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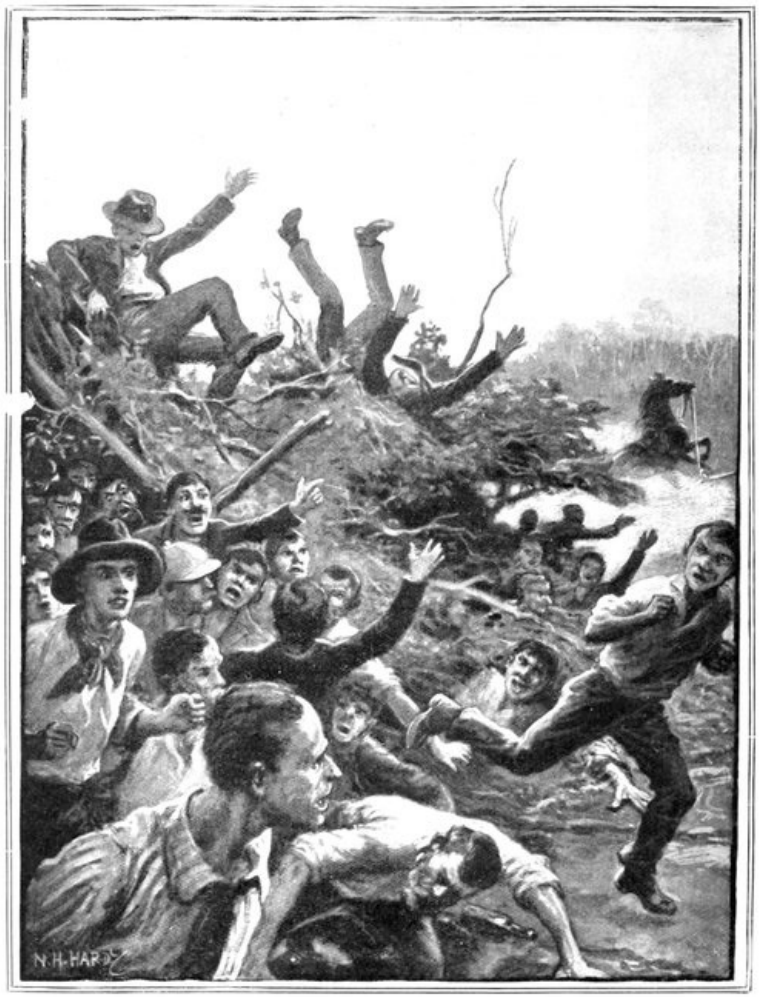

"BENEATH THE BOUGHS AND RAFTERS OF THE FALLEN HUMPY—KICKING, CURSING, AND SHOUTING—STRUGGLED FORTY OR FIFTY MEN."

SEE PAGE 110.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE
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BARMAID'S STEEPLECHASE.

By C.C. Paltridge.

The story of an exciting race, incidentally giving one a vivid glimpse of the humours of an Australian bush meeting in the 'seventies.

I have never been a jockey, but I have ridden races under divers circumstances, having—as is the case with most of us Australians—put in a considerable time in the saddle one way and another.

My people have been mixed up more or less with racing ever since it started in our State—two uncles and a cousin have been crack amateurs over the "big sticks," and my brother and myself have each done his little bit in the same direction, though never attaining to notice in the cities. My own riding has been confined principally to obscure bush meetings, and undertaken on the spur of the moment, generally as a substitute for an absent or "hocussed" jockey.

THE AUTHOR, MR. C.C. PALTRIDGE. ***From a Photograph.***

This was the case at Orroroo, then a newly-surveyed and only partially-settled district in the north of South Australia, and the episode took place at the very first meeting held in that now prosperous and comparatively populous community.

Let me describe the scene, for probably few readers of this magazine outside Australia have ever beheld anything like it, though many of the middle-aged and old men "down under" will slap their thighs and say, "Jove! I've seen it hundreds of times."

Picture to yourself first of all a wide, undulating plain, dotted here and there with clumps of needle-bush growing in loose reddish sand, with lignum and ti-tree not altogether absent, while in the distance could be seen the mingled greens and blues of the salt-bush and blue-bush. Beyond that, miles away, was a long semi-circular line of black—the untouched acacia scrub.

In such a scene as this were gathered, one day in 1877, a small crowd of two or three hundred men, a sprinkling of women and children, and a multitude of dogs, while horses of every size, shape, and colour, from the great draught stallion, brought there to advertise his points to the new settlers, to the slim, clean-limbed thoroughbred, whose business was to make the sport, were tied to trees or being led up and down, awaiting their turn to run. Rogues and vagabonds of every description were among that small crowd—three-card men, purse-trick men, and all the lower strata of the criminal class, for in those days the bush race-meeting was a small goldmine to men for whom the cities and larger towns had become temporarily too warm.

The course was a circle of about a mile and a quarter in circumference, marked out by flags on either side, the jumps for the steeplechase—four sets of three stiff panels of post and rail—being erected just inside the inner flags. The race consisted of three heats of one mile each, run at intervals during the day, the riders, of course, weighing out every time.

I will not detail the events on the flat, from the maidens to the hurry-scurry; they passed off uneventfully amid the usual good-natured enthusiasm of a crowd of rough men out for a day's fun.

Just as the saddling-bell—a kerosene tin beaten with a stick—rang for the first heat of the steeplechase, Brady, the owner of a horse called Barmaid, came up to my uncle, whom I had accompanied to the meeting, and hurriedly whispered in his ear.

"Never!" cried my uncle, in amazement. "You don't mean it!"

"It is a fact," said Brady; "he's lying out there in the ti-tree, absolutely helpless. We nearly shook his teeth out, but he didn't move."

"Hocussed, eh?"

"Yes; and if Lean didn't do it I'm a nigger," snapped Brady. "I told him not to even speak to him, and yet he goes and actually drinks with him! Confound him!" he added, viciously, as he thought of his lost chance, for though the horse Lean owned and was to ride, a big, raking brown gelding called Pawnbroker, was favourite, Brady's little bay mare was a clever fencer, and had pace enough to lose his rival on the flat. The stake, too, was twenty-five pounds, quite a respectable sum for so small a meeting, and Brady had his mare well backed.

Brady was the local publican, and, I believe, an honest man, while Lean made his living by going from meeting to meeting with his two horses, generally winning or losing as best suited his book, stopping at nothing that would make the game pay. At least, that was his reputation.

"What are you going to do?" asked my uncle, presently.

"I don't know," replied Brady; "unless you——"

"Goodness gracious, man!" interrupted my uncle. "With my leg?" He had recently broken it, and still needed a short stick to assist him in walking. "Besides," he added, "I am twelve stone, and you only want nine six." Suddenly he turned abruptly to me. "Do you want a ride, Charlie?"

"Ain't he too little?" objected Brady. "And can he ride?"

"He can ride if he's game."

I felt a hot flush spread over my face and alternate thrills of heat and cold run up and down my body as something like fear gave place to pleasure. At last, in a voice which, I am afraid, was none too steady, I said, "I *am* game."

I was promptly hurried away to a bough "humpy," the only edifice of any kind on the course, constructed of forked uprights supporting a dozen short cross-pieces, or rafters, surmounted by green gum-boughs and ti-tree; this served as a drinking-booth (its chief purpose), weighing-room, stewards' room, clerk's room, and all the other offices required on a racecourse. An ordinary steelyard, such as butchers use, dangled from one of the rafters, to which was fixed a stirrup. I placed my foot in this, having previously donned a blue and yellow jacket and cap, and clung on until the clerk of the scales said, "Eight stone two." With a saddle and bridle weighing twelve pounds I had to carry six pounds of dead weight, made up partly of lead, in the usual way, and partly by rolling up a big rug and tying it on to the saddle, swag-fashion.

"It will help to keep you on, my boy," said my uncle as he fixed it.

The crowd jeered good-temperedly at me as I was led out. "Why don't you tie him on?" said one.

"Going on the wallaby?" (tramping), inquired another.

As we proceeded to the post, Brady addressed me in low tones. "I don't want to frighten you, sonny," he said; "but that Lean is a bad lot, so don't let him be too close to you as you go through the needle-bush. You'll be out of sight there and he might pull you off; run just ahead of him if you can, but don't have him alongside. When you are going at the jumps let her pick her own panel. Give her her head and sit tight; she won't stop and she won't fall. And win this heat if you can; it's two out of three, you know." A moment later I was among the half-dozen starters.

In a few minutes we were off, and I felt my heart come up into my throat as, leading the field, Barmaid took off at the first jump. Being practically a child—I was only twelve years old—I had not the hands of an expert, but I managed to steady her a bit between the fences, and, giving her her head at each obstacle, I won that heat without being caught, Pawnbroker being a not very close second. Two of the others fell, and a third was still declining the first fence when we finished.

In the second heat I was not permitted to have things so much my own way. Lean caught me at the first fence, and we rose and landed together. I tried to get in front of him, but he kept Pawnbroker's head at the mare's shoulder and came on ever faster as I increased the pace, and we took the next fence at top speed. Lean had evidently thought I should funk it and pull off; the rest of the field were hopelessly behind.

Approaching the next fence, I foolishly steadied the mare and dropped back to his flank. This just suited him. We were racing at the moment through a small belt of low ti-tree, only our shoulders being visible to the crowd. The next jump was in the clear, a few yards from the bushes, and as we approached it—and while we were still almost concealed—Lean suddenly crossed right under the mare's nose, almost turning her off the course and throwing her completely out of her stride. Before she could recover we were upon the fence. She rose at it, there was a great crash, and I was thrown forward to her neck, while she floundered with her nose on the ground. I heard the sound of a great shout as the crowd cried, with one voice, "She's down!" The next moment, however, the plucky little mare had recovered herself, and we were sailing after the big brown as fast as bone and muscle could carry us. Just over the last jump I caught him again, and, sending the mare for all she was worth, just failed by a neck to beat him; that made us heat and heat.

"SHE FLOUNDERED WITH HER NOSE TO THE GROUND."

I, of course, got a great lecture from my uncle for trying to catch him after the accident.

"There's another heat, you young duffer," he said; "why didn't you keep the mare for that?"

"I never thought of it," I told him, truthfully enough. In my excitement, and being so inexperienced, my only thought had been to get in first.

The crowd, however, were loud in their praises, patting me on the back, shaking my hand, and loading me with gifts of fruit and sweets.

When we came out for the third and last heat the sun was near setting, long shadows stretched over the dry grass, and a cool south-westerly breeze fanned our faces and blew the scraps of paper in which luncheons had been wrapped hither and thither among the crowd.

Barmaid had been well rubbed down and a couple of buckets of water poured over her, so that, barring an ugly mark on her stifle where she had struck, she looked almost as fresh as paint. She was led up to the humpy and I weighed out for the last time. Lean was not yet ready, and while we waited for him a man, more than half-tipsy, staggered up to the booth, leading his horse with a rein hung over his arm. The animal, evidently unused to a crowd, hung back, and only by dint of much persuasion was he at last brought close; then his liquor-soaked owner hooked the rein over the steelyard on which I had just weighed in and staggered to the counter for a drink.

The horse, already nervous and fidgety, was almost frightened to death by the noise of popping corks, breaking glass, and the mingled voices of the now noisy crowd. Suddenly, without warning, he started back, gave one, two, three desperate tugs at the rein—and down came the whole humpy, bringing with it, of course, those who had been sitting on the roof to enjoy the last heat of the steeplechase!

The bridle of stout plaited greenhide held, and after a few wild plunges the horse went careering madly away over the plain towards the acacia scrub, the steelyard still dangling from the rein.

The scene that ensued is entirely beyond me to describe. Beneath the boughs and rafters of the fallen humpy—kicking, cursing, and shouting—struggled forty or fifty men, fighting wildly to release themselves.

"Who the dickens done that?" "Get orf my 'ed, whoever you are!" "Here, pull us out o' this, somebody!"—all sorts of weird cries and exclamations floated out from the mix-up, until at last, with many oaths, they emerged one by one from their captivity.

Meanwhile the crowd, whooping excitedly, were trailing over the plain in the wake of the flying horse. Talk about "two souls with but a single thought," here were two hundred in similar case.

Their thought, of course, was the scales, without which the steeplechase could not be decided.

There were men riding, men running, men in carts, men in buggies, men with coats and men without, all laughing, cursing, and calling, while off in front went the runaway. Away they all sailed helter-skelter, some spreading out to the right and left to head the horse off before he reached the scrub.

Fortunately for all of us the fugitive's progress was hampered by the dangling scales, and so he was ultimately turned back, caught, and led triumphantly to the scene of the wrecked humpy, where the scales were hung to the bough of a tree, Lean weighed, and all was once more ready for the final.

There was more than a suspicion among the crowd that Lean had purposely arranged this little diversion in order that he might go out without weighing—an obvious advantage to him, I having already weighed.

One thing he had succeeded in doing—delaying the race until the sun had set and dusk began to fall, making it almost impossible to see across the course in the open, much less in the needle-bush.

There were, of course, only Barmaid and Pawnbroker to run, and I felt none too comfortable as Lean pulled his great brown beast up to my side and looked the mare over. When the flag fell he went away in the lead, evidently intending to repeat his crossing trick, but I lay back a good two lengths behind. After the second fence he slackened pace to let me creep up, but I touched the mare smartly with the whip and shot away in front. I did this so suddenly that he, holding his horse as he was at the moment, was some seconds before he could get going again. Then we both steadied and took the third jump carefully. Between the third and last fences was the clump of needle-bush, extending for about three hundred yards. These trees, as I said, grow in a loose reddish sand, and the going there was very heavy, while the needle-like foliage was so dense that I knew nothing could be seen of the race from the point where the people were. As I approached this point I remembered Brady's words, "Don't let him be too close to you in the needle-bush."

I felt that I had had enough of it all; a three-mile steeplechase is no joke for a youngster, and it was my first race. Lean, I knew, was a very bad man, and would not hesitate to settle me. So, determined to get my ordeal over, I plied my whip, and we literally flew. Pawnbroker, however, being the stronger horse, gained on me every stride in the sand, and it was with a gasp of terror that I presently saw his tan muzzle at my stirrup. "Barmaid! Barmaid!" I cried, as with tiring arm I coiled the whalebone round her flanks, but still that brown head and red, expanded nostril crept along her side. Then I felt a hand snatch at my shoulder. Grasping the rolled blanket on my saddle with one hand, I turned and lashed fiercely at my opponent's face.

With a curse of fury he swayed in the saddle and his horse dropped a little back. Next, grasping his whip, he aimed a blow at me with the handle which would have answered his purpose had it got home, but it fell just too short, and striking the mare just behind the saddle simply served to quicken her pace.

He caught me no more. The last fence I took alone, he coming along steadily some four or five lengths behind. Fearful and excited, however, I finished, using the whip as though running a dead-heat with the Evil One himself.

I told my uncle and Brady what had happened, of course, but, as they said, it was no use complaining; it would only be my word against his. And so the matter ended, Brady rewarding me for winning the race with a silver watch and chain.

Lean, under his proper name, afterwards became a notorious racing swindler, and was warned off most of the principal courses in Australia. He ended his days, appropriately enough, as lessee of one of the lowest "pubs" in Broken Hill.

The Greatest Horse-Race on Record.

By Alan Gordon, of Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

A graphic description of a wonderful six-hundred-miles "endurance race" which took place recently in Wyoming and Colorado, arousing extraordinary public excitement. The photographs accompanying the article were furnished by the "Denver Post," under the auspices of which enterprising newspaper the contest was held and the prizes awarded.

Some time ago, while in Denver, Colorado, Mr. Homer Davenport, the famous American cartoonist, made a statement to the effect that the Arabian steed could travel farther and quicker than any other breed of horse extant. To this the owners of the *Denver Post*, as patriotic Westerners, promptly took exception. For hard, steady going, day after day, they said, the native Western "broncho" could wear the legs off anything that goes on four feet. This was what the proprietors of the *Post* believed, and so strongly did they feel it that they have since expended nine thousand dollars in instituting an "endurance race," which should demonstrate once and for ever the magnificent "staying" qualities of the broncho.

THE "DENVER POST" SPECIAL ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE STARTING-POINT WITH PRESS REPRESENTATIVES AND COMPETITORS.

From a Photograph.

Prizes were offered ranging in value from a thousand to fifty dollars, and extraordinary public interest was at once manifested in the contest. The whole West woke up, and entries simply poured in from Colorado, Wyoming, South Dakota, Utah, and other neighbouring States. The race was to be over a course five hundred and ninety-five miles long—from Evanston, Wyoming, to Denver, Colorado, along the famous old "Overland Trail." The rules governing the contest were few and simple. Each competitor was to ride from start to finish on one horse. He was at liberty to go as he pleased and keep on as long as he pleased, but at regular intervals there were to be "checking stations," where veterinary surgeons would examine the horses and rule out any animal which was not in a fit state to proceed. In this way cruel overtaxing of the horses' strength—an unpleasant feature of some of the military long-distance races on the Continent—would be prevented. For the rest the rider could use his own discretion as to the best way of covering the six hundred miles of mountain, desert, and rolling plain that lay between the start and the winning-post.

THE STARTING-POINT OF THE GREAT RACE AT EVANSTON, WYOMING.
From a Photograph.

Evanston is situated in the extreme southwestern part of Wyoming. The course followed the Union Pacific Railroad across the entire State to Cheyenne, in the south-east corner, taking roughly the form of a crescent, and thence dipped southward to Denver. It was a long, difficult stretch, for it crossed the "Continental Divide" of the Rocky Mountains and many a dry, sandy desert forsaken of man and beast. On this occasion, however, few of the riders found it lonesome, for automobiles followed them in many places, and casual friendly cow punchers dropped in and rode a few miles here and there for company with the boys who were entered to prove the supremacy of the broncho.

From Denver a special train was run to Evanston, taking with it the horses and riders of the section, and picking up others *en route* at little stations in Wyoming and Colorado. Some few of the competitors rode into Evanston on their cow-ponies. Two of these, Workman and Holman, actually came a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, at the rate of sixty-five miles a day, riding the same horses that were entered for the race! Holman, at least, regretted this afterward, as he admitted that his steed was not so fresh for the start as it should have been.

The little town of Evanston was hugely excited, and made a carnival out of the event. There was a big "barbecue" the day before the start, with races, bull-riding, a parade, and sundry other attractions, and the town was noisy with the whoops of the gay young fellows who expected to start out next day on their long, hard trip "down to Denver."

It was early in the morning when the start was made. The twenty-five contestants were lined up and ready for the pistol-shot before six o'clock. One of the judges made a short speech to the riders, cautioning them to ride fair, remember the rules, and do their level best. Then he stepped back, the pistol cracked, and one of the most interesting and important races ever run in the West was "on."

THE PARADE BEFORE THE START.
From a Photograph.

The only recent long-distance ride worthy of comparison with this contest was that between

Berlin and Vienna, run between officers of the Austrian and German armies. The distance between these two cities is about three hundred and sixty miles, and it was covered—over perfectly level roads—in seventy-two hours by Count Stahremburg, an Austrian. Second place was secured by Lieutenant Reitzenstein, a German officer, who took about two hours longer. These horses carried very light weights, and both of them were put out of commission for life, one of them falling exhausted at the post and the other dying next day. It remained to be seen whether the American broncho could outlast the thoroughbred steeds of the crack European cavalry regiments.

The race was run with several objects in view. One of them was to determine the value of the native broncho as a cavalry horse for the United States army; another was to discover how the bronchos compared with the standard-bred horses entered in the race. In order to make the data for comparison as complete as possible each horse was thoroughly examined and its markings and measurements noted. The weight of the entrants was about nine hundred pounds on the average, though this varied as much as one hundred and seventy-five pounds each way. The load they carried was about a hundred and eighty pounds, including the rider, saddle, and full equipment.

Charles Workman on Teddy took the lead, followed closely by Smith. An automobile which paced the riders for a few miles came back presently to report that these two were already opening quite a gap between them and the rest of the riders. As the day continued the news indicated that Teddy's long stride was carrying him farther and farther to the front, Smith galloping a mile or two behind, with Charlie Trew on Archie hanging to his flanks. Far behind these three came the rest of the field, scattered over many miles of dusty road.

At Carter, the first checking station, Workman registered at ten-thirty, no other racer being in sight. He was still alone when he passed through Church Buttes, though two other riders were looming up on the distant skyline. At Granger he was still first in and out, Teddy clipping the miles off one by one like a machine. But Smith was coming fast from the rear, and at Smith's heels still hung the game little thoroughbred stallion Archie. It was dark when Workman rode through Bryan, and by this time Smith had dropped back beaten, but side by side with Teddy ran Charlie Trew's Archie. By a great spurt the thoroughbred passed the broncho Teddy and came in to Green River first. Here Trew registered, having ridden one hundred and twelve miles the first day, and as he turned away Workman slipped down from the saddle.

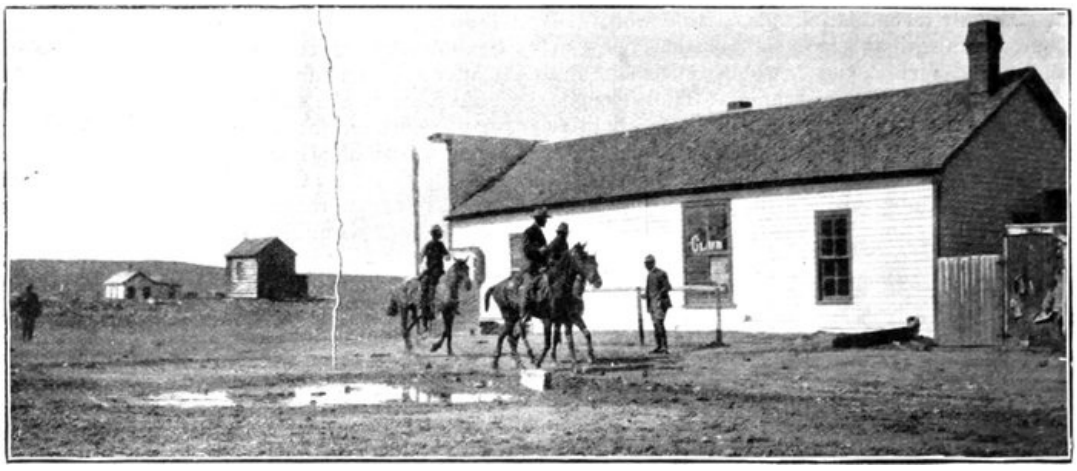
"Halloa, Charlie! Beat me in, eh?" he grinned.

"You bet," came the cheerful answer.

"Your Archie hoss is a great little goer, but Teddy will wear him down to-morrow," commented the other man.

"Mebbe he will, and mebbe he won't," returned Trew, amiably, as he led his pony to the stable.

Both riders fed, watered, and rubbed down their horses before taking any refreshment themselves; then they lay down in the stalls and slept beside their animals till they were awakened before daylight and set off again. Although he did not know it, Trew had already won the prize for the longest single day's travel covered in the least time.



WYKERT AND CANTO ENTERING WAMSUTTER, WYOMING.

From a Photograph.

The rest of the twenty-five starters were scattered along forty miles of road to the rear. Most of them slept at Granger the first night, and one or two dropped out of the race at that point, it being already plain that their horses were overmatched. Most of the riders, however, accepted philosophically the fact that Teddy and Archie had so long a lead.

"It's a long trip to Denver, and I reckon we'll see them boys again before we drop in there," they told each other cheerfully.

The leaders reached Rock Springs about breakfast time. Teddy was still jogging along easily with long strides, but Archie was already labouring a little to hold his own. All along the route were veterinary surgeons to examine the condition of the horses and put them out of the race if necessary. Those looking over the couple now were of opinion that they were setting too hot a

pace to last.

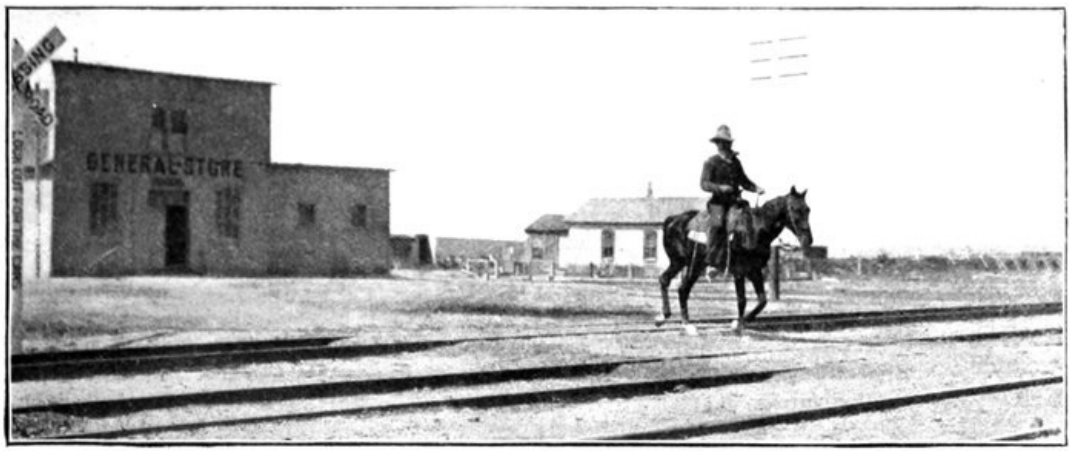
"If I were a betting man I would put my money on one of those horses back with the bunch," said one of the examiners confidently.

The next stretch led to Point of Rocks, over a road which had a good deal of sand. Teddy's steady trot ploughed right through it, and Archie had to break into occasional lopes to stay with the big broncho. After Point of Rocks came more sand, and still more. The Red Desert tried the horses, for at every step they sank down into the loose, thick sand, and Archie began to fall back, unable to stand the punishment of the gruelling pace. At Bitter Creek Workman was riding alone, and he was still alone when he rode into Wamsutter close on eleven o'clock, having covered a hundred and ninety-two miles in two days. Considering the heavy roads, his mount had done wonders. All over Wyoming people threw up their hats for the local horse when the news was flashed over the wires that Teddy led by a good many miles. But the veterinaries were still shaking their heads.

"Too fast! Too fast! Teddy will blow up like the Archie horse," they predicted, sagely.

It was an hour past noon when Charlie Workman rode into Rawlins next day, fifty miles nearer the end of his journey. He was followed a few hours later by "Old Man" Kern, on Dex. Kern was a man over fifty and the oldest in the race, but as hardy a pioneer as one would meet in a long day's journey. He was an ex-cow-puncher, ex-sheriff, ex-ranchman, and what he didn't know about horses was not worth knowing. After Kern came "Wild Jim" Edwards, a miner, from Diamondville, Wyoming, followed by Means and McClelland, both of Colorado. Trew was sixth, and after Trew came Casto, though some of these did not get in till next morning. Meanwhile Workman and his horse were eighteen miles farther on the road, in spite of the fact that they had been caught in a driving sleet storm and had lost the way. He put up for the night at Fort Steele, having made an average of ninety miles a day, and crossed the "Continental Divide" of the Rockies into the bargain. It was agreed on every hand that the wiry little man from Cody had a remarkable animal. The horse, however, was irritable, ate badly, and appeared to be nervous.

On the other hand, the steeds of some of the riders in the rear were still fresh. Jay Bird, Sam, Dex, Sorrel Clipper, Cannonball, and Buck, ridden respectively by Rolla Means, "Dode" Wykert, Kern, Edwards, Lee, and Wilcox, all showed up well. A good many were looking for Means's thoroughbred, Jay Bird, to romp home a winner. Others noticed that Wykert and Lee, though they were fifty miles behind the pacemaker, came in each night as fresh as if they had merely been out for an exercise canter.



WORKMAN, ON HIS POWERFUL HORSE TEDDY, ARRIVING AT MEDICINE BOW.

From a Photograph.

Teddy got as far as Medicine Bow that night, and he was followed two hours later by "Old Man" Kern on his big bay, Dex. Means and Edwards also registered at that station for the night. By constant hard riding three of his competitors had caught the leader after four days' travel, Teddy having let down very considerably during the day. The rest of the riders were scattered between that town and Rawlins, a full day's journey behind. Lee, Wilcox, and Doling were among those close to Rawlins; Wykert was not far ahead of them; and Casto, on Blue Bell, was near the front.

From this point the best of the rear-guard began to close in on the leaders. Steadily the four horses of the vanguard—Teddy, Jay Bird, Sorrel Clipper, and Dex—pushed forward over the rolling hills towards the little city of Laramie, and just as steadily those behind jogged forward in their effort to overhaul them. By nightfall the four were in Laramie. Soon the horses were groomed, fed, and examined by the judges. The riders ate their beefsteaks and lay down beside the ponies. Some time in the small hours after midnight a solitary, dusty traveller rode into the town and dismounted stiffly from his tired horse. The man was Wykert and the horse Sam. By long night rides and continual going they had wiped out the distance between them and the vanguard, and were now ready to be in at the finish.

WYKERT LEADING INTO CHEYENNE.

From a Photograph.

When the riders moved out of Laramie toward Cheyenne the next morning, there were five of them instead of four. Wykert, with a grin, nodded greeting to his fellows.

"Mornin', boys."

"Mornin'. Where did you drop from?" asked Kern, nonchalantly.

"Me? Oh, I just happened along to be in at the finish."

"I'll tell them you're coming," laughed Means.

Wykert eyed the horse, Jay Bird, carefully.

"Well, I reckon you'll have to 'phone the news to Denver, then," he returned, casually.

For Jay Bird, game thoroughbred though he was, showed the effects of travel very plainly, and though Means might still jest about the result he was already beginning to suspect that the native bronchos against which he was pitted would wear him down before the remaining one hundred and seventy-five miles of the race were covered.

At Granite Canyon "Old Man" Kern and his Dex were in the lead, with Teddy second, but the five horses kept well bunched, and it was Wykert who rode first into Cheyenne, the capital of Wyoming, that afternoon. Eight minutes later Edwards and Workman rode in together. Means and the thoroughbred were fourth, and the "Old Man" last.

THE SCENE AT THE WINNING-POST, OUTSIDE THE OFFICES OF THE "DENVER POST." WHEN, AFTER THE SIX-HUNDRED-MILES RACE, WYKERT AND WORKMAN FINISHED IN A DEAD-HEAT, THE EXCITEMENT OF THE CROWD WAS INDESCRIBABLE.

From a Photograph.

Cheyenne gave the riders a great reception. The Governor of the State, a former governor, and a retired army general were among those who went out in automobiles to escort the boys into the city. Everybody cheered for one or another of the horses, and though the Wyoming ones were naturally the favourites the Colorado horses got a good round of applause as well.

It had been the intention of the riders to get a few hours' much-needed sleep at Cheyenne, but they had scarcely lain down in their stalls beside the ponies before word came to the others that

Workman had slipped out and was on the road to Denver.

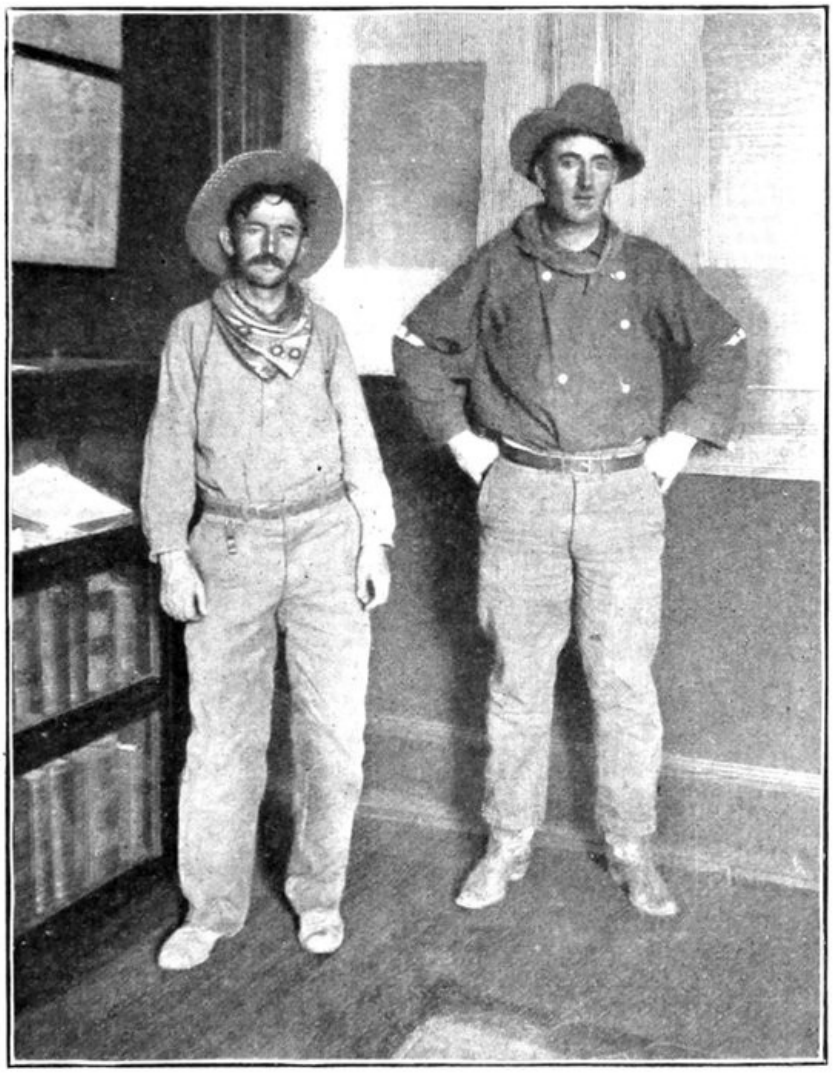
Tired as they were, the others were on their feet in an instant, slapping on their saddles and making ready to follow. It came cruelly hard on both mounts and riders, for all of them certainly deserved a good rest. Instead, they faced a long ride through the night, plodding on hour after hour in the darkness, persevering doggedly in spite of fatigue and the craving for sleep. They could not "quit" so long as it was in their horses to keep on going.

They were now on the final lap, the last hundred miles. The pace was hot, for each was hoping to wear out the others. Mile after mile they galloped through the night, the *Denver Post* automobile at their heels. At Carr the rest of the five caught up with Workman and Teddy. After half an hour's rest here two new pacemakers swung out to show the tired riders the road to Greeley. It was a "Texas jog" at first, then it quickened to a trot and grew faster, until Dex could no longer keep the pace. "Old Man" Kern drew to one side.

"It's too fast for me," he said, and let the motor-car pass him.

Jim Edwards was the next to fall back, and after him Rolla Means. Workman on Teddy and Wykert on Sam were left to fight it out alone.

Three times the big Wyoming horse pulled out in front, but "Dode" Wykert's roan hung steadily to his heels. Greeley was left behind, and then Fort Lupton, first one horse and then the other being ahead. At Brighton they were even, Sam being plainly in the better condition of the two, but unable to get ahead of Teddy. At last the outskirts of Denver showed in the distance. Automobiles and horsemen by hundreds had come out to escort them in. Still the two horses were neck and neck, and down in the heart of the city, where they passed between two living walls of excited humanity, they were still abreast. And so, under the finishing wire, in front of the offices of the *Denver Post*, the two plucky ponies made their last spurt in the great six-hundred-mile race with not an inch to choose between them. It had been a dead heat!



WORKMAN AND WYKERT, WHO DIVIDED THE FIRST AND SECOND PRIZES IN THE GREAT "ENDURANCE RACE."

From a Photograph.

The first and second prizes were divided between the two men, but the "condition prize" of three hundred dollars was awarded to Wykert's Sam by a unanimous decision of the judges, for there was not the least doubt that Sam was comparatively fresh, while Teddy was very, very tired indeed.

Sorrel Clipper, with Edwards up, finished third some five hours later, and received the two hundred dollars prize. Kern came in shortly after, and six hours after him Casto, on Blue Bell, crossed the line. It was nearly twelve hours after this that Lee, on Cannonball, ambled leisurely down Champa Street and claimed the sixth and last prize.

It was a great race, pluckily run, and every horse that came in for prize-money was of the broncho breed. Rolla Means's Jay Bird, which had made so strong a bid for the first place, had given out entirely about Greeley, some sixty miles from the finish. This was the last of the standard-bred horses to stay with the leaders. For speed, wind, and "bottom" the bronchos had come through the test splendidly.

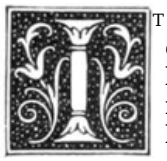
It was a great triumph for the game little broncho. Not pretty to look at, he is the best in the world for the conditions which prevail on the plains and in the Rockies. For other surroundings, perhaps, other types of horse are best, but for rough-and-ready going in all kinds of weather, with

no feed except what it can pick up, the broncho asks odds of none.

The Promotion of Petroff.

By Maxime Schottland, Doctor Juris.

The amazing experience which befell a drunken old Russian bootmaker. "The events described occurred within my own cognizance while living in St. Petersburg," writes the author. "The episode could only have happened in Russia, unless there is any other country where the military caste is held in such veneration among civilians."



It was the birthday of Petroff, the bootmaker, and he had been celebrating it in the customary manner. That is to say, he had consumed so much of his favourite beverage, vodka, that he had now become hopelessly and helplessly intoxicated. In fact, so drunk was Petroff that the proprietor of the St. Petersburg inn where he had been soaking steadily all the afternoon had just turned him out into the street on the sufficient grounds that he could neither drink nor purchase any more liquor.

As poor Petroff staggered from the inhospitable doors of the inn, accompanied by the jeers of the remaining patrons, he fell into the arms of a couple of stalwart policemen.

"Lemme go," he protested, as the detaining hands tightened on his wrists. "I tell you I'm not—hic—drunk! I'm all ri'—shober as a judge, in fact. I want to go home."

The policemen laughed callously.

"You're going to the station with us," remarked the senior, with a grin at his comrade. "A night in the cells will cool your head, old man. Now, then, come along. Go quietly, or it will be the worse for you."

Petroff's legs swayed, and he would have fallen had not his escort, who were accustomed to dealing with such cases, held him tightly in their grasp.

The spectacle of the tipsy old man being led through the streets in custody promptly attracted a crowd, who followed the little procession at a respectful distance. Petroff turned his bleary eyes upon them, in the vain hope that they might light upon someone who would soften the hearts of his captors. Then another thought struck him with a chill feeling of dismay. If—as seemed certain to be his fate—he were locked up all night his wife would demand an explanation the next time he saw her. Mme. Petroff was a bit of a virago, and the drunken old reprobate had a wholesome terror of what might be in store for him if she got wind of his misbehaviour.

"Lemme go home," he whimpered. "I've a mosh important engagement—hic! My wife is waiting for me. It's all ri', I tell you."

The crowd laughed uproariously, as though they had just heard an excellent joke, while the policemen gave their prisoner a push forward.

Petroff wept bitterly. He was just going to burst into an angry denunciation upon their conduct, when his attention was attracted by a couple of officers in military uniform, who strode up to him with outstretched hands.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed the younger of the two, looking at him in a puzzled fashion, "what on earth is the meaning of all this? It won't do, you know. We must take care of you."

Petroff's eyes began to blink, and he pinched himself to make certain he was not dreaming. But no; everything was quite real. Here were two of the Czar's officers, whom he had no recollection of ever having seen before, actually claiming his acquaintance! Wonders would never cease! It was no time, however, for argument. Evidently the strangers meant him well, and if they were making a mistake he meant to profit by it. Shaking the speaker's hand, accordingly, he poured out his wrongs in an eager torrent.

The brilliant uniforms of the two new-comers had a magic effect upon Petroff's custodians.

"I beg your Excellency's pardon," said one of them, with a deferential salute, "but we found this—er—gentleman drunk in the streets, and we thought it best to take him to the station. May I inquire if you know him?"

The officer nodded.

"Certainly," he returned. "We know him very well indeed. In fact, he's a neighbour of ours. I'm afraid he's had too much to drink. We'll take charge of him, though, and see him safely home. Here's something for your trouble," he added, slipping a couple of roubles into the other's hand.

"Please call a cab, and we'll take the professor to his rooms," observed the second officer, who had not yet spoken.

Petroff smiled affably. It was much pleasanter to be called a professor than a drunken old man.

"It's all ri'," he exclaimed, delightedly. "These gentlemen are—hic—old friends of mine. We'll all go home together—see?"

"'MY DEAR FELLOW', EXCLAIMED THE YOUNGER OF THE TWO, 'WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MEANING OF ALL THIS?'"

The two policemen, their last doubts dissipated by the promptitude with which the officers claimed their charge's acquaintance, acquiesced readily enough. A cab was procured and Petroff and his new-found friends installed therein, while the coachman was directed to drive to an address in a fashionable neighbourhood.

As the vehicle started off, Petroff looked at his deliverers with fresh wonder.

"Where have I met you before?" he murmured. "I don't seem to remember. Did you ever come to my boot-shop? If so, I mush have been drunk!"

The officer thus addressed shook his head gravely. "We had the honour of meeting your Excellency when you served in the army."

Petroff looked more puzzled than ever.

"The army?" he repeated. "What do you mean? I'm not a soldier. I'm a bootmaker."

The two officers exchanged glances.

"I beg your pardon for venturing to contradict you, sir, but the Czar has just been pleased to promote you to major-general in appreciation of your distinguished services."

Petroff smiled happily.

"It's the first I've heard of it," he murmured.

"I fancied, sir, that you might have been celebrating the appointment already," was the grave response. "We shall, however, be honoured if you will join us in a little refreshment. Our house is close at hand."

"Certainly, my friends. I was going to have a drink when those rude policemen interfered just now."

As the old man spoke the cab drew up at the door of a handsome building. The next moment Petroff found himself being ushered into a beautifully-furnished room. Here the first thing upon which his eyes fell was a sideboard covered with bottles and glasses.

"How perfectly lovely!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands in ecstasy. "You don't know how thirsty I am. But what house is this?"

"It is your house, general."

The bootmaker's eyes blinked.

"Who's a general?" he demanded, truculently. "I won't have you make fun of me."

The senior of the two officers bowed deferentially.

"Your Excellency is pleased to jest. Of course you are a general. As, however, it is only to-day that you were appointed one, it is quite possible that the fact has escaped your memory."

Petroff's momentary anger evaporated at the speaker's apologetic tone. After all, it was much better to be a major-general than a bootmaker, and he was not going to quarrel with his good fortune.

"I did forget it for the moment," he returned, "but I'll remember it now. If I'm a major-general, though, I must have something to drink, eh?"

"Certainly, your Excellency," replied the other, as he uncorked a bottle of vodka and poured out a brimming glass. Petroff sat sipping it happily, when the second officer came over to his chair and saluted.

"Will your Excellency be pleased to dress now?" he remarked. "It is time to get into uniform." Then, without waiting for the old man to recover from the surprise which this announcement created, he brought forward a richly ornamented tunic, together with the remaining items of a general's uniform. Petroff gazed at the clothes in awe; he had never seen so much magnificence in his life.

As his two companions proceeded to make his toilet for him he could do nothing but murmur, "I'm a general." At last he had repeated the statement so often that, in his befuddled condition, he almost came to believe in it.

"I suppose I am *really* a general?" he remarked, as his companions assisted him to buckle on his sword.

"There is no doubt of it, your Excellency," replied the senior. "Let me introduce myself as Major Romanoff, and my colleague here as Captain Marckovitch. We have been appointed to act as your adjutants, and shall be pleased to carry out any orders you may give us."

Petroff laughed delightedly. This was a thousand times better than being a bootmaker and getting locked up for taking too much vodka.

"Very well, then; if I'm a general I must have another drink," he declared, stretching out his hand towards the table.

The fiery spirit seemed to touch a chord of memory.

"But what about my wife?" he demanded, suddenly. "Does she know I'm a—hic—general?"

"Certainly, sir. In fact, she has been trying to find you all day."

Petroff's face paled.

"What does she want?" he gasped.

"Merely to offer your Excellency her congratulations."

Here was a new mystery.

"That's very strange. She never wanted to—hic—congratulate me before."

"But she has only just heard of your promotion, sir."

The look of dismay faded from the old man's countenance, and a placid smile took its place.

"I must buy her a present," he declared.

"Yes, sir. That is why we are going out. Your wife will have to be presented at His Majesty's next reception, and you must accordingly order her some suitable jewels. Captain Marckovitch and I will be very pleased to conduct you to a firm where you can obtain such diamonds and other articles as will be necessary."

