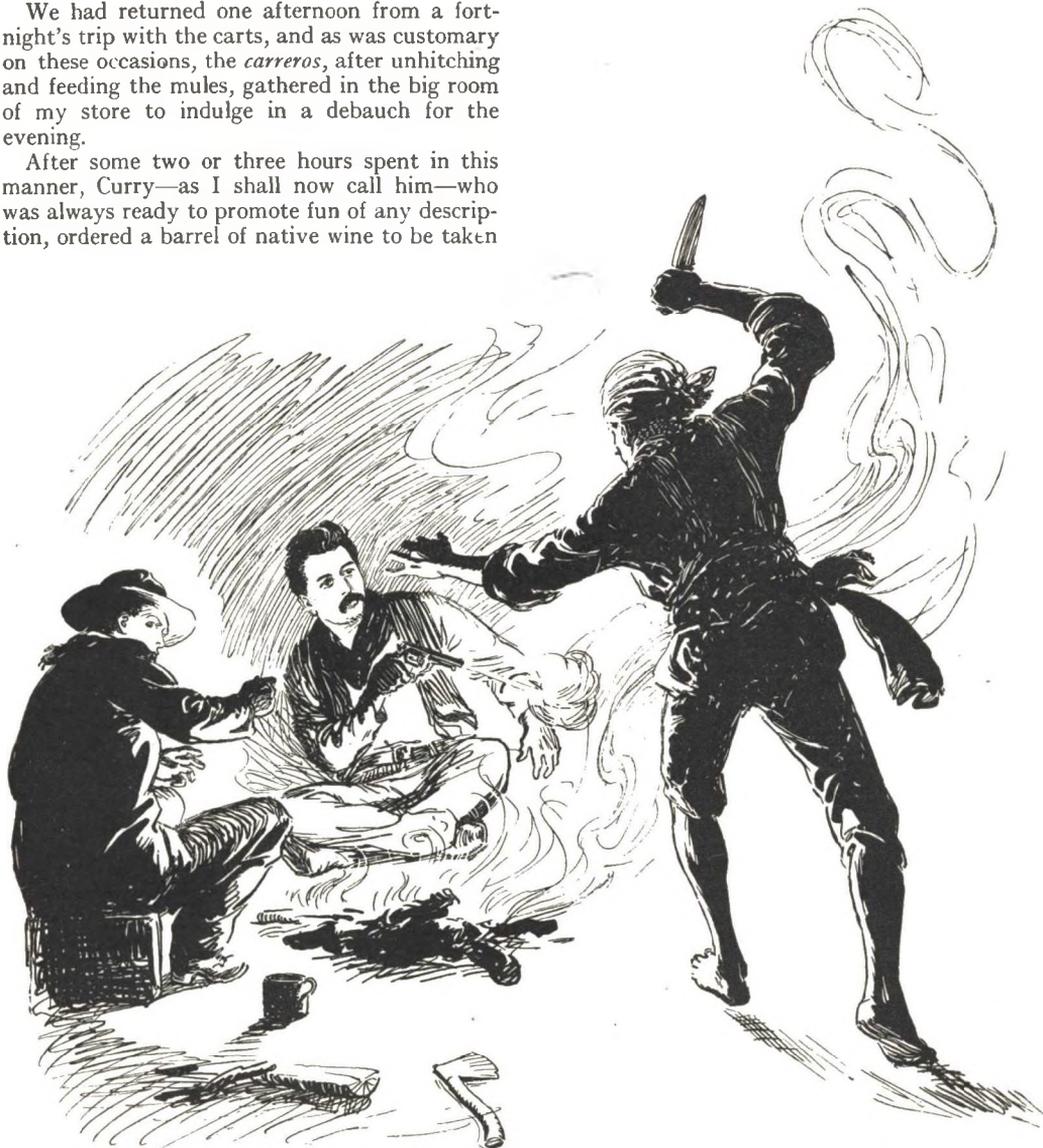
During the next two or three days, while the men were busy loading the carts for the next journey, Smith and Low proved very pleasant and amusing companions, and I was therefore not at all sorry when, as we were about to start on our trip to Esmoraca, they offered to accompany me.

For the following few weeks the transport work went on as usual, Smith remaining with me and Low spending a good part of his time in visits to Tupiza. At the time I had no idea that he had any other motive in this but that of enjoyment, but that there was another object will appear later in my story.

Of course, it was impossible to live for any period with these men in such intimate companionship without becoming aware that they were somewhat out of the ordinary run of men to be met with, even in Bolivia, although no suspicion of the real truth had so far crossed my mind. Then, one night at Verdugo, an incident occurred which gave me an insight into the character of Smith (or Curry) when roused.

We had returned one afternoon from a fortnight's trip with the carts, and as was customary on these occasions, the *carreros*, after unhitching and feeding the mules, gathered in the big room of my store to indulge in a debauch for the evening.

After some two or three hours spent in this manner, Curry—as I shall now call him—who was always ready to promote fun of any description, ordered a barrel of native wine to be taken



"Curry drew his revolver and dropped two shots between the Chilean's legs."

down to the men's camp, distant about a hundred yards from the house. This being arranged, I closed the store, and accompanied Curry to watch the dance which was already in progress amongst the *carreros* and their womenfolk. Curry was extremely fond of dancing, and for some time enjoyed himself in this way. However, becoming thirsty after a while, he seated himself opposite to me at the fire, and we amused ourselves by watching the antics of the various dancers. Suddenly I saw a man named Martinez, a great

hulking Chilean, with a most unsavoury reputation, who had taken a dislike to Curry, start up and, drawing a formidable knife, rush towards him, uttering at the same time vile threats and imprecations in Spanish. Before Martinez reached him, however, although only a few yards away, Curry drew his revolver and dropped two shots between the Chilean's legs. Martinez stopped, and the other men, their attention drawn by the shots, rushed towards Curry, with the evident intention of espousing their



The Author, Mr. A. G. Francia.  
From a Photograph.

rooted to the spot, and, seizing him by the hand grasping the knife, dug the muzzle of his revolver in his ribs, saying, "*Quiere más?*" (Do you want any more?) The big Chilian promptly disclaimed any desire for further trouble, and when Curry released him he sullenly retired.

All this occurred much more rapidly than it

companion's quarrel. Without an instant's pause, Curry swung his weapon round and fired straight at them. It takes a fairly brave crowd to face even one man under such conditions, and my *carreros* were not made of the stuff required to walk up to the guns of the enemy. They scattered in all directions, and were lost in the darkness.

Curry immediately walked up to Martinez, who had remained

takes to tell, and it is principally worthy of record as showing the readiness and rapidity of action of this famous bandit when in a tight corner.

Curry and myself then returned to the store, when he remarked, "I'll kill that man, sure."

Regaining the store, we barricaded the door, as well as the inner room, for we feared further trouble.

Some little time later we were startled by the one window of the room in which we were sitting coming in with a terrific crash, followed a second later by the outer door of the house, which yielded to the impact of a huge rock. The *carreros*, mad with fury and their copious libations, at once poured into the outer room, uttering threats of the vilest description against "los Ingleses."

Curry's first action was to reach over and extinguish the solitary candle which illuminated the inner room. Then he planted himself against the plank door leading to the big outer room of the house. Meanwhile, the threats and curses of the men without continued, while some of their number searched for some means of illumination to enable them to see how best they could break down the frail door that separated us from them.



George Parker, alias "Butch" Cassidy—Curry's accomplice.  
From a Photograph.

"What do you say, kid?" said Curry. "Shall we open the door, get out at them, and make a break for the corral?"

"I don't fancy our chance," I replied. "There are too many of them in the open."

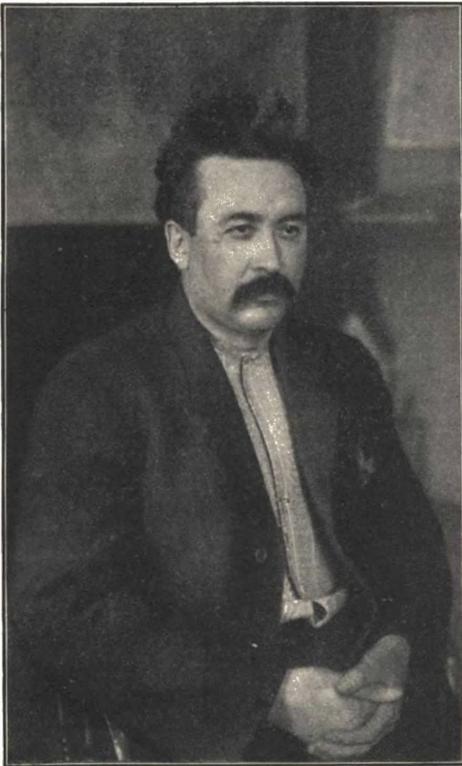
"All right," said Curry. "I'll try a shot through the door at the big savage," meaning Martinez.

"Martinez and Bartolo are right up against the door now," I told him.

With that Curry fired. There was a yell, and then silence, which I immediately took advantage of to call out to the *capataz*, Bartolo, that unless he and his men returned at once to their camp we would open fire on them through the door with our rifles.

Evidently the shot and my threat as to what would follow had a salutary effect upon the now partially sobered *carreros*, for after consulting a few moments a second shot from Curry caused them to vacate the premises hurriedly—not, however, without giving us to understand in very unequivocal terms that their vengeance was only postponed.

During the remainder of the night Curry and



Harvey Logan, alias "Kid" Curry, the outlaw.  
From a Photograph.

myself relieved each other on watch, not knowing at what moment our assailants might return. As soon as the dawn appeared I suggested to Curry that, as their quarrel seemed mainly with him, it would perhaps be as well if he saddled up and rode into town, leaving me to deal with the men. He was very reluctant to do this, and wanted to remain and, as he said, "Kill the big savage."

However, I pointed out that if anybody was killed an inquiry would result in Tupiza, and that this would probably interfere with the transport work, which we were very anxious to get finished before the rainy season came on. This—and possibly the reflection that an inquiry in Tupiza would upset his own plans—decided him, and he rode away at daybreak, while the *carreros* were still under their blankets. I had not long to wait after his departure before Bartolo, Martinez—with his shoulder bandaged—and several other carters made their appearance. They were still very angry, but fortunately sober, and after a good deal of recrimination and big talk, the affair was more or less smoothed over, it not being to my advantage on account of the work to still further antagonize the men just then.

Starting on our next trip, Parker went ahead with the carts, while Curry remained with me to settle a few outstanding matters.

We were delayed longer than we anticipated, so that it was late in the afternoon of the following day before we set off to catch up the men. Overtaken by a mist on the pampa, we were forced to make the best of our way to the Argentine Custom House, in order to obtain food and shelter. On our arrival, however, we found that their supply of forage was very small, and consequently, on leaving early next morning, we wended our way to the frontier *pueblo* of Santa Catalina, in order to obtain a square feed for our animals. The *Comisario* (magistrate) of Santa Catalina was a friend of mine, and in addition to his official duties kept a store, so we decided to fill our requirements at his establishment.

On our arrival we found that my friend had two other visitors, the *Comisarios* of Cordoba and Jujuy, two important towns in the Argentine Republic.

It will give my readers some idea of the coolness of "Kid" Curry when it is explained that this noted bandit had for some years been sought after by the Argentine police, and his photograph and description circulated throughout the country, on account of several daring bank robberies committed by him and his associates in that Republic.

After our host had introduced us to the two

magistrates, the whole party settled down to the enjoyment of several *aperitivos* together, and later on, when breakfast was announced, Curry and myself were invited to join our new friends at this repast. At breakfast we became quite a merry party, and on the conclusion of the meal we amused ourselves for some time by various trials of strength. It was while one of these was in progress that I saw Curry suddenly break away from the two *Comisarios* and disappear through the door. A moment later I heard his horse gallop past.

Although ignorant of the cause of this sudden departure, I lost no time in following his lead, and mounting my animal, standing ready in the *patio*, I clattered away in pursuit. On overtaking Curry, which he only allowed me to do on seeing that I was unaccompanied, he explained that the men had tried to take away his revolver, and he did not allow anyone to do that. Some time afterwards he further enlightened me by saying that he thought that the Cordoba man had recognized him and wished to disarm him in an apparently friendly way.

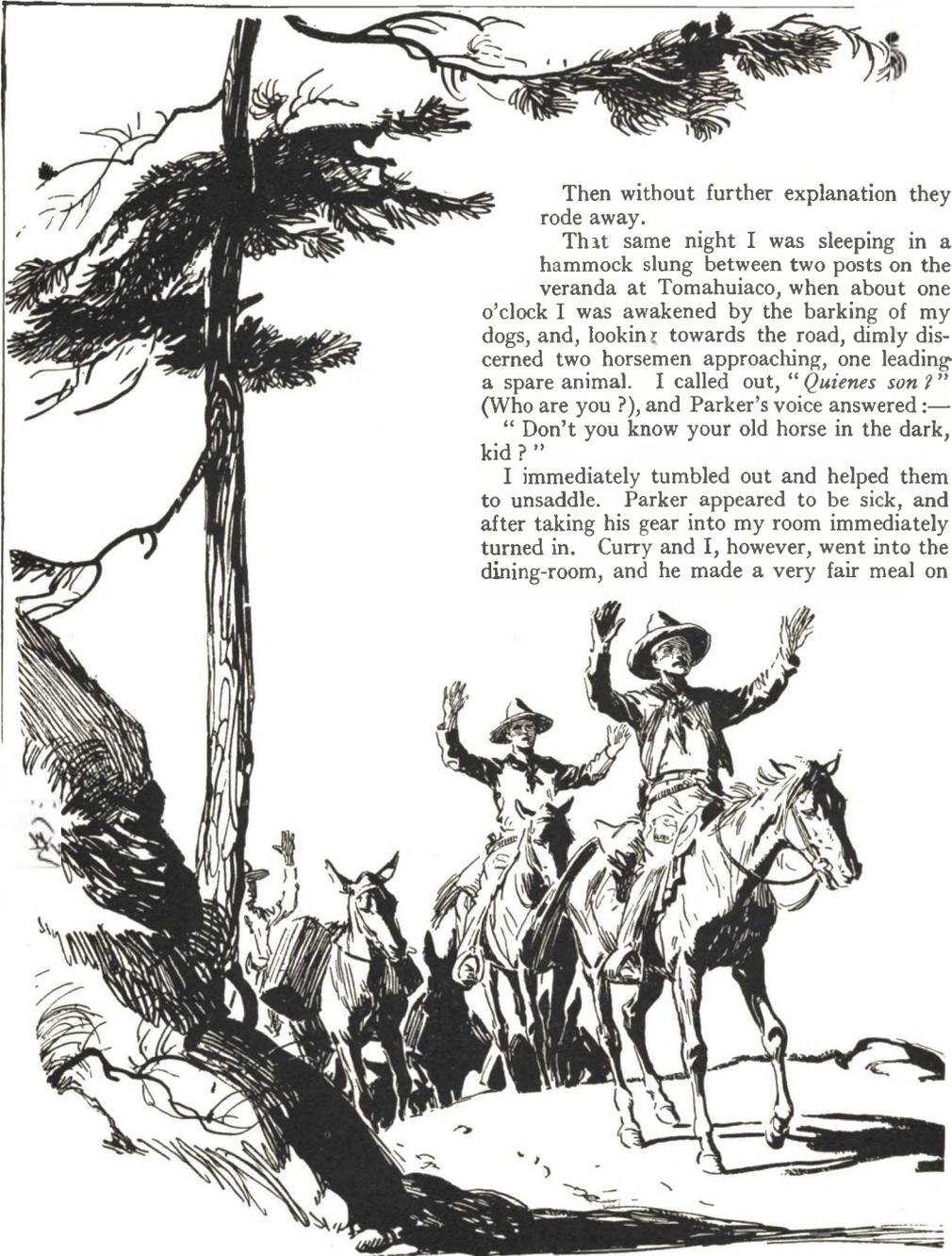
On leaving the village a mile or two behind we quitted the road, and for the next four or five hours climbed up one side and scrambled and slid down the other of some of the most rocky, rugged, and barren mountains possible to conceive—habitation or vegetation there was none—until we finally reached the camp about eleven o'clock at night.

On our return to Verdugo, Curry paid a few days' visit to Tupiza, and on his return had a long private conversation with Parker, following which the latter rode off to town, and Curry and I went down the river to take up our quarters at Tomahuiaco, distant about a league from Verdugo. There we remained until, some five days later, Parker returned. The following day Parker requested me to lend him my big grey horse and rode away with Curry back to town.

Arriving in Tupiza, they put up at the Hotel Internacional, passing the evening with cards and drink in the fashion prevalent in that country. Next morning they were astir early, unostentatiously watching the offices of Senores Aramayo Francke and Cia., and at about ten a.m. they saw the manager of this company's smelting works near Cotagaita, his son, and two muleteers ride out of the town with several pack animals, on their return to the works. The two Americans then returned to the hotel, saddled their animals, and entering the bar for a last drink exchanged remarks with several men whom they knew.

"Where are you off to, boys?" said one.

"We're going to get a nice little packet," replied Parker, smiling. "Such a nice little packet."



Then without further explanation they rode away.

That same night I was sleeping in a hammock slung between two posts on the veranda at Tomahuiaco, when about one o'clock I was awakened by the barking of my dogs, and, looking towards the road, dimly discerned two horsemen approaching, one leading a spare animal. I called out, "*Quienes son?*" (Who are you?), and Parker's voice answered:— "Don't you know your old horse in the dark, kid?"

I immediately tumbled out and helped them to unsaddle. Parker appeared to be sick, and after taking his gear into my room immediately turned in. Curry and I, however, went into the dining-room, and he made a very fair meal on

"The handits sternly commanded them to put their hands up."

whatever I could find, during which he entertained me with an account of their latest exploit.

When they first arrived in Tupiza from the north of Bolivia, he told me, their intention was to hold up the National Bank there. However, a few days after their arrival the Albaroa cavalry regiment arrived to take up their quarters in the town, and as this regiment was in barracks in the same square as the Bank, and only a stone's-throw from it, they decided that it was too dangerous for the moment to attempt this proceeding, and that it would be necessary to await the regiment's removal to another part of the country. It was then that they looked about for an out-of-the-way retreat in which to pass the time, and came out to me at Verdugo. Their funds getting low, however, and no signs of the departure of the regiment being apparent, they had to alter their plans.

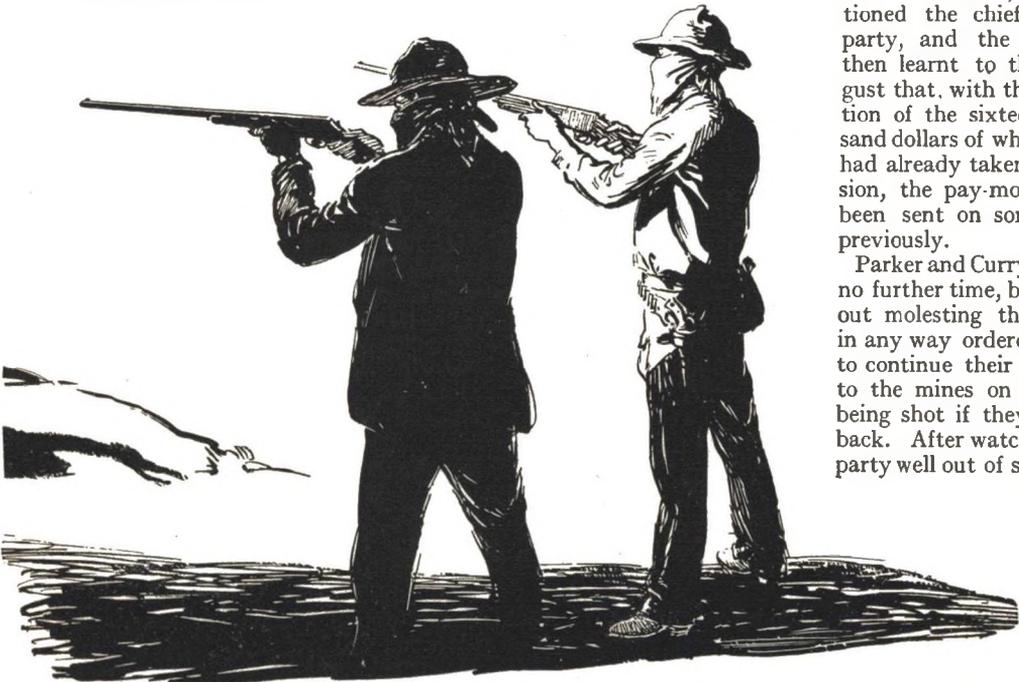
During their many visits to Tupiza they made unobtrusive inquiries, and learnt that it was the custom for Messrs. Aramayo Francke and Cia. to send the pay-money for their employés at the smelter and neighbouring mines (amounting in value to sixteen thousand pounds), once every month by means of pack-mules escorted by two or three *arrieros*. After completing their inquiries they went over and made their final arrangements for carrying out a "hold-up," and then quietly returned and waited for the next remittance to be sent.

After watching the departure of the escort on the morning in question, and singling out one of the pack-mules possessed by the party for capture later on, they returned to the hotel, and left almost at once, as I have already stated. Taking a much shorter and rougher track over the mountains, they reached the spot already selected by them for the scene of the "hold-up" some time in advance of the pay escort, taking the precaution on their way thither to cut the telegraph wires in several places. They then hid their animals near by, and masking their faces with large handkerchiefs kept a good lookout up and down the track with the field-glasses which Curry always carried slung over the front of his saddle.

Entirely unsuspecting, Messrs. Aramayo Francke's employés drew near, and on rounding a slight bluff were taken completely by surprise by the bandits, who, on foot in the middle of the road, Winchester rifles in hand, sternly commanded them to put their hands up. This order being obeyed with only a slight hesitation on the part of the escort, Curry kept guard over the party while Parker caught the mule carrying the remittance and rapidly transferred the contents of the "petacas" (raw-hide trunks) to his saddle bags. Finding, however, that the amount was not nearly so much as was anticipated, he thoroughly searched the "petacas" carried by the other animals. His search revealing nothing

further of value, he questioned the chief of the party, and the robbers then learnt to their disgust that, with the exception of the sixteen thousand dollars of which they had already taken possession, the pay-money had been sent on some days previously.

Parker and Curry wasted no further time, but without molesting the escort in any way ordered them to continue their journey to the mines on peril of being shot if they turned back. After watching the party well out of sight the



two bandits mounted their animals and, leading the mule they had taken from the escort, made their way across the mountains to a desolate spot, where they decided to wait until nightfall before pursuing their journey to Tomahuiaco. As soon as darkness came on they resumed their march, and finally descended into the valley of the Rio San Juan, about a league below the house in which I was quartered, having encountered not a soul since the departure of the escort.

After giving me these particulars, Curry joined his partner in my room, and I returned to my hammock to pass the rest of the night. I thought deeply over the story I had just heard, and did not at all care for the position in which I found myself, practically the accessory of a couple of brigands. I did not see what I could do to alter matters, however; any attempt to give the men away would undoubtedly have cost me my life, and that very quickly.

We were all astir shortly after daybreak, and nothing having yet been heard in the neighbourhood regarding the affair, everything went on as usual. At about ten a.m., the two bandits and the writer being seated on the veranda, we received our first tidings from Tupiza by the arrival of an acquaintance on a spent horse, who exclaimed as he dismounted:—

“You had better get out of this, boys; they are saddling up a hundred men to come after you.”

After he had refreshed himself with a drink, the new-comer told us that the news of the “hold-up” had reached Tupiza the previous evening, and that parties of soldiers, accompanied by Indian trackers, had been out all night searching for traces of the outlaws. He had heard just before leaving Tupiza that tracks had been found, and had seen the soldiers mustering in the Plaza, on which he had secured the best horse he could obtain and galloped all the way to Tomahuiaco to warn the two friends. After telling us that the soldiers could not be very far distant, he again mounted and rode away. When he had gone Curry turned to me.

“You might tell that boy of yours to get breakfast ready quickly, will you, kid?” he said. “I suppose we had better be moving.”

Curry and Parker then began to get their riding gear ready, deciding to take with them the mule they had stolen the previous day, but leaving their pack behind. They displayed no nervousness or hurry in their proceedings, and, when breakfast was ready, we disposed of the meal in very good spirits and with considerable appetite.

“Say, kid,” said Curry, suddenly turning to me, “you had better saddle up and come with us.”

Needless to say, that was the last thing I wished to do, but argument was useless. Evidently Curry wanted to make certain of my silence. I accordingly saddled up, and shortly after the three of us started up the river at a gentle trot, Parker leading the stolen mule and Curry and myself following behind.

“Suppose the soldiers arrive” said I, “what are you going to do about it?”

“Why, we’ll just sit down behind a rock and get to work,” replied Curry, calmly.

Reflecting upon my position, I felt it to be a very unenviable one, as, should the soldiers catch us, I should certainly stand a very good chance of suffering the same fate as my companions, although entirely innocent of any complicity in their crimes. However, no other course being open to me, I decided to put as good a face on the matter as possible, and trust to my good luck to pull me through.

Presently I asked a question.

“Where are you going to—the Argentine?”

“No,” replied Curry, “we can’t go there. We want you to guide us up that narrow *quebrada* (canyon) to Estarca. We are going to make for Uyuni and the north again. Once we get there we know a place to lie low in until this affair blows over.”

“I think you’re foolish,” I answered.

“Oh, they won’t get us,” said Curry, confidently.

Shortly after this we turned off the main bed of the river into the narrow and winding canyon leading to the small Indian *pueblo* of Estarca, having seen nothing of our pursuers. Now, for the first time, I felt that I had a fair chance of escape should we be overtaken, as this canyon turns and twists to such an extent that the track is not visible for more than about a hundred yards at one time throughout its length, very frequent fordings of the river being necessary, with inaccessible heights on either side.

Late in the afternoon we drew near the village, and I was then instructed by my companions to ride ahead, make inquiries as to whether all was safe, and should such be the case return to the river road, when they would enter the village. I did so, and finding that no news of the “hold-up” had been received, returned and awaited the arrival of the two bandits.

Engaging a room, which I had occupied on many previous visits, we made our arrangements for the night, the two partners occupying a bed in the corner, and I a mattress placed on the floor immediately opposite the door.

“Good night, kid,” said Curry. “I wish we could celebrate to-night, but in the circumstances it won’t do.”

I fell asleep very soon, and did not wake until

roused by the daylight, when I went into the village to make inquiries and purchase provisions. Finding that everything was quiet, I returned to the house, and shortly afterwards we left the village on our journey towards Uyuni.

About eight o'clock that morning, after learning all the particulars I could give them regarding the road they wished to follow, Curry and Parker suddenly pulled up their animals, and the former held out his hand.

"Well, good-bye, kid," he said. "You don't want to come any further with us. If you meet those soldiers, tell them you passed us on the road to the Argentine."

Exchanging farewells, I turned my horse and rode towards Tomahuiaco, catching the last glimpse I ever had of the bandits alive as they rounded a bend in the valley.

The following day an Indian passing Tomahuiaco informed me that two white men had been killed the previous evening at San Vicente, a village about fourteen leagues from where I had left Curry and Parker. His description of these men tallying with that of the robbers, I saddled up at once and rode to San Vicente, learning on the way further details which convinced me that it was indeed my late companions who had come to their untimely end.

