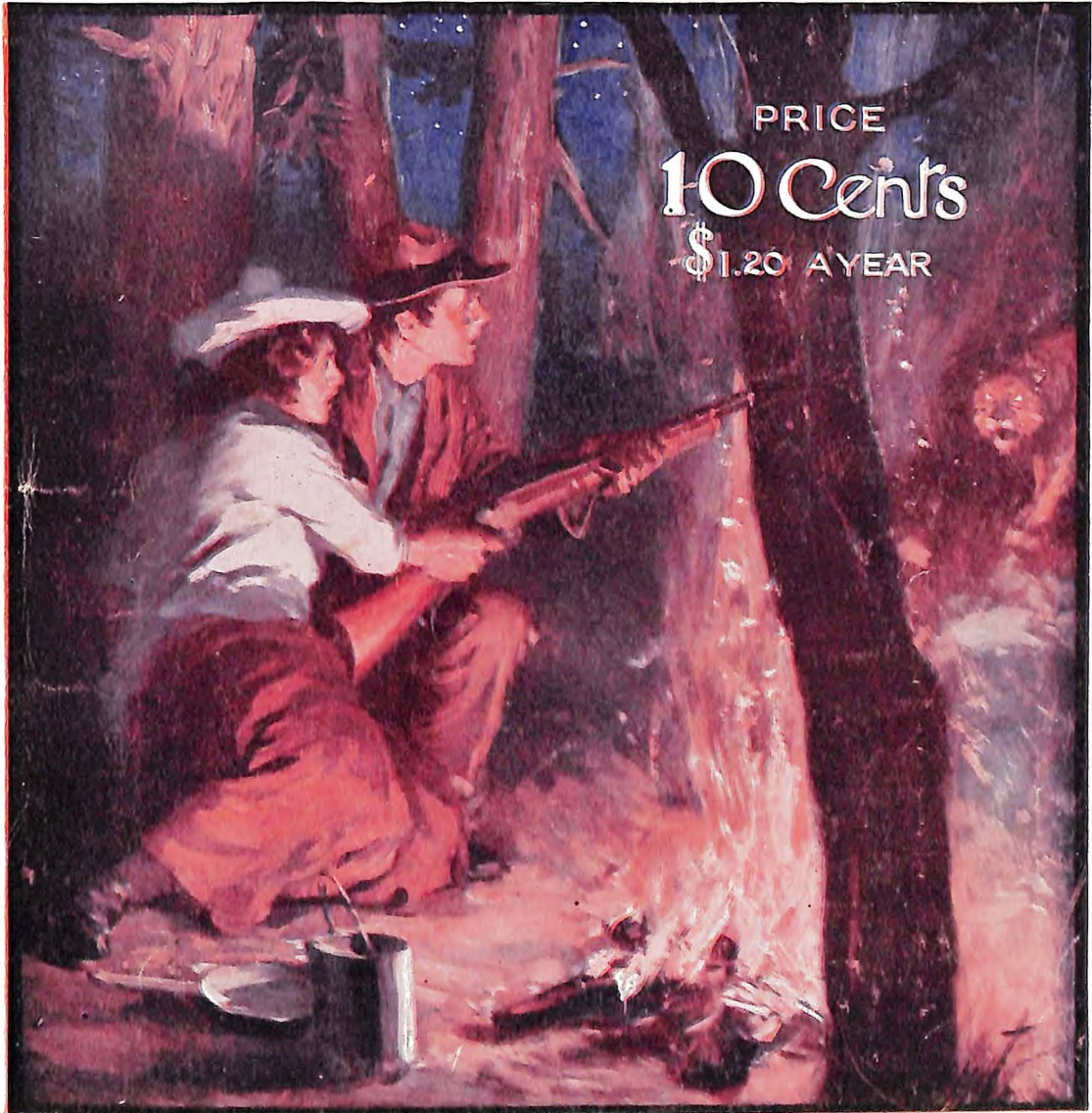


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No. 159. Vol. 27.

JULY, 1911.



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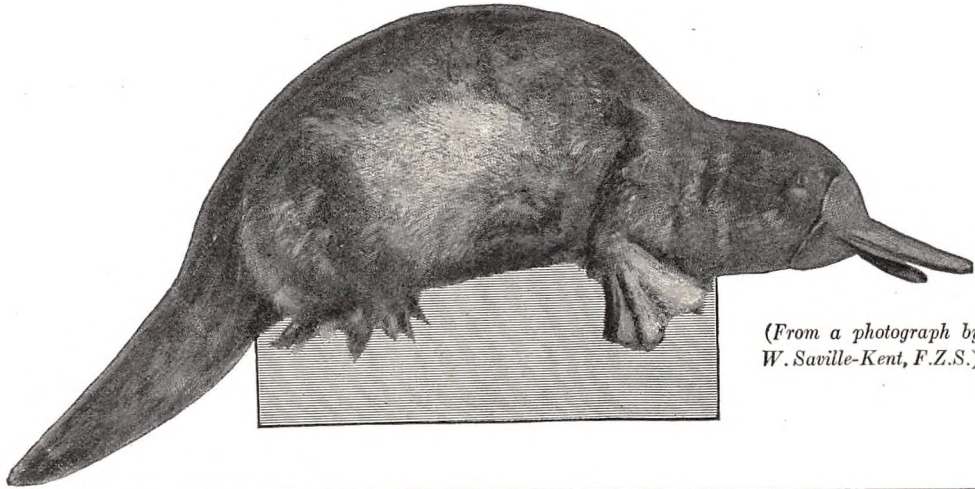


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ODDS AND ENDS.

and extended fangs. I struck at the same instant, and hit both at the same blow ; their heads dropped, and I threw them out of the cave as quickly as possible to an assistant below, who herded them with a long stick until the last one was out. Some of them fought viciously, and twice I had to retreat down the incline with a snake after me before I succeeded in felling them with my stick. Four of them I threw out with my hands, holding the stick on their heads while I got hold of their bodies by the middle. In doing this I narrowly escaped being bitten, as one that I did not see struck at me from above. There were twelve of them in the cave, eleven of which I captured, the other one escaping by crawling into a large crack in the ceiling. They ranged from four feet to five feet nine inches in length ; the largest one weighed thirteen pounds and seven ounces, the total weight of the " bag " being eighty-four pounds. The picture shown I took after I hung them to a pole by their necks to be carried to our wagon. A catch of this kind is a very uncommon occurrence, even in the wilds of Arizona."



From a]

What animal is this?

[Photograph.

The extraordinary-looking animal seen on the chair in the above photograph is a species of ant-bear. Its scientific name is *Pro Echidna*, and it is found in certain parts of New Guinea. The natives of the Arfak Mountains, where this specimen was captured, have a very peculiar

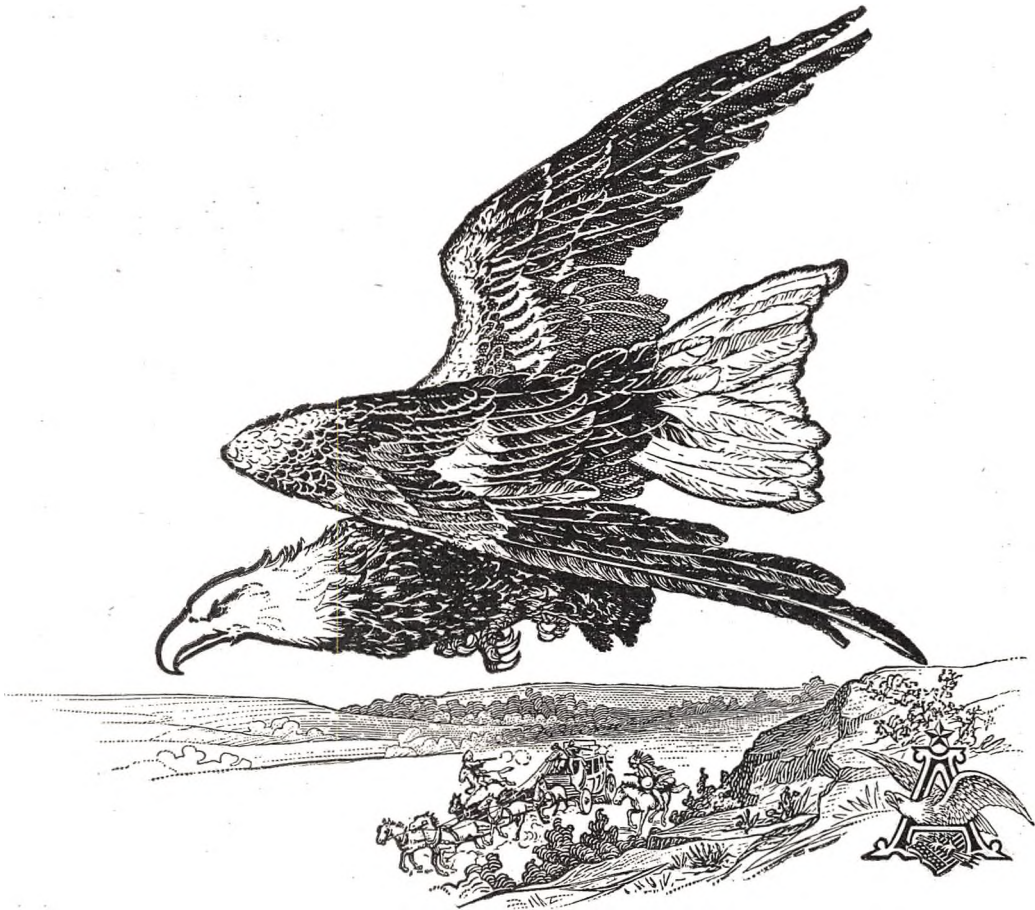
theory as to the origin of the species. They believe that a certain bird now and again lays a special sort of egg in its nest, hatching it out in the ordinary way. On discovering that something has gone wrong, and that the shell contains some weird kind of animal instead of a fledgeling, the mother bird, not unnaturally, gets angry, and decides to evict the little stranger. Noting that its snout is suitable for burrowing, she takes it down to the ground and buries it, whence it later emerges as a full-grown ant-bear.

The native idea, of course, is quite wrong ; but the little beastie itself, curiously enough, lays eggs, and lives by burrowing in the ground for worms and insects. It likes a rocky, limestone country, and is only able to move very slowly.



An Australian reader enjoying a bathe in a weed-choked river.

From a Photograph.



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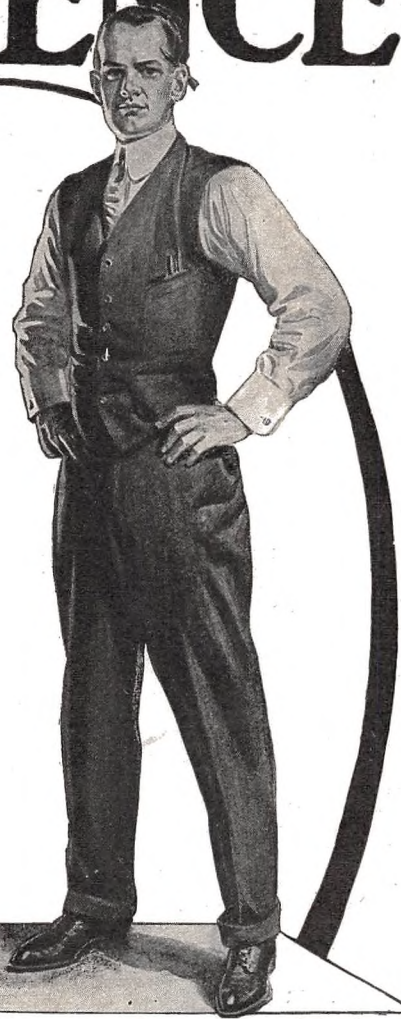
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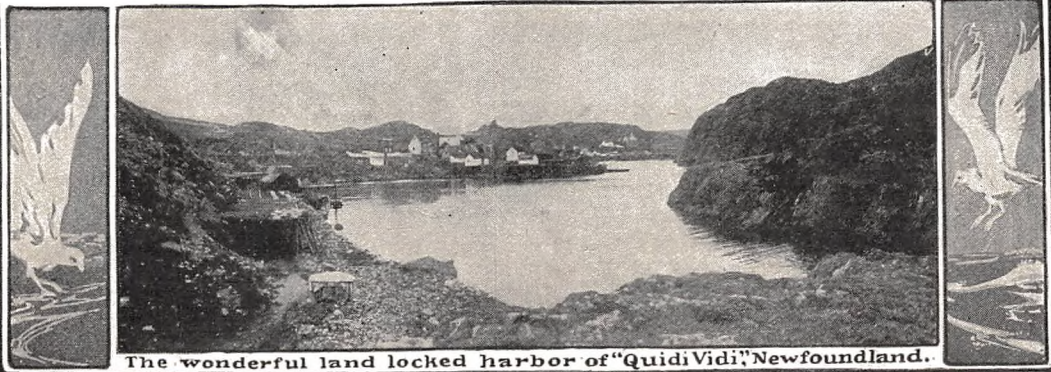
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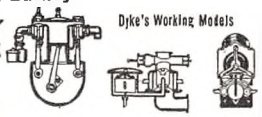
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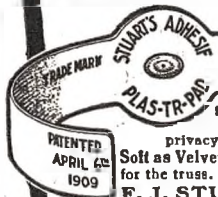
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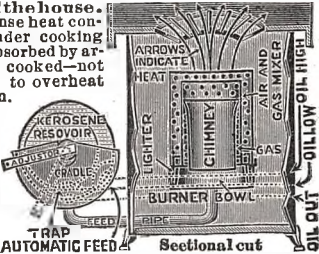
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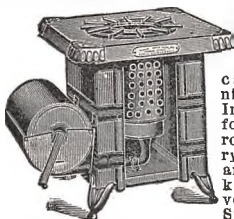
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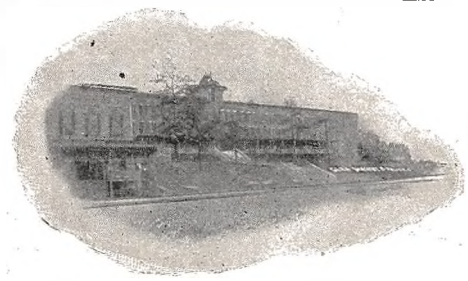
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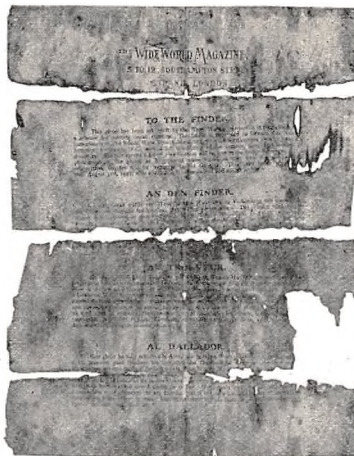


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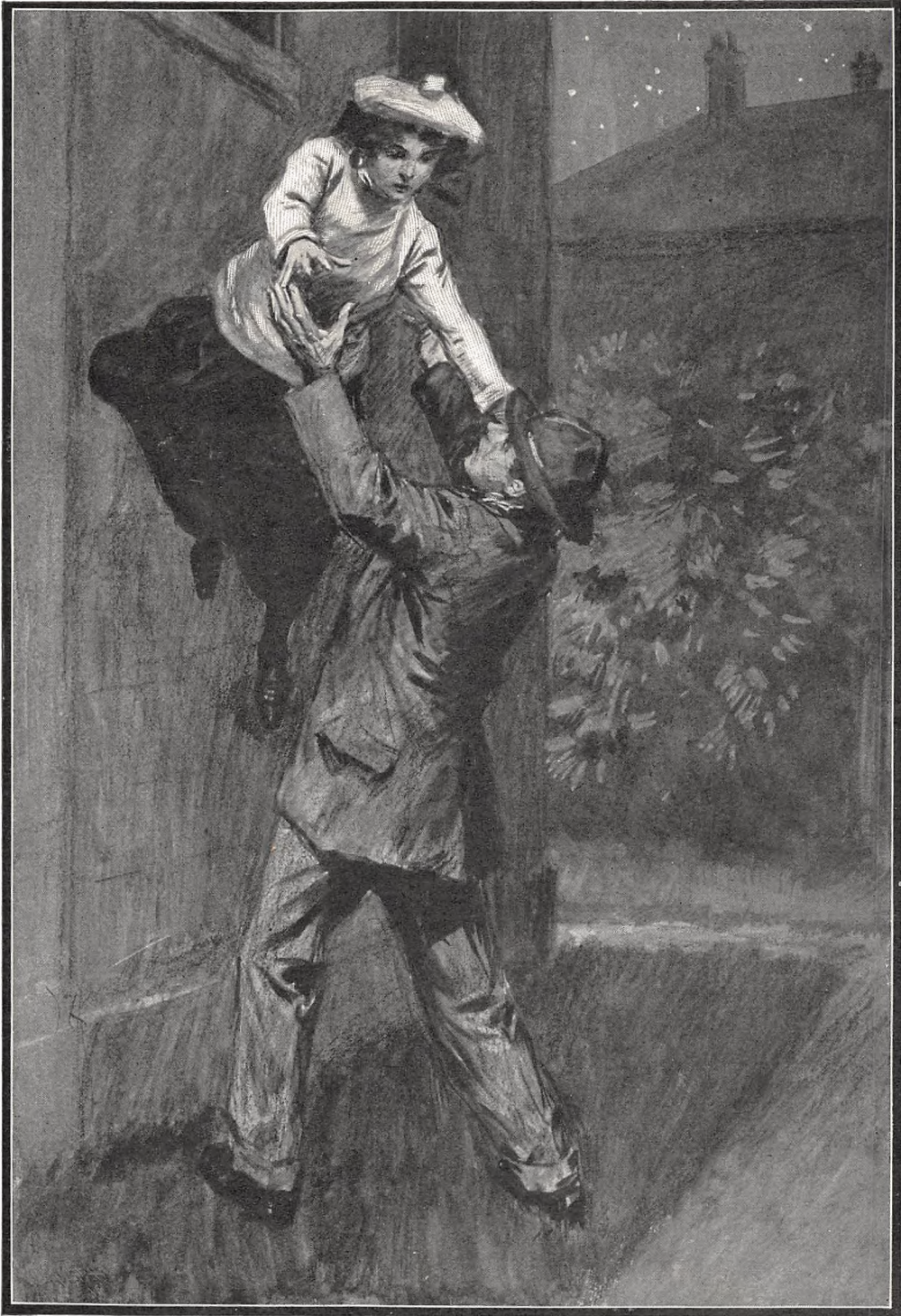
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"SHE DROPPED LIGHTLY TO THE GROUND, ONLY TO BE CAUGHT IN THE ARMS OF THE YOUTH
TO WHOM SHE HAD GIVEN HER HEART."

(SEE PAGE 211.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

Vol. XXVII

JULY, 1911.

No. 159.

A Modern Adam and Eve.

BY THOMAS J. THOMAS.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. S. STOTT.

A very romantic and unusual story. A young couple, thwarted in their boy-and-girl courtship by their parents, ran away and got married, afterwards taking up their abode in a cave in the mountains, where they lived a primitive, Arcadian sort of life until Fate took a hand in the game and evicted them from their little Eden. Mr. Thomas describes the adventures of the young couple, and the events which led up to their final return to civilization to receive the forgiveness of their parents.



“THE modern Adam and Eve” is the somewhat remarkable title bestowed on Mr. and Mrs. La Vere Tallman, whose recent marriage was followed by a honeymoon spent in the wilds of the Catskill Mountains, in one of the most desolate sections of New York State.

It is seldom that the world hears a story quite so unusual as that which deals with the romance of these two young people, both of whom lived at Newark, N. J., and neither of whom was more than seventeen years of age.

It was some time ago that the “Modern Adam” met his “Eve.” The former’s name is La Vere Tallman, and the girl was, until her romantic marriage to the youth, Miss Beatrice Sanders.

The meeting proved a case of love at first sight. Tallman, though a youth of tender years, was manly in appearance, and, having worked hard during much of his young life, was strong and rugged, possessing a physique that many a grown man would envy. As for Beatrice, she was a beautiful schoolgirl, her cheeks suffused with the fresh bloom of youth, her eyes sparkling with vitality. La Vere and Beatrice promptly decided to get married and “live happily ever after,” but they soon found that the stern arm of parental control barred the path of true love, and they pondered deeply in an effort to evolve a scheme that would set paternal and maternal objection at naught.

“We will elope,” said La Vere, at last.

“We will,” said Beatrice, or words to that effect, and the two young people wasted no time in putting their plans into execution.

In the dark of the moon, when all was silent in the parental castle of the young girl, Beatrice arose softly, dressed, and waited for the agreed signal.

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Shortly after midnight the girl heard a low whistle. It was the signal. She rushed to the window and, raising the sash, dropped lightly to the ground, only to be caught in the arms of the youth to whom she had given her heart.

Hastening to the home of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Whitney Allen, the young elopers were soon united in the bonds of holy matrimony, and the new Mrs. Tallman was exceedingly happy. Soon, however, her smile of joy faded to a frown of perplexity as she realized that she could not go home—that her father would never forgive her for thus running away with the young fellow she loved. She was in a quandary. The young husband was also taken aback. It was a situation he had not foreseen in the excess of his happiness.

However, he was equal to the emergency.

“I haven’t much money,” he said, confidently, “but we love each other, and I guess we can get along even if we haven’t got a cottage and all the fixings. Besides, your father might be on our trail, and we’d better get as far away as we can before the trouble starts.”

Briefly the young husband outlined his plan. He would take the blushing bride into the wilds of the Catskill Mountains, where, safe from pursuit, they might spend their honeymoon in happy solitude.

Being a lover of adventure, the young bride consented, with the result that she and her husband set forth on the long journey into the hills. All that night they toiled along little-frequented roads, across fields, and through dense woods. There was no moon to light their path, and there were times when the young husband was compelled to carry his clinging bride over the rough spots.

By the time the first heralds of the dawn streaked the eastern horizon the two runaways

were far from Newark and were well on their way into the land of solitude. When daylight finally came they lay down beneath the trees of the forest to rest their weary limbs.

Here, shielded from the warm rays of the September sun, the two fugitives spent the day, partaking of what little food they had had the forethought to take with them.

As evening approached and darkness began to fall again the girl and the youth set forth once more on their long journey. By morning, after toiling on mile after mile, they were within sight of the mountains, the rugged slopes of which looked bleak and cold in the morning haze.

With their goal in sight, the runaways paused only to rest their weary bodies and take some little refreshment, eggs being obtained from a passing farmer who took pity on the wayfarers.

With their strength recuperated, the two set out again for the distant wilds, and by early afternoon were ascending the gentle slopes of the foothills. Soon the road along which they trudged dwindled into a mere path, which continued up the mountain-side until it, too, was lost in the dense growth of the foothills. The path was now more difficult, and Tallman, burdened as he was with a camping outfit, which included a rifle, a shot-gun, and a considerable quantity of ammunition, found the task almost beyond his strength. Beatrice, the young wife, made no complaint, yet her companion noted her fatigue and decided to rest before penetrating farther into the mountain fastness.

A rude camp was made in the densest part of the woods, and there the two spent the night, with the spreading branches of the trees for a roof. Occasionally, as the night grew old, the young bride would be startled at the sound of some animal moving stealthily through the brushwood, or the cry of a wild-cat in the distance. At such times the girl would cling to her companion, satisfied that no harm could come to her while he was near. And Tallman, with the rifle held in readiness, sat on watch all through the night, straining his eyes through the gloom, for the Catskills are still infested with formidable beasts, such as the wild-cat and mountain lion. Of these two, of course, the wild-cat is the most ferocious, for, unless hard pressed, the mountain lion is by no means a dangerous foe. Tallman, however, forgot to tell his bride this fact, wherefore she trembled greatly when the cry of a mountain lion was heard near at hand. Once one of the beasts came within the circle of light cast by the glowing fire. The animal sniffed the air a few times, its eyes glowing like live coals in the semi-gloom, and then, when Beatrice uttered a stifled scream, it turned tail and vanished into

the night, probably considerably more frightened than the girl herself.

At last, however, the dawn broke, and the sun came up to shed its glorious rays on mother earth. Tallman, leaving his young bride at the camp, journeyed forth into the wood alone, in search of game. He was absent an hour, at the end of which time his waiting bride saw him returning with a rabbit which he had succeeded in killing with his rifle. The two wayfarers managed to make their breakfast on the flesh of the rabbit, and found occasion to be exceedingly happy. The spirit of adventure was strong in both, and now that the fear of pursuit was practically over they felt elated.

After breakfasting, the two started again on the march through the wilderness of trees and rocks, arriving by noon at a little nook where they decided to rest. A fire was made and Tallman again set forth with his rifle, meeting with more success this time than on the former occasion, for he brought two rabbits back in proof of his good marksmanship.

One of these was cooked over the glowing fire, while the other was reserved for the evening meal.

Another six hours of ceaseless toil brought the two fugitives to a portion of the mountain which was marked by the rugged faces of great boulders, which jutted out here and there from the moss-covered earth. Here Tallman decided to make camp for the night, and while he was working the young bride strolled about, more out of a natural curiosity than for any other reason.

Suddenly she gave a little cry, and Tallman, rushing to her side, found her pointing to a dark hole in the face of the mountain.

"What is it?" he cried. "Is it a bear?"

"No, no," returned the girl, excitedly. "Don't you see? It is a cave—a cave!"

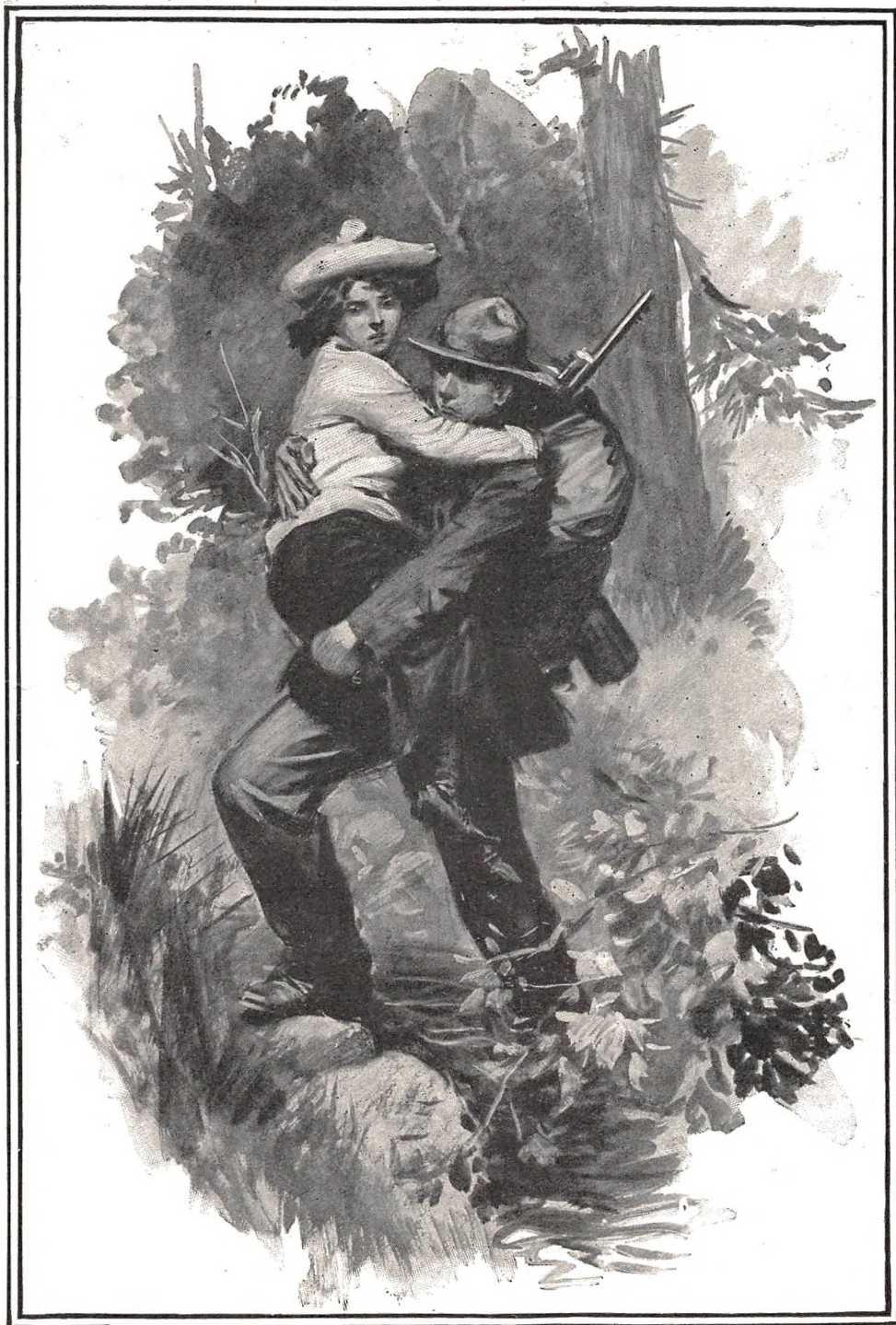
"So it is," said Tallman. "But what about it?"

"Why," returned the girl, "it will be a splendid place for us to live in. We will not go a step farther, but will stay right here. We can fit out the cave in a perfectly lovely manner, and no one will ever find us."

Tallman explored the cave, found it to be dry and roomy, and decided then and there to make the place ready for the reception of his bride. The earth which formed the floor was levelled and covered with a carpet of twigs and dried leaves. A rude bench was hastily made, and then the cave was in readiness for its occupants.

It was in this manner that this particular section of the Catskills became a modern Garden of Eden, with young Tallman in the *role* of Adam and his bride in that of Eve.

So enthusiastic were the young people that



"The young husband was compelled to carry his clinging bride over the rough spots."



"Once one of the beasts came within the circle of light cast by the glowing fire."

they told each other that this cave in the mountains should be their permanent abode. A tumbling cascade rumbled its way down the mountain-side not far away, guaranteeing an abundant supply of water, while the surrounding woods simply teemed with wild game, ensuring at least a certain amount of food.

The warm, balmy days of September slowly passed away, and the autumn was turning the verdant leaves to gold. The nights were clear and starlit, and the air, though fresh, was not cold. There in the cave in the face of the towering mountain the loving couple dwelt happily. Each morning the young husband journeyed into the woods in search of game, and always he brought back more than enough to supply the needs of his bride and himself. This gave him an idea; he determined to barter rabbits and other small game for some luxuries which his companion might appreciate. Making his way to the distant farms, he traded the fruits of his

marksmanship for butter, bread, eggs, salt, and other luxuries. The days passed pleasantly enough, the bride busying herself with the task of keeping the cave tidy and comfortable. During moments of leisure she fashioned chairs and a table with the boughs of trees for her material and her husband's jack-knife as general utility tool. In this way the couple lived in solitude and security, except at such times as the more ferocious animals of the wild decided to pay them unexpected visits.

After a week had passed away, and the balmy September air was acquiring the chill of approaching fall, young Mrs. Tallman commenced to feel the loneliness of her mountain life while her husband was absent in search of game. But she was happy withal, and never made complaint, for it seems that her love for her husband was great. She had no desire to return to home and civilization, but she did want to be with her husband more. She pleaded with him, therefore, to take

her with him when he went into the wilderness of trees and rocks, and, though objecting at first, he finally consented.

Thereafter they always went together on their hunting trips, the wife armed with the shot-gun, the husband with the rifle.

Mrs. Tallman was an apt pupil, soon mastering the art of shooting with rifle and gun, with the result that she also aided in replenishing the store of provisions. The rabbit industry grew remarkably, and it seemed that Fate had looked upon the youthful adventurers with a kindly eye. An increase in the rabbit supply meant more butter, more milk and eggs and other dainties, and before long a supply of these things sufficient to last through the approaching winter had been obtained.

"Oh," cried the modern Eve one evening late in September, as she and her lord sat together by the camp-fire, "this is Paradise!"

Tallman leaned over and kissed her. "I guess you're right," he agreed, enthusiastically.

"I could stay here for ever," sighed the girl, happily.

"Me, too," said Tallman, as he roused the smouldering embers of the fire to renewed energy. "This is living—real living. Down there"—pointing in the general direction of far-away Newark—"it isn't living; it's just existing."

And so the time wore on, the modern Adam and Eve growing more and more happy as the days rolled by.

Each day was just another realization of love's young dream. Each night brought some new thrill of adventure. The very atmosphere seemed pregnant with the joy of living. The vast solitudes, the tomb-like silence, the feeling that none could disturb them in their castle, all served to make the adventurers satisfied with themselves, each other, and the world at large.

Even the little creatures of the wild seemed to glory in the love of these two young people and grow tame in the sight of it. The wildfowl and the rabbits, becoming accustomed to the sight of human beings, came up to the mouth of the cave, timidly at first, and then with more boldness, to get morsels of food thrown to them by the youthful Eve.

Gradually, however, the evenings grew more chill, and the modern Adam and Eve found more comfort within the shelter of the cave than by the camp-fire on the little level space before the hole in the mountain-side. The nights began to grow raw and blustery, though the days remained warm. Then, gradually, the days too grew colder. The balmy air of September merged into the chill of October, and the warmth of the fire was more welcome. But the chill that the north wind brought with it from the snow-clad

peaks of Canada failed to chill the warmth of love in these young souls. The wilderness still held them in a thralldom from which they would not escape even if they could. Never once did young Mrs. Tallman complain of her life in the mountains. Day after day she accompanied her husband on hunting or fishing trips, and in time she became an adept with the hook and line, landing many of the fish with which the mountain streams are thickly populated.

But, while Nature thus provided for them in their self-imposed banishment on the mountain-side, it was the inexorable laws of Nature which finally drove them from their place of seclusion. Fair weather marked the first few weeks of their stay in the cave, but the rigours of approaching winter at last made the lives of the modern Adam and Eve decidedly unpleasant, and their little retreat anything but a counterpart of the original Garden of Eden.

The first intimation of what the weather had in store for the young man and his bride came one morning late in October. It was Tallman who was the first to awaken. Shouldering his gun, he started toward the spot of light that marked the mouth of the cavern. As he approached it he noticed a little rivulet of water slowly trickling along the ground toward that portion of the cave used by his bride and himself as a living-room.

Wonderingly he hastened to the open air, and found the rain pouring down in torrents. The clear space outside the cave, being formed after the fashion of a giant pan, was filling rapidly, and had already overflowed on the side nearest the cave entrance. Tallman, realizing that the cave floor would become flooded, hastened to construct a dam of earth and twigs, thus ensuring, for a time at least, a dry home for his bride. Hunting on such a day was out of the question, and Tallman was therefore forced to remain in the dark cavern. As hour after hour passed the storm grew greater in violence, the rain increasing until the miniature lake outside the cave overflowed the rude dam, permitting the water to rush in with a roar, driving Tallman and the girl to the very farthest corner of the cave, where the ground rose somewhat above the level. The position in which the young adventurers now found themselves was uncomfortable in the extreme, for, to make a bad situation worse, the rocky roof of the cavern sloped downward sharply at the point where the modern Adam and Eve were marooned, and there was not sufficient room for them to stand upright. Hour after hour they crouched there in the darkness, hoping in vain that the storm would decrease in fury and their mountain home might again become habitable. This was a state of affairs the inex-

perenced adventurers had not anticipated, and the day seemed interminable.

Inside the cave all was dark and cold. The solid walls commenced to drip moisture, and the two prisoners were soon chilled to the very marrow. Tallman managed to build a fire, in the hope that it would keep his bride warm, but the smoke speedily filled the rocky chamber, threatening to suffocate the pair where they crouched on the narrow strip of earth. Necessity told them they needed a fire, yet necessity caused them to extinguish it.

It must have been midnight when the water finally commenced to recede. The storm abated, and soon the rain ceased. But the former comforts of the adventurers' mountain home did not return with the passing of the tempest. The earth floor of the cave had been thoroughly saturated, and many weeks must pass before it would become perfectly dry. Indeed, in view of the fact that winter was on the verge of swooping down upon the lonely mountain-side, with the accompanying ice and snow, it might well take months for the cave to regain its former aspect of comfort. For the remainder of that night, at least, the adventurers were compelled to remain awake, crouching uncomfortably on the little spot of dry earth at the extreme end of the cavern. When the light of morning finally came it was a very tired Adam who went forth to gaze upon the dreary mountain-side. The sky was still overcast and the air was chill. Tallman bethought himself of a fire, but the hopelessness of such a thing soon became manifest, for he could not find a solitary twig that was not soaked with water. Without a fire with which to cook their food, the adventurers were in a sorry plight indeed. Unless they could bring themselves to eating the raw flesh of the wild game of the hills, it was apparent that starvation would speedily follow on the heels of the discomfort occasioned by the unexpected storm.

The lad, after pondering the matter deeply, determined to make an effort to improve the situation. Kissing his companion and bidding her have patience, he set forth alone for the nearest habitation, several miles away down the slope of the rugged mountain. Crawling, climbing, and stumbling, Tallman, after innumerable tumbles, reached the nearest farmhouse, and, after obtaining some eggs and a quantity of dry wood sufficient to start a fire, undertook the return to the cave-dwelling, which he reached late in the afternoon.

The solitude, the dampness, and the cold had at last worked a change in the mind of Mrs. Tallman, and by the time her husband returned from the long and arduous journey she had become thoroughly disgusted with the cave, and a

despondency which even the fire and the food could not dispel possessed her.

It was not until two days later, however, that the girl spoke of her dissatisfaction. She did not want to return to civilization, but neither did she look forward with joy to a winter spent on the bleak, wild slopes of the mountain. Tallman, when his wife mentioned the matter, urged an immediate descent into Yonkers, some miles away, but the modern Eve shook her head. She did not want to go, nor did she want to stay. Many days passed while the girl debated the question in her own mind, but meanwhile the necessity of keeping the larder constantly replenished drove her to accompany her companion on his daily hunting and fishing expeditions.

It was while both were absent from the cave on such a trip that the first snowstorm of the winter struck the bleak mountain-side, the white flakes settling quietly on the multicoloured leaves which mantled the ground.

At first the adventurers were imbued with a thrill such as always accompanies the first fall of snow. They laughed and chatted joyfully, and the blood coursed through their veins with increased energy.

This mood, however, underwent a decided change as the snow continued to fall, throwing a mantle of dazzling whiteness on the ground. Each began to realize that this was but the beginning of many weary winter months, and by the time the cave was reached on the return trip the adventurers had visions of warm, cosy lodgings in far-away Yonkers. As they ate their supper that night, in the warmth of the camp-fire, the talk turned to their future course.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Tallman, at last. "I'll go down to Yonkers first thing tomorrow. I will get a job, and, having picked out a nice little home, will return for you."

"Oh!" cried the modern Eve, in evident dismay. "You must not leave me here alone in the cave. I should be terribly afraid without you."

"But I shall not be gone more than a day, and there is plenty of food to last. As soon as I locate a job I will come back and fetch you."

The girl said no more on the subject, and a short time later she was asleep on her improvised cot in the cave. But Tallman spent much of the night in preparation for his departure down the mountain on the morrow. It was within a few hours of dawn when he finally threw himself down and slept, and yet he was awake and active soon after the first heralds of a new day marked the eastern horizon. After preparing breakfast Tallman aroused his young companion, and both sat down to enjoy as best they might this parting repast.

Having packed some food for his consumption

in the march down the slope of the mountain, Tallman kissed his bride, brushed her tears away, and strode off through the woods, the snow, which was still falling steadily, crunching crisply under his heels.

His progress down the steep side of the mountain was dangerous and necessarily slow, the snow, concealing whatever depressions there were, making his footing uncertain. Hour after hour he toiled on, while his wife, alone in the cave, busied herself with preparing for the hoped-for departure when her husband would return with news of a position.

The day passed slowly and without incident so far as Mrs. Tallman was concerned. Now, since she was left so completely alone on the silent, white-clad mountain-side, the girl felt a great longing for the scenes of social activity which she had left two months before.

As night came on again, with no prospect of her husband returning, the poor young bride grew apprehensive. Later she said she could never attempt to describe the awful feeling of loneliness that overtook her when she contemplated the prospect of spending the hours of darkness alone in that bleak waste, with no human habitation within a radius of many miles, and with the ghostly silence and inky blackness for company. The snow still fell steadily, mantling the earth with an unbroken sheet of white. Beyond the circle of firelight the lone girl could see nothing, but her alert ears, made doubly acute through a nameless fear, caught every sound, no matter how trifling, and even the soft whisperings of the wind sent cold chills of apprehension through her body.

The girl, during that long night, lost track of time. Retreating to the farthest corner of the silent cave, she crouched down, watching through

the narrow opening the glow of the fire just outside. She did not know it as she sat there watching, but the fire, whose glow gave her at least some comfort through that dreary night, was probably the means of saving her husband's life.

Having reached Yonkers in the late afternoon, Tallman, by dint of much energy, obtained a job as a driver at a paltry four dollars a week. Elated even at this meagre stroke of good fortune, the young fellow immediately looked round in search of a lodging-place for himself and his companion.

He finally found one kind person willing to give his bride and himself shelter until he drew his first week's pay, and then, tired as he was, he started forthwith on the return to his mountain retreat. It was a dark night and bitterly cold, the snow continuing to fall without the slightest abatement, and the path up the mountain was extremely hazardous. In fact, by about three o'clock in the morning Tallman found himself completely and hopelessly lost. Tired and cold as he was, he plodded on, keeping an upward course, but he was far from certain that he had not actually passed the cave and its precious tenant.

A numbness was slowly overcoming him, and he had almost decided to lie down in the snow and rest, when, far away in the distance, between the gaunt trunks of the trees, he beheld a slight glow. Shaking off the fatal desire to lie down and sleep, the youth kept on until at length, after some two hours' toil, he drew within the circle of light shed by the fire outside the cave. There he sank to the ground, and his young bride, rushing out at the sound of his feet crunching the snow, led him into the cave.