Petroff gulped down another glass of vodka. Under its stimulus his mind was working rapidly.

"That's all very well, my friends, but how am I going to get the money to pay for them? I spent my last rouble in the inn where the policemen found me."

Major Romanoff nodded.

"We have not yet had time to draw any funds from the Treasury on your behalf. Everything will be all right by to-morrow, though. In the meantime my colleague and myself will see that you are supplied with whatever you may be pleased to order at any shop. As the afternoon is drawing in, I would propose that we set out for a drive at once in your carriage."

Petroff rubbed his eyes in amazement. It seemed that surprises would never cease.

"But I haven't got a carriage," he protested.

"Pardon me," said Captain Marckovitch, "but your Excellency's establishment includes a carriage and pair. It is already waiting at the door. Will it please you to make a start just now?"

"All right! I suppose I can't say anything better than that, can I?"

Captain Marckovitch bowed.

"Certainly, that will do admirably. In fact, sir, it's the only thing you need say while you are with us. Perhaps you will graciously pardon me if I take this opportunity of once more reminding you

that, as your appointment is so—er—recent, it would perhaps be best if you permitted yourself to be guided by Major Romanoff and myself."

Petroff wagged his grey head with an air of profound wisdom. "Quite so. You tell me what to say, and I'll say it."

The senior adjutant bowed gravely.

"I was going to suggest that, sir. We are now all going out together to make some purchases for your Excellency's wife. While we are in the different shops it will not be necessary for you to say anything but 'All right' whenever your opinion is asked. You see, sir, your previous experience has almost entirely been gained on the field of battle. In fact, you have only just returned from a campaign."

"Have I?" interrupted the old man. "'Pon my word, I don't recollect it very clearly."

"Your Excellency was wounded in action," observed Captain Marckovitch, suavely. "Your memory may not return for a day or two. Still, you have only to say 'All right.'"

"Yes, I can remember that."

There was only time for a parting glass of vodka, and as Petroff drained the last drop in the bottle all his qualms disappeared. He felt determined to show the whole of St. Petersburg that he was as fine a major-general as any that the army of the Czar contained. The whole way down the stairs and out into the courtyard he kept repeating to himself, "I'm a general. All right."

A splendidly-appointed carriage was in waiting at the doorway. As the trio entered it, Major Romanoff gave the liveried coachman the address of a jewellery establishment in the Nevski Prospect. A few minutes' drive brought them to the door. The moment they alighted the manager and his assistants, dazzled by the magnificent equipage and uniforms of the party, came forward to receive their illustrious patrons with deferential bows.

Major Romanoff went up to Petroff, who had sunk heavily into a chair.

"Shall I explain your Excellency's wishes to Mr. Gorshine?" he inquired.

The manager rubbed his hands briskly. The unknown patron was an Excellency, then!

"All right," said Petroff.

"Perhaps I might be permitted to show his Excellency a selection from my stock," suggested Mr. Gorshine.

"Quite so," said Captain Marckovitch, hastily. "You must, however, please understand that his Excellency does not wish to spend more than two hundred thousand roubles this afternoon. The general," he added, sinking his voice a little, "is not feeling very well, so perhaps you had better make all the arrangements with Major Romanoff and myself."

Mr. Gorshine nodded comprehendingly.

"I understand perfectly, sir. His Excellency shall not be inconvenienced at all. Now, what can I have the pleasure of showing you?"

"His Excellency wishes to buy a diamond tiara and other jewellery for his wife. He would also like some rings and bracelets. Show us the best that your stock contains."

The manager beamed with delight, and, hastily unlocking a large safe, produced tray after tray covered with beautiful gems. The two adjutants inspected their contents hastily, and put aside the finest for a more detailed examination.

"How will this suit?" inquired Captain Marckovitch, picking up a magnificent tiara.

Petroff, who was feeling drowsy after his plentiful consumption of vodka, pushed it away with a lordly gesture.

"All right," he exclaimed.

"Then his Excellency approves of it?" inquired the delighted manager.

"Certainly, Mr. Gorshine; you have just heard him say so," declared Major Romanoff. "Pack it up."

"I'm feeling very thirsty," murmured Petroff. "Why doesn't somebody give me a drink?"

The obsequious jeweller rushed forward.

"Pray allow me to send for refreshments," he begged.

Captain Marckovitch nodded meaningly towards the chair where Petroff was sitting.

"Perhaps I ought to have told you that the general has a little weakness," he said. "His Excellency has only lately returned from a hot climate, and—well—you understand, no doubt."

The jeweller bowed.

"Entirely so, sir," he whispered. "In fact, a brother of mine, who is also in the army, cannot stand the slightest——"

"Besides," interrupted the adjutant, "we must make every allowance for so distinguished an officer. Apart from his bravery in action, it is well known that his kindness of heart, his thoughtfulness, and his generosity are proverbial. All the presents that he is buying now are intended for his wife."

"Yes, I'm going to give them to my wife," said Petroff, sharply. "She'll be so pleased that she'll

forgive me. Now bring out some more. It's all right."

Mr. Gorshine wanted nothing better. Here was a customer who showed a lordly indifference to price, and who approved of everything set before him. Clearly a profitable afternoon was in store. Accordingly, he exerted himself to ransack the shelves and show-cases of their finest gems. These, after being critically inspected by the two adjutants, were passed over to their companion, who, for his part, contented himself with drowsily murmuring "All right."

At last, when goods to the estimated value of two hundred thousand roubles had been set aside, Major Romanoff declared that enough had been exhibited.

Mr. Gorshine bowed again. He had done a very fine day's work and nothing was to be gained by being too greedy.

"Might I venture to inquire his Excellency's name?" he hazarded.

Captain Marckovitch looked at him haughtily.

"I am surprised that you do not recognise the general," he remarked. "This is his Highness the Prince Savanoff, who has just returned from special service in the Caucasus. He is at present occupying an appointment at the Imperial Court."

"That's all right," murmured Petroff.

The jeweller was almost overcome with confusion at the slip he had made. Not to be familiar with the name of Prince Savanoff—the illustrious soldier whom all Russia was honouring just then on account of his distinguished services in the Caucasus—indicated a quite abysmal ignorance.

"Of course, I recognise his Excellency's name," he protested, humbly. "I had not, however, seen a photograph of the Prince."

Major Romanoff bent his brows.

"The Prince is as modest as he is brave. On this account he has never permitted his portrait to appear in the papers."

"Ten thousand apologies," exclaimed the contrite Mr. Gorshine. "And now, sir, is there anything else I can have the honour of showing you?"

"I will inquire," said the other, as he shook Petroff by the shoulder. "Is your Highness satisfied with what you have already chosen? If so, perhaps I had better take the jewels to the palace and let her Highness, your wife, decide which she will retain. Then, when I return, you can pay Mr. Gorshine for what she wishes to keep."

"All right," muttered Petroff.

The adjutant turned to the smiling jeweller.

"Very well, then. As time presses, I will start at once. His Excellency and Captain Marckovitch will remain here to await my return. The carriage is outside, and I can get to the palace and back in less than half an hour. Please pack everything up very carefully."

"Certainly, sir. If her Highness would like me to change any of these ornaments for others I shall be only too pleased to do so. Might I also beg, sir, that you will use your influence with the Prince to secure me an appointment as jeweller to the Court? Perhaps his Excellency would sign my application now?"

The major shrugged his shoulders and glanced at the somnolent Petroff.

"I'm really afraid," he answered, in a low tone, "that his Highness is scarcely in a condition to sign anything at this moment. Still, I will remember the matter. I should prefer, however, to speak to the Princess about it first. After all, these jewels are for her, you know."

"Quite so," was the prompt reply. "I will not detain you any longer."

As he spoke the manager picked up the velvet-lined cases and followed the adjutant to the carriage. When it disappeared from sight he went back into the shop, full of delight at the excellent stroke of business he had accomplished.

"A charming afternoon, your Excellency," he remarked.

Petroff gave vent to a long-drawn-out snore and dropped his head on the counter.

"The Prince is a little fatigued," observed Captain Marckovitch, apologetically. "He is not used to buying jewels. Perhaps you will be good enough to make out your bill, and it can be settled when my brother adjutant returns with her Excellency's decision."

"Certainly, sir. I will see about it at once."

Withdrawing to the counting-house, Mr. Gorshine spent a pleasant quarter of an hour totalling up the cost of the various articles which had been selected on approval. A smile of content spread over his features as he saw the substantial amount to which it came. Even if Major Romanoff brought back half the goods there would still be a handsome profit on the transaction. Certainly, Prince Savanoff was the sort of customer he would like to see in his shop every day in the week.

Presently he returned and handed the itemized account to the adjutant. Captain Marckovitch cast a cursory glance over it, and then put it down with a careless gesture.

"I expected it to be a good deal larger," he said, airily.

Mr. Gorshine began to reproach himself for not having added twenty-five per cent. to every item.

The Prince would have paid it, he felt sure. However, it was no good wasting time on vain regrets. Accordingly, he began to speculate what would be the best position in his showroom for displaying the coveted certificate appointing him Court jeweller. A quarter of an hour passed in this fashion. Mr. Gorshine looked at the clock pointedly. The evening was coming on, and it would soon be time to close the premises for the night.

"'THE PRINCE IS A LITTLE FATIGUED,' OBSERVED CAPTAIN MARCKOVITCH."

"Major Romanoff is longer than I expected," observed Captain Marckovitch, taking out his watch.

"Perhaps he has not found her Excellency at home," suggested the other.

"I dare say you're right. It is quite possible, too, that her Excellency was out shopping when the major reached the palace. In this case he will naturally have decided to wait until she returns."

"Oh, naturally," agreed the jeweller.

Another twenty minutes went by. Despite all his efforts to appear at ease Mr. Gorshine began to feel a little disturbed. Several possible explanations of the delay occurred to him, the most likely one being that the Princess might have decided to see the general before making up her mind.

The adjutant interrupted his train of thought.

"I'm afraid it's not very far off your usual closing time," he remarked.

"We generally close at seven, sir."

The captain glanced at his watch again.

"It is now half-past six. If I start at once I can get to the palace and back by seven. Would you like me to drive there and explain that his Highness the Prince wishes her Excellency to make an immediate decision? Then, if by any chance I find she has not arrived, I will come back with Major Romanoff and the jewels."

Mr. Gorshine felt almost overwhelmed at such condescension.

"I could not think of troubling you, sir," he protested. "I will send one of my assistants."

"I'm afraid that won't do," returned the other, with a laugh. "You see, only an officer of the Guards would be admitted to the palace at this hour, and as I feel that I ought to relieve your very natural anxiety I will go myself. By the way, on no account disturb his Excellency during my absence. It would make him very angry, and he might cancel his order."

"Certainly not, sir."

"Very well, then, I'll start at once. Be good enough to call a cab with a fast horse."

Secretly overjoyed at having the matter thus settled, but volubly protesting his disinclination to trouble his illustrious patron, the jeweller escorted the captain to the door and saw him into a cab. Then he returned to the showroom, where a group of assistants, with smiling faces, were watching the still snoring Petroff. As the manager came up to his chair he opened his eyes sleepily.

"It's all right," he murmured.

Darkness began to fall. It was too late to expect any more customers. In fact, the usual closing hour had already gone by and the assistants were beginning to get restless. Mr. Gorshine went to the doorway a dozen times and peered out into the street. On each occasion, however, he returned to his desk in disappointment. There was no sign of either Major Romanoff or Captain Marckovitch.

"What can have happened to his Excellency's adjutants?" he said. "They ought to have been back here long ago."

The principal assistant blew his nose thoughtfully.

"It's a long way after closing time, sir. I really think we ought to awaken his Excellency."

Mr. Gorshine, mindful of Captain Marckovitch's injunction, would not hear of such a thing.

"On no account," he exclaimed. "If we did so, his Highness would be certain to cancel the order he has given us."

At the end of another half-hour, however, the jeweller decided that it would perhaps be better to take his assistant's advice after all. There was just a possibility, too, that the Prince might catch cold. Besides, he ought to be back in the palace by this time for dinner. Accordingly he went up to him deferentially and laid a respectful hand upon his epauletted shoulder.

"I beg your Excellency's pardon," he said, "but your adjutants have not yet returned, and we wish to close the establishment now. If you will graciously permit me, I will see you back to the palace."

"All right," muttered Petroff. "I'm a general."

"Certainly, your Highness; but this is closing time."

The vodka mounted to Petroff's brain, and he began to get angry.

"Go to the devil!" he shouted, rising unsteadily to his feet. "I'm a general, I tell you. I want a drink. If you don't let me have one I'll put you all in prison!"

"Oh, pray forgive me!" exclaimed the manager, regretting his boldness. "I did not mean to inconvenience your Excellency. I merely wished to point out that it is closing time, and that perhaps you would like to return home."

A gleam of intelligence crept into Petroff's eyes.

"Yes, I want to go home," he murmured. "I want to see my wife."

"Then pray permit me to escort you. I will send for a carriage at once."

"All right," was the sulky response.

Although the keen night air sweeping up the open street sobered him a little, Petroff was still somewhat unsteady on his feet. Mr. Gorshine and a couple of assistants, however, managed to get him into a cab.

"Will your Highness have the goodness to give me the address to which you wish to be driven?" inquired the manager, deferentially, as he took the opposite seat.

With some little difficulty Petroff remembered the obscure quarter of the city in which he lived, and repeated the name and number of the street. Mr. Gorshine heard the answer in amazement, convinced that there must be some mistake. His companion, however, showed such an inclination to become argumentative that he finally decided to humour him, and they set off for the address indicated.

At the end of half an hour's drive the cab stopped in front of a squalid-looking house in a mean little side-street, far removed from the fashionable quarter of the city.

"It's all right," declared Petroff, glancing out of the window. "Here we are. Don't let my wife get angry with me. Tell her it wasn't my fault."

The jeweller smiled reassuringly, as the other clung to his arm and led the way up a steep flight of stairs. At the top floor Petroff stopped and fumbled with his latch-key.

"Don't wake my wife," he whispered.

As he spoke, however, the door was flung suddenly open, and an elderly woman, brandishing a stick, rushed out into the passage.

"There you are, then, you wicked old drunkard!" she exclaimed, shrilly. "I'll give you something for stopping out all this time. See if I don't!"

"Please don't let her hit me," shrieked Petroff, trying to hide behind his companion.

"Pardon me, madam, but his Highness is unwell," protested the jeweller, quite at a loss to account for this extraordinary reception.

Mme. Petroff burst into a peal of derisive laughter.

"Unwell, is he?" she retorted. "He'll be worse presently, I can promise you!" Then her eyes fell on the magnificent uniform her husband was wearing.

"'PLEASE DON'T LET HER HIT ME,' SHRIEKED PETROFF, TRYING TO HIDE BEHIND HIS COMPANION."

"What drunken freak is this?" she cried. "How dare you dress up as an officer, you silly old guy?"

Mr. Gorshine's face grew suddenly pale.

"I beg you not to be angry with his Highness," he exclaimed. "His adjutants, Major Romanoff and Captain Marckovitch, will probably be here directly."

Mme. Petroff snorted indignantly.

"I believe you're drunk, too. Since when, pray, has my husband been a Highness? He was Petroff, the bootmaker, this morning."

Mr. Gorshine sank into a chair, overwhelmed with horror.

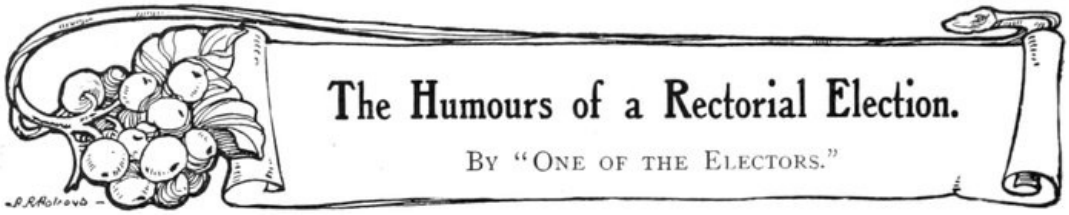
"What?" he gasped, as soon as he found his breath. "Is not this his Highness Prince Savanoff, the famous general?"

"The famous fiddlestick," returned the other. "He's no more a Highness, and a Prince, and a general than you are yourself. He's a rascally, drunken old bootmaker, who disgraces the name of Petroff."

With the angry woman's shrill laughter ringing in his ears the unhappy jeweller staggered from the room and rushed down the stairs. He could think of nothing but the loss he had just sustained. By reporting the matter to the police at once there was a bare chance that some of the property might yet be recovered.

The superintendent of police, however, to whom he poured out his story, could not offer him much encouragement. It was clear that he had been made the victim of a singularly audacious robbery. The only thing that the authorities could do was to arrest Petroff as an accomplice. As, however, there was no evidence to connect him with the theft, he was, after a week's enforced sobriety, permitted to return to his wife.

This was comforting for Petroff, perhaps, but it was anything but pleasant for the hapless Mr. Gorshine, who never saw his jewels or the two "adjutants" again.



The Humours of a Rectorial Election.

By "One of the Electors."

Some of the customs in vogue at American Universities are startling enough, but it comes as a surprise to learn that the authorities of an ancient Scottish foundation, aided and abetted by the police, countenance such extraordinary doings as are chronicled in this topical article. The writer describes the Glasgow University Rectorial Election of 1905, in which he took part as an official of one of the clubs concerned.

On October 24th of this year the students of Glasgow University will choose for themselves a new Lord Rector. Already announcements have appeared in the Press that the candidates are Lord Curzon (Conservative), Mr. Lloyd George (Liberal), and Mr. Keir Hardie (Socialist).

Triennially the public reads in some obscure corner in its newspapers that a Rectorial election is in progress in a Scotch University, that the fighting is fiercer than ever before, and that damage has been done amounting to hundreds of pounds. The reader, according to his viewpoint, either swiftly ejaculates a condemnation of such barbarous practices or grins as he detects what he takes to be newspaper exaggerations. The real facts behind all this the general public never learn; they never realize what a strange anachronism a Rectorial election is.

Fancy carefully-organized fighting, with a hundred or two hundred young men on either side, ending in the wrecking of the premises of the losers—to the breaking down the plaster of the walls and the tearing up of the floor—all countenanced by staid University authorities and countenanced, too, by the police department of a municipality that prides itself on being the most up-to-date in the country! Indeed, the police not only countenance the business but actually assist by sending forces of men to the scene of operations to ring round the arena, keep back the crowd, and often to hold up the electric cars and other street traffic while the rival parties push the claims of their respective candidates *vi et armis*! In the exigencies of the campaign, moreover, many deeds are done with perfect impunity by the students which would be seriously visited on less favoured mortals—for example, the cutting through of main water-pipes, carrying the supplies of whole blocks of buildings.

The good people of Glasgow are, for the most part, not at all inclined to withdraw this licence. They are, on the contrary, rather proud of the sacrifices they make in order that old customs may be kept up, and their complacency and good-humoured tolerance are almost inconceivable to people of non-University towns.

That the readers of The Wide World Magazine may realize what lies behind the fragmentary reports which they will find in their newspapers this month I shall relate what I know of Glasgow Rectorial elections, and particularly of the last election in November, 1905, in which I was specially concerned.

In most other Universities in these days the Rectorship is a purely academic distinction, probably conferred unanimously by the students. In Glasgow, however, it is still decided on political grounds.

In the University there exist two permanent clubs: the Glasgow University Conservative Club and the Glasgow University Liberal Club, the constitutional purpose of each of which is to effect the election of a Lord Rector of its own political colour.

For three years—since the last election—these clubs have been scraping money together. The election will cost each side from two to four hundred pounds, and the size of the fight they put up and their output of election literature will be on the scale of the funds in hand. Needless to say, most of the money comes from party sources and private subscriptions outside the University, but owing to the extraordinary nature of the campaign no accounts are ever made public. Like Tammany Hall and other efficient political "machines," a despotism is absolutely necessary. The entire control of the money is vested in four, or three, or even two students, and no questions are ever asked as to the uses to which they think best to put it.

At the beginning of the session preceding the election the presidents of the clubs, with great secrecy, approach various leading men of their parties, and finally fix on candidates. In the second half of the session, about February, the candidates are announced, and soon afterwards the Conservative and Liberal Rectorial Committees are formed. These committees are large, numbering, perhaps, fifty in each, though, as I have said, the actual executives are very small. Each committee is divided into three sections—the canvassing, the literature, and the physical force.

The conveners of these sub-committees are busy all through the summer vacation with preparations for the coming fray, forming their plans, inventing ruses, and intriguing for various advantages.

The campaign commences in earnest as soon as college reassembles in the third week of October, and continues in a wild whirl of excitement for a fortnight, until the day of election. Then all the leading men, haggard and nearly dead with fatigue and the incessant strain, go to bed and sleep for twenty-four hours. The day after the election the 'Varsity is as quiet and peaceful as the most select young ladies' seminary.

This is the invariable course of events. On the particular occasion I am about to describe—the election of 1905—the candidates announced in the spring were Lord Linlithgow (Conservative) and Mr. Asquith (Liberal). The Liberals had lost the last election badly, but the reaction against the Government gave them high hopes of pulling their man through on this occasion.

The summer, apart from the publishing of one magazine by the Liberals, was, as usual, a time of public inaction, but secret preparations. The clubs rented two large shops—almost next door to one another, by mutual arrangement—in a street near the University. These were the "committee rooms," and were practically the head-quarters from which the fighting was done. They were prepared for occupation by (1) removing all partitions and throwing the shop itself and the rooms behind into one large, bare apartment. (2) Taking out all fittings, even to the fire-grates. (3) Taking out the windows and filling their place with very massive, buttressed barricades, having loopholes high up. (4) Leading in special water supplies and fitting hydrants for hoses. In addition, the cellars are stocked with great cases of pease-meal, made up into paper packets of convenient size for throwing. A piano was also placed in each of the committee rooms.

GIBSON STREET, GLASGOW, WHERE BOTH COMMITTEE-ROOMS ARE INVARIABLY SITUATED—IN THE LAST ELECTION THE CONSERVATIVES USED THE PREMISES OF THE LAUNDRY SHOWN AT THE RIGHT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH, WHILE THE INTERNAL ROOMS WERE TWO SHOPS HIGHER UP THE STREET.

From a Photograph.

About the 20th of October students rattled back to their Alma Mater from all parts of the country with an eager lust for the coming fray. For myself I can solemnly say that the ensuing fortnight was the happiest time I have ever had. The abandon, the madness of it; the fiercest possible fighting and raiding, with a minimum of serious injury; and behind it all, on both sides, the greatest good-humour—all these are impossible to describe. Only students, I imagine, could fight such wild, lunatic fights with never a lost temper.

The Glasgow University Conservative and Liberal Clubs hereby agree to the following arrangements for the conduct of the Rectorial Election.

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1. The Rooms of the Clubs shall be used for Fighting on and after October 25th, with the exceptions hereafter mentioned.
2. Pianos shall be held inviolable.
3. There shall be no Battering Rams used or similar appliances whose use is dangerous.
4. Matriculation and Class Tickets shall not be taken.
5. Fighting shall be with "open doors," i.e., no insuperable obstacles shall be placed in the doorway.
6. Gas fittings shall be inviolable.
7. Canvassers and Canvass Sheets shall be inviolable.
8. The evenings on which Smokers are held by either Club shall be truces.
9. Truces shall exist till half-an-hour after all other meetings.

JOSEPH DAVIDSON,
Hon. Secy.,
G.U. Conservative Club.

J. C. WATSON,
Hon. Secy.,
G.U. Liberal Club.

THE "ARTICLES OF WAR,"
PUBLISHED BY BOTH CLUBS
IN THESE MAGAZINES.

The atmosphere was something different from the rest of life; it was like a slice out of the Middle Ages. Up all night and sleeping during the day, life became for us a complicated mass of plottings and intrigues, ambushes, wild chases in cabs, men spying on other men and in turn being shadowed themselves. Last, but by no means least, there was the unholy but very real joy that comes of the unlicensed destruction of property. A Rectorial election is the shortest road to romance in this prosaic modern life that I know of.

The canvass, though very efficient, is comparatively routine work, and naturally neither particularly novel nor interesting. I shall pass it over and deal mainly with the fighting. There were four chief features in the fighting—"painting raids," "regular battles," "magazine captures," and "bus fights."

At this election some attempt was made for the first time to restrain and organize the fighting. It was thought that it would be better to have something in the way of fixed battles by mutual agreement rather than or in addition to the constant running fight. Consequently truces were

frequently arranged, except at the times fixed on for battles. These truces, however, were technically held not to inhibit painting raids.

The front of each of the committee-rooms was, of course, loudly painted with the party colour—red for the Liberals, blue for the Conservatives. A painting raid meant stealing out at dead of night, with paint-buckets and brushes, and daubing the enemy's rooms your own colour.

Our opponents, however, sometimes received information beforehand in some mysterious way. The painters would be softly busy, with a whish-whish of brushes, chuckling to one another, when suddenly, without a whisper of warning, two deadly streams of water would pour an irresistible cross-fire from the loopholes and sweep painters, chairs, and ladders to the ground in a confused, dripping mass. Then there was much spluttering and vociferation, and, if possible, the contents of the paint-buckets were made to shoot through the loopholes. The barricades, however, were invulnerable, and the hoses could not be withstood. If the enemy are prepared for a painting raid there is little to do but retire.

In this sort of work it was pretty well give-and-take; both sides painted and were painted. The raids, however, ceased once the regular fighting commenced.

This happened a few days later, when the "articles of war," here reproduced, were published by both clubs in their magazines.

The "open doors" article was new. It came of past experience. If the massive doors of a committee-room were closed, obviously the only way of getting at those inside was with axes and heavy rams, with results and risks, in excited hands, rather more serious than the clubs were prepared to face. It turned out a wise step, for it had the effect of making the fights more physical and good-humoured, and in all probability prevented a great deal of serious injury and wounding.

The article about pianos was, strangely enough, strictly kept. It was a striking sight at the end of a "wrecking" to see the piano standing unhurt and immaculate amid a chaos of torn flooring and broken plaster.

The matriculation and class tickets of a student are what make him eligible to vote, and would cost at least four guineas to replace. To make war on these would be a shabby way of winning an election.

Though it was the "open season," so to speak, after October 25th very little fighting was done by the rank and file except at the battles. The clubs concentrated all their energies on these. The occasions were arranged beforehand, and there were four altogether.

On the evening of the first battle students arrived in the oldest rags they could lay hands on. A great crowd of spectators also turned up, the time of the engagement having leaked out. The crowd was kept back by a force of policemen. Inside the rooms busy preparations were going on. Boxes of pease-meal bags were hauled up from the cellar and served out to all hands—if you were clever you might manage to carry ten of these most effective missiles. The hoses were fixed up and tested, while men who were not willing to submit even the worst clothes they had to the combined effect of pease-meal and water stripped until they were clad only in the sparsest of underwear.

The Liberals—of whom I may as well confess at once I was one—divided their force. About two-thirds were detailed for attack, and the remainder had to stay by the rooms and defend them in case of need. This boldness was because we had been assured by our scouts that we were largely in the majority. The Conservatives, realizing their weakness, only threw perhaps a quarter of their number outside.

A few minutes before the hour the attacking forces lined up opposite their doors, facing one another. They looked a queer lot, in most grotesque attire—the first pease-meal bag ready in each man's right hand, their figures bulging with the remainder. In the rooms the defending forces were massed at the open doors, while at each loophole were two men controlling the nozzle of a hose. These waited anxiously, for the result of the collision of the outside forces determined whose rooms were to be attacked.

On this occasion, however, there was little doubt. The odds were so clearly against the Conservatives that, unless they had some stratagem up their sleeve (which was always very possible), it was decidedly to be the Liberals' night.

The good-natured and even sympathetic police-inspector in charge capped the official sanction by consenting to blow his whistle to start us. He stood, watch in hand, with the whistle between his lips and his eyes on the minute-hand. Dead silence prevailed all around.

Suddenly the whistle shrilled out, the crowd shouted, and the two forces rushed at one another, the narrowing space between them netted with the parabolas of pease-meal bags, which burst like shells where they struck. The concussion of the adversaries took place somewhere in the midst of a dense cloud of fine yellow dust. But out of that cloud, in the direction of the Blue rooms, there emerged a writhing bulk of men. It was body to body now; there was throwing only on the outskirts.

The Liberals were as three to one, and the Blues were crumpled up and driven before us. Our advance was irresistible; there was no stand or halt until they had retreated right into their rooms. In less than thirty seconds from the whistle we were in the Conservative doorway.

But there we stopped, for all their defence was opposed to us. In that doorway there was a tight, breathless jam—as severe an experience as I ever want to have. Our own men from the outside

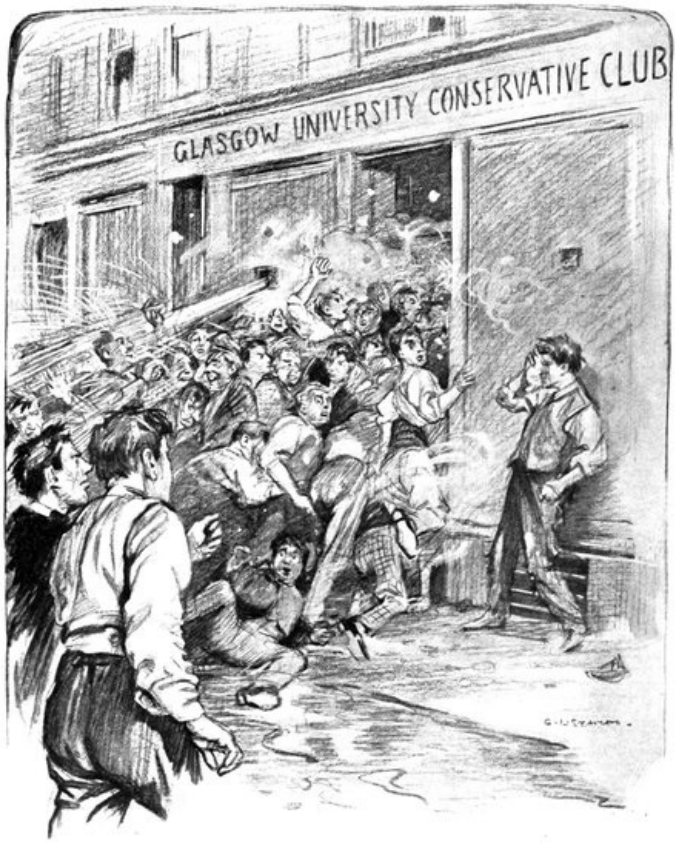
and the Tories from the back poured in a steady fusillade of pease-meal, of which the doorway was the focus. The pease-meal bag does not injure, but if it explodes in the face it fills mouth, nose, ears, and lungs with its nauseous, choking dust. Here there were hundreds bursting within a few square feet. The atmosphere was unimaginable.

With eyes tightly shut—one could not see an eighth of an inch if they were open—jammed off one's feet, and with a roaring in the ears, we remained there, unable even to think, but possessed with one insensate idea—to shove, shove, shove, whenever we could get the slightest purchase.

And presently the hoses were at it. The enemy had brought them away from the loopholes (where they were useless) and taken them back into the room. From there they played relentlessly on the jam in the door, the solid jets striking like rods of iron.

Behind us there were gusts of charging that shook our wedged mass. Parties of half-a-dozen would run back ten yards and then hurl themselves in a solid body at the pack. But still the Tories defended their citadel most pluckily, holding on to the doorway with desperate tenacity.

But steps were being taken to help us. In the Liberal rooms a small party of trusted men descended to the cellar. There, by crawling through holes and breaking down brick partitions, they arrived at length at the foundations of the block of buildings. Here they found a network of water-pipes, but to fix on the one which led to the Conservative rooms was a difficult job. While they were still hesitating, word came down to them that their men in the street above were having an awful time with the hoses. A big main pipe was obvious, and one of the band, equipped with an axe, speedily severed it.



"IN THAT DOORWAY THERE WAS A TIGHT, BREATHLESS JAM."

Meanwhile, up above, the streams of water were playing splendidly. They could not break the jam, but they prevented and smashed up any attempt at organized effort on the outskirts of the attack. Suddenly, however, they stuttered, leapt out high, and then fell to the merest dribble. From our packed ranks there rose a muffled growl, which was meant for a cheer. With the chief obstacle removed—it is wonderful how a hose deters men—we began steadily to gain.

That terrible jam had lasted for nearly half an hour. The men in the forefront of the attack had long ago become exhausted, but unlimited energy came from behind. I felt myself scrape along the wall. Suddenly the resistance in front gave way and we staggered forward, our mass opening out like a fan. In another instant we were all inside.

Personally, I was content to lie on the floor in a corner; my eyes were bloodshot, and my nose bleeding from inhaled pease-meal. But fresher men set about the wrecking of the premises, and presently I, too, joined them with zest, while the defeated Conservatives looked on indifferently or jokingly proffered assistance.

The unsophisticated reader may think there is little to destroy in a room with bare walls and floor, but we found quite a lot. There was the woodwork to tear off, the plaster of walls and ceiling to be broken and poked down. The doors were detached and thrown in the Kelvin, a very convenient river, along with much other stuff. The gas-pipes for obvious reasons were inviolable, but much of the water-piping was destroyed, and in addition two hoses, a large supply of pease-

meal, and a storming platform were captured and transferred to the Liberal rooms.

Thereafter a joint smoking-concert was held in the Liberal rooms, as being in their present state more comfortable, and both sides had a very jolly and friendly time, not at all disturbed by a party of policemen and plumbers, who came round with some strange story of a burst pipe they had to locate.

Two days later the second fight took place. The Reds were again in a large majority, and forced the Tory rooms in less than twenty minutes. Very little had been done in the way of repairing damages, and there was, consequently, not much scope for the wreckers. Nevertheless, there were some who were not discouraged, but did their best under the circumstances. If a barrel of dynamite had been exploded in the rooms they could not have looked more forlorn and dislocated than they did after this second visitation.

The third fight took place very late in the evening, because it followed a Liberal meeting in the St. Andrew's Hall, addressed by Mr. Lloyd George.

The Conservatives acted on the defensive all through this fight, and never left their rooms. For over an hour we tried to effect an entrance, but all in vain. We were baffled by a clever system of railing, rigged up to lead from each side of the door into the middle of the room. Almost across this passage was a platform. To enter the room one had to traverse this nine or ten feet of narrow gangway with the enemy massed behind the railing on each side, and dead in the face of a powerful hose which was stationed on the platform and had a clear sweep down the passage. Moreover, a special, inaccessible water-pipe, which our underground scouts were unable to discover, had been led into the building.

It was an impossible task. After many weary efforts we gave it up, and this fight was declared a draw.

The fourth was the last fight. We had so far had all the advantage. The enemy's rooms had been twice wrecked; ours were untouched. In this last fight the Tories made a big effort to equalize, while, for our part, we were rather slack.

The result was that for the first time they outnumbered us. At the very start we were swept off our feet and beaten back to our rooms. Our water supply was cut off, leaving only a feeble trickle, which was refreshing rather than otherwise. For an hour and a quarter we held them out; then we broke, and five minutes later the interiors of the two committee-rooms were as like each other as—well, as they were like anything.

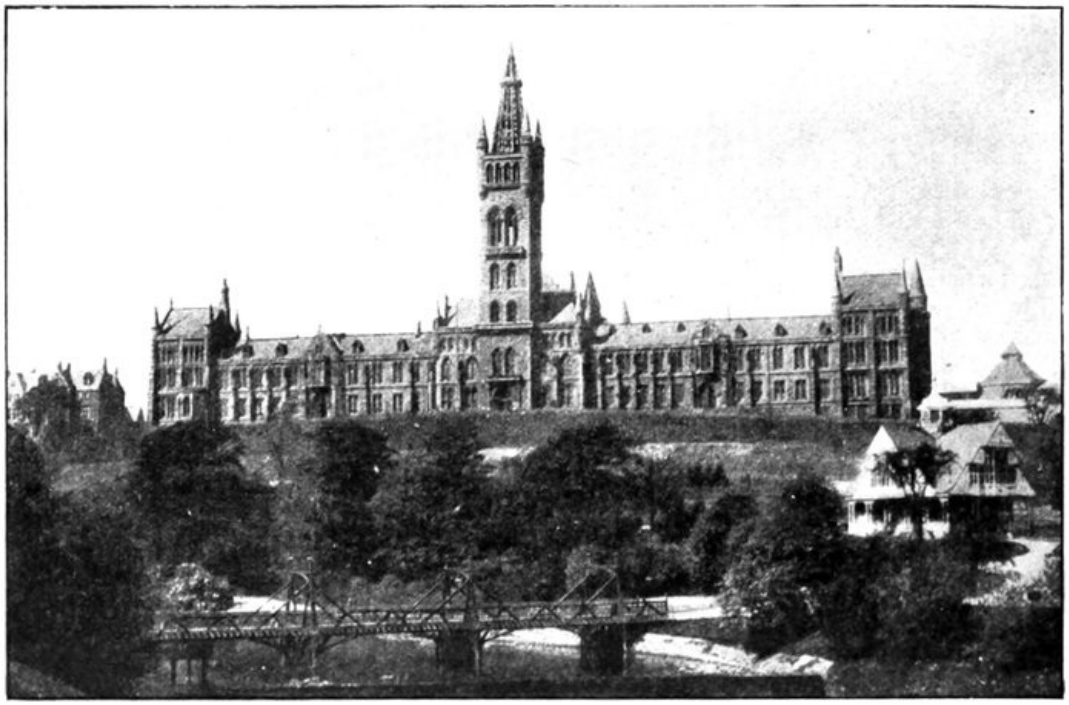
In addition to these fixed battles there were constantly little skirmishes in which half-a-dozen or fewer might be engaged on each side. These mostly centred round attempts to capture the literature of one party or the other.

The literature was inviolable at the printers' and inviolable when it was up at college and being distributed, but it was liable to be seized at any point in transit. The respective printers are, of course, pledged to secrecy, and, to do them justice, for staid commercial men they enter into the spirit of the thing with uncommon zest. So much so, that on one occasion two genuine young Liberals, who had been sent for some printed matter with insufficient credentials, were suspected by our wily printers of being Tory spies, and were accordingly decoyed into a room, locked up for an hour or so, and finally unceremoniously bundled downstairs.

But, though the firm may be thus zealous, there are always employés in a large works who are approachable, and, having unstinted money for bribing, the enemy often get secret information as to when a magazine may be expected to come out.

During this campaign, however, though there were many exciting cab chases and encounters, the prize always escaped with its rightful owners. There was no single delivery of magazines or bills captured from either side. Once our magazine was only saved by a ruse. Just at the time of dispatch a party of Tories was observed in waiting. The convoy was not strong enough to run any risks, and had to use their wits to save the precious publications. A large number of cabs was promptly summoned by telephone from the nearest cab office. They all gathered round the printers' door. Into one of the cabs the magazine was carried and hidden. All the vehicles then drove off simultaneously in different directions. Of course, the right cab escaped.

The literature of the campaign, I may mention here, is delightful when one is "in the know." Unrestrained personalities are bandied backwards and forwards in elegant Billingsgate with quite remarkable freedom, but for the most part with perfect good-humour.



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY—IT IS ON THE TERRACE IN FRONT THAT THE FINAL BATTLE RAGES ON ELECTION DAY.

From a Photograph.

The Liberals, being in funds, published eight full magazines during the campaign, the Conservatives not so many. Only professional journalists will appreciate the strain on amateurs of putting forth a series of eight or twelve-paged magazines at intervals of a couple of days.

I have all the magazines before me now. They are full of cleverness both in writing and caricature, but they are so essentially topical and personal that it is difficult to make extracts that would be understood by the non-University reader.

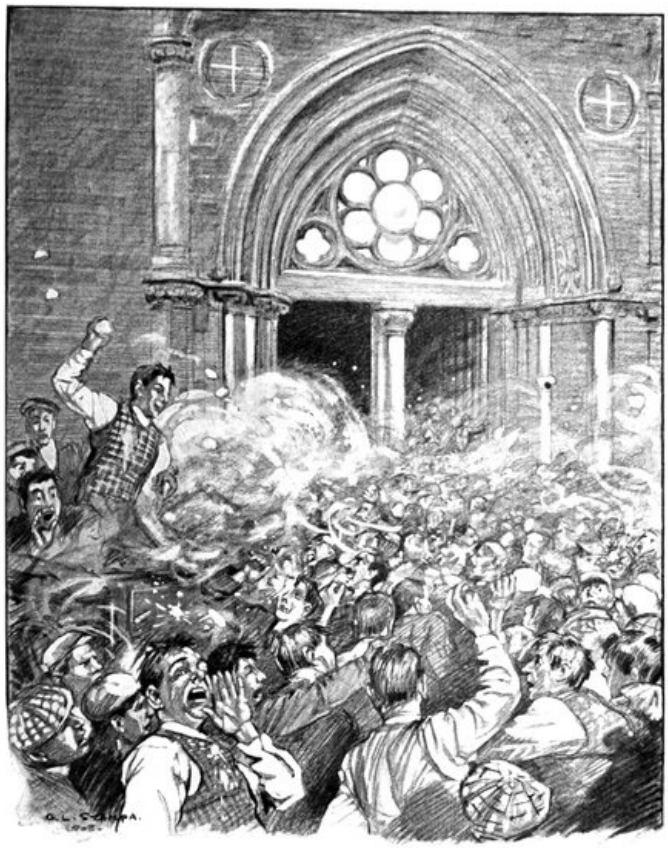
At length the final day of the struggle came round. The election took place on the first Saturday in November. At an unearthly hour of the morning parties of Reds and Blues were out pasting their bills all over the town, on whatever flat surface they could find. These parties met sometimes, and bills were captured or lost and paste used as an offensive and defensive weapon.

An hour or two later began the last feature of the campaign—the bus fights.

Between seven and eight in the morning each club sends anything from a dozen to twenty buses to outlying parts of the city and to all the principal railway stations. Nominally, and probably originally, these buses were meant to collect voters. Now their chief mission is to hunt and destroy one another.

Each bus is manned by about a dozen men. It carries also a few boxes of pease-meal, but not many. There is a new weapon to-day, in abundant rows of cardboard boxes—rotten eggs. Up to the day of election it is considered bad form to throw anything but pease-meal. But on election day everything is permitted—soot, red and blue ochre, and, above all, rotten eggs.

When two hostile buses sight one another—and that is no very rare occurrence, since they are dispatched to the same districts—the crews descend and fight in the streets, unless the crew of one bus sees itself outmanned, when it may fly and be chased at breakneck speed, to the consternation and dislocation of the regular street traffic. Otherwise the crews fight in the street until one of the parties is beaten and forced back into its bus. They must defend this, whip up the horses, and try to escape. On the other hand, the assailants endeavour to cover the approach of one of their number who carries a long sharp knife. It is his business to cut the traces and prevent the enemy's escape.



"WE SURGED ROUND THE 'FRONT' IN A PERPETUAL RUGBY 'SCRUM.'"

If they are successful in doing this they put the vanquished bus *hors de combat* altogether by cutting the harness to pieces and sending the grinning driver back to the stables with the horses. The bus on which I was had the good fortune to win its first fight. The combat was long and doubtful, and, incidentally, it took place in one of the busiest streets in Glasgow. All the time it lasted policemen held up the traffic on either side. When we had finished there were rows of electric cars packed behind one another, up the street and down; half Glasgow seemed to be waiting patiently while a score of young men exchanged hostilities.

When the battle was over we gave the policemen a hand to drag the dismantled bus of our enemy up a side-street. After that we were joined by a crew of Liberals who had been dispossessed in a similar manner. Thus brought to double strength, we soon scored another easy victory. Then we had a long stern chase after a fugitive bus. It ended fruitlessly, because we were overloaded.

Finally we made our way to the University, where polling was in progress all the forenoon.

