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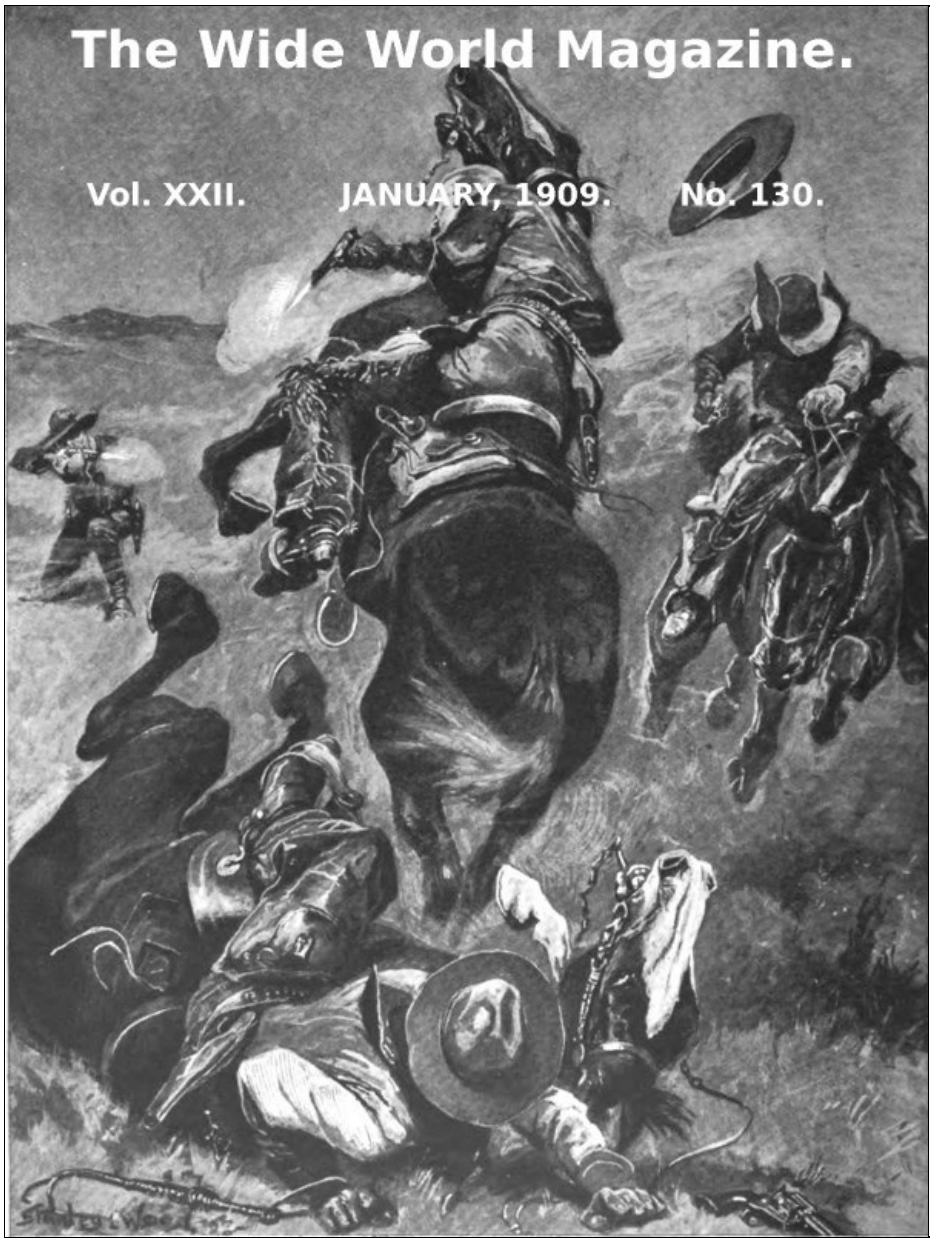

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“‘CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!’ CAME THE ANSWER FROM CUTLER’S GUN.”

(SEE PAGE 319.)

The Wide World Magazine.

The Beulah County “War.”

By H. M. Vernon.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Westerner is the high regard in which he holds womankind. Even in the roughest mining camps a woman is absolutely safe, and is treated with a consideration unknown in many more civilized centres. This remarkable story illustrates the Westerner’s innate chivalry in a very striking fashion. Sooner than drag the name of a young schoolmistress into a quarrel, a resident of Three Corners, Montana, allowed himself to be made an outlaw, and for weeks defied the population of a whole county to arrest him, even when a field gun was brought out to shell his fastness. How in his extremity the girl he had befriended came to his rescue and put an end to this extraordinary “war” is graphically told in the narrative.

N the extreme western part of the State of Montana, U.S.A., in the County of Beulah, lies a little town called Three Corners. At first only a junction on the Rio Grande Railway, from which point countless thousands of cattle were shipped to all parts of the world, Three Corners grew to be a flourishing place. The wooden shanties, gambling “joints,” and dance halls gave way to brick buildings, several banks, a school, and other signs of progress, as respectable settlers moved farther toward the Golden West. Of course, a part of the old town remained, and with it a few of the characters typical of a Western “cow town.” Among these was a tall, raw-boned man who had drifted West in the ‘eighties, settling at Three Corners and opening a gambling-house. His name was “Jim” Cutler. He was a man of very few words, but with one great failing—he would shoot first and argue afterwards. Yet this gambler, who was known and feared far and wide as a “gun-fighter,” was at heart the mildest of men, beloved by all the children in the town, to whom he gave coppers galore. Furthermore, Cutler would put up with all manner of insult from a man under the influence of liquor, or from “Tenderfeet” who did not know their danger. Cutler’s shooting propensities were directed solely toward avowed “bad men” or those who delighted in being known as bullies. In the course of his altercations with such characters this tall, raw-boned man—who could, and did, “pull his gun” like a streak of lightning—added to the population of the local cemetery with a score of six.

Among the new-comers to Three Corners during the rehabilitation of that town was a Hebrew named Moses Goldman. This man, a good-looking fellow of some twenty-eight years, hailed from New York. He opened a shop, and, with the business ability of his race, soon succeeded in making it the principal draper’s establishment of the place. Before long, however, reports began to circulate that the handsome young Hebrew was not quite so respectful in demeanour towards his lady customers as he should have been, and, although highly popular with a certain element, the major portion of Three Corners’ female population gave Goldman’s shop a wide berth.

One Monday morning Jim Cutler, who had been up all night looking after the “game” in his establishment, was just leaving the place when a young woman, whom he recognised as the schoolmistress, ran up to him and said: “Oh, Mr. Cutler, would you mind walking as far as the school-house with me?”

Cutler, somewhat astonished, did so, and was gratefully thanked for his trouble. After leaving her he walked slowly back to his rooms, wondering why he of all men should have been chosen to escort the pretty “school ma’am.”

Some days afterwards Cutler, who passed the school on his way to and from the Gem Saloon (his place), saw the mistress deliberately cross the street just before reaching Goldman’s shop, and continue on her way on the other side. He also saw Goldman come to the door and try to attract the girl’s attention. When he reached Goldman, the latter; twirling his moustache, remarked, laughingly, “Shy girl, that, eh?” Cutler looked at the Hebrew for a moment, and then answered quietly, as he moved away, “She ain’t your kind.”

Three weeks after this little episode there was a ball at the City Hotel, and, naturally, almost the entire youth and beauty of Three Corners “turned out.” The City Hotel was just opposite Cutler’s saloon, and at about one o’clock the gambler was sitting in a chair outside his place, listening to the music, when the schoolmistress and her mother left the hotel on their way home. A moment later a man also quitted the building and followed them. Presently he stopped the two ladies and attempted to converse with them. The younger of the women apparently expostulated with him, and then the two went on, leaving him standing at the corner. Cutler recognised the solitary figure as that of Goldman, the draper, and drew his own conclusions. Next morning Cutler made it his business to leave the Gem Saloon just as the schoolmistress was passing, and strode up to her.

“Miss Thurloe,” he said, “you were stopped last night on your way home. Can I be of any assistance to you? I know you have only your mother to protect you.”

The girl gave him a grateful look, and explained that Goldman had repeatedly forced his attentions on her. She had done her best to send him about his business, but he continually annoyed her, even going so far as to enter the school-house, interrupting lessons and making himself generally obnoxious.

Cutler smiled grimly during the girl's hesitating recital, saw her safely to her destination, and then went home for a sleep. At three o'clock that afternoon he walked leisurely towards the school-house, stopped at the fence just by the rear door, and chatted with the boys, it being the recess hour. Suddenly, approaching from the opposite direction, he beheld Goldman, who walked straight into the school-house without having seen the gambler. The latter waited for a few moments, then he also entered the building. Reaching the schoolroom, at the end of a short hall, he found the door locked, and promptly threw himself against it with all his strength. The door gave way with a crash and Cutler leapt in, to see the schoolmistress struggling in the arms of Goldman. She was fighting like a tigress, but the Jew's hand, held tightly over her mouth, prevented her crying out. Directly Goldman beheld the saloon-keeper he released his prisoner, who sank back panting upon a chair, and glared savagely at the new-comer. Cutler, ignoring him entirely, walked slowly toward the agitated schoolmistress and stood still, waiting for her to speak.

Goldman, however, was the first to do so. "Oh, no wonder I've no chance," he burst out, viciously; "Cutler's as lucky in love as he usually is at cards."

Cutler flushed at the gibe, but he said not a word, waiting for the girl to speak. Presently, having in a measure recovered herself, she rose and approached the gambler. "Mr. Cutler," she said, unsteadily, "this man has insulted me repeatedly. Just now he tried to kiss me by force, and I'm afraid I shall have to give up my position here and leave Three Corners."

In a very gentle voice Cutler asked the girl to leave the room for a few minutes. After she had gone he turned toward Goldman, who stood looking at him defiantly, his arms folded across his chest.

"If you were a man," he said, sternly, "I'd drop you where you stand, but I'm going to teach you a lesson that'll do you a heap of good." Then, with a sudden bound, he grasped Goldman by the throat, threw him across a desk, and, with a three-foot ruler, administered a thrashing such as might be given to a recalcitrant schoolboy, only with somewhat greater severity. The punishment over, Cutler picked the man up and, dragging him across the floor, threw him bodily out of the building. Now Goldman was himself a powerful man, but Cutler's action had been so swift and decisive that the Hebrew had practically no chance to offer resistance. Once freed from the gambler's hold, however, he turned and flew at his adversary with clenched fists, snarling furiously. Cutler stood quite still, and just as the Hebrew came within the proper distance his right fist shot out straight from the shoulder. It landed square on Goldman's jaw, and he dropped like a log.

Several of the school-children, attracted by the noise, now crowded round, vastly excited. Cutler, having informed Miss Thurloe that he believed she would not be further annoyed, but that he would keep an eye on "that fool masher," walked slowly toward the town, leaving the vanquished draper lying where he had fallen.

It has been necessary to explain all this in order that readers of The Wide World Magazine unfamiliar with the ways of the Far West may better understand what follows. I have said that the better element had in a manner of speaking driven the original settlers at Three Corners to new fields. These new-comers looked upon Cutler as an "undesirable." His reputation as a "man-killer" did not appeal to the emigrants from the cultured Eastern States, who would gladly have seen him pack up and leave the town. Goldman was quite aware of this, so, directly he recovered himself, he asked for and obtained a warrant for Cutler's arrest on a charge of assault. The gambler was arraigned before the local magistrate, where he steadfastly refused to give any reason for the chastisement he had inflicted upon Goldman. The latter immediately realized the advantage of Cutler's chivalrous reluctance to drag a woman's name into the affair, and so swore that the assault was entirely unprovoked and committed out of "pure devilry" on Cutler's part. Cutler was fined fifty dollars and severely admonished by the Court. Everyone wondered why this acknowledged "bad man" did not promptly wreak vengeance on the Hebrew. The gambler, however, desiring to protect the name of the school-teacher, said not a word, but paid the fine and went about his business as though nothing had happened.

“HE ADMINISTERED A THRASHING SUCH AS MIGHT BE GIVEN TO A RECALCITRANT SCHOOLBOY.”

Some ten days passed, when, one moonlight evening, Cutler came driving down the road leading into Three Corners, behind a fast-trotting horse. Just as he reached the end of a long field of corn a report rang out and his horse dropped, riddled with shot. Cutler jumped from his buggy, whipped out his revolver, and made for the corn-field, from which the shot had evidently come. He made a thorough search, but the tall corn-stalks afforded a secure hiding-place to the would-be assassin—for Cutler had no doubt whatever that the shot had been meant for him. Reluctantly giving up his quest, he walked back to his saloon and sent several men to remove the dead horse and bring in his buggy. The next morning he again made his way to the corn-field, and there, just by the fence, he found five discarded cigarette ends of a very expensive Egyptian brand which he knew to be smoked by only one man in Three Corners—Goldman, the draper. Evidently the man had lain in wait for a long time. Cutler next climbed over the fence, and was about to return when he saw lying in the path a piece of cloth torn from a jacket, and on it a button. It looked as though the would-be murderer, in jumping the fence, had caught his coat on the barbed wire; at any rate, he had left a damning piece of evidence behind him. With the cigarette ends and the fragment of cloth in his pocket, Cutler walked leisurely up the road into the town and made direct for the shop of Moses Goldman.

The draper was standing on a step-ladder arranging some goods on the shelves. When the door opened, ringing a small bell, he turned, and seeing Cutler jumped down from the ladder. The gambler looked the man straight in the eye. “You miserable cur!” he cried, angrily. “You’d shoot a man in the dark, would you?”

Goldman, realizing that Cutler had satisfied himself as to the identity of his assailant, made as if to draw a revolver. That was the last movement he ever made, for the next instant he dropped dead, shot clean through the heart.

The gambler waited for a moment to see if the report of the pistol had attracted any attention; then, as no one appeared, he quietly left the shop, went over to his saloon, placed two revolvers in his belt, and filled his pockets with ammunition. Then, taking up a Winchester repeating-rifle, he went to the stable, saddled his horse, and after a few words with his bartender rode out of Three Corners in a westerly direction.

It was not long after his departure before the entire town was in an uproar. Moses Goldman, the energetic draper, had been found shot—killed in his own shop by Jim Cutler. The latter had been seen entering Goldman’s establishment by several persons, and the shot had been heard by people living above the store, who afterwards saw Cutler leaving. Sheriff Benson, accompanied by two deputies, promptly called at the Gem Saloon, but the officer was a trifle late, for Cutler was by that time some miles distant. Lest it should be thought that Cutler had made his escape through cowardice it may be best to explain at once, perhaps, that this was not the case. The man

realized that should he be apprehended the name of Miss Thurloe must necessarily figure prominently in the matter. Strange as it may seem, this six-foot gambler, knowing no better, believed that by “making himself scarce” he was protecting that lady’s good name. This was a mistake, undoubtedly, but the fact remains that he made it.

It happened that Rufe Benson, Sheriff of Beulah County, was a sworn enemy of Cutler’s, for the latter some years before had taken the law into his own hands and at the point of his gun liberated a prisoner whom he believed to be innocent, and who was eventually proved to be so. Benson now formed a posse of some twenty armed men, and there began a man-hunt which lasted, so far as this particular posse was concerned, for a fortnight. They were then reinforced by a body of “Rangers,” some fifty strong, who in turn found it necessary to call to their assistance a body of militia. All these officers were ably assisted by the citizens and residents of Beulah County, altogether some thousand strong, and yet Jim Cutler proved more than their match. Benson’s men trailed the fugitive to Kerry’s ranch, some six miles out; from here he had gone north-west toward the Rio Grande. He was mounted on a thoroughbred—as were all the men, for that matter—but six miles was a long start in a case like this, and should the hunted man once reach the mountains—well, there might be some trouble in getting at him. The telegraph was put into operation, and a circle some ten miles in circumference drawn around Cutler. When this cordon closed in, however, they failed to find the gambler amongst them, but they *did* find two self-appointed “man-hunters” lying where they had fallen to the deadly aim of Jim Cutler’s repeating-rifle.