All that now remains to be told is the story of the return to civilization. After breakfasting, Tallman, who had by this time recovered at least

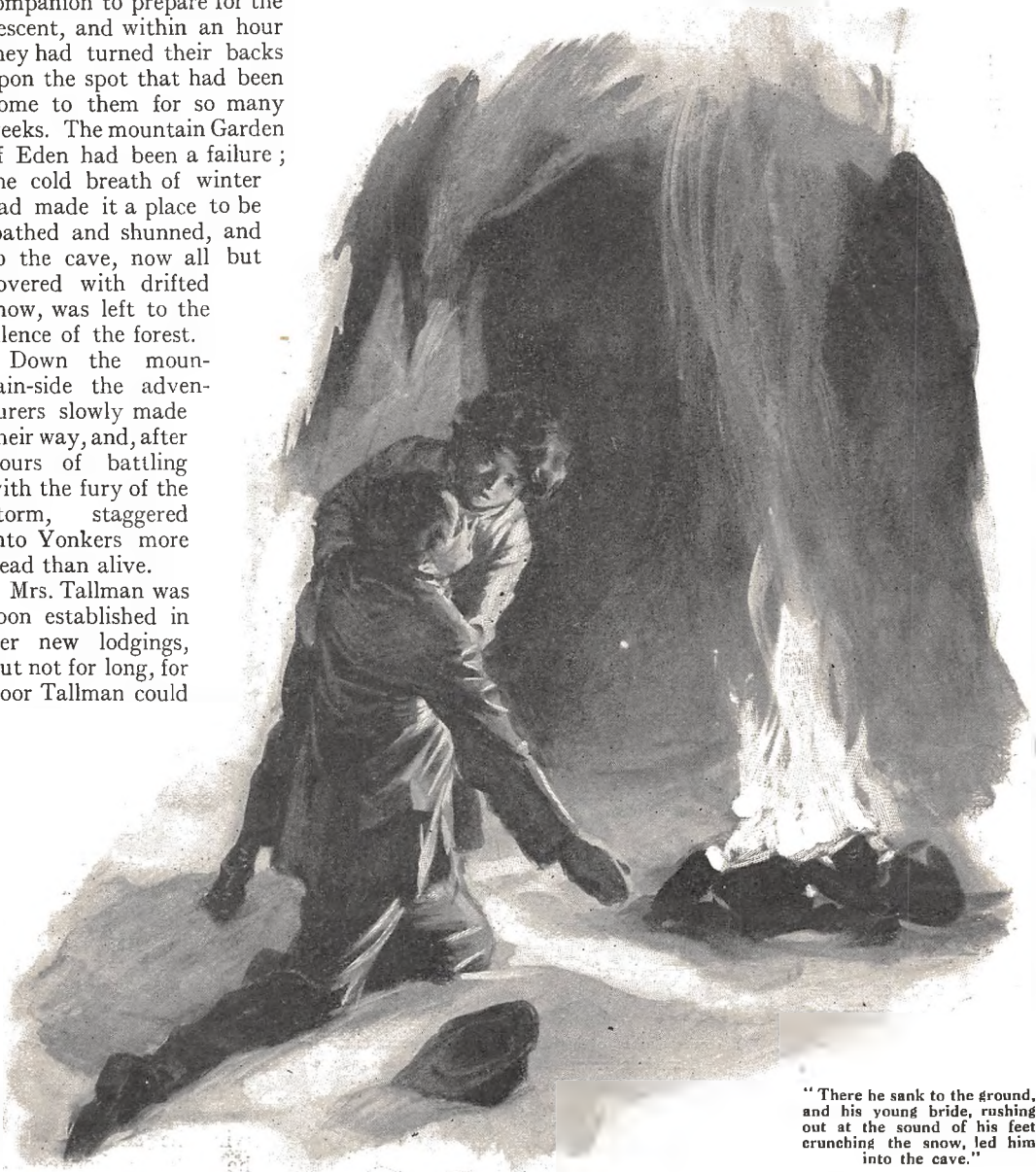


Portraits of the youthful bride and bridegroom taken from an American newspaper account of their adventures.

some of his strength, told his companion to prepare for the descent, and within an hour they had turned their backs upon the spot that had been home to them for so many weeks. The mountain Garden of Eden had been a failure; the cold breath of winter had made it a place to be loathed and shunned, and so the cave, now all but covered with drifted snow, was left to the silence of the forest.

Down the mountain-side the adventurers slowly made their way, and, after hours of battling with the fury of the storm, staggered into Yonkers more dead than alive.

Mrs. Tallman was soon established in her new lodgings, but not for long, for poor Tallman could



"There he sank to the ground, and his young bride, rushing out at the sound of his feet crunching the snow, led him into the cave."

not keep his job being unused to the streets of Yonkers. Penniless and forlorn, the couple went nightly to the little railway station, where they might at least enjoy the warmth of the stove in the waiting-room.

Even in the face of their misfortunes they hesitated to return to Newark and face the wrath of their parents. Fate, however, mapped out their future course for them. One night, as they sat huddled near the stove in the little depot, the

modern Adam and Eve glanced up, to see in the doorway the burly figure of an officer of the law.

"I've been looking for you," he said, not unkindly; and early next morning Mr. and Mrs. Tallman, bedraggled and penitent, were led into the home of Tallman's mother. Later, after some explanations, the young people received the maternal and paternal blessing, without which this narrative would not have been complete.

In Unexplored Brazil.

BY DR. MAXIMUS NEUMAYER.

Dr. Neumayer is a well-known Austrian scientist, and in these absorbing articles describes his adventures during an expedition through the primeval forests of the interior of Brazil. What with wild animals and wilder men—he met with a tribe of cannibals during his journeyings—his experiences were exciting and arduous to the last degree. Dr. Neumayer illustrates his narrative with his own excellent photographs.

II.

brought all the way from Cuyaba, and that I desired to be received as a friend into their village in order to “learn to love them”—*i.e.*, to make a study of their customs and mode of living.

My guide readily agreed to undertake this mission, but before leaving asked to see the presents which I should give his fellow-tribesmen, in order that he would more easily be able to describe them and enlarge upon their value.

He rested for a day at the encampment, and then at the break of dawn he departed for his destination on one of the mules, promising to return in about three days if all went well.

During the absence of the messenger we spent a quiet time in camp, recuperating our health and strength after the long and tedious journey through the woods, and enlivened the proceedings by hunting the wild animals with which the woods abound.

On the morning of the third day I sent one of my interpreters forward to investigate, and see whether there were any signs of the guide returning. Two hours later he returned and said:—

“He is coming with the Bugros” (Indians).

“How many Indians are there?” I inquired.

“I counted a dozen, but there were more following. They will be here almost immediately.”

I was rather astonished to hear this. I had expected that my guide would return alone, and was at a loss to understand why so many Indians accompanied him. Could they mean to attack us?

In any case it was just as well to be on the safe



An Indian chief in gala attire.
From a Photograph.



AKING out my glasses, I looked in the direction the guide indicated, and saw through the trees the glitter of moving water. It was a small tributary of the Rio das Mortes, and the sight of it filled me with new energy and courage, for along its banks I knew I should find the object of my quest—the villages of the Bororo-Coroado Indians.

Finding a convenient place by the riverside, we erected our tents for the night. In the morning I called the guide, and said that I had decided to send him forward to the nearest Indian encampment, whilst we remained behind where our tents had been pitched.

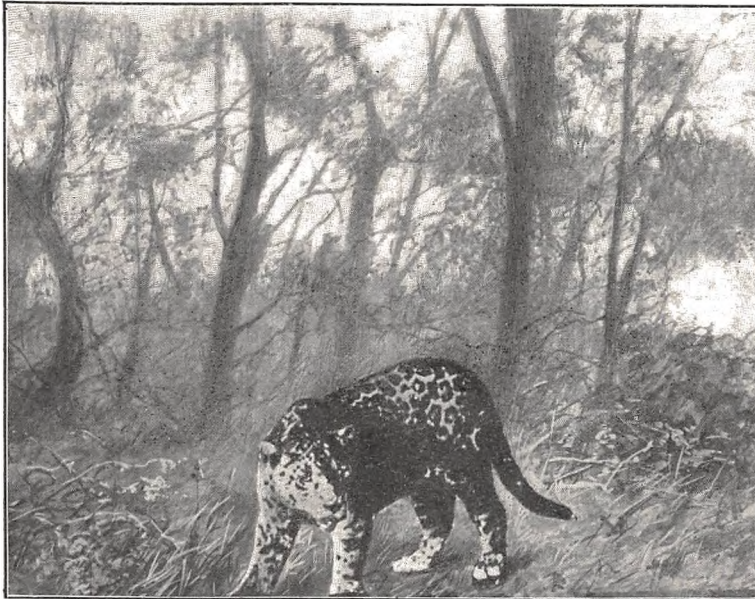
I told him I would supply him with a collection of presents for the chief and the principal inhabitants of the village, and that he was to say I had many more presents with me, which I had

side, so we carefully looked to our weapons and prepared to sell our lives dearly should our suspicions be well founded. The Bororo Indians have a terrible reputation, and many are the desperate fights which have taken place between them and the Brazilian troops. A war of extermination was at one time waged against them by the Government, and they were shot down and killed without mercy, but all the efforts of the troops proved in vain. Since then the Bororos seem to have lost their former dread of the white man, with his death-dealing weapons of mystery. They would retire before the soldiers into the dense thickness of the virgin forests, and woe betide any unfortunate straggler who fell into their hands! At night they would hover round the camps and, creeping like snakes to within a yard of the sentinels, would discharge their poisoned arrows and then slip away again as noiselessly as they came. When the wind blew

Whilst in Cuyaba, in fact, I was shown a ruined house situated at some little distance from the town, and was told that formerly a doctor, his wife and child, and a number of servants had lived there. One day they were attacked by a foraging band of Bororo Indians, who, after killing the servants, had taken the doctor and bound him upon a tree near by. They had then taken the screaming woman, with her baby tightly clasped to her breast, and treated her in the same fashion. Having done this, they enjoyed themselves, first by shooting arrows all around their unhappy victims, and finally riddling their bodies.

One of the servants had escaped and given the alarm, but when the rescuers came upon the scene they found only the dead. One arrow had pierced the baby and then gone through the mother's breast.

These thoughts flashed through my mind as I



From a]

A puma met by the Author in the forest.

[Photograph.

in the right direction they would set fire to the woods, and the fierce flames would be driven towards the encampments, so that horses were stampeded and soldiers burned.

In the end the Government tired of these tactics and stopped the campaign. Recently the Bororos have become so bold that they have organized many forays against dwellings occupied by lonely white men and their families, torturing the unfortunate individuals whom they capture with fiendish ingenuity, and sometimes carrying away the women and little children to a captivity of unspeakable horrors.

busied myself with preparations for a stubborn defence. Then my interpreter cried:—

“They are coming! They are coming!”

Glancing through my tent door, I saw a party of Indians, fifteen in number, armed with bows and arrows, rapidly advancing towards us. My guide, mounted upon his mule, rode in the middle of them. Catching sight of me, he cried:—

“Master, I bring you good news. These Indians have been sent by the head chief to receive you. They are your guard of honour, and will escort you safely to the village. The bows and arrows they carry are for the chase



"My guide, mounted on his mule, rode in the middle of them."

only, in order that they may shoot game on the way, and not go back empty-handed."

Somewhat relieved, I went forth to meet the party and welcomed them to my camp. They seated themselves upon the ground with their bows and arrows beside them, and were hugely delighted when I distributed cigarettes and a few small presents amongst them. That night, as I was anxious to start for their village on the morrow, I proposed that my own men should keep watch and they should all retire to rest, to which they agreed.

I discussed their attitude with one of my interpreters, and he gave it as his opinion that they were friendly-disposed towards us. He had taken the precaution to examine their weapons, and found, as the guide had said, that they were simply hunting arrows. Had they been meant for war they would have been poisoned at the tips. In addition, the way in which they had all lain down to sleep and allowed us to stand guard showed that they did not mistrust us, which was a good sign.

Early next morning we started for the village. Half the Indians went ahead; then I followed upon my mule, and behind me came the rest of the cavalcade.

At night we camped upon the banks of the River Das Mortes. Our destination lay at some little distance from the

opposite bank of the river, and it was too late to attempt to reach the village that evening.

In the morning we crossed the river, arriving on the other bank wet through to the skin, and after an hour's journey I saw in front of me the Indian village, which we shortly afterwards reached.

The huts were laid out in a rough circle, and in many cases leant up against a palm tree. They were built of logs, the roof being composed of branches, over which a thick covering of bracken had been laid. Before

the doors of the huts a large number of women, some wearing a single long cloth garment reaching from the shoulders to the knees, and others with merely a loin-cloth, were engaged in cooking operations. Many of them held babies in their arms, or in a small basket attached to their backs by means of bands.

The men, naked except for a small loin-cloth, stood idly by with bows and arrows or clubs in their hands. The chiefs were distinguishable by feathers worn in their hair.

As we rode up I noticed the Indian priest standing in front of a great fire with a piece of raw flesh in his hand, which had been cut from the body of a freshly-killed animal. He was



"I distributed cigarettes and a few small presents among them."



From a

In a Bororo Indian village.

[Photograph.]

regulated according to the rank of the recipient.

I then told the priest that it was my wish to live with them for a short period in order to make a study of their language, and with that object in view I begged his permission to be allowed to erect a hut in his village similar in all respects to those in which the Indians themselves lived. This he answered with a friendly "Hu! hu!" giving directions to a

offering this to the gods before allowing the tribe to set to upon the remainder of the carcass.

As soon as we had approached within a short distance of the village the priest came forward and greeted me in a friendly sort of manner by stretching out his blood-stained hand, which I was forced to grip.

He then summoned the inmates of the village to welcome me, and without showing the slightest hesitation they all gathered round. I immediately began a distribution of small presents, such as bead necklaces, arm-bands, earrings, and cloths, and it was a pleasant sight to see the manner in which the faces of these wild people lighted up with satisfaction upon receiving some little gift. Of course, I had to be very careful in distributing the presents to see that they were



"An offering to the gods."

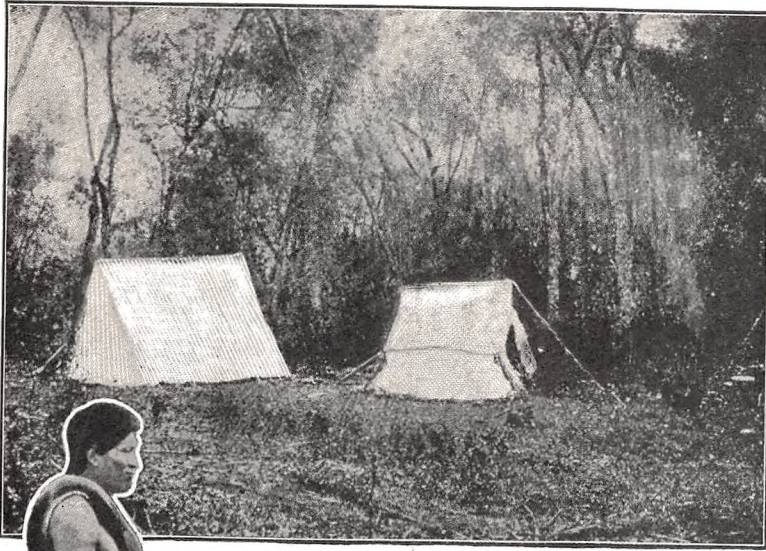


Cooking operations.

number of the assembled Indians to get to work on the structure. In two hours my dwelling was complete and ready for occupation.

A large supply of fish and game was lavished upon me, and the priest invited me to attend on the following night a wonderful "Bacuru" (dance), which was to be organized in my honour.

The "Bacuru" is a dance which is particularly beloved by these wild denizens of the forest. It begins in the evening and is kept up during the entire night, ending the next day in an orgie baffling all description.



One of Dr. Neumayer's camps in a forest clearing.
From a Photograph.



I was, of course, obliged to accept the invitation, and, by a stroke of good fortune, was soon able to win the confidence and good-will of the Indians.

A great hunt had been organized in order to supply the village with enough fresh meat and fish to supply material for the feast, and all the hunting men departed into the woods in search of game. I had decided to remain in the village

in order to get up energy for the all-night dance. Shortly after four o'clock we heard a party of the hunters returning crying and shouting in a piteous way, which notified that an accident had happened to one of the men.

"What is the matter?" I inquired of my interpreter.

He immediately set out in quest of information, and returned shortly afterwards to say:—

"One of the under-chiefs has been bitten in the foot by a poisonous snake, and they fear he will die."

"Where is he?" I asked.

"Lying in his hut."

I immediately selected a few simple medicines which I had brought with me in case of need and went over to the hut of the chief. Here I found him lying upon the floor and suffering intense agony. His foot had already swollen.

He was surrounded by his wives and his relations and intimate friends, who were crying and shrieking, tearing out their hair and scratching their heads and faces with their nails until the blood ran down in streams. They were making a fiendish row, and seemed to consider that the chief was already as good as dead.

I immediately bundled the shrieking, crying women out of the hut, and, after examining the foot, made a small incision in it with a lancet and injected a remedy for snake-bites which I always carried with me. During the ensuing night

I watched by the bedside of the wounded man, who had developed a high fever and was suffering terribly. Towards morning the fever abated, and in twenty-four hours he was well again.

This incident naturally gave the Indians a very high opinion of my powers, and during my stay in their village I was most hospitably entertained.

Many are the interesting customs that characterize these Bororo Indians, among whom I spent six months, and though, in the space at my command, it would be impossible to describe even a tithe of what I saw and learned, a few details will undoubtedly interest the readers of *THE WIDE WORLD*.

There is the marriage ceremony, for instance. It is really the mother of the girl who selects her daughter's future husband, and when she has



"I injected a remedy for snake-bites."

chosen him she invites him to her hut, to partake of a highly-peppered dish specially cooked for the occasion. The eligible youth is accompanied by his mother, or, failing her, by the oldest woman of his family. If he feels inclined to marry the girl presented to him he partakes of the food, and then passes it on to his mother. Should she be likewise inclined, she tastes it, and the marriage is then as good as a *fait accompli*. Should she be opposed to the proposition, however, she returns the food to the girl's mother and the match is off, even should the young man feel inclined to tie the knot.

On the other hand, if the youth is not favourably impressed by the daughter of the hut he passes the dish on to his mother without tasting it, saying:—

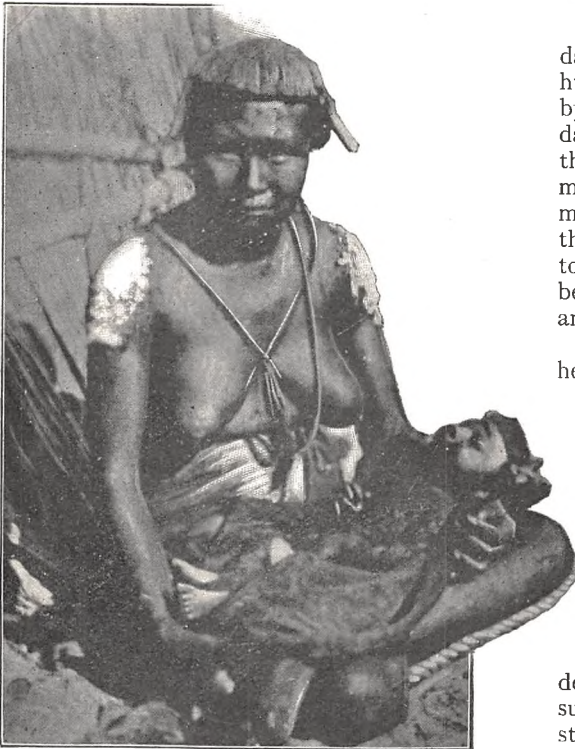
"Mother, give this food to her from whom it came."

The mother can do as she likes. She can touch the food, and then the son must marry the girl in spite of his own feelings. But if she is not keen on the marriage she pushes the food across to her hostess and, accompanied by her son, leaves the hut. It will thus be seen that neither the youth nor the maiden have much to say as regards their own future.

After the engagement the *fiancée's* mother has to maintain the bridegroom's mother for four



From a] A mamon fruit tree. [Photograph.



From a] A chief's wife and baby. [Photograph.

days. During this time the youth sleeps in the hut of his future bride, but without being seen by her. He enters late at night and leaves before dawn, and the object of his presence is to protect the girl of his (or his mother's!) choice from the machinations of the Evil Eye. On the fifth morning both bride and bridegroom get up at the same time and, approaching the fire, sit down together, turning their backs on the other members of the family. Henceforward they are man and wife.

If a woman is not true to her husband he turns her and her children out of doors. She can then marry again. If, on the contrary, he should be faithless, she has the right to leave him, and to kill her children if they are infants.

Of course, the lives of these ignorant Indians are entirely ruled by superstition. The Evil Eye is the malevolent demon of their existence, and they do everything to avert its influence. Thus, for instance, certain animals are slaves of the Evil Eye, and should any of the tribe kill one of these animals he has to suffer the penalty of death. The Baire (priest) of the Bororos is supreme in all matters connected with superstition, and he can commute the sentence of death by making the offender swallow the putre-



fied flesh of the killed animal. But the superstitious nature of these savages goes even farther: certain animals may not even be shot for food unless the Baire orders or allows it. Thus we see that the priest is absolute ruler over the tribe, inasmuch as he can

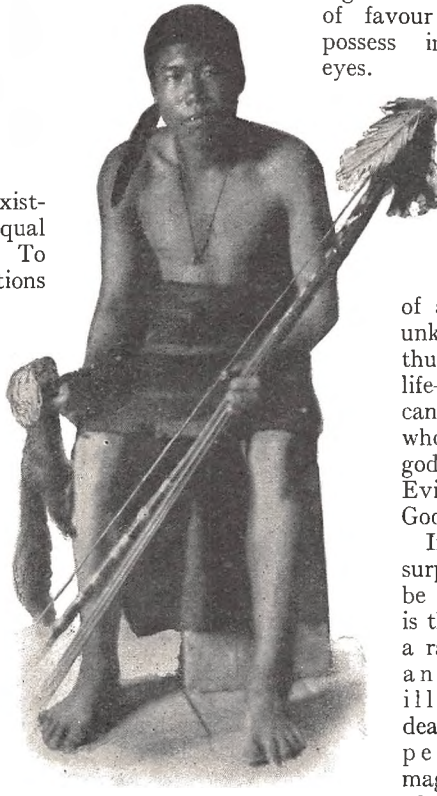
is no formal method of execution, and the priest either tries to starve, choke, murder, or burn the evildoer.

The Baire's family, it is believed, acquires some of the secret charms of its leader, and the dreams of his wives have a different interpretation, according to the amount of favour they possess in his eyes.



destroy their means of existence. To disobey him is equal to the penalty of death. To betray the peculiar superstitions—they vary considerably among the different tribes—of one clan to another is the greatest crime that an Indian can commit, because it is considered equivalent to the destruction of the charms of that particular clan against the Evil Eye.

If an Indian is condemned to death by the



A Bororo chieftain—They are distinguished by feathers worn in the hair.

From a Photograph.

Dreams, shadows, the falling of branches, eclipses of either sun or moon, the escape of a wild animal, the coming of an unknown Indian, the seasons, thunderstorms, the minor details of life—all of them have a most significant importance to these savages, who believe rather in fetishes than gods, and who strive to avoid the Evil Eye rather than propitiate the Good Eye.

In these circumstances, it is not surprising that all illnesses should be attributed to evil spirits, and it is the firm belief that the macahuan, a rather rare bird in those quarters, announces illness or death by its peculiar magpie-like chattering. If the sick person should be a

priest, the latter can make use of any means to rid the community of the offender. Of course, the victim does not submit tamely, but tries to escape. It has never been known, however, to happen that the hunted individual dared lay his hand on the Baire. There

valiant warrior the priest is obliged to save his life, and calls on the aid of the "Aroes" and "Baregues," who are the good spirits. In the case of the warrior whom I saved from the snake-bite, I also had to propitiate the gods—i.e., the Baire—in the form of some bead strings, and



The four primitive drawings reproduced on this page Vol. xxvii.—29.



are representations of the deity of the Bororos.

I think it was very lucky for me that I did save his life. In ordinary circumstances, should the sufferer, being a brave man, die, the priest's excuse is that the invalid was too good for this world, and that the gods called him to themselves. If, however, he is an indifferent character, or one who has aroused the priest's hatred or animosity, the Baire says that the gods demand his life, and the unfortunate individual is immediately dispatched to a better life. Should, however, the tribe be influenced against the decision of the Baire, a most complex ceremony takes place. They oblige the High Priest to approach the bedside of the sick man and exhort the good spirits. During three days the assistant priests have to use all their means of witchcraft to drive away the evil spirits, but if, at the end of that time, the illness still continues, the death sentence is passed. With lighted torches, and weeping and wailing, the wives of the doomed man approach his bed. The Baire enters, and, after valiantly cursing his victim, strangles him.

On the death of an Indian the wife tears out handfuls of her hair and throws it on his corpse. At intervals during the first day after his death she shakes him, as though wishing to bring him back to life, and kisses his cold brow. Her efforts being in vain, she retires, and the Baire



"They would invariably discharge their arrows in the direction of the village we had abandoned."

approaches. He proclaims that the man has died for the sins he committed during his life. Then the relatives paint his body with "urucu"—an ointment made out of the root of a wild tropical plant. Gorgeous feathers of the most varied hues are then strewn over him and the corpse is wrapped up in a matting of straw. The moment before the burial the wives approach one after the other and cover his feet with the

blood dropping from the wounds and gashes they have inflicted on their backs and arms.

This ceremony is followed by another. Three Indians appear dressed in the clothes—if the few rags they wear can be called thus—of the dead man and begin singing and dancing. In the meantime the corpse is carried to the "Bahyto," a huge mound in the centre of the colony, and should the dancing and singing Indians become tired before it is reached three others take their place. The body lies on the mound three days. Then the Baire goes to the mound, and, seating himself at the foot of the dead man, is supposed to receive his soul in keeping. In the name of the departed soul he asks to be given to eat, to drink, and to smoke. He does this until the soul is satisfied, when he gets up and moves away. The corpse is immediately buried.

I stayed in the first village about two weeks, and then proceeded on my journey to other villages occupied by the same tribe of Bororo Indians. This was necessary, because it is against their custom to allow a stranger to stay in any particular village for more than twenty days. To remain longer would have been dangerous. I was always escorted from village to village, however, by a guard of honour composed of the principal warriors. Noticing that upon taking leave of me they would invariably discharge their arrows in the direction of the village we had abandoned, I asked my inter-

preter the meaning of this custom. He replied:—

"That is to show their friendship towards you. It is also a sign, however, that you must not return to their village. You have stayed with them for nearly twenty days, and they have welcomed you during that period as a brother, but they do not wish to see you again."

For a period of six months I was thus passed along from one village of the Bororos to another, always distributing presents to the priests and the chiefs in each village, and ever meeting with a hearty reception.

Then, the object of this first journey having been achieved, I set out in a southerly direction for the town of Corumba, which I finally reached after a wearisome but otherwise adventureless journey that lasted over five months.

THE END.



Mr. F. Harris Deans, who, when a stage-struck lad of seventeen, ran away from home.

From a Photograph.

THE WOULD-BE ACTORS.



Mr. Wilfred E. Brandon, now a successful actor, who, as is here told, shared the author's amusing experiences.

From a Photograph.

BY F. HARRIS DEANS.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. HAMILTON-WILLIAMS.

An amusing account of the adventures of two stage-struck boys of seventeen. They left home "for ever," but very speedily returned, repentant and disillusioned.



I was at the age of seventeen that my faith in parental wisdom received its death-blow. It was the decision to dedicate me, an only son, to a commercial life which did it.

I informed my parents—I felt it my duty—that commerce had no place in my scheme of life.

Somewhat brutally, they retorted that they were not worrying about my scheme of life; what was causing them insomnia was the doubt whether I was smart enough to keep the job.

I reassured them on that point; at the same time I casually mentioned that I had already decided upon my future career. I intended to become an actor, I said. They got quite heated about it—naturally

enough, I suppose. Nobody likes to be accused of having insanity in their branch of the family. In the end they agreed to put it down to a blow on the head which I had had as an infant.

I reasoned with my father as one man of the world with another. To have tried to convince him that genius was given one for the benefit of one's fellow-men, and that to divert a natural talent to other purposes was a breach of faith with Providence, would have been only waste of breath. So I waived those arguments.

I asked him to look at it from a business point of view. How much would I get as a clerk?

He admitted frankly that if I got what I earned I should be a burden to the family for the remainder of my life; but he



They retorted that they were not worrying about my scheme of life."

remarked that if I kept quiet, and got somebody else to do my work for me (his faith in my ability to do this touched me), I might hope to rise to about three hundred a year.

I pointed out, courteously but firmly, that as an actor I should probably get that trivial sum a week.

"And think, father," I added (rather tactfully, I thought), "think of the little things I could buy you and mother then."

But there was nothing grasping about my father; the prospect left him quite unmoved.

"You'll start on Monday, my lad," he insisted. "That gives you two days to get these silly notions out of your head. Take my advice and spend that time in the fresh air as much as possible."

I took his advice to some extent; I went out. I decided to take myself and my blighted hopes to call upon Edwin. Edwin was my bosom friend, whose views on life I knew would be as pessimistic as my own.

He was an embryo electrical engineer, and had been for the past two weeks. Electrical engineering, in its embryonic stage at all events, he discovered to mean going to work at six in

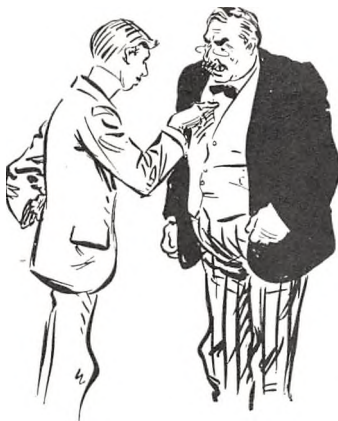
the morning and having oily waste thrown at him by the other apprentices until six in the evening. He passed a tempestuous home-life in a bed-sitting-room near by. His landlady, when she opened the door to me, regarded me disavourably.

"I do 'ope you ain't going to make that 'orrible noise again to-night," she said.

I asked her innocently what noise she meant.

"Wot with 'im groanin' in that blood-curdlin' way," she went on, without deigning to answer my question, "and you shoutin' at the top of your voice, it gets the 'ouse a bad name. Couldn't you do a bit from 'Amlet,' or something quiet-like, by way of a change? One thing," she added, with a tinge of cheer-

fulness, as I pushed by her, "there won't be any sword-fighting to-night, 'cos I've taken the fire-irons away. Four gas-globes in a week is too much."



"I reasoned with my father."



"The landlady regarded me disavourably."



"Practising facial expressions."

I found Edwin practising facial expressions in front of the looking-glass. With Bell's "Anatomy of Expression" in one hand, he was just achieving a quite praiseworthy maniacal glare when I entered.

When the landlady caught sight of his reflection in the glass she gave a groan.

"Good heavens!" she gasped, feebly, and retreated hastily into the passage.

With a look of sympathy (he glanced occasionally at the mirror to satisfy himself that he



"'There is a tide in the affairs of men,' he quoted, impressively."

had the expression quite right) Edwin listened to my story.

When I had finished he rose to his feet and, taking that week's *Stage* from the table, indicated a marked advertisement.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," he quoted, impressively.

"Julius Cæsar, Act IV., Scene 3," I murmured, absently.

The advertisement ran as follows:—

WANTED.—Two useful men; dress well on and off; strictly sober; dipsomaniacs and geniuses who want £100 a week save stamps. Photo. and lowest terms to Batson, Royal Theatre, Dartford.

"Well?" I demanded.

"That's us," declared Edwin, triumphantly. "We're the men he's looking for."

"But he says he doesn't want any geniuses," I demurred, doubtfully.

"We won't tell him we are," explained Edwin. "We'll let that dawn upon him by degrees. Besides, I expect it's the hundred pounds a week he really objects to."

The more we talked the matter over the more it seemed that this was the very job we had been looking for.

Unappreciated at home, we would seek recognition in a wider field. Batson, we decided,

should go down to posterity as the man who had first realized our talent.

We began to feel quite benevolent towards Batson. At the same time, until he had realized the undying fame we were going to reflect upon him, we would be moderate in our demands. Five pounds a week we would ask—at all events, for the first week; after that he would probably insist on paying us more.

I asked Edwin to help me compose a suitable valedictory address to my parents. Nothing bitter, of course. I knew they meant well, and I thought something of a tender, melancholy nature would be more suitable—something that would move them to tears and vain regrets.

Edwin thought not. He advised reticence on the subject. Speaking from an intimate acquaintance with my father, he was inclined to think that if he got to hear of my intention the tears and vain regrets would be all on my side.

In the end I came round to his way of thinking.

The next morning, with a make-up box and a tooth-brush in my pocket, I left home for ever. I experienced some emotion as I stole away from the home of my youth. However, I forced my mind to dwell on my parents' pride when they saw my photograph advertising the latest hair-restorer or tooth-paste, and this cheered me up somewhat.

I met Edwin by arrangement at the railway-station. He was even more lightly equipped for his fight against the world than myself. He had forgotten his tooth-brush.

When we arrived at Dartford I wrote a letter home, informing them of my departure and telling them not to mourn for me. I thanked them for all they had done in the past, and assured



"I left home for ever."



"He 'hadn't never heard of no theatre.'"

them that I fully realized that in making plans for my future they had meant well. Heaven, I mentioned, had given me gifts which

where it was. The fact that we were lifelong abstainers didn't soften their feelings one little bit. Indeed, if we had been reformed drunkards



'They became quite discourteous.'

their Philistine natures could not appreciate. I also added something about a Divinity which shaped our ends. Altogether it was an excellent letter.

At Edwin's suggestion I splashed some water over the note. He said it was a "human touch" which would affect them very much. Then we set off on our search for Batson and the Royal Theatre.

We had not been so foolish as to imagine that the Royal Theatre would be as large as Drury Lane, but we *had* expected that the inhabitants would have known it by name. The first person of whom we made inquiries informed us that he had lived there for seventy-five years, and he "hadn't never heard of no theatre." There was a mission-hall where they held panorama entertainments occasionally, that was the best he could do for us.

Our hopes considerably dashed, we went to the mission-hall. We found a revivalist meeting in full swing, and our diffident inquiry as to whether they had been advertising for two useful men was received with indignation. They became quite discourteous when we showed them the advertisement and asked if they knew

I am inclined to think that we should have had a heartier welcome.

At our twenty-second inquiry I grew confused, and asked for Batson's Theatre.

"Batson's Theatre?" said the man, thoughtfully. "Don't happen to mean Batson's Show, do you?"

Now, "show," as we well knew, means entertainment in theatrical parlance. Eagerly we assured him that we *did* mean Batson's Show. Edwin went so far as to inquire, with a winning smile, if we had the pleasure of speaking to a brother professional.

The man eyed us blankly and said "No"; he was a Buffalo himself. "You ask for the Green Man," he instructed us, "and you won't be able to miss it."

Though they didn't know the Royal Theatre, everybody knew the Green Man. We grew quite bitter, musing over this proof of lack of culture. In a field adjoining the Green Man we discovered the Royal Theatre—or, to be more exact, "Batson's Royal Fair."

Batson, we gathered, purveyed for the mind, muscle, and appetite. A roundabout, revolving with hideous clamour, occupied the centre of the field. Coconut-shies and whelk-stalls filled up spare



"Mr. Batson."

corners, and in one deserted portion of the field our appalled eyes perceived, disguised as a dilapidated tent, "Batson's Royal Theatre."

Mr. Batson himself was a tall, powerfully-built man. To give him his due, he was no dandy. He wore hobnail boots, a baggy pair of trousers, and a sweater. Good nature tempts me to regard his face as an accident. The combined effects of alcohol and naphtha had given him a rich, husky tone.

He appeared surprised when we accosted him. "Aye," he admitted, when we showed him his advertisement, "that's my bit." He rubbed his ear and regarded us doubtfully. "Yer rather small for what I wanted," he affirmed.

We reminded him that Garrick—

"Ah," he said, nodding, "there's smaller. I'm not saying there's not. Do yer know anything about horses?"

We eyed him with greater respect. We had not anticipated that he staged spectacular drama. In fact, we told him of our surprise; he appeared to share it.

"I'd expect yer to give a hand with the horses. Ye'd have to make yourself gener'ly useful."

With considerable earnestness we assured him that if willingness was what he wanted we were the goods—from the top shelf, so to speak.

"Aye," he said, "they all say that. Well, and what wages are you asking?"

Whatever our faults, Edwin and I had considerable horse-sense. We realized that here was no provincial Tree. We should have to be moderate in our demands. Accordingly we reorganized our tariff.

"Three pounds a week," we answered.

Mr. Batson nodded his head thoughtfully. He did not appear in any way startled.

"Aye," he said, "three pounds a week. Well, twelve shillings and yer keep is what I give."

"Thank you," we said, humbly.

He was a placid man. He appeared serenely unconscious of the fact that our Spring Sale was apparently on.

"Hi!" he roared in the direction of a tent.

A plump lady, whose heart was probably in the right place but whose features were not, came into view.

Mr. Batson nodded towards us, and then jerked his thumb at the tent. "The missus," he announced, curtly.

Accepting this both as an introduction and an invitation to enter the tent, we approached Mrs. Batson with friendly smiles. When we raised our hats she backed nervously. She appeared to take us for conjurers about to perform some trick.

It was the first time either of us had spoken to an actress, and it was with considerable nervousness that we did so then. She was not perhaps quite all our imagination had painted, but we made allowances for the fact that she was apparently fresh from the washing-tub, and wore a man's cloth cap.

"Well, you'd better start making yourself useful," she said, "if you know how."

We expressed joy at this prospect of work, and tried to convey the impression that we had been cruelly stunted in the past, but had now made up our minds to stand no more nonsense; if we were done out of our fair share in the future, somebody would have to look out for himself. It was a strain to include all this in one smile, but we managed it somehow.

It failed to impress her, however; at all events, she refrained from expressing admiration. If she felt any, it was not acute. She restrained herself without injury.

We laboured awhile rigging up the seats in the auditorium. At first Edwin was disposed to consider it beneath his dignity. In fact, he went out and mentioned the matter to Batson. He appeared thoughtful on his return—seemed to have acquired a broader outlook on life. He was so anxious to put up the rest of the seats single-handed that I humoured him—until I heard Batson approaching. We almost fought for the privilege of fixing that last bench.

From Batson's silence we gathered that he was pleased with the result of our labour. Had he been dissatisfied he would have mentioned it. He gave us the impression of being that sort of man.

For a while he leant against the doorway and regarded us ruminatively.

"Aye," he observed at length, removing his



"It was the first time either of us had spoken to an actress."

pipe from his mouth, and expectorating with an air of deliberation. "Ou aye."

We smiled ingratiatingly at this chatty remark, and awaited hopefully further converse.

"What was yer thinking of doin'?" he demanded, after a profound pause.

"Doing?" we faltered.

"Aye," said Mr. Batson. "Are yer comics, or what?"

We announced that we were tragedians.

"We thought of doing the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius. Shakespeare, you know."

Mr. Batson puffed stolidly at his pipe.

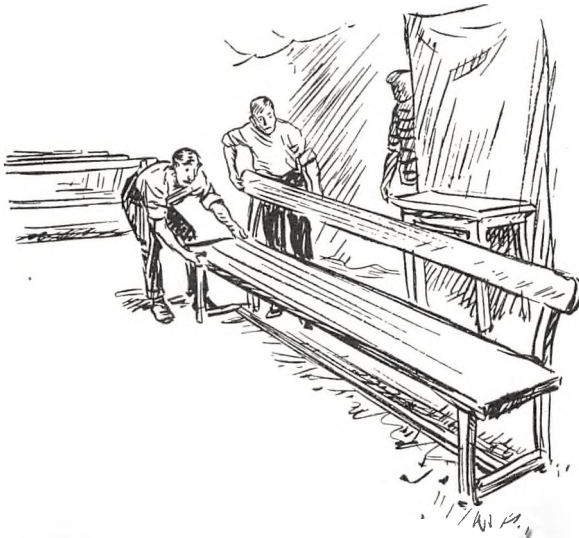
"Aye," he said at length. He was by no means an uncultured man. He appeared to have heard of Shakespeare before.

"Well," he said, slowly, "yer can have a try at it."

It was with some nervousness that we prepared for our first appearance before the public



"With his legs wide apart, he was facing the audience full on."



"We almost fought for the privilege of fixing that last bench."

that evening. We improvised togas from a sheet and a table-cloth supplied by Mrs. Batson. By turning up our shirt-sleeves and trousers and removing our socks, we contrived to drape ourselves so that our own clothing was not in evidence. A pair of carpet slippers and a dilapidated pair of canvas shoes filled—more than adequately as regards size—the place of sandals.

We did not suffer from stage-fright. As we shuffled on to the stage the task of avoiding stepping out of our footgear at every step

occupied our minds to the exclusion of all other fears. The audience accepted our appearance with stolid indifference.

It was not until I paused to tuck up my trousers, which were becoming visible beneath my toga, that we got our first laugh. It was a good steady laugh when it did come, however.

When, retreating from a passionate outburst on my part, Edwin left one of his slippers behind, the laugh grew into a roar.

"Here is a dagger," I cried, producing a black-handled dinner-knife and casting it at Edwin's feet, "and here my naked breast.

Richer than——"

I paused. It suddenly dawned upon me that not only was I not holding my audience, but even my fellow-actor had lost interest in me.

I glanced reproachfully at Edwin. With his legs wide apart, he was facing the



"'You young rats!' he vociferated."



"I grabbed my clothes and ran."

audience full on. Tucking up his toga, he had plunged his hands in his trousers-pockets, and was regarding the spectators with a look of bitter scorn on his face. One of his sandals coming off, he kicked it savagely off the stage. It is an excellent maxim that an actor should ignore his audience. Edwin appeared to have forgotten this. In fact, he was already on speaking terms with them.

"You uneducated lot of sweeps!" he said, a little tactlessly perhaps. "I've eaten turnips with more brains than you! Shakespeare! Bah! 'The Dumb Man of Manchester' is about your mark!"

As it happened, this particular play was the second item on the programme. Edwin had apparently overlooked the fact.

"You've got the intelligence," he continued, "of an Ostend rabbit! You daft, silly lot of clowns!"

At this moment there was a loud roar from the entrance of the tent. Mr. Batson, who had been taking the money, came into view. He appeared in a hurry. He hopped over the intervening benches with an agility nothing short of marvellous in a man of his build.