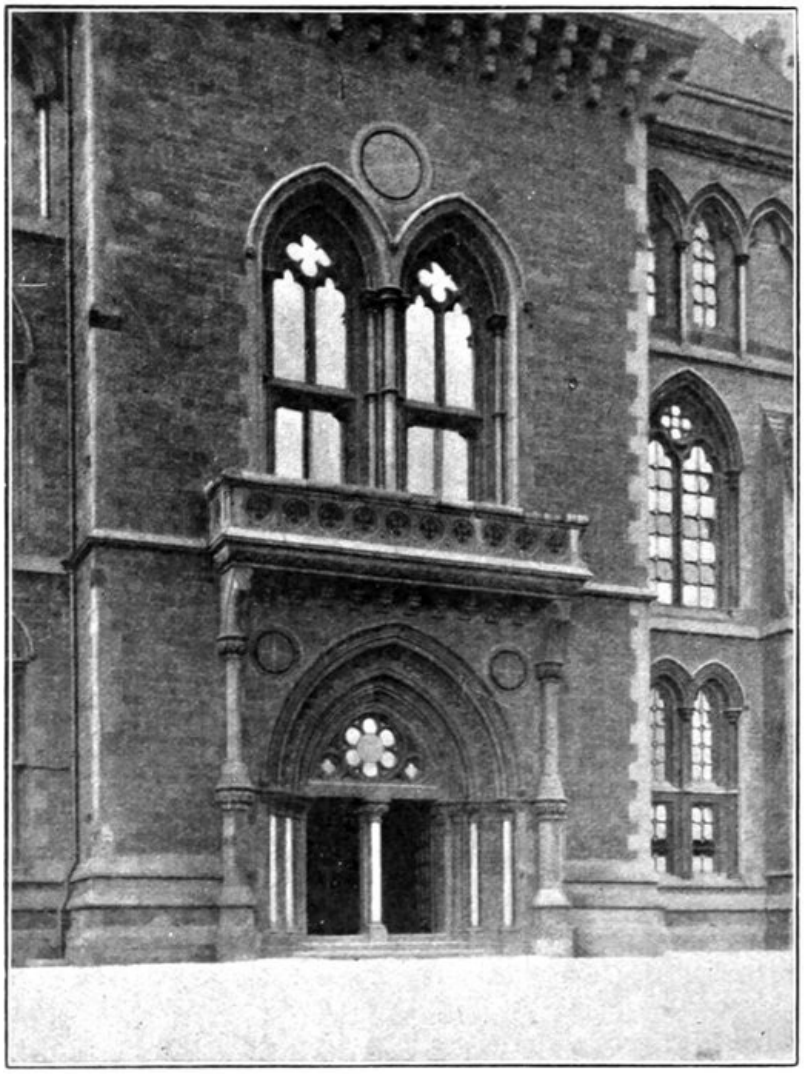
A pease-mealy, egg-plastered crowd we were, as we surged round the "Front" in a perpetual Rugby "scrum." The game here was to get possession of the doors and pass only your own men in. The Liberals succeeded in doing this for a time, but out came the Clerk of Senate and announced that unless the formation were broken the election would cease. As we had only sporting reasons for this policy—we knew we were going to win; the canvass had shown that—we dropped it, and, apart from a few local centres of disturbance, and the perpetual pease-meal, soot, and rotten eggs, we became quite pastorally happy and peaceful. The election goes by a majority of "nations." There are four of these nations—Glottiana, Rothesiana, Transforthiana, and Loudoniana. Every student belongs to and votes in one of these, according to his birthplace. Thus it is possible for a majority of votes to lose the election if they happened to be massed in one nation.

The result is announced about one o'clock from the balcony. The "Front" is packed with buses and carriages swarming with students. Long rows of hansoms contain the "Q.M.'s"—our girl students. They vote as well, but at their own college. I have not said anything about them during the campaign because all they do is to canvass and make rosettes.

Presently the white-bearded figure appeared on the balcony. For five minutes it was hopeless for him to attempt to speak. Then his lips moved and his beard wagged, and instantly there began a gradual, slow-swelling yell of terrific volume. Those near who had heard his words shouted them to those far off: "Asquith is in in four nations!"

Then the buses careered wildly round the town for an hour or two and the good folk of Glasgow grinned tolerantly, as is their way. Last of all we went home. It was finished, and we were dying for a long, long sleep.

In conclusion, for those who wish to follow the Rectorial campaign at present in progress in Glasgow, I would point out that by a rearrangement which has just come into force the session now begins on October 9th, and the election will take place on October 24th, instead of in November as heretofore.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO GLASGOW UNIVERSITY—FROM THE BALCONY ABOVE THE RESULT OF THE POLL IS DECLARED.

From a photograph.

The Adventures of "Wide World" Artists.

By J. Sydney Boot.

The Adventures of "Wide World" Artists.

By J. Sydney Boot.

It has always been our rule, in order to obtain accurate pictures, to entrust the illustration of our stories only to artists who have actually visited or lived in the various countries referred to, and are consequently familiar with the conditions of life prevailing there. The result of this custom is that our artistic staff is composed of men who have travelled extensively, roughing it in many remote parts of the world. In the course of their journeyings our illustrators have themselves met with exciting and unusual experiences, some of the most interesting of which are here given, each artist depicting his own adventure.

I.

That the artists who illustrate the stories in The Wide World Magazine are recruited from a specially-qualified staff is, we venture to think, an obvious fact. Our stories, dealing as they do with stirring adventures and strange happenings, ranging in their *locale* from our own shores to the uttermost ends of the earth, could not, of necessity, receive adequate and accurate pictorial embellishment save at the hands of experts—men, in fact, who have themselves had experience of the world in its most varied aspects.

Our illustrators must, indeed, have in them something of the soldier, the sailor, the hunter, the cowboy, or the explorer to find a place in our pages. Thus, should we have a story dealing with Patagonia, the pictures are drawn by an artist who has actually visited that remote country; when it is necessary to illustrate a scene in the Arctic we employ an artist to whom the everlasting ice is as familiar as the streets of London. Should we find it necessary to depict a marine incident we have recourse to the brush of an artist who has himself been a sailor. In connection with every story we consult our list of "specials" for one who has either met with a like experience or is thoroughly familiar with the country concerned. Thus it will be seen that The Wide World is able to avail itself of the pictorial services of an altogether exceptional body of men, many of whom have themselves met with thrilling adventures. As their experiences will have a particular interest for our readers, we are glad to be able to give an account of the most exciting episodes in the lives of some of the artists whose work has been a prominent feature in this magazine.

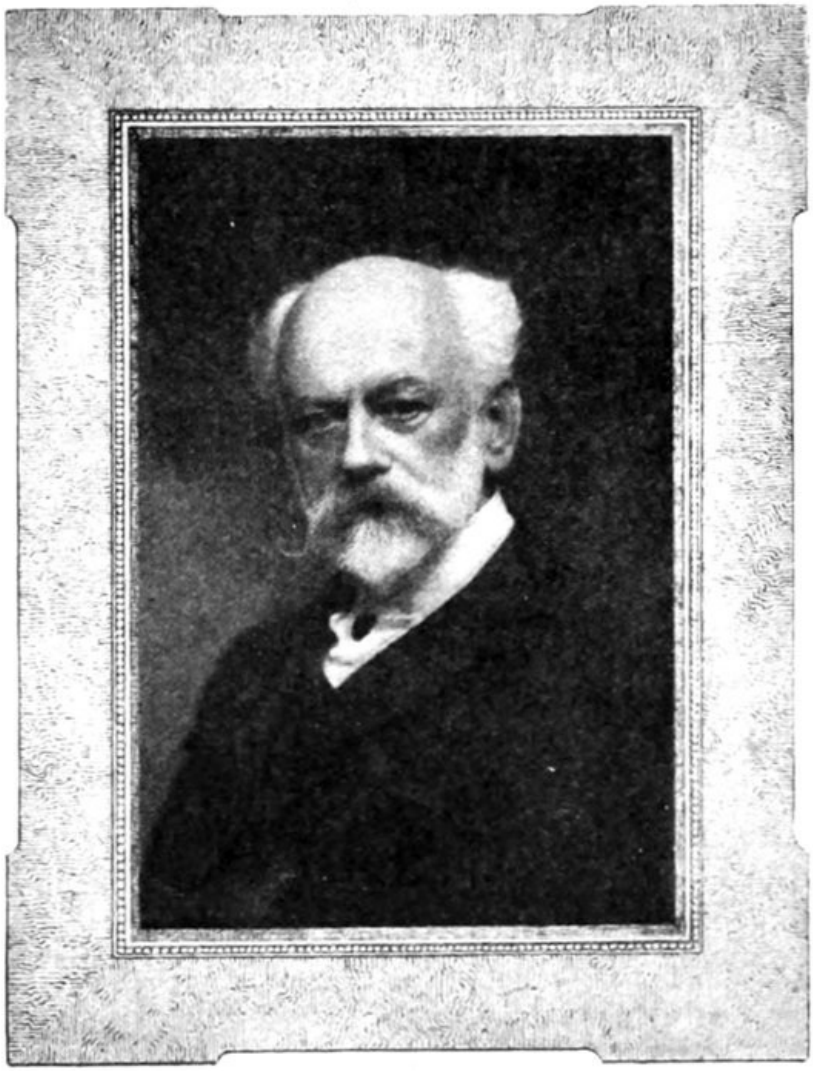
Mr. Henry Sandham is a Wide World artist who has had a distinguished and adventurous career. By birth a Canadian, of British descent, he has seen much of the world in out-of-the-way places. He has hunted on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and has probably travelled North America as extensively as any man living, his sketching trips having taken him from the north of Canada to the south of the United States, and across country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He served his time in the Canadian Volunteer Artillery and saw active service during the Fenian raid on Canada in 1864. Much to the consternation of his friends, he once set off on a tour with a notorious desperado known as "Curley Bill," a "bad man," whose boast it was that he could not sleep unless he shot a man per month; if troubled with insomnia, he said, he shot an extra one. Mr. Sandham roughed it for some time with this fire-eating companion, who tended him with a solicitude only equalled by that of a mother for her only child; all he could beg, borrow, or steal he cheerfully placed at the artist's disposal. They were attended by a dwarf, cousin to "Curley Bill," who, although of diminutive stature, was quite as desperate a ruffian as his bigger relative, whom he venerated with an ardour amounting to hero-worship, and whose dress, manners, and habits he followed as closely as he could. "Curley No. 2," as he was called, nearly got the party into serious trouble by wanting to shoot a too-inquisitive miner, and was only prevented from so doing by "Curley Bill" himself, who took him by the nape of his neck and shook him as a dog does a rat.

Mr. Sandham has visited the West India Islands, the Azores, Italy, France, Germany, and Holland. He is a Charter member of the Royal Canadian Academy, and President Roosevelt accorded him the signal honour of selecting him to illustrate his book of hunting adventures.

Among his varied experiences Mr. Sandham has had several narrow escapes from death, and on one occasion in particular the perilous position in which he was placed might well have been a creation of the brain of Edgar Allan Poe rather than an experience from real life.

It was in August, 1882, during a sketching tour in California, that Mr. Sandham met with this alarming adventure. Accompanied by a brother artist, he paid a visit to the Little Sailor Mine, which is situated on a spur of the Sierra Madre Mountains, by the side of the Sacramento River, some fifty miles from San Francisco. The manager of the mine, in which hydraulic power is used, invited Mr. Sandham to accompany him on the occasion of the monthly clean-up of the gold in the tunnels. Always anxious to add to his store of information, the artist gladly accepted the invitation, asking at the same time that his friend might join the party, to which request the manager readily assented.

On the following day Mr. Sandham was on the spot at the appointed time, eager for what was to him an entirely novel experience. His friend, however, was late, and he decided to wait for him. As subsequent events proved, Mr. Sandham owes his life entirely to this trivial incident! The manager and his staff of assistants, anxious to start the work of cleaning up without delay, thereupon entered the tunnel, which had been cut through a high bluff to allow the water a free passage to the Sacramento River, several thousand feet below the level of the mine.



MR. HENRY SANDHAM, WHO, IN ATTEMPTING TO RESCUE A DROWNING MINER, NEARLY LOST HIS OWN LIFE.

From a Photo, by Elliott & Fry.

While waiting for his friend, Mr. Sandham employed his time in making a sketch of the only "monitor" (delivery-nozzle) then working, and the man in charge of it sauntered over to watch the progress of his facile pencil. Before his sketch was finished Mr. Sandham noticed that the "monitor," which had hitherto been throwing a regular jet of water at a terrific pressure, by means of which the solid rock was literally washed away, had become spasmodic in its action. Curious to learn the reason, he called the miner's attention to the fact. To his utter astonishment the engineer received his remark with the utmost consternation, and, throwing up his hands with a gesture of despair, shrieked:—

"Good heavens! The pipe has burst, and all the boys will be drowned!"

With that he at once dashed off frantically in the direction of the signal-station to order the water to be turned off at the upper reservoir, which was situated many hundred feet above the level of the mine, and was fed from the Sierra Madre Mountains, twenty miles away. Meanwhile Mr. Sandham realized that with the bursting of the pipe the tunnel must have been instantly flooded with an immense volume of water, and that the unfortunate manager and his staff were caught like rats in a trap. At that very moment they were, without a doubt, fighting desperately for their lives. With characteristic energy Mr. Sandham's one desire was to help in the work of rescue, but the very thought of the men's seemingly hopeless plight left him with a sickening feeling of impotency. He quickly decided, however, that the one place where he might be of use was at the outer end of the tunnel, from which the escaping waters rushed headlong over a precipice, to fall in a series of frightful leaps some thousands of feet into the river far below. To reach this spot Mr. Sandham had to climb the high bluff through which the tunnel was cut, and descend the almost perpendicular cliff on the other side. The climb itself was no mean test of a man's agility and nerve, but Mr. Sandham has both, and he was soon at the summit. As to how he got down the other side Mr. Sandham says he is to this day not quite clear, but judging from his battered and bleeding condition and the state of his clothing afterwards he thinks he must have done so by alternately falling and sliding.

"MONITORS" AT WORK—THE PRESSURE OF THE WATER IS SO TERRIFIC THAT THE SOLID ROCK IS LITERALLY WASHED AWAY. OUR ILLUSTRATION IS FROM A DRAWING MADE BY MR. SANDHAM WHILE IN CALIFORNIA.

Exhausted and breathless, he finally reached the short section of the flume, immediately under the outlet of the tunnel, leading to the edge of the precipice. At that instant a dark object shot like a ball from a cannon out of the cavern into the flume, and was carried along and swept over the edge of the cliff. Mr. Sandham discovered afterwards that this was the body of the ill-fated mine-manager. After an interval of a few seconds another body was fired out of the tunnel, and as it swept down the flume towards him Mr. Sandham instinctively reached out his arm to catch it. Next instant his hand was grasped with a convulsive grip, the man's body swung out to the rush of the water, and Mr. Sandham knew that on the strength of his arm depended a human life.

At first he thought he could easily rescue the man by hauling him out of the water, but he speedily found that this was impossible, and that he was not only fighting for a fellow-creature's life but for his own as well. His position on the side of the flume afforded him but a precarious hold, and such was the terrific force of the racing torrent of water as it threatened to tear the drowning miner from his grasp that Mr. Sandham realized that he was not only powerless to pull the man out, but that he himself was in imminent danger of being pulled in. Once at the mercy of the rushing waters, no power on earth could save the pair of them from an awful death.

"NEXT INSTANT HIS HAND WAS GRASPED WITH A CONVULSIVE GRIP."

It is vastly to Mr. Sandham's credit that even in this dire extremity he had no thought of releasing his grip of the man's hand in order to save his own life. At the same time, any such intention on his part would have been futile, for the frenzied miner, with the fear of death strong upon him, held him in such a vice-like grip that it was perfectly clear they must both share the same fate, be it life or death.

The struggle was a grim one, and, putting forth every effort he was capable of, the artist strove hard to pull the man out of danger. His frantic endeavours, however, were unavailing, and he felt himself gradually slipping—drawn irresistibly into the mill-race, which would sweep him and the hapless miner down the flume and hurl them over the precipice to meet a frightful death on the rocks far below. Meanwhile his companion in danger was powerless to help himself, but the agony of mind he endured was vividly portrayed on his drawn and ghastly face as he fought with all his strength against the onrush of the current.

Slipping, slipping, inch by inch, until his body overhung the water to a perilous extent, Mr. Sandham felt instinctively that his strength was failing him. A few seconds more and the end must come! A cold sweat broke out on his brow, and his arm felt as though it was being wrenched from its socket. And then, suddenly, the dreadful strain lessened. The miner, in his frantic struggles, had managed to grasp the side of the flume, and, with this added opposition to the force of the water, Mr. Sandham was able to recover his balance, and at last, with an almost superhuman effort, he dragged the man from the water.

Their peril did not end here, however, for the force he had exerted landed the engineer on top of the artist, and in their nervous excitement the pair clutched each other and rolled over towards the precipice. The rocks sloped sharply down to the edge, and for the second time within the space of a few seconds they were in actual danger of their lives, for the impetus their bodies had acquired carried them down until their heads were actually hanging over the chasm. "There was no earthly reason why we should stop there," says Mr. Sandham, "save that Providence so ordered it." But stop they did, and in a few minutes they were able to crawl back exhausted to a place of safety, where they lay unable to move, speak, or even think for some considerable time. At length the miner sat up and said in a dazed, monotonous voice, "The boss is gone dead, drowned like a rat in a hole. Poor beggar, he was to have gone East to-morrow—he had made his pile. He was going back to his wife and kids. And I should have died with him if you had not caught hold of me." Then his mind seemed to clear and he exclaimed, "Say, stranger, what particular kind of fool are you, anyway? Because, if I had missed my clutch on the flume side when I got my grip on your arm, we would both be down there, ground up into tailings. Shake, stranger."

He held out a huge, hairy hand, and Mr. Sandham realized that he had received a Western miner's heartfelt thanks for the saving of his life.

The water had now been turned off at the reservoir and, the furious torrent being thus reduced to

a mere trickle, all further danger to those in the mine was over. The miner's convulsive grip and the terrific strain of the current left Mr. Sandham with a crushed hand and badly-wrenched shoulder, the effects of which he felt for many months.

Looking back to-day on his adventure Mr. Sandham says that the point most vividly impressed on his memory is the fact that if he had not waited for his friend he would have been caught with the others in the flooding of the mine. Naturally, as the guest of the manager, who had gone on ahead of the party, he would have been close to him at the time of the disaster and would undoubtedly have shared his terrible fate. The rest of the party, being near a manhole, luckily made their escape—all except the foreman, who had pluckily allowed his men to go first. His chivalry nearly cost him his life, for he was too late to save himself and was caught in the flood. It was he whom Mr. Sandham so pluckily rescued.

Among the artists who have contributed to The Wide World, one of the most familiar names is undoubtedly that of Mr. Alfred Pearse, whose well-known signature, "A. P.," appeared in the very first number of the magazine.

Mr. Pearse has met with such an extraordinary number and variety of accidents and adventures during his career that he says, "There is no doubt that by all the laws of chance I ought not to be here, but killing seems to agree with me."

His list of casualties is an extraordinary one. He has been nearly drowned three times, and has had concussion of the brain more than once. He has fallen off the tops of omnibuses—on one occasion through the bus skidding when he was on his way to Cowes to make a sketch of Queen Alexandra's pet dogs. This resulted in his being paralyzed in the legs for six months, and one of his most cherished possessions is a kindly letter of sympathy from Her Majesty, expressing her hopes for his speedy recovery. Mr. Pearse has been drugged, poisoned, and shot, has fallen down Beachy Head, and been knocked down and injured by runaway horses and motor-cars. He has slipped between a moving train and the platform, has been within an ace of falling over a precipice in the Alps, has been chased by wild bulls, been blind for two days (the after-effects of a red spider bite), and had his left shoulder put out of joint. It is perhaps permissible, therefore, to refer to him as the most "accidental" man in the world.

Mr. Pearse's alarming list of mishaps, however, does not appear to have affected him in any way, for he is to-day as full of vigour and spirits as many a man of half his years and considerably less than half his accidents.

But there is one particular experience in his life which Mr. Pearse confesses stands out above all others in sheer intensity of horror and nerve-racking anguish—an occasion when he was absolutely and entirely at the mercy of a raving lunatic. There are, it is safe to say, few men who have been so near death and have survived the ordeal.

This alarming adventure dates back to Mr. Pearse's early manhood, and had its inception in the introduction into his family circle of a certain individual who, for obvious reasons, we shall refer to in this narrative as Mr. X——.

Mr. Pearse first made the acquaintance of Mr. X—— owing to the interest he manifested in the affairs of the church at which his family attended. Mr. X—— soon began to show a considerable liking for Mr. Pearse, and the close friendship which ensued led to the latter's father inviting Mr. X—— to his house, where he soon became a welcome visitor. He was undoubtedly an interesting personality, although even at this time he was regarded as being somewhat strange in his manner and subject to hallucinations. For instance, he once declared that he had caused the death of his wife, and also that he took a delight in poisoning his neighbours' dogs and then offering a reward for the apprehension of the poisoner. These wild statements, however, were received with pity rather than credence.

Mr. X—— was, according to his own account, an Australian, and in appearance was gaunt, large-headed, and glaring-eyed, with a scanty beard and moustache. He stood well over six feet in height, and was evidently of immense muscular strength.

Although a man of professedly religious inclinations, his actions were not always in keeping with his words; and Mr. Pearse, when visiting him at his rooms, would often find him raving like a madman, reviling himself and those with whom his past life had been spent. On one of Mr. Pearse's visits he found Mr. X—— almost delirious with laughter, owing to the fact that his servant was seriously ill after drinking some of his master's whisky, into which Mr. X——, suspecting that the man was in the habit of helping himself, had put some laudanum.

On the other hand, for all his evident madness or wickedness, there was a good side to his character, and Mr. Pearse once saw him knock down a bully who had insulted an old man; while on another occasion he interfered to protect a woman from the brutal assault of her husband. It was simply for this reason that Mr. Pearse endeavoured to befriend him, although at times his conduct was such as to strain their relations almost to breaking-point.

Unfortunately, X——'s conduct went from bad to worse, until at length he gained for himself an unenviable notoriety throughout the neighbourhood. Mr. Pearse was still stanch to his ill-guided friend and ready to welcome him in his home, but his father, having regard to his son's welfare, could not but regard their friendship with considerable misgivings, and on one of X——'s periodical visits he was reluctantly compelled to forbid him the house. X—— received the

MR. ALFRED PEARSE, WHO WAS SUSPENDED OVER THE WELL OF A DEEP STAIRCASE BY A MADMAN.

From a Photo. by Talma, Melbourne.

ultimatum in sullen silence, and with a vindictive scowl on his face he took his departure.

Mr. Pearse was at the time studying wood-engraving with Messrs. Nicholls and Aldridge at 13, Paternoster Row, and one afternoon shortly afterwards he was considerably surprised when Mr. Nicholls came into the office and said, "Who is that madman sitting on the stairs?"

Naturally enough the young artist's first thoughts were of Mr. X——, and he immediately ran out on to the landing to investigate. There, sure enough, seated on the top stair, was the familiar figure of X——, wearing a "wideawake" hat and Inverness cape.

They were on the top floor of the building, and there was a large well staircase with a sheer drop of sixty feet straight down to the hall below. Mr. X——, whose eyes were staring wildly and whose every feature was working convulsively, dropped his hat and umbrella at sight of Mr. Pearse, and without a word seized him by the collar of his coat and the left arm and forced him towards the banisters. So sudden was the onslaught that the young man had no time even to call for assistance, but he nevertheless realized his peril and struggled desperately in the grip of the madman. Mr. Pearse was not only young but slight of build for his age, and despite his efforts he was quite powerless in the hands of X——, who, with the almost supernatural strength of a maniac, lifted him, apparently without effort, clean over the banisters, and held him suspended in mid-air over the abyss, with nothing but sixty feet of air between him and the stone floor below.

"HE HISSED IN A COLD, HARD VOICE, 'I ALWAYS REPAY! I AM GOING TO DROP YOU, ALFRED; AREN'T YOU AFRAID?'"

Even in this awful extremity the one idea uppermost in the artist's mind was as to his best means of escape. Could he clutch hold of anything before the crash came? Could he swing himself on to the next landing or cling to his captor? X——, however, was too cunning in his methods to allow of any such manœuvres, and Mr. Pearse soon realized that he was absolutely and entirely at the mercy of a raving lunatic, and that his life depended, small though the chance was, on his own coolness and resource.

At that critical moment, curiously enough, the young man's chief concern was for the welfare of a friend of his, also studying wood-engraving, who had followed him from the office, and who, with bulging eyes, open mouth, and face ghastly green with fright, was a horrified witness of the proceedings, pressing back against the panelled wall as if he wished he might vanish through it. Mr. Pearse devoutly hoped the young fellow would remain quiet, for the slightest movement, he felt convinced, would hasten his own end. Fortunately, however, he was too petrified by fear to be capable of action or speech.

Thoughts of his mother and her anguish at his tragic death next took possession of Mr. Pearse's mind, but his desire to live and the necessity for concentrating his thoughts on his terrible plight were suddenly brought back to him by Mr. X——, who hissed in a cold, hard voice, "I always repay! I am going to drop you, Alfred; aren't you afraid?"

Mr. Pearse was firmly convinced that his last hour had come, but summoning all his fortitude and exerting his will-power to the utmost he replied without the slightest hesitation, "No; for I know you will put me back."

The apparent coolness and indifference with which the young artist replied were without doubt the means of his salvation, for the madman, with a profound sigh—as though he was sorry, but was obliged to do so—pulled him over the banisters and dropped him on the landing. Then he fled, leaving his umbrella and hat behind him.

Mr. Pearse has never from that day seen or heard of his assailant, but even now the mere thought of the agonizing suspense he endured at his hands brings with it a shudder of horror.

Mr. A. J. Gough is another WIDE WORLD artist—a Yorkshireman by birth—who has seen much of the world and taken part in many an exciting episode in wild and uncivilized places.

His early youth was spent in India, where his father—Mr. J. W. Gough, the architect—was building a

palace for the

MR. A. J. GOUGH, WHO NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH AT THE HANDS OF AN INFURIATED COWBOY.

From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

Maharajah of Durbhungah; and there he met with his first adventure, when he lost himself in a tiger-infested jungle, and was only found by the search-party with much difficulty.

Mr. Gough subsequently went to America, where his experiences included encounters with alligators and rattlesnakes and disputes with "bad men" armed with bowie-knives and six-shooters. He has won fame as an amateur boxer, and is still a member of the Belsize Boxing Club, being also well known as a swimmer.

Mr. Gough has roughed it in Florida and Texas, and it was in the latter State that he experienced his most alarming adventure, on which occasion he was literally within half an inch of death.

It was at the hands of a cowboy known as "Harry" that he nearly lost his life. He made this man's acquaintance under the following singular circumstances. Mr. Gough and a friend of his were on their way to Florida from New York by steamer, and, as funds were low, had perforce to travel steerage. Among their fellow-passengers was a man whose appearance clearly denoted the cowboy, and who, although of rough exterior and manners, was evidently in some respects fastidious in his tastes.

He took occasion, early in the voyage, to find fault with the drinking water supplied in the steerage, which was contained in a huge tin tank. Calling the steward, he remarked:—

"That there tank isn't fit for a dog to drink out of, let alone a man."

"Isn't it, by gum?" replied the steward, sullenly. "Well, you can take it from me, it's all you'll get this voyage."

"Oh, it is, is it?" growled the cowboy, with an ugly look in his eyes. "I can tell you this, mister: if you expect me to drink out of that blamed horse-trough you are blamed well mistaken!"

"You can take it or leave it," replied the steward, with an oath; "and, if you are so mighty particular, why don't you go first class? You look like a millionaire, I *must* say," he added, offensively.

The cowboy was by this time livid with passion, and, fetching his "Winchester" from the cabin, he, without further reply, started blazing away at the tank, from which the water was soon spurting in all directions.

He had obviously completely lost all control of himself, and on an attempt being made to secure him he got his back against a bulkhead and threatened to shoot any man who came near him. If

looks went for anything he certainly meant it, and as no one dare approach him he fairly "held up" the ship, or, at any rate, the steerage.

In this extremity the captain was appealed to. Seeing that he had a dangerous customer to deal with, and being anxious to avoid bloodshed, he pretended to side with the cowboy, telling him he was quite right in what he had done, and promising to see that the steerage passengers had a better supply of drinking water. Peace being thus restored the malcontent cooled down, and for the rest of the voyage he was quite good-natured and jolly, becoming the life and soul of the ship. In fact, he became so popular that even the captain and mate of the steamer joined in the merrymaking which took place in the steerage. Before the voyage was ended, Mr. Gough—then a youngster in his teens—and Harry the cowboy had established a firm friendship, and this was renewed some nine months later at Leesburg, in Florida, whither Mr. Gough had drifted in search of work. Harry was then ranching at Sumterville, in Texas, and having taken a violent fancy to Mr. Gough he offered to engage him to help with the horses, which offer, coming as it did at an opportune moment, was promptly accepted.

The cowboy was a man of about forty, tall and loosely built, with deep-set eyes, a bristly moustache, and a square, determined jaw. His huge, knotted limbs gave evidence of immense physical strength, and his brawny chest might well have served as a model for a sculptor. On special occasions he wore on his breast a small solid gold model of a bull, given him as a memento by a lady whose life he had saved, at the imminent risk of his own, by killing a mad bull that had attacked her, and he was exceedingly proud of his queer medal.

Albeit an exceedingly rough specimen of the uncut diamond, Harry the cowboy was, under normal conditions, of an unusually kind and even tender-hearted disposition, but, as this story will show, he was subject to sudden outbursts of temper, often for very trifling reasons, of absolutely appalling ferocity.

His ranch was situated in a lonely spot, and there for some months Mr. Gough lived a hard and open-air life, enjoying to the full, in the vigour of his youth and spirits, the arduous round of a rancher's daily toil. Although now and again his companion gave way to outbursts of temper, there was nothing to cause him any serious alarm.

Among his various duties, it fell to Mr. Gough's lot to cook the meals. On one occasion he had prepared a savoury dish of stew, which he and the cowboy, at the end of a particularly hard day's work, sat down to enjoy.

The manners of the establishment were, to say the least, of a rough-and-ready description, and the two hungry diners sat facing each other on the floor, helping themselves from a large iron pot.

Mr. Gough, as it happened, was the first to finish his repast, and in the exuberance of a passing fit of hilarity proceeded to execute a *pas seul*, hopping on each leg alternately round the bare apartment.

In the course of his antics he came quite close to the seated figure of the cowboy, who had just helped himself to a fresh plate of stew. Then, stumbling, he lost his balance, and fell heavily to the ground, his foot crashing fairly into the middle of his friend's plate.

Mr. Gough at once scrambled to his feet and began to apologize in a jocular way for his accident. "Sorry, old chap," he exclaimed; "I hope I haven't spoilt your dinner."

But Harry was not at all disposed to take the matter as a joke, and with a dangerous glare in his eyes he half rose to his feet. "You clumsy brute!" he shouted, angrily. "Isn't it hard enough to earn a meal without you spoiling it with your infernal tricks, confound you?"

"Oh, all right," replied Gough; "there's plenty more, so you needn't get in a rage about it."

The cowboy was now absolutely beyond himself with passion, and with twitching lips and starting eyes he reached for his "gun." For the moment, in fact, he was quite demented and "saw red."

Fortunately, however, his revolver was not at his side. If it had been, Mr. Gough is firmly convinced that he would there and then have been shot dead.

Deprived of this weapon Harry leapt to his feet. "You don't spoil a man's dinner for nothing, I can tell you," he roared, "and, by Heaven, I'll spoil you, if I swing for it!" With that, carried away by an ungovernable fury of rage, he drew a gleaming bowie-knife from his belt and rushed at Gough, who was much his inferior in strength, and was, moreover, unarmed, thus being apparently entirely at his mercy.

To make matters worse, the cowboy was between the young artist and the door, so that escape that way was impossible. He has never yet been found wanting in pluck, however, and, although he felt that his last hour had surely come, he braced himself to meet the attack. A rapid glance in search of a weapon of defence showed that there was nothing within reach. His first impulse was to grapple with his assailant, but the odds were obviously too great, and there was nothing for it but to await the attack. This, mercifully, was not long in coming, for, with the unreasoning fury of a maniac, the cowboy made a dash for him with upraised knife.

A quick lunge, and the knife flashed downward. If ever a man stood face to face with death, Mr. Gough did during that awful second. Instinctively he ducked and dodged the blow, the deadly blade whizzing over his shoulder, missing him so narrowly that it actually grazed his head!

Mr. Gough was standing against the wall, and as the cowboy had literally hurled himself at him in the intensity of his passion, the knife, driven with all the power of Harry's immense strength, was

buried deeply in the woodwork. So firmly was it embedded that its owner, in his blind fury, experienced considerable difficulty in extricating it. The consequent lull in the hostilities gave Mr. Gough his chance, and with a flying leap he dashed through the door and gained the open air. Once outside the tables were turned, for the cowboy was no match for the youngster when it came to a test of speed.

"THE KNIFE, DRIVEN WITH ALL THE POWER OF HARRY'S IMMENSE STRENGTH, WAS BURIED DEEPLY IN THE WOODWORK."

This he soon realized, and in a few moments he calmed down. As his brain cleared the frightful possibilities of his murderous outbreak dawned on him, and with sincere and abject repentance in every look he exclaimed:—

"Come inside, old chap. I was mad, and I'm sorry I made a fool of myself. Here's my hand on it. Shake."

Mr. Gough took the proffered hand and there and then made up the quarrel, but very wisely he decided not to risk the chances of another similar outburst, and so shortly afterwards he said good-bye to Harry the cowboy and secured work elsewhere.

(*To be concluded.*)

Climbing in the "Land of Fire."

By Sir Martin Conway.

Climbing in the "Land of Fire."

By Sir Martin Conway.

Another of the famous Alpinist's fascinating articles, describing his attempt to reach the hitherto untrodden summit of Mount Sarmiento, the highest peak in desolate Tierra del Fuego.

To the ordinary reader the name of Tierra del Fuego probably suggests a region about as remote and unfamiliar as any outside the Arctic regions. Yet the country, far away though it is, is not really difficult of access. The Straits of Magellan are daily traversed by ocean-going steamers, all of which stop at Sandy Point on the mainland, just opposite this forbidding island. Thousands of voyagers annually pass through the Straits and, if the weather is fine, behold the snowy mountains on the southern horizon; but very few stop by the way, and fewer still ever cross to the inhospitable shore opposite. Nothing more bleak and uninviting, indeed, can be imagined than the shores of Magellan's Straits. The weather is generally abominable. Rain falls in soaking torrents. The lower slopes and flats are covered with dense, reeking forests. Higher up comes the snow, which gradually looms forth in a pallid, death-like whiteness out of the heavy clouds, very different in aspect from the splendid brilliancy of Alpine snows, standing forth against radiant, sunlit skies. In fine summer weather Alpine snows attract a man upwards; their loveliness seems to invite a visit. It is far otherwise in the Fuegian archipelago. There the great range of Andes sinks into the ocean, its peaks become islands, and its valleys are straits or fjords. You must go by water to the foot of each mountain, and the navigation is difficult and often dangerous. Not far away is the raging ocean, everlastingly tortured by storm and tempest. A black cloud roof generally passes overhead, dragging skirts of hail, rain, or snow over the reeking earth. Never is the whole round of view clear. Now one region is blotted out and now another. If the sun shines for a little while it is soon obscured, and storm succeeds after a short interval.

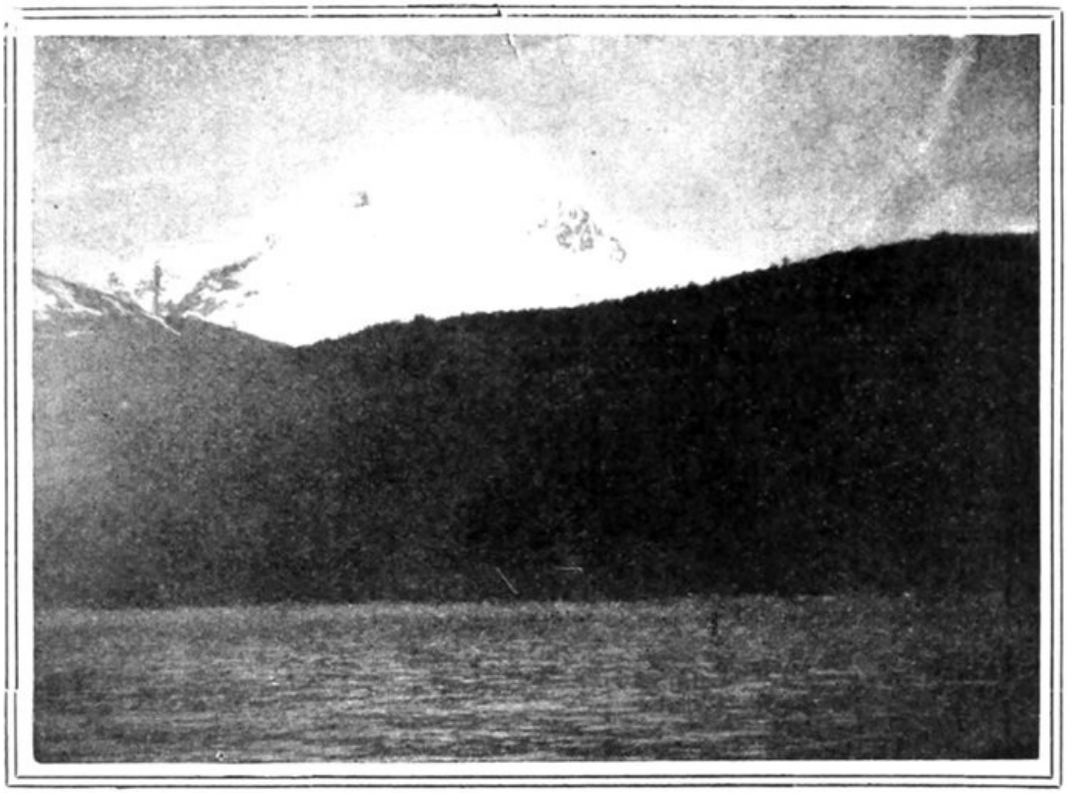
To an explorer,

A TYPICAL LANDSCAPE IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO, GIVING SOME IDEA OF THE AWFUL DESOLATION OF THE COUNTRY.

From a Photograph.

nevertheless, this region has great attractions, owing to these very facts. There is so much to discover, the scenery is so unusual, and there is the possibility of adventure at every step. All is uncertain, and the way has almost to be felt. Moreover, if perchance a fine interval comes, the storm-riven, ice-sheathed landscape is so astounding, the effects of light in so dense and wet an atmosphere are so extraordinary, that it is impossible to resist their fascination. Add to all this the spice of danger which still remained when I was there, and perhaps still remains. The natives were distinctly hostile to the white man. They were few in number, an amphibious race living in booths, practically in the Stone Age so far as tools and weapons were concerned; not very dangerous foes, therefore, yet subtle, and delighted to slay a white man if they got the chance. They would overpower him in his sleep, or lie in wait for him in the dense forest, through which they can travel far faster than he can. Many a man has been killed by them with their stone or glass-pointed arrows, shot out of the dense bush from the distance of only a yard or two. When I was lying in a small launch off the foot of one of the mountains, in the blackest darkness of a stormy night, a canoe laden with such Indians crept silently up alongside in the shadow of overhanging trees. Had we not been on the alert they would have tried to rush our boat, but, finding that impossible, they as silently glided away; and no trace of them was anywhere discoverable when morning dawned, though no doubt they were hidden somewhere near at hand

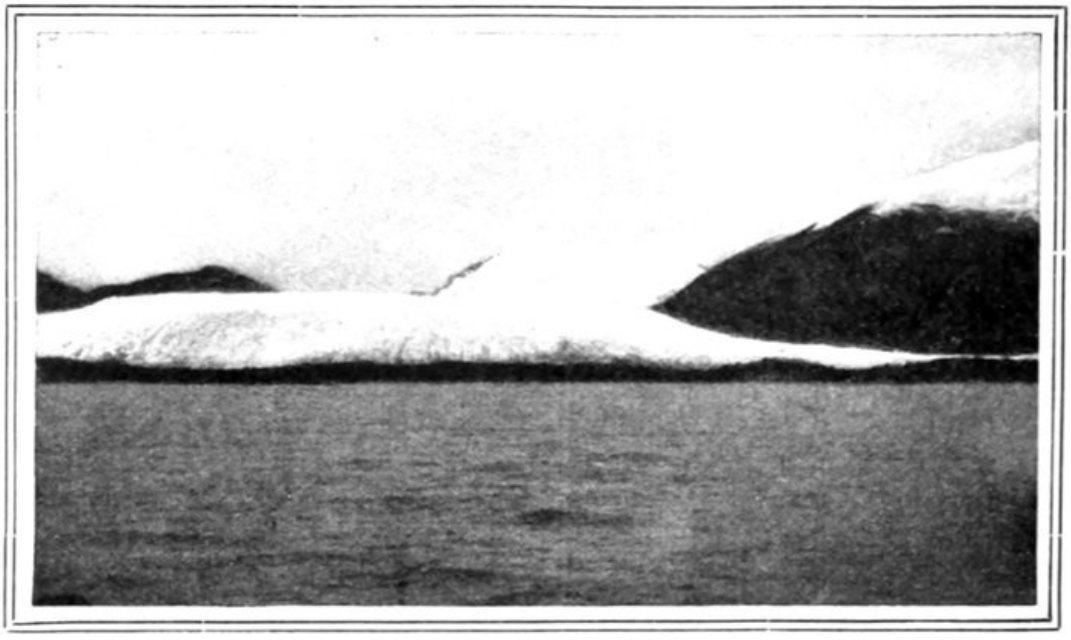
and kept us under close observation.



MOUNT SARMIENTO FROM COCKBURN CHANNEL.
From a Photograph.

As we came into the maze of channels which surround and penetrate the mountains, though we saw no Indians, we were aware that our coming was noticed, because at different points columns of smoke arose into the air. It is thus that the savages communicate with one another. They have a smoke language, and news is passed quickly and silently from group to group. It was only when we landed and climbed to a high point overlooking the channels that we realized what was going on; for then we were able to observe the columns of smoke in a dozen or more different places—signals of our movements, spreading gradually over the archipelago from family to family of scattered Indians.

The great mountain in this part of the world is Mount Sarmiento. It is only seven thousand two hundred feet high, but its glaciers reach to the sea, so that it may be compared on an equality, from a climbing point of view, with Mont Blanc, if that be thought of as sunk into water up to the snow region. On clear days Sarmiento is visible to voyagers through Magellan's Straits. It is a glorious mountain, surrounded by many other noble peaks. In form it is of supreme beauty, and its surroundings are of the most romantic character. It was this peak, of course, that I desired to attempt, and I stopped at Sandy Point for that purpose. After much trouble I obtained the loan of a steam-launch for a few days, and set forth in

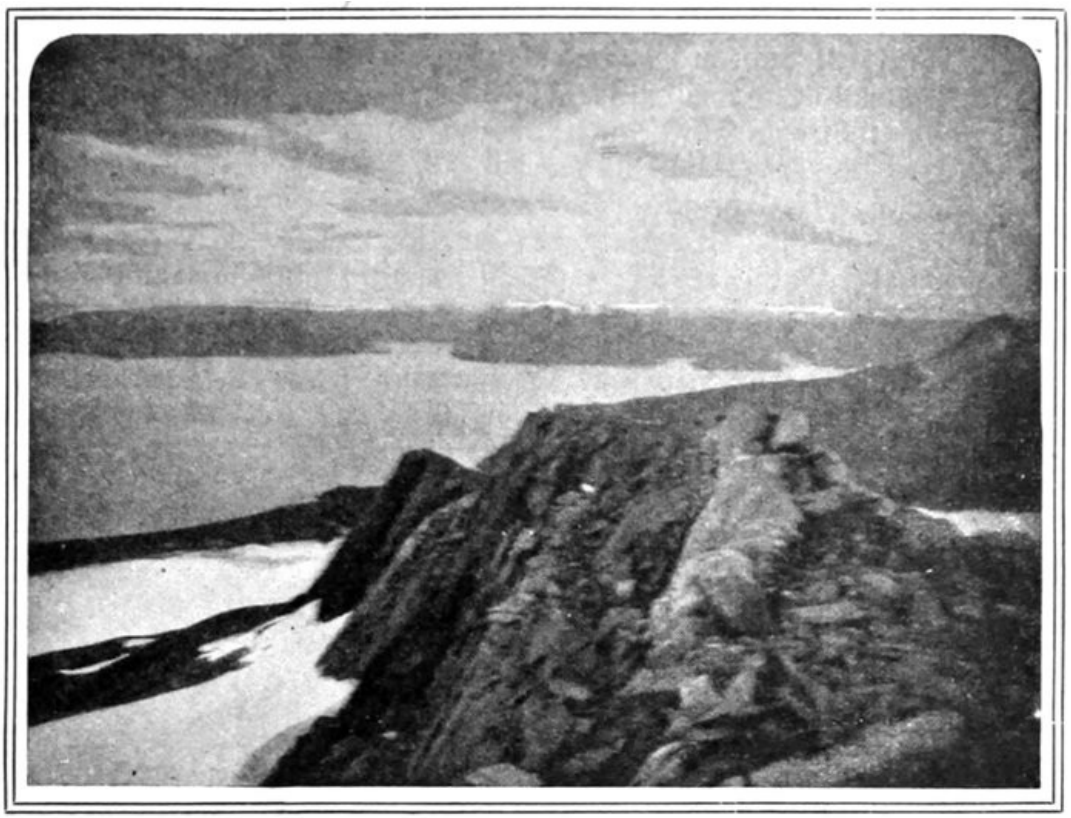


THE GLACIER OF MOUNT SARMIENTO.
From a Photograph.

the usual bad weather. We voyaged up various channels, between steep hillsides streaming with more waterfalls than, I think, can elsewhere exist in an equal area. In Cascade Reach, for instance, there are literally hundreds of them, succeeding one another every few yards.

