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THE

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ADVENTURE TRAVEL CUSTOMS AND SPORT

VOL. XXII.
OCTOBER TO MARCH
1909

"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION"

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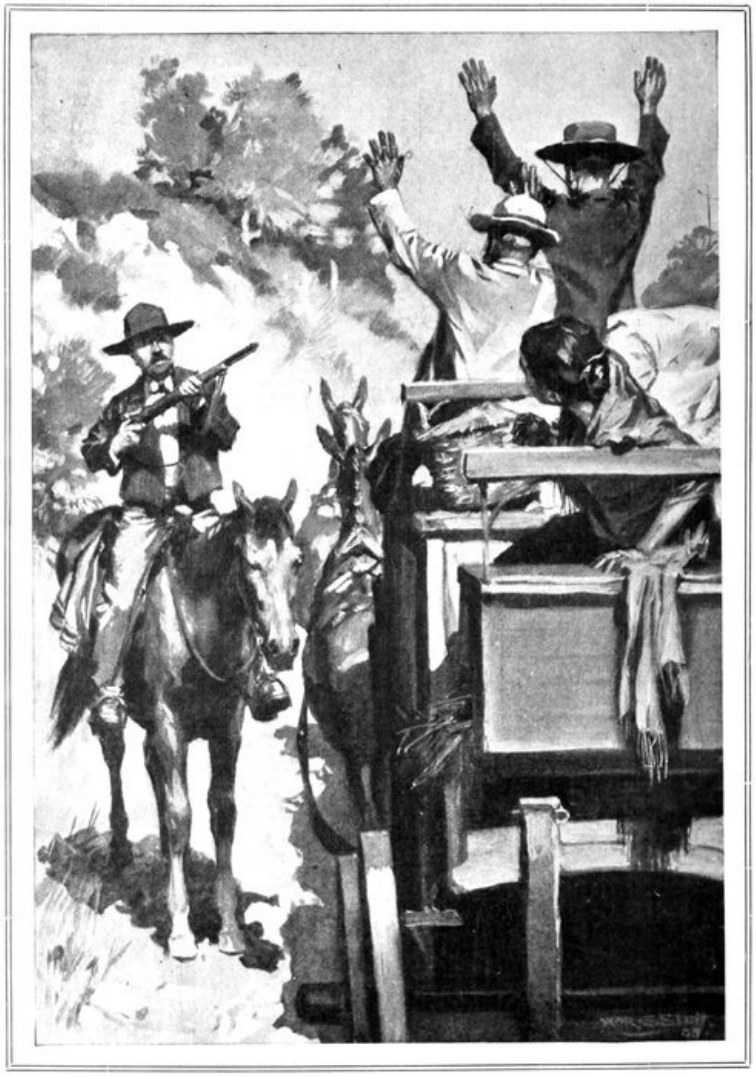


"HE HELD UP THE DILIGENCE ON ITS WAY TO THE VILLAGE OF VILLAMARTIN."

SEE PAGE 4.

The Wide World Magazine

Vol. XXII. **OCTOBER, 1908.** **No. 127.**

El Vivillo, the Brigand.

By Jose Mondego, of Madrid.

After close on twenty years of warfare with the police, alternated by brief spells of imprisonment and daring escapes, the notorious Spanish brigand known as "El Vivillo" has recently been laid by the heels for what is hoped to be the last time. Below will be found an account of the outlaw's exciting career, written by a Spanish journalist thoroughly familiar with the facts.

Few of the "blood and thunder" novels that have fired the imaginations of lovers of the sensational have dealt with so interesting and, at the same time, so fascinating a scoundrel as El Vivillo, an Andalusian bandit, who was recently arrested in Buenos Ayres, Argentine. At the moment of writing he lies imprisoned, under a very heavy guard, in the penal prison at Cadiz, but no one who knows anything about his career and his extraordinary capacity for wriggling out of difficulties expects that he will remain within the four walls of his jail very long. It is freely hinted in high circles in Madrid that the hearts of many fair and influential ladies of Sunny Spain have been lost to the daring desperado, and that their owners will move heaven and earth to secure his release.

Despite his life of crime and undoubted viciousness, El Vivillo has been the favourite hero of the youth of his country for more than eighteen years. This is not his first term behind prison bars; but all attempts to keep him there long have hitherto proved unsuccessful. Either by the expenditure of money in large sums, the influence of those in high places, or his own genius as a jail-breaker, he has walked out apparently when he pleased.

EL VIVILLO, THE NOTORIOUS SPANISH BRIGAND.
From a Photograph.

Like most heroes, either of fiction or reality, El Vivillo seems to have borne a charmed life. Of the reckless band of lawless characters he led during his eighteen years as premier "knight of the road," El Vivillo, with one exception, is the only one still alive. All the others have fallen in skirmishes with that very excellent and sure-shooting body of mounted police, the Civil Guards. El Vivillo's sole fellow-survivor of those strenuous times is Pajarita, his lieutenant, who is now undergoing a sentence of ninety-one years' penal servitude in Cordova prison. Pajarita yields only to his chief in his record of rascality.

A halo of romance has grown up around El Vivillo and his band. According to the general opinion among the ignorant Spaniards of the countryside, he is a sort of second Robin Hood, robbing the rich to assist the poor. Some of the stories which are told of him, and on which this view is based, are undoubtedly true, but the great majority of them are woven out of thin air by imaginative newspaper writers.

El Vivillo was born in the Andalusian town of Estepa as long ago as 1865. As a very young boy he acquired a remarkable dexterity with cards, and it was through the constant exercise of this talent that he earned the nickname by which he has always been known, to the exclusion of his family "handle." El Vivillo translated into English means "Lively Little One," and from all accounts the future bandit was a particularly "lively" youth. His parents appear to have been honest, simple folks, and made a real effort to train him for a commercial career. He was sent to Cordova to serve an apprenticeship in a business house, but his employer soon bundled him back home

again because of his unruly ways. He then remained under the paternal roof until he reached the age of twenty-three, when both his parents died, and he inherited a small fortune.

THE HOUSE AT ESTEPA WHERE EL VIVILLO WAS BORN.
From a Photograph.

immediately started out to "paint the town red." His one idea seems to have been to get rid of his fortune in record time, and so successful was he that in two years he was penniless. At this embarrassing point in his career he fell violently in love with the girl who afterwards became his wife. She was a beautiful, dark-eyed lass, named Dolores Gomez, and had hosts of admirers. What she saw in El Vivillo to admire it is hard to say—indeed, what the scores of women who afterwards lost their hearts to the bold rascal saw in him it is equally difficult to discover. He is to-day a burly, ruddy-complexioned man, with distinctly vulgar and repulsive features, and it does not seem possible that he could ever have been attractive to feminine eyes. His manner is harsh and over-bearing, and he feels, and makes no bones about expressing, a supreme contempt for the softer passions of the heart.

With his fortune dissipated El Vivillo was in no condition to contemplate immediate marriage. He decided to remove the financial obstacle in the shortest, quickest, and easiest way. After an unsuccessful attempt to turn his skill with the cards to advantage at the Municipal Casino of his home town, he threw in his lot with a band of smugglers. The future bandit's ingenuity and nimble wit soon made him a favourite with the majority of his fellow-contrabandists, but they also aroused the jealousy of one of the leaders, nicknamed Lobo (Wolf). The latter was renowned for his dexterity with the dagger, and he took an early opportunity of attempting to prove to the newcomer that his fame in that respect was well deserved. One evening, when the members of the band were celebrating an especially successful day's work in a café in Estepa, a quarrel broke out between El Vivillo and Lobo over a game of cards. At the latter's suggestion it was decided to determine the merits of the dispute with the knife, so the two men adjourned to the street, where there was more room and a larger audience. Heated with wine, the combatants drew their long daggers, wrapped their coats around their free arms, and set to. A large crowd gathered and cheered the fighters. Much to his surprise, Lobo discovered that his opponent knew a trick or two about the use of the knife that he himself had failed to learn, and to the astonishment of the spectators, after a particularly lively mêlée, El Vivillo finally ran him through the heart with a well-directed thrust. Before he had an opportunity to get out of town El Vivillo was arrested and thrown into prison. But that mysterious personage, the influential friend, came to his assistance, and he was shortly at large again.

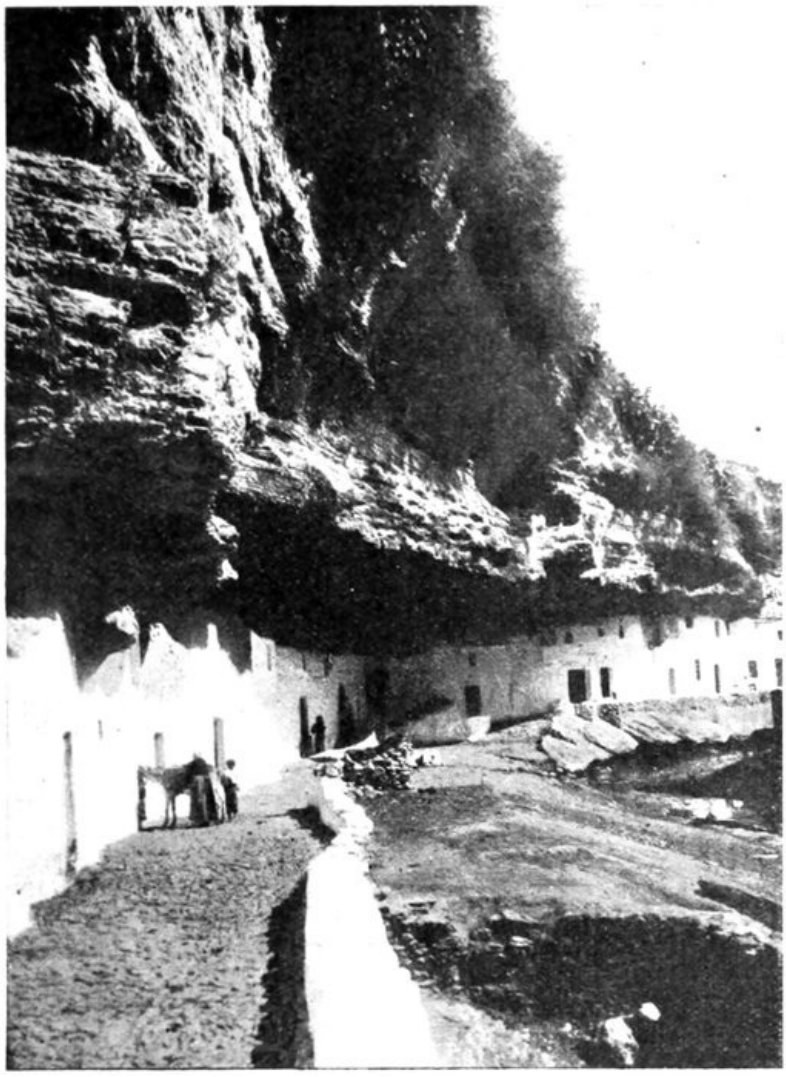
Instead of reforming him, this experience only seemed to strengthen El Vivillo in his career of lawlessness. Soon after his release he took to the countryside as a bandit, and rapidly organized one of the most famous bands of brigands that have ever infested that country.

From this point in his life it is difficult to trace El Vivillo's progress clearly. Various crimes attributed to him were undoubtedly committed by other men of inferior calibre. On the other hand, he was able to escape punishment for many outrages which there is no doubt that he committed, by establishing remarkably clever alibis. On one occasion, for instance, he held up the diligence on its way to the village of Villamartin. After safely hiding his spoils, the bandit, by means of a relay of horses which had been provided in advance, galloped to a favourite retreat forty miles away in an incredibly short space of time. There—apparently in an intoxicated condition—he showed himself to a posse of the Civil Guard. Later, he was arrested on suspicion and tried for the crime, but his cleverly-contrived alibi proved too much for the officers of the law

to combat, and he was triumphantly acquitted.

Among the outrages definitely fastened upon El Vivillo are the sacking of a mansion at Torredonjimino, when he secured more than twenty thousand dollars; the seizure of an Andalusian millionaire on the high road to Anteguera, when the bandit shot three servants who attempted to defend their employer's property; and another highway robbery between Cabra and Priego, on which occasion the bandit was captured and placed in prison at the latter town, escaping, as usual, after two days' confinement.

Another exploit of El Vivillo occurred between Setenil and Villamartin. A wealthy landowner named Don Pedro Guzman was travelling towards the latter town, accompanied by his steward, when they were held up by El Vivillo's band on horseback and forced to dismount. They were ordered to throw their guns on the ground, and the bandits made a search of their persons, relieving the master of thirty-eight thousand Spanish reals in bank-notes and some cash—money which was destined for the purchase of live stock at the annual fair at Villamartin.



THE SPANISH TOWN OF SETENIL, THE SCENE OF SOME OF EL VIVILLO'S MOST DARING EXPLOITS.

From a photograph.

Master and man were then seated upon the ground with their elbows tied together at a spot hidden from the road. There they remained in their uncomfortable posture from ten o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon, during which time the brigands "bagged" seven other travellers, also going to the Villamartin fair and all carrying considerable sums of money. The bandits then rode away, leaving their disconsolate victims to untie themselves as best they could.

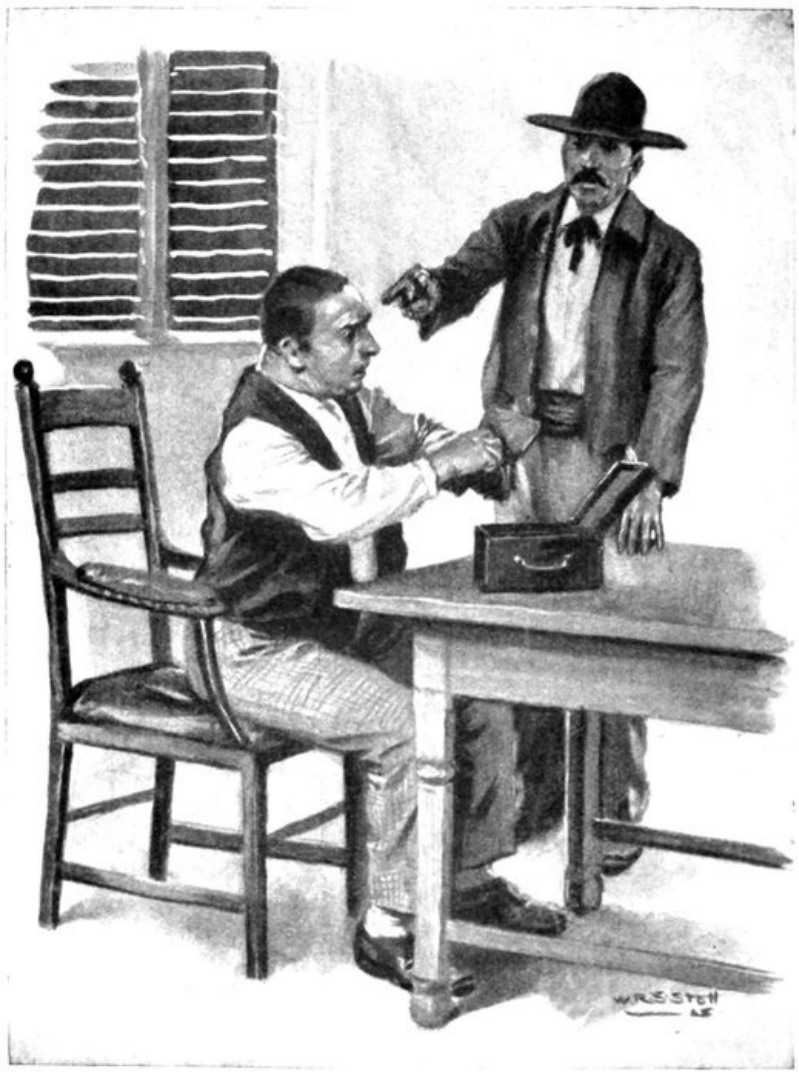
In Estepa, his native town, El Vivillo has been several times imprisoned, usually for horse-stealing, but he invariably managed to escape in some extraordinary manner. Some four years ago his wife was suspected of maintaining secret correspondence with him. She was imprisoned, and remained under lock and key for eighteen months. It was subsequently proved that during all this time El Vivillo, although a fugitive from justice, had managed to visit her in jail whenever he pleased. An investigation was made, but it has never been discovered how he arranged it.

When El Vivillo went into hiding he employed an ingenious stratagem to put his pursuers off the scent. He would address letters to various well-known people of Andalusia and, enclosing them to Algiers or Tangier, would cause them to be sent to their destination, bearing, of course, French stamps and post-office marks. This ruse effectually convinced inquisitive police officials that El Vivillo was really out of the country.

Many anecdotes are told of the famous bandit. There is one that illustrates his kindness to the poor. Entering a farm-house not far from Setenil, one day, with the intention of robbing the inmates, he found the family in great distress. Times had been very hard with them. Cattle had strayed or been lost or stolen; the excessively dry season had almost ruined the crops and vines, and for some time they had been behind-hand with the rent. Now they were finally threatened with expulsion on the following morning if the amount due to the landlord—some ten pounds—was not forthcoming.

Greatly attached to their home, and absolutely without hope of raising even a *peseta* towards the sum required, the farmer and his family were sitting round the open fireplace in dumb despair. Careful of the duties of hospitality, however, they offered the stranger bread and a skin of rough, red wine to satisfy his appetite. El Vivillo, on discovering the cause of their unhappiness, declared that he, the next morning, would bring them the sum of money they so much stood in need of. Jumping into the saddle, he rode to the landlord's house and, placing a pistol to the man's head, forced him to hand over ten pounds—neither more nor less. Riding safely away he returned to the

poor farmer, and thrusting the money into the astonished man's hand, went off chuckling over the knowledge that the landlord's rent would be punctually paid with his own money.



"HE FORCED HIM TO HAND OVER TEN POUNDS."

Perhaps the most daring of El Vivillo's exploits, however, was his robbing of his old enemies, the Civil Guard themselves, single-handed. He learnt that on a certain day a pair of them were going to bring a large sum in specie into Seville. Riding out into the country, he entered the *posada* where the two officers were about to commence their midday meal. He got into conversation with them, and they finally invited him to share their repast. El Vivillo proved himself a delightful table companion, and the two officers of the law congratulated themselves upon meeting such a good fellow. Their awakening was a rude one, therefore, when the bandit pulled out a brace of revolvers and said: "I am El Vivillo; kindly hand over the money in those two bags." The guards were helpless, and had the mortification of seeing their guest ride away in safety with his booty.

The bandit once escaped what appeared to be certain capture by remarkable coolness and presence of mind. While he was seated with some friends in a house in Setenil, playing the national card game, "tute," one of his numerous protégés ran into the room with the alarming news that the Civil Guard were approaching the house bent upon his capture. His companions offered all kinds of advice—he must hide under a pile of sheep-skins lying in the corner, he must drop out of a rear window, he must climb out upon the roof and lie quietly hidden there, and so on. El Vivillo, however, begged them to be quite at ease and continue their interrupted game as if nothing were about to happen. Descending the staircase he opened the front door and came face to face with a patrol of the Civil Guard. They inquired whether he had seen El Vivillo. In a firm voice he replied that he had—that he had even been playing cards with him, but that, half an hour before, the bandit had ridden off to a neighbouring village. The officers dashed off in hot haste in the direction indicated, but, needless to say, did not succeed in capturing El Vivillo on that occasion.

A DETACHMENT OF THE CIVIL GUARD WHICH WAS STATIONED AT SETENIL, AND WAS SEVERAL TIMES ENGAGED WITH EL VIVILLO AND HIS BAND.

From a Photograph.

The brigand's family is composed of five children—two sons and three daughters. One of the former is married, and resides in Estepa. The three girls—Dolores, Carmen, and Consuelo—are noted beauties, with the voluptuous figure, dark hair, eyes, and complexion that have made Andalusian women famous. They all speak French correctly—an unusual accomplishment in the children of a Spanish brigand; and in their small but comfortably furnished house in Estepa there is a piano, a luxury for Spain, which the second daughter plays with exceptional ability.

Expelled by the police to Gibraltar last November, the children took steamer to Buenos Ayres, and so unwittingly caused the Spanish authorities to suspect that El Vivillo, who was badly wanted, was in hiding there. Information was sent to the Spanish Legation in the Argentine capital, and a few days after the arrival of his family El Vivillo was prosaically arrested at a ranch tenanted by him at the village of Ensenada, near La Plata.

That misplaced admiration of, and sympathy for, those accused of crime is not confined to the fair sex of any one country is proved by the treatment El Vivillo has received since his arrest. While he was in jail at Buenos Ayres he received hundreds of letters of commiseration from women, many containing offers of assistance and money. It is said that he amassed a tidy sum by charging five dollars apiece for his autographs, which were in great demand among the Spanish señoritas of the South American city.

A WALRUS-HUNT IN THE ARCTIC.

By David Gove.

A graphic account, illustrated by some very striking photographs, describing an expedition in quest of walrus amid the ice-packs of the Alaskan coast. "So far as I know," writes the author, "these are the only snap-shots of the walrus in existence."

The scene was the beach at Nome, Alaska, on an unusually warm day towards the close of the winter of 1907. The ice had loosened its grip upon the shore, and was drifting lazily in the roadstead; the sudden spell of warm weather made it appear old, dirty, and rotten. I was looking out over the broken pack, when suddenly I caught sight of a black speck about five miles to the south-west. Noting that the keeper of the life-saving station had his glasses to his eyes observing the object, I inquired: "Is that a boat from the outside?"

"No," he replied; "it is the gasoline schooner *Witch*. Some people have been out in her for a walrus-hunt."

I made haste to the mouth of the river to meet the party, and see what the fruits of this unique expedition had been. The boat tied up to a large cake of ice that lay aground in the mouth of the river. The first man to come ashore I recognised as Mr. B.B. Dobbs, of the Nome Moving Picture Company, and he appeared to be in a very bad temper.

"Good morning, Dobbs," said I. "Have you seen any walrus?"

"No, we have *not* seen any walrus," he growled, "although we have been looking for them for twenty-four hours. We got thirty miles beyond the shore-ice when a gale sprang up, and the little boat became so lively that I have had a dickens of a time trying to keep my inside in. Here, take my camera and come with me to get some refreshments."

When he had in a measure recovered himself Dobbs continued the conversation. "Now, listen to me," he said. "I must have a cinematograph picture of the walrus. You are a better sailor than I am, so I want you to take the picture for me."

"Yes," I replied; "but how about finding the walrus?"

"Why, just go and hunt for them; I will pay you well for it. The boat is chartered, and you can sail this evening."

The thirst of the wild was on me, so I determined to add walrus-hunting to my list of Arctic adventures, particularly as I could combine business with pleasure. I thought that if we could locate the animals it would be a sight never to be forgotten, and would also be a splendid ending to the monotony of an Arctic winter.

That evening seven Eskimos piled their guns and spears into the boat, and everything was in readiness to start, but we needed a skipper to command the vessel. Accordingly I hurried up the beach to find some old salt to take charge, but the camp was deserted. Scarcely a man was to be seen in the streets; everybody was busy shovelling gravel into the sluice-boxes, for this was the season of harvesting gold in Alaska. Out on the creeks and along the ancient pay-streaks men were digging for gold; the only males left in the town were a few store-keepers, bar-keepers, and a pack of well-fed lawyers. I had bethought myself of Dick Byers, an old sea-rover in the Arctic, and I found him sitting in a wheelbarrow near the Breakers Saloon, his head pillowed upon his knees, dozing. "Halloa, Dick, do you want work?" I asked. "I want you to go on a walrus-hunt with me, and I will give you twenty-five dollars for twenty-four hours of your service."

He accepted my offer, and I got him aboard the boat dressed in his sealskin breeches and deerskin "parka." The ice had no terrors for this man: he had sailed the Arctic in whale-ships and with exploring expeditions until he believed cruising amongst the floes to be an ideal occupation.

We were soon out over the bar, though

THE AUTHOR, MR. D. GOVE, IN ARCTIC COSTUME.

From a Photograph.

some little difficulty was experienced in getting past the large floes of shore ice that were floating in the roadstead. We did not unfurl the sails, for the atmosphere was still, the water being smooth and glassy in appearance; but the little boat was well engined, and cut along swiftly until the shore and the bald mountain-tops sank beyond the range of vision. It was now ten-thirty, and the sun was setting in streaky clouds. I felt restless, and thought a few hours of sleep might refresh me for the morrow. There seemed nothing to keep me on deck; Jim Flynn, the engineer, was gesticulating to one of the Eskimos, discussing the direction in which to look for walrus, while others were cleaning rifles, repairing harpoons, and chattering in their weird jargon. I crawled down into the hold, rolled myself into a piece of canvas, and bade the world good-night.

The next thing I knew was Flynn dragging me out from beneath the canvas. Arrived on deck, I saw some black specks on the ice. "They're walrus, right enough," said Flynn; "I can see their two white teeth hanging down." Closer and closer we got, until the creatures were plainly discernible and their discordant groaning and bellowing filled the air. The noise was like a thousand cattle, but the lowing was deeper and in a lower key.

I stood there spellbound, for such a panorama of uncouth animals, lying in compact masses as far as the eye could see, I had never beheld before. They presented a curious sight, their breath exhausting from their nostrils in clouds of steam, and they appeared to take little or no notice of the approaching boat. It was now the midnight twilight; on the northern horizon the rays from both the setting and the rising sun were strangely intermingled. With the boat still moving gently ahead, the skipper became so enraptured with the sight that he let the *Witch* bump into a piece of ice with such force that she started a seam in the starboard side and soon began to leak, though not seriously. Meanwhile the old Eskimo leader was strutting along the deck puffing at his big brass pipe as a solace for his growing excitement. Presently he ordered the oomiak (skin boat) to be brought alongside and the hunting paraphernalia to be placed therein.

The Eskimos, sitting in the boat ready for the fray, whined like so many coyotes, levelling their guns and trying their sights, while they waited in anxious expectancy for the word to start. The sun was rising under a black cloud, and there was not yet enough actinic light for me to take my photographs. While we waited the natives grew angry with me for not commencing the attack, but still I delayed.

Dick put the binocular to his eyes and scanned each herd in turn, the animals lying upon the ice in solid masses.

"There's not a female in the bunch," he announced. "Just a lot of love-sick bulls drifting towards the Arctic."

"Why don't they live with the females and help to look after the young?" asked Flynn.

"They are not like the polygamous seal, with his harem of twelve to fifteen wives," said the skipper, who was a surprisingly well-spoken man. "The walrus has one wife a season, with whom he lives upon the ice-floes. Sometimes they go ashore, climbing up the rocks and rolling in the green grass and fresh water; then they go back to the sea again. The young one is born in the month of May or June, upon the ice. Then the females, with the youngsters, separate from the bulls and migrate north until they reach the great permanent ice-pack. Those bulls that you see form the rear-guard of the annual migration."

THE FIRST HERD OF WALRUS SIGHTED—THE ANIMAL WITH UPRAISED HEAD IS THE SENTRY.

From a Photograph.

"What do they use their tusks for?" I inquired.

"They are used for fighting the Polar bear, but their principal use is when they dive down to the bed of the ocean, where they dig up clams and mussels out of the mud; bivalves and sea-urchins form their chief food. Their numbers have been greatly diminished in late years, for nothing can escape the wasteful slaughter of man with his scientific weapons of destruction. The natives, with their primitive weapons, did not do much damage, but modern rifles may cause their extermination. But for their inaccessibility the walrus would have vanished like the buffalo—only his impenetrable haunts save him from extinction."

Presently Dick and I launched the dory, and paddled close to the nearest herd. This afforded me a splendid opportunity to study those denizens of the ice-pack in their native haunts. We crawled over the ice to within thirty feet of where the huge brutes lay, unconscious of our presence.

"Don't make a noise," said Dick. "The one on this side is the sentry—he is on the *qui vive*, but I do not think he sees us. If he does, he is careless of our proximity."

At this moment one of the walrus began to perform some acrobatic feats in the water. These concluded, he attempted to get up on the ice. He had only one tusk, and using this like a boat-hook, tried to pull his unsymmetrical bulk up on to the floes. But trouble arose immediately. The sentry challenged his right to advance, raising his ponderous body to prepare for combat. His skin was wrinkled in heavy folds, covered with innumerable wounds, and he looked like the veteran of many battles. Roaring hoarsely, until his fat body swelled with exertion and rage, he plunged his tusks into the interloper's face, and forced him to retire.

The sentinel seemed proud of this victory, for he raised himself up and gave a great roar of satisfaction. Then he threw himself down upon his icy bed, rolled over upon his back, and, using his flippers like a dipper, threw the water over his body, as if attending to his morning toilet.

Presently an ice-raft with about twenty walrus on board went drifting slowly past us. The weight of the animals' bodies was so great that the ice was completely submerged, and the walrus looked as if they were lying upon the surface of the water.

THE ESKIMOS ADVANCING UPON THE WALRUS.
From a photograph.

"Unfortunate brutes," said Dick. "This will be a sorry day for you when the sun gets out! But here, my boy"—he turned quickly to me—"it's time you started your game; the light is here."

A FEW OF THE VICTIMS.
From a photograph.

The Eskimos were now coming towards us in their skin boat, paddling with muffled strokes. I put my Kodak in my pocket, got the cinematograph out, and we crawled to the lee side of fifty walrus, where I stole up to within thirty feet of where they lay, looking for all the world like a herd of great swine. Some of them were fighting; the rest lay still, with their heads pillowed upon one another. I arranged my picture machine and wound up the film, recording every movement they made. The six Eskimos then advanced with stealthy pace between me and the walrus. Simultaneously six rifles cracked, and fifty grizzly faces rose up and glared at the intruders. I kept on winding up the film, recording this extraordinary scene. Six more shots, and four of the huge brutes fell dead. The whole herd was now aroused, and never in my life have I seen such a sight. The clumsy animals made for the water, but the bullets flew fast, and presently three more fell, while with many a flop, hitch, and straddle the others wallowed off the ice—the clumsiest living creatures that ever attempted to walk. In the water, however, they were in their element, swimming with the grace and ease of a porpoise. Six mountains of heaving flesh lay upon the ice. One gave a lurch as though trying to roll into the water, but one of the natives fired a bullet into his brain, and a stream of blood from the wound spouted three feet into the air.

"THE WALRUS CAME BACK SLOWLY, TWISTING THEIR NECKS CURIOUSLY, AS IF TRYING TO COURT OUR ACQUAINTANCE."

From a Photograph.

The Eskimos believe in the effect of the human voice upon their prey, and when the walrus rolled into the sea they started grunting a strange guttural sound, "Huk—huk—huk."

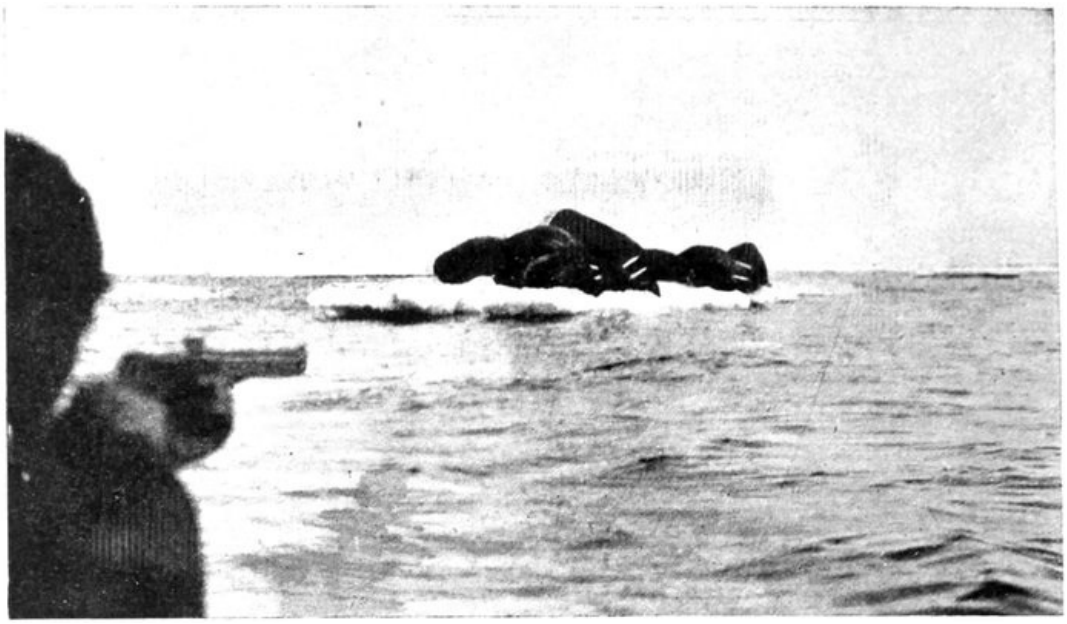
While I watched, fascinated, the walrus came back slowly, twisting their rubber-like necks curiously, as if trying to court our acquaintance. Several shots were fired at them, but none hit a vital spot, though the beasts emitted weird sounds as they disappeared beneath the water. They came into view again at the back of the ice-floe, bellowing and roaring; their uncouth noises rang from floe to floe, and from every cake of ice within sight awakened monsters plunged in alarm. The sea became literally alive with them, and we soon became the centre of a herd of at least four hundred walrus, their grizzly heads bobbing up all round us—the long, white tusks gleaming conspicuously against their dark breasts. The ice-world that had been so still was now a roaring commotion of animals, tearing in frenzy through the water, curious and terror-stricken. Their unearthly yells filled the air with trembling echo.

"THE ICE-WORLD THAT HAD BEEN SO STILL WAS NOW A ROARING COMMOTION OF ANIMALS, TEARING IN FRENZY THROUGH THE WATER."

From a Photograph.

When the natives had given thanks to their gods for bringing plenty of walrus, they cut the heads off their prizes (for the ivory) and secured about three tons of the flesh for their families on shore. Then, in the launch, we started for the next herd that lay undisturbed, leaving the first mob to settle down again.

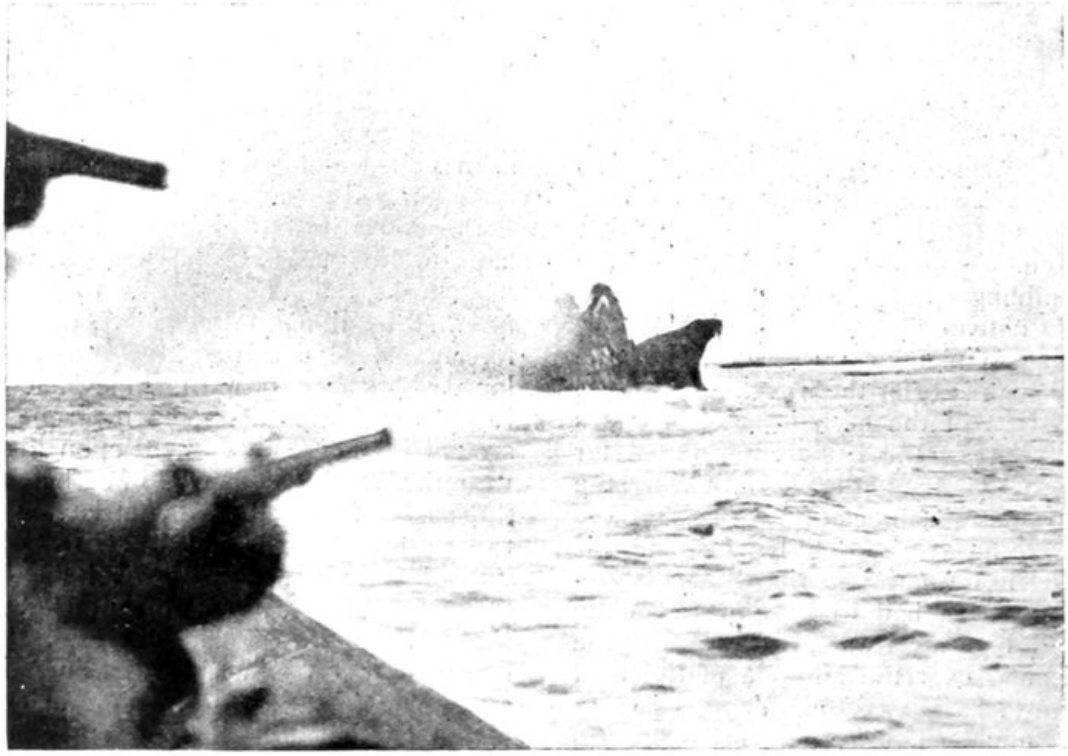
There were twelve walrus lying upon this floe, covering it from rim to rim. My picture-taking and shooting had to be done from the skin boat. I had my Kodak ready, and as the Eskimos leaned over the gunwale of the boat and took aim I "snapped" my pictures just as fast as they could shoot, making my exposures without a moment's hesitation, without the slightest regard for background, foreground, shadows, or anything else. Two of the walrus fell dead upon the ice-floe, and another arose in the water close to the boat, the blood streaming from his head. Two shots were fired, and a spear was launched into his body with a rope attached to keep him from sinking. He was soon pulled alongside, his head cut off, and his body allowed to sink to the bottom of the sea.



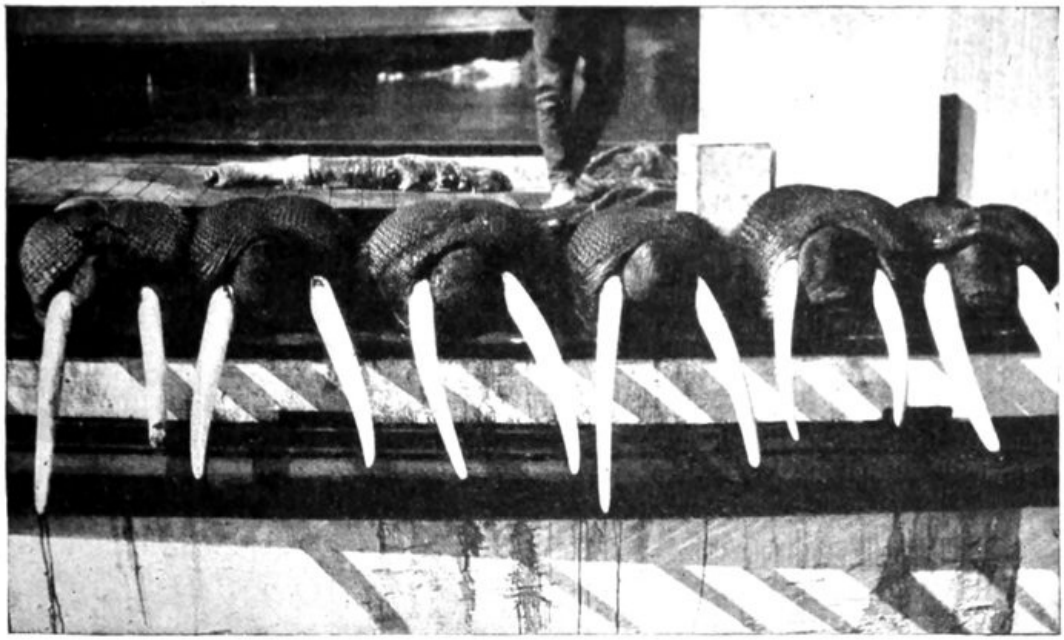
A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN FROM THE ESKIMO SKIN-BOAT.

From a Photograph.

Presently the old native leader saw a very large walrus fast asleep; it had wonderfully long tusks, and he set out to dispatch the monster by the primitive method used by his forefathers. He carried a spear about five feet long, with a rope of walrus hide attached to an inflated sealskin. Hanging the rope in a coil around his neck, he crawled upon his stomach with the stealth of a cat, until he got within three feet of where the animal lay. I expected to see him poise and throw the shaft, but instead he rammed it with all his force into the walrus's body. The creature started, turned its head round, and glared at him. Then the enormous mass of flesh arose, and with a few spasmodic jumps made for the water in a hobbling canter. With the spear stuck in his side and his splay feet working like paddles upon the ice, he rolled off the floe like a sack of wool, floundering and plunging wildly. At first he pulled the bladder under the surface of the water, but his great strength soon failed him, and the bladder appeared floating on the water. One of the natives, a boy about fifteen years, was out in the boat watching for him, and when he poked his head above the surface to breathe the lad shot him and hauled him alongside. At this stage of the hunt we all went back to the launch for lunch, and also to give our quarry time to recuperate. The menu consisted of one five-gallon can filled with walrus meat. The natives took large strips of the half-cooked marine beef, and with their hands forced as much of it into their mouths as the opening would contain. Then, with a knife they cut it off close to their lips. Dick was sitting on his haunches picking out the lean pieces and devouring it like a native, and I received a hearty invitation to join them in this Arctic banquet. I did try to eat a morsel, but without success—not only the odour of the meat but the mode of eating was repulsive to my taste. After the meal the slaughter continued until midnight. At dawn the sun arose in a mass of dangerous-looking red clouds; to the south the murky clouds hung low. The ice began to roll uneasily, and was soon pounding against the sides of the vessel. Dick jumped on deck and viewed the angry aspect of the weather.



FIRING AT THE WALRUS ON THE FLOE.
From a Photograph.



SOME OF THE TROPHIES—EIGHTY TUSKS WERE THE RESULT OF THE TRIP.
From a Photograph.

"We are on the fringe of a south-easter," he exclaimed. "Let's scoot."

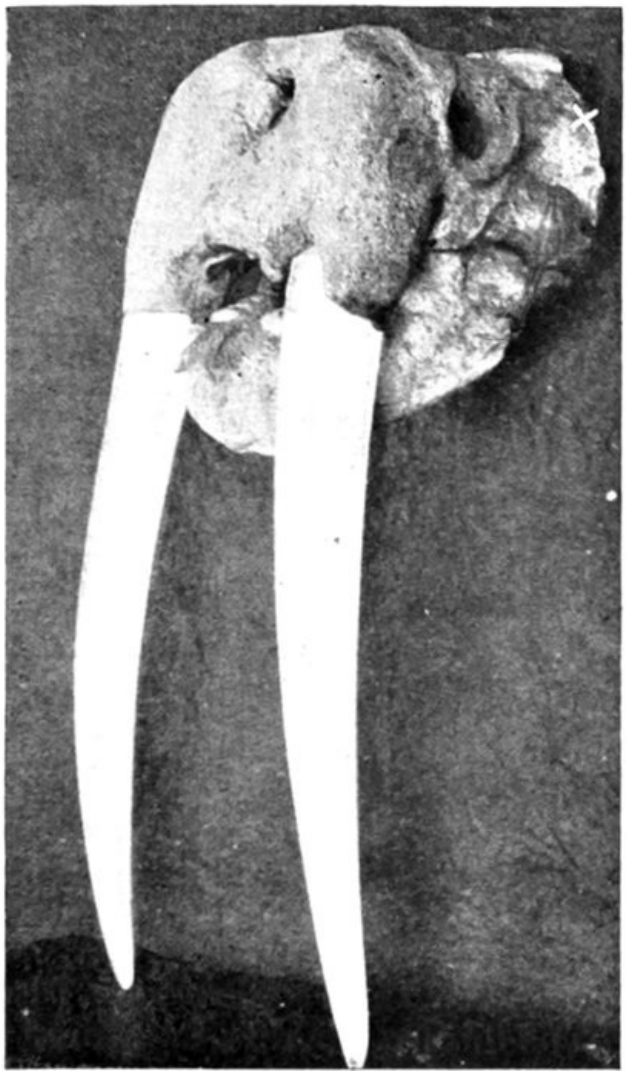
He set the course for Nome, all sails were bent to the wind, and the engine throbbed eagerly as the little vessel tore onwards with her port scuppers awash. I looked astern, but the scene of our carnage was already fading in the distance. Faintly I heard the wailing monotones of the walrus leaders calling their scattered herds together, and mourning the loss that had so suddenly befallen them. The wind was moaning through the rigging as we flew before the coming storm, and we left the tenants of the ice-fields slowly flitting north.

Eighty tusks were the result of our trip, together with a splendid moving picture of those strange animals.

We arrived in Snake River just in time to escape the coming storm. Some of the *chechacos* (newcomers, green-horns) came down to watch us, and gazed in astonishment at the ivory and the few heads which hung over the bow of the boat.

"Are them elephants?" one old gentleman whispered to Dick.

"Yes," said the skipper, gravely—"elephants of the sea." Then he turned and walked back to the Breakers. And so ended our walrus-hunt.



A WALRUS SKULL—THE BRAIN IS LOCATED TWELVE INCHES BACK FROM THE FOREHEAD, AT THE POINT INDICATED BY A CROSS.

From a Photograph.

SPORTING STORIES.