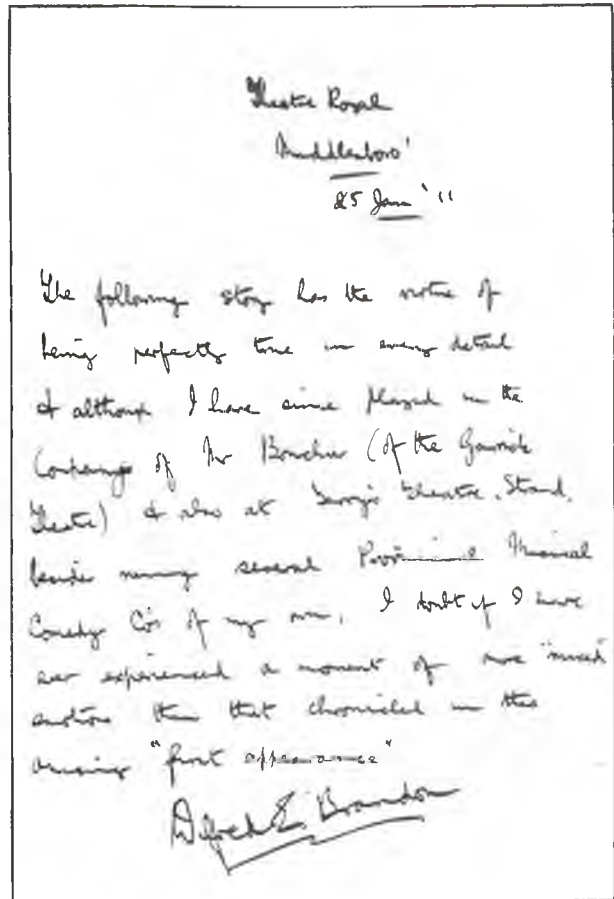
"You young rats!" he vociferated, shaking a huge fist. He gave me the impression of being anxious to get in touch with us.

Thoughts of home flashed through my mind. I pictured my sorrowing mother, my heart-broken father. After all, I was their only son. My place was by their

side. Without stopping to cancel my contract I left the stage, shedding my slippers as I went. Hurling my toga at the amazed Mrs. Batson, I grabbed my clothes and ran.

I am a good runner, and I reached the main road in record time. Edwin's time was one and a third seconds over the record. Half a mile away we came to a standstill, and put on our clothes. Late that evening I reached home. I had resolved to say nothing to my parents of my adventure. They were a sensitive couple, and I felt that to learn that I had even contemplated leaving home would grieve them.

When I entered the sitting-room I found my mother in tears. My father had gone round to the police-station. They had just received my letter announcing that I had resolved to leave home for ever.



A letter from Mr. Brandon, in which he refers to his amusing "first appearance."

Life in the Mag- dalen Islands.



The beach at Etang du Nord.
From a Photograph.



The shores of the islands are literally strewn with wrecks, mute evidence of the dangerous nature of the surrounding waters.
From a Photograph.



From a Mending lobster-traps. *[Photograph.]*

BY W. LACEY AMY.

It is safe to say that very few readers of "The Wide World Magazine" have ever heard of the Magdalen Islands. They belong to Canada, yet not one Canadian in ten has any knowledge of them. Situated in the centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, ice-bound in winter and storm-beset at other seasons, they are entirely cut off from the outside world for many months of the year. Mr. Amy gives a very interesting account of the quaint, easy-going islanders, very few of whom have ever left their native shores.



ANY a tourist thinks that he has seen Canada when he has taken the five-day trip from Halifax to Victoria, or the still shorter "transcontinental" from boat to boat—Montreal to Vancouver. A Canadian will laugh at such a claim, and furnish as justification those interesting sections never seen on such journeys—the wonderful valleys of the Maritime Provinces, the quaint villages of French Quebec, the newly-discovered wealth of Northern Ontario, the productive plains in the Western Provinces, far from the view of the railways, and the fruit and ranchlands hidden away between the mountain ranges of British Columbia.

It takes months to cover Canada; it takes years to know it. And even the native Canadian has only just begun to realize the wealth of his country and the out-of-the-way places that make this great dominion a veritable book of revelations.

The great Annapolis Valley and the Metapedia

of the Maritime Provinces, the whitewashed villages that nestle along the heights of the St. Lawrence, the minerals of Cobalt, the fertility of the far north Peace River, Okanagan, and the Kootenay, are all becoming familiar to the native interested in his country. But there is a little group of islands far from the route of the tourist or business man that is as little known, even in Canada, as the heart of Africa, and yet teeming with life that had its beginning away back in Cartier's time and its first permanent settlement in 1663, hundreds of years before the best-known parts of Canada of the present day were even guessed at.

Out in the centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the ocean waves dash over them for five months of the year so fiercely as to close all communication with the mainland except by cable, lie the Magdalen Islands. Nine out of every ten Canadians have never even heard of them, and the other one remembers dimly that he encountered the name at school in the list of Canadian islands. Nine out of ten of the islanders themselves have never been farther from their birthplace than the trips to the fishing-grounds, and the tenth has gone no farther than Pictou, or on a long-to-be-remembered trip as far as Halifax or Quebec.

Seventy miles to the south-west lies Prince Edward Island; Cape Breton is the same distance south-east. Newfoundland's rough coast faces them one hundred miles east. From away to the north the wild waves crash down unopposed from the forbidding shores of Labrador, three hundred miles distant.

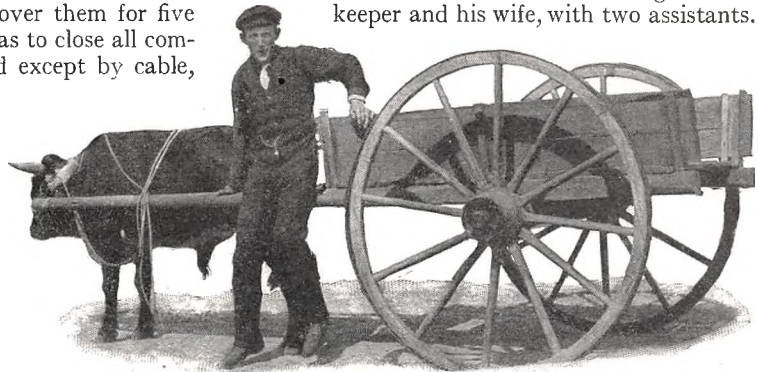
During but five months of the year, and then only twice a week, is there any opportunity for the islander to see the outside world. For the remainder the sea runs with a consistent wildness known only to this region, and the hundred miles or more of coast-line shows the wrecks that have marked with failure the puny attempts of man to combat the elements.

In the midst of all this fierceness of Nature live seven thousand French Acadians and one thousand English, in a quaintness and quietness of life that is truly remarkable. And year by year the population increases, until even now the land is overcrowded with a people reluctant to obey the demands of Nature and get out into the wider world.

From ten families in 1763 the population has grown with startling rapidity, the ordinary record of the French Canadian, and during the last

fifteen years has almost doubled. Yet the bleak winter climate is a breeder of pulmonary trouble, and carries off many victims spring after spring.

There are thirteen islands in all, nine of which are connected at low tide by a treacherous beach, which it is possible to drive over with the guidance of one who knows the quicksands and tides. Fifty-three miles from north to south makes an island of respectable size. Then, farther north, lies Byron Island, a summer fishing station leased and peopled by a merchant on the main islands, but almost deserted in winter. Ten miles still farther is the famous Bird Rock, well known by reputation to naturalists, watched over only by millions of birds and the lighthouse-keeper and his wife, with two assistants.



From a

One form of island transport.

[Photograph.]

On this six acres of rock, perched one hundred and twenty-five feet above the water, approached only in the calmest weather and mounted by a bucket worked with a windlass above—on this isolated island these four people live from beginning to end of the year, seeing no other human beings save the crew of the supply boat on its two visits a year.

The main islands are arranged in a shape resembling a boot. From south to north their names are Amherst, Grindstone, Wolfe, Grosse, and Coffin, with two or three unimportant smaller ones, and on the east side Entry and Alright Islands, separated from the others by deep but narrow channels. All around are shoals and reefs, tortuous channels, and currents that make navigation most dangerous. Entry Island is divided from Amherst by a strip of water three hundred yards across, and for the most part but three fathoms deep at low tide.

On the entire coast there is only one protected harbour, Grand Entry, and the entrance to it is so shallow that the small boat that plies to the mainland twice a week can enter only in calm weather. Many a time it has lain at anchor inside while storms of the outer water exposed the bottom over which it must sail to leave. The instep of the "boot," with Alright Island to add

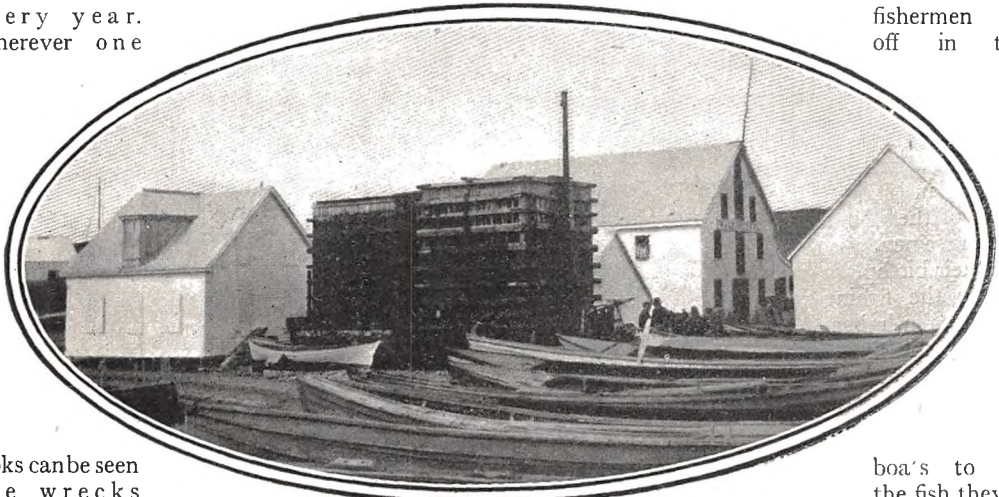
its protection, is called Pleasant Bay, a term that means much when the water is calm, but fatally deceives the skippers of boats who do not know its treachery, for a north-east wind brings certain disaster to the craft otherwise unprotected.

The "Lord's Day Gale," a memorable storm of 1873, caught hundreds of large fishing schooners that had sailed into the bay for shelter from a storm that was raging outside. The wind shifted when the boats were inside, unable to get into the open, and the shores on the south were strewn with wrecks that piled over each other in scores. Within a quarter of a mile forty-five schooners were counted, and many a Gloucester fishwife was husbandless.

So bad are the storms that, even with the modern charts and lighthouses, there are still dozens of wrecks every year. Wherever one

The boat that plies from Pictou, Nova Scotia, to the various calling points of the Magdalens is a six-hundred-and-fifty-ton steamer that just makes both ends meet with the subsidy of fifteen thousand dollars that the Government finds it necessary to give in order to furnish a mail service. Built in Glasgow especially for this route, and running for a winter on the rough Halifax-to-Boston trip, it has amply demonstrated its suitability for the use to which it is put. Just as soon as the ice is driven from its course it begins its runs, and continues until once more the ice blocks the way.

The Canadian Government has succeeded in building three wharves on the islands, but the other calls have to be made by casting anchor when the water is smooth enough and the wind off shore. The fishermen put off in their



looks can be seen the wrecks of fishing schooners.

From a

The seal-vats at Grindstone.

[Photograph.

boa's to load the fish they are sending away and to unload

Within a hundred yards of the only boarding-house on the islands lie the hulks of four large schooners, driven up within the past year. A mile to the south the steamer that preceded the present one was wrecked with the loss of all on board save five. On the day that the photograph of one of the wrecks was taken the fishermen were bringing in loads of fish that had been thrown overboard from the wreck of a hundred-ton schooner that was being lightened in the hopes of saving something of the hull. Above the water a quarter-mile off shore protruded the bare spars of yet another schooner that had suddenly turned turtle only a few weeks before, due to the shifting of the load of fish in a squall.

Looking at the wrecks, it is indeed little wonder that few visitors brave the dangers, however interesting the islands and the people may be in themselves.

the salt that is the freight of the islands. In rough weather, and when the fishermen decide that they can afford to miss that particular trip of the boat, the freight is carried on and offered on the next voyage. One consignment of salt was carried in this way from the first trip of the season to the end of July before the fishermen landed it. They had not required it badly in the meantime, and only necessity makes them work.

There is communication with the mainland by means of a cable. On the islands are sixteen telegraph stations, opened by a paternal Government that was forced to ignore profit. One station had not sent or received one message in fifteen months, and for this strenuous work the operator received a hundred and fifty dollars. Another operator sent one message, which cost the Government a hundred dollars.

Last winter the cable broke, and the islands were completely cut off from the mainland for



From a]

The beach at Amherst.

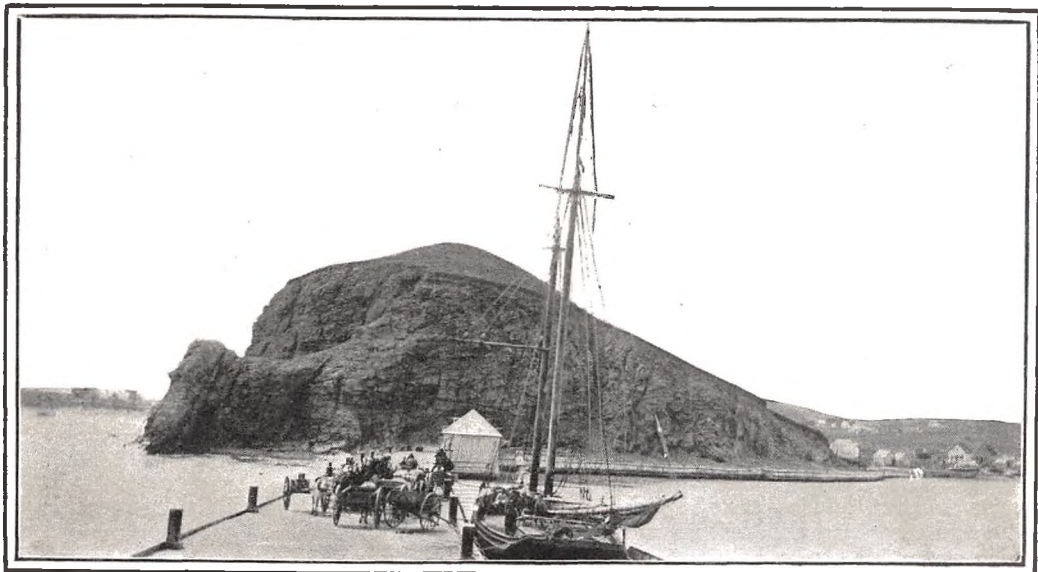
[Photograph.

several weeks, with no possibility of mending the break until the spring came. At last a man conceived the idea of setting adrift a molasses barrel containing the letters and information regarding the necessaries that were to be brought on the first boat. With a tin sail rigged on its top the barrel set out. Ten days later it was picked up at Port Hastings, Cape Breton, and the letters, which had been sealed in lobster-tins, were duly delivered. From December 10th to May 1st nothing else passed between the islands and the mainland. Then the *Montcalm*, a Government ice-breaker, smashed through the loose ice with the supplies asked for.

The head of the island telegraph service is an old Frenchman, who is a typical product of the

islands. Thirty-nine years ago on November 28th, after the regular sailing routes of the St. Lawrence Gulf had ceased, this man was wrecked on the north coast. Alone of the crew he found his way on to the ice and temporary safety. For six days he lay on the ice in the bitter winds of that season at that place, eating nothing but snow. On December 4th he was seen by some islanders, who drove out to him over the ice and brought him to shore. His feet were frozen solid, and, as there was no doctor on the islands, they were cut off with what instruments were available. As soon as navigation opened a hasty trip to Quebec saved him the stumps.

With all occupation gone, he turned to the telegraph, for he learned that the Government



From a]

"Charettes" unloading a schooner at Grindstone.

[Photograph.

intended to lay a cable. And there he sits on Grindstone Island to-day, scarcely able to speak intelligibly as the result of his terrible exposure, and dozing over a key that seldom works, but provides him a comfortable living.

M. Le Bourdais, as this man is called, is but one of the many unique characters the product of the peculiar conditions that exist on the islands. Over at Amherst the chief factotum, the clerk of the court, postmaster, registrar, police magistrate, notary public, and everything else that requires an education, has a history which he is very loath to talk about. Having heard that he had been wrecked on the coast of Labrador and moved south to the Magdalen Islands as offering greater opportunities, I sought confirmation of the story, with any additional details of interest.

He listened to my inquiry, watching me closely the while.

"They say a lot of things about me, don't they?" he asked in his French accent.

And while I waited awkwardly for the information he merely smiled and asked me where I lived. Later he spoke more freely, evidently with the feeling that he had been rude to a stranger.

"They don't know anything about me," he volunteered, in the tone of a man who was glad, and rather proud of having kept his secret. "But I can tell you this—they are all wrong." And he drew several long whiffs from a short pipe, as if to show that he had told as much as he intended to, and that as a special favour. After persistent inquiry I was told by one of the old-timers that the man was a French deserter, and had come there in the belief that it was the last place that would be searched for him.

There are only a half-dozen men on the islands who have received more education than can be provided by the local public schools. One of these occupies the same position on Grindstone held by the French soldier on Amherst, with the addition of being school inspector for the islands and agent for the boat.

One English Church clergyman supplies the religious needs of the English population, driving thirty miles one Sunday over the land and sailing twenty the next to another part of his extensive charge. There are four priests ministering to the seven thousand French, the priest in charge residing at Grindstone, where he dreams of the time when he will be able to purchase the new seats his church requires to fulfil his ambitions. This church occupied ten years in the building, and seats fourteen hundred people. Piece by piece the task was accomplished, the workmen labouring under his own inspection, able only to perform what the year's success in the fishing

warranted. For eighteen years he has worked with the completion of the building in view, and now four thousand dollars are required for the seats. This year promises to provide the money. Father Blaquier's memory will live on Grindstone.

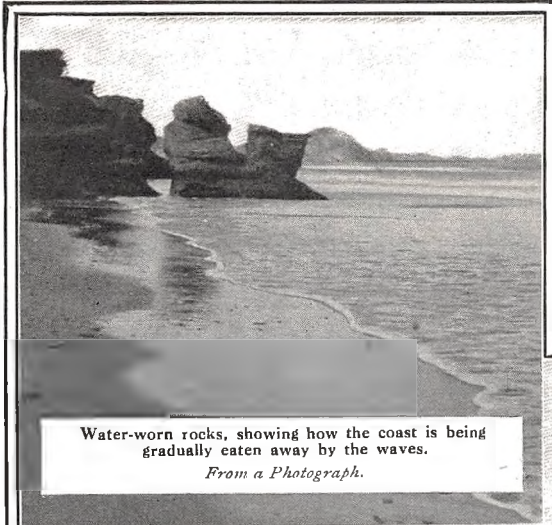
And what of the quaint French Acadians who dwell here from generation to generation?

They are content to push their boats out when the days are fine, to deliver over the fish caught to the local fish merchant at the end of the day, to work their small farm plots when they get the time, and to go to church on Sunday. In the competition of modern life they would be called lazy. It requires only a cloudy sky, a little thunderstorm, a breeze that would not be considered by the fishermen on the mainland, to keep them off the water. On those days, if there is nothing sufficiently pressing to urge them to their farms, they will lean all day against the cod-flakes, watching the women turn and carry the drying cod, discussing the latest wreck, the price of fish, the last herring season, and the shortage of bait. Or they will take their little "charettes"—springless carts peculiar to the islands—and wander along the beach at low tide, lazily digging up the clams that form the bait for the mackerel they love to catch.

It matters not how thick the cod are running or how good the price; the Magdalen Islander first makes a try with the mackerel jigs. It is so much lighter fishing, so much easier work to catch and handle mackerel, that no amount of additional profit from cod would turn them from the pretty blue five-pounder to the more commonplace forty or fifty pounder that has made those who have stuck to it comparatively wealthy.

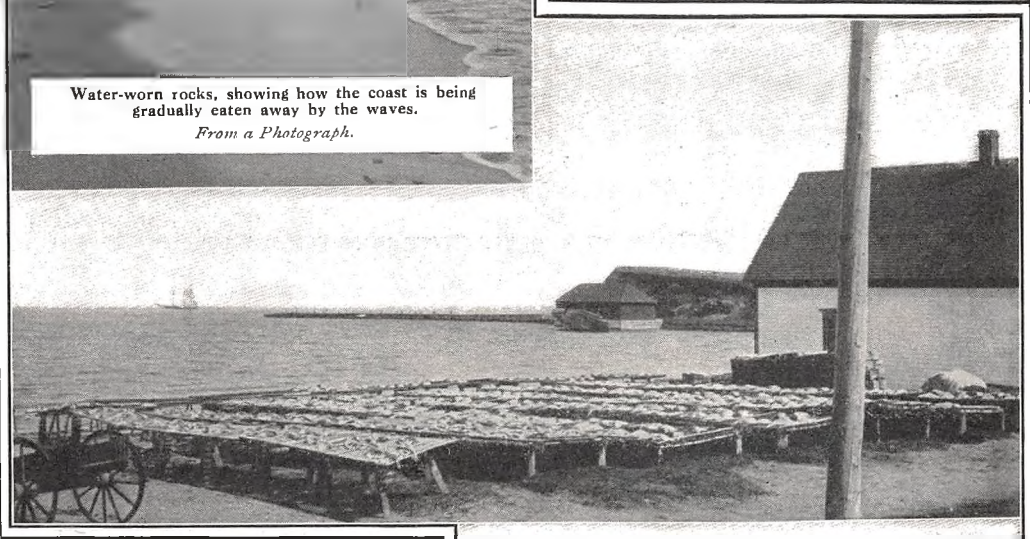
On Grindstone Island, where lobster-fishing is the industry, the cod-fishing grounds being too far away, the English people lie around during July and August—the closed months—rather than leave for other fishing grounds. In the warm weather they spend their time fixing up for the severe winter, a half-dozen of them working together on a small job that would occupy a day's time for the ordinary workman. In September there is another month of lobster-fishing, and then they settle down for the long winter that locks them in from November to May.

During these quiet months, when the waves dash wildly along the shores, when the ice grinds off huge pieces of the soft stone of the islands, when the wind blows until the combination of elements shakes the islands to their very foundations—at that time the young people are enjoying themselves in sleigh-riding down the slopes, dancing, or listening to the few gramophones they possess. The older ones sit around the stoves making the thick, tight rugs which carpet



Water-worn rocks, showing how the coast is being gradually eaten away by the waves.

From a Photograph.



Cod-flakes drying in the sun.

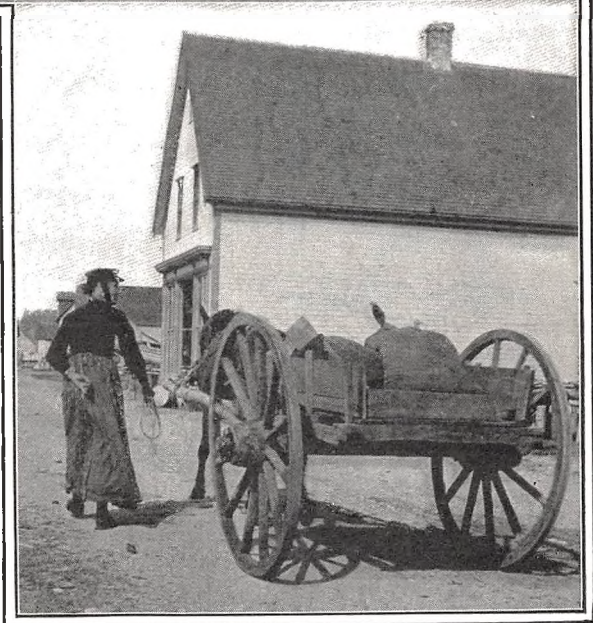
From a Photograph.

their floors, or playing what games of cards they know. Day and night are almost the same, for there is nothing requiring the recognition of daylight. All rooms that are not in daily use are closed up, to make heating a simpler affair, and the whole idea of life is to entertain themselves and keep warm.

Then the spring comes. The men begin to move down to the shores with their eyes out on the ice-floes. And one day the word is passed around that the seal are there, and away they go on the ice, drawing after them the combination sleigh and boat that takes them from floe to floe. If they are lucky they add some dollars to the year's earnings; if not, they may return with a frozen limb or the first stages of the dread disease that carries so many of them off—or else, it may be, they do

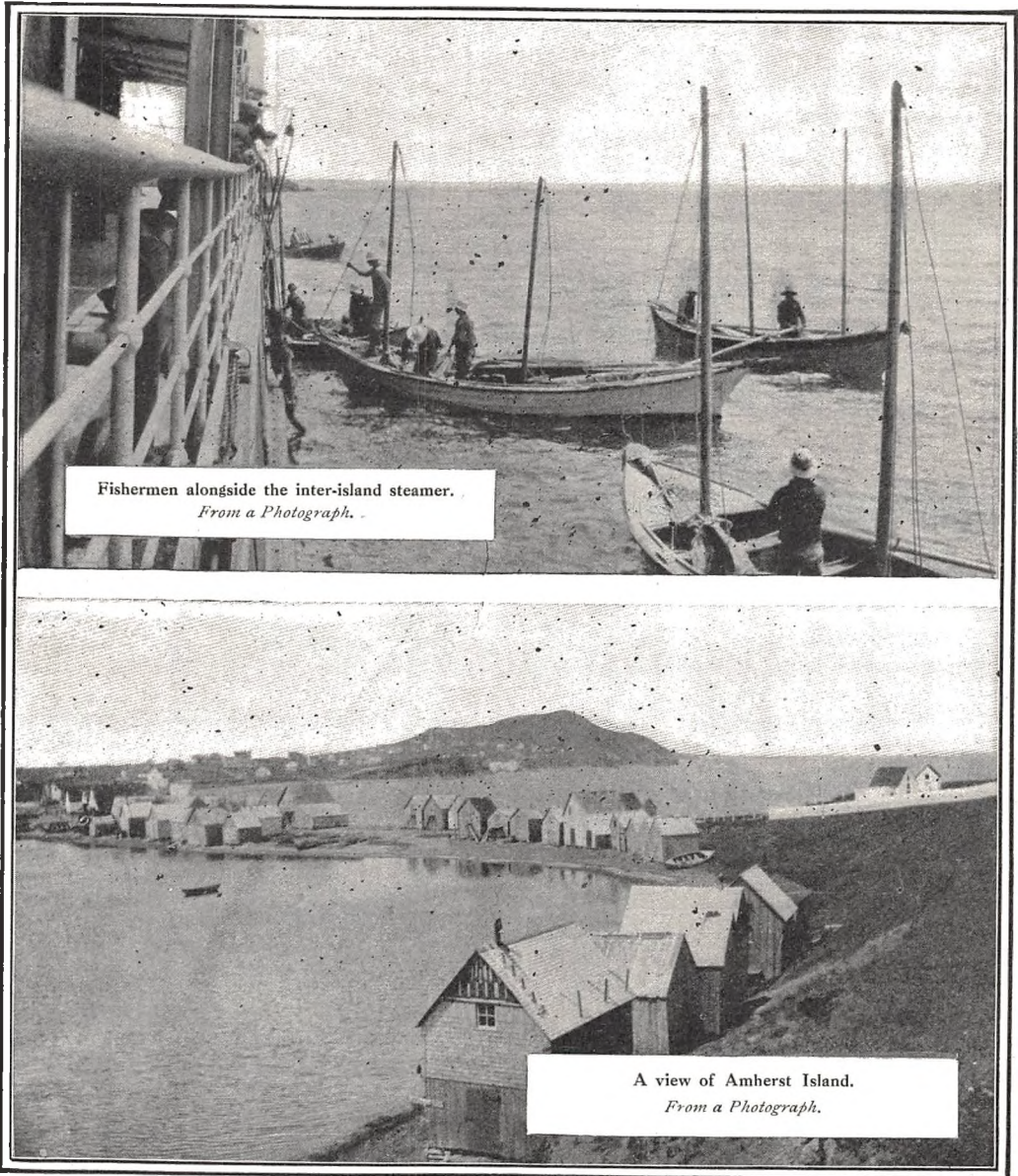
not return at all. For seal-fishing on the Gulf is the most hazardous of employments, with the shifting winds that break up the floes without warning and drive the unlucky fishermen on them into the open sea.

But year after year they continue their routine—from seal to lobster and herring, to cod or mackerel, back to lobster again, and then the winter. Little they ever know of the outside world, and little they care. To them there is nothing in life but



An island "charette" and its quaint lady driver.

From a Photograph.



Fishermen alongside the inter-island steamer.
From a Photograph.

A view of Amherst Island.
From a Photograph.

living; luxuries are unthought of, but there are no poor as the great cities know them. The fishermen bring in the fish day after day, thinking only of the work that is necessary to provide their share of the living, ignorant of the wealth the fish merchants are piling up from their efforts, and lacking the ambition to devise any other method of handling their catches, however envious they might be.

But the calm of the summer life, the absence of bustle and competition, the quaint honesty

and simplicity, make the islands a magnificent rest cure for the weary business man of the outer world. Not a rumble of train, a hoot of motor, a rattle on paved streets, not even a cow-bell or dog-bark—for a cow would scarcely lose itself and the dogs are few—no sudden noises of any kind to disturb. Only up from the evening fields floats the merry laugh of the boys at play with a yarn ball, or the mellow song of the French fishermen returning in their empty "charettes" to be ready for the morning's fishing if the day is fine.

OUR VISIT

BY ALAN H. BURGOYNE,
M.P., F.R.G.S.

A breezy description of a ride through Morocco to visit the famous Raisuli—brigand, outlaw, soldier, and governor. Mr. Burgoyne and his companion met with several curious experiences, and his photographs give one an excellent idea of the picturesque country traversed.

TO RAISULI



From a]

The Moorish soldier who acted as Mr. Burgoyne's escort.

[Photograph.



HERE was once a man who, having spent a day at Colombo on his way to Australia, wrote an exhaustive treatise on the peoples of India. With this example in mind, I am prompted, after a bare three weeks in Morocco, to recount my experiences and impressions in an article. After all, there is an excuse where Morocco is concerned. A primitive land, even now a stranger to the simplest teachings of

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Western culture and civilization, it can be reached from the whirling Metropolis of London in under four days. And it is this feature which, on landing at Tangier, gives the casual visitor so much at which to wonder.

First of all one sees a nondescript pier set two hundred yards out into a beautiful bay, and backed from the beach to the summit of a rising hill by a glistening white town of curious moulding and truly Eastern in suggestion. The sea-



From

The sea-front at Tangier.

[Photograph.]

front presents every class of bastard architecture which propinquity with Europe must inevitably produce, the tawdry façades stretching a clear mile south around the bay. We landed in not a little style; friends in high places amongst the Legation folk had sent a boat manned by four sturdy Moors to meet the steamer, anchored half a mile from the pier. With our baggage we embarked, and, thanks to our official cicerone, escaped the tiresome hazards of an ill-managed Customs House.

A Moorish gateway leads direct into the main street. A close knowledge of Near and Far East told us that it was the main street, since the refuse and drainage of the town made itself evident in sundry ways. A proper drain is now under construction there, by the way, and old Moorish inhabitants shake their heads sorrowfully at so much waste of good time and better money. Through the gate the town bastion faces you. It mounts a large battery of ancient muzzle-loading guns, including two twenty-ton rifled Armstrong weapons. Ten days before our arrival occasion arose to fire a salute. An uncertain quantity of uncertain gunpowder was stuffed down the mouth of one of these large weapons and, after being heavily wadded, touched off. The result was ludicrously out of proportion to expectations, for the corner of the bastion was blown down—we had to step over the scattered rocks and stones on our way up—six men were killed, and ten injured. Our guide had evidently been much impressed with the noise made; the loss of life troubled him not at all.

This main street is very steep and cobbled in a villainous manner. My *compagnon de voyage*

suggested donkeys as a means of transport, and, seeing two already laden beasts ahead, we mounted. A word about donkeys. If they bray it does not betoken rain—in our own country (according to the teachings of our elders) this must always follow; in Tangier, I doubt if you could listen for ten minutes without hearing an ass in music. The donkey is the Moor's dog—the dog is the traveller's curse, as shall be proven. To load a donkey, the Moor places across its back a double pannier and fills these with goods until the little beast seems top-heavy; he then jumps on the top of the lot himself! As a fact, these animals are very strong, and, in proportion to their size, can carry loads far greater than could be placed on horses.

The main street is lined on either side by bazaars—holes in the wall, with much display of tawdry goods from the Midlands of England, and presided over in most cases by a sleek Moorish Jew. At the top of the street, through two ancient gates, we find the Soko, or market-place, situated just outside the city walls. Here the country-folk come to sell their goods; and no West-country market could, in its display of fruit, poultry, and vegetables, compete with the products presented for sale in Tangier.

The Soko is the centre of interest to visitors and townfolk alike. Here may be seen collected many thousand Moors and many thousand animals—camels, horses, mules, and donkeys. Mendicants, blind or with some foul disease, parade their failings with raucous voices; I have seen several cases of leprosy and elephantiasis, and many of the more common diseases, mixing with the ordinary healthy crowd without protest. It is the blind men, however, who prove the

greatest curse from the standpoint of begging. Many hundreds haunt Tangier, and the manner of their blindness is writ large in their gaping lids. These men have stolen, and have been punished by their chiefs as the law of the land permits. Theft is, next to murder, a deadly sin; and almost daily, somewhere in this quaint kingdom, a man is paying the penalty for an act which overpowering temptation has forced him to commit.

Even the drastic treatment of blindness does not lessen thieving; indeed, it is this very treatment that drives many tribes or parts of tribes out on to the hills as bandits, when, until shot down, they are a potent menace to all travellers.

Quarrels are of frequent occurrence in the Soko, and a big guard-house has been placed in a dominating position, whence soldiers can be at once dispatched to quell any disturbance. These men are slovenly to a degree, but by no means uncivil. They invariably leave their rifles "piled" in front of them—quaint rifles they are, too, with bayonets like long skewers. Walking through the Soko one evening, I heard voices raised in anger; in a moment a crowd had collected, and in less than a minute a Moor and a negro were at one another with knives. Shrieks and yells for help went up, and down came the soldiers, rifles and all. They stopped the fracas, but the dripping blades showed that damage had been done, and doubtless both poor

fellows will by now have suffered some dreadful punishment for breaking the peace.

Of particular interest is the Moorish story-teller. Apparently Morocco can boast no entertainment corresponding to our theatre or the *café chantant*. A kind of charlatan, glib of tongue, ready of wit, clever in gesticulation, trains two men to beat primitive drums whilst he chants "yarns" to a delighted audience. This audience is drawn from the beggars, muleteers, shop-attendants, and so on; and it sits in circles about the story-teller, listening to him in rapt attention. Frequently he sells a specific for diseases, whilst for a small sum he will willingly guarantee a good crop, a son and heir, or the early death of a mother-in-law. Sometimes the fellow is a humorist, and as a specimen of this humour the following story is not bad.

A new priest had been appointed to a large and well-attended mosque, and, on the first Sabbath, his flock came in big numbers to take stock of him. He mounted his dais, and, after a blessing, addressed this question to his congregation: "Faithful followers of Allah, do ye know that which I am about to tell ye?"

With one voice they answered, "No!"

"No more do I," said the priest; "so we'll make no worry about it," and away he went to his home. The great sheikhs pondered on this thing, and decided that it would be better to reply in the affirmative should he put such another question. Sure enough, on the next



From a)

A scene in camp—On the right is Moqta, the guide,

[Photograph,

Sabbath, "Believers all of the True Prophet," said the priest, "have ye knowledge of my discourse to-day?"

"Yes!" they cried, with the fervour of pre-arrangement.

"Then what need have I to repeat it?" murmured the holy man, as he stepped towards the door.

A second conference to discuss this unsatisfactory outcome of their ideas naturally resulted, and it was agreed that half should say "Yes" and half "No" on any future occasion of a similar nature. The priest came again to fulfil his duties, and, raising his voice, asked: "Ye that delight in Allah, do ye know of what I would speak?"

"Yes!" came from half his listeners; "No!" from the remainder.

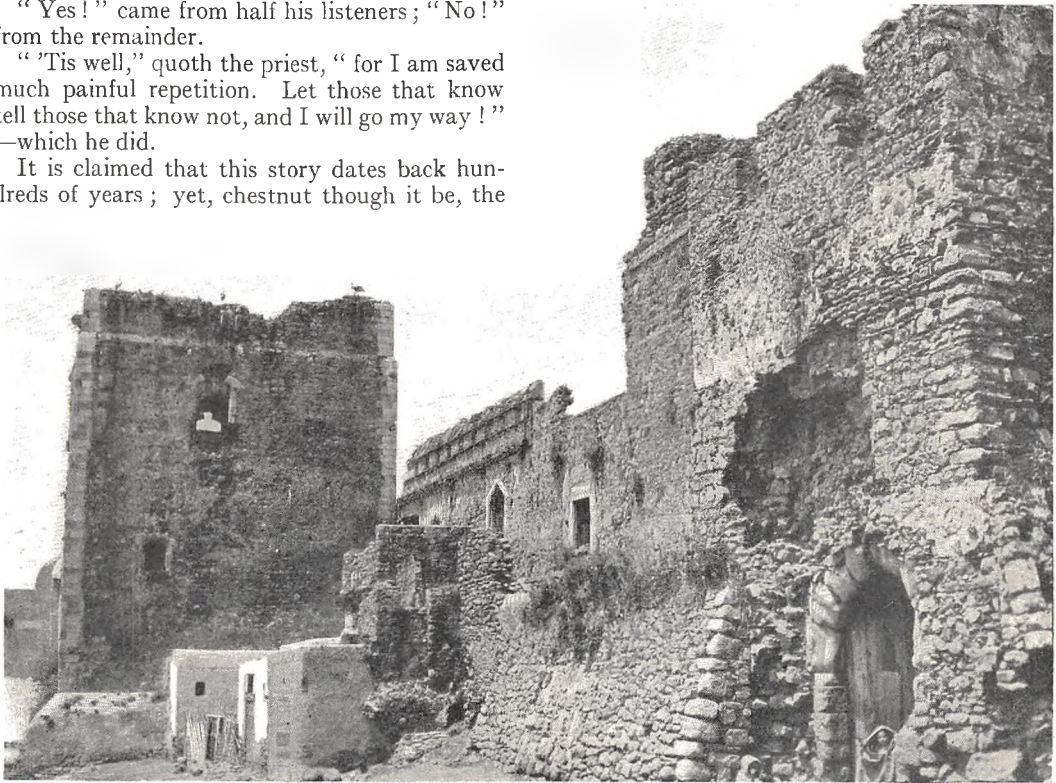
"'Tis well," quoth the priest, "for I am saved much painful repetition. Let those that know tell those that know not, and I will go my way!"—which he did.

It is claimed that this story dates back hundreds of years; yet, chestnut though it be, the

until late at night, and the fellows do excellent business with their simple ware.

We had intended journeying to Fez, but learned, first, that the rains were down, and possibly, therefore, we should be stopped by the swollen rivers; and, secondly, that even under normal circumstances the hundred and seventy odd miles meant seventeen days' good riding.

Parliament necessitated my return to London by a certain day, and we decided, therefore, to make a shorter excursion—to visit Raisuli, Mulai Hamid, ex-brigand and Governor of Azela. A day for preparations, and we set out—a most imposing cavalcade. My friend and



From a

The castle-keep of the ancient fortifications at Azela.

[Photograph.

simple Moor rocks with pleasure and votes it a glorious jest.

Other folk of interest to be met in the market-place are the water-carrier and priest, or holy man. The latter parades the market, followed by a menial carrying a white flag on a pole, whilst two other Moors play a drum and flageolet in admirable discord. The water-carrier has a goat-skin filled with well-water slung across his shoulders, and carries on two chains a brass cup and a bell. This bell is to be heard from sunrise

I rode Arab stallions—full-blooded beasts with uncontrollable tempers. Our guide, Mochta, rode a white mule, and there were three other mules and a donkey for tents and food. The law forced a soldier on us, and our man was one of the most useful fellows I have met. A Nubian, black as pitch, he rode his stallion clean and well, perched immovable across the ridiculous Moorish saddle affected by all natives. We took with us also a barometer for Raisuli—friendliness is measured by gifts!



From a

A typical beggar in the market-place of Tangier.