After a day's steaming we reached the foot of our peak, and with much difficulty found a treacherous anchorage. There were clouds everywhere above and below, and wooded banks loomed dimly into view close at hand; but towards sunset there were signs of the weather clearing up. It was one of those slow midsummer sunsets of high latitudes, when the colour comes very gradually and fades equally slowly. At first only the icy base of the mountain was visible in the grey shadow of clouds, with the dark forest ring around it, and the calm, black water below. Presently a soft, pink light crept up the tumbled ruin of the glacier, higher and higher, as the mist dissolved, and revealed steep ice walls scarred by serrated ridges, and a great arête set with pinnacles of splintered rock. Some white points on the summit crest appeared, but a soft cloud floated just above them, enveloping the top. Suddenly—so suddenly that all who saw cried out—away above this cloud, surprisingly high, appeared a point of light, as it were a brightly glowing coal. The fiery glow crept down and down till we beheld the likeness of a great pillar of red fire. It was a tower of ice-crusted rock reflecting the bright afterglow of sunset. Regathered mists wrapped the glorious vision away even before it had begun to fade. We remained afloat on the calm water, wondering at the utter silence all around. Not a breath of air stirred, no stone fell, no avalanche slipped. The babbling glacier-torrent above alone broke the evening stillness.

Next day we landed to



THE VIEW FROM THE SLOPES.
From a Photograph.

reconnoitre, and at two o'clock the following morning we set forth for our climb. We landed at the edge of a forest and had to force our way through it. The ground was a chaos of stones, the trees grew close together and were densely matted with other vegetation. The whole place was reeking wet and it was pitch-dark. We fought and tumbled our way through this hideous chaos as best we might, and in an hour or two got out on the other side, near the margin of a glacier. Here we could scramble along well enough over the moraine, and presently we had daylight to help us. Nothing was visible ahead; there was the ice-wall on one hand, rock-cliffs on the other. Presently it seemed better to climb the rocks, and we accordingly turned aside to scale them. They were not difficult, and we rose higher and higher, passing through another narrow belt of forest, where the trees grew in the chinks and crannies of a wall of rock polished by ice and precipitously steep. Above that came a floundering bog, and then at last a reasonable grass-slope that narrowed into a rock-ridge. The rock presently gave place in turn to snow, and led us on to the mass of the mountain.

The weather was now tolerably clear, though over all there hung a dark pall of cloud, through occasional holes in which shafts of solid-looking sunlight penetrated. Where we rested for breakfast we had a most striking view over desolate channels and still more desolate islands, a very labyrinth of waterways and mountain walls. We could see westwards to the ocean and northwards to the continent; the flat land of the northern part of Tierra del Fuego was at our feet.

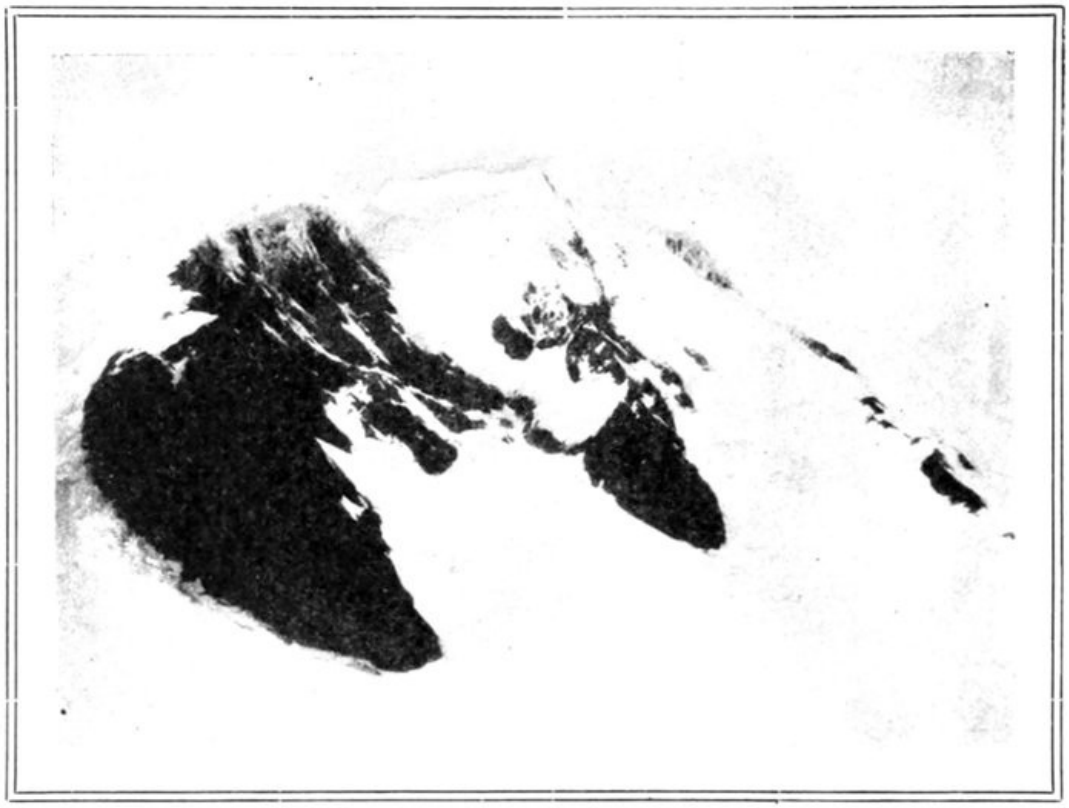
Its great mountain backbone was behind us as we faced north. We looked along the face of it as along a wall, but all its crest was in the clouds. Looking down whence we had come we saw our

boat like a little cork on the water. Also we could now look down into the water itself and discover the countless sunken rocks amongst which we had so casually navigated. There was one, only a short distance from our anchorage, close to which we must have steamed. These details, of course, are not charted; a navigator in such out-of-the-way places must take his luck.

From this point our way lay right up the great northern face of the peak, which is covered by an ice-cascade. This empties below into a huge glacier plateau or lake, which is drained by several glacier tongues, up one of which we had come. As we climbed on I kept looking round and gazing on the wonderful panorama, for it was obviously destined to be soon blotted out. Our way lay amongst huge seracs. Deep crevasses yawned all about, and occasionally we had to double back and forth to get ahead.

At last, however, we reached plainer going, traversing a steeper but less broken slope which led to the foot of a final pyramid of rock. But these rocks, unfortunately, we never actually reached, for the storm battalions from the north swept furiously down upon us, swallowing up the view before ever we reached the crest of the range whence we might have looked down into the dark hollow of Beagle Channel. The darkness in the north before the tempest fell upon us was truly appalling. As it advanced it seemed to devour the wintry world. The heavens appeared to be descending in solid masses, so thick were the skirts of snow and hail that the advancing cloud-phalanx trailed beneath it. The black islands, the leaden waters, the pallid snows, and the splintered ice-encrusted peaks disappeared in the blackness of the storm, which enveloped us also, almost before we had realized that it was at hand. A sudden wind shrieked and whirled round our heads; hail was flung into our faces, and all the elements began to rage together. The ice-plastered rocks were now easily accounted for; we resembled them ourselves in a very few minutes. All landmarks vanished; the drifted snow itself was no longer distinguishable from the snow-filled air.

To advance under these appalling conditions was impossible. The one thing to be done, and done at once, was to secure our retreat before it was too late. How we raced downwards! Not till we gained the lower glacier did snow give place to rain, which soaked us to the skin and overflowed in a steady stream out of our boots. We floundered in swamps, tumbled through brushwood, and at last gained the shore, almost dead beat with toil, yet delighting in what had been, after all, an exhilarating experience. A boat came off to fetch us, and we were soon on board our steamer. Thus we did not reach the actual summit of Mount Sarmiento—that remains virgin, for I could not wait to try it again. Whoever climbs it will accomplish a great feat and will have a splendid experience. Some years have already passed since my attempt, however, and I have not heard of another. I suppose the inhabitants of Sandy Point have more urgent interests to attend to.



THE UNTRODDEN SUMMIT OF MOUNT SARMIENTO, WHICH THE AUTHOR WAS PREVENTED FROM REACHING BY A SUDDEN STORM.

From a Photograph.

The Spider's Web.

AN UNDERGRADUATE'S STRANGE STORY.

TOLD BY "CECIL ADDINGTON" AND SET DOWN BY GEORGE A. RAPER.

A remarkable drama of modern life, showing the pitfalls that lie in wait for well-connected and inexperienced young men, and that even to-day, in the heart of London, a man may go in peril of his life. For obvious reasons the names of the people concerned have been changed, but the correct names of all the parties have been supplied to us in confidence.

WRITE this record of a strange chapter in my life with a double motive. It may serve, firstly, as a warning to others who find themselves placed in what I once regarded as my enviable position. Secondly, it ought to have a wider usefulness in opening people's eyes to the very real dangers that lurk under the surface of London life. Had anyone told me, two years ago, that a man living in peaceful England could be in daily danger of assassination at the hands of an organized gang of villains, I should have found no words strong enough to express my disbelief. Still less would I have supposed that I, Cecil Addington, a strong, vigorous young Englishman, would ever go about in constant dread of murderous violence. Many who read my story will treat it as the outcome of a disordered imagination and refuse to believe that the forces of civilization are powerless to protect a man whose death has been deliberately planned. I wish I could share this belief; but, unfortunately, my experience points the other way. I have come to know that there are to-day, in London, men who would not hesitate to commit murder if it could be done without undue risk to themselves, and who have enough devilish ingenuity to reduce that risk almost to vanishing-point.

But I had better begin at the beginning and tell my story simply and straightforwardly, just as it happened, merely warning the reader that, though I am relating actual facts, I have, for obvious reasons, used fictitious names.

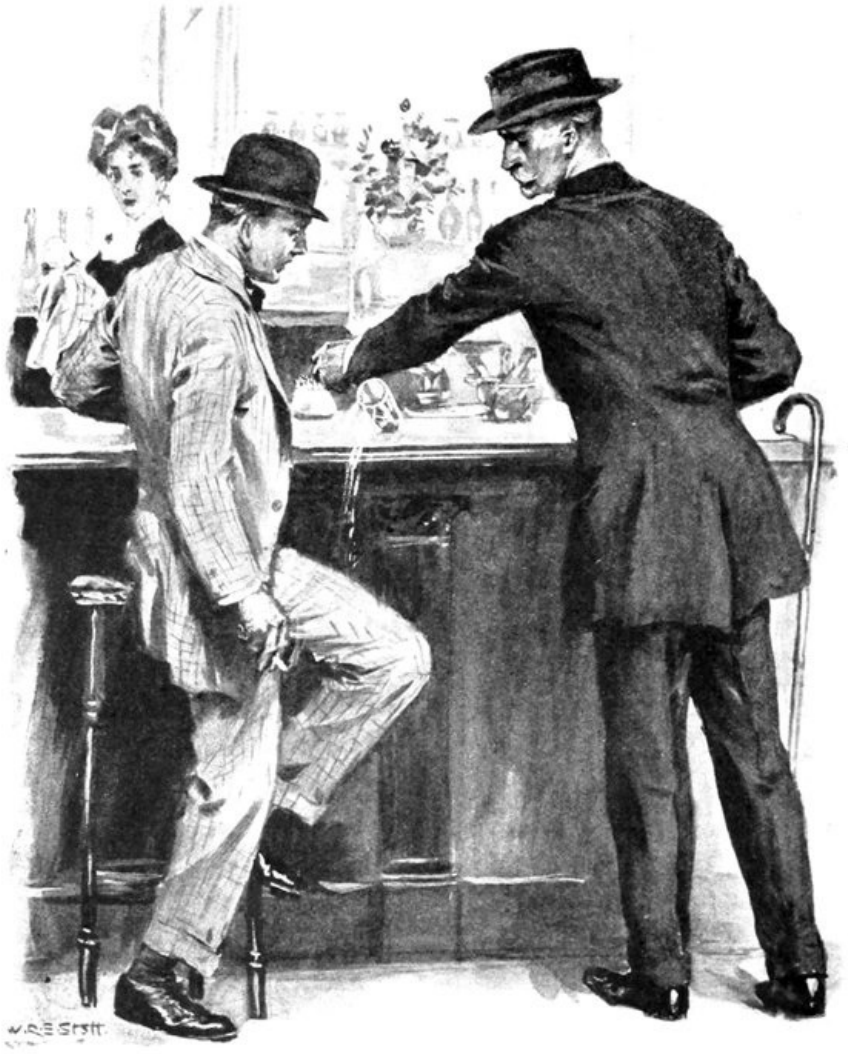
In May, 1906, having got away from Cambridge for a few days, I was enjoying myself in town. I was doing it in a very small way and under a sense of injustice, for I had nothing like the means at my disposal that I considered my due. In six months' time, on reaching my majority, I was to come into possession of thirty thousand pounds under my mother's will, and yet I had still to get along as best I might on a poor undergraduate's allowance from my father. He and I did not hit it off at all well. I was rather stage-struck, and had made up my mind that an actor's life was the life for me. He did not see it in that light, and was dead set on getting me into the Foreign Office, where, he argued, I could use my money and 'Varsity education to some purpose. If I had not been rather "green," and, I may as well admit, headstrong, I might have seen that he was right. Anyhow, we quarrelled, and he decided that, though he could not prevent me from committing what he called social suicide when I became my own master, he would at any rate put the financial screw on as long as he could. The result was that I found myself tied down to the smallest possible allowance, continued only on condition that I remained at Cambridge. I was plainly told, moreover, that if I were fool enough to throw up everything and go on the stage, I should have to exist as best I could. This gave me "furiously to think," as they say in France. I had sense enough to realize that budding actors do not fall on their feet at once, and that I should very likely be most unpleasantly hard up long before the blessed day came when I could open a bank account of my own. At the same time I was irritated at being kept in leading-strings, and my greatest desire was to find some way of circumventing my cautious parent.

In this frame of mind I set off to London one Friday to spend a week-end and a few pounds I happened to have in hand. Archie Hunter, one of my college chums, who was to have gone with me, managed to sprain his ankle the day before and had to stay indoors. I was half inclined to give up the expedition, but, chafing as I was under a sense of restraint, it seemed feeble to let my plans fall through on account of an absurd accident, and it was with a secret feeling of satisfaction at my own determination that I got out of the train at King's Cross, though I was beginning to feel that I might not enjoy myself so very much, after all, without a comrade.

I spent most of the afternoon hunting up fellows of my acquaintance in the West-end, and not finding them. Not knowing how to fill up the interval before dinner, I dropped into a well-known restaurant and sought solace in a whisky and soda and a cigarette. There were very few people in the bar—only a knot of two or three men discussing racing—and I sat, feeling a trifle lonely and not anticipating much fun for the evening. While I was cogitating the door opened and a well-dressed man came in. At the first glance I took him to be a retired Army officer. His hair and moustache were iron-grey, and, though he might have been well on the wrong side of forty, he looked every bit as active and supple as myself. His features were remarkably handsome, and he had an unmistakable air of good breeding, combined with the easy bearing of an experienced man of the world; in fact, he was just such a type as youngsters like myself secretly envy and take as their model. He glanced carelessly at me as he came in, ordered a whisky and soda, and, standing near me at the bar, took a long pull at his drink, after which he reached over the bar to take a match. As he did so his arm touched my glass and overturned it.

He was profuse in his apologies.

"How awfully careless of



"HIS ARM TOUCHED MY GLASS AND OVERTURNED IT."

me!" he exclaimed. "I am so sorry. Hope I haven't spilt any of the stuff over your clothes?"

I answered that it was not of the slightest consequence, but he continued to excuse himself, and insisted on having my glass refilled, in spite of my protests. In another two minutes we were chatting away as if we had known each other for years. My new friend proved a delightful companion. He seemed to have been everywhere worth mentioning and to know all sorts of celebrities. He had a way of keeping the talk on the subjects which most interested me, and I felt a secret satisfaction at talking on equal terms with a man so much older and cleverer than myself. Although I did not realize it at the time, he was one of those accomplished conversationalists who do not appear to be saying much, but manage to make the other fellows think they can talk rather well. He soon found out that I was a Cambridge man, and as he turned out to be an old Cantab himself, that was another bond of union between us. We exchanged cards, and I found that his bore the name of "Captain Wyngate."

We got on so uncommonly well together that I was quite annoyed to find it was half-past seven, and that I should soon have to think about my solitary dinner.

As if divining my thoughts, my new acquaintance said:—

"What are you going to do this evening?"

I had to admit, rather against my will, that I had no particular plans and did not know what to do with myself.

"You had better come and dine with me," he said. "I haven't anything on to-night, and we might just as well have a bit of dinner together and go somewhere afterwards, if you feel inclined."

The invitation was given so frankly and cordially that I accepted it without any fuss, being only too glad of the prospect of a cheerful evening instead of mooning about by myself. It never occurred to me that I knew nothing whatever about Captain Wyngate, and that he might not prove so reputable an acquaintance as he looked.

We took a cab and drove to a queer little French restaurant, quite unlike anything I had ever seen, in a back street in Soho. In a general way I regarded the typical London restaurant as a big, showy establishment, with a profusion of electric lights, flowers on the tables, and everyone in evening dress. The place chosen by Captain Wyngate was entirely different. It was up two pairs of very narrow stairs covered with a red carpet, and seemed to be made up of quite poky little rooms. We were shown into one containing only a small table set for two, a sideboard, and a sofa.

"They seem to be expecting us," I remarked, with a laugh.

"Oh, they know my ways here," Wyngate replied, as he proceeded to question the waiter in French, which was a good deal too fluent for me to follow.

There was a surprisingly elaborate menu for such a little hole of a place, and it was with feelings of considerable satisfaction that I plunged into the dinner. It was admirably cooked and beautifully served—in fact, it was about the best dinner I had ever tasted; and by the time I had absorbed my second glass of Burgundy I was feeling particularly well-disposed towards humanity in general and my host in particular. Without seeming to question me at all, he showed such a friendly interest in me that the champagne found us on quite an intimate footing. Before the coffee and cigars came, and the waiter had left us alone, Captain Wyngate knew all about me, and I had a strong impression that he was preordained to be my guide, philosopher, and friend.

When I bemoaned my fate at being kept on short commons until I came of age, he smiled.

"You needn't unless you like," he said.

"I've heard of fellows borrowing on their expectations," I replied; "but it costs a lot, doesn't it? And I don't know anything about that sort of thing."

"Oh, it's simple enough," he remarked, casually, flicking the ash off his cigar.

"I might get into some old Jew's clutches," I remarked.

"My dear fellow," he replied, "all those stories about modern Shylocks are rubbish. You must have been reading about the man in Balzac who was fool enough to take a bit in cash and the rest in stuffed crocodiles. All that sort of thing is over now, and if you have anything solid in the way of expectations you can always raise money on them from reliable people."

Then, as if the subject did not interest him, he began to talk about something else; but he had set me thinking. Half-a-dozen times at least I was on the point of asking him to help me, but I did not want him to think me hopelessly inexperienced in business matters. At length I said:—

"Do you know, I have been thinking of raising a little money, and now that I am in town I might as well see about it."

"If you have made up your mind," he said, "there is no use in losing time. To whom do you intend to go?"

This was a poser. I had the vaguest possible ideas about money-lenders, and did not know the name of a single member of the fraternity.

Before I could find an answer he observed:—

"There's Jackson, in X—— Street. Why not try him? I haven't had to visit him myself, but I know about him, and I will go and see him with you if you like."

"That would be awfully kind of you," I said, gratefully.

"Of course," he added, "it's of no use unless you can tell him something definite about the property. He doesn't care about wasting time on little bits of business, and I suppose you would like to have a good pocketful of money."

I replied by giving him all the information I had about my expectations. He listened attentively, asked two or three questions, said he did not think there would be any difficulty, and made an appointment for us to meet the following morning. This done, he called for the waiter, paid the bill, and we spent the rest of the evening at a music-hall. I returned to my hotel charmed with my new acquaintance, and feeling a warm glow of satisfaction at the thought that in a few days I should have as much as I wanted to spend instead of having to reckon with every shilling.

Next morning, Saturday, I woke in my little sixth-floor bedroom to see the sun shining brilliantly, and it was in excellent spirits that I dressed and went down to breakfast. As usual in the season, the hotel was full, and few seats were vacant in the lofty and lavishly-decorated hall, still called, by virtue of old custom, the coffee-room. The cheerful hum of conversation, the noiseless dexterity of the waiters darting to and fro, the comfort and luxury of the surroundings, increased my sense of enjoyment, and while waiting for my coffee and kidneys I began to think what an uncommonly good time I might have in London. What a fool I had been not to think of raising money before! It must be simple enough, judging by what Captain Wyngate had said, and he seemed to know pretty well what he was talking about.

I had barely finished breakfast when the captain himself came into the coffee-room, much to my surprise. He explained that he had some business near my hotel, and that he had dropped in on the chance of finding me, so that we could go to X—— Street together, instead of meeting as we had originally planned. I was afraid he had put himself out of his way for my convenience, but this he would not admit, and I had to put down his visit as another proof of his obliging disposition. Off we went in a hansom to X—— Street, and were lucky enough to find Jackson disengaged.

He was not at all the type of man I had expected to see. I had imagined a rather grimy and snuffy-looking individual, sitting in a little, dark room, surrounded by safes and deed-boxes. Mr. Jackson, on the other hand, was quite a gentleman: tall, well-groomed, clean-shaven, and wearing an immaculate frock-coat. Captain Wyngate was kind enough to explain why I had come. After this he got up and was about to leave the room, and I had some difficulty in getting him to stay and help me out. This was lucky, as Jackson proved a hard nut to crack. He was very polite, but raised so many objections that I began to despair of doing anything with him. It was very risky, he said, to lend money to minors, as he knew to his cost; and then, how was he to be sure I was to get as much as thirty thousand pounds? Trusts did not always produce what was expected of them. Finally, after asking a lot of questions about my family and the date of the will, he promised to make inquiries and give me an answer at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Had I known more about business it would probably have struck me as peculiar that a few hours should be considered enough to investigate a transaction of which the lender was supposed to know next to nothing. In the light of subsequent knowledge I am convinced that the urbane Mr. Jackson knew all about the matter long before he set eyes on me, and that the postponement until the afternoon was a mere blind. In happy unconsciousness of this I accepted an invitation to luncheon from Captain Wyngate, who kindly expressed his intention of seeing me through the business. And a very excellent lunch it was, too—just the kind of thing to make a man feel at peace with himself and all the world. Three o'clock saw us back at Jackson's office.

"Well, Mr. Addington," he said, "I have looked into the matter, and I think I shall be able to accommodate you."

"I'm very glad to hear it," I returned, joyously.

"Of course, I need not tell anyone of your intelligence and education," he continued, "that this is a rather irregular sort of transaction, and very risky for me. If you were to take advantage of being a minor and should go back on your word, where should I be?"

I assured him there was no danger of anything of the kind happening.

"I could not do business of this kind," he continued, "with anyone who was not a gentleman, and in whom I did not feel the fullest confidence."

He said this so impressively that I was quite touched—the champagne at luncheon was certainly very good—and inwardly decided that a money-lender was just as likely as anyone else to be a good fellow.

"But," he continued, "you must remember the risk, as I said before, and that I have heavy expenses (he didn't mention what they were), but I will advance you five thousand pounds on the spot, if you will undertake to repay me eight thousand pounds when you come of age. The only other condition that I make is that you insure your life in my favour, so that in case anything happened to you I should not lose my money."

This proposal rather took my breath away, and I stared at him blankly.

"I can assure you," he said, with a bland smile, "that these are really very favourable terms. Plenty of other gentlemen in my line would refuse to take the risk at any price. Perhaps you would like to talk it over with this gentleman?" indicating Captain Wyngate.

Without waiting for an answer, he rose and left the room. I cast an appealing glance at the captain.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you mustn't think that I want to advise you against your own interests, but you might do worse than take this offer."

"Three thousand pounds is a lot of interest," I urged.

"It's only a small slice out of your thirty thousand," he replied, shrugging his shoulders. "Jackson treats you like a gentleman, and will hand the money over at once. If you go to someone else you may be kept hanging on for weeks and charged all sorts of fees and expenses."

"All the same——" I began.

"What's the use of haggling about a hundred or two?" Wyngate interrupted. "You won't save anything in the long run."

His tone and look implied that he considered I was trying to drive a hard bargain. To be thought mean by this superior being, who had shown himself so friendly and hospitable, was more than I could endure, and I hastily replied that he was quite right, and that we might as well settle the affair at once.

Jackson opportunely returning at this juncture, I signified my acceptance of his terms. A bond and an insurance proposal which had been made out beforehand were produced, and I signed them.

"Shall I cross the cheque for payment through your own bank, Mr. Addington?" Jackson asked, bringing out his cheque-book. "But perhaps," he added, before I had to confess that I had no banking account, "you would prefer to have part of the money in cash. A thousand pounds in notes and the rest in a cheque? Certainly. If you will kindly count the notes in this bundle, I think you will find them all right. Thank you, Mr. Addington. My clerk will call upon you with any other papers there may be for you to sign."

I walked out with the money in my pocket and my troubles before me.

My doings during the next few weeks were not exactly what might be called judicious, but what can be expected from a youth suddenly let loose in London with heaps of money and nobody to restrain him? I am quite willing to admit that I was a fool, but I dare say a great many other people would not have proved much wiser if they had found themselves in similar circumstances. Without suspecting it, I was a sort of Faust in the clutches of a modern Mephistopheles. As Captain Wyngate had given me the Open Sesame, he naturally stepped into the position of familiar friend and adviser. Of course, Cambridge saw me no more. I took up my abode in furnished rooms close to Piccadilly, and was delighted when Captain Wyngate accepted an invitation to leave his hotel and share my quarters. Under his guidance I began to enjoy myself exceedingly. The gaps in my knowledge of the Metropolis filled up very quickly, and I think I could pass a pretty stiff examination about the places of amusement, recognised and unrecognised, in London. Wyngate and I were constantly together, and he introduced me to a good many men who seemed, like himself, to have no particular occupation except killing time as agreeably as possible. He generally picked up these acquaintances on race-courses, in hotel bars, music-halls, and other public places. We did not go to any private houses. Captain Wyngate voted dances slow, and I was enjoying myself so much under his guidance that I was not inclined to differ from him.

In the enclosure at Kempton Park he introduced me to a strikingly handsome and stylish young lady, Miss Violet Alexander, and took the earliest opportunity of telling me in a confidential whisper that she was an actress and immensely clever. Both these statements I afterwards found to be true in a sense; I did not understand at the time. She was extremely gracious, and I was much flattered when she invited me to take a cup of tea with her at her flat in Bedford Park. She soon fascinated me completely, and after my second visit I was madly in love, or thought I was. Captain Wyngate, to whose experience I resorted as a matter of course, suggested that a handsome present would advance matters very materially. He kindly undertook to find out from the lady what would be most acceptable to her, and the result was the transfer of a lace dress and a diamond star to Miss Violet's abode, and a hole of seven hundred pounds in my bank account. Both these presents were purchased (very much above their real value, as I afterwards found out) at shops recommended by Captain Wyngate, on the ground that they were "the" place for such things, and that gifts were always more appreciated when the lady knew they came from the very best places. My gifts certainly did not disgrace even the wardrobe of Miss Violet Alexander. They made her even more gracious than before, and but for the rude awakening that came soon afterwards there is no knowing what further follies she would have made me commit.

One night, when we were to have gone to a new play at the Gaiety, the captain felt out of sorts and decided to stay indoors with a book and a pipe. I returned home rather late, and, as I passed his room, I heard choking, inarticulate sounds. Thinking he must be ill, I opened the door quietly and looked in. He was lying in bed, tossing uneasily and muttering in his sleep. While I waited—wondering if I ought to wake him—his muttering went on, broken here and there by an intelligible word.

"The Rigi—Came for your health—Hate looking over precipices, do you?—Oh, don't be a baby!—Two thousand feet down—Ah, I've done it!"

Beads of perspiration started out on his forehead, and he groaned as if suffering agonies.

I put my hand on his shoulder.

"Hands off!" he almost shouted, and started up in bed, a horrible expression of fear on his face.

"Why, Wyngate, old chap, you seem to be having a first-class nightmare," I remarked.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he replied, not very graciously. "What are you doing here?"

"You were talking in your sleep," I told him, "and tossing about all over the place."

"That's very strange indeed," he said, anxiously. "I'm seldom troubled with nightmares."

"'HANDS OFF!' HE ALMOST SHOUTED, AND STARTED UP IN BED."

"Yes," I continued, "you thought you were at the top of a precipice in Switzerland with another fellow, and threw him over."

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, roughly.

"Weren't you dreaming about precipices?" I asked.

"Nothing of the kind!" he snapped. "I have slept badly, that was all, and you needn't have roused me."

"Sorry, old chap," I rejoined, and left the room, rather offended by his unusual surliness.

Next morning Wyngate said nothing about his nightmare, but the effects did not seem to have left

him. He found fault with the breakfast, made irritable remarks, and, though he was not actually rude, revealed a side of his character which was new to me. This was, in fact, the commencement of altered relations between us. I began to notice in his conversation covert sneers at my youth and inexperience, though this did not in the least prevent him from borrowing a few pounds from time to time when a bill came in. The money would not have mattered at all had he remained the good fellow he had seemed at first, but it was a different matter now, and I began to chafe.

Things went on like this for a couple of weeks. Then one day Hicks, my servant, came to me with three of Captain Wyngate's tradesmen's bills.

"The captain," said Hicks, "won't be back till to-night, sir, and he told me to ask you if you would kindly pay these for him."

This was the last straw. To be sneered at by a man who was living under my roof, and then to be expected to pay his tailor and bootmaker, was more than I could stand. With as much composure as I could command, I told Hicks that Captain Wyngate would settle the accounts when he returned. I then sat down and wrote my guest a note, in which I told him what I thought of him, and added that, as he would probably prefer other quarters, Hicks would pack up his things as soon as he pleased. After this I went out, spent the afternoon watching a cricket match at Lord's, and did not return home until late, when, to my great relief, Captain Wyngate's room was vacant.

"What did the captain say when he read my note?" I asked Hicks.

"He only laughed, sir," was the reply, "and said he was going away for a change of air."

It was a relief to find that my Old Man of the Sea, as I had now come to regard the fascinating captain, had been unseated so easily, and I went to bed feeling decidedly pleased with myself, and quite convinced that I had heard the last of him. This fond delusion, however, was shattered the very next day by the arrival of a crop of his bills, including those of the day before, all brought by men with instructions to ask for payment. I was for indignantly repudiating all liabilities, but Hicks deferentially suggested that this might create a bad impression; and on reflection I saw that a blunt refusal might bring some of my own creditors about my ears rather sooner than I had bargained for. I therefore told Hicks to say the accounts would be settled next day, and meanwhile sent him to the hotel at which Captain Wyngate was staying before he joined me, with a chillingly polite note requesting him to settle with his tradespeople. Hicks came back with the cheerful information that the captain had gone away and left no address. Not knowing what else to do, I paid. The amount was not large—some fifty pounds, in fact—but signing the cheques was a very bitter pill.

Being now left to my own resources, it occurred to me to look into my finances, and I discovered to my amazement that I had run through more than four thousand pounds in two months! There were also accounts owing, and it dawned upon me that at my present rate of living I should be without a penny long before my twenty-first birthday arrived.

"Bah!" I said to myself. "I can always borrow again if I run short." And I tried to dismiss the matter from my mind. I suppose, though, there must have been a thin strain of caution, probably inherited from a Scotch grandfather, underneath my foolishness, for I could not shake off a feeling that I was drifting on to the rocks. I went to see Violet Alexander, with a vague hope of getting sympathy, but was told she had gone out. I called again and again, with the same result. Could it be that she did not want to see me?

In this position, ashamed to make it up with my father, and not having a single friend to whom I cared to turn, I did what I ought to have done long ago. I went to Lincoln's Inn Fields to lay my case before the family solicitors.

"Mr. Benedict is away, sir, but his son, Mr. Charles, will see you," was the reply to the announcement of my name, and I was ushered into the presence of Mr. Charles Benedict. He did not correspond at all to my idea of a family solicitor. He was faultlessly dressed, and did not look much older than myself, but it did not take me long to discover that his knowledge of town was as extensive and peculiar as Mr. Weller's.

"Ah! Captain Wyngate," he repeated, when I mentioned the name of my evil genius. "Tall, fine-looking man, with a grey moustache, isn't he?"

"Yes," I replied, in surprise. "Do you know him?"

"I should say that he was pretty well known," rejoined Mr. Charles Benedict, with a smile. "But perhaps you had better go on with your story."

Encouraged by his interest in my troubles, I went ahead and gave him the main lines of the narrative, though I could not yet bring myself to disclose all the details of my weakness. When I had answered his last question he drew a long breath and said:—

"Well, Mr. Addington, I congratulate you!"

"What about?" I asked. "It seems to me I am in a pretty bad mess."

"So you are," he replied, cheerfully. "But I was congratulating you on coming to us before it was too late. You have had a narrow escape. Did you never suspect what kind of man Captain Wyngate is?"

"Not until those bills came in," I replied.

"The bills," remarked Mr. Benedict, "are a mere trifle. Captain Wyngate is one of the most dangerous men in London. The police have had their eye upon him for years, but he is so clever that they have never been able to catch him in the act. He lives on inexperienced young men with money."

"Like me, I suppose?"

"Yes, but you are not the first by a very long way. Your case is quite in his best style. He has goodness knows how many accomplices, quite a syndicate of sharks, and they have all sorts of shady people in their pay. I have no doubt whatever that he knew all about your money affairs and had a look at you at Cambridge without your knowledge; also that he knew of your coming to London and had you tracked to the bar where he made your acquaintance by upsetting your glass. Jackson is in the syndicate, and you may be sure our friend the captain would have had a good slice out of the three thousand pounds they reckoned to make out of you; but I think we can stop their little game."

Needless to say, these disclosures staggered me considerably.

"Then Captain Wyngate is nothing but a swindler?" I asked.

"One of the worst type," answered the solicitor. "I don't think he would stick at murder if it was worth while and could be done safely. He was mixed up in the death of Charlie Byfleet, a rich young fellow who went to Switzerland with him and was killed by falling down a precipice. Many people suspected that Wyngate got possession of Byfleet's money and papers and then pushed him over the cliff."

"That explains the nightmare!" I exclaimed, and I told my adviser of the scene in Wyngate's bedroom.

"Yes; no doubt he has to do it over again in his sleep now and then," said Mr. Benedict, "but that's all the punishment he has had. He swore it was an accident, and there was no evidence against him. He has been keeping quiet since that affair, but he must have thought it had blown over by this time as he has begun again on you. I suppose he kept you to himself as long as he could?"

"He never took me to see anybody except Violet Alexander, the actress," I said.

"Oh, indeed!" ejaculated Mr. Benedict, smiling. "This is interesting. Did you find her very agreeable?"

"Charming," I replied, ingenuously.

"Wasn't she a rather expensive acquaintance?"

I was obliged to confess that she was, and mentioned the presents.

"Of course, as you were so friendly with Wyngate, you had to be nice to his wife," observed the solicitor.

"*What?*" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"She is a very useful helpmate for him," continued the lawyer, smiling compassionately at me. "They have hunted together for years and made lots of money. Have you never heard of Violet Alexander's solid silver bath? You may be quite sure the lace dress and the diamond star have gone back to the shops where Wyngate made you buy them, and that he and Violet pocketed a nice little commission on the transaction. The shopkeepers are just as much in the gang as Wyngate and Jackson are. Wyngate stayed with you until he saw you were getting restive; then he ran up a few bills for you to pay and cleared out. You will not see him again until Jackson's bill falls due."

"And then?" I asked.

"Then there will be ructions," said Mr. Benedict, cheerfully.

Here he took up a paper-knife, played with it carelessly, and looked as if he expected me to find a way out of the tangle.

"Great Scot!" I exclaimed. "Shall I have to pay these villains eight thousand pounds?"

"You certainly would if you had not come to us in time," was the reply.

"Then I am in time?" I asked, much relieved.

"Yes," said Mr. Benedict; "we can save your money, if you hand it over to someone else."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Simply this. You must execute a deed placing your property, from the moment you become entitled to it, in the hands of trustees, who will pay you, let us say, three or four hundred a year out of the income. You will be unable to touch the capital. When Mr. Jackson presents his little bill, you refer him to your trustees, who will repay him his five thousand pounds with strict legal interest. Come back next week, and we will have the papers ready for you to sign. In the meantime I recommend you to change your quarters or leave London altogether."

I left Mr. Benedict with a new respect for the legal profession. After having been so thoroughly fooled and exploited, it was pleasant to think that I should have the laugh on my side in the long run. I was not at all inclined to keep out of the way, however. To miss the *dénouement* was not to be thought of; but I decided to retire to less expensive rooms, settle my outstanding debts, dispense with Hicks ("I suppose he makes commissions out of me, like the rest of them," I said to myself, savagely), and await the crisis.

The rest of the summer and the early part of the autumn I spent very agreeably in the country, returning to London a few days before my twenty-first birthday, which fell on November 15th. I took care to write Jackson a polite letter, informing him of my change of address, and received an equally polite acknowledgment, to my great delight. In due course came another letter, reminding me that it would give Mr. Jackson pleasure to receive the sum of eight thousand pounds at my earliest convenience. This letter I handed over to Mr. Benedict, who, in the best legal language, replied that he and his father, as my sole trustees, repudiated the transactions I had entered into, but would nevertheless repay the five thousand pounds, with six months' interest at four per cent.

I would have given a good deal to see the faces of Jackson and Co. when they received this missive. By what I could gather from my lawyers, the money-lender was very indignant at first, but when he found he could make no impression on the Benedicts he concluded to treat the matter as one of those little disappointments to which business men are liable; and, finally, he accepted the offer and the money. I had expected him to show more fight, and was rather disappointed at first; but I had not long to wait for excitement.

Late one afternoon I was on my way home to dress for dinner, after spending an hour or two at one of my usual resorts near the Strand. Having plenty of time, I turned into the Green Park and was sauntering along, enjoying a cigarette, when a hand was laid on my shoulder from behind, and a well-known voice exclaimed: "A word with you, my friend!"

It was Captain Wyngate!

I wheeled round and looked at him defiantly.

"I have nothing to say to you," I said, curtly.

"But I have a great deal to say to you," he retorted. "I have been on the look-out for you for some time, and now that there is no one to listen to us I would like to give you a small piece of advice."

"I don't want it," I interrupted.

"Perhaps not," he continued; "but if you don't take it you will be very sorry one of these days. Are you going to pay Jackson his three thousand pounds or are you not?"

His manner was brusque and overbearing to the last degree, and my temper began to rise.

"What has that to do with you?" I demanded.

"That's my affair," he snapped. "Make your trustees pay up, or——"

"Or what?"

"You'll see, and pretty soon, too."

"Look here, Captain Wyngate," I exclaimed, hotly, "I am not going to be bullied. You and your friends have had all you will get out of me. I know you to be one of the biggest scoundrels in London, and if you interfere with me, look out for yourself, that's all."

"Indeed!" he sneered. "So you think you can trick me and get off scot-free, do you? Listen! If that money isn't paid in a week I'll have your life!"

"Don't talk rubbish," I interposed.

"Ah, you think yourself safe," he went on, in the same ironical tone. "You imagine the police will protect you, I suppose. You young idiot, your life won't be worth sixpence!"

"Touch me if you dare!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, you're quite safe now," he sneered. "I give you a week to think it over, and then, if the money isn't paid, look out. You have had fair warning."

"More than the man in Switzerland had," I suggested sarcastically, as Wyngate turned away.

He gave me one look of concentrated hate, and seemed about to speak, but checked himself, turned his back on me, and disappeared in the darkness.

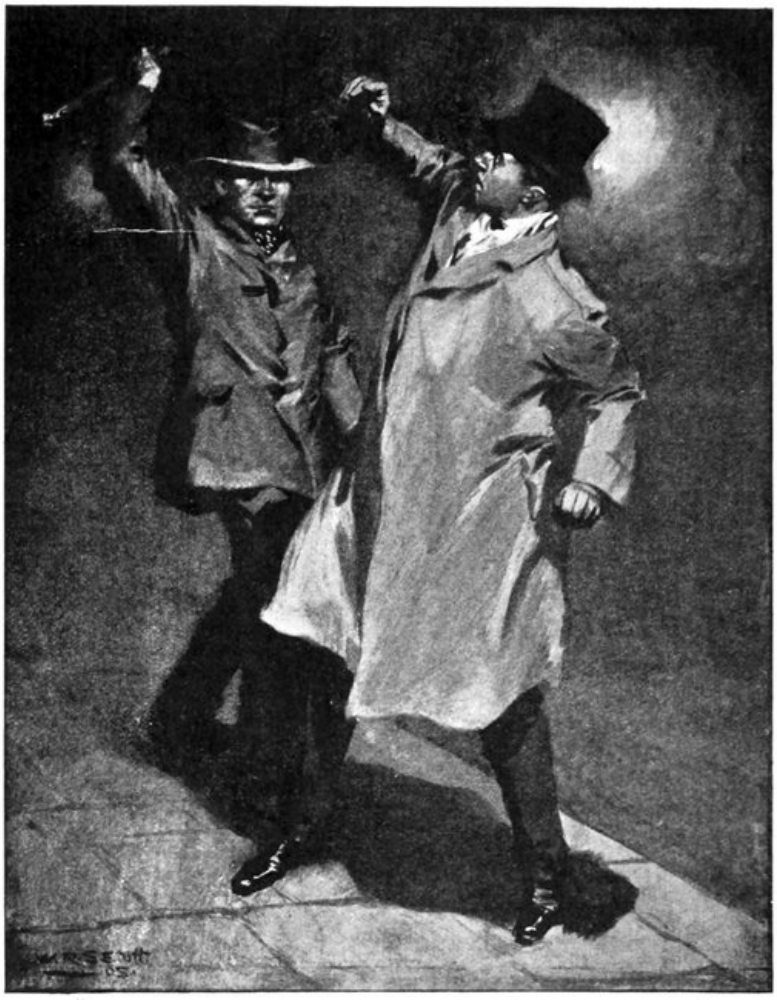
"Bluff!" I said to myself. "What can he do?" And I continued my walk home.

I was quite as strong as Wyngate, and felt well able to hold my own if he attacked me. As to the idea of being murdered in the heart of London, it was preposterous. This kind of thing might happen among secret society men and weird foreigners handy with their knives; but Englishmen had nothing to fear, I assured myself, and several fellows to whom I mentioned the matter casually at the club agreed with me. I did not even think it worth while to tell Mr. Benedict of the meeting.