From every town for miles around amateur detectives joined the hunt, but no trace could be found of Cutler beyond the Moulin River, a tiny stream only some twenty feet wide, so the rivulet was dammed and the water drained off for miles, so as to discover, if possible, whether Cutler had ridden up or down stream. While one party of men were doing this, others rode in all directions, searched the ranches, and notified every town by telegraph to keep a look-out for the slayer of Moses Goldman. More and more people joined in the hunt, but for some days, in the slang of the West, “there was nothing doing.” Then, early one morning, two horsemen came galloping towards Benson’s camp, and one of the men, dismounting, delivered a message to the effect that Cutler had been seen at McPherson’s ranch, some eleven miles north-west, where he had informed Mr. McPherson that he had not the slightest intention of taking further life unless driven to it, and that, if Benson would call in all his men, he (Cutler) would promise to give himself up in a fortnight’s time. (It was afterwards learned that he intended in the interval to communicate with Miss Thurloe and arrange a story, leaving her name entirely out of the matter.) Benson, however, was on his mettle, and so refused to parley with his quarry.

“If Jim Cutler thinks he can defy the law and officers of this county, he is mightily mistaken,” he said, “and we’re going to take him, dead or alive.” This ultimatum duly reached Cutler through “non-combatant” friends, whereupon he smiled grimly. Being now outlawed, it was impossible for Cutler’s friends to assist him without making themselves amenable to the law, so the hunted man demanded and secured everything he required at the point of the pistol.

Within fourteen days thereafter nine men who had attempted to interfere with the escaping gambler paid for their foolhardiness with their lives, and all the time, little by little, Cutler was getting closer to the mountains, whose shelter meant so much to him. Sometimes hidden for hours in a haystack, or lying flat under the rafters of a barn loft, the fugitive moved on his way. The main body of pursuers often got within gun-shot of him, but luck favoured the man, and he always managed to find cover just in time. Finally, completely worn out—he had ridden two horses to death and abandoned others commandeered for the time being—Cutler reached the foot of the scrub hills or little range which lay between him and his goal. Here, for the first time, he came in contact with a number of the “man-hunters.” “Lon” Masters—a noted character in Montana, and himself a dead shot—accompanied by eight cowboys, suddenly appeared over a rise in the ground. Cutler, on foot, saw them coming. He dropped on one knee and his rifle flew to his shoulder. The horsemen drew rein, and Masters, making a trumpet of his hands, shouted, “Don’t be a fool, Jim; you’re sure to be caught sooner or later. Let me take you, and I’ll promise no harm shall come to you. You know my word.”

TABLE ROCK, CUTLER'S STRONGHOLD IN BEULAH COUNTY.
From a Photograph.

"Can't do it, Lon," Cutler shouted back. "If they give me ten days without interference I'll give myself up—you know *my* word."

"Jim," responded Masters, "if you don't drop your gun we shall have to fire."

"Crack! crack! crack!" came the answer from Cutler's gun, Masters and two others of the party being hit. The remainder now urged their horses forward, but, as first one and then another rider was "winged" by the desperate man in front of them, the remainder decided that they had urgent business elsewhere, and rode back for reinforcements.

At last, after a weary night's climb, Cutler reached the place he had been making for. He had not slept more than an hour or two for days, and so, secure for a time at least—for no one could climb these hills quicker than he had done—the worn-out man dropped in a heap. Cutler's hiding place was a barren ledge, some fifty yards in extent, the only approach thereto being the bridle-path by which he had come. Two, or at most three, at a time was the only formation in which his pursuers could get anywhere near him, and with Cutler's knowledge of the use of firearms this was a ticklish undertaking, to say the least of it. Moreover, he could see anyone approaching along the valley for a great distance. There was plenty of water a little distance down the path, Cutler had sufficient food with him to last for a week, and he felt he could "make a get-away" during this time.

The erstwhile gambler awoke when the sun was high in the heavens; he felt lame and sore all over. Walking towards the edge of the ledge he saw, away in the distance, a large party of horsemen spread out over a great area. Cutler went down the path, bathed his face and arms in the cool spring water, and took a long drink; then, returning above, he sat down and leisurely ate from his store of dried beef, biscuits, and corn bread. At midday the approaching horsemen were in full view, and Cutler saw that they had come with prairie wagons, containing camp paraphernalia, evidently prepared for a siege, for they knew as well as he did himself of the hiding-place where he had taken refuge. Soon the riders came to a halt and Cutler laughed as he saw others coming from all directions, evidently anxious to be "in at the death." It looked rather a big camp to the solitary figure high in the air, but numbers meant nothing, only—well, his ammunition would give out sooner or later. Then, of course, would come capture—but he wouldn't look that far ahead.

During the afternoon several men approached, one of them displaying a white handkerchief, which he waved to and fro. When the men reached the bottom of the hill they dismounted and one made his way slowly up, shouting now and again, "It's me, Jim—Joe Ludlow." Cutler made his way down the path and, suddenly coming upon Ludlow, ordered him to throw up his hands. The man did so, saying, "Jim, you and I have been friends for fifteen years; believe me, I'm unarmed; I want to talk to you—trust me." Thereupon Cutler lowered his rifle, and the two men shook hands. Then followed a long confab, during which Ludlow did his utmost to get Cutler to surrender. He said Sheriff Benson was prepared to starve Cutler out, or get him at all costs. It would only mean loss of life and must eventually result in the fugitive's capture. Ludlow said that he, with half-a-dozen "pals," would assure Cutler a safe return to Three Corners, sending Benson and all the rest on ahead. Then Cutler could stand his trial, and, with a good lawyer from Butte to defend him, would no doubt stand a chance of some sort.

Cutler listened patiently; then he shook his head.

"I know what's coming to me, Joe," he said; "they have been after me for years in a quiet way. Now they want my life, but they sha'n't have it—at least not until I've paved the way with a few of them."

Ludlow was a very decent sort of fellow, and he tried his utmost to convince Cutler that his argument was a good one. Cutler then took the man into his confidence, and, Ludlow promising not to say a word to those below, he was told the whole story—told of Miss Thurloe's complaints, the episode at the school-house, the shooting of Cutler's horse, and everything.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" cried Ludlow, when the tale was finished. "Why didn't you let us know this in the first place?" He then informed the gambler that he would ride back to Three Corners and explain the situation to the schoolmistress. She had only to tell her story to the judge, he said, and it was a certainty he would interfere in some way. Cutler demurred, but Ludlow bluntly told him to "go to h——; he wasn't going to see a good man hounded to death." With that, turning on his heel, he left without another word.

Going back to the camp, Ludlow informed Sheriff Benson that under no circumstances ought he to attempt to take Cutler, and asked him to await his return from Three Corners. Benson replied, "I want none of your conversation, Ludlow; Cutler is a downright murderer, and I mean to have him."

Ludlow, disdaining further argument, rode off at full speed toward the little town where all the trouble had occurred.

Not knowing just what card Ludlow had up his sleeve, the sheriff decided to make quick work of Cutler's capture. He therefore sent a party of deputies to Malvern, the nearest telegraph station, and in the name of the law asked the county militia to send him some men with a mountain gun, the property of private individuals who practised soldiering as a pastime. Each State in America, it may be said in passing, possesses several such regiments, which are available in war-time, although in no way a part of the Government organization, and having no connection with the State militia. It would have been useless to attempt to dislodge Cutler as matters stood, but Benson believed that a few shots from a cannon might have the desired effect. When his message was received at Malvern it created a sensation. Business was for the nonce neglected and everybody—men, women, and children—made their way toward the sheriffs camp at Table Hill.

Several attempts were made to parley with Cutler, without success, and so three days went by. On the afternoon of the fourth day the refugee on the rock was thunderstruck to see a body of soldiers approaching from the south, with a field gun hauled by four horses. He did not know whether to laugh or to regard this seriously. Surely the officers of the law would not resort to bombarding him with a cannon? Soon the soldiers reached the camp, and about an hour later Cutler saw that the gun, a howitzer, was being trained on the hill where he lay enjoying a smoke. There was no chance of his getting away other than by the path by which he had come. Behind him there was a sheer drop of hundreds of feet into the gully far below. True, he could descend some distance down the mountain-side, but if the besiegers really meant business this would not help him much. Nothing was done that day, but Cutler kept vigilant watch all through the night. He had regularly built a huge fire some way down the mountain-side, which was protected by trees to some extent, but lit up the path for a considerable distance.

"IF YOU SO MUCH AS WINK YOUR EYE I'LL PUT A HOLE IN YOU."

The next morning a party numbering a dozen came toward the hill again bearing a white flag. They stopped some distance off, one man only continuing—Benson, the Sheriff of Beulah County, himself. Cutler allowed him to approach much nearer than had Ludlow; then he covered the advancing sheriff with his rifle.

"Cutler, if we haven't rushed this place," said Benson, "it is only because I did not want to sacrifice human lives, knowing full well that sooner or later you must give up. I know you are on the square, so I've come up unarmed, being sure you wouldn't take advantage of the white flag. I'm only doing my duty. I give you this chance to come back with me, otherwise I'm afraid they'll blow this place up and you with it."

"Regular war, isn't it?" replied Cutler, smilingly.

"Looks like it," admitted the sheriff.

"Well, seeing you are trying that game, I'll just do a little in the war line myself," said Cutler.

“You walk up this path towards me, and if you so much as wink your eye I’ll put a hole in you that a tramcar could go through!”

The sheriff could hardly believe his ears. “Don’t be a fool, Cutler,” he said, angrily.

“Never mind about my being a fool; you do as you’re told or I’ll drop you quick.”

Benson evidently had no doubts about the matter, for, though beside himself with rage, he promptly did as Cutler ordered. The sheriff was forced to walk ahead, and no doubt, had his captor been almost any other man than Jim Cutler, there would have been one big fight on Table Hill, gun or no gun, but Benson knew that Cutler would do just as he said he would. Arrived at the top, Benson was forced to write a note saying that he was a captive, and that perhaps it would be just as well not to fire the cannon in the direction it was now trained. Furthermore, one man was to approach the hill with food, whisky, and tobacco. The note was then secured to a large stone by the aid of Sheriff Benson’s braces, and while Cutler “stood by” Benson was ordered to throw this stone toward the deputy in charge of the waiting horsemen below. This man, or one of those with him, picked up the stone, and read the message to the others. There was a great laugh below—plainly heard by the two men on the ledge—and, needless to say, the merriment of his assistants did not add to Benson’s peace of mind. Cutler now laid his rifle down, first having drawn a six-shooter. Then, approaching Benson, he searched him for concealed firearms, but the sheriff was unarmed. The latter was now told to sit down and make himself comfortable at the opening which led to the path, Cutler being thereby able to watch both his prisoner and the approach from below. Soon a solitary figure came from the camp, carrying the food “ordered.” It was brought as near as Cutler permitted it to be, and then Benson, under cover of the rifle, was sent to fetch it. It looked for a moment as though there might be a fight after all, but Cutler’s business-like demeanour soon caused his prisoner to change his mind.

With the food there was a note, reading, “Are we to wait for you or not?” This did not appeal to the sheriff’s sense of humour, and he tore the paper into shreds.

Just at sundown a large cloud of dust was noticed in the distance, which soon turned out to be a number of mounted men with a wagon, or “prairie schooner.” The new-comers were presently merged with those in camp, and not long afterwards two men, escorting a woman, rode slowly toward Table Hill. Again the white flag was raised, and a voice shouted from below, “Hi, Jim, it’s me—Ludlow.”

Cutler permitted his friend to approach, and when he gained the ledge Ludlow had a hard struggle to restrain his laughter at the unfortunate sheriff’s predicament.

“I’ve brought some news for you, Jim,” said Ludlow. “That school-ma’am is a brick, and no mistake. When I told her how things stood, she came right to the front, and not only saw Judge Nolan, but drove twenty miles to see Governor Hill, and here’s the result.”

Ludlow then handed Sheriff Benson an official communication paroling Cutler in his own recognizances pending investigation of Miss Thurloe’s story. Western men are nothing if not intensely chivalrous, and, if this girl’s story was correct, Cutler, in their estimation, deserved, not death, but a medal.

The amazed sheriff scratched his head and Cutler seemed undecided, but Ludlow grasped his hand eagerly. “Come on, old fellow, down to the sea-level,” he cried. This broke the tension, and all three men smiled.

“There is nothing for me to do but obey this, Cutler,” said the sheriff, slowly; “but I’ll tell you straight I don’t feel like doing it.”

Ludlow turned to Benson and informed him that Judge Nolan had made him a Court officer, the tenure of his office being thirty days, and that he would brook no interference from Benson or anyone else. That settled it. The trio walked down the path, where Miss Thurloe, with tears in her eyes, thanked Cutler for his brave and manly action on her behalf. She said that she had reason to believe he would be acquitted, and that, as no warrant had been issued for his arrest until after he had shot the men who had attempted to stop him, it must be a case of self-defence.

Cutler was received with cheers by the crowd in camp—the same men who were thirsting for his blood an hour before—and soon everybody was seeking the nearest way home, and the scene of action was shortly deserted. It is not possible to chronicle that Jim Cutler was triumphantly acquitted at his trial. His character went strongly against him—that is to say, the fact that he had previously figured in “shooting scrapes”—but, nevertheless, his sentence was a comparatively light one. The State’s attorney (analogous to counsel for the Crown) laid great stress on the fact of Cutler’s having visited Goldman’s shop, obviously seeking trouble, when he should have reported the attempt on his life to the authorities. He was sentenced to five years in the State prison, but was pardoned at the expiration of eleven months. He is now living in Butte, the capital of the State of Montana, where he has opened a saloon. Miss Thurloe left Three Corners, and is believed to be teaching in Pittsburg, U.S.A.

The local newspapers poked much fun at the soldiers who took their cannon miles out to bombard what they jocularly called “a one-man army”; but all the same they meant business, and had matters not ended as they did there would have been a change in the landscape just there,

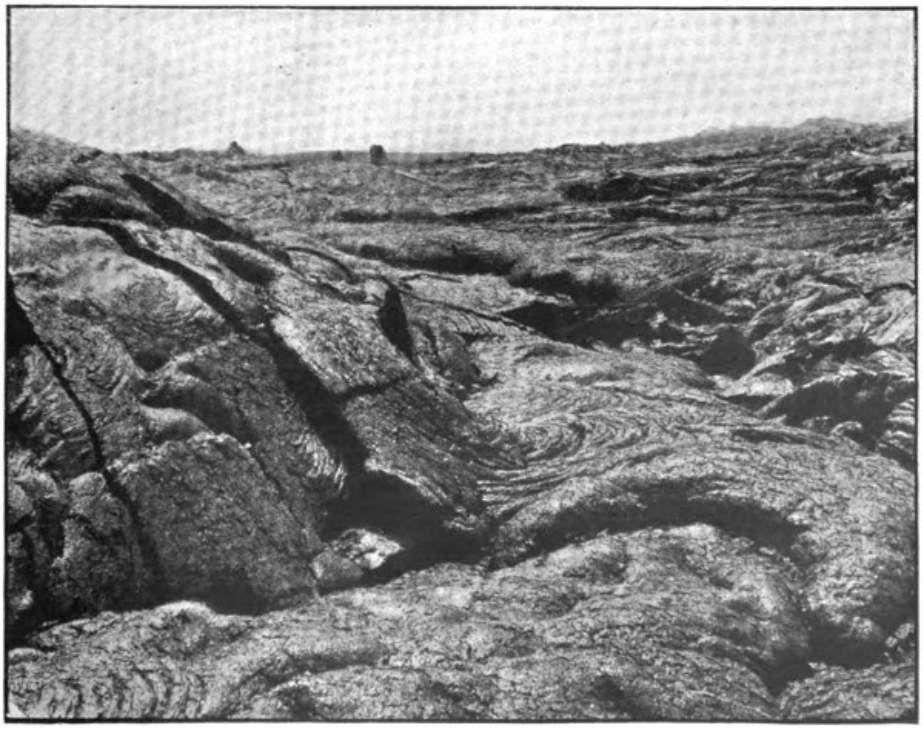
for the top of Table Hill would in all probability have been blown to pieces, and Jim Cutler with it.