On reaching the scene of the tragedy, I learnt that two "gringos" had arrived at the village demanding lodgings, and had been directed to the house of the *correjidor* (Indian justice of the peace). It being quite customary to seek entertainment for man and beast at the houses of these officials, our two "gringos" proceeded thither, and were at once shown to a room opening on to the *patio* of the house.

Unsaddling, their animals were put into the corral, and the new arrivals, leaving their saddles and rifles in the *patio*, went into their room and ordered a bottle of beer. In the meantime, the *correjidor's* attention had been drawn to the led mule brought by his visitors, and the particulars of the "hold-up" having reached him he had no difficulty in identifying the animal as that stolen from Messrs. Aramayo Francke and Cia. On his own initiative this man would probably have done nothing, but it happened that a troop of soldiers, sent out from Uyuni to search for the bandits, was at that very moment resting in two of the rooms of his house. He therefore lost no time in communicating his suspicions to the officer in command of the detachment, who promptly dispatched one of his men to inquire of the visitors their names and business. The unfortunate soldier, in pursuance of his instructions, entered the room in which the bandits were consuming their beer, and before he had time to enunciate a word was shot twice

in the throat. (From the bullets extracted, this was proved to have been done by Parker). He staggered out of the room and collapsed, dying almost immediately.

Alarmed by the shots, the troop instantly commenced a siege of the room in which the bandits remained. With only one means of egress—the door—in front of which the attacking party were entrenched safe from their revolver fire, and separated from their rifles, there was only one ending possible for men who had no intention of ever seeing the inside of another prison.

For some hours the bandits' shots answered those of the besiegers, but at last all was silent within. The officer then ordered one of his men to clamber upon the roof and, by tearing away a part of the thatch, ascertain the position of affairs within the room. This manœuvre being very gingerly executed, the man reported both bandits as apparently dead.

On entering the room Parker was found in a line with the door, a pile of empty cartridges by his side and five bullets in his body. Curry was seated on the floor in a corner with two bullet-marks in the wall close to his head and a bullet in his brain. This bullet, when extracted, was found to correspond to Parker's revolver, a .45 Colt, so that it is only to be concluded that, finding escape impossible and Parker being too badly wounded to live, Curry had requested him to put a bullet through his (Curry's) head. This Parker succeeded in doing, evidently at the third attempt, and he then ended his own life by putting his last bullet into his own brain. Both men were buried in San Vicente, in unconsecrated ground.

The whole amount stolen—sixteen thousand dollars—was recovered intact, and in addition a sum of one hundred and seventeen pounds in gold and a small sum in notes.

I must confess that it was with a feeling very much akin to grief that I wended my way homeward. "Kid" Curry told me once that he had made several attempts to settle down to a law-abiding life, but these attempts had always been frustrated by emissaries of the police and detective agencies getting on his track, and thus forcing him to return to the road. He claimed that he had never hurt or killed a man except in self-defence, and had never stolen from the poor, but only from rich corporations well able to support his "requisitions."

I certainly knew him as a most amiable and cheerful companion, possessed of a very equable temper. To conclude, I may mention that his favourite book was Rolf Boldrewood's "Robbery Under Arms," in which he greatly admired the character of "Old man" Marston,

# Across the Wilderness of Judaea.

BY  
FURMAN O. BALDWIN.



Our Bedouin guides in the desert.

*From a Photo. by American Colony, Jerusalem.*

An account of a trip across the Wilderness of Judaea, one of the least known and most desolate regions on the face of the earth. Nevertheless, it is full of historical ruins, and a description of these and the incidents of a most interesting journey are here set forth.

**I**N South-Eastern Palestine there is a stretch of country, some twenty miles in width and seventy miles or so in length, known as the Wilderness of Judaea. It is virtually an arid plateau dotted with small conical hills intersected by deep ravines. It is mentioned many times in sacred history, and yet, although within easy distance of Jerusalem, is practically never visited. The reason is not far to seek, for a more desolate and dreary region it is impossible to imagine. For a small party to cross it, moreover, is considered dangerous, on account of the frequent robberies committed by roving tribes of Bedouins.

For some time several of the members of the American colony in Jerusalem had expressed a desire to see this region and obtain any new botanical specimens that might be found there. Hearing that the Dominican Fathers were about to penetrate into this little-known country for scientific research, they were approached and the necessary arrangements made to join them,

so that it was quite an imposing caravan that left Jerusalem early one morning a few days later and wended its way down the Kedron Valley towards the Wilderness of Judaea. There were eighteen of us in the party, all well mounted on sure-footed Arabian steeds, some of them looking rather the worse for wear, yet all traveling splendidly. Our tents and equipment were on mules, hardy, enduring animals that carried their heavy burdens over some of the roughest roads in Palestine with seldom a stumble or a fall.

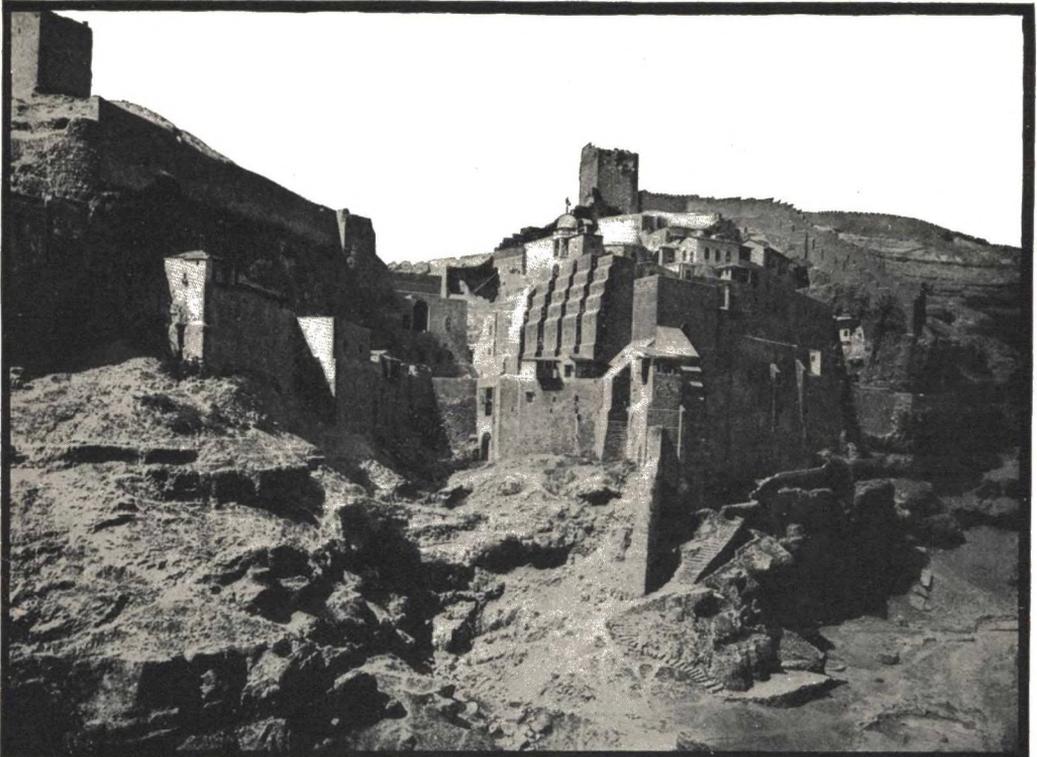
We sent the mules with the camp on in advance to a spot near Tekoa, the birthplace of the prophet Amos, a few miles south-east of Bethlehem. We ourselves took a much longer route, as we desired to visit Mar Saba, an old Greek monastery, now used as a sort of prison for unruly monks. Virtually hanging to the sides of the precipitous cliffs, in the heart of the wilderness, the convent presents a strange spectacle. It is reached, not as in most other cases by ascending to it from below, but by descending to it from above.

The various buildings of which it is composed rest on small areas formed by the aid of massive buttressing walls built up from below, terrace above terrace. There are grottos and tiny gardens of flowers and fruit trees.

The convent is most substantially built, and is surrounded by a massive wall. It was a necessity that it should be solid and fort-like, as it has often had to resist sieges, and several times in the early centuries it was sacked by the Persians and all the monks massacred. In the centre of the pile of buildings is the church,

across country to get to our camp. There was no road at all, but we had two Bedouin guides who knew every foot of the desert. They took us down a terribly steep cliff to the bed of the Wady-en-Nar, which we followed for several miles. We passed two Bedouin camps, one of them having the tents pitched in a triangle, so as to form a protection at night for their flocks and camels.

On climbing a deep ravine, more rugged than any other we had met, one of the horses slipped on the smooth rock and fell over the shelving



The wonderful old Greek monastery of Mar Saba, which no woman is allowed to enter—By kindness the monks have so tamed the wild birds of the neighbourhood that they will eat out of their hands

*From a Photo. by American Colony, Jerusalem.*

and grouped around it, hewn out of the solid rock, are the rooms and cells of the monks. Their lives are spent in prayer and fasting, and their diet is of the most meagre and simple sort, black bread and herbs being their daily fare. It was an interesting sight to see how the monks had by kindness tamed the wild birds, so that they had no fear of them and would alight on their heads and shoulders and eat out of their hands. A peculiar law of the community forbids any woman from entering the premises.

After spending an hour or more here we cut

edge to a depth of nearly twenty feet. A projecting rock just saved him from rolling any farther and being dashed to pieces. We all thought that the poor brute must be seriously injured, and that we would have to shoot him, but he seemed none the worse for the fall, and continued the journey as if nothing had happened. Although the native horseshoe, which is simply a piece of sheet iron, protects the hoof from injury over the stony roads, yet it is very bad on the smooth polished rock, as it has no caulks to prevent slipping.



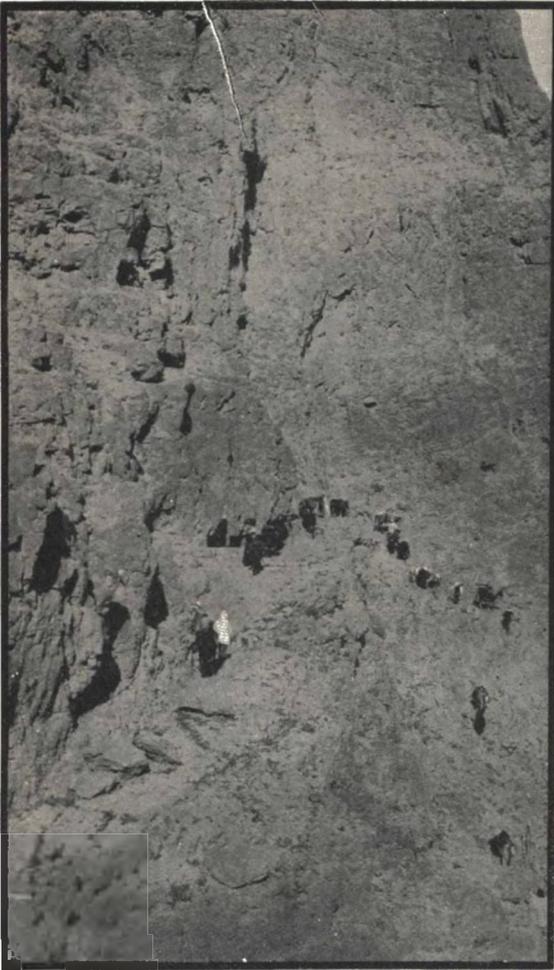
Another view of Mar Saba, showing the massive protecting wall.  
*From a Photo. by American Colony, Jerusalem.*



*From a Photo. by*

A Bedouin camp in the wilderness.

*(American Colony, Jerusalem.*



The descent to Engedi.

*From a Photo. by American Colony, Jerusalem.*

It was now sundown, and we were still far from our camp—an awkward predicament, for in this part of the world there is no twilight. After travelling in silence and darkness for a long time, however, we were gladdened at last by the sight of our camp fires brightly burning. Early next morning we started for Ain Jidi (Engedi), a place often mentioned in the Bible. It was in a

cave in this locality that Saul fell into the hands of David, who so magnanimously spared his life. The name Ain Jidi means "the spring of the goat," and it is still the haunt of the ibex.

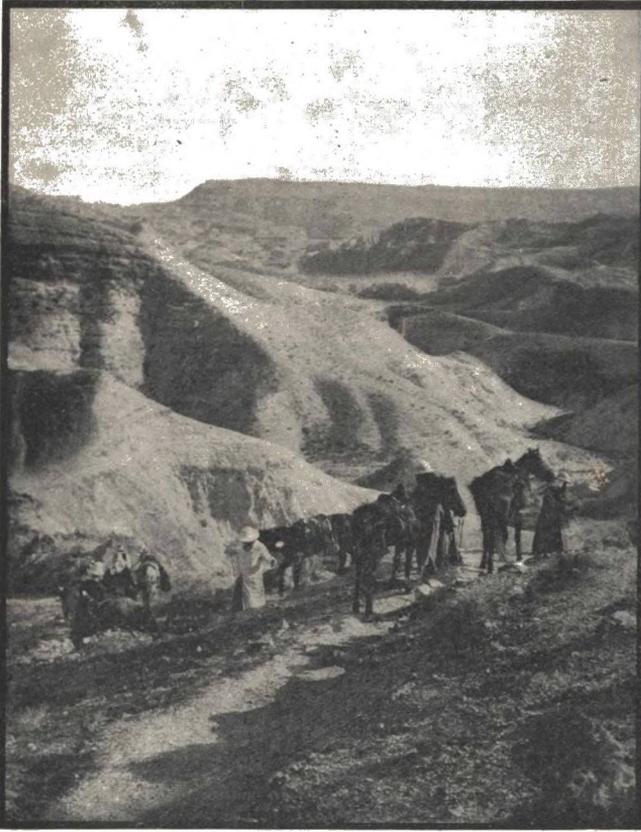
By noon we had left behind us the brilliantly-carpeted hills, as at this time of year, early spring, Palestine abounds with wild-flowers of the most dazzling colours. For the next few hours our way led over the desolate desert, with hardly a shrub to relieve the monotony of the road. Then, all at once, as we approached the mountain overhanging Engedi, we could look down upon a wonderful contrast to the arid wilderness behind us. There, nearly two thousand feet below, lay the briny waters of the Dead Sea, and fringing its shore was an oasis of exquisite beauty, on a little plain about a mile in width. Here were two abundant springs giving ample water for the irrigation of small gardens of cucumbers, which the Bedouins raise. To descend this wall of rock was no easy task, as we had to lead our horses over the slippery way. Our mules were all unloaded, and the men had to carry their loads over the worst parts.

We pitched our tents at the upper spring, some seven hundred feet above the Dead Sea, as we knew from a former visit the quantity and quality of the Engedi mosquito.



The view from just above Engedi—It was near here that Saul, who had hidden in a cave, fell into the hands of David.

*From a Photo. by American Colony, Jerusalem.*



A typical view of the Wilderness of Judea.  
From a Photo. by American Colony, Jerusalem.

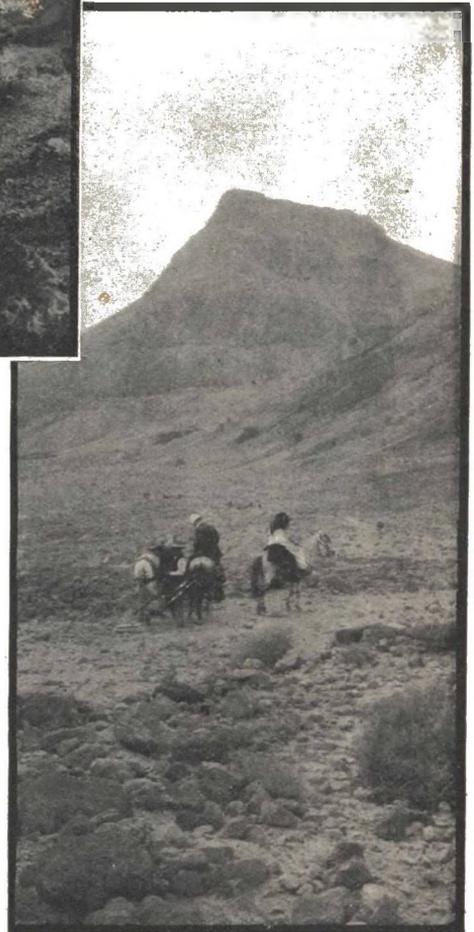
The poor Bedouins living there get no rest at night unless they build a bonfire and sleep in the smoke. Here were many large Shittim and Apple-of-Sodom trees, which we used to tie our tent-ropes to, as a violent wind springs up late in the afternoon. The fruit of the Sodom Apple tree (the *Calotropis procera*) is much like a large yellow apple in appearance, but on being opened is found to contain only a few soft, silk-like fibres. The poorer Bedouins use this fluff for pillows. To refresh ourselves after the toils of the day we took a swim in the Dead Sea. Unless one takes a fresh water bath after it, a coating of salt and other minerals is left on the skin, giving a very unpleasant feeling.

Next morning about sunrise we proceeded south, following the shore of the sea. For the next two days of our journey we did not meet a single living being or see a trace of life except an occasional eagle soaring high above us, or at night the camp fires of Bedouins some thirty miles away on the highlands of Moab. The experience gave us a most uncanny feeling of

being out of the realm of mankind, in a dead and forgotten world.

A ride of five hours brought us to the foot of Masada. This is one of the strongest natural fortresses imaginable, severed almost entirely from the range of mountains on the west and towering to the height of seventeen hundred feet above the plain of the Dead Sea. Its sides are not slopes, but mighty precipices, up which no army could climb. Only to the west is it connected by a narrow neck of land to the plateau, and from this point alone could an enemy assail it.

We left our horses in charge of the muleteers at the foot of the



Approaching Masada from the north.  
From a Photo. by American Colony, Jerusalem.



Ascending to the wonderful fortress of Masada.  
From a Photo. by American Colony, Jerusalem.

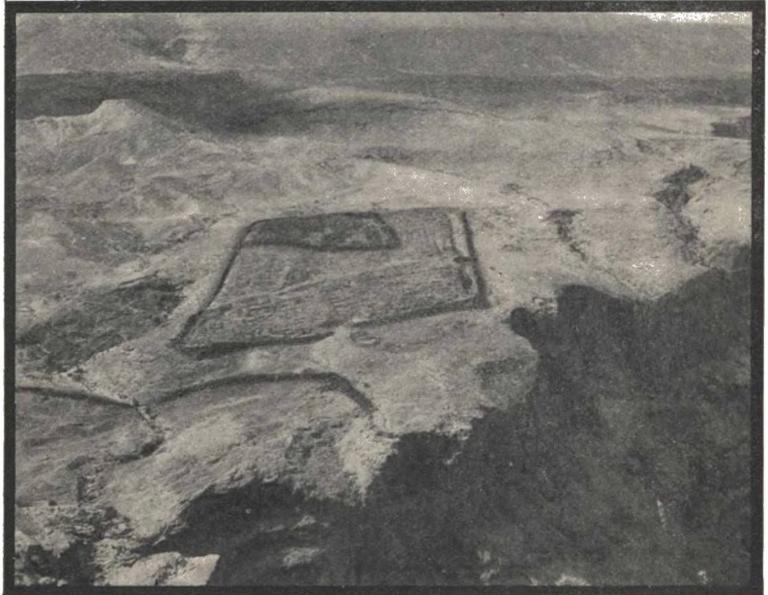
mountain and started, after a light lunch, to climb to the ruins on the top. Instead of commencing to ascend Masada itself our guide took us up the slope of the range to the west, and then by the narrow neck of land connecting the two. We saw later that it would have been impossible to have reached our goal by any other way, as the sides are so steep.

Masada was the last Jewish stronghold that held out against the Romans after the fall of Jerusalem in the year 70. To it fled a band of the most fanatical of the Jews, under Eleazar, who, knowing the natural strength of the location, and how Herod the Great had added to it by building a wall round the summit, thought the Romans could never force them to surrender. Only after one has been over the ground and seen the lack of water, and the distance the Romans had to carry provisions

and war materials, can one realize their courage, determination, and ability.

A wall was built by the Romans at the base of the mountain entirely closing in Masada, and at different points along it were camps for the soldiers. To this day these camps can be plainly seen. The Roman general had the greater portion of his army encamped on the highlands to the west of Masada, and set up his battering-rams and towers on the narrow connecting neck of land before mentioned. It was at this point that he made a breach in Herod's wall and set fire to an inner wall of wood and stones, which the Jews had hurriedly built.

We examined carefully the ruins of the old wall, the palace, the citadel, and the two columbaria, but were more interested in the huge cisterns for collecting rain-water, and large underground vaults, where quantities of oil, wine, and



Looking down from the fortress upon the main camp of the Romans who besieged it.  
From a Photo. by American Colony, Jerusalem.

dates had been stored by Herod. The Jews found that these were still in perfect preservation, although a hundred years had elapsed since they were placed there. The largest cistern we found was about sixty feet underground, with steps leading down to it. It was ninety feet long, thirty feet wide, and would hold about thirty feet of water. We could see that for many years no water had collected in it, as we found near the bottom the name of Sir Charles Warren, written in lead pencil and dated 1875.

The panorama from the top of the plateau is wonderful, embracing all the Dead Sea, especially

as well as their wives and children, rather than surrender. Before doing this, however, they gathered all their valuables into a heap and set them on fire, so that the enemy would find no spoils. They then each ran to his wife and children, tenderly embraced them, and then slew them with all possible haste. Ten of them were appointed by lot to kill the other men, and after bidding farewell to one other each man lay down by his friend and presented his neck for the blow.

After the ten had executed their deadly mission they again cast lots for one of their



Looking east from the fortress towards the Dead Sea—The three enclosures shown are the remains of the Roman camps.

*From a Photo. by American Colony, Jerusalem.*

the Lisan and the southern part and the plain at the base of the mountain, looking much like a raised map. The Roman camps and the encircling walls stood out as plainly as if built only yesterday. We hurled huge boulders of rock down from the heights above, and in their headlong descent they started many others rolling, which would have proved fatal to an attacking party.

It was here that the most tragic ending happened to the besieged that has ever occurred to any armed force in the world's history. After the Romans had succeeded in taking the first wall and had burned the second one, they decided to storm the citadel next day. The Jews learned their intentions, and agreed to kill themselves,

number to dispose of them in the same way, which was done, the last man then killing himself. In all, nine hundred and sixty persons perished by their own hands. Two women and five children hid themselves in one of the underground vaults, and when the Romans came next day to assault the place and found no enemy, but only a deathlike stillness, they were met by these women with the terrible tale of what had happened.

We have little history of Masada after this siege, but the early Christians must have rebuilt it, as the remains of a Byzantine church prove. On the plaster walls of this chapel there may still be seen some queer mosaic work. Very reluctantly we left this romantic spot and



Mural mosaics in an Early Christian Chapel on the summit of Masada, dating from the Byzantine period.  
From a Photo. by American Colony, Jerusalem.

retraced our steps down the mountain to the Roman camp where our horses were awaiting us. In our descent we had to keep close together, as it was impossible to avoid starting loose stones rolling, which would have proved exceedingly dangerous to anyone in advance and below us.

Our camp was to have been pitched in a valley a few miles south of Masada, but on arriving there we found no trace of it. As it was getting late we sent two young men, who were well mounted, to search in all the valleys we had passed, thinking that we had missed it. They returned after dark with the news that they were sure no camp was behind us, so we pushed on.

We had to travel in single file, as the ground was very rough. One of the party was a retired colonel, over seventy years of age, and his horse fell with him

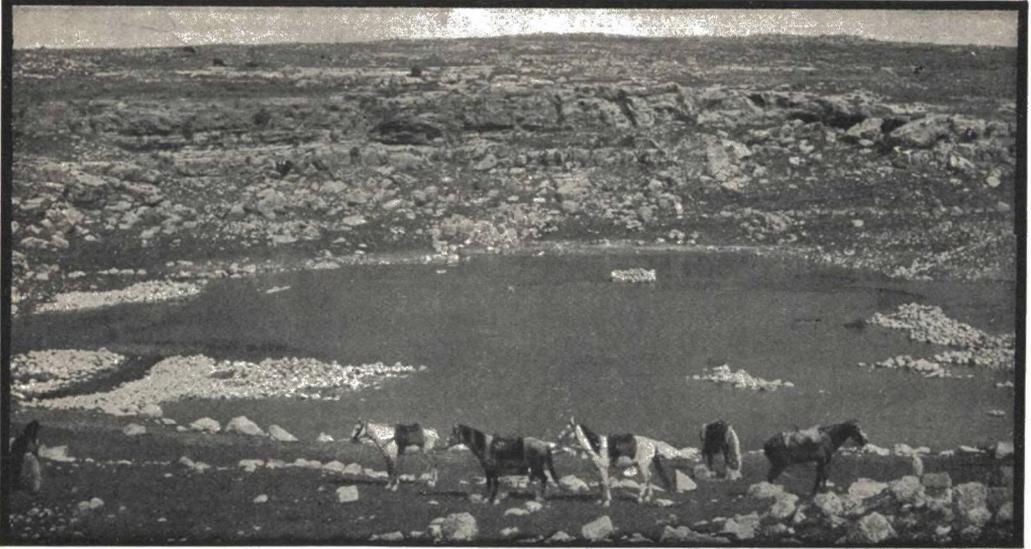
several times, so that we had to put him on a pack-mule, as they are splendid little animals for such roads.

We were delighted at last to see the lights of a search-party, who had come from the camp. There was general rejoicing when they found us, but our joy diminished when we found that there

was not a drop of water available. The poor animals had had none during the whole day's march, and through the night they kept up a continual whimpering and crying for water. It was not until near noon of the next day that they could quench their thirst, when we got to Wady Umm Baghrek. Here there is a beautiful stream of water gushing out of the valley, only to be lost in the dry soil after running a short distance. It was the only living water we struck



This whitewashed rock covers a holy man's tomb—The natives sacrifice here annually, believing that in return the spirit of the departed will give them good crops. [American Colony, Jerusalem.]



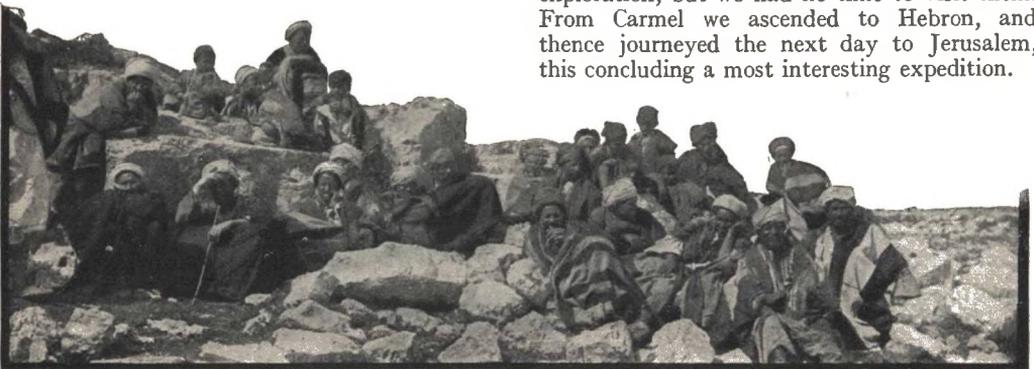
An ancient reservoir at Carmel—This is where Nabal lived in the wilderness.  
*From a Photo. by American Colony, Jerusalem.*

during the three days' journey south of Engedi. How the horses drank! It seemed as if they would never stop.