A further batch of breezy little narratives—exciting, humorous, and curious—detailing the adventures of sportsmen in various parts of the world.

IV.—CORKER'S ALLIGATOR.

By Frank E. Verney.

THERE were four of us on the bungalow veranda. Behind us, grim and gaunt in the glow of the Southern Cross, rose the Blue Mountains; out ahead, six miles away, twinkled the lights of Kingston Harbour; whilst around us, from the profusion of tropical flowers, jewelled with flitting fireflies, came sweet incense and insects of a painfully inquisitive turn of mind.

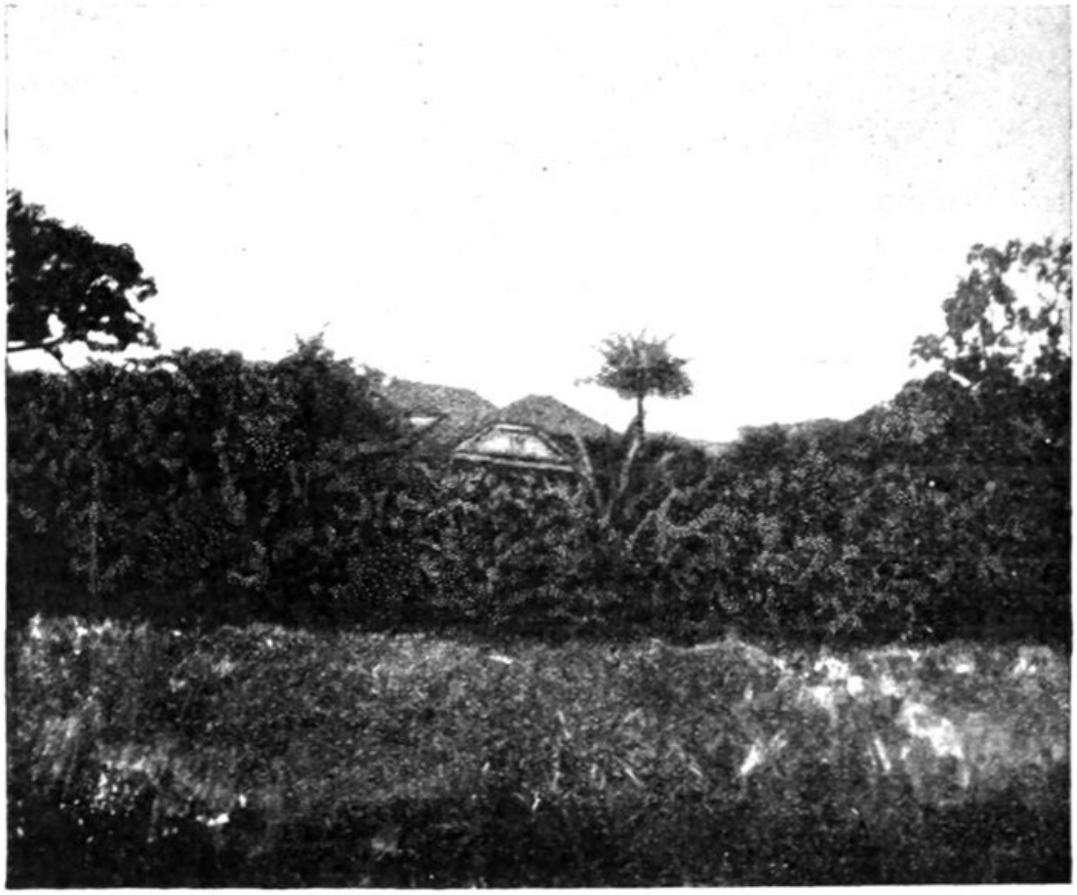
It was not the charm of the night or the assaults of the mosquitoes that held our attention, however, but the prospect of an alligator-hunt on the morrow, led by the redoubtable Corker,[1] our host, who, under the influence of plentiful potions of "planters' punch" and the presence of two unsophisticated "subs" of the West India Regiment, had been telling us tales of mighty deeds done in obtaining the trophies which now covered his walls.

[1] For obvious reasons I have altered the real names of the parties concerned.—The Author.

There was no planter in Jamaica to compare with Corker as a hunter—certainly there was none who could show so many pelts and heads; and if some of his stories were rather "tall," many of them had a strong basis of fact, as evidenced by the size of the "bags" which always accompanied his return from a shooting trip. As Jamaica itself contains no big game other than alligator, one has to go to the adjoining American continent for this class of shooting; and this fact formed the assailable spot in Corker's reputation, for there were those on the island who hinted darkly of New York naturalists, and suggested that literature lost a great light when Corker became a

planter.

Anyhow, I refrained from intruding such rude remarks on the peace of our party out of respect for the feelings of my host and



THE BUNGALOW FROM WHICH THE AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANIONS STARTED OUT ON THEIR SHOOTING TRIP.

From a Photograph.

consideration for the enthusiasm of his other two listeners.

After Corker had told his customary concluding yarn, we fell to discussing where on Corker's walls could space be found to accommodate the alligator hides he, with us to help him, was about to secure.

The next morning we tumbled from under our mosquito-nets and, after a hasty breakfast, made a start. Corker had already sent on our arms, which, in addition to our shooting impedimenta and flaying-knives, consisted of a case of soda-water, a block of swathed ice, and two bottles of what Corker called "milk," to neutralize the effects of the swamp for which we were bound.

Mounting our native ponies, we rode down through the plantation by a short cut. Through tobacco fields and fields of guinea grass as high as our saddles, and down hill-sides as steep as the roof of a house, dodging palms and banana trees *en route*, our ponies took us, never faltering or making a false step, until, after a three-mile ride, we arrived at Constant Spring. At this place we sent back our mounts and did the remaining six miles into Kingston on an up-to-date electric tram-car.

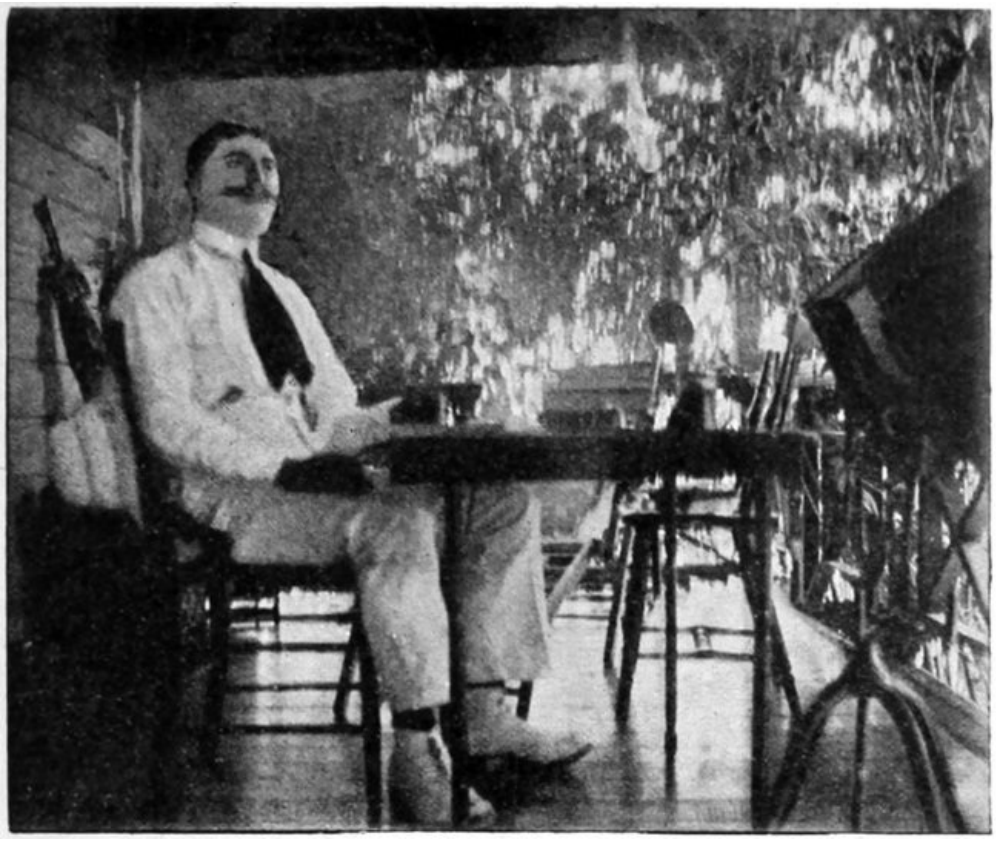
Through the hot, dusty suburbs, past crowds of native women on their way to market, their heads laden with produce, their bare feet padding the scorched road, past dismantled residences with walls torn asunder by the earthquake of a year ago, into the stricken city of Kingston itself our car carried us, until at length we reached the harbour-side and inhaled deep breaths of the grand breeze which comes across the Caribbean Sea.

By eleven o'clock we had ourselves and our gear, together with two black boys, stowed away in a large, open boat. Hoisting our sail, we were soon bowling over the blue waters of Kingston Bay on the way to alligatordom, the cooling breeze tempering the fierce sun-glare.

As usual, Corker was busy describing his phenomenal capacity for conquering the beasts of the field, and would permit no silent revelry in the beauty and joy of the scene. Sitting in the bows of the boat, playing cup and ball with a tumbler and its contents, he gave us innumerable hints as to the best way of stalking alligators, illustrating the success of his methods with several modest stories of what he had achieved at the very spot to which we were bound. I had shot "crocs" myself on the Indian Sunderbunds, but I offered no supplementary yarns, for I knew that Corker could easily cap anything I might say.

However, by the time we had imbibed about as much advice as we could comfortably hold without confusion, we rounded the western point of the bay and found ourselves at the estuary of the Rio Cobre. Up this river, far away from the coast, there are some of the fairest spots on God's earth; but at its mouth it is an inferno well worthy of its description as "Jamaica's death-hole."

A wide stretch of steaming swamp, intersected with inky streams of stinking water, a breeding-place for the fever-propagating mosquito and a home for all the loathsome creeping things of the island, it is



MR. VERNEY, THE AUTHOR.
From a Photograph.

almost as bad as some of the pestilential swamps of the West African coast, and seen in its beautiful setting of blue seas and golden beach dotted with graceful green palms, it looks even worse.

But since it held our quarry we were prepared to disregard its hygienic and scenic shortcomings, so we ran our craft on to a bank inshore, and, clambering out, waded through the warm sea to the rotting vegetation and repulsive mud and slime of the delta.

Fixing our rendezvous on a fairly dry spot close to our landing-place, we arranged our plan of action. At this juncture Corker very generously offered to stay behind to see that the boat and the "milk" came to no harm, but, of course, none of us would hear of such a sacrifice. Finally we decided to divide forces. Hunter and Madox, the two West India Regiment men, were to go together, accompanied by one of the black "boys," an accomplished 'gator tracker; whilst Corker and I joined guns, the other "boy" coming with us to flay anything we might get. Separating, in accordance with this plan, Corker and I squelched off through the fœtid slime toward the upper end of the delta.

As we slushed along we carefully scanned the banks of dried mud, intersecting the numerous lagoons, for "sign," listening keenly the while for snapping jaws and splashing bodies. We had to be very much on the *qui vive*, for at any moment, in stepping round the low bushes or wading waist-deep through the intersecting streams, we might have trodden on a sleeping saurian, with unpleasant results, for, despite an unwieldy-looking body, the 'gator is capable of very swift movement, and, what is more, both ends of him are dangerous—with his jaws he may lop off a leg; with his tail he may break one's back.

After trudging about for some time, filling our lungs with vapour from the steaming swamp, while our skins were irritated by the bites of myriads of insects, we reached a dark, evil-smelling lagoon crusted with cracking mud. At the side of it were several indentations, varying in size, which indicated that a 'gator family had but recently been taking the sun.

With such tangible evidence before me of the near presence of the brutes, I suggested waiting quietly for the family's reappearance. Corker, however, having his own idea about the wisdom of my suggestion, told me I should only be wasting time. He therefore elected to leave me with the boy, whilst he crossed to the middle stream "to make sure of a decent hide," asking me to join him when I was tired of my vigil.

As he tramped off through the inky slime I squatted down on a mud-bank, with my rifle across my knees. Between me and the indentations was a low clump of vegetation, which shielded me from observation without interfering with my vision. The boy I had stationed out of sight in a slight hollow on the far side of my mud perch. With these precautions I set myself to wait. The sun, well overhead, beat down pitilessly on my shadeless position, blistering the pattern of my thin shirt on to my skin; whilst all the most vicious mosquitoes of the swamp came to signify their appreciation of my succulent presence by dining on me, and other creeping things began the tour of investigation which my scanty attire of shirt, breeches, boots, and topée invited. Verily, ye men who grumble at the hardship of waiting for driven birds on a Scotch moor should try a day in a tropical swamp!

After enduring these manifold pleasures for an hour or more, the surface of the lagoon began to heave, and a black snout showed itself in the sunlight.

Looking round, and finding no cause for alarm, the wily 'gator slushed his way to his basking place,

"I FIRED CLEAN INTO HIS MAW."

some twenty yards distant from where I sat. I raised my rifle slowly and covered him as he hoisted himself out of the slime. Just then the distant crack of Corker's rifle startled my 'gator. Raising his head he opened his capacious jaws, and as he did so I fired clean into his maw. He shut his teeth together with a resounding snap, coughed like a stricken cow, and slid back into the slime. I thought I had lost him, but after a final titanic convulsion, which spattered the blood-streaked mud almost to my position, he swung round on to the ooze again and lay still. Advancing to within five yards, I gave him another bullet through the eye, to prevent accidents; then, aided by my yelling boy, we levered him up on to the dry bank. From the end of his snout to the tip of his powerful tail he measured about eleven feet!

Well satisfied with the result of my uncomfortable wait, and instructing the black boy to go back to the boat with the skin when he had taken it off, I followed the direction which Corker had taken, wondering what luck the shots I had heard portended.

After hunting about for some time without finding him, and not hearing further shots, I concluded he had gone back to the lagoon to get the boy's assistance in flaying his "bag," and that therefore I had missed him.

As I picked my way round some low driftwood by one of the soapy streams, I stumbled over a half-buried log. In recovering my balance I noticed that one end of the log, which was some fourteen feet long, had been freshly splintered, and, strange to say, by rifle shots.

Suddenly the explanation dawned upon me. The doughty Corker, hero of wonderful stories and holder of many "spoils," had fallen into that facile error of the novice and shot a fallen log!

Picking up a stout splinter, which showed two neatly-drilled holes, I made my way, grinning hugely, back to the rendezvous.

That night, when all had retired to rest at Corker's bungalow, his three guests, clad in pyjamas and shaking with subdued mirth, crept on to the veranda and fastened up in a central position among their host's trophies a perforated redwood log splinter!

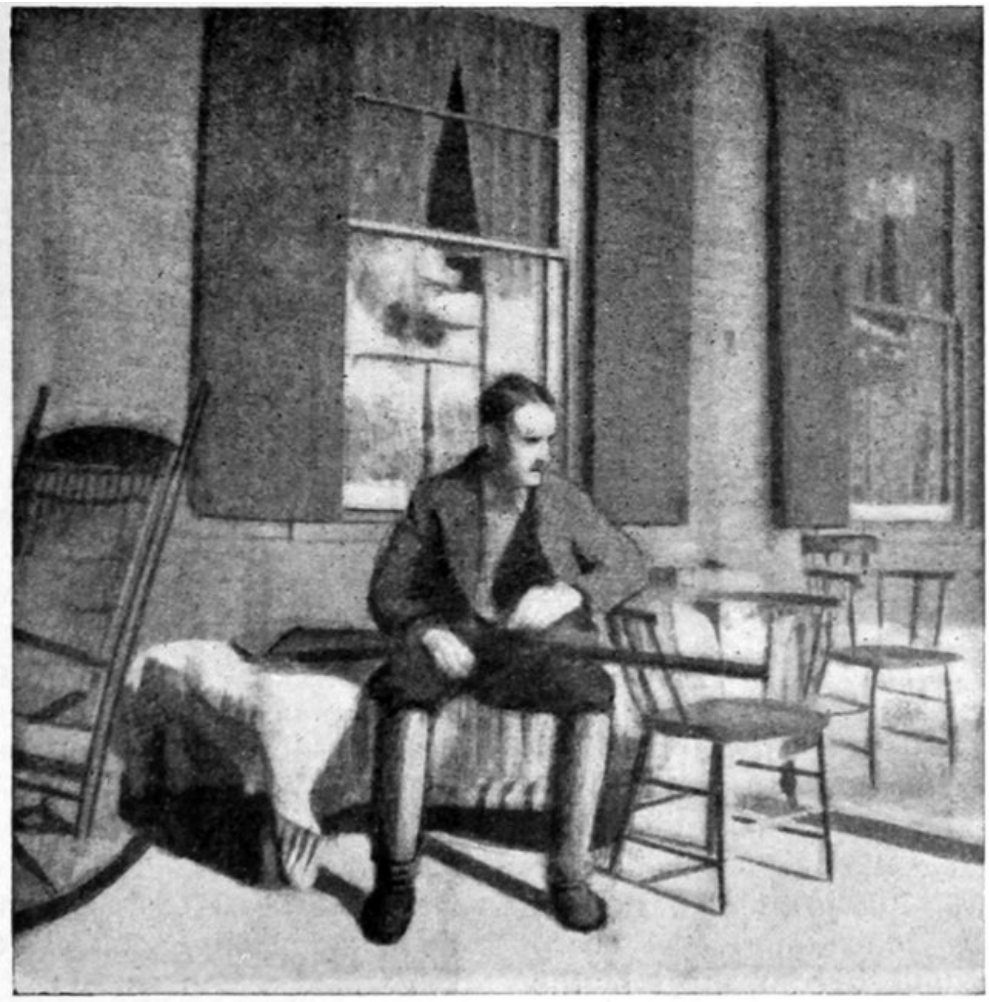
V.—A BRUSH WITH A BEAR.

By R. W. Martin, Junior.

The fall of 1905 found me camping on the Lehigh River, in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, in company with two friends named George and Oscar Murray. This part of the country is wild and mountainous, the nearest railroad being at Bear Creek, twelve miles distant.

Our camp stood on rising ground about thirty feet higher than the level of the river, and was surrounded by towering pines fifty to sixty feet in height, one of which almost touched our shack.

On the evening of which I write my two companions had decided to visit a friend who lived in a small settlement known as Stoddartsville, some four miles down the river, where they intended to spend the night. After their departure I busied myself about the camp, cutting and stacking wood and cleaning up our cooking utensils. When darkness had put an end to work outside, I retired into the cabin and, settling myself comfortably, began to read an old magazine I had picked up. I must have been



MR. R. W. MARTIN, JUNIOR, WHO HERE DESCRIBES HIS EXCITING EXPERIENCE WITH A BEAR.

From a Photograph.

reading for about an hour when my attention was attracted by the snapping of a small branch or stick outside, seemingly at the front of the cabin.

Although we kept our meat in a basket hung on the limb of a small tree in front of the dwelling, we did not fear molestation from the bears or wild-cats that were known to exist in the swamps and mountain ranges around us. Occasionally a sheep would be taken by an old she-bear which was known to have ranged the hills for the past twenty-five years, and which was said to be a huge, gaunt creature, weighing at least five hundred pounds; but, generally speaking, they did not cause much damage.

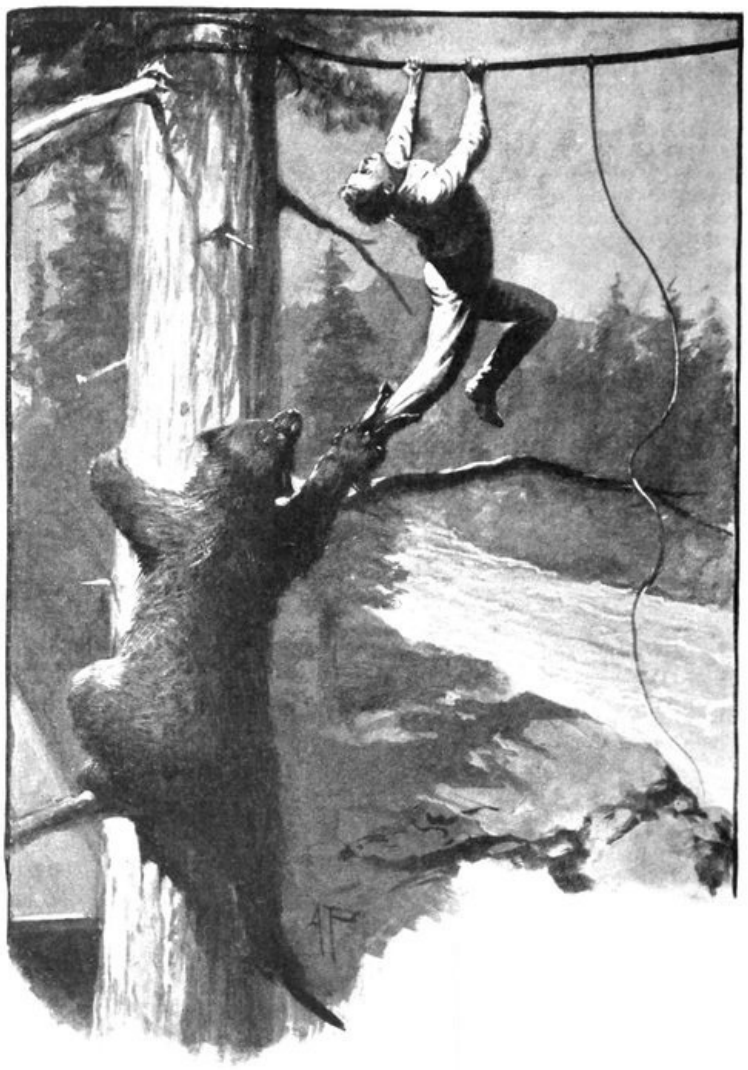
Neither bears nor wild-cats, however, entered my mind as I sat there wondering what had caused the disturbance outside. My first thought was that perchance one of the neighbours' cows or sheep, which were allowed to roam at will, had lost its way and, being attracted by the light, had wandered up to the cabin to investigate. With this idea in my mind, and being very comfortable, I did not bother to look into the matter. But just as I was about to resume my reading once more, the sharp crack of a breaking limb, accompanied by the thud of a heavy body striking the ground, caused me to jump to my feet in a hurry. Hastily snatching my breech-loading shot-gun from the corner, I quickly inserted two shells and quietly opened the door. There, in the dim moonlight, I made out the form of a huge bear, busily engaged in pillaging our meat basket! Without hesitation I brought the gun to my shoulder and fired both barrels at the dark mass. With a fierce growl of pain the wounded beast charged straight for the open door, and before I could close it rushed right into the cabin!

The next five minutes were probably the most exciting I have ever spent. The bear, blinded in one eye by shot and dazzled by the light, gave me the opportunity—which I speedily seized—of rushing past it out into the open. I ran round the cabin for my life, with the brute at my heels, and quickly ascended the ladder at the back of the cabin to the roof, thinking to throw my pursuer off the track. While busily engaged in trying to push the ladder down, I was horrified to find the bear already upon it, coming my way. Thoroughly bewildered by this time, I commenced to climb the tall pine tree alongside the house, hoping to hide myself on one of the upper branches. It seemed that I made no progress at all, for the dead branches upon which I placed my feet broke continually, and my fingers and legs, in my frantic hurry, acted as though they were not part of my body. Almost exhausted, I finally stopped to rest upon a stout limb about twelve feet above the roof of the cabin. Glancing down, I saw the maddened bear preparing to pursue me. In a panic I began to climb again, but as I reached up for the limb above my hand came in contact with the rope we had strung across the river to a lofty old pine about forty yards distant on the opposite shore. Fastened to this large rope was a smaller dangling rope with a loop, which we used, on account of the swift current, to keep us in our course when ferrying across in the boat.

Finding that the rope would bear my weight, I started to go hand over hand over it out across the river. At this juncture the bear, which was but a few feet below me, struck at me with its claws, ripping off my heavy legging and scratching me severely. This unlooked for attack almost caused me to lose my hold, which would have resulted in a nasty fall to the ground below. How I managed to escape being struck

again I do not know, but somehow or other I managed to keep out of reach of those deadly claws until I had swung well out from the tree. It was slow work making any progress, but, thinking only of the danger behind and below me, I continued the journey until I was compelled to stop to rest my weary arms. This I tried to do by throwing one leg and arm over the line, the rope resting under my knee and armpit. Beneath me I could hear the swiftly-running river, while the swaying limbs on the pine I had just left told me that my late pursuer was moving about.

When I had somewhat rested my aching muscles, I started once more on that heart-breaking journey to the opposite shore. Several times the rope swung so violently I thought I must let go and fall into the swift river beneath me, but each time I gritted my teeth and kept on. At last, after what seemed ages, I reached the friendly pine to which the rope was attached and lay for some time on a large branch, like a man in a dream. After resting for a few minutes I ventured to gaze across to the bank I had lately left, but could see nothing. Once or twice I heard Bruin moving about along the bank; then all was quiet.



"THE BEAR STRUCK AT ME WITH ITS CLAWS, RIPPING OFF MY HEAVY LEGGING AND SCRATCHING ME SEVERELY."

Fixing myself as comfortably as possible I stayed all night in the tree, scarcely daring to move for fear of attracting attention. Shortly after daybreak my friends put in their appearance, having decided to make an early start after grouse in the neighbouring swales. Upon their arrival I descended from my uncomfortable position and related my experience of the night. Great was their wonder and surprise at my nerve-racking experience, and a hunt for Bruin was immediately suggested, George Murray starting off at once for men and dogs from the settlement. Upon his return with the hunting party the dogs took up the trail and followed it for nine miles down the ridge. At Long Pond, twelve miles below us, the bear was finally brought to bay and shot by another party. Upon examination, it was found that my two shots had put out one eye and almost torn her ear off—hence her blind fury and revengefulness. She tipped the scales at four hundred and sixty-eight pounds.

VI—MAN *v.* PYTHON.

By Victor Pitt-Kethley.

On April 27th of last year, Mr. W. J. Cocklin, of Sequani *viâ* Mochudi, South Africa, accompanied a party of friends on a shooting expedition in the neighbourhood of Sequani.

Arrived at the point selected, some five miles distant from the township, the party separated. For some little time Mr. Cocklin pursued his way without incident; then he suddenly espied a guinea-fowl, which he brought down with a well-aimed shot.

Hurrying over the veldt to secure his prize, he was just descending a little fall in the ground when, to his horror, he suddenly discovered that he was almost on top of a large python, which lay coiled up in front of him. Catching sight of the startled sportsman, the great snake moved. Its tail caught Mr. Cocklin between the legs, tripping him up, and before he could save himself he was flung headlong into the deadly, irresistible coils, which immediately closed around his body in a vice-like grip. Desperately the hunter tried to extricate himself, but all in vain; the python had him fast in such a way that his left arm, holding his gun, was pinned to his side.

With the cold perspiration breaking out upon his flesh, Cocklin threw himself this way and that in a frenzy of desperation, for he realized only too well the horrible nature of the death-trap into which he had walked.

He essayed to shout, hoping to make his friends hear and bring them to his rescue, but no answer came to his calls; no human being appeared in sight. And all the time man and snake lay there on

the sunny veldt, the reptile's mighty coils growing always a little tighter as it endeavoured to lessen its victim's struggles.

"MR. COCKLIN GRIPPED THE SNAKE BY THE THROAT, STRIVING WILDLY TO FREE HIMSELF."

Presently, finding the pressure upon his body becoming unendurable, Mr. Cocklin gripped the snake by the throat, striving wildly to free himself. Over and over, this way and that, the pair rolled, the python seeking all the time to free its hideous head or tighten its coils sufficiently to put an end to Cocklin's struggles.

For, perhaps, ten to fifteen minutes—minutes that seemed like hours of torture—this unequal, terrifying fight went on, and still neither had gained any decided advantage; the man still lived, though fast in the coils of the snake, which in turn, though it held its captive securely, was unable to crush him outright or to release his hold upon its throat, which prevented it throwing a coil round his neck and strangling him.

Now, a python is so constructed that it can exert its crushing powers to the full only when it is able to get a leverage upon some fixed object—say, by taking a turn with its tail round a tree. Presently—apparently realizing that something of this kind was required to enable it to finish off its prisoner—the great snake altered its tactics and commenced to drag Mr. Cocklin over the ground towards a large hard-wood tree which stood some distance away.

The man saw and understood—the battle was about to enter on its last and most dreadful phase! Desperately he fought against the snake, trying to get at his knife, which was in his right-hand coat-pocket, with the idea of cutting the creature's throat; but, to his horror, he found that the reptile's coils passed over the place where the weapon lay.

"Finding I could not get my knife," said Mr. Cocklin, in a letter which he wrote to the *Cape Times* subsequently, "and thinking that my chances of surviving were not very bright, I determined I would not die alone. I saw that the barrel of my gun projected just about an inch through between my arm and body, where the arm was pinned to the side, and luckily I managed to reach the trigger with my left hand. Gripping the python firmly by the throat, and holding its head well away, I pulled the trigger, and the bullet, fortunately for me, caught the snake through the back. It then relaxed its grip, and I got rid of its coils as fast as I could.

"When I got upon my feet, I put my gun down and looked for a big stone to finish the brute with. Not finding one, I was about to put my foot on its head and cut its throat, when the snake made another attack upon me, getting hold of my coat sleeve, and again pulling me to the ground. Once more it attempted to get its coils round me, but I escaped them. It still retained its bite on my sleeve, however. I managed to get my foot on its throat, which made it open its mouth. Then I got my arm free, and called for my friends again. One of them heard me and came running up. He saw that there had been a struggle, and shot the python through the head, thus putting the finishing touch to what was for me the narrowest shave I have ever had. It seems to me remarkable that I have felt no ill effects from the encounter beyond being a little short-winded and nervous for a few days."

Guardians of the Wilderness.

By Henry Hale.

The United States Government maintains a little army of twelve hundred men whose duty it is to look after the vast national forests, whose area is about five times that of Great Britain. Here, monarchs of all they survey, these rangers of the wild lead solitary and strenuous lives, sometimes not meeting a fellow human being for months on end.

THE United States Government maintains a curious little force of policemen who do not patrol posts in the cities or towns, but may well be called the guardians of the wilderness, for it is their business to look after vast forests where few human beings live. It may seem odd that it is necessary to have Nature's police to go here and there in the forests and amid the mountains, but it is very necessary in order to protect one of the great resources of America. Some of these rangers of the wild have "beats" so extensive that one man may be the sole protector of a miniature empire, comprising two hundred thousand acres of primeval forest.

Mere figures cannot give the stay-at-home reader any adequate idea of the vastness of some of the great "reserves" in which the patrolmen live month after month. If the whole of London is measured it will be found to contain over seventy-five thousand acres, yet no fewer than eighty cities the size of London could easily be placed in a single one of the American "national parks." Washington Park, situated in the State of that name, and the greatest of them all, contains no less than ten thousand square miles of territory.

A FOREST RANGERS' PACK-TRAIN ON THE TRAIL.
From a Photograph.

For many years most European countries have had forest guardians and rangers. France, Germany, Holland, and even little Switzerland, have their armies of rangers, the French foresters being so numerous that there is one to every thousand acres of trees under the protection of the Government. This is quite different from the United States, where, as has been stated, one man may be the sole protector of an area of two hundred thousand acres; for this force of woodland policemen comprises only about twelve hundred men all told, scattered between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Coast, ranging the valleys and slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and even living far out in snow-covered Alaska.

The rank-and-file of the American Forest Service are the patrolmen or rangers. Over them are supervisors, one of whom may have charge of a group of national forests, and may be obliged to travel several thousand miles a year in order to perform his duties. In Washington is the chief forester, who is at the head of the service, and has under him a staff of assistants, inspectors, and clerks. But the men who do the hard work, endure the privations, and brave the dangers are the forest rangers and supervisors,

RANGERS MEASURING TIMBER IN A SWAMP.
From a Photograph.

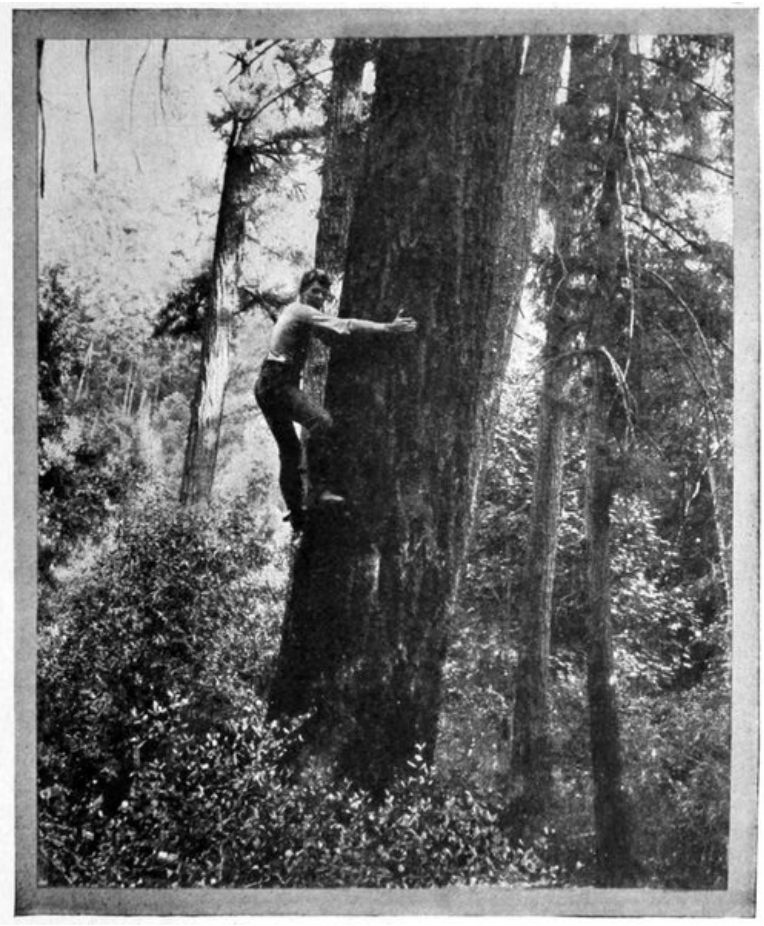
who spend their lives in looking after the domains to which they are assigned. There are far more perils to be encountered in the wilderness than the town-dweller might think. The wild animals that roam here and there form but a slight danger compared with the terrible weather to which the guardians of the woodlands are sometimes exposed. While in many regions the summers are so warm that the heat is almost unbearable, in the higher lands, such as the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, winter may last for four or five months, with the temperature so far below freezing-point that a man must be muffled in furs up to the eyes in order to keep himself alive. Storms sometimes prevail for days at a time, covering the ground with great snow-drifts higher than one's head, and frequently almost burying the little huts or cabins in which the foresters live when they are not doing patrol duty. It is the loneliness of the life, however, which forms its worst feature. For months the forester may not see the face of a white man, or even an Indian—going day by day amid the trees, fording streams, climbing mountain sides, with never a person to speak to. This is why several rangers have at different times become insane and have been found aimlessly wandering about, while others have suffered death from starvation while mentally unbalanced. Remembering that a man may be sole guardian of a tract of land as large as an entire English county, it is not to be wondered at that occasionally the sense of their loneliness should overpower them.

It takes a good type of man to make a successful forester—he is obliged to undertake so many different tasks and perform them all well. His daily round does not mean merely going from this place to that in his territory, looking out for fires and for unauthorized persons who may come into the woods to cut down the valuable timber. True, forest fires are perhaps the ranger's greatest anxiety, but he must also keep a keen watch for what are called in the West "squatters"—families who steal into the parts controlled by the Government and try to make homes in open spots without permission. They cut down valuable trees for fuel, occupy ground to which they have no right, and frequently seriously injure the forest growth before they are discovered. In a region covering two hundred thousand acres squatters may live for months, or perhaps even a year, before being discovered by the forester and driven out. And this eviction work is very dangerous, for the squatter may be armed, and if he thinks he will not be detected he does not hesitate to shoot down the guardian in fighting for the place he calls his home. More than one murder of this kind has been committed since the United States began taking charge of the great forests ten years ago.

The forester must also supervise any lumbering operations which are permitted by the Government in the region under his care. Someone may get authority from the Forest Service to cut certain trees and make them into lumber, and the ranger in that district must look to it that they do not cut more than they should, that they do not damage other trees—especially young ones—and that they do not set fire to the woodlands during their operations. He measures the timber they cut, and makes a report to his supervisor of what they do from month to month. If the Government allows stock-raisers to turn cattle and sheep into one of the woodland parks, the forester must watch the animals and prevent them feeding at places where they would do damage. He also oversees the stock-men and herders—and here again is liable to be injured, if not killed, since some of these ranchmen of the Far West belong to a desperate class, and are usually well armed and only too ready to use their weapons.

The ranger is not only a policeman, but is frequently called upon to act as judge when a dispute arises on his territory between rival settlers. Sometimes he is obliged to arrest trespassers and other wrongdoers, and take them perhaps fifty miles through the wilderness before he can place them in the hands of the nearest magistrate. This is one of the most dangerous features of his work, for many of the people who

go into the wild forest districts are desperadoes, who set little value upon human life. Therefore, the ranger must be strong and courageous, able to endure the hardships of an outdoor life, and to "keep his end up" in a fight. For this reason the foresters are picked men; but hard as is their life, the Government have no difficulty in securing recruits who measure up to the necessary standard.



THE METHOD USED IN CLIMBING BIG TREES.
From a Photograph.

TESTING WOULD-BE RECRUITS IN THE DETAILS OF SADDLING-UP.
From a Photograph.

Once a year men who wish to enter the Forest Service are given a chance to show their qualifications. Examinations are held at different places in the West, conducted by a forest supervisor or inspector. One was held recently in Colorado which I will describe. Most of the candidates who "sat" for it were cowboys and ranchmen. The first day of the examination was given up to "school-house work," and it is likely that this unaccustomed ordeal of figures and composition caused more grey hairs to sprout on the heads of the candidates than anything suggested by the forestry expert in the succeeding two days. Finally, when the examiner, with a sly smile, informed the assembled men that they might as well put away their pens, the clerical test being over, there was a general chorus of "Bully!" and one cowboy, with a blot of ink on his nose and a look of despair in his eyes, rose on his high-legged boots and fervently exclaimed, "Thank Heaven!"

The second day the applicants brought out their saddle-horses, and at an early hour started on the trail. The forestry expert led the way, riding with an ease that challenged the admiration of all the cow hands. After proceeding five or six miles into the mountains, the candidates were given axes and told to show their skill in cutting and "scaling" (measuring) timber. Some of the cowboys, who had had little experience with the axe beyond cutting wood for a round-up camp-fire, had rather ludicrous experiences, but two forest guards, who were skilled in such work, made the chips fly in a manner that excited universal admiration.

After the candidates had been examined as to their fitness with the axe they were given work in following obscure or "blind" trails and reading signs. Here nearly all proved expert, for the man who rides the range for any length of time soon acquires the ability to read the wilderness signs like a book. A long, hard journey across the mountains, testing the men in rough-riding, ended the day's work.

On the third day the field tests were continued. A brisk ride was made to a water-course, where camp was pitched and notes made of the manner in which each man proceeded to make fires and prepare a temporary resting place. In order to test the accuracy of the men in judging distances, the forestry expert rode over a huge triangle, and then required the men to pace it in Indian file. The candidates were next told to reduce their estimates to feet, and finally the examiner went over the course with a surveyor's tape and compared the result with the estimates. This is an important part of the forester's work, as a ranger is often required to estimate distances with no other facilities than his eye or the length of his stride.

One of the most interesting tests was that of packing. A pack-horse was brought out in front of the building and each candidate in turn was told to show what he could do in the way of putting a load on the animal's back. They put on the blanket and the little pack-saddle, and then stowed away the bags of feed, the tarpaulin covering, the shovel and axe, and tied the whole load with the well-known "diamond hitch," which can be loosened with a single pull at the rope. It never slips, and when it is correctly "thrown" on a well-packed animal the load cannot be "bucked off."

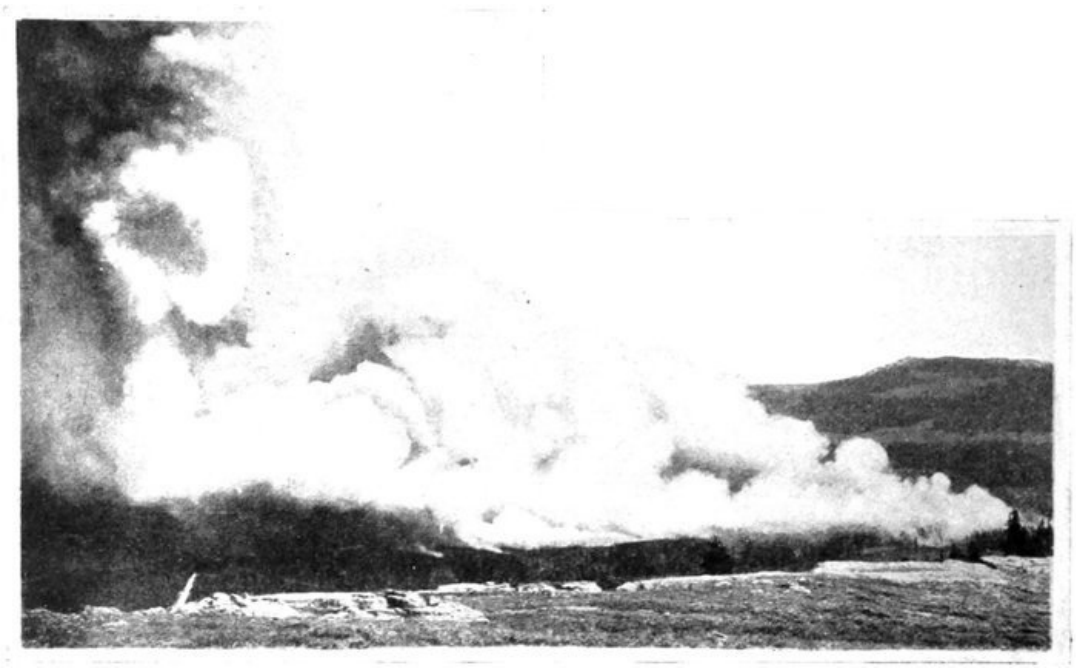
THE INTERIOR OF A TYPICAL RANGER'S CABIN.

From a Photograph.

Each man had a different style of packing, but all were good in their way, and all threw the diamond hitch with a celerity that spoke well for their experience. Each pack was critically inspected by the expert while in process of construction and after it had been completely tied. Then the pack-animal was stripped again and another would-be forester took up the work. After the packing, which consumed the greater part of the day, some compass-work was done, to show the familiarity of the candidates with this valuable instrument. Then, to test the ability of the men in the saddle, each candidate was sent a few hundred rods down the trail and told to come in at a gentle lope. This trial, the cowboys admitted, was one of the hardest of the examinations, because they are accustomed to riding very rapidly when not going at a dead walk. Several of the men were unhorsed by the unusual gait and were disqualified as a result, but most of the candidates passed the examination and were given their uniform and other equipment.

The outfit of the American forest-ranger is unique. He is usually provided with a rifle and revolver, but in addition to this has a kit of fire-fighting tools, as well as other implements. Entering one of the little cabins which form the homes of the rangers you will see coils of rope hanging from the walls, and axes and shovels piled in the corners. An army cot, or perhaps a framework of boughs, forms the bed, two or three logs the chairs, and the food is usually cooked in the big mud-plastered fireplace which occupies one end of the cabin. A single room is

generally enough for all purposes, unless the ranger is married, when the Government may provide him a larger house with two or three apartments. He clears a little patch of land around his dwelling, where he can raise a few vegetables, and is allowed to kill game and catch fish if there are streams near him. In this way he adds to the stock of rations furnished by the Government.



A FOREST FIRE SWEEPING ALONG AT TWELVE MILES AN HOUR BEFORE A BREEZE. *From a Photograph.*

The ranger must always be on the lookout for fires, especially in summer, when, in many portions of America, the temperature becomes so hot that even rivers are dried up, leaves drop from the trees, and the underbrush of the woodlands is like a vast tinder-heap, ready to burst into flame at the contact of a single spark.