Photographing a Volcano in Eruption.

By Frank Davey.

A vivid description of a photographer's adventures in securing pictures of the eruption of Makuaweoweo, in Hawaii. With pen and camera Mr. Davey depicts the awe inspiring grandeur of the lake of fire in the crater of Mauna Loa, the pyrotechnic display afforded by the active cone on the mountain-side, and the horrors of night amid the lava-wastes, where death menaced the party on every hand.

ON Tuesday, July 1, 1899, reports reached Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, that the volcano of Makuaweoweo, situated at the summit of Mauna Loa, thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-five feet high, on the island of Hawaii, had burst forth with all the fury of years gone by. I was anxious to get some photographs of the eruption if possible, and so made all the haste I could to get my paraphernalia together and catch the steamer *W. H. Hall*, bound for Hawaii.



"PAHOEHOE" LAVA, WHICH APPEARS AS THOUGH IT HAD COOLED WHILE FLOWING QUIETLY.
From a Photograph.

I left with the intention of reaching the scene of action from the Kau side of the island, but when, upon arriving at Kailua, Kona, I telegraphed to Mr. N. S. Monsarrat, at Kapapalu, I found that he had a house full of guests bent on the same journey, and that all his horses had been engaged. Rather than lose time, therefore, I decided to take the most difficult route of all—right over the great mountain from the Kona side. The obstacles to be overcome may perhaps be imagined when I state that Mauna Loa is a volcanic mountain, nearly fourteen thousand feet high, and that one has to make one's way for the entire distance over every kind of lava formation.

"A. A." LAVA, WHICH LOOKS AS THOUGH IT HAD SOLIDIFIED WHILE TOSSING LIKE A SEA IN A STORM AND THEN BEEN BROKEN UP BY EARTHQUAKES.
[*From a Photograph.*]

It was with great difficulty that I managed to get horses and mules from the natives, who knew the condition of the country, for the animals inevitably get badly knocked about, their legs being terribly cut by the lava, which is divided into two classes—"Pahoehoe" and "A. A." The former term is applied to tracts of comparatively smooth lava, which appears as though it had cooled while flowing quietly; the latter is applied to stretches of broken lava which seem to have cooled when tossing like an ocean in a bad storm, and to have afterwards been broken up by earthquakes. No words of description can convey an idea of its roughness and hardness, which may be faintly realized from an inspection of the above photograph.

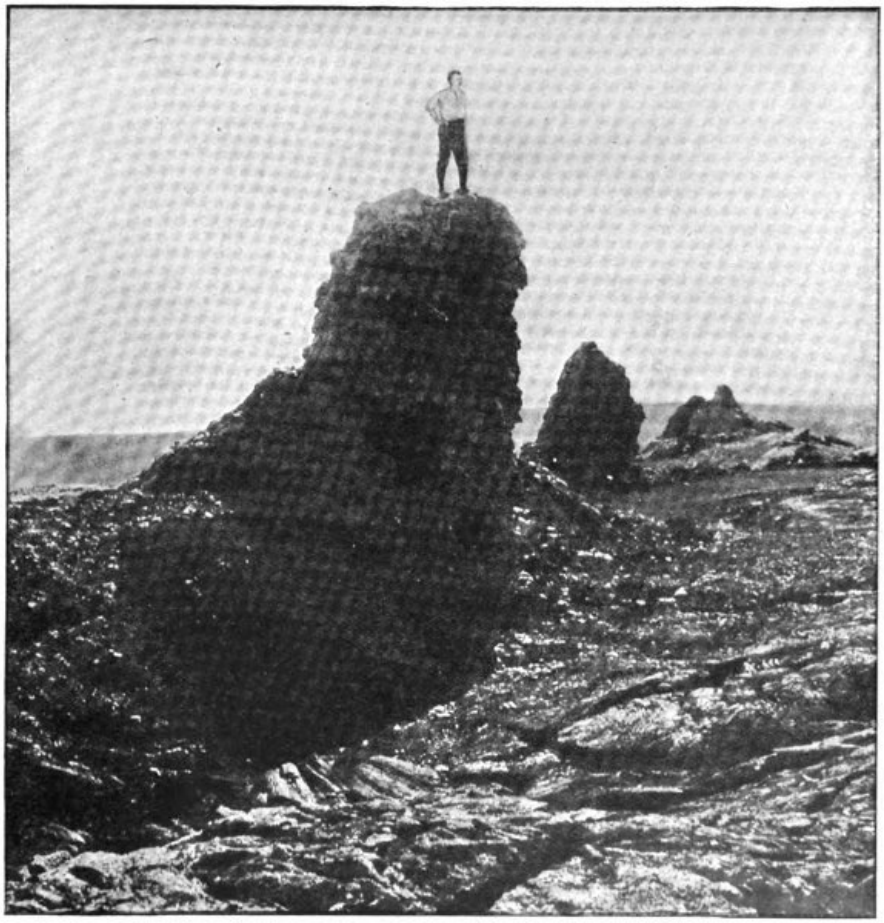
During the time I was hunting for horses a number of gentlemen arrived and expressed their desire to join me in the expedition. I was only too pleased to have their company, so five travellers threw in their lot with me: Professor Ingalls, Colonel McCarthy, and Messrs. Sterns Buck, J. Ballard, and H. C. Klugel. These, with three guides, completed our party.

We were up early the next morning. The first part of the journey was one of the most delightful rides I ever had. We rode for hours through magnificent tropical growths. There were giant ferns, some of which must have been thirty or forty feet high and three feet in diameter, groves of guavas, coco-nuts, and other fruits, miles of wild mint and bright-coloured flowers, and orchids of most delicate shapes.

At dusk we reached the edge of the timber-line, in a drenching rain, a downpour such as is experienced only in the tropics, where the rain descends in sheets. We ate our supper and then spent the night huddled miserably together, trying in vain to keep dry.

We resumed our journey at daybreak, over the most terrible country that can be imagined. The sharp edges of the lava cut through our stout boots like broken glass, and the poor animals suffered greatly. Still, however, we persevered, and finally reached the summit just as it was getting dark. Near the centre of the mountain-top an area of about four square miles sinks to a depth of one thousand feet. This is the great crater of Makuaweoweo, which we had endured so much to see.

As I stood there in the cold, in the midst of those cheerless and God-forsaken wastes, I gazed down with speechless awe upon the untrammelled frolics of the God of Fire. The tempest-tossed lake of molten lava below the rim of the great cauldron was a typical workshop of Vulcan. The face of the lake of liquid fire alternated continually between black and white, like molten iron in a furnace. Oxidation and cooling of the fiery fluid would blacken the surface with a pall that covered it in darkest gloom; then a trembling, caused by further subterranean outbursts of steam, would break this ice-like oxide into a fretwork of tens of thousands of incandescent cracks, lighting up the smoke-charged pit with a fierce glare. Another moment, and in different parts of the lake geysers of fire of every imaginable colour would rise like fountains in a public garden.

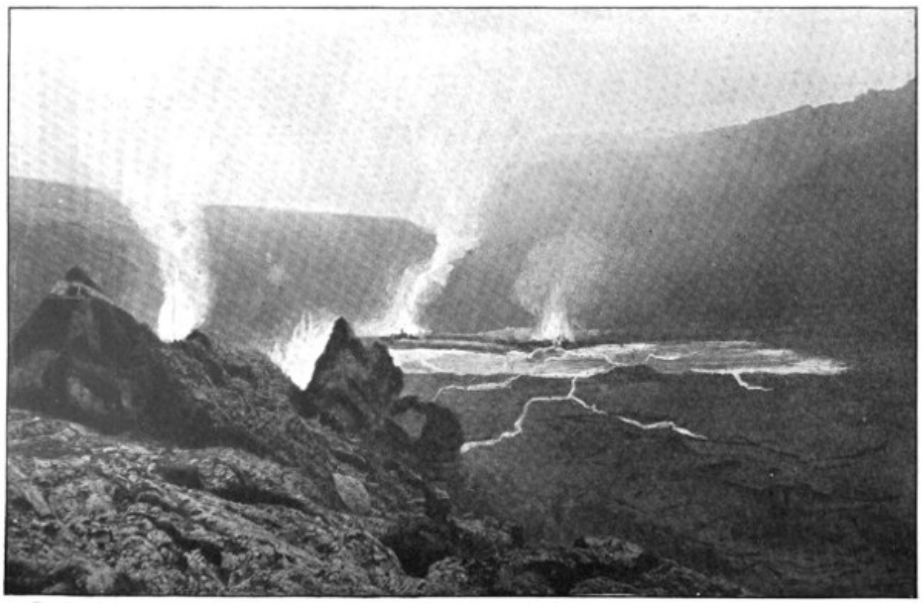


THE AUTHOR SURVEYING THE CRATER OF MAKUAWEOWEO FROM A PINNACLE OF LAVA.
From a Photograph.

The great forbidding-looking walls of this “home of everlasting fire” sparkled with the unusual light, and then, as the spouts of flame died away, the surface would again turn black, leaving the whole mass to all appearances dead.

We found that the worst outbreak was about five thousand feet farther down the mountain-side. Some of our party were seized with such a sickness of horror at the crater’s edge that they rolled themselves up in their blankets and refused to look down upon this fiery maelstrom—and that after two days of arduous effort to reach a point of view!

When the time came for sleep, another man and I turned into a “blowhole” in the lava; it was an immense bubble that had cooled and left an opening so that we could crawl in. We little thought that there was another hole at the other end, and the piercing wind blew through this like a funnel; but we had to stay there, for it is dangerous to wander about over the rifts and chasms of jagged lava in the darkness. Here, in this strange bed-chamber, we slept, or tried to sleep—shivering and shuddering through the chilly solitude of the night in those desolate mountain wastes.



THE CRATER OF MAKUAWEOWEO, SHOWING THE AWFUL LAKE OF LIQUID FIRE.
From a Photograph.

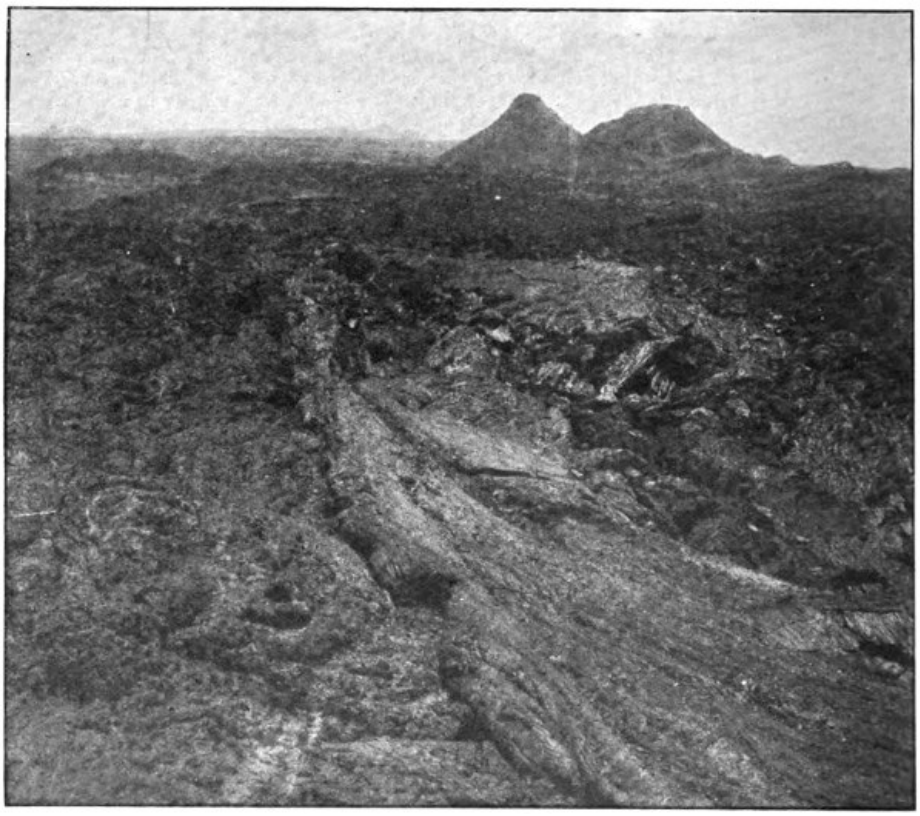
Walking across the congealed masses of lava next morning, one began to think that at any moment one was liable to drop through to the very gates of Hades and be precipitated to the most horrible of deaths. Underneath one was a bottomless abyss of mud, sulphur, and rock; and to contemplate being cast into that fearsome-looking lake of fire and brimstone was not at all comfortable. The Biblical description of hell does not convey even a faint idea of that terrible lake of fire below us, which appeared to be fretting and fuming as though anxious to get loose and destroy everything in its path. The crater of Makuaweoweo at that time, without doubt, afforded the spectator a more awe-inspiring display of the forces of Nature than has been granted to man elsewhere on earth without the sacrifice of life.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANIONS AS THEY APPEARED JUST BEFORE LEAVING THEIR HORSES TO VISIT THE WORST OUTBREAK.
From a Photograph.

Soon after daylight we prepared for the descent to the point that was throwing out molten lava at a white heat. It was practically impossible to take the horses farther, so we tethered them to stones near the yawning depths of Makuaweoweo, and left one of the guides to look after them. We were very thirsty, but it was some time before we could find water, though snow and ice were plentiful. Farther down, however, we discovered water in a deep crack in the lava, filled the canteens, and started on our downward journey. I was suffering from mountain sickness; my head felt as if it would burst and my stomach was upside down. We stumbled along with difficulty for about two miles, when I had to get the assistance of Mr. Buck to carry my camera. Two of our party who had started out in advance gave it up and returned—they could not stand the strain of the rough travelling. This left but four of us, with two guides.

Presently we reached a cone where the lava had piled up to the height of about one hundred feet, then, bursting out at the side, disappeared into the ground, to reappear about a quarter of a mile farther down and repeat its action. These cones averaged two hundred feet in width at the base and one hundred feet in height, and we passed five “dead” ones. A sixth was still smoking, but was not active. Two of the party tried to climb to the top of this cone, but were unable to do so.

We then pushed on to cone number seven, which was belching forth huge volumes of steam and sulphur. The fumes, most fortunately, were being blown away from us. At this stage one of the guides refused to go any farther; it was too dangerous, he said, so he proceeded to retrace his steps, while we others continued our journey toward cone number eight. This was the last and largest, and was, I should estimate, about two hundred feet high; in fact, a veritable miniature volcano, spouting red-hot lava a hundred feet in the air with a ripping boom that could be heard for miles. Boulders that must have weighed a ton were being hurled high into the air as if shot from a cannon. Others followed to meet those coming down, and as they met they burst like explosive shells, scattering molten matter on all sides. This flowed down the incline in cascades like water, showing red, yellow, blue, and all the colours of the rainbow.



TWO OF THE "DEAD" CONES PASSED BY THE PARTY.
From a Photograph.