Our ride during the afternoon was close to the shore of the Dead Sea, and the sulphur springs gave a very obnoxious odour to the atmosphere. We visited the salt mountain of Jebel Usdum, which is seven miles in length and about seven hundred feet in height. The only trace of man that we could find was a mound of worked stone, probably some ancient tomb. The heat was so great that we were glad to leave the hollow of the Dead Sea and go west up the Wady Zuwera. We camped for the night by an interesting old castle built on a hill in the centre of the valley. We could not learn by whom it was built, but it was evidently for the protection of the caravans passing along this route to Petra.

From this point we ascended through the wilderness to Carmel, which was the home of Nabal in the days when David was wandering in the wilderness fleeing from Saul, who was seeking to kill him. Here David was saved from shedding the blood of the churlish Nabal by the wisdom of Abigail, who soon after became David's wife.

This Carmel is not to be confounded with Mount Carmel in the north, near the sea. Here we encountered the first life in the dreary wilderness we had traversed. A crowd of Bedouins pressed in around us, whom we watched closely, as on a former trip they had stolen a donkey from our Dominican travelling companions. We lunched near an old pool filled with water from four neighbouring fountains. There were extensive ruins, which would repay exploration, but we had no time to visit them. From Carmel we ascended to Hebron, and thence journeyed the next day to Jerusalem, this concluding a most interesting expedition.

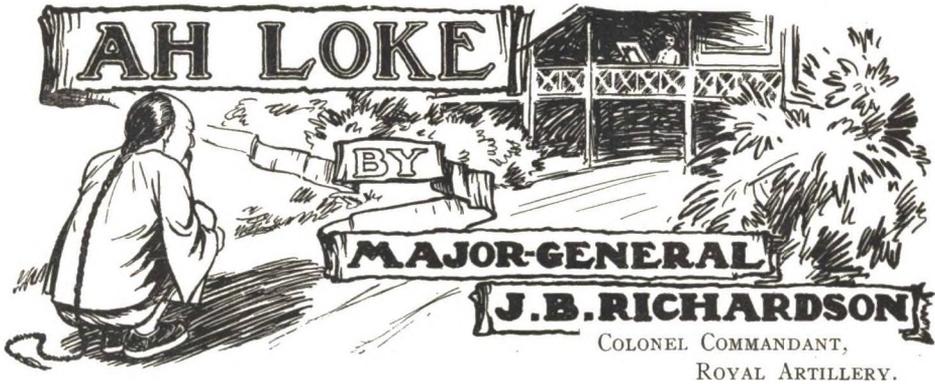


*From a*

Inhabitants of Mount Carmel watching the travellers at lunch.

*[Photograph.*

# SHORT STORIES.



ILLUSTRATED BY G. M. SULLIVAN.

An amusing little story concerning a quaint character whom General Richardson describes as the most remarkable Chinaman he ever met.



My acquaintance with Ah Loke began in the following fashion:—

I had lately arrived in Burma, and about noon on a very hot day in March, 1873, I was seated at a table in the veranda of No. 74 Cantonments, Rangoon, a bungalow I had just bought. Looking up, I beheld a sad-faced, blue-clad Chinaman, squatting some twenty yards away on the drive in the hot sun. He was regarding the house very earnestly, though seemingly taking no notice of me.

He said nothing, nor did I, and as I was sketching at the time, I took advantage of the fact that he formed an excellent and cheap model, and painted away at a portrait of him. He remained quite motionless for fully an hour, when, having finished my picture, it occurred to me to call him up and inquire what he wanted.

"Can do. One carpenter, six coolies, seven hundred and seventy-four rupees," he replied, abruptly.

I had not the faintest idea of what he referred to, so I told him to explain.

Forthwith he dived under the house, but returned in a minute or two and remarked:—

"Teak, twenty posts, six feet six inches ten inches twenty posts five feet five inches six inches." This was said in the peculiar singing intonation of the Chinese.

Needless to say, I was little the wiser for this explanation.

"My good man," I told him, "I do not deal in either rupees or timber. What are you talking about? What's your name?"

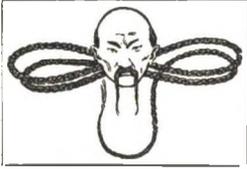
"Ah Loke. Come see. Shocking."

Taking this as an invitation to come and see something or other, I went down to him. He led the way under the house, produced a knife and dug it into the lower parts of the supporting posts, with the result that I realized they were mostly rotten.

The houses in Rangoon, and in Burma, generally, are built on posts, the floors



"Can do. One carpenter, six coolies, seven hundred and seventy-four rupees," he replied.



I had been in Ah Loke's hour he had thoroughly "pidgin" English, that I bargain, and that, if I left it to him, he would so repair the house that I could sell it again when I wanted to for what I had given for it, plus the price of his repairs and that in this way I should live rent free. Until I bought it I had paid eighty rupees a month, and I had purchased it because nine hundred and sixty rupees a year had seemed to me an excessive interest on the three thousand four hundred rupees I was originally asked for it.

It should be stated here that Ah Loke's estimate proved in the sequel to be very nearly correct, but how he made it during the time he had stared at the bungalow has always been a wonder to me. When, on leaving Rangoon, I sold the house, it was for a sum within forty rupees of all I had expended on it.

But to go back to our first interview. I said I would agree about the seven hundred and seventy-four rupees, and told Ah Loke to come next day.

"No can do," he said. "Five days. Give rupees one fifty. Catchy coolie man. Teak."

It passed through my mind that it was foolish to give a stray Chinaman so much money, but Ah Loke had so impressed me, even in this short time, that I gave him a *chit* for a hundred and fifty rupees, and he departed.

being raised five feet or more from the ground to avoid the splash from the heavy rains. I had given three thousand two hundred rupees for the house, but before company for half an convinced me, in his had made a very bad

I saw no more of him during the five days, but early on the sixth he appeared with one Chinese, two native coolies, and two loads of wood, and set to work at once. I soon

saw that he was a marvellous workman. The splices and complicated "scarfs" he devised were wonderful—regular Chinese puzzles, in fact—and that with very few measurements. It was worth paying much to watch him.

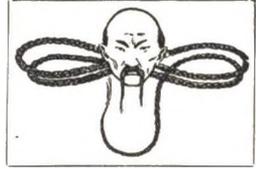
From time to time he asked for more money, and in something under two months the posts under the house, and other parts of the structure, were as good as new. Sometimes he came with many men, sometimes with few, and some days he never came at all. At such times I used to think he was bargaining for timber.

However, when he announced that he had "done finish," I paid him the balance of the amount

and wished him good-bye. He expressed no desire for more, took his bag of tools, and departed almost as silently as he had come. I supposed that I had seen the last of him, and for several weeks I really missed him and his work.

One day, however, I saw him squatting in the compound again and told him to come in. He proceeded to business at once. As before, he named a sum, and proposed to match-board two rooms in teak, the price to be included in the value of the house when I should sell it. Not to weary my readers, he made several incursions of a similar nature, adding a tykhana

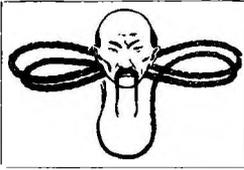
(a sunken room under the house for the hot weather) and several other structures. But his greatest triumph had no connection with my



"Forthwith he dived under the house."



Major Richardson's bungalow at Rantoon, the scene of this amusing little story. (by the Author.)



house. It chanced that the Commander-in-Chief was coming to Burma, and it was resolved to welcome him and his wife with many festivities, amongst others a big

ball. I was a member of the ball committee, and I was told off to do anything I could to improve the ball-room, and to disregard expense.

The assembly-room where the ball was to be held was a very large barn. Its floor was like the waves of the sea, for the posts supporting it had sunk in many places. It would, I estimated, take a month to put it to rights, and I had but forty-eight hours for decorating and everything!

Fortunately I thought of Ah Loke, and sent for him. He came, and I explained that I wanted the whole of the big floor made perfectly level, and that I could give him twenty-four hours to do it in. He could have as many men as he liked. Could he do it?

He spent about a quarter of an hour under the house. Then he came and squatted in the middle of the room motionless, and seemingly gazing into vacancy. I thought he was wasting much precious time, but I left him and went home to breakfast.

On my return I found him in the same position. I do not believe he had moved a muscle, and I was convinced that I had set him an impossible task. I went on with the wall decorations, and still he sat stolid.

At the end of four hours he suddenly rose and came to me.

"Can do," he said. "Twenty-four Chinaman carpenter two rupees sixty rupees one hour four hours."

I closed with him at once, but I couldn't think how he would do it. I understood his estimate this time. I knew he would begin in an hour's time with twenty-four carpenters at two rupees an hour, an extravagant wage price, and would finish in four hours. Though I hardly believed it possible, I had much blind faith in Ah Loke.

His method of levelling the floor was most ingenious. He arranged his Chinese carpenters round the room at intervals of ten feet or so. Each bored a hole right through the floor close to the wall, and then with fine saws, seemingly

made of hammered and tempered hoop-iron, inserted through the holes, they sawed completely round the room through the joists and everything until the floor, simply

held up by posts and props, was otherwise quite free. He then levelled the floor, nailing blocks of teak to the posts and walls for support. He had not drawn a nail out of the floor boards or injured them in any way, and when, before the four hours he had named had expired, he had finished the job, it was difficult to see where he had sawn through the floor.

A few days after he came and asked me to recommend him as a contractor in a small way to the Public Works Department. My house, he said, was "Done finish. Plenty good." I was able to strongly advocate his employment, and he was taken on at once. The officers of the Public Works Department later on told me that they found him an excellent man, and he was soon able to contract for large works.

For a year he occasionally came with tools and looked over my house, doing some odd job or other which he thought was an improvement. For this work he positively declined any payment, and I am sure that he had in his mind, as he did these jobs, that they were part of his agreement that when I sold the house I should get the whole sum I had expended on it.

He had made a great advance in his use of English by this time, and I in my knowledge of "pidgin," and we had, I think, struck up a mutual attachment. We had long

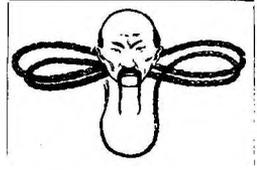
talks over his contracts, and I learnt that he was accumulating many rupees, and could provide caution money for large contracts.

Then I saw no more of him for about a year. I concluded he was up country, but he came one morning dressed as prosperous Chinese in Burma do dress themselves. He did not squat in the sun, but after asking permission to come in, said, abruptly:—

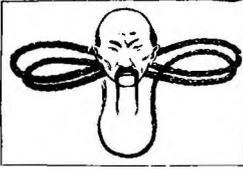
"I go China."

"What!" I said. "Are you going to give up all your work?"

"Yes. Plenty much money got. I go China; gamble. My family Chinese man plenty fools,



"Seemingly gazing into vacancy."



no savvy nothing. I go cheat them proper, same like Burma. Make plenty much more money."

"Ah Loke," I said, "are you quite sure that your conduct is strictly moral?"

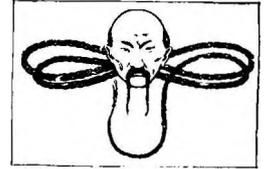
No expression of shame escaped him, but then no expression of any sort ever did appear on his immobile countenance, so I bid him good-bye.

About four months afterwards I again saw a strange, blue-coated Chinaman squatting on the gravel in the sun, and asked him what he wanted.

"Making proper porch. Rupees one hundred. One carpenter. Two coolies."



"I go cheat them proper."



"Good heavens!" I said. "It's Ah Loke."

"Ah Loke," he replied.

"What has brought you back in coolie dress?"

"My people Chinese men plenty bad men, not gamble proper. Three weeks cheated. No money. Come back. Junk."

So this was the end of his enterprise against his village. He made a porch with a room over it, got his hundred rupees, rejoined the Public Works

Department, and I believe became prosperous. He did not go to China again in my time, for he frequently visited me, generally expressing his unbounded contempt for his Chinese relations.



## THE OMEN.

BY H. M. LOME.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK REYNOLDS.

Sailors have a superstition that rats invariably desert a sinking ship. This little story proves that sometimes, at any rate, the rodents appear to possess a useful ability to anticipate future events.

**S**INCE ships of steel and steam have replaced those of wood and canvas, much of the romance and more of the superstitions that centred around the latter have departed. It is not hard to discover why this is so. Nowadays, the man who obtains his livelihood by "going down to the sea in ships" does so for the most part

by acting as a coal-shoveller, a mechanic, or a steward. There is no more going aloft in fair weather or foul, for the place of the mast has been taken by the funnel, and the sailor has given way to the "deck-hand."

Nevertheless, some of the old superstitions remain, including the one that has to do with rats leaving a ship that is doomed to destruction.

Sometimes the facts fit in so closely with the fiction that one's common sense receives a shock. That which is about to be related is a case in point.

Mr. Albert Mansfield is a young Englishman who is now the social secretary of the American Seamen's Friendly Institute of New York City, which is financed by Mrs. Russell Sage. A sailor by profession, he was persuaded by friends to give up the sea some four years ago and devote himself to the duties of his present position. Here is the tale as it was told to the writer by Mr. Mansfield a week or so since.

Like the majority of boys of British birth, I had salt water in my blood and wanted to be a sailor. When the time came for the choosing of a profession, therefore, I voiced my desire to go to sea so earnestly that my parents at length yielded, and in due season I donned the braided cap and brass buttons of a "merchantman midshipman," as we lads liked to call ourselves.

My second voyage was made on the *Regent Murray*, a fine steel barque of about a thousand tons burden, a clipper-built, speedy craft that flew the red burgee, which meant that she had been surveyed and found to be in first-class condition. Captain Routledge was in command, and the crew consisted of twenty-six souls all told, including four of us apprentices.

We sailed from Sharpness Point, Gloucester, in August, 1906, our cargo being salt and our destination Rockhampton, Queensland, Australia. The voyage was a rough one, the weather off the Cape of Good Hope being especially severe. For days and nights we were wearing and tacking, shortening or setting sail, wet to the skin meanwhile and nearly half dead with work and loss of sleep.

In spite of the fact that our cargo consisted of nothing more palatable than salt, the ship swarmed with rats—big, gaunt, fierce-looking brutes that had a courage and appetite possessed by no land-rat that I ever came across. It is a popular belief among sailors that the animals only breed on ships whose cargoes are of a more or less eatable kind. Our experiences, however, showed that this belief has no foundation in fact. Our rats included those of all ages, from the baby to the half-blind grizzled veteran of many voyages. The salt in our hold made from five to six inches of water daily, and the pumps were going all the time. Yet, somewhere and somehow, the rats lived and thrived and added to their numbers all the time.

On what did they feed? On the scraps and crumbs that the men left in the caboose, on the odds-and-ends of the galley, on rope-ends, on

our sea-boots if we forgot to put them into our chests at night. Forward was a sty that was the home of a couple of pigs. Every night the vermin made a descent on this sty, ate everything that they found there that was swallowable, and even nibbled the bristles and thick skin off the protesting porkers. When darkness fell the pigs would begin to squeal vigorously, and if you tip-toed toward them and struck a match you'd be sure to find half-a-dozen big rats on the back of each, industriously browsing there. Just before we reached Queensland one of the unlucky piggies was found one morning in a state of collapse, the ravenous rats having tackled him so fiercely during the night that he had nearly bled to death.

Well, we reached Rockhampton, which is on the Fitzroy River, after a voyage that lasted a hundred and thirty-two days, and proceeded to unload. This was on a Saturday. On the Tuesday following it was noticed that the rats were leaving the ship wholesale. It wasn't a case of a few of the animals taking a run ashore in order to relieve the monotony of a long voyage; it was a steady and evidently pre-arranged evacuation.

A curious feature of the emigration was this. In accordance with the law that was then in force at all the seaports of the world outside of those of the United States, the hawsers or thick ropes that moored the ship to the dock had around them broad discs or plates of iron for the express purpose of preventing rats from landing, because, as you probably know, bubonic plague—which was raging at the time—is conveyed from port to port by infected vermin.

In the case of the *Regent Murray* rats, however, when they reached the discs they examined them for a moment, tried to climb over them, and, failing, dropped off the rope into the water and swam to shore. Attempts were made to prevent their landing, but ineffectually. They were too many and too crafty to be caught while law-breaking in this fashion.

On the Wednesday a labour newspaper that is published at Rockhampton came out with a sensational story about the exodus of the rats. The writer laid stress on the extraordinary nature of the occurrence, stated that literally thousands of the creatures had left the ship, and that more were leaving, and wound up by recalling the old belief that such an exodus was a sure sign that the vessel from which it took place would be lost in the near future.

I may add that some of the old sailors on board had already voiced the superstition, to the accompaniment of gloomy looks and shakings of heads.

Well, we boys got hold of the newspaper,



we found a Chinaman, who, in return for the modest sum that we managed to muster between us, agreed to give us food and shelter in the hut that stood in one corner of the garden from which he gained his living.

At the end of a week Small grew tired of a diet of rice and onions, and made his way to Rockhampton, where he was promptly seized by the detectives that were on the look-out for us. I stuck it out for a few more days, when I concluded

that I would go and look for my chum. I had scarcely entered the precincts of the town when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder.

"Well, youngster," said the owner of the hand, "we've got you at last, have we?"

"Who are you?" said I, knowing quite well who he was.

"Officer —, and I've been on the look-out for you for a couple of weeks."

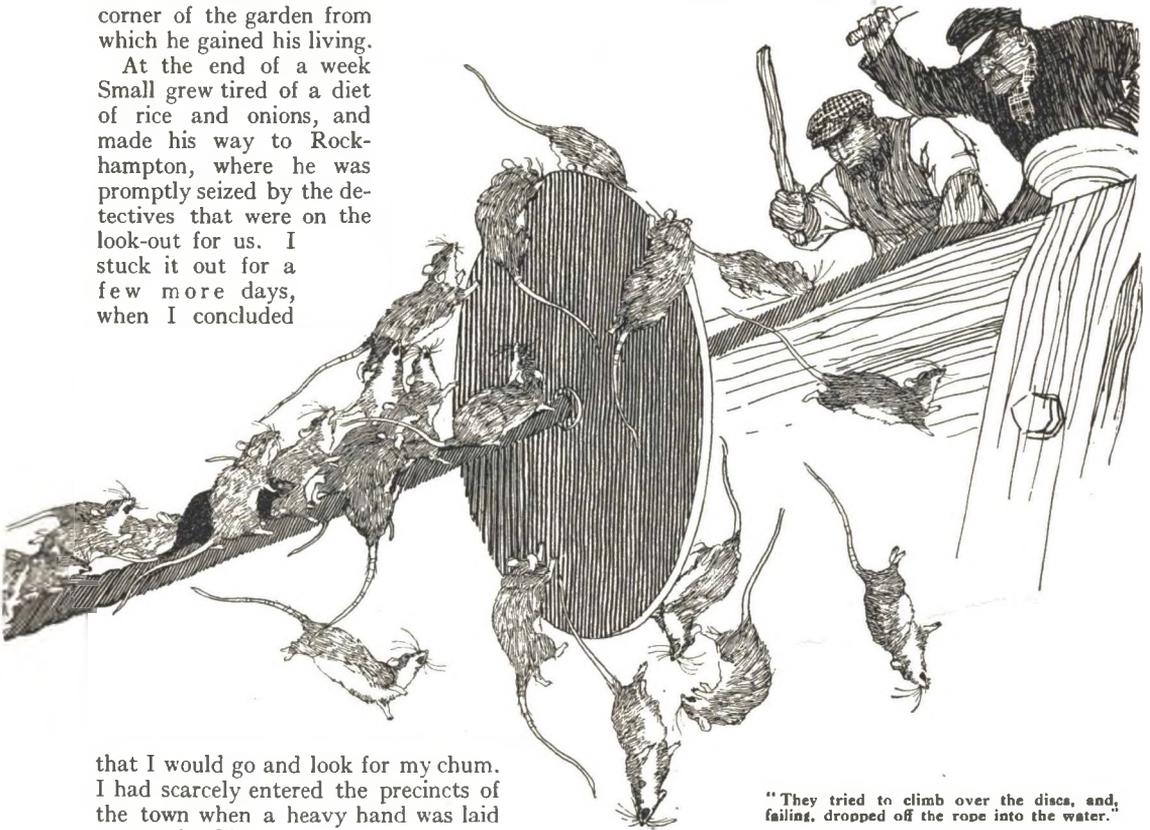
"And I suppose you are going to send me on to Newcastle to join the *Regent Murray*?"

"Hardly. She is a total wreck. She was lost two days

after you quitted her. The rats told true."

On the Saturday, it appears, the tugs *Taldora* and *Vlissingin* took the *Regent Murray* in tow, she then being empty of cargo and in light ballast. The intention was to take her to New-

castle, New South Wales, where she was to load with coal for Taltal, South America. When about a day from Rockhampton, and just off the

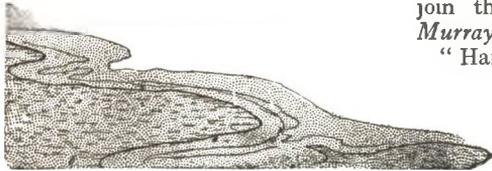


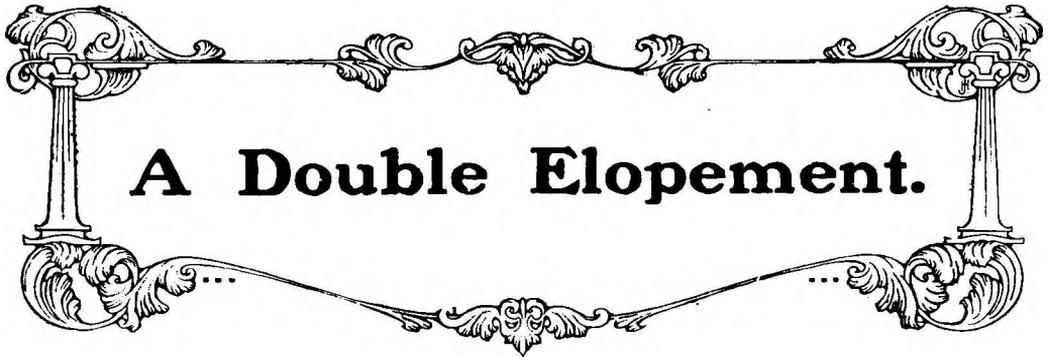
"They tried to climb over the discs, and, failing, dropped off the rope into the water."

Noby's Light, a squall struck her, the strain on the tugs' hawsers proved too much, and they parted. Before another rope could be got on board of her she went ashore on a body of quicksand called Oyster Bank. Fortunately the weather was calm and all hands were saved. Had it been rough, a very different tale might have been told.

The quicksands never let go their grip on a vessel. The remains of the unfortunate *Regent Murray* were sold to a firm of wreckers for something like fifty pounds, and it is questionable if they managed to salvage enough material to cover that amount.

Now, I'm not going to say that the rats *knew* that the ship was to be lost. But the fact remains that they left her without any apparent cause, and in the manner described. The reader must supply his own explanation as to why they did so.





# A Double Elopement.

TOLD BY RICHARD SIMPSON, AND SET DOWN BY D. W. O. FAGAN, OF  
MANGAPAI, NEW ZEALAND.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CAMERON.

An amusing story of the old Colonial days in New Zealand, showing how the old chief's pretty young wife eloped with her handsome lover; how the pair were caught and brought back; and what happened afterwards.



WAY back in the 'sixties, when Europeans were few and natives many in New Zealand, it was not always politic to enforce a too strict observance of the recently-imposed British law. This was especially the case in far-away out-districts, where the majesty of the said law was represented by single and solitary constables, stationed perhaps at intervals of thirty and forty miles' distance.

For obvious reasons the Government was content to leave minor native disputes to be dealt with by the tribes under their own ancient code. The legality of the Maori form of marriage, however, was not recognized. Hence, in those days, it was quite possible to legally marry another man's wife, and the thing was done on more than one occasion.

Strange and incomprehensible to a *pakeha* (white man's) mind are the vagaries of Maori law, and probably among the most wonderful of all are the workings of the laws affecting *utu* (revenge, or compensation) and *muru* (which has no equivalent in English).

The chivalry of the old-time Maoris toward their women-folk was of so whole-souled a nature that peccadilloes of all sorts were overlooked, and in cases such as the following no blame or odium, private or moral, rested on the lady. Punishment and responsibility alike fell entirely on the shoulders of the other sex. A Maori lady of rank could do pretty much as she liked, without fear or question. Under the *ancien régime* even a suffragette would have been hard put to it to find any further "rights" to fight for.

The finding of the native Court in the case of "*Hona versus Witow*" is not in the least over-drawn, and the following story is substantially correct in every particular.

I had the tale from old Dick Simpson, a veteran colonist of over sixty years' standing, and himself an eye-witness of the affair. Assured that, from a literary point of view, the story as told could scarcely be improved upon, I have set it down, as far as possible, in the words and phraseology of the narrator.

There are many still resident in Mangapai who remember Kupapa's elopement, Witow's grotesque punishment, and the flighty lady's subsequent second elopement with a Government surveyor.

Witow is still to the fore, and is proud to point to his honourable scars. The official whose identity I have disguised under the pseudonym of Carson, having espoused Kupapa according to the rites of the Established Church, became thereby possessed of five thousand acres of land, in fee simple, to which his wife was heir. He subsequently rose to a position of some eminence in the public service, and later, with Kupapa his wife, passed away in the odour of sanctity.

Hona-te-Horo, chief of Toi-Toi, is also dead. He fought against the British in the war, and on the cessation of hostilities his land was confiscated. The *whares* (huts) of his *kainga* (village) have been destroyed or have fallen to decay, but the old fighting *pah* (tribal fort) of Toi-Toi still crowns the hill-top, and on its slope the dead chief's weather-board house remains as a memento of past glories.

And now to Simpson's story.

We were camped at the time on One-Tree Point, rooting beach-gum out of the sandhills. Dennis Flannery and I had been mates for years. Good luck or bad, we'd battled it together, and a better mate no man ever had.

There are two sorts of Irishmen—black Irish and red Irish. Dennis was the red kind, and very fond of a shindy. Not that he'd go out of his way to look for trouble, for he was soft-hearted as a lamb; but if there was any fighting to be had, Dennis was bound to be in it.

Away across the river, opposite our camp, old Hona-te-Horo had his *kainga*. The chief of the Toi-Toi tribe he was, and a fine old fellow to boot—tall and straight, with a head of white hair and a dignified, handsome face. All the sky-pilots and missionaries had tried to rope him in, but they couldn't fix it, so he remained a heathen. And, because he was a heathen, he had two wives.

There were about two hundred and fifty Maoris living in the village, all very friendly. They were mighty fond of music and dancing, and many a time they'd fetch us over for a bit of a jollification. Dennis would bring along his fiddle, and all hands would foot it on the green, by the light of the camp-fires, till morning.