At such times the greatest care must be taken about kindling fires near the woods, for if one spreads over a considerable area of ground, the intense heat creates a wind which grows stronger and stronger until it becomes a veritable hurricane, driving the fire before it and burning scores of miles of forest before it is extinguished. The havoc wrought by the fires was one of the chief reasons for the organization of the Forest Service. One of the worst of these conflagrations is well remembered in the States, although it occurred in what is known as Miramichi Valley, in the Canadian province of New Brunswick. It is an actual fact that for three months of summer no rain fell in this valley. Then, one afternoon in the month of October, a fire started in the Upper Miramichi—no one knows how—but it was supposed a woodsman did not take the trouble to extinguish the faggots by which he had cooked his dinner. The first man who discovered the blaze found a space about one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide in flames in the midst of a patch of bushes and young trees. He alarmed a camp of wood-choppers about two miles distant, and on returning half an hour later the party found that the fire had reached a thicket of pines, the flames running furiously along the top branches. It had spread so rapidly that a thousand men could not now have arrested its progress, and the choppers were obliged to run for their lives to escape. A small pond at the edge of the forest probably saved them, as by crossing it they reached the open country and a spot where half a mile of ploughed field kept the flames in check.

As in other forests of this kind, the ground was covered with a mixture of dead leaves and other *débris* a foot or more in thickness. This burned like tinder, and it was discovered afterwards that in many cases roots five feet deep in the earth had been reduced to ashes by the terrific heat. When it is stated that a single tree two or three feet in thickness will burn to a skeleton in fifteen minutes, and ten thousand were on fire at the same time, a faint idea can be gained of the magnitude of the "Miramichi fire," as it is still called. Every condition favoured its spread, for in addition to the draught created by the hot air meeting the cooler atmosphere about it, a strong breeze sprang up which blew directly toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and forced the living wall of flame down the valley.

At the Miramichi River the flames nearly leapt across the narrow channel, and thousands of burning embers speedily ignited the timber on the other side. Along swept the great conflagration, turning everything in its path to ashes. Several settlements in the woods were abandoned only just in time for the inhabitants to escape, although the roar and crackle of the flames could be heard three miles distant. Animals and birds, confused and blinded by the noise, smoke, and heat, perished by thousands, though only carcasses of such beasts as deer and bears were found afterwards to show how deadly had been the fire.

A FOREST FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS. ***From a Photograph.***

The end was only reached where the forest ended at a stretch of open country skirted by a salt-marsh. Here there was absolutely nothing inflammable for the flames to feed on, and the fire burned itself out. For a month it smouldered in the burned area, occasionally starting up here and there, and then finally dying down for want of material to consume. It reached the boundary-line ten hours after being discovered, and in that time had spread over a territory eighty miles long and twenty-five miles wide, travelling at the rate of eight miles an hour.

The Hinkly fire, as it is called, was the worst in the history of America, for it actually consumed a large town in Minnesota, and nearly five hundred persons who could not escape in time met their death in the flames. A spark from a locomotive fell into a pile of dried leaves in the forest at a spot about ten miles from Hinkly. For four months not a drop of rain had fallen in this part of the State; yet when a track labourer saw the leaves on fire he passed on, thinking they would soon burn out. The fire did die down, but for two days the ashes remained smouldering. Then a little breeze sprang up and spread some of the embers, still red, to other leaves. The resulting flames shot up from the ground to the underbrush and then to the trees, and in a twinkling a forest fire had started. What wind there was blew directly towards Hinkly, and in that direction the fire travelled, widening as it went and gradually forming an inverted semicircle, with the village opposite the centre, so that the ends of the circle were a mile beyond the town before the fire in the centre had reached it. Three miles away the people heard the roar of the flames as they shot a hundred feet above the tree-tops, while every moment a huge trunk, burned through, fell with a crash. The smoke came through the woods, filling the air with thick clouds. Everybody seized what valuables he could lay hands upon, and started to escape. Some, blinded by the smoke, ran directly into the burning area, and never returned. Most of the people left by the wagon-roads, only to find they were going into a furnace. More than a hundred were burned to death or suffocated while trying to get away by the roads.

As the flames reached the town, and the nearest rows of dwellings were ignited, the whistle of a locomotive was heard. Through the opening which marked the cut for the railroad track dashed a passenger train. The roofs of the cars were smoking from the heat, and every window was shut to keep the interiors from igniting. The engine-driver stood at the throttle-valve, while the fireman drenched him with pails of water from the tank in the tender. The crowds of people, running hither and thither in the streets, rushed for the train, and everyone who could get a foothold on the platforms was allowed to do so. Then the engine-driver reversed the lever and backed his train into the advancing fire. Luckily no *débris* had fallen across the track. For six miles that gallant man drove his engine through the flames and blistering heat. Several times his clothing caught fire, but the water-bucket extinguished it. In places the flames literally swept under and up the sides of the coaches, while the metal-work on the outside of the engine was so hot that it could not be touched. At last the train reached a small clearing near a swamp, and the order was given to all to leave the cars and save themselves. Everyone left but two Chinamen, who were burned to ashes. The rails were twisted by the heat and in some places partly melted. This fire swept over an area about twenty-five miles long and ten miles wide.

FIGHTING THE FLANKS OF A FIRE WITH TREE-BRANCHES.
From a Photograph.

Since the Forest Service was established many heroic incidents have occurred where rangers have risked their lives in preventing the spread of a conflagration, knowing that if it got beyond control it might cause untold damage. In fighting fires they use curious weapons. Water is seldom at hand, but in any case it is not of much value in stopping a forest fire, for it is useless to merely attempt to extinguish the flames; all efforts are concentrated upon preventing the fire from spreading, and so it is fought on the edge of the fire-line. The scene of a recent fire in West Kansas was near a town, and the rangers were assisted in their work by the anxious inhabitants. The fire was so close, and spread so fast, that it began burning up the dry prairie land on which the town was situated. Men, women, and all the children old enough to be of service hurried to the locality, while a dozen ploughs were loaded on wagons and hauled to a point on the prairie several miles from the line of burning vegetation. Then the ploughs were unshipped and the horses fastened to the implements, four to each. As fast as it could be driven each team dragged its plough through the ground, turning up the fresh soil and burying the dry stubble which afforded food for the flames. The furrows were dug about five feet apart, in ten parallel rows, each as long as it was calculated the fire-line would be, should it reach the spot. While the ploughmen were thus creating a sort of breastwork to resist the flames, the others were placed at intervals in front digging earth with hoes and shovels, forming piles to be used as ammunition to be thrown on the flames, or spread over the fields as a further obstacle to the advance of the conflagration. The children, supplied with branches, were stationed on the leeward side of the burning area to beat down any blaze which might spring up, thus preventing the fire-line from widening.

AN "OLD BURN," SHOWING THE TERRIBLE HAVOC WROUGHT BY THE FIRE DEMON.

From a Photograph.

Although there were fully five hundred persons in this improvised fire brigade, they were unable to check the progress of the blaze until it had reached the ploughed area. The flames leaped over the first furrow, but the stubble and dried grass between it and the second one had been covered with earth, and only a part ignited. Realizing the desperate nature of the situation, the people devoted all their efforts to extinguishing the flames at this spot. As many as could procure them obtained branches and beat savagely at the blaze, while others used their hoes and shovels, some literally running into the fire in their efforts to stamp it out.

Finally the breach was closed, and, encouraged by their progress, the fighters redoubled their efforts. By midnight the long row of flames had been turned into a mass of smoking embers. But the fire, though conquered, was not wholly dead. Squads of men were left to prevent another outbreak, and the others scattered to their homes to snatch a few hours' rest until called to relieve those on watch, for prairie fires are treacherous and may smoulder for several days, only to break out with renewed energy. They must be entirely extinguished, or watched closely until they die out.

Recently another fire occurred, its history conclusively demonstrating the great value of the Forest Service. In Long Pine National Forest a sawmill has been permitted to be operated by the Government, under the control of the foresters. The supervisor of Long Pine Forest is one Charles Ballenger, who has his head-quarters at Camp Crook, South Dakota, some distance away. Camp Crook is connected with the mill town by a telephone line, and one day Ballenger received a message that a fire had started in the vicinity of the mill. He hurried to the place on horseback as soon as possible, reaching there the same day the fire started; but it spread so rapidly that a large area was ablaze by the time he got to the spot, although the mill-hands and people in the town had fought it as best they could. They began fighting the fire when it was only a spot about twenty feet square, but the earth was covered with so much dry wood and other inflammable material that the flames were carried through the forest at a great speed, driven by the high wind.

A FOREST IN EMBRYO—MILLIONS OF YOUNG TREES ARE RAISED ANNUALLY FROM SEED TO BE PLANTED OUT FOR THE BENEFIT OF FUTURE GENERATIONS.

From a Photograph.

Ballenger realized that strenuous efforts must be made if the fire was to be checked, and that it would be useless to try to work against it in the direction which it was spreading. He accordingly organized the fire-fighters into squads, and directed them how to use earth and tree branches in working against the flames. Then an effort was made to change the course of the fire, all hands working along one side of the burning area. Thus its course was gradually changed towards what are called the Bad Lands, which are destitute of trees, and where the fire would not have enough material to keep it alive. This plan proved successful, although it was necessary to keep up the fight for forty-eight hours before the danger-point was passed. During this time, however, the flames had actually covered nearly ten thousand acres, eating into the forest at the rate of over two hundred acres an hour.

No one thought of changing the course of the fire until Ballenger's arrival. His skill and experience, however, showed him that it was the only method which could be taken, on account of the extent of the forest and its extreme dryness.

The smoke of the fire could be distinctly seen from the town of Camp Crook, and after Ballenger left for the scene several of the men went into the second storey of a building to look at it. While there, someone dropped a match or cigar-end, with the result that the building was soon in flames. As all the forest rangers and most of the citizens had gone to the forest to put out the fire there, the few who remained could do nothing to extinguish the blaze, and most of the town was destroyed, including the head-quarters of the Forest Service, so that when poor Ballenger and his weary comrades returned they found they had lost all their possessions except the clothes they stood in!

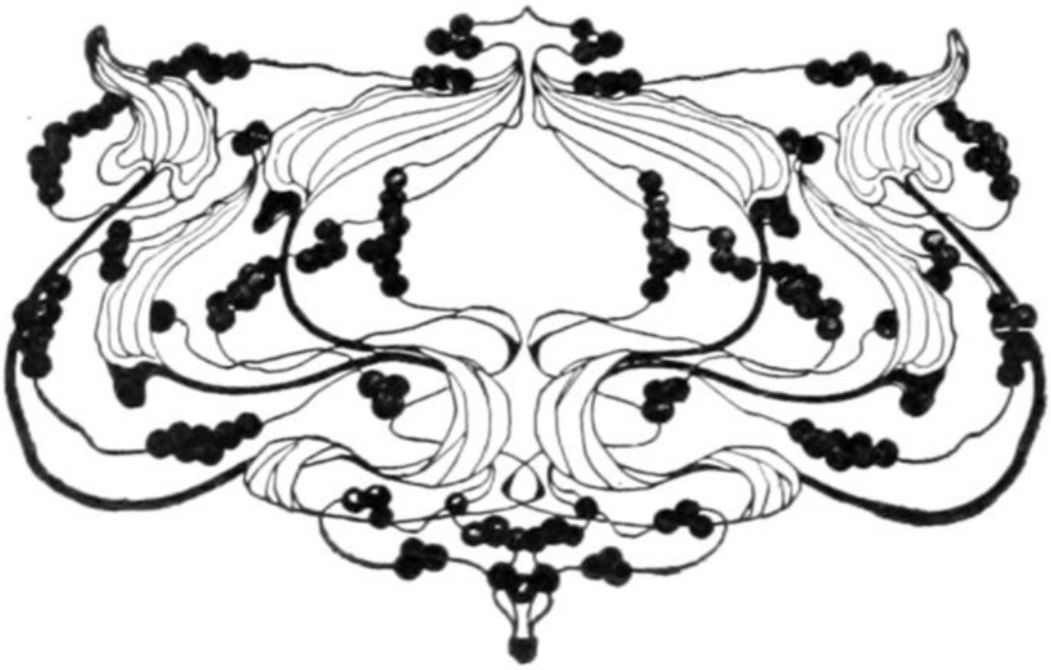
MAKING A HOLE TO PLANT A YOUNG TREE IN.
From a Photograph.

At present the rangers have to care for no fewer than a hundred and sixty-six of these national forests, so called because they are controlled by the American Government. They cover a territory which is in all nearly five times the size of England. In many places past fires as well as storms and the work of the lumbermen have destroyed so many trees, that miles and miles of the woodland are ruined. From these devastated tracks spring only bushes and shrubs, with an occasional young tree. The ground is covered with charred trunks, while the skeletons of what were once forest monarchs rise skyward.

To reafforest these denuded tracts is a part of the duty of the rangers, and the supervisors and their men have the work of cultivating young trees and setting them out in such places. To obtain the necessary tree-shoots for planting they grow them from seed. For instance, young pines are secured by taking the seed from pine cones, which are opened by exposing them to the rays of the sun. Then the seed is sown in the forest nurseries. There are eight of these, situated on reserves in various parts of the West. They contain enough land to grow five million trees at one time, and as the nurseries have been in existence for several years, each year a million or more of these trees are large enough to be taken to the denuded lands and planted. Already a large area of land made worthless by the ravages of man and the elements has been reafforested in this way, and will again be ready to furnish a timber supply at the end of the next twenty years or so.

A TYPICAL STRETCH OF FOREST CLEARED OF PARASITICAL UNDERGROWTH AND GUARDED BY THE GOVERNMENT RANGERS.
From a Photograph.

It does not seem possible that this mere handful of men could perform all the duties of the American Forest Service and yet cover such an immense region as they do, but the records of the Government show that since these police of the wilderness began going their lonely rounds the number of fires has greatly diminished, while the various national parks are in a far better condition than ever before. One of the best things about the department is that it is educating the settler in the Far West to a better sense of the value of the forests, and the wasteful and extravagant methods formerly pursued by the farmer and lumberman are gradually being abandoned.



The Legend of the Wailing Woman.

By D. W. O. Fagan, of Mangapai, Whangarei, Auckland, New Zealand.

The author writes: "In a cave under the cliffs of Manaia is a 'blow-hole' only actuated once in every month, at the time of the highest spring tides, when it sends forth a wailing shriek. Below I have set down the native legend concerning it, as told to me by my old Maori friend Puketawa. Allowing for idiomatic differences, the narrative is in his own words."

We beached our boat on the shore of the islet and waited the coming of the flood-tide to help us against the river current in the harbour narrows. Night had already fallen, but the sands were still warm from the heat of the sun, and though the sky was clear and full of stars, the shadows were very dark under the Pohotokawas, where we lay. Our fire had sunk to a few dull embers, and Puketawa's pipe glowed like a red eye from the darkness. Across the channel opposite, a quarter of a mile away, rose the dark mass of Manaia, its crags among the stars. Presently, the moon, rising from the sea behind us, lit the dark rocks with a flood of silver light.

On three sides of the headland cliffs rose sheer from the water to a height of two hundred feet. On the flat, table-like top a cone-shaped mass of limestone rocks, piled one above the other, rose to a further height of a hundred feet or so. The cliff of the seaward face was pierced at its base by a dark cave, into which the swell broke with gurgling echoes. On the fourth side the ground fell away in a grassy slope from the base of the rock-cone to the white sands of the bay.

At the top of the slope were the mound and ditch of an old "pah" (fort). Whence I wonder did those old-time Maoris obtain their knowledge of military fortification? Vallum and fosse, scarp and counter-scarp, the place looked like a Roman "castrum." It needed no great stretch of fancy to imagine the glint of moonbeams on brazen armour, the clang of shields and steady tramp of the legionaries on the ramparts.

I glanced at Puketawa, and saw by the sheen of his eyes through the shadows and the fierce short puffs at his pipe that his mind was back in the old legendary days, when these same cliffs rang to the clash of weapons, the fierce shouts of contending warriors, and the dying screams of the vanquished.

As the tide rose and a heavier swell rolled into the cave, there came from its dark mouth a long, sobbing cry—half wail, half shriek—the anguished cry of a woman in distress.

So sudden and startling was the sound in that lonely place, that I half sprang to my feet. Though reason told me that what I had taken for a cry of distress was but the jugglery of air and water in the rock-crevices, I remained half erect, ready, at a repetition, to launch the boat to aid. It came again, more sorrow-laden, more piercing than before.

Puketawa must have divined my thoughts, for he laid his hand upon my arm.

"It is Heruini who cries for her lover," he said.

"Who is she?"

"Listen. This is her story as it has come down through the years from mouth to mouth of the 'Tohunga,'[2] even unto this day." And then he told me the following narrative:—

[2] Priests, who preserve the oral traditions of the tribes.

Ere the first of the Pakeha (white men) set foot in Aoa-te-Aroha (New Zealand), and before the tribes of the north were welded into one nation, Kokako was chief of Ngatitoa. Here, at Manaia, was the stronghold of the tribe. Their lands lay broad and fertile from Waikara in the west, through Parna, even to Tukaka in the north. Flanked on three sides by the sea and the precipice, the place was a strong one.

By the slope alone could the enemy approach, and that was guarded by the "pah," whereof, as you see, the wall and ditch remain to this day. Look also how the back of the "pah" is set against the rock face. Through the rock behind runs a steep path leading to the shelf below the crags. Narrow, walled by high rocks on either side, this path was also guarded by a stockade. Beneath the topmost crags is a cave. From the cave's mouth to the cliff edge the space is narrow—scarce a spear's length in width. Up this path, should the "pah" fall, the Ngatitoa could retreat, when all was lost, to the cave, where, in the floor, there was a pool of water.

Before that time of which I speak the Ngatitoa was a tribe numerous and warlike. Now, half the fighting men had fallen in long wars, and the tribe was much weakened. Yet was Kokako still a great chief, and five hundred warriors followed him to battle.

Peace had endured for a year, but still the warriors kept ward on the ramparts. The times were evil; tribe fought with tribe, chief with chief, and none knew when the foe might come against them.

Southward across the bay lay the "hapu" (settlement) of Ngatahi, of which tribe Parema was chief. Now Parema was a man of guile, crafty and faithless. When words were fairest on his lips,

then treachery was blackest in his heart. Bitter had been the feud between the tribes, but for a year there was peace.

Kokako was old, and weary with much fighting. His strong sons had fallen in battle, and of his children there remained to him but one daughter, and she was very near to his heart.

Heruini, a maiden of seventeen, beautiful as the dawning, loved her cousin Taurau, and they decided to wed. Already preparations for the marriage were being made.

Kokako was glad that the youth had found favour in Heruini's sight, for Taurau was his dead brother's son, and he thought: "It is well. Taurau will be chief at my death, and after him the son of Heruini. Thus shall my seed not perish from the land."

Now it befell that Parema and certain of his followers, to the number of two hundred, came to visit Ngatitoa. That they were uninvited did not matter—the ovens were heated and a feast was made for the visitors. Afterwards, as the chiefs talked in the "Whare-runanga" (house of assembly), Parema rose, saying: "Greeting, Kokako. It is peace between Ngatahi and Ngatitoa. Miami, my wife, groweth old. Give me, therefore, thy daughter Heruini. I would make her my second wife. Thus shall peace be strengthened between the tribes."

The insult was great. That Kokako's daughter, their "wahine-nui" (chieftainess), should be sought as a mere secondary wife fired the blood of the younger warriors. Taurau and many other Ngatitoa sprang erect, their weapons in their hands. Yet Parema was safe, for he was their guest, and the laws of Maori hospitality forbade violence. Kokako stilled the tumult and answered scornfully:—

"Parema mistakes. He has feasted too well, and talks with a proud stomach. He is not now in the 'hapu' of the Hakerau tribes, who sell their women like pigs. (Parema's wife was of the Hakerau.) To-morrow Heruini weds Taurau, my brother's son. Let Parema and his followers attend the 'hiu' (wedding-feast)."

The sleeping "whares" of the single women occupied one side of the "marae" (open space in the centre of a "pah"). Here Heruini, with two of her favourite women, slept in a separate "whare." The Ngatahi visitors camped without the walls.

In the middle of the night, towards the dawning, when sleep is heaviest on the senses, Taurau, where he slept in the men's "whare," sprang from his couch. In his ears rang a woman's scream, shrill and piercing. He heard his name called in affrighted accents. Love's ears are quick to distinguish. It was the voice of Heruini.

With a shout to his comrades to follow, he raced across the "marae" to see, in the moonlight, Heruini struggling in the arms of Parema and some of his followers! All unarmed as he was, he sprang on Parema and bore him to the ground. In the confusion the trembling girl escaped.

Taurau was dragged from Parema's throat. Yet, ere they could slay him, the Ngatahi were borne back by the rush of the enraged Ngatitoa. A comrade thrust his forgotten weapons in Taurau's hand, and he leapt into the fray.

Then there rose on the still night air a confused clamour of shrieks, yells, the clash of weapons, and screams for mercy. Kokako raged in the midst. Taurau's "mere" (battle-club) drank its fill of blood. "Slay, slay! Let not one escape," was the cry. The gates of the stockade were closed, preventing egress, and the work of death went on, whilst the sobbing women clung together, shuddering, in their quarters. A party of the Ngatitoa had meanwhile sallied forth to fall upon the sleeping camp beyond the walls. It was done. Through a broken gateway some twenty of the Ngatahi broke from that riot of blood and death to struggle, fighting, to the shore. Launching one of the canoes, battered, broken, and wounded, with scarce ten men at the paddles, they made their limping way across the bay. Of the Ngatitoa, some fifty had been slain.

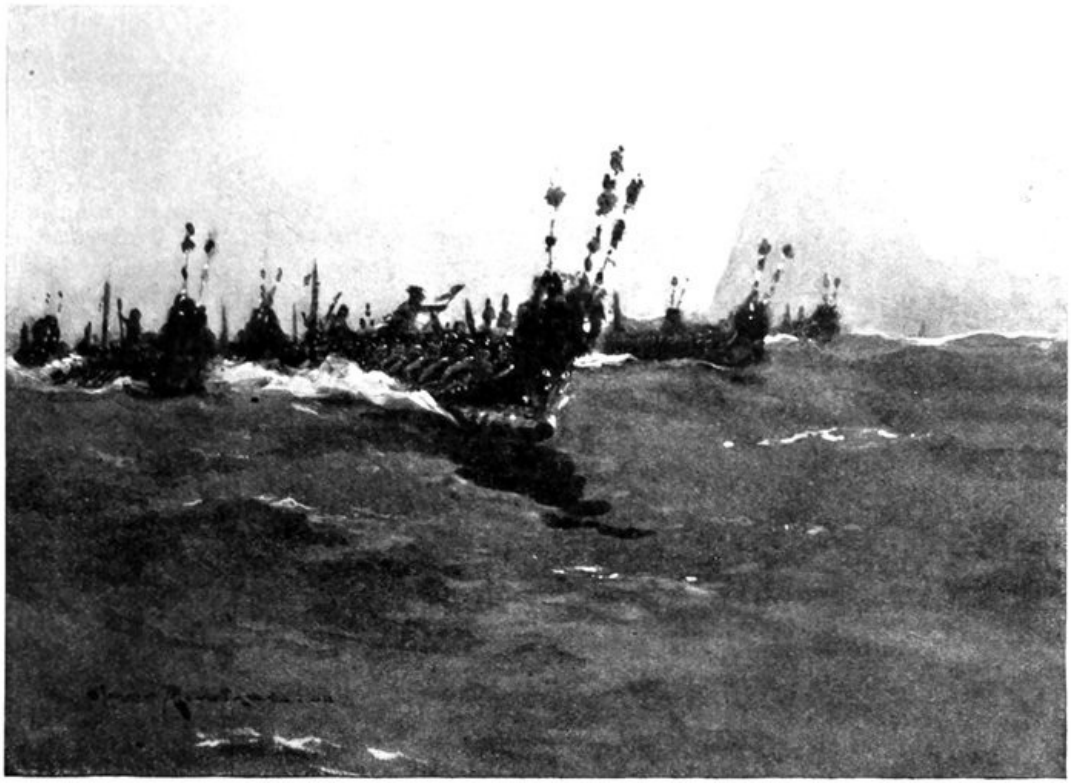
It was dawn. The first rays of the sun lit the dark waters. High on the rock-shelf sat Taurau and Heruini. Behind them lay the mouth of the dark cavern, before them the precipice. He had been on watch since the midnight hour, and his love came to him with the morning.

Night and day had the sentinels looked across the bay from the lofty cliff. Six months had passed since the deed was done, yet had Ngatahi made no sign. Nevertheless, Ngatitoa knew that they would surely come to seek "utu" (vengeance) for the slaying. So, in the dawning, Heruini listened to the "korero-tara" (love-talk) of her lover.

Suddenly, with a cry of "Ai, Ngatahi, Ngatahi!" she pointed across the sea. Far away under the distant headland appeared a dark blot upon the face of the waters. As they gazed, the blot became a line of little dots, that grew as they came.

Taurau sprang up. Shouting, "E tana, e tana!" (the foe, the foe), he raced down the narrow path.

At once the sleeping "pah" stirred to preparation. The outlying folk were gathered within the walls, and Ngatitoa sat grimly down to await the enemy.



"THE CANOES ADVANCED IN LINE—A THOUSAND PADDLES, STRIKING AS ONE, BEATING THE WATER TO FOAM."

In twenty great canoes, each carrying a hundred men, they came. Parema had, with promises of slaves and plunder, enlisted the tribes of the Hakerau to his cause.

Who shall tell the fury of that oncoming? The canoes advanced in line—a thousand paddles, striking as one, beating the water to foam. The rowers, straining every muscle, panted on their stroke. The grinning figure-heads hissed through the foam of their coming, and in the centre of each canoe, aloft on a platform, stood a chief who chanted his "waiata" (war song), swaying his body as he beat time with his spear above his head.

The canoes raced for the beach. The speed of their onset carried them high upon the sand, and the warriors leapt to shore. Parema moved at once to the assault. The Ngatahi warriors and the wild men of the Hakerau swarmed into the ditch. On them rained a hail of spears and stones from the defenders of the "pah." They fell by scores, and were trampled, shrieking, underfoot by their onrushing comrades. Like the sea beneath the breath of the tempest, to and fro in the ditch surged the heaving, struggling mass of men under that pitiless shower.

With ladders and logs of wood, some mounted the wall to hurl themselves against the gate, attacking the stockade with axes in a vain endeavour to tear it down. The gate opened, and, Taurau at their head, out poured two hundred chosen Ngatitoa in a splendid sally. Shouting their war-cry, "Hai-o! Hai-o!" they swept the assailants from the wall and across the ditch. Naught remained in the ditch but the dying and the dead.

Then Parema changed his tactics. With trunks of trees, bags of earth, and the bodies of the dead the ditch was filled. Over these, piled pell-mell on their shrieking, wounded comrades, the Ngatahi rushed again to the assault. Then, whilst some engaged the defenders, others carried brushwood and dry fern, piling it in a great mound against the stockade. Fire was put to it, and soon the whole face of the "pah" was ablaze.

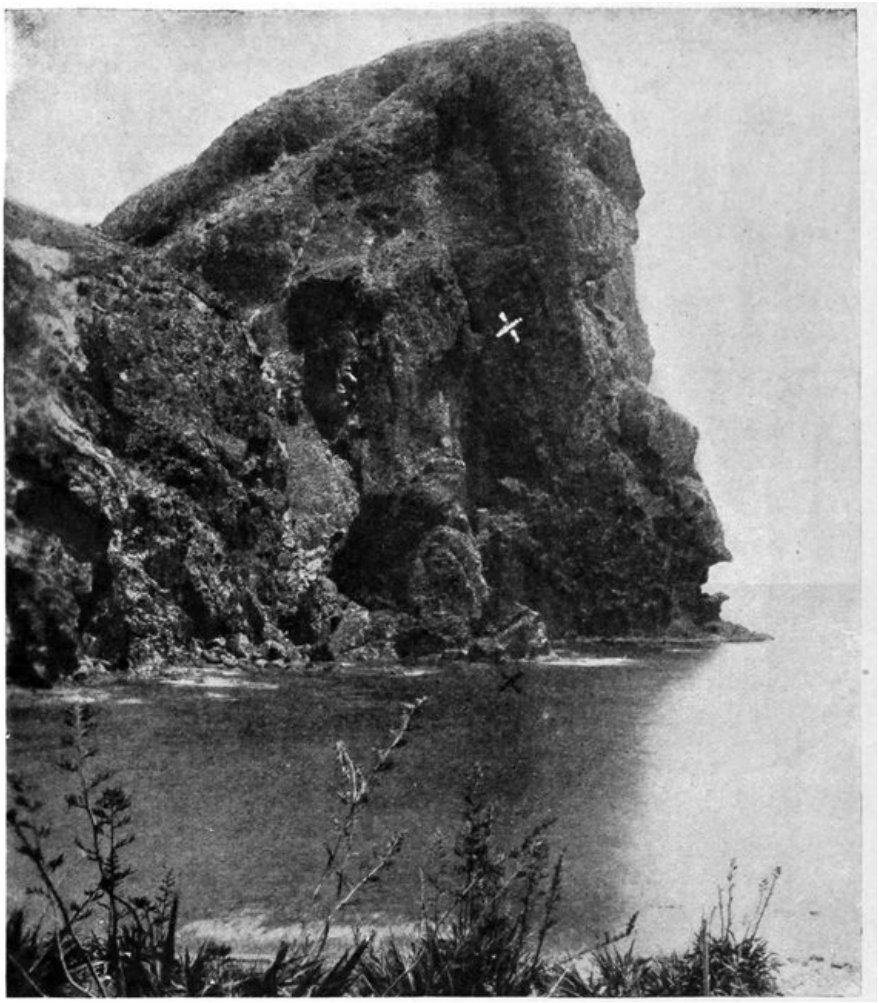
Then, when the fire had done its work, came the final assault. The weakened stockade fell before the rush, and the weary defenders found the enemy amongst them, hacking and hewing. Out-numbered, out-matched, out-generalled, Ngatitoa was broken and driven back.

Kokako was slain, but Taurau still fought. Scarcely forty men struggled up the steep path and gained the shelter of the second stockade. After them swarmed the enemy to repeat their stratagem. But the women were watching on the cliffs. Down on their heads thundered an avalanche of rocks. A moment, and the narrow path before the stockade seethed with shouting, exultant men; another, and it was bare of living thing.

Parema, seeing the slaughter, drew off his men, saying:—

"Now hunger fights for us."

For the Ngatitoa there was no food. Their food was all in the "pah" from which they had been driven. Weary with fighting, spent with hunger, the warriors yet manned the stockade. With them stood also the women. There was no thought of surrender. Well they knew what to expect—torture and death for the men, insult and slavery for the women.



THE HEADLAND, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO THE SEA CAVE—THE CAVE'S MOUTH IS BEHIND THE INTERVENING ROCK MARKED WITH A BLACK CROSS. THE WHITE CROSS HALF-WAY UP THE CLIFF SHOWS THE ENTRANCE TO THE UPPER CAVE AND THE LEDGE FROM WHICH TAURAU FELL. *From a Photograph.*

Three days had passed—for the Ngatitoa, days of misery and want; for the enemy, of feasting and merriment. Many of the warriors died, hunger gnawing at their hearts. Scarcely a dozen remained capable of bearing arms. The women and children had taken refuge in the cave. With them was Heruini. One by one they died in the dark, as famine slew them. Now three yet lived; now two; next, Heruini was alone among the dead.

The air amid the corpses was dank and fetid. Affrighted at the presence of the dead, the girl crept to the mouth of the cavern. Weak and fainting, she leant against the wall of rock.

That night came the final assault. Ere it was delivered Taurau, seeing that all was lost, bade his men make good the defence to the utmost, and climbed the path toward the cavern. If, haply, Heruini were alive, he would take her by a secret though perilous path that he knew, and, entering the bush, make a bid for safety by flight.

Cautiously, warily, he made his way upward, keeping ever in the shadow. As his foot touched the edge of the shelf, Heruini, dazed with hunger, half blind with misery, thinking him one of the hated foemen come to take her, flung out her arms and thrust with all her might.

"TOTTERING AN INSTANT, CLUTCHING AT EMPTY AIR, EVEN AS HE FELL TAURAU CALLED HER NAME."

The blow, though feeble, was yet enough on that dizzy verge. Tottering an instant, clutching at empty air, even as he fell Taurau called her name. The moon broke through the flying scud. She saw his face for an instant, and then it was gone. The Ngatahi, rushing up to seize her, heard a cry, "Aie-e-e, Taurau!" They beheld her stand a moment on the brink, and, with a second cry, leap out into the dark. The bones of the women and children remain yet in the cavern. Therefore the place is "tapu."[3]

[3] "Tapu"—sacred, accursed.

The fish swim, uncaught, under the cliff; No fisherman's line plumbs the deep water that covers the bones of the lovers. Once in every moon the spirit of Heruini returns to wail for the lover whom she slew. For one hour she sits in the weed-grown cavern beneath the cliff, and sends her cry across the waters. Men, hearing the voice, called the place 'Tangiwahine (the place of a woman's wailing). Even so it is named to this day.

Mountaineering by Telescope.

By Harold J. Shepstone.

An interesting account of the giant telescopes which have been erected on the Swiss mountains. They are very popular among visitors, who are enabled to watch climbers ascending difficult peaks, and in this way many accidents have been detected, the prompt dispatch of rescue-parties saving scores of lives. The instruments are so powerful that on clear days it is possible to see a distance of a hundred miles, and persons forty miles away appear almost within hailing distance!

A new attraction has been added to the long list which Switzerland offers in the form of the powerful observing telescopes which have been erected all over the country. You find them everywhere—in the grounds of the leading hotels, at the various railway stations, and at almost every point from which a panoramic view of the mountains can be obtained. There is one on the Jungfrau, for instance, which stands at an altitude of just over ten thousand feet above sea-level, and there are many others at elevations varying from five to seven thousand feet. They are rendered conspicuous by their construction and size, and are of an efficiency which, aided by the atmospherical conditions in the mountains, almost dumbfounds the tourist from more murky regions, for it is wellnigh incredible what one can see through these giant glasses.

THE TELESCOPE AT THE RIFFELALP.
From a Photograph.

It is only during the last few seasons that these telescopes have been erected to any extent, but the innovation has deservedly "caught on." Few of us have time or the physical strength to ascend the highest peaks in the Alps, but we can now do our mountaineering by means of the great telescopes, a peep through which brings the solitary and almost inaccessible regions of ice and snow to our very feet. The instruments produce a wonderful stereoscopic effect, everything standing out boldly and clearly, and appearing to be only a few yards away. There, right in front of us, looms forth in solitary grandeur some bleak and lofty summit which only the feet of the most experienced Alpinists have ever trod. Below are the gullies, so treacherous to the climber, and to the right and left great ridges which can only be safely crossed by the exercise of the greatest skill. Here and there are mighty crevasses and great glaciers. Without the slightest exertion on our part the whole beauty and grandeur of the mountain is placed before our eyes.

The telescopes fulfil other useful purposes besides gratifying the sightseer. If we have friends making some dangerous or difficult ascent, we can turn the glass upon them and watch their progress step by step. Every famous ascent nowadays is invariably watched through telescopes in this way. If the climbers are forty, or even sixty, miles away they can be detected and their

movements followed almost as easily as though they were within hailing distance. This watching of climbers is one of the favourite pastimes of visitors. You can see them cutting steps in the ice when negotiating some difficult ridge, watch them paying out rope as they skirt along the edge of some dangerous crevasse, and, in a word, share the pleasure and excitement of their trip.

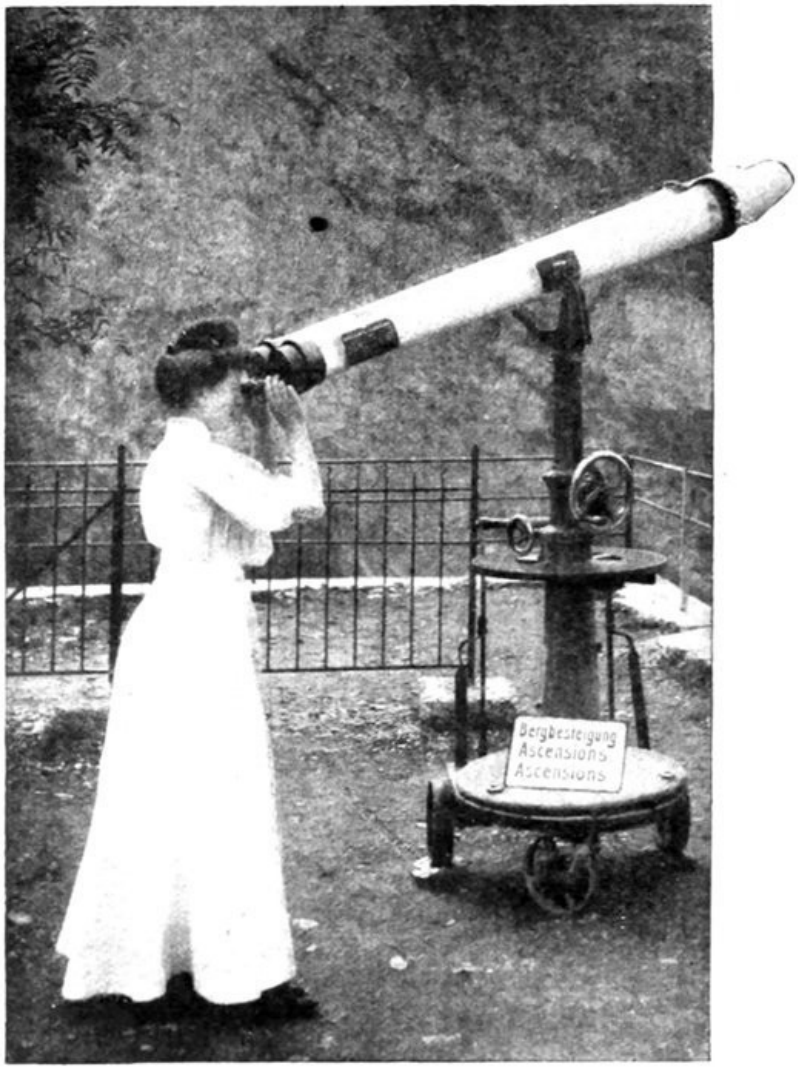
The telescopes, too, have often been the means of saving life. When Alpinists are in serious difficulty, the guides at once make signals, and a relief party is promptly sent to their aid. The signal is the repetition of a sound, the wave of a flag, or the flash of a lantern at regular intervals, at the rate of six signals a minute, followed by a pause of a minute, with a continuation every alternate minute. Observers using the telescopes have often detected these signals before anyone else and given the alarm, when aid has at once been dispatched to those in distress. Sometimes, too, telescope-watchers have discovered climbers in difficulty, and have sent someone to their help. Were it not for the instruments, in fact, many men and women who have ventured far without guides would have perished. Only the other week a lady tourist, who had gone up the mountain alone, had a narrow escape from death, and probably owes her life to the fact that a guide happened to be idly watching her through one of the telescopes. In endeavouring to take a short cut down to the hotel she missed her footing, and in an instant found herself shooting down towards the edge of a sheer drop of a hundred and fifty feet. By the merest chance she was thrown into the branches of a pine tree some twenty feet over the edge, and there she hung, unable to move. The horrified observer at once left the telescope and informed the hotel proprietor, and in just under the hour four guides with ropes had reached the spot and rescued her. She was comparatively uninjured, but almost dead with fright.

"SHE FOUND HERSELF SHOOTING DOWN TOWARDS THE EDGE."

One might be inclined to think that with the numerous mountain railways that have penetrated into the very heart of the Alps during the last few years, the big observation telescope was really a superfluous luxury. As a matter of fact, however, the railways have rendered the telescope more necessary than ever. Indeed, the railway authorities do not consider their equipment complete unless at the very summit of their line they erect one of these giant instruments. These wonderful railways—monuments of engineering skill though they be—only land one several thousand feet below the actual summit. The view here, of course, is grand, but the snow-covered peak, the almost untrodden summit—the very thing the ordinary individual most wishes to see—is almost undiscernible to the naked eye. But with the telescope it is different. The summit comes right into the field of vision in an instant, grand and majestic, standing out boldly and clearly, appearing to be only a few yards away. Then the glass can be turned upon the whole surface of the mountain, and in this way one learns more about the formation of the rocks and glaciers and steep ridges than he would do by weeks of arduous climbing among them.

A word or two about the telescopes themselves will be appropriate here, for they are no ordinary instruments. The one at Nürren is valued at a hundred and twenty pounds. It is a double instrument, and two persons can look through it at the same time. The other instruments depicted in the various photographs are valued at from sixty-five to ninety pounds apiece. They were made by the famous optical firm of Carl Zeiss, of Jena, and represent the last word in telescope construction. Not all the telescopes through which visitors may peep for a small fee on the mountains of Switzerland were supplied by this firm, though there are certainly a large number of them. They are to be found on the Riffelalp, above Zermatt; on the Schynige Platte, near Interlaken; on the Rigi, the Weissenstein, near Solothurn; the Wengern-Alp, on the Jungfrau Railway; at Berne, Grindelwald, and other places.

Without going into



THE FIVE-INCH TELESCOPE AT NÜRREN.
From a Photograph.

technicalities, it may be added that the instruments are fitted with the new Jena glass, which is perfectly transparent, and, therefore, gives a clear image. In cutting and polishing the glasses every care was taken to eliminate chromatic aberrations, this being of great importance for landscape observations, the image being thus freed from the distracting coloured borders with which every user of ordinary glasses is familiar. The instruments may be roughly divided into two classes: monocular and binocular (*i.e.*, those through which the observation is made with one eye only, and those through which it is made with two). The former are mostly fitted with a revolving appliance, the turning of which allows of a rapid change of magnifying power. The object glasses in these instruments vary from four inches to five inches in diameter. The four-inch instrument magnifies objects thirty-five, fifty-three, and seventy-three times, according to the turning of the wheel, and the five-inch glass instrument thirty-five, fifty-eight, and a hundred and sixteen times.

The binocular instruments are contrivances astonishing in their effect. It is well known that our power of perspective rapidly decreases as the distance from the object increases. The reason of this is that the facial angle at which objects appear decreases with the distance, and finally becomes so slight that we lose all power of estimating it. We can, however, enlarge this angle by approaching the object, or by bringing it apparently near to us. This is accomplished in these five-foot telescopes by the employment of an artificial medium, so that separate objects in a landscape view twenty miles distant—houses, trees, people, etc.—appear as if they were only eighteen yards away. The effect is wonderful and charming. Mountain peaks and wooded valleys, which when seen through an ordinary telescope are all apparently on the same plane, stand out sharp, clear, and in glowing natural colours.

There is a telescope on the Uetliberg, close to Zürich, through which on a clear day it is possible to detect the stone signal on one of the peaks of the Diablerets, near Lausanne, almost at the other end of Switzerland, being a distance of not less than ninety-six miles. This signal is only about four feet high. Climbers on the Titlis, forty miles distant, can easily be seen through this telescope, as well as the hotel on the Faulhorn, sixty miles distant, and, in very fine weather, the small trigonometrical signal itself. From the instrument on the Rigi the crevasses in all parts of the Alpine chain, and also one of the church clocks in Schaffhausen, may be plainly seen. From the observation station on the Riffelalp the movements of the Matterhorn climbers can be followed as clearly as if they were within hailing distance. Through the telescope on the Schynige Platte in the Bernese Oberland the timid and unapproachable chamois may be observed on precipices miles distant, and persons on the four-miles-distant Faulhorn are easily distinguishable.

When it is remembered that there were seventy five fatalities in the Alps last year, and three hundred and fifty more or less grave accidents to climbers, it will be seen that observation of the movements of persons upon the mountains through the telescopes fulfils a useful purpose. There is no doubt that Mr. Turner, a well-known English Alpinist, owes his life to-day to the fact that he was watched in this way during his attempt to cross the Col Bonder-Krinden (seven thousand two hundred feet high) last season. He was accompanied by a guide named Amschwand. An observer at a telescope watched their ascent and followed them step by step, until a blinding snowstorm arose. They were then lost to view for several minutes, when suddenly they were detected apparently almost buried in snow and doing their utmost to struggle through it. The observer gave the alarm and, it

being then late in the afternoon, it was decided to send a search-party out on the following morning at sunrise. Meanwhile the couple on the mountain realized that their only hope of life was to reach a hut on the pass, and they heroically struggled on through six feet of snow. They arrived at the hut exhausted and without food, for they had brought none, as the Col, under ordinary conditions, is easy to climb. The snow penetrated into the hut and the unfortunate pair were literally buried beneath it. Next morning ten guides left Adelboden to search for them, solely because their distress had been noticed through the telescope. The rescuers, however, were driven back by avalanches, several of them being injured. A second search-party was finally got together, and they succeeded, after great hardships and at no little risk, in digging their way to the hut, where they found Mr. Turner and his guide starving, frost-bitten, and in the last stage of exhaustion. They had been imprisoned in the hut for forty-eight hours. After administering restoratives the rescuers carried the couple to Adelboden.