It is impossible to describe the grandeur of the effect, and a knowledge of the force that was causing the display made one feel very small indeed. Some of the ejected masses were as large as a horse, and when they were belched forth were at a white heat. They went so high that they had time to cool and return to the vortex black.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we reached this wonderful display. It had taken us nine hours to reach the volcano, and we were thirsty and well-nigh exhausted. We could not approach very near on account of the heat, but I made some photographic exposures, and then sat for an hour watching the wonderful sight. As the sun went down the magnificence of the scene increased. The ground shook at each explosion to such an extent as to make us sick. We found quantities of what is known as "Pele's hair."[1] It is caused by the wind blowing the liquid lava through the air, forming fine threads like human hair.

1 Pele, according to the native legends, is the goddess of the volcano, and dwells in the crater.

As we approached cone number seven on our return journey the wind changed, and to our consternation we saw a cloud of sulphur blowing right across our path. These masses of vapour are so impregnated with sulphur and poisonous gases that it is impossible for any living thing to 329
exist among them, and to get caught in their midst means death. Alarmed, we started to go 330
around the other side, but found the lava was too hot; the surface was cool, but there was living fire beneath, and we dared not proceed. We kept on until the lava began to move under our feet, and then beat a retreat to face the sulphur again, for it was better to be smothered to death than slowly roasted.

CONE "NUMBER SEVEN"—IT WAS ABOUT TWO HUNDRED FEET HIGH, A MINIATURE VOLCANO, SPOUTING RED-HOT LAVA AND GIANT BOULDERS WITH A ROAR THAT COULD BE HEARD FOR MILES.
From a Photograph.

We made a number of attempts to pass that deadly barrier of vapour, but were forced to return each time, nearly suffocated. It looked as though we should soon be choked to death—the fire at the back of us, the sulphur in front. Professor Ingalls remarked that we had better make the best of our time by taking notes, and then prepare for the worst. Just at this critical moment I happened to turn round and saw an arch, as it were, in the sulphur smoke, where the wind was blowing it up from the ground.

"Look! look!" I shouted, in great excitement. "Run for it!" And how we ran! Providence gave us the chance and fear lent us strength, for under ordinary circumstances we could never have run as we did, owing to the condition of our feet. The danger, however, made us forget the pain, and we ran for dear life. We had scarcely got through that arch of clear air when down came the cloud again, as though lowered by some great power. The only guide who had stayed with us fell exhausted at the edge of the vapour-mass. How I managed to drag him along I do not know; I hardly realized what I was doing, but I managed to save him.

Once past the danger-point we crawled along at our best pace, for at any moment the wind might turn in our direction, when we should be again overtaken by that terrible death-cloud. I had left my camera behind in our wild flight, but fortunately I saved several plates.

It was now night, and the only light we had was the lurid glare from the volcano. Suddenly, as we stumbled painfully along, we came upon a man sitting by the side of a dead cone; it was the guide who had returned. He said he did not expect to see us alive again, for he had seen the deadly smoke blow across the mountain.

If it had not been for the light from the volcano we should undoubtedly have perished of cold and thirst, as we should have been compelled to stop walking. As it was, we dared not halt for any length of time, or we should not have had warmth enough to keep the blood circulating. All that night we crawled over that terrible lava. We fell down at intervals of about twenty feet, often breaking through the black crust, sometimes up to our waists, cutting ourselves on the sharp projections until our hands and legs were woefully lacerated. Almost as soon as we fell we dropped asleep; then, as we got colder, we would wake up and force ourselves on again for a few dozen yards or so, only to fall asleep, wake, and struggle up once more. The agony of the situation and the pain of our wounds were enough to make a man go insane.

At last it began to get light, but still we had come across no water, and that in our canteens had long since been exhausted. Very few people, fortunately, know what it means to have their throats and lips so swollen and cracked that they are bleeding for want of water. I could scarcely speak. We hunted the depths and crevices of the lava, sometimes going down ten or fifteen feet, looking for water, only to be disappointed again and again. At last I got so weak that Mr. Buck had to take my package of plates off my back, where I had tied them.

Suddenly I saw a break in the lava nearly full of beautiful water. I pulled Mr. Buck's arm, pointing to it, and mumbled, "Water." Slowly he pulled off his coat and started to climb down the crack. It was about eight feet wide, narrowing to three. I leaned over the side, holding the canteen for Mr. Buck to fill. He went down a few feet, and then stopped. I motioned to him to fill the bottle, croaking, "Water." He did not look around, but mumbled, "I see no water," as if in a dream. Picking up a piece of lava, I tossed it down and cried hoarsely, "*There* is the water." But to my

astonishment the pebble went down, down, down, out of sight, with no sound of a splash, into a fathomless abyss. The crevice was so deep that we could not see the bottom, and the shock of the discovery made me faint. How Sterns Buck managed to return he does not remember; it is a wonder he did not fall, to be mangled upon the sharp corners of lava.

I came to my senses dazed and almost bewildered, and Buck and I sat motionless for some time staring at each other. After a time we scrambled on again until we came upon the guide sitting upon the edge of a high crack, eating frozen snow, and tearing at it with his teeth like a hungry dog. We followed his example, not without pain, but the snow tasted good.

Some of the party who had previously returned met us near the summit with coffee. When they saw us coming they got things ready so as to make us as comfortable as possible. After washing our lacerated hands and feet we took a good sleep, and awoke much refreshed. The journey home was, comparatively speaking, easy, but the memory of that night amidst the lava will last me to my dying day.

Our Leopard Hunt.

By Thomas B. Marshall.

An exciting story told by a former official of the Gold Coast Government. With a friend and some natives he went out to shoot a marauding leopard. They accomplished their mission, but before the day was over one and all of the party had received a good deal more than they bargained for.

IN 1899, while in the service of the Gold Coast Government, and stationed at Kumasi, I received orders “per bearer, who will accompany you,” to proceed to a point on Volta not far south of where it debouches from among the Saraga Hills. “The bearer,” a nice young fellow called Strange, was newly arrived in the colony, and his pleasant home gossip was not less welcome to me than my information about the country we were in was to him. Our rough forest journey, then, passed as pleasantly as such journeys can, and by the time we arrived at our destination we were the best of friends.

Akroful, a town of about seven hundred inhabitants, was the nearest place of any size to the spot where we pitched our camp, and we were soon on good terms with its headman, Otibu Daku, and his son, Dansani, both of whom put us in the way of some good shooting.

We had been in this place about a fortnight, when we began to be annoyed by the depredations of a marauding leopard, who took to visiting our live-stock pens, and at last we decided to lie in wait for him. I took the first watch until a snake crawled over my legs; then I went to bed. It was a harmless one, but it reminded me of the need of precaution, so next night found our lair surrounded by a very uninviting floor of cactus leaves.

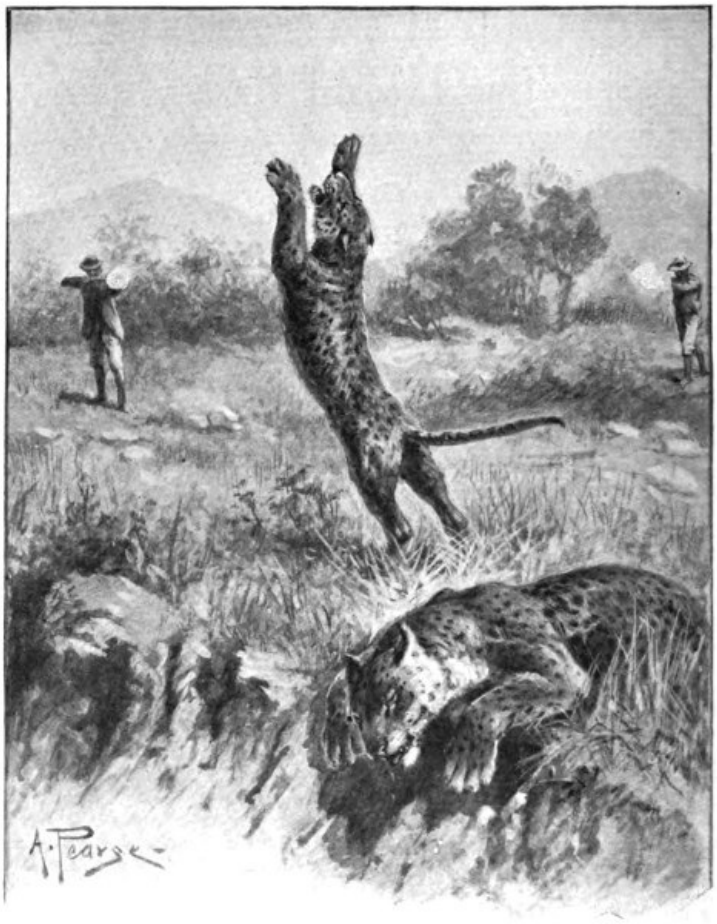
The fourth night after our vigil commenced Strange succeeded in wounding our sell-invited guest, and we determined to track him down as soon as it was light. Otibu Daku and his son willingly agreed to help us; and I took, in addition, two of my own men who would, I knew, “stand fire”—Ashong Tawiah, an Accra man, and Nyato, my chief steward-boy, a Krooman.

The two Ashantis led the way, Otibu Daku carrying a “long Dane” gun; his son, a machete. Tawiah and Nyato also carried machetes, and the former, on leaving camp, had picked up a broad-bladed Hausa spear. Strange and I each had a repeating rifle and a revolver, for, as Nyato told me, “Dem headman, ’e say, plenty tiger lib dem part.”

The trail was easy to follow. There was not much blood, but the ground was soft from recent rain. It was rough going, however, and the machetes were constantly at work clearing a way. Up and down small watersheds, squelching through marshy bottoms, crossing streams on fallen trees, we frequently lost the track, but by some sort of instinct our guides always found it again.

At last, after descending a more than usually steep incline, we found ourselves in a valley of some size. The bush here was very thin, and we progressed without difficulty until we came in sight of the inevitable stream, the opposite bank of which, rising steeply, evidently formed the commencement of the next divide. I was about a dozen yards to Strange’s right; the ground was clear of bush between us and the stream; and on the nearer bank, his head overhanging the water, lay our quarry, clearly dying. But he was not alone. Stretched by his side, licking the

wound that was letting out his life, lay a fine female leopard, evidently his consort. On seeing us she rose to her feet, snarling; she abandoned her ministrations and became militant—a defender-avenger. Strange fired hastily on sight, and a convulsive heave of the prostrate body showed where the bullet struck. With a light leap the leopardess cleared her mate, and with long, low springs raced down towards my friend. He fired again at thirty yards, wounding her, and she swerved slightly and came in my direction. We both fired together, whereupon she stopped suddenly, reared straight up, pawing the air—then fell backward, stone-dead. 332



“SHE REARED STRAIGHT UP PAWING THE AIR—THEN FELL BACKWARD, STONE-DEAD.”

Hardly had the double report died away when our attention was attracted to a movement on the other side of the stream. Tawiah pointed.

“Oolah! tiger him piccin!” (“Master, the leopard’s cubs”), he cried. Slinking away downstream, with long, stealthy strides, their muzzles to the ground and tails trailing low, were two half-grown leopards, the head of one level with the other’s haunch.

“Tally-ho!” cried Strange, and let fly at them. His one fault as a sportsman was a too great eagerness to get the first shot in. The white splinters flew from the buttress of a great cotton-wood, and the nearer cub, startled as never before, leapt a man’s height from the ground, and, coming down, raced away downstream after its companion.

“Come on! We’ll bag the whole family,” said Strange, jumping into the stream. Otibu Daku was already across and I was about to follow, when I noticed, fluttering up the farther slope, one of those beautiful insects called the “dead leaf” butterfly. You will see one fluttering along like a fugitive piece of rainbow—then suddenly it will alight on a withered branch or heap of dead herbage and disappear, the underside of the wings being in shape, colour, and even veining an exact imitation of a withered leaf.

I was an enthusiastic collector, and never went out without a folding net that could be fixed to any fairly straight stick. Bidding Tawiah remain with me, then, I let the others go on after the cubs, and in a couple of minutes was in pursuit of my own particular quarry. The slope was nearly bare of bush, and I did not have much difficulty in making the capture. Placing it in a flat box containing some poison-wax, I took my rifle from Tawiah and went on up the hill, leaving him tying up a scratch on his leg. 333

I was not quite easy in my mind. We had been too hasty in concluding that the cubs we had seen belonged to the leopards we had shot. They had been driven away too easily, and most likely were heading straight for their own den, where, at that time of day, the old ones would certainly be at home.

I hurried on in the hope of getting some indication of my friend's whereabouts. At the top of the ascent a soft breeze met me, it was pleasant and refreshing, but it brought that with it that made me drop flat behind a bush and throw my rifle forward. There is no mistaking the odour given off by the larger carnivora, and the strength of the smell that assailed my nostrils was such as to convince me that my first hasty thought—that I had headed off the cubs—was wrong. Such an effluvium could come only from a den, and an occupied one at that.

There were three possibilities. It might be the home of the dead leopards, of the strange cubs we had seen, or the lair of yet a third family. I looked back. Tawiah was not in sight, but I knew he would follow. In front, for a hundred yards, the level crest of the ridge was covered by a sparse, wand-like growth that was no impediment to the view. Beyond the ground fell away again, and just on the edge, and rather to my right, stood two enormous cotton-woods, the space between them being a labyrinth of roots standing thigh-high from the ground.

To this point, with what speed and silence I could command, I made my way. Midway I stopped abruptly to listen. A deep snarling, worrying sound filled the air, coming from straight ahead. Reaching the nearest root, I looked over. The rapidly falling ground beyond was hidden by a far-sweeping buttress from the tree on my left, which, running parallel with the one I stood against, made a passage about four feet wide and two high. Stealing away to the left, where the nearer root sank below the surface, I entered the passage, and, on all fours, reached a point midway between the two trees. The noise I had before heard was now very distinct, and, blending with it, yet dominating it, came a continuous buzzing sound like the far-away roll of a drum. I knew it for the purring of a full-grown leopard.

Looking back, I was glad enough to see Tawiah reaching the level. I raised a warning hand, and, waiting only to see that he observed me, turned, and very cautiously looked over the root in front. From where I crouched the ground fell away very steeply and was bare and stony. Then began a gentler slope covered with a low scrub and running down into a valley similar to, but larger than, the one we had just left. Down the centre flowed a stream, the same on whose banks, higher up, we had left the dead leopards. I was on a kind of spur, round which the stream made a bend away to my right. To my left it lost itself in an expanse of shallow water covered with great water-lilies, which merged in its turn into the stream of the Volta, half a mile away.

Just where the change of slope began was a great outcrop of rock. About a foot above the base, and facing me, was a ragged opening, and in this, with both paws hanging over the edge, lounged a fine she-leopard. The air hummed with her complacent purr, as, with blinking eyes, she watched the rough play of two well-grown cubs. Presently she rolled over on her back, and, with downward-hanging head, struck idly with a mighty paw at a white butterfly flitting above her. She was the personification of soft and sinuous strength.

Suddenly, away to the right, a shot rang out. The purring ceased, and instantly the great cat was couched, rigid as a bronze casting. Except for the tip of her tail, not a muscle moved. Presently the tense expression relaxed, and with a guttural sort of sigh her head dropped on to her paws. But only for an instant. The stealthy rustling of something approaching reached her ears, and she resumed her alert attitude. Then her eyes half closed again, and she seemed to go smooth all over. A suave, fawning expression came into her face; her purring redoubled; she rolled softly on to her side and gazed intently in the direction of the sound. The noise came nearer, and presently, as I expected, her mate appeared. He paused for an instant to look back, and at that moment Strange's rifle spoke again, and the leopard sank down, biting savagely at his hind-quarters. With one movement as it seemed, and with a sort of deep-throated cough, his consort was by his side, and then began an awful duet of snarls and growls, rumblings and snufflings, with the cubs for chorus.