One night I was walking home through a fog which, though not possessing the regulation pea-soup consistency, was thick enough to make it impossible to see anyone more than twenty yards away. As I entered St. James's Square I heard footsteps behind me, but having no thought of danger I paid no attention to them. Suddenly I felt a violent blow on the shoulder, and turning sharply round I saw a man with an uplifted bludgeon, in the act of striking at me again. I was absolutely defenceless, having not even a cane with me. The thought, "Wyngate's at the bottom of this!" flashed across my mind. I had just time to jump aside and avoid the stick as it fell. Then I dashed off at full speed into the fog. I was at too great a disadvantage to be heroic.

My assailant made no attempt to follow me. His coup having failed, he no doubt thought it prudent to clear out at once. I could not distinguish his features, but one thing was certain: he was not Wyngate. He was a rather short, thick-set man, wearing a soft hat pulled well down over his eyes. The only other detail that struck me during the instant we were at close quarters was the strong smell of drink which he gave out. I put him down as a hired ruffian, and it became evident to me that if Wyngate were capable of using such instruments of revenge I should have to take him a good deal more seriously than hitherto.

As long as there was the bruise on my shoulder to remind me of the adventure in St. James's Square I was almost prudent. I took to carrying a sword-cane, and went home at night in cabs instead of walking. I also gave myself a certain amount of entertainment by manœuvering to find out whether I was being followed. To this end I used to stop suddenly and pretend to look into shop-windows, in the hope of catching the spy unawares; but, if he existed at all, he was cleverer than I at the game. Nothing happened except a collision now and then, caused by some innocent promenader running into me from behind when I pulled up. Then I had to apologize and try not to look foolish. Finally my natural insouciance got the upper hand, and I ceased to worry about my enemy.



"I SAW A MAN WITH AN UPLIFTED BLUDGEON, IN THE ACT OF STRIKING AT ME AGAIN."

Christmas was drawing near, and I was preparing to leave town to spend the festive season with friends in the country, when I received a wire one morning from Archie Hunter, my Cambridge chum, telling me he was coming to town in the afternoon, and asking me to meet him at six o'clock in the bar of a small West-end hotel where we had foregathered on previous occasions. I was on hand at the appointed time, but there was no sign of Hunter.

"Train late, I suppose," I thought, and sat down to wait. There was no one I knew in the bar, but, being sociably inclined, I was soon in conversation with two or three other men whose only object seemed to be to while away the time. With them were a couple of fashionably-dressed girls, and by and by I noticed that one of them looked at me frequently, not as if she wanted to begin a flirtation, but rather with curiosity. I had never seen her before, but, beyond wondering vaguely whether she had remarked something peculiar about my appearance, I paid no attention, engaged as I was in discussing cricket with one of the men.

Presently two of them began to talk billiards, at which, it seemed, they were old rivals, and, as neither would admit inferiority, they decided to go upstairs to the billiard-room and play a couple of hundred up.

"We may as well go and watch them," remarked the man with whom I was talking.

"All right," I said, unsuspectingly, and, emptying my glass, I prepared to go upstairs.

The billiard-players led the way, the others following. The girl who had been looking at me was the last except myself to leave the bar. The door-handle apparently slipped from her fingers and the door, which had an ordinary spring, closed in her face with a slam, thus momentarily cutting us off from the others. To my intense surprise she turned and whispered, hurriedly:—

"Don't go upstairs; they will throw you down!"

In another instant she had pulled the door open and was ascending the stairs.

"Wyngate again!" was the thought that flashed through my mind.

At first I was inclined to disregard the warning, but a moment's reflection showed me that there was no disgrace in declining an unequal combat, and that, even if I were not knocked downstairs

by some cleverly-contrived "accident," I could be sure of being dealt some underhand blow by agents of so unscrupulous a person as my late guest.

I went up three or four steps, and then—exclaiming, "Forgotten my stick; I'll be back in a moment!"—I returned to the bar, went out quickly by another door, jumped into a hansom, and made good my retreat.

"Two not out, captain!" I remarked, with satisfaction; but, as I was soon to discover, the game was not by any means finished.

I wrote to Hunter at once, asking him if he had wired me to meet him. He replied that he had not done so, and that someone must have been using his name.

The more I thought over the situation the less I liked it. It was evident that I had become the object of a sort of vendetta on the part of a very clever scoundrel, who would stick at nothing to obtain his revenge and was always ready to strike at me when I least expected it. To apply to the police would have been useless, as I had not a scrap of evidence against him. I had slipped through his fingers twice, but I could hardly count upon another such timely warning as I received in the hotel bar. The girl must have known that there was a plot against me, but why did she interfere? Was it caprice or a good instinct?

In the hope of finding out something I dropped in two or three times at the hotel at different hours, but the few guarded inquiries I made led to nothing. The girl and her companions were merely chance customers, quite unknown to the hotel people, who would have been almost as disagreeably surprised as myself if Wyngate's little scheme had succeeded.

Feeling that the air of London was becoming decidedly unwholesome, I went off to my friends at Folkestone, rather unwisely leaving my address, so that letters could be forwarded. Thanks to cheerful surroundings—the society of nice people has a really remarkable effect in changing the current of one's ideas—my enemy's sinister figure began to recede into the background. I was one of a house-party of about a dozen, and they were all intensely interested in my story, though nobody could suggest anything better than going abroad for a year or two.

On the Tuesday after my arrival somebody mentioned that there was to be a ball on the following Monday at one of the hotels on the cliff, and we decided to make up a party and go. Tickets were taken, and, of course, we made no secret of our intention, which was known to the servants, tradespeople, and, in fact, anyone who might have taken an interest in our doings.

On the Monday afternoon, while we were talking and tea-drinking in the drawing-room, Charlie Barbour, one of the party, came in, walked straight up to me, and remarked:—

"Well, old chap, there's some more fun in store for you."

"What on earth do you mean?" I demanded, vaguely uneasy.

"Only that your friend Wyngate is beginning again," he replied.

Then he told us that, happening to stroll into a barber's to get himself smartened up for the evening, he had overheard two men talking confidentially in German while waiting their turn to be shaved. As it happened, Charlie was educated in Germany, and understood the language perfectly well. At first, having no desire to overhear what was not intended for him, he paid no attention, but presently he caught a remark about the ball to which we were going the same evening. Listening more attentively, he made out that somebody at the ball was to be given a letter asking him to come outside for a few minutes on to the terrace at the top of the cliff. This did not at first strike him as suspicious, but when the two men, who looked like innocent commercial travellers, had left the shop it suddenly occurred to Charlie that their conversation might relate to me. It was so very much like Wyngate's style, he thought, to get me on top of a cliff at night, when there would probably be no one to see what happened to me. With this idea in his head, Charlie escaped from the barber's as promptly as possible and spent an hour or two prowling about in search of the two men, but in vain; after which he made for home to tell me his story.

The girls became very much excited, and one of them said I was like the hero of a sensational novel. We held a sort of council of war, and decided that, if any letter of the kind were sent in to me while the dance was going on, I should go outside with a revolver in my pocket, and that Barbour and another man, Carruthers, also armed, should follow close behind.

We were still discussing the affair when a telegram was brought to me. I opened it and read:—

"If you value your life, leave Folkestone immediately."

There was no signature, but I had not the least doubt that the telegram, which came from London, was sent by the unknown girl who had already befriended me once.

Somebody remarked that the situation was becoming quite dramatic. I agreed; but when I asked whether anyone would like to take my part as the hero there were no offers.

Calling in the police was suggested; but Barbour and Carruthers—both strong, active fellows—objected strongly to giving anyone else a chance of capturing a brace of modern desperadoes, and we concluded to keep the matter perfectly quiet, so as to give the enemy no hint of the counter-mine we were preparing.

I never went to such an exciting dance in my life as I did that evening; and all the others in our party were equally on the *qui vive*. I rather enjoyed it after a time, as the ladies were so very anxious to keep me dancing with them; while Barbour and Carruthers several times got into

trouble with their partners through trying to keep their eye on me instead of attending to business.

It was nearly twelve o'clock before the expected summons came. I had just taken my partner back to her seat when one of the hotel servants came and told me a gentleman was anxious to see me outside on important business.

Signalling to Barbour and Carruthers, I left the ball-room and strolled as unconcernedly as possible out on to the terrace. There was no moon, and, but for a few twinkling gas-lamps and the light from the hotel windows, all was dark outside. I could just distinguish two men standing on the terrace about twenty yards away. Seeing me walk towards them they moved to meet me, but at this moment Barbour and Carruthers made their appearance behind me. This was quite enough for my enemies. Without a word they turned and ran off at full speed, taking different directions as they reached the main road. We gave chase, but they ran as fast as we did, and we soon lost them in the darkness.

It was annoying to have let the fellows slip through our fingers, but there was some satisfaction in knowing that I was in no danger when with friends, and that Wyngate's emissaries were not conspicuous for courage. Like himself, no doubt, they were ready to strike only when there was no danger of being caught.

As soon as possible after returning to London I gave up my rooms, stored such of my belongings as were not portable, and went to live at my club, on the principle that there is safety in numbers. In this I was again mistaken, as I was soon to learn.

A fortnight later I went to a fancy dress ball at the Covent Garden Opera house. I had just been chatting with an acquaintance, and was standing amid a small group of people who were strangers to me, at the top of the grand staircase, looking down at the people coming up, when I felt myself suddenly seized from behind and hurled down the steps. I was completely taken by surprise and could do nothing to save myself. My unknown assailant no doubt reckoned that my head would come into contact with the wall at the bottom of the flight of steps, and that I should either be killed or badly hurt. By great good luck, however, a portly commissionaire, taking tickets, was standing just in the right spot, and I dashed into him with great violence, bowling him over like a ninepin, but luckily without hurting him. I was stunned by the shock, and by the time I recovered it was of course useless to look for the man who had thrown me down the staircase. He must have shadowed me for some time and chosen his moment well, for no one saw the act, unless it be that he had accomplices who screened him from observation.

After this fourth experience I confessed that my nerve was considerably shaken. To go on living by myself in London was only to court disaster and live in daily expectation of a fifth attempt on my life. I need not trouble the reader with the details of my consultations with the Benedicts and my father, who became reconciled to me on hearing my story. The end of it was that, after a few months' strict seclusion with a coach in the country, I entered the Militia.

At L——, where I am stationed, I ought to be fairly safe among my brother officers and the soldiers. And yet, who knows? Perhaps Wyngate (who goes about openly in London, dines at the best restaurants, and stares defiantly at friends of mine who know the story) is tired of pursuing me, or thinks the game is not worth the candle. I hope so, at any rate, for I sometimes feel that if he keeps to his purpose he will, sooner or later, achieve it.

DOLPHIN=HUNTING.

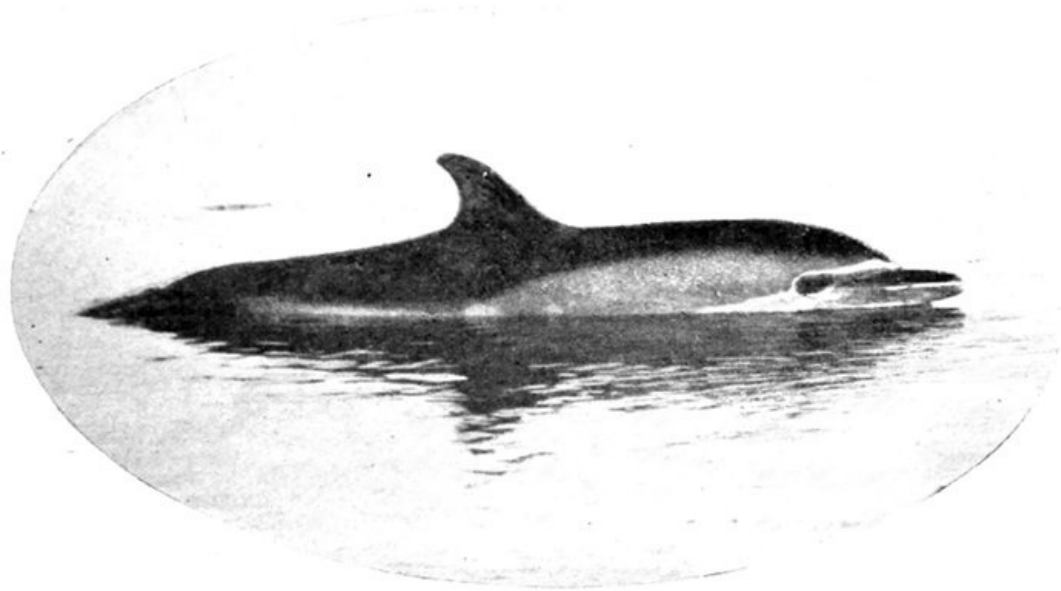
By Victor Forbin.

A vivacious account by a French journalist of his introduction to a curious sport of which practically nothing is known in this country.

For a long time a hotbed of patriotic Anglophobia, St. Malo, the ancient city whose proud boast it is that it has never been conquered, has been of recent years quietly annexed, so to speak, by its former foe, and has become a popular resort with English tourists, so that the poorest of its shops is proud to display on its front windows the welcoming motto, "English spoken."

The Malouins themselves are the boldest sailors of France; it is a saying among them that "they have the love of the sea in their blood." The sons and grandsons of daring privateers, they pass nearly their whole lives at sea, many of them going every year to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland for the cod-fishing season.

Even the well-to-do classes, gentry or bourgeoisie, are fond of maritime pastimes such as fishing and yachting. Their favourite diversion, however, is dolphin-hunting, a sport which the authorities encourage by every means in their power, since dolphins and porpoises are causing terrible havoc among the schools of herring and sardines on the French coast, thus destroying the livelihood of the fisher-folk.



"DELPHINUS DELPHIS," THE LARGEST SPECIES OF DOLPHIN FOUND OFF THE BRITTANY COAST—IT WEIGHS FROM THREE TO FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS, AND MAY REACH NINE FEET IN LENGTH.

From a Photograph.

During a recent stay in the suburbs of St. Malo, my host insisted upon introducing me to the enchantment of a sport of whose very existence I had hitherto been ignorant.

"You cannot possibly return to Paris until you have killed your porpoise, can you?" he asked, insinuatingly.

"I am here for rest, not for butchery," I replied, indolently.

"But just think of the story you will have to tell," he continued. "A dolphin hunt! It is old to us Malouins, but what a novelty for you, a newspaper man, a Parisian!"

"A novelty, to be sure," I returned. "But what about sunstroke? I tell you, my dear Desmond, in this terrific heat the shade of your apple trees is good enough for me. Bother your dolphin-hunting!"

That is what I told him, and at the moment I meant it; yet I must confess that I allowed myself to be conquered in the end by a monetary argument.

"But you're losing money," urged my host. "You forget that a certain official is ready to pay you a five-franc piece for each dolphin's head you may bring him!"

Five francs! I rose to the bait. What glory for a writer to be able to boast that he has earned money with his gun! How I could crow over my fellow-scribes! So, tempted by glorious visions of many five-franc pieces, I weakly surrendered.

It is quite likely that dreams of sport caused me to sleep more soundly than I ought to have done, for when my friend's shouts awoke me at last I unjustly scolded my alarm-clock, which had done its duty.

Fortunately, everything was ready, down to the *café-au-lait* and *petit pain* that the maid was

bringing in. A few minutes later I hastily jumped aboard the yacht *Christiane*, where Desmond and his *mousse* (cabin-boy), Jean-Marie Le Floch, were waiting for me, meanwhile endeavouring to ascertain from some old salts in which direction and at about what distance out we should be likely to meet with a school of *marsouins*.

"*Marsouins?*" ejaculated one old fisherman, between puffs at his pipe. "The confounded vermin are to be met with everywhere and nowhere."

Never expect, by the way, to receive precise information from a Breton fisherman. But never mind; we shall reach our objective some time or other with the help of the breeze and the good-will of the dolphins!

Presently the yacht was ploughing her way gracefully through the waves, and for the time being we had nothing else to do but search the horizon and talk about our intended victims. Meanwhile I learnt from my friend many interesting details about dolphins and their ways.

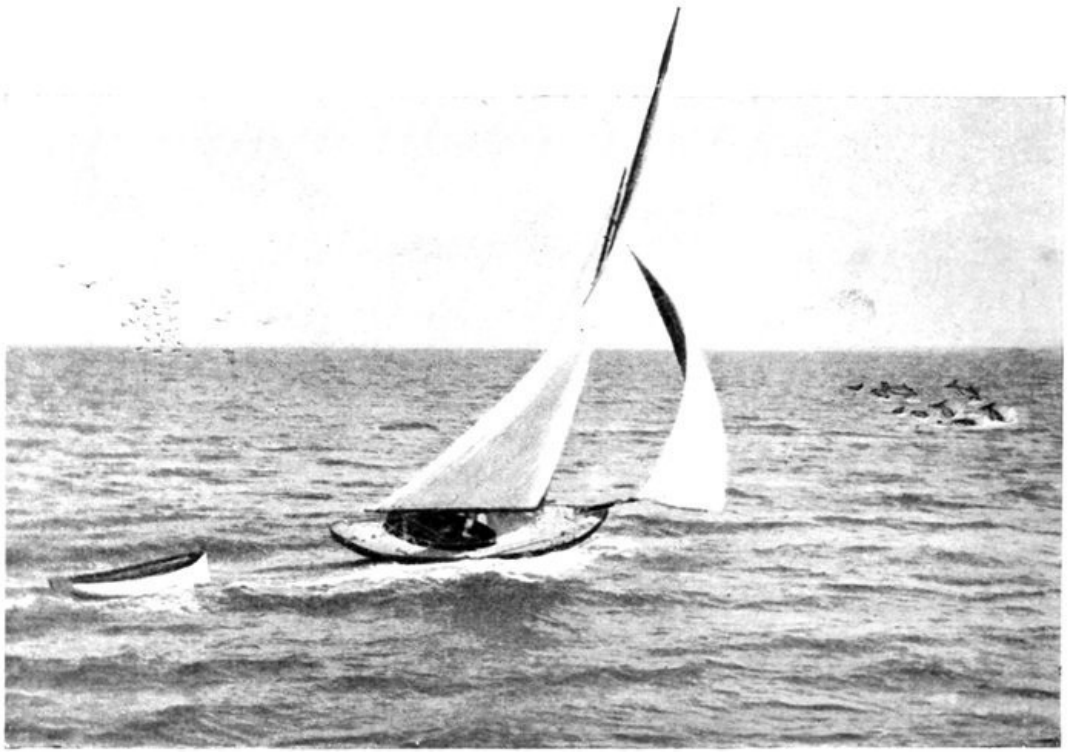
It appears that several species of dolphins are to be met with near the shores of Brittany. The largest is known to science as *Delphinus delphis*, and differs from other varieties by its long jaws —very like the beak of a big bird, and armed with about sixty teeth as hard and sharp as steel. Its length may reach nine feet, and it weighs from three to four hundred pounds. A swift swimmer, it preys on the schools of herrings, following them right up to Scottish waters. In spite of its greed, it is noted for its mild temper, and frequently amuses itself by playing round ships in the open sea.

Then there is the *Delphinus tursio*, or *souffleur*. This is smaller, and its beak is shorter, though armed with strong, powerful teeth that enable it to attack a big fish, pinning it down to the rocks with such force that its nose is often deeply marked with numerous cuts. This dolphin hates the very sight of a ship and never comes close to one.

My friend was beginning to tell me something about the porpoise, or *marsouin*, the smallest species of the genus, when Jean-Marie Le Floch put an end to the scientific discourse by a sudden shout. He was positive, he declared, that he had just seen a dolphin jumping out of the water about five hundred yards ahead of us!

"Are you quite certain about it, *mon garçon*?" said Desmond, eagerly grasping his gun. "Did you really?"

"*Tenez, m'sieur!*" replied the lad. "There! there! Did you see it?"



A YACHT CHASING A SCHOOL OF DOLPHINS.
From a Photograph.

Sure enough, a black object had just shot out of the water, disappearing again so quickly that I almost thought I had made a mistake. Not so my friend. He had seen enough to convince him that the dolphin was coming towards us at full speed, and accordingly got his gun ready, meanwhile giving me some rapid hints about the best way of shooting.

"Now, don't aim at the head," he told me. "Never at the head, whatever you do."

"What a queer idea!" said I. "Wouldn't a bullet through its head stop it dead?"

HAULING A DOLPHIN INTO THE YACHT'S DINGHY.
From a Photograph.

"Most certainly; but you would waste your powder and shot. The dolphin would sink at once, taking away to the depths of the ocean both your bullet and your five-franc premium. No; you must aim squarely at the belly. Otherwise——Dear me!"

At that very moment the dolphin jumped clear out of the waves quite close to us. Swift as lightning Desmond aimed at the flying monster, shining in the sunlight about a hundred yards ahead, and pulled trigger.

"Well done! A splendid shot!" I shouted enthusiastically, as the bullet took effect and the dolphin disappeared.

"It was *too* splendid!" grumbled Desmond.

Without another word he jumped into the dinghy, towing astern, where the boy was already waiting for him, a harpoon in his hand.

"Keep an eye upon it as soon as it comes up," he shouted to me, as he scrambled for an oar.

"There it is! I see it, bleeding!" I cried. The wounded dolphin had reappeared a short distance away, the foam of the waves around being tinted red with its life-blood. Pointing out the right direction to the pair in the boat, I shouted a few remarks after them.

"I should say it is sinking. Make haste! *Dépêchez-vous!* It is turning over on its back; I see only its white underside. Quick! Quick!"

"*Malheur de ma vie!*" I heard Desmond groaning in despair.

Under his very nose, just at the moment when Jean-Marie Le Floch was about to throw his harpoon, the white spot suddenly disappeared; the sea had swallowed the dead dolphin in an instant.

At that moment of bitter disappointment I foresaw the sad *dénouement* of the venture: our shameful return empty-handed to the little harbour amid the sneers of the old fishermen, who would inquire eagerly:—

"What about the porpoises, gentlemen? How many dolphins are you bringing in?"

Assuredly there must be a special Providence which looks after hunters—especially amateur ones. Just as I was about to sit down, in a fit of despair, a flash caught my eye. Less than sixty yards from the bow, where I was standing, and at about half that distance from the dinghy, a school of dolphins had suddenly appeared!

With a quick motion I seized my gun, and as I raised it to my shoulder my friend's admonitions were clean forgotten.

Bang! bang! bang! A positive frenzy of slaughter appeared to have taken hold of me, and I kept on shooting just as long as the magazine of my rifle held out. Meanwhile the two spectators in the dinghy were frantic with joy. Never in my life have I heard so thick a rain of flattering words as they showered upon me then.

THE CABIN-BOY WITH THE LAST DOLPHIN SHOT BY THE AUTHOR.

From a Photograph.

It is quite likely that several of my victims sank while breathing their last, for I really cannot believe that a single one of my dozen shots missed its mark. Be this as it may, however, I had undoubtedly broken the record in dolphin-hunting, for, as a matter of fact, Desmond and the boy succeeded in harpooning and bringing back half-a-dozen of the creatures.

I am satisfied that Desmond is a sincere and trustworthy friend. Nevertheless, I am not prepared to swear that he was not just a little bit envious when we re-entered the harbour a few minutes after noon. Just think of it! He, the veteran hunter, was coming back as he had gone, empty-handed, whereas his pupil—the man to whom he had had to explain what dolphin-hunting was—would be able to bring to-morrow to the *commissaire des pêches*, the responsible official, six dolphin tails, receiving from that worthy no less a sum than thirty francs! Truly it must have been a sad blow for him.

Later in the afternoon the tide brought in a dying dolphin, too weak to resist the flood and fight its way towards the open sea. Success makes one generous, and I begged of Jean-Marie Le Floch to help himself freely and take possession of the tail of my seventh dolphin, asking him, by way of exchange, to pose as heroically as possible in front of the camera by the side of my last victim.

Such was the *début* of a Parisian journalist as a dolphin-hunter. Do not ask me if I went out again on a similar quest. My initial exploit has established my reputation as a dead shot, and I do not care to risk the loss of my laurels.

A Tragedy of the Nile.

By Major D. G. Prendergast.

A grim story of love, hate, and relentless vengeance. "The events occurred in the early 'eighties," writes Major Prendergast. "I learnt all the facts and met Mahkmoud, the central character, in the course of my official duties."

The first act of this tragedy of real life took place at a small village a few miles south of Assiout, the chief town of what in the 'eighties was known as Upper Egypt.

It was the end of September, after the Nile had overflowed its banks, and the crops were full and green. The time was evening, and Mahkmoud, one of the principal actors in my story, was sitting on the sun-dried mud wall of one of the *shadoofs* (irrigation wells) which watered his land. He was at this time a man of some consequence in his village, and for a fellah was counted rich, being the owner of a fair-sized piece of fertile land. He was a man over six feet in height, with the broad sinewy back and shoulders and general physical strength which is the heritage of the fellaheen race of the Nile Valley. His head was large and bullet-shaped, his neck thick-set, his eyes keen and deep-set, while his mouth and chin plainly indicated that he was a man possessed of great determination and of unusually strong passions.

To-night he sat and gazed moodily into the dark, transparent waters of the rushing stream, black thoughts of vengeance crowding into his brain, for he was in sore trouble. Of late the village gossips had been busy connecting the name of his young wife, Rukhia, with one Abdul, the ne'er-do-weel of the place.

In a small community no secret can remain hidden for long, and although, naturally, Mahkmoud would be the last to hear of the scandal, still it was only a matter of time before it reached his ears. Only to-day his friends had hinted to him that his wife was, perhaps, not quite all he thought her to be, and the name of Abdul was at the same time carelessly introduced into the conversation. Now, Abdul had only been back in his native village for six months; for the past seven years, previous to his return, he had been serving his Highness the Khedive as a conscript soldier in the Egyptian army.

The fellaheen of Egypt make docile, tractable soldiers, amenable to discipline, keen on all routine work and peace soldiering, but lacking that *élan* and dash which are so valuable an asset in time of war. Even in the Egyptian army, however, there are bad characters, and for these there is a special corps—a sort of "Lost Legion." This corps is known as the Discipline Company, and the life led by its members is little better than that of the convict. Their uniform is of a much brighter yellow than khaki, and each man wears an iron ring welded round his right ankle. Abdul had finished the last three years of his service in this ill-starred company. News spreads in a mysterious way from village to village along the hundreds of miles from Cairo to the frontier, and tidings of Abdul's doings during his soldiering career had somehow reached his native village. It was not of a sort which was likely to ensure a warm welcome for him on his return.

During the three years Abdul served out his time in the Discipline Company he became intimately acquainted with many men who were among the scum of the earth. When at length the period of service in this Legion of the Lost was concluded, and its members returned to the world and civil life, as often as not they led lives of crime and infamy which generally brought them within reach of the law, so that most of them ended their days in the convict prisons of Tourah or Tokar, and the very worst of all in the hulk moored in Trinkitat Bay.

Years ago, before the lot of the conscript soldier had fallen on Abdul, Mahkmoud and he had had bitter quarrels over the question of the irrigation of their respective lands, which were adjacent to each other.

The water of the Nile is the very life-blood of the fellaheen, and he who secretly or by stealth diverts the water from his neighbour's land on to his own is guilty of a heinous crime. In days gone by Mahkmoud had more than sufficient reason to suspect that the water from his *shadoofs* and *sakiehs* had helped to irrigate his neighbour's land. Many angry words had been exchanged in consequence, and a lifelong feud had been established between the two men.

On the evening of the day this story opens, Mahkmoud sat and brooded over all he had lately heard. Many little incidents in connection with his young wife, to which at the time he had hardly given a passing thought, now seemed to rise up clearly before him. He realized that within the past six months his wife had changed from a pattern of domestic drudgery—the usual lot of a fellah's wife—to a listless, slovenly woman who found work too much for her. Often on his return from a long day's labour in the fields he would find the evening meal not yet ready, the fuel not gathered, and the *ziehs* (earthen water-jars) only half filled. Even his two little boys, who had hitherto been the joy of their mother's life, did not seem any longer to interest her. Mahkmoud also remembered, now that his jealousy was aroused, how frequently on his return he found his wife out—absent from home at hours when it is unusual for women to be away from their domestic duties. There had even been an occasion when Mahkmoud had come home in the grey dawn from watching his crops by night and scaring away wild animals, when he found her outside the wall which surrounded his house. At the time he thought it strange, but was satisfied with some paltry excuse. Now, all these incidents loomed large before his gaze, and he understood their meaning. To-night he vowed he would take a terrible revenge—revenge upon his hated enemy and on his faithless wife. He would wait and watch; he would bide his time.

When it came, the punishment he would mete out to the guilty pair would live in the memory of his village for all time.

About a month before the events just described a stranger arrived in the village, and the first man he met happened to be Mahkmoud. To him the new-comer told a plausible story of how he had worked for the eccentric sawerheen (white travellers) who were always digging amongst the ruins of the ancient temples. Having scraped together enough money to enable him to return to his native village near Wady Halfa, he was on his journey back, when he had fallen amongst thieves and lost all he possessed. He asked Mahkmoud to help him by giving him employment during the season of the crops. For a few pence a day he worked for Mahkmoud—irrigating the fields, watching his flocks of goats by day, and taking his turn in frightening off wild animals from the growing crops at night. He slept in a mud hovel with the goats, inside the sun-baked mud wall which surrounded Mahkmoud's dwelling-houses. He was a taciturn man, with an evil-looking countenance. He spoke to no one, and no one spoke to him. If mentioned in conversation, men referred to him as "ibn el kelp" (son of a dog), and mothers warned their children to flee from his path should they meet him, and on no account whatever to look at him, for he was a man possessed of "the evil eye" and would cast a spell over them.

There was one man in the village, however, who knew this stranger, and the stranger knew him. Abdul and the goatherd had toiled together for many a weary day, with the iron ring on their ankles, in the ranks of the Discipline Company. By tacit consent they never openly recognised one another, and, as far as anyone knew, had never been seen to speak to each other. Both inwardly feared one another and wondered when the other would give him away. As a cat watches a mouse so did this stranger watch Abdul, and it was not very long before he had made himself acquainted with information for which it seemed that either Abdul, his enemy, or Mahkmoud, his master, might think it worth while to pay him handsomely.

One night, when his employer was away keeping watch over his crops, he lay awake in his shed and heard footsteps steal silently past where he lay. Then he heard the door of the walled enclosure quietly opened and shut. Scenting that something was amiss, the goatherd stranger rose and silently went in pursuit. Seeing nothing, he hid himself amongst the mimosa bushes, which grew thick on both sides of the narrow path leading from the door to the river-bank. Presently, from his place of concealment, he beheld two forms walking up from the direction of the river towards the house, and as they slowly passed the spot where he lay hidden the watcher, by the light of the stars, recognised beyond a doubt who the couple were. "Allah is great, and Mohammed is His Prophet," murmured the stranger. "My enemy has now been delivered into my hands. I will demand from the dog the sum of twenty Egyptian pounds, and if he will not give them to me—then my employer knows all."

As the door softly closed, out of the deep shadow of the wall one figure retraced its steps along the path towards the river. It was Abdul. When he arrived at the spot where the path was narrowed by the mimosa bushes, the watcher rose up and, stepping to the path, confronted his man. Speaking in a low, hissing voice, he said, "Abdul, you know me. I am a man of few words, and my words to you this night are few."

Abdul, taken unawares, stood still, trembling, and then, recognising who it was that spoke, answered, "What do you want with me at this hour of night, you offspring of a snake?"

"I will tell you," the stranger replied. "Since my sojourn here I have been employed in watching my master's property; both by day and by night I have driven the noxious animals away. But there is one foul bird of night that I have not driven away, and that, O Abdul, is yourself. Now I will make this compact with you, who are in my power. If you will give me the sum of twenty Egyptian pounds at noon to-morrow I will go forth from here and return no more; and my lips shall be for ever sealed. This I will swear by the beard of the Prophet."

The stranger folded his arms and stood silent, awaiting the reply.

After a pause, which to both men seemed an age, Abdul replied, "And if I refuse this price of blackmail, how then? What can you do—a stranger and a dog? Who, think you, will believe your perjured evidence?"

The goatherd did not immediately reply, and for a space the two men stood confronting each other. Abdul was wearing a *gallibeah*—a long cloak reaching from the neck to the feet, made of thick cotton stuff, with very large loose sleeves. The stranger was dressed, as he slept, in a cotton shirt and drawers. So it happened that Abdul was able, unseen by his foe, to draw his knife from its sheath. (All the natives of this country carry a big knife in a sheath strapped to the left arm, just above the elbow.)

After a few moments had elapsed the stranger laughed a short, derisive laugh, and, putting out his arm, as if to brush Abdul aside, said, "You fool! At the rising of to-morrow's sun Mahkmoud shall know all." With that he moved forward as though to pass his man, when the knife flashed downwards, and with a choking, gurgling sound, followed by a deep sigh, he sank to the earth, never to rise again!

Abdul's knife had been driven home to the hilt through his heart, and the luckless goatherd's life-blood gushed out in a dark red stream, spreading over the pathway. Abdul, having made sure that there was no chance of life remaining, dragged the corpse into the bushes, and hurriedly returned to the door in the shadow of the wall. Here he imitated the cry of the night-bird—the preconcerted signal between himself and Rukhia. After a pause the door was quietly opened once more, and in the dark shadow Abdul hurriedly told her all that had happened. Before they parted it was arranged as to what

should be said and done on the morrow. The blood-stained knife was hidden by the wife in Mahkmoud's sleeping apartment. Her part of the crime was that she should gain possession of her husband's knife after he had sunk into the deep sleep which usually came upon him after a night of watching, and throw it into the river.

The sun had scarcely risen above the line of the sand-hills on the eastern bank before the whole village was astir and excitedly discussing what was undoubtedly a murder. The Yushbashi (captain) of police at Assiout was in due course informed. He and his men arrived later, and after much talking and taking down of numerous notes which had little bearing on the subject he ordered the body of the murdered man to be carried to Assiout, almost half the population of the village accompanying him as well.

"The Mudir (the Egyptian governor) shall decide who is the culprit," said the officer.

The police, of course, had to find a culprit, and also procure sufficient evidence to convict

"HE MOVED FORWARD AS THOUGH TO PASS HIS MAN, WHEN THE KNIFE FLASHED DOWNWARDS."

him, and this they

ASSIOUT, WHERE MAHKMOUD WAS TRIED FOR HIS LIFE.
From a Photograph.

proceeded to do. As the result of their investigations the unhappy Mahkmoud was placed on his trial for the murder. He pleaded "Not guilty," but otherwise had no defence, admitting that he was absent from home from nine o'clock on the night of the murder until about half-past four the next morning. The police produced evidence that the murdered man and Mahkmoud were not on good terms, that Mahkmoud's shoes were covered with blood, and that they exactly fitted the footsteps on the path leading from the scene of the murder to the house. It was also hinted that there was an intrigue between the stranger and the wife. Finally, the prosecution produced the

blood-stained knife and sheath, which had been discovered in a rat-hole in Mahkmoud's sleeping apartment. In addition, two important witnesses were called. One was Abdul, who swore that on the fatal night he was watching his crops some five hundred yards from the spot where the body was found, and heard voices in angry altercation some two hours before sunrise.

Rukhia, Mahkmoud's wife, then appeared, to everyone's astonishment, and told a graphic story of how she was awakened some little time before sunrise, and heard the voices of the stranger and her husband in a heated argument. Mahkmoud then returned, much excited and swearing fiercely. In the morning she noticed the blood-stained shoes and missed the knife from the shelf where it was usually put. Later it was found by the police who searched the house.

Mahkmoud, in spite of his protestations of innocence, was found guilty—mainly on the circumstantial evidence of his wife and Abdul. He was sentenced to death, which sentence was subsequently commuted to penal servitude for the term of his natural life.

It would take too long to follow this miserable but innocent convict through the weary years he spent working out his awful doom. To be able to realize what an Egyptian convict's life is like one must at least have seen the prisons and the hulk. The first five years were spent in the prison at Tourah. The very fact that this man—so strong willed and passionate by nature—was innocent drove him to the verge of frenzy, and having become known as a dangerous and violent convict he found himself confined first in a solitary cell, and then drafted to the prison at Tokar. Here he was compelled to associate with the very worst criminals in Egypt; and, breaking the rules again, he was sentenced to undergo the remainder of his imprisonment on board the hulk in Trinkitat Bay.

It is enough to say that this bay is on the Red Sea littoral, a terrible place for any living man, white or black, to have to spend his life. It was in this hulk that the writer saw Mahkmoud. Escape from this floating jail is practically impossible. It is moored some seven hundred yards from the shore, and the water teems with sharks, who do not allow much to escape their observant eyes as they continually cruise round the hulk.

Many times poor wretches doomed to this living grave have escaped from Tokar Prison. It is easy, for the prison is only built of mud and wattle, and the warders are very careless. But up to the time I shall describe later no prisoner had been known to get far away.

Nomad tribes of Somalis and Arabs (the "Fuzzy-Wuzzies" of the days of our fierce fights at El Teb and Tamai, Tokar and McNeill's Zareba) live and move all round this part of the bush, occupying the few wells there are, right up to the Erkoweit hills. The Government give the head-men of these tribes substantial rewards for each fugitive they capture and bring in, so that the convict's chance of escape is infinitesimal. They must go to these tribes for food and water, or die of hunger and thirst in the desert.

The Nile is the very life and soul of the Egyptian fellah, and the captives of the Kings of Assyria, who sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept, could not have longed more passionately for their Jewish homes than did these poor outcasts to see once more their native villages and taste "the sweet waters of the Nile."

"If I can but escape and reach those distant hills," they told themselves, "then I can easily walk over them. There may still be a few miles of desert sand to cross, but it will surely at length bring me once again to the great beloved river, our Father Nile." This remark has been made to the writer times without number when visiting the convict gangs at work in the course of his official duties. But one and all of the hapless wretches reckoned without the far-stretching, arid sands or the prowling nomads, ever on the watch for fugitives.

One hot, still, starlight night, towards the end of the seventh year of his penal servitude, whilst the sentry was snugly rolled up in his blanket, Mahkmoud slipped overboard from the hulk and swam shorewards. He had seen the sharks cruising slowly round the hulk for many a long day, but, as he said in after years when telling the story of his escape, "Better become food for sharks than endure a living death." As luck would have it, he reached the beach safely, and after wandering towards the distant hills all that day and night he was overcome with hunger and thirst and, resigning himself to his fate, lay down under the sparse shadow of a thorn-bush to die. But Providence decreed otherwise. He was found by a party of raiding Baggara horsemen, who carried him off to Adharama, the head-quarters of the celebrated Dervish Emir, Osman Digna.

For the next two years Mahkmoud was a household slave in Osman Digna's house. While he was there the Khalifa sent for his Governor of the Eastern Sudan, and Mahkmoud accompanied his master. So once more, after nine long years, he again set eyes on the River Nile.

Even now it was almost impossible to escape, for the wild Arab tribes who at this time held sway over the country from Sarras to Fashoda loathed and despised the Egyptian fellah, and no one would help him. After three more years of bondage, however, spent between the Eastern Sudan and Omdurman, Mahkmoud escaped, joined a caravan which was bringing gum and ostrich feathers to the Egyptian frontier, and at last found himself on the Egyptian Nile at Assouan.

By this time "the murder," as it was generally referred to, had almost been forgotten by the

villagers. If it was mentioned at all it was as an historical event, generally to fix the date of some other event which had occurred before or since.

The people, too, had almost forgotten Mahkmoud's existence; he was either dead or as good as dead. Abdul, in due course, had taken Rukhia to his harem as a wife, and she was the mother of his three children. After Mahkmoud's transportation his brother, as is usually the case when a widow re-marries, had taken over the care of his nephews, together with his brother's land and property.

It was again September, and the hour before sunset, when the women of the village had gone to draw water for their households. Abdul was sitting in his house, and his three children were asleep in the adjoining room. Suddenly a shadow was thrown across the room. Abdul turned quickly, half rising as he did so, to see who it was. But in an instant strong hands gripped his throat, and a voice, to him a terrible one, hoarsely hissed into his ear, "It is I, Mahkmoud, who after many years have not forgotten you!" Then a knife flashed for one moment before his terrified eyes, and in another second Abdul lay dead upon the floor, dead as his victim had lain in the path that fateful night twelve years before!

Later Rukhia returned. The room was almost dark and, before she realized that anything out of the ordinary had occurred, unseen hands seized her from the darkness and a voice, as it were of the dead, said, "It is your husband Mahkmoud who speaks to you, you false and perjured woman. Go now to where Abdul has gone!"

At dawn next day Mahkmoud walked calmly into the police-station at Assiout. Here he asked to see the Yushbashi of police, and when brought before him said, very quietly, "My name is Mahkmoud. Twelve years ago I was, through the false and perjured testimony of my wife and her lover, convicted of murder and sentenced to death. Now I *am* a murderer. Arrest me. I have spoken."

"IT IS YOUR HUSBAND MAHKMOUD WHO SPEAKS TO YOU, YOU FALSE AND PERJURED WOMAN."

For a second time Mahkmoud was tried for his life in Assiout, found guilty on his own confession, and sentenced to death. His Highness the Khedive once again commuted his sentence to penal servitude for life.

After five years, during which Mahkmoud's character was exemplary, he received a free pardon, and returned once more to his native village, where he died, an old and broken man. There is an Arab proverb, "If once you have tasted the sweet waters of the Nile, you will return to drink of them again."

A White Woman in Cannibal-Land.

By Annie Ker.

A White Woman in Cannibal-Land.

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Some incidents of a lady's life in the wilds of New Guinea. Miss Ker went out to Papua—as the country is now called—attached to a mission, and describes the many strange, amusing, and exciting experiences she encountered during her seven years' sojourn among the natives, who, not so very long ago, were always fighting and much addicted to cannibalism—a practice which still prevails among the wild tribes of the unexplored interior.

I.

WHEN, nine years ago, I first set out from Melbourne bound for British New Guinea—or Papua, as it is now officially called—I had very vague ideas about how to reach it, or what it would be like when I got there. I knew that New Guinea was a large island lying off the extreme north of Australia, and that the part I was going to was a little south of the Equator, but that was about all. However, I was told that I should catch a boat at Sydney which was sailing for Samarai, the island port of Papua, and that there I should be met by the schooner of the Anglican Mission. I might have to finish the journey in a whaleboat, I was informed, so my belongings had better be packed in small boxes. Thereupon I set off, armed with a thousand tabloids of quinine, a defence against malarial fever, which everyone in Papua contracts more or less badly as a matter of course.

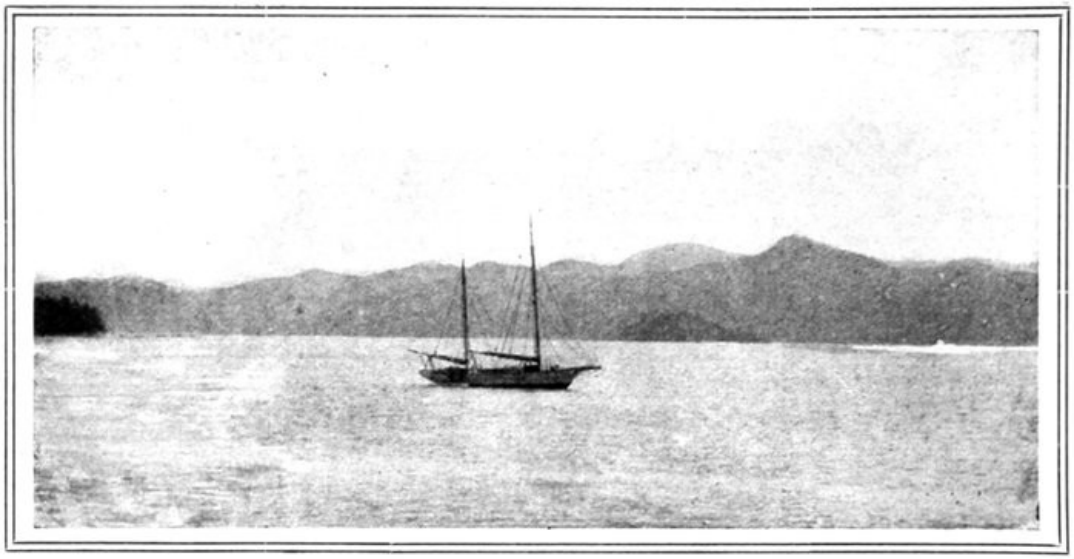
THE HOSPITAL AT SAMARAI, THE PICTURESQUE CAPITAL OF PAPUA.
From a Photograph.