"THEY WERE ALMOST BURIED IN SNOW AND DOING THEIR UTMOST TO STRUGGLE THROUGH IT."

Last season thirteen persons lost their lives in the Alps while attempting to gather edelweiss and other mountain flowers. There is no doubt the number would have been greater were it not for the part played by the telescopes. Two young English ladies staying at Zermatt decided to collect some edelweiss and take it back to London with them. They learned that the flowers could be obtained within four hours' journey up the mountain, and one bright morning started off in the highest spirits. Everything went well until late in the afternoon, when they were returning with their prize, much pleased with themselves as the result of their adventure. If they had followed the same path as that which they had taken, all would no doubt have been well; but, believing they could make the journey shorter, they descended by a different route and came to grief. Suddenly they found their way blocked, and decided to negotiate a short but dangerous ridge. In doing this one of them fell a distance of some twenty feet, fortunately into fairly soft snow, but the weight of the lady's body broke her ankle, and there she lay, unable to move. With the greatest difficulty her companion got down to her and remained by her side. Then a snowstorm came on, descended, and blotted them from view. This accident was witnessed through a telescope by a boy, who had sense enough to give the alarm, and two guides were at once dispatched to escort the ladies down the mountain. They soon found them, but it was clear that if the rescuers had not arrived when they did the two girls might have fared very badly. They had completely lost their nerve, and were found huddled together in the snow, crying hysterically.

THE GIANT TELESCOPE AT SCHYNIGE PLATTE, NEAR INTERLAKEN.
From a Photograph.

Few mountains look more absolutely inaccessible than the mighty Matterhorn, standing up at the head of the Zermatt Valley like a prodigious obelisk, some fifteen thousand feet in height. The first impression one gets on viewing the mountain is that one could no more climb it than he could scale Cleopatra's Needle. Naturally, therefore, it is the peak that attracts the attention of the more daring climbers, and watchers using the telescopes that are trained upon this mountain are frequently afforded wonderful glimpses of what it means to ascend its steep sides and cut one's way step by step up its ice-covered slopes. Some nasty accidents, too, have been witnessed through the glasses which command this famous mountain—hapless climbers have been seen to miss their footing and hurtle downwards for hundreds of feet until lost to view in some abyss. It is then that search-parties are at once organized, and for hours their movements in turn are eagerly watched through the telescopes. Then comes the pitiable sight of the return of the rescuers, dragging the dead bodies over the ice behind them. Fortunately, such incidents as these are rare, and to the ordinary visitor the mountain telescopes of Switzerland are appreciated for the wonderful scenery they reveal and the opportunities they afford of doing one's mountaineering by deputy.

Our Adventures at "Simplicity Hall."

By Mrs. Fred Maturin.

An amusing narrative, setting forth the trials and tribulations of a party of Rand residents who essayed to found a "Simple Life" colony out on the South African veldt. From the first everything seemed to go wrong, and life became in consequence rather more complicated than usual. "I have suppressed the actual names of the persons concerned," writes the authoress, "but the facts are quite correct."

III.

EBRUARY 18th.—A week has passed away fairly peacefully, and now the last fresh trouble is that we have got to fumigate this house with a very dangerous mixture of vitriol and prussic acid to kill various non-paying guests, such as mice, mosquitoes, etc.—the etceteras being the worst of them all.

Six-and-eightpence had to sleep in the cottage two nights because he had such a very bad cold, and in the morning, when we asked him was it nice sleeping in a room again, he replied, with his usual courtesy, "I should have slept excellently but for the moss—quitoes." Six-and-eightpence is very prim and precise. He never says "mosquitoes" like other people, but always "moss—quitoes," the "quitoes" coming some time after the "moss." Every morning after that he appeared at breakfast with some polite remark about the "moss—quitoes."

"Would a net be any use?" I asked; "for you can have mine." But Six-and-eightpence says that nets would be *no* use for the special kind of wingless "moss—quito" that apparently infests this cottage at night.

The mere idea was unbearable, and that evening one of the men brought down the *Agricultural Journal*.

"Here's a chapter," said he, "on the only effective way to rid a house of Six-and-eightpence's moss—quitoes. It's very dangerous, and the chapter concludes with directions and pictures as to how to revive anyone who is caught by the fumes before they can bolt. It's much the same as for drowned people. You work their arms and legs up and down, don't you know, and pull out their tongues, and so on."

"Oh, dear," put in Veronica, "I don't feel up to any more dangers. The thunderstorms have stopped for a bit, and I'm longing for some peace. It's not two days since Jaikeran used Jay's Purifier for the pudding instead of milk, finding some mixed ready in a jug, and then put nails and screws into the pudding in mistake for cloves. And what I feel is, do let's have a spell of rest!"

"The thunderstorms may come on any day again," said Mr. H——, "and I don't like moss—quitoes any more than Six-and-eightpence does, and we might have to turn into the house to sleep."

"Decidedly," said our solicitor, trying to scratch his shoulder-blades as gracefully as might be. "I am for exterminating the moss—quitoes."

So it's to be done. We have spent evenings reading up the directions, and it is plain we run the risk of losing our lives, for when the chemist at the nearest town received our order for enough vitriol and prussic acid to finish off a colony, he protested and refused to supply it, making sure some huge plot was on to wipe out the population. Someone is always writing to the papers to say that some section of the community must be got rid of for the good of the country, and the chemist said he would have nothing to do with it.

"But," explained our solicitor, "it's for—ahem—moss—quitoes."

"Oh," said the chemist, greatly relieved, "all right, then; but you must sign for it, please, sir. And I suppose you know the risks? One drop of this vitriol splashing into your face will burn to the bone. As for the prussic acid, a grain wafted by the wind to your open mouth, and you're a dead man."

"Thank you," said Six-and-eightpence, trying to look as if the prospect rather pleased him than

otherwise; "good morning!"

Six-and-eightpence sent me a message by the butcher—would I come in to help him carry back the ingredients? The other men had declined, saying they were his moss—quitoes, not theirs, and he was afraid, if he tried to carry eight gallon-bottles of vitriol and nine jars of cyanide (which is prussic acid) down the hill to our cottage, they might fall, and the vitriol burn out his eyes. So I went in to help.

The prussic acid was all sealed up in a most important manner with huge Government seals, and the chemist said good-bye to us as if he would be surprised to see us again.

You get into the train to come here at a level crossing where there is no station, and when you get out at another crossing you yell, as I said before, to the engine-driver, and if he can manage it he stops, though sometimes he can't stop till he has got some way off. This happened with the vitriol and things. They were strewed along the level crossing, and when the train flew past too far they had to be hastily picked up, and as the vitriol was in ordinary whisky-bottles (the corks put in loose, so that it shouldn't splash when we wanted to open them) it was an awful business.

"Hi, there!" said Six-and-eightpence to the guard, who, blithely unconscious of the nature of the bottles he was sweeping up off the line into his arms, began putting them down with bangs close to an old lady with several young children round her. "Hi! Easy! That's vitriol!"

"And pray, sir," said the old lady, who seemed convinced that the only purpose vitriol could have been invented for was to throw into people's faces, "and may I ask what you are doing with vitriol here? Guard, what does all this mean? Heaven knows, this country is infested with enough criminals without our being obliged to travel with vitriol-throwing ruffians!"

"My dear madam," said Six-and-eightpence, politely, "who said that I intended throwing this vitriol at anyone?"

"Of course you intend throwing it at someone!" said the old lady, indignantly. "Do you think I was born yesterday, sir? Do you think I never read the papers? Do you think I don't know what vitriol is for? Guard, stop the train and summon a policeman! At once!"

Luckily we arrived at our stopping-place in five minutes, or what would have happened I don't know. Six-and-eightpence had retreated into the extreme corner of the carriage, clasping the vitriol bottles in his arms and in vain entreating the old lady *not* to attack him tooth and nail, or she certainly *would* get the stuff into her face.

We were thankful to find ourselves out on the open veldt.

February 20th.—It's late at night, and I am writing up this record of the doings of Simplicity Hall because by to-morrow evening I may either be unconscious or be sitting contemplating the dead bodies of everybody else, for we all get up very early to-morrow morning to fumigate this house with hydrocyanic gas.

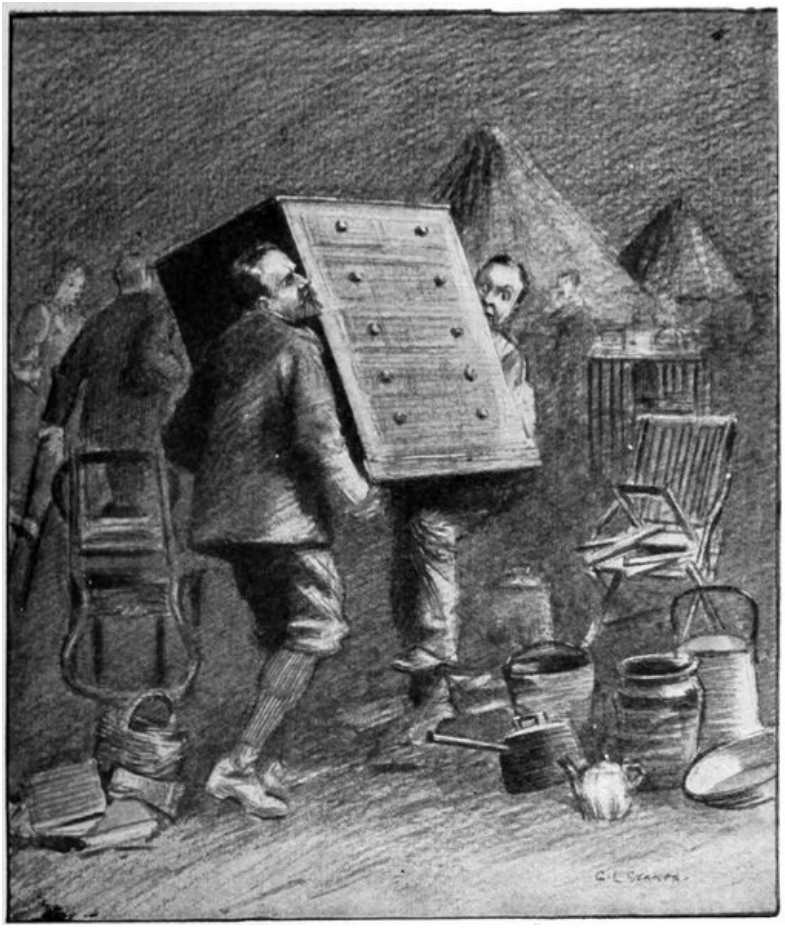
Every chink has to be closed up to make it effective, and for four mortal hours this evening we have all been cutting brown paper into strips and standing on ladders and chairs pasting up the very badly-fitting doors and windows of this abode so that none of the precious and deadly gas shall escape.

The process is that you first place in each room four receptacles for the ingredients, which when mixed instantly kill everything near—men, beasts, or insects. You have to clear out of the house all food of every kind, all plates, dishes, saucepans, and jugs—in fact, the entire contents of the kitchen; also anything in the way of furniture, clothes, ornaments, pictures, etc., that you don't want to have bleached out of recognition. The *Agricultural Journal* blithely informs you that the process "causes no inconvenience of any kind," as all you "need remove from the house (to a safe distance) are——" and then follow the above items, which we soon discovered to mean that the entire house had to be dismantled and every stick in it hauled out on to the veldt. You naturally don't want *anything* you have to be bleached to a cinder, so out it all has to come. The lifting, the shouting, the dragging, and the running to and fro have lasted till now—midnight. Being a fine night, and the barometer high, we decided to get everything out so that at daylight the fumigation could be started, after which everyone has to rush helter-skelter through the doors, shut them, lock them, and paste a notice on them to say whoever goes inside is a dead man. (The Transvaal law compels this.) Then you sit all day on the veldt upon your possessions till eight hours have passed, after which the thing is done, and you start to fix up your house again the same as when you first came into it.

There is a full moon, and by it we can see all our possessions strewed round Simplicity Hall for about half a square mile. Tall cupboards tower towards the stars, the dining-room table has all the chairs and Mr. H——'s packing-case piled on to it, and dressing-tables stand about, hung with bits of everyone's wardrobe, a pyjama suit floating in the breeze here, a lady's nightdress there. In the centre of the circus, in an open ring, sits Jaikeran on the kitchen range (which likewise had to be removed, said the *Agricultural Journal*, "unless you wished to have your oven permeated with prussic acid," the editor evidently thinking it possible that such might be our wish). In this fashion does our domestic prepare, in some sort of style, an evening meal for us on a "Puffing Billy" stove set on the grass.

Everybody is in a temper, and once more the Simple Life is subjected to curses low and deep, as we all sit balancing ourselves on odd pieces of furniture, eating by the light of tallow candles which eternally go out.

We should have done the horrid



"WE DECIDED TO GET EVERYTHING OUT."

thing at night and let it work while we all slept in the tents, but the chemist warned us not to dream of attempting it in anything like dusk or darkness. Each person has to be told off to stand ready in one room with their allowance of vitriol, and the prussic acid safely fastened up in a paper bag, tied at the mouth with a long piece of string, so that you can drop it into the vitriol and get away before the fumes suffocate you; which happens in one and a half seconds exactly.

Should you stumble in the dark over something, nothing can save you, though they tell the rescuers how to get on their hands and knees with their heads in a wet blanket, and crawl close to the floor, in the event of a friend being caught, and a cheerful illustration of four corpses in a row is appended. Six-and-eightpence is a very highly-strung man, and is already in a state of nervousness about the whole thing, bordering on hydrophobia or suicidal mania. Anyhow, he has been talking all the evening in a very despondent way, bequeathing things (such as the old Ratner safe in his office, his "Van Dam on Divorce," his book of trout flies, his *kaross*, etc.) to one or the other of us, "just in case anything happens," he says. And we are quite certain that were we to attempt to do this thing at night something would happen for certain. Six-and-eightpence would lose his head, and either lock himself or someone else into one of the rooms after the stuff had been mixed, forgetting which side of the door he was on, or something like that. Or the MacPhairson would be too long and too careful over his mixing and fall senseless; and then, however much we should like to, how could we leave him to die? One of us would have to get into a wet blanket (first pumping the water out of the well half a mile away, by the by) and go to his rescue, and, of course, be overpowered in turn. Someone else would then have to go to *them*, and soon it would be like the ten little nigger-boys—"And then there were none."

So, talking it over—and the pasting-up of the house having taken us till long after dark—we decided to wait until the friendly daylight.

We are now retiring to rest, and all bade each other "Good night" much as shipwrecked castaways would do on an open raft in mid-ocean, with sharks waiting for them, and only someone's blanket and each other left to eat. I'm not at all sure that I wouldn't rather put up with the "moss—quitoes" than all this.

February 29th.—I was aroused at daylight on the 21st by Veronica saying, in sepulchral tones, "The day has arrived, E——. Get up."

I've always pictured that's how the warder rouses condemned criminals from their slumbers, after which somebody else appears with the cheerful query (as Jaikeran now did) as to what you would like for your last breakfast.

The criminal, to judge by narratives, invariably "does himself proud" over that last breakfast, ordering steak and oysters, kidneys on toast, and all kinds of things that can't possibly have time to do him any good.

We each ordered our own favourite dish, and sat down on odd pieces of furniture or boxes to eat it, and gazing at the wide scene of peace around, with the beauty of the typical African morning (it being a very rare thing in Africa to wake to a wet morning), we remarked in turn what a "lovely world it was," and other dying speeches of that sort, and then rose to repair to the house, where the tins had been placed overnight in the rooms, the prussic acid and the vitriol all ready in rows of bottles on a tray, and nothing to do now but the fateful mixing.

"Now," said the Electrical Engineer (who, having passed in electricity, is supposed to know something about everything else under the sun), "everyone will please take jugs and go and pour your water each into your own cans in the room allotted to you. Then come back here for the vitriol, each carrying your mask."

By the chemist's advice we had made ourselves thick masks of felt, covering the nose and mouth, with slits for the eyes.

These, as soon as the water had been poured into the cans—Jaikeran standing looking on at these preparations with a countenance of terror—we each tied over our faces with tapes. Then we all started to feel our way back into the dining-room, where our vitriol was to be doled out to us.

"My eye isn't big enough," groaned Veronica. "I can't see where I am going. Someone please cut the slits larger for me." And Veronica sat down, and then each of us in turn, while the others stood and applied scissors to the slits, at the imminent risk of cutting out our eyes.

No one could breathe, and the panting in the room was awful.

"Come here," said the Electrical Engineer to Jaikeran, "and have your mask on, you Jaikeran."

Jaikeran, trembling like a leaf, fell on his two knees to the Electrical Engineer and held up his hands in prayer.

"Sahib have mercy on Jaikeran!" he quavered. "Sahib no kill poor Jaikeran this time! Sahib spare my life, and sahib have tit-for-tat." When the Electrical Engineer said, "Don't be a fool!" and tried to fix his mask on for him, he made for the open door, and the exasperated Electrical Engineer started to chase him round and round the cottage.

We would have let him go back to his home—a patch of mealies, two cows, a hut, and a skinny brother—shining clearly about three miles away on the broad table of green, but we had to have Jaikeran to help; so the Electrical Engineer caught him, assured him that (if we could manage it) no one would die that day, and, leading him back by the scruff of his neck, it seemed as if now, at last, all was once more ready.

"I am of o—pinion," said Six-and-eightpence, when we once more stood ready round the table in the dining-room, "that we should each be armed with a wet blanket in case of necessity."

"Jaikeran," said I, "go to the tents and fetch the blankets. Juldee!"

"Now," said the Electrical Engineer, "go, Jaikeran, to the well and fetch a bucket of water, and keep your mask on, Jaikeran; it's too much trouble to fix again. You can see your way through the eyelet holes."

So Jaikeran departed in his mask across the veldt for the water, and returned with a string of affrighted Dutch villagers behind him.

"For certain they are dynamiters," said one old back-veldt Boer.

"Or coiners," said another.

"No," whispered a third. "It is as I told you. The English are all mad. The Indian servant-man says it is to be a mosquito hunt! And each one engaged in it risks his life! Who but lunatics would act so?"

The Dutch contingent now made a kind of cordon round the house and watched proceedings closely, in case it should be necessary to send a runner for the police from the nearest town.

Meanwhile we in the garden proceeded to soak our blankets, wrapped our heads in them, and, re-entering the house, assembled again round the dining-room table and announced we really were ready at last.

"The heat is too cruel!" suddenly said Veronica. "Couldn't we have something to drink before we begin? If not, I shall faint."

It was by this time getting on for 11 a.m., and a cloudless day, such as you expect in the Rand midsummer, and what with the felt masks and the blankets and the fright we were all in, we were in an awful state, and so it was imperative that whisky should be served out to the men and lemonade and sal volatile to the ladies.

"And how are we to drink it?" said someone from under his mask.

"Sit down all of you," said the Electrical Engineer, "and I'll come round and pour it into your mouths while each of you lifts your mask slightly up. We can't undo them now." So we sat in a row, and the villagers crowding towards the house beheld the operation. One of them said this sort of thing could not be permitted to go on, and so he rushed after a cart going up the hill towards the town and told the driver to make for the police-station and tell the mounted police they were wanted at once.

"Are you all ready?" said the Electrical Engineer. "Then come to the table and I'll dole out the vitriol first."

We each stood with a tin pannikin and received the stuff, though it was difficult from under our masks and blankets to see whether it was going into the pannikins or over our hands or feet, which a single drop would, of course, burn to the bone.

"Go quickly," shouted the Electrical Engineer when it was done, "and pour it into the water in the tins. I *quite* forgot, when I decided on tin pans, that the corrosive fluid will burn through the tin in two minutes. *Run!*"

"How can we run," howled Mr. H——, holding his at arm's length and jerking himself towards the room he had to do, "with this thrice-infernal stuff under our noses?"

"If you don't you'll have no nose left," shouted the Electrical Engineer, making for his own room.

We all got rid of our vitriol without mishap to ourselves, flinging the cans when finished to the floor, where they instantly burnt large holes in the carpets, which had been left standing to get fumigated too.

"Bang goes six pound seven and eight three-farthings!" the MacPhairson was heard to mutter, as a frizzling noise heralded the cremation of his Axminster—bought second-hand for Simplicity Hall. "It's no' me as will beleeve anny more in the Simple Life!"

We next collected to receive our bags of cyanide. We all stood round while the Electrical Engineer uncorked the big sealed bottles and started removing the prussic acid, which was in powder and lumps, each lump being large enough to polish off a town full of people. We drew our masks very close over our mouths during this part of the proceedings. The back doors, and, indeed, all the doors, had to be left wide open through which to effect our escape the instant the chemicals mixed, and we all knew that if one speck of the poison floated down anyone's throat, that person was done for. A joyous breeze blew through the cottage, and the prussic-acid powder flew about and no one dared breathe, much less speak.

The Electrical Engineer poured the lumps and powder into our paper bags, Jaikeran standing by, his mask on, a blanket round his head, and his knees simply knocking together.

"Now," said the Electrical Engineer, "the moment has arrived! Keep your heads! Each take your bag, please" (out went all our hands), "and walk quietly into your allotted rooms. Carry the bag by its string, held well away from you. Walk up to the tins, where the water and the vitriol will be already mingled. Slight fumes will be already rising, so *don't* go too near. Drop your bags into the vitriol and water, and instantly, without one second's delay, rush from the house, shutting and locking doors behind you. Jaikeran! Clear out, unless you want to die!"

Before we each reached our allotted room, Jaikeran was making for the horizon and his skinny brother, and we haven't seen him since....

There was a deathly silence as we each entered the different rooms. It is impossible to say what we looked like—for a moving lump of dripping blanket was all that could be seen of anyone.

"What the dickens!" shouted Mr. H——, colliding with Six-and-eightpence in his room. "Who and what are you? Get out of my way!"

"My dear fellow, whoever you are," said the muffled voice of Six-and-eightpence, "this is *my* room. I can't see a thing. Where the dickens are the tins of vitriol?"

"Is that you, Six-and-eightpence?" said Mr. H——.

"Yes. Is it you?" responded the other. "This isn't your room, old chap; it's mine. Yours is next door. For Heaven's sake, get out. The others have thrown in their stuff. They're off. We shall be overpowered, I tell you."

"Well, I can't find my room," said Mr. H——, desperately. "Here, throw the stuff down anywhere. I'm off; come on."

As it turned out later, Six-and-eightpence's prussic acid did go into the tins, or at any rate most of it. But Mr. H—— lost his head, thinking he could smell through his blanket the deadly fumes already pouring from the other rooms, and, hearing everyone else making a dash for the open air, he upset his with a crash.

He rushed for what he thought was the door, but it was the window, all pasted up. His blanketed head went crash at the glass, luckily not breaking it, and then, realizing that he had made a mistake, he groped round for the door. But—it was shut and locked! Muffled in his blanket, Six-and-eightpence, thinking Mr. H—— had gone out before him, had run out, slamming and locking the door behind him! His prussic acid was already mingling with the vitriol. Mr. H—— could smell it!

When we all got outside we threw off our masks and blankets, and someone said, "Where is H ——?"

"He's not here!"

"Then he must be in the house!"

"Good heavens! Not here?" said Six-and-eightpence, looking round him in a dazed way and rubbing his eyes. "Why, yes; I must have done—yes! I've locked him into my room! This comes of our being muffled in these blankets!"

"Good heavens, man!" yelled the Electrical Engineer, "he'll be dead by now!"

We all made a run for the house, clean forgetting our blankets, and burst open the hall door again.

It was strange; but there were not half the fumes we expected. What did it mean?... However, we did not stop to inquire....

Six-and-eightpence dragged open his bedroom door, and there, prone on the floor, lay Mr. H——, rolled in his blanket and kicking faintly. "Who's there?" he demanded. "I'm almost done for, you fellows!"

"Wonder you're not done for entirely," said they, hauling him out by his blanket and the hair of his head combined. "Didn't we say old Six-and-eightpence would do just this? Out you come!"

And in a few seconds the rescued one lay on the veldt, and kneeling beside him we all cried, "Saved!" and tried very hard to shed tears of joy....

The day passed somehow, all sitting on the veldt, and Mr. H—— (in the only arm-chair, propped up affectionately with pillows) described to us in moving terms what it had felt like to be face to face with death.

"Did you see the whole of your past life laid before you in a flash—like they say drowning people always do?" we asked.

"Yes," said Mr. H——, in tones of gloomy triumph; "I did, and I can tell you it wasn't pleasant."

Privately, I wasn't surprised to hear it, though I didn't say so.

"What was it like—the going off under the fumes?" asked someone else.

"It was like being rocked to sleep," said Mr. H——, in a sentimental tone. "And I heard church bells ringing, and I said to myself, 'They are ringing for my funeral. My poor, poor mother! And the guv'nor, too! This will bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'"

"Please don't talk of it!" cried Veronica, wiping her eyes. "I feel (I don't know if you do, E——?) that this should be a lesson to us all to be more charitable to each other. I didn't believe, Mr. H ——, and I must freely confess it, that you had it in you to feel and speak like this! It shows how we may be mistaken."

"I don't wear my heart on my sleeve," replied the hero, languidly, leaning back in his chair. "I knew you all misunderstood me, but I made up my mind to bear it, certain that the truth must out, even though I *didn't* give a potato-masher to the establishment."

"And," said I, "truth is stranger than fiction any day."

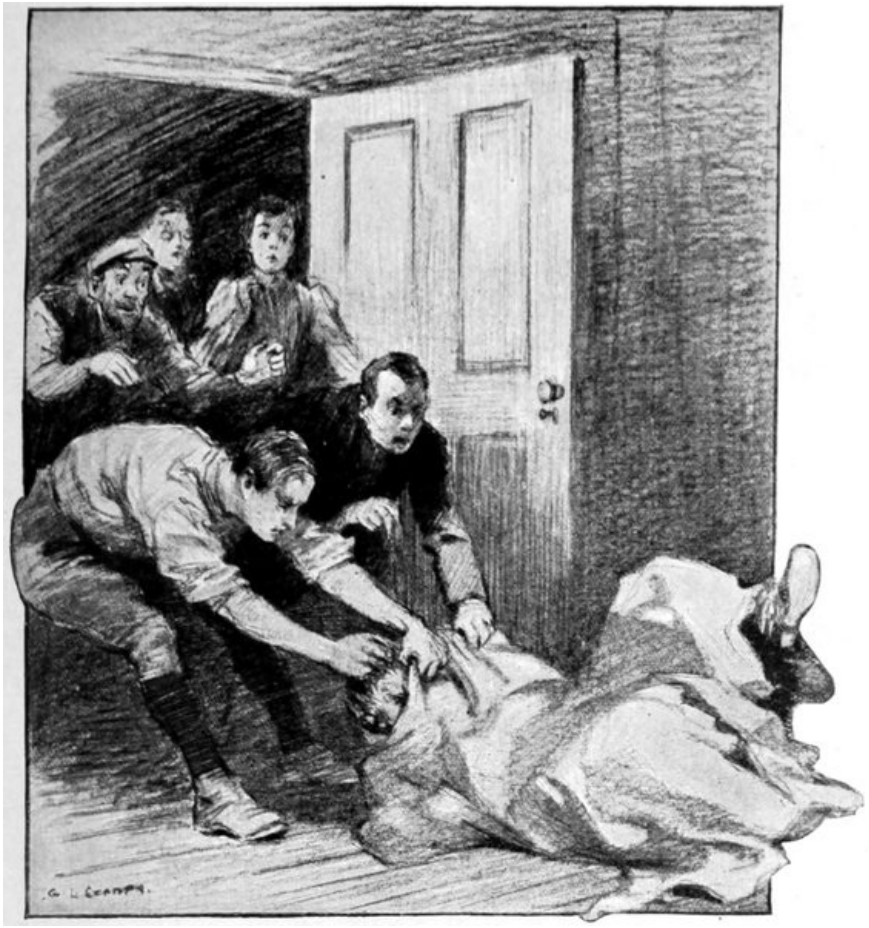
The hero glanced sharply at me, for I was sitting gazing up at our roof-tree, and now and then I sniffed.

After a pause I said, sniffing again:—

"Does anyone smell a very strong smell of some gas—hydrocyanic gas, I suppose? Where is it coming from? We pasted up all the windows and doors," I added, rising from my chair.

Everybody now sniffed in turn, and all declared that the smell grew stronger and stronger.

Suddenly both I and Veronica gave a shout together.



"'WONDER YOU'RE NOT DONE FOR ENTIRELY,' SAID THEY, HAULING HIM OUT BY HIS BLANKET AND THE HAIR OF HIS HEAD."

"Veronica! Everybody!" I cried. "We pasted up the windows and doors and forgot to shut the ventilators of the chimneys. Every bit of gas has escaped! All our trouble has been for nothing. And as for your death throes, Mr. H——, well, I don't want to be rude, but it has all been——"

"*Bunkum!*" finished Willy-Nilly. "Church bells and all, old chap!"

At eve we re-entered the cottage—cautiously at first, then more boldly.

Nothing had happened—nothing at all!

Flies buzzed in hundreds around us as if they had enjoyed the nice aromatic bath they had had. Every scrap of gas had gaily escaped up the wide chimneys. It was two in the morning before we had got the cottage shipshape again, and the breakages and general damage would be hard to calculate.

"I've done with the Simple Life," said Mr. H——, the erstwhile hero of this memorable day. "If you don't mind, I think I'll leave. There's not enough repose about the life, don't you know."

"And I, too," said the MacPhairson. "It's too expensive! Me Axminster's ruined, me bagpipes have gone to glory, and me tent's in smithereens."

So these two have left.

As for those of us who still remain at Simplicity Hall, we have decided to leave the "moss—quitoes" and "etceteras" alone, hoping that, as we mean to sleep in the tents till the Rand winter comes on, we may in the end starve them out.

THE END.

Some Experiences in Malaya.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Donald Mackenzie.

For many years the author was Chief of Police in one of the native States of the Malay Peninsula, and here relates three queer little adventures which befell him in his official capacity.

"Do you mean to say you can't get any evidence whatever to go on?"

"No, Tuan."

"Then you and your detectives must be a lot of fools! In England a burglar or a murderer might be clever enough to hide all traces of his crime, but out here they are all coolies, and must leave no end of evidence which any officer who knows his work could easily follow up. If you can't do the simplest detective work, you and your men had better return to duty and leave your work to me. The next crime I will investigate myself. You can go."

I was Chief of Police of the native State of Sungei Ujong,[4] in the Malay Peninsula, and Detective-Sergeant Cassim stood rigidly at attention before me in my office. As I finished he saluted and left.

[4] Now combined with Jelebu and Negri Sembilan.

I was a fool—doubly a fool, for I had not only made a statement which I knew was wrong, but I had lost my temper. The Malay is dignified, if he is nothing else, and to lose one's temper with him is to lower one's own dignity, and that means lowering his respect.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DONALD MACKENZIE, THE AUTHOR.

From a Photograph.

When a man is worried, however, he is apt to forget the little niceties. Two gang robberies and a murder within ten days, and not a particle of evidence to go on, would fret most policemen's tempers, to say nothing of receiving one's reports back from the Resident minuted, "The police appear to be doing their duty in a somewhat perfunctory manner." I had to trust to my detectives, and they had failed to help me.

The following morning Barton, the Collector of Land Revenue, came to my office.

"Morning, old chap," he said. "You might send a detective to my house to see if he can find out anything. A burglary was committed last night, but the beggar must have been disturbed, for he only took away a Bee clock."

"I'll go myself," I said. I would show Sergeant Cassim how easily a crime could be detected, I told myself.

Like most of the houses in the place, Barton's was a bungalow. The upper halves of all the outer doors were venetianed, the doors themselves being merely fastened by bolts top and bottom. We did not go in for locks.

The burglary seemed quite simple of explanation. The "boy" must have forgotten to bolt one of the doors, and a midnight thief had simply walked in. Of course, the "boy" denied having failed in his duty—a Chinaman naturally would do so. But why the thief was contented with a clock, value two dollars, when he could have taken twenty times that amount beat me entirely.

As we left the compound to return to the office the doctor met us on his pony.

"You are the very man I was looking for," he said to me. "I had a thief in my house last night. One of the veranda doors was found open, but the queer part of the business is that he only took a clock. Thank goodness, he did not walk off with the Sultan's Cup."

"That's funny!" I replied. "Exactly the same thing happened to Barton last night, even to the article stolen. Let's go and have a look."

Examination convinced me that the robbery had been carried out in identically the same manner, and I grew puzzled.

"What does your 'boy' say?" I asked. "He probably forgot to bolt the door. I am almost sure that is what happened at Barton's."

"I can answer for that," replied the doctor. "I am a pretty late bird, as you fellows know; I did not turn in till about two last night, and I fastened the two doors myself."

If ever I searched a house thoroughly I did that one, but not a scrap of any sort of evidence could I find, in spite of my boast. I next sent the sergeant-major to scour the pawnshops, but without success; no one had tried to pawn a clock that day.

The climax was reached the following morning when, as I was returning from early parade, one of the Resident's "boys" met me with a note:—

"You might come up to the Residency and investigate a burglary which took place here last night. A clock was stolen."

I trust neither the boy nor my Sikh orderly fully understood my remarks on the subject. The doctor and Barton might pass their little robberies off as a joke, but a burglary at the Residency was a very different matter.

Exactly the same thing had occurred. A door had been found open and a clock gone. Nothing else had been touched. The Resident's remarks on the efficiency of my force as guardians of the peace were not complimentary, but distinctly to the point. Very sore, and very much mystified, I put my pride in my pocket and sent for Sergeant Cassim.

When he arrived I took him on one side and discussed these three bewildering robberies with him.

"Perhaps you can make something out of them," I said. "I believe it is the servants in each case."

He walked round the Resident's drawing-room, examined the floor of the veranda and the steps, and then said:—

"I shall be able to tell the Tuan to-morrow morning who committed the robberies."

"If you are so certain, why not now?"

"The Tuan must give me time to think and act."

That afternoon I received a letter through the post addressed to me in Malay. It contained a slip of paper bearing the following words, also in Malay:—

"If the Tuan will pretend he is going away to-night, and will return about eleven and hide near the veranda of his house, he will catch the burglar."

I have received a fair number of anonymous letters in my time, which usually meant nothing, but this was the oddest of them all. Why on earth should I pretend to leave for the night? Why could I not have been told merely to hide?

Suddenly the reason flashed across my mind—the guard! When I was living at head-quarters a guard, consisting of a lance-corporal and three men, was posted at my house from sunset till sunrise; in that district it was extremely useful to have four fully-armed men ready to accompany me anywhere at a moment's notice. When, however, I was absent on a tour of inspection the guard was dispensed with. It was apparently essential for the detecting of the burglar that the guard should be absent.

Of course, it might be only an excuse to get the house unguarded till the hour named in order that the burglar could enter before my return, and so doubly fool me; but I determined to risk it.

Accordingly I sent for the sergeant-major and told him I was going to investigate the last gang robbery myself on the spot, and that I should not be back till the following morning. He need not

therefore post my guard.

A little before sunset I drove to a police-station about six miles away, and sent my dogcart back with instructions to return for me at six the following morning. I then told the sergeant in charge of the station that I was going to investigate the matter of the gang robbery, and that I should probably stay the night at the Towkay's (Chinese headman).

I visited the place, and, after spending an hour or so making inquiries—incidentally having to split a bottle of the vilest apology for champagne with the hospitable Towkay—I walked back to my house.

I suppose I must have been hiding at the side of the veranda for nearly an hour when a figure appeared at one of the dining-room doors. Being barefooted, I had not heard him approach the house, and I must confess that his sudden appearance was somewhat startling. He fumbled with the venetians for a couple of minutes; then the door opened silently and he entered the house. No sooner had he done so than the light of a bull's-eye lantern began to flash about the room; the man was evidently no ordinary thief.

"CREEPING ON TIP-TOE TO THE DOOR, I WAITED WITH WHAT PATIENCE I COULD MUSTER."

Creeping on tip-toe to the door he had entered by, I waited with what patience I could muster, intending to commence operations by knocking the thief down as soon as he appeared. Presently the light went out, and I had drawn my arm back to let him have my fist on the side of his head, when a voice said:—

"Tuan, here is the burglar."

It was Sergeant Cassim himself!

"What on earth does this mean?" I demanded. "Where is the man?"

"I am he. Did not the Tuan see me enter the house?"

"Of course I did; but what is the meaning of it?"

"The Tuan told me I was a fool, and that no man committed a crime in this country without leaving some trace of it; also that the Tuan would prove this to me by investigating the next case himself. I am a Malay, Tuan, and do not like to be called names when I have not deserved them. I knew that crimes were often committed and no trace left, so I thought I would prove this to the Tuan. Did I leave any traces?"

"No, you certainly did not."

"But if the Tuan had only thought, he must have known these were not real burglaries; they were all exactly alike, even to the article stolen. Has the Tuan ever known such a thing happen before? Even the letter did not help him. Surely no thief gives himself away—in this country, at least! I was quite prepared for the Tuan to tell me he saw the whole thing when he got the letter. He must have forgotten how he spoke to me."

Cassim was evidently a reader of character and knew how I would take his rebuke, which I had undoubtedly fully deserved.

"You are right and I was wrong, Cassim," I said; "I am sorry I spoke as I did. But you were doing a very risky thing. Suppose Tuan Barton, or the Tuan Doctor, or the Tuan Besar (the Resident) had caught you in their houses?"

"Who would have suspected or said anything to me? I am the detective-sergeant, and if I find a house open at night it is my duty to investigate the matter. I *was* seen, but the Tuan never thought of asking even that. If he had asked the Sikh sentry at the Residency, he would have said he had seen me walk round the building, for he challenged me. Why did the Tuan forget such a simple inquiry?"

"Of course, no one knows anything of this?" I said, evading his last question.

"Surely the Tuan can trust me?" he replied.

"All right. Keep it to yourself. I am much obliged to you for the lesson, and in future we will work together. Produce the clocks, and make up any story you like as to how you found them. The thief, of course, must have cleared out, and these burglaries must go in the crime book as 'Undetected: property recovered.' Oh, I forgot. How did you manage to open the doors?"

"That is very easy, Tuan," he replied, and he proceeded to show me. It was the simplest thing imaginable, but I am not going to give it away, for obvious reasons. Perhaps they have not got locks on the doors out there yet. I do not, however, mind telling a brother police-officer.

I have never told this yarn before; it would not have been fair to Cassim while he was in the service. It happened over fifteen years ago, and he must now have retired on pension. I hope it is the highest he could get, and that he is enjoying life under the shade of his own coco-nut plantation, for he was a thorough good fellow. No doubt he sometimes chuckles when he thinks of how he taught the Tuan Superintendent a lesson, not only in dignity, but also in the art of detecting crime.

Meanwhile the two gang robberies, which were the cause of Sergeant Cassim's little joke at my expense, seemed as far off discovery as ever. They had taken place within forty-eight hours of each other and less than five miles apart; and, so far, not a vestige of a clue could be found to work on.

"Look here, Cassim," I said, the morning after his exploit at my house, "something has got to be done. It is absurd, our being beaten like this. I don't want the Tuan Besar to report to the Tuan Governor that the police have not been able to do anything in the matter, or someone will get into trouble about it."

Cassim was as much bothered as myself, for complaints would probably mean the loss of his stripes, if nothing worse. An undetected crime of any magnitude was an unpardonable offence.

"Shall I read the Tuan my notes on the robbery at Ah Sing's again?" he asked.

"Yes. We may find we have overlooked something."

He got out his note-book and proceeded to read.

"Towkay Ah Sing reports that shortly before midnight on Thursday he was awakened by the door of his house being broken open. He was sleeping in a small room at the back, and his two coolies were asleep in the kitchen. He rushed out to see what had happened, and found the front room full of men; he thinks there were about a dozen. Their faces were blackened, and he could not recognise any of them; one had a lighted torch in his hand. The two coolies came in almost at the same time as himself. One of them had a stick, which he raised to strike a member of the gang, but he was stabbed in the side with a knife. Ah Sing and the two coolies were then knocked down, their hands and feet tied, and they were carried into the kitchen and thrown upon the floor. After about ten minutes the robbers left. One of the coolies managed to free his hands, and he unbound the other two. The gang took away a box containing clothing and jewellery from the front room, and another containing seven hundred dollars which Ah Sing kept under his bed. That is all, Tuan."

"And you found no traces of the robbers in or round the house?"

"Nothing except the extinguished torch."

"Ah Sing gave you a full description of all the articles stolen?" I asked.

"Yes, Tuan. He also says the money was in rolls of a hundred dollars, and that each roll had his 'chop' (private mark) on it."

"Well, he can say good-bye to his dollars," I said. "The robbers won't be such fools as to keep the 'chopped' papers they were wrapped in."

"The only other thing Ah Sing could state was that the men spoke the Fuhkien dialect," said Cassim.

"That is not much use as a clue, I am afraid. There are hundreds of Fuhkiens in the State. I will

give a hundred dollars to the detective who can clear up this case. Why not try and earn them yourself, Cassim?"

"I will try, Tuan," he replied. "Shall I read the notes of the other robbery?"

"No; one at a time is enough. If we discover this one it may help us with the other."

As he left the office my Chinese clerk came in with a number of passes for me to initial.

In order to protect employers of Chinese labour, no coolie was allowed to leave any of the native States without a pass. Before a man could obtain a pass he had to produce from his employer a certificate giving his name and province and stating that he owed nothing to the mine or estate. This was attached to the pass, which was in English and Malay, and signed by the chief police-officer. On every road, at its junction with the neighbouring State, was a police-station, where all passes were examined.

"So-and-so, Fuhkien," began the clerk, putting the letters down in front of me, one by one, to be initialed.

What was it Cassim had said? "Ah Sing says the men spoke the Fuhkien dialect." Now, the robbers would not attempt to dispose of the stolen property in the State where the robbery had been committed. They knew that every police-station and pawnshop had been warned. They would therefore try and take it out of the country. I would mark every Fuhkien's pass and have him searched at the frontier station he tried to leave by.

"Hold on," I said; "I have not been listening to what you read out. Begin again." He did so, and I initialed every Fuhkien's pass in red pencil, those of other provinces in blue. When the passes were brought in, I also signed all the Fuhkiens' in red ink.

I then telegraphed to each frontier station:—

"Search all Chinese whose passes are signed in red ink; detain all who cannot account satisfactorily for their property, and report."

At six that evening I received a telegram in Malay from one of the police-stations:—

"Eleven Chinese with passes signed in red ink arrested this afternoon, accompanied by a bullock cart in which is a box containing clothing and jewellery and seven hundred dollars. Can give no satisfactory account of themselves."

Within half an hour a sergeant and six Sikhs were on their way to bring the Chinamen to head-quarters.

They arrived the following morning, and I at once sent for Ah Sing. As soon as he entered the charge-room he exclaimed:—

"Why, Tuan, there is my box which the robbers took away; it has my 'chop' on it!"

Sure enough it was, and it contained all the stolen property, tallying exactly with his description, even to the rolls of dollars in the "chopped" wrappers.

If ever a detective was astonished, Sergeant Cassim was.

"Who has won the hundred dollars, Tuan?" he asked.

"I have," I replied.

"But how did the Tuan discover it?"

"You gave me the clue yourself," I said. "You told me the robbers spoke the Fuhkien dialect, so I signed all the Fuhkien passes in red ink, and ordered that every man with one of these was to be searched at the frontier stations."

"The Tuan was right," cried Cassim. "Every man leaves some trace of his crime, and I thank the Tuan for proving it to me."

No defence was offered by the prisoners—they had none; and in due course they were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude each.

Thirteen years afterwards I was Secretary to the Council and Chief of Police of the international settlement of Kulangsu, in the province of Fuhkien.

One afternoon I was taking a walk on the mainland, when a Chinaman met me.

"Tabek, Tuan," he said.

As about a third of the male population of the province have at one time or another been immigrant coolies in the Malay Peninsula, it was no uncommon thing to be greeted in that language.

I returned his salutation, and was passing on, when he stopped and said:—

"Does not the Tuan remember me?"

"No, I can't say I do," I answered. "Where did you know me?"

"In Sungei Ujong. Does not the Tuan recollect a gang robbery at Towkay Ah Sing's, when one of the Towkay's coolies was stabbed? The gang was caught, and each man got ten years in jail."