It was high time for me to take action; a wounded leopard and a leopardess with young can make themselves pretty awkward. I aimed at the female as being the more dangerous, and was about to pull the trigger, when a movement in the valley attracted my attention. One of the cubs we had first seen was tearing across the open, making for the stream. Some distance behind followed the other, evidently wounded. Close upon him ran Dansani, machete in hand. As I looked the cub turned and Dansani struck. Nyato was close behind, and level with him, but farther out, Otibu Daku stole swiftly with long, bent-kneed strides, his "long Dane" gun held across his body. Strange was not in sight.

The foremost cub was nearly at the stream when he raised a howl of fear or of warning, I do not know which. On the instant, from a clump of bushes on the farther side, there leapt two greyish-white forms. Clearing the stream, they charged straight down on the young Ashanti.

All this was photographed on my brain while my finger was on the trigger. The scene was blotted out as I fired, and from that moment I had enough on my hands to occupy my undivided attention. The leopardess was killed outright. The next instant I fired at the male, but one of the cubs gave a jump and received the bullet meant for his sire. How the brute did it I do not know—for he had a broken thigh-bone—but next moment the old leopard was tearing up the slope towards me, and very business-like he looked. I fired again and clipped his ear; then his claws were hooked on to the root in front of me, and all I could do was to smash the butt, pile-driver fashion, down upon his head. He seized it in his jaws, and the hard wood cracked like pitch-pine, while the wrench nearly tore the weapon from my grasp. He gave me no time to reverse it for another shot, or to draw my revolver. Four times did he struggle to draw himself up, and but for

his broken leg I could not have prevented him. Four times, luckily for me, he allowed his fury to vent itself on the rifle-butt. The struggle only lasted seconds, but it seemed hours, and already the fury of it made my breath come short.

And then the cub decided to take a hand! It had been pacing to and fro, snuffing the blood and growling; it then suddenly turned, and dashed straight to the scene of combat. A leopard cub by itself is not more than a man can manage, but as a reinforcement to an infuriated parent it is a serious matter. I heard Tawiah behind me.

“Take the piccin,” I yelled, and put all my strength into an effort to thrust my foe back. Instinctively he tried to use his injured leg, and this time he lost grip altogether, and his claws scraped down the root, making great furrows in the wood. I let him have the gun, and seized my revolver in time to plant a couple of bullets in his head as he came up again.

Meanwhile Tawiah had accounted for the cub, but he was badly clawed down the leg. To my surprise—for I did not remember the brute using his claws at all except to hold on by—my coat was ripped, and I had several nasty, but not severe, scratches down chest and arms.

Our attention was now diverted to the scene below, and what we saw sent us both down the slope as fast as we could race—Tawiah ahead. One cub lay dead—Dansani’s victim—and a few paces from it stood the young Ashanti, preparing to dodge the foremost of the parent leopards I had seen break cover. He sprang aside as it reached him, but the brute wheeled as if on a pivot and reared. Then came the crashing report of the “long Dane,” a fearful yell, and Dansani reeled away with his hands to his head, and fell. The leopard, roaring horribly, rolled over and over, apparently broken in two. Its mate, swerving at the report, turned and raced straight for Tawiah, who had just reached the level ground. I shouted to him to come back to me, thinking that revolver and spear together would match the furious brute, but apparently he did not understand, for, waving me to follow, he tore off to where, midway between him and the advancing leopard, stood a small Dequa palm. His object, I learnt afterwards, was to hold the leopard at bay there till help arrived. It was a mad idea, for the savage brute was covering three yards to one of his.

Just at that moment I caught sight of Strange—hobbling along, supported by his rifle, five hundred yards away; there was no help to be expected from him. Nyato was rushing on to settle with the remaining cub, that, screaming, was alternately dashing towards its wounded dam and back to the stream. Otibu Daku was carrying Dansani to the water, and the female leopard, her hind quarters straddling like those of a frog, with the small of her back blown away and reared on her front legs, was rending the air with the most awful yells.

The male passed the tree, and only about forty yards separated him from my faithful follower. I ran on. Trusting to luck, I fired two chambers, but without success. The distance between them decreased rapidly, and Tawiah, seeing the hopelessness of his position, grounded his spear, and, gripping it by the middle, backed up the butt with his knee in the hope that the brute would impale himself. Then I saw that Strange was kneeling, taking aim. He could never hit a running leopard at that range, I told myself; it would appear no bigger than a cat to him.

I was twenty yards behind Tawiah, and barely ten separated him from the leopard, when a ball of smoke floated away from Strange’s rifle. I dared not hope, and Tawiah remained like a rock. Then, suddenly, the leopard halted, and—for all the world like a kitten chasing its own tail—spun round and round till we could hardly tell one end from the other. I sent two bullets as near the centre as I could, and Tawiah, charging in, drove his spear in at one side and out at the other. The battle was over.

“DANSANI REELED AWAY WITH HIS HANDS TO HIS HEAD, AND FELL.”

We found that Strange’s bullet had pierced the skin of the neck just where it joins the head, and had half stunned the animal. But what a glorious shot! I paced the distance to him; it was four hundred and sixty odd yards! He had made just a little too much allowance for speed, but what of that?

Strange, it appeared, had stepped on a loose stone and strained his ankle badly. Poor Dansani was horribly mauled. The beast had clawed him from the crown of his head to the knee in one awful sweep. Half the scalp overhung his face, one eye was destroyed, the muscle of the upper arm was in ribbons, and the stroke, glancing from the elbow, had laid open his thigh to the knee. A revolver-shot finished his assailant. We did what we could for Dansani on the spot, and Nyato and his father carried him home on a hastily-constructed litter. Later he recovered, but was terribly disfigured.

Tawiah and I took it in turns to help Strange along, and when we reached the spot where our first victims lay we found their young ones mewling over them. They slunk away, and we did not molest them. The cub Nyato had chased allowed self-preservation to triumph over filial affection, and got away also. My rifle was utterly ruined. And so ended our leopard hunt.

TURTLE-FARMING.

By H. J. Shepstone.

An interesting description of the way in which turtles are “farmed” in various parts of the world. The most up-to-date and scientifically-conducted of these curious establishments is that of Mr. Hattori, in Japan, where the snapping-turtle, the most vicious of his species, is bred and reared.

THAT strange creature, the turtle, is now receiving the attention of the farmer, and is being scientifically bred and reared in various parts of the world. Indeed, turtle-farming on a large scale is now carried on both in Japan and in America, while the great palisade enclosures on the shores in the West Indies, where turtles are confined until wanted for the London market, may well come under the same designation.

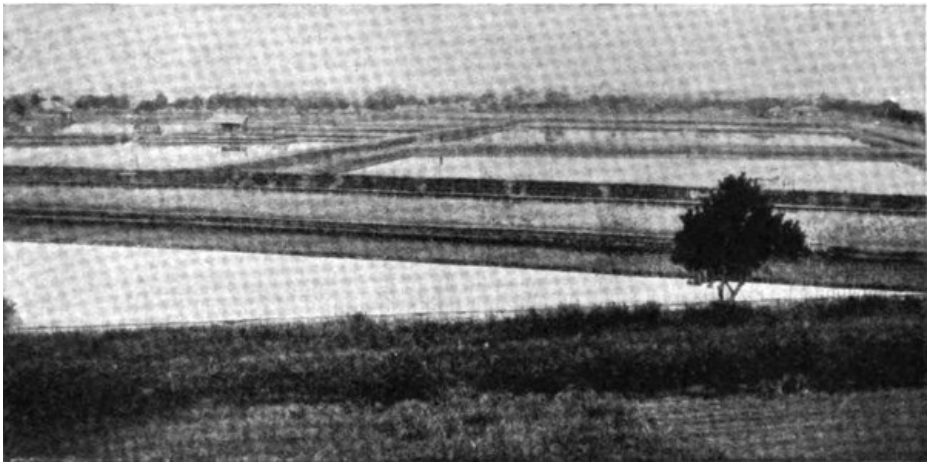
Curiously enough, the species of turtle favoured respectively by the Japanese, Americans, and by English people are totally different. For instance, the Japanese farmer gives his attention to the

propagation of the snapping-turtle and American to the diamond-backed terrapin, while the turtle soup so much prized by the wealthy and sought after by the sick in this country is made from the green turtle of the West Indies.

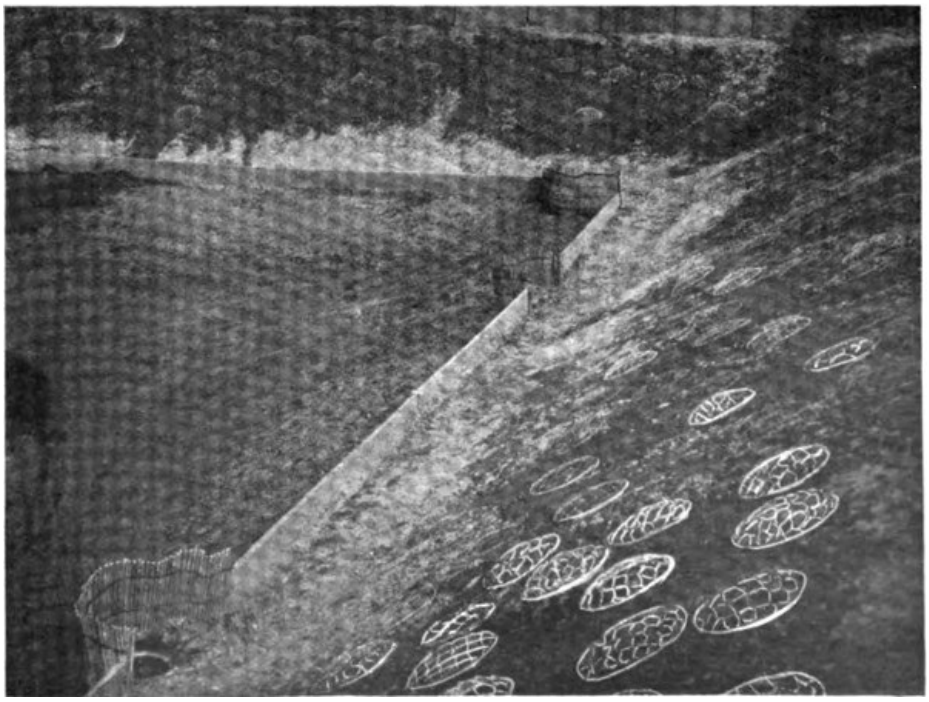
A GROUP OF YOUNG TURTLES JUST HATCHED.
From a Photograph.

The terrapin is quite a small creature, rather flat-backed and rounded in outline, its scales being marked by independent black patterns composed of many geometric figures placed one within another. At one time it was found in large quantities in the shallow bays and salt marshes along the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to Texas. The discovery that its flesh made a delicious stew and an ideal soup, however, resulted in the creature being hunted so vigorously that to-day it is exceedingly scarce. Indeed, whereas a terrapin, seven inches in length, could be picked up a few years ago for a few cents, it would be difficult to secure one to-day for a five-pound note. It was this scarcity of the terrapin, and the big demand for it among the hotels and restaurants, that have led not a few enterprising men to establish farms, where these much-sought-after creatures are bred and reared for the market in large numbers.

The terrapin being small, perfectly harmless, and requiring but a little pond of salt water to dwell in, there is nothing particularly exciting in farming it. Indeed, a terrapin “farm” consists merely of a number of small ponds or basins in which the creatures are confined according to their age and size. Thus, in the smaller ponds, we discover those just hatched from the eggs—curious little things not much bigger than a billiard ball. As they breed well, and it is not necessary to keep the creature long before it is ready for the *chef*, terrapin farming may be described as a fairly remunerative business.

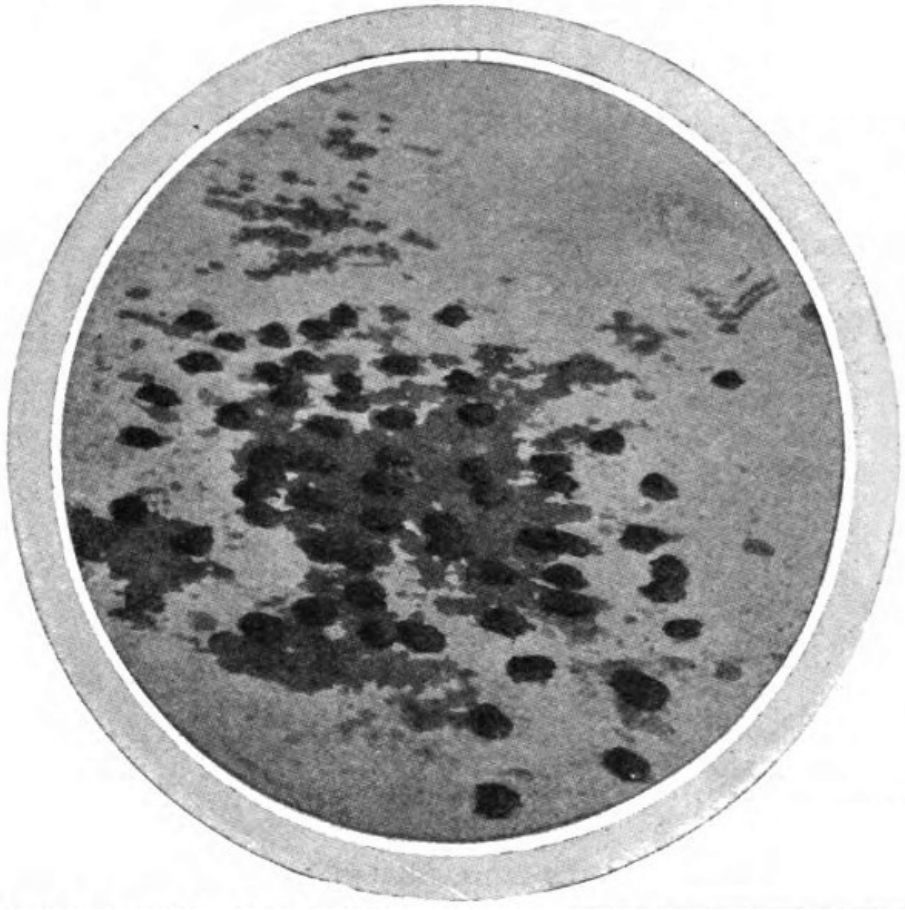


GENERAL VIEW OF MR. HATTORI'S TURTLE-FARM NEAR TOKIO, JAPAN.
From a Photograph.



THE EMBANKMENT OF A "PARENTS' POND"—EACH OF THE WIRE CIRCLETS HERE SHOWN COVERS A DEPOSIT OF EGGS.
From a Photo. by M. Ichikawa, Japan.

Decidedly more up-to-date are the snapping-turtle farms of Mr. Hattori, situated just outside Tokio, the capital of Japan. The Japanese people will proudly tell you that they are the only turtle farms in the world, but, as I have already shown, this is hardly correct. These farms were established some few years ago now, and are, without question, a great success. On an average, Mr. Hattori supplies to the hotels and restaurants of Japan over sixteen thousand turtles a year, while another five thousand are shipped to China. So far as the farm itself is concerned, it consists of a number of rectangular ponds, large and small, the larger ones having an area of fifteen to twenty thousand square feet.



YOUNG SNAPPING-TURTLES A FEW DAYS OLD—THEY ARE KEPT IN A SEPARATE ENCLOSURE IN ORDER THAT THEIR CANNIBALISTIC ELDERS MAY NOT DEVOUR THEM.
From a Photo. by M. Ichikawa, Japan.

One or more of the ponds is always reserved for large breeding individuals, or “parents,” as they are called, and one of the assistants visits this pond twice a day to look out for new deposits of eggs. Over these he places a wire basket, with the date marked upon it. In one of our photographs a number of these wire baskets may be seen, though unfortunately the eggs are not shown, being covered with a slight layer of sand, this work being done by the turtle itself. The covering serves a twofold purpose—the obvious one of marking the place, and, in addition, that of keeping other females from digging in the same spot. When hundreds, or even thousands, of these baskets are seen along the bank of a “parents’ pond,” the sight is one to gladden the heart of an embryologist, to say nothing of the proprietor.