Whare-Nikau, Hona's chiefwife, was a bent old crone with long, skinny claws and a face like a nightmare. But it's about the other, Kupapa, that I want to tell you. She was daughter to old Piriata, of the Ngatipa tribe, who had his village about a mile farther up-river. My word, she was a clinker! Not more

than eighteen or nineteen, she was as fine a lass as ever you set eyes on. Not dark, like the others; she was just whity-brown in colour, with a wonderful pair of eyes in her head.

Large brown eyes they were, soft like a collie dog's, and when you looked into them you could see yourself away back inside, as in a looking-glass. It was those eyes of hers that made all the mischief. She looked more like a beautiful Jewess than a Maori, and she stepped like a queen.

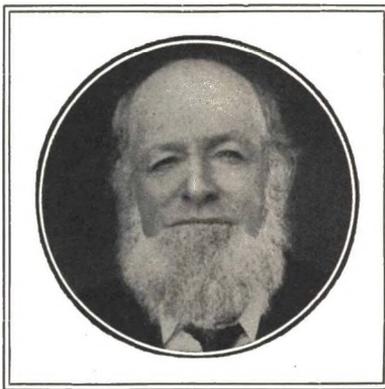
There was a Ngatipa fellow by the name of Witow, who used to come over to these jollifications of ours, and while the dancing was going on I often used to see this buck throwing sheep's eyes at Kupapa, and she laughing back. It appeared

that this Witow had been sweet on the girl before Hona got her; but Piriata was a greedy old beggar, and when Hona offered twenty head of cattle and a new canoe for the girl, he was glad to let her go at that. Said I to myself, "There'll be mischief before long. All this eye-play don't go for nothing."

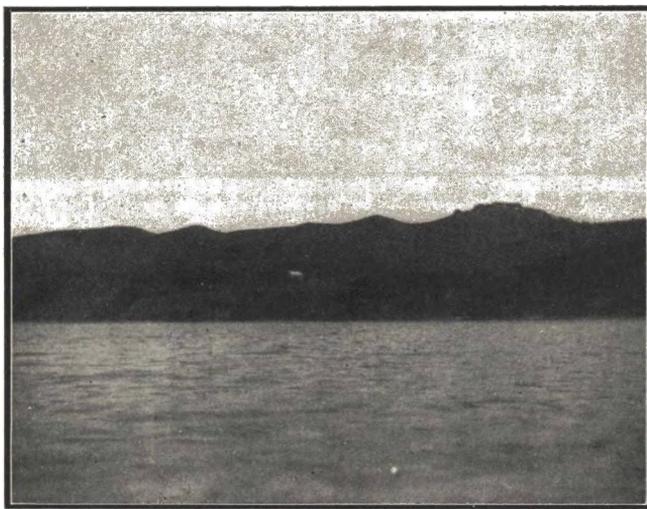
Our luck was good, and Dennis and I knocked up a tidy cheque by Christmas. So, after paying the tucker bill and having a nip with the storekeeper, we started for the township to put the money in the savings bank and buy a farm. But we didn't get there.

A blazing day it was, and the road like a white-hot ribbon. The dust rose up and fairly choked us

at every step. At the cross-roads there was Maurice Casey, looking cool and comfortable in a boiled shirt, on the veranda of the Digger's Joy.



Mr. Richard Simpson, a colonist of over sixty years' standing, who tells this amusing little story.  
From a Photograph.



The old "pah" (fort) of Toi-Toi—The white dot is the roof of Te-Horo's house, once the "Digger's Joy."  
From a Photograph.

"Good day, boys," he said. "It's powerful hot."

"It is that," answered Dennis.

"Then come and have a drink," said Casey.

The chink of glasses was enough to draw the virtue from a cherub. Down went Dennis's swag in the dust of the roadway.

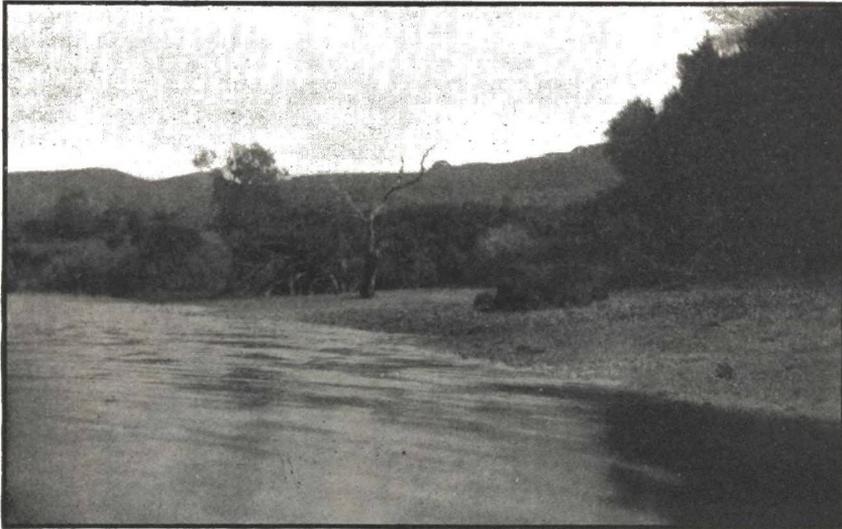
"Arrah, Dick, me throat's as dry as wood," he said. "Sorra fut will I go farther till I wet my whistle."

That settled it, for I had to go in and look after my mate. Maurice drew us a "long-un" apiece to wash the clay from our mouths, and after that we had to have another. We had hardly got outside the half of the second lot, however, when a fearful racket started up over in the *kainga*. The noise came down-wind

opposite the *kainga*. Hona wanted the surveyor and his crew to join in and hunt the runaways, but Carson said it wasn't his palaver, and he started in to take soundings. So they launched two big canoes, old Hona was lifted in, and we started away up-river on the trail. Piriata and fifty of his crowd came along from their place to see fair play, for Witow was their man, and they weren't going to let Hona have it all his own way.

Where the river shallowed we took to the bush. A horse was found for Hona, and we hunted the elopers in and out through swamps and gullies all day long.

We came upon them at sundown, in the high scrub beyond what is now Ormandy's. Witow had built a bit of a *mia-mia*, and there they were,



The beach where the fight took place—In the centre is the dead mangrove tree to which the unfortunate Witow was tied.

From a Photograph.

across the river fit to wake the dead. There were horns blowing, men shouting, dogs yapping, and women screeching.

We drove the dug-out across double quick to see what the riot was about, and there we saw old Hona hopping around on one foot—he had scalded his toe the night before—and brandishing his tomahawk. He was raging like a lunatic, and swearing vengeance on all and sundry.

It appeared that Kupapa had dosed old Whare-Nikau overnight with a double whack of rum, and then, stepping across her to the door of the sleeping-hut, had vamoosed up-river with Witow in a one-man canoe.

In the middle of the shindy the survey cutter came sailing up-river and dropped anchor

snug as bandicoots in a burrow. Hona fell off his horse and hopped towards Witow to brain him with his tomahawk, but two or three Ngatipas got hold of him.

"Hold on, Hona," said Piriata. "This big trouble. Kupapa a chieftainness. We make *korero* (talk) to-morrow, and you get your *utu* (revenge) right enough."

Witow, tied to Hona's saddle, looked a bit shamefaced on the way back; but Kupapa carried her head as high as ever. There was murder in Hona's eye, and, thinks I, "I wouldn't be in Witow's shoes in the morning."

The prisoner was tied to a stake in an empty hut, and four men mounted guard over him. In the morning Piriata and a hundred Ngatipas

came over to the trial. There wasn't room for all hands in the *whara-runanga* (talking-house), so the court was held outside on the grass. Piriata and two of his headmen were put up to represent the prisoner, and Carson, being a *rangitera-pakeha* (a white man of some account), and two Ngapuhis spoke up for old Hona.

to pay in his person, and he hoped they would make it hot, as an example to others. A real moral chap was Carson, and it did us good to hear him.

After a long discussion and more than two hours of speechifying, the finding of the Court was that Hona, by way of *utu*, should be allowed



"Hona hopped towards Witow to brain him with his tomahawk."

Carson spoke up fine. He said that Witow had been guilty of a gross breach of morality. Being a man of straw, with no cattle or horses that might be taken in payment, he would have

to prod Witow twenty times in the body with the point of an old bayonet. He was not to go deeper than half an inch, and the number of jabs was strictly limited. They also put a *murū* on

Hona, and he was fined twelve head of cattle for not looking after his wife properly, and so causing all the trouble. Half the fine was to go to Witow as some compensation for the jabs. The sentence was to be executed at once, so as to get it over before dinner-time.

Meanwhile, some law-abiding soul had sent word to Constable Abrams at Waipu, and he came over to represent the majesty of the law. He talked big of arrest and imprisonment, demanding in the Queen's name that Witow should be given up to him; but he was shoved to one side.

"*Taihoa* (keep quiet), *Aparama*," they told him. "Queen Wikitoria werry big chief. The law is all right; him do very well for *pakehas* and *kaurekarekas* (white men and no-account folk), but Maori customs are better for big chiefs."

Abrams drew his revolver, but a Maori jumped on him from behind, his gun went off in the air, and he was held down and sat upon by four men. No; the law didn't run much in old Mangapai in those times.

When this was settled the Ngapuhi crowd stood to one side and Dennis and me and the Ngatipas on the other, in a kind of ring. And there was Witow, stripped and strapped up to a tree, with Hona standing in the middle and pulling horrible faces at him. Carson had gone off to comfort Kupapa, who was screeching away back in the *kainga*.

The old bayonet, which was sharpened up to a needle-point, and all wrapped round in flax till only the point showed, so that it shouldn't go too deep, was handed to Hona, and with this instrument of torture he solemnly proceeded to prick out patterns in the tenderest spots of Witow's carcass.

Dennis was dancing with excitement. My nerves got the jim-jams, and I lost count. But about the sixteenth jab Witow let out a howl and fainted—and Dennis jumped at Hona and floored him with one on the chin.

That was enough. The two crowds went at one another with a shout, and there was a glorious shindy. Carson came down hot-foot to take a hand. Being white, he naturally sided with us. He could use his hands beautifully,

and 'twas pretty to see him knock over the Ngapuhis. He said it reminded him of the Trojan War, and Kupapa was a second Helen.

There was no malice—just rough-and-tumble fisticuffs, and, one down, t'other come on. That's what I like about a Maori crowd; they'll fight fair and for the fun of the thing. If it had been Dagoes, now, someone would have drawn a knife or gun and spoiled the show.

We scrummaged and shouted up and down that beach till sundown, and then the Ngapuhis



broke back for the *kainga*. That ended the battle. A black eye or two and some broken teeth was all the damage. The women had got the ovens going, and all hands sat down, quite chummy, to a glorious spread.

Hona borrowed a keg of rum from the survey boat, and we kept it up late. The women had put Witow to rights, and he was there as well, all done up in leaves like a "Jack-in-the-green." The last thing I saw was him and Hona, with a can of rum, hobnobbing like two brothers.

All hands slept heavily that night. First thing in the morning Hona's son, Haurau, burst into our shanty and shouted that "that dratted stepmother of his had given them the slip, and was away aboard the survey boat!"



"He solemnly proceeded to prick out patterns in the tenderest spots of Witow's carcass."

Sure enough, the cutter had slipped her moorings, and was standing down the river before the land breeze. From the rise we saw her bowling round the last bend, with Kupapa and the surveyor waving good-bye from the taffrail.

It was a bit rough on Hona, and at first he was for petitioning Government to send his wife back. But this the tribe would not hear of. They said there had been no peace in the *kainga* since

stand the racket. The Ngapuhis came over in a crowd and put a *muru* on us to square things up. They put away all the liquor in the Digger's Joy; they drank the old place as dry as a sandhill and shouted for more. When it wasn't forthcoming they put Maurice Casey on his horse and sent him to Whangarei to bring down more beer. He took our cheques along to pay for it, and never came back. So the Maoris stove in

I have been resident in Mangapai for a matter of 53 years and for upwards of forty held the position of Postmaster. I have a distinct recollection of Kupapas ~~double~~ elopement, and the grotesque punishment meted to Witors and the lady's final flight with a Government Official. The story as set down by Mr. Pagan is substantially correct in every particular.

Mangapai. N. Z.  
June 1912. }  
W. Harrison J. P.

Facsimile of a letter from Mr. W. Harrison, J.P., formerly postmaster of Mangapai, testifying to the authenticity of the story.

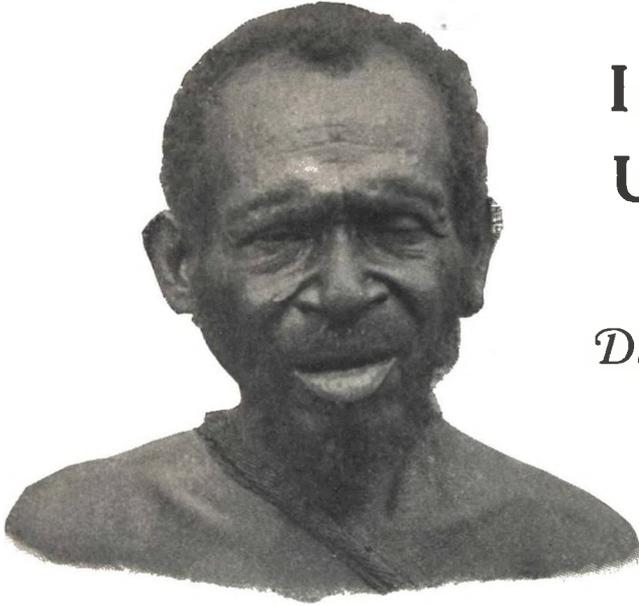
Kupapa put foot in it, and they wouldn't have her back on any account.

Bigamy? Not a bit of it! Kupapa and Hona were married fast enough Maori-fashion, but they'd never been churched. So Carson took her down to Tauranga and got married fair and square before the bishop. Five thousand acres of land he got with her, and he stood for Parliament before he died.

Carson had given the Maoris the go-by, so we others, being the only whites present, had to

the casks, smashed the demijohns, pulled the old house off its piles, and floated it over to the *kainga* for Hona to live in. You can see it standing at Toi-Toi to this day.

It was rough on Dennis and me, too. We'd saved up our money to turn over a new leaf. If it hadn't been for a bit of a thirst that day, and our dropping into the Digger's Joy to quench it, we should have been out of hearing of the rumpus before it started. But things happen like that; the innocent often suffer for the guilty.



A typical pygmy of the tribe discovered by the expedition.  
*From a Photograph.*

# INTO THE UNKNOWN.

## *Adventure and Discovery in Dutch New Guinea.*

BY  
CAPTAIN C. G. RAWLING,  
C.I.E.

An account of the doings of the British expedition dispatched in 1909 to Dutch New Guinea for the purpose of exploring the vast unknown regions of that part of the great island. The expedition, besides making valuable collections of birds and beasts, destined for the British Museum, discovered a strange new race of men, the Tapiro pygmies, none of whom reach five feet in height. The hardships undergone by the explorers were terrible, only eleven men out of four hundred remaining fit for duty at the conclusion of operations. In these articles Captain Rawling, who was latterly in command of the expedition, describes some of the discoveries made and paints a vivid picture of the strenuous work and hardship entailed upon the explorer in the interior of New Guinea, where all the forces of man and Nature conspire against the intruder.



NEW GUINEA, the largest island in the world—larger, in fact, than England and France put together—was known to Europe nearly three centuries ago, but on account of its pestiferous swamps and the treacherous and ferocious nature of its inhabitants, it was for a long time avoided by explorers and traders. More recently, however, some of those dauntless spirits who are ever seeking new lands to conquer have in certain parts effected landings and penetrated some distance into the interior. Nevertheless, vast stretches of country remain as unknown at the present day as they were at the beginning of the world. In fact, it may be stated without fear of contradiction that of all regions still open to exploration New Guinea affords the greatest scope to the pioneer for making new geographical discoveries and bringing to light new races of men, and to the zoologist and botanist of enriching the scientific world with new fauna and flora. Everything, however, is against the traveller—the climate (one of the

wettest in the world), the swamps, the density of the jungle, the fevers, the scarcity of local food supplies, and, above all, the treachery and disinclination to work of the inhabitants. All these facts combined tend to make the exploration of the country as strenuous and exciting as the most ardent adventurer could desire.

It was to investigate some of the secrets of this unknown land that a British expedition was dispatched in 1909 to the south-western coast, a district in the possession of Holland, but hitherto totally unexplored. Men well known as successful and scientific explorers, inured to hardship in other out-of-the-way portions of the globe, were appointed to the expedition, together with the pick of ornithologists and collectors, the whole being dispatched with the assistance and permission of the Dutch and British Governments. In this condensed account of the work undertaken and of the vicissitudes undergone I shall confine myself to those facts which would appear to be of the greatest interest to WIDE WORLD readers.

**Eleven Men  
Left Out of  
Four Hundred.**

After two months of sea travel the expedition, consisting of six British, one Dutch officer, and forty Javanese troops, together with a hundred convict carriers, ten Gurkhas from Nepal, and one hundred coolies from the East Indian Islands, landed on the coast of the Mimika district in January, 1910. Our numbers were subject to considerable fluctuation as time went on, for the casualty list was a heavy one, twenty to thirty men having to be sent home by every visiting boat and fresh men brought in their places. Of the four hundred who entered the country in the first year, only eleven lasted out the expedition, the death-rate being twelve per cent., whilst no less than eighty-three per cent. were invalidated. Such a roll of death and sickness suffices to indicate the hardships undergone.

Some idea of the excitement caused by the arrival off the coast of a large steamer may be judged by the fact that only one other ship had ever been seen by these people, and that they firmly believed we came out of the sea and that to the sea we would return. A few small boats have been occasionally sighted and communicated with, as the Kei islanders to the south are known to have come over on more than one occasion. They came, however, under more favourable auspices than those which attended a British yacht wrecked a few years previously some ten miles to the west of our landing-place, the entire crew being killed and eaten.

As to whether the savages amongst whom

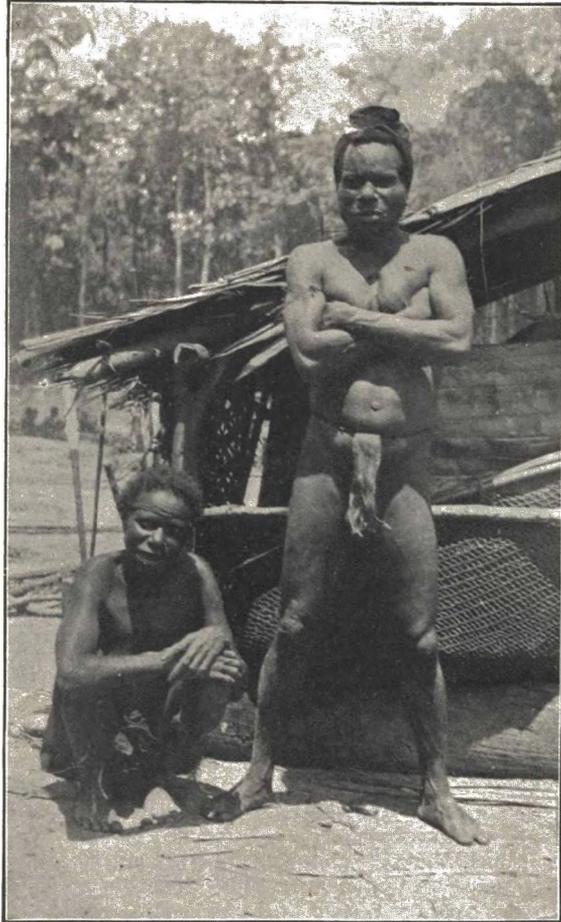
we had cast our lot were cannibals or not we were unable to determine, and at any rate our force was too strong for them to attempt any open hostilities. That cannibalism does exist in the island and is very prevalent in many districts is proved beyond doubt. It is carried out either in revenge and in order to utterly destroy the enemy in the most complete and degrading manner possible, or simply through a longing for human flesh, which, whatever may be its dis-

advantages, is said never to induce indigestion, no matter how great the quantity consumed. If captured alive, the victim is taken to the village of execution and there slain, in many cases being first wrapped in leaves, then bound to a tree and set fire to. This ensures both the killing and the cooking at the same time—a convenient process, no doubt, but one which possesses the disadvantage that the captive has occasionally burst his half-burnt bonds and escaped, fearfully mutilated.

However, as we were not to experience any of these horrible practices, I need say no more about cannibalism, except to add that many of the men had their teeth filed to a point, or rather chipped away with flints or sharpened shells, which custom is believed by some authorities to be a sure indication

of cannibalistic propensities.

A finer body of men than the New Guinea savages I have never seen, or men so imbued with physical force. Slightly above the average height of the European, their chests measure at least two and a half inches more, whilst their arms and bodies, masses of whip-



A man and woman of the river country—A New Guinea wife can be beaten, disposed of, or killed with impunity.

*From a Photograph.*

cord tendon and muscle, show corresponding development.

**Where Women Have No Rights.** The women, as a result of the degraded and strenuous lives that they lead, are hideous in the extreme. From childhood on-

wards they work in the sago swamps from the first streak of dawn till night-fall, day in and day out, month after month, till their bodies collapse under the strain or become so attenuated as to render them objects of compassion. No pity is shown to these poor wretches, however; they are merely the slaves of their lords and masters, and receive no consideration whatever. The marriage ceremony

alone suffices to illustrate their standing. A down-river woman on one occasion was to undergo the happy state of matrimony, and for this purpose was brought to the town of Wakatimi, where she was to undertake the duties of wifhood. Several canoes proceeded down-stream and brought her to the river frontage of her new home, the men then going off to their respective huts and paying no further attention to the bride-elect. She, preceded by the duenna, emerged from the canoe and knelt in the mud and slime of the river, and in this degrading position crawled through it on her hands and knees, dragged herself along the village street, and so entered into her future home.

The New Guinea wife appears to have no rights whatsoever; she can be beaten, disposed of, or killed with impunity. Not a soul raises a protecting hand. It is no business of theirs, so why interfere? While at this base camp a disturbance was heard in the village of Wakatimi, and a man, well known to us, assisted by the elder wife, was seen dragging a screaming and resisting girl to the water's edge. She proved to be his younger wife, who, in some way

or another, had offended them. Anyhow, they intended to make an example of her, and, casting her into the river, placed over her a heavy fishing-net stretched on a bamboo frame. Then, sitting on either end, they proceeded to drown her. It was only through one of the Europeans shouting across the river and threatening to fire that they were induced to release their

victim. The wretched girl dragged herself to the bank and there collapsed, half an hour passing before she had sufficiently recovered to crawl back to her "happy" home. Not a soul gave the slightest heed to this drama or raised a finger to prevent the attempted murder, although it was carried out in full view of the entire village.



The main street of Wakatimi, the chief village of the district.  
From a Photograph.

They beat one another indiscriminately, men and women alike, though the women prefer to keep to their own sex, where they can give as good as they receive. Why more bones are not broken I can never understand, as the blows are delivered with stone clubs, the resounding thuds of which can be heard a hundred yards away. Death or serious injury rarely results from these brawls, however, striking on the head being apparently tabooed.

Altogether, they were a lively lot, and, when sodden with the potent beer brewed from the sugar-palm, made the forest resound with their wild yells. When in this state they lost all semblance to human beings, becoming very demons of uncontrolled passion, and in such a quarrelsome mood that they even ventured to fire arrows into our camp. Fortunately their muddled condition rendered their aim anything but accurate. Still, severe measures had to be taken to protect ourselves, for the wound of an arrow, more especially when that weapon is tipped with bone, and often human bone, is highly calculated to result in blood-poisoning.

Five miles from the river mouth the base camp was built, facing the village of Wakatimi. Our



One of the native dug-outs used by the expedition—A fifty-foot canoe, requiring months of labour to construct, was bought for a penknife! [Photograph. From a]

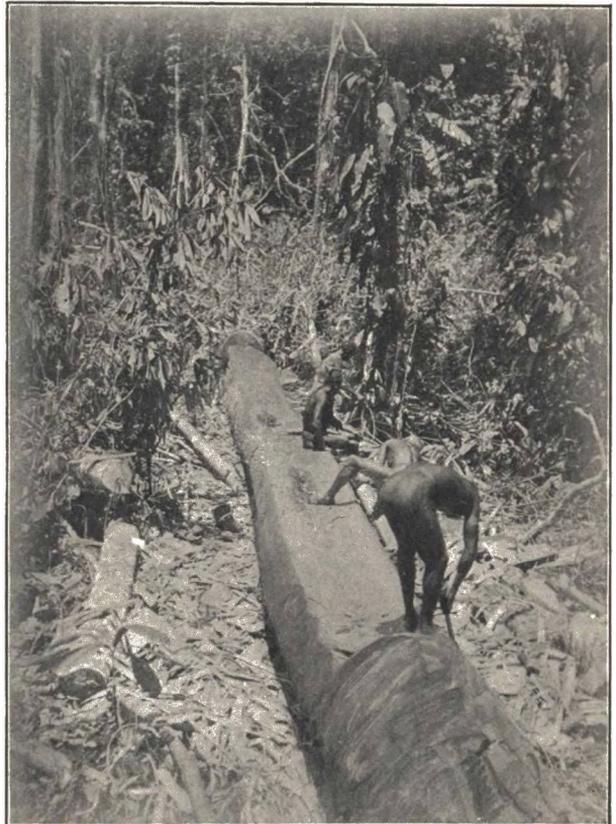
laid, and the giant log hauled by the united efforts of the village community to the river-bank, there to be hollowed out and decorated with carvings. When it is remembered that the only implements in use are stone axes and sharpened shells, some idea may be obtained as to the arduous labour entailed.

In these rickety craft we travelled for seven days, finally arriving at Parimau, the head village of another tribe, and within a few miles of the mountains. These people were at enmity with the coast tribes, and proved themselves far more pleasant companions. Their method of greeting, how-

first ambition was to reach those great mountains of which occasional views were obtained, their snow-capped crests visible seventy miles or more away. We were situated close to the Equator, but these mountains rise to such a height that their summits are perpetually covered with snow and glaciers.

As it was only possible to attain our object by river transport, canoes were obtained from the natives, who were only too eager to enter into trade relations. At this stage of the journey it was impossible to carry on any form of conversation except by signs, no one having visited this land before, and consequently no interpreter was available. The canoes were therefore purchased by the simple expedient of exchange, and as the Papuans were exceedingly anxious to obtain any iron implement or cloth goods, bartering became an easy matter. For a fifty to sixty foot canoe, hollowed from a single tree-trunk and necessitating months of labour, a small butcher's knife, a penknife, or half a handkerchief sufficed, whilst paddles were bought for half-a-dozen beads or a couple of fish-hooks.