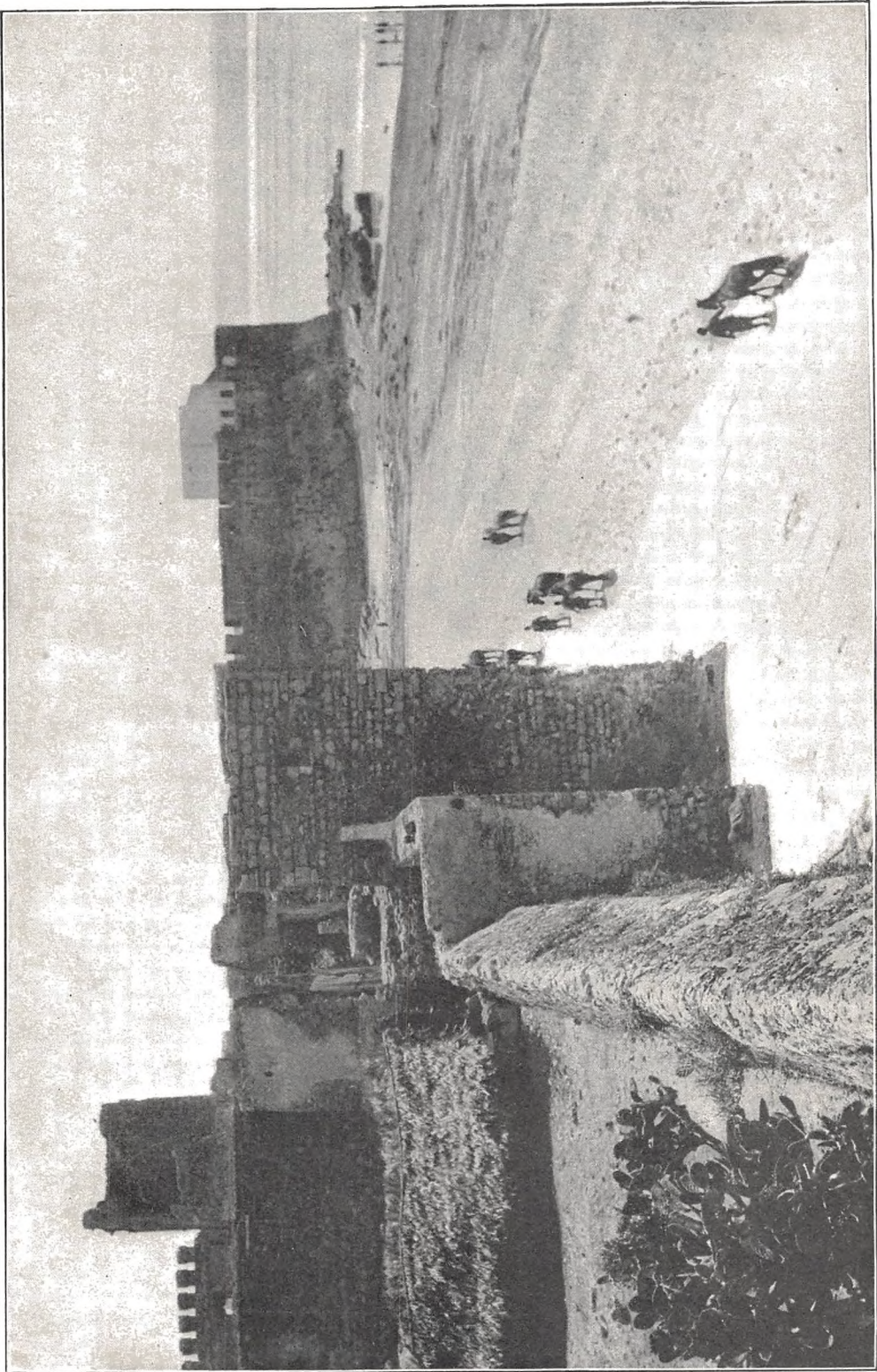
{Photograph.



A blind story-teller In Morocco these men take the place of theatres and music-halls.
From a Photograph.



Camels in the market-place—The Author calls them "a combination of smells and bad temper."
From a Photograph.



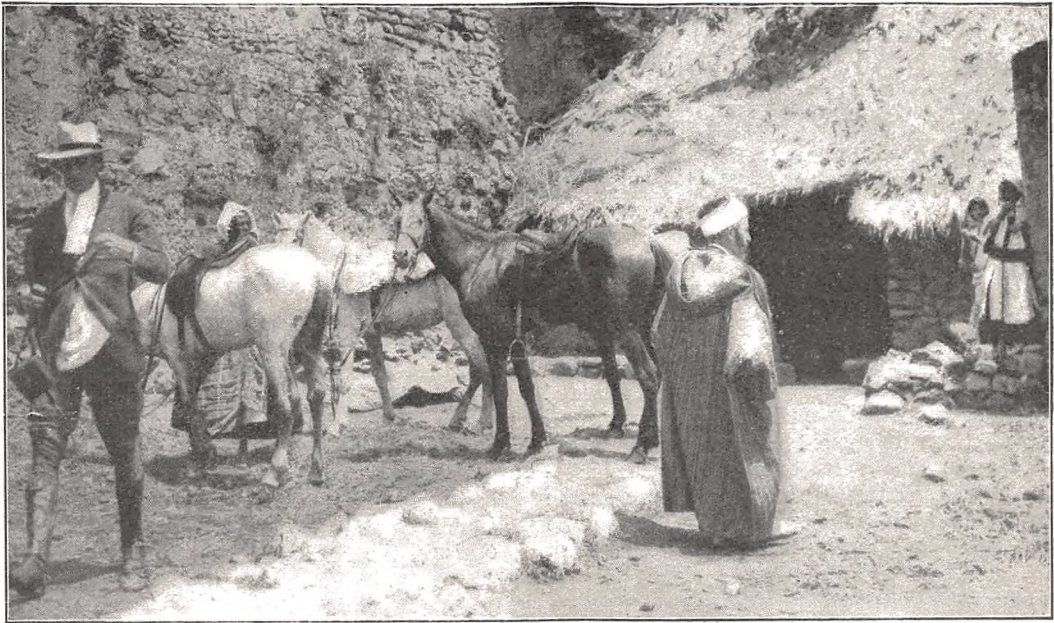
The fortifications of Azela, built by the Portuguese.
From a Photograph.

We travelled south towards the rocky passes of a glorious wilderness. There is no road, but millions of feet, both human and animal, have through countless ages worn numerous tracks, and along these your steed will take you. The going is hard, and, mounted as we were, fraught with not a little peril, as the following episode shows. We were wearied at the slow gait of our guide and soldier-guard, so, spurring our very frisky mounts, we rode ahead by a mile or so. Leaving direction to the horses, we presently realized we were off the main track and bound for a considerable native village.

Presently my horse whinnied, his mate did

great is it in Morocco that a native is not allowed to graze a mare near a public track unless the fore-feet are tied together.

After horses, camels. The camel is a mixture of smells and bad temper ("he always has the hump," is the chronic chestnut of Morocco). The former you cannot avoid; the latter, unless you are careful, he vents upon you. When a train of camels is seen bearing down on you—and frequently from one to two hundred are seen in a crowd—get off the track and give them a wide berth. They think nothing of taking a slice out of your calf, and will with pleasure sneeze in your face.



From a]

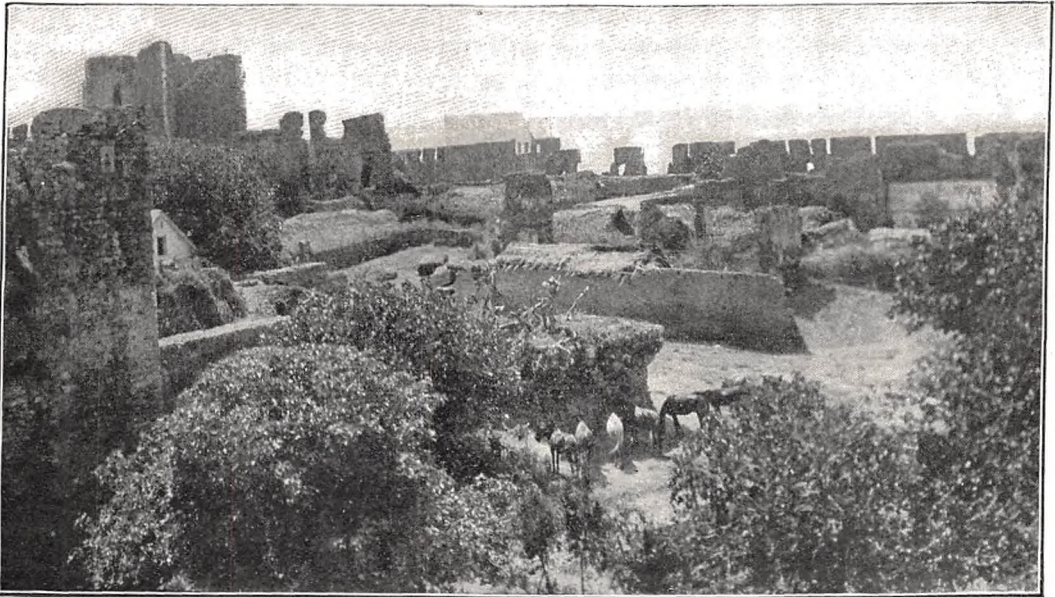
Outside the shoeing-forge at Azela.

[Photograph.

likewise, and through the cactus-hedge burst a young, free mare, friendly and lovable. The next ten minutes gave us an experience I never wish repeated. Our stallions turned on one another in mad jealousy, lashed out, bucked, bit at our legs, and, in a word, let loose an inferno. Neither whip nor spur was of effect—they were utterly beyond control. The noise of the battle carried far, and presently up came our soldier-man at a gallop. He roused the village, and with difficulty they corralled the little mare, leaving us the task of subduing our horses. At length man told, and we took our animals a mad gallop over rocks and valleys till they were well-nigh done, and pulled them up shivering, sweating, and blood-spattered. No one who has not experienced a similar adventure can realize the dangers attaching thereto. So

Our first night we camped beneath the Red Mountain. This is a tricky place, and abounds with villainous outlaws who thrive on the innocent. We pitched our tents near a village, and, after a hearty meal, turned in, our revolvers by our sides. Little sleep did we get that night—it was a night of alarms. Twice wild horsemen dashed madly by us, perhaps to make the river-ford by the light of the moon; each time we sat up and wondered whether we were on the point of being captured and held to ransom—doubtless with much profit to the newspapers, but with considerable discomfort to ourselves. Nothing happened, however, and I now believe that our eerie surroundings lent exaggerated importance to trivial events, so far as the horsemen were concerned.

Not so the dogs! They barked incessantly.

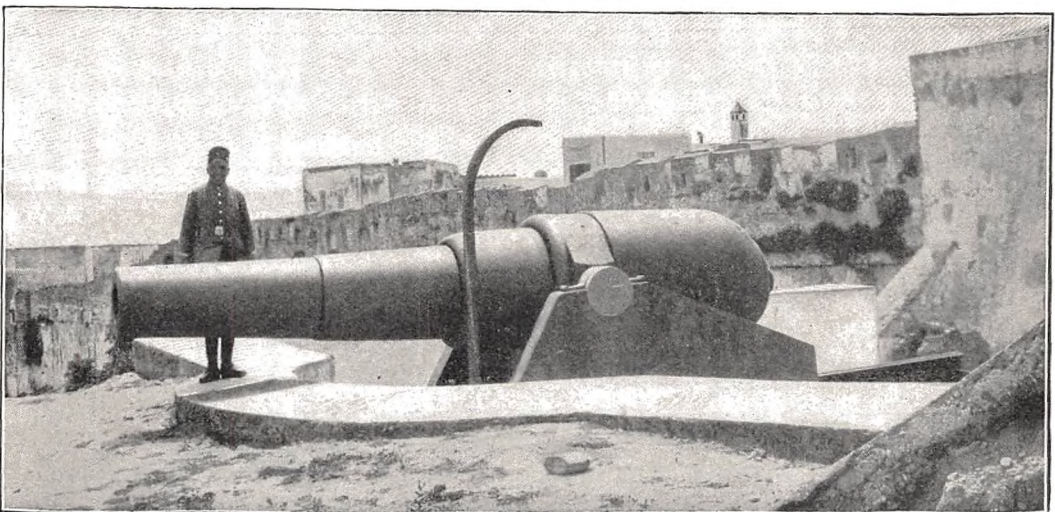


The inner walls of Azela—The white house on the wall in the centre is Raisuli's harem.

From a Photograph.

We fired at them several times, but they only barked the more. Tired nature, however, fought down even this noise, and as the dawn struck grey behind the mountains we fell into our first decent doze. But the awakening was very rude! Be it known we had two tents—our bedroom and our kitchen. It seemed as we started from our beds again that a den of rowdy thieves, associated with Bedlam and the lion-house at the Zoo, had settled outside our tent. We leapt to the flap, and saw a seething mass of dog in,

around, and on our kitchen tent. This time we spared not, and did wonderful punitive work. But, alas, too late! The remains of our supper, our breakfast, our many prospective meals had all vanished, never to return. We barely saved our guide and our cook, who were mixed up in the struggling mass. A crowd had now collected—was it not 4.30 a.m. and time to get the flocks and herds afield? And, as the sun came up and fresh eggs and milk were brought us as a peace-offering, the shadows of the night were swept



The battlements of Tangier—One of these old guns burst just before the Author's visit, killing and wounding many men and blowing down part of the bastion. *(Photograph.)*

away from us. The brisk, cool air, the glorious sunrise over the heavenly-coloured hills, the purple-carpeted, flower-bestrewn land on which we rested, all seemed changed. The crowd helped us to strike camp. Young and old regarded us as madmen to desire to travel, for Morocco is the land of organized sloth.

We had a bad time that day, with three rivers to ford. This sounds easy, but, as a matter of fact, it is a tricky performance, full of possible discomforts. For the rivers are tidal, which gives varying depths and swift currents. One we encountered rose to the saddle-bags, and another three inches would have seen the horses swimming—which means rolling off and swimming by their side, a distasteful performance. Arab horses, too, love the water, and display a tendency to roll. Only the spur and whip can prevent this if they are tired and hot. On each side of many of these rivers are long, swampy marshes, where progress is reduced to two miles an hour, with frequent stops to let the steeds get their wind. This is the monotonous feature of such travel. One longs for bridges and roads, but as yet neither is to be found in this curiously-primitive land.

It is not necessary to detail our journey further. Suffice it to say that one morning at midday we sighted the rolling waste of the Atlantic, and joyously spurred on our horses, now well in hand with much riding (and true friends withal), to reach the wide strand fringing it. Three miles along the coast the ancient battlements of our objective, Azela, rose clear-cut above the flat foreshore. There is no hurry now, we said, and my friend (diplomat, politician, and real good fellow) suggested a bathe. But there are times when such is a burden beyond the pleasure, and so I left him to it, playing the part of spectator.

Now came the humorous feature of our trip. He removed such part of his nether garments as permitted of an extended paddle, and went into the sea. The Atlantic, however quiet it may

appear, is troubled at all times by a deceptive ground-swell; one wave, more prominent than others (and no respecter of persons), broke high, wetting the paddler to the skin. On dressing, to avoid unpleasant aches in front, he spread his shirt apron-fashion before him, and in this guise set out once more towards our goal. Now, this story has little point without its sequel, which I give here. It was thus



The Author chatting with Raisuli's brother-in-law.
From a Photograph.

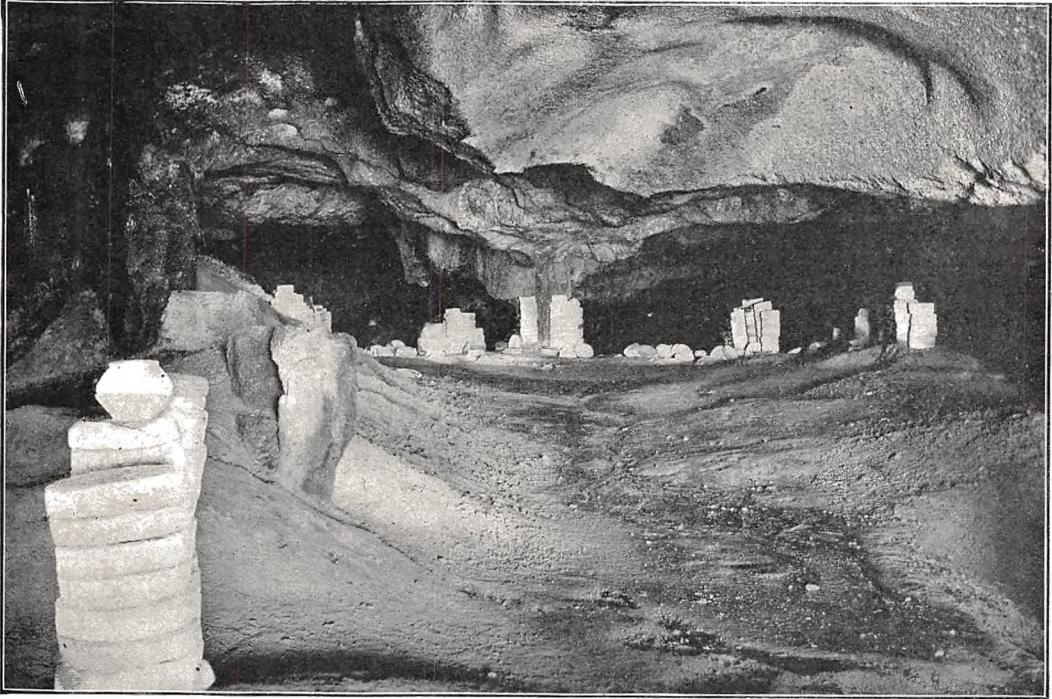
attired—or mal-attired—that we took tea with Raisuli!

Azela is an old Portuguese town, heavily castellated, but now falling into great disrepair. It is a beautiful picture, clamped crisply on the very rocks of Africa, and showing artistic merit in every line of its rugged, lichen-grown ruins. There is but one gate on each side of the town, in each case giving access to the beach. We entered the walls through a thick tunnel fitted with a portcullis—old and useless, but none the less picturesque. We found ourselves in an open square, with high walls all about us. Towering behind was the square castle-keep, which in the old days had sheltered rows of riflemen. Storks

were nesting on its crumbling walls ; I counted six nests. These birds are sacred to Morocco, and let you know it by their importunities.

From behind another crumbling gateway came a blare of trumpets. Our guide made inquiries, and learnt that Raisuli was just coming from the mosque, where he was thanking Allah for a most prodigious victory. A tribe had thwarted the Sultan, Mulai Hafid, for nine months. At last he turned to his supporter, Raisuli (now Mulai Hamid), and asked his co-operation. Raisuli

at last came Raisuli—Raisuli the Pretender ; Raisuli the brigand ; Raisuli, murderer, soldier, outlaw, governor—an admixture of personalities out of all keeping with the times in which we live. And what is he like ? He is medium in height, very stout, light-complexioned, and heavy-bearded. Clear hazel eyes that look you fair in the face are set beneath a massive forehead ; his hands, though fat, are well-shaped, cared-for, and artistic. He has a soldierly bearing, is an exquisite in dress, and can, it is



The Caves of Hercules, from which grindstones have been quarried from time immemorial.
From a Photograph.

collected his horsemen and entered with zest into the project, so much so that (as we were told) in seven days he had wiped the recalcitrant folk out of existence, man, woman, and child, and destroyed their villages and homesteads by fire. Raisuli's motto is "Thorough."

"Mochta," we said to our guide, "get us in touch with Raisuli. We wish to speak to him."

"Vary good, sare," said our guide, and whilst we watched the cavalcade leaving the mosque he set about his business. A troop of soldiers came first, blowing brass instruments, banging drums, or swinging rifles (of every make for the last century), according to which they carried. Then came the sheikhs, resplendent with white burnous, yellow or scarlet slippers, and silver-mounted pistols and swords. Many of these, perhaps two hundred, marched two by two ; and

said, score bull after bull with his modern rifles at five hundred yards. Undoubtedly a man to command, a man of action, and a terrible enemy. But he is growing stouter almost hourly. He passed us by pompously, yet with a certain fine bearing, and we, leaving Mochta to his arrangements, strolled to where our horses were being re-shod. Ten minutes passed, and Mochta came to us ; Mulai Hamid would welcome the English visitors, he said, and desired to talk with them. We followed our guide, and, passing between a crowd of attentive sheikhs, reached a room opening directly to the market-place. Here, on a small raised platform, squatted Raisuli. He rose with a pleasant welcoming smile, and extended his hand in real British fashion. Then two chairs were procured from somewhere, and we sat before him, the greatest of his chiefs forming a

circle about us. Mochta was on his haunches at our feet, and opened the ball by expressing on Raisuli's behalf the pleasure he and his people felt in our visit. We replied in suitable terms, nodding and smiling to give emphasis. We began our sentences with, "Mochta, please tell Raisuli," when Mochta stopped us with an expression of horror, almost ludicrous in its intensity, and said :—

"Not call him that name; he called Mulai Hamid—call him Mulai Hamid."

Thenceforward things went most smoothly. We told of the death of our beloved King, and Mulai Hamid expressed, and looked, his condolence. He said, too, he had written to King George V. stating his extreme sympathy with him in his personal grief and the national loss. We spoke of Gibraltar and its strength, of warships and armies; and here came our first rebuff, for I incautiously stated that thirty thousand men came into the Metropolis at the time of His late Majesty's funeral. This was past Raisuli's belief—and he plainly told me so! Since, as he thought, we were (to use a colloquialism) trying to pull his leg, he wished to know who we were. This seemed natural, and, the letter of introduction from the British Minister not having arrived, we essayed an explanation. Oh, that explanation! Mochta knew perhaps sixty words of English—spoken slowly. This was not a very rich vocabulary for our dilemma, but we did our best.

"Mochta," said I, "tell Mulai Hamid that I am a member of Parliament."

Mochta looked blank.

"Parliament same as Government," I essayed.

Still the same inquiring look. Raisuli was beginning to fidget, so I made my last shot.

"Me very big governor, Mochta," I cried.

At last he caught my meaning; his eyes lightened, he nodded comprehensively, and translated to his chief that I was El Sultan of England! This much we caught, and thought the experiment rather dangerous; so mighty a man as I appeared to be might tempt him into his old game of kidnapping!

Then came the turn of my friend.

"Tell Mulai Hamid," said he, "I was with the Bashador (Ambassador) at Stamboul (Constantinople)."

Mochta caught the last four words, and as the "Bashador of Stamboul" my companion was duly introduced. Raisuli rubbed his hands, smiled a mightier welcome, and ordered tea for guests so distinguished. Evidently we were making an impression; and every minute or two my friend's shirt caught my eye! After ten minutes of further waiting, a string of folk came near, amongst them two men carrying

each a large Moorish brass tray. On the first were Viennese coffee-cups, a cut glass, and a silver teapot. From this mint tea was given us in the cups, Raisuli using the glass. The other tray had a bath-towel on it; this was removed and disclosed a dish of English biscuits. Wild horses will not drag the name of the maker from me; I have never yet figured in a biscuit advertisement, and I'm too old to start.

Between talks and sips we passed another twenty minutes, and finally conveyed to Raisuli that back at the camp we had a gift for him. His delight at this was almost childish, and he intimated he would send his brother-in-law, El Hadj Adris, as escort to fetch it for him.

At length, the afternoon drawing on, we bade farewell, and, finding our horses, left the ancient city, feeling that even if a brigand can be blood-thirsty he can also be hospitable. Back we rode, and with us El Hadj Adris, who warned the natives off our path and saw to it that proper respect was paid to friends of Raisuli. At our camp he directed the chief sheikh of the village to bring us gifts; and these came in uncomfortable quantities—jars of butter, live hens tied two and two by the legs, vegetables in dreadful abundance, milk, baskets of fresh eggs, and so on. Finally, a dozen women piled high a royal bonfire before our tent and lit it in our honour. That night Halley's Comet came across the sky like some spectre searchlight, clear and scintillating. It was a good omen, Mochta told us, and the superstitious cried, "Allah il Allah," and did obeisance.

From thence home was a journey of interest to us, but not to my readers; a sequence of long rides and camping—slow, weary work, but enjoyed none the less. One other ride we did, a day's work only, to Cape Spartel, and thence round by the Caves of Hercules. These caves, huge beyond description and extending an immense distance in their ramifications, have been made by the extraction of grindstones for the last four thousand years. They are well worth a visit. The rocks around the sea-coast here are pitted with circular holes whence stones were taken in ages past.

Of other incidents it is not for me to write. We had enough of them before we left Morocco, and they tended only to increase our appreciation of a delightful land. It is a land to develop, too, and fortunate will be the first financier who obtains sure concessions for the working of minerals or erection of bridges. This must come—and then Morocco will go downhill. It is a land of ancients, befitting their moods and meeting their modest desires. Long may it remain untrammelled by the questionable blessings of a modern civilization!

THE COOLIE-SMUGGLERS

BY PERCY WALTON WHITAKER.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. WIGFULL.

The Chinese exclusion laws of the United States have caused the growth of a contraband traffic in smuggling Celestials into the country, either by sea or over the land frontiers to north and south. The author tells an exciting story of the days when coolie-smuggling was in its prime.



HERE are excellent reasons why it would not be safe to publish the real name of the notorious smuggler of Chinamen with whom this narrative is concerned, for the Chinese exclusion law of the United States is strict, and the penalty for violating it heavy. Yet I think the article should be written, for in an age which modern transportation is making prosaic the wild deeds and terrific adventures of these captains of contraband furnish the romance of a day which is rapidly passing for ever.

It has long been held a maxim that any smuggling venture paying dividends of fifty per cent. cannot be effectually stopped. Checked it may be, but venturesome spirits will always take the risk for a big money return. "Big profits, quick returns, and devil take the danger" is their motto.

On the Pacific Coast the invasion of the Chinese is responsible for two forms of contraband trade not previously existing—opium-smuggling and the running over the border of excluded coolie labour. Both branches have yielded big revenues to the law-defying spirits who have successfully evaded detection.

In Canada, on the northern borders, and in Mexico, on the south, thousands of almond-eyed Celestials gaze longingly into the forbidden territory. Eagerly they await the arrival of the freebooter who will conduct them into the Promised Land. Of the two trades referred to, the opium traffic has been more frequently detected and exposed, though seizures of the drug are often made without capturing the criminals. It is safe to say, however, that in large or small quantities it still finds its way into the United States without paying toll to the guardians of the deep-sea ports.

But it is the business of running the blockade with coolies that I am more concerned with—a trade which may reasonably be said to contain

more "human interest"; moreover, it has the charm of the unknown, for its success depends upon absolute secrecy. Some elements of comedy have been connected with the traffic, but frequently failure has meant tragedy, and more than one grisly horror has resulted from the operator's efforts to conceal his crime in order to escape detection.

The trade had its inception in the cunning minds of the leaders of the old San Francisco Chinatown. The wealthy "tongs," or secret societies, there, failing in their efforts to get any modification of the strict exclusion laws, cast about for other means of breaking down the barriers. The aid of white men as guides and commanders of the expeditions was necessary, and the remuneration offered large enough to attract venturesome and unscrupulous spirits.

The "head-rate," or capitation fee, was fixed at a hundred and fifty dollars for every live Chinaman brought over the borders without detection, seventy-five dollars of the money being paid down by the Mexican agents of the tongs when the parties started.

So much by way of introduction to the story which follows.

Some twenty years ago two men were mining and prospecting in the hinterland of Ensenada de Todos Santos, which lies below the California line in Mexico.

One of them bore the strange cognomen of "Crawfish Bill"; the other was known as George Brandon, though his intimates called him "The Cap'n." Little was known of their antecedents by the other desert men, save that they plied the trade of beachcombers and sharks'-liver hunters on the southern coast, and were reputed skilful pilots in those waters. How this reputation was acquired or maintained in a waterless country is not explained. Most desert yarns take on something of the weirdness

of the land, though this one happened to be true. From some travelling coast-man a hint was gleaned that many years ago the two partners had been engaged in a smuggling venture. One dark night, while running a cargo, there had been a dispute between members of the band, and in the fight that followed a man had been killed. Nobody was ever tried for this crime, and it remained shrouded in mystery; but Brandon and "Crawfish Bill" left the coast on a prospecting expedition, and never returned to the region.

Late in the 'eighties the men made a strike of uncertain value, finding gold in a small pocket. Leaving the Ensenada country, they hid them to San Francisco and tasted the joys the gay city offers to mariners and others. Every night, with a cargo of water-front beverages on board, "Bill" and "The Cap'n" drifted around the amusement palaces of the "Barbary Coast." As long as their money lasted the two miners were great favourites, and when it was all spent the pair did not waste any time in useless re-pining. They both knew life too well, and immediately set about repairing their fallen fortunes.

Down in the southland, while engaged in pocket-hunting, "Crawfish Bill" had befriended an ex-consul who had been discharged from an important Mexican post for drunkenness. Bill had supplied the ex-official with clothes, after which the men took him out on the desert with them as a partner in their mining enterprises. It was the pity of two rough natures for the misfortunes of a man of education and former refinement which prompted them to this unselfish action. The kindness was wasted, however, for the consul declined to do anything but eat and recline in the shade, bemoaning his fall from high estate. Finding him a useless encumbrance, they finally bought him a ticket for San Francisco. In the light of after-events it would have been better for them to have shot the consul out on the desert, and it would not have mattered much to anyone else.

About the time of the financial eclipse of "Bill" and "The Cap'n" the three adventurers happened to meet again in one of the underground beer-halls of the "Barbary Coast."

A general consultation resulted as to the best means of raising the wind, and here the consul's knowledge of the under-world of "graft" stood him in good stead. In some way, through the tangled web of underground diplomacy, he established communications with the tongs, or Chinese secret societies. A few months later "Crawfish Bill" and Captain George Brandon were masters of two fourteen-ton schooners, chartered to carry contraband Chinese coolies

in such seasons as wind, weather, and revenue-cutters permitted.

The ex-consul took up his abode in Mexico as the agent of the tongs, arranging for the smuggling of the bands of Chinese eagerly waiting for the chance to land in the United States, which to them appeared as a forbidden El Dorado, where riches were to be gathered in an hour.

From a little Mexican port Brandon took the run to San Clemente Island, a barren waste of sand and rock lying out in the Pacific about fifty miles from the mainland. From that point, at Smuggler's Cove, "Bill's" craft ran to the mainland when and wherever a landing was feasible.

For several years they plied the coast with varying success. Though the risk was great the profits were large, being fixed at the head-rate of a hundred and fifty dollars for every Chinamar landed without detection on American soil, half of the head-money being paid down at the start. Ostensibly the vessels were fishing-craft, and at odd times they carried odds and ends of cargo for casual customers in all the ports of Southern California.

It is impossible to estimate the number of coolies run in by these two men during those years, for the traffic was necessarily irregular, depending upon the closeness of watch maintained from time to time by the Government. It is with Brandon's adventures that we are now chiefly concerned.

In 1902 the migration of the Mongolian horde to Mexico was exceedingly heavy, and far in excess of the requirements of extra hands on Mexican plantations and mines. Consequently the American authorities were on the alert, and devised methods to stem the threatened invasion on the southern border. All Customs officers, border patrols, and commanders of revenue boats received strict orders to exercise eternal vigilance in the effort to keep out the Celestials eagerly seeking admittance by the "underground route." The captains of the contraband schooners were accordingly hard put to it to make successful runs.

One dark night in April Brandon sailed from the Mexican coast. The weather was gusty, with a stiff breeze blowing, and a lowering sky presaged a wild night for the little vessel lost in the waste of waters. The heavy swell tossed the schooner about from roller to roller, making things most unpleasant for the contraband passengers. Securely battened under hatches were fourteen groaning, seasick Chinamen, praying to strange gods for deliverance from the evil sickness. They were a picked lot. All of them had been in California before, but under the new exclusion law they had been unable

to procure return certificates. Most of them were cooks and berry-farmers, and all of them were capable of earning good wages in the forbidden land. The reward for landing each of these men had been fixed at five hundred dollars, taking into consideration their superior earning ability.

Brandon's crew of two were waifs of the coast, known from Ketchikan in far Alaska to the Mexican boundary as men who would turn a trick at any risk, providing the pay was big. One of them, known as Jack Conners, was a giant in size; the other, also a man of large stature, answered to the name of "Stub" Smith. Doubtless both were assumed names. They were reckless, daring fellows, rattling good schooner hands. For this trip they were hired at two hundred and fifty dollars each, and had demanded and received the money down before the schooner set sail.

Brandon took the wheel, and throughout the night steadily felt his way up the coast. It was a proverb in the coast towns that "The Cap'n" could smell the headlands in time enough to make westing around them.

When morning dawned a cold grey fog, peculiar to the Pacific in those latitudes, hung over the sea. The wind had died down, though the heavy swell of the long Pacific rollers pitched the little schooner about until the captain watched his masts with anxious eyes. The fog hung low, but the skipper knew he was in the vicinity of San Clemente, though, until the heavy curtain lifted, he dared not attempt the run into the Smuggler's Cove. He stood in close enough to hear the low boom of the breakers on the point, then tacked and steered for the open sea. For hours he beat to windward, then tacked again and bore down for the island, waiting for the impenetrable pall of fog to lift. Relatively changing the vessel's position but little, the smuggler cruised off the island throughout the day.

Towards evening the heavy swell calmed down into the long, heaving surge usual in those waters. The captain ordered the hatch to be raised to give the Chinamen air. When this was done the half-smothered coolies crawled up on deck.

The Chinamen sat around on the deck with yellow, cadaverous faces that testified to their sufferings. The fog now showed signs of lifting, breaking away in the east towards the island, and the smugglers felt much relieved to know that their part of the risk would soon be over. The responsibility would be transferred to the men of the other schooner, who would take the Chinamen off in small parties and land them in different places on the mainland.

Suddenly the low boom of a steamer's whistle off the port-side threw them into a panic of fear.

"Heavens! It's the revenue-cutter *McCullagh!*" cried Conners. "I'd know that whistle anywhere."

"We've got to run for it," snapped Brandon. "Get the coolies under hatches—quick."

With the Chinamen out of sight, Brandon counted on the cutter's officers taking them for fishermen and running by without suspecting them.

Conners and "Stub" rushed forward and threw the hatch-cover back, shouting to the Chinamen to get in quickly. Then the trouble began. The coolies had had enough of the stifling hold, and were so sick that they preferred capture to running the risk of suffocation down below. They well knew that deportation was all they had to fear. To the smugglers the matter was more serious, for they would undoubtedly get ten years' imprisonment in a United States penitentiary if they were caught with the uncertificated Chinamen on board.

"We'll have to do it, George," cried Smith, significantly, and Brandon nodded assent.

"Be lively, boys; throw 'em in bodily," shouted the captain. Conners and "Stub" leaped into the midst of the terrified coolies, and, catching them by the head and heels, heaved them into the hold like so many sacks of coal. Four or five of the men resisted, but were soon felled to the deck by the now desperate smugglers. Bleeding and unconscious, they were thrown down on the top of their mates. One or two who clung to ropes were torn loose and kicked into submission, voluntarily leaping down to their companions in misery. The last man ran down the deck and, frenzied with fear, thinking his countrymen had all been murdered, jumped overboard with a wild shriek of despair.

With blanched faces Conners and "Stub" replaced the hatch-cover, while Brandon headed the vessel away from the cove. Crowded with sail, and heeled over until her rail barely cleared the tumbling seas, the little schooner fled down the wind. Soon a fresh land-breeze scattered the last remnants of the fog. Barely three miles away, coming around the point, was a small steamer. She was headed straight for the fleeing smugglers, and the white walls of water foaming from her bows showed that escape was hopeless.

"It's no use," groaned Brandon; "the game is up! We're in for it. It's a toss-up—ten years or follow the Chink overboard."

Conners, the big deck hand, looked at him curiously.

"You are tired, George," he said. "Give me the wheel; it don't make much difference now."



"Catching them by the head and heels, they heaved them into the hold."

Utterly despondent, and satisfied that capture was inevitable, the smuggler stepped silently away, leaving the steering of the vessel to Conners.

"Now get on your life-preservers," roared the ruffian. "We're close in; we'll run to shore, go overboard, and hide in the hills till Crawfish picks us up."

In an emergency the master-mind and real leader always comes to the front, and wonderingly the two other men obeyed him. In view of the tragedy that followed it is only fair to say that neither Brandon nor Smith had the faintest inkling of the fiendish deed their companion con-

templated. Looking to port, Brandon saw the steamer was coming up fast; she was now hardly more than a mile away.

"We might as well let the Chinks up," he remarked, moving towards the hatchway. The next instant he was floundering in the sea, choking and gasping for breath.

Conners, who was a real desperado, had formed a plan to avoid capture. Also, he was a man who did not know the sensation of physical fear.

Jamming the helm hard to port, he allowed the schooner to jibe violently, the booms coming over with terrific force. In a twinkling the masts went by the board, snapping

at the deck like pipe-stems, and the vessel capsized, sinking with the helpless coolies, penned up like rats in a trap.

Brandon and "Stub" swam until picked up by the steamer, which was only a gunshot away when the schooner sank. Conners was never seen again, though he was the strongest swimmer of the three; probably he was struck by a falling mast and killed. He went to his death with the murder of fourteen helpless men on his soul.

Though horrified at the grisly tragedy in which they had taken some part, Brandon and Smith explained that theirs was a fishing-boat of the deep-sea trawling-fleet, and attributed the mishap to the bungling steering of a green hand. The steamer turned out to be a small fast tramp, bound for Central America, though she was built very much on the lines of the revenue boat the smugglers had taken her to be.

When speaking of this tragedy in after years, Brandon swore that he would have shot Conners down at the wheel if he had suspected that he intended capsizing the vessel.

The disastrous ending of this trip left the smuggler without a boat to carry on the traffic in human freight, and three thousand dollars of the money earned in previous trips went down in the schooner. Being in low financial condition, Brandon accordingly turned his attention to the land operations.

From the Mexican port of Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, the Sonora Railway runs to Benson, Arizona, crossing the American boundary at Nogales. At the time of Brandon's arrival Guaymas was full of almond-eyed Celestials waiting a favourable opportunity for the dash across the border. As at Ensenada, all had wistful eyes turned longingly towards the walled Republic.

The conditions governing the traffic were, of course, widely different from those of the sea route. The border was closely patrolled, and the parties of coolies escorted across were necessarily small. Also they were more frequently turned back or captured. The trade was not so well organized, the operators working to a large extent independently. Brandon soon became the leading spirit in the business at Guaymas, through his former connection with the tongs. In physique he was especially adapted for the work, being strong, lithe, and a good runner. Whenever detected by the border patrols in rough country, his fleetness of foot always enabled him to escape capture. In a few days' time he would collect another party and try again.

He is credited by the other border smugglers with never deserting his charges until convinced that success was hopeless. Moreover, he never led them into dangerous country where there was a good chance of perishing by thirst on the desert.

After the year 1905 Brandon disappeared. By the men who knew him most intimately he was held a good fellow, and one of the best types of the smuggling man. Perhaps he has made his stake in the perilous trade and is now engaged in some safer and more law-abiding career.

"Crawfish Bill" also operated on the border, after disposing of his schooner when the deep-sea trade became too hazardous. Shortly after Brandon's disappearance he was shot by Mexican *rurales* whose palms had not been sufficiently greased. Their quondam friend, the ex-consul, also came to a bad end—the natural one of men of his type—dying of delirium tremens in Guaymas.

With the passing of this band, the best-organized and most successful coterie of smugglers was destroyed. It is hardly likely there will ever be such another. The difficulty of making their way safely across the border has discouraged the coolies, and so close has the watch become that only in the large cities are they safe from detection. Also, the ubiquitous little Japanese has run them out of many of the Californian industries in which they formerly held a monopoly.

The traffic, therefore, has dwindled to small proportions. Soon it will be a mere memory of a picturesque and romantic era.

Undoubtedly many grisly tragedies occurred in connection with the trade, for the worst outlaws of the border engaged in it. At one point, a lonely spot between Lomas and Hatchita, five Chinamen were found dead, all the bodies bearing bullet wounds. They had been murdered by treacherous guides, who had been paid in advance. The Chinese were lured into the lonely desert country and shot down in cold blood. None of the murderers were ever discovered. The writer saw the whitening bones of these men lying five years after the tragedy on the spot where they fell. Evidence of another crime was found on the northern borders, near the Canada line, in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. The bodies of eleven Chinamen floated down the Columbia River. Nothing was ever discovered as to the way in which they met their end. This was in 1889, and these men were presumably victims of outlaw smugglers. Perhaps the worst crime of all, however, was the practice of leading coolies into desert places, and then leaving them to perish of thirst or madness.



"The vessel capsized."

A NIGHT OF HORROR



The Author's grandfather, who here relates a terrible experience that happened to him in 1833 during the civil war in Spain.

From an Old Painting.



The medal won by the Author's grandfather for his services in Spain fighting against the Carlist army.

From a Photograph.

BY THE REV. WALTER P. DENNIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. GILLETT, R.I.

"The following," writes Mr. Dennis, "is a story of my grandfather's, lately deceased. He saw service in Portugal in 1831 and in Spain from 1832 to 1838, being an officer of the British Legion under General Evans. He retired with the rank of captain and the medal of the Tower and Sword—the V.C. of Spain for personal bravery. The chief feature of this terrible experience, as my grandfather often used to point out, is that he personally did nothing whatever 'except make a fool of himself.'"

THE following adventure happened to my grandfather while he was in Spain, where he held a commission in the British Legion under General Evans, fighting against the Carlist army, during the civil war which took place some seventy years ago. I have heard him tell it very frequently, and he always gave it to us in the same way; indeed, as he grew older, he used almost identically the same words. Here is the tale, just as he told it.

The wildest experience of my life happened during the winter of the year 1833, when the corps to which I was attached was stationed at a small place called San Marana, not many miles from Madrid.

On a bitter morning, such as is common at that season in Central Spain, I was dispatched with only one man—an old Spanish trooper, Martinez by name—to carry instructions to some outposts scattered round the district. My orders were to return to headquarters at my leisure: or, rather, I should say, there was no time fixed for my return.

My work safely accomplished, I should have proceeded back the same evening, had not the captain in command of the last place I visited, an old friend of mine, pressed me to stay to dinner.

At his table were two young English officers, and it happened that on the following morning they intended to make a shooting excursion, hoping to get some bustard. As the ground

they were to go over lay somewhere in the same direction as my route back, I decided to accompany them, on the chance of getting a shot at something.

The next day we set off, I, of course, taking my trooper with me. Game proved to be pretty plentiful, and we enjoyed such good sport that it was almost dusk before we parted company. Eventually we separated at the head of a small valley or glen, my companions turning back again to their outpost, whilst I began to cast about in search of somewhere to spend the night.

There was no inn in the neighbourhood, but midway up the hollow there appeared to be a small village, and I decided to try to get a night's lodging there.

It proved to be a miserable little place, not more than a dozen houses all told, and no one seemed anxious to put me up. Finally, however, a man of gigantic stature, who seemed from his dress to be a goatherd, came forward and said that I might be able to get a night's lodging at a farmhouse which lay some distance off—not more than a league.

To tell the truth, I did not much like the look of the fellow. He must have stood six feet four inches high at least, and seemed strong and savage enough to have strangled a horse; but, as the bone-chilling rain of the district was now beginning to fall, I did not care to spend a night in the open. I had to take the goatherd's word for it, therefore, and started off in the direction he indicated.

It was almost dark when I got to the farm, but, bad as the light was, I could see that a more dreary or disreputable-looking place could not be imagined. However, as the rain was by this time streaming down in torrents, I did not hesitate, but went boldly forward to knock at the door.