The hatching of the eggs occupies, on an average, sixty days. The time, however, may be considerably shortened or lengthened, according to whether the summer is hot and the sun pours down its strong rays day after day, or whether there is much rain and the heat not great. As the turtles lay sixty eggs to the nest at two sittings, it will be seen that in a single season many thousands are added to this unique establishment, but at least five years must elapse before they are large enough for the *chef*.

CHOPPING UP FOOD FOR THE BABY TURTLES.
From a Photograph.

One would imagine, remembering the quantities of eggs laid by turtles, that they would be very plentiful, but there are few creatures that have more enemies. All that the mother turtle does is to deposit her eggs on the sand of some island and there leave them to be hatched out by the sun. Before this process is accomplished they are often destroyed by rats and birds, while very few of those that are hatched survive very long. The moment the young turtle emerges from its shell it seeks the water, and there crabs and various kinds of fish are ever ready to devour it. The young just hatched at the farm under notice are put in a pond or ponds by themselves and given finely-chopped meat of a fish like the pilchard, while the bigger ones are fed largely on live eels. This feeding continues to the end of September. In October the snapping-turtle ceases to take food, and finally burrows in the muddy bottom of the pond to hibernate, coming out only in April or May.

Snapping-turtle farming is much more exciting than raising the American terrapin. The former is a vicious creature and will snap at anything—hence its name. Indeed, in disposition it is the very opposite of its American brother. It believes most thoroughly in the survival of the fittest, and to it the fittest is number one. It is a chronic fighter, and inasmuch as its jaws are very strong and, like a bulldog, it never knows when to let go, it is a reptile to be either mastered or avoided. Indeed, the men at Mr. Hattori’s farm can tell many exciting little stories concerning the voracity of this strange creature. One farm hand, for instance, is minus a finger, the result of not using sufficient care when transferring one of the larger reptiles to a new pond.

FEEDING THE EELS WHICH IN TURN PROVIDE FOOD FOR THE LARGER TURTLES.
From a Photo. by M. Ichikawa, Japan.

Many naturalists have visited this unique farm and, after a close study of the turtle and its habits, have confirmed all the bad qualities that have been recorded concerning it. In securing its food it shows that it possesses no mean intelligence. At one time it crawls slowly and silently along with neck outstretched towards an unsuspecting fish, springs upon it by a powerful thrust of its hind legs, and snaps it up; at another time it drives the fish around the basin and terrifies it until it falls an unresisting victim. Again, the reptile may be observed buried in the sandy soil of its prison with only its bill and eyes protruding. On the approach of a fish the head and long neck dart forth from the sand with lightning speed and the prey is caught and instantly killed by a savage bite.

In its wild state the snapping-turtle is distinctly a nocturnal animal, and does its hunting after sunset, when it emerges from its muddy home to look for food. In the presence of danger it becomes bold, defiant, and even desperate. When driven to bay it retracts its neck, head, and widely-gaping jaws into its shell, awaiting a favourable opportunity to thrust them forth slyly and bite savagely. Anything which it has seized in its jaws it holds with wonderful tenacity, at the same time vigorously scratching the earth with its sharp claws. There is only one way to catch the snapping-turtle, and that is to secure it by the tail. Some of the men at Mr. Hattori's farm are very dexterous in seizing their victims in this fashion.

A little time ago a Russian officer visited the establishment and listened, with some incredulity, to the stories of the voracity of the reptiles in the ponds before him. He carried in his hand a stout cane, and was told to place it near one of the bigger animals. He did so, and was surprised to find that in a few minutes it was bitten clean through. Before now the snapping-turtle has been known to bite through the flat of an oar. Not only will this turtle catch all kinds of fish and frogs and devour them greedily, but it is not averse to hunting waterfowl. Mr. Hattori declares that, in addition to raising turtles, he could rear ducks and geese as well, but dare not, as the reptiles would only kill them. When a snapping-turtle detects a duck it cunningly makes its way towards the creature, seizes it by its legs, pulls it down under water, and then drags it to the bottom of the pond. Here it tears the duck to pieces with the aid of the long claws of its fore paws and devours it.

It is this snapping propensity which makes it desirable to keep the reptiles in ponds according to their ages; it would not do to put those just hatched in the same basin as the bigger ones, as they would quickly be eaten. Until they reach their sixth year they are never "mixed." When they reach this age, however, they are capable of taking care of themselves and are allowed access to the bigger ponds. By this time the turtle has reached maturity and may begin to deposit eggs, though it is not at its prime till two or three years later.

**WEST INDIAN TURTLES ON BOARD A MAIL STEAMER BOUND FOR LONDON—
IN SPITE OF EVERY CARE, THE MORTALITY AMONG THEM IS VERY HEAVY.
[*From a Photograph.*]**

What the Japanese epicure prefers are turtles not more than five years of age, when the flesh is soft and in desirable condition for the making of stews and soups. At this age the snapping-turtle weighs from sixty to eighty pounds. Those that are destined for the table are kept in a pond to themselves, and taken as required in nets or pulled out of the water by their tails. They are then placed in tin boxes or cases with air-holes, and sent by train to their destination.

The turtle that is consumed in this country is the green species, from the West Indies. The creatures are imported by Mr. T. K. Bellis, who will not hesitate to tell you that of edible turtles the green variety is the best. Mr. Bellis imports some three thousand turtles a year. They arrive in batches of one hundred or more every fortnight by the Royal Mail steamers from Kingston, Jamaica, and are obtained from the coral reefs lying to the north of the island of Jamaica. Twelve to fifteen small schooners are employed in the trade, and upwards of a hundred and twenty men.

**A CONSIGNMENT OF TURTLES AT A LONDON TERMINUS.
[*From a Photograph.*]**

These fishers of strange “fish” (the turtle’s technical name) stretch nets of twine from rock to rock, and the moment the turtle feels itself entangled it clings tenaciously to the meshes, and is then hauled to the surface. The schooners in due time return to Kingston with from eighty to a hundred and fifty of these remarkable creatures, which are promptly deposited in palisaded enclosures, flooded at every tide by the sea. Here they are fed upon a certain kind of herbage known as “turtle grass,” and taken as required. The bringing of these creatures overseas is a very delicate business, and frequently sixty out of a hundred perish *en route*, in spite of the most elaborate precautions, such as the constant spraying of salt water daily on board the mail steamer, and the use of foot warmers for the turtles in the railway vans from Southampton to Waterloo. Before now, Mr. Bellis has lost eighty-eight turtles out of a shipment of a hundred.

This susceptibility to travel is one of the most remarkable things about the turtle. If you are

anxious to transport him alive it is a hundred to one he perishes of cold, but if you do succeed in getting him home the difficulty then is to kill him. The vitality of this strange sea creature after decapitation is almost beyond belief. Mr. Bellis once sent a large turtle to an hotel in Newcastle. The *chef* cut the turtle's head off and hung the body upside down to bleed. Twenty-four hours after that turtle knocked down a man cook with one blow of its fin! The green turtle is not a vicious creature to handle, like its snapping Japanese brother, but its fins are very strong, and one blow from them is quite sufficient to break a man's arm.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen gives a remarkable instance of the tenacious hold of the turtle upon life. "On one occasion," he records, "our men cut all the flesh and entrails of a turtle away, leaving only the head and tail attached to the shell. Some time had elapsed since the meat had been scooped out of the carapace, and no one imagined that any life remained in the extremities. But a young Dane, noticing that the down-hanging head had its mouth wide open, very foolishly inserted two fingers between those horny mandibles. It closed, and our shipmate was two fingers short, the edges of the turtle's jaws had taken them clean off, with only the muscular power remaining in the head. Then another man tried to cut the horny tail off, but as soon as his keen blade touched it on the underside it curled up and gripped his knife so firmly that it was nearly an hour before the blade could be withdrawn." Signor Redi, the great zoologist, records how he once cut a turtle's head off and noted that it lived for twenty-three days without a head, and another whose brains he removed lived for six months.

The green turtle, the species favoured in this country, is not a carnivorous creature, like the 342
snapping-turtle, its food being a particular kind of sea grass found on the coral reefs in the West Indies. Some time ago Mr. Bellis brought a large quantity of this grass to London, with the idea of feeding the creatures in captivity, but they refused to take it. In his cellars in the City one can see any day a number of these turtles. Here they are kept until a telegram arrives from a distant hotel, when away goes the turtle to be turned into soup for the forthcoming banquet. Those hotels which do not care about the trouble of killing the creature can procure the soup in tins and bottles direct from the importer, and it is not surprising to learn that large quantities are sold. It requires eight pounds of the best turtle-flesh to make one quart of soup.

The green turtle grows to an immense size, but it has been found that specimens weighing more than a hundred and fifty pounds are not desirable, the flesh becoming coarse as the animal increases in weight. The shell of this variety is practically valueless, but the hawksbill turtle yields what is popularly known as "tortoiseshell," and the armour covering of a good specimen may be worth eight pounds. Its flesh, however, is too coarse for consumption, though here it should be added that it is doubtful whether those who occasionally partake of green-turtle soup would relish that made from the flesh of the snapping-turtle.

It is a notorious fact that turtles grow very slowly and attain a great age. Curiously enough, neither Mr. Hattori nor Mr. Bellis can tell to what age a snapping or green turtle will live. Mr. Hattori has quite a number of turtles that are known to be from thirty to fifty years of age, while some of the bigger specimens that arrive at Waterloo for the Bellis cellars are, it is believed, twelve to fifteen years old.

TURTLES IN MR. BELLIS'S CELLARS IN THE CITY OF LONDON.
From a Photo. by Conolly & Goatam.

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THE AMBASSADOR'S TRUNK.

By E. A. Morphy, late Editor of the "Straits Times," Singapore.

THE circumstances of this little smuggling incident, though known to several persons in the Far East, have hitherto been hidden, so to speak, under a bushel. In bringing them to the light it should be stated that—for obvious reasons—fictitious names have been given to the individuals chiefly concerned, but the facts are just as stated.

Far and away the most distinguished passenger on the big German liner was the homeward bound Japanese Ambassador. He did not look the part, however. He was a squat, unobtrusive little man whose trousers fitted him badly, and whose carriage, when he was hampered by European clothes, suggested an insignificance that was only partially belied by the intelligence of his homely countenance. His appearance reflected no radiant blaze of glory, yet he was returning to his native land crowned with some of the finest diplomatic achievements of the century.

This statement is due to his Excellency, but it practically dismisses him from the story, which mainly concerns his trunk—his trunk No. 23, to be precise, for the Ambassador's trunks were all numbered. There must have been half a hundred of them at least; all the same typical German steel trunks, but distinguished from other less important trunks of the same make insomuch that each one was adorned with two broad painted bands of scarlet, which showed out bravely and effectually prevented their being mixed up with any ordinary baggage. Apart from all other considerations, the wisdom of the Ambassador in thus distinctively marking his own trunks lay in the fact that the process insured their instant recognition by the Japanese Customs officials, by whom they were immune from examination.

This last fact was the one which counted for most with Fritz Vogel, steward and trombonist of the liner, as he daily contemplated the mountain of luggage and calculated how many Manila cigars one of those great red-striped trunks would hold.

"HE DAILY CONTEMPLATED THE MOUNTAIN OF LUGGAGE AND CALCULATED HOW MANY MANILA CIGARS ONE OF THOSE GREAT RED-STRIPED TRUNKS WOULD HOLD."

Carefully packed, he figured it, one might crowd ten thousand cigars into each trunk. Ten thousand cigars, at eighty Mexican dollars a thousand, meant eighty pounds. Duty at one hundred and fifty per cent. *ad valorem* on eighty pounds would mean a hundred and twenty pounds, or, as Fritz Vogel calculated, two thousand four hundred marks. Therefore, as the meditative trombonist further worked out the possibilities, his Excellency could, by simply loading up a few dozen more trunks with cigars at Hong-Kong and getting them passed free through the Customs at Yokohama—or at Nagasaki or Kobe for that matter—make more in a week than he could hope to earn in a month of Sundays by sticking to the thorny paths of diplomacy.

Born west of the Suez, the fertile idea germinated in Vogel's brain all through the dreary wastes of the Canal, and sprouted up green and vigorous, despite the withering blasts that pursued the liner down the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean to Colombo. At Singapore it had become an obsession. When steaming through the Narrows into the latter port, however, on the way to the German mail wharf, Vogel observed a red-funnelled Jardine liner at the Messageries wharf, with the blue-peter flying.

An hour later the *Laisang* left for China, carrying a hastily-written letter from Fritz Vogel to his friend Max Krebs at Hong-Kong. It contained a fair statement of the salient facts in the case, and a crude but lucid sketch of one of the pieces of baggage, together with a description of the scarlet bands and full measurements. It also stated what has not been set forth above—that each of his Excellency's trunks was numbered in large white figures at each end and on the top, and it suggested that in the case of any person desiring to have access to those trunks whilst they were still on board the liner, Nos. 23, 24, 27, 32, etc., were the easiest to reach.

Mr. Krebs was a "runner" for a native compradoring firm. He went out to the ships to "drum up" business for his employers, who supplied anything and everything that a ship could require, from cigarettes to engine-oil. In the old days before the Russian War Mr. Vogel had done a good deal of trade with Mr. Krebs on the short run between Yokohama and Hong-Kong. But the stringent Customs regulations that had ensued upon the increased tariffs imposed after the war had practically killed the business, save so far as concerned a paltry bit of trading with passengers in faked curios, and the occasional disposal of a few imitation gems to homeward-bound tourists when the vessel was west of Colombo.

Opportunities like the return of an Ambassador to Japan did not occur once in a blue moon.

The liner tarried a day and a half over cargo at Singapore, and the *Laisang* got into Hong-Kong nearly twenty-four hours ahead of her. Mr. Vogel learned the fact the moment the German liner arrived at the big China port, and his heart was filled with sickening apprehension. He had been

dreaming of trunks full of cigars—German steel trunks with red bands, and numbered with big white characters—ever since he left Singapore. He had marked off the state-room wherein, until the proper psychological moment, the extra trunks—if any—could be stored safely. He had mentally arranged every other detail in his projected bid for fortune, and had even marked down those of his comrades who should be selected as his accomplices. He had counted over, time and time again, the round thousand marks that would be his personal profit out of every trunk full of cigars he could pass through the Yokohama Customs as the baggage of the returning Ambassador. He did all this while still faithfully, if mechanically, discharging his onerous duties as steward and master of the trombone.

“A NOTE WAS HANDED TO HIM BY A CHINESE MESSENGER.”

It was not until a few hours after the arrival of the steamer in Hong-Kong—hours that felt like ages—that Vogel heard from Krebs. A note was handed to him by a Chinese messenger boy, and Vogel opened it with feverish impatience. Mr. Krebs wrote with that laconic brevity of diction which indicates the resourceful mind. “Will send you one trunk.—O. K.,” it read.

Mr. Vogel pondered for a moment whether “O. K.” meant Oscar Krebs or “All correct” (American fashion); then he heaved a great sigh of relief as he realized that it was all the same.

That evening Mr. Krebs came on board unostentatiously, and a big trunk wrapped in rough sacking came with him, and was temporarily stowed away by Mr. Vogel in one of the state-rooms which held some of the Ambassador’s spare boxes. Thence it was subsequently carried to another cabin, where there were some spare things of Mr. Vogel’s. Had a hypercritical observer subsequently studied all the trunks in the Ambassador’s collection he might have noticed that one of them appeared to be the least trifle newer than the rest, but it would have taken a Sherlock Holmes to detect the circumstance off-hand. The trunk in question was numbered “23.”