To build a canoe a huge tree must be felled, often far away from the river-bank, a pathway cleared, sleepers



New Guinea "ship-building"—Preparing a felled tree prior to hauling it through the forest for conversion into a canoe. [Photograph. From a]

ever, was astonishing and rather embarrassing. At our arrival men and women covered their eyes with one hand and burst into tears, their bodies rocking with excitement and sweat pouring down in streams, the whole process being accompanied by such shrieks and cries as are usually regarded as characteristic of the most poignant grief. This scene was enacted, as we afterwards found, whenever it was intended to offer a specially hearty welcome, being in reality a form of invocation or prayer. Still, considering that the same process was carried out on the decease of a member of the tribe, we were never very enthusiastic over this mode of reception, nor quite certain as to its exact meaning. In addition, the feminine element added further interest to the scene by wallowing in a pool of mud, smearing themselves all over, more

and all manner of grubs found in the dead wood. Everything was warmed, if not cooked, except the grubs, these being devoured alive and with evident relish, to judge by the crowds that gathered around when a particularly well-stocked tree-trunk was brought in by the lucky finder.

Opposite this village of Parimau the up-river base camp was constructed, mainly through the ingenuity of the Gurkhas, a race always ready to turn their hands to building purposes. Our first attempt to reach the mountains was carried out to the westward, in which direction we did not wish to proceed, but which we were compelled to adopt, as the natives declared that no other route was practicable. On the very first day we struck a new river, considerably greater in size and volume than the Mimika, up which we had



From a]

The expedition camp on the headwaters of the Mimika.

[Photograph.

especially over the hair and face, and then dancing with a peculiar shuffling gait. Sometimes they would go on their hands and knees and wave their sterns in the air, but this latter posture was only assumed at our first arrival, probably dying out through lack of appreciation, and possibly to be revived on the advent of the next exploring party.

Months of labour were spent in accumulating a sufficient store of food at the upper camp, for it was consumed almost as fast as it could be collected. Except for the great crown pigeon, a bird as large as a small turkey, the country produced nothing that could be eaten by the members of the expedition. Not so for the Papuan, who devoured anything which lived—wallaby (a small species of kangaroo), the furry night-loving kus-kus, alligators, turtles, snakes,

so far made our way. Progress was slow, as the savages who were carrying the loads showed much aversion to manual labour and disliked the proximity of the mountains.

**The Discovery of a New Race.** It was during one of the attempts at persuading them to transport the camp kit that the first men of a new race were discovered. I was ahead at the time, with the

Papuans following sulkily in the rear, when the leading men raced past me uttering loud cries of "Wah! Wah!" It was very evident that they had seen something and were giving chase. I naturally concluded that they had spotted a pig, and, being equally hungry and desirous of obtaining fresh food, joined in the hunt. But the European cannot approach the Papuan in rate of travel, and I soon trailed hopelessly in

the rear. As they turned into the forest my eye caught the impression of human feet in the sand, and I realized that they were in chase of human game and not of pig. My interest considerably diminished, and, seated on a log, I awaited the course of events. For a time all was silence; then voices could be distinguished, coming nearer every minute. From the forest emerged my twelve men, divided into two parties, and dragging two very small but resisting men between them. They were both treated with scant ceremony, being pulled, pushed, and hustled along, despite manful resistance. What little clothing they had originally possessed had been removed, their bags taken from them, and their bows and arrows distributed amongst their captors.

Poor little wretches! They looked miserable indeed, and in addition terrified, for they knew that they were in the hands of their enemies and in the presence of a weird and wonderful white man, of whose existence they must have been in complete ignorance. For a long time I could not induce them to utter a sound, nor even to look upon me. I collected all their goods, down to the smallest item, and then gave them back one by one; but it was not until the bows and arrows were returned that they dared to raise their eyes. Even then one fleeting glance was sufficient; my appearance was too much for them. Presently I discovered three or four red and blue beads in my pocket, and gave them

to our nervous guests. The result surpassed my most sanguine anticipations, for they were grasped eagerly, the avaricious little eyes literally glaring with excitement. They were then told that they could go, for I was anxious that a good report should be conveyed to their friends. Two days afterwards, when in the foot-hills with the same followers, I saw two others of the same tribe who had left the path so as to avoid us in case we were approaching and were wading

down the river, presumably with the object of spying out the land. Without a word my twelve men split into two parties, one taking to the forest, the other to the torrent. So rapidly did the forest party travel that they burst through the trees at the very moment that the river squad reached the unsuspecting waders. The surprise was complete. A splendid fight with fists and hands took place, but all to no purpose; the pygmies could not resist for long when the odds were six to one, particularly when the six were twice their size and possessed twice the physical power. The panting little creatures

were hauled before me and assailed with a volume of questions, but as they could not speak the same language as our guides we were unable to learn the object of their visit. Again I gave them back their possessions and again doled out more beads. I then realized that a new race had been discovered, a race hitherto entirely unknown to the civilized world.



A couple of pygmy hunters—Though they tried on many occasions, the explorers never succeeded in catching a glimpse of the women of the tribe.  
From a Photograph.

(To be continued.)



# The Long Arm.

By  
JAMES GAULD.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
G. HENRY EVISON.

The story of a missing foster-brother and a dramatic coincidence. "The whole thing happened exactly as related," writes the author, "my informant being present as one of the guests. Only the names are fictitious."



WE were a mixed crowd. Five hundred miles from Buenos Ayres, in the heart of the ranching country, where Spanish is the prevailing language, and where one thinks nothing of riding twenty miles to dine with a friend, you must be prepared to find the company somewhat cosmopolitan.

It happened at Jack Gillingham's housewarming. Having just come into a bit of money, he had bought an *estancia* and built a nice new house, more in keeping with English tastes than that of his Spanish predecessor. When he moved in he invited all his neighbours for fifty miles round to spend the week with him to celebrate the occasion.

It was the evening of the third day, and, after a capital dinner, we were all sitting on the veranda smoking and spinning yarns. Outside, the moonlight turned everything to silver, and the semi-darkness within, studded with about thirty glowing cigar-ends, like so many hovering fireflies, gave just that touch of eeriness which makes the right atmosphere for effective story-telling.

There were several queer yarns told that night.

Some of the fellows had handled sword or rifle at one time or another—there is usually a row on somewhere in South America—and the others could nearly all tell of hairbreadth escapes or thrilling adventures by land or sea.

It came at last to the turn of one of the few other Englishmen, a retired Army captain. He told us the following story.

Although I have been a soldier, I have had an uneventful career. I have seen active service—I was through the Boer War—but found it a very prosy business. Holding lines of communication, or peppering an enemy a couple of miles away for days, without knowing if a single one of your bullets has found its billet, may be useful, but it isn't exciting.

You must understand, gentlemen, that I am an only son, and that my mother died when I was a week old. My foster-mother was the kind-hearted buxom wife of one of my father's tenants, and her son, my foster-brother, became greatly attached to me. We played together as children, and when I obtained my commission he enlisted in the same regiment in order to be near me. Finally he became my body-

servant, and together we fought through the war. On one occasion I pulled him out of a tight corner, which made him, if possible, more devoted to me than ever.

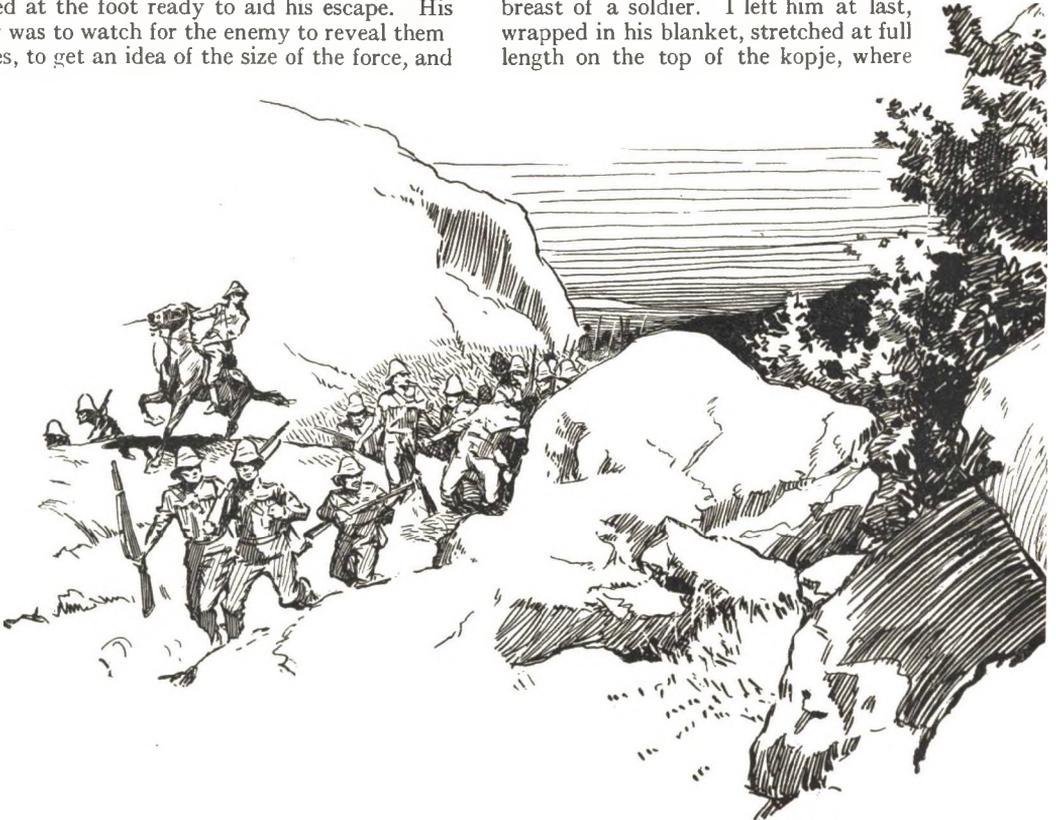
Our battalion was retreating from Dunsdorp, my company forming the rearguard. We were passing through difficult country, with plenty of cover, the Boers hanging on to us and harassing us at every step. It was very galling, for so well did they conceal themselves that we could not tell whether we were being followed by a large or by a small body.

So many men did I lose by their sniping tactics that I grew desperate. I decided to try to draw the enemy out into the open by a ruse, and then, if they were not too numerous, to attack and crush them, or, if that proved to be out of the question, to continue the retreat and ask for reinforcements.

We were just then holding a kopje which commanded a wide plain dotted with scrub and low trees. My plan was to evacuate this position during the night, moving my men a few miles nearer the main body, and to leave a trusty soldier on the kopje, a swift horse being concealed at the foot ready to aid his escape. His duty was to watch for the enemy to reveal themselves, to get an idea of the size of the force, and

then to rejoin us with this information. It was a dangerous task, of course, and one which called for a volunteer. I brought the men together, explained my plan, and added that I proposed to place a good horse at the disposal of the volunteer. Davie Glen, my foster-brother, was the first man to step out, and, although I tried to dissuade him, he insisted on undertaking the perilous duty.

Darkness came at last. Half of the men lay down and rested, while the others maintained a desultory fire to keep in touch with the enemy's movements. At three a.m. we struck camp, and were soon ready to start. Having disposed my men in proper marching order, I ran back to say good-bye to Davie at the top of the kopje, after seeing that his horse was securely fastened to a tree in a gully at the foot. It was a painful parting, for we were like two brothers, and the black darkness, lit up now and again by a distant flash, with the stillness of the veldt broken only occasionally by a faint report and the "ping" of the bullet on some neighbouring rock, filled us with a sense of foreboding which all the horrors of a daylight fight never raise in the breast of a soldier. I left him at last, wrapped in his blanket, stretched at full length on the top of the kopje, where



"We were passing through difficult country with plenty of cover, the



Boers hanging on to us and harassing us at every step."

presently he would be able to see without being seen, and hurriedly rejoined my men. I am not ashamed to tell you, gentlemen, that there were tears in my eyes.

We marched swiftly and quietly southwards for an hour, and then camped to await developments. Soon after daybreak we heard distant firing and waited anxiously, straining our eyes for the first glimpse of our brave comrade. At nine o'clock in the morning, unable to bear the suspense any longer, I sent out a party of men to reconnoitre. By ten they were back again with the report that the enemy, in strong force, occupied not only our old position, but part of the track we had already traversed, and I realized that we had only just saved ourselves from being trapped by a flanking movement.

Before long we were so fully occupied in covering our own further retreat that we had no chance to take any further steps to ascertain what had become of Davie, and to this day, although I have tried every possible means, I have never been able to learn anything about his fate—whether he escaped, or was made a prisoner, or died on the top of that lonely kopje at the post of duty. It's the uncertainty which worries me. If I knew definitely what had happened to him, my mind would be at rest.

The captain stopped, and overcome, doubtless by old memories, sat in silence which none of the company seemed inclined to break.

At last a sneering laugh rang out discordantly. "It is all very sad; but the señor need be troubled no longer."

The whole company started to attention as one man, and twenty-nine pairs of eyes were fixed on the speaker, Rodriguez Manaos, a Portuguese rancher, whose *estancia* lay fifteen miles to the westward. Just then someone turned up the light indoors, so that we were able to see one another's faces.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the captain, sharply.

"I mean what I say, señor," replied Manaos. "You say your mind will no longer be troubled if you know for certain what befell your Davie. Is it not so?"

"Certainly," replied the captain. "But what—"

"Pardon me, señor, but I can tell you all about it. He died—half way down the kopje."

"But how do you know that?"

"Very simple, señor. I shot him."

"Good heavens!" cried the captain, gripping the arms of his chair and staring fascinated at the man's yellow, sneering face. Nobody else moved or spoke.

"Yes," continued Manaos, complacently, evidently enjoying the sensation his remark caused. "As I say, I shot him. I, too, go troo the Boer War, but on ze opposite side from you, señor. Ze night of which you tell I vas of ze flanking party which came stealing round to catch you and, snap! crumple you up like ze fly between my two hands. But ven we get there, chut! ze bird vas flown. We vas mad, and ven I spy this fellow crawling down ze hill—he had been hit in ze leg by a stray bullet and couldn't walk—I go up and, bang! bowl heem over. He nevare move again after zat. And zat vas a good horse of yours, señor. I find heem and ride heem all ze rest of ze time. So worry no more, señor. It vas ze fortune of *la guerre*. Why trouble? Come, have a drink!"

All this time the captain sat with a face set like steel. He clung to the arms of his chair, apparently afraid that otherwise he might hurl himself at the fellow's throat.

At his last words, however, the soldier found speech.

"Drink with you, you hound!" he yelled out. "I'd sooner drink with the devil!"

As he spoke he sprang to his feet and walked into the house, making straight for his bedroom. Evidently he intended to pack up and go, feeling that he could not remain under the same roof as the man who had killed his helpless, wounded foster-brother.

I went after him, and a few minutes later Gillingham came to us, greatly perturbed.

"This is a terrible business, captain," he said. "What am I to do about it?"

"Oh, it will be all right, Jack," he answered, forcing a smile. "I am sorry to go for your sake, but you quite understand I couldn't stay here any longer."

"Certainly not," replied Jack. "But it hasn't ended with you. Do you know that after you left us the other fellows got up one by one without a word and followed you? I was left alone with Manaos, and finally I had to ask him to excuse me for a minute until I could see what was to be done. I hate the brute as much as any of you now, but he is my guest."

"Quite so, Jack," said the captain. "I understand your position perfectly, and shall run over again very soon to see you, but I must go now."

"Yes, yes," continued Gillingham, despairingly. "I can quite understand *your* going, but the other chaps—every one of them, mind you—are going as well. They say they won't stay another hour in the same house with such a cur."

In spite of his raw nerves the captain couldn't help smiling at Jack's troubled face.

"There's only one course open to you, then, Jack," he said. "You must ask Manaos to go. Better to turn out one guest than twenty-eight. And I don't think anyone will blame you in

and told the beggar he would kick him down the steps if he didn't quit in five minutes, Manaos decided to go, though he swore furiously.

Anyhow, he went, after which good riddance we all settled down again, and the latter half



"Very simple, señor. I shot him."

the circumstances. If he goes I shall stay," he added, "and I'll see to it the others do so also."

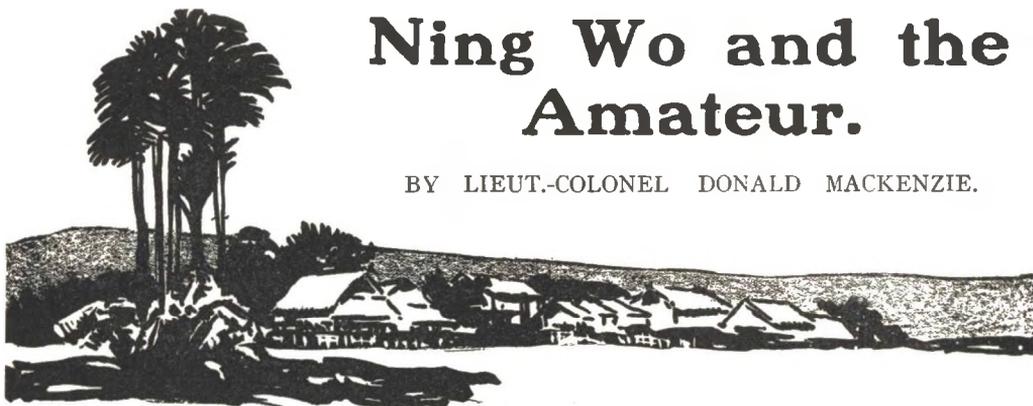
Gillingham went off, and in due course requested the Portuguese to retire. Manaos promptly got angry and stood on his dignity, but when at last Jack lost his temper,

of the week proved to be by far the more successful.

There was a curious sequel to the affair. The story got all over the countryside, and though Manaos tried to brazen it out, the neighbours boycotted him, and after a bit he sold up and finally cleared out.

# Ning Wo and the Amateur.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL DONALD MACKENZIE.



ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS SOMERFIELD.

Another of Colonel Mackenzie's experiences while acting as Chief of Police in one of the Federated States in the Malay Peninsula. In this story he describes how his orderly asked permission to investigate a case, with Ning Wo, the Colonel's Chinese detective, holding a "watching brief" in the background. The amateur thought he had achieved success, but it was Ning Wo who scored at the finish.

**B**EEDIN, my Malay orderly, when I once asked him if he would like to try his hand as a detective in a somewhat complicated case, declined with thanks, remarking that a detective was born, not made, in which statement there was probably a considerable amount of truth. Nevertheless, he had apparently not declined to sit at the feet of Ning Wo, my private Chinese detective, and gather from him some scraps of wisdom in the art, which he was one day tempted to put to the test. I confess I have often wondered since whether the astute Ning Wo did not engineer the whole matter for his own glorification; if he *did* do so he succeeded admirably. The thing happened thus.

One day a Tamil named Ramasawmy, an overseer in charge of a gang of coolies engaged in railway construction, reported that some time during the past twenty-four hours his hut had been burgled and money and jewellery to the value of about two hundred dollars stolen.

Accompanied by Beedin and Sergeant-Major Etot, I proceeded down the line on an engine to investigate the matter.

The gang of some thirty Tamil coolies, over whom Ramasawmy held sway as overseer, lived in a collection of huts in a clearing in the jungle close to the line. He lived in one of them by himself and was the possessor of a wife and daughter, but for some reason best known to himself and them, they had departed some three months previously to work on a coffee estate called Situ, about twenty miles away. The

jewellery of which he had been robbed belonged to them; the money to himself.

We made the fullest inquiries, but without the slightest result. At first I fancied that the woman and her daughter had walked off with the jewellery; there had possibly been a family row, and the old man had invented the story of the burglary. All the coolies, however, declared that his story about the women having gone to the coffee estate was true, and two of them said that on the day following the ladies' departure Ramasawmy had shown them the jewellery.

He gave me a description of it—the usual stuff possessed by Tamil women, and therefore, probably, unidentifiable. There was, however, one article—an ankle bangle of apparently unique design—which a dozen of the coolies, who, of course, had crowded round to hear the proceedings, declared they could, one and all, recognize at sight. This, then, was the only thing we could rely on to give us a clue, if it still existed and had not been melted down.

I was starting to walk up the line when Sergeant-Major Etot suggested that we had, perhaps, better search the adjacent jungle; possibly the thief had left some traces of himself. I did not believe it for an instant, but it would not have done to let any of those present think I did not take the keenest interest in the job, so I told him and Beedin to go and do so. At the same time I walked into the jungle, intending to proceed a couple of hundred yards, sit down and smoke, and let them search for the needle in the hay.

I had not gone this distance when I espied an

orchid hanging from the branch of a tree about six feet above my head. I was at the time bitten with a mania for collecting orchids, and always carried a large knife about with me, containing a small saw with which to cut off the branch on which an orchid was growing. This particular flower I had never seen before, and I determined to get it.

Now, there is a devil which inhabits the Malay jungles. His name is Kerenga—in Anglo-Saxon, an ant—and he measures about half an inch in length. Likewise he is red, Nature having evidently endowed him with a perpetual danger-signal. I have never seen him under a microscope, and I don't want to; he is hideous enough normally. He appears, however, to be organized for battle at both ends, and he is as game as a hornet.

As I said, the orchid was only about six feet above my head, and in a few seconds I was up the tree and, sitting astride the branch, with my saw commenced severing it.

I had been at work about half a minute when I felt a fearful bite on my arm, and then a second, and a third. Looking at my hand I saw dozens of red fiends swarming on it and others coming on.

I dropped my knife to the ground, likewise myself; I had no time to climb down in a leisurely and dignified manner. Having alighted on my feet I tore off my jacket and threw it about a dozen yards away, for it was probably full of ants. The next few minutes were devoted to a conflict between myself and the remainder, whom I finally got rid of after they had left my arm one mass of bites.

I then went and picked up my jacket, which I vigorously shook. After turning it inside out to see that none of the enemy were left, I was about to put it on, when I saw, not three feet from me, a human skeleton lying on the ground.

Now, it was no very uncommon thing to find human remains in the jungle, but what struck me as curious was that this skeleton appeared to be intact. Usually the bones were scattered about, probably the work of animals of the rodent tribe.

No murder had been reported of late, nor had anyone been reported as missing, so it was little use speculating whom the individual might have been when alive. I was about to walk on when I heard Sergeant-Major Etot hail Beedin.

"Ho! Beedin!" he cried. "Come and see what I have found."

"What have you found, Etot?" I shouted.

"Will the Tuan come and see?" he replied.

Guided by the sound of his voice I found him in a few minutes. He stood in a small, open space, beside a tiny stream, and, in his turn, he

was gazing at the remains of a human skeleton, consisting of a skull, three or four large and double that number of small bones. As we stood looking at them Beedin joined us.

"That is very curious," I remarked.

"Why, Tuan?" said Etot. "Surely we have many times found dead bodies in the jungle. There are many tigers about here; as the Tuan will remember, a man was killed by one ten days ago."

"Come with me," I said.

We returned to my find, and talked the matter over, but as no one had been reported missing, we could only come to the conclusion that it was a curious coincidence.

It behoved us, however, to make what inquiries we could, and we therefore returned to the coolie huts for the purpose. As was natural, they were greatly excited about it, and accompanied us in a body to see our discoveries, Ramasawmy amongst them, but not a ray of light could they throw on the matter; their own tally was correct.

Etot, Beedin and I caught a ballast-train about two miles up the line, and in it we returned home.

As I walked up from the station towards my house I encountered the Residency surgeon.

Now, Brydon and I had often to work hand-in-hand in the matter of detecting crime, for in a country where post-mortem examinations were forbidden on account of religion, a medical man's opinion was absolutely necessary in many cases. He was very fond of working out a crime in his own mind and then saying, "I'll tell you what happened"; but what he liked best was for me to tell him my idea about it, so that he could advance an entirely different one. I am bound to confess that more than once he has been right and I wrong.

"A curious thing has occurred to me to-day," I said. "I was investigating a robbery, which I have not elucidated, and I found two corpses close to the spot."

"Murder, of course."

"Not that I am aware of," I replied. "Nothing of the sort has been reported for weeks, nor, so far as I know, is anyone missing."

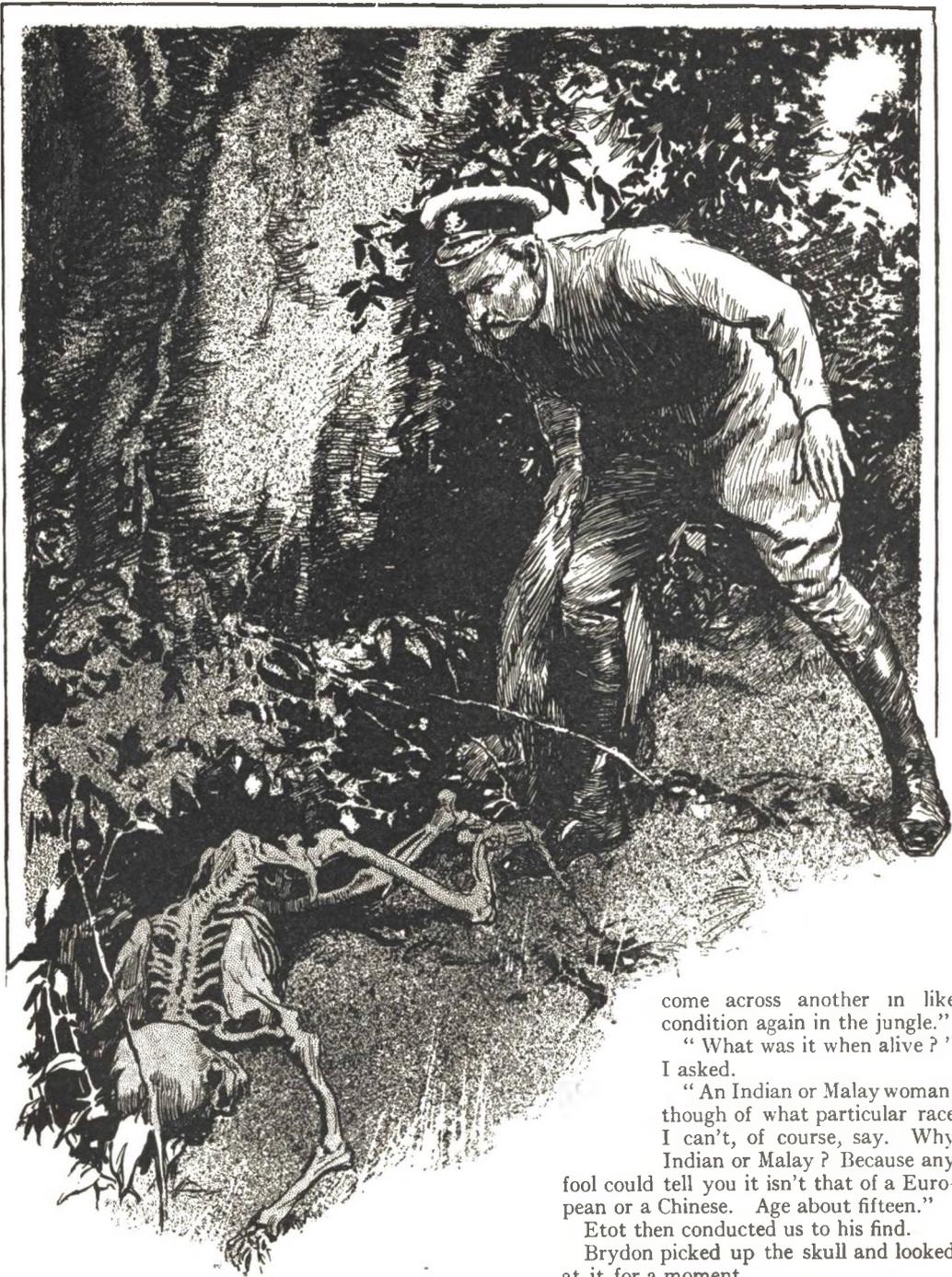
"Can't you tell from the bodies?" he asked.