After some delay it was opened by an old Spaniard, a most inoffensive-looking individual; whilst close behind him there stood two other men, who also looked hospitable enough. After the courteous salutation usual in the country, I asked for a lodging. The old man, with true Spanish politeness, replied that everything in the house was mine. If I would not mind waiting while my room was prepared, he added, they would do their best for me. At so outlying a place they did not often have visitors, and, consequently, their poor house was unfit for a *caballero* like myself.

The fellow seemed honest enough; he had an air of mildness and respectability about him, and so, giving my horse to old Martinez, I walked in.

The apartment in which I found myself had nothing remarkable about it. The furniture consisted of a couple of wooden chests, three or four heavy chairs, and a large deal table, all of the roughest possible type.

There appeared to be no one in the house except the old man and his two sons. The countenances of the latter were not particularly prepossessing, but they were certainly no wilder or more forbidding-looking than the average Castilian peasant.

As I can speak Spanish fluently—or, at any rate, could in those days—I had no difficulty in conversing with them, and they seemed so civil that any suspicions I had were soon quite lulled. Just before I retired, however, my staunch old trooper, Martinez, came in, and while we were eating some food that we had in our saddlebags he found an opportunity to whisper:—

“There’s something about this place, señor, that I don’t quite like. I am almost certain I caught sight of that great goatherd who directed us here, skulking round the stables just now.”

Naturally, I was startled at this piece of information, but I felt that if I had fallen into a trap escape by force was impossible. Three men were round me—four, counting the goatherd—and I could not tell how many more there might be hidden about the place.

In these circumstances I contented myself with telling Martinez to have the horses saddled and to keep close to them all night. Then I begged to be shown to my place of rest.

The old man regretted his accommodation was not better, and then led me up a crazy

wooden ladder, which served as a staircase, into a large, low room, with heavy beams overhead and a wide, shuttered window at the farther end, looking out on to the tumble-down hovels which served as stables.

The floor was partly covered with grain and provisions, but near the window was a low couch on which I was evidently expected to sleep. My host, having devoutly wished me “*La buena noche*” and that the saints might guard me, retired, leaving me the lantern he had brought up with him.

As soon as he had descended the ladder I went to examine the door carefully. There was no means of fastening it on the inside, and, moreover, it opened outwards, which struck me as rather peculiar. Also, I noticed that near the top there was a hole bored in it, so that as long as I kept the light burning anyone could watch my movements from the outside.

Then I went and had a look at the couch. It was of a very primitive nature and extremely dirty, and, as I preferred the bare boards—though even these were not over-clean—I decided to sleep on my military cloak in a corner. However, preparing for the possibility that I was being spied on, I threw myself down on the couch and blew out the light.

I listened intently, but heard not the slightest sound outside. After a while, as nothing happened, I changed my position, and lay down to rest on my cloak in the corner.

I was already dozing off, when suddenly I heard a sort of stifled cry outside—a kind of exaggerated hiccough, which is almost indescribable. Springing to my feet in natural alarm, I threw open the wooden shutter of the window and looked out. All was perfectly quiet; the rain had ceased, and the moon was shining brilliantly down on to the dark roofs of the stables below. Persuading myself that I must have been dreaming, I lay down again, and was soon fast asleep.

How long I rested I know not, but again I was aroused—this time by a sound of heavy stumbling beneath my window. I had barely time to get up and seize a brace of pistols I had with me before the shutters were forced open, and next moment a man dropped into the room without the slightest trace of concealment. Had he made any attempt to attack me I should certainly have shot him, as I could easily have done, but, to my surprise, he staggered across towards the couch and threw himself upon it.

Astonishment at first deprived me of my senses, but soon I perceived that the intruder, whoever he might be, was under the influence of drink. A minute or two later he was snoring with all the sonorousness of a drunkard.

I was just deciding to arouse the old man and complain of being disturbed in so singular a manner, when I heard another sound—this time of someone stealthily ascending the ladder which served as a staircase. Retiring to the darkest corner of the room, I got my weapons ready again.

Soon the door was pulled slowly open and I heard someone creeping across in the direction of the couch.

Now, as I have already said, the room was large, and, as there was only one window in it, the farther end was wrapped in complete darkness. Consequently, though I could hear this second intruder well enough, I was not able to see him in the least.

He advanced with infinite caution, drawing himself over the boards inch by inch until he reached the couch. When he had come close to the sleeper I could tell, though I scarcely know how, that he was rising to his feet. Then, though I strained every nerve to catch the slightest sound, there was dead silence for a time, except, of course, for the drunkard's snoring.

After that brief pause I heard a noise which made my blood run cold—the hissing of a long-drawn breath following a curious grating sound. Then there was a low moan and the snoring suddenly ceased.

I could stand it no longer, and, flinging myself forward, I fired both pistols in the direction whence the sound came. There was a savage snarl, which seemed to proceed from a wild beast rather than a man, and then something flashed out of the gloom towards me.

As I sprang forward I had placed myself right in front of the window, and consequently the assassin could see me silhouetted against the moonlight, though he himself was still quite invisible. This had enabled him to hurl his poniard at me.

It struck me right on the point of the chin. Had it been half an inch lower this tale would never have been told, and even as it was I was knocked right off my feet and came down anyhow. Probably the fellow would have got hold of his blade again and finished me off, but just at this moment the old man, followed by his two sons, appeared through the door, carrying a light.

The assassin, who was none other than the gigantic goatherd mentioned before, turned round to speak to them. While he did so I managed to scramble up.

Although I did not understand the cause of his alarm, I thought the old Spaniard was going to have a fit when he saw me standing opposite him.

In circumstances less terrible his astonishment would have been ludicrous. He first gazed at me, then at the inert form on the couch.

Then, rushing forward, he examined the dead man's face closely. Instantaneously he uttered a shriek, loud and awful.

Never to my dying day shall I forget that scene—the lifeless body on the couch, the grizzled old man bending over it like an image of despair, his sons standing behind him with their heavy knives drawn, while on the other side towered the huge form of the cowardly murderer, all revealed by the light of the candle held in the father's hand.

"Holy Virgin!" he cried, at length. "It is my son, my first-born! He has murdered my son! Slay him—slay him!"

As he uttered these words he set down the candle on the lid of a chest and attacked the goatherd with almost wolfish ferocity. The latter, however, speedily disarmed him, and was only prevented from killing him there and then by the two sons rushing to their father's aid.

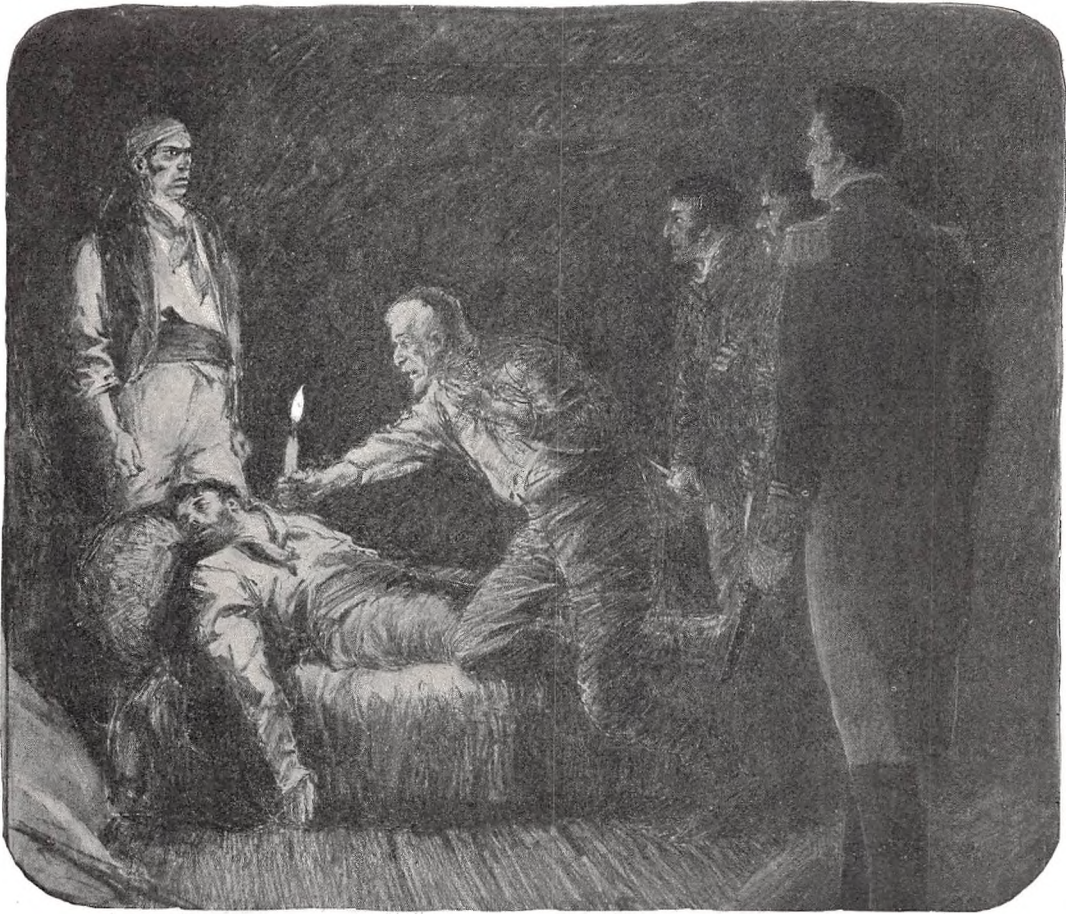
The struggle which followed was the most frightful that it has ever been my lot to see, and, as a soldier, I may truthfully say I am not without experience in bloodshed. I will do my best to describe it in detail, but words utterly fail to give an adequate idea of it.

The goatherd hurled the old man from him, and turned his attention to his two younger antagonists. One of them, throwing himself forward too impetuously, fell almost into the giant's arms. The opportunity was not lost; the great ruffian swung him off his feet, and, displaying a degree of strength that was almost superhuman, hurled his adversary, as one might throw a kitten, nearly the whole length of the room, so that he fell in an ungainly heap almost at my feet.

The other youth—the older of the two, I should say—defended himself for a time with swift, supple movements. When the goatherd's attention was fixed on him, the old man picked up the dagger of the fallen lad, who lay groaning between me and the place of struggle, and, creeping quietly up, waited for a chance to take the murderer at a disadvantage. I can see him now, as he stood with contracted lips and teeth laid bare, ready to deal a fatal blow.

At length the end came. The young man had seized the goatherd's right wrist to prevent him from using his knife, but the ruffian's vast strength enabled him to transfer the weapon into the other hand. His adversary was aware of his danger, and strained every muscle to escape, but in vain. I saw the gleam of steel; then the young Spaniard staggered and fell, pierced to the heart. At the same moment, however, the father got in his stroke, and buried his dagger up to the hilt in the murderer's side.

The stricken giant uttered a bellow that might



"Rushing forward, he examined the dead man's face closely."

have been heard half a mile off, and, lurching forward, fell heavily, bearing down his assailant beneath him. Then happened what struck me as being the most horrible thing of all.

As the great brute fell his hands closed on the other's throat, and in his last convulsive efforts he put forth such infernal strength as to break the old man's neck. I heard something crack; then all was still.

As long as the struggle continued, accustomed though I am to scenes of violence, horror kept me rooted to the spot, but, now that such deadly silence prevailed, mad, unreasoning panic seized me. I leapt from the window (since then I have often wondered that I didn't break my leg or injure myself in some way) and fled from the accursed spot as though a legion of devils were after me. Of Martinez and the horses I took no thought, though it mattered little, had I but known it, so far as poor Martinez was concerned. At dawn I arrived, bare-headed, dishevelled, with the wound in my chin caked with blood, at

the outpost where I had slept on the previous night.

As soon as they had heard my story my two friends were wild to see the place, and so, after I had had a rest and a wash, we set out with half-a-dozen troopers.

When we arrived there, it was to find four corpses, stiffened in attitudes which showed how violently they had died. The fellow who had been pitched across the room by the goatherd was still alive, though he had one of his ankles and his collar-bone broken; moreover, his spine had sustained some injury. Nevertheless, he had managed to crawl down the ladder from that ghastly chamber and get some distance away from the house. We discovered him hiding in a ditch, and brought him back to the farm. The wretch was evidently dying, so we procured a priest, who induced him to make a clean breast of the whole matter.

As I had already gathered, the farmer and his sons were in league with the goatherd—who,



"The young man had seized the goatherd's right wrist to prevent him from using his knife."

by the way, turned out to be no goatherd at all, but a notorious bandit, the terror of the district.

The unfortunate drunkard was the old man's eldest son, the best of the family, but addicted to a vice that is very rare in Spain. It appeared that he had been out with the one boon companion the district afforded during the earlier part of the night, and, fearing on his return to arouse the house, he had climbed into the room in which I was sleeping, not knowing, of course, that it was occupied.

To this mere chance I owed my life, as I have not the slightest doubt that the gigantic robber, even had he found the couch empty, would have succeeded in slaying me and sharing everything I had on me with his associates.

As for poor old Martinez, we learnt that the assassin—who, to do him justice, seems to have

been a good hand at his business—had stabbed him before he came into the house. As far as we could judge from the wound we found on him, he had been killed by a single stroke from a heavy knife, driven into the back of his neck. No doubt the peculiar cry I heard just after I lay down was uttered with his last breath.

The dying wretch lingered in frightful agony for six hours. When, at last, he died, having received absolution from the horrified priest, we dug a shallow grave to hold the lot of them, and I never heard the local authorities were at the trouble of making an inquiry into the affair which had rid them of so many dangerous miscreants.

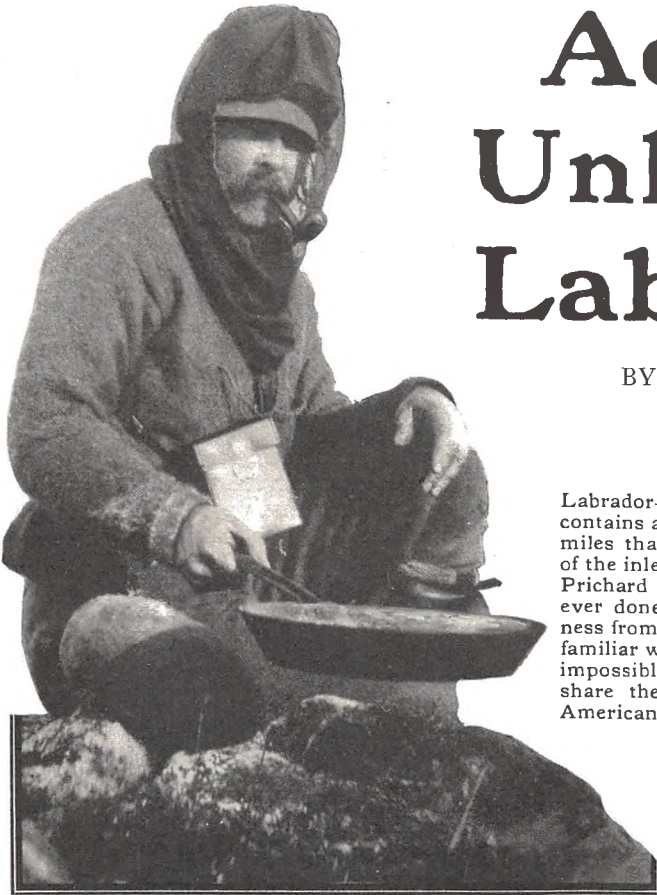
That is my story. Even yet, at times, I dream of that night's work, and hear the accusing cry of the farmer as he turned eyes of hate on the slaver of his son.

Across Unknown Labrador.

BY H. HESKETH PRICHARD.

III.

Labrador—"the land that God gave to Cain"—contains an area of forty or fifty thousand square miles that is utterly unexplored; even the heads of the inlets and bays are uncharted. Mr. Hesketh Prichard essayed to do what no white man had ever done before—to cross this desolate wilderness from the Atlantic to the George River. Those familiar with the conditions said that the feat was impossible; that he and his companions would share the fate of Mr. Leonidas Hubbard, the American explorer, and perish miserably of starvation amid the interminable "barrens" of the interior. But Mr. Prichard persisted, and in the series of articles which we are privileged to publish he gives a graphic account of the experiences of his party, whose sufferings and adventures constitute a unique chapter in the annals of exploration.



From a

Mr. Gathorne-Hardy does some cooking.

[Photograph.]



ON August 31st we broke camp on the George or Barren-ground River, with our hearts and minds set on our journey Eastward Ho! We had stayed on the George to the last possible moment, and when we finally started on the return journey had not very much in the way of provisions left. There was a little over two pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of bacon, half a pound of tea, three soup tablets, and enough deer's meat for a light lunch. At Camp No. 4, Sandy Camp, about fifty-five miles away as the crow flies, a five-pound slab of bacon was *cached*; a day beyond that again, at Camp 3, lay a little chocolate food, the balance of a box of raisins, and twenty pounds of flour. On that morning, however, our foremost aim was to kill a deer.

We were located well down towards the south end of Indian House Lake, which, as I have explained, is merely a great widening of the

George River, and it would have taken only one full day's march to follow its shores to the point where we should regain the route by which we had travelled when coming into the country. But all three of us disliked the idea of retracing our footsteps, though, in view of the extreme shortage of provisions, that would perhaps have been the wiser course, for though fifty-five miles straight does not signify, they may, on the Labrador, only too easily tail out into a hundred. It was impossible to foresee what obstacles a new route might not present. We knew that there was a series of large lakes under the Height of Land, and, supposing we happened to strike one of these in the centre, the walk around it might add days to the length of our journey. Besides, this fifty-five miles included a climb up to the great central plateau, which rises to something like two thousand feet above sea-level about that region, and afterwards crossing it to Sandy Camp; and at that height

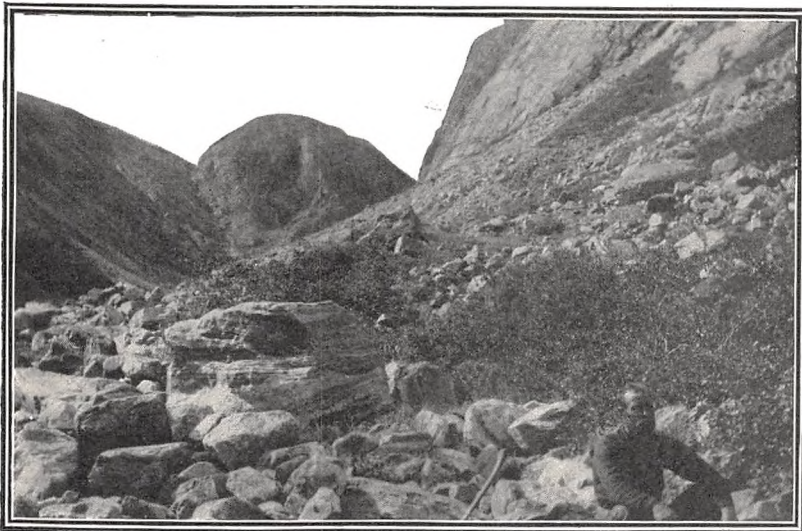
our progress might be seriously hindered by the mists, which we knew by experience often lie for days together upon the vast tableland. Our provisions, however, could only be stretched to supply us with half-a-dozen rather unsatisfying meals, and we could no longer count with any degree of likelihood upon shooting a caribou, as even the stragglers of the migration seemed to have passed.

Nevertheless, we were most unwilling to go back over our old trail, and finally we decided to take our chance and strike east and then north-east, so as to cut our old route at or about Camp No. 6. To our half-dozen certain meals we hoped to be able to add with the rod or the .22 rifle, for there appeared to be every chance of our catching namaycush and shooting ptarmigan.

We got away upon our return march in good time, but unluckily had not gone very far when, among some tangled alders and stones, I again wrenched my ankle, which had not grown very

ing up the first of the great series of rolling ridges which divide the George from the Whale River, sparsely sprinkled with black spruce; to the south our view was bounded by a rocky bluff, but to the north it extended over twenty miles till the great water lost itself in the foothills of the Bridgman Mountains.

Then I turned from the fertile valley to look at the route we were about to travel. A huge ridge struck upwards into the blue of the sky, for it was a blue day with frequent *dweis*, or showers. The flanks of the ridge were covered with reindeer moss, over which lay a heavy scattering of grey quartzite boulders. Across this country we journeyed until midday, when we made a halt near a stunted clump of spruce, blown crooked by the winds. Beyond these no sign of wood showed except dwarf birch. Here we ate a pound of our flour and a slice of bacon tack, making up our minds that we would go hungry at night unless we chanced to kill something. Then, till late in the evening, we marched



This photograph gives some idea of the difficult country the explorers had to traverse.

strong since my original accident with it. This was a tiresome beginning, but by the aid of a stick to lean on I managed to carry my pack, though I was much the slowest sailer in our fleet.

After a portage of over an hour we paused on a ridge and looked back on Indian House Lake, stretching far beneath us. We could still discern upon the promontories the skeleton Indian tepees from which the lake received its name. The slopes and the hollows between were soft with woodland—spruce, birch, juniper, willow, and alder, the latter making green the shores of the lake to the margin of the wonderful blue water. On the farther side we could see tower-

over some of the roughest ground we had yet encountered in Labrador. Once only we saw game, in the shape of five ptarmigan, which, to our chagrin, would not permit the eager Hardy to approach within a hundred yards, and consequently retained their numbers unthinned.

At five o'clock, descending a hill, we saw below us some sandy ridges by a distant lake, and there we decided to make our hungry camp. While we were still a mile from the lake, which was turning to gold in the evening light, I suddenly saw something silhouetted against the glow, and as I watched this something moved against the background.

"I see either a man or a deer," I said.

In an instant the apathy of marching had fallen from my companions, and they were all keenness. In that upland air our hunger was great indeed, for the prospect of a supperless bed had weighted our weariness.

"I see it too; it is a deer!" cried Porter, in great excitement.

The animal in the meantime had turned



From a

The stag shot by the Author.

[Photograph.

broadside on, and had lost the foreshortened outline which makes a deer standing full-face in the distance and against the sky-line look not unlike the figure of a man. Hardy had lost no time in getting out his glass, and soon saw the deer.

"It has horns," he said. "I think it is a stag."

A vision of fat kidneys sputtering in the pan flashed through my mind. Hardy handed me the glass just as the deer, moving parallel to us along the side of the lake, passed behind a rising dune out of our sight. On this I hastily threw down my pack, and, seizing my rifle, ran to try and cut the animal off. Hardy and Porter remained where they were, lying hungrily anxious upon the hillside. As the wind was blowing from the nearer side of the lake, I thought it wise to make for the opposite end of it, as, if he did not alter his course, I should then be able to come directly on the stag. If I tried to approach him from any other point,

he might by a chance turn and get to windward of me; and that I knew would drive him clean off the face of the countryside, for the Labrador caribou, when he has the wind, never fails to put leagues between him and his enemy.

That was a memorable stalk for me. Once again I experienced some of the feelings with which I had approached the first deer I ever shot. Indeed, I felt positively sick with excitement as I hobbled along my way, for all that the death of that stag meant to us kept working in my mind. It meant, at the best, that we should escape some days of

vigorous hunger; at the worst, if mist came on and lasted for any length of time, it might mean more. Meantime, I struggled on, as fast as my ankle would allow, over the boulders which choked a part of the valley, and soon I was climbing out on the first of the ridges near the lake. Here I turned and began to run, as I thought, parallel to the stag, shortly to find my farther progress stopped by a deep and rapid stream.

Being well aware that the Labrador caribou do not—in my experience, at any rate—face water as readily as do those of the Newfoundland species, I believed the stream would turn the stag, so I veered round towards the lake and climbed the second ridge. I peered over the summit, but could see nothing of the deer, and I had just made up my mind to follow the river to the lake when I caught sight of an object moving on the same side of the ridge as myself. The next moment there was the stag, about a hundred and fifty yards away, in full flight

across the marsh! I made for the nearest boulder, and, steadying myself against it, fired twice. The first bullet went, as far as I was able to judge, over his back, as he splashed along with the water flying high around him; but the second—the glorious second—struck him right in the lungs, and within a few yards he fell dead. Although the antlers were still in velvet, and so soft as to be worthless, I have rarely felt more thankful for success than I did then as I mounted the ridge to signal my companions to come up. They joined me in an uncommonly short space of time, for, as the ridges prevented them from seeing what had happened, they did not know whether they were destined to dine or starve. As they came up, being tired out, I happened to be sitting on a rock in an attitude of the utmost dejection. "Well!" cried Hardy, who jumped to the conclusion that I had failed. I then learned the maddening experience to which these two famishing men had been subjected.

No sooner had I left them and got well out of hearing, though not out of sight, than the stag headed straight towards them down the mile-long marsh which lay between them and the lake, thus following a course which would inevitably, if we both continued in our respective directions, bring him to windward of me and destroy all chance of a shot. Meanwhile I pursued my way, quite unconscious of what was taking place. As Hardy and Porter had no rifle, and were unable, as the distance made it impossible, to give me warning, they could do nothing but sit still, say things, and watch, hoping that by good luck I might change my course. "But you would not do so; you galloped on and on like a man possessed," they told me. They finally had the chagrin of seeing me disappear from view behind one of the ridges, still running in my original direction, while the stag continued to advance more slowly towards them.

At last on a sudden they saw him stop, then rush forward, and almost at once he also disappeared behind the same ridge as myself. A second later they heard my two shots, but not my signal to them to come up.

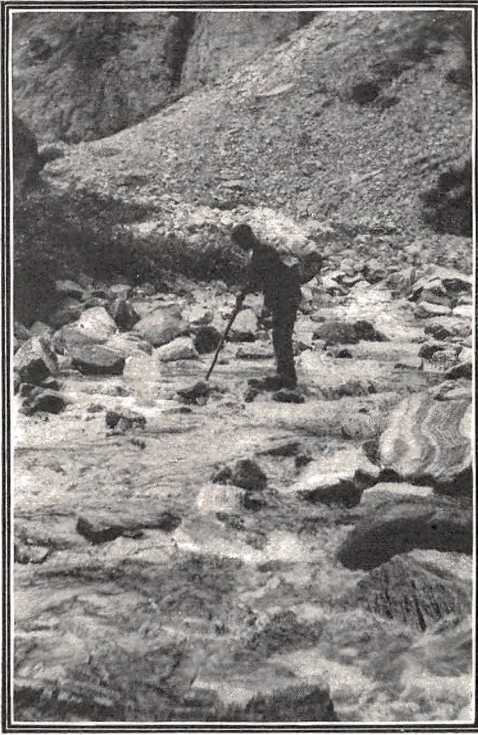
I was amused, and indeed not a little touched, to find how very careful Hardy was not to hurt my feelings, but to join me in regretting the bad luck which had caused the stag to change his course at the psychological moment. When, however, we rounded the hill together to a point from which he could see the dead stag lying in the marsh, he was so delighted that he quite forgot to resent the trick that I had played on him, when I allowed him to believe that the deer had indeed escaped.

Our luck that evening was phenomenal, for

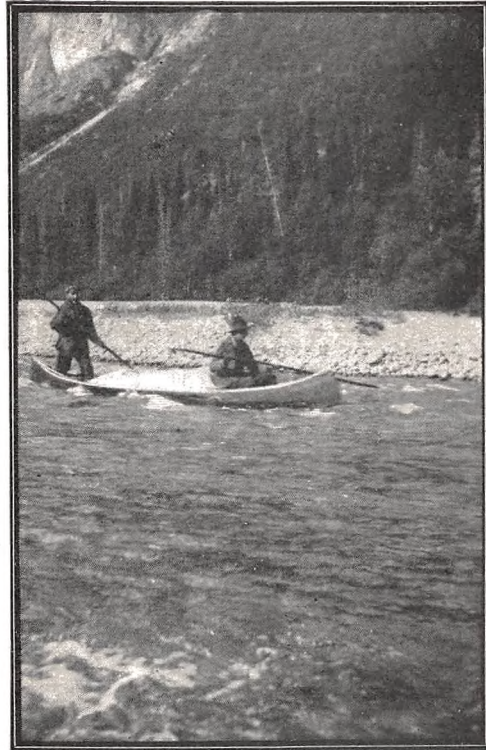
as we were cutting up the stag the heavy showers that had been falling all the day ceased, and near at hand we found a growth of spruce four feet or so in height. Before long we were sitting round an aromatic little fire, while above us a great display of Northern Lights flickered and waved across the sky. Through their white luminosity the stars shone with a strange blue light; out on the water a great northern diver uttered its cry—a cry so wild and mournful that it seemed like the voice of the ultimate wilderness. That was a night to be remembered—a night which made up for much that had been disagreeable and difficult; and as there were no mosquitoes (after August 25th we were not again much bothered by these awful pests) we sat long over our little fire and, it must be confessed, consumed pan after pan of meat, which Porter had fried—a culinary effort rendered none too easy by the fact that we had broken the handle from our frying-pan—and felt strength flow back into our limbs.

I was awakened the next morning by Hardy, who whispered that a fox was stealing our meat. We were sleeping on the bare hillside about three hundred yards from the carcass of the caribou. The rising sun showed three Arctic foxes standing in the vicinity of the stag, of which they had devoured a surprising quantity. Shoulders down and haunches up, they must have pulled and tugged against each other. After trying in vain to drive them off, Hardy took the little '22 and stalked them to within range, when he shot one of the thieves; yet the others almost immediately returned to their meal. As it seemed senseless to kill any more, and as they kept returning, he and Porter carried the meat, or as much of it as was left, into camp, whereupon the foxes went back again to the carcass. They were very fearless, probably owing to their ravenous hunger. All over the tableland we found the predatory animals very abundant, though what they found to prey upon, apart from lemmings and young ptarmigan, remained a mystery.

After this we were quickly astir, and when Porter had sewn patches on his own and Hardy's boots we left Lucky Camp, as we named it, carrying with us the greater part of the meat of the stag. Fine at first, the weather grew rapidly threatening, until early in the afternoon the showers condensed into one continued down-pour, driven before a heavy wind. The outlook seemed so hopeless that we decided to camp betimes, but could find no suitable boulder, among all the thousands that surrounded us, over which we could with any prospect of comfort draw our tent-sheet. We therefore wandered on, and finally, soaking wet, we got up a most



Crossing a stream.
From a Photograph.



Travelling down the Fraser River.
From a Photograph.

uncomfortable camp underneath a great rock, into the shelter of which we crawled among our wet packs.

A few minutes after we had, as one of us phrased it, "gone to ground," looking out under the flapping sheet, which every moment threatened to carry away in the gale, I saw a doe and her fawn shaking the rain from their coats on the other side of the valley. After staring across at our camp for a minute, they dashed away westward and were blotted out in the storm and mist. Whether or no we could have killed one of them had it been needful it is hard to say; but I think it very doubtful, as they were not nearer than two hundred and fifty yards, and it would have been a lucky shot indeed that could score a hit through the veiling rain.

As these were the last deer we were destined to see, I will now write a few words about the game-supply of Labrador. Our experiences in this matter were, I think, essentially typical of the part of the country we wandered over. In outfitting for our march to the George we took a bare ration, trusting to supplement it by game and fish. As I have mentioned in a former article, the only other expedition that, to my knowledge, had entered Labrador on a similar

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theory was that of Leonidas Hubbard, in 1903. The disastrous result of that expedition and the death of its leader from starvation on the Susan River, in spite of the fine efforts of Wallace and Elson, are well known. Some critics have rancorously attacked Hubbard's plans, calling them rash and foolhardy; but only those who have travelled in Labrador can realize how savage was the ill-fortune which dogged that expedition almost from start to finish. When calm weather was essential for their progress, it blew remorselessly for days; at the time when they most needed food, then it became most scarce, even in its smaller forms; when a choice had to be made blindly, the more difficult way invariably appeared the best and was chosen. These things were pure misfortune.

As we journeyed through Labrador, more and more did we come to admire Hubbard, Wallace, and Elson. The length of time for which the three held out, and the pluck they showed, entitles them to more than credit. It was a fine and a gallant record, and one without parallel in the history of Labrador exploration.

So convinced was I that Hubbard's disaster was due in a great degree to ill-fortune that I was willing to, and ultimately did, put the success of my expedition to back my opinion. Had we

been obliged to depend entirely on the food which we packed in with us, we could not have reached the George, spent twelve days on its shores, and returned to Sandy Camp as we did. But we were able to add the following items to our supply on the way: Upon the plateau we killed five deer, twelve namaycush averaging three pounds, fifty-nine trout, five ptarmigan; and had it not been for the meat, which rendered more shooting unnecessary, we could undoubtedly have made a much larger bag both of deer and of small game.

Up on the tableland ptarmigan were few and far between; and in all our journey we saw no sign at all of porcupines, geese, or owls. It is impossible to deny that we were exceedingly fortunate in meeting with caribou. When packing towards and at the George, the sixty-nine deer that we saw, all travelling south-east, were, we concluded, the stragglers of the migration; when coming back, and while engaged in relay work, we covered a distance altogether of over a hundred and seventy miles, and saw only four.

Taking the above facts into consideration, it is obviously unsafe to trust to meeting the caribou. Such meeting is largely a matter of luck, but the traveller may fairly expect to supplement his provisions in summer with a certain amount of fish and of small game. Allowing a ration of half a pound of flour per day to each man (we had far less than that), and a quarter of a pound of bacon, or their equivalents, much could be done, provided always—and this is important—that the party are willing to face cheerfully the hardships that a short ration inevitably entails. For there is nothing that more impairs the work of most hired men, and brings out the worst in them, than a spell of continued privation; and the intending explorer will do well to pick his packers very carefully before undertaking a protracted trip across the barrens. Along the rivers there is no excuse for stinting the food, as plenty can be carried in the canoes, and in any case it is wise to do as we did—that is, carry a generous supply of food to the farthest possible point on the route and there *cache* it. This begets confidence, if nothing else, and, should unforeseen difficulties arise, makes a snatch at success practicable.

But to return to the narrative of our journey. After the deer had vanished the rain continued to increase, and the wind came whistling under the rock as if determined to tear away the tent-sheet. Owing to its violence we were compelled to close up either side of the tent by means of our usual device of weighting the edges with stones. Had we not done this it would certainly have ripped away and left us shelterless. Even as it was we had a bitterly disagreeable night,

the discomfort reaching its climax when, about midnight, the wind suddenly shifted to the north-west, bringing with it heavy sleet which blew in under the canvas, so that we had a miniature snowstorm going on inside the tent.

Shortly after dawn we crawled out of our almost useless shelter, to find that Porter had risen before daylight and was cooking a meal of soup in the lee of a rock, round which the wind howled in frightful gusts. After eating it we broke camp at once, and were soon on the march. Though the thermometer was not low, the weather was searchingly bleak and cold; the sleet seemed to whistle in solid masses before the wind. It was a day that offered no temptation to linger by the way, and we made excellent time over a very rough tract, our chief trouble being the mist which ringed us in greyness, hampering us greatly, as it was impossible to recognize any landmark. At midday the cold had affected our fingers to such an extent that it was a long time before we could light a fire.

Towards evening the weather cleared and, though the wind continued very strong, the air was beautifully cold and bracing. All the conditions were in striking contrast to those which obtained as we journeyed in. The whole face of the country was changed. Gone was the green of summer, and the great gale of the 27th had beaten down the grass, which now lay flat in yellow wisps and tussocks. That storm was the herald of winter.

How brief is the summer on the highlands of Labrador! Snow does not melt till July, then with a rush midsummer comes. Grasses and leaves grow almost visibly, the wild cotton soon flings out its little white pennons, millions of berries ripen on the ground, the loon cries, the ptarmigan calls, and you may even see a butterfly balancing in the warm wind. But then also awakens the countless army of hunchbacks, lean and grey mosquitoes, piping blithely for blood.

So summer reigns. Then suddenly one day, at the end of August, after the sun has sunk behind the barren crags through a balmy warmth of evening, one may wake up to find everything transfigured and the first snow of another season already falling. There may, and will be, fine days after that, but the face of the country is no longer young; winter has laid its mark upon it—a mark that only spring can efface.

We were eager now to finish our journey and to leave the tableland before more boisterous weather set in; and as such weather might be expected any day, we travelled long and fast. Indeed, we made stages which we should never have attempted on the way inland. We often



From a

One of the "caches" where food was left.

[Photograph.]

marched, carrying our packs, for spells of sixty or seventy minutes, then five minutes' rest, and on again. Nor was it necessary to delay for hunting or fishing, as we had with us sufficient of the stag-meat to last us to the Valley of the Fraser. For the most part we met with wild and showery weather, wet days, and cold, fine nights.

As we advanced the character of the country altered, the hills were less high and more rounded

in contour, the crop of stones not quite so abundant. Entirely without shelter, the patches of maiden birch became more and more meagre. Here and there we cut across mighty deer-roads, but, contrary to our summer experience, saw scarcely a fresh track upon them; all the caribou seemed to have travelled away to the south-east, and we marched on over a region utterly destitute of game. To describe in detail our

crossing of this tract would be tedious, and it is sufficient to say that, thanks to the sustaining stag-meat, we picked up our *caches* of food in good order, and finally sighted the stupendous cliffs of the Fraser Valley, having marked a line across a completely white portion of the map.

But the main interest of our expedition lay, I think, in the fact that we adopted as nearly as might be the methods of the Indians. It has been said and written again and again that to travel with the speed and lightness of an Indian is beyond the powers of the white, and is a certain road to disaster. We did not find it so. Of course, had we not killed the final caribou we should in another day have found ourselves empty-handed in the heart of a country "where many have starved." Even so, I think that with rod and rifle we would have won our way out without much hardship. As it was, with the venison to uphold our strength, we rivalled, if we did not actually surpass, the average speed of Indian travel. On August 31st, at eight in the morning, we left our camp on the George, and on September 10th, at four in the afternoon, we were in Nain. Of these eleven days, a whole one was spent in relay-packing, and on three other occasions repairs to boots and other wilderness necessities only allowed us half a day's travel. In addition to

the ordinary work of camping and breaking camp, we *cached* our canoe against the winter of the uplands. Nor did we abandon any of our outfit on the journey, and never at any time did our packs average under fifty pounds in weight. As we had to find our way, and so went many miles out of our course, I think it may fairly be inferred that a picked expedition of white men can attain results in wilderness travel which will bear some comparison with the attainments of the red.

The moment our boat was sighted from Nain Wharf on September 10th it was greeted with cries from the station, and when we went ashore the news soon spread among the Eskimo that we had crossed Labrador to the George. Almost the whole population gathered on the wharf to stare at us and our belongings. The Eskimo have perhaps a primitive, but certainly an undoubted sense of humour, for our appearance, freakishly bearded and travel-stained, with our hair as long as their own, caused them to roar with laughter. But among the laughter several with whom we were acquainted made very nice speeches of congratulation and welcome.

"Aksunai! Kuviasukpogut uttilleravit kano-enau!" they said, which, being translated, means: "May you be strong! We are glad you are back among us, having successfully accomplished your desire."

(To be concluded.)



The arrival at Canoe Cache.
From a Photograph.

My Adventure in Nicaragua.

BY PAUL MASON.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. K. ELCOCK.



The Author, Mr. Paul Mason.
From a Photograph.

Mr. Mason is a young American who has fought as a soldier of fortune in various South American revolutions. In this little story he relates his exciting experiences while acting as an officer of the rebel forces in Nicaragua in 1910.

IN February 1st, 1910, I arrived at Bluefields, Nicaragua, and immediately obtained an interview with the President of the Provisional Government, Señor Juan I. Estrada, to whom I offered my services. Through some papers I had obtained while serving in the rebel armies of Peru and St. Domingo during recent revolutions, I was fortunate enough to obtain a captain's commission in the revolutionary army.

I left for the firing-line next day, and met the rebel forces at Recreo, on the retreat after the battle of Tipa-Tapa. We fell back to our headquarters at Rama, which place we fortified, and there awaited the coming of the enemy.

On account of my knowledge of machine-guns I was put in command of a battery consisting of two Maxim automatic magazine rifles, and was stationed on Hill No. 1, about half a mile north of the town proper. I occupied this hill for three months and a half without seeing the enemy, whom I was anxious to meet. Had I known the hardships our meeting was to bring about, my anxiety would not have been so great.

On May 1st we received from our scouts the welcome news that the enemy, six hundred strong, under General

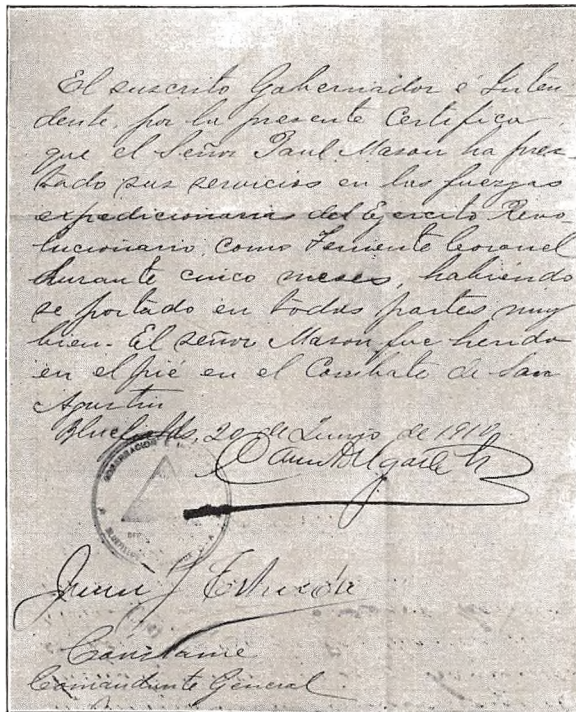
Chavarria, had reached Recreo, some seven miles north, and were fast approaching. I was then transferred to Hill No. 2, on the other side of the River Cicia, where two pieces of Hotchkiss field artillery, and about two hundred men, under General Corrales, second in command to General Mena, were stationed.