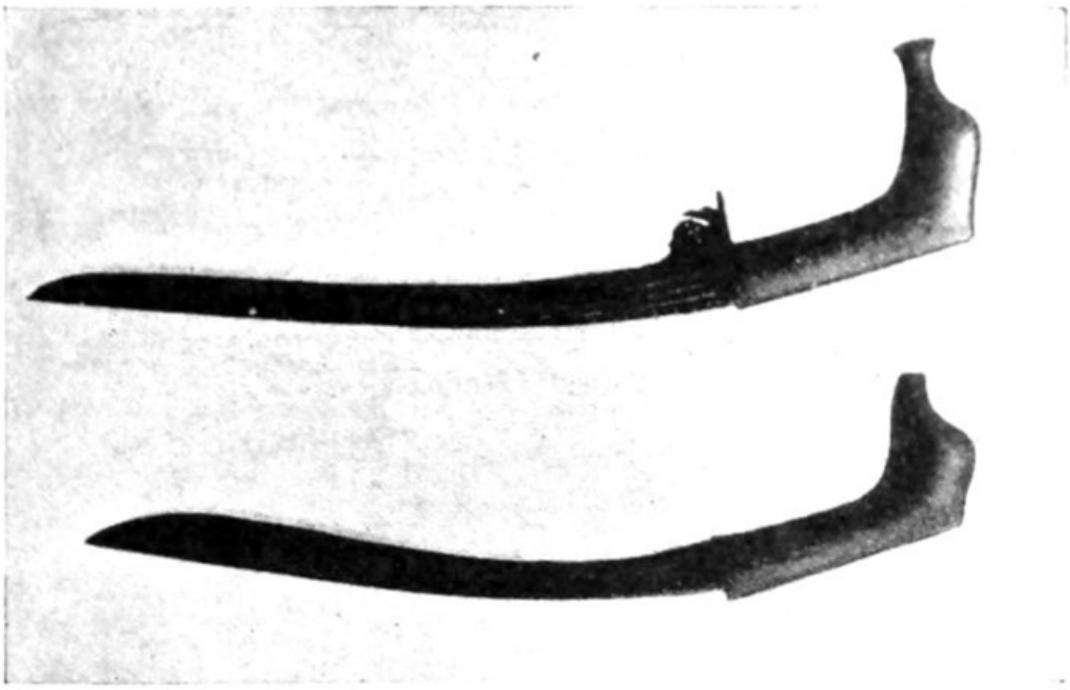
"Yes, of course I remember it," I told him; "but what do you know about it?"

"I was one of the robbers, Tuan. The Tuan saw me every day in the jail for four years. I was put to mat-making."

"Oh, you were, were you?" I said. "Well, I hope you have given up gang robbery now?"

He grinned.

"By the by," I continued, "there was another gang robbery committed close to Ah Sing's and only two days before it. Did you ever hear anything about that?"



THE "MALE" AND "FEMALE" KRISES REFERRED TO IN THIS STORY.

"Suppose the Tuan found out who did it, would he have the men arrested?" he asked.

"It was so long ago that even if I found out it would probably be impossible to get up a case, for it would now be only hearsay evidence. No; I don't think I would do anything."

"We committed that robbery also, Tuan," he said.

At one time or another most people have gone in for collecting things; for twenty years my hobby was savage weapons. My Malay sergeant-major took a keen interest—or, with his innate courtesy, pretended to do so—in my collection, and I owe many of the weapons I have to him. Many of them have curious histories, but none more so than that connected with two Booghis krises.

Under our paternal rule the Malay is not allowed to wear his kris. He has a keen sense of his own dignity, and he wore his kris, as our ancestors did their swords, to uphold it. The resenting of an insult by the shedding of blood being contrary to our modern ideas, however, we disarmed him.

One day Sergeant-Major Etot brought before me a man who had been arrested for carrying a kris. He was an ordinary-looking Malay, but he had a deep scar across one side of his face, from the nose nearly to his ear. He said he was a Booghis, and that his tribe lived in the interior of Sumatra; that he had only the day before arrived from there, and did not know he was not allowed to wear his kris.

The sergeant-major showed me the kris, and said he had never seen one quite like it before; he had questioned the man about it, and he had told him that the Booghis had two kinds of krises only, which they named the "male" and the "female," which were very similar to each other, having but a slight difference.

The man in question was wearing a "male" kris. I asked him if any distinction was made as to who wore either weapon, and he said that the wearing of the "male" kris was dependent on a man's valour—in other words, I take it, the number of people he had disposed of. It seemed somewhat hard on him, a stranger, to be deprived of his weapon when he did not know he was committing an offence by wearing it, so I gave him a dollar for it.

"If you come back to this country," I said, "bring a 'female' kris, and I will buy it from you."

Some two years later I was sitting in my office one morning when I heard the sergeant-major order the reserve duty men to fall in with their rifles; half a minute later he appeared before me and reported that a man had run "amok" in the village, and after killing one man and wounding two others he had bolted into the jungle.

Now an "amok" is akin to a mad dog, and can only be treated as such. As soon as the fit has left the man he never offers resistance, but so long as he is under its influence the only course to pursue is to shoot him and so stop his murderous career.

"Serve out buckshot to the men," I ordered (we were armed with Sniders), "and send them into the jungle in pairs to look for him. They are to take him alive if they can, but if he is still 'gelah' (mad) they must shoot him. When you have sent them, come down to the village with me."

When we arrived there we found one man dead, stabbed through the heart; two others had also been stabbed, but had only received flesh wounds. No one knew anything about the affair save that a man had suddenly appeared, had run "amok," and then made for the jungle. No one knew who he was. I sent the body of the dead man to the hospital to await an inquest, and the other two to the doctor to have their wounds attended to.

About a couple of hours later the sergeant-major again appeared in my office. He was accompanied by a Malay constable, who reported as follows.

He and another constable had been searching the jungle for the "amok," but, not having found any trace of him, set off on their return to head-quarters. As they were walking along a narrow path in Indian file he suddenly saw a man dash out and stab his comrade, who was in front of him, in the neck with a kris. Realizing that he must be the man they were searching for, he jammed home the breech-block, cocked his rifle, and let the stranger have the charge of buckshot in the head, dropping him dead. The wounded policeman died within a minute or two, and, seeing he could do nothing for him, the survivor returned at once to report the matter.

"HE SAW A MAN DASH OUT AND STAB HIS COMRADE."

The sergeant-major and I accompanied him to the spot, and there we saw a ghastly sight. The unfortunate policeman lay dead, with his carotid artery severed, while his murderer was sprawled on his face about a couple of yards away, also dead, half the back of his head blown away. The sergeant-major turned the man over on to his back, and there, staring at us, was the Booghis from whom I had got the "male" kris a couple of years before; there was no mistaking the curious scar right across one side of his face.

Stooping, the sergeant-major picked up a kris which was lying close to the man's hand. He eyed it intently for a moment, wiped the blood off, and then, taking the blade between his thumb and forefinger, he handed me the hilt.

"The 'female' kris, Tuan," he said, politely.

"Jack Ashore."

By Albert E. Craft.

The airy assurance with which "Jack Ashore" gets into—and out of—serious scrapes has become almost proverbial. This story describes the adventures which befell a party of British seamen who went for a ramble in a Chilian port.

It was in the early months of 1896, and I was an able seaman on board the ship *Micronesia*, of Liverpool, then lying in the port of Antofagasta, Chile, where we were discharging a cargo of coals loaded at Newcastle, New South Wales. A quarter of a mile away was the French barque, *La Provence*, loading a cargo of saltpetre for Havre.

Amongst our sailors was a Frenchman, and he, being one of our boat's crew, had made the acquaintance of his countrymen on board the other ship in his various trips, it being the custom of the captains then in port to call upon each other and all to go ashore in the one boat. Thus they benefited by having the full complement of their crew on board to work cargo—which they had to do in those days, except on the occasion when their particular boat had to act as ferry.

THE AUTHOR, MR. A. E. CRAFT.
From a Photograph.

We had been there something like eight or ten days when part of the crew of the French ship got the usual twenty-four hours' liberty in which to go ashore and enjoy themselves.

Liberty day! The one bright day in the weary monotony of a long sailing-ship voyage—the one day in which, with a month's pay in his pocket, Jack is as good as his master, when he may eat what he likes, drink what he likes, do what he likes, so long as he turns up when the boatswain musters the hands to work after the all-too-short holiday.

So, with the jingling coins burning holes in their pockets, and their hearts as light as schoolboys', they pushed off from their ship. And we, knowing where they were going, stared moodily across the bay, longing to be with them.

A diversion occurred, however, when we saw the boat's head swing in our direction, and a few minutes later range alongside our ship.

Up to our deck climbed the merry Frenchmen, laughing and jabbering like so many monkeys. Soon they were in animated conversation with our messmate, "Frenchy," whom we presently discovered, by adroit questioning, they were persuading to obtain leave from our captain and go with them.

And he got it, too—minus the month's pay—and immediately set about rigging himself out in his shore clothes. This did not suit us at all—at least, some of us. Why should he have leave of absence, and we not? we asked each other. We would go and ask the captain, too.

The end of it was that we got the desired leave—five of us, Frenchy making the sixth—but only for the one night. We were given to understand we must be on board by four bells—six o'clock—next morning ready to turn to.

"And look here, Craft," was the captain's parting injunction—"no monkey tricks, mind. I look to you, as leading seaman, for the good behaviour of the rest. Further, I shall hold you responsible for these men turning up in the morning, or else"—he shook a warning finger at me—"not another hour's liberty this voyage for any of you."

Promising obedience—I would have promised anything just then for a run ashore—we hustled off to prepare ourselves. This did not take long. Throwing aside our coal-grimed dungarees, we each donned white trousers and jackets and broad-brimmed straw hats. With these on we felt equal to the best, happily unconscious of a few small rents, a missing button, or the fact that the virgin whiteness of our "shore togs" was marred by many and various stains.

But what about money? For the moment we had forgotten that. True, the Frenchmen had a month's pay in their pockets, but we had no intention of sponging upon them. Well, then, we would take some clothing, we decided. There were numerous places in Antofagasta where we could trade them. There was old Don Carlos, as he was called, whom we had heard so much about, and his Jew partner Miguel. Perhaps they were not so black as they were painted, and we had been told they would buy anything from a hard-up sailor. For myself, I was the envied possessor of a whole Australian sovereign, so you may guess my bearing was in accordance with my wealth.

"Now, then, all aboard!" sang out one of the Frenchmen. Into the boat we scuttled with our bundles, and, giving way with a will, we soon covered the stretch of water between the ship and jetty and pulled the boat alongside, mooring her head and stern.

Not a hundred yards along the quay, who should we come suddenly upon but Don Carlos and his partner.

"Talk of the old gentleman!" cried someone in the rear. "I shouldn't wonder if the old sharks haven't been watching us all the while. I bet you they know we have something to trade."

"Halloa, boys"—Don Carlos's greeting was hearty enough, as was the hand-shake all round—"going to have a little run round? That's right, *amigos*; nothing like it. Too much salt water is not good for anybody. What! no money! Well, now, that's too bad. Got something to sell, have you? All right, come along to the store and have a drink with me; then we'll talk business. Come on, now, boys, every one of you. A drink at my expense!"

For a Chilano he spoke excellent English, with a slight American intonation and accent, and had a certain geniality of manner which appealed to the simple minds of the sailors.

Off we sailed, the two Chilanos and myself in the van, and soon arrived at the "store," a combination of ship-chandler's shop, café, card-room, and billiard saloon.

Inside, our hosts were the very essence of geniality. They served us with drinks and cigars—real Havanas at that—telling us to "Drink up, boys, and have another," until we were unanimous in our verdict that they were "true blue" and not the unscrupulous sharks we had been led to believe.

A second drink was served out, and over this Don Carlos and his party made an inspection of the articles we had for sale.

By a previous arrangement it had been agreed upon that our Frenchy was to have the entire handling of this part of the programme, not only because he spoke Chilano like a native, thereby putting a stopper upon any by-play between the two merchants, but also because we knew him as a man who could drive a hard bargain.

Therefore, knowing that our interests—and our capital, too, for that matter—were in safe hands, we just lay back and smoked and drank our "piscoe," and allowed him to do the haggling. Nor did we take the slightest interest in the bargaining until our attention was suddenly arrested by high words and a long, burring curse from our shipmate. We looked up to see him on his feet, shaking his fist in Don Carlos's face—which was as white as the Frenchy's was red—and talking thirteen to the dozen.

The volubility and the rapidity with which he delivered himself were simply marvellous. We could for the time being simply sit still and gape at him, open-mouthed and wondering. Such a jargon of sounds, such a jumble of languages, it would be hard to conceive. First French, next broken English, and then a mixture of Spanish and Chilano.

At it he went, tacks and sheets, for all he was worth, never giving the Chilano a chance to open his mouth. And from it all we gathered that Don Carlos, polished rascal that he was, contended that the drinks and cigars we had received—free, gratis, and for nothing, as we thought—were sufficient pay for the "few paltry rags" we had brought ashore. And he'd be hanged, he said, if he'd pay another cent!

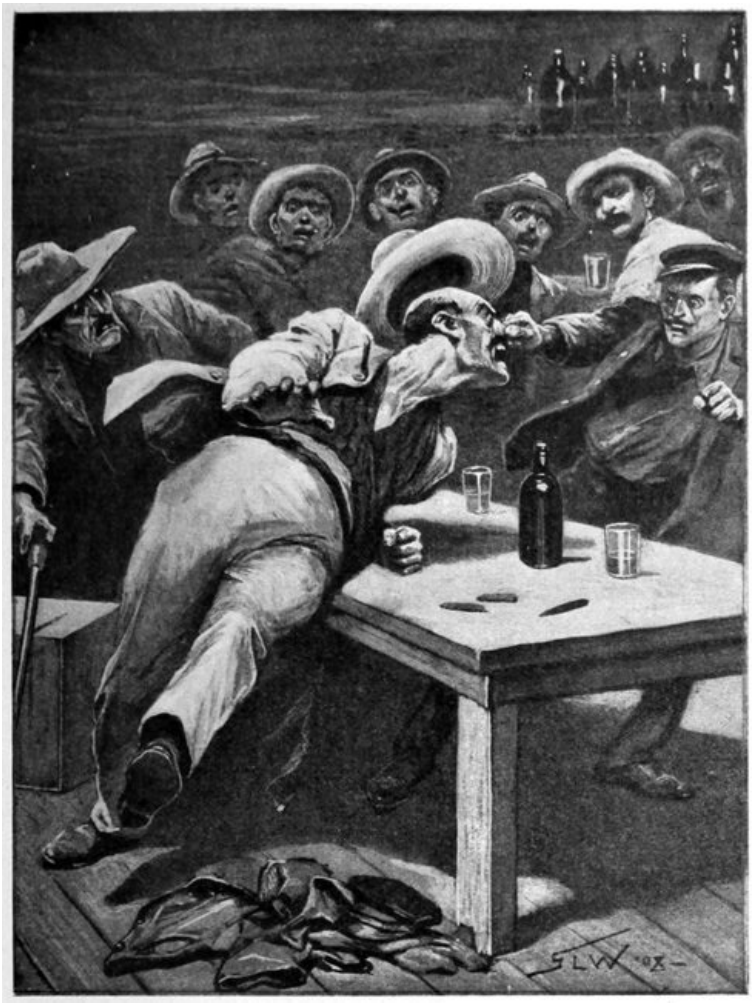
"Gif me six dollars, you shark—zat ees une dollar for each piece of us," hissed Frenchy; "or I vill, I vill——" He ended up with a mixture of imprecations, while his fist, thumping upon the table, jarred every glass upon it.

The Chilano was obdurate. Finding his voice at length, he swore by all the saints in South America that he would see our man in Jericho, or some even warmer locality, before he would give him a ha'penny. Springing to his feet, he ordered us all outside, threatening to call the *vigilantes* to shift us if we did not go.

"Gif me ze monai first; gif me ze monai," shouted Frenchy, spluttering with rage. "Or return to me ze artickeels."

Seeing trouble looming large on the horizon, and remembering the captain's instructions and my promise, I stepped forward with the intention of taking it upon myself to come to an amicable settlement.

I was too late, for Frenchy, beside himself with rage, reached forward and, laying violent hands upon Don Carlos's prominent nose, gave it a pull that made him squeak like a bos'n's pipe. At the same moment up jumped old Miguel, who had hitherto remained a silent observer, and seizing a stout malacca cane, loaded at one end, he brought it down with a crash on to Frenchy's skull.



"LAYING VIOLENT HANDS UPON DON CARLOS'S PROMINENT NOSE, HE GAVE IT A PULL."

This was the signal for what followed. As the unfortunate seaman toppled to the floor, his face covered with blood, we five "Micronesias" made a forward rush.

What else could we do? I am peaceably inclined, and would rather run a mile than fight a minute; but what Englishman could stand by and see a shipmate keel-hauled for standing up for his rights, without wanting to know the reason? Good intentions, captain's orders, my promises—they all blew away like a royal sheet in a breeze.

With a "Come on, boys!" we got right down to business. The table, laden with glasses, cigars, and bottles, the chairs upon which we had been seated, as well as other sundries, instantly found a resting-place against the wall, all in a more or less complete state of dilapidation. While I and another fellow attended to Miguel and his wildly-swinging malacca cane, with the intention of rescuing Frenchy, the other three busied themselves with Don Carlos, who had now been reinforced by his man-of-all-work—a big, lumbering, evil-faced Chilano.

The Frenchmen from the other ship formed the after-guard. They did not take any hand in the fight, and for that matter we did not blame them. Frenchy was our shipmate, not theirs. It was in our interests that he had got a cracked skull, and so we had a double right to punish his cowardly assailants.

This, by the way, did not prove a very difficult job. They were cowards at heart, were these scoundrelly Chilanos. A short, sharp tussle, a few well-directed blows given with all an Englishman's zest, and we had Frenchy out of the mêlée, while, with a quick wrench, I possessed myself of the loaded cane.

A horse-rug in the corner caught my eye, and in a twinkling we had Frenchy in it and hustled him outside—I, meanwhile, calling off our men and bidding them make tracks for the boat. As we gained the open air, and stooped down with our burden so that we might get a better grip of the improvised stretcher, the man-of-all-work made a flying leap towards me and, with a savage downward blow, endeavoured to drive a knife between my shoulder-blades. Only my quickness of movement saved me. Almost before he could recover himself I had jumped up and caught him a resounding crack on his figurehead that laid him low. Old Miguel joined him next with a similar dose. Don Carlos had by this time made a rapid exit and, running to the corner, was howling vociferously for the *vigilantes*. But what did I care for *vigilantes* now? My blood was fairly up. Into the store I rushed, followed by my shipmates, leaving the Frenchman to the care of his countrymen, and in less time than it takes to tell the place was in the most artistic state of wreck you can well conceive.

Then, triumphant, we marched off—a defiant, victorious squad, tattered and torn to a degree. For myself, my white coat had gone entirely; a cotton singlet which I wore was minus an arm, and that which was left was splashed with blood; my white trousers were torn from the ankle to the knee, and one of my shoes was missing.

We had not proceeded far, however, before we found that Don Carlos's howling for the *vigilantes* was taking effect.

From this street and that figures came running, and swelled a rapidly growing mob, which

followed on our heels, hooting and throwing missiles. Higher up the street a shout was raised, which cry was taken up and echoed by the mob. An officer of *vigilantes*, with drawn sword and bristling moustache, pushed his way through the crowd and called upon us to halt. Failing to get his way by word of mouth, he started pricking us in the legs with his sword-point. Hearing me give the order to "rush him," and seeing in me the man whom he believed to be in command, he directed his attentions to me. "Halta! halta!" he cried, peremptorily, but I pushed him aside and marched on. Then a sharp stab in my leg made me hop. For a moment only did I hesitate, then my back stiffened, my hand shot forward with the malacca at the first guard, and with my old R.N.R. drill in my mind I engaged him—his sword to my cane.

For some time we went at it hammer and tongs, while the crowd stood back in awestricken amazement. Acting only on the defensive, I warded off his cuts with a coolness which surprised me later on, but soon a stinging sensation in the shoulder caused me to change my tactics. Pressing him hard until an opening presented itself, I brought him to the ground with a "cut one," delivered with all the force I possessed.

Then came the retreat. Away we flew—the Frenchmen, with our wounded man, towards the mountains; some of our men up one street, some down another, while I made a bee-line for the wharf and the boat.

The howling mob behind pursued me hotly. Occasionally I would stop and shake my cane at them, which had the effect of bringing them to a momentary halt. Then I was off again.

I don't wonder at their halting when I swung round upon them, for I must have cut a most awful figure. Blood-stained and ragged, with the excitement of battle showing in my eyes and face, they must have thought I was mad, and for the moment I suppose I was.

Soon the wharf hove into view. Out in the bay I could see the lights of my ship. With beating heart and laboured breath I sped on. Suddenly someone rushed out at me from a dark corner. For a moment I staggered; then, as he raced on at my side, I discovered, to my joy, that it was one of my shipmates.

Another hundred yards and we should be safe. Then, without warning, we ran straight into the arms of a cordon of *vigilantes* drawn up in a semicircle awaiting our approach!

It was all over. Unresistingly we allowed ourselves to be manacled, and, guarded on either side by half-a-dozen men with shouldered rifles and fixed bayonets, we were driven off to the "calaboose," two officers on horseback bringing up the rear of the cavalcade.

Thrown into a cell, where I found my comrades already housed, I had ample time to meditate upon the events of the last hour or two. I had been in many a scrape before, but this was the first time I had ever been on the hither side of prison walls, and now that the excitement had passed, I fairly recoiled at the disgrace of it.

My head ached, my feet were lacerated, I was dirty, blood-stained, and nearly naked. I looked around the filthy place, at the no less filthy Chilanos—our fellow-prisoners, who jeered at us derisively—and groaned aloud.

Though feeling my position keenly, I was by no means sorry for what I had done. I had acted, I told myself, just as any other Englishman would under the circumstances. I had been goaded into it, and the blame lay with Don Carlos and his rascally compatriot.

Arraigned before the judge the next day we presented a bedraggled appearance. Through an interpreter the charge was explained to us, evidence was heard, and the case decided. After we had been removed we found that the prison-sheet contained the following notice: "Alberto Crafto, José Essien, Juan Andres, Carlos Parko, Tomaso Mahan, twenty-five days' imprisonment each." The Frenchmen were not in it—they had apparently got clear away to the hills.

Prison life was not so bad, save for the taint and the vile companions amongst whom we were thrown. We were fairly well treated and fed, had plenty of outdoor recreation, and labour of any description was never asked of one.

This last was the thing which preyed upon me. I like being busy at any time, besides, the enforced idleness left too much time for unwholesome thinking.

At length I asked permission to work. "What can you do?" questioned the Commandante. "Do? Anything!" I told him. "Mend a roof, make a chair, do joiner work, paint——"

"Paint, ah!" he cried—some idea had evidently struck him. "Well, I will think of it."

The end of it was that I was given the job to paint the office at which ships received pratique. This office stood on the wharf adjacent to the landing-place. It was a building constructed of inch-and-a-half deal planking, and consisted of two rooms. I was also given tools with which to do a little repairing.

Nothing could possibly have suited me better. The moment I entered it I thought: "Here is my chance of escape!" A thin, wooden floor, a rickety old wharf, and beneath that the water and safety—I could not have wished for anything better.

Each morning I was escorted to the office by two *vigilantes*, who locked the door upon me and immediately went off, returning only to give me my midday meal, and later to escort me back to prison.

An hour after being left alone I had weighed up all the chances. Another went by, and by dint of strenuous exertions I had made a very fair show of painting on one of the walls—this in case of

"I BROUGHT HIM TO THE GROUND WITH A 'CUT ONE,' DELIVERED WITH ALL THE FORCE I POSSESSED."

any undue inquisitiveness.

Next I found a suitable place, away from observation, at a point where the floor was covered with reed matting, and began, carefully and noiselessly, cutting through the planks.

Between times I showed myself at the one window in case anyone should be spying; then I would do a little painting and hammering, but I always returned to my chief objective—sawing my way through to the water.

Using every precaution—covering up and disposing of even the minutest particle of sawdust—always on the alert, and working like a Trojan whenever my jailers were expected, I made such good progress that by the third morning a hole large enough to permit of my body passing had been cut through the twelve-inch deals of the jetty, the pieces which I had cut out being carefully stowed in the space between the floor of the office and the jetty. The way of escape was open!

The only thing that bothered me was that I should be compelled to make my attempt at escape during the day, as each night, of course, I was securely locked up in the jail. Well, I should have to risk it. I would wait until the hour after noon, I decided, when the greater percentage of these indolent Chilanos indulged in their siesta. It was a hundred to one chance against my being discovered, and as I had been taking risks all along, there was no reason why I should shirk them now.

Noon came, and with it my dinner. My hand must have trembled as I took the dish from the *vigilante's* hand, for he calmly walked within a yard of the hole in the floor! Certainly I felt my face pale with suppressed emotion and fear.

He looked sharply at me. "Usted malo?" (you sick) he asked. I shook my head, and, apparently satisfied, the man turned on his heel and left.

Hastily swallowing a few mouthfuls of food, I waited, with what patience I could, for the time I had fixed upon for my escape. In this, fortune favoured me. It was a stifling, suffocating day, with not a breath of air stirring. The populace seemed even more eager than usual to seek the shelter of their verandas, while the boatmen and quay loiterers retreated to the comparative coolness of the shaded alameda.

A little while longer and only an occasional straggler disturbed the stillness of the sleepy quayside. Then I knew the time had come.

Carefully, yet quickly, I slipped through the hole in the floor, and, hanging on to the beams overhead, pulled the matting over the cavity. Though my heart beat fast with trepidation, I could not repress a grim chuckle at the thought of the consternation of my jailer when he found me gone. Then I dropped silently into the water.

It was only a few yards to the nearest boat. Reaching it, I clambered cautiously over the gunwale and lay flat in the bottom. Barely allowing myself time to regain my breath, and inwardly congratulating myself upon my success, I raised my body with the intention of casting off the painter. Then a heavy hand fell upon my shoulder, and a guttural voice spoke a short, sharp command.

It was a *vigilante*! Under an awning in the next boat he had sought relief from the fierce heat, and the gentle bumping of my craft against his had awakened him. And now I had been recaptured, just when victory seemed within my grasp!

Back to the prison I was marched, being informed that thenceforth I should be kept in close confinement.

Next morning, while communing with my moody thoughts, I was aroused by heavy footsteps outside. A key grated in the lock, and the Commandante, with my captain at his side, stepped in.

"Pretty mess this is you've got yourself into!" growled the captain. "And you are the man I depended upon and held responsible for the good behaviour of the others! Going around the

place like a madman, killing half-a-dozen police, and wrecking a store—not to speak of the disgrace you have brought upon yourself and my ship. You deserve all that is coming to you—and I'll see you get it, too!"

"Very well, sir," I answered, not without a little shame in my voice. "You have heard what these people have to say against me. But there are two sides to every story——"

"And my side," interrupted the captain, flicking a paper in my face, "is that you'll pay this twenty-five dollars fine and come down to the ship with me at once, where you'll be logged two days' pay for one as a fitting finish to your holiday."[5]

[5] It is an understood thing—perhaps an unwritten law—that when a seaman is sentenced to imprisonment in a foreign port as the result of a "flare-up," the captain of his ship can, with the aid of the Consul, pay any fine imposed, thereby claiming the man's discharge and immediate removal to his vessel. The fine, with the further forfeiture of the two days' pay claimed for every one absent from duty, is then deducted from the seaman's pay at the end of the voyage.—THE AUTHOR.

So, one way and another, we paid pretty dearly for our little trip ashore at Antofagasta.

A Daring Voyage Down the Grand Canyon.

By David Allen.

An account of the unique feat accomplished by two intrepid miners who, in frail row-boats, made a trip which has never before been performed in its entirety by water—a voyage down the rock-strewn torrent of the Colorado River, where it burrows thousands of feet below the surface of the earth in a series of tremendous gorges, the most famous of which is the Grand Canyon. Time and again the two men faced death in the boiling rapids, but eventually they emerged in safety after a journey of seven hundred and fifty miles, lasting over three months.

verybody has heard of Niagara Falls and the terrible rapids which the tortured waters of the river form below the great cascade.

The Niagara, however, is a mere creek in size compared with another American stream, the Colorado, which may well be called a river of mystery, partly because of the strange region through which it passes, and partly because so little is known about it. Unlike the Niagara, the Colorado is far away from civilization. Making its devious way through inaccessible mountains and arid deserts, very few human beings live near it. But the Colorado flows *under* the earth rather than on the top; for hundreds of miles it rushes through vast gorges thousands of feet in depth. The greatest gorge of all is well called the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

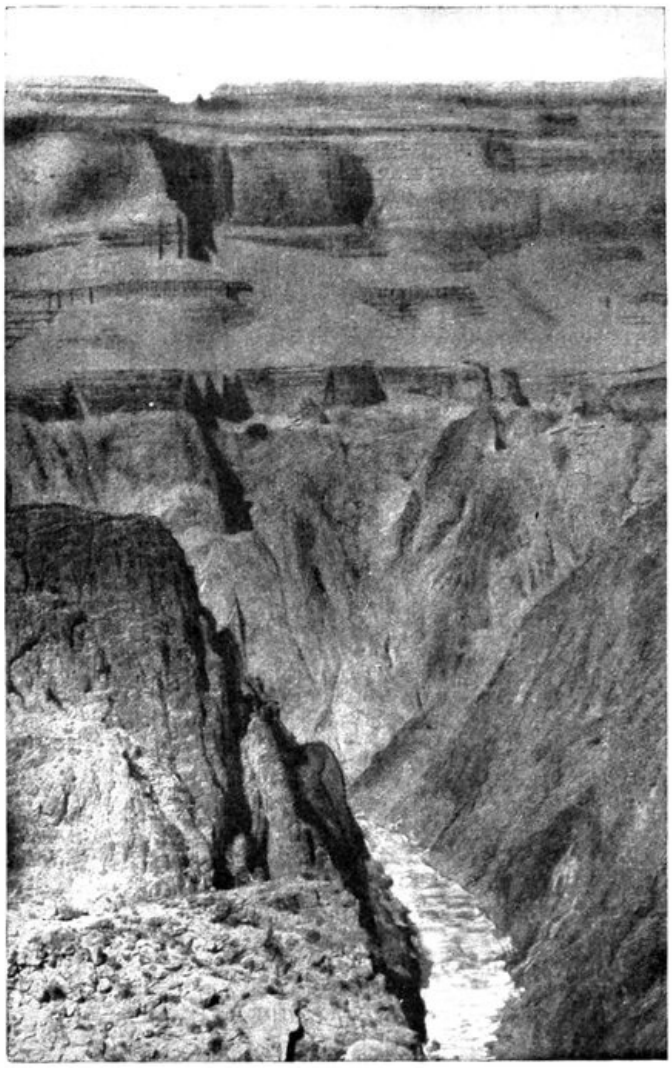
The Grand Canyon, however, is only one of a series of mighty clefts in which the river has literally buried itself. The bottoms are so rugged, so strewn with great rocks and boulders, that only in a few places does the current flow smoothly. For miles and miles the surface of the water is a mass of foaming wave-tops, tossed ceaselessly to and fro amid the rocky obstructions, forming currents and fierce eddies beside which the famous Niagara whirlpool seems insignificant.

There are places where the surface of the Colorado is seven thousand five hundred feet below the brink of the gorge, and at nearly every point it is close on six thousand feet. Looking across from one edge of the canyon to the other, the distance seems to the novice to be two miles. Say so to one of the guides or trailsmen and he may smile; for at Bright Angel trail the width is no less than thirteen miles, while the tourist who stands on the brink at Grand View and looks directly across covers with the glance a distance of eighteen miles. The eye is indeed deceptive here, for if you descend to what is known as the top of the inner gorge and look down upon the river the Colorado appears to be a muddy creek twenty or twenty-five feet wide. But these black walls of granite, which descend almost vertically from the place where you stand, are actually four times the height of Niagara's famous gorge, being nearly fourteen hundred feet sheer, and the river itself is over a hundred and fifty feet wide.

Yet, spite of its fierce current and deadly, rock-strewn rapids, men have dared to attempt to float down this semi-subterranean river in boats. They have tried it, but only two such adventurers can say that they did it successfully, and can prove their story by photographs. These men, who have accomplished a feat that seemed to be impossible, are Charles Russell and E. R. Monett, two American gold-miners. Away back in 1869 the famous explorer Powell tried to navigate the river with an expedition consisting of four boats and eight men, but most of the boats were wrecked long before the end of the gorges was reached, and in several places they dared not trust to the waters, but carried their craft bodily round the dangerous passages. Twenty years after Major Powell made the attempt Stanton, another explorer, tried it with three boats and twelve men, but his party did not complete the journey by water. Since then several other expeditions have risked their lives; and in some cases men have gone into those grim and gloomy gorges and never been heard of again.

Russell and Monett expected to have a companion named Loper in their adventure, but, as will be noted, Loper met with such disaster early in the trip that he left them. How the trio conceived the daring exploit is worth the telling. The plan, according to Russell, originated several years ago in the mind of Russell's companion, Loper, while the two men were working in a mine at Cripple Creek. In 1893 Loper had been attracted to the San Juan River, a tributary of the Colorado, in South-Eastern Utah, by the excitement created by the discovery of placer gold there. He had never forgotten his experiences, and confided to Russell his belief that the Grand Canyon of the Colorado offered proportionately greater chances of much richer placer mining. The two men planned to make their start in the spring of 1900, but the dangers and almost insurmountable difficulties of the task they had so lightly undertaken slowly became apparent to them, and they finally decided to wait until they were properly equipped in point of money and information. At the outset they found they must get at least one more companion if they were to be successful—and four men were preferable to three. According to Russell, their eight years' search for a partner disclosed no individual with the necessary qualifications who was willing to make the trip.

Consequently, it was not until April, 1907, that their long-laid plans began to materialize. Loper met Monett—a boy in appearance, not seemingly strong and unusually quiet—at the Mohawk Mine in Goldfield. But that Monett was not young—in courage, at least—and not as weak as a casual glance revealed, was presently



LOOKING DOWN UPON THE COLORADO FROM THE TOP OF THE "INNER GORGE"—THE CLIFFS ARE NEARLY FOURTEEN HUNDRED FEET SHEER AND THE RIVER IS A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET WIDE.

From a Photograph.

evidenced when the young man expressed not only a willingness to share the dangers of the trip with the other two, but urged as proof of his strength his work in the mines—a daily physical test calling for no little endurance. Loper notified Russell, then foreman of a mine near Prescott, that the third man had at last been found, and a meeting was arranged for Green River, Utah, early in September. To this point were shipped the row-boats Russell and Loper had determined to pin their faith to, together with a three months' supply of provisions.

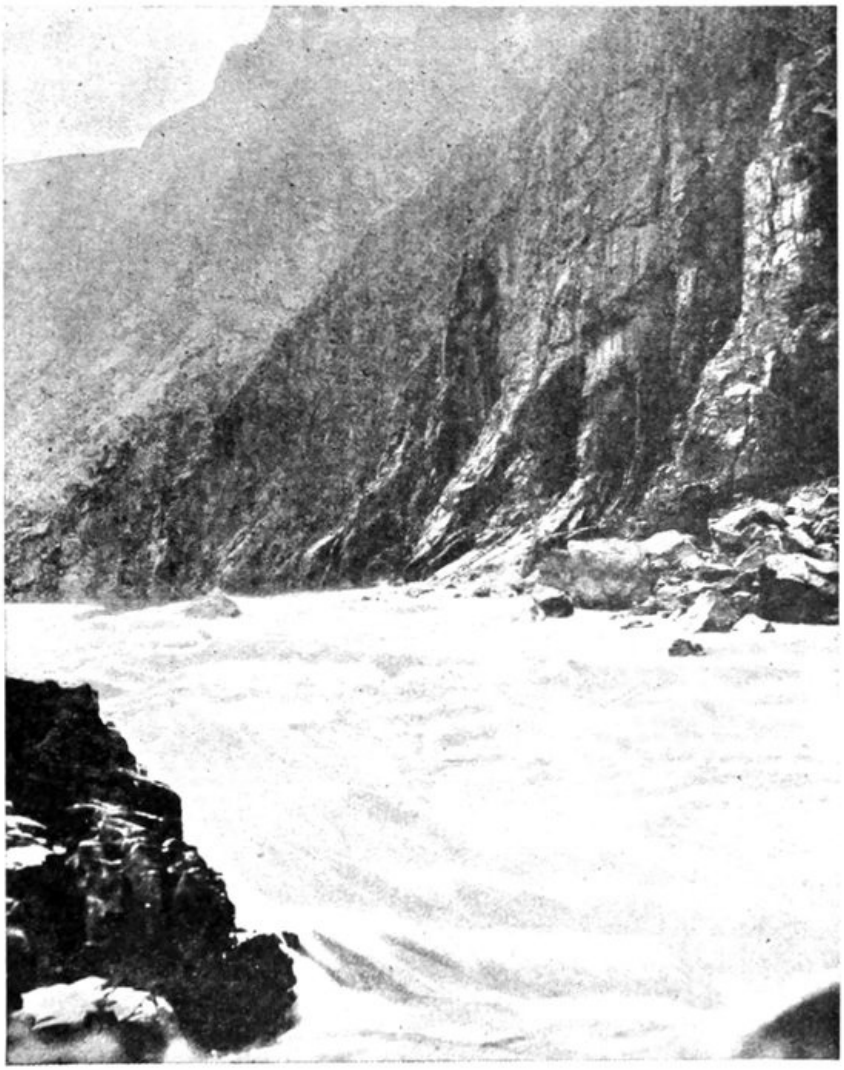
Realizing that the loss of the boats meant failure and perhaps loss of life, the explorers took great care to secure suitable craft. They were designed to be light yet strong, each large enough to hold one man in addition to the food and clothing composing his outfit. Each boat was sixteen feet long, with steel ribs, covered with a tough wooden "skin," which was still further protected by a covering of stout canvas. To prevent them being swamped in the boiling rapids, the boats were covered with decks made of steel sheets, carefully riveted together so that the joints would be water-tight. A hole just large enough to admit a man's body was left in the centre, and when the voyager took his seat at the oars flaps of heavy cloth were stretched around his body extending to the edges of the cavity. Each craft had a reservoir full of air built into either end, like a lifeboat, to give it more buoyancy. The little fleet bore the names of *Arizona*, *Utah*, and *Nevada*, the respective States from which the intrepid trio hailed.

On the Green River in Utah, one of the sources of the Colorado, the men launched their craft and began their strange voyage. They were four days in reaching the Colorado, having to travel about a hundred and twenty-five miles. It was not difficult to tell when the Colorado was reached, for almost immediately they plunged into what is known as the Little Cataract Canyon, where the smooth waters abruptly ended. For forty-one miles they were swirled and thrown about in the grip of angry currents. Luckily Russell and Monett came out safely, but Loper came to grief. Their experience is thus described by Russell:—

"The rapids presented a terrifying appearance, the rushing, roaring water, beaten into foam as it plunged over the rocks, rolling in waves five to ten feet high at the foot. These extended for a hundred yards and more before they became quieter, and ended in swirling whirlpools. Hardly does the water quiet down when it takes another plunge, so close are the rapids together. This was my first experience in shooting rapids. I seemed to go very slowly until quite near the brink, when my speed was suddenly accelerated and over I plunged, the boat taking a stiff angle downward as she went over, only to rise abruptly as she climbed the next wave. Then came another pitch downward for the succeeding billow, but this she did not climb. The wave combed back fiercely, and the stern end of the boat plunged under, the water almost taking my breath away as it swept clear across the boat. She rose nicely, however, and came out on top of the next one easily. We were soon through the worst part, and pulled into the eddy.

"Before long we entered upon the worst part of this canyon. Rapids Fourteen, Fifteen, and Sixteen are so close together that they must be run without stopping, as there is practically no quiet water between them; and so rocky is No. Sixteen that it seems impossible to get through at all. Loper proposed to run it with his boat, the *Arizona*, while we watched the result. He handled the craft very dexterously, being an excellent oarsman, and was successful in striking the only place in Rapid Sixteen that a boat could pass through. But even here the current dashed hard against a huge rock, taking a vertical drop of four or five feet off one side. Loper found it impossible to keep the boat away from this boulder and she was swept heavily against it. She turned almost on end, but luckily the water was deep and she came up like a fish. After seeing Loper's experience Monett and myself were fearful of our ability to get through, and Loper bravely volunteered to bring our boats through, which feat he accomplished in safety."

When they had pulled themselves together and looked over the little fleet it was found that Loper's boat had been unfitted for further service by the collision with the rock, and the greater part of his supplies lost. After a consultation it was decided that the others should leave their unfortunate partner at a little settlement just below the cataract and proceed. Russell and Monett, pushing ahead, put in many days prospecting along the shores of Glen Canyon. They waited for Loper at Lee's Ferry, a Mormon settlement, more than twice as long as the time agreed upon. Then, as there were no signs of him, they determined to go on without him. Friday, the 13th of the month, had no terrors for the intrepid pair, and they started off down the river on the morning of that day, with the Marble Canyon acting as an introduction to the Grand Canyon below. In dwelling on this stage of their journey Russell seemed to lose sight entirely of the remarkable nerve both men showed in going through what is admittedly the wildest part of the river without the third companion who, at the outset, had seemed absolutely indispensable to the successful accomplishment of the trip. In seven days they had passed the length of the roaring stream through the perpendicular walls of Marble Canyon, towering up on either side to an average height of three thousand feet, and had come safely through the worst rapids up to that point. At one place there were fifty-seven rapids to be negotiated in quick succession, some of them having falls from sixteen to twenty feet deep.

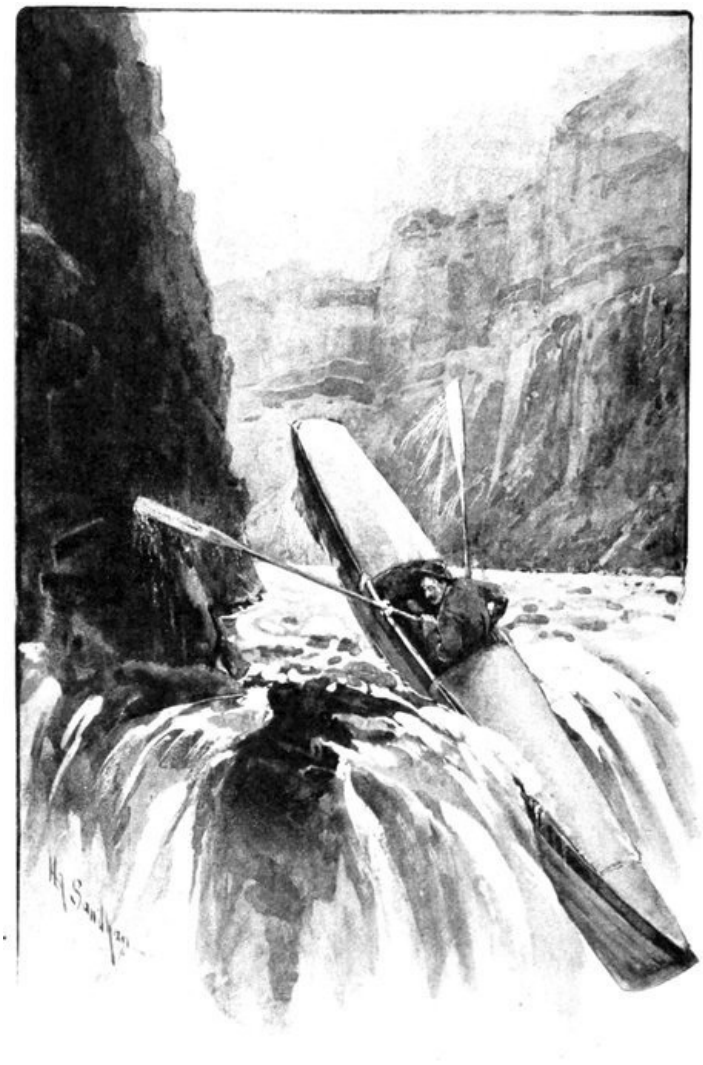


RAPIDS IN THE CANYON—AT ONE POINT THERE ARE FIFTY-SEVEN RAPIDS TO BE NEGOTIATED IN QUICK SUCCESSION, SOME WITH FALLS TWENTY FEET HIGH!

From a Photo. by Fred Harvey.