In due time the liner arrived at Yokohama, but the mails that had been forwarded overland from Nagasaki reached there a day before her. Thus it came about that when the Ambassador’s baggage was franked through the Custom House and sent up to the Imperial Hotel at Tokio, two friends of Messrs. Krebs and Vogel were installed as guests at the last-named establishment. Thus also it came about that, thanks to ten yen well spent on a porter, the Ambassador’s trunk, No. 23, was whisked away to the nether cellars of the hotel the moment it arrived there, and—as the Ambassador himself did at an earlier stage—it virtually passes out of this story. That is to say, what must have been the ghost of the Ambassador’s trunk vanishes from mortal view; but not so the real article. When the diplomat’s baggage was supposed to be all in, and a count was taken, trunk No. 23 was found to be missing.

The row that ensued was something awful. Telegraphs and telephones were called into requisition, and imperative, not to say drastic, orders were dispatched to the Customs authorities

at Yokohama, to the railway authorities at Shimbashi, and to all other authorities everywhere, commanding them to instantly produce his Excellency’s missing trunk.

“THEY HAD PASSED IT AND FORWARDED IT, AND GOT A RECEIPT FOR IT.”

The Customs authorities declared they had not got the trunk; they had passed it and forwarded it, and got a receipt for it. There could be no doubt, from their point of view, that the Ambassador had taken delivery of his trunk No. 23. The railway authorities were equally agreed on the same point. The baggage was all in special carriages; not a pin could have been lost between Yokohama and the Shimbashi station at the capital, whence it had been handed over to his Excellency’s servants for removal to the hotel. The police authorities were equally certain that there had been no hanky-panky business of any kind. It would have been impossible for one of the Ambassador’s trunks to go astray or be stolen, either in the streets of the seaport or in the capital itself. The steamship authorities had a receipt for every article. They knew the Ambassador’s trunks, and especial care had been taken of them throughout the voyage. Nevertheless, they would again investigate.

Then, Banzai! there came a telegram from the chief purser of the liner:—

“*Ambassador’s trunk No. 23 found on board. Must have been left behind inadvertently. Forwarding to Tokio at once.*”

The little Custom House inspectors looked at the newly-found trunk in utter stupefaction.

“Truly,” said they, “we passed this identical trunk not three hours ago.”

“*Hayako!*” (Hurry, there!) shouted the head inspector, as they dallied over the mystery. “His Excellency waits!”

“THE LITTLE CUSTOM HOUSE INSPECTORS LOOKED AT THE NEWLY-FOUND TRUNK IN UTTER STUPEFACTION.”

The trunk was expressed up to the Imperial Hotel by special train.

Ten minutes later the Director of His Imperial Majesty’s Customs at Yokohama ordered a Commission of Inquiry into the matter of the registering as received and delivered of one Ambassador’s trunk, No. 23, when the same had never either been received from the liner or delivered to the railway or to any other authorities by His Imperial Majesty’s Customs. The matter was also taken in hand by the Imperial Railway and by the Tokio and Kanagawa police authorities.

Though a couple of years have passed since these investigations were inaugurated, no definite finding in the matter has yet been officially published. In certain quarters, however, there is a consensus of opinion that such a trunk did really pass through the Yokohama Customs, but that it was a phantom one.

Mr. Vogel took away two thousand two hundred yen (two hundred and twenty pounds) from Yokohama that trip. At Hong-Kong, nine days later, he settled up with Mr. Krebs.

The cigars and trunk had cost nine hundred dollars, while the expenses and “commissions” in Japan amounted to a trifle less than three hundred dollars. There was a balance of a thousand dollars to divide, and they duly divided it.

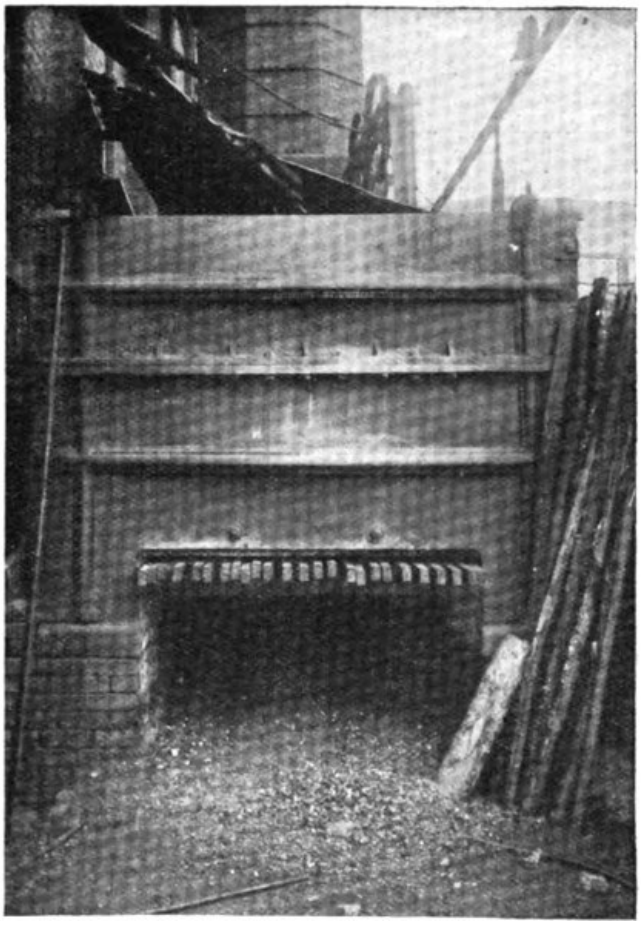
HALF AN HOUR IN A BLAZING FURNACE.

By George S. Guy.

One of the most remarkable and appalling experiences possible to conceive recently befell a young man named Robert Perry, at Apedale, in Staffordshire. Tramping about the country in search of work, he arrived one night, utterly tired out, at an ironworks, and unwittingly took shelter in an “air furnace,” used for the purpose of reducing very large pieces of iron, too large to be dealt with in the ordinary way. As it happened, the fire-bars of this particular furnace had been taken out, and Perry had no difficulty in creeping through the opening and thus making his way inside. Here he had to mount a wall five feet in height, and eventually reached the melting chamber, which at the time contained about five tons of iron waiting to be smelted. Arrived at this point, in blissful ignorance of the dangerous character of the place he had selected to sleep in, and appreciating only its dryness and seclusion, he lay down to rest. Exactly why he should have selected such a strange bedchamber it is impossible to say, but tramps have been known to choose even stranger quarters—such as lime-kilns and brick-kilns. Anyhow, the fact remains that he went into the furnace to sleep. What happened afterwards is told below, from information

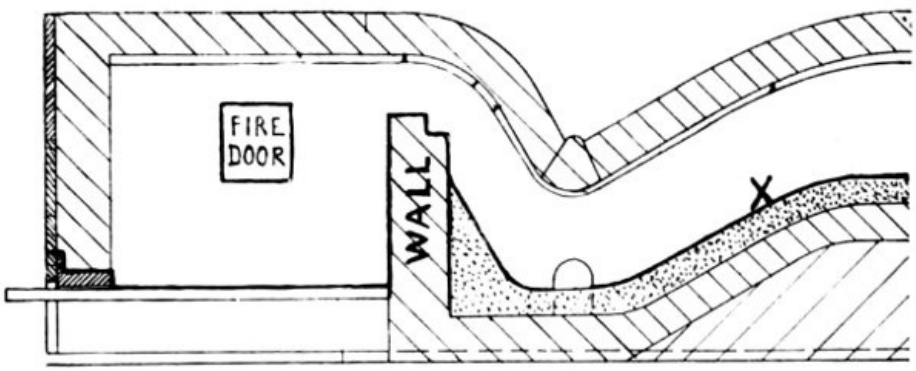
gathered partly from the man himself and partly from other persons who figured in his terrible adventure.

After a long walk in the broiling sun Perry arrived at Apedale quite exhausted, and set about looking for a snug, dry place where he could lie down and have a sleep. During his weary tramp he had been no stranger to curious resting-places, and he had spent the previous night under a railway arch. Presently he came across the smelting works of the Midland Coal, Coke, and Iron Company, and, seeing a furnace which he took to be unused, examined it intently. The wide, open front of the contrivance looked tempting, and he decided to make its interior his abode for the night. Crawling into the opening for some little distance, he discovered that he had a wall five feet in height to climb over, but scaled it without much trouble. Beyond he found himself in pitch-darkness, but clambered cautiously onwards, trying to find a comfortable place to lie down. Proceeding up a slope, he reached a sort of chamber beyond, where a number of great pieces of iron were lying about. Here the weary man lay down, and, being very tired, it did not take him long to fall asleep. Let him tell the manner of his awakening in his own words.



FIRE-GRATE WHERE PERRY CRAWLED IN.
From a Photograph.

I do not exactly know what awoke me, but upon trying to raise myself a frightful choking feeling came over me, and I became conscious of great heat. Then, like a flash, I realized what a dreadful mistake I had made, and what a terrible situation I was in. The furnace was *not* disused, and now the workmen had lit it, and I was a prisoner inside! For a moment I felt sick with horror, but it did not take me long to pull myself together and try to find a way out.



PLAN OF THE FURNACE—THE CROSS DENOTES WHERE PERRY SLEPT.

The whole place was in total darkness. Although I could hear a dull roaring somewhere, and feel the waves of heated air and fumes passing over me, I could not see the slightest sign of any light. Tremblingly I felt up and down the sides of my prison to see if I could find a door, but nothing of the kind could I discover. I tried to retreat farther into the furnace to get away from that awful heat, but had to return and face it again. Now, with a sickening heart, I saw that flames were approaching my position. Thinking my end was near at hand, I decided at all costs to go down the slope. This meant that I must face the fire, which was now licking up towards me, sucked inwards by the tremendous draught. Shivering with horror I made the attempt, but the heat and flames were unendurable, and beat me back. Then, crouching down, I worked myself along the side, thinking this my best plan. At last—Heaven alone knows how—I reached the foot of the wall. In a half-dazed, choking condition, I tried to climb up, but was met by a veritable hurricane of fierce flames, which knocked me down and burnt all the hair off my head. Half-blinded, scorched, and with my brain benumbed from the effects of the fumes, I still did not quite lose heart: something seemed to force me on to make a struggle for life. Suddenly, as I lay there gasping in that inferno of heat and flame, I heard voices outside, but I could not understand what was said. I wondered dully whether, if I called out, the men I could hear speaking would hear me, so, in my agony of physical suffering and mental distress, I shouted, “O Lord, save me! O Lord, save me!” The murmur of voices still went on, but presently one man evidently heard my cries, and called out to a “Mr. Phillips” that he thought he heard a shout for help. This, however, Mr. Phillips—who seemed to be the foreman—ridiculed, and they went on working as before.

I was now on the verge of giving up; my strength seemed to be failing me, but I decided to make one final attempt to get on the wall. I am glad to say that it was not in vain, and after a desperate struggle I succeeded in reaching the top. This seemed to renew my energy, and I braced myself for what I knew was my last hope. I gave one horrified glance at the furnace below, the flames roaring and leaping madly, and then, with all the strength of my fire-scorched lungs, I shrieked out once more, “O Lord, save me!”

The men outside stopped work at once.

“Did you hear that?” cried one, excitedly; “I heard it quite distinctly that time; someone is shouting out ‘Lord, save me’!” This time Mr. Phillips admitted that he *did* think he heard a noise as if someone was calling out, but where could it come from? It was impossible for anyone to be in the furnace alive, for the fire had been going for some time. Then someone else said, “Open the fire-door and see if you can see anything.”

The fire-door! Where was it, I wondered—far away or near at hand? Then, to my great joy, I heard them releasing a bolt just a few feet from where I was. At last it opened—a place about a foot square—and I saw daylight streaming in and then a man’s face. He peered in anxiously, but evidently he could not see me, for I was now as black as the furnace itself. Then he seemed to half-close the door and I nearly swooned away, for this was my last chance.

Desperately I strove to shout, but the heat, flames, and smoke prevented my uttering a sound save a choking gasp. Fortunately for myself, however, I moved, and the watcher happened to catch sight of something about me—probably the whites of my eyes shining in the reflected light. “Good God!” he cried. “There’s a man in the furnace! Pull the bars out as quickly as you can.”

“I FOUND MYSELF FALLING—RIGHT ON TO THE HUGE FIRE.”

I did not trouble to think what or where the bars were; I knew only that the men had seen me and would do everything in their power to get me out. I heard them pulling the bars out in frantic haste, and saw Mr. Phillips trying to squeeze himself through the small fire-door.

With my flesh scorching and my breath rapidly failing me in that awful whirlwind of heat and flame, I put my arms down for him to catch hold of. He seized me by the elbows and told me to jump, but this I could not do, for I felt too far gone. With that he gave me a jerk, and I found myself falling—right on to the huge fire! The bars were out, and the fire was keeping itself together by the pressure of one block of coal on another; but when my weight came upon it, it collapsed, sending up a rush of flames all around me. To my intense horror, I felt the skin on my arms giving way, but the courageous Mr. Phillips did not release his hold. His hands were now on my wrists, and, exerting all his strength, he pulled me up towards the door.

The pain of my burns was simply fearful, and I could have shrieked with agony, but somehow, except for a few moans, I kept quiet.

ROBERT PERRY AS HE APPEARED AFTER HIS DISCHARGE FROM THE INFIRMARY.
[*From a Photograph.*]

Presently the foreman succeeded in pulling me out of the small door, but I felt as if dead, and as though I was shrivelling up and growing smaller. As I lay on the ground, in agonizing pain, I appealed to the men to strangle me. Again and again, in semi-delirium, I repeated the request: “I’m done for! Strangle me! strangle me!” My whole body seemed to be on fire, but my rescuers lost no time. Procuring some oil, they saturated me with it, thus, in a measure, soothing the pain. Then they got me on to an ambulance and rushed me off to the Chell Infirmary, where I received every care and attention.

Never, so long as I live, shall I forget the terrible time I endured in the furnace, and my unspeakable joy when I saw Mr. Phillips at the fire-door.

I am indebted to Mr. Hill, the general manager of the above-mentioned company, for a plan of the furnace. It may be interesting to add that, even had Perry contrived to shelter himself from the flames at the foot of the wall he mentions, he would very soon have met with a death too awful to contemplate, as the molten iron would have flowed down and overwhelmed him. The authorities inform me that Perry’s adventure is altogether unprecedented in the whole of their experience. At the moment when his first cry was heard the furnace had been alight for some considerable time, having been started with a large quantity of wood and many barrow-loads of hot coal in order to raise the heat quickly!

MR. PHILLIPS STANDING BY THE FIRE-DOOR THROUGH WHICH PERRY WAS DRAGGED.
[*From a Photograph.*]

THE HEADLESS WOMAN.

By Charles Needham.

I had just recovered from a troublesome throat affection, and under the doctor’s orders had moved out of town for a spell of fresh air and quieter surroundings, selecting the little village of Canewdon, in South-East Essex, as my retreat. I had always had an eye on the village, first making its acquaintance whilst yachting off the coast and in the River Crouch, where my boat had its permanent berth.

Canewdon is actually little more than a straggling hamlet four miles by road to the north of Rochford, and about nine from Southend-on-Sea. It required only a very short residence there for me to find that the secluded little place considered it had its own corner in history, and a very pretty turn in folk-lore and superstition as well. To begin with, Canewdon claims King Canute as one of its founders, and its domestic romances and tragedies would make a presentable volume in the hands of a scribbling antiquary. It had, however, something more than mere history, and far less to my liking, for me to feed my imagination upon, as I was soon to discover.

THE OLD COTTAGE AT CANEWDON IN WHICH THE AUTHOR RESIDED.
From a Photograph.