On the morning of May 12th we discovered that the enemy had divided into three detachments of two hundred each, one detachment occupying the "Japanes Hill," a mile and a half to the east of us, another the hill of St. Augustin, two miles to the north, and the third, consisting mostly of the hospital corps and the

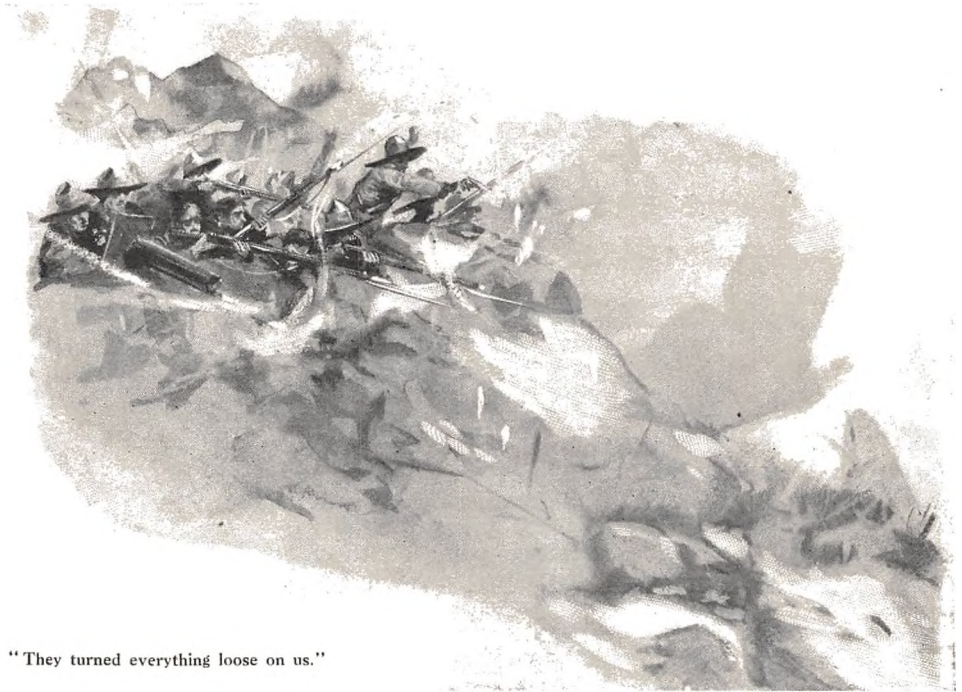
pack train, camping between the first two detachments.

Skirmishes and artillery duels continued for a week, doing little or no damage, until at last this grew tiresome, and General Corrales, with two hundred men, including my battery, received orders to attack St. Augustin, while fifty men under Colonel Monkado made a forced march around the enemy to cut off their supplies.

We left our hill at one a.m. on May 19th, and arrived at St. Augustin at two p.m. by a round-about route through the jungle and swamp. Owing to the depth of the morass we had great



The Author's commission as an officer of the Nicaraguan rebel forces.



"They turned everything loose on us."

difficulty in getting our mules through, losing two packed with ammunition.

The hill we were to attack is situated in the middle of a small plain, bordered on all sides by thick jungle, but having a clear stretch three hundred yards wide all around. On the top of this hill the enemy had fortified themselves, having dug a deep trench around the crown of the hill, and one-man shooting-pits from the trench to the top, where they had two Maxims and two field-guns pointing their ugly noses down at us.

The enemy was unconscious of our presence in the bush until at three p.m. I had my Maxims in position, and the order was given to commence firing. If they were surprised they were not unprepared, for hardly had we fired one volley before they let loose on us with every weapon they had; the air seemed to be full of lead, steel, and pieces of shell. My gun crews were wiped out faster than I could replace them. It was impossible to get water to cool the Maxims, and soon I could use only one at a time. The bush gave no protection, and over fifty of our men had already fallen. At last the General, in despair, ordered me to take a hundred men, make a dash at the trenches, and endeavour to put the enemy's artillery out of commission. It was insanity to attempt to cross the open space and charge the hill in face of that awful fire, but I realized that to refuse would make me appear a coward. So, feeling like a condemned man,

I instructed the men to operate in extended order, so as to present as small a target as possible, and gave the word to advance.

The minute we left the bush and entered the open they turned everything loose on us again. For a few minutes that hillside was an inferno. The screaming and howling of the wounded was maddening; blood spattered in my face several times, the smoke from the Mausers blinded me, and the shells from the cannon burst with an ear-rending noise. A piece of shell tore off the arm of my second in command, and he fell, having only just waded me drinks that he would reach the trenches before I did.

I was now within twenty-five yards of the enemy's position, and, turning to give a final order, was surprised to find myself alone, my men having run back to the bush. I also saw that right in front of me the enemy had concealed shooting-pits, one being about ten yards to the right of me. The man in this pit turned as white as paper when he saw me so near, and, without aiming properly, fired his rifle at me and missed. I returned the fire with my revolver, and watched him drop limply to the bottom of the hole, into which I promptly jumped. Being now in the enemy's midst I was safe for the present, the fire from the bush being sufficient to keep them behind their breastworks.

I remained in that pit for an hour and a half until I heard the fire from the bush die away; and then I knew that my friends were retreating.

I now began figuring out how to get back, as to be taken prisoner, I firmly believed, meant that I should be shot. Watching my opportunity when the enemy's fire slackened, I suddenly jumped out of my hole and ran down the hill at the top of my speed. As soon as they saw me they commenced shooting as hard as they could, meanwhile yelling: "Kill the gringo! Kill the Yankee!" At that I got a mad desire to turn and empty my gun at them for the last time. I did so, and had hardly pulled the trigger when I felt a burning pain in my thigh and chest, and sank to the ground unable to move.

After having assured myself I was not dead, I gathered enough strength to start crawling down the hill; but a dozen men and an officer of the enemy came running down towards me waving their guns and machetes and calling upon me to halt, which good common sense told me to do. About twenty yards away they

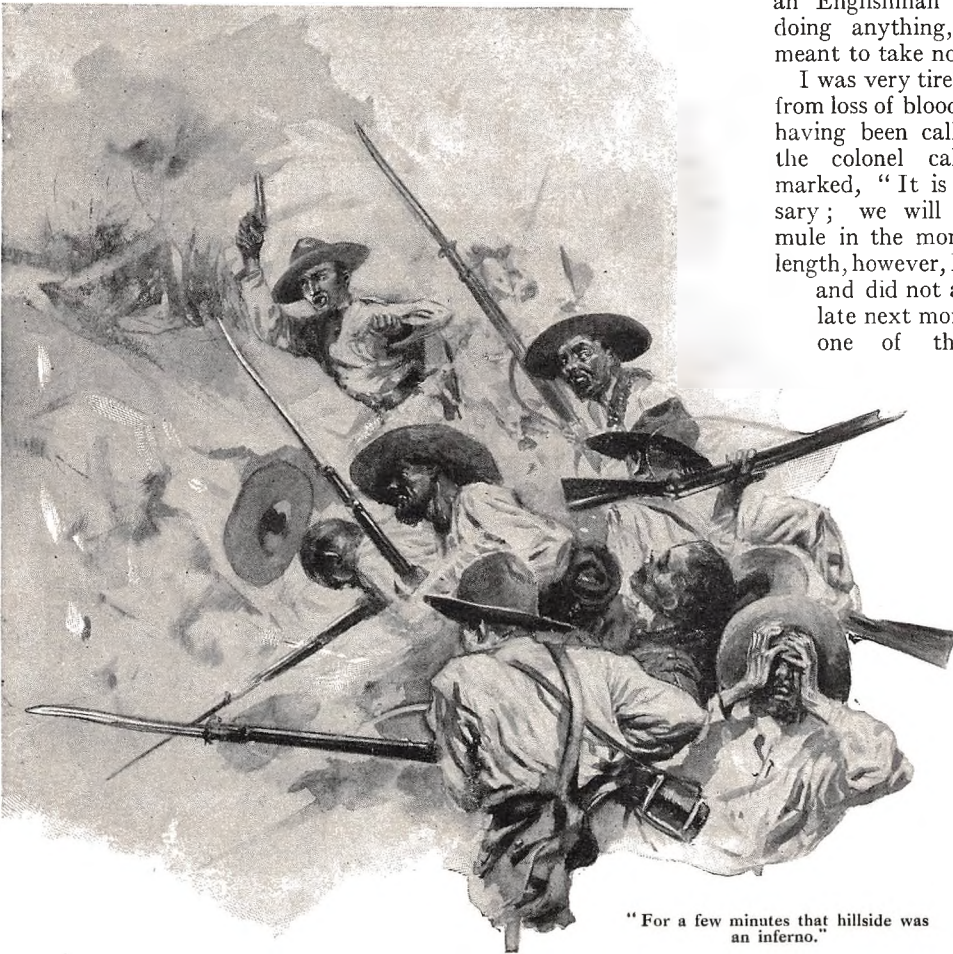
halted, half of them aiming their guns at me. Having assured themselves I was harmless, the officer and a few of the men approached me with much care and disarmed me. Having done this, the officer kicked me, calling me a meddling gringo and other unprintable things. He even pulled out his machete and threatened to kill me there and then, but at that the soldiers protested, claiming that although I ought to die I should be tried by court-martial first. They took me back, and the colonel in command of the hill called together his officers and held a mock court-martial, lasting about ten minutes. I was told that as I had been found guilty of fighting against the "rightful" Government of Nicaragua I was to be shot at seven o'clock next morning. I was thereupon carried inside the trench and my hands tied behind my back, the end of the line being fastened to a tree near by, and two sentries with loaded rifles were placed one on each side of me. Down there

they believe an American or an Englishman capable of doing anything, and they meant to take no chances.

I was very tired and weak from loss of blood, no doctor having been called, for, as the colonel callously remarked, "It is not necessary; we will shoot this mule in the morning." At length, however, I fell asleep, and did not awake until late next morning, when one of the sentries

shook me and said that General Chavarria, the commander-in-chief, was coming to see me.

When the General arrived he greeted me very cordially, shaking hands with me and complimenting me on



"For a few minutes that hillside was an inferno."



"I watched him drop limply to the bottom of the hole, into which I promptly jumped."

the fight the day previous. He remained for about half an hour, asking questions about the United States and talking about anything but war until, as he rose to go, he offered me three hundred pesos and a colonel's commission if I would go with his forces, which I politely refused. I then asked him when I was to be shot, at which he looked very surprised, and wanted to know what made me believe I was to be shot. I told him I had been sentenced to death the night before by the officer in command, whereupon he sent for that gentleman and "wiped the ground" with him for his treatment of me. He assured me that I should be taken to Managua, where my fate would lie in the hands of President Madriz. The colonel protested that according to the

military code of Nicaragua anyone caught leading rebels should be shot, and he could not see any reason to make an exception of this "gringo." The General, however, reminded him of the consequences following the shooting of the two other Americans, Grove and Cannon.

By this time I was getting quite hungry, and I welcomed the news that breakfast was ready with much joy; but I received a shock when I found that the "breakfast" consisted of two boiled bananas and a pint of filthy water. I was told that I should soon get meat, cheese, and "tortillas" in plenty, as a large wagon-train was on its way from Managua; but dinner and supper time arrived without any wagon-train making its appearance.

Two days passed without any noteworthy happening, and on the third the General thought it safe enough to send me, under an armed guard, to the Red Cross camp for treatment, as I was losing much blood and was rapidly growing weaker. At the hospital camp I was given the best of attention by Dr. Castro, a Spaniard of the better class, who spoke English fluently. But the fare of two bananas for breakfast, three for dinner, and two for supper continued, as the relief train had not yet reached us. By this time famine was setting in, and even bananas were getting scarce. A piece of sugar-cane a foot long cost one peso, a pineapple was worth eight pesos, and a ripe banana fifty cents.

By this time General Chavarria was getting worried, as he had only about twenty-five cartridges left per man; so he sent out scouts to find what had become of the relief train. These men returned after two days with the news that the forces at Estrada had captured the



Facsimile of one of the five-peso notes presented to the Author by General Chavarria.

Antonio Corrales, Mayor General del Ejército de la Revolución, certifica: que el Señor Teniente Coronel don Paul Mason es uno de los norteamericanos que, con el entusiasmo de los solo de un latinos, han venido desde su país a cooperar en favor nuestro, y ha hecho con tanto ardor que cuando se le presentó la ocasión de entrar en combate, se batió valientemente hasta llegar a caer herido al pie de las trincheras enemigas. En el terreno existente el Sr. Mason ha sido siempre cumplido, subordinado y obediente. Certifico al referido Sr. Mason para que sea de la presente el uso que a bien tenga la Estada de Bluefields, Nicaragua. A G., a los quince días del mes de Junio de mil novecientos diez.

Antonio Corrales

Facsimile of a testimonial from Major-General Corrales referring to the Author's heroism.

relief train, containing amongst other material seventy-two thousand rounds of ammunition. To make matters worse, General Mena, of the Provisional army, served notice on General Chavarria that if he did not surrender before sundown he would attack. Short of ammunition as he was, with his men weak from lack of food, the General saw the futility of giving battle to General Mena, who had now been reinforced by General Macio with four hundred men; so he immediately gave orders to retreat. This was done with much speed. I had heard that four of the wounded who were unable to ride on horseback were to be left behind to be taken care of by any kind-hearted person who might pass by. This suited me first-rate, as when my guards had left I hoped to be able to crawl the few miles back to Rama, where I knew I should receive a hearty welcome. But my hopes were soon shattered by two soldiers, who without ceremony proceeded to load me on the back of a horse and lead me away. Shamming weakness, I allowed myself to fall to the ground, pretending a terrible pain in my wounds; but the soldiers calmly seated me on the horse again. This trick I continued three more times, until the soldiers, in despair, reported to the General that I was unable to sit on a horse. On hearing this he ordered me back to the hospital tent, ex-

pressing his regrets that I was not able to accompany him. He also presented me with two five-peso notes with which to buy food (in the middle of a wilderness!) until help should arrive.

The last of the Government troops were now leaving camp, and I was about to doze off when all of a sudden I heard a yell of "Viva Estrada!" from the bush, where, I learned later, Mena's men had been concealed all day. A moment later my friends swarmed out over the plain. They were almost as glad to see me as I was to see them, and that is saying something.

They immediately placed me on a horse, and this time I had no difficulty in keeping my seat. I arrived in Rama on the night of June 4th, and was served with a meal which, although it only consisted of rice, beans, and beefsteak, tasted better than anything I had ever had before.

I left for Bluefields the next day, and on my arrival there was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. After a short stay here I was invalided out and sent to my home in New York to recover from my wounds. Arriving in the United States, I learnt through the Press that I had been reported dead, but even that did not spoil the pleasure of getting home again.

BOY COLONEL DENIES HE WAS KILLED IN WAR.

Paul Mason, on Death List in Nicaragua, Is Very Much Alive in New York.

Paul Mason, twenty-two years old, who, when he isn't participating in Central American revolutions, claims to be the sixth great at his home, walked into The World office yesterday and, emulating the well known example of Mark Twain, asserted that the report that he had been shot and killed in the storming of San Augustine Hill, in Nicaragua on May 29 last, was greatly exaggerated.

Mason showed evidences of having been shot, but otherwise he looks a very much alive soldier of fortune. Revolutions are Mr. Mason's specialty, the last one being his third, and in his eventful career he has reached the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, having served in this capacity on the staff of Gen. Luis Mena.

Here are a few minor incidents that have befallen him since he enlisted in the Estrada cause five months ago: Wounded and captured by the enemy after having made a charge into the Madrid encampments in the face of a gallant machine gun fire, escaping death at the hands of a Madrid Colonel, only to be sentenced to death by that officer after a drumhead court-martial, pardoned by the Madrid commanding General and threatened with imprisonment in Managua, left for dead in a Madrid hospital camp and so reported to his friends in Bluefields, and finally recaptured by the forces of Gen. Mena and carried to Bluefields for treatment. It was in the battle of San Augusti-



PAUL MASON

the same night in which Ross Rosenthal, the Milwaukee boy was killed, that Mason received the injury that brings him home. He was ordered to lead 100 men in a dash to the crest of the hill, and he was the only survivor.

While his leg is healing, he expects to renew acquaintances and get a touch of real civilization, but he expects he will soon be off again for the wars.

Facsimile of an American newspaper article dealing with Mr. Mason's adventures in Nicaragua.

THROUGH THE WILDS OF PERSIA

BY MAJOR P. M. SYKES, C.M.G.,
H.B.M. CONSUL - GENERAL AT
KHORASAN.



The Shaking Minaret at Bostam, which is supposed to quiver when pushed.
From a Photograph.

The story of a nine-hundred-mile journey through some of the least-known parts of Persia, a country that is itself but little known to Europeans. There are no railways and practically no roads, and many of the people live the same lives as Job or Abraham did. Major Sykes illustrates his articles with some very interesting photographs.

III.



NORTH of the River Gurgan, which flows in a swift, muddy stream about a mile from the "Dome," we visited the remains of what was once a wall, constructed—like the famous Wall of China—to keep raiding nomads from the cultivated area.

It is attributed to Alexander the Great, whose name is the most famous of all the great world-conquerors. To-day only a faint but traceable

shallow ditch is left to mark the site of the work, with fragments of kiln-burnt bricks on the southern side. At intervals are mounds, on which small forts originally stood, and one of these appears among the illustrations. By the Turkoman this long-forgotten work is termed Kizil Alang, or "Red Barrier," presumably from the colour of the bricks.

We halted for a couple of days to rest our exhausted mules, and were much interested to

see the Turkoman methods of ploughing. The usual procedure was for a man to ride up on his horse to the selected spot, carrying his primitive plough. He then dismounted, harnessed the plough to his mount, and operations commenced. We were fortunate to see a curious team, consisting of a mare and a camel, working side by side.

We were now in the territory of the Yamut Turkomans, and I made inquiries as to the welfare of a leading *mullah*, or priest, who did his best to rob me some thirty miles to the north of Gunbad-i-Kabus during my previous journey. He had tried every sort of intimidation on my servants, but, finding that it would have meant bloodshed and the risk of a Persian expedition, he had allowed us to leave without actual violence—although a few shots were fired at our party from a distance. My informants, who remembered the incident, told me that the *mullah* had recently died in the odour of sanctity, so I was deprived of the pleasure of talking over old times with him.

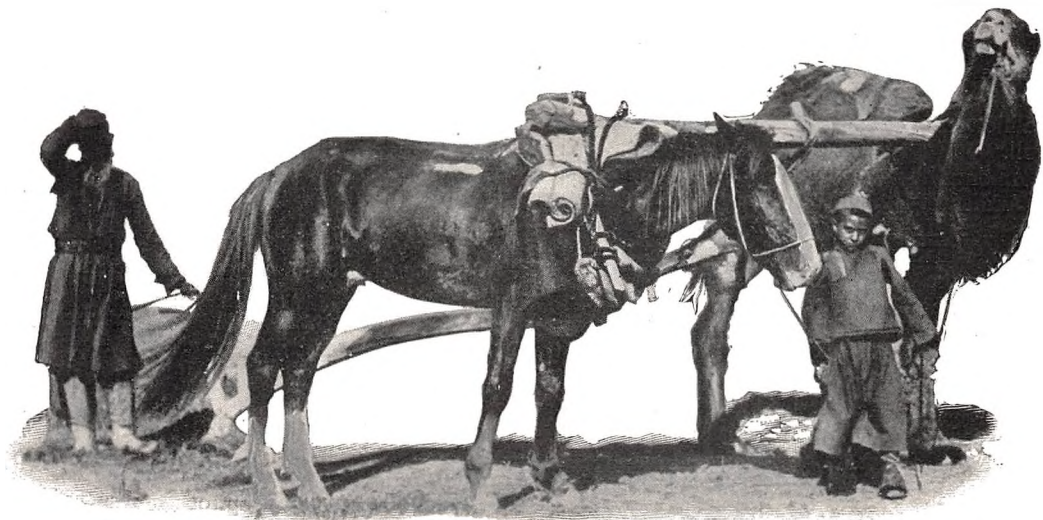
Upon resuming the journey we visited the ruins of the erstwhile famous city of Gurgan, which was formerly the capital of a kingdom stretching from the Caspian Sea to Herat. Situated on both banks of the river, up which ships came from the Caspian, its prosperity and natural wealth formed the theme of the old Arab travellers, who expatiated on its superb olives, oranges, lemons, and, above all, on its huge output of silk. To-day, alas, there is only a dreary area littered with bricks, and not a fruit tree of any description within sight. The city never recovered from its capture by the Mongols, who, in their senseless fury, slew men,

women, and children by millions, and thus annihilated civilization and progress wherever they passed. Indeed, Persia will never recover from that awful cataclysm, which was, sad to say, but one of a series of invasions by barbarous hordes.

South of these ruins of departed greatness we left the treeless steppe and camped at Ramian, on the skirt of the well-wooded range, and the following day we rode through delightful scenery. The trees were very fine, and we also saw masses of ferns, wild vines, and other creepers; but the crowning joy was a thick carpet of snow-drops, which covered up the brown leaves. The rain, however, was very heavy, and so we decided to hire some houses at the picturesque village of Sar-i-Chashmā; as the country is very feverish and everyone was soaked through.

At night it cleared up, and by the light of the full moon we enjoyed a glorious vista of dark forest backed by snow-clad peaks rising up tier after tier to the mighty Elburz range. We were now some fifty miles from Astrabad, and, as the Turkomans had recently attacked and destroyed a number of villages in the vicinity, we had to take careful precautions, as the forests naturally favoured an ambush. However, fortune smiled on us, and we had no unpleasant incidents to chronicle during the two stages which were considered to be dangerous.

The day we reached Astrabad, with my field-glasses I could distinctly make out Ak Kala, the Persian fort on the Gurgan which I had passed during my first journey, and which had been subsequently abandoned. Even its guns have been left behind, and it is curious to know that one at least of these bears the mark *E.I.C.* with



From a]

An ill-assorted team—Ploughing among the Turkomans.

[Photograph.



From a]

The remains of "Alexander's Wall"—The Indian sowars

the date 1798. In other words, this gun in all probability formed part of the battery presented by the East India Company to Fath Ali Shah more than a century ago, on the occasion of the famous embassy of Sir John Malcolm.

Astrabad, when approached from the east, appears to be well set up, and from a considerable distance a group of lofty trees is most conspicuous. Upon passing through the city gate the contrast between it and the towns on the plateau of Persia, with its scanty rainfall, was most striking. To begin with, the streets were so wide that there was room for the black tents of the gipsies, who are found everywhere in Persia. The buildings, too, with their red tiles and overhanging eaves, formed a delightful change from the flat roofs of other parts of Persia, and this was accentuated by the iris and wallflowers which grew along the top of every wall.

Among the sights of Astrabad is its fine "Hall of Audience," built by the founder of the present dynasty. In front of it lies a beautiful sheet of water, which appeals to the traveller in Persia much more than in many other parts of the world. There is, however, a reverse side to the delights of Astrabad, which is its extreme unhealthiness, so much so that during the summer it is deserted by all except the poorest class of inhabitants. The proximity, too, of the roving and predatory Turkomans is a second and most unpleasant factor in the situation; indeed, a few months after my visit most of the villages around Astrabad were sacked and burnt by these man-stealers, who are quite ready to revive

the bad old times whenever they see their opportunity of so doing.

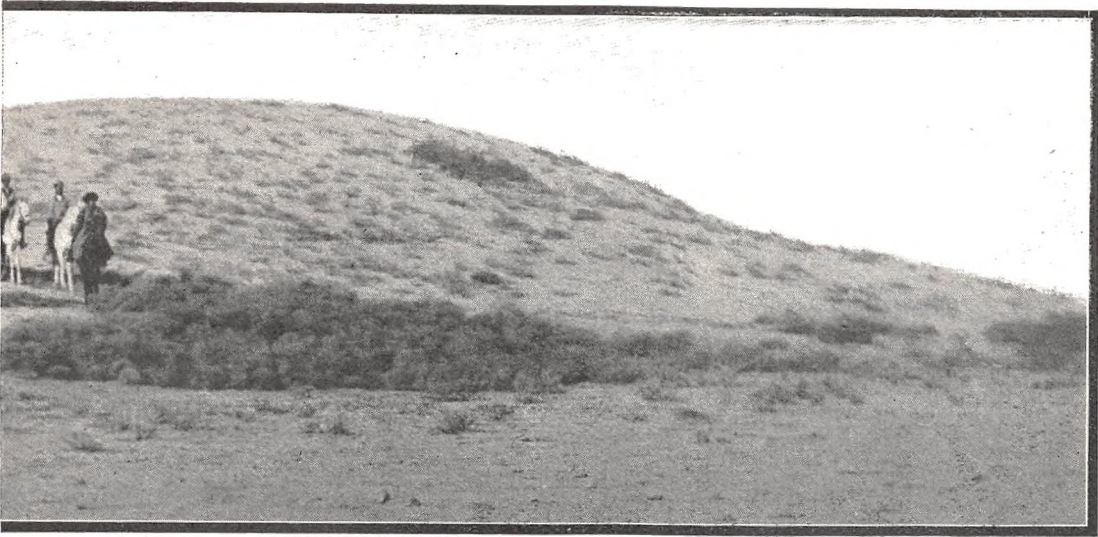
We quitted Astrabad in gloomy weather, and it seemed probable that the famous Kuzluk Pass across the Elburz might prove a hard nut to crack. We rode to its foot through the last lovely forest we were destined to see, and were gladdened by the sight of holly-bushes laden with berries, boughs of which we broke off for the Christmas festivities at Meshed.

The pass was a steep, winding ascent, up which we toiled for some two hours, when suddenly we came upon a ruined caravanserai, with a ramshackle house close by, and this was the stage, situated less than half-way up to the summit.

The night was fine and not cold, considering the altitude; but the next day's march was one of the coldest, longest, and most trying I have ever made.

We started off as soon as it was light, and first had a very weary climb of about two hours, during the course of which one of the horses which was being led slipped on an ice-slide and was very nearly lost, as a sheet of ice ran down the side of the mountain for some hundreds of feet.

At last we reached the summit, at the altitude of seven thousand five hundred feet, and as Astrabad is only two hundred feet above sea-level—the Caspian Sea, curiously enough, lies eighty-four feet below the level of the Black Sea—the rise was considerable. But we were fully rewarded by the superb view. Looking back we saw the precipitous, forest-clad range, and then beyond it the yellow steppe which



of the escort are seen in the foreground.

[Photograph.]

runs in unbroken evenness up to the Arctic tundra.

The Caspian Sea was not visible, as there were hills to the west; but, even so, the view was beautiful, and represented Nature in her most bounteous aspects. Turning round, however, we might have been in Tibet, for as far as the eye could range were naked, ice-covered valleys, rising up to the superb Shah Kuh, which dominates Shahrud.

Meanwhile, the mules had been painfully toiling up the ice-bound pass, and once they were safely up we walked on across a neck and descended into a frozen valley. The cold was intense at this altitude, with a wind blowing that was quite Tibetan in its keenness. Indeed, a distinguished French officer, Comte de la Coste, who travelled across the Pamirs and then visited Persia in the winter, told me that in his opinion there was not very much to choose between the two climates at their worst.

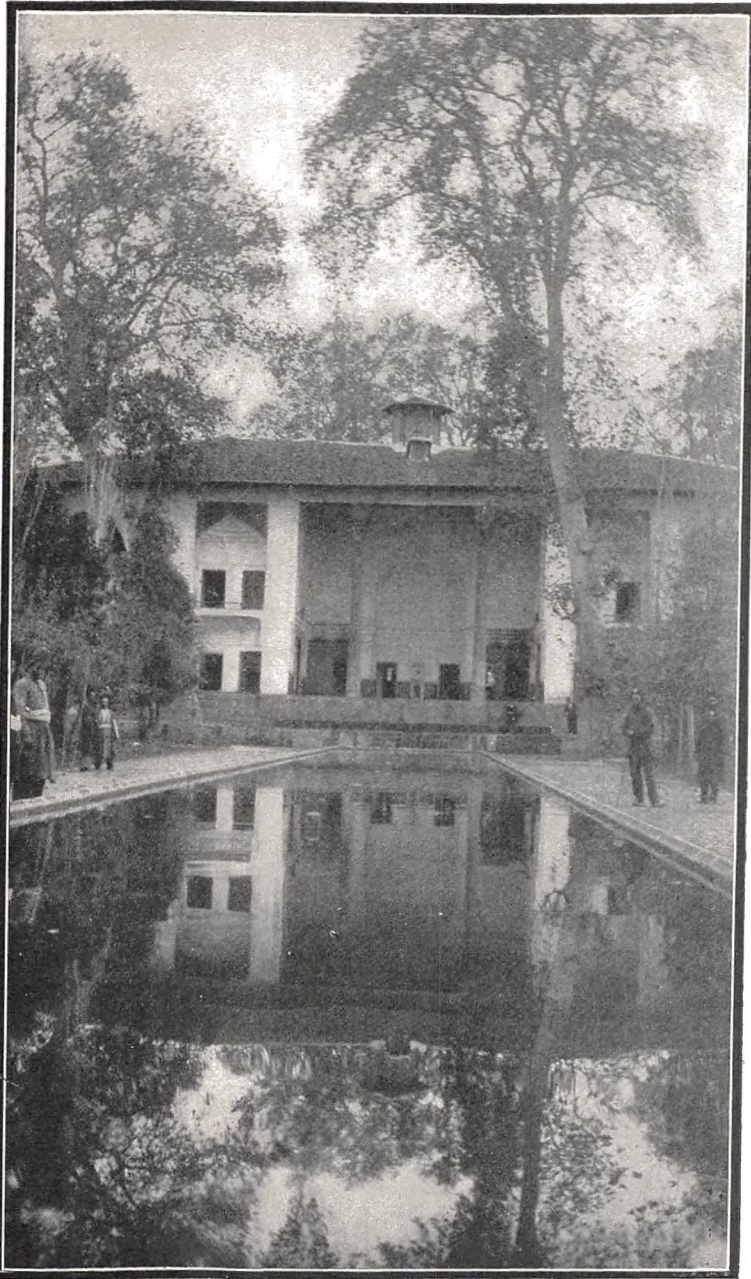
We walked hour after hour up the frozen valley, where we saw a miserable hamlet or two, and then rose up to a second pass at eight thousand six hundred feet. This was the last, and a few miles down the valley we now entered brought us to Tash, where we all enjoyed a well-earned rest, and felt thankful that we had been able to cross the mighty Elburz range in winter without any accident, as, had there been a storm, it would have gone very hard with the weaker members of the party.

The following day an easy down-hill march, during which we sighted a large herd of mountain-sheep, brought us once again on to the treeless plateau of Iran; and, although it looked most

desolate after the wealth of forest and shrubs on the northern side of the Elburz range, yet its keen, dry, invigorating air makes it preferable to the relaxing moisture of the better-watered and rich valley of the Gurgan.

Shahrud was our objective, but we turned aside to visit Bostam, the former capital of the district, as its ancient buildings were said to be most interesting. At the same time, there is always uncertainty in Persia whether the custodians of a shrine will welcome a European. However, we sent "They" ahead, and upon our arrival found him on brotherly terms of affection with the custodian, who greeted us most cordially. On passing through the chains which mark the sanctuary we first examined the tomb of an Afghan prince who had died on his way to Teheran. But the fame of the shrine is due to the fact that in it lie the bones of the saint known as Bayazid, who died in A.D. 874. His Holiness is buried in the open courtyard, he having signified his wishes to this effect by means of a dream when there was a proposal to erect a dome in his honour. The tombstone is of white marble and elaborately chiselled. I had no idea of how widely Bayazid's influence spread, but his memory is kept green in India at any rate, in proof of which one of the sowars of the Indian escort, who had been with the baggage, came to me that night trembling with excitement and petitioned me for leave to visit the shrine, as the deceased saint was the founder of the sect to which he belonged.

The famous Shaking Minaret was next inspected, and two men shook it, with the result that a brick set on edge fell down. It is



The famous "Hall of Audience" at Astrabad.
From a Photograph.

about forty feet high, is composed of brickwork, and is decorated with geometrical patterns and two belts of Kufic inscription. I have often been asked whether this minaret actually shakes, and have replied that, to the best of my belief, it does. Near Ispahan, too, there is a similar building. It is difficult to account for this

curious fact, unless it be accepted that the pillar has been built of bricks which are somewhat elastic. A very "wobbly" sandstone is sold to globe-trotters in India, and these bricks may have been made from soil with similar qualities.

The friendly *Shaykh* Ahmad, who was photographed standing under the Shaking Minaret, not only did the honours of the shrine of Bayazid, from whom he claims descent, but he also took us to see a remarkable polygonal tower constructed of bricks, with each course throwing out a salient angle. It was surmounted by a dome, from which the tiles had fallen. The term "kashana," signifying a "hall" in Persian, is somewhat hard to explain; but possibly it is a corruption of Ghazan Khan, who built the tower in A.D. 1301. It is of considerable interest to note that Ghazan Khan was a correspondent of Edward I. of England.

From Bostam to the modern town of Shahrud is about four miles, and upon completing the stage we found our camp pitched at some distance from the town, which is infested by the dangerous *Argas Persicus*, the bite of which undoubtedly causes fever. It is curious to learn that this insect is believed on good authority still to exist in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, where it serves as a memento of medieval pilgrimages.

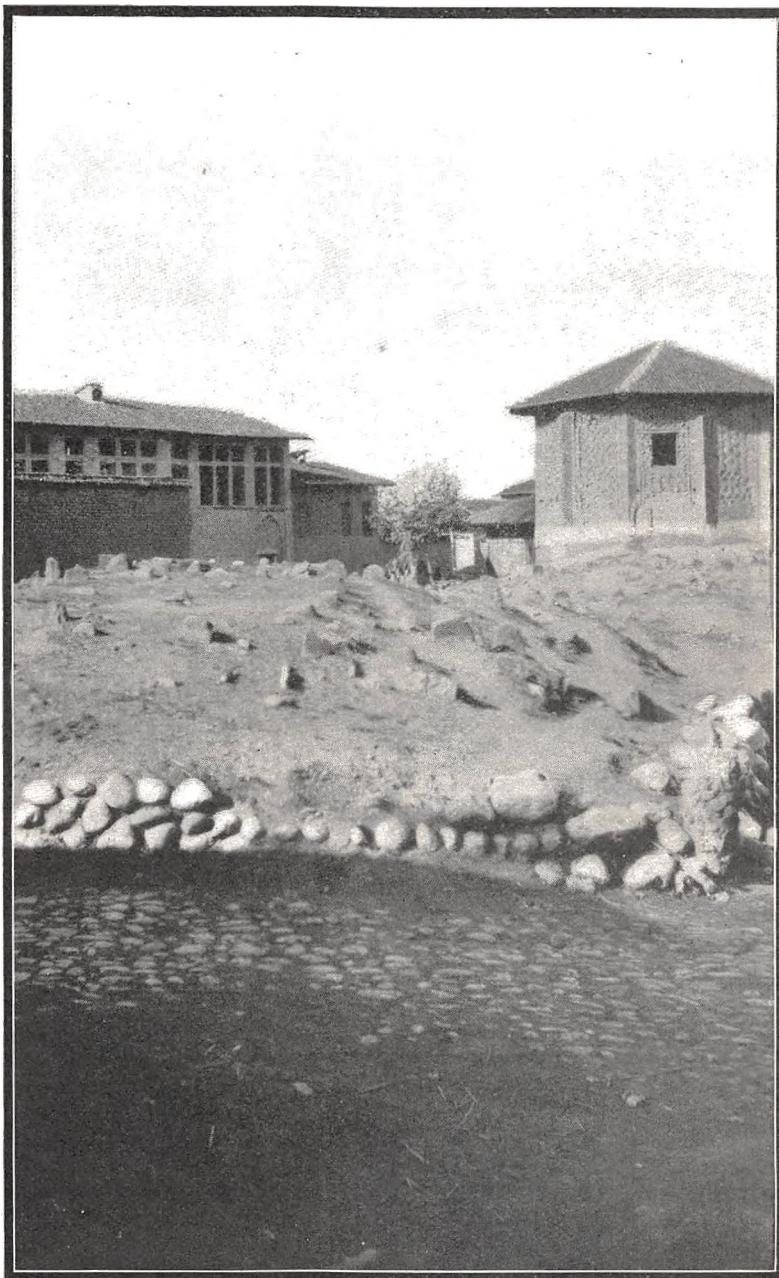
Shahrud is a town of considerable importance from its situation at the point where the road from Astrabad joins the main Teheran-Meshed caravan route. It is the centre of the export trade, not only of this part of Persia, but also of distant Yezd, as it pays the growers to send their cotton to Russia, where it is admitted on favourable

terms, rather than to Bombay. The town itself is dilapidated and uninviting, and its life now centres in a new quarter which has been built outside the Meshed Gate.

From Shahrud we were marching almost due east back to Meshed along a route which has been trodden by a series of conquerors, travellers, and merchants for many hundreds of years. Indeed, there is no alternative route, as to the north runs the great barrier of the Elburz and to the south the Lut, the blighting desert of Persia, stretches for hundreds of miles. Indeed, some of the stages cross a bay of this sterile and grisly waste.

But these physical disadvantages are nothing compared with the fact that it was here in particular that the Turkomans were to be feared; and those who are interested in Persia cannot do better than read in the immortal pages of Morier's "Haji Baba" how Persian pilgrims fared in the "Marches of Terror." At the time of our journey there were no raiding parties of Turkomans, and so we enjoyed excellent hare-shooting, more especially before reaching the fine caravanserai of Miandasht.

At Abbasabad we found a village inhabited by Georgians, who were posted there by Shah Abbas, and who still receive an allowance of grain from the Governor. As it chanced, the night we were there a wedding took place, and a procession of young bloods with torches and lamps fetched the bridegroom, the whole party dancing with great vigour to the sound of horns



A cemetery in Astrabad—The town is so unhealthy that during the summer it is deserted by all but the poorest inhabitants. [Photograph.]

and drums. Later the bride was fetched by the same party, and it was curious to see her draped in a white sheet and dancing as if possessed.

At Mihr we were in a district closely connected with Zoroaster, whose first royal convert was the King of Khorasan. And it was interesting to have pointed out the sites of fire



In the heart of the Elburz Range, where the traveller is liable to be attacked by raiding Turkomans.

From a Photograph.

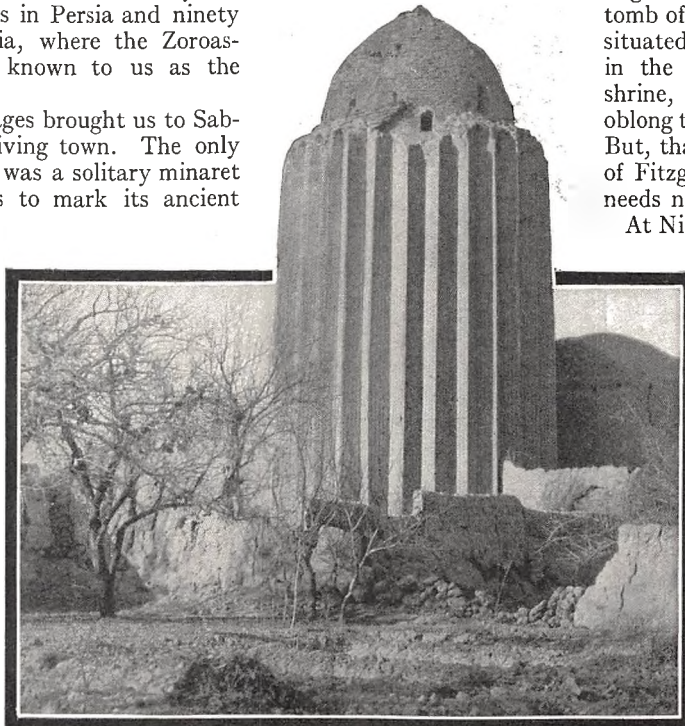
temples and other ruins belonging to a creed which was once the State religion of Persia at its zenith, but which has now only ten thousand followers in Persia and ninety thousand in India, where the Zoroastrians are better known to us as the Parsees.

Several long stages brought us to Sabzawar, also a thriving town. The only object of interest was a solitary minaret which still stands to mark its ancient capital.

The next town we passed through was world-renowned Nishapur, which, owing to its connection with Omar Khayyam, is a most familiar name in England and America. We visited the poet's tomb, which is situated in a shrine dedicated to a most obscure saint; and yet the garden which leads up

to the tomb is typically Persian, and has probably never been changed since the shrine was originally founded. The tomb of Omar Khayyam is situated in an open recess in the left wing of the shrine, and is simply an oblong tomb plastered over. But, thanks to the genius of Fitzgerald, Omar's fame needs no costly tomb.

At Nishapur we were but three long stages from Meshed, so we pressed on, as the plain was covered with snow, and fresh falls appeared imminent. We finally reached Meshed, with its shrine which is "the Glory of the Shia World," three days before Christmas, and thus concluded a most interesting tour of nearly nine hundred miles.



The "Kashana" at Bostam, built in the year 1301.

From a Photograph.

The Midnight Attack.

BY W. E. PRIESTLEY.

A story of the troublous time which followed the great earthquake and fire of 1906 in San Francisco. Mr. Priestley places on record for the first time the true facts of a mysterious night attack upon the bullion-filled vaults of the U.S. Government Sub-Treasury.



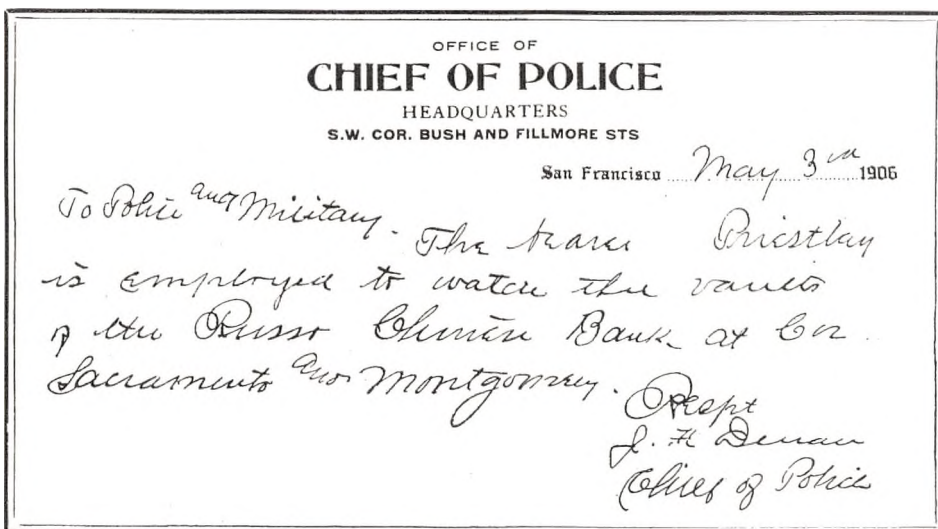
IN the morning of April 18th, 1906, as all the world knows, San Francisco was visited by a terrible earthquake, which eventually caused a large part of the city to be destroyed by fire. It is not my intention to attempt a description of the catastrophe, as this has already been done by far abler pens than mine; but I propose to narrate an exciting incident that occurred at this time, and in which I was one of the participants. The details are now made public for the first time.