Entering the Grand Canyon, for the first fifteen miles below the entrance of the Little Colorado they found the water comparatively quiet. From this point onwards they found, however, their way was threatened by the worst falls they had thus far met. But the good luck which had attended them from the start still prevailed, and they managed to force their way without damage to either boat down over the almost continuous cataracts. Christmas found them only fifteen miles above Bright Angel trail. In describing the manner in which they celebrated the great day, Russell remarked, casually, that they certainly hung up their stockings—to dry. From beginning to end of their journey the adventurers had been obliged to depend for fuel entirely on such driftwood as they could find lodged in eddies and on the rocky shores. They spent more than one night in clothes soaked through with the icy water of the Colorado, with no fire to warm them. Their Christmas camp, however, was on a narrow strip of sand, with a greater supply of driftwood at hand than they had found at any point along the river. Immediately below this camping place, and continuing for the succeeding ten miles, the river dashes through a troubled stretch, the most perilous section of which is known as the "Sockdologer Rapid." To make matters worse, Russell found it impossible to follow his usual custom of "picking a trail" through these rapids. When possible the elder man climbed along the precipitous sides of the canyon beside each cataract, leaving Monett above the rough water in charge of the two boats. In this manner Russell could observe the most dangerous places through the rapids, and chart a course accordingly. But in this ten-mile stretch the granite walls rise sheer and smooth for the first fifteen hundred feet, and Russell could find no foothold, so that the men faced the necessity of "shooting" unknown waters.

Russell led the way in his boat, swinging it into the boiling current stern first—his own method of taking each cataract—making the frail craft respond to his will when possible by a forward pull on one or the other of his oars. After the first minute the cockpit in which each man sat, shut off from the rest of the boat by water-tight



"SHE TURNED ALMOST ON END."

compartments, was filled to the gunwales with icy water, in which the oarsmen were compelled to remain. The boats dashed through one wave only to plunge into another. With less than a quarter of a mile still to be covered before the less vicious water below was reached, Russell heard his companion cry out in terror from behind, but before he could turn to ascertain the cause he was driven into smooth water. Mooring his boat at the foot of the rapids as quickly as possible, Russell half climbed, half waded, along the shore of the river and made his way back.

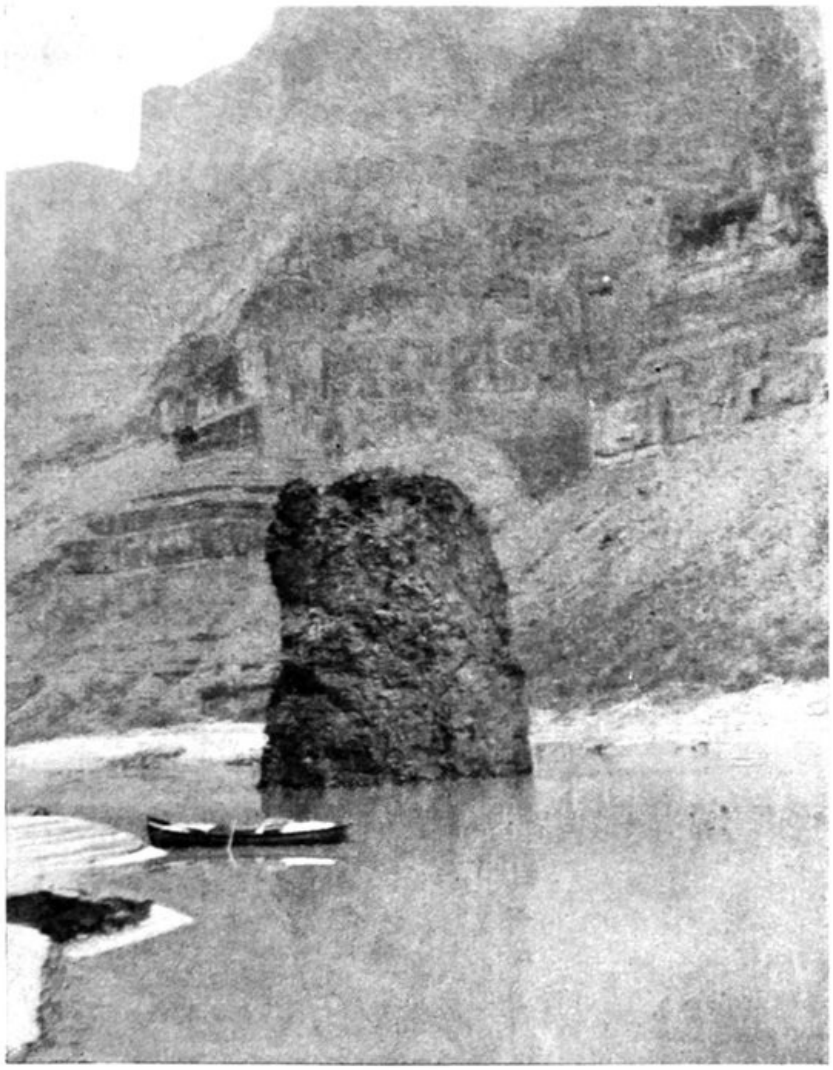
Here was disaster indeed! Monett's boat had been thrown by a heavy wave into a cleft between two jagged rocks. The craft was wedged in so tightly that he could have done little to release her if she had been "high and dry," but as it was he was literally a prisoner in the rushing waters, and how to rescue him was the question to be answered—and answered quickly. How Russell performed this brave feat is best told in his own words: "Monett, with his boat wedged tightly between two rocks, whose tops were about a foot below the sweeping water, was hanging desperately to the gunwales of the little craft—his body straightened out horizontally by the rush of the current. The boat was completely wrecked, but when I threw the rope to him I was astounded to see the boy carefully work his way closer to the craft and begin to tie its contents securely to the one means of saving his own life.

MONETT AND RUSSELL AT BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL, SHOWING HOW MONETT TRAVELLED AS "DECK PASSENGER."

From a Photo. by Fred Harvey.

"So loud was the roar of the rapids that it was useless for me to yell to him to let the provisions go and save himself. Four times he made me haul sides of bacon and sacks of beans through the thirty feet of rushing water between him and the shore, before he finally caught the rope himself and let me drag him to safety. He had been in the water more than twenty minutes, and was nearly exhausted when I helped him to his feet."

The loss of the boat seemed at first to mark the end of their attempt to equal the record of their predecessors, but Monett insisted that they should try the plan of carrying him astride on the stern of the surviving boat. "If we strike too rough water, I can always swing overboard," he urged, "and we've needed a drag that wouldn't get fouled in the rocks all along."



THE SURVIVING BOAT IN A QUIET STRETCH OF THE CANYON.

From a Photo. by Fred Harvey.

So the adventurers continued, Monett managing to keep a grip on the covered deck while Russell navigated the frail craft through the foaming torrent, stern first. It was a case of "get out or die," as they put it afterwards, for they could not possibly scale the black walls that rose on either side for thousands of feet as sheer as a stone falls through the air. They might abandon the boat and work their way up to some rocky shelf, but they stood an excellent chance of starving if they found farther progress impossible. Thus began one of the most remarkable exploits in the history of adventure. For several days they dodged in and out of the rapids, but finally reached the little stretch of smooth water where the river flows past Bright Angel trail. At noon one day, about two weeks after the second shipwreck, a party of tourists were eating their luncheon by the river-side; they saw two men in one little row-boat swing out of the rapids two hundred yards up stream and row leisurely toward them. In the thirty years that tourists have visited the bottom of the canyon at this point, it is safe to assert that not one ever saw a sight like this. Two horses were placed at the disposal of the explorers, whose clothes were torn and soaking wet, while their faces were covered with many weeks' growth of beard.

They had planned to climb out of the canyon at Bright Angel to send and receive letters, but they had no intention of remaining here. With all their provisions now confined to the limited quarters of one boat, and with other incentives to make them push on with all speed possible, it was with difficulty that they were persuaded to remain at the hotel three days. During their stay here they were fêted and made the heroes of the hour by the guests. Through it all they displayed an equanimity and unfailing good nature which surprised those who expected to find these ragged adventurers rather taciturn than talkative. Three days later the entire community accompanied the two men to the river edge and bade them an enthusiastic farewell as they pushed off into midstream and headed down river once more.

THE BOAT EMERGING FROM THE CANYON.
From a Photo. by Fred Harvey.

RUSSELL AS HE APPEARED AFTER THE TRIP, WITH THE "FLAG OF VICTORY" AT THE BOW OF THE BOAT.
From a Photo. by Fred Harvey.

Below Bright Angel they had more thrilling experiences, for one of the ugliest canyons had to be "rushed," as Russell puts it. Here they went through no fewer than fifteen different rapids in a distance of twenty-five miles. Several times Monett was torn from the boat by monster waves, but being an expert swimmer and very strong he managed to keep himself from being drowned or dashed upon the rocks, although his escapes were miraculous. At length they emerged from the last gorge at the little town of Needles, California, where their appearance excited the utmost astonishment. They had started on the journey with clean-shaven faces, but their hair and beards had grown until Russell and Monett looked twenty years older. Their clothing was stained by exposure to the weather and torn by the rough usage they had experienced, and they appeared far more like tramps than the heroes they had proved themselves to be. Well they had earned the right to hoist the "flag of victory" on

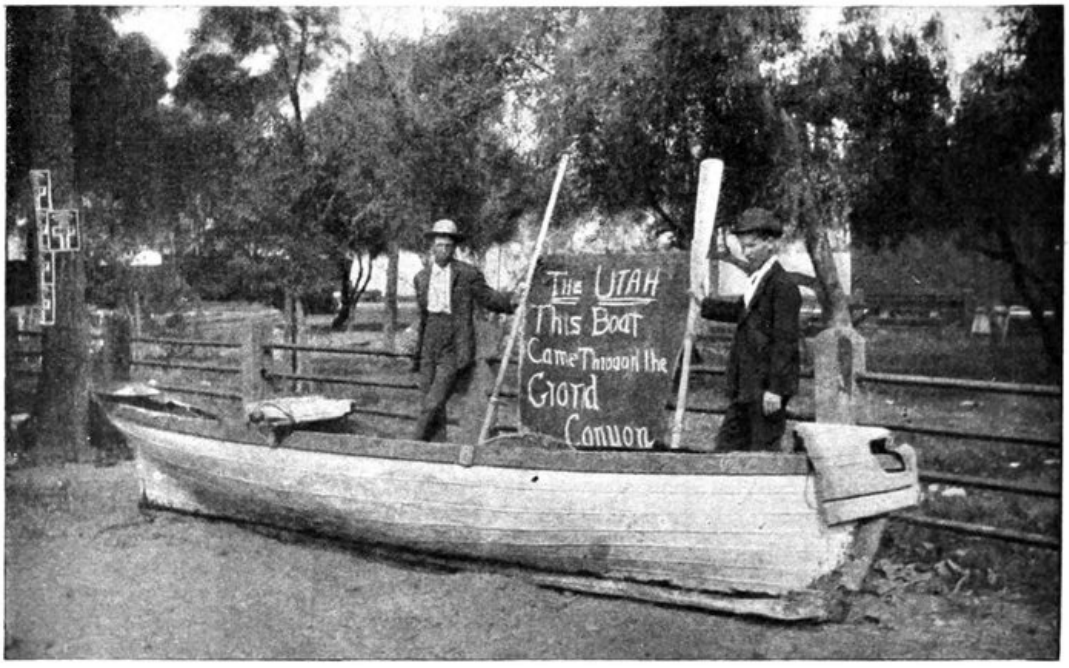
their little craft, even though it was only the remains of a cotton undershirt tied to a pole. During the last part of the voyage the gunwale of the boat was swung against a ledge with such force that the steel deck was torn from its fastenings, and, to lighten the craft and keep her from sinking, they had to pull off the useless sheets and throw them overboard.

During this unique voyage they floated down no less than seven hundred and fifty miles of the Colorado, traversing over twenty gorges whose walls ranged from three thousand to seven thousand feet—over a mile—in height. While the Grand Canyon and its divisions was the longest of the gorges, extending for three hundred miles, they also ran the Marble Canyon—a gorge seventy-five miles long. The last abyss from which they emerged was Black Canyon. At this point they came to the first settlement of human beings they had found on the banks of the Colorado since leaving Lee's Ferry over three months before, for the Bright Angel trail is several miles away from any dwelling.

The men say that they were able to accomplish their exploit only by doing the exact opposite from what a boatman usually does. They let their boats go stern first down stream instead of bow first, and pulled their oars against the current. In other words, they kept rowing away from their destination, and up instead of down river. They followed this plan because, as Russell said, it enabled them to see where they were going. The current and rapids propelled the boats so swiftly that they merely used the oars for steering. Thus they avoided rocks and points on shore upon which the craft would otherwise have struck and been battered to pieces.

MONETT, WHO MADE THE LAST STAGES OF THE VOYAGE CLINGING TO THE DECK-PLATES.

From a Photo. by Fred Harvey.



THE BOAT AND HER CREW AFTER THE VOYAGE.

From a Photograph.

A Romance of Two Islands.

By Frederic Lees.

That romance, such as the writer of fiction is alone thought capable of producing, often lies hidden in family records is strikingly borne out by the following story of adventure. The author recently came into possession of a bundle of letters written from the West Coast of Africa in 1844 and 1845 by his paternal great-grandfather, and from these, combined with details handed down from father to son, he has put together this interesting narrative. Fierce fighting and foul play on sea and land is the subject; the scene, the Islands of Ichaboe and St. Helena; the time, the early years of the reign of Queen Victoria, when, as the reader will see from the dangers run by the hero of the story, the early pioneers of British commerce were brought face to face with difficulties and perils which are now almost unknown.

II.

In spite of what had happened, Captain Jasper Ivory, much to everybody's astonishment, remained in the roadstead. With a twelve months' interdiction against his name, all chance of getting a pit or stage before the guano was exhausted was gone. Yet the *Gurango* and the *Florentia* stopped where they were, their owner professing himself to be occupied with the purchase of cargoes in view of a rise in prices. Few people, however, were deceived, for at the same time that he carried on these very speculative transactions he was making himself conspicuous by his overtures of friendship to certain members of the committee, who after a few weeks' cajoling he so far won over as to persuade them to propose a remission of part of his sentence. But Joseph Lees and other magistrates would not hear of this, since it would have been, as the chairman said when the matter was discussed, "a fatal proof of weakness on their part, above all in the case of such a man as Ivory, who would simply take advantage of it to obtain further concessions and favours, to which—as a man who had nearly been caught in the act of crime—he was certainly not entitled." It was rumoured that Captain Jasper was extremely angry on hearing the committee's decision, but he nevertheless continued his habitual policy of outward friendliness to all men.

Early in September, shortly after the above-mentioned meeting, Joseph Lees fell ill. The symptoms of his malady were peculiar, and as they baffled the skill of no fewer than three doctors, it will be as well to enumerate them. Taking up a book one evening, just before retiring to rest, he was amazed to discover that he had suddenly become short-sighted. As his eyesight had hitherto been perfect, he attributed the phenomenon to fatigue and the glaring sun to which he had been exposed all day, and decided to forego his reading and to at once retire for the night. On awaking next morning he was relieved to find that his sight was again normal. Shortly after noon, however, the focus of his eyes again changed; then, as before, there was a return to the normal state. These intervals of shortsightedness recurred with distressing regularity for a week or ten days, at the end of which time Lees called in the doctor who had accompanied him from England. General physical debility, occasioned by living under bad conditions, was pronounced to be the root of the ill, which would quickly disappear if combated with a bottle of port, a generous allowance of nourishing victuals, and a few days' rest in purer air. Remaining on board the *Elora* instead of going on to the island to superintend the loading of the boats, the patient tried this treatment for a week. Far from improving, however, he rapidly became worse, much to the alarm of the doctor—a young and nervous man, as he proved himself to be by losing his head and proposing a consultation with a brother practitioner. Putting their wise heads together, the two doctors found that the supercargo's stomach was at fault, so they prescribed croton oil and a low diet. Other peculiar features of his ailment now began to make their appearance. He experienced a difficulty in breathing; at times his eyes brimmed over with tears, though he felt none of the feelings that usually accompany them. Weakness, too, set in, and after six weeks of lying on his back, he was afflicted with twitchings of the facial muscles. By this time a third doctor was in attendance. But he confessed to his colleagues that he had never seen such a peculiar case before, and argued that Lees must be suffering from some blood disease, combined with a nervous ailment, both of which, he suggested, might be endemic in that part of the world.

"Let us try mercury," he said. "I have known it effect wonderful cures. And to show that I do not disregard your remedy, which has also many virtues, we will give him occasional doses of croton oil as well."

The ignorance of these three doctors brought Lees to death's door. By the beginning of September he was reduced to such a state of weakness that he had to have assistance if he wished to leave his cabin, where he lay for hours at a time in a semi-paralyzed state. His brain, he noticed, continued its functions, but his body began to lose its sensibility to pain. At last he made up his mind to have done with his medical attendants and their physics and try a régime of his own.

"I have the most heartrending tidings to communicate," he wrote on December 5th to his son. "I am a dying man, and the chances are if I ever leave this place and reach England, though I implore God to spare me to see my family and arrange my affairs. But, notwithstanding, His will be done. I am resigned."

Feeling no longer able to direct the affairs of Ichaboe, and fearing that troubles would sooner or later once more break out, Lees communicated with the authorities at St. Helena. The result was the return of H.M.S. *Thunderbolt*, which brought not only a certainty that disturbers of the peace would be held in check—a great relief to the supercargo's mind—but also a first-rate ship's doctor, who was to play an important part in this history.

"We must see what Alexander Maxwell can do for you," said the captain of the man-of-war, when, half an hour after his arrival off the island, he called on the chairman of the committee. "He's one of the best doctors in the Royal Navy, without a doubt. If anyone can pull you through—and a man of your build and constitution, Lees, isn't going to be bowled over yet—he will. So as soon as I get back, I'll send him over to you."

A quarter of an hour later, Dr. Maxwell, a man of close on forty, with a broad, high forehead, was sitting by the sick man's side, feeling his pulse, questioning him as to his sensations, and learning the history of the case from its very beginning. His knitted brow and the intent manner in which he watched his patient's face showed that he was keenly interested, if not a little puzzled.

"There, now, Mr. Lees, that will do for the present, thank you," he said after a few minutes. "You mustn't fatigue yourself by too much talking. I'm going to leave you for half an hour or so. I'll bring you a bottle of something to relieve that shortsightedness—something a little pleasanter than mercury and croton oil."

And as he closed the cabin door behind him, Captain Graham, who was present at the consultation, heard him murmur: "Mercury and croton oil indeed! The dunderheads, not to think of belladonna!"

Dr. Maxwell, unlike the three incompetent medical men who had already treated the supercargo, had kept pace with scientific research, and was acquainted with the action not only of deadly-nightshade but of other less-known poisons, to one of which he knew his remedy was a counteractive. As a matter of fact, he was strongly suspicious that his patient's complaint was not due to natural causes, though as yet he could not understand how it could have its origin in artificial ones.

A few hours later Dr. Maxwell, once more by Lees' side, was in possession of one of those facts which tell so much to the scientific mind. The physiological action of belladonna, following on another agent whose effects were opposite in character, had revealed the secret.

"Exactly as I thought!" he exclaimed, when he had finished his examination of the patient. "You'll be as right as a trivet in three months or so from now. Good food and fresh air are what you want. Your case, my good sir, is one in which I can approve of Macbeth's advice to 'throw physic to the dogs.' By the by, captain," turning towards Graham, "would you kindly close the door, so that there'll be no fear of our being overheard? I should like to have a little conversation with Mr. Lees and yourself."

Wondering as to what was coming, Captain Graham did as he was asked, and drew a chair up to the side of the bunk.

"Now, Mr. Lees," began the doctor, "at the risk of fatiguing you I want all your attention for a few minutes whilst I put several very important questions to you. This is a most serious matter, and the sooner we act the better. Would you tell me, please, if you have any enemies either on board this ship or in the roadstead of Ichaboe?"

"Not a few, I imagine, in the roadstead, but on the *Elora* I should say certainly not," replied the supercargo, in a low voice. "My position as chairman of the committee has naturally not contributed to popularity amongst the savages of these parts, and I could name at least five or six of the guano thieves who wish I'd never come to Ichaboe, and who certainly wouldn't be sorry to see the last of me."

"Particularly Captain Ivory, eh? From what I've been told he's the sort of man who would stick at nothing. But what I should like to know is this: What motive could he have for poisoning you, and, presuming that he's the instigator of this crime, who is his accomplice?"

"I DON'T MERELY SUSPECT IT, MY DEAR SIR—I KNOW IT."

"*Poisoning* me, doctor?" said the sick man in astonishment, raising himself on his elbow and gazing at Maxwell with something of the old fire in his eyes. "Do you really suspect that my illness is due to a criminal hand?"

"I don't merely suspect it, my dear sir—I *know* it. I suspected it when I first saw you, but I'm certain now. You've been systematically poisoned for several months past, and not solely by mercury and croton oil, but by Calabar bean as well. We may, a little later, if we can get hold of some of the poison, be able to prove our statement by analysis. Meanwhile, we know we've got hold of the truth, and what we've got to do is to find out the person or persons who have had a hand in this affair."

"Then you may make up your mind, doctor, that it's Jasper who's done it," affirmed Captain Graham, emphatically. "Poison's exactly the sort o' weapon he'd use, the double-faced, smooth-tongued villain that he is."

"I grant you, captain, that he's all that, and much more besides, perhaps. But before we fix this crime upon him we've to discover first what motive he could have in committing it; and, secondly, what means he adopted."

"Not much difficulty in assignin' a motive when we recall the ambuscade and its subsequent effects," returned Graham. "Twelve months' interdict against his name; checkmated aboard his own ship, if you please, and unable, ever since that day, to get the least sympathy from our gallant chairman here, though Jasper's friends tried their hardest in committee. But you'll have to hear the whole story, doctor, 'fore you can understand right, so by your leave and Mr. Lees' I'll spin you the yarn from the beginnin'."

Captain Graham gave a rapid account of the events of the past four months, and concluded with the remark:—

"Seems to me the business fairly bristles with motives. What beats me, though, is the question of his accomplice, seein' as there ain't more than five or six of us who have entered this cabin regular-like; and I've never thought o' lookin' to find a traitor among the crew o' the *Elora*. I could have taken my davy there wasn't a dishonest man aboard."

"I shall be inclined to say that Ivory is guilty, if only we can find the link between him and this ship," said Maxwell at last. "You have had your meals, I understand, almost invariably alone, Mr. Lees. By whom were they prepared and served?"

"By Daniel White, the steward."

"A man—I take it from Captain Graham—who has nothing against his character?"

"Came to me two years ago with a clean score," chimed in the captain of the *Elora*, "and I ain't had no fault to find with 'im since. 'Honest Daniel' he's called, too, by the crew."

"He has certainly shown the greatest attention to me during my illness; has been thoughtful and obliging in the extreme," said the supercargo. "Yet it seems to me, captain," he added, after a thoughtful pause, "that my memory is still better than yours. Don't you remember the conversation we had in your cabin in July on the subject of the thefts? or is it merely the fancy of a poor brain that has had much to bear these last three months?"

"Conversation in July, in my cabin, about thefts?" repeated the captain, slowly and thoughtfully. "Well, now you mention it, I do. But I fail to see its connection."

He stopped, deep in thought, his eyes fixed on the invalid's white face. A momentary pause ensued, then, recollecting himself, he gave his thigh a mighty smack with his horny hand, and exclaimed:—

"By Jove, but I do, though! You're right, sir, you're right! What a lubber I've been to forget that Daniel White said he'd known Jasper Ivory at Bristol, an' that he claimed a knowledge o' some o' his ships! The whole thing comes back to me now. White told one o' the sailors about his changin' the names of his ships fro' time to time; and Baines, who heard the yarn, told me. Mebbe we'd better hear it again from the second mate's own lips to be certain, though it strikes me circumstances are sufficiently suspicious to warrant our clapping Daniel White into irons at once."

"They are, indeed, captain," said the doctor, in his coolest professional manner; "but, by your leave—and you are, of course, master on board your own ship—we will do nothing in a hurry. We've got to prove our case beyond dispute by obtaining possession of some of the poison, which, if we take care not to arouse suspicion, will doubtless be again administered, probably in the drinking water, since Eserine, the noxious element of Calabar bean, is tasteless in solution. Then, we mustn't forget that there are two criminals who have had a hand in this affair, and that a too hasty action on our part might result in the principal one escaping. No; let us be content for the time being to keep an eye on this pretty steward of yours. And now, Mr. Lees," turning to the sick man, who, overcome with excitement, was lying in his berth with closed eyes, "I will leave you until to-morrow in the good hands of Captain Graham."

Almost on the very day predicted by the doctor Joseph Lees was able to put his feet to the ground and sit up for two or three hours in his chair. Dr. Maxwell and Captain Graham were once more with him, talking over the events of the past week and discussing future plans. For several unexpected things had happened since the day on which it was discovered that an attempt had been made on the supercargo's life, and one of these—the disappearance of Daniel White—had completely altered their plan of campaign. The steward, who had evidently taken alarm at the doctor's repeated visits, the presence of the *Thunderbolt*, and the guard that was placed upon Lees' food and drink, had escaped down a rope and, unperceived by the watch until it was too late to hope to be able to put a bullet through him, had swum out to one of Ivory's ships, one of which—the *Florentia*, in all probability, since it was no longer in the roadstead when morning came—had taken him on board.

"Fate has certainly been against us," said the doctor, "and I'm sorry, captain, that I didn't follow your suggestion to take the fellow into custody whilst we had the chance. From the point of view of a case against Jasper Ivory, my blunder, unfortunately, has had disastrous consequences. There's a moral certainty he was the instigator of the crime, but without our hands on Daniel White's collar we cannot bring forward anything that would lead to the conviction of the captain of the *Gurango*. With the plea of absolute ignorance as to the very existence of this steward, he would be acquitted without a doubt."

"You're the last man in the world, doctor, who needs to reproach himself," responded Captain Graham. "You did the main thing, after all, when you arrested the assassin's hand. But for you Mr. Lees would have been takin' a longer voyage than from 'ere to the old country. And we sha'n't be long now afore we sails, thank goodness."

"The sooner you wind up your affairs and get away from the stench of Ichaboe the better for both of you," said Dr. Maxwell. "I should strongly advise you, Mr. Lees, to touch at St. Helena on your way home. The air there is particularly bracing, and a fortnight's sojourn will put new life into you. Indeed, the climate is so favourable to convalescents that some of my patients——"

The doctor's sentence was at this moment broken off short by the appearance of the second mate in the open doorway.

"Beg pardon for interrupting you, gentlemen," he said, "but Captain Ivory is here and would like to speak with Mr. Lees for a few minutes."

Before either Captain Graham or the supercargo had time to protest against his impertinent intrusion, the captain of the *Gurango*, with all his old assurance, had brushed past Baines and was advancing into the cabin.

"Good morning, captain; good morning, gentlemen all," he said briskly, and with a nod to each. "Very glad to see, Mr. Chairman, that you are on the high road to recovery. Mackenzie told me yesterday that you'd been making great progress lately, so I thought I'd come round and have a chat with you before you sailed, which I gather from him you'll be doing very shortly. You're a lucky man to be able to get from this wretched place—with your fortune made, I warrant, but a very unpleasant recollection, withal, of the infernal climate."

For several moments, which seemed an eternity of time, so dead was the silence, no one replied.

The three men—a little taken aback at Ivory's audacity—gazed at him with frankly hostile eyes. The first to speak was Dr. Maxwell, in slowly pronounced phrases, as keen as a lancet:—

"In saying that my patient is a lucky man in being able to get away from Ichaboe, you never spoke truer words in your life, Jasper Ivory. But you are wrong if you imagine that we are such ignoramuses as to attribute his illness to what you are pleased to call the infernal climate. Infernal climate, forsooth! But I am forgetting that you are a layman, liable, now and then, to express yourself inaccurately, and, of course, totally ignorant in the matter of diseases or drugs—particularly poisons. I may tell you, therefore, that the initial cause of Mr. Lees' malady has been traced to one of the precious pack of rascals whom he had to keep in order here. I suppose a simple seaman like you has never seen any seeds like these before? I found them in the locker of Daniel White, late steward of the *Elora*—a man who, curiously enough, was an old friend of yours."

The doctor, as he said these words, took a number of claret-coloured seeds out of his waist-coat pocket and held them out on the palm of his hand for Captain Ivory's inspection, closely watching his face the while. But not a muscle moved; and it was with absolute control over both voice and features that Jasper replied, nonchalantly:—

"What a beautiful colour! And what may be the name of those pretty things, doctor? I rely on your superior knowledge, which appears to cover a wider field than science, since you've just made me the friend of a man of whom I've never heard in my life."

"We scientists call them the seeds of *Physostigma venenosum*; but they are known amongst you sailors as Calabar beans. Considering that there isn't a mariner cruising on the West Coast of Africa who doesn't know them, your education appears to have been singularly neglected. However, Daniel White will be able to complete it for you when the *Gurango* rejoins the *Florentia*, on which ship—for the time being, at any rate—he escaped from justice."

At this Captain Jasper could preserve his self-possession no longer.

"So you persist in coupling your confounded steward with me and my ships, do you?" he said, hotly. "Then let me tell you that you can talk enigmas and concoct your inventions until you are black in the face. I don't care *that* for them," snapping his fingers; "and I'll see you all three in Hades before you'll get another civil word from me!"

In a flash he had left them and was out on deck, where he continued to vent his anger by a torrent of oaths. Dr. Maxwell and the captain of the *Elora* watched him with aggravating coolness as he was being rowed away, a sullen, malicious look in his eyes. "His face was a study for a criminologist," was the doctor's pregnant comment on returning to the cabin.

Lees saw no more of Ivory before the *Elora* set sail for St. Helena, but he had not yet finished with that remarkable man; and so dramatic and unexpected was his next meeting with his enemy to be, that its every circumstance remained fresh in his mind to the day of his death.

A VIEW OF JAMES TOWN, ST. HELENA, AS IT APPEARED IN 1845, THE TIME OF THIS STORY.

From an Old Print.

The ill wrought on Joseph Lees' constitution was more deep seated than even so astute a man as Dr. Alexander Maxwell could foresee. After his departure from Ichaboe, which he devoutly hoped he would never set eyes on again, he had a serious relapse—so serious that, on the third day of the voyage to St. Helena, he gave up all his papers to Captain Graham, believing that he would not reach his destination alive. However, on New Year's morning, 1845, the first perspiration that he had had for nine months brought relief, and from that day progress towards recovery, though slow, was sure.

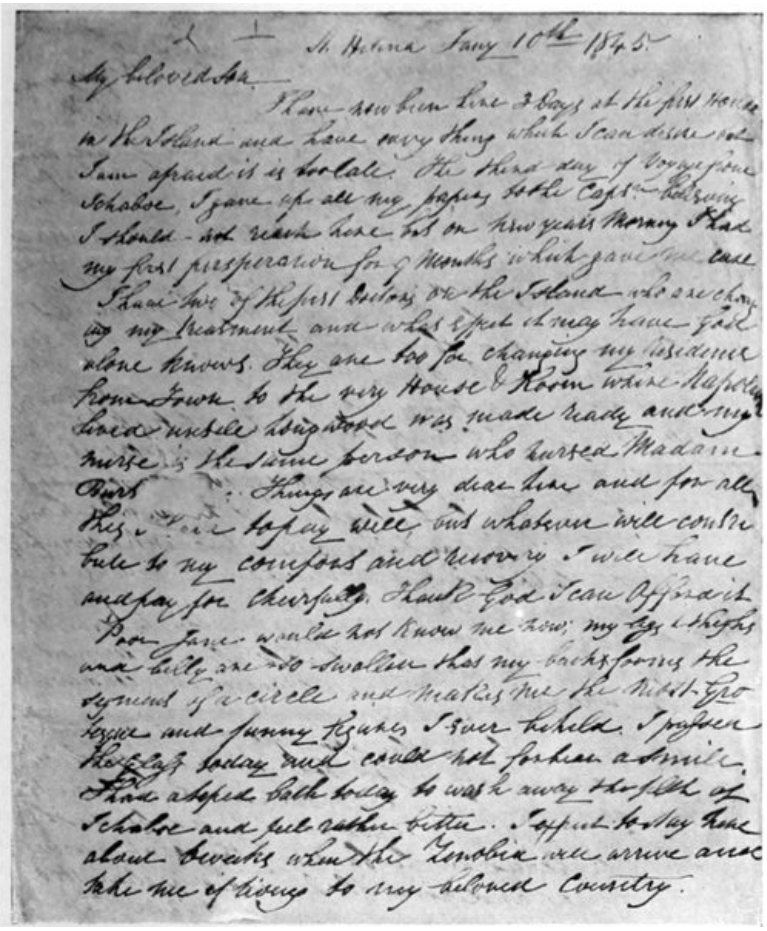
As the *Elora* came within sight of St. Helena, which from the sea looks like a bare and arid rock,

the supercargo, who was sitting on deck in a despondent mood, found himself likening it to an immense tomb. Would it be his? Almost inclined at that moment to abandon all hope and answer in the affirmative, he fell to musing, his eyes fixed on the island. Black thoughts gave place to more cheerful ones, however, as the ship drew near to land, for its aspect gradually changed from the forbidding to the inviting. The verdure-covered mountains of the interior, their rounded summits reaching to the clouds, became more and more distinct; and though these disappeared when the *Elora* got within shorter range of the perpendicular rocky cliffs, the watcher had soon the great satisfaction of once more setting eyes on human habitations—the houses and buildings of James Town, crowded within the narrow ravine formed by the almost vertical sides of Rupert's Hill and Ladder Hill. His sense of joy on returning to the haunts of men and civilization became still keener when he had actually landed and was being carried through the main street of the town—a street of solidly built houses, many with stone steps and iron railings leading up to the front doors, some with bow-windows and others with verandas.

Recommended to put up at "the first house in the island," Lees was taken to the Rose and Crown, kept by Charles Fuller, an old-established resident. The letter from which I have already quoted was written from that hotel, three days after his arrival, and in it he says to his son: "I have two of the first doctors on the island, who are altering my treatment; and what effect it may have God alone knows. They are, too, for changing my residence from town to the very house and room where Napoleon lived until Longwood was made ready, and my nurse is the same person who nursed Mme. Bertrand.[6] Things are very dear here, and for all this I have to pay well; but whatever will contribute to my comfort and recovery I will have and pay for cheerfully. Thank God, I can afford it."

[6] The Mme. Bertrand here referred to was the wife of Count Henri Gratien de Bertrand, the faithful general who followed Napoleon into exile.

This nurse, Mme. MacDonald, *née* Valadon, had a Frenchwoman's admiration for the great captive and everything connected with him; she bitterly hated the British Government and Sir Hudson Lowe; she was fond of acrimoniously expressing her views on events long since past, and she delighted in telling her patients anecdote after anecdote from her vast store of information respecting Napoleon. Certain it is, too, that her reputation as a nurse was considerable, especially among the few French inhabitants that remained, otherwise the supercargo's doctors would never have strongly advised him, as they did, to continue to employ her when he removed from the Rose and Crown to the Briars, that little estate on which Bonaparte resided, in company with Mr. Balcombe and his family, while Longwood Old House was being prepared for his reception.



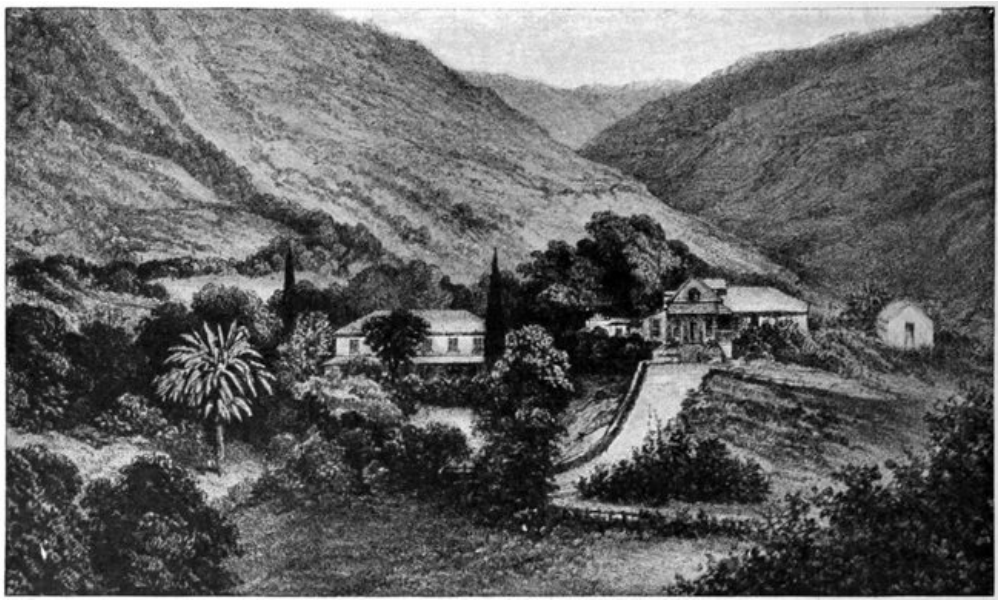
FACSIMILE OF A LETTER WRITTEN FROM ST. HELENA, IN WHICH MR. LEES MENTIONS HIS REMOVAL TO NAPOLEON'S HOUSE.

The Briars consisted—and still consists, I believe—of two houses, one called the Pavilion, where Napoleon lived, and another building to the left, both situated on a plateau at the foot of hills and buried in trees. A fine garden and grass fields adjoined, and the surrounding country was then, as now, precipitous and wildly picturesque. This beautiful little estate was some mile and a half from James Town, and access was gained to it by a road winding up the side of the rugged hill. Both houses, comfortably furnished, chancing to be let (owing to the owner's temporary absence in England) when Joseph Lees arrived in St. Helena, he rented the smaller for two months, at the end of which time, said the doctors, he ought to have sufficiently recovered his health and strength to be able to proceed home.

One bright morning about the middle of January, four sturdy "yamstalks," or inhabitants of composite origin, laboriously mounted the hillside above the town, carrying the invalid on a *chaise à porteurs* extemporized out of an arm-chair and a couple of poles. Nurse MacDonald walked by his side, chattering vivaciously.

"Never before or since have I heard such vivid narratives as those of Nurse MacDonald," said

Joseph Lees in after years when relating his adventures. "She was certainly a very remarkable woman. But with all her cleverness, there was something about her that made me distrust her from the very beginning. She was given to falling into periods of morose silence, and on more than one occasion, during my first fortnight's residence at the Briars, she struck me as being a woman whom it would be better to have as a friend than as an enemy. In short, the longer I was acquainted with her, the more uncomfortable did I feel. At first I attributed my feelings to prejudice, to the morbid effects of my illness; but as I got to know her better, and as my bodily health rapidly returned, I had finally to confess that I could not be altogether mistaken, and that the sooner I brought my sojourn in the hills of St. Helena to an end the better it would be for my peace of mind. After events proved that I was right, and that our first impressions of a person are sometimes to be trusted."



THE BRIARS, NAPOLEON'S HOUSE AT ST. HELENA, WHERE MR. JOSEPH LEES STAYED.

From an Old Print.

The dread—and there is no other word to express the feeling—that Joseph Lees finally came to have for the Briars was first awakened by an incident that occurred there after his first month's residence. As near as possible, I will describe it in his own words.

"I shall remember the night of that incident," he would begin, "as long as I live. The impression that it made at the time appeared to be slight, but in the light of after events it became indelible. It was midnight, and I was perusing a letter which I had just written to my son in the dim light of a candle placed on a little table near my bed on which I was stretched. The captain of one of the vessels which I myself had chartered had brought me that day fresh information from Ichaboe, and, as he was to sail on the following morning, I was anxious that he should take my epistle with him. After giving certain instructions in regard to the sale of the cargo, I proceeded to speak of my health and of the renewal of the troubles on the island. 'I have now some hopes of returning home, as I am much better,' I wrote. 'We have suffered greatly by robberies of guano, even to the tune of thousands. Disturbances and battles are frequent between the soldiers and the crews, who want and will have cargo. There are yet three hundred and fifty ships in the roadstead of Ichaboe, though there are not twenty cargoes on the island, and these are all expecting to beat the authorities and take it from the owners. Three hundred men made an attack the other day, and got from the chairman's pit as many tons before the soldiers proved masters. In consequence of all these things we shall not be able to fill all the ships named in the list, and there are six more to come that will not get more than half a ——'

"I had reached this part of my letter when I broke off, my attention being attracted by the sound of voices. At first I imagined that it was Mme. MacDonald talking to herself, as she was in the habit of doing, but on listening I could distinguish another voice. A feeling of alarm suddenly came over me and impelled me to blow out the candle.

"'Who could my nurse's visitor be?' I asked myself, as I jumped off the bed and approached the long French windows that opened on to a little veranda. To find anyone calling upon her at such an hour was, to say the least, strange. Stranger still, I seemed to know the voice of the person who was talking with her, but where I had heard it before I could not for the life of me tell. There was no doubt, however, that it was that of a man, and that the language in which he was conversing was French, of which I knew sufficient to seize a phrase now and then. From the words 'arrivé aujourd'hui,' 'voyage,' 'fatigue,' I came to the conclusion that the speaker must be a sailor who had arrived at the port of James Town after a long and fatiguing voyage; and on hearing him addressed as 'mon fils,' my mind immediately began to weave a story around the mother and the son. Their relationship thus established, I felt much less alarmed than I had been

at first; so I refrained from further eavesdropping and retired to rest. But, though I tried my hardest, I could not get to sleep for hours. Again and again I found myself dwelling on the question: 'Where have I heard that voice before?'

"On the following morning, much to my surprise, the visitor was nowhere to be seen. Having fully expected to meet this sailor son of hers, I expressed my regret that he had gone so early.

"'A visitor, monsieur?' she replied, with well-feigned astonishment. 'Since no one has come here during the last twenty-four hours, no one can have departed. You have been dreaming, monsieur —one of the consequences, no doubt, of your illness. I hope not a nightmare? Monsieur must not sit up so late at night. It is an imprudence when still so weak.'

"I had not been dreaming, but I did not contradict her. She evidently had reasons for concealing from me the fact that her son had paid her a nocturnal visit; and as I could conceive these reasons to be of such a nature as to warrant her little subterfuge, I decided to poke my nose no further into her affairs. What business was it of mine if she cared to receive her son in secret? Why should I trouble my head over the question as to whether she had or had not—as, indeed, she affirmed—a sailor son? Nevertheless, the old question recurred as regards the disconcerting resemblance of his voice to that of someone whom I had once met—but where I could not recall.

"The mystery, as you will soon hear, was to be unveiled three days later. I had gone to bed about ten o'clock, but, being unable to sleep, had arisen at midnight, intending to dress myself and spend a few hours over my accounts. About to strike a light, the creaking of the veranda under someone's footsteps attracted my attention and drew me to the window. Fortunate it was that I had done so before lighting the candle, for, on looking out into the darkness, I was just in time to catch sight of the dim figure of a man creeping stealthily along in the direction of the entrance to Mme. MacDonald's room. After proceeding a couple of yards or so he stopped, gave a low whistle, and at the same time so turned his head that, in the light of the moon, which up to then had been obscured, I could see his face in profile. One glance was enough. It was Jasper Ivory—the last man in the world whom I should have expected to be my nurse's son! Suddenly awakened to a sense of my danger—for I knew that this ruffian had vowed vengeance upon me, and in my weakened state I was no match for him—I sprang back into the room, huddled on my clothes with the greatest rapidity, and after stowing away my money and as many of my papers as I could get together in the dark, once more crept to the window. Ivory had disappeared into the old woman's room, whence, amidst the dead stillness of the night, came the hum of their voices. Were they plotting my destruction? I wondered.

"Having opened the long window, I noiselessly slipped out on to the veranda, turned to the left, in the opposite direction to where they were in consultation, and rapidly passed down a small flight of steps into the garden. What a relief it was to feel that I was free! I lost no time, I can tell you, in making my way as best I could to the limit of the grounds, where there was a pathway that would lead me to the main road and James Town. But before I had reached the fence that enclosed the Briars a cry from the house told me that my escape had been discovered, and somehow or other I failed to find the path I was seeking. There was nothing to be done, therefore, but to push on in the darkness at hazard. Stumbling over rocks and shrubs, my progress was exceedingly slow. My weakness, too, hindered me considerably, and I was more than once forced to stop and rest. On one of these occasions I turned round and saw that the search for me was continuing. Two lights were moving about among the shrubberies. Suddenly one of them stopped; there was a cry from the holder of the lantern—cry that I could easily recognise as coming from Ivory, and the next moment he was rapidly moving forward in my direction. He had found my track at last!