Although the distance was not very great, the voyage took nearly three weeks, for we certainly did not hurry. The captain was a cautious old man, and every night, during one "reefy" part of the trip, our anchor went down at six o'clock, not to be hauled up till the same hour next morning.

Then, too, instead of making for Samarai, we rounded Cape York and visited Thursday Island, where we remained for some days. Moreover, after calling at Port Moresby, on the south coast of Papua, we deliberately went sixty miles out of our way to land some members of the Roman Catholic Mission at Yule Island, their head station.

But at last, one morning, we reached Samarai—and a very pretty little place I thought it, though it is now much altered by the addition of a number of stores and Government buildings. One of the latter, the hospital, is shown on the previous page. Four little hills rose in the centre of the tiny island, surrounded by a picturesque, though unhealthy, swamp. Gorgeous crotons blazed with crimson and gold in the tropical sunlight, and thick clusters of palms—coco, areca, and sago—swayed gently in the wind, while their stiff leaves rustled in a most misleading manner, imitating a heavy shower of rain. Papaw trees hung their graceful sprays of waxen blossom, or stood upright under their load of ripening yellow fruit.

When the schooner eventually arrived, after some little delay, she began to load up with stores, comprising food (mostly tinned), trade goods, and medicines. After this was accomplished I went on board, and the last stage of my voyage began. I had not been on a sailing vessel before, and though I tried hard to believe we were actually moving, the breeze was so light that it required a great effort. On subsequent journeys I learned to be thankful if we did not actually retreat

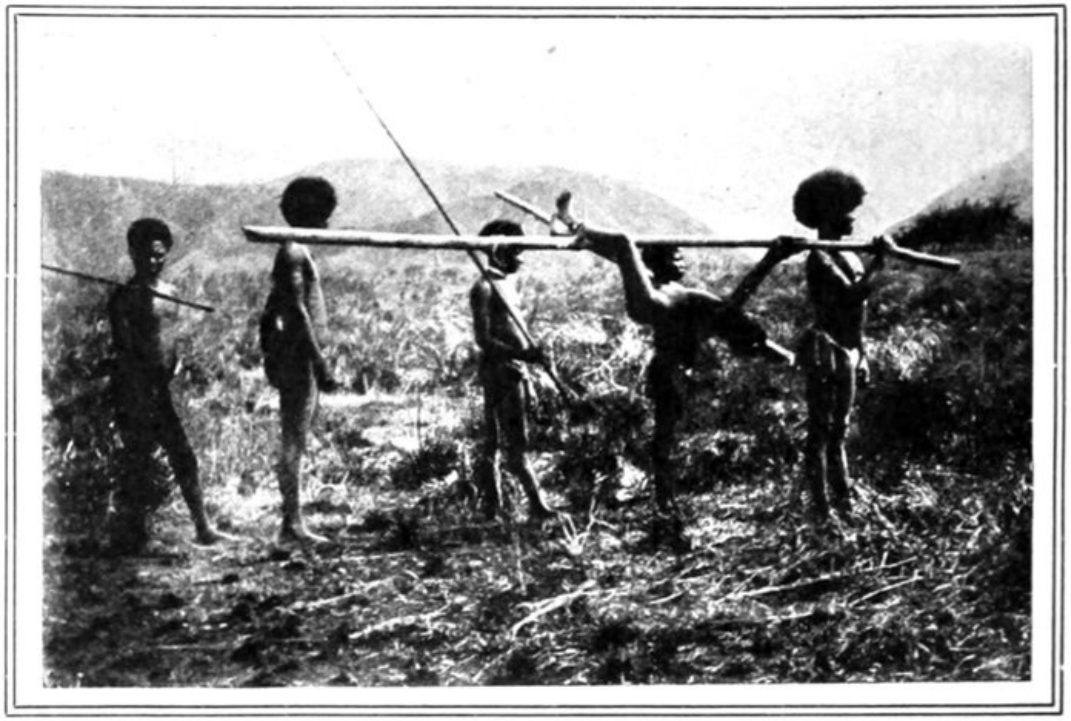


instead of advance, for one morning I woke and heard the captain say, "We're ten miles farther back than we were last night!"

However, we drifted

THE LITTLE VESSEL IN WHICH MISS KER COMPLETED HER LONG JOURNEY.

From a Photograph.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS HOW PRISONERS WERE CARRIED OFF THE BATTLEFIELD IN THE "BAD OLD DAYS," TO BE AFTERWARDS COOKED AND EATEN.

peacefully along the coast, with an unvarying mountain range in the background, looking as though gigantic tiger-skin rugs had been thrown over it. The natives, I was informed, had produced this effect by burning the grass when hunting boars and wallabies. Occasionally we would pass groups of coco palms, which denoted the existence of a village beneath them. Then, one morning, quite suddenly we found ourselves at our destination, and I stepped ashore to be surrounded by crowds of excited natives, to whom the advent of a white woman had not lost the charm of novelty.

The village of Wedau, where I disembarked, had been, not many years before, the scene of frequent cannibal feasts. The Wedauans had lived in a state of continual feud with the hill-folk and other tribes at a distance, and had sallied forth on various occasions to fight with them on any convenient "merewa" or battlefield. The photograph here reproduced shows a group of natives on an old "merewa," and illustrates the method by which hapless captives were carried off the field in the bad old days, to be afterwards cooked and eaten.

The victim, sometimes only stunned or wounded, was lashed by the hands and feet to a stout pole, which was borne on men's shoulders through the village. Sometimes several of these unhappy wretches were captured at a time, and the treatment they received before being mercifully killed was cruel to a degree. Samuela Aigeri, a Wedauan Christian, once related to me incidents of great barbarity which had taken place in the village in connection with the slaughter of a man taken prisoner by the villagers. The poor wretch asked in vain for water to drink, and was stoned and otherwise tormented for a considerable time before being given the *coup de*

grâce. This was customary.

I soon discovered that European housekeeping in Papua is charmingly simple. Everything arrived in a tin, for the most part ready for use. Meat, milk, butter, vegetables—all stood in tins in neat rows in the storeroom. A diet of tinned stuffs grew rather monotonous at times, but we were able occasionally to vary it. Sometimes a man would arrive with a live turtle, which he would sell for two sticks of tobacco, costing threepence. The wretched turtle would be killed and cut up, but would still insist on quivering in a most realistic manner even when placed on the fire to cook. Then, too, if the season was a good one, the kitchen would be found lined with joints of wallabies, and it would be hard to know what to do with so much fresh meat.

NATIVES FILLING WATER-BOTTLES AT A STREAM.
From a Photograph.

I remember once thinking that smoked wallaby would be a change, and I asked the little cook-boy if he could get some done for me. He assented willingly, and bore a leg off to where he said there was an "ovo" or platform for smoking meat. In a few days it was returned to me and looked most appetizing. We cut a dish full of delicate slices, and were just about to set it on the dining-table, when I thought of asking the cook-boy how it had been prepared. He told me quite cheerfully that he had given it to an old leper woman, who, being ill, could not leave the house, and so was sure to keep the fire alight. It was she we had to thank for so kindly smoking our meat. Needless to say, the dish did not appear on the table that night.

Girls as well as boys learned cooking when at the mission station. One girl was considered a very good cook, so much so that on one occasion she was trusted to prepare a meal by herself, as everyone had gone for a picnic. She was told to make rissoles of what she found in the safe. The pudding, a Christmas one, was to follow.

At evening the party returned and sat down, hungry and tired, to eat. Surely, they thought, the rissoles tasted rather peculiar. However, they were eaten, and demands made for the pudding.

"But you have had the pudding," was the model cook's answer; "it was in the rissoles!"

Laundry work was sometimes carried on under great difficulties. At one station the water supply was some distance away, and was brought weekly by bullocks which dragged a heavy "slide" on which our pails stood. The bullocks were occasionally obstreperous, on which occasions the supply of water was sadly diminished. Moreover, when it was safely placed in the laundry the ducks hastened thither and bathed luxuriously in each tub, leaving behind them cloudy water plentifully besprinkled with feathers. At night our girl boarders, feeling thirsty, would ask if they might drink from the tubs and would gratefully receive permission to do so, quite undeterred by the fact that many ducks had bathed in the water, which, I should have mentioned, was so "hard" that no soap ever formed a lather. It may be imagined, therefore, what the clothes looked like when returned from the wash.

A TYPICAL NATIVE HOUSE.
From a Photograph.

Papuan marriage customs are interesting and rather intricate. In Collingwood Bay, for instance, the bride is mourned over for some days beforehand by her girl friends, who are losing their playmate. Then she is dressed in her best, presented with many gifts, and a procession is formed to take her to her new home.

The bridegroom is never to be found on his wedding-day. It is etiquette for him to go hunting or on some expedition which will take him from the village. His relatives, however, look after his interests and hasten the lagging footsteps of the wedding procession by lavish bribes. On arriving at the house the bride and her maids of honour enter and remain for the night, while the elders return home.

In the morning the poor little bride is deserted by her girl friends and betakes herself to sweeping her new domain with a handful of coco-nut bristles for a broom, thus officially acknowledging her marriage. After cooking a great pot of food she waits for the elusive bridegroom, who tarries only till the sun sets, when he joyfully returns after his voluntary exile and, alone with his wife at last, partakes of the marriage meal.

Medicine-men are regarded with great respect by the natives. Those I have met certainly seemed energetic and hard-working. They sit close to the patient, massaging the seat of pain with much vigour, and, while they are thus rubbing, make a noise with their lips rather like that which a groom makes when rubbing down a horse. The process is a tiring one, and the medicine-man stops at intervals to drink hot water in which taro has been boiled. His object is to extract some mysterious foreign substance from the sick man's body, and if he succeeds in this he receives a fee, otherwise he gets nothing. "No cure, no pay" is apparently the Papuan sufferer's motto.

On one occasion a medicine-man was attending to a patient outside a house in the village. The natives sitting round told me he had already extracted a pebble from one invalid and another cure was about to take place. I expressed a wish to see the next stone which should be removed, and waited patiently while the medicine-man rubbed on. At last he stopped and, with clenched fist, called upon me to watch. This I did, and he slowly opened his hand and, disclosing an empty palm, cried triumphantly, "It is gone!"

The natives were much impressed, but I must say I should have preferred one glimpse of the magic cause of disease before it vanished.

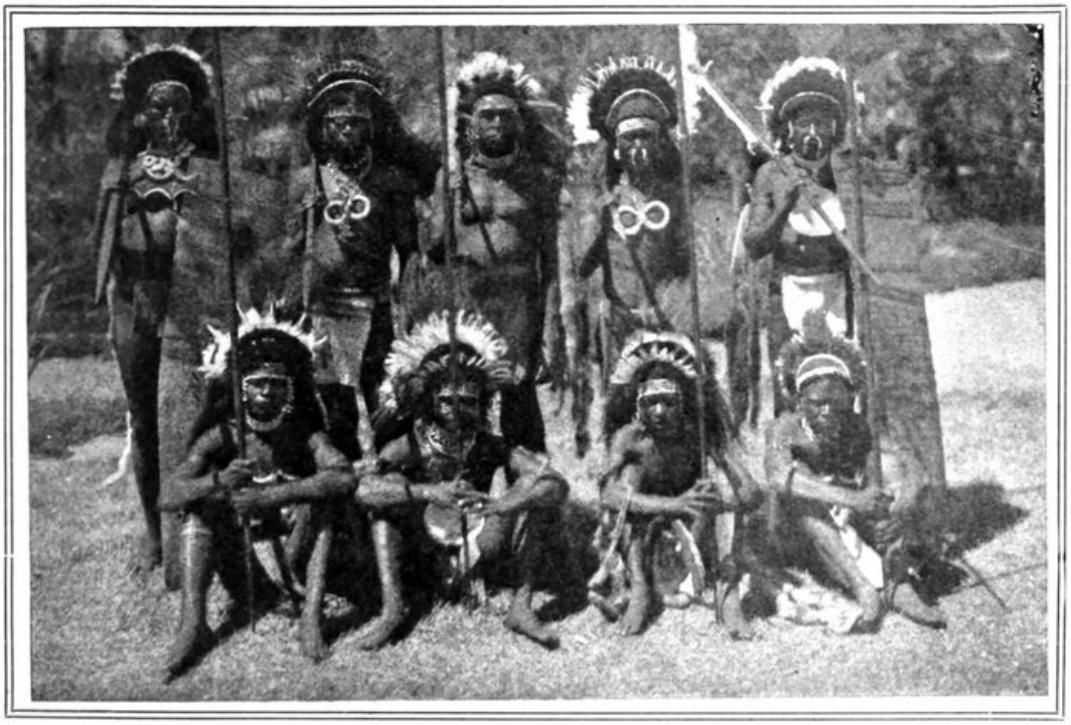
The weather in Papua is divided into two seasons only—wet and dry. The former is the summer, the latter the winter, but very little difference in temperature is noticeable. During the wet season thunderstorms may be expected, and some of these are truly terrible. I have seen even a white man look alarmed as great claps of thunder, following on vivid flashes of lightning, seemed to be cleaving asunder the roof over our heads. When to these are added strong wind and sheets of driving rain, the situation becomes distinctly unpleasant.

Like all savage races the Papuans have many superstitions, which appear to vary according to the tribe. The Wedauans, for example, had a belief that most of the unseen spirits around them were actively malignant.

There was a certain kind of eel which must not be eaten, or probably a disastrous flood would follow, while if a native wanted to cut down a tree he had to beware lest there was a *kokome* (dryad) living in it. If the *kokome* were annoyed it might cause the offender's face to swell and his skin to prick.

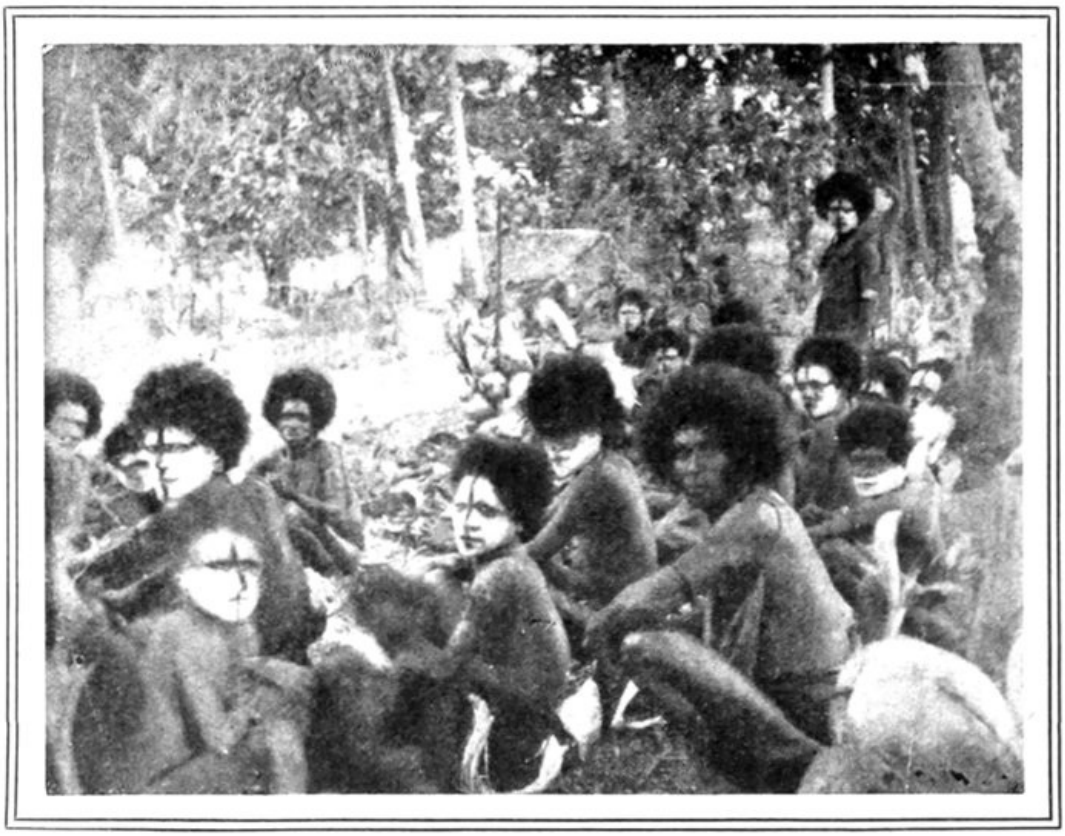
One of the worst possible offences against hidden powers was breaking a "tabu." "Tabu" was placed on all sorts of things—perhaps a certain coco-nut palm, or across a path. It was usually

made of two upright sticks, with a crosspiece, on which were hung coco-nut leaf and husk. This was called an "iribubu," and was safeguarded by an incantation. It took a very reckless man or woman to disregard an "iribubu," for unless the enchanter was willing to accept a bribe he would not remove the charm, and the victim, so the natives thought, must die.



A PARTY OF COLLINGWOOD BAY NATIVES ON A HUNTING EXPEDITION.
From a Photograph.

A witch I knew lost her husband, and his death was put down to his wife's machinations. Nevertheless, the polite Papuan women came to blend their voices with the wailing of the newly-made widow. In a few years, spite of her uncanny reputation, the witch-widow became a wife once more. Her second husband must have been a brave man, or possibly he was a sorcerer, and intended to counteract his wife's powers with more potent charms than her own.



NATIVES ASSEMBLED FOR A PIG-FEAST—IT IS ETIQUETTE IN PAPUA TO EAT NOTHING BUT TO CARRY AWAY EVERYTHING.
From a Photograph.

In Wedau, directly anyone died, the house filled with wailing men and women, some of whom were paid mourners. Crying had to continue until after the funeral, and was extremely painful to

listen to.

Marriage takes place early in Papua, so it was quite possible to have great-grandparents or children weeping at the grave. Imagine a whole family tree, with its collateral branches, all lifting their voices at once and with much energy, and you have a feeble idea of what a death in Wedau involved. The mourners usually called on the dead man by the relationship they bore to him, and seldom mentioned his name. After burial, in fact, the name was "popola," and must not be spoken. A small boy who was staying with me on a visit told me most emphatically that he must leave at once if I so much as mentioned the name of his dead grandfather.

At one of the villages up the coast a curious custom prevails. The mission girls and I went to witness the funeral of an old man. In the middle of the house, on the floor, the deceased lay in state. The poor old man's face was exposed to view, and was a ghastly sight, for the kinsfolk had rouged its cheeks, possibly to give it a semblance of life!

After some time spent in wailing, the procession proceeded to the grave. As the corpse was about to be placed in it the village policeman glanced at me, and requested to know whether I thought the grave was deep enough! It seems he had been required by the Government to superintend the digging of graves, and wished a foreigner's approval of the way he had fulfilled his task. What would have happened if I had suggested delaying the funeral to dig deeper, however, I shudder to think.

When I first went out to Papua there were only five other white women on the north-east coast, though there were a few at Samarai, the port. Naturally life under these conditions was very different from that in civilized countries. Roads there were none; but as we generally walked along the beach, or went by boat, this did not much matter, and there were a few tracks along which we walked in single file, with tall reeds or grass rising perhaps to six feet on either side of us. Gloves were unnecessary, and even veils were too hot to be worn. The best time of the day was the evening, though the early morning was deliciously cool. The Wedauans rose at an unearthly hour, and I have heard an astonished visitor at about 7 a.m. ask, "Is she ill?" on hearing that I was still in bed. But though we got up as a rule before seven we found a rest at midday almost imperative. My days went quietly and quickly enough. Sellers of edible ants, coco-nuts, and other foodstuffs came when it suited them or when they required tobacco, and patients who were receiving treatment usually arrived about 9 a.m. Then I could settle down to translation work, while the boy and girl boarders busied themselves in the garden or fished in the sea. In the afternoon we had school in the village for two hours, followed by classes or visiting the natives in their homes. They were most cordial, and would often make me a present of a sticky piece of taro or a fibrous sweet potato picked steaming out of the big earthenware pot. We all sat on the shingly floor, though perhaps I was given a mat to spread under me, and we would talk of pigs, crops, babies, and other matters till after service it was time for me to return to the house. It was not very exciting, but certainly a very happy life.

We tried the experiment of keeping sheep, but for various reasons, such as the presence of spear grass and attacks from village dogs or pigs, were compelled to give it up. Still, while we had them it was possible to taste fresh mutton occasionally, and I remember one of the lady missionaries coming in great glee to her fellow-workers. "Hurrah!" she cried. "A lamb has had sunstroke; we shall have fresh meat."

Fowls have always been difficult to rear, as there is little a village dog will not force his way through when he knows of their existence. On one occasion one of these daring animals killed a mission fowl in broad daylight, only to be immediately shot by a watchful missionary. We ate the fowl that night, while the villagers feasted royally on the dog. So, in spite of the double catastrophe, nothing was wasted.

Though cannibalism is still practised among the inland tribes, and even occasionally on the islands adjacent to the mainland, the coastal natives have to be content nowadays with pigs' flesh. They are very fond of giving feasts, and the last photograph shows a group of feast-givers decorated for the occasion, with gay feathers stuck in their fuzzy hair, which is teased out with a comb something like a many-pronged wooden toasting-fork. They hang egg cowrie shells on their arms, putting on all the finery they possess, and smearing their faces with lime.

All this preparation often took place days beforehand, for a feast in Papua is nothing if not movable. It used to be announced for a certain day, but at the appointed time all the necessary pigs might not have been brought in, or some expected visitors might not have arrived, or a pig already present might have struggled free from its bonds and have had to be hunted for a day or two. No one ever seemed to mind the delay, however. With well-bred calmness they waited until everything was quite ready, and then the feast began.

On one such occasion there were nearly a thousand people present, and fifty pigs, two thousand coco-nuts, and huge piles of taro were distributed. The feast-givers got nothing; that is a universal custom. The recipients likewise neither cooked nor ate a morsel until they got home, for it is considered good form in Papua to eat nothing but to carry away everything, thus practically reversing our notions of hospitality. There was a great heap of dismembered pigs lying on the ground, and the presiding genius of the feast, with his assistants, threw these violently towards the guests. Each important man had retainers who ran forward and bore the joint off, while the less fortunate ones kept up a running fire of comment—identifying a pig's head as having been the contribution of some particular man, or reproving the hill-folk for their awkward gait, telling them not to fear precipices on the coast, and so on.

At this particular feast one man, an ex-policeman, lost his temper completely. As his share of pork

was thrown forward, the distributor took the opportunity of accusing him of certain misdemeanours. This so enraged the accused that he sprang to his feet brandishing a very unpleasant-looking knife about two feet long. His friends, not much impressed, stolidly brought him his pork and quite disregarded his angry commands to throw it away. Finally he subsided, muttering. In earlier days this would have been, no doubt, but the prelude to a very lively little battle, and spears would soon have been in action. The culprit, however, had served under Government, and knew what power it possessed to punish offenders.

(*To be continued.*)

Recollections of a Texas Ranger.

By Isaac Motes.

Being some exciting incidents of forty years' service with one of the finest corps of frontiersmen in the world—the Texas Rangers. Born horsemen and Indian fighters, in the early days they were the sole representatives of law and order on the border, combining the functions of policemen, magistrates, and, very often, executioners as well.

The forty years from 1855 to 1895 were strenuous years for me. A mere boy almost, just turned eighteen, I emigrated to Texas in the former year, and being a good shot with rifle and revolver, and owning a good horse, I joined the Ranger force, having nothing else to do. For two score of eventful years I spent the best part of every day in the saddle, taking part in some of the most dramatic, tragic, and nerve-trying episodes of frontier life.

Those were exciting times indeed. There was but little law in West Texas during the first half of those forty years, and the Rangers exercised far more power and authority than at the present day. The State was full of savage Indians and renegade Mexicans, as well as "bad men" from the other States of the American Union.

The Rangers were chosen with very great care. A man must be brave, of good character, preferably unmarried, a good shot, a good horseman, and must be possessed of a horse worth not less than a hundred dollars. He must be absolutely fearless of danger, and prepared to give his life at any time in enforcing the law and in the protection of the settlers on the frontier and their families. The Rangers had to deal with wild, vicious, lawless characters and criminals, Indians, Mexicans, and outlaws from other States—all of them men who would fight to the death rather than surrender. Of necessity, therefore, the Rangers had to carry things with a high hand, often passing sentence on captured criminals and executing them without the ceremony of a trial.

From 1855 to 1870 the Rangers were chiefly employed in ridding Texas of the Comanche Indians, incidentally keeping Mexican desperadoes from crossing the border and protecting the stage-coaches which carried the United States mail, in all of which work they had the hearty assistance of the United States troops stationed at the different forts in Western Texas. Every Ranger felt it his duty to live up to the reputation which the corps had gained for fearlessness and untiring perseverance in hunting down criminals. Thus it was that the Texas Rangers have been for generations the most dreaded set of law officers in the South-West among malefactors.

In the year 1856, soon after coming to Texas, I was at Fort Inge, in the employ of the United States Government as a scout. That year a mail route was opened between San Antonio and El Paso, six hundred miles distant. The contract for delivering the mail was let to Captain William Wallace, an old Texas Ranger and Mexican War veteran, and six mounted guards were furnished by the Government to accompany the coach. The Rangers were generally selected for this dangerous duty because they knew the State better than the United States cavalry. For two years I was one of these guards. Our route lay through the wildest part of the State, where we were exposed to attacks from Indians and outlaws all the way. We had numberless fights with Indians and many narrow escapes. Two of the guards were killed during the year 1856 by Indians, who shot them from behind clumps of cactus. We rode close behind the mail coach, to prevent the Indians cutting us off from the stage, and capturing the loose mules which we always took along for service in case of accident.

The prettiest fight we had with redskins on any of these trips was at the crossing of Devil's River. This is a deep, rocky stream, with very high bluffs, a good place for Indians to make an attack. The west bank was much higher than the east bank, and crowned with trees and large boulders. We stopped on the east bank one day at noon to eat our lunch, and were just ready to cross and continue our journey when twenty-seven Indians attacked us from the west bluffs, keeping themselves well hidden among the rocks.

Captain Wallace ordered us to hold our fire, knowing that the savages would presently get bolder and come out where we could see them better. Thinking we were cowards, they soon began to show themselves, and the chief was heard to say that they would come down and scalp the white men, as we were afraid to fight. We were all good shots and had good rifles, which we kept ready for instant use. As the Indians made preparations to descend the bank, Captain Wallace made us creep under the stage as if frightened at the arrows which came down from the bluffs. The redskins, seeing this, came out into the open and bunched together in plain view. Captain Wallace now gave the signal to fire, and his own rifle cracked, followed instantly by our six, and five Indians fell and rolled down the bank a short distance among the rocks. The remainder scattered at once, and nothing was seen of them for some time. They were hidden behind the rocks close by their dead, but were afraid to risk showing themselves. Our one volley had given them enough of us, and they were anxious to leave, but, according to their custom, they wished to carry their dead warriors with them.

"FIVE INDIANS FELL AND ROLLED DOWN THE BANK."

Presently we saw a lasso thrown from behind a rock and fall among the dead Indians; the survivors were trying to rope them and drag the bodies to cover. They threw many times, and succeeded in catching and dragging them all in except one. This man had fallen farther down the bank than the others, and his arms hung over the bluff, so that he was hard to lasso. Loop after loop came down, and finally he was caught under the arms and dragged away. The Indians did not show themselves again, and at last we harnessed up the mules, turning back to Fort Clark to get reinforcements, as we feared an ambuscade by a larger force. During the fight a number of arrows hit the stage and stuck in, and we allowed them to remain where they were during many trips. They were examined with a great deal of curiosity and awe by Eastern visitors whenever we came into San Antonio.

In the autumn of 1870 a band of Comanches came raiding near Bastrop, Texas. Close to this town lived a man named Craig, who was the owner of a pair of fine grey horses, which, with many others, the Indians stole. Craig was greatly distressed about the loss of his team, and called on his neighbours to help him recover them, and quite a number responded, including several friendly Indians. In the neighbourhood lived a Tonkaway Indian named John. He was a good trailer and fighter, and immediately joined the party, following the trail of the Comanches very rapidly.

On the afternoon of the first day out we discovered the robbers camped in a ravine. They were cooking meat, and it was the smoke of their camp fire which led us to their position. We promptly charged, but the Indians discovered us in time to make their escape, leaving one of Craig's horses behind. We had ridden all day with nothing to eat, so we at once proceeded to help ourselves to the roast meat left by the fugitives. While thus engaged we heard a yell, and, looking round, saw a solitary warrior on a hill, mounted on Craig's other horse. Seeing us watching him, the Indian yelled again and began wheeling the horse about in a circle. He had a brand-new bridle on this horse—probably obtained from a looted store in Bastrop—and as he wheeled his mount rapidly the metal on the bridle glistened in the sunshine, although the Indian must have been a quarter of a mile away. There was a man in the party named Bates, who was riding a very fast horse, and Tonkaway John said if Bates would let him have the horse he would catch the Comanche and bring back his scalp, together with Craig's horse. "All right," replied Bates, "but don't you lose my horse."

When the Comanche saw John coming he galloped off across the valley, yelling defiance, and no doubt thinking he could easily get away. When he saw the Tonkaway gaining on him, however, he began whipping and kicking furiously, but it was all of no avail—Bates's horse steadily overtook the grey. The Comanche now strung his bow, and a battle with arrows commenced between the two red men, but the hostile Indian was soon stuck full of arrows and at the mercy of John, who rode quickly up alongside of him. They must have been fully a mile and a half from us, but there was not a bush or a shrub to obstruct the view, and in the bright light of the setting sun and the clear, thin atmosphere of the prairie we could see them as plainly as though within two hundred yards of them.

The Comanche, badly wounded, now threw away his bow and began to beg for his life. John, however, paid no attention to him, but grabbed him by his long, coarse hair, pulled him from his horse, and, dismounting, killed and scalped him with his long knife. Remounting, he came back yelling triumphantly, leading Craig's horse with one hand and waving the scalp with the other. Craig had now recovered both his horses, so he was profuse in his thanks, and never finished talking about the bravery of Tonkaway John.

In a fight we had with Indians on the Upper Brazos River, in the year 1876, we captured a big Comanche chief named Black Wolf. We took him to Fort Griffin, intending to turn him over to the colonel commanding, but he refused to have anything to do with the prisoner. As he was one of the most bloodthirsty Indians on the frontier, however, the officer recommended us to shoot him. None of us fancied the job, and as some friendly Tonkaways, who had been in this fight, had a special grudge against the Comanche, he was turned over to them to be killed, although we little thought at the time how they proposed to carry out the death-sentence.

There were about twenty of the Tonkaways, armed with bows and arrows, and they took the chief —a Herculean fellow—and turned him loose in front of the fort. Then they began shooting at him from all sides. They had to be careful, however, not to miss him and shoot some of their own men, so for this reason it was not safe to shoot very strongly. The first arrow that struck the big Indian he pulled out, and rushed about here and there with it, trying to stab his enemies as they shot at him. The greater the number of arrows that struck him the more furious he became, and the faster he ran the more difficult it was for the archers to hit him. The Comanche was tall, with long, powerful arms, and could reach far with his curious weapon, and very soon it began to look as though he would put the whole band of Tonkaways to flight with only an arrow. They rushed around frantically, uttering shrill cries of rage, trying hard to kill the big chief, but being careful to keep out of reach of his long arms. While this went on we stood around the gate of the fort with the soldiers, watching the absorbingly interesting fight. The Comanche was soon stuck full of arrows, but they did not penetrate deeply and did not interfere in the least with his fighting powers. Presently he had most of the Tonkaways on the run, those in front trying to get out of the way of the arrow in his hands, those at his back and sides endeavouring to kill him without wounding any of their comrades. Springing this way and that he wounded several of the Tonkaways, and our captain began to fear he would kill some of them, so the colonel at the fort sent several soldiers out to drive the Tonkaways away. The Comanche was afterwards shot. Spite of the chief's terrible record, one could not help admiring his pluck, and his last battle was the bravest fight for life I have ever seen put up by a lone Indian.

"THEY RUSHED AROUND FRANTICALLY, TRYING HARD TO KILL THE BIG CHIEF."

During the time I was a Ranger, most of the Indians in Texas, whether hostile or friendly, were cannibals. The hostiles were probably greater cannibals than the friendlies, as association with

white men had a restraining influence on the latter, but we had no opportunity to observe the hostile Indians as we could the friendlies. The Indians friendly to us, and who aided us at times in our wars with the Comanches, were the Tehuacanas, the Tonkaways, the Karankawas, and the Lipans; the Tonkaways and Lipans were especially friendly. But they were all more or less cannibals by instinct and practice, and it was only on account of the restraining influence of the white men that they did not indulge this revolting practice more often. No matter how friendly they were to us, and no matter how emphatically they were forbidden to eat their enemies, there were times when it seemed the Indians simply must give way to their natural appetites and indulge in a cannibal feast, followed by a scalp-dance.

Some few of the Ranger captains were not so strict in this regard as their colleagues, allowing the Indian allies to do more or less as they pleased with their slain enemies after a battle in which they had shown unusual bravery. But while our captain was glad to have the assistance of the friendlies, he drew the line sharply when it came to allowing them to indulge their cannibal instincts while under his command. In 1879 there was a fight, known as the Battle of Lost Valley, between our company of Rangers and the Comanches, where we were assisted by some friendly Tehuacanas and Tonkaways. The Comanches outnumbered us four to one, and the fight was hot and furious. The friendly Indians became much excited, and it was hard to restrain them. The Comanches were routed after many fierce hand-to-hand encounters. One of their braves was especially daring, wounding four of the Tehuacanas before he dropped dead—shot full of arrows, but fighting as long as he could cling to his horse. After the battle we were too busy attending to the wounds of our men to give attention to the friendlies until our captain noticed a pair of Indian hands tied to the saddle of one of the Tehuacana braves. He was the Indian who had finally killed the brave Comanche, and his trophies were the hands of the dead warrior.

"What are you going to do with those?" asked our captain, sternly, pointing to the gory souvenirs.

"Goin' to eat 'em. Maybe so make me brave," replied the Tehuacana.

"You rascal! If you don't drop them instantly I'll have you shot," thundered the captain, and very reluctantly the Tehuacana relinquished the hands.

The Tehuacanas say that the first member of their race was brought into the world by a wolf. "How am I to live?" asked the Tehuacana. "The same as we do," said the wolf, and that is just about how they have lived. The braver the enemy they slew in battle, the more liable they were to eat him, or, at least, want to do so, believing that this act would add to their own pluck.

After 1875 Indians became very scarce in Western Texas. They had been removed to the Indian Territory, north of Texas, partly by the United States soldiers and the Rangers, and partly by the gradual and inevitable advance of civilization. They were located on reservations in the Territory, and a strenuous endeavour was made by the Indian Agents and the United States troops to keep them there, but it was impossible to prevent small bands from crossing the border and descending suddenly and unexpectedly upon the scattered settlements in Texas to steal horses, loot stores, burn houses, and murder defenceless women and children. As the number of Indians grew smaller, however, they confined themselves more and more to prowling around on dark nights and stealing horses. Ostensibly they were now at peace with the white men, but having been run out of Texas mainly by the Rangers, the grievance rankled in their bosoms, and they occasionally came back in small squads and straggling parties on horse-stealing expeditions. If they could get away with a man's saddle-horse without fighting the owner they preferred to do so, but if necessary they were ready to fight.

The white settlers were so aggravated by having their horses stolen that they resorted to all sorts of expedients to keep the Indians from getting them. The savages, however, kept up their thieving excursions till there were no horses left in some neighbourhoods, especially near rivers, down which the Indians came from the north and north-west, under cover of the timber along the waterside. If they could not get away with a horse, they would kill it rather than leave it alive to its owner. The settlers built strong log stables, with stout doors, which they fastened from the inside, climbing out themselves through a hole in the roof. Still, with wonderful cunning, the Indians got the horses, or killed them by shooting them with arrows through the cracks between the logs.

A friend of mine with whom I often stopped in South-West Texas told me how, on one occasion, the Indians got two fine horses from him when there seemed absolutely no chance for them to be stolen. He had a stable made of heavy oak logs, with a stout door fastened by a strong wooden pin, which one of his grown sons drove in with a maul on this particular evening, having seen Indian signs in the neighbourhood that day. Then the settler and his sons went to sleep in the hay-loft, under the same roof, with their loaded guns beside them. Not a sound disturbed them during the night, but when morning came the stable door was open and the horses gone. The Indians had found how the door was fastened and, by steady perseverance, succeeded in working the pin out. Probably the job took them hours, but they had plenty of time.

Old frontiersmen are the most superstitious class of people in the world. They all believe in omens and portents, things that forebode death and disaster. Their lives are spent amid dangerous surroundings, and they are suspicious of everything that seems unusual or ominous, and often attach uncanny significance to things which would make no impression upon the ordinary citizen living in a peaceful community.

One of the surest signs of approaching death to the old plainsman and Indian fighter is the scream of the "death-bird." The "death-bird" is supposed to fly about at night or hover near white men or women and children to give warning of the approach of Indians, wild beasts, or other

great dangers. Its cry is the most piercing, nerve-racking wail that ever smote upon human ears. There is an almost human expression in it, as though it were the scream of a woman or child in mortal fear; and there is no mistaking its note among all the other night-birds of the plains. It never warns people unless there is no possible escape by other means, and woe to the man who hears its cry and heeds it not. As far as I have been able to discover no human eye has ever looked upon this mysterious "death-bird," for it flies only on dark nights, never uttering its warning at any other time, and the folk it honours with its attentions are thrown into such a state of fear, expectancy, and dread that curiosity as to the appearance of the bird is far from their thoughts. It is supposed, however, to be an owl, black as midnight, with very long wings and a large head and mouth, which superstitious people who claim to have seen the creature declare to be strangely like the head and mouth of a human being.

Almost every old Ranger and frontiersman has a weird story to tell as to the "death-bird" having saved the life of someone or other from Indians or outlaws. Most of the stories, however, are second-hand narratives, and I found when they had been sifted down they had almost always happened to someone other than the narrator. It was extremely rare that they were personal experiences, and they generally happened in some distant part of the State at some remote time. I had been a Ranger twenty years before I met a man, in whom I had the utmost confidence, who had a personal experience to relate wherein the "death-bird" had warned him of danger and saved his life. Up to this time I had doubted the truthfulness of these stories, and scouted the idea that such a bird existed. About seven years after this my friend, in company with two other Rangers, was ambushed and killed one night by renegade Mexicans down on the Rio Grande border, and on this occasion there was no "death-bird" to save his life, so I was still a little dubious.

Three years later, however, I met with an adventure which removed the last vestige of doubt from my mind. In the autumn of 1880, with five other Rangers, under command of a lieutenant, I was stationed at Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande. About the middle of November I was sent to San Antonio with important despatches for the colonel commanding. I was selected for the trip because I had the fleetest horse of any man in the force, a big black thoroughbred, for which I had paid three hundred dollars when he was only two years old, and at a time, too, when horseflesh was cheap. For three years I had ridden this horse daily on all our scouting expeditions. He had borne me safely through many dangers, and I loved him almost as if he had been a human being.

MR. ISAAC MOTES, WHO HERE RELATES SOME OF THE MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCES HE HAD DURING FORTY YEARS' SERVICE AS A TEXAS RANGER.

From a Photograph.

I left San Antonio on my return one morning at eleven o'clock and rode seventy miles by nine o'clock that night, arriving at the Nueces River and Turkey Creek bottoms. The weather became threatening in the afternoon, and at night dense clouds obscured the light from the stars, and as there was no moon it became so appallingly black when we entered the thick timber of the "bottoms" that I could not see an inch before my eyes, and even my horse could not find his way around the trees, bushes, and fallen timber. There was no rain, no lightning, no thunder, and no wind—simply a thick pall of clouds which seemed to rest upon the tops of the trees—while a curious soft murmuring sound seemed to come from the bottom lands. I would have stopped immediately upon reaching the timber, but I had heard that afternoon that Indians had been seen along the river within the past twenty-four hours, and I had noticed the trail of what I believed to be Indian ponies crossing my road about six o'clock. So somehow or other I felt my way through the pitch-darkness till we were perhaps three hundred yards from the edge of the Nueces bottom. Then, dismounting, I took off my saddle and, letting down my lariat, looped the end around my left wrist so that my horse could graze, and yet waken me if he got too far away. Lying down under a large live-oak with my head on the saddle, I soon went to sleep with the subdued murmuring sound still

echoing in my ears. I intended to rest a few hours, until the clouds lifted, and then continue my journey to a settlement twenty miles farther on. The tree under which I lay was a very large one, and I found next morning that the top limbs were dead, the tree having been struck by lightning some years before.

I must have slept for some time, but it seemed to me my eyes had barely closed when a piercing, wailing scream in the tree above me brought me instantly to my feet—a scream so startling that it seemed to vibrate every nerve in my body. Even if I had never heard so much as a whisper as to the peculiar character of the "death-bird's" cry I should have recognised it, for never before or since have I heard such a wild, foreboding shriek. The cry was long and wailing—the first note sharp, like the crack of a six-shooter, then trailing off into a long-drawn-out, ominous wail. The bird was doubtless sitting on one of the dead limbs above me, and at the first note of alarm had flown off across the bottom, the cry becoming more weird and portentous the farther away it got.

I took notice of this in a kind of subconscious way, for my faculties were strung to their highest tension to discover the danger that I was convinced menaced me. Even before the cry died away I heard my horse drawing in its breath in a sort of sob, as though uneasy and somewhat excited. Then I noticed that the lariat looped to my wrist was drawn suspiciously tight. This impression had hardly formed in my mind before the lariat suddenly drew a little tighter, then slackened perceptibly. Instantly it occurred to me that an Indian was out there with my horse, that he had the lariat in his hand, and was perhaps running his hand along it towards me to untie it, thinking it was tied to a stake, when, having got near enough to hear me as I sprang to my feet, he cut the line with a knife, causing the momentary tightness, followed by the slackening.

The thought that an Indian was making off with my valuable horse so filled me with fury that I was driven almost to desperation, and forgot for an instant the necessity for caution. Slipping the looped lariat off my wrist, I drew my six-shooter and crept as softly as I could out in the direction of my horse. I could still hear him sniffing out there in the brush, and thought I heard him stepping among sticks as though he was being led away. This so enraged me that I pushed through the brush faster and more recklessly than ever, gripping my six-shooter, though I realized I was doing a foolhardy thing, for an Indian can see in the dark much better than a white man. Still, it seemed impossible for me to resist the impulse to pursue my horse.

I had groped my way perhaps twenty feet when I stepped on to some dry twigs, which cracked sharply under my weight. Simultaneously I heard the ominous throb of a heavy bow-string, and as I ducked my head, quick as thought, an arrow took off my hat and tore through my hair, scorching my scalp as though a red-hot iron rod had been laid across my head. Upon this my horse became so excited that he began to rear, plunge, and snort. I stood irresolute, fearing to fire in that direction lest I should kill the animal. From the sound the horse was making I believed he was pulling considerably on the halter and backing towards me. While I stood there, in a fever of uncertainty, I again heard the dull hum of the bow-string and ducked to avoid the arrow, but instead of its coming toward me there was a wild, almost human, cry from my horse, and he reared and fell heavily to the ground, then staggered to his feet again and came towards me, uttering the most agonizing cry that ever tortured human ears. When perhaps ten feet from me he again fell and lay still, moaning with pain. A mad fury of rage possessed me at my beauty's agony, and I leaped blindly forward in the darkness, not caring whether I lived or died if only I could kill that brute of an Indian. I made towards where I heard my horse fall, feeling for him with my left hand, and just as I touched him I heard once more the twang of the Indian's bow-string, and again an arrow whizzed at me, tearing away the lobe of my ear. In ducking this time I sank to my knees and found myself between my dead horse's fore and hind legs as he lay with his belly towards me, with my left hand resting on his body. I marked carefully the direction of the bow-string's hum, and as my knees touched the ground I raised myself up and fired twice in quick succession, afterwards sinking down low again behind the horse's body.

There was no sound from the redskin to lead me to believe I had struck him, so I crouched down between the feet of my dead horse, gripping my six-shooter, expecting the Indian or Indians to be upon me every minute. But minutes and hours passed, and still I heard not the faintest sound from that direction. Nevertheless, I dared not move, but spent the remainder of the night where I was, protected by the animal's body.