"No; they are skeletons."

"I'll bet you a dollar I will find out something about it. Take me there to-morrow."

Next morning he accompanied Etot, Beedin, and myself down the line. I first showed him the skeleton I had found.

"There is nothing extraordinary about this thing," he remarked, after a couple of minutes' examination, "beyond the fact that the skeleton is intact, which is odd, and I'll bet you won't



"I saw a human skeleton lying on the ground."

come across another in like condition again in the jungle."

"What was it when alive?" I asked.

"An Indian or Malay woman, though of what particular race I can't, of course, say. Why Indian or Malay? Because any fool could tell you it isn't that of a European or a Chinese. Age about fifteen."

Etot then conducted us to his find.

Brydon picked up the skull and looked at it for a moment.

"Have you examined these remains?" he asked, sharply. I had never heard him speak like that before.

"No," I replied. "What would have been the use? I could have inferred nothing."

"And you call yourself a policeman!" he sneered. "Look here; you three fossick round and see if you can't find some more bones and bring them to me."

Etot, Beedin, and I searched, and within ten minutes produced between us some twelve or fifteen bones, large and small, and brought them to Brydon; he was still minutely examining the skull.

"Now, go away and play marbles, or anything else you like, and come back here in twenty minutes or so," he said.

We left him, for I saw he wished to be alone, and at the end of the stipulated time we returned. He had laid out the bones in their proper order, making allowance for missing ones, and the thing was now, if I may so term it, the outline of a skeleton.

"This, when alive," said Brydon, "was an Indian woman, rather over middle age. How do I know the age? Knowledge of anatomy, for one thing, this for another," and he picked up with the point of his stick a long, black tress of hair, slightly streaked with grey.

"To continue. She was murdered by someone who approached her from behind, and the instrument which caused her death was one which I myself have never seen in this country—an English bill-hook, or a very good imitation of one. Likewise, the motive was robbery."

To say I was astonished would be to express my feelings mildly; I half thought he was trying to "pull our legs" as a practical joke; but then I knew Brydon to be a most acute reasoner and an extremely clever man. I therefore humbled myself and admitted I was a fool for not having examined the skull myself, at the same time confessing that I did not believe I was nearly clever enough to arrive at conclusions which seemed so evident to him, and I frankly asked him to explain.

He picked up the skull and handed it to me; sure enough the top of it was split across the crown.

"I see so much," I said, putting my finger on the place, "but why a bill-hook?"

"Why does a paternal Government entrust the unravelling of crimes to men who simply won't use their common sense?" he asked, impatiently. "If your eye won't help you, run your finger along the skull as if prolonging the split."

I looked again, and about three inches beyond where the split stopped there was another small indentation.

"Have you ever handled a bill-hook?" he asked. "If so, you would know that a weapon

of its kind is the only one which would cause two wounds like these at the same blow. As for robbery being the motive of the murder, look at the right foot. You will notice that the big toe and one joint of each of the next two are missing; they have been cut off. The woman was wearing a toe-ring, and the murderer wanted it. I am going to have a look at the other skeleton again."

He examined that most minutely.

"It tells me nothing," he said. "I would hazard a guess, though, and say it also is a case of murder, and for this reason, that it is lying on its face. A human being does not *naturally* die in this position. I have told you all I can; the rest of the job is yours, and it ought not to be difficult."

"Tell me one thing," I said. "In your opinion did these two people meet with their death at the same time?"

"Ask me an easier one," replied Brydon. "I will, however, again venture a guess and say, 'yes.'"

Needless to say Sergeant-Major Etot and I, assisted by Beedin, then and there held an earnest consultation, but without arriving at any conclusion. If these two women had been murdered, then it implied that they would have been missing and their friends or relations would have reported the latter fact, but no such report had been made during the past year; therefore, who could they have been? It is very easy to be wise after the event, but at the time we three were befogged.

The most searching inquiries which could throw any light on the matter were made throughout the State, but no one seemed to know anything about the disappearance of anyone, let alone of two women.

Daily, for the following fortnight, old Ramasawmy travelled up by the afternoon train and besieged us with inquiries about his lost property; the loss seemed to be preying on his mind.

One evening after dinner Beedin came to me while I was sitting on the veranda; he was accompanied by Ning Wo, and from the pair being together I knew something interesting was going to happen.

"I have been thinking, Tuan," said Beedin; "likewise I have been talking to Ning Wo."

"Two very sensible things," I said. "About what?"

"This robbery of Ramasawmy's, Tuan. I have till now believed the old man's story, but Ning Wo says he does not. If any other Chinaman had said this to me I should have told him he was a fool, but with Ning Wo it is different. Have I not seen him do many wonderful things as a detective?"

"Well, Ning Wo," I said, "suppose you have a try and see if you can find out anything."

"No, Tuan," he replied. "If it had been a Chinese case, which Detective-Sergeant Cassim could not find out, I know the Tuan would have given it to me long ago, but I know nothing about the ways of Klings (Tamils). I have told Beedin he had better try."

"Beedin!" I exclaimed, "Beedin a detective! He would give himself away in five minutes."

Beedin seemed hurt at my remark; perhaps he felt justified in being so.

"I told the Tuan I had been thinking as well as speaking to Ning Wo," he remarked. "The Tuan does not speak Tamil?"

My knowledge of that somewhat unmusical language consisted of about a dozen words, so I merely shook my head.

"But the Tuan surely knows that the Kling oftenest talks about money; after that he speaks about women."

I knew that much, for every Kling case concerned one or other of these two subjects.

"Ramasawmy has said a great deal about money in the last two weeks," continued Beedin. "Also he has said a little about two women. We have not been able to find the money; had we not better try and find the women?"

Saul among the prophets! Fancy Beedin thinking of this! Why on earth had it not occurred either to Etot or me before? And yet it was a thing neither of us should have overlooked.

"Good," said Ning Wo. "Let Beedin try, Tuan."

"Well, Beedin, what do you say to doing so?" I asked.

"Yes, I will try, for I have thought much of this case."

"How are you going to set to work?"

"First," he began, "I will——"

"With the Tuan's permission," interrupted Ning Wo, "I would speak to Beedin."

I nodded my assent.

"Beedin," he said, "if you mean to be a detective never say what you are going to do. If all happens as you say it is well, but it seems to have been too easy, and that is foolish; if it does not happen, then you look a fool. A secret is only a secret so long as you do not speak it. If you speak your thoughts a bird may carry them."

"Ning Wo speaks true words," said Beedin, "and I will do as he says."

"Wise man!" I remarked; but whether he took this as meaning himself or Ning Wo I do not know.

"With the Tuan's permission I will be absent for a few days," he went on; "also I would

ask that Constable Ramalingam, from Rassa Station, may go with me. Likewise, will the Tuan give me a letter to Tuan Stuart (the Chief of Police of the neighbouring State)? Of course he knows me as the Tuan's orderly, but it may be necessary to ask him to help me in secret."

I sat down and wrote a note to Stuart, briefly stating the case, and asking him to do anything in reason which Beedin asked him. I then gave it to Beedin, said he could have leave for as long as necessary, and ordered him to tell the sergeant-major that Constable Ramalingam was also granted leave.

As they went down the stairs I heard Ning Wo say, "Before leaving, I would talk a few words with you, Beedin."

An hour later Ning Wo returned to me with a paper in his hand.

"I have had much talk with Beedin," he said, "and he has now told me all the case. Why did not the Tuan tell me also?"

"It is a Kling case, and I knew you would not undertake it. You said so yourself just now."

"Nevertheless, most cases of crime are much alike, and I think I can tell exactly what happened in this one."

"Then tell me," I ordered.

"The Tuan forgets he has given the case to Beedin, and it would not be fair for me to take it away from him till he falls. But I have written on this paper in Chinese what I think; this I will give to the Tuan, knowing he will not get it translated till Beedin has succeeded or failed. But I hope he will not fail, for I have given him much advice, especially to use his eyes and ears more than his tongue."

I should greatly have liked to read that scrap of paper, but I was on my honour, and so I put it away unopened.

Five days later I was again sitting in the veranda after dinner when Beedin appeared. He could not hide his feelings as Ning Wo could, and I saw at once by the bland smile on his face that he had succeeded.

"Well, have you arrested the thief or secured the stolen property?" I asked.

"First, with the Tuan's permission, I will call Ning Wo. It is a long story, and I would wish him to hear it from the beginning; it is foolish to tell the same thing twice. Ah, ho, Ning Wo! Come hither."

"Ah!" said that individual, when he arrived on the scene, "I see. Beedin is now a detective and will no longer wish to be the Tuan's orderly. Perchance he will one day get the three stripes, like Sergeant Cassim."

"No," replied Beedin, hastily. "I will remain the Tuan's orderly; what would he do in a Kongsri riot if I were not by his side?" Beedin

had evidently a great opinion of himself as a fighting man, in which I admit he was justified. "Nevertheless, by the favour of Allah, I have this time succeeded as a detective; I owe also thanks to Ning Wo.

"Have I the Tuan's permission to talk? Good. I will tell from the beginning.

"As I told the Tuan I had been thinking much about this robbery. In itself it did not trouble me, for since I have been the Tuan's orderly—may Allah prolong the Tuan's days—I have not been as other constables, my duty now being to go where he goes and, if necessary, protect him; but I saw he was greatly wearied by Ramasawmy, and I thought I would try and help in the matter. So I went to Ning Wo and spoke to him.

"If you wish to find out all about the matter, you must first find the two women," he said.

"But I do not know them," I answered.

"If you are blind," he replied, "everyone else is not. Find someone who does know them, and make him help you to find them."

"Ning Wo's words were wise, as I knew they would be, or I should not have spoken to him. Therefore I went to Rassa Station and inquired of the Kling constables whether any of them knew the two women. Constable Ramalingam said he did. I took him on one side and told him my thought was to find them, and through them see if I could not discover the thief. I then told him to go and see Ramasawmy and find out from him all he could about where they had gone, and when.

"I then returned and told Ning Wo and asked him what I should do.

"Ask the Tuan for leave," he said; "take Ramalingam with you and go and search for the women. And," he also said, "remember Ramalingam is a Kling; see that he does no drink or talk."

"Therefore, I asked for leave, and the next morning Ramalingam and I went to the coffee estate called Situ, where Ramasawmy said his wife and daughter had gone. We arrived there that afternoon. I went to the Penghulu (the headman of the village) and asked for lodging for the night, and I told Ramalingam to go to the coolie lines and see if he could find or hear anything of the women. I told him that if he found them he was not to speak to them, but to come and tell me.

"He returned in about two hours and said that he had not been able to hear anything of them.

"The next morning he and I walked about the coolie lines and the bazaar, for I thought, perchance, he had not made too diligent inquiries the day before. Suddenly he shouted:—

"Look! There is a woman wearing the foot ornament Ramasawmy said was stolen."

"The Tuan knows how all Klings shout when they talk. But, as all the Klings round us were talking too, I hoped he had not been heard.

"Be silent, fool," I said.

"We walked away, saying nothing to each other, and when we were alone I asked what he had seen.

"I saw a coolie woman wearing the foot ornament which was stolen. I know it, for I have often seen Ramasawmy's wife wearing it.

"Will you know the woman again?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"Keep silence, then, for I must consider how we must act."

"Much did I wish then that Ning Wo was present so that I could ask him what to do, for I did not know. I could not arrest the woman, for I had no warrant, and if I did so without one I knew I should get into trouble. Perhaps she had not stolen it, though, for if she had she was a fool to wear it so openly. What if it had been given to her—though I did not think that likely—or sold to her? My business was to find Ramasawmy's wife and daughter, and if I could get this woman to speak the truth I might find out where they were, so I made up my mind I would ask her where she got the ornament.

"Why does not Beedin go and give the letter he has to Tuan Stuart and ask him what to do?" said Ramalingam, though I had told him to be silent.

"Ramalingam was not such a fool as I had thought him. What he said should have occurred to me at once, but I did not tell him so.

"That is what I am about to do," I said.

"While I am away you will make diligent search for the two women, but you are not to speak to the woman who has the ornament or to anyone else about it. I will return this evening."

"As soon as Tuan Stuart read the letter he ordered me to tell him the whole story, as without such knowledge he could not instruct me. This, therefore, I did, and when I had finished he said he had better send a Kling detective with me to help. I said I did not wish this, my desire being to find out the whole case myself if I could.

"You will never do that, Beedin," laughed Tuan Stuart. "Without doubt your Tuan has only one detective, and as he is a Chinaman he is no good for this case, so he sends anyone to try and work it. Fancy Beedin a detective!" and he again laughed.

"This made me angry, so I explained that I had asked the Tuan to let me see what I could do in the matter and that he had allowed me, whereat Tuan Stuart whistled.

"All right," he said. "I will give you a letter to the Tuan in charge of the estate and ask him to help you. If you do not find out anything,

and I do not think you will, tell Tuan Mackenzie I have a very good Kling detective who shall take up the case.'

"I got back to Situ that afternoon and at once went to the Tuan's house and delivered Tuan Stuart's letter. After explaining the whole matter to him, he said the first thing to do was to find out from the woman where she got the ornament, and he told me to bring her to him. I therefore went to Ramalingam and told him to do this, and in ten minutes we were back at the Tuan's house.

"She said at once that one of the coolies on the estate, named Seetiah, had given her the ornament about three weeks before; also she said she was a poor woman and had done no harm in taking it. She then began to cry, though no one had said she had done any harm.

"Call Seetiah here,' ordered the Tuan.

"The woman was about to leave to do so, when I stopped her, and I told Ramalingam to go and bring him, but to say nothing about why he was wanted. If the woman had gone for him I knew she would talk.

"When Seetiah came the Tuan asked him where he had got the ornament which he gave the woman. He said first of all that he had not given it to her, but she said something to him which Ramalingam translated as 'liar.' Then he said he had bought it in a pawnshop, and when I asked him where, he said he did not exactly remember. I told him that was foolish talk, for he could not have forgotten, and he then said it was in Madras. Thereupon the Tuan said he had not left the estate for three years except for a few days, and why had he kept it so long? Truly the woman was right and Seetiah was a liar.

"I knew it would be no use talking before the Tuan, so I asked him to allow me to speak to Seetiah alone. He laughed, and said, 'All right.'

"Ramalingam and I then took him into the jungle and talked to him for a long time. At first he remembered nothing, but in the end he remembered everything. Truly it was hard work making him talk, but in the end he told us.

"And yet all he confessed was that he had received the ornament from Ramasawmy, the Tindal of the railway gang. I asked if Ramasawmy had also given him the rest of the jewellery and his money. He did not seem to understand me, and asked what I meant, so I told him that Ramasawmy had reported that he had been robbed of everything, and that as I had found the man who confessed to receiving the ornament I had also found the man who had received the rest, and that, being a policeman, I should arrest him for robbery. Likewise that I should at once go and search his house.

"After that, being frightened, he told us that about three months ago (he was not quite sure how long it was) he had gone to see Ramasawmy to settle about his being married to his daughter, for the marriage had been arranged.

"When he arrived at Ramasawmy's house he was much astonished to find that his wife and daughter were not there; Ramasawmy told him they had gone to work on a coffee estate about fifteen miles away, but he could not, or would not, say why they had gone. Seetiah did not believe him, but, instead of saying anything, he went to the estate (I forget the name of it, Tuan) to look for them. But they were not there and no one knew anything about them, so he returned to Ramasawmy's.

"And here is how he became a thief, Tuan, for he is as much a thief as if he had truly robbed Ramasawmy. He told him he had been to the estate and found the women, and that the wife had told him he was to ask Ramasawmy for all her and her daughter's jewellery, and to bring it to them. This Ramasawmy for a long time refused to do, but in the end he did as Seetiah told him.

"He then took us to his house and he gave me all the jewellery, but he said he had taken no money from Ramasawmy. Likewise I made him get me the ornament from the woman he had given it to, and give that also to me. I have brought them all with me, Tuan. Furthermore, I told Seetiah he would have to come with me and explain everything to the police in the presence of Ramasawmy, and, seeing he was obliged to obey, he consented. The Tuan in charge of the estate, when I explained everything, said Seetiah could go with us. Have I done well, Tuan?"

I said I thought he had done very well, at which he seemed highly delighted.

"But where are the two women, Beedin?" asked Ning Wo.

"What further use have we for them?" he replied. "Have I not recovered the stolen property?"

"Oh! I thought it was they you went to look for, and it was how to find them that you asked me. Still, if the Tuan is satisfied, that is all that is necessary."

Needless to say, after hearing for myself what Seetiah had to say, I ordered the sergeant-major to go down and arrest Ramasawmy on a charge of giving false evidence to the police.

Late that afternoon he was brought before me, and when I formally charged him he said he did not know what I meant.

"Bring in the witness," I ordered Beedin.

No sooner had Seetiah entered the room than an extraordinary change took place in Rama-

sawmy. His jaws dropped, he stared at Seetiah for a second or two; then a look of the most abject fear appeared on his face, and he collapsed in a heap on the floor in a dead faint. When he recovered I sent him to jail for the night.

I was going to parade early the following morning when the jailer met me.

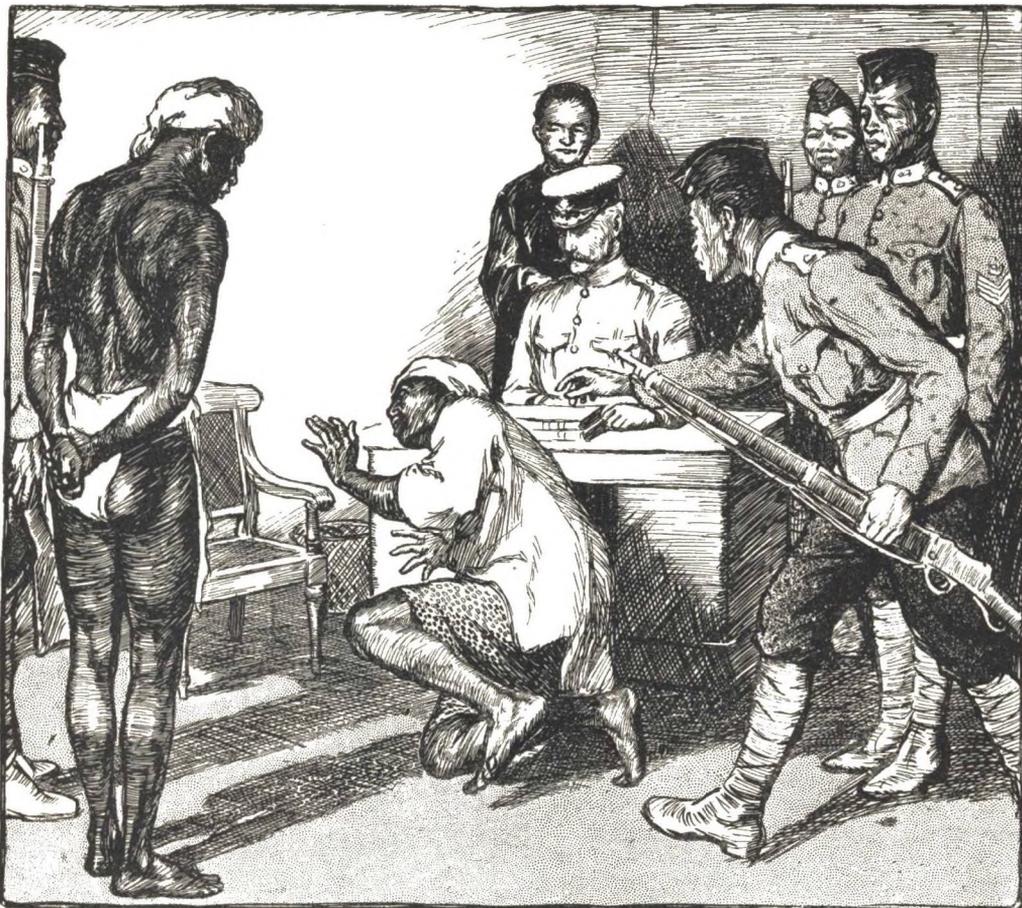
"The Tamil, Ramasawmy, whom your Honour sent to the jail last night, was found dead in his cell just now," he said.

I told him the story.

"Exactly so," he replied; "I remember the case, though to my mind that is hardly a sufficient shock to have caused death. I'd look deeper if I were you."

When I got back to my quarters I called for Beedin and Ning Wo and told them what had happened.

"Has the Tuan the piece of paper I gave him?" asked Ning Wo.



"He collapsed in a heap on the floor."

I told him to call Brydon and bring him to the jail; when he arrived he minutely examined the body.

"Without holding a post-mortem," he said, "I cannot swear to the cause of death, but I can almost positively assert that it is a simple case of heart failure. He evidently received some sudden shock. Natives have not much hold on life."

I had forgotten about it, but I went and got it.

"Will the Tuan have it translated?" he said.

"Read it yourself," I replied.

"When the Tuan has had it translated he will see that that would not be right. How does he know what I may have written, it being in Chinese?"

I sent Beedin with the paper to the court interpreter with a request that he would write

me a translation. He returned in about a quarter of an hour, and this was what was written on a piece of paper attached to the original.

"The man, Ramasawmy, was forced to give the jewellery to some one who knew he had murdered his wife and daughter, and who threatened to expose him."

And there stood Ning Wo, wooden-faced as ever, serene and calm. He had known the whole case from beginning to end, and he had coolly watched us floundering about exactly as a cat watches a mouse! I could have beaten him!

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" I asked, angrily.

"The Tuan did not ask me; he gave the case to Beedin. Who am I to interfere with the Tuan's orders? Nevertheless, will he send for this man, Seetiah, and let me question him?"

I told Beedin to go and bring him.

"Answer any question this Chinaman asks you," I said. "And don't lie, for if you do I will charge you with murder."

At that he commenced to grovel at my feet. Was not I his father and his mother, and how could he lie to me? He would speak the truth. I told him to get up and mind he did so.

"How did you know Ramasawmy had killed his wife and daughter?" said Ning Wo, with a suddenness which startled me.

It also startled Seetiah very considerably, for he simply stared at Ning Wo for a full minute. Beedin somewhat unceremoniously took him by the shoulders and shook him, but he had apparently lost the use of his voice and he was trembling from head to foot.

"Answer the question," I ordered, sharply.

He moistened his lips with his tongue several times before he could speak, but finally he recovered himself and told us the following story.

What he had told Beedin as to his visit to Ramasawmy to arrange about his marriage was quite true, and also about his going to the estate Ramasawmy had said his wife and daughter had gone to. Not finding them there he returned with a view to making the old man say where they really were, when, on coming through the jungle, he stumbled on the corpse of the wife, who had not been dead more than two days; he saw she had been killed by her head being fractured with a sort of knife.

He was hurrying away to tell Ramasawmy about it when he discovered the body of the daughter. Finding the two bodies so overcame him that, for a time, he must have lost conscious-

ness. Finally, he found his way to Ramasawmy and told him.

Ramasawmy refused to believe him and said such a thing could not be, and that he, Seetiah, must have dreamt it, but the latter persuaded him to come and see for himself, which Ramasawmy most reluctantly did.

For a long time the old man seemed utterly stricken with grief and would not talk. Finally, Seetiah said they had better go and tell the police, but to his utter astonishment Ramasawmy would not hear of such a thing, and gave many reasons for not doing so.

Then it dawned on Seetiah that Ramasawmy might have murdered them himself, though why he could not conceive, and he accused him of it. Of course, Ramasawmy vigorously denied this, but when Seetiah again urged him to go with him to the police he begged and prayed him not to do so. This made Seetiah more certain than before that Ramasawmy had killed them, so he said he was going to report the whole matter, when Ramasawmy offered him all he had, including the jewellery, if he would keep what he had discovered to himself.

Seetiah argued that if he reported the matter it would possibly put him in a very difficult position, for how did he know he himself might not be accused of murdering the women? In any case, he would gain nothing by his action, whereas by doing as Ramasawmy wished, and keeping silence, he would benefit considerably. After all, the women were dead and nothing he could do would bring them to life again, so he took the money and jewellery and departed.

I sat thinking for a long time. The thought which was uppermost in my mind was why, if Seetiah's story was true, had Ramasawmy invented the story of the robbery? And, above all, why had he said his wife and daughter had gone to Situ, where he knew Seetiah lived? He must have known we should inquire there. The working of the Oriental's brain is too complex for the Occidental to follow.

I sent Seetiah to the jail charged with being an accessory after the fact of murder.

When he and Beedin had departed Ning Wo said:—

"I would ask one thing. Will the Tuan take me to Ramasawmy's house?"

I asked him why, but he only replied that he had a wish to go there. Knowing he would not ask such a thing without good reason I consented, and two hours later he and I arrived there.

He searched round for several minutes, and finally, without saying a word, handed me something. It was a bill-hook!

# Frontier Life in South America.



From a]

The Madre de Dios River.

[Photograph.

BY W. O. SIMON.

The story of four years' wanderings amidst the forests and mountains of Peru and Bolivia. During this period many curious and exciting adventures befell the Author, and these he relates in chatty fashion, illustrating his narrative with some very interesting photographs.

### III.



IN my last article I described how I canoed down the Inambari River, in Peru, to Puerto Alianza, a small trading post I had established on the Madre de Dios River.

The Madre de Dios is a majestic waterway, some four hundred yards wide at Puerto Alianza. Later on it joins another river to become the Beni; farther down again, it flows into the Marmore, and finally—more than a thousand miles below Alianza—is merged into the mighty Amazon.

On the banks of the Amazon there are large towns boasting of a so-called civilization, but in the remote reaches of the affluents and sub-affluents, and in the great forest tracts along these spacious waterways, force and Nature reign supreme. Human, animal, and plant life battle hard for existence.

In this vast and little-known region law and order are not codified; they are merely the product of self-defence. If an evildoer be caught retribution is swift and terrible. And slaves—

the aboriginal forest savages—are bought and sold freely. When I was in the Madre de Dios the market price of a man was sixty pounds, a woman forty pounds, and a child ten pounds; although, for good men used to collecting caucho (low-grade wild rubber), much higher prices prevailed. One land-owner I know had just bought twenty families—say, eighty persons in all—for five thousand pounds. I myself was offered a hundred people by their master, who was retiring from business. He appeared quite surprised when I told him that Englishmen did not deal in human flesh.

Nevertheless, it must be confessed that these slaves are not, as a rule, unhappy. Instead of wandering wild about the woods, they are brought into the rubber camps, given some clothes and a gun, and introduced to alcohol. Then they are sent out into the forest to cut down caucho trees and collect the rubber that flows from the trunks. It is true that, in some places, flogging and other ill-treatment follow when the quantity of rubber picked is small, but on the other hand, increased



*From a*

On the Madre de Dios—The man in the foreground is about to wash for gold.

*[Photograph.*

supplies of alcohol, good guns and ammunition, and finery for the women are attendant on a good crop. Moreover, if the ill-treatment be excessive—that is, more than the men think they deserve—the next morning may find the master assassinated. During my stay in the district two slave-owners and their staffs met their fate in this way—all were wiped out in a night.