"Through the rocky, hilly country surrounding the Briars he pursued me, tenacious as a bloodhound. Owing to the fact that he had a lantern, and was thus able to avoid the obstacles which frequently impeded my progress, he covered the ground much quicker than I did. He also had an advantage in being in a perfect state of health. On the other hand, he had this against him —I was better able to follow his movements, thanks to his light, than he mine. Quick to see that I might turn this to profit, I decided, since it was inevitable he would overtake me, to lie in wait for him behind some convenient boulder, to attack him unawares, to disarm him if he carried a weapon, and then to render him harmless by methods which—as an old North-country wrestler—I felt were still within the range of my powers.

"We had reached what was evidently a little plateau on high ground. Judging this to be a suitable place for the execution of my plan, I rapidly dodged behind an agglomeration of rocks and waited for his coming. Being fifty to sixty yards in the rear, it was some time before he had completed his search of the immediate neighbourhood and could push on still farther. This gave me time to recuperate my strength. Luck, too, would have it that when he came up with me, swinging his lantern this way and that, he passed to the right of my shelter in such a way that I had but to throw out my leg to send him sprawling to the ground. As he came down with a crash, a pistol which he held in his right hand fell and exploded, while the lantern clattered among the stones and was extinguished.

"Hoping that he would be so stunned that he could offer but a slight resistance, I was upon him in an instant. Much to my surprise, however, he got to his feet in less time than it takes me to relate the fact, and, with a growl of rage, gripped me so tightly that I saw I should have the greatest difficulty in mastering him. Though a man possess all the science of all the wrestlers of Cumberland, he is a poor thing when in an indifferent state of health, and so I soon discovered.

"Locked in each other's arms, we swayed backwards and forwards in the darkness—now one, now the other, appearing to have the advantage through the accidental nature of the ground. It

was a marvel that we managed to keep our feet at all amidst all those stones and ruts. At times, also, we backed against huge rocks, and whenever Ivory got me in that awkward fix he would either angrily hiss his intention to finish me off, in payment of old scores, or grind his teeth with grim satisfaction. I can almost imagine, even now, that I feel his hot breath on my neck and the grip of his powerful arms around my body.

"For a quarter of an hour my tactics were defensive. It was evident to me from the very first that the man knew nothing of wrestling, that he had merely his strength to depend upon. My object, therefore, was to let him use it up as much as possible, reserving my own force for an occasion when I could call to my aid the useful art that I had learnt in my youth. Soon, indeed, he began to show signs of flagging. So, seizing a favourable opportunity, I suddenly drew upon all my resources, had recourse to a certain 'throw' which had many times gained me the victory at Keswick, and successfully passed him over my thigh.

"Just as his feet left the ground he released his hold of me in order to be able to break his fall. And well for me was it that he did so, for as he came down, like a slaughtered ox, I heard the sound of his body slipping away from me and of stones rolling down an abyss. He gave one wild and piercing cry of terror when he dropped down, down, down into the darkness!

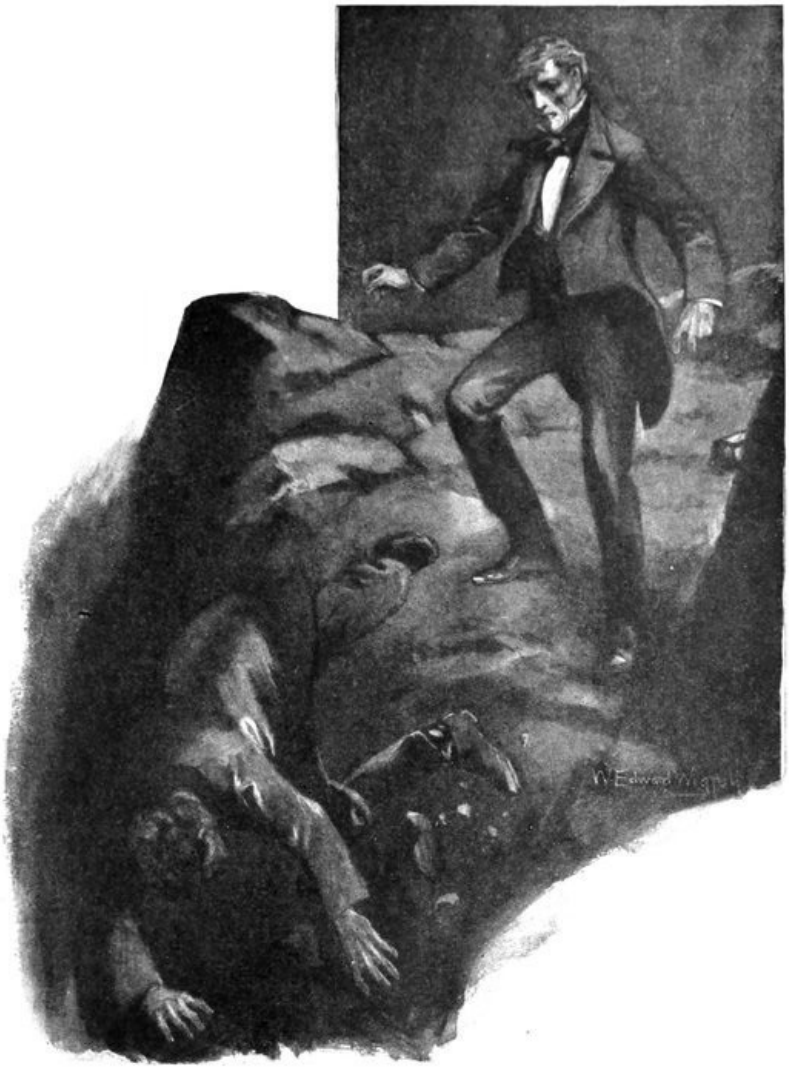
"For fully a minute did I stand where I was, my knees trembling under me through fear and exertion. Fearing to move a step before I had ascertained the exact position of the precipice, I at last stooped down and, by feeling my way in all directions, succeeded in creeping out of the danger-zone to a sheltered spot where I could lie down and sleep until daybreak. To have attempted to have found my way to James Town out of that wilderness of rocks would have been madness. Besides, I was thoroughly exhausted, and had no sooner stretched myself on the ground than I fell into a sound slumber.

"It was still early when I awoke, aching in every muscle. But I lost no time in making for the town, a distance of some two miles, being anxious to obtain food and drink at the Rose and Crown, and to give information to the authorities on the subject of my adventure. I felt that I had still a bone to pick with the treacherous Mme. MacDonald, and the sooner she was arrested the better.

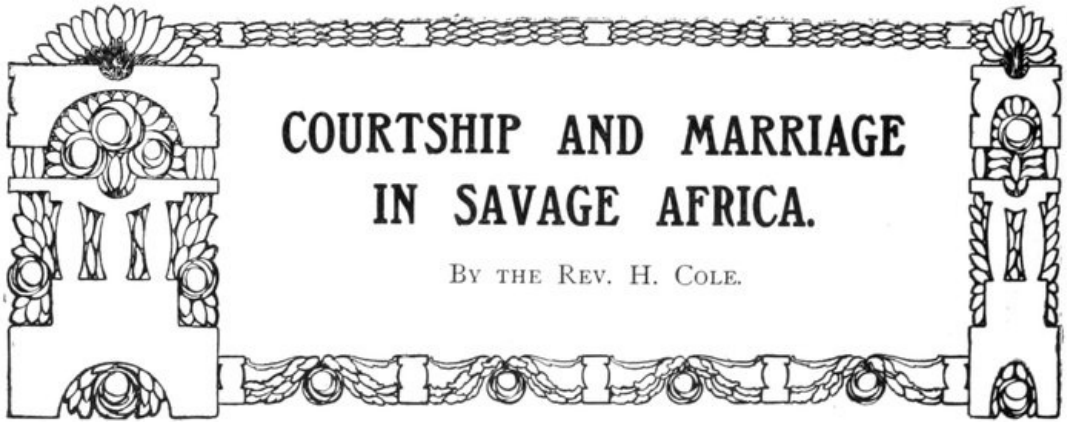
"In the absence of the Governor of the island I was received at his town offices by his chief representative, who patiently heard my tale from beginning to end.

"'Yours is a very remarkable story, Mr. Lees; one of the most romantic I have ever heard,' he exclaimed, earnestly. 'It is all the more strange, as we've been looking for years for a man bearing somewhat the description of your Captain Ivory. I am surprised that the commander of the *Thunderbolt* did not spot him at Ichaboe. But I rather imagine that that officer's knowledge of the judicial affairs of St. Helena does not go back fifteen years, otherwise he would have been sure to recollect the circumstances attending the capture of one of our schooners on June 28th, 1830. The commander of the vessel in question, Captain Harrison, a certain Dr. Waddell, and several of the crew were entrapped on board a ship called the *Daspegado*, flying French colours, and murdered. It has always been understood that the name of the captain of the pirate was Williams, but your description of Jasper Ivory tallies so exactly with his, that I have no doubt whatever that they are one and the same man. I shall, of course, have to institute an inquiry into this affair, and above all order the immediate arrest of this Mme. Valadon, or whatever she calls herself. Meanwhile, Mr. Lees, you will have to hold yourself at the disposal of the authorities. Manslaughter, you know, is a serious thing—even though the man you have killed is a pirate. And now, seeing that this matter is finished for the present, I hope you will do me the honour of dining with me this evening. I will call for you at six o'clock at the Rose and Crown and take you with me to Plantation House.'

"The pistol and lantern of Captain Jasper Ivory, *alias* Williams, *alias* MacDonald, *alias* Valadon, were found where they had fallen. But his body was never recovered from the 'Devil's Punch Bowl,' as the rocky and precipitous region where we had wrestled was—and is still—called. Was he killed on the spot, or did he escape miraculously? I cannot tell you. All I know is this: not a trace of either him or his precious mother could be discovered. Years afterwards, however, when I had returned to England and was enjoying the fruits of my hard eight months' work at that horrible island of Ichaboe, I heard that she was living at Havre, where she kept a lodging-house and, it was said, continued to carry on at least one branch of her son's profession—that of smuggling—in collaboration with Daniel White, one-time steward of the good ship *Elora*."



"HE GAVE ONE WILD AND PIERCING CRY OF TERROR WHEN HE DROPPED DOWN, DOWN, DOWN INTO THE DARKNESS."



COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE IN SAVAGE AFRICA.

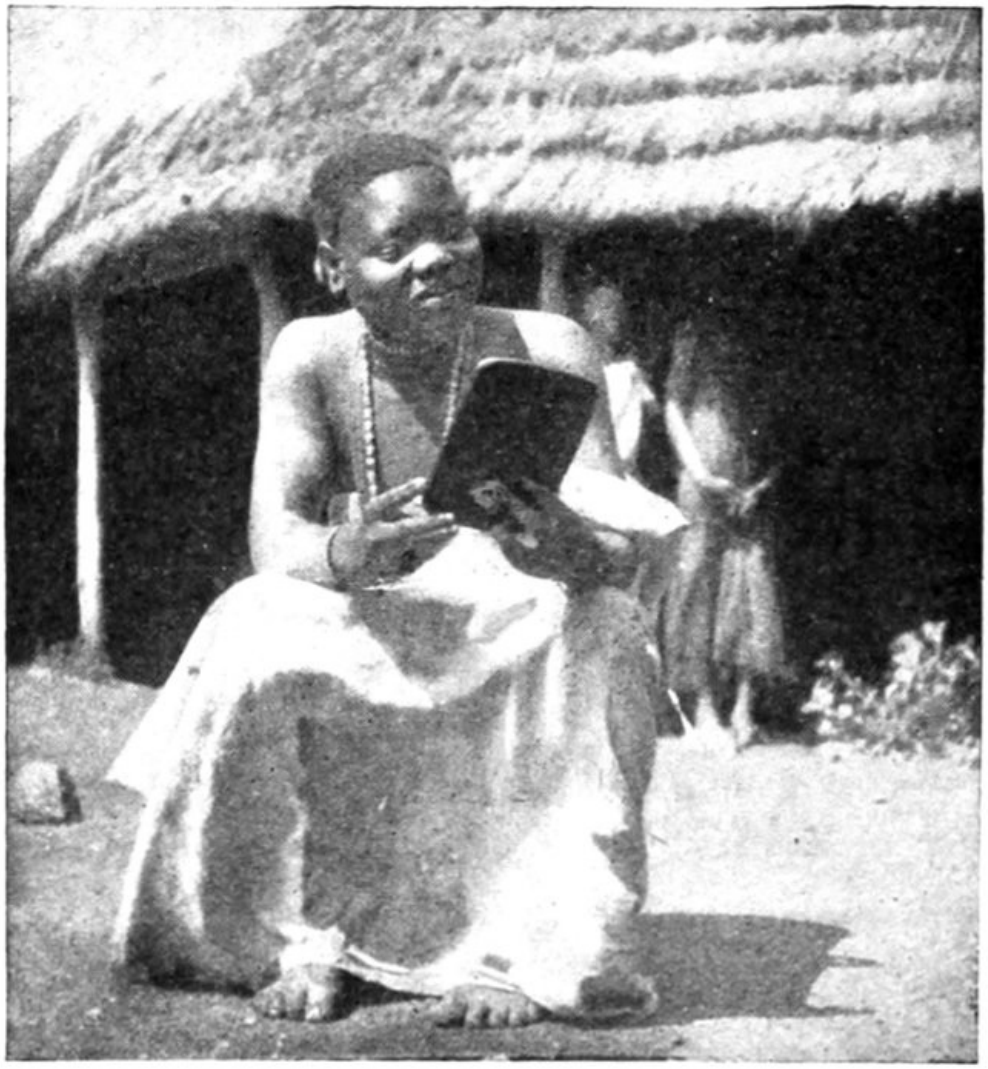
By the Rev. H. Cole.

An entertaining article, by a missionary who has spent over twenty years in the interior, dealing with the extraordinary customs governing "the love of a man for a maid" in the Dark Continent.

In Africa, marriage being largely of a commercial and temporary character, Cupid does not rule the destiny of men and women to the same extent as in this country; and even when under his spell, the natives conduct their love affairs in a much less demonstrative manner than Europeans. It will, however, be seen that some of the methods adopted by dusky swains to secure the nymphs of their choice are extraordinary, if not romantic.

Amongst some

tribes, when a man professes his love for a woman and asks her in marriage, she invariably refuses him at first, lest it should appear that she had been thinking of him and was eager to become his wife! By so doing she maintains the modesty of her sex, as well as tests the love and abases the pride of her lover. This policy is also intended to be of use to the woman in her married life—as, should there be quarrelling, and the husband threaten to send her away, she can remind him of how he made repeated professions of his love and urgently pressed his suit before she consented to become his wife.



A DUSKY BELLE ADMIRING HERSELF IN HER MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION, A HAND-MIRROR.

From a Photo, by Rev. H. Cole.

The charge which is sometimes brought against white men of "marrying for money" cannot be used against their sex in Africa, for there it is the other way about, husbands having to purchase their wives. When a man has a wife bestowed upon him as an act of charity, he feels that she is not properly his own, and she, if she will, can treat him with contempt. This custom of wife-purchase, although it is to be decried as tending to lower marriage to the level of a commercial contract, is an incentive to young men to work. Lazy youths cannot compete with energetic ones in the matrimonial market, as they are despised by the young women and rejected by their parents as being unworthy of their daughters. The number of polygamists would also be greater were it not that each man has to buy his wife. In order to procure the wherewithal he must necessarily exert himself, and as "the cost spoils the taste," many prefer to remain monogamists.

Polygamy is the source of much social evil. When a husband pays more attention to one of his wives than the others they become jealous, and probably set about poisoning her or their lord and master as the simplest way out of the difficulty. Thus the polygamist has no easy time in striving to please all his wives and guarding himself against the deadly potion; while if by chance all of them combine against him, his lot is a hapless one indeed. When he has reason to believe that his women-folk are secretly plotting against him, he makes them taste, in his presence, the viands prepared for him (males and females do not eat together, whether married or otherwise) before he partakes of them; or he may make it a rule to have all his food cooked for him by his favourite wife, eschewing all others. The photograph above reproduced shows a chief, living near one of the mission stations in Usagara, who had a hair-breadth escape from being poisoned by one of his five wives, whom he put away on becoming a Christian. The evils of polygamy are further seen in the strife and jealousy existing between the children of the different wives.

Near the great snow-capped Kilimanjaro live a tribe named the Wamoshi, noted for their strange and amusing customs relating to courtship and marriage. When a young man of this tribe sets his affections upon a young woman, he enters the garden where she is working and casts sly glances at her. If she looks at him occasionally, he takes it as a sign that she would not be unwilling to become his wife. This preliminary move being over, he sends a friend to tell her that he wishes to marry her, and if she consents the lover goes to her father. When the latter is told by the young man the object of his visit, he says: "I cannot pay any attention to your request until you bring cattle or goats." These

THE LUCKLESS CHIEF WHO NARROWLY ESCAPED POISONING AT THE HANDS OF A JEALOUS WIFE.

From a Photo. by Rev. T. B. R. Westgate.

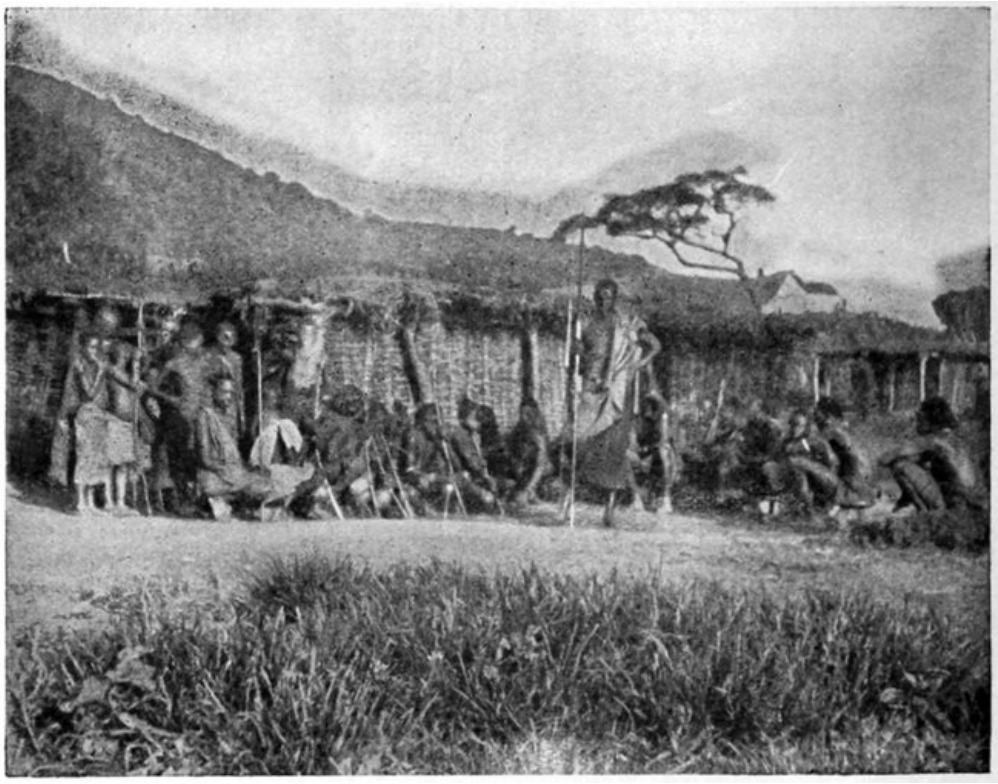
having been brought, the father tells the suitor that he must bring more on account of the mother; and when he brings these, he is further told that he must bring more on account of the sweetheart herself! These last having been brought, the palaver begins, when the amount of dowry is discussed. Before the great cattle plague in 1884, thirty head of cattle was the usual dowry paid by the bridegroom. Then the young man sends a number of his friends to seize his sweetheart when coming out of her house in the early morning. She screams and resists, whilst her friends follow, feigning grief. The captors take her in triumph to the house of her lover's mother, where she remains within doors as a guest for a month, the food being supplied by her lover. If she is in good condition at the end of the month, he is considered a worthy suitor; but if thin and haggard, he is deemed unworthy of her. The marriage ceremony (which consists of certain ablutions, etc.) being over, the bride goes out with bells attached to her legs, indicating that she has become a wife.

A missionary who witnessed the carrying off of a prospective bride without understanding the meaning of the business thought the girl's captors were very cruel, and raised his voice indignantly against such conduct. When told that it was the usual marriage custom of the tribe, however, he was greatly amused.

The Masai tribe, who are fierce in war, act gingerly enough in love-making. When a swain falls in love with a young woman, he deputes his brother-in-law to go to the mother of the damsel with two cakes of tobacco. The mother usually accepts the love-token, and the daughter, as a rule, makes no demur. When the girl comes of age (they are all engaged long before this) the man brings a heifer, and later on two cows, a bullock, four sheep, and two skin bottles of honey. One of the bottles is made into mead for the purpose of offering up in sacrifice on account of the bride. The honey of the other bottle is squirted out of the mouths of father, uncle, and mother on to the body of the bride, and after this ceremony is finished she is given to the bridegroom.

THE EXTRAORDINARY COSTUME OF MILLET-STALKS WORN BY THE YOUTHS WHILE PREPARING FOR MATRIMONY.

From a Photo. by Rev. T. B. R. Westgate.



A MATCH-MAKING PALAVER IN PROGRESS.

From a Photograph.

Between betrothal and marriage there is no communication between lovers, and should the man come unintentionally upon his intended whilst eating, he runs home and brings two goats as a

trespass-offering!

Another custom of this tribe is equally curious. When a man has gained the affections of a woman whom he wants to marry, he sets off to the forest to look for wild honey. Having procured a calabash of the precious commodity, he takes it to the parents of his sweetheart, going a second and third time to the forest on the same business, as he must present three calabashes of honey before he gets a hearing. Three cakes of tobacco added to the above make him qualified to press his suit further. Afterwards he brings another calabash of honey, a heifer calf, a bullock, and a sheep. The honey is made into mead, and the suitor, with his friends, goes to the house of the young woman, where the ox and sheep are killed. Feasting now graces the proceedings, and the bride and bridegroom go through a ceremonial washing, which is the formal way of "tying the knot." The ceremony being over, the father-in-law and his new son-in-law address one another with the familiar and endearing epithet of "Wageri."

We have seen these Masai as lovers; let us now take a peep at them as husband and wife. The man we find intolerably lazy, and the poor woman submits to the yoke of bondage as a matter of course, without a moan or groan. Though submissive, she may one day get ruffled by harsh treatment, and thus a quarrel ensues. If her husband strike her, she must not retaliate; but should she be so daring as to strike her lord and master in self-defence, all the males of the kraal assemble and belabour her with thongs. It will therefore be seen that the Masai are no believers in the doctrine that women should take their own part. Should the lady meekly submit to her husband's brutalities, however, those present call upon him to desist.

A NATIVE WEDDING AT A MISSION CHURCH.
From a Photo. by Rev. T. B. R. Westgate.

Amongst the Wasagara tribe, when a man wants to marry the woman of his choice he gives her a "chipingo" (engagement-ring). Should another suitor come along afterwards and want to pay his addresses to the engaged girl, she reminds him that she has the "chipingo" of another man—an example that might be commended to some ladies in civilized countries. When the man has procured the wherewithal for the completion of the match, he proceeds to the house of his sweetheart's parents and, the relations and friends of both parties having assembled, the palaver begins. The bridegroom, if a poor man, pays the dowry in fowls—two hens and a cock being deemed sufficient. One hen is on account of the father and the other on account of the mother of the bride. The cock is killed and eaten with a pot of porridge. When the feast is over the ablutions are performed, and the bride and bridegroom are enjoined by the conductors of the ceremony to be true and faithful to each other. The children of the union, if any, are reckoned amongst the mother's clan, and not the father's. Sometimes, amongst this same tribe, a man will actually bespeak a wife before she is born, by arrangement with a certain family; and, in order to forestall other suitors, he also offers his services to her parents as a kind of slave. He works away, patiently awaiting the birth and growth of his future wife. Should it be a male child, of course his disappointment is great. As soon as the child can tell her right hand from her left, her mother whispers into her ears her future relationship with the great big man who milks the cows and hoes in the garden. She also instils into her mind her duty towards him as his future wife. The little maiden must run out to meet him when returning from a journey and take from him his spear, etc., and carry them for him into the house. When the girl is approaching maturity the man pays the dowry, which usually consists of five goats, the fifth being killed and eaten at the wedding-feast.

The Wasukuma, a tribe living to the south of the Victoria Nyanza, conduct their love-making as follows: When a man has spied out a woman whom he fancies, he sends a friend to her parents' house to reconnoitre. On arriving he stands at the door, and the people of the house invite him inside and offer him a stool. They then enter into conversation with him and ask his business.

Without hesitation he tells them that he has been commissioned by a certain person who wants a wife to come and be his spokesman. If the father of the girl is pleased with the proposed alliance he gives the spokesman a goat, which he thankfully accepts, returning with joy to the anxious swain to announce the success of his mission.

The day of the great marriage palaver having arrived, the relations and friends of both parties assemble and dispose themselves into two groups—one group being the relations and friends of the bride, and the other of the bridegroom. The hills and vales resound with the eloquence of the orators who speak on either side. But, strange to say, they speak of the stones lying around as representing cattle, and do not address their audience directly. A speaker on behalf of the bridegroom rises and names a certain number of stones (*i.e.*, cattle); and when he has finished, a member of the opposite group rises and says the number of "stones" named is not enough. So they go on from morning till night, debating the number of cattle to be paid as dowry. When they have come to an agreement, the bride's friends take away the cattle; and afterwards beer is made and an ox killed for the wedding-feast. The friends then assemble at the house of the bride, where they eat, drink, and dance for two days, and then disperse, save four or five special friends of the bridegroom, who remain at the house until the ceremonial washing is over. Then they too depart —all save one, who remains two days more to see how the young couple get on, and to carry the tidings to the bridegroom's friends.

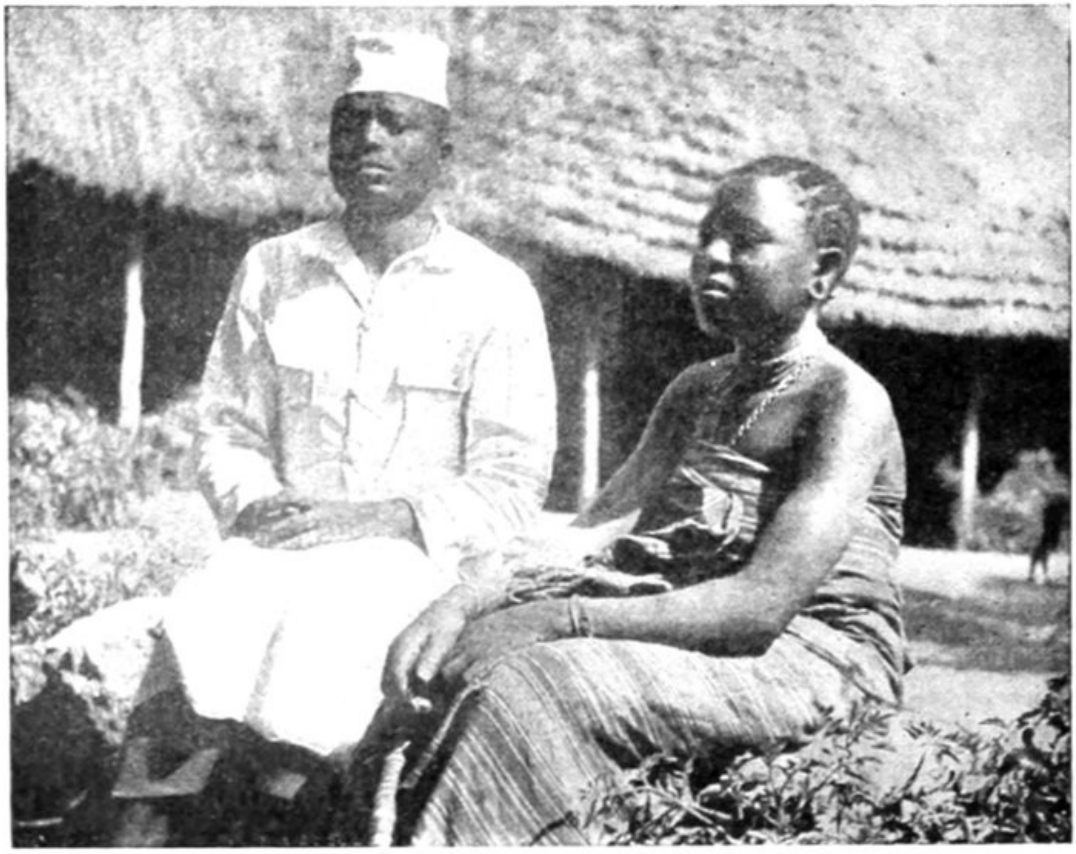
Last, but not least, I will relate the strange but interesting methods of the Wagogo—a tribe found two hundred and fifty miles west from the coast opposite Zanzibar. A woman of this tribe always refuses a man when he first proposes to her. Knowing the usual tactics of the opposite sex, the man does not take "No" for an answer, but keeps on bombarding the citadel until he has captured it. Sometimes, however, it happens that the woman really means what she says, and the man cannot by hook or by crook cajole her into marrying him!

AN ENGAGED COUPLE—THE MISSION COOK AND HIS FIANCÉE.

From a Photo. by Rev. H. Cole.

When, however, all has gone well, the suitor presents the woman of his choice with three or four iron necklaces, the acceptance of which betokens her willingness to be engaged. The man then hastens to inform his relations of what has occurred, and, if they approve of the transaction, they advise him to make a public offer of marriage. His female friends undertake this pleasant business for him, and the time chosen is the break of day. Taking a new hoe, or a few yards of calico, to present as a formal token of the engagement, they go to see the young lady. If she accepts the offering, the engagement is sealed; but if she refuses, the matter comes to an abrupt end. The betrothal is accompanied with shouting, singing, and great rejoicing, and the tremendous noise arouses the whole neighbourhood. Hence everybody in the place, both young and old, at once gets to know of the engagement, and the news is hailed as a welcome topic of gossip.

When the man has secured a sufficient number of goats, etc., he apprises the woman's relations of his desire to "guma" (*i.e.*, to pay the dowry). A day is appointed, and the match-making palaver takes place. Very often the negotiations are broken off because the amount of dowry is considered too small; and it may be interesting to set down here in detail the fees usually paid for a wife—the matrimonial price-list, so to speak. The dowry is divided into several parts, distinguished by separate names representing certain amounts, as under:—



BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.
From a Photo. by Rev. T. B. R. Westgate.

COLLECTING THE CUSTOMARY TOLL FROM THE BRIDEGROOM AND HIS FRIEND.
From a Photo. by Rev. H. Cole.

"Wupogoze" (private proposal)—three chain necklaces (engagement ring).

"Wubanye" (public proposal)—new hoe or four yards of calico.

"Madango" (first part of dowry proper)—nine goats: five on account of the bride's father and four on account of the mother.

"Matula lusona"—nine goats.

"Lung' hundi"—seven goats.

"Ibululu"—thirteen goats.

"Musenga"—a goat with young to mother of bride.

"Wufuwa"—a goat to uncle of bride.

"Muvumba"—two yards of calico to the bride.

"Malenga"—a second-hand hoe to father of the bride.

It will be observed from this final offering that, as in civilized countries, the hapless father-in-law, having once given his consent, is treated as of little importance.

The preliminaries being over, the marriage ceremony takes place. The bride and bridegroom, feigning bashfulness, run away and hide. When found they are brought (the latter carried on women's backs) to the altar. Here they are made to sit on stools, and are washed in turn, the bridegroom leading the way. He is washed by his brother-in-law, or, in his absence, by some other relative of the bride. This function being over, they are anointed with oil, and the mothers of the happy pair then enjoin them to love one another and to do their work as they ought.

Next comes the start for the

CARRYING HOME THE BRIDE.
From a Photo. by Rev. H. Cole.

bridegroom's house. The bridegroom leaves some time before the bride, and when close to her future home the bride is stopped every few yards by beggars, who get all they can from the bridegroom's friends. When they think they have given enough, however, one of the bridegroom's friends takes the bride on his shoulders and runs away with her in triumph to her new home.

The concluding portion of the dowry is known as "Vimililo," and is divided into several parts, as under:—

(*a*) Things given to allow wedding procession to proceed; (*b*) A hoe or goat is demanded at the door of the bridegroom; and (*c*) A goat has to be given to the bride to induce her to sit down. Another goat and kid must be presented to her in order to make her eat, and a hoe before she puts her hand to the dish, so that the "wedding breakfast" must come rather expensive to the young Benedict. Speaking of dowries, the price of a cow is about two pounds; of an ox, twenty-five shillings; and goats vary from one and fourpence to four shillings each, according to size and condition.

On the fourth day after marriage the bride and bridegroom go on a visit to the parents of the former, accompanied by a young man and young woman as attendants.

Extraordinary methods are adopted by the Wagogo in securing wives in addition to the ways described above. For instance, when a man is poor, and has not sufficient means to procure a wife, he may resort to what is called "kupanga." He betakes himself to the house of his lady-love and stands or sits in the porch without eating until the girl's father gives him a reply, which may not be for days. If the old gentleman likes the young man, he forthwith sends messengers to his home to negotiate with his relations; but if he dislikes the idea of having him for a son-in-law, he hunts him away without ceremony. When the former is the case, the messengers, on arriving at the man's home, ask whether anyone is missing from the family circle; and on being told that a male member has been absent for some days, they inform the people that he is at the house of a certain man looking for a wife. The former affect great astonishment, exclaiming: "Just fancy! It is there that our bull has gone!" All the parties being agreeable to the match, the day of the palaver is fixed; and when the amount of dowry (usually, in this case, twenty goats and two head

of cattle) has been settled, the wedding day is named.

When a man secures a girl's consent to marry him, and has the wherewithal to pay a dowry, but cannot get the consent of the girl's parents, he adopts another plan.

He whispers into his lady-love's ear that he will "pula" (run away with her), or, rather, send some of his friends to catch her on her way to draw water and carry her to his house. Should she consent to his proposal, he employs a few of his friends to go and capture her. Should she resist (to show her modesty), they carry her on their shoulders to her lover's house, where she remains with him until the following day, when her relations come and claim six goats as a trespass-offering for having carried the girl away. In addition to these, the usual dowry is twenty goats and five head of cattle. One goat is on account of the betrothal; one as a fine for the covetous eye which spied the girl out; two (one for each parent) for the stool on which the lover sat when he came to court her; two as payment for the relatives' trouble in looking for her when kidnapped; two on account of the palaver; and two for entering the house to make love to her. A marriage nearly always ensues in the case of "pula"; so that an ardent lover who has tried every other way in vain may, as a last resource, adopt this method with success.

Wives are also obtained by inheritance. It is the custom for a man to inherit the wife of a deceased brother or father, and the man so marrying is expected to give three goats (one of which is eaten at the inevitable palaver) to the wife's relations. Should he be so miserly as not to pay this customary fee, they upbraid him, and say that the wife is only his slave, and that his meanness has forfeited their friendship for evermore! A widow, however, may refuse to marry the man who inherits her, as there may be someone else whom she likes better who wishes to marry her. When this happens, the latter has to pay the dowry to the former as if the woman were his daughter!

It is an understood thing amongst the different tribes that a woman is only taken on trial, and may, after a few months of married life, be sent back to her parents. As with the advertising tradesman, it is a case of "All goods not approved may be exchanged."

The Capture of Antonio Barracola. A STORY OF THE "BLACK HAND."

By Stephen Norman.

In our issue for May last we published an authoritative article setting forth the methods and crimes of the "Black Hand," a secret society organized for the purpose of blackmail and murder, which has caused a veritable reign of terror amongst Italian residents in America. The engrossing story here given forms a remarkable sequel to our article, for it deals with the patient running-down and final arrest red-handed of a prosperous Italian banker, who is believed by the police to be the actual head of the whole dread organization. He is said to have been responsible for no fewer than fifty-one murders, while his "system" netted for the "Black Hand" a sum estimated at two million dollars! The narrative gives one a vivid idea of how the real-life detective—as opposed to his prototype of fiction—goes to work to build up a case and secure his evidence.

very country in the world which possesses a detective department has men in its service who specialize in the capture of criminals who themselves are specialists in different lines. For instance, one officer may be peculiarly efficient in running down "stone-getters," or jewel thieves, another is clever at ferreting out "wanted" burglars, while yet another division give their attention to Anarchists and alien criminals. In America, owing to the great number of foreigners who make that country their place of residence, temporary or otherwise, the detective staff is largely composed of men who have made themselves familiar with the particular branch of work colloquially known us "Dago piping" (watching Italians). This service has lately been considerably augmented, owing to the great strength and powerful connections of the "Black Hand" Society. Murder after murder has been committed by members of this sinister fraternity, and hundreds of well-to-do Italians have been threatened, most of them paying tribute, as they feared the consequences in the event of failure to obey the mandates of the dreaded "Mano Nera." The detective and police departments could make absolutely no headway against this far-reaching organization, even the large rewards offered by public bodies, the Government, and private persons having no effect. It was impossible to obtain the services of an informer, and the machinery of the law was practically at a standstill. True, now and again some suspect was arrested, but sufficient evidence could never be obtained to secure a conviction. Two detectives named Sechetti and Maltino were dismissed the force, not because they were suspected of being members of the "Black Hand," but because it was believed they possessed certain knowledge which fear prevented them from making known at police head-quarters. Sure enough, after their dismissal, both men returned to their native Italy, where, it was learned, they appeared to be possessed of considerable money, presumedly given them by somebody or other for "keeping quiet."

On the staff of the Boston, U.S.A., detective department was a young Englishman named Walter Collins. Fair, sturdy of build, and brave as the proverbial lion, Collins, a man some thirty-two years of age, had gone to America with his parents when quite a boy. After a public-school education he obtained a position as stenographer in the Seventh Division Police Court, and later entered the force as a patrolman. His intelligence and the clever capture of "Kid Skelly," a famous burglar, gained him promotion, and in 1903 Collins became a full-fledged detective officer. Again his ability was made manifest, for in 1905 he captured Roth and Murray, the men who robbed Mrs. Van Rensselaer, a prominent American lady, of twenty thousand dollars' worth of jewels, the gems being recovered in London. Collins was now made a sergeant, which is, in the American police, a very superior position.

When the doings of the "Black Hand" first began to attract public attention, Collins interested himself in the matter in a quiet way, apart from his duties. He read everything available about other Italian secret societies, such as the Mafia and the Camorra, visited the Italian quarter of the city, and familiarized himself with the ways of the "Dagoes," as members of the Latin races are called in America. Meanwhile murder after murder was committed, blackmail was levied on all sides, and a virtual reign of terror was established among respectable Italians, no one knowing where the terrible scourge would strike next. Then, one morning after roll-call, Sergeant Collins presented himself before Inspector Ross, his chief, and said, "Inspector, I should like to be placed on detail duty in the Italian quarter."

Inspector Ross, however, informed him that this was impracticable. Collins was fair, and not a bit like an Italian; moreover, he could neither speak nor understand the language. The officer saluted and went about his usual business of guarding the banks.

That evening the door-bell rang at the private house of the detective-inspector and a beetle-browed, ill-clad Italian presented himself and asked to see Mr. Ross on important business. Mr. Ross saw the man, who, after some conversation in broken English, said, "I'm Sergeant Collins, sir!" He had dyed his hair and moustache, and convinced the inspector that he had for months

been studying Italian and was quite proficient in the language. Ross, a very keen man, had quite failed to recognise his subordinate, and the next day Collins was given the job he had asked for, where he soon rendered useful service. Dozens of "wanted" Italian malefactors—coiners, pickpockets, and thieves—were run to earth, Collins himself never appearing in the matter, the arrests being made by other detectives. Nothing could be gleaned, however, about the subject that most interested him—the dreaded "Black Hand." The Italians mentioned the name of this terrible society in whispers, when they mentioned it at all, for one's very neighbour might be a member, and under such circumstances it was best to say nothing. From every city in the Union there came news of terrible murders—all after attempts had first been made to blackmail the victims. Reward after reward was offered, but not the faintest clue reached the police, and meanwhile public excitement grew intense.

One day Sergeant Collins—who, still in pursuit of information, had taken a situation with a firm of fruit shippers where many Italians were employed—was sent to New York to arrange there for a consignment of bananas. He was given a draft on an Italian private bank, to be drawn on only in case the deal went through. Arriving in New York, he mingled as usual with Italians, and wrote his letters to his firm from the offices of the bank on which his draft was drawn. A day or two afterwards he was seated at a small writing-desk in the bank, reading an Italian newspaper, when there entered a man whom Collins thought he knew. Glancing up guardedly, he recognised the visitor as an Italian who kept a small public-house in Boston, a rendezvous for shady characters. He saw that the man was immediately ushered into the private office of the banker, and this struck him as peculiar. Here was a man who could not possibly have a large banking account, yet he was treated with the greatest deference.

The saloon-keeper was in private consultation with the banker for over an hour, and on his departure Collins followed him. The man made straight for the railway station, where he was met by another Italian. There was an exchange of envelopes; then the first man booked a ticket for Boston.

Collins promptly wrote out a telegram and sent it to police head-quarters, and when the train left he followed the second man, who had been earnestly talking meanwhile to the first suspect. Collins was now taken up-town to One Hundred and Sixtieth Street, to what is known as "Little Italy," a locality entirely given over to Italians. Just near the famous "Gas House" the followed man stopped and looked carefully about him. He saw Collins, but took him to be only another Italian like himself. Reassured, he crossed the street and entered a saloon known as the "Slaughter-House," because of the many "knifings" which had taken place there. Collins walked right into the place and called for a drink. His man was nowhere to be seen, but the detective noticed that several men who had been seated at different tables slowly walked to the rear of the place and ascended a stairway leading above.

After a minute or two he turned to the bar-tender. "Have you seen So-and-so"—mentioning some imaginary person—"about to-day?" he inquired. The man replied that he did not know the man referred to.

"That's strange," continued Collins. "He told me down at the bank to meet him here."

"What bank?" queried the bar-tender.

"Barracola's," replied the detective.

In an instant the young Italian had grasped Collins by the arm, and, pulling him toward him, whispered fiercely, "You confounded fool! Don't you know that name is forbidden? You must be an outsider."

Collins professed ignorance of what was meant, and the youth, evidently fearing he had said too much, then tried to turn the matter off. One of the loungers in the place now walked forward and engaged the detective in conversation, trying to discover whether he was a member of any one of the various legitimate societies formed by Italian workmen. Collins, however, returned nothing but stupid answers, and the man turned away disgustedly, saying, half to himself, "He's only some fool!"

Having finished his drink, the officer left the place. No thought of the "Black Hand" had entered his mind in all this, but he seemed to scent something wrong, and the detective instinct in him was aroused. He was curious to know what the Boston saloon-keeper's business with so prominent and respected a man as Antonio Barracola, the Italian banker, could be; and so, his business in New York finished, Collins returned to Boston. His chief there, on receipt of the New York telegram, had placed a watch on the saloon-keeper's movements from the moment he had arrived back in town. The man, whose name was Guido Conto, had, after leaving the railway station, gone direct to his place of business, and his movements ever since had been quite in keeping with his usual demeanour. Nothing whatever of a suspicious nature had been noted.

Three days later Collins was sent to New York again, this time by the chief of detectives, to identify a man arrested by the police of that city, and who was wanted in Boston for forgery. On being searched the forger was found to have in his possession a pass-book showing a deposit at Barracola's bank. The Boston detective, still hoping to unravel the mystery which he was convinced lay behind the banker's acquaintance with low-class saloon-keepers and other doubtful characters, called at this institution in the guise of a friend of the arrested man and asked to see the banker himself. After explaining his business he was shown into the private office. Here, at a flat-topped desk so placed that the light from the window must fall on the face of a visitor, while leaving his own in shadow, sat a short, stout man with a heavy black moustache, a thick bull-neck, deep black eyes, and a head of

close-cropped black hair, combed straight back from the forehead.

"What do you want?" asked the banker, sharply. Collins replied that his friend Casati was under arrest, that the latter had entrusted him with the keeping of his bank-book, and that he (Collins) did not know exactly how to act. He did not want the police to get possession of the book, he added.

"Give me the pass-book," said Barracola, curtly.

"I have not brought it with me," replied Collins.