As the grey light of coming day began to steal into the bottom I peered anxiously around me, searching for signs of the Indian, either dead or alive. I could see nothing of him through the bushes and vines, so when it became light I got up and walked cautiously in the direction from which the arrows had come. About fifty yards away I discovered traces of blood, and following these for a short distance I found where the Indian had lain down and dragged himself, leaving a plainly discernible trail. Following this for about three hundred yards farther I came to a tiny little gully about a foot deep. In one place the limbs of a low tree overhung it, and here the gully appeared to be nearly full of leaves. Looking about, I saw what I took to be an arrow sticking up above the leaves. I approached very cautiously, watching for the slightest movement, but there was none, and the arrow still stuck out at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Six-shooter in hand I drew nearer, and found an Indian lying there dead in the gully. It was obvious what had happened. Becoming too weak to crawl, my enemy had stretched himself in this gully, raked the dead leaves over his body, covering himself from view very artfully, and then, with bow and arrow, ready to shoot me if I had followed him and overtook him while he was yet alive, he had lain there, bearing the pain of his wounds with stoical fortitude, until death came to his release.

SHORT STORIES.

The first instalment of a budget of breezy little narratives—exciting, humorous, and curious—hailing from all parts of the world. This month's collection comprises a weird experience at an Hungarian inn, a snake adventure in West Africa, and a sea-captain's account of a rough and-tumble voyage.

MY ADVENTURE AT ARAD.

By F. Harris Deans.

Other travellers may have experienced adventures in inns. They may have been awakened—many declare they have—in the early hours of the morning by the creaking of the stairs; have listened, frozen with horror, to the whispered colloquy between the villainous innkeeper and his equally villainous wife outside his door; have heard the stealthy sharpening of a knife. I admit that such adventures may have befallen other wayfarers, but that anyone has lived through a night at an inn as strange as that spent by me I am unable to believe.

The only person—at one time I had regarded him as a friend—to whom I have hitherto nerved myself to recount my experience regarded it as an excuse—nay, more than an excuse, an incentive—for mirth. The thoughtful reader, however, who now becomes acquainted with my story will, I feel confident, place himself in imagination in my position, so that his perusal of this article will, at all events, enable him to refrain from ribald laughter.

MR. F. HARRIS DEANS, WHO HERE RELATES AN AMUSING EXPERIENCE THAT BEFELL HIM IN HUNGARY.

From a Photograph.

I will confess at the outset that my knowledge of Hungarian is limited to some dozen words. The time of day I will pass with you in the most fluent Ungarisch; if you, enraptured at my accent, wish to continue the conversation, and will confine yourself to remarking that the weather is hot or cold (you must not say warm or chilly), I will agree, or disagree, with you—curtly, maybe, but nevertheless I will do so; if you are thirsty I will order you wine, beer, or water; your hunger I will satisfy with bread. Further, I can amuse, instruct, and elevate you by counting up to ten.

The reader who himself possesses some knowledge of Hungarian will share with me my admiration of my linguistic accomplishments. It takes some years of patient efforts for an Hungarian himself to learn his own language. I feel confident, had I been so fortunate (I am writing this in the heart of Hungary, and the inhabitants are an impulsive people) as to have been born an Hungarian, I should have borne dumbness with equanimity.

All this—though, to the broad-minded, it excuses my ignorance of the language—does not alter the fact that I was fully aware beforehand that in certain regions of the country I should not be able to enjoy heart-to-heart talks with the people. Even in England there are whole villages which speak no tongue save their native one. I did not, however, anticipate that my ignorance would land me in the weird adventure here set forth.

In a town, however, such as Arad I did not anticipate that there would exist one miserable,

imbecile, uneducated incompetent—who, alas, only knows my opinion of him through a far too polite interpreter—who spoke only his own language, and that this one disreputable outcast and disgrace to an educated nation should cross my path.

I arrived in Arad—a town of about sixty thousand people, lying near the Roumanian border—at about 2 a.m. I had not slept for over thirty-six hours, and I was so tired that I would have shared a bed with a Roumanian peasant. Can I say more?

At the nearest hotel I pulled myself together and demanded, in what was, under the circumstances, very tolerable German, a bedroom. There was no difficulty about this; there was a room vacant. Gladly I filled in particulars of myself on the Police Form as the law demands.

"Are you an Austrian or a German?" inquired the porter.

I glanced at him sharply; I was in no mood for sarcasm. Besides, if it came to that, *his* German wasn't of much account. But no; his face was gravity itself; courteous curiosity was its only expression. I pointed—I had no mind to risk my reputation as a linguist by further speech—to the form I had just filled in.

"London," he read. "So, ein Englander?"

"*Ja*," said I.

I got into bed at 2.30 a.m., and immediately fell last asleep.

"ONCE MORE THE IDIOT MET ME WITH AN AMIABLE GRIN."

Some time later I awoke and sat up with a start. Thump, thump, thump—blows rained steadily, monotonously, on my door. I switched on the light; it was 3.30 a.m. Springing out of bed, I threw open my door. The interrupter of my repose, apparently resting against it after his exertions, fell forward into the room and trod on my bare toes. I called him, in German, a clumsy donkey, and demanded to know what all of the noise was about. By way of reply he grinned at me amiably—as if we had a little joke in common—and promptly retreated.

Puzzled by his behaviour, I looked along the corridor. Everything appeared to be all right, so I retired again to bed.

Seven minutes, by my watch, had I been sleeping dreamlessly, when again that tattoo was beaten on my door. I nearly choked with anger, and, throwing off my quilt, I dashed madly to the door.

Once more the idiot met me with an amiable grin.

"You confounded fool!" I roared, shaking my fist in his beaming face; "what do you think you're doing? Even if this is an Hungarian game, do you think this is the time to start teaching it to a stranger? Your intentions may be good; I admit I am lonely; perhaps in the afternoon I may be glad to play some simple little game with you. But not now. Do you understand? Not at three in the morning. Get!"

My vivacity appeared to cause him much satisfaction, and he again took his departure.

I returned to bed.

This time I didn't even succeed in getting to sleep; he must have been waiting round the corner. Once more he beat upon my door.

I made no attempt to speak to him; I could not have expressed my feelings even in English; I seized him by the shoulders (luckily he was a good-tempered man) and shook him. Apparently, judging from the sound, I had shaken him to pieces. I looked on the ground and saw that he had dropped—my boots! This restored my speech. "Boots!" I shrieked, as he picked them up and

politely offered them to me. "I want peace, not boots. Have I as much as mentioned boots to you? Does any sane man want his boots at three o'clock? Do you think I sleep in them? Do you imagine that's what's keeping me awake, not having them?"

I think it was the man's perfect placidity that made me so mad. Had he lost *his* temper, had he only sworn in Hungarian—a language admirably suited for the art, by the way—I should have felt better. But no; he maintained a perfect silence; he appeared to regard me as a lunatic on whom speech would be wasted. Realizing at last, however, that I was not yearning at that moment for my boots, he put them on one side—to be introduced again at a more suitable moment. Next he pointed to my pyjamas.

"What about them?" I demanded, furiously. "What's wrong with them? Is it the colour, or what?" As a matter of fact they looked rather neat—a sort of chocolate with blue stripes. In any case, I didn't want to be awakened in the middle of the night to have a boots tell me he didn't admire my pyjamas. They weren't meant to be admired; they were intended to be slept in. I wished he would realize that.

"Perhaps you would rather I wore a night-shirt," I continued, as he remained speechless. "Well, I'm not going to. I'm an Englishman, Englander, Angol—do you understand?—and I'll wear what I like. Now I'm going to bed again. If I so much as hear you breathe near my door before nine o'clock I'll shoot you." With that I retired and slammed the door.

I was half-way towards the bed when the door opened and boots inserted his head. Then a hand followed, and he scratched his head in a puzzled manner. Words, I felt, were wasted on him. In as dignified a manner as possible I climbed into bed and switched off the light hanging over it. Immediately boots turned on the light near the door. I sat up, indignant.

"Look here," I said, "I've had enough of it." I raised a cautioning forefinger. "I will *not* play games with you. Understand that, once for all. Go and wake somebody else up—somebody who knows these national customs of yours. I'm speaking seriously now. When I engaged this room I engaged it to sleep in. Sleep! Do you understand? It's an English custom. You're wasting your time trying to talk to me. I don't understand your language, and I'm not going to learn—not immediately, anyhow. Now, go! Go, you——!" As I rushed at him he turned and fled, and, locking the door, for the fifth time that night I got into bed.

I was by this time in such a mood that I was awakened with a start at four o'clock by the sound of whispering outside my door. Without stopping to consider how I should dispose of the corpse of my intended victim, I again vacated my bed. This time boots was accompanied by another person, who turned out to be the manager.

"I hev' come to apologize," he remarked, blandly.

I struggled to regain my composure.

"This is too good of you," I said, warmly. "Come in and take a seat."

He misunderstood my sarcasm and promptly entered, accompanied by the boots.

"Zere have been a leetle mistake," he continued, with an amused smile I made no effort to share.

"It's more than kind of you," I said, gratefully, "to come and wake me up at four in the morning to explain it."

He bowed modestly. Personal convenience, he assured me earnestly, was as nothing to an act of courtesy.

Then he explained. It appeared that the previous occupier of my room had been a German, who had intended to take his departure at three o'clock that morning. At the last moment, however, he had changed his mind, and had left at 11 p.m. Unfortunately, the porter, whom he had desired to instruct the boots to awaken him, had forgotten to cancel the order.

"Und he had sayed he vos a ver' heafy sleeper!" he wound up. "So you see, it vos a mutual misunderstanding. Nicht was?"

"This," I said, "makes everything satisfactory. Now, if you don't mind, I should like to go to sleep. I have to catch a train at ten. Perhaps you will see that I am not awakened before nine?"

When he had impressed this on the penitent boots, we parted, with mutual expressions of regard.

The boots—no doubt in a well-meant desire to make up for his earlier mistake—this time forbore to awaken me at all. I accordingly awoke at midday, in plenty of time for my next train, which left twenty-two hours later.

THE HORROR IN THE PIT.

By E. F. Martin, late of the Royal Niger Company's Service.

I have since been to a great extent cured; but in my earlier African days, somewhere about eleven years ago, I was full of romantic ideas and intoxicated with the strange glamour and mystery that pervaded everything connected with the great Niger River and its unknown territories. Having tied up to a bank late one afternoon, half an hour before sunset, I took my gun—a sporting Martini—and set out from the little river launch, of which I was the sole white passenger, and made my way through the long grass skirting the banks of the stream, until I emerged into an open, ploughed field, with its lines of mounds about eighteen inches high, indicating guinea-corn or yam cultivation. My intention was to reach a backwater, some half a

mile away, which I had noticed as we steamed up the river a short time before tying up. I hoped I might find hippo, or, at any rate, an alligator or two, hidden in the seclusion of this secret byway of the great river.

Crossing the field I entered a kind of copse, consisting of minor trees and scrub. Pushing my way through I found some clearer ground, carpeted with the gourd plant. Ahead of me I noticed that the land suddenly dipped to a large pool that might have been connected with the main river. This, I thought, would do as well as my backwater, especially as I heard just then the distant grunting roar of a hippo. Next moment, without warning, the solid ground gave way under my feet, and I went hurtling down into black darkness, bringing up with a tremendous shock that seemed to jar me from tip to toe.

When I had recovered from my utter astonishment, and had made certain that no bones were broken, I looked about and above me to see where I was and what had happened. Around and beneath me I could see nothing; everything was shrouded in impenetrable blackness. Above me, however, I saw the evening sky, gradually fading into night. My gun was gone. Where was I? What had happened? Had the earth opened and swallowed me up?

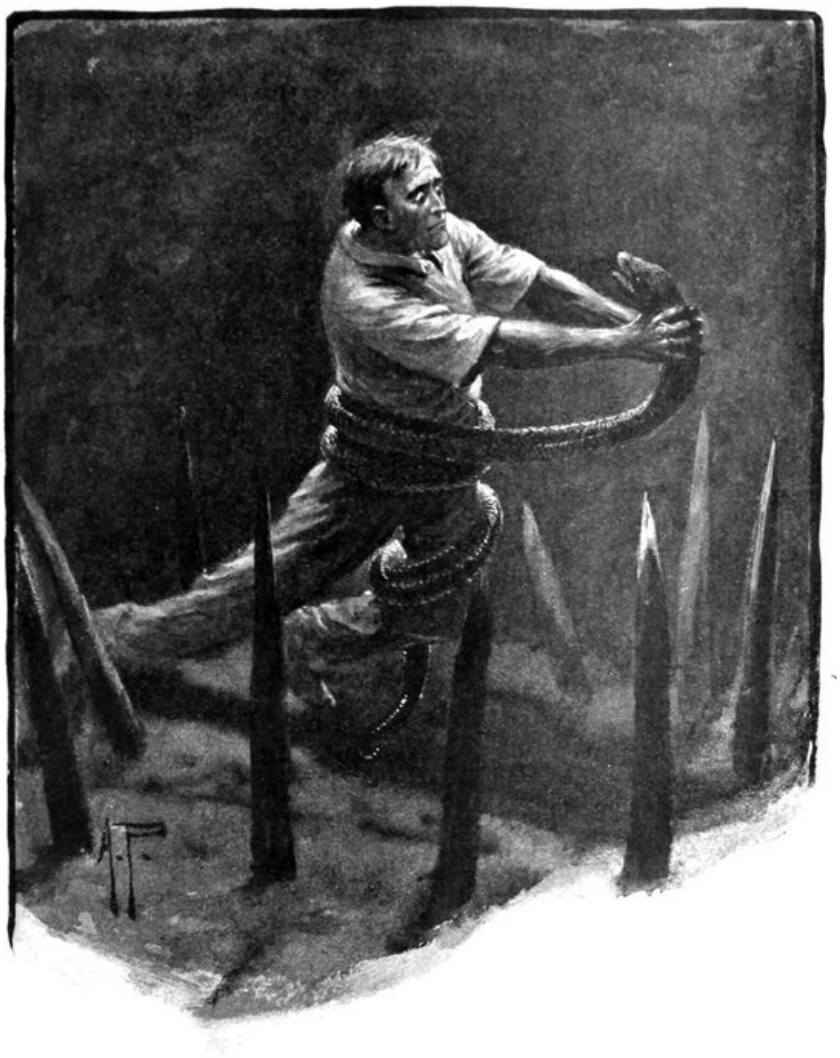
MR. E. F. MARTIN, WHO HAD AN APPALLING STRUGGLE WITH A SNAKE AT THE BOTTOM OF A PIT.
From a Photograph.

I decided to strike a light and see what kind of place I had fallen into. The blue spurt and the flickering flame, settling almost immediately into a thin, steady tongue of yellow fire, revealed to me the fact that I had fallen into some kind of trap—probably for hippo—and that this trap was some eight feet long by five broad and ten deep. At the bottom, at regular intervals, were placed pointed stakes about eighteen inches apart. Had I fallen prone I should have been impaled. I had apparently, then, something to be thankful for. As this thought struck me my match burnt the tips of my fingers and I dropped it. As it fell something caught my eye that froze my blood in my veins—some coiled black thing was slowly moving in the farther corner! Part of its body was enshrouded in the shadow of the stakes, but I saw sufficient to convince me that my companion was some kind of venomous snake. Have any of my readers known what it is to feel the heart stop dead still, after one fierce bound into the throat, the body go cold and clammy, like dank, damp clay—like the earth that I leaned up against in that moment of dumb, stricken terror? You that have know what I felt then, ten feet down in the bowels of the earth, imprisoned with that coiling thing. You that have not, pray that you never may, for it seems as though the life is passing from one in the cold sweat which oozes through every pore. I leant against the side of the pit trembling like an aspen leaf. Oh! for my gun and a steady light! At least I could then stake all in one try for life. My hands shaking violently, I lit another match and glanced in the direction of the horror. I might have spared my pains. The brute—a long, black, shiny snake, with a sort of hooded head—was actually at my feet, the sinuous body stretched across the rough floor among the pointed stakes!

I stood still as though paralyzed, the match burning like a tiny flare in my uplifted right hand. The snake came straight on without striking, and as the match went out it started to coil up my left leg. The sensation of that strange, gliding grip, which squeezed the muscles as it passed along, is impossible to describe. Up it came in the darkness, higher and higher still, feeling like a hawser of steel round my body—and heavy! Suddenly—to my dying day I shall never forget the horror of that moment—its cold, hard snout touched my chin. It was just a sort of gliding touch, with no attempt at striking. Obeying a mad impulse, I gripped straight for where the neck should be, judging by the feel of the snout on my chin, and with the strength of a maniac my fingers closed on the snake just behind the head. Feeling my advantage, I forced my two thumbs deep into its throat. Then I tripped forward in my excitement, the coils of the snake suddenly contracting with a fierce pressure as I strengthened my grip. Down I went, tearing myself badly on two stakes as I fell, gashing my right leg above the knee—the scar remains to this day—and receiving a nasty bruise on my left shoulder. In spite of my fall, however, I had enough presence of mind to keep the terrible head at arm's length, and now, once on the ground, in spite of cuts, bruises, and the twining coils round my arm, I got on to my knees and banged and dashed that deadly head on the hard earth and against the stakes I could feel on either side. How long I kept on in my wild,

frenzied fury I don't know, but gradually the fierce-gripping coils relaxed, until at last the limp form hung from my bleeding hands, lifeless and harmless.

I don't remember what happened then, but I think I lost consciousness for a time. All I know for certain is that I was hauled out of that hole some time later—about 8 p.m., to be exact—by two of the coloured deck-hands, who had tracked me through the field and the bushes, and, ultimately, to the edge of the hippo trap. They guessed that I had fallen in, and the lowering of a lamp that they carried proved this to be the case. My gun lay where it had fallen, close to the edge.



"I TRIPPED FORWARD IN MY EXCITEMENT."

Why that snake never struck me I do not know to this day, unless it was that, seeing me in the sudden light of the match leaning up against the opposite wall, it had attempted to get out of the pit—into which it also must have dropped by accident like myself—by using my body as a ladder. For all I know the skeleton of the creature still lies in that ten-foot-deep hole. I have not since been there to inquire, nor do I intend to do so in the future; the very thought of the place is nightmare enough.

This incident occurred about four miles below Abutshi, the trading station near Onitsha, before one comes to the shallows that make that part of the Niger so difficult in the dry season.

THE CRUISE OF THE "CROCODILE."

By Commander R. Dowling, R.N.R. (Captain in the Imperial Ottoman Navy).

In December, 1900, I left Port Said for London in command of a small "hopper." For the benefit of the uninitiated, I should explain that this is a vessel with a bottom which opens out and allows the contents of the hold to fall into the sea. The "hopper" had formerly been employed in widening the Suez Canal, but had since been converted into a tank steamer for carrying oil. I had undertaken to bring her to England in tow of another steamer of some seven thousand tons burden.

I got the crew together with some difficulty. When I explained the project to English-speaking seamen, they all refused, in a most emphatic manner, to have anything to do with it, and in the end I had to fall back on a number of men to whom I was unable to explain it at all properly. They were one Swede, the mate; a Greek and a Frenchman, whom I understood to be engineers; four Italian seamen and four Greek firemen, and an Italian cook. Excepting the Swede, who understood English with difficulty, not one of the crew could make out a word I said, so that during the first part of the voyage I was compelled to give orders to the ship's company in a kind of pantomimic dumb-show.

We managed to bend on two five-inch hawsers to the other steamer and started on our voyage, using our own engines to assist the towing ship. The engineer was full of zeal, which he showed by repeatedly "ramming" our consort, through his failure to understand the orders sent below through the tube—we had no telegraph—and this, needless to say, caused a great deal of unpleasantness, shown chiefly in personal abuse of myself from the big vessel, though I repeatedly tried to gesticulate explanations as to the position.

The Italian cook turned out an utter fraud, giving repeated proofs of his incapacity. I endeavoured to instruct him by practical demonstration in the art of boiling pork and cabbage, but it came on to blow and, the sea rising rapidly as it does in the Mediterranean, the galley was washed out and the cooking difficulty disposed of for ever, for we had to live on cocoa, biscuit, and onions during nearly the whole of that eventful voyage.

COMMANDER R. DOWLING, R.N.R., WHO DESCRIBES A PERILOUS VOYAGE HE MADE FROM PORT SAID TO LONDON IN A "HOPPER."

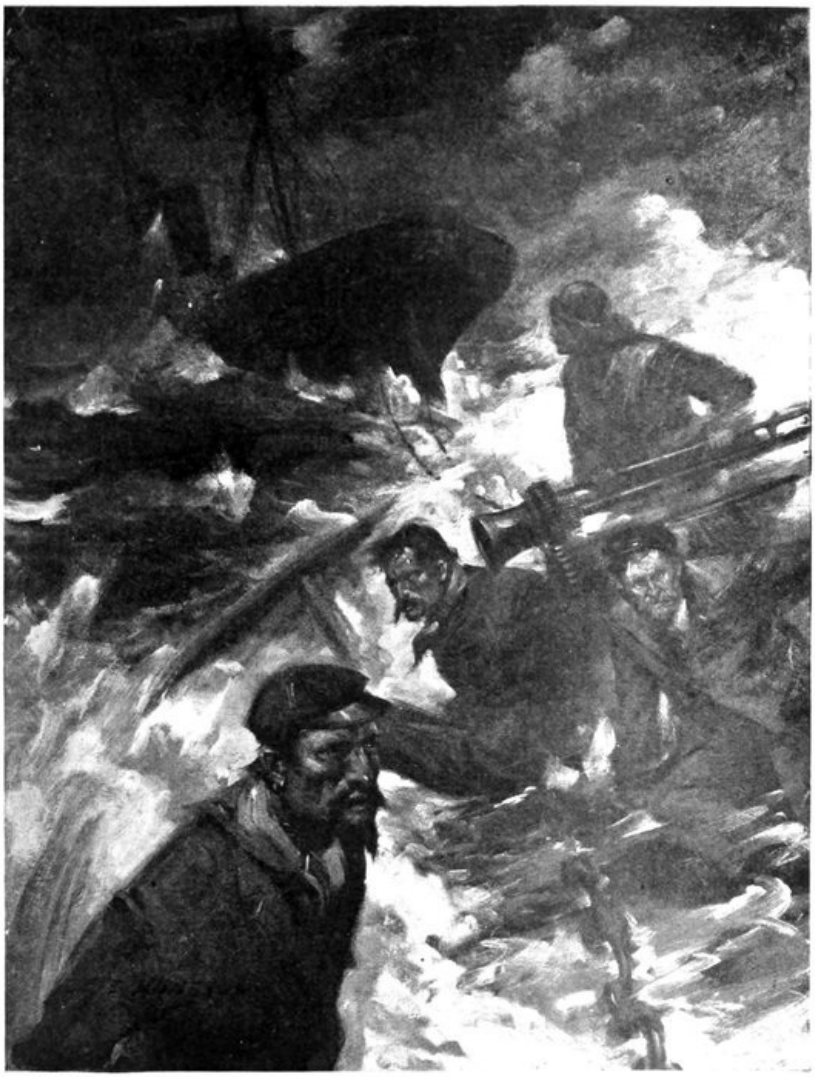
From a Photo. by Apollon Studio.

The seas grew bigger and bigger, and the *Crocodile* rolled horribly. Finally we had to abandon the quarters forward for fear of being washed overboard. I had twice tried to get to my cabin, for I had stowed away all the medical comforts, my sextant, cigars, and so forth in my bunk. At the first attempt I got knocked down and nearly had my leg broken by a heavy sea; at the second I came as close to being washed overboard as possible. By a desperate effort, however, I finally got down to my cabin, where I found everything—my clothes included—washing about in a depth of bilge water and oil, while my precious sextant was smashed. I managed to rescue the barometer—an excellent one, lent me by the towing ship, but useless under the circumstances—but I was obliged to let everything else go.

When I clambered back on deck I found the crew simply torpid with fright. Our two little engines raced as we lifted in such a way as to threaten a smash-up of the whole of the machinery. In spite of all my threats, and even some muscular persuasion, I was unable to induce a single man of the crew, with the exception of the mate, to stir. The ship, I may remark, was an awkward one to handle; she had no bulwarks, except a small piece forward and aft, with a single chain in between. Bunker lids were being continually washed off, but, as the men were too scared to reship them, the mate and myself had to do this ourselves to prevent our going down.

In the middle of the night, the weather growing steadily worse, one of the anchors got adrift. By a mingling of menace and persuasion I got one of the Italians to go forward with me to secure it. The mate, dead beat, was lying asleep on the engine-room gratings. We watched our time and made a rush for it, when a tremendous sea came over, simply burying us in water. I smashed my left toe against a pump, got a big piece taken out of one forefinger, and felt blood running into my eyes from a wound in my head. Looking round, I saw the Italian overboard, hanging on convulsively to a rail, and made a rush to his rescue. I managed to get hold of him, and finally hauled him on deck—and an awful bundle he was, having seemingly put all the clothes he had in the world on his back. However, we contrived to pass a lashing round the anchor and secure it as well as could be done under the circumstances. We were also successful in getting back aft, though the luckless Italian was bowled over and rolled about beneath another heavy sea, but the clothes he had on seemed to protect him, and he got to the stokehold uninjured.

Throughout the grim days and black nights that followed we laboured incessantly, led by the two hawsers that held us to the other ship. These hawsers had to be watched incessantly, and pieces of wood kept under the places where they came on board to prevent them from being cut. There was not a chair, or a stool, or a dry rag on board the ship. The crew spent their time praying or lamenting, and when we wanted to sleep the only place on which we could lie was the engine-room gratings, from which we got up as black as sweeps with coal-dust and grime. The seas were constantly washing over us from stem to stern, though the ship ahead had been dropping oil for



"THE SEAS GREW BIGGER AND BIGGER, AND THE 'CROCODILE' ROLLED HORRIBLY."

three days to make things better for us. She herself was in difficulties, as we could see from the seas which continually rushed out from her water ports and scuppers.

About daybreak on the fourth day a loud report sounded through the din of wind and weather, and I saw our port hawser snap close up to the towing ship. We were then, of course, towing the broken part astern, and for hours I was in dread that it would foul our propeller. Luckily the weather moderated somewhat, and the larger vessel eased up, endeavouring to drop a line down to our end of the hawser so that we might heave it aboard. Owing to the drift to leeward, however, we found it impossible to do anything in this way, so, after waiting some hours longer, the towing vessel launched a boat to bring in the end. The boat was stove in as soon as it touched the water, and it was hauled on board again only just in time to save the crew from drowning. In the meantime I started to get out one of our own small steel boats. For four hours we laboured at this task, for the steamer rolled so much that at one moment the boat would be hanging over the water quite a distance from the side, and at another threatening to knock the funnel off. In the end we managed to launch her, pick up the end of the broken hawser, connect up again, and make a fresh start. But I defy anyone who has not gone through it to realize the labour, the difficulties, and danger we went through. Tossed about by mountainous seas, expecting every moment to be capsized, to fish up a five-inch steel hawser trailing deep below the surface, and pull back with it to the towing vessel, is a labour the arduousness of which my pen is utterly unable to describe. At last we got started again, and two days later, one lovely clear morning, we arrived at Algiers, the first port of call on our voyage.

Here the captain of the towing ship went ashore with me to obtain two Manila hawsers, these having more "give" and "spring" in them than wire ropes. We ransacked Algiers in vain, and accordingly cabled home for instructions. These were to the effect that the "hopper" was to be brought to England under her own steam, and I was given twenty-four hours to decide whether I would undertake the task. I made up my mind, now I had got so far, to see the thing through.

Most of the crew had cleared off at Algiers the moment they had the chance, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I managed to get another lot together. Having seen my friend the towing ship off, I started myself two days later for Gibraltar.

Scarcely had we got to sea again when we began to encounter the same diabolical weather as before. I made a discovery, too, that disconcerted me more almost than anything that we had already experienced—I found we had no instruments! During the voyage from Port Said all the navigation, of course, was done by the towing vessel, and the necessity of independent navigation, in consequence of the altered arrangements, had never entered our heads. I had neither a chronometer nor sextant; only a small-scale chart and a very questionable and erratic compass on the bridge. After much cogitation I found the only thing I could do was to get the bearing of the North Star, and this I did by laying a broomstick along the top of the compass and pointing it as straight as possible. By this I was able to shape a course to Cape de Gat, the south-east corner of Spain, making due allowance for wind and current.

But trouble soon began. At Algiers I had picked up a French engineer who was in perpetual trouble with his engines. He spoke no English, I spoke no French; so that after various altercations in our own languages I was obliged to intimate to him, in a fashion it was difficult for him to misunderstand, that further discussions were useless. One morning, however, when between blowing and pitching it was hard to stand upright, the engineer came tumbling on deck frantic with excitement, gesticulating madly and shouting, "Monsieur le Commandant, oily, oily!"

while he pointed a quivering forefinger below.

I rushed down and found the starboard engine bearings grinding away just about red-hot for want of oil, the stench and steam being indescribable. I cursed him for an idiot, for he might have known we were half full of oil, and he promptly shut off steam. During this time our tiny vessel (she was only a hundred and thirty-five tons), having but little way on her, was tossed about like a chip, and the rest of the crew lay in a jumble in the stokehold—sick, praying and groaning—neither persuasion nor kicks having the least effect on them. It was under these cheerful conditions that, having restarted the engines, we reached Gibraltar a day or two later.

The Officer of Health at Gibraltar received my account of the voyage, first with incredulity, and then astonishment. He heard my proposal to navigate home under the prevailing conditions with a stare of stupefaction, and then remarked, significantly, "Well, rather you than me, captain."

I had literally to hold the chief engineer down at starting in order to frustrate his frantic struggles to get overboard. We made for Cape St. Vincent, the weather being bad, though endurable, thence I steered for Cape Roca and the Burlings, but made neither. Finally we picked up Cape Finisterre and were in the Bay of Biscay, where, sure enough, we caught it. It blew hard from the north-west, and the vessel at times nearly stood on end. Nevertheless, we had to be continually shifting coal and water to keep the propeller under water. In the middle of the night the second engineer crawled along to me on the bridge to tell me the piston packings of the port engine had blown out, and those of the other engine were leaking so badly that they were expected to blow out also at any moment.

Now, if the engine had gone, there was not a spar or a sail of any kind on the vessel to keep her before the wind, and our fate, had we once been cast into the trough of the sea, would have been certain. Accordingly we had to keep one engine running at half speed while we patched up the other with some valuable hose which had been used for pumping oil out. When we had finished one we turned to the other, and managed to make a tolerable job of both. This kept us going for nearly two days.

On the fourth day from Finisterre, about one in the morning, we sighted a light. At first I thought it was the coast of France, but after a while I saw the familiar stump of the Eddystone, and then I knew where I was. On receiving the joyful news the crew worked up some sort of enthusiasm, and I determined to put out to sea again and face it. The firemen threw their hearts into their work and we breasted the waves gallantly. Soon, however, I heard a muffled report and yells from the engine-room, and, rushing below, found we had to stop the port engine for a time; so we went on with the starboard one pretty comfortably for about twenty-four hours, when the repairs were roughly completed. Then the wind rose again to almost hurricane force, and the ship rolled and pitched quite in her best style. Even this was not the worst, for near Dungeness a heavy sea threw a water-tank on top of me, and when I was hauled out I found I had broken a bone in my left wrist, in addition to other injuries. At that point, too, the electric light went out. The ship was now in total darkness; we had no mast or side-lights, and presently, to crown all, a dense fog settled upon us. At that moment a nautical Mark Tapley would have been hard put to it to muster up any cheerfulness worth mentioning.

However, to make an end to a long story, we worried through our troubles somehow or other, got a pilot on board, and at last arrived off the Royal Albert Docks, where very thankfully we made fast to the Galleon buoys on December 22nd. To show one difficulty I had to contend with during this ever-memorable voyage I may mention that the compass was so untrue that to make a true east course I had to steer south a quarter west.

For ten days after our arrival I was laid up and unable to get off to the ship. When I did I found that nearly the whole of my things had been stolen. I received from the owners, in recognition of the danger and arduousness of the voyage, a gratuity of ten pounds!

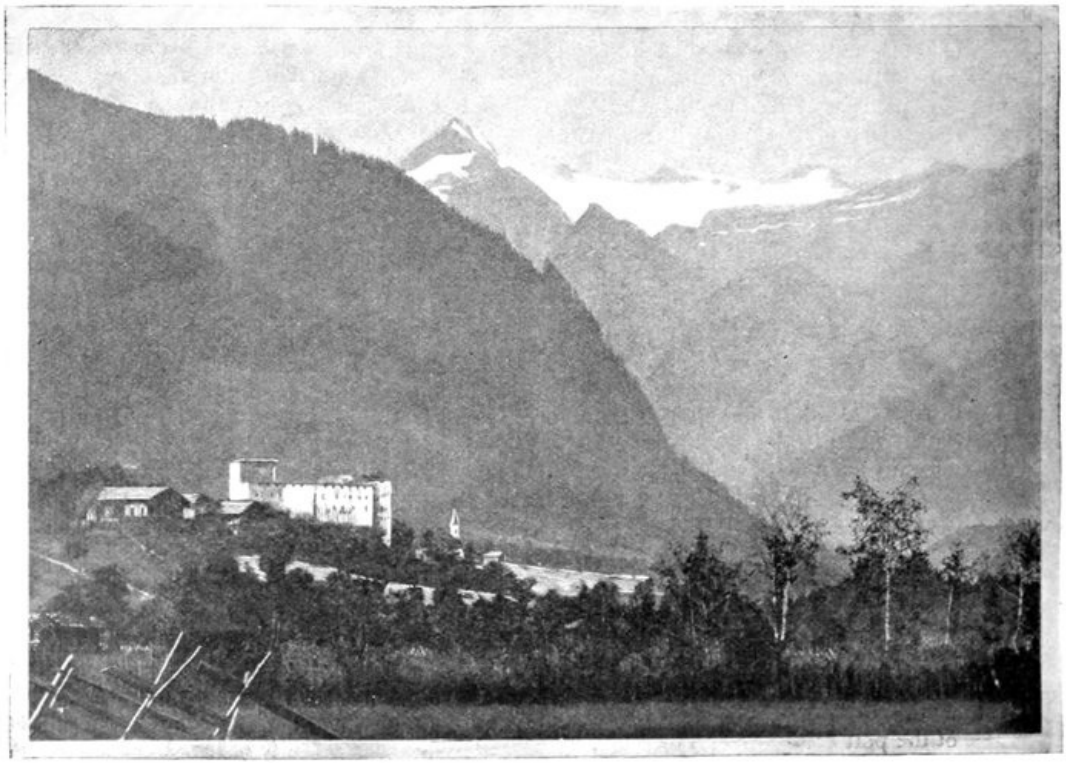
Propitiating the Weather.

By Mrs. Herbert Vivian.

In various parts of Europe the simple peasant-folk observe some extraordinary customs—strange blendings of religion and superstition—in their attempts to avert drought and hailstorms and obtain favourable weather for harvesting their crops. This chatty article deals with a number of the most curious methods employed.

In many parts of the world the peasant and the countryman are dependent for a whole year's daily bread on the sort of weather Providence is good enough to send them. In England we are perhaps more independent than any other land, for our much-abused climate seldom runs to wild extremes. A drought makes a serious difference certainly, but it rarely ruins the entire crop. In the great plains of Hungary and Roumania, however, a winter without plentiful snow means a miserable harvest, and under the blazing sun of summer a drought there is a very much more tragic affair than it is with us. In parts of Northern Italy and the Tyrol what they most dread is not drought, but the terrible hailstorms and tempests which sweep down with sudden and relentless fury upon the country-side, doing irreparable damage in an incredibly short time.

It is interesting to notice the different ways in which country-folk meet these trials. In England after long drought we pray for rain in our churches, and in most Roman Catholic countries processions and pilgrimages are the order of the day. In Macedonia the Greeks organize great demonstrations in dry summers. A procession of children visits all the local wells and springs, accompanied by a maiden covered with garlands and masses of flowers. This sounds as romantic as our Queen of the May, and it could surprise no one if, like Tennyson's heroine, she came to a sad end, for at each of the stopping-places the poor dear is drenched with water, whilst the children sing a rhyming prayer for rain.



A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE SALZKAMMERGUT, WHERE THE PEASANTS STILL OBSERVE SOME VERY CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN CONNECTION WITH THE WEATHER.

From a Photograph.

The Russian peasants say prayers to Elisha, whom they consider a very potent rain-producer. In some countries the images of the saints are immersed in water when rain is wanted. On the other hand, sometimes more rain falls than is needed, and in parts of Westphalia they say that it is fatal to kill a swallow, for such a crime will bring at least four weeks' deluge. Swallows are considered lucky birds in that part of the world, and if they are driven away all the vegetables of the neighbourhood are sure to be destroyed by frost.

THE CASTLE OF KAPRUN AND THE CHAPEL OF ST. JACOB, WHERE HANGS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS "WEATHER AND WITCH BELLS" IN THE TYROL.

From a Photograph.

Weather-wise peasants know more or less at what time hailstorms may be expected, and are on the alert for danger-signals. In Northern Italy cannons are fired off to disperse the clouds, and enough powder is expended to supply an army, while in some parts of France they rely on bombs for the same purpose.

Perhaps the most interesting methods of propitiating the skies are to be found in parts of the Tyrol, where the peasants are still refreshingly simple and full of piety. The Salzkammergut is one of the most interesting parts of Austria, from an ethnological point of view. It teems with ancient survivals and customs, and is a treasure-house of legendary lore. A certain imagination is displayed in all their tales; sly humour, picturesque turns of phrases, and distinct kindliness peep out everywhere. Few Englishmen can live in the Tyrol without acquiring an affection for the friendly folk. They are like a lot of big children, with their yellow hair, dancing blue eyes, and honest, sunburnt faces. Moreover, they are thoroughgoing sportsmen, first-rate at all games and athletics.

It is just about the time that the harvest is ripening that the farmer begins to feel qualms of anxiety concerning the weather, and keeps his eye fixed on the sky. Any particularly black clouds fill him with gloomy forebodings, for in the course of a few moments the work of the whole year may be swept away. Hoping to shield his property from the powers of evil, he employs all the means that his brain can devise, and some of these are distinctly original and curious.

As soon as low, rumbling thunder is heard in the far-off hills the house-bells that are usually found in the roofs of Tyrolese cottages begin to ring. This is known as "Ringing in the storm," and is considered an absolutely necessary precaution. As the weather grows worse you may hear the church bells all along the valleys peal as well. Hailstorms in August are most dreaded, and if the sky seems to indicate that they are coming the priest is warned and goes to stand at the door of the church, bearing the Host, to pronounce the storm blessing. Some priests are considered more gifted than others in giving this blessing, and are supposed to be able to stave off disaster by their peculiar powers. They become popular far and wide with the peasantry and are known as "storm-fighting gentlemen."

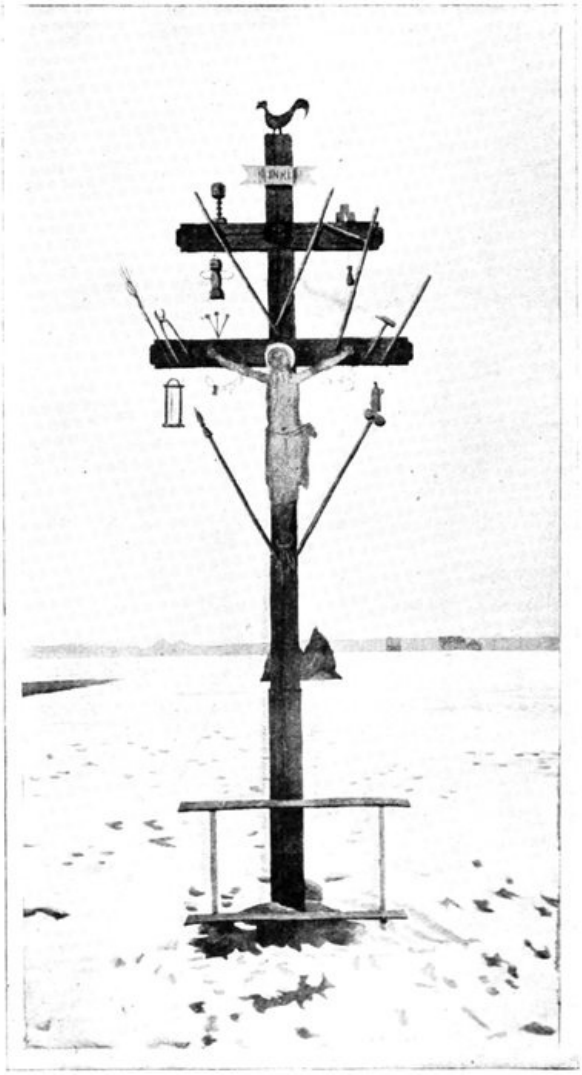
Not only the priests, but also the bells of certain churches have a great reputation for their miraculous powers of checking bad weather. The "witches' bell" in the wood at Pinzgau and the one at Muhr, in Lungau, are famous in this connection; while the two little bells of St. Jacob's chapel in Kaprun Castle are supposed to be very potent, both to avert hailstorms and to frighten away witches. In past days the peasants used to believe that many of the storms were caused by witches who flew through the air on broomsticks, scattering a powder as they went and raising the blizzard. These were called "manufactured storms."

A mischievous spirit called Zabera Jaggl is said to bewail bitterly the difficulties that certain bells put in his path when he wants to ride out on the wings of the storm. He is supposed to explain his troubles thus: "When I want to dash through the pass of Lueg the watch-dog of Werpener will not let me by"—the watch-dog being the great bell of Werpener Castle, which was always rung at the approach of a storm till the inhabitants of Abtenau, near by, implored the castle folk to cease, since in consequence of their ringing all the tempest swept on to Abtenau. He goes on to say: "If by any chance the watch-dog sleeps and I get safely past Hell Bridge across the Fritzbach, then I knock up against the big Altenmarker hound (the church bell of Altenmark), and he will not let me fly up the forest of Kreisten, where I ought to be able to do great damage. Supposing I try to turn back and ride to St. Martin's, then the mastiff at the inn howls and all the whelps yap (the big bell of the inn and the smaller ones found on every house-top in St. Martin), and I must vent my rage as best I can on Hell Mountain.

Wherever I turn a watch-dog faces me, till in despair I climb the mighty mountain, tear the trees down, and whirl around the summits, lying down at last, dead tired, to rest on Dachstein." [1]

[1] Dachstein is one of the great mountains of the Tyrol. Round it endless legends and romances are woven.

A legend is told of the witch bell of Muhr, in Lungau, which is of a peculiar shape, very ancient in appearance, and very much chipped. It hangs in the middle of the peal of bells in the village church, and the story runs that the devil once rode down to Muhr, determined to enjoy himself, on the back of one of the biggest hurricanes ever seen. But the witches' bell was rung for Ave Maria, and every man in the village fell on his knees to pray for the defeat of the Evil One. So fervent were their prayers and so potent was the Ave Maria bell that Satan had to turn again. The memory rankled, and he determined to revenge himself. Now it happened that he was in league with one of the very worst witches of the neighbourhood, so he went to give her instructions, taking with him a "hell hammer," which is a very infernal weapon. According to instructions, she mounted her broomstick at midnight and flew away to the belfry at Muhr. She went straight to the middle bell and began hitting it with all her might with the hell hammer. But the bell had been consecrated, and resisted all her efforts till just before one o'clock, when she managed to chip it. At one o'clock, however, the hour for witches, ghosts, and ghouls is over, and so she had to pick up her hammer and fly home again. Since that time, however, the bell has lost most of its tone, and instead of being heard for miles around it can now only protect its own little parish.



THE GREAT "STORM CRUCIFIX" AT GRÖDIG, NEAR SALZBURG.
From a Photograph.