The Peruvian and Bolivian Governments endeavour, though somewhat spasmodically, to prevent the trade in slaves. Unfortunately, the distance from the central authority is so great that these civilizing efforts have but slow results in the Amazon basin.

In September, 1910, I left Puerto Alianza in an eighteen-inch-wide dug-out canoe, accompanied by three Japanese, two half-breed Indians, and my dog, Bunny.

We journeyed up the Madre de Dios to prospect for gold, and also to see what opportunities there might be for trading.

As we were going up-stream we had to punt with long bamboo canes that we cut from the adjoining forest. We were obliged to keep quite close into the bank so as to be in shallow water, and thus avoid, wherever we could, the force of the current. This end was, however, only attained at the expense of much personal suffering. Hordes of mosquitoes, "manta blancas," and other flying and creeping pests came out gaily from the jungle-clad banks to feast on us poor mortals.

We were even glad when we had to haul the canoe up rapids, and were thus given an opportunity to dip our swollen and aching bodies in the muddy river. All day long we toiled in and out of the canoe, a fierce sun beating down upon

us, and blistering the insect bites. The excitement and danger of negotiating rapids became almost monotonous with constant repetition of the exercise. A short rest and a scanty meal at midday were not very refreshing, since the insects did not seem anxious to use this hottest part of the day for the purpose of a siesta. No animal calls are heard then; all the jungle life is asleep in the cooler and deeper glades of the forest, except the insects, which never seem to sleep during their short life. They possess, too, insatiable appetites.

By punting hard we made about a kilometre an hour. Frequently we panned out gravel and sand from the beaches and banks, and always found flakes of gold adhering to the wooden pan when we had washed out the earth and stones. Now and again the limitless tracts of flat forest land would be broken by a clearing, with a log house or two in its centre, and a plantain or yucca patch around the house. There were canoes tied up to a mound that did duty for a wharf; perhaps a woman would be washing clothes in the river, and the Peruvian owner of the domain could be seen smoking a cheroot, lying in his hammock, thinking, no doubt, of how, if the season's crop were good, he could buy more slaves, and, perhaps, purchase a pearl necklace to tempt that bright-eyed, soft-skinned Loretana lady whom he had seen in Iquitos last year, to come out to his lonely bush-station.

Monkeys chattered in the trees as we went by, and once I shot a large tapir—very good eating. On another occasion I missed a drove of wild pig that was hurriedly crossing the river—to disappear into the forest as we rounded a bend. Again, when in the water, and bumping the canoe over



From a

A rubber station in the forest.

(Photograph.)

the stones of a rapid, a large water-snake was carried down-stream, close to me. I grabbed my stout punt-pole in time, and got in a sturdy hit on the ugly head of the beast, which disappeared in the water, although I do not think it was killed. I expect it came up again, lower down the river.

At one place on the bank where I particularly wished to pan for gold I saw three alligators basking on the mud-flats by the water's edge. There was nothing for it but to try to shoot them. It is not easy to kill alligators with a Winchester rifle of small calibre, owing to the toughness of the hides, but by good fortune I finished animal number one with a shot in the vulnerable part at the back of its head. I had no time for numbers two and three. Frightened by my first discharge, they dropped into the river like stones. Gold-washing at this place was, consequently, attended by more than usual discomfort. Up to my knees in the dun-coloured river, I washed out the mud and sand from my pan, while a couple of the crew, standing in the canoe near by, endeavoured to create a diversion for the alligators by splashing the punt-poles around in the water.

Towards nightfall we had to make camp. We looked without success for a beach high enough above the river to avoid risk of sudden floods. Everywhere, however, the forest came so low down to the water that we could not find a place suitably cleared by Nature for our purpose. We were therefore obliged to do Nature's work and make our own clearing; we landed, after scaring away the alligators by the water's edge, tied up the canoe, and then clambered up the bank,

machete in hand, to cut down the jungle round a circle some ten feet in diameter. In this small space we rigged up palm-leaf rain-shelters—four poles stuck in the ground to support a sloping roof of palm leaves.

Although I am not, myself, very partial to it, one of the greatest delicacies to dwellers in an Amazonian forest is monkey. While our rice and plantains were boiling in a stew-pot over the camp fire, we heard, close by in the woods, the "chp, chp" cry made by monkeys. I at once ordered my men to keep silent and, attended by one of the half-breeds native to the forest, crept along, rifle in hand, towards the sound, with the intention of obtaining a substantial addition to our evening meal.

When we had cut our way some few yards through the thick under and over growth, I was tired of being torn and cut by brambles and nettles—not to mention a giant grasshopper, the size of my hand, that bit me painfully on the wrist. So we sat down at the foot of a great tree and began to "chp, chp," ourselves. It was not long before an answering call came, followed by the noise of large animals, swinging along from branch to branch and tree to tree, some sixty feet above us. Between the leaves of the tree-tops I caught sight of four large "sambos"—animals that look half monkey and half gorilla. I had a very poor target, owing to the density of the foliage that almost obscured the monkeys. However, I let fly with my Winchester and hit one beast in the shoulder. He gave tongue to a dreadful screech, in which his companions joined. Another bullet did not succeed in killing him, and it took a shot from the half-breed's shot-gun

to make the animal release his hold of a branch from which he was hanging by one hand. I was not anxious to fight the three remaining monkeys that were screaming at me from the branches; and consequently we returned to camp, where our victim, who measured four feet six inches, was skinned, cut up, and cooked, to the delight of all the camp save myself. Half an hour later one of the men brought me my tin dinner-plate. On it was Sambo's right hand, cut off at the wrist and fried black. The hand is supposed to be the most delicate portion of the animal, and our Jap cook was quite offended when I declined to eat his *chef-d'œuvre*.

I rigged up my mosquito-net after dinner and

crunching of the long grass and creepers around me. Some large animal had evidently come to view the intruders in his domain. I lay quite still, and then, as two fierce, green eyes glittered through an opening in the brush, I reached out my hand for my rifle, but did not shoot. I reflected that, as I could not see the body behind the eyes, I might well fail to kill, and that a wounded tiger or puma springing on me, tied up as I was in my mosquito net, would not be an agreeable way of ending my life. I therefore remained quiet, with hand on rifle, in case of eventualities. I was pretty sure, however, that, like almost all animals in the forest, the owner of the green eyes would, if unmolested, depart

in peace. My surmise proved correct, as shortly afterwards I heard a crunching sound again, and the animal disappeared.

As night wore on the wind rose, and, with the wind, black clouds came fleeting by, hiding in their passage a bright moon. Then a faint light suffused the eastern horizon—the approach of dawn. The camp was aroused, cooking-pots set to work, blankets rolled up, cargoes stowed away in the canoe, all in the desire to set out before the tropical sun—a great, red ball of fire—should appear burning above the tree-tops. As we up-

camped the black clouds broke to cold sheets of rain that chilled our scantily-clad bodies to the bone. And still the pink light on the horizon remained faint; the dawn was not yet. We had seen but a mirage—the false dawn that many have read about but few witnessed. We crouched round the camp fire, waiting and shivering, our eyes ever to the east to greet the rising of the sun which should light us sufficiently to continue our



From a] The Huitoto chief's wife, who presented the Author with several gifts. [Photograph.

was glad to escape into it from the noisome hosts of stinging things without. Soon the rest of the camp was peacefully sleeping. For a long time I lay awake, the magic spell of the forest upon me. The charm of that spell may be likened to the witchery of fast-running water; both drive away all definite thoughts, leaving Fancy to drift quietly and aimlessly into sleep.

I was awakened from my light sleep by a



Some of the Indians at Puerto Huitoto—The ladies are Huitoto cannibals; the two men in the centre are Ináparis.

*From a Photograph.*

journey on the dangerous river. While we toasted one side of our bodies the other would be cold with the rain and the chill wind that blows in the last hours of the night.

After about two hours of waiting we were so cold and miserable that we decided to risk getting away in the semi-dark, any fate seeming preferable to our present suffering. We were glad of the strenuous exercise of punting and hauling. This work, and the excitement of passing over almost invisible rapids, with little but their roar to guide us, soon made us forget our chilly vigil. Thus, when the sun rose, an hour later, we were quite in good spirits once more.

On the third evening we arrived at a small settlement called Puerto Huitoto, owned by a Peruvian *cauchero*, or rubber-worker, named Torres. We made camp by the side of the river opposite the settlement, and I paddled across to visit the owner, who, in the hospitable manner customary "in the rivers," at once invited me to dine and sleep. I accepted only the first half of the invitation, and sat down to a meal of many viands, all, save the tea, strange to civilization. Attached to every rubber station are a couple of professional hunters, who go out daily into the jungle and return with food for the succeeding day. The mainstay of our meal was part of a nicely-roasted monkey, a rather tough meat, not unlike venison. Turtle eggs, wild pig, wild turkey, and a species of flour grown in the settlement, and baked into hard little cakes, made up the dinner.

While we were smoking the local (and very strong) tobacco afterwards, a huge, copper-coloured savage appeared. He was in process of taming, preparatory to being sent out to

gather cacho. A "trade" shirt and trousers clothed part of his huge frame, and on his head was an old felt hat with a greasy silk lining. I myself wore an unlined felt cowboy hat that greatly interested the savage, as felt hats are a rarity in the Madre de Dios. Suddenly, monkey fashion, he leant down and grabbed my hat, looked at it, noted the absence of lining, gazed at his own resplendent headgear, and then laughed and danced about in great satisfaction that he was the owner of a more elegant hat than mine.

I noticed a strong muscular development about the knees of my savage friend, and ascertained that it was the custom of his tribe—the Ináparis—to play a sort of football with a ball of pure rubber made by themselves. The knee is used for "kicking" instead of the foot, and although there are no proper goals or set rules, the Ináparis greatly enjoy their game.

The tribe 'lives some three days' march back in the forest from the Madre de Dios. A month before they were wild, naked, and unknown denizens of the woods. One day Torres, searching with his men for new rubber-grounds, found what he sought, and also a tribe that might be set to collect cacho for him. He determined to "conquer" the new-found people. By peaceful means a few of the savages were induced to come to Puerto Huitoto. There they were kindly treated, made drunk, given guns and clothing, and then sent back to the tribe, which, at the time of my arrival, was quite under Torres's influence. After a month's idleness the men were just being put to work for their "owner." Should they give too much trouble, he intended to sell the Ináparis to a trader from a distance, and to purchase strange men, not

used to the locality—and, therefore, unlikely to escape—in place of them.

The bulk of Torres's workmen, and those who

substitute alcohol drinking for their former man-eating orgies. As will be seen from my snapshots of a few of the women, the Huitotos are



Huitoto cannibals making pottery.

gave their name to the station, were Huitoto cannibals, whom he had purchased wild and cheap, on the Putumayo River, a thousand and more miles away. The Huitotos had been with Torres four years when I had arrived, and in that time had been taught to work satisfactorily. He had endeavoured, with some success, to make them



The same women sitting down—Notice the curious squatting position of those in the rear, which is common to all the forest dwellers.

*From a Photograph.*

*From a Photograph.*

a well-made people, and, so far as I could tell, they seemed to be happy enough in their slavery. The chief of the tribe lived in a sort of kraal. With much courtesy and some grace his principal wife assembled her people in front of the house, and there presented me with a grass hammock and a basket made by her dusky hands, which also placed a necklet of monkey's

teeth around my neck. The Huitotos are a clean people, and, like all other forest-dwellers, they bathe at least once daily. At the time of my visit nearly all the men were away working in the forest; thus the ladies were rather lonely. They were filling up their time, however, by labour on the settlement farm—where maize grows twelve feet high in five months—weaving from native cotton, and by pottery-making.

The Huitotos have invented a very ingenious system of wireless telegraphy, similar, I believe, to that in use amongst some African tribes. In Ashanti, for instance, I understand that the news of Queen Victoria's death was known in the capital some days before mail-runners arrived

bamboo-cane, and placed two lengths of it, parallel and some few feet apart on the ground. Over these poles they laid two similar pieces of bamboo at right angles to the lower lengths. By tapping on the upper poles with a mallet made of hard wood, they found that the sound or vibration of the knocks would carry up to thirty miles through the forest to a listener who placed his ear to a receiving station made in the same way as the "transmitter."

Many a slave-chase has been frustrated by means of the Huitoto "wireless," and many an adventurous man-hunter has been overpowered and eaten by hordes of savages summoned by its aid from distant parts of the forest.

I took breakfast at Puerto Huitoto the following morning, and then paddled down stream to Puerto Alianza. On arrival there all hands were set to repairing the canoe, which had become somewhat battered in the rapids. Whilst this work was in progress a gunshot rang out—the customary salute when a boat is calling at a settlement. A canoe, with nine men in it, came swiftly to the bank below our camp, and a Spanish Peruvian named Perez, with an assist-



[From a]

Repairing a canoe that was damaged in a rapid.

[Photograph.]

there. The Huitotos, who are said to number many thousands spread about in the Amazon basin around the Putumayo River (the scene of the recently reported atrocities), are subject to continual raids by slave-hunters.

Like all good woodmen, they have acquired a working knowledge of many of the forces of Nature, as displayed in the forest. Urged probably by the necessity for co-operation against the invading man-hunter, they endeavoured to find how the earth, as a natural sound-conductor, could be made to serve as the means of giving timely warning and obtaining assistance. They cut a certain kind of stout

ant, got out and came towards me. My game-hunters had not yet returned from the daily chase, so I could offer my guests but scanty hospitality in the form of rice and plantains. The meal over, they told me their errand. They and their crew, seven half-tamed and drunken Chama savages—ugly little brown men from the Manu River—were seeking a Peruvian named Denos and his lady-love. The canoe, provided with rifles, manacles, a chain, and a knotted whip, had come down from the Upper Manu River, twenty-eight days up-stream from Puerto Alianza.

It appeared that Denos had been an assistant

at Perez's rubber-camp on the Manu. Now Perez was a very rich man, owning many slaves, and maintaining a regular harem. The flower of the flock, the apple of his eye, was a beautiful Campa savage damsel named Estela. Unfortunately, young Denos fell in love with her, and she with him. One night the two eloped in a large canoe, Denos taking with him, besides the lady, a large sum in gold, a jewelled watch, and twenty slaves—all the property of his master. The money, the watch, even the slaves might be forgotten; but not Estela. Perez swore a vendetta. Being a wealthy and influential man, he sent agents out a month's journey to the nearest town, to secure Denos's arrest in case the thief left the forest country. At the same time, three separate parties in canoes were dispatched to search the rivers for the fugitive, who was, if possible, to be brought back alive to the Manu, there to undergo torture, as an example to the settlement.

Perez had heard that the most likely route of escape from the Madre de Dios (into which the Manu flows) would be the Inambari River. Five or six days up the Inambari is an affluent called the Marcopata. Close to the junction of these two rivers there is a mule-road running over the Andes to the railway and civilization. It was not likely that Denos would go out over this road, as he would thereby run great risk of arrest by the police. The probability was that he would attempt to canoe up the almost impassable Marcopata River, and then cut his way through the forest to an unfrequented part of the mountains; later on travelling by lonely trails to Arequipa, a large town on the railway, where he had friends who would assist him to escape to another land.

I myself knew that Denos had left *viã* the Inambari only three days previously, but, as it was not my business to help in a man-hunt, I kept silent. The news, however, had reached Perez from a number of the escaped slaves, whom he had picked up on his way down the Madre de Dios; all save four had deserted Denos and Estela.

A few days later I returned up the Inambari, and on my way along the river came across the deserted camps of both Denos and his pursuer. From the appearance of these resting-places I could tell about how many days had passed since they had been occupied, and I feared a tragic end to the love idyll when I saw that Perez was daily gaining on his prey.

Three weeks later I was sitting in my room at headquarters on the road, chatting and smoking with an English assistant, and glad to have for once a good shelter from the thunderstorm that was raging without. Suddenly the

door opened, and the gaunt, haggard, not to say haunting face of our Australian camp-cook appeared in the doorway. The cook, by the way, was an ex-sailor, who had turned up one day after a five hundred miles walk from the coast over the Andes. I strongly suspected that he had known the inside of more than one jail in his lifetime. However, he was a fairly good cook, and thus suited us for the time being. As he entered the room, he looked for all the world like the old burglar in the first act of "Raffles"—he had the same hunted, shifty glance.

The storm was at its height when the Australia came in out of the dark, and in whispers said that a shadow of a bruised and wounded man, calling himself Denos, had crept into the kitchen. As administrator of the district, I had received orders from the Government to arrest the fugitive if he came within my jurisdiction. I could not, therefore, take official cognizance of Denos's arrival without having him locked up, which would officially mean his subsequent dispatch for trial before the Government Delegate in the Madre de Dios; though, in reality, the prisoner would be handed over to the clutches of Perez. I therefore resolved to smuggle the runaway out of my district by unfrequented roads, until he could reach his friends in Arequipa. To that end I sent private instructions to the keeper of the bridge giving access to our camp that Denos was to pass out without question—by night.

Denos seemed to be more dead than alive, thin as a skeleton; his almost naked body was lined and seared with weals and cuts from the knout and the chains. Ants and other insects had entered into the wounds, and made them horrible to see. It appeared that Perez and his men, stalking successfully, had made the very dangerous passage up the Marcopata, and then tracked their victim on foot for three days through the jungle. In the early hours of one morning they arrived at a small clearing where Denos, with Estela, and his four remaining men, were peacefully sleeping.

The horror of the scene may be imagined. The two white human bloodhounds, and the seven wild savages, suddenly emerging from the forest and silently jumping on the sleeping man and woman lying beneath a mosquito-net. In a moment the woman was tied with thongs, and the man chained to a stake in the ground, his followers escaping in the confusion. A fire was lighted near to Denos. Mingled with the crackling of the flames, and the shouts of the savages, as they danced around the fire, was the thud of the whip as it broke across his body. Knives were heated in the embers and then stuck red-hot into his flesh till he

fainted. Estela, though bound, was not gagged, nor blindfolded; thus her shrieks added to the horror of the night.

When the pursuers were tired of their orgy they lay down on the ground and fell asleep. This was the opportunity for a faithful servant of Denos to creep out of hiding in the jungle for a moment, and to push a machete under Denos's back. The feel of the cold steel brought him to from his faint, and he set to work, very painfully, to break open the chain links. He finally severed them, just before dawn, and crawled away into the forest. No sooner had he reached shelter than the camp was awake and aware of the escape. Yelling with rage, Perez and his men rushed into the woods in pursuit. Denos had just time to take refuge inside the trunk of a large tree, of which the core had been eaten out by ants. He lay in hiding throughout the day, hearing the savage cries of his hunters as they passed to and fro in the search. They thought, evidently, that their victim of overnight would not be capable of going far, on account of his wounds. All the time he was without food or water, and the large red ants, whose home was in the trees, were eating into his dreadful sores. It was only the next morning, when Perez and his men finally gave up their victim for dead and went away with Estela, that Denos came out of his awful prison to seek some relief in a little stream near by. For the next fortnight he lived on palm-leaves and worms, as he journeyed wearily and warily (avoiding the road) through the virgin forests to my headquarters. Even there he

gave the men's huts a wide berth, and came in the dark of night to seek mercy from the Englishmen.

The reader, will be glad to hear that Denos made good his escape and arrived at last in Arequipa, where, by the exercise of some influence and ingenuity, he obtained the rescission of the order for his arrest.

Many strange things happen in forest life, and so some months later, when I myself was in the town of Arequipa—I had forgotten the fugitive—I was surprised to receive a visit from him there. It appeared that by some means he had obtained sufficient money to outfit an expedition, and, with eight young men friends of his, intended to go back down the Inambari to the Madre de Dios and the Manu, there to kill Perez and take away the fascinating Estela.

I warned Denos that his journey would end in failure, that he would be caught and tortured to death; but he replied he was ready to risk everything if he could only see Estela again. All I could do was to forbid his passage over the road under my control, telling him that I could hardly be expected, after saving his life once, to assist him to lose it, and to connive at possible murder as well.

In the end he set out by another route, but so far as I know he has never been heard of since. News reached me, however, that on Estela's return to the Manu she tried one night to kill Perez in bed; but her attempt was not successful. She received a flogging for her pains, and according to last advices had become a dutiful wife. Such is love in the Amazon Valley!



From a

The road through the forest from the Inambari.

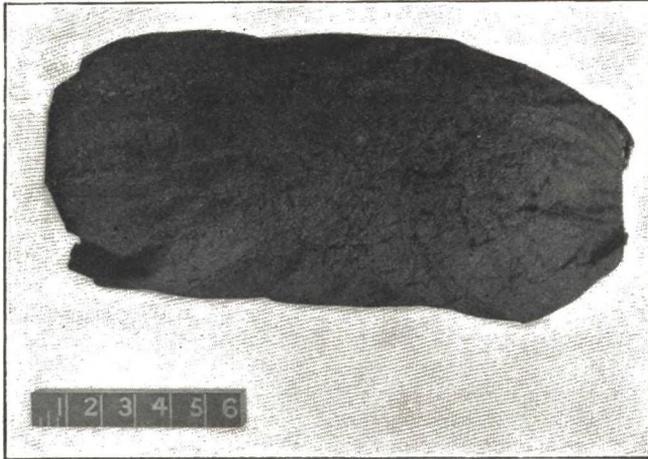
[Photograph.]

# ODDS AND ENDS.

The Largest Cocoon in the World—Making Maple Syrup—Round the World in a Barrel, etc.

**T**HE photograph here reproduced shows the largest cocoon in the world, which hails from New Guinea. The portion of the cocoon illustrated measures fifteen inches long by the same distance round, but some of the cocoons when opened measure a yard across. This specimen was discovered attached to the branches of a high tree in the Arfak Mountains. The cocoon is made by hundreds of larvæ, each having its own separate cell of silk. The silk is of a golden brown colour, is extremely tough, and is probably of great commercial value. The pupæ are a source of food to the natives, while the cocoons themselves are used for blankets.

With reference to our recent narrative, "Arrested and



*From a*

The largest cocoon in the world.

*[Photograph.*

Deported," setting forth the remarkable experiences of Mr. H. H. Dunn, a WIDE WORLD contributor, who was expelled from Mexico on suspicion of having written "The Master-Bandit," which appeared in our pages, we reproduce here with an interesting photograph showing Mr. Dunn (seated on left) giving evidence before the United States Senate Committee deputed to investigate the Mexican revolutions. Mr. Dunn swore to the information contained in THE WIDE WORLD story before this committee.

Most Japanese towns have a shrine or temple dedicated to the tutelary deity of the city. At Ueno, in the Iga province, several beautifully-decorated cars are kept at the shrine, and figure annually in a curious procession.



Mr. H. H. Dunn, the author of our story, "Arrested and Deported," giving evidence before the United States Senate Committee deputed to investigate the Mexican Revolutions—Mr. Dunn is seen seated to the left.

*From a Photograph.*

When the day of the festival arrives hundreds of pious worshippers drag the cars, by means of ropes, through the gaily-decorated streets of the city—thereby, they believe, greatly pleasing the gods of the shrine. The cars are wonderful examples of Japanese decorative art, richly ornamented with gilding and lacquer-work. The photograph reproduced below shows the most ornate of these vehicles.

The above photograph shows a scene in Ontario, Canada, during the months in which real maple syrup can be made. The sap is procured by inserting



From a

Tapping maple trees for syrup in Ontario, Canada.

[Photograph.



A wonderful specimen of Japanese decorative art—One of the temple cars at Ueno, Japan.

From a Photograph.

a thin tube into the trunk of the tree, out of which the fluid exudes. This sap, when first taken, is as clear and thin as water, and tastes exactly like a glass of water in which a lump of sugar has been dissolved. When it begins to drip from the tube it is caught in tin pails, and these again, when full, are emptied into large barrels drawn in a sleigh—the most convenient vehicle for driving through the maze of trees and underbush. Arriving at the “boiling-house,” the contents of the barrels run down a spout into the boiling-pan, which is about six or eight feet long, two feet wide, and three inches deep. It is placed on a slight incline, to allow the sap to run down into the receptacle at the end. In order that the sap shall not run down too fast to get thoroughly boiled by the fire which is kept constantly burning underneath, it is checked by thin strips of wood laid across the pan, and which only allow about an inch of space through which it can pass. The nearer the sap gets to the lower end of the pan the thicker it becomes, until, when it reaches the final receptacle, it is that beautiful clear brown colour and has acquired that delicious taste that has so many imitations and no equals. The price of the syrup at the boiling-house itself is usually a dollar and a quarter a gallon. Maple sugar is practically maple syrup in a solidified form, caused by a continuation of the boiling process, and, as it necessitates the use of more sap, it is naturally more expensive.

Away in Cheyenne County, Wyoming, there is a slender, delicate-looking, natural spire known as Chimney Rock. Even without the tapering upper pinnacle

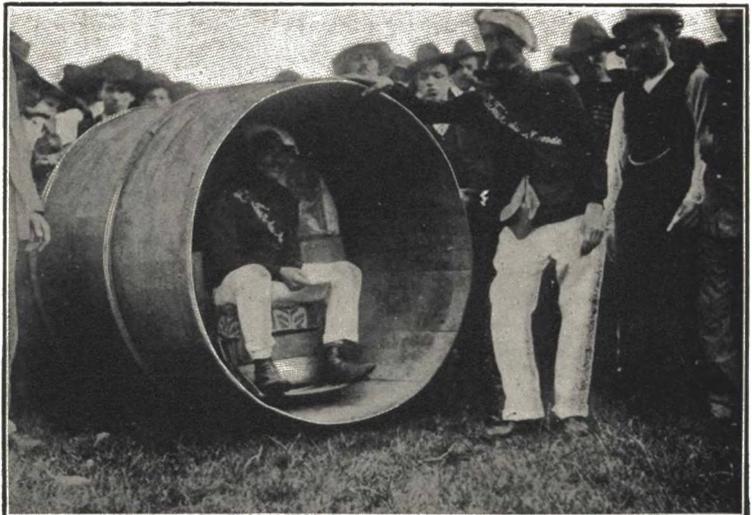


From a "Chimney Rock," a remarkable natural landmark in Cheyenne County, Wyoming. [Photograph.]

this rock would be a striking landmark, rising as it does over three hundred feet above the surrounding country; but with this added seventy-five-foot shaft Chimney Rock is a most remarkable formation. The several bases and the rock itself are a series of sandstone and clay strata, showing that at some distant age this part of the United States, now thousands of feet above the sea-level, was the bed of a mighty ocean. According to the photographer, Geologist N. H. Darton, of the United States Geological Survey, in one of the early geologic ages the whole of Wyoming and the adjoining States was covered by a shallow sea. Later, the land was uplifted and, still later, much of it washed and eroded away. Chimney Rock, being somewhat harder than the surrounding floor of this ancient sea, is one of the last remaining fragments of the great layer of rock which, after the land uplift, covered this portion of the country.

There seems to be no limit to the foolish things some people will do for the sake of a wager. Early in 1910 two Venetian brothers named Vianello, blacksmiths by trade, made a bet that they would travel round the world in a barrel. During the month of June they duly set out from Venice, and later arrived at Berlin, where they received an enthusiastic reception. The accompanying picture shows the

two men and their barrel. This was a special construction, open at the end, and having a "perch" inside so constructed as to remain always upright. On this one brother sits while the other trundles the barrel along. Food is stored along the sides, and at night, if no other shelter is available, both brothers sleep in their queer rolling home. They estimate that the trip round the world will occupy



"Rolling round the world in a barrel!"—The two men here shown have undertaken, for a wager, to travel round the world in an open-ended tub.