"Oh," said Barracola, "well, in that case, you don't require my advice. I should have looked after my customer's interest, but you had better take the book to Casati himself or give it to this gentleman."

Barracola now wrote something on a piece of paper, which he folded and gave to Collins, who was then shown out. In the street the officer looked at the paper, and, to his intense astonishment, read the following: "Detective-Sergeant Collins, either at police head-quarters here or in Boston."

The detective could hardly believe his eyes at seeing his own name written in a large, clear hand. Did Barracola know him? he wondered, and had he taken this roundabout way of letting him see that his purpose was understood?

"IN AN INSTANT THE YOUNG ITALIAN HAD GRASPED COLLINS BY THE ARM."

Collins hesitated for a moment, thinking hard; then he went direct to head-quarters, where he had a hurried talk with Inspector O'Brien. The latter promptly called Mr. Barracola up on the telephone, and told him that a pass-book had just been delivered up to him by an Italian who said he had been directed there by Mr. Barracola.

"Yes; that's quite right," replied Barracola. "I did send someone."

The inspector asked a question: "But why direct the man to Sergeant Collins?" he queried.

"I read in the morning papers of Casati's arrest," answered Barracola, "and that Officer Collins was coming here to extradite him."

The explanation was reasonable enough, and there was nothing for Collins to do but accept it. Thinking quietly over the matter, however, the detective came to the conclusion that Mr. Antonio Barracola, the eminently respectable Italian banker, was a remarkably shrewd man, and he became more than ever determined to discover what lay behind his ordinary business. That there was something behind it he felt confident, but for some time his investigations were without result.

On January 4th of this year a man called at the Boston detective office and asked to see the chief inspector. On being shown into Mr. Ross's room the caller took from his pocket a half-sheet of common note-paper, on which were written the following words:—

"*You have plenty; you have been prosperous. Five thousand dollars is nothing to you. That sum, enclosed in an envelope, in bills, directed to Mr. Gargani, will reach those who can shield you from much trouble. The money will be called for at the General Post Office by an innocent messenger. Don't be foolish.*—MANO NERA."

"I am Luigi Pelloti, manufacturer of paper bags," said the caller to Inspector Ross, "and that reached me by post this morning."

The inspector learned that Mr. Pelloti was in affluent circumstances, a much-respected merchant, and a very charitable man. Pelloti said he knew perfectly well that the "Black Hand" would carry out any threat they made, but he was determined not to be blackmailed, and would fight to a finish. A "dummy" parcel was accordingly made up and sent to the post-office addressed to "Mr. Gargani." Four of the inspector's best officers were stationed there to see the matter through. The packet was not called for until another day had passed; then, just at the busy hour, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a youth of sixteen or seventeen asked a mail clerk for "a letter addressed to Mr. Gargani." It was given him, and the boy was then followed. He entered a tram-car and rode to the railway station, where he waited until half-past one, boarding at that hour the

New York train. The four detectives did likewise. American railway coaches differ from those on British lines, being in one large compartment, with all the seats facing the engine, a passage-way running down the centre of each coach. The Italian youth seated himself well forward in the smoking-car, the officers keeping well away from one another. No one approached the bearer of the letter, who sat quietly smoking a cigarette, and the train was within a mile of Harlem Station and was just beginning to slacken speed, when the youth looked up, opened the window in a flash, and threw the "dummy" letter, enclosed in a leather wallet, far from him. Three of the detectives immediately ran out to the car platform and jumped from the train, which was now slowing up. The third, Officer Whalen, grabbed the boy and handcuffed him.

The three who had jumped from the moving train looked hurriedly about, but there was no sign of the package thrown from the train and no one was to be seen but the crossing-keeper, who had a shanty just by the side of the up-rails. Two of the officers searched for the wallet, while the third—Sergeant Collins himself—interviewed the railway man. The latter had seen nothing and nobody, however, and could in no way assist the detectives. The officers communicated with the nearest police-station, and in a very short time a dozen men were searching the vicinity, but—as usual where the "Black Hand" is concerned—they discovered nothing.

Meanwhile Officer Whalen took his prisoner to the chief inspector, or captain (as this officer is called in America), and here the youth was severely questioned. He said he had been hired by two men to carry out certain instructions, for which he had been paid twenty-five dollars. The men he had met at the "Gas House," in One Hundred and Sixtieth Street. They had called him by name, and he supposed they must know him.

"LUIGI PELLOTI WAS STRUCK TO THE HEART WITH A STILETTO."

This explanation did not satisfy the police, and the young Italian was therefore put through the "Third Degree," a rather strenuous method used for forcing confessions from reluctant prisoners. His testimony could not be shaken, however, and he was therefore arraigned before a magistrate at Jefferson Market Police Court, charged as a suspect. A remand was asked for and granted to enable the police to make a thorough investigation.

That same night, despite the fact that he was supposed to be under the protection of the police, the unfortunate Luigi Pelloti was struck to the heart with a stiletto on the doorstep of his own house! The "Black Hand" had punished him in its usual way for his temerity in going to the authorities! The same thorough search was made as in other cases, but once again the methods of the murderers baffled the authorities.

The young Italian was arraigned a second time and a further remand asked for, which was again granted, but this time the lad's father, one Amato, applied for bail. This being refused, the man left the station, followed by a detective officer. He went direct to the office of Antonio Barracola, where he remained for a few minutes only; then he rode up-town on the Elevated Railway to the "Slaughter House" saloon. The detective who was watching him telephoned to head-quarters, and Captain O'Brien communicated with Sergeant Collins. The latter was still busy investigating things at Harlem, but he now came hurrying in, and, meeting the officer who was at One Hundred and Sixtieth Street, the two waited until Amato came out of the saloon; they then arrested him on suspicion, and took him to the station. Here he was searched, and a stiletto, a loaded revolver, and a letter—unsigned and bearing an address—instructing him to carry out the details for which his son was now under arrest, were found on him.

At last the police had something to work upon. The old man was locked up, but took matters very coolly, disdainfully refusing to say a word. The police then walked him past the cell in which his son was locked up, watching him closely meanwhile. The boy saw his father, but neither one uttered a syllable. In the office upstairs the officers now held a consultation. Sergeant Collins

produced the piece of paper on which the banker, Barracola, had written his (Collins's) name, the threatening letter demanding money from Pelloti, and the letter of instructions found on Amato, senior. They were not in the same handwriting, but they were all on the same kind of paper—a very cheap note-paper, such as might be sold by any and every stationer. Why should Barracola, whose letter-heads and stationery were of the best quality, as befitted a highly-successful bank, have such paper in his possession? the detective asked himself, and he made up his mind to find out. He was convinced that Barracola was very smart, and that there was something "fishy" about him, but that alone did not point to his being in league with the infamous "Black Hand."

In the career of all successful detectives the element of luck is a great factor, and Sergeant Collins now virtually "fell" across a most useful piece of intelligence, for the "inevitable woman" cropped up. Young Amato was locked up in the Tombs Prison, and was allowed to receive visitors, who, in turn, were watched. Among the boy's callers was a girl, an employé at Allen's cigarette factory in West Street. This girl was about fifteen years of age, very well developed, and unusually pretty, even for an Italian. She had been to see Amato, had taken him some fruit and cigarettes, and had given him a ten-dollar bill. This bill Amato changed in paying for food, purchasing his meals from the prison caterer. Sergeant Collins was just entering the prison one day when the caterer stopped at the inside gate or grille and, after collecting a number of plates and other dishes, remarked to the keeper in charge there: "That young Dago certainly has good friends; he's given me another ten spot (ten-dollar bill)." Collins at once spoke to the man and obtained the bill from him in exchange for another. Now it is quite impossible to trace American money in the same way as an English bank-note, but the detective had other ideas just then. Next day the Italian girl called again, and on her departure she was spoken to by an elderly Italian, who asked if his daughter was still inside visiting Amato.

"What has your daughter to do with Amato?" asked the girl, quickly.

"That is what I am trying to find out," replied the Italian. "She has visited him regularly, and yesterday she came home with a ten-dollar bill in her possession which he gave her."

The girl turned scarlet. "It's a lie!" she cried, passionately. The Italian expressed surprise at her anger, but showed her the bill, saying further that he had reason to suspect Amato of an attempt to run away with his daughter.

On hearing this the deluded girl worked herself into a perfect frenzy of rage, asking her questioner who and what he was. The latter, however, acted in a mysterious manner, giving the girl to understand that he was "one of them," but would countenance no nonsense where his daughter was concerned. The girl, saying that she would find out the truth of the matter on the morrow, left him, her face working with jealous rage. The next day she again called at the prison, but was told at the gates that Amato did not wish to see her. Moreover, he had already had as many visitors as the prison regulations allowed for one day. Fuming with anger, the girl departed, being again met by the strange Italian at the gates.

"He won't see me," she burst out, eager to confide her troubles to a compatriot. "Me, who have done so much for him—me, who gave all the money I could to keep old Barracola from putting his father away in the last trouble! Just wait till he gets out! I'll find someone to avenge me, or I'll avenge myself!"

The listener now tried to pacify her, knowing that this was just what would make her talk the more, and when he left her on her doorstep in First Avenue, he felt he had now "something to go on with." The old Italian, needless to say, was Sergeant Collins.

Antonio Barracola lived in an old-fashioned three-storeyed brick house in Greenwich Street. The house next door on the right was occupied by his brother Giacomo, who was proprietor of an express and luggage transportation business. The house on the left, curiously enough, was tenanted by a policeman, who was himself a naturalized Italian. This man was guardedly questioned, and informed the detectives that Barracola had no visitors whatever at his house, and that he never came home on Monday nights, when he was supposed to stay with an elder sister in Jersey City.

The next Monday Mr. Barracola, on leaving his bank at four o'clock in the afternoon, was shadowed by two officers, one dressed as a working man and the other as an Italian longshoreman. These two saw that directly Barracola left his office a stalwart fellow of exceptionally powerful build followed close behind him, keeping one hand in a side coat-pocket. The stranger was evidently intended as a sort of rear-guard, for he kept his eyes roving in all directions, making the work of the detectives most difficult. One of the latter accordingly hurried by a short cut to the Jersey City Ferry, catching a boat across before Barracola, and thus attracting less attention.

Meanwhile the banker and his two followers arrived in Jersey City. Barracola stopped at a saloon near the station, but soon emerged, smoking a cigar. He walked westward for some five minutes; then, turning sharply at a corner, was lost to view by the time his followers reached the place. The big Italian was the first to reach the intersecting street, where he swung round and scanned both sides of the road narrowly, but the officers, prepared for some such manœuvre, had taken due precautions. One entered the doorway of a shop; the other walked straight on. Just at the corner where the banker had turned there stood a one-storey wooden building, occupied by an Italian barber. Barracola's rear-guard, evidently satisfied with the results of his scrutiny, presently entered this shop, and Sergeant Collins now coming up saw that although the man had gone in there was no sign of him inside; there were two chairs there, but no customers.

The officer walked away, returning on the other side of the street, keeping close to the buildings.

Soon he saw another visitor enter the shop, then a second; and within an hour nine well-dressed men had disappeared through the doorway. Sergeant Collins now sent one of his own men in to have his hair cut. This officer discovered that there were no doors leading out of the place other than that leading into the street, and the barber seemed in a hurry to get rid of him, cutting his hair "in less than no time."

The building next door to the barber's shop was a stone-fronted bay window residence, neatly curtained, and looking like the home of some tradesman. The officers made a *détour* to the rear to examine the premises, but saw nothing suspicious—simply a couple of ordinary backyards. By this time it was about 6.30, and quite dark. The detectives remained at their post all night, and not until eight o'clock next morning did the first of the men who had entered the barber's shop emerge. Then, at intervals of perhaps ten minutes, the others came out, the last to do so being Barracola, his burly guard having preceded him. This time the banker did not walk, but rode in a tram-car to the ferry, which he crossed. Thence he went to Smith and McNeill's restaurant and had breakfast, going from there to the bank. Sergeant Collins and his men reported to head-quarters and then went home for a well-earned sleep.

Up to this time, although his movements were strange and his friends peculiar, absolutely nothing had been discovered against Barracola, and it was possible that he might be a harmless member of some perfectly innocent secret society. The meeting at the barber's, although suspicious, was by no means (so far as the police knew) a criminal one. But Sergeant Collins had a very strong card up his sleeve, and he prepared to play it at once.

At three o'clock that afternoon, having shaved off his moustache, he called at Barracola's bank, and, stating that his business was of great importance, was shown into the private room. Barracola looked at him keenly. "Well?" he said, interrogatively.

Collins acted as though very nervous and embarrassed; then, apparently plucking up courage, he informed the banker that he had called in the latter's interests to inform him that a girl on whom he (Collins) was "rather sweet" had been talking a great deal about young Amato and Barracola. The girl, Collins continued, had, unbeknown to him, been fond of Amato. The latter, however, had cast her off, and in a fit of jealousy she had appealed to him to avenge her.

The banker leaned back in his chair, looking Collins straight in the eyes.

"See here," he said, angrily, "what's your game? You have not fooled me for a moment, and unless you explain your object in treating me as though you were in search of something, I shall appeal to your superiors, when, believe me, my influence will break you!"

Evidently, reflected the surprised detective, this man Barracola knew more than his prayers. He kept cool, however, and answered, "Well, sir, we thought that you, knowing most of the Italian colony, would be able to help us, although you might not care to do so directly."

"Then why not come to me in a proper manner?" demanded the banker. "I don't know what you're after and I don't care! Good morning."

"I am sorry to have troubled you," said Collins, politely, and took his leave.

Once outside, the officer went direct to the Tombs Prison, where he saw the younger Amato. "I'm going to turn you loose to-morrow," he told the lad, "providing you tell me why Mr. Barracola is so anxious to have you sent to the State Prison. Isn't there some woman in it?"

After some talk in this vein the young fellow finally agreed to tell what he knew, and although this was very little it was of great importance. The man who had engaged him to call for the letter, he said, was the proprietor of the saloon at One Hundred and Sixtieth Street. This man was the "up-town" agent for Antonio Barracola, whose name, however, it was forbidden to mention in the place. Once before he had gone to fetch a letter under similar circumstances, and, missing a train, returned a day late. Believing he had been trying to decamp with the money, he was taken into the cellar of the saloon by the proprietor and some of his associates, and would have been knifed there and then had not one of the men remarked that the father of the boy was valuable to the Capitano—the "Capitano" being Antonio Barracola, the banker. Even then it was decided to make away with him, fearing so young a lad might talk; but Amato, learning the fate in store for him, sent his sweetheart to the "Capitano" to intercede for him. That was the substance of the lad's story, and, after hearing it, Sergeant Collins laid all the facts before his chief in Boston, who in turn communicated with the New York authorities.

While they suspected that Barracola was mixed up with some crooked work, the New York police doubted whether there was enough evidence to warrant any action against him, either a search or arrest, for Barracola was a very influential man, and influence means much in America. Collins, determined not to let the matter rest, now tried for the second time the tack he was working on when he called on Barracola, when he purposely acted like a novice so as to lead the banker to believe him a fool. He secured the release (in custody) of young Amato, whom he walked past the cell in which the boy's father was. Here he repeated his fairy-tale about Barracola's attempt to "railroad" the younger man to prison. The boy, fully believing Collins's story, told his father likewise, and the old man, convinced in turn, promptly turned informer. His deposition was taken, and on this information the police decided to act.

On the following Monday, when it had been ascertained that Barracola was safely within the Jersey City barber's shop, Sergeant Collins walked into the place, and before the astonished proprietor could utter a sound a revolver was placed close to his temple. Another detective now entered, handcuffed the man, and led him outside as though he was walking out with a friend. The barber was taken to the police-station, and there forced to describe the location of the secret

door through which his "customers" so readily disappeared. It was deemed wise to do this at the station, in case the man should touch some secret button giving warning to the conspirators.

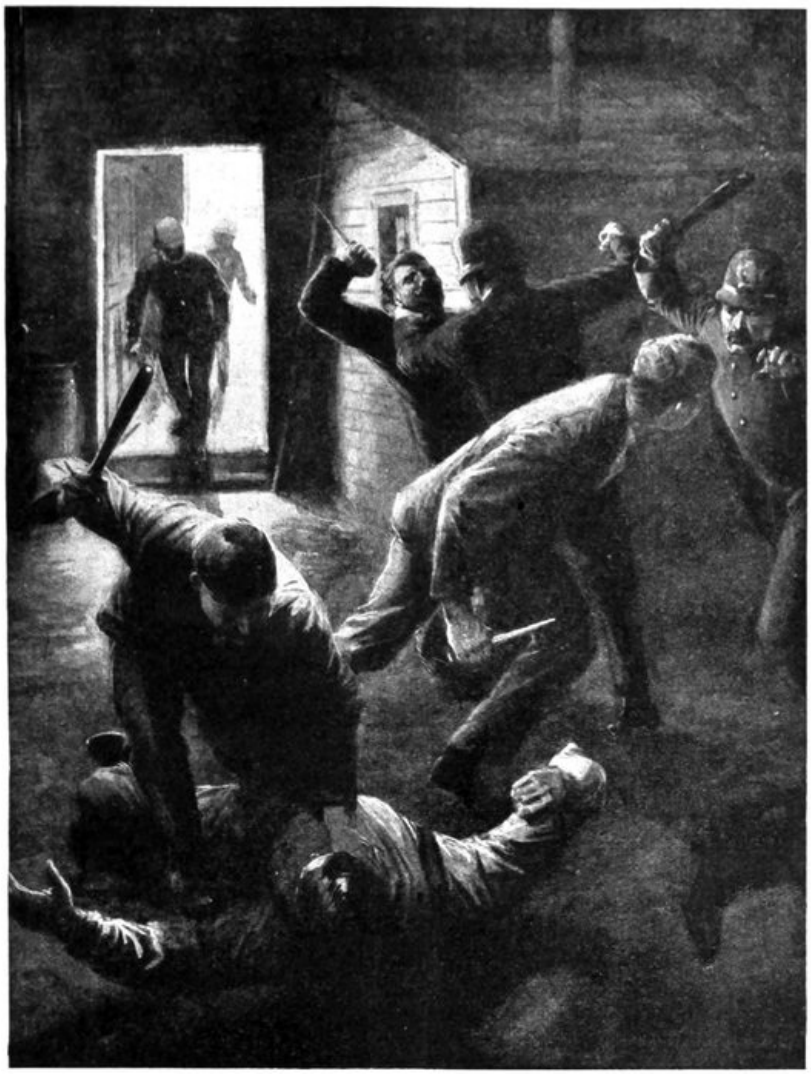
Meanwhile the place had been surrounded, and Sergeant Collins, accompanied by Officers O'Brien, O'Malley, Whalen, Curtis, Snow, and Hendricks, entered the barber's shop. Going to the place designated, they found the secret door leading into the house adjoining, and quietly passed through, closing the door after them. Silently the men walked down the hall, but not quite silently enough, for, sitting by the balustrade of the stairway leading into the basement, was the big Italian before mentioned. He called out sharply before one of the officers could stifle him. There was a scurrying sound below, and the detectives rushed down to find the place empty, the rear door open, and a pitched battle taking place in the yard between their brother officers and a dozen Italians. The night being dark, it was a difficult matter to distinguish friend from foe, but the police closed in resolutely, leaving no loophole for escape, and soon seized their men. Windows were opened on all sides, and the neighbourhood was soon in a state of great excitement. Lights were brought, and the captured men taken back into the house which they had left so hurriedly. Here a doctor was hastily summoned, for several of the police had been badly knifed, and one or two of the prisoners had also received some punishment, the officers' clubs having been very busy among them.

Antonio Barracola and ten others now faced the detectives, who, at the point of revolvers, searched them as well as the house. The correspondence, papers, and systematically-arranged reports from various parts of the country which were discovered afforded conclusive proof that the captured men were none other than the officers or moving spirits of the dread "Black Hand." Every possible attempt was made to keep the thing quiet until further arrests could be made, but this proved futile, the affair creating an absolute *furore*.

Sergeant Collins and Officer Whalen took charge of Antonio Barracola, who protested that he simply acted as banker for the others, whom he knew only in a business way.

The prisoners were taken to head-quarters and Barracola's private house was searched. Nothing was found there of an incriminating nature, but a secret door was discovered leading into his brother's house, and here complete sets of books dealing with the entire affairs of the "Black Hand" were found, all the handwriting being the same as that of the first note given to Detective Collins by Barracola. The books were marked "Italian Practical Aid Society."

Arraigned before Magistrate Kernochan, the men were all held for trial, in company with twenty-seven others arrested in all parts of the country. Barracola was found to be a man of great wealth, owning whole blocks of houses in the lower tenement district. The newspapers devoted pages to the capture of the ringleaders, and thousands of angry people attempted to get into the court-room every time the men were brought up for a hearing.



Not until now, however, has the story been told of how Sergeant Collins, little by little, worked his case up from nothing at all. Sergeant Collins himself gave the writer the details of this chronicle in London, while on his way to Italy, there to make certain inquiries about Barracola, it being believed that the former Italian banker was also a moving spirit in the malevolent organization known as the Mafia.

Imprisonment for life is the least punishment the majority of the "Black Hand" captains may expect. "If a dozen of them don't go to the electric chair I shall be much mistaken," said Sergeant Collins. The detective will receive some fifty thousand dollars in rewards for his work in ferreting out the heads of an organization which existed solely for the purposes of blackmail and murder, and which threatened to become a perpetual and ever-growing menace to society.

THE WIDE WORLD: In Other Magazines.

A LILLIPUTIAN RESIDENCE.

THE illustration given below shows one of the queerest houses in the United States. It is four storeys high, yet does not exceed an ordinary cottage in height. The house itself is said to have been built by a man of small stature and eccentric ideas, and a romantic little story is connected with the place. When the house was completed—so runs the legend—its owner was lonely, and, thinking the most expeditious way to get what he wanted was to advertise in the American papers, he inserted a paragraph under the heading "Wife Wanted." Scores of letters and photographs arrived from the hopeful divinities. From the collection of pictures he selected a beautiful face—one that fulfilled his ideal of woman and wife. They corresponded and an engagement resulted. The prospective bride left her Eastern home and came to the eager bridegroom in California. She was a magnificent specimen of womanhood—a modern Juno—but, to the horror and complete despair of the now undone bridegroom, she was six feet high: for him and his house a giantess. Under no possibility could he get her into his "Diamond Castle." This was an insurmountable obstacle to their marriage, and with great sadness they held a consultation and decided to part for ever.—"THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

PRESIDENT CASTRO'S STEEL PALACE.

PRESIDENT CASTRO, of Venezuela, lives in what is probably the most remarkable dwelling-place of any modern ruler. It stands within a park at Caracas, and is built almost entirely of steel. The outer walls are covered with a kind of soft stone, so to look at there is nothing peculiar about the place; but it is said to be the strongest house in the world, and it will resist the heaviest gun fire. The idea of a steel "palace" occurred to the President after he had had experience of one or two earthquakes. One night he was awakened by an earth tremor, and in his fright he jumped out of a window and broke his leg. After that he decided that bricks and mortar were not safe, hence the reason for his metal abode.—"TIT-BITS."

GOLFING DIFFICULTIES IN CHINA.

"I REMEMBER once," says Mr. Bertram Steer, in "Woman's Life," "when I was in Northern China, I and some others were laying out a nine-hole golf-links near a European settlement, with curious results. The local mandarin was informed by a native that some 'foreign devils' were doing weird things, and it seems that in that part of the globe the laying-out of a golf-links is not exactly an everyday occurrence. Anyhow, that mandarin sent an urgent despatch to the Imperial Government at Peking calling attention to our dangerous doings, and asking for immediate instructions as to the measures he should take to nip our conspiracy in the bud. We were, he reported, busily engaged in mining a tract of land near the town, and had already sunk nine holes ready to receive the charges of dynamite."

SEAWEED-FISHING OFF PORTUGAL.

THE

picturesque boat shown in the annexed photograph (which is reproduced from "Country Life") is used in the estuary of Aveiro, Portugal, for the purpose of fishing up seaweed. As the boat moves slowly along a sort of long-handled rake is dragged along the bottom of the sea, the weed thus obtained being afterwards dried and used for manure, for which purpose it is greatly valued.

Odds and Ends.

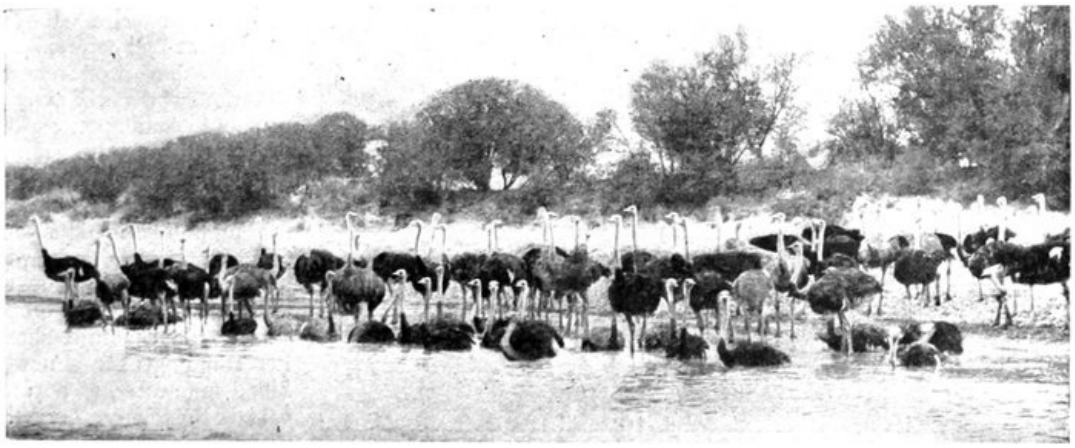
The Man-Faced Crab—A Lady Big-Game Hunter—Cock-Fighting in Porto Rico, etc.

In some parts of the desert region of the South-Western United States, where there are no springs or streams of drinkable water, Nature has stored the precious fluid in barrel-like cactus plants, of which a good specimen is shown in the accompanying photograph. They are known botanically as *Echinocactus*, but English-speaking dwellers in the desert call them "barrel cactuses." Mature plants stand from two to four feet in height, with a diameter of one to one and a half feet, and weigh from fifty to a hundred pounds. When the top of one of these cylindrical plants is sliced off, the interior is found to be a mass of watery, melon-like pulp, which, when scooped out and squeezed, yields several pints of a fluid that makes a fairly palatable substitute for drinking water. The serviceableness of the *Echinocactus* as a source of potable water has long been known to the Indians, and the knowledge of its properties has saved the life of many a wayfarer who would otherwise have succumbed to that most awful of all fates—a lingering death from thirst.

A "BARREL CACTUS"—THE WATER FOUND INSIDE THESE DESERT PLANTS HAS SAVED MANY A TRAVELLER FROM THE TORTURES OF A LINGERING DEATH FROM THIRST.

From a Photograph.

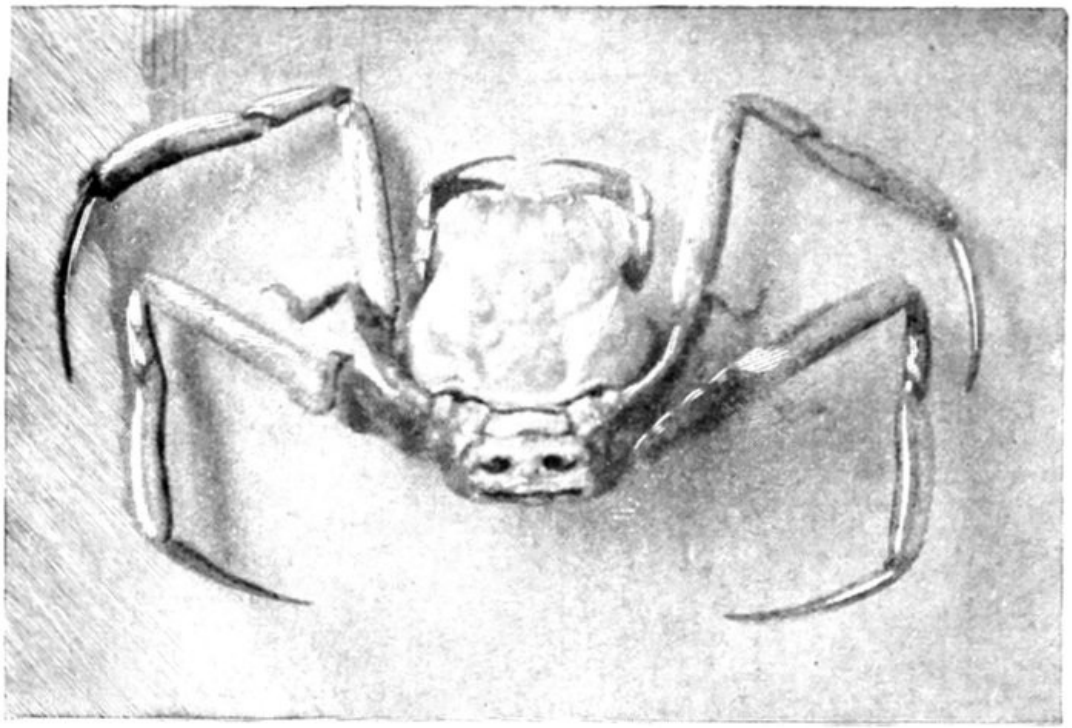
The striking picture next reproduced was taken on an ostrich farm in Cape Colony, and shows the stately-looking birds indulging in their "morning dip." Ostrich-farming is a profitable and interesting industry, and every year the demand for the magnificent plumes seems to increase.



AN OSTRICH FARM IN CAPE COLONY—THE BIRDS ARE TAKING THEIR "MORNING DIP."

From a Photograph.

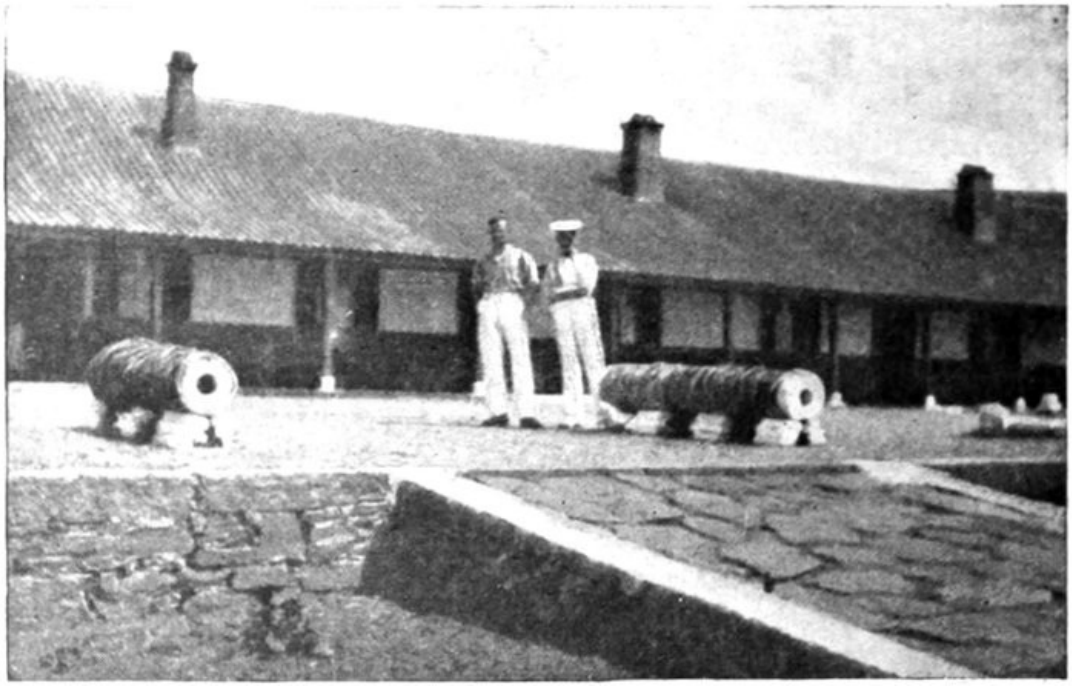
The curious crab shown on the following page is to be found at only one place in the world—the Straits of Shimonoseki, in Japan. Needless to say, the Japanese have a legend to account for the extraordinary face on the creature's back. In the year 1181 or thereabouts, the story runs, two great tribes—the Tairi and the Minamoto—fought out a long-standing feud at a place called Dan-no-ura. The Tairis, driven down to the beach by their opponents, took refuge in boats, but the victorious Minamotos followed, the battle being continued out in the straits until the Tairi were exterminated. It is said that the dead warriors, when their bodies reached the bottom, were turned into crabs, each carrying his death-mask on his back. Be that as it may, it is an undoubted fact that this particular species of crab bear upon their backs a strikingly realistic representation of the features of a dead Oriental.



THE MAN-FACED CRAB—THIS CURIOUS CRAB, BEARING THE REPRESENTATION OF A DEAD ORIENTAL ON ITS BACK, IS FOUND ONLY AT ONE PLACE IN THE WORLD, THE STRAITS OF SHIMONOSEKI, IN JAPAN.

From a Photograph.

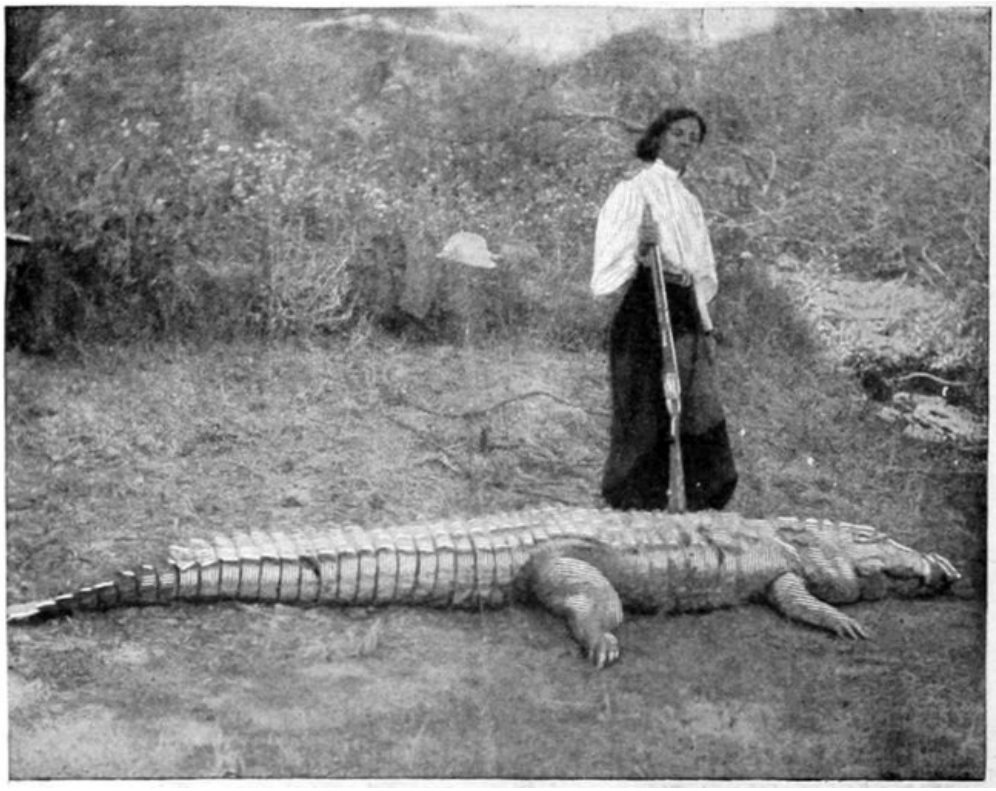
The photograph given below depicts two very curious pieces of ordnance—more curious than useful, one would imagine. They are wooden Chinese guns, captured from the Taku Forts by the Royal Marines during the operations of 1900-1. Nine feet in length, they have a six-inch bore, and are composed of thick staves, firmly bound together by wooden hooping, for all the world like a barrel. These remarkable weapons are reputed to be over three hundred years old, and are at present mounted on the parade-ground of the Royal Marines at Wei-hai-wei.



TWO WOODEN CHINESE GUNS CAPTURED FROM THE TAKU FORTS BY THE ROYAL MARINES—THEY ARE COMPOSED OF THICK STAVES BOUND TOGETHER BY WOODEN HOOPING.

From a Photograph.

Ladies have won renown in various spheres of activity usually looked upon as the prerogative of the sterner sex, but really skilful female big-game hunters are still few in number. Here is a photograph of a lady who has achieved quite a reputation as a killer of crocodiles. The picture shows her standing over a newly-killed man-eater, at a place called Belochpore, on the river Jumna, in India. When this particular crocodile was cut open there were found inside it two pairs of silver bracelets, several copper rings, some boars' tusks, two human skulls, and a new rupee, a truly heterogeneous collection.



A LADY BIG-GAME HUNTER, WITH A MAN-EATING CROCODILE.

From a Photograph.

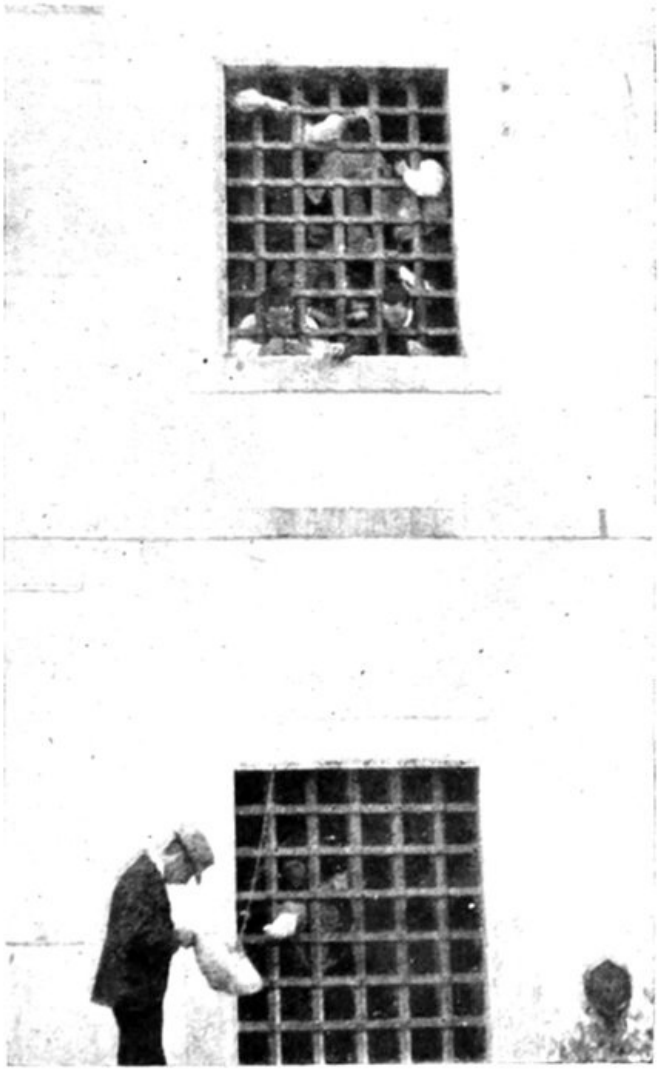
Cock-fighting is as keenly enjoyed by the native of Porto Rico as bull-baiting was by his Spanish ancestors. In the old days enormous sums were staked on these birds, and not a few men were ruined by their passion for the sport. Since the American occupation of the island, however, cock-fighting has been made a criminal offence and persons detected in its pursuit are severely punished. But it is too deeply-rooted a habit to be suppressed in a few years, and notwithstanding the vigilance of the police it is still extensively practised. On Sundays and other holidays lovers of the sport select a secluded place and fight their birds as of old. The foregoing photograph shows

a retired spot in the country where the birds are trained. They are staked out in the morning sun after having been trimmed up, sprayed with rum, and fed. The peasants seen in the background are their guardians and trainers. The Porto Rican game-cocks are fierce fighters, and, though they fight only with their natural spurs, often kill each other with a single blow.

COCK-FIGHTING IS PROHIBITED BY LAW IN PORTO RICO, BUT IS, NEVERTHELESS, STILL SECRETLY PRACTISED—OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A SECLUDED TRAINING GROUND FOR THE BIRDS, WHICH, AFTER BEING FED AND SPRAYED WITH RUM, ARE STAKED OUT IN THE SUN.

From a Photograph.

They have a happy-go-lucky way of running their prisons in easy-going Portugal. The annexed photograph shows a corner of a Portuguese lock-up, and concerning it a correspondent writes: "The prisoners seem to spend their time in wrangling among themselves and begging food and money from the passers-by. They have a bag on a string for this purpose, and dangle it before the pedestrian's nose. The snap-shot shows a kind-hearted gentleman just putting some coins into the bag, while excited inmates protrude their heads and arms through the grated windows."



A PORTUGUESE PRISON, SHOWING THE INMATES BEGGING FROM PASSERS-BY BY MEANS OF A BAG ON THE END OF A STRING.

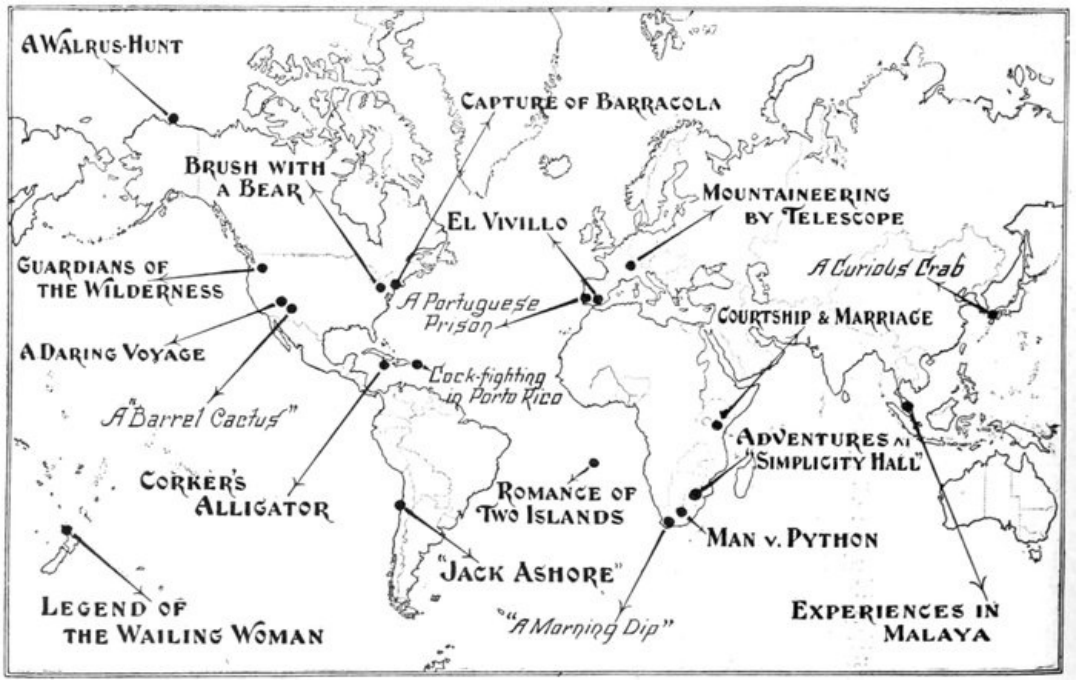
From a Photo by S. H. Wright.

That it is possible to give scope to one's artistic feelings even in the building of so commonplace and utilitarian a thing as a pile of firewood for winter use is proved by the next photograph. This depicts a châlet in the village of Toffeln, near Berne, in Switzerland, which is celebrated far and wide for its wood-stack, which is seen in the foreground. Each year the good folks of this particular house endeavour to make their pile more ornamental-looking than before, and they usually succeed. The stack is entirely composed of cut logs, extending right to the centre of the pile, and the structure reaches to the second storey of the châlet. There is not such another wood-pile to be found in the length and breadth of Switzerland, and the villagers are very proud of it.

AN ORNAMENTAL WOOD-PILE—THE PEOPLE OF THIS SWISS CHÂLET TAKE GREAT PRIDE IN THE DESIGNING OF THEIR FIREWOOD STACK, AND CHANGE THE PATTERN EVERY YEAR.

From a Photograph.

We are requested to state that the picture of a bear appearing on page 236 of Mr. R. A. Haste's article, "Through New Ontario on a Jigger," in our June number, was from a photograph taken by Mr. F. C. Ballard, of Banff, Alberta.



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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Silently corrected simple spelling, grammar, and typographical errors.

Retained anachronistic and non-standard spellings as printed.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, VOL. 22, NO. 127, OCTOBER TO MARCH, 1909 ***

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