I had arrived in San Francisco a few days before the earthquake, and at the time of the catastrophe was staying at one of the hotels in the "down-town" district, where the greatest damage was done. Fortunately, I escaped any bodily injury, and was subsequently drafted to the Special Police, a volunteer organization that had been formed to assist the military in the preservation of order. After some little work with the Relief Committee I was detailed to guard the vaults of two banks—the Russo-Chinese and the Italian-American Bank.

It should be stated in explanation that these two banks (which were on opposite corners of Montgomery and Sacramento Streets) were

reduced to ruins after the fire, only the vaults remaining intact. These vaults contained the books, securities, and funds of the banks, and owing to the fear of spontaneous combustion could not be opened until some weeks had elapsed, in order to give them sufficient time to cool. As can easily be imagined, conditions in San Francisco at that time were far from ordinary, and owing to the fact that these vaults were temptingly near the open street, and could be inspected by any passer-by, it was thought advisable to station armed guards over them, to work in conjunction with the military, and protect the store-rooms from any chance attack that might be made upon them by robbers.

I was detailed to guard the vaults of these two banks from six at night until six in the morning, at which time I was relieved by the day-watch. I must confess that the job was anything but pleasant, various causes contributing to make it one of the most uncomfortable positions I have ever filled. In the first place, strange tales were floating around of midnight attacks by armed marauders, of pickets mysteriously shot by unknown assassins, and of carefully-planned robberies by desperadoes who had taken



An order, signed by the Chief of Police at San Francisco, detailing Mr. W. E. Priestley to guard the vaults of the wrecked Russo-Chinese Bank.

advantage of the unusual state of affairs which existed at that time. Many of these stories were untrue, but were readily believed by people whose nerves had been strained to the breaking-point by a calamity that was almost unprecedented in history. Added to these stories was the unfavourable environment under which I worked. My post was in the centre of the burnt-out district. During the night all kinds of mysterious noises could be heard, such as the scurrying of rats or the falling of walls; the city was enveloped in an intense darkness, which was only broken by the gleam of the camp fires of the watchers, or the searchlights from the battleships in the harbour, which only swept the sky, and failed to penetrate the blackness of the ruined city. I worked, too, under the strict rule of the military, who had taken entire charge of the situation, and preserved order at the point of the bayonet.

All the police at that time were under the orders of the military authorities, and it was my duty at six o'clock every night to report to the officer who had charge of the district where I was on guard. I was provided with all the necessary credentials, including orders from the managers of both banks, a pass from Mayor Schmitz, and an order from Chief-of-Police Dinan. I would arrive at my post a few minutes before six and report to the commandant, showing my credentials in case a new officer was on duty. After these necessary formalities had been gone through I would dig amongst the ruins in order to obtain enough wood to keep my camp-fire going until morning. Nothing in the world can equal the companionship to a sentry of a dog and a camp-fire, and though the dog was lacking in my case I always took care to see that I was provided with a good supply of fuel. The fire was very necessary, as I was compelled to cook my own meals while on watch.

I shall never forget the intense feeling of solitude that seemed to pervade the situation. I have camped out alone in Alaska, hundreds of miles from any companion, but never have I experienced sensations such as those which I felt during the strenuous days after the San Francisco disaster. In the distance could be heard the monotonous tramp of a sentry, or the sharp crack of a rifle, fired as the result of overstrung nerves—sounds which only seemed to accentuate the surrounding gloom. Strict orders had been given that anyone found looting was to be shot on sight, and all those on guard were ready to obey these instructions.

A short distance from my post were the ruins of the United States Government Sub-Treasury, and as these vaults contained a large amount of

money belonging to the Government a special detail of soldiers had been placed on guard. This building, before the fire, occupied almost the entire block from Clay to Commercial Streets. Now nothing remained between the two streets save a pile of smoking ruins and the upright vaults. A sergeant and six men were told off to guard these, and they established a camp a short distance from the Sub-Treasury. A soldier was constantly on duty at what had been the Clay Street entrance, while another sentry was detailed to guard the ruined entrance on the Commercial Street side of the building.

I was directly under the orders of the officer who had charge of the Sub-Treasury detail, and worked in conjunction with him. When I first reported for duty he told me that in case I was attacked, or came across suspicious individuals, I was to fire my revolver, and he would immediately come to my aid. If I heard firing by any of his men, I was immediately to report to him for further orders.

At half-past nine every night "Taps" was sounded all over the city, which was the signal for the extinguishing of all lights, and anyone found in the streets after this hour was compelled to give an account of themselves, or be looked upon as under suspicion. Persons failing to respond at the third time of challenging were to be fired at.

I had been on duty about a week, and had become somewhat used to the routine. On the particular night when my adventure happened a story had been going the rounds to the effect that an attack on the Sub-Treasury was premeditated by a band of desperate men who had an eye to the bullion that reposed in the vaults of the ruins. From the first the story was nothing but the result of someone's too vivid imagination, but the tale was given credence. Needless to say, all those in the immediate neighbourhood were on the *qui vive* that night, and, while we hoped for the best, we were prepared for the worst. "Taps" sounded as usual at half-past nine, and from that time the hours dragged slowly on till nearly midnight. I remember distinctly how I had just kicked the fire, in order to stir the embers into a blaze, and was just debating with myself the advisability of making some coffee, when suddenly I was startled by the challenging cry of a sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"

I recognized the voice of one of the sentries on the Clay Street side of the Sub-Treasury, and I awaited further developments with interest. The challenge was again repeated; there was a pause, and then, for the third time, I heard the sentry's voice, immediately followed by a shot. This was succeeded at once by several more

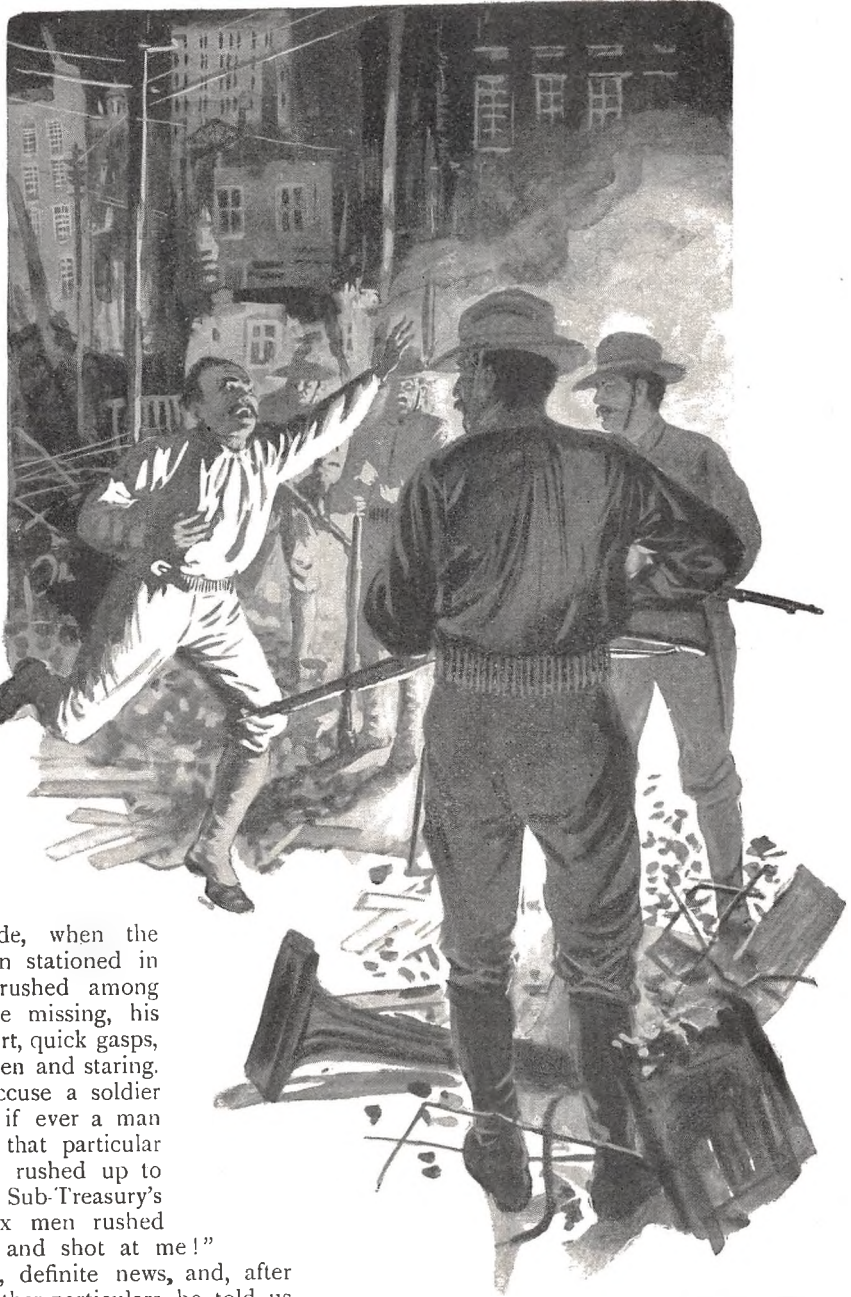
shots, and realizing that something unusual was happening I swung my revolver ready to my hand and broke into a run in the direction of the firing, telling myself that the expected attack had at last taken place. I ran up Montgomery Street for a short distance, and met the sergeant rallying his men, who were busily engaged clipping loaded magazines on to their rifles.

"What's the trouble?" I exclaimed.

"Sub-Treasury is attacked," he answered, excitedly.

I fell in with the soldiers, and we started off to investigate. We were just preparing to go to the assistance of the sentry on the Clay Street side, when the sentry who had been stationed in Commercial Street rushed among us, his hat and rifle missing, his breath coming in short, quick gasps, and his eyes wide open and staring. It seems hard to accuse a soldier of being afraid, but if ever a man was scared it was that particular son of Mars as he rushed up to us, shouting, "The Sub-Treasury's been attacked! Six men rushed out of the building and shot at me!"

This was, indeed, definite news, and, after being pressed for further particulars, he told us in disjointed sentences how he had been pacing up Commercial Street, when he heard the challenge of his partner on the other side of the building. While he was waiting, like Mr. Micawber, "for something to turn up," a shot whistled between his legs, evidently fired from the building, to which he immediately replied, seeing, however, nothing but the ruins to aim at. While he was shooting in the direction of



"He rushed up to us, shouting, 'The Sub-Treasury's been attacked!'"

the vaults five or six men had emerged from the building, jumped over a low wall, and taken refuge in a large cellar or basement.

Acting on this information we ran up the street, and the sentry pointed out the cellar in which the men had taken refuge. It was only a few yards from the Sub-Treasury, and was all

that was left of a brick building. The place was about sixty feet square, but the walls had fallen into the basement, all that was left standing being from two to three feet in height. The night was so dark that it was impossible to penetrate the depths of the basement, so the sergeant ordered us to surround the building, two men to each side, and fire into it when he gave the order. I stood by the side of a soldier, and as soon as the order was given we commenced shooting into the ruins. After I had emptied my revolver and was loading up for a second volley, I was startled by hearing the "ping" of a bullet as it whistled past my head. I dropped like a dead man behind a pile of bricks, as up to this time I had been standing erect. The soldier who was with me followed my example and crawled up to where I was.

"Are you hit?" he exclaimed, anxiously.

"I'm all right, I guess," I replied. "But someone fired a bullet close to my head."

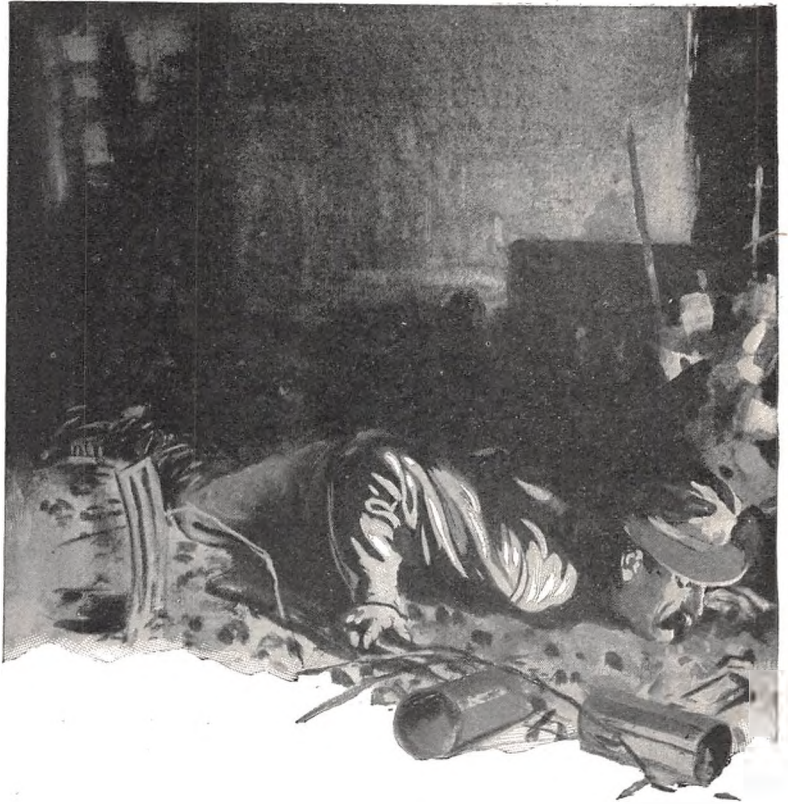
"That's queer," he said. "I felt a bullet whizz past me as well."

"Do you think it was the men in the cellar?" I asked.

"I don't think so. I have an idea that those fellows opposite are excited and are firing high. They think they are firing into the cellar right enough, but as often happens when men get excited they fire a good deal higher than the mark they aim at."

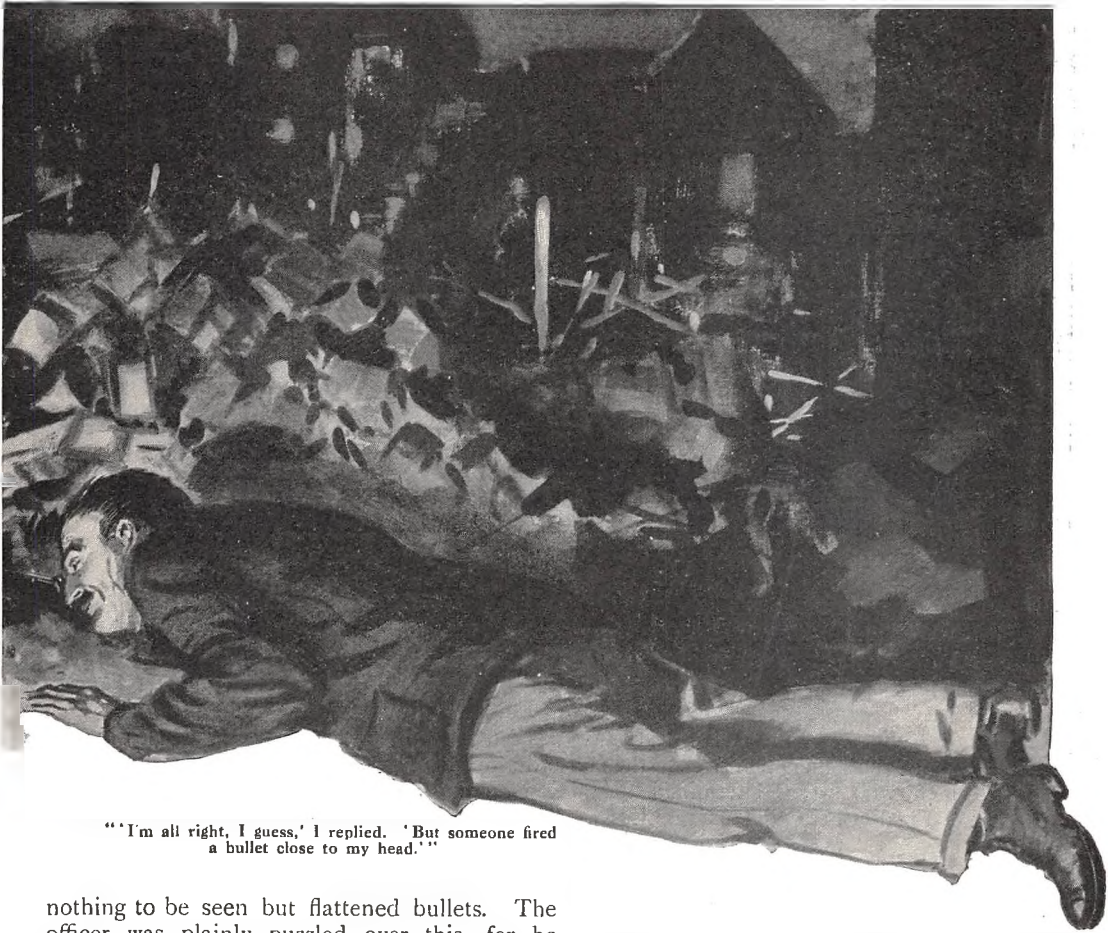
He crawled round to where the other soldiers were firing, and his surmise proved to be correct, for upon his return no more bullets came over in our direction, but I took the precaution to fire from behind the protection of a pile of fallen bricks. Although it was not their intention to fire at us, I made up my mind that the soldiers' apology would be of little value to me in case they should have the misfortune to transform me into a corpse.

Presently the sergeant walked over to us and ordered us to cease firing while he made an investigation. While we were waiting, a lieutenant came up with about twenty men. He had been attracted by the sound of the firing,



and, guessing at the cause of the trouble, came over with additional help. He at once took charge of the situation, and ordered us all to fall into line. The cause of the excitement was soon made clear to him, and, standing at the head of the line, he called for volunteers to go with him into the ruins to look for the robbers. Having rather vague notions regarding the gallantry of the soldier, I expected the whole line to march forward as one man, but, to my surprise, nothing happened. The soldiers looked at each other, they looked at the ground, they even looked towards the sky, but not one looked at the officer who was calling for volunteers. It should be understood that these men were not raw recruits, but had just returned from active service in the Philippine Islands.

The officer was plainly nonplussed at the lack of enthusiasm in his men, and, calling to the sergeant, he ordered him to detail six men to accompany him into the ruins. This was done, and rather shamefacedly the six men followed the young lieutenant. He carried a lantern in his hand, and I watched him eagerly in his search, but despite the fact that he examined every part of the ruins he could find no trace of the looters. Where we expected to see blood, bodies, and a scene of slaughter, there was



"'I'm all right, I guess,' I replied. 'But someone fired a bullet close to my head.'"

nothing to be seen but flattened bullets. The officer was plainly puzzled over this, for he returned, shaking his head. Needless to say we were all standing at attention when he walked up, and for the first time he noticed a civilian in the ranks. Stepping up to me he asked me what I was doing there, and the sergeant explained that I was the guard for the Russo-Chinese Bank. Finally, the lieutenant ordered me back to my post, telling me to allow no one to pass without careful examination.

The rest of the night passed quietly, but next morning the story of the attack that had been made on the Sub-Treasury was published broadcast. The narrative, snowball-like, gained in its progress and then suddenly died a mysterious death. An investigation was ordered by the military authorities, and the secret of the midnight attack was discovered, although it was not given to the public, for obvious reasons.

It seems that on the night of the supposed attack a deaf and dumb man journeyed across San Francisco Bay to Oakland. As San Francisco was a strict prohibition town at that time he had taken advantage of his visit to

partake rather too freely of "the cup that cheers" and also inebriates.

As a result of his libations he was filled with a supreme confidence that took no notice of police or military orders, although he was out after half-past nine. He resolved to seek his virtuous couch, which at that time was a temporary affair in the Presidio military reservation, and set out for that place. From the Ferry Building, where he landed, to the Presidio was about three miles, so he started off to walk the distance as well as his erring footsteps would allow. The special providence which is detailed to watch over drunken men evidently took care of him, for he was only challenged once during the entire trip. He was walking up Clay Street close upon midnight when the Sub-Treasury sentry ordered him to stop. Now a deaf and dumb man takes no notice of verbal commands, and, even had he been blessed with the power of hearing, it is questionable whether in his drunken condition he would have heeded the order. To make the story short, the sentry, receiving no



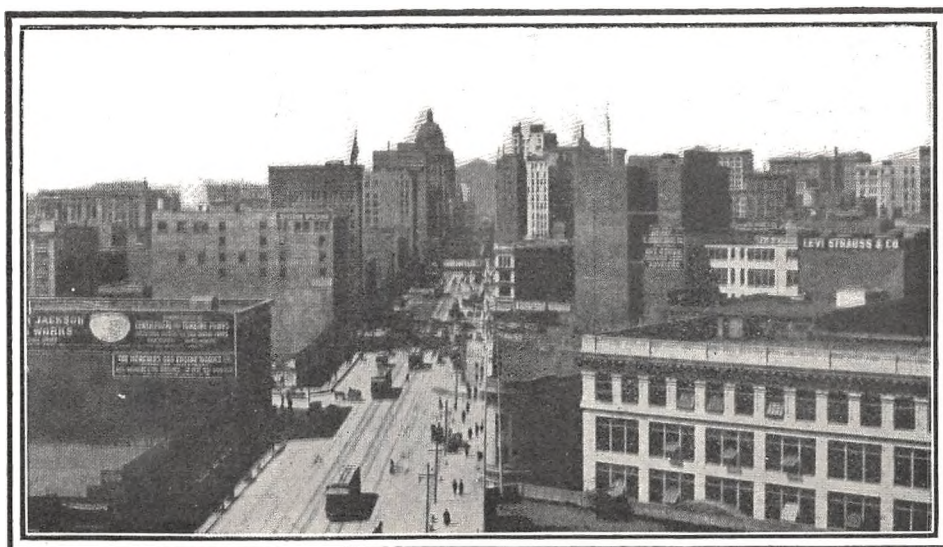
From a]

A view of part of the ruins of San Francisco after the earthquake and fire of 1906.

[Photograph.

reply, fired at him. The bullet, after passing through his hat, traversed the ruins of the building, and almost shot the sentry on the other side of the Sub-Treasury in Commercial Street. This man naturally thought that an attack was being made, and fired in reply. His nerves being overwrought, he imagined that the shadows were men who were determined to have his life. Finally he could stand the strain no longer, so, throwing down his rifle, he rushed off for reinforcements. From that point onwards the story has been already related.

The deaf and dumb man, blissfully unaware that any attempt had been made on his life, was finally arrested at the Presidio entrance, where an examination brought to light the fact that he had a bullet-hole through his hat. He was questioned on paper as to his whereabouts, and from his answers and the power of deduction employed by those who had charge of the inquiry the mystery was solved. These latter facts I obtained from one of the soldiers who gave evidence; but the entire story of the midnight attack on the Sub-Treasury is here given to the public for the first time.



Market Street San Francisco, near where the incident here related took place—This is the business section of the city and has been rebuilt since the earthquake.

From a]

[Photograph.

Our Trek Beyond the Zambesi.



From a "Don O." at work. (Photograph.)

IV.

BY MRS. FRED MATURIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BROCK, R.I.,
AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

Inspired by the success of her tour in the South of England with "The Wide World" caravan, Mrs. Maturin planned a more ambitious journey—a trip through the wilds of North-Western Rhodesia. All sorts of adventures fell to the lot of the members of the little party, and at times their experiences were trying indeed, but throughout the whole expedition the authoress managed to maintain her sense of humour and see the funny side of every happening.

Tom having arrived with four o'clock tea and bread and butter. The servants and carriers piled on whole branches of trees, partly to light up the scene, partly for warmth. By its aid breakfast was over and the carrier-loads laid out neatly ready in a row, each carrier (at last) at attention behind his own, by the time the sun had risen.

It is a momentous day for us all. Up till now, wild and remote as our surroundings have been, we have at least been in touch with the native and his kraal. Now we are passing from even that much civilization, and penetrating the farthest wilds indeed. As I write, halting at midday on the great Kafue Sahara, we have, hours ago, seen our last of villages and their occupants, and have been trekking now for some time upon a vast level plain (dead flat all round us to the horizon), dotted with dreary, dry ant-hills running up to points and the shape of a small bell-tent, and some nearly that size. These meet the gaze wherever you look. The ground was once long, waving grass, but the veldt fires have left nothing save black ashes—beloved of the sportsman because the buck love to lick the salt it forms and to crop at the young green grass-shoots which here and there are coming up through it.

IN the Kafue Sahara, July 18th, 1910.—Here we are, not dead yet, halting for lunch on the Kafue flats. We were all up this morning again by starlight, and it was bitterly cold till the new day began to creep up over the world. Then the sun rose. The jungle round us was wet with dew, and all sorts of strange and wonderful sounds came from the leafy thickness.

A large log fire sent us to sleep last night (it was cold enough to enjoy it thoroughly), and had not burnt itself out when we again woke,

"The abomination of desolation!" was my first impression, as our long caravan emerged into this Sahara, but already I can feel in me the call and charm of the Desert.

The short halt on the edge of the Sahara is over, and the caravan moves on again, led, as before, by the guide, who is giving himself

"Wildebeest, otherwise gnu," calls Don Quixote.

These have shaggy manes and queer faces, like the fabulous animals of some fairy tale. They are too far away to see or scent us yet. Near them are three more zebras, their beautiful stripes gleaming in the sunlight. Why, we are



From a

The carriers, perched on ant-hills, watching a game-hunt on the Kafue flats.

[Photograph.]

increasing as the general desolation increases. We are utterly in his hands now. How he knows which way to go is astonishing, for when we have moved over the flats an hour or so all landmarks become merged into the everlasting ant-hill and black ash; the "inverted bowl" of blue overhead arches down to the level horizon right round us. Where we are, whither we are going, when we shall get there, and what we shall get to, Heaven—and the guide—alone know!

We called the luncheon halt ten minutes ago, and while Jonas boils a kettle behind an ant-hill, Sam and George lay lunch on a table made of chop-boxes.

Now there is a sudden "Hisst" from the throng of carriers. The whisper goes round excitedly—"Game!"

Up on the tallest ant-hill he can find goes Don Quixote, quietly and leisurely. Mr. Muffin, in excited fashion, swarms up another. I struggle out of my machila and climb up on a third ant-hill, and stand and shade my eyes with my hand. The carriers and servants get on to yet other ant-hills.

A wonderful sight meets my gaze. To my left a huge herd of zebra stand quietly feeding, about half a mile away. Ahead of me, again, other dark forms slowly move about.

"What are they?" I call to Don Quixote, and he cries back, with suppressed excitement, "Roan!"

Again I look, and to my right see five or six strange-looking animals.

in a vast zoological garden of Nature's making. Wherever you look you see something alive—herds of lovely animals, sometimes with splendid horns silhouetted black and slender against the eternal blue of the sky. Here and there is a low thorn bush; here and there a tree. Otherwise the desert reigns supreme, dotted with brown ant-hills.

But I must go—they are calling me to lunch. Mr. Muffin is fairly dancing in his excitement.

"Give me something to eat—anything! I must be off; I'm going to have one of those zebras. Hurry up, Mrs. M., and you shall have a baby zebra as a pet—if I can get one! Think of it! Trotting after you like a pet lamb!"

Don Quixote is quietly seeing to his guns and ammunition, swallowing food between-whiles as he stands. "Excuse my beginning lunch," he calls to me. "We'll start trekking again quickly, I think; and I'll branch off over there and try for a roan."

"I saw them," continues Mr. Muffin, bolting biscuits and potted meat. "Horns that make one's mouth water! But there'll be plenty later on for me."

I really must stop and bolt some lunch, too, for I want to see the hunt myself.

Halt, 4 p.m.—We are about to have tea. Oh, what a day it has been! But a great anxiety is assailing us. No water has been found yet. Whenever Sam asks the guide, "When are we coming to water?" the brute points to the horizon and says: "Water long way!" If

you ask "How far?" you get no satisfactory answer. Their only idea of describing distance is either to point to the sky to show you where the sun will be when you reach your destination, or to recall to your mind some other distance you have travelled and then draw a comparison. Thus the guide, when pressed as to when we shall reach water, points to where the sun will set and then points lower still, which means that the sun will have set "a long time" when you get there. But it is impossible to discover whether it will be ten to-night, ten to-morrow morning, or a week hence.

Mr. Muffin says he would enjoy murdering him and drinking his blood, and as to the first half, I should enjoy it also. But, thirsty as I am (for our water is finished), I've not arrived at the blood-drinking stage yet.

Badgered by Sam, the One-Eyed One further lets drop the cryptic remark: "Sabasuni to Baunakaila, long way! Baunakaila to this, long way! Water much, much, much more long way than Sabasuni or Baunakaila!"

A groan goes up, and the two men nobly suppress a desire to kick the fellow into the middle of next week, but, muttering instead, "Lead on!" we start again.

For hours now we have suffered thirst and all its attendant agonies. Half a small kettleful of water has been carefully saved for tea, which we are now about to have, as being more likely to refresh and keep us going than drinking the water itself.

The hunt after the zebra and the buck was watched by everybody. I stood on an ant-hill to watch Don Q. and Mr. Muffin after their different quarries—one to the east, the other to the west. The loads were deposited on the ground, and the carriers (congregated on other ant-hills) gazed enraptured. For a long while I watched Don Q., a speck in the distance, stalking his roan, which fed just on the outside of the herd. He crept from ant-hill to ant-hill, Sam behind him, and when he got near an ant-hill close to the buck he wanted he went flat on to his chest

as usual, and started wriggling like a snake along the earth, Sam squirming behind him. Then he reached the ant-hill and cautiously crawled up it, so close now to the buck that the slightest sound would have sent the whole herd flying away over the desert.

There was intense excitement among the carriers and servants; even he of the one eye stood spellbound. There was not a sound amongst us as we watched.

Now Don Q. is up on the ant-hill and is carefully finding a resting-place for his gun, its muzzle pointing straight at the king of the herd. Crash! Into the hot blue air leaps the roan, and falls stone dead at Don Q.'s first shot.

Almost immediately after there begins, in exactly the opposite direction, a kind of Spion Kop engagement, so to speak, between Mr. Muffin and the zebra herd. The "bangs" go fast and furious, and the enemy are seen careering in all directions, flourishing their heels and tails wildly. Now and then one sees Mr. Muffin sprinting, first this way, then that, after a zebra. One knows he must (thirsty as he is) be simply pouring with perspiration! When he has

wounded a zebra he chases it till he has got it by the tail. Then he hangs on till the poor thing falls. He returned to us literally soaked in blood and with his face dripping with perspiration. As for his clothes, they were like Joseph's coat! But he was radiant.

"Got him! Thought he was dead, and climbed on to him to find out, when he sprang up and tried to bite me. Narrow shave, eh?"

"Where's my baby zebra?" I inquire.

"Bolted—a lot of them. Dear little things. Jove! what a country, Don Q.!"

"It is, indeed," calmly replied Don Q., sitting gazing at our empty water-bag dreamily. "A country full of interest.

But we must really trek on. Sam! Start again. Call the carriers!"

Kafue Flats, July 21st.—It is some days since I wrote. Life grows more and more wonderful, and I shall never, with my limited space,



"Menda! (water). Where's the menda, son of a dog?"

be able to tell of half we are doing and seeing. Late on the night of the day I last wrote we struck water, but I shall not easily forget what we went through first, with thirst, fatigue, and rage with the idiot who was supposed to be guiding us to the pools, and who seemed totally unconcerned at his failure to do so, and the fate that awaited us unless water turned up. As the sun began to set our anxiety and sufferings grew unbearable, and yet the guide marched calmly along as if there was nothing to worry about. Frequent halts were called and the guide yelled at to stop. Then Sam would go for him, pointing to the sun setting like a great ball of crimson flame on the low, far-off, purple horizon.

"Menda! (water) Where's the menda, son of a dog?"

Jabber, jabber, jabber, and a skinny black fore-

begin to feel a little sorry for the guide, for, in order to please us and divert our wrath from themselves, Sam, Tom, and George have all seized large sticks and start to chase and belabour the One-Eyed One.

However, some good comes of it all. The guide's brain begins to work! Up till now I verily believe he was marching blindly on, trusting to luck to strike water some time before to-morrow or next day. Coming from the waterless districts he inhabits, he has learnt, as they all do, to go without water for days, like a camel, and what would kill us would have hardly any effect on him. I think it would take ten days of thirst to kill a "salted" Baunakaila native. So he has not greatly worried himself.

Now, feeling uneasy at the way everyone is going for him, he mildly announced to Sam, "Me think. No beat. If me think, water come."

So he is allowed fifteen minutes to think in, and stands on an ant-hill doing it.



"To me it seemed that quite a lot of lions must be prowling round."

finger points to what may mean midnight, eternity—Heaven knows what.

"I'll get on to that ant-hill and see for myself," says Don Q., while Mr. Muffin exhausts what little energy he has left pursuing our guardian angel round another ant-hill to kick him, though Don Q. mildly points out, as he climbs his observatory, "Will kicking the fellow cause water to appear, Muffin? If you think there's any likelihood of it, do it by all means. But, by the ordinary laws of Nature, you know, we're really more likely to reach water by keeping the brute able to use his legs."

The servants are very imitative, and I really

Don Q., from *his* ant-hill, announces, "Not a gleam or sign of water to be seen anywhere," and we all groan. I long to have a good cry, but decide not to—just yet. The rest is a fevered dream of Sam coming to say he and the guide will go on to search for water, while we stop where we are. He will find us again (for it is growing dark) "by Mastah's shots," for Don Q. arranges that after an hour or so he will fire off his gun at intervals.

The whole caravan sinks, sitting or lying, to the ground, and silence falls upon us all, stranded here in this dreary wilderness.

Is this to be the end of our trek? We ought

to have carried water, but that hateful guide was so confident of finding the pools, and we had not one man to spare to carry it; also, it was such filthy stuff to trouble to carry much of.

I sit propped against an ant-hill and have fitful sleeps, waking up now and then (it is now quite dark and the stars are coming out) to hear Don Q. and Mr. Muffin talking in a desultory fashion. Mr. M., like all Irishmen, grows very despondent. He is always either up or down.

"You'll tell my mater the end was peaceful, Don Q., won't you?"

His back is turned and his hat over his face, so that it is impossible to say whether he is in earnest or not.

"But, Muffin, if you die, why should I survive, may I ask?" inquires Don Q., in a somewhat



injured tone, as much as to say, "Why should I be robbed of the *kudos* of dying as well?"

"Oh, I don't know; someone always survives and gets back to civilization, and you're the kind that always does. You've led a better life than me. I wish to goodness now I hadn't done—well, all sorts of things. All the wrong things I've ever done are marshalling themselves past me, in *troops*, as it were. Like when you drown, don't you know?"

"Come, come," says Don Q.; "this won't do. One would say you had committed a murder."

"You won't leave me here for the lions to pick my bones?"

"But what could I do with your—your—remains?" demands Don Q. "Every carrier, as you know, has his load, and——"

"Leave some of my luggage behind," suggests Muffin, brightly, "and hoist my corpse on to the carrier that carries my—well, say my medicine-chest. It hasn't helped us much here. I was wondering, an hour ago, whether we could slake our thirst with ipecacuanha wine or ammoniated quinine; but they'd probably finish us off entirely. I wish I'd never come trekking beyond the Zambesi!"

This sort of thing goes on for what seems to me ages. There is not a sign or a sound to denote the return of Sam and the guide, and Mr. Muffin is sure they'll get lost, and our case be worse than before.

Then, from afar off, we hear a sound that Don Q. and Mr. Muffin try hard to cover up, as it were, by talking as hard as they can; and I might never have known what it meant had not Jonas, coming up, said:—

"Please, mastah, big lion arriving. Give matches. Me light fire of grass."

This finishes me off entirely, and I have a good cry in earnest.

Jonas quickly lights his fire of grass, and the carriers collect material and light others. Don Q. does all he can to comfort me, making me sit close to him.

"He won't come near us now," he says. "Think what splendid copy it is for your articles!"

"I don't care one bit about my articles!"

I sob. "What good will they be to me if I'm eaten? Oh, there it is again! Oh, this is too terrible!"

"My rifle is all ready, if anything comes along," says Don Q. "But I assure you they will give us a wide berth now these fires are lit. And the fires will guide Sam back, too. You'll see, we shall be in a lovely camp to-morrow, and all this be forgotten."

"How far off are the lions?" I ask, sitting listening intently.

"Oh, a long way," says Don Q.

"Not four hundred yards," comes Mr. Muffin's voice from out the gloom (by way of cheering me, I suppose). "It all depends upon whether they've found food this evening."

This somewhat enigmatical observation causes me to dissolve into tears once more. I am dreadfully, terribly frightened.

"Any minute now they may spring upon us," I say. "They may only be a few feet off; it's so dark beyond those fires."

"I wish you would hold your tongue, Muffin," says Don Q. "Cannot you see you are causing great trouble?"

"Shut up yourself!" says Muffin, testily. "You may enjoy being chewed up by a lion, but I don't. And if talking about it and being despondent sort of relieves one, why shouldn't I do it? Halloa, that was a loud one!"

So it was. It resounded all over the great silence round us. To me it seemed that quite a lot of lions must be prowling round our little lonely party, benighted thus on this far-off desert.

Feverishly the carriers piled grass upon the fires. Don Q. reminded me that lions don't often eat people where big game is so abundant as here, and we sat on and on, waiting. Finally Don Q. started firing off his rifle, for a double purpose—to keep off the lions and let Sam know where we were. All this time my little Scotch

terrier, Jane, sat huddled close to me, her poor little tongue hanging from her mouth. When those deep and ominous sounds reached us from the great wilderness around she would stop panting to cock her ears and listen with all her might.

Suddenly—oh, the joy of it!—we heard a faint and distant shout.

The whole of the fifty carriers responded with one yell, throwing more grass on to the fires to show where we were located. Soon we saw a red point of light moving towards us through the blackness. It came from the little camp lantern we had luckily given Sam, and Mr. Muffin, jumping to his feet, put his hands to his mouth and joyfully bellowed "Sam!"

Some three hours later, when the moon was high in the heavens, we reached water. First we saw an opal gleam far ahead; then we heard it flowing, and no one who has not experienced acute thirst can understand what that sight and sound meant to us.

We simply rushed at it. I could not get to it



"The carriers lying in a long row, faces down, sucking it up."

in time before Don Q. was hurrying back to me with a pannikin full. I drank and drank, and everyone else drank and drank, the carriers lying in a long row, faces down, sucking it up, and the servants the same. Mr. Muffin got bodily into it. Don Q. had eight glasses, I think, and little Jane lapped until I thought she'd never stop. The wonder is we did not all drink that desert pool dry!

We slept that night by that thrice-heavenly pool, our tents hurriedly put up in a circle for warmth, for it turned out the coldest night we've had yet. A grass fire was all we could have, and how Jonas cooked some sort of a dinner for our starving selves on grass, with not a twig to help, I don't know; but he did. Good old Jonas!

I need not say we slept soundly that night.

The next morning we moved on here, and are now on a lovely string of deep, fairly clear pools, of which, however, we are not afraid to drink; for here no human, perhaps, has ever trod before, and so we know the water cannot be contaminated. Our tents are in a line on a slight eminence, the pools are below us, and beyond them lies a wondrous green world, flat as a table, with not even one ant-hill. It stretches away like the boundless ocean to a far-off, dim horizon, upon which, at dawn, specks appear in groups, etched black against the coming day. They grow larger and get clearer, and move slowly on to the plain—a sight to make the heart of the sportsman leap. For it is big game that springs up like this out of the very sky-line, and soon, slowly, the sun being high, we watch them while we dress in our tents—zebra, letchwe, roan, oribi, puku, reedbeek, wildebeest, and wild-pig; all are seen at different times.

Birds, too, alight in great flights on the pool-banks or sail over our camp, and often help fill the pot. Wild-geese, sand-grouse, wild-duck, pheasants, partridges, egrets, maribou-storks, and many more.

"Valhalla" we call this camp; for it is, indeed, a "happy hunting-ground."

Kafue Flats, July 23rd.—Today Don Q. got his first wildebeest. We were just leaving camp to go a-hunting, about five-thirty this morning, the great plain below us showing game in all directions, when I saw the big, dark fellow close to our tents, standing looking at us in much wonder. Some of the game seem to have no fear—never, I suppose, having



From a

"Don Q.'s" first oribi being brought into camp.

[Photograph.]

seen man before. Don Q., after a long stalk, shot him. I took a photo., but in my excitement forgot to turn off the last film, and so I have lost both.

July 24th.—To-day I asked Don Q. to shoot me another zebra, as I want their skins for a nice idea in furniture. I went with him, getting up by starlight, so as to be near the herds by dawn. We waded through seas of tall golden grass which appeared literally alive with game. You heard them scurrying in all directions. Presently two lovely little oribi sprang up and were off. Don

Q. fired at them, but missed. Three small wild-pigs rushed past my very feet; an occasional reedbuck's horns appeared above the long grass, and three miles away was our zebra herd, which we got near at last with great difficulty, and Don Q. chose one beauty. His first shot broke its leg, poor thing. The herd wildly stampeded, and it tried to follow, but had to give up. To my surprise, it stood quietly feeding, moving along on three legs, its near hind leg hanging useless! This comforted me, for it showed that the animal's sense of pain cannot be what ours

is. It seemed quite happy and comfortable! Another shot killed it, and I took a photo. of it with Don Q.'s gun resting on it.

We did not get back to camp and breakfast till midday. We found Mr. Muffin and Sam standing on piled-up chop-boxes viewing the plain below, Sam initiating the Muffin Baas into the vast mysteries of the desert around us.

"And what are those specks over there, Sam — on the sky-line? Those are buck, I bet. Eh?"

On principle, however, Sam, as mentor, disagrees.

"Not buck, sir. Those is trees!"



The Authoress exhibiting some of the trophies to the carriers.

"Well, then, what are those over there? *Those* are trees, if you like!"