From a Copyright Photo, by "Argus," Milan.

# HOW WEAK EYES ARE STRENGTHENED BY EXERCISE

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.

**I**N this, which is undoubtedly the most active period in the history of man, every one of our faculties is called on to do more, and to respond to a longer continued extraordinary strain than ever before.

"Take things easy" may be very good advice, but most of us, who know how our competitors are hustling, fear that the practice of it would furnish us with a free seat on a bench in the park, instead of a cash income.

More energy, more concentration, are required to keep up with the leaders nowadays—hence our nervous exhaustion is greater. Busy city life with its clang, clatter and rush, even most of our time-saving inventions and modes of travel keep the nerves on edge, and give them no opportunity to rest during our waking hours.

Now the eye is one of the most delicate centers of the nervous system. This is clearly proven by the fact that the first place a physician looks for symptoms of paralysis is at the base of the optic nerve—if there are none in evidence it is taken as positive proof that there is no danger.

This will clearly evidence that nerve exhaustion means eye-exhaustion and finally eye affection if nothing be done to correct it.

If, however, the blood circulation in the eyes is kept normal by the proper kind of simple and safe exercise, they continue healthy, normal and strong.

Beside this nervous strain that I speak of there are many other features of modern life which tax the eyes unduly.

Our schooling, once confined to the simple rudiments of education, is now so extended that the books of a schoolchild of to-day

would cause a child of thirty years ago to look aghast—hence at the threshold of practical life we start to unduly tax our eyes.

The glitter of city streets—the speed of traffic—the riding in fast trains—the viewing of scenery from train-windows as it flashes quickly by—and above all, the habit of reading every time we have the opportunity in our busy careers, under all sorts of unfavorable conditions—these all add to the extraordinary burden which our eyes are asked and expected to carry without assistance of any kind.

And, remember that though your arms may rest, your body may recline, and every limb, and other sense may be to a great extent dormant at times, your eyes are always seeing unless they are closed—always active during every waking hour.

Hardly any wonder then, that eye strain is so common and up to recently so many have had to call on artificial aid in order to see at all.

You know the eye is just like a little camera. It has the lens with the iris opening which enlarges and contracts agreeably to the amount of light existing. It also has a dark chamber which may be compared to a camera bellows, and the retina corresponding to the sensitive plate. It has three sets of muscles—one turns the eyes in any direction, one controls the iris, and one operates the focus.

When, through nervous exhaustion or over-taxation, the circulation of blood in the eyes becomes weaker than is normal, these muscles become flabby and refuse to act up to their usual standard, and the eyes do not focus easily if at all. Premature old-sight is the result.

The muscles still do their best to focus properly; eagerly struggle and strain to

## ODDS AND ENDS.



search of silver: a prospector exploring a long-abandoned mine-shaft—The abyss below is of unknown depth.

*From a Photograph.*

at least twelve years, so that they have some nine years of barrel-trundling to do before they can claim their bet.

The photograph here reproduced shows the shaft of an ancient Spanish silver mine, long since abandoned, in the State of Guerrero, Mexico. Efforts have recently been made to re-open this mine, which has not been worked for at least two hundred years, and the photograph is interesting as showing what appalling risks the average prospector will cheerfully run in his search for precious metals. Below the man shown insecurely perched on the rocky side of the shaft there is an abyss, black and awe-inspiring, of unknown depth—yet the miner clings there on the verge and smiles up at the photographer, himself balanced none too securely!

The head-dress of the Mongolian ladies is a very complicated affair. When the hair is made up in the shape of elephants' ears it indicates matrimony, and when worn in a tail it means that the lady is a spinster. In order to give



Mongolian ladies—Note the complicated head-dresses.

*From a Photograph.*

this shape to the hair the lady makes a parting in the middle of her head, then drenches the hair, each side by turn, with a pleasing mixture of fish-glue and grease. When it is thoroughly soaked she spreads the upper part out thinly in such a way that at its broadest it measures about six inches wide. To keep the hair in this shape she employs wooden clips, which, when the hair is dry, are replaced, if she can afford it, by silver or golden ones. The lower part of the hair is made into a plait, with a silver or golden ornament at the end to prevent it coming undone. These silver or golden clips and hair ornaments are often set with precious stones, and princesses even have the whole of the plait hidden by means of silver or golden rings. As the making up of the hair takes a whole day and the Mongol ladies are very lazy and not particularly cleanly in their habits, it is not surprising to learn that this operation is performed by some once a week, by others once a month, and yet others—pretty low down in the social scale—once a year.

The photograph on top of the next page shows a curious

properly do the work which your brain commands them to do—strain and struggle so hard in fact that they affect the tired nerves, and not only cause headaches of which this is the most fruitful cause, but put the entire nervous system under a pressure which extends to the stomach and digestive organs, and brings on nausea and dyspepsia.

What eye specialist is there who has not heard from his patient: "Why I had no idea in the world that it could be my eyes." There are many physicians in fact, who look to the eyes for one of the first causes of stomach trouble.

It is perfectly amazing in reviewing the progress of science, surgery and medicine in the last fifty years, that the methods of correcting eye afflictions, even of the simplest kind, seem to have been entirely overlooked.

Science in physiology is correcting deformities which used to require harnesses or mechanical support. Surgery is correcting displacements which heretofore caused lifelong confinement. Physicians are departing more and more from the old-fashioned practice of continual drugging, and using more rational methods of restoring and preserving health.

But, until the recent discovery of this system of exercise to which I refer, no matter how simple your eye-trouble was, you were told that you had to wear eye-glasses.

Now eye-glasses are not necessarily to be despised. They are a great invention in their way—so are crutches.

But you would not relish the anticipation that you had to use crutches all your life—nor would you. Just as soon as your sprained ankle, for instance, were in condition to stand it, your doctor would instruct you to touch it to the ground gradually and *exercise* it to bring back the *normal circulation* necessary to enable you to discard your crutch. Exactly the same with a broken arm—exercise it as soon as possible to bring it back to normal.

The wearing of eye-glasses is just exactly like using a crutch for life. Instead of growing stronger by their use, the eyes grow weaker, and you probably are well aware of the fact that in order to see perfectly the wearer of glasses must change them from time to time for new and stronger ones.

Let us see what authorities say on the subject of eye massage: Doctor De Schweinitz, of Philadelphia, Professor of Ophthalmology in Jefferson College, makes the statement that in treating so serious a condition as dreaded cataract of the eye, massage of the eye-ball "has been followed by improvement in vision

and deepening of the anterior chamber." The Medical Record, in writing of the same serious ailment, urges the great value of "any means that would bring an increased blood supply" and considers that "the most feasible plan seems to be properly applied massage."

It would of course be impossible to satisfactorily or even safely give this massage (or exercise) with the hands, but this problem was successfully solved a few years ago by a New York specialist, who realized through experience how many troubles of the eyes could be quickly corrected by this method.

The greatest and most practical inventions usually seem the simplest and most obvious once they become known, and this one is no exception to that rule. So simple is it that anyone can use it in their own home without instruction, yet it is so safe that there is not the slightest chance of giving the eyes anything but great benefit, no matter how long they may have been affected.

This system of exercise is fully explained, also many interesting scientific facts about the eyes are given in a little book on the subject, which will be sent without cost if you address Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mention having read this article in the WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

It may, with reason, be suggested that at no time could this system have been perfected more opportunely than now. At no time has the world demanded more perfect men and women; and if your eyes are weak, whether you wear glasses or not, it is not necessary for any one to point out its disadvantages—perhaps you even consider glasses a disfigurement to a certain degree—surely they are an inconvenience.

Of course you cannot put new muscles in an eye, as you would a new tire on an automobile, but you can restore health to these muscles and give them the same original strength that assures the thorough performance of their natural work.

Personally I have seen this system in a few months make a boy of eighteen entirely independent of glasses who had worn them continuously for twelve years; also enable old folks over sixty to discard their glasses in an incredibly short time. Therefore, I believe it is safe to assume that many thousands of spectacles will cease to be useful as this system becomes generally known, and I am sure that everyone whose eyes are affected in any way, whether a wearer of glasses or not, will be greatly interested in the little book which tells so much about the eyes and their care.



From a Photo. by]

The "Wishing Well" at Upwey, Dorset.

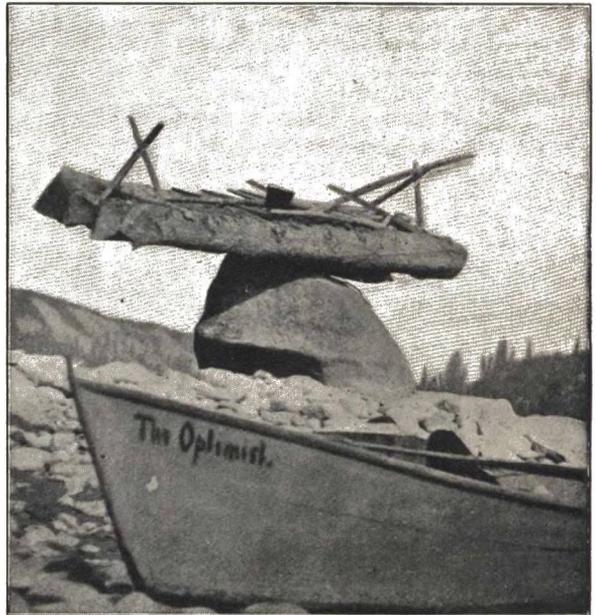
[F. Frith &amp; Co.

old "wishing well" at Upwey, in Dorset, still patronized and believed in by the country folk. The correct method of procedure in order to gain your wish is to drink while standing with your back to the well, and, having wished, to throw what remains in the glass over your left shoulder back into the pool. Throwing the fluid over the right shoulder, presumably, would displease the good fairy who presides over the well and result in disappointment to the wisher.

The queer-looking object seen in the accompanying photograph is a raft, impaled on a rock, and left high and dry by the receding of the river during the dry season. "How many missing relatives," asks a WIDE WORLD correspondent, "leave this sort of landmark behind as the headstone to their nameless graves? During a boat-trip of seven hundred miles on the Fraser and Nechaco rivers in British Columbia in August and September last I ran across many similar sights, showing the disastrous—and in the majority of cases fatal—result of men and youths unused to pioneering entrusting their lives to frail or unmanageable craft in some of the most treacherous waters on this continent, where even the most experienced 'white water' navigators come to grief occasionally. About two years ago contractors building the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad began pushing their operations across the Rockies into British Columbia. That province is very rough and hilly, and the railroad work, consequently, heavy and slow. The thousands of labourers required are recruited from the ranks of newly-landed immigrants, many of them from rural Britain. Disappointed in an over-boomed country and disgusted with conditions of work and camp life—the lot of a contract labourer is far from being a happy one—a party of them would lash a few logs together to drift to Fort George and make their way to the coast. That many of them, in their ignorance of the perils involved, perished in the attempt, leaving no record of their names or fate to relieve the suspense

of anxious friends, there is only too much evidence in the shape of their ill-fated rafts, hung up in the log-jams and canyons of the upper and middle Fraser River, to prove. The stern-wheel steamboat *B. X.*, of the British Columbia Express Company, on several occasions during the past two seasons picked up men marooned on rocks in mid-channel, sole survivors of parties of from two to half-a-dozen. The stranded raft in the picture was built of logs sixteen feet in length and from sixteen to twenty inches in diameter. The X on the ends is for

working the sweeps (oars) in. The raft lies near the dreaded Fort George Canyon, and in the middle of September was about eight feet above the water. When it struck it would be about twenty-five yards from shore, in the middle of a terrific 'smother' of swirling water. Heaven help its ill-fated crew!"



A mute memorial of disaster: a raft impaled on a rock in a British Columbian river—When the raft went aground this boulder was in the centre of a boiling rapid.

From a Photograph.



## The Power of Silent Service

If the crowd on the stock exchange kept quiet and let one man talk, that man could be heard in every corner of the room. But the shouting members produce a composite of sound, so that no one trader is understood except by a small group around a particular trading post.

If everyone were able to shout twice as loud, the result would be only a greater noise, and less intelligible.

For communication to be universal there must be silent transmission. In a noisy stock exchange where the voice, unaided, cannot be understood across the room, there are hundreds of telephones which carry speech half way across the continent.

The telephone converts the spoken words into silent electrical impulses.

In a single Bell telephone cable, a hundred conversations can be carried side by side without interference, and then distributed to as many different cities and towns throughout the land. Each conversation is led through a system of wire pathways to its proper destination, and whispers its message into a waiting ear.

Silent transmission and the inter-connecting lines of the Bell System are indispensable for universal telephone service.

Without such service, our cities would be slow of speech and the States would be less closely knit together.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY**

**AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

***Every Bell Telephone is the Centre of the System***



# ALL UNTRAINED Men

Trained men are not found in the rank and file, because they are quickly spotted for better positions and higher pay. But the "boss" is ever looking for more and more men who show the right kind of promise. There is as much competition today in securing and keeping good men as there is in selling goods. Therefore, the **trained** man is **independent**. **Why not have the training?**

It no longer requires years of apprenticeship or sacrifice until you are too old to enjoy the fruits of your labor. It is simply

a matter of devoting a little time each day—say an hour—in training yourself under International Correspondence Schools direction for the position you want. Before you know it, some "boss" will pick **you** out of the line for a better position and higher salary. Government officials, Railroad officials and great employers in every branch of industry endorse I. C. S. training.

This is not an idle statement, but a fact, proved over 100,000 times in the chronicles of the I. C. S. Every month over 400 I. C. S. students voluntarily report advance in position and salary, as the direct result of I. C. S. training.

We will send you the names and addresses of a thousand of these students with facts and figures showing just what they have accomplished.



# Look Alike to the Boss

Work with the I. C. S. hand in hand, and you will go ahead with a rush, as thousands of others have done.

Don't think about the cost—the method of payment can be arranged to suit your circumstances. Don't think about anything but the kind of position you would like. The I. C. S. will do the rest.

**Mark the coupon and mail it to-day**, indicating the position you desire. The I. C. S. will send you invaluable literature and information explaining this method of self-help.

I. C. S. training is designed for the man who has had little chance for education—for the man who works long hours—for the few-cents-an-hour man—for the dollar-and-a-half-a-day man—for the fifteen-dollar-a-week man. But you will also find among I. C. S. students, men who earn ten, twelve, and fifteen thousand dollars a year—proprietors, engineers, superintendents, contractors, lawyers—who realize that the knowledge gained from the I. C. S. is right up to the minute. **No other institution in the world gives such information in such a simple, concise and complete form.**

I. C. S. efficiency in training ordinary day-by-day workers to become specialists is not a new thing, but a development of twenty-five years.

When you become an I. C. S. student you call to your assistance the highest authorities in the line of work you choose. They consider you **an individual**, not a member of a class. They devote their time, energy and knowledge to making you a success.

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Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

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Building Contractor	Advertising
Architectural Draftsman	Commercial Illustrating
Structural Engineer	Industrial Designing
Concrete Construction	Commercial Law
Mechan. Engineer	Automobile Running
Mechanical Draftsman	Teacher
Refrigeration Engineer	English Branches
Civil Engineer	Good English for Every One
Surveyor	Agriculture
Mine Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Metal Mining	Plumbing & Steam Fitting
Locomotive Fitters & Eng.	Sheet Metal Worker
Stationary Engineer	Navigation
Textile Manufacturing	Spanish
Gas Engines	Languages
	French
	German

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Man and His Needs

## Dressing by Mail

Through the introduction of the parcels post it is now possible to get a great many more things by mail than was formerly the case. Especially has it been a boon to tailors, hatters, bootmakers, etc., their trade increasing by leaps and bounds. Some people are so situated that they cannot obtain, locally, outer clothing of a good style and cut and it is to these folk that clothing advertisements make an especial appeal. Men's suits and coats are now built on scientific lines and when correct measurements are sent perfect fit can be guaranteed. We know one tailor who fits thousands of men every year without once putting the tape over them. And it is only once in a blue moon that a kick comes to him. As we have often said in these columns, the ready-made clothing business in this country has also been brought to so high a state of perfection that one can now almost choose a "size" with one's eyes shut.

## American Tailoring in England

An English contemporary—we spare its blushes by withholding its title—has been having a laugh at what it humorously styles "those weird American creations"—"creations" being another name for men's suits. The magazine gives a cut of a somewhat startling American lounge suit and asks its readers to "gaze on it and shudder." We obliged with the first part of the request but absolutely failed to carry out the second. We agree that this particular "creation" is not quite to our taste—the pattern being loud, the shoulders too heavily padded, the pockets too much emphasized and the gauntlet cuffs a bit too theatrical. However, this special illustration was probably selected from among a hundred others which showed good taste and style, so that it really means nothing. We unhesitatingly say that first class tailoring in this country cannot be beaten, and as one can have clothes "built" to any style one desires, eccentricity in dress may be put down to the wearer, not the tailor. And eccentricity in dress, we would like to remark, is not confined to Americans.

## Hats of Two Colors

A hat which has not yet reached the States, but which may possibly make its appearance here in the early summer, is the new soft felt in two colors—the top portion of the Homburg or Alpine being of one color and the lower portion of the brim being another. The colors are not too startling, consisting principally of black and white, or green or grey or brown, or any other color which the wearer may select. André de Fouquière, the Parisian "Beau Brummell," who has recently been staying in New York, declared that he considered this new style of headgear "delicious." What he meant by that word is known only to M. de Fouquière, though it is said that at the time he expressed no desire to adopt the new hat him-

self. As for ourselves, we shall continue to wear the hats made by American firms whose style and good taste may always be relied upon.

## Too Many Pockets

Regarding a paragraph which we published in "Man and His Needs" last month, a correspondent has this to say on the "bulging" pocket:—"For several years I considered it necessary to carry about with me a multitudinous collection of articles, not nine-tenths of which I really wanted. As a consequence, my clothing always bulged and I had secret information that among my friends I was considered the worst dressed man in the bunch. I was quite ignorant of the real reason until an acquaintance asked me why in thunder I carried around with me material sufficient to fill a suit case and which made me look like the 'man with the bumps.' I considered the matter and finally came to the conclusion that a cargo of such proportions was unnecessary and promptly turned my pockets inside out. Now I carry sufficient to fill one pocket comfortably, and this distributed among six or seven pockets can hardly be noticed. Since getting rid of this superfluous human luggage, I have gained quite a reputation as a 'good dresser.'"

## Ties for Spring Wear

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of neckwear. This being so we do not hesitate to quote from a trade contemporary the following remarks having special reference to ties for spring and early summer wear: The colors selling best in silk goods are blues, blacks, gold and brown, in both stripes and mixtures. These colors are sober enough in all conscience, and the designs, too, are distinctly on the neat side. More color is, of course, noticeable in printed crêpes, which still remain a very good selling line, but here again it is to be observed that a neater range of patterns are competing with the Oriental effects, which have sold so exceedingly well for the past two seasons. When we come to Irish poplins there is decidedly more color, and brighter effects are perhaps the rule. The shapes for the season continue on the narrow side. Open ends, of course the strongest line, are now made quite narrow as compared with three or four seasons back. The batwing shape in foulards and silks is looked on as likely to be the tie of the summer months, and a large sale is predicted for the ready-made hand-tied shapes.

## Insure Against Sickness

Last month we had a paragraph about employées and insurance. We wrote strongly because we felt that it was a subject to which every young man should give his most serious consideration. Our remarks have called forth letters from several readers, one of which runs as follows: I was more than interested in your paragraph

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**No. 23** The marvelous instrument that has been such a boon to the medical and scientific world. Endorsed by prominent physicians everywhere. Used by physicians in their practice and can be used by an individual himself.

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headed "Employées and Insurance," and after thinking over the matter I went and saw an insurance man. Not being a millionaire I could only take out a small twenty-year policy, but to this I added an Accident and Sickness policy. The premiums for both were very small and well worth the peace of mind which I now enjoy. More than one person is dependent upon me and the thought that should any unforeseen accident happen they will not be left absolutely destitute is in itself worth every cent of the monetary sacrifice I have made to pay the premiums.

### Increase Your Salary

An American business man is quick to recognize ability and good work. The young man who is well equipped for his job need never feel that he is placing himself under an obligation when he asks his employer for an increase of salary. It is the man who has neglected his opportunities, who spends all his spare time in amusements, who declines to increase his knowledge by joining night classes or correspondence schools that may expect the cold look of refusal when he asks for a "rise in salary." No one is quicker to reward honest and intelligent work than the average American employer of labor and it is generally the employée's own fault when his request for financial advancement is refused. This magazine publishes advertisements for several correspondence schools each one of which has been subjected to the limelight of practical criticism with the most satisfactory results. Get in touch with one of them and equip yourself for your particular job by a thorough training in that profession which you have chosen. It will repay you a hundred-fold and more.

### Billiards for Exercise

Of all indoor games probably one of the best from a health point of view is billiards. Like golf, you cover quite a lot of ground during a game, and this in itself is excellent exercise. Again, in order to be a good billiard player it is necessary to keep "fit" and to keep "fit" one must be moderate in drinking, smoking and eating. We strongly recommend all young men to go in for billiards—especially at home. There is no need in these days of the moderate-priced table to go out to obtain a game of billiards. If fathers only knew it, a billiard table is one of the best things to keep a young man home and out of the saloon. Bring this to his attention!

### "The Poison Belt"

Conan Doyle probably never wrote a more enthralling story than "The Poison Belt," which is now running serially in the *STRAND MAGAZINE*. It commenced in the April issue and has already attracted a great deal of attention in the publishing and reading world. The further adventures of Professor Challenger and his friends are proving even more exciting than those which characterized their journey through "The Lost World." We want every reader of this magazine to read "The Poison Belt," and in order that they shall not miss the opening chapters

we will send a sample copy of the April *STRAND* as long as they last—to any reader who will send us his or her name and address. Besides the startling Conan Doyle story there is another of a different type but of no less enthralling interest entitled "Unto Caesar." It is by Baroness Orczy and runs "Ben Hur" very close as an exciting story of early Roman days.

### A Question of Importance

"A Reader of Ten Years" writes us a very enthusiastic letter, part of which we are far too modest to quote. However, he propounds one question to which we feel somewhat constrained to reply. He writes: "Will you tell me how it is possible, month after month, to publish so many stories of fact. Is the source inexhaustible?" Although it is not our custom to relate facts connected with our efforts to provide material of interest in what we pride ourselves as being a very unusual magazine, we may state that we have correspondents in all the important centres of the world who are constantly on the look-out for material such as readers of the *WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE* have been led to expect. We have a very loyal army of contributors and it is to them, perhaps, more than to us that readers are indebted for the monthly budget of stories and articles which has given the *WIDE WORLD* a place in literature which is shared by no other magazine. This is our pride and we trust we will not be considered conceited when we mention it.

### Watches and Punctuality

Some people never carry a watch. It is said that Edison not only never wears one but hardly ever looks at a clock. But then Mr. Edison stands alone—he used not to believe in sleep though most people have need of it. A reliable watch is necessary to everyone, whether you are naturally punctual or the reverse. A good watch, like a good constitution, is a thing to be desired. A reliable time-keeper can these days be obtained for quite a moderate sum but it is absolutely necessary to go to a reputable firm. The Burlington Watch Company of Chicago enjoys a world-wide reputation and having had experience with the accuracy of their time-keepers we frankly and unhesitatingly recommend them to the attention of our readers.

### Dancing as Exercise

Dancing is just now the craze. Every kind of dancing, apparently, except the kind our fathers and mothers enjoyed. Many of these new dances will quickly die a natural death, a few of the better ones will live longer, but it is only a question of time when the waltz and two-step will come into their own again. Dancing is a most excellent exercise and should be indulged in by everyone who does not suffer from a weak heart or a wooden leg. All young men in Germany dance—and dance well. Indeed it is obligatory in the army and as every physically fit man in Germany has to serve, it follows that dancing is universal. Dancing and swimming are perhaps the two healthiest exercises in the world and every man should make himself proficient in both.

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## STOMACH, NERVE AND BOWEL TROUBLES

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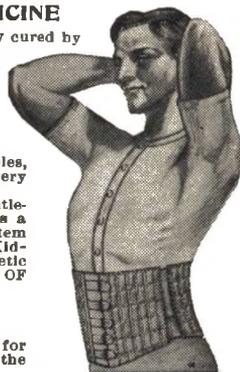
Not in one case or a dozen cases but in multitudes of cases, where people say they have been cured of Paralysis, Rheumatism, Lung Troubles, Kidney, Liver, Stomach and Bowel Troubles, nervousness and most every other form of disease after medicine failed.

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Write today for full information and our free book, "PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH," by C. I. Thacher, M.D. Describe your case fully; we advise you free of charge.

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This is a recent picture of the man who made \$1500 in one month with a Long Crispette machine, in a store window.

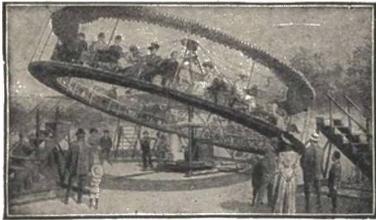
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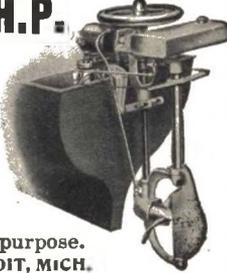
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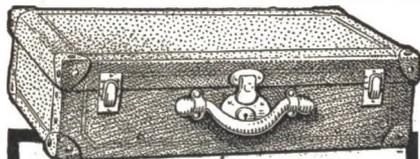
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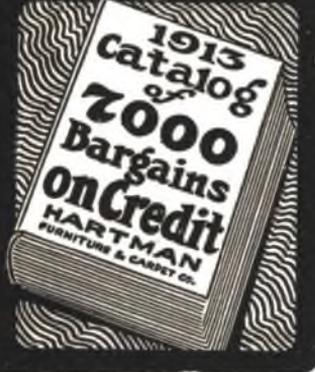


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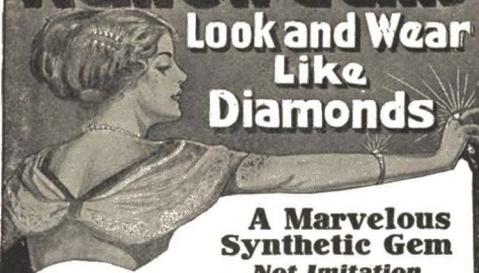
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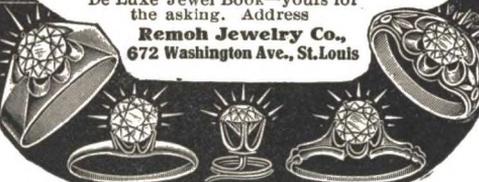
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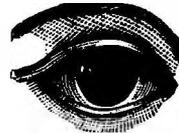
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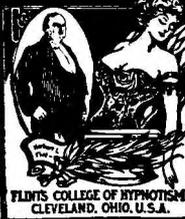
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