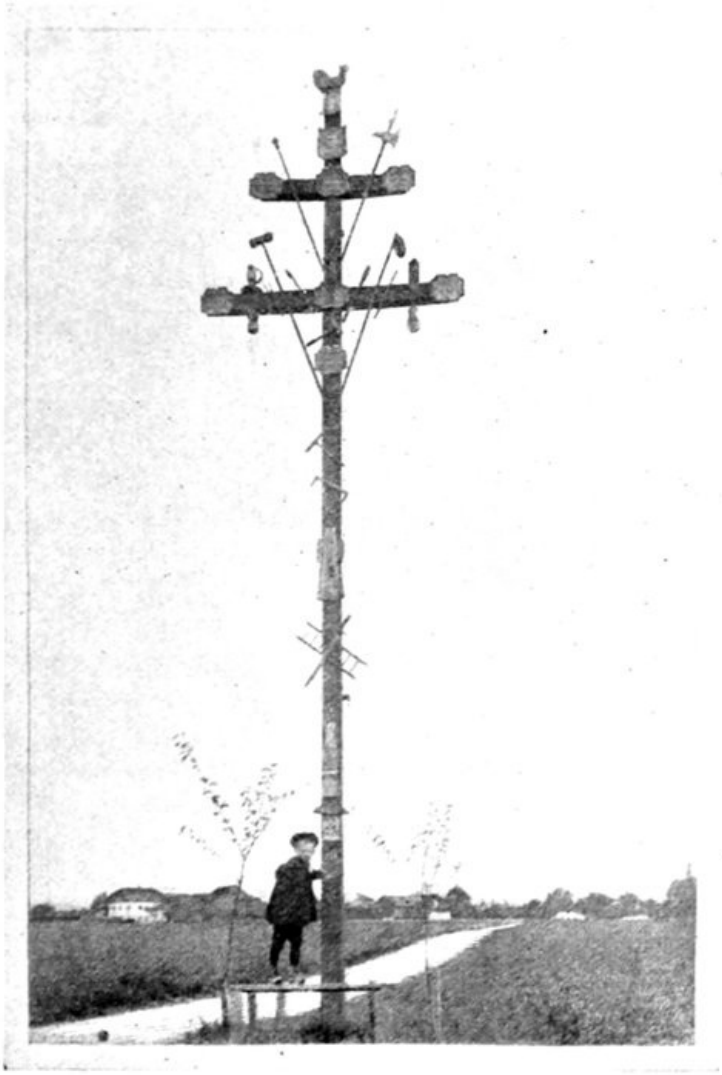
Among the sights that strike one most in passing through the villages of the Salzkammergut are the "storm crucifixes" and "hail crosses." Sometimes you find them in the church porches, sometimes in the graveyards, and sometimes right out in the fields. They stand about fifteen feet high, and are often painted a reddish brown. There is almost always a second and shorter plank nailed across to form two extra arms. The figure of Christ is usually carved out of wood in a primitive fashion and highly coloured. All around, fixed on to the four arms, are the emblems of the Passion. These are the chains, the ladder, the sword, the staves, the lantern, the cock, the dice, the seamless robe, the sponge, the purse of Judas, and many more. Village artists and carvers frequently employ their winter evenings in making every emblem that they can think of, and they call them "Christ's weapons." On the 3rd of May, the day of the finding of the true Cross, they take them to the parish priest, who blesses them and fixes them to the crucifix.

The storm crucifix at Grödig, near Salzburg, of which we give a photograph, is a very curious-looking and primitive erection, standing in a great open field behind the village. Another photograph shows the hail cross of Unter Eching, an immense thing over twenty feet high. It does not bear the figure of our Lord, but, on the other hand, there is a great collection of "Christ's weapons." A leaden cock always stands on the very top of all the crucifixes. At the foot is usually found a little pew where pious pilgrims frequently come to pray for fine weather at harvest time, and close by there will frequently be seen a frame of wood across which is stretched a piece of wire. Ten little wooden balls run along the wire and are used by passers-by as a roadside rosary.

The Tyrolese peasants have a strongly superstitious as well as a religious side to their characters. They invoke the aid of Heaven, but they also place a good deal of reliance in the help of amulets and charms. It is only fair to say that these have usually been blessed by the Church. For instance, little bunches of catkins are blessed and given away in the churches on Palm Sunday, and are carefully preserved by the country-folk till harvest time. Then if the weather becomes threatening and they fear for their crops they fling them into the fire to avert the evil effects of the storm.

St. John's Wort or Hypericum is regarded in most countries as a plant with every sort of wonderful power. When lightning is heard a bunch of it is hung up in front of the window to protect the house. If it is picked before breakfast it is almost infallible as a talisman against lightning. St. John's Wort gathered on Midsummer Eve has marvellously magical properties.

In some parts of the Tyrol it is



THE "HAIL CROSS" AT UNTER ECHING.
From a Photograph.

considered dangerous to touch anyone who has been struck by lightning till the priest has said a prayer over the body. There are even countries where it is considered a Divine favour to be killed by lightning. Another protection against being struck is the *Antlass Ei*, an egg laid on the Thursday before Easter and then placed in the roof.

Summer hailstorms are feared more than anything else, and in cases of severe hail the farmers have a "hail Mass" performed in church. In some places where storms are much dreaded hail processions take place every Sunday from Whitsuntide till the end of August. When the big stones come pelting down, black and red "storm candles" are lighted. These are kept in readiness for such occasions in every well regulated household.

I am told that in Belgium blessed wax is burnt in times of tempest. Among the various recipes for avoiding danger the following may be mentioned: Never point your finger at a thunderstorm. Do not eat or drink while it lasts, but wrap yourself in silk and put a candle under the table. If you are caught by a storm out of doors, go and lie down under an elder tree. There can then be no danger, for the Cross was made of elder wood.

Evidently the curious four-armed cross given below must have some special connection with storms. It is a little metal one intended for personal use, and is inscribed with mystic letters which seem to have no meaning, but must convey some subtle sense of protection to the wearer. In the middle is a little medallion representing the Host.

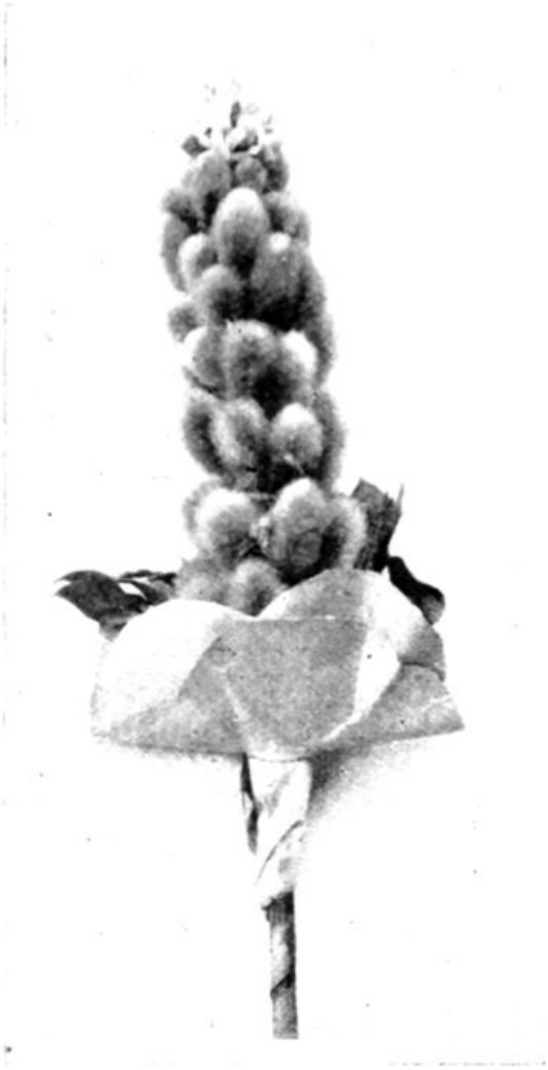
The photograph reproduced on the next page shows a "Letter of Protection" against storms and other evils, which is regarded as a very potent charm by the Tyrolese peasant. At the top of the page on the right-hand side, St. Anthony of Padua is expelling demons, unpleasant-looking creatures with wings and forked tails. Beneath him is St. Roch, protecting from pests, and St. Benet from sorcerers. Here again we see the cross with four arms. The two heads are those of St. Anastasius and St. Anastasia, both beheaded martyrs, who are invoked against ghosts and demons, and below them, in the corner, is St. Francis Xavier, repulser of tempests. The hands, feet, and heart of our Lord preserve from serpents.

On the left hand side comes, first, St. Francis. Below him are St. Michael and St. George, on either side of a cross. St. George preserves the believer from lapses of faith and St. Michael keeps malign spirits at a distance. The three kings sitting in a row beneath are invoked as protectors of faithful travellers, and a very evil-looking beast is seen grovelling before the uplifted cross of St. Ignatius. Right in the middle is a particle of earth from the Holy Land and three relics as safeguards against fever, fire, and lightning.

In the Tyrol the labourer when sowing the seed scatters his field with charcoal "for luck." In Bohemia a splinter of wood from which a coffin has been made is stuck upright in the fields to protect them from sparrows. Another idea is that a piece of wood from a coffin that has been dug up will defend crops from caterpillars.

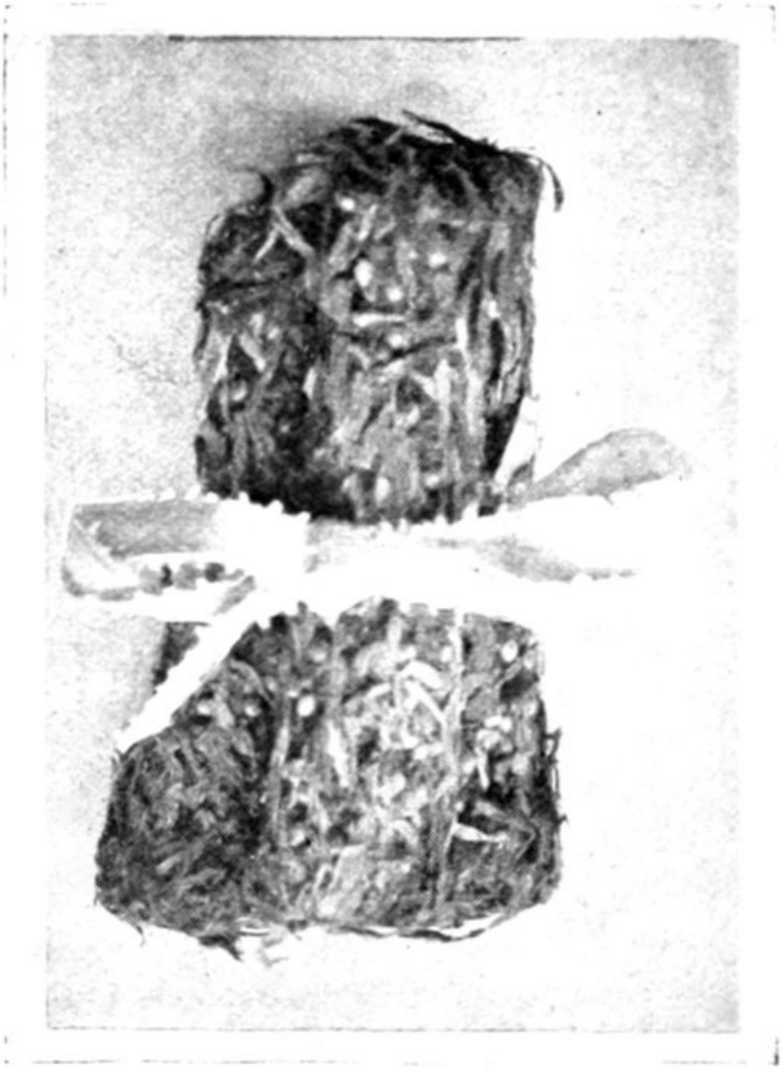
It is all very well for us to laugh at these superstitions, but not so long ago in parts of Scotland the farmers used to leave one portion of their land uncropped year after year. The spot was supposed to be dedicated to the devil, and known as the good-man's croft or landlord's acre. This was done so that the Evil One should busy himself with it and leave the rest of the place alone.

In conclusion, I should like to acknowledge the kind help I have received from Mr. Adrian, of Salzburg, the well known authority on folklore, who furnished me with much information for the purpose of this article.



BUNCHES OF CATKINS ARE GIVEN AWAY IN THE CHURCHES ON PALM SUNDAY, AND THESE ARE BURNT AT HARVEST-TIME TO AVERT THE EVIL EFFECTS OF STORMS.

From a Photograph.



A "STORM CANDLE"—THESE ARE LIGHTED TO DRIVE AWAY HAILSTORMS.

From a Photograph.

A TALISMAN INTENDED TO PROTECT THE PERSON CARRYING IT AGAINST LIGHTNING AND TEMPEST.

From a Photograph.

AN ANCIENT "LETTER OF PROTECTION," REGARDED AS A VERY POTENT CHARM BY THE TYROLESE PEASANTS.

From a Photograph.

The Affair at Greenville.

By N. H. Crowell.

An account of a tragic happening which abruptly broke in upon the peaceful routine of life in a small American village. But for the important part played by the cross-country telephones it is probable that the desperate trio with whom the narrative deals would have got clear away to continue their career of crime.

THE fall of the year 1901 was remarkable for the number of bank robberies occurring in the States of Iowa, South Dakota, and Minnesota. The daring of the travelling bands of criminals, commonly known as "yeggmen," manifested itself in frequent and generally successful attempts on the vaults of various financial institutions. In Iowa alone there had been no fewer than thirteen robberies without a single arrest up to the date of the Greenville Bank case, which I am about to set forth.

On Saturday morning, November 16th, 1901, a Greenville business man, rising early, was attracted by a peculiar object lying in the middle of the main thoroughfare. Greenville, being only a small village of some three hundred people, possessed but one principal street, which ran through it from east to west. Upon approaching the object the man saw that it was the door of a bank-safe, and his surprise may be imagined when, looking about him, he discovered that the large glass front of the bank building near by was entirely shattered.

In a very few moments he had gathered an anxious crowd, and the more daring ventured into the ruined building. It then became apparent that the safe had been blown open by nitroglycerine and its precious contents carried away. On the bank counters were found a small dark lantern, two bars of soap, some chisels, and a silk handkerchief. The completeness of the job showed it to have been the work of persons who were either unacquainted with the terrific power of the explosive used, or of extraordinary daring and recklessness.

The cashier of the bank, Mr. E. B. Harrington, lost no time in reaching the local telephone office, from which point he immediately notified the sheriff of the county at Spencer, nine miles north, of the robbery, afterwards reporting it to the town marshals of all the surrounding towns.

While thus engaged an employé of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway arrived with the intelligence that the station tool-house had been broken open and a hand-car taken therefrom. The operators on the line at Spencer to the north, and at Sioux Rapids to the south, were at once

called up, but both protested that no hand-car had passed their station at any hour of the night. The mystery was solved half an hour later by the discovery of a broken hand-car at the crossing of the Rock Island and Minneapolis and St. Louis roads, one mile south of the town. It was evident that the robbers, fleeing on the car, had met with an accident and had been forced to abandon it. The clue was serviceable, however, in that it pointed out the direction of the miscreants' escape, and the officials at Marathon, Laurens, and Albert City—towns in the general line of flight—were promptly advised to be on the alert to intercept all suspicious characters and hold them till examined.

At this juncture a young lady employed in the Spencer telephone exchange imparted the information that she had observed three nasty-looking strangers the night before eating a late supper at a Spencer restaurant. The restaurant proprietor corroborated this, and added that one of the men was of very dark complexion, and, in his judgment, was a mulatto.

The wires were again resorted to and neighbouring officials given the fresh information. At nine o'clock on the morning of the robbery the marshals of every place within a radius of forty miles were in possession of the facts, and had trusted deputies guarding all approaches to their respective towns. Assuming it to be a fact that the robbery had been committed by two white men and one black man, who were now travelling on foot in a south-easterly direction, it seemed but a question of hours before they would be halted by some one of the representatives of the law.

An hour passed by, then two, and a third. Not a word came from Marathon, the nearest town in the line of flight. It was impossible for the men to escape by train, as all depôts were under close surveillance; it was equally impossible to conceal themselves in a farming community so thickly inhabited as the one they were now traversing. It appeared inevitable, therefore, that their whereabouts must soon be reported.

Just before noon a farmer living five miles east of Sioux Rapids drove into that town and, upon being questioned, stated that he had given three strangers breakfast less than an hour before. He stated that one was a negro, and that all three were well armed and were apparently desperate characters. Upon being informed that the trio had burglarized the Greenville Bank, the farmer was considerably surprised, but was able to give a minute description of the robbers to the marshal.

It being now evident that the men were heading for Albert City, a small town on the Milwaukee railroad, fifteen miles to the south-east, Marshal Snyder, of Sioux Rapids, lost no time in picking a posse to aid him in the capture of the desperate men. In twenty minutes he, with three others, whirled away in a carriage drawn by the fleetest team in the town. Marshal Snyder knew that a freight train was due to leave Albert City shortly after the dinner-hour, and he hoped to reach the depôt in time to thwart this method of escape.

While Snyder and his deputies were speeding toward Albert City, the town marshal of that little place, Mr. C. J. Lodine, received definite word by telephone that the robbers were moving in his direction. Barely had he hung up the instrument when he learnt that three men answering the descriptions sent out were in the waiting-room of the Albert City depôt, awaiting the arrival of the freight train, concerning which they had been questioning the agent.

Marshal Lodine, a brave and efficient officer, knew that there was no time to lose. The train was due in a very few minutes, and he felt that upon him devolved the success or failure of all the efforts that had been put forth for the capture of the three criminals.

Seizing a Winchester rifle, he started out to secure men to assist him in the capture. No one refused his call. He darted into a forage store, and the proprietor grasped his hat and followed readily. A doctor's office came next, and the physician was added to the little party. At the bank he secured the cashier, while a farmer who was hitching up his team joined him with alacrity. In the space of ten minutes Lodine had five armed and determined men behind him, and speedily made his way to the waiting-room of the little depôt.

Far to the north sounded the whistle of the approaching freight train, and the posse stepped a trifle faster at its summons. They knew the crucial moment was soon to arrive.

Down the length of the narrow platform they walked and approached the door of the waiting-room. With his men close at his back Marshal Lodine entered, and located his men seated in the corner of the room. Rifle in hand, he took a step in their direction and commanded:—

"Hands up! We want you!"

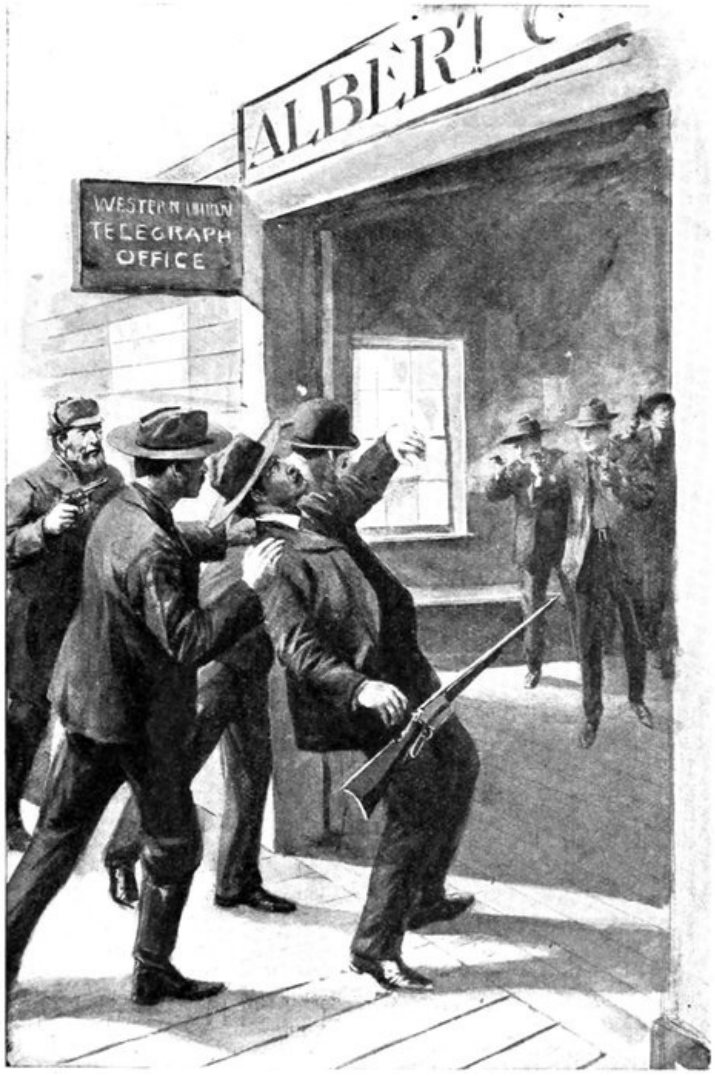
Immediately, without warning or replying, the three men whipped out revolvers and opened a furious fire. Marshal Lodine was hit in the body and staggered out on to the platform, where he dropped the rifle. Mr. M. H. Conlin, a farmer, snatched it up and ran for cover from the galling fusillade that was being poured in his direction.

The posse, unprepared for such an unexpected onslaught, scattered wildly, and as they ran the desperadoes emerged upon the platform and fired repeatedly upon them. Lodine, sorely wounded, secreted himself near the depôt, while Conlin and the forage-store proprietor, John Sundblad, dropped behind a pile of rocks. Conlin was uninjured, but a bullet found poor Sundblad, and he fell writhing in agony.

Having cleared the field, the robbers ran across the railroad tracks and entered a barn belonging to one Johnson. Finding a horse therein, one of the white men led it out and began a hurried attempt to hitch it up to a buggy standing near, being protected in his efforts by the negro, who stood by firing at every hiding-place

where lurked a member of the posse.

From his cover behind the rock-pile Farmer Conlin began shooting at the horse, intending to kill it and thus prevent escape by that means. In his excitement, and being under a severe fire, Conlin was unsuccessful, and desisted. A moment later, however, as the men were about to leap into the buggy, he resolved to make one more effort. At the crack of his rifle the white man dropped to the earth, struck squarely in the breast. The negro at once ran up and stripped his fallen comrade of his guns and money.



"THE THREE MEN WHIPPED OUT REVOLVERS AND OPENED A FURIOUS FIRE."

At this point the freight train drew in and separated the combatants. A delay ensued, during which the two remaining robbers leaped into a farmer's wagon and compelled him to drive north at breakneck speed. As rapidly as was possible three rigs were dispatched in hot pursuit, and the chase became so warm that the fleeing men were forced to stop a single rig driven by two boys, whom they threw out and thus continued their flight. This rig was soon exchanged for another, a lady's vehicle being commandeered in this instance. This team failed them shortly, and a farmer, fixing fence along the highway, was next required to deliver his team. Stripping the harness off, the men mounted the animals bareback and started away at a gallop. The horse ridden by the negro, however, suddenly "bucked" and threw his rider off. He was unable to mount, and, seeing the pursuers approaching, dropped the reins and turned into a cornfield at one side of the road. His partner, observing this, also dropped off his horse and dashed into the cornfield.

The men were now practically cornered. From the east the posse from Marathon was just in sight, and would have intercepted them in another mile.

Conlin, with the Winchester rifle, sent big bullets screaming through the corn-shocks (sheaves), and as the field was not an extensive one the men were in considerable danger of being struck down unless they surrendered, and this they finally decided to do. The desperadoes, having thrown down their guns, were directed to approach with their hands in the air. Thereupon they were securely tied with straps taken from the harness.

At this moment Farmer Conlin discovered that he had fired his last cartridge. Brooks, the negro, then stated that had he known this a moment before he would never have been taken, as it was the fear of the big rifle alone that had caused them to surrender.

The two robbers were driven rapidly back to Albert City, at which place Marshal Snyder had arrived. He searched the men, and, not satisfied with a superficial examination revealing more guns and ammunition, ordered the men to strip. This they did with evident reluctance. Around the negro's neck was tied a razor and a bag containing a quantity of some liquid. As Snyder removed the latter the negro remarked:—

"Be careful of that; it's dangerous!"

Needless to say this liquid was nitroglycerine, and as there was enough of it to have blown off at least twelve safe-doors it is not difficult to understand the ferocious nerve of the man who carried it when exposed to bullets and the eccentricities of bucking horses.

The examination over, the negro hastily snatched up his under-garments and began donning them hurriedly. This aroused Snyder's suspicion further, and realizing the calibre of the men with whom he was dealing he searched the garments. Sewn in the seams of the shirt he found two fine saws nearly twelve inches in length, with which he cut an iron stove-poker as easily as a dull knife cuts cheese. This discovery was a serious one for the negro, and his spirits fell noticeably thereafter.

The men were now turned over to the sheriff and deputies who had arrived from Storm Lake, and by them taken to that city and

JOHN SUNDBLAD, WHO DIED FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE WOUND RECEIVED IN THE FIGHT.

From a Photograph.

lodged in the county jail.

John Sundblad died on Sunday afternoon from the effects of the wound received in the fight, and Marshal Lodine, after battling bravely for eight days, also succumbed to his injuries. The robber shot by Farmer Conlin lingered until Sunday noon, and before dying confessed that it was he and his companions who had robbed the Greenville Bank. He stated that his name was Dolan, although he was apparently of Italian descent.

The two surviving men, giving the names of Albert Phillips and Louis Brooks, were tried for murder, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged.

Upon appeal to the Supreme Court errors were found, and a new trial granted the accused. They were found guilty of manslaughter at this trial and sentenced to life imprisonment at hard work. At the present time they are in the Iowa State Penitentiary at Anamosa.

The money stolen from the bank was subsequently recovered, being found concealed in the field where the desperate men made their last stand.

"THEY WERE DIRECTED TO APPROACH WITH THEIR HANDS IN THE AIR."

THE WIDE WORLD: In Other Magazines.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN A FOOT.

HIS merry little five-year-old nigger-boy is comfortably stowed inside an elephant's foot, and, judging from the size of his smile, seems delighted at being photographed in such a strange position. The elephant was shot by us some months ago, and the foot is large enough to hide the boy completely.—MR. F. K. ROWE (Uganda), IN "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

T

BEAR-HUNTING IN SWEDEN.

TWICE in my chase of Bruin I have made use of a bear-spear as my weapon of attack, and, as some newspaper writers in their search after copy have rioted furiously over my methods, I may take this opportunity to maintain that the use of a spear entails no greater cruelty than any other mode of attack and that every hunter should be armed with one in reserve, since these powerful beasts have a vitality that triumphs over a stray bullet or more unless lodged in a vital region, and when wounded their retaliation is redoubtable and easily fatal. In Karelen the bear is yet regarded as a noxious horror. The great black-haired "Slagbjörn," or killing bear, is still rampant there, and a couple of winters back I was able to wreak justifiable vengeance on some beasts that had killed over a score of cows and nine horses.—COUNT ERIC VON ROSEN, IN "COUNTRY LIFE."

WASHINGTON'S CHARM.

SOCIETY in Washington is very attractive. Everybody in society there is in politics or is an official. It is the one city of consequence in the United States that has no commercial interests. In Washington they think and talk politics, literature, and art. Men come to Washington from all parts of the country and all corners of the earth. There is a large section of naval and military, literary, and scientific men. Society is cosmopolitan rather than local. It is not narrow in any way, and over all there hangs the charm of the White House and its inmates. —"WOMAN'S LIFE."

A JOKE WHICH DIDN'T WORK.

COMMANDER PEARY, the famous Arctic explorer, never starts on one of his exploring expeditions without receiving all sorts of packages from cranks—cowhide underwear, tea tablets, medicated boots, and what not. A few days before the start of his last trip a club acquaintance wired him to expect an important package by express. The package came. It was

labelled: "To be opened at the farthest point north." Peary opened it at once, however. It was a small keg, inscribed: "Axle grease for the pole."—"TIT-BITS."

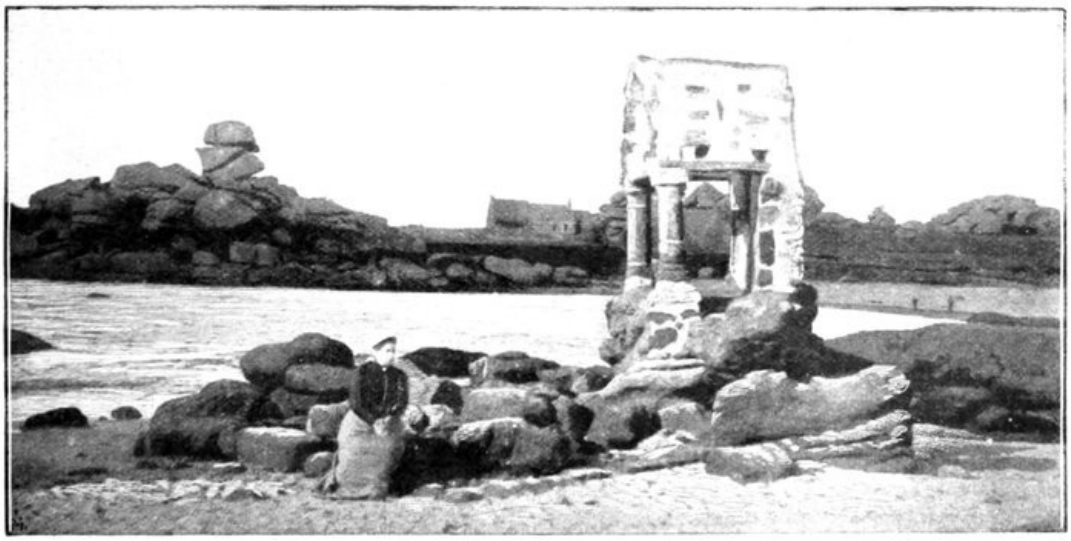
THE CHAUFFEUR ABROAD.

WHEN going foreign in a motor-car, it is by no means necessary to take a man—in fact, I prefer not; and though I drive a 25 Talbot which gives 48 horse-power on the brake, and can touch fifty miles an hour, we are getting on nicely without the extra weight and expense of a man who, however good his intentions are, cannot work harder than we amateurs do when there is anything to be done. You see, if you take an honest English one, he, as a rule, is as a child, and cannot borrow a split pin without your linguistical assistance. In England you can say "Put the car up somewhere, get a bed, and have her round at ten to-morrow," and go to your dinner happy in the knowledge that all will be well. But on the Continent you have to mother him even to the extent of arranging his dinner for him, get his rooms, and translate every desire and necessary till one comes to the conclusion that the game is hardly worth the candle.—"C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE."

Odds and Ends

A Curious Shrine—A Human Catharine-Wheel—A Deaf-and-Dumb Band, etc.

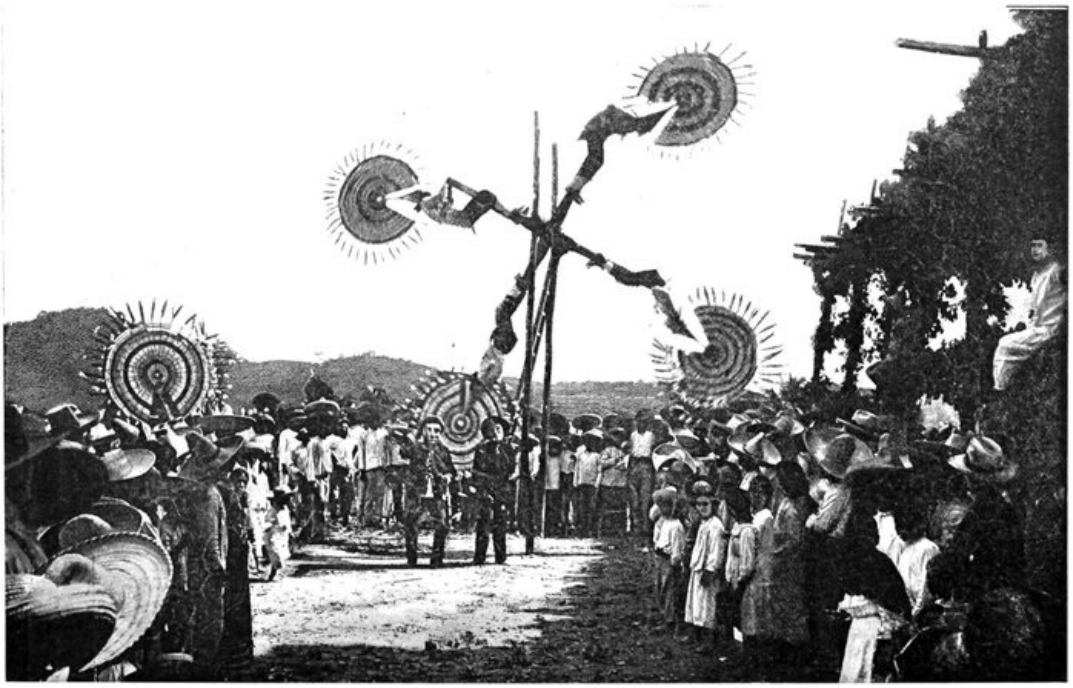
NEAR Ploumanach, in Brittany, there is one of the most curious shrines in Europe. This is the chapel of St. Guirec, a tiny, picturesque building of the twelfth century. It stands on a rock in the bay, and at high tide is surrounded by the waves. Inside is a wooden statue of St. Guirec in a deplorable state, for it is simply riddled with tiny holes. The reason for this sad state of things is that the fishermen's daughters have a strong superstition that if they come to pray at the shrine and stick a pin into poor St. Guirec they are certain to get married within the year. If the hapless saint gives himself a shake during the night and the pin drops out, it is an infallible sign that everything will go well.



THE CURIOUS CHAPEL OF ST. GUIREC, IN BRITTANY—IT CONTAINS A WOODEN STATUE OF THE SAINT, INTO WHICH THE FISHER-GIRLS STICK PINS, BELIEVING THAT THIS WILL ENSURE THEM A HUSBAND DURING THE YEAR!

From a Photograph.

The extraordinary photograph on the next page shows what may well be called a "human Catharine-wheel." This is to be seen at the annual feast of the Totonaco Indians at Papantla, in the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico. Wearing huge, highly-coloured erections—made from the bark of a tree—on their heads, four men take their positions on the arms of the mill and proceed to make it rotate, gradually working up to a speed of forty or fifty revolutions a minute, while the crowd cheer excitedly. This ranks as "fun," but must be decidedly warm work for the performers, who, to guard against the results of giddiness, are strapped by the legs. The two Indians seen in the foreground are wearing grotesque masks.



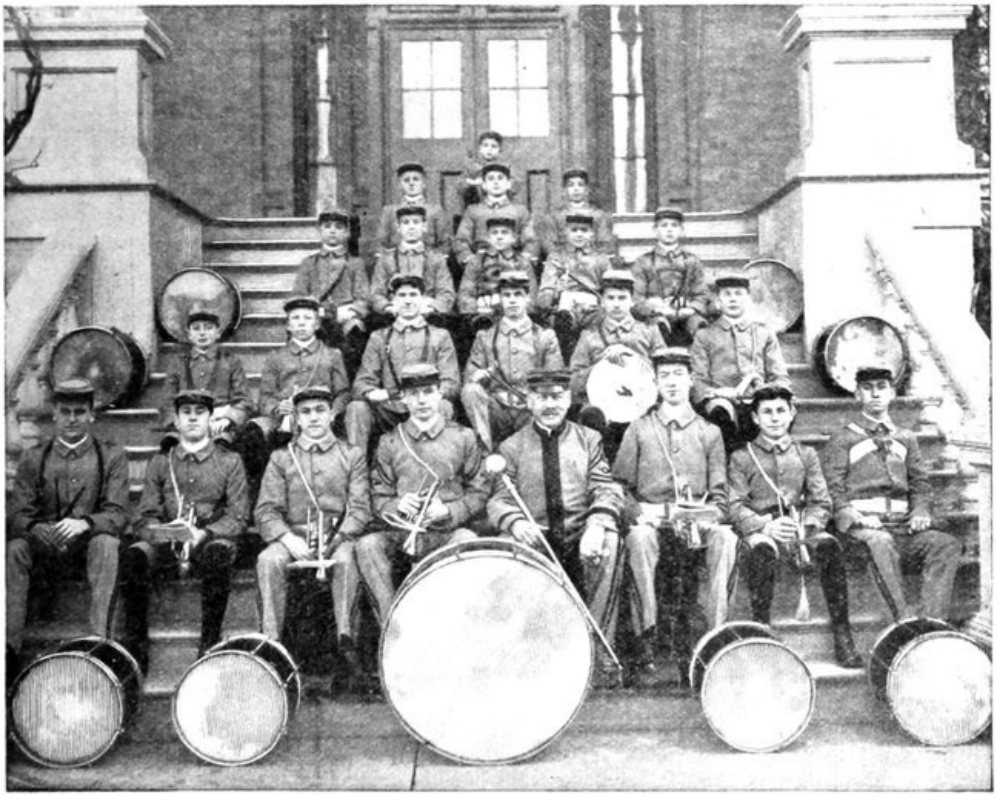
A HUMAN CATHARINE-WHEEL—THIS EXTRAORDINARY DEVICE IS TO BE SEEN AT THE ANNUAL FEAST OF THE TOTONACO INDIANS, OF MEXICO. FOUR MEN, GAILY BEDECKED, TAKE THEIR PLACES ON THE ARMS OF THE MILL AND PROCEED TO MAKE IT ROTATE, WORKING UP TO A SPEED OF FORTY OR FIFTY REVOLUTIONS A MINUTE.

From a Photograph.

From Sialkot, India, a member of the 12th Lancers sends us the quaint little photograph here shown. He writes: "My dog had been burrowing in loose sand, and, as he turned to come out, the sides of the excavation fell in and imprisoned him. Had I not been there he would undoubtedly have died; so, after freeing his head, I made a sort of tombstone round him and photographed him as a memento."

A SNAPSHOT WITH A CURIOUS HISTORY.

From a Photograph.

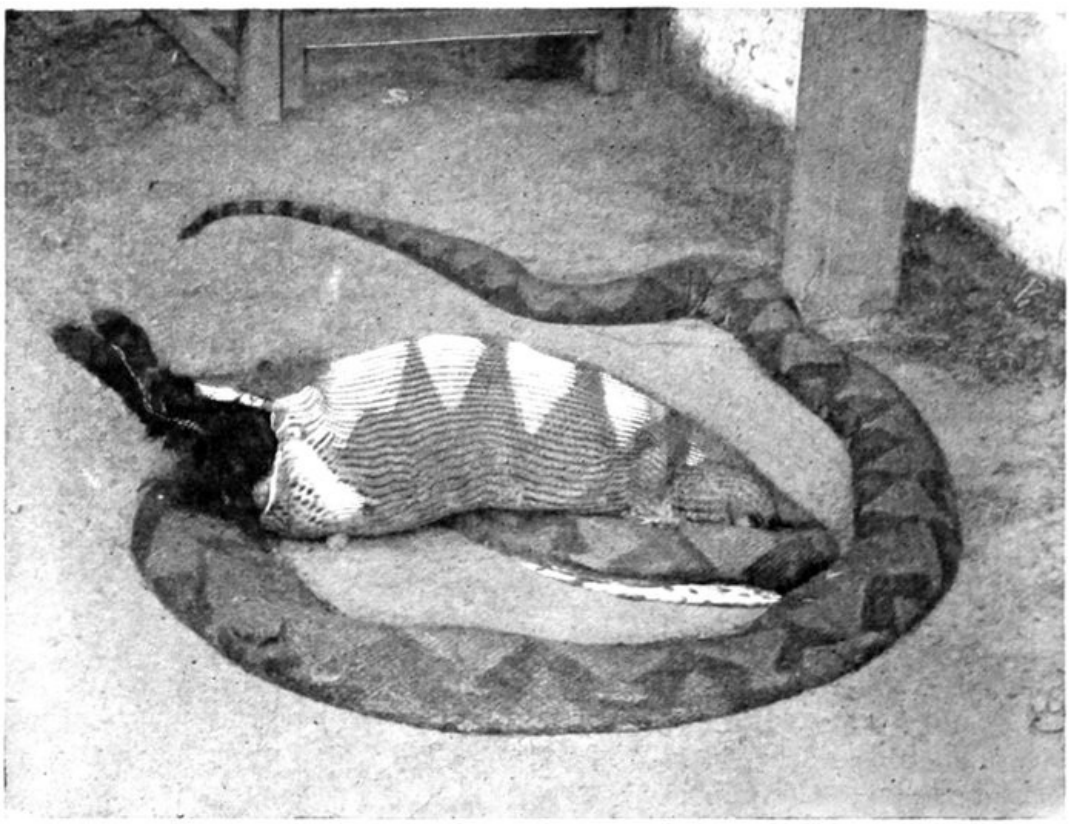


THE ONLY BRASS BAND IN THE WORLD WHOSE MEMBERS ARE DEAF AND DUMB.

From a Photograph.

The only brass band in the world whose members are deaf and dumb is depicted in the photograph reproduced below. This remarkable band belongs to the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. To teach a person who is afflicted in this way to play an instrument and get him to understand something of musical notation would appear at first an impossible task, and it was only accomplished after many months of patience. First of all the players were taught how to blow the fife, the simplest of all wind instruments. The next step was more intricate. By the use of certain fingers the players were made to produce given notes, and in this way various tones were taught and committed to memory. Being of necessity taught with the utmost exactness, the pupils developed a confidence of execution not found in the average musical student. Certain rules were laid down, which the deaf-mute had to follow explicitly, and the result was absolute correctness in playing.

It is difficult for those who have not had ocular

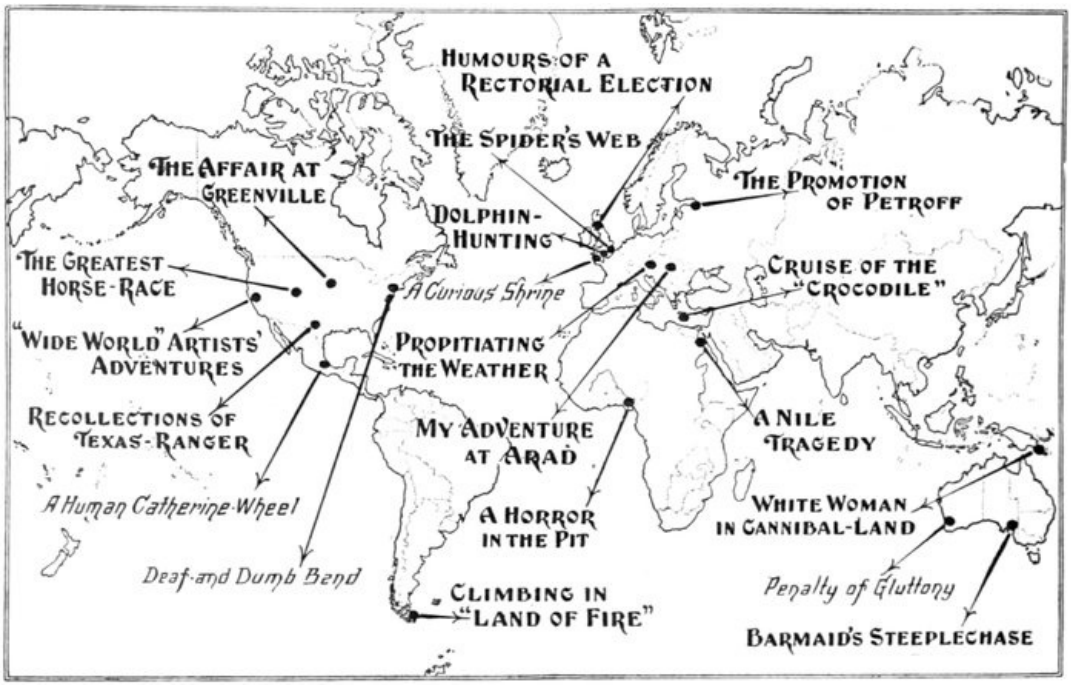


THE PENALTY OF GLUTTONY—THE PYTHON HERE SHOWN TRIED TO SWALLOW A GOAT BODILY, BUT "BILLY" STUCK IN HIS THROAT AND

KILLED HIM.

Copyright Photograph by St. Michael Padmore.

demonstration to credit the extraordinary capacity of snakes for absorbing large animals. The striking photograph we next reproduce was taken in the Zoo at Perth, Western Australia, and shows a python which endeavoured to dine not wisely but too well. He killed a goat, and commenced to swallow it bodily, as is the pleasing habit of these great snakes. Poor "Billy," however, had his revenge, for he stuck in the reptile's throat, capacious though it was, and all the python's efforts to dislodge him failed. The result, of course, was distinctly unfortunate for the snake. When the curator went his rounds the following day he discovered the monster quite dead, with the goat's hind legs sticking out of his mouth, as shown in the snapshot.



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.

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES

Added table of contents.

Silently corrected simple spelling, grammar, and typographical errors.

Retained anachronistic and non-standard spellings as printed.

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