"No, sir; those is buck."

And when Muffin scratches his head Sam adds: "Here, on Kafue Flats, when Baas sees trees it is buck, and when he sees buck it is crees. Everysing look other way round on Kafue Flats."

So now Muffin, when he sees buck, leaves them alone, and goes after the trees. Consequently, he has not added greatly to his trophy list.

July 26th. — What a heavenly life this is! We hunt morning and evening. I took out my small rifle yesterday and shot a black and white crow on the other side of the pools, at about a hundred yards. Whether I was most astonished, pleased, or remorseful I could not say. But I was so elated at Don Q. and Mr.



"They both sprang into the air."



From a Photograph.

Muffin saying I had it in me to become a good shot that the lust of blood took hold of me, and I spent the day potting at whatever I could see, and all but killed Tom and George, doing the camp washing on the pool-banks. I thought by their black loin-cloths and white jackets that they were two black and white Rhodesian crows ! They were some way off, in the full noonday haze of the sun, and were stooping over, fore-shortened both of them, wringing out the clothes in the pool. The sun was in my eyes, and I was sure they were two fine crows, and I carefully aimed and fired. When they both sprang into the air and I saw they were Tom and George I nearly dropped with fright. Don Q. and Mr. Muffin came rushing out of their tents, and all the servants and carriers sitting about in groups sprang to their feet, too. Tom lay prone ; George stood and howled.

Then Mr. Muffin and Sam ran down to them, and soon, to my relief, I saw them all four coming back to camp, and Mr. Muffin shouting to me :—

“ A dead miss this time ! Better luck next ! Stop that row, Tom, for you’re not even grazed.”

For Tom’s nerves had given way ; and nothing, it eventually transpired, would put them right

save four yards of new limbo, a whole leg of wildebeest, a new blanket, and a pot of our precious jam.

“ And the result will be,” says Don Q., “ that they will all want to be shot at ! ”

July 27th.—Every day fresh trophies are brought in ; every day brings new experiences. Last night we heard the roar of a lion far away, and big camp fires were lit to keep him off. Don Q. and I went for a whole day’s picnic to the Bush country, many miles from here and bordering one side of the flats. Don Q. got a splendid bag of guinea-fowl. We also saw a lovely flight of wild turkeys, but he missed them.

Our stay here is drawing to a close. We have to trek now to the Kafue River to meet “ Our Insular Miss,” as we call the fourth member of our party, who is due there in a week from now, having followed us out from England. It will be a hard seven-days’ trek, with bad water and bad going, and we are all sorry to leave this fascinating Valhalla, and would fain have stopped much longer.

A huge lion’s spoor was found right in our camp this morning ! Where we are going now, we hear, the lions swarm.

(To be continued.)

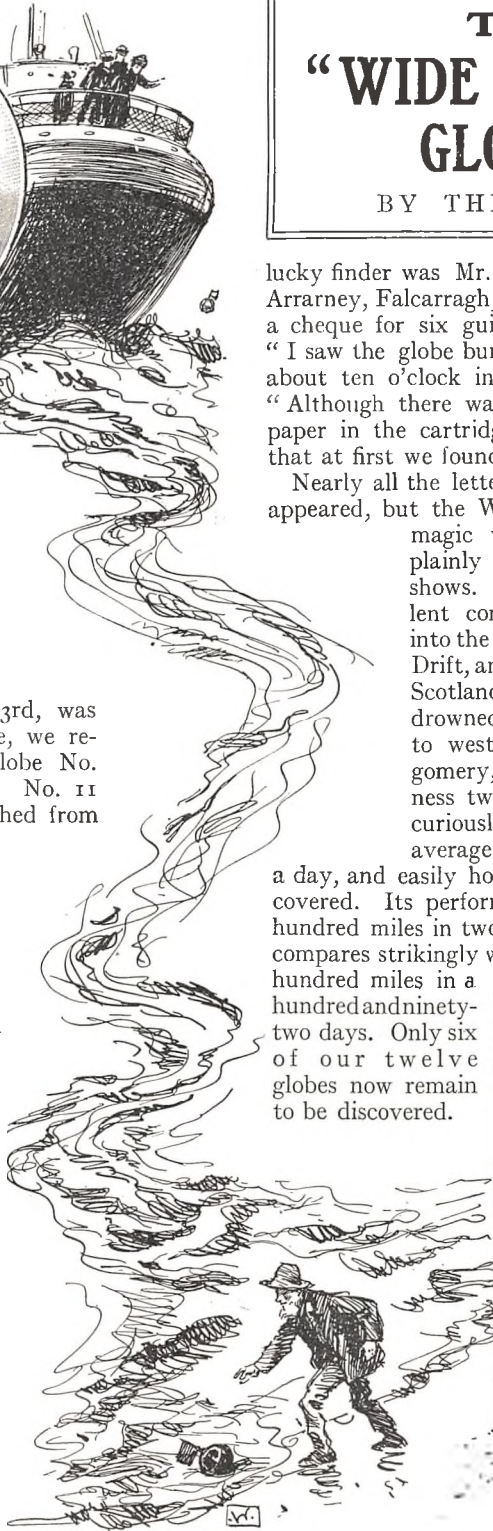


Miss Alice Russon, the well-known actress, throwing No. 11 overboard from the "Campania" on August 18th last.

From a Photograph.



WE have not had long to wait for news of another of our current-testing spheres. Hard upon the heels of No. 6, the finding of which, on February 23rd, was described in our last issue, we received information that globe No. 11 had been discovered. No. 11 was the ninth globe launched from the *Campania*, and was thrown overboard in lat. 41.55 N., long. 57.36 W., on August 18th last, at 3 p.m., by Miss Alice Russon, the well-known actress, who was on her way to New York to take the principal part in "The Arcadians." The above photograph, taken by our representative on board the liner, shows Miss Russon in the act of throwing the globe into the sea. From this point No. 11 travelled north-east for something like two thousand three hundred miles, finally reaching land on March 9th in a little bay called Polagill, in Horn Head, a headland in County Donegal, in the north of Ireland. The



THE "WIDE WORLD" GLOBES.

BY THE EDITOR.

lucky finder was Mr. Thomas Montgomery, of Arrarney, Falcarragh, County Donegal, to whom a cheque for six guineas has been forwarded. "I saw the globe bumping about in the water about ten o'clock in the morning," he writes. "Although there was no water inside it, the paper in the cartridge was so torn and black that at first we found it hard to make out."

Nearly all the lettering on the globe had disappeared, but the WIDE WORLD flag and the magic word "Reward" are still plainly legible, as the photograph shows. The globe itself is in excellent condition. Evidently it got into the sweep of the North Atlantic Drift, and narrowly missed reaching Scotland. "The body of a woman drowned here in April, a few miles to westward," writes Mr. Montgomery, "was picked up in Inverness twenty days after." No. 11, curiously enough, has travelled at an average rate of about eleven miles

a day, and easily holds the record for distance covered. Its performance—two thousand three hundred miles in two hundred and three days—compares strikingly with its predecessor's—seven hundred miles in a hundred and ninety-two days. Only six of our twelve globes now remain to be discovered.



Mr. T. Montgomery, of Arrarney, Falcarragh, County Donegal, who found No. 11 on March 9th, 1911.

From a Photograph.

THE FÊTE OF THE OX.



A Breton farmer taking his oxen to the fête.

From a Photo. by Paul Géniaux, Paris.

BY FREDERIC LEES.

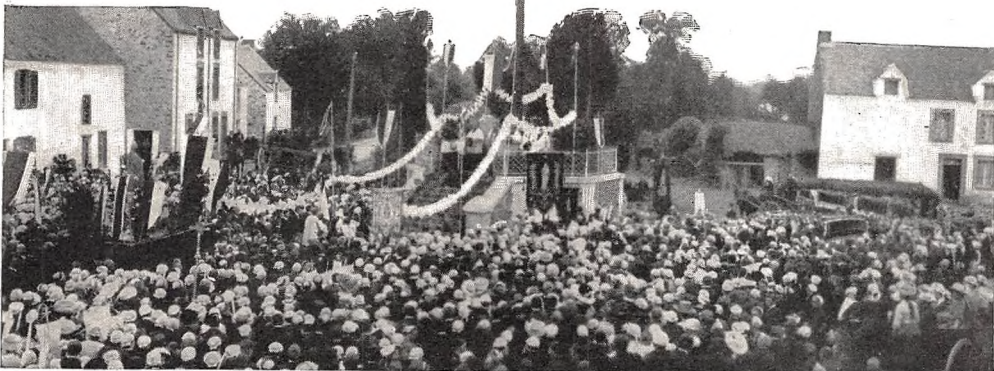
The religious festivals of Brittany, the "Land of Pardons," are generally devoted to the interests of humanity. Here is one, however, which is in honour of animals—a curious "Pardon des Bœufs," a survival of the fetes of the Middle Ages, which is little known to English tourists in that part of France.

"TOMORROW," said my Breton friend, as we were cycling along the roads of the Loire-Inferieure one afternoon last summer, "the Fête of the Ox will be celebrated at La Chapelle-des-Marais. Suppose we go and see it? La Chapelle is twenty miles or so off our route, but what of that, when you are rewarded by seeing one of the most interesting pardons of Brittany? To an Englishman this Fête of the Ox should be especially attractive, for you belong to a nation of animal-lovers. *Eh bien*, at La Chapelle you will see that we



Bretons also recognize the rights of dumb creatures—nay, that we go even farther than you do, since we place the ox under the protection of the Church."

My friend's excellent proposal was immediately accepted. One of the next cross-roads that we came to led in the direction of La Chapelle-des-Marais, so we branched off, and as we rode along those magnificent highways my companion, who is learned in all things relating to his native province, treated me to a little discourse on the subject of the ceremony we were going to attend.



The open-air sermon, inculcating kindness to animals, which is a feature of the festival.

From a Photo. by Paul Géniaux, Paris.

The "Pardon des Bœufs" of La Chapelle-des-Marais is attributable to that unique figure of the twelfth century, St. Francis of Assisi, who, by his superb "Cantico delle Creature," rehabilitated Nature and pointed the way not only to Dante, but to Giotto. The birds of the air and the beasts of the field, whose tongues he learnt and to whom he preached sermons, became his brothers and sisters, with every bit as much a right to the protection of God as man himself. It is true that the teaching of this great poet did not bear immediate fruit; it was not until the Middle Ages that his sublime hymn was thoroughly appreciated by the people, and that domestic animals were feted, ornamented with flowers and trophies, and called upon to render homage to their patron saints. Nevertheless, to St. Francis is due the honour of having called the world's attention to the rights of our dumb friends.

the ox and the horse and the dog with every possible kindness.

Animals—and the ox in particular—possess two patron saints in Brittany. At Carnac, in Finistère, St. Herbot is believed to accord perpetual protection to our four-footed friends; whilst at La Chapelle-des-Marais, in the Loire-Inferieure, it is St. Cornely, or Corneille, who



The car passing through the main street of the village, followed by the clergy of the district.

From a Photo. by Paul Géniaux, Paris.

Of these animal fetes of the Middle Ages little has been handed down to the present day. Yet the idea which governed these ceremonies has survived, and that, after all, is the essential point. The form of the ceremonial has changed, as all things are bound to do in the course of centuries; but owners of animals, by being asked to take part in Church demonstrations which are exclusively in honour of the humble companions of their daily work, are still made to see that it is their duty to treat

is always represented side by side with the figure of an ox, who is supposed to pray for the well-being of this particular beast of burden.

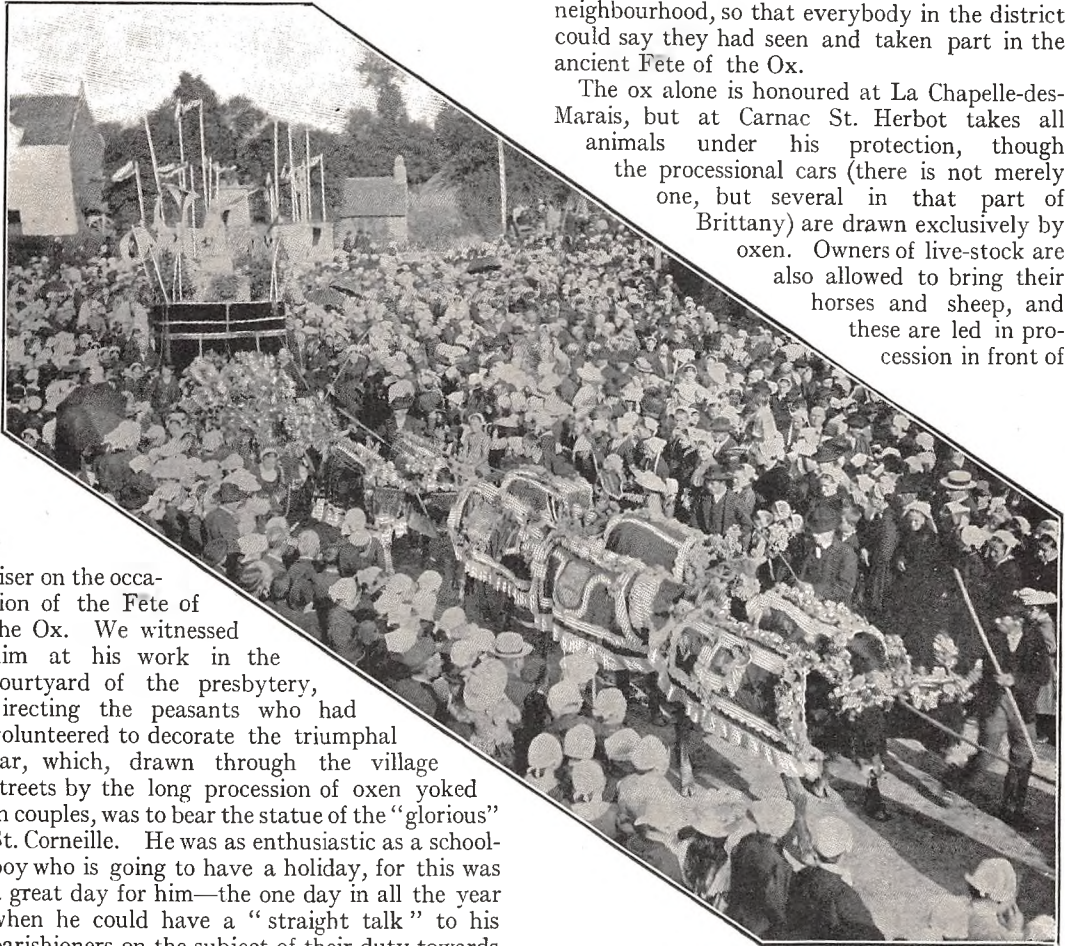
"Pardons" in honour of the ox are held at both places, but the more interesting of the two, my friend assured me, was the latter.

On arriving at the little Breton village and putting up at the primitive *auberge*, we found that the sole topic of conversation was the fete of the morrow. Already owners of oxen had been busy all day with the toilette of their beasts, washing, clipping, and grooming them with as much care as though they were going to compete for prizes at an agricultural show.

Everybody was up particularly early the next morning. Each farmer has the right of bringing a couple of oxen to the fête, so that in many a homestead for miles around the dressing and ornamentation of the animals, ready for the assembly on the village square of La Chapelle-des-Marais, was the thought of the whole household from the hour of six o'clock. The horns of the animals had to be gilded or silvered, as the case might be; their coverings, resembling saddle-cloths, had to be

richly ornamented with lace and gold and silver ornaments; and magnificent pontifical or diocesan coats of arms had to be arranged with taste on various parts of their anatomy. Flowers, too, were largely used, and helped considerably in enhancing the general artistic appearance of the oxen.

The *cure* of the village was likewise an early



riser on the occasion of the Fête of the Ox. We witnessed him at his work in the courtyard of the presbytery, directing the peasants who had volunteered to decorate the triumphal car, which, drawn through the village streets by the long procession of oxen yoked in couples, was to bear the statue of the "glorious" St. Corneille. He was as enthusiastic as a school-boy who is going to have a holiday, for this was a great day for him—the one day in all the year when he could have a "straight talk" to his parishioners on the subject of their duty towards animals, when he could act like a second St. Francis and speak of "my brother the ox" or "my brother the horse."

"Glorieux St. Corneille—*Protégez nous—Priez pour nous*" were the words embroidered on the velvet trappings of the car, and when the last bunch of flowers had been placed in position and the last banner had been fixed in its place the signal was given to proceed to the village square. There the pairs of oxen were attached to a cable many hundreds of yards in length, and after a service in the church and an open-air sermon the procession, which is the great feature

of the day's proceedings, was set in motion. Followed by the clergy of the district, St. Corneille's car passed through the crowded streets of La Chapelle-des-Marais. Not a thoroughfare, so long as it was wide enough to allow the car to pass, was missed. Then the multicoloured procession, amidst repeated exclamations of admiration from the honest, simple spectators, set off to make a tour of the neighbourhood, so that everybody in the district could say they had seen and taken part in the ancient Fete of the Ox.

The ox alone is honoured at La Chapelle-des-Marais, but at Carnac St. Herbot takes all animals under his protection, though the processional cars (there is not merely one, but several in that part of Brittany) are drawn exclusively by oxen. Owners of live-stock are also allowed to bring their horses and sheep, and these are led in procession in front of

The great spectacle of the fete—the car with its gaily-decorated oxen.

From a Photo. by Paul Geniaux, Paris.

the tomb of St. Herbot, who is represented in a reclining position, clothed with a camail and a cowl. This act of homage is generally accompanied by a gift to the Church. Tradition, my Breton folklorist tells me, demands that the horses' manes or the ends of the tails of the animals shall be cut off, and these are then thrown into a corner by the side of the beautiful wooden chancel which separates the choir from the nave in the fine parish church.



Oliver Matson, mate of the
"Olsen."

From a Photograph.

THE LOST ISLAND.

BY OLIVER MATSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MASON, R.B.A.

Many "Wide World" readers, no doubt, remember the disappearance of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, during a terrific volcanic upheaval. Here is the strange story of a similar catastrophe, told by the mate of the vessel that first brought the news to civilization. Mr. Matson's narrative concerns the vanishing of Laysan Island, in the Pacific, with all its inhabitants, in some tremendous and unknown cataclysm.



WE were four days out from Honolulu, with stores for Laysan Island, consigned to the order of the Laysan Sugar Planting Company, Ltd. It was my watch on deck. The skipper was asleep in the little poop-cabin abaft the mainmast. Our Gilbert Island cook and the two Kanakas who formed the crew were comfortably stowed away in the coolest and snuggest spots.

My rating on board was that of mate. Six months previously, trade being dull south of the Line, we had brought the *Olsen* north from Samoa. It was a fortunate move, for Captain Warner had been lucky enough to secure a charter from the Laysan Company to make monthly trips with stores to the island plantation, returning with a cargo of cane for the refining works at Hawaii.

For four years the skipper and I had sailed the old hooker up and down the "Milky Way" of the Pacific, touching at this one or that of the thousand islands. I had almost come, of late, to reckon myself one among the army of old shellbacks that ply about the Line waters.

It was five bells in the middle watch. Above, the great dome of sky glowed purple, shot with dazzling points of fire, such stars as are never seen outside the tropics. The wind that yesterday had blown light from the south-west had now dropped, scarce sufficing to keep the sails from slatting against the masts. The wide level of sea, purple like the sky, and motionless but for the long, oily heave of it, reflected the zenith above. Our keel slipped through the water without a ripple.

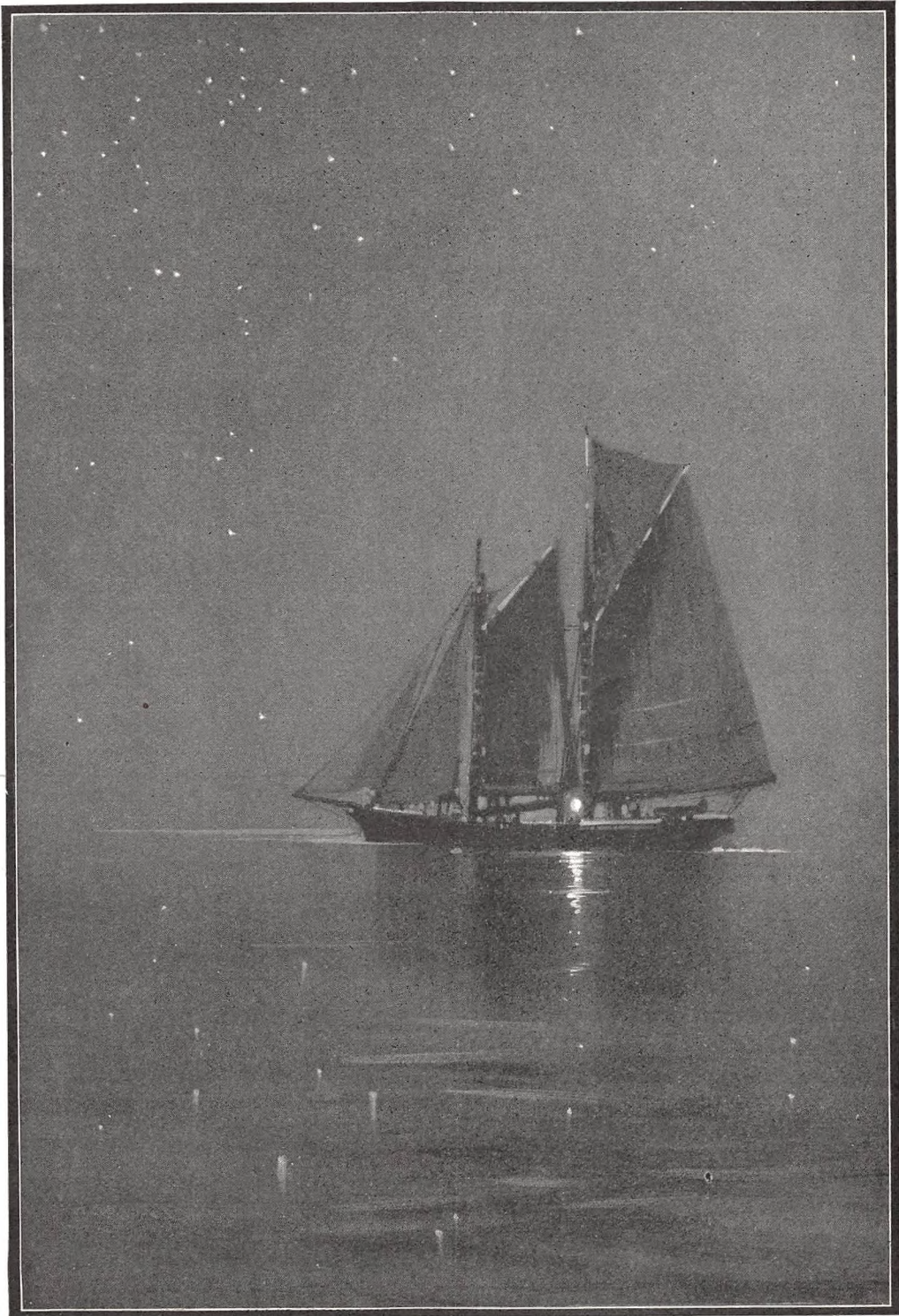
I had kept a look-out on the western horizon,

in order to pick up the first loom of the island, which should now be within about twenty miles of our position, bearing west a quarter south. That I failed to make it out did not surprise me. In the half-light of a moonless night, where sea and sky mingle at the horizon into one vast, saucer-like rim, it is difficult to pick small objects from the void. When the mirage lifted at dawn the blue peaks of Laysan would appear, cutting the sky-line to the westward, and we might expect to make an anchorage about midday.

This was our first direct run to the island under the new charter, but on a previous occasion I had sailed round it and knew it well. Like all volcanic islands in these seas, it was wondrously beautiful. Palm-fringed, low cliffs and white beaches sang to the music of the surf. Beyond, the land swelled in green uplands towards the thickly-wooded central mountain, with its cleft summit. A few buildings stood on the slope around a wide bay—whitewashed barracks for the coolies, a shed or two, and, on a small, palm-shaded knoll, the white house of the manager. Below, in the blue of a white-fringed cove, his yacht rode at anchor.

The whole place was about fifteen miles in length, with a circumference of thirty-five—just a chunk, chipped from a corner of Paradise, dropped into the ocean below; a green gem set in a sapphire sea.

At seven bells the east flushed rose and orange to the dawn. I swung round and looked for the twin peaks I knew so well. The horizon lay clear, sharp, steel-grey in the light of dawn. But where was the island? Snatching at the night-glass, I swept the field of vision. Not a dot, not a vestige, not the least shadow of



"Suddenly the vessel lost her way, slowing almost to a standstill. The sea lay dead and flattened by an oily scum."

irregularity broke the clean line of the water's edge that heaved slowly, sharply defined, against a dome of sky.

What was it? Were we out of our course? Had a sudden current, setting in in the night, swept us to the southward or northward? Impossible! Without waking my chief I verified the position on the chart. No; the vessel had held a true course since the previous reckoning.

Coming on deck again, I swept the sea-scape with the glass. Laysan should be there. There, half a point on our lee-bow, distant fifteen miles. But it was gone. Not a blot, not a speck; no sail of passing vessel or smoke of distant steamer broke the dead level of the shining plain of waters.

Alongside, the water was white; we seemed to be sailing through a sea of milk. All this time we had been slipping along before a five-knot breeze. Suddenly the vessel lost her way, slowing almost to a standstill. The sea that, under the wind, should have crisped into white-topped ripples lay dead and flattened by an oily scum. There was a kind of grating sensation, slight but ominous, beneath our keel, as though we were sailing through loose ice.

Running forward, I sprang into the bows and looked down at our stem. Half submerged beneath the surface floated a sort of pavement of broken fragments of pumice that, thrust aside by the stem, swung clear as the vessel forged ahead, or, over-ridden, scraped noisily against the copper of her sheathing as they passed beneath us.

"Can't find the island?" said the skipper, as I roused him. "Water like milk? Nonsense, man! You must ha' bin struck colour-blind."

Three minutes later, whilst all hands stared in amazement at the vacant horizon, Captain Warner snapped his glasses.

"What do you make of it, Mr. Matson? Looks to me like another Straits o' Sunda business—as if the whole caboodle had blown sky-high in an earthquake. That milky water is from volcanic ash."

For an hour or two we held our course, hindered by masses of floating pumice. At noon, as the captain called the readings of the sextant, I pricked our position on the chart. "Latitude 22° 20' N. Longitude 175° 50' W."

Laysan had vanished. In a clear sea we sailed to and fro, up and down, over the exact meridian of the island. Gone! Purple peaks, waving palm-groves, and white-fringed beaches, Laysan—its freight of human lives, their works, ambitions, and hopes—had disappeared as utterly as if, gripped by a giant hand, it had been dragged to the depths beneath.

Under easy sail we took many soundings, and found no bottom for the lead at a hundred fathoms. For six days we continued our un-availing search, circling round a degree or two, now west and east, now north and south.

It was useless, of course. Who ever heard of a solid island slipping its moorings to go a-cruising over a thousand miles of sea? No doubt the captain, loath to carry news of the disaster, protracted the vain quest as long as possible; but on the evening of the sixth day there was nothing for it but to bear away for Honolulu, to tell the owners that Laysan, the sugar-works, their manager, his wife, and two hundred Japanese, with machinery and buildings, were sunk deep beneath the waters of the wide Pacific.

We held the breeze all night, and, making good sailing on a due-east course, ran a good fifty knots before I turned in in the morning watch.

I had been asleep, it seemed, scarcely ten minutes when I was roused by a loud knocking at the cabin-door, to hear the voice of the second deck-hand.

"Mr. Matson, Mr. Matson!" he cried. "The captain wants you on deck."

"All right, Kiata," I answered, sleepily, beginning to turn out of my bunk. "What is it?"

"Boat on the weather bow, sir."

I was out of bed in a second, and, even whilst hastily pulling on some clothing, felt intuitively that here was the closing scene in the tragedy of Laysan.

Dawn was well advanced, the wind had dropped, and the schooner swung lazily over the long swell, with scarcely a ripple, at not more than two knots. As my head topped the cabin-hatch I saw beyond the rail, bearing two points on the weather-bow and distant about two miles, a lighter speck on the limitless blue.

On deck Captain Warner handed me his glass.

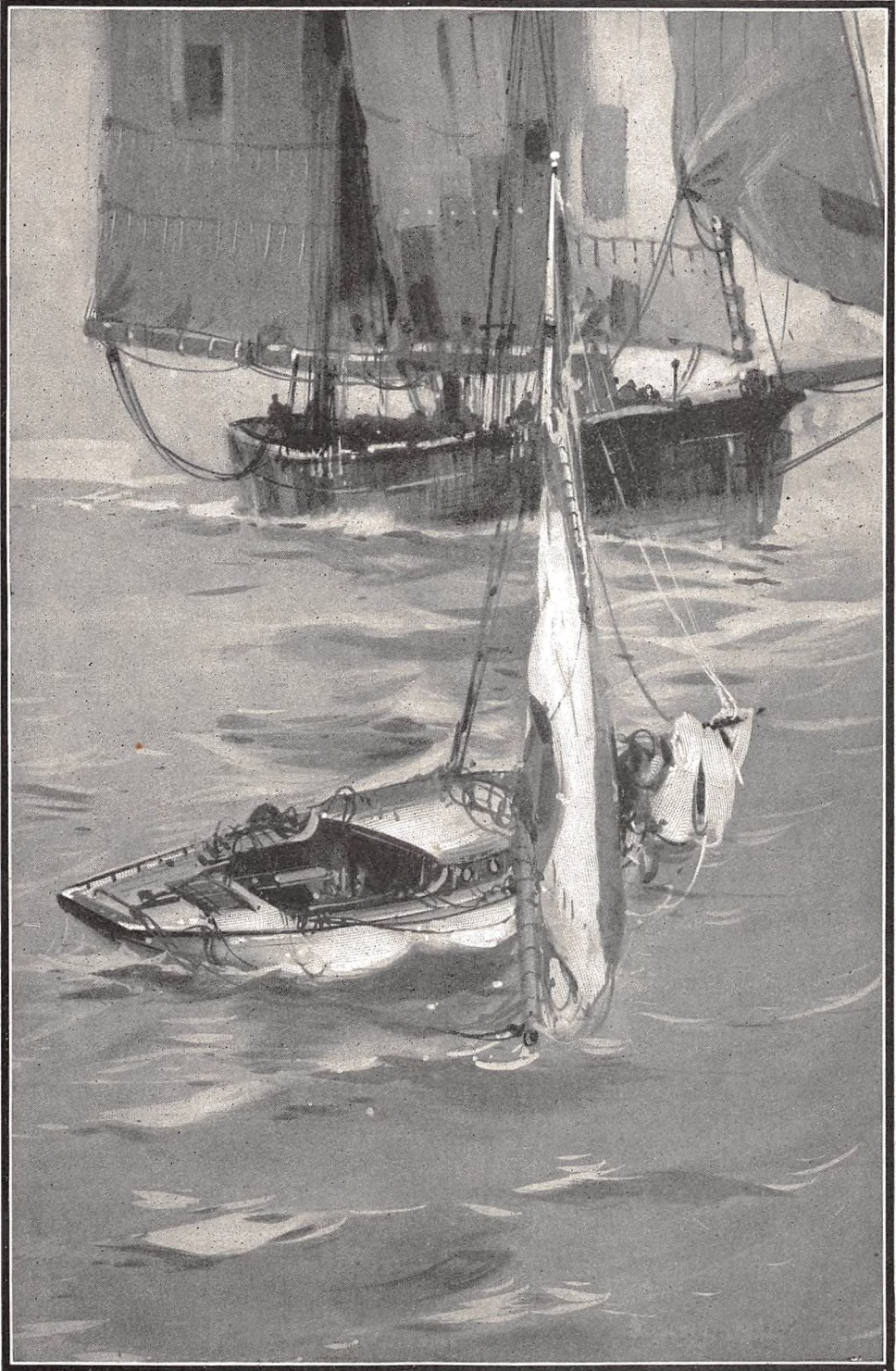
"What do you make of her, Mr. Matson?"

Steadying the glass on the main shrouds, I looked long and earnestly.

She was a small, white-painted yacht of about three tons, smack-rigged. Her sails, loosed by the run, trailed in the water alongside. The gaff lay where it had fallen across the tiny cockpit, and the break of the half-deck forward was half-hidden under the folds of the main-sail. A raffle of cordage lay about her deck, or sagged in the water as she rolled to the heave of the sea.

The white, wheeling flock of gannets and molly-hawks that, circling around her, every now and again darting almost under the half-deck to flutter back, spoke plain to the sailor of a something of the tragic hidden within the dark.

Taking the wheel from the steersman, the skipper laid the schooner close on the wind, and we forged slowly nearer. The crew, lining the



"A raffle of cordage lay about her deck, or sagged in the water as she rolled to the heave of the sea."

rail, gazed over the lessening distance in pained expectancy. All felt that here, hidden in that little white-painted hull, would be found all of explanation vouchsafed to mortals of the mystery of the lost island.

Stepping into the fore-chains I pointed directions.

"Luff—luff all you can!" I cried, and, as we drew alongside, threw a grapnel. The iron caught and held in the heel of her bowsprit and the little craft, swinging gently to our beam, rode with us as we went.

By the help of a stay I dropped aboard and cleared the raffle of sails and cordage from her deck. A three-inch layer of white ash, hardened by sun and salt water, crackled underfoot as I stepped. In places the deck-timbers were charred, burnt as with the dropping of hot coals.

The small open space of the cock-pit showed signs of a desperate struggle. The paint was chipped from the coamings in many places and the floor-grating littered with scraps of torn clothing and splashed with blood. The broken tiller of the boat, its socket-end caked with hair and dried blood, lay on the grating.

In the locker under the counter astern was no scrap of provisions, no vestige of any recently contained there. The water-breaker was dry and sun-cracked, as though empty for a week.

It was dark under the half-deck, and for a half minute I failed to make out the details of the huddled heap that lay there.

As my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, I saw a sight that brought a cry to my lips and a great lump in my throat. Half-lying on the deck, half-reclining against the beams, was the body of a white woman. The corpse of a little child lay on the dead breast. One arm was flung around it. The other circled the neck of a man, dead also, whose head lay across the woman's lap; the fingers of her hand were entwined in his hair. In the man's shoulder was the deep gash of a knife wound, and a red stain ran from the group across the white deck-planking.

At my cry the captain joined me, and together we made a further examination. Both the man and the woman were young, the latter showing signs of considerable beauty. The child may have been a year old. The woman's feet were bare, cut and bruised as though with running over rocks and sharp shells. The child's body was in its night-robe; those of the man and

woman in torn night-clothing—mute evidence of terror and desperate haste in getting aboard the boat. The man had apparently died some twenty-four hours earlier than the others, from his wound—the woman and child later, of thirst, hunger, and sheer misery. There was not a note, not a scrap of paper to tell aught of the horror that had gone before.

Reverently we closed the poor staring eyes, dead eyes that met our own with a sort of dumb questioning, and, reclimbing the schooner's rail, regained our own craft. It only remained to hide the faces of the dead as quickly as possible.

The hatches were battened down over the cock-pit of the little craft, and, stoving a plank in her side below the water-line, we watched her sink, whilst Captain Warner read the service for the burial of the dead at sea.

When the water lipped the hatch-coamings the yacht heeled over, and, disappearing in a little swirl, carried with her the dead and their secret.

That night as I stood at the wheel the captain came to me.

"I've been figuring this thing out," he said, "and I think I've got the hang of it. In the thick o' the trouble, when the earth heaved, gapin', and the island crumbled under their feet, they made for the yacht; though how they managed to get aboard in the boil of sea that must ha' bin running on the coast beats me quite. Reach her they did; and a Jap, or maybe two, along with 'em."

There was a pause, whilst the grey eyes looked hard into mine.

"Thirst an' hunger an' the salt of a lonely sea are cruel paymasters, Mr. Matson. Men go mad! He fought with the slant-eyed devils for the woman an' the child. Afterwards, with that stab in the shoulder, he crawled under the half-deck to die with his wife and baby."

Reaching Honolulu, we found that with the disappearance of Laysan and its sugar plantations our charter ended. Accordingly, Captain Warner headed the *Olsen* south-about, and we ran for Pago-Pago.

Later, in the reading-room of the All-Nations Club in that town, under the heading of "Seismic Disturbance in the Pacific," I came across, in a two-months-old American newspaper, the concise paragraph here reproduced.

With this scant notice a busy world-Press, intent on the great game of life nearer home, dismissed the tragedy of "Lost Laysan."

It is reported that an isolated island called Laysan Island situated 700 miles west of Hawaii has disappeared. On a voyage to the island the schooner Olsen failed to find it in a six days' search. It was inhabited by a few Japanese.

Facsimile of the cutting from an American newspaper to which the Author alludes.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Papuan Dandy—A "Bag" of Deadly Snakes—Blue-beard's Castle, etc.



HIS distinguished-looking gentleman is a native of Moyrev, a district in the Arfak Mountains, Dutch North New Guinea. According to rumour, these people are a ways raiding other villages, and have a very sinister reputation. The band round the forehead is of "kain itam," or black cloth, which is an article of trade. The white ornament is made of shell, and is also an article of trade. The extraordinary nose "ornament" is made of various substances, sometimes shell and sometimes bone being used. These natives evidently believe in improving upon Nature, for they paint their faces with the latex of a species of rubber tree. The milk, when freshly taken, is brilliant yellow, but when it dries is a jet, shiny black, and, of course, contracts with the skin, giving the people a weird appearance.

Concerning the striking photograph on the next page an Arizona reader writes: "While hunting North American wild hogs on the Mexican border, fourteen miles from Douglas, Arizona, I entered a small cave at the top of a rocky incline, hoping to find their lair. A couple of feet from the entrance I noticed a dark object moving near my feet. I stopped to examine it, and was horrified to find myself in the midst of a den of the largest diamond rattlesnakes probably ever seen in one heap, at least in the same circum-

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A Papuan Dandy—
Notice the extraordinary
nose-ornament.

From a Photograph.

stances. The floor of the cave in all directions seemed alive with them—and such monsters! I backed out with a jump, fearing that I might step on one behind me; and at that moment their heads and tails went up as though they had been given a command and were ready to do business with all comers, for they rattled furiously as they scattered over the rocks to darker corners. They seemed to be splendid specimens, and I determined to get them out, though it was a very hazardous undertaking. I therefore secured a short stick, for I could not use a long one, there being little room inside. Re-entering, I crept cautiously along, beating the rocks with my stick. When I was but a few feet in, that awe-inspiring music began again, and instantly the battle was on. Two of them struck at me simultaneously from behind a rock, with open mouths



Eighty-four pounds weight of deadly snakes—Our correspondent (marked with a cross) entered a cave inhabited by rattlesnakes, and captured eleven of them alive
[P. H. ANSTADT]
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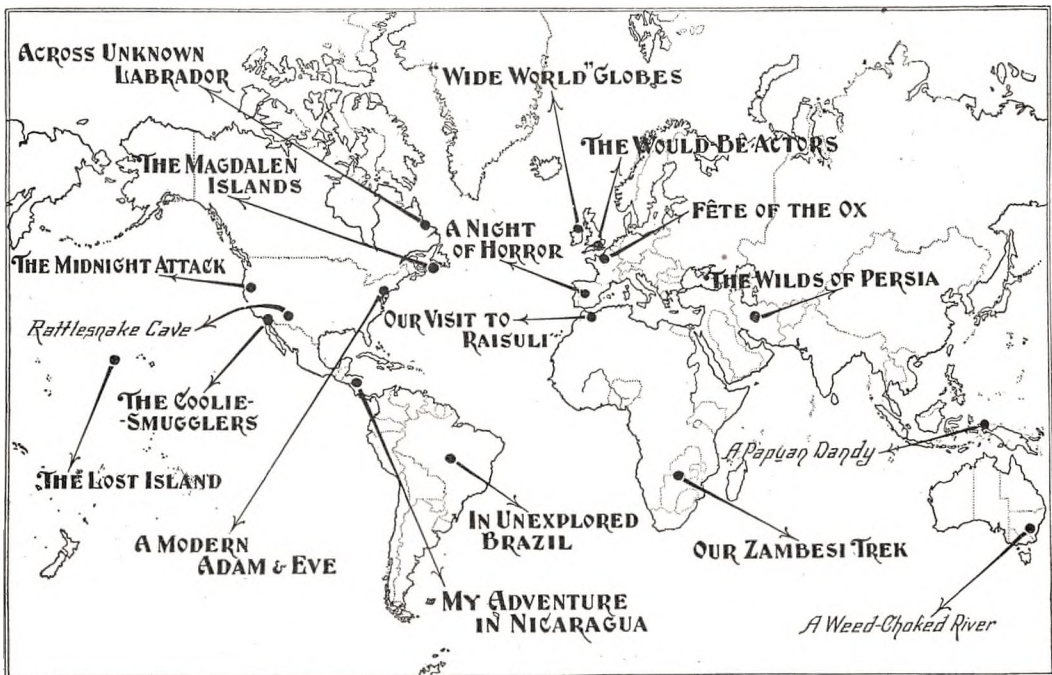
The remarkable photograph on page 311 is from New South Wales. The picture does not show a man buried up to the neck in the ground, as might be supposed, but a gentleman "enjoying" a swim under difficulties in the weed-choked Bokhara River, Brewarrina, New South Wales.



"Bluebeard's Castle," on the Bosphorus, which is popularly supposed to have been the scene of the famous legend. [Photograph.]

Most of our readers have heard of Bluebeard, the enterprising gentleman who made a hobby of marriage and had a way of his own for getting rid of superfluous wives. Probably very few people, however, know that the story has any sort of basis in fact. Yet on the banks of the world-famous Bosphorus, near Constantinople, there is situated a picturesque old medieval fortress known as "Bluebeard's Castle," and

which is said to have been the abode of a terrible old Pasha whose playful little ways gave rise to the story. The castle and walls—which now contain quite a small town—are still in an excellent state of preservation. The small tower seen near the water's edge is popularly supposed to be the place where Bluebeard's unfortunate wives were beheaded, their heads being later hung on the battlements.



The map-contents of "The Wide World Magazine," which shows at a glance the locality of each article and narrative of adventure in this number.

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