After a good look round I settled upon a comfortable old cottage, with a small garden traversed by a brook, only a very short distance from the ancient, square-towered church. Into this, having taken it at a very moderate rental, I moved a small amount of furniture, my books, and other paraphernalia, and prepared to settle down to the life of a hermit for a time. The woman who came from close by to “do” for me looked upon me, I fancy, as something of a curiosity, but, for some reason I had not then discovered, she seemed a little uneasy at my solitary existence. She would remark that I must be lonely, or that it was unlikely that I should stop in the place very long. I put all this down to a friendly disposition, coupled with a desire to draw me out as to my place in the larger world I had dropped from so suddenly.

For the first day or two matters went smoothly enough, and I began to feel that my choice of locality had been a lucky and inexpensive one. Then something occurred which startled me sufficiently to make me alter my opinion.

I always used the little kitchen at meal-times for convenience’ sake, and one night I remained there reading until very late, the kitchen being lit only by one small lamp at my back. I had just closed my book—it was about one o’clock—and was summoning the effort required to take me bedwards, when I noticed a very slight movement of the iron latch upon the door leading into the back garden. My thoughts naturally flew to burglars. The locality was lonely, and no doubt my coming had been duly talked over in the village with all the exaggeration and surmise an out-of-the-way place is capable of.

I was, of course, considerably startled, and sat watching the latch slowly rise, evidently actuated by a very delicate and even pressure from without. The door itself was bolted at both top and bottom, and when the latch had risen clear of the hasp I fully expected to hear the bolts rattle as the person outside put his weight against the door to try it. But nothing of the sort happened; the latch, after remaining suspended for a moment, fell back again into place as slowly and evenly as it had risen.

Startled and puzzled as I was, I still held to my belief that this must be a timid attempt at robbery, and that, finding the back door locked, the intruder would try the front one also. Nor was I wrong, for I had scarcely slipped quietly into the sitting-room and taken up my position when the latch there began to rise in precisely the same manner. This door possessed only one bolt, and that at the bottom, so that the door, an old and ill-fitting one, would show the slightest pressure at once. But none was placed upon it, and the latch fell into place as evenly and noiselessly as before. By this time I must confess to being slightly scared, and when a chair banged heavily on the floor and a loud shout of “Who’s that?” brought no sound of a retreating shuffle on the cobble-stones outside, I had to summon all my remaining courage to unbar and fling open the door. Not a soul or a sound met me as I stepped outside. The night was a light one in early September, so that a retreating figure could have been followed by the eye for twenty or thirty yards. After a careful look round the garden I went to bed nonplussed at the weirdness of the whole affair.

The following day brought another intruder—a material one this time. I found that during the morning a travelling caravan had taken a pitch just outside my hedge; and its owner turned out to be an Oxford man, who, with his wife, was leading a vagabond life about the shires. He was an extremely well-read man, and we soon got on the best of terms, exchanging books and opinions, till he inspanned for pastures new a week later. The night before he left I was treated to another queer happening.

We had been talking and reading in my tiny sitting-room till about eleven o’clock, when my

vagabond friend bade me a sleepy “Good night” and opened the front door. He had, however, only just put his foot on the cobbles when he stepped backwards with a sharp exclamation, and a scared look on his face.

“What’s up?” I asked.

“It’s awfully queer,” he replied; “I could have sworn I saw a face looking straight at me close to that bush”—he pointed to the privet hedge at the left of the door—“but there didn’t seem to be any body to it. I’m certainly not drunk, but I may have been dreaming.”

After my recent experience, which I had not thought it worth while to mention to such a hard-headed soul as my chance companion, I felt anything but comfortable. We were both rather ashamed of our brief lapse from common sense, and laughed the incident off as best we might.

The following day found me in all the doubtful glory of my solitude once more, and I must confess to having been thankful when an invitation reached me that same evening, from friends at Fambridge, for a few days’ fishing.

I have never suffered from that popular present-day malady known as “nerves,” possibly because of an open-air existence with plenty of exercise, but, though I had only been there a short time, the cottage and the locality now seemed to have become almost uncanny to me. Had I mixed more with the inhabitants, I should have discovered, as I did later, that this strange feeling was not without some foundation.

The few days I spent in Fambridge put all thought of the two queer incidents out of my mind, which will show that the subsequent events were not the outcome of an overtaxed imagination or a course of long brooding upon disquieting phenomena.

It must have been about nine o’clock in the evening that my Fambridge friend put a little Welsh pony into his governess-car to drive me back the four odd miles to my cottage. The night was fine, but there were clouds about and no moon, so that objects outside the radius of the lamps were hard to distinguish. The pony had already had a fairly hard day of it along the coast, but he was a sturdy little beast and pulled like a steam-engine, rattling us down to the outskirts of Canewdon in excellent time.

We had been bowling along, talking about the day’s sport, and were now rapidly nearing a stile leading to a footpath upon the left of the road, which takes one by a short cut across a field, over another stile, into the churchyard, and so into the village High Street. We had barely reached the stile when the pony pulled up short, reared, and refused to go another step in that direction. The pony, always a strong and willing little chap, had never done such a thing in his life before, and my friend was not only puzzled but annoyed. A sound beating had no more effect than words of encouragement; there the little beggar stuck, his four legs splayed out, the picture of all that was most stubborn in nature, whilst we two sat in the car trying to devise some plan by which to budge him.

My friend was at last obliged to ask me to take the short cut I have just spoken of instead of being driven round by the road the remaining mile and a half to my cottage. I was, of course, willing enough. The short cut would take me barely ten minutes, and I had very little to carry; so, bidding him “Good night,” I jumped out. As I came from behind the trap I noticed a tiny flickering light a few yards ahead, upon the left-hand side of the road, but it was very dim and did not arrest my attention sufficiently to make any impression on the mind. I was able to lead the pony round without any difficulty, and when his head faced Fambridge he seemed to recover his spirits at once, and the red points behind the lamps receded at a rattling pace up the road. When these had disappeared I turned again to climb the stile, but became at once uneasily conscious of something unusual a little way ahead of me.

The spot the pony had refused at was a good deal shadowed by large elms, and these, together with the cloudy sky, made the road still more obscure. The small light, which I had taken little notice of at first—thinking it probably one of the village lights showing through the trees—was still ahead; only, instead of being upon the left of the road, it was now upon the right. For a few seconds I stood looking at it, feeling very much like turning tail and bolting down the road. The flame, for it was no other, showed greeny—white against the black background and shivered in a strange, eerie way.

The most extraordinary part of the business was that it seemed to come from nothing visible, but to appear, as it were, burning in space three or four feet above the road.

“THIS MYSTERIOUS SOMETHING TOOK THREE RAPID STRIDES ACROSS THE ROAD AND DISAPPEARED.”

I had, of course, read ghost stories in which “corpse candles” and ghostly lights of one sort and another figured largely, but I had never expected to come across one, and this could be translated in no other way.[2] The close proximity of the churchyard, with the square tower of the church itself showing through the trees, added too much colour to the scene to my liking; but, scared though I was, a certain fascination took hold of me, and I advanced a step or two in order to examine the phenomenon at closer range. I had scarcely taken two paces, however, when the clouds parted a little, giving a better light beneath the trees, and at the same moment the weird flame flickered wildly and went out.

2 The light somewhat resembled the *ignis fatuus*, or will-o’-the-wisp, but was larger and greener in colour. Moreover, there was no pond or marshy ground anywhere near the road.

But this was not to be the end of my ghostly experience. The stronger light brought many roadside objects into prominence, and the moment the flame disappeared I became conscious of an indistinct black blotch against the lighter background of the hedge. It was, of course, too dark for me to be certain of its exact shape, even had I been in a calm enough state of mind to take in details; but in any case I was allowed only a momentary glimpse, for whilst I stood with the breath caught in my throat, this mysterious something took three rapid strides across the road and disappeared without a sound into the thick hawthorn hedge opposite.

At this stage I must confess to having lost all control of myself. Without another look I took to my heels and ran, as though all the powers of darkness were behind me.

The scare I had got made me quite oblivious of my direction, but I suppose natural instinct guided me, for I found myself at last, almost pumped out, trotting into the little High Street of Canewdon by the road along which I should have driven, and no doubt in far better time. I had no relish, in my then state of mind, for another lonely night in the cottage, although it stood only fifty yards away, so I made my way to the Chequers, the only inn the village possessed, and asked for a bed.

My recent arrival in the place had given me little time to become acquainted with the village notables, but I fancy the landlady knew me by sight, and no doubt thought the request strange. In any case her “Certainly, sir,” was followed by a close scrutiny. “You’re looking very queer, sir,” she added; “has anything happened?”

Surrounded by more human elements, I began to feel thoroughly ashamed of myself, and rather doubted the wisdom of giving the narrative away; but the thought that, perhaps, being a resident, she might be able to throw some light upon my weird experience finally decided me to make a clean breast of the whole affair; and I promptly did so in the little inn-parlour.

I had barely got half-way through the incident upon the road when she sat back in her chair, and said in a quiet, almost matter-of-fact tone:—

“You’ve seen the headless woman, sir.”

“The headless woman?” I asked, startled. “Who’s she?”

“I may as well tell you,” she replied, “though we don’t talk of it much here. Have you noticed a wooden house painted white, and standing alone about a hundred yards this way from the stile on the Fambridge road?”

I said that I had, and thought it was a farmhouse.

“Well, so it was till the murder happened,” replied the woman. “The story goes that somewhere about forty years ago a farmer there took to drink, went mad, and murdered his wife. He didn’t stop at that, either, for he cut off her head and buried it, and it wasn’t found till some time after the body had had decent burial.”

“So she’s supposed to haunt the place?” I asked.

“There’s no suppose about it, sir,” she replied, very quietly; “a tidy few people here have seen her, much the same as you did. My husband has, too, by the stile leading into the churchyard. It took him a week in bed to get over it. Sometimes it’s just a face, and sometimes just a black bundle like a body without a head; but always near one of them two stiles, and round about harvest time. Heaven send I never see the sight!” she concluded, devoutly.

“I’m not particularly anxious to renew the acquaintance myself,” I replied, “but how do you account for the lifting of my latch?”

“Well, I can’t say for certain, sir, but, if my memory serves me, there was a gaffer living in your cottage—he’s dead now many a year—who used to work at the White House and was there when the murder happened. He saw her pretty often in his garden, I’m told, but couldn’t be got to speak of it. It may be she walks there too.”

I spent a very mixed kind of night at the inn, and on the following day returned to Fambridge and less ghostly company. From here I made arrangements for a change of quarters, and from that day to this I have not set eyes upon Canewdon, nor have I any inclination to do so.

This strange happening is perhaps too strange for everybody’s belief. My “spirituous” state at the time is an opinion largely held by chaffing friends; but I ask that three points be taken into consideration. I am practically a teetotaller; my imagination is no more abnormal than that of most of my fellows; and, lastly, no whisper of ghostly visitations in the village had reached my ears prior to the narrative as told by the landlady.

The whole affair would make an interesting little piece of investigation for the Psychical Research Society.

By E. Way Elkington, F.R.G.S.

Savages, big and little, play games like other folk, and some of their methods of amusing themselves are very curious indeed. Mr. Elkington has made a collection of the least-known and most peculiar pastimes, and here describes and illustrates them.

THROUGHOUT the world there is a peculiar similarity in the games of the human race, and undoubtedly they all spring from the same sources, being the result of imitation, by children, of the duties and pleasures of the elder generation. In the savage races, however, we find them in their most primitive and interesting state, and in this article I propose to describe a few of the least known and most peculiar—some which I have myself witnessed, and others that I have collected from well-known travellers.

As with ourselves, it is not only the children who play, and the pastimes of their grown-up brothers are equally interesting. Naturally the games of the elders require more skill, and in some cases considerably more endurance and fortitude. For instance, the whip game, played by the red-men of British Guiana, is one that calls forth the most enduring qualities of these sturdy natives, and is an ordeal in which few Englishmen would care to take part. The origin of it is not known; some say that it was originally an act in a burial scene, but more probably it is a festival game.

For all functions in Guiana a copious supply of drink is prepared, the local name of which is “paiwarie.” This is a native-made fermented liquor, which has the desired effect, in its preliminary stages, of putting the drinkers into a good humour. After a certain quantity of “paiwarie” has been handed round, the players of the whip game, men and boys, line up in two rows facing one another; each is provided with a whip ornamented with fibre tassels, those of the two end players having whistles attached. When all is ready a gentle stamping is commenced, which gradually grows louder and louder till the earth begins to throb and the players show signs of getting worked up. Then shouts of “Yau, au!” are heard, and the now excited players wave their whips and sway gently backwards and forwards as they stamp their feet. Presently the two end men with the whistles attached to their whips pass down the centre of the row, whilst those lined up move slowly in an opposite direction. Now the stamping increases and the whistlers whistle at each other in wild excitement. Then they begin waving their whips at one other, feigning to strike with tremendous force, but finally they come down on their opponents’ calves with only a mere touch. After this has gone on for some time the two leaders run back to their original places at the head of the row, and others go out and do as they have done.

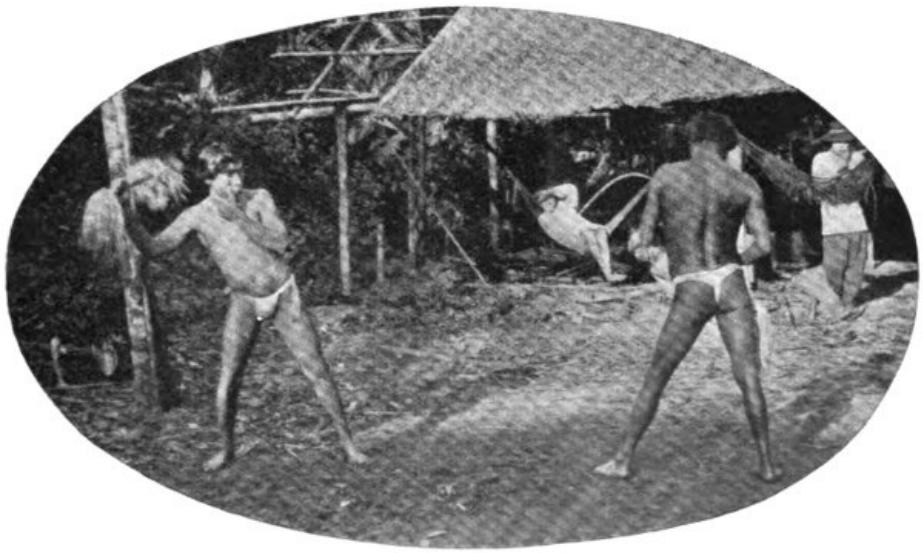
When all the players have gone through this exhibition the real business begins; so far it has only been play.

The women now come on to the scene bearing calabashes of wine, which is greedily swallowed, and then two of the players challenge each other to a real whipping competition.

Silence soon prevails, and the onlookers take up their places ready to watch this extraordinary ordeal.

As soon as the challenge has been accepted the two men step out in front of the audience and stand facing each other. As a rule they are splendidly-built fellows, and as they wear practically no clothing for this ceremony, their physical development is very noticeable.

Cautiously they judge their distance, letting the lash of the whip just touch their adversary’s calf. When they have thoroughly satisfied themselves that they can get a perfect swing, one of them stands firmly, half turned away from the other, who immediately swings his whip with tremendous force and brings it down on his opponent’s calf with a crack like the report of a gun.



THE EXTRAORDINARY "WHIP GAME" OF BRITISH GUIANA—THE COMPETITORS SLASH AT ONE ANOTHER'S BARE LEGS IN TURN, OFTEN CUTTING DEEP INTO THE FLESH.
[*From a Photograph.*]

The man who has received this blow, though it has in all probability cut right into his calf, does not flinch, but joins the whipper in a wild sort of dance, accompanied by loud shouts of "Yau, au!" Again the same man presents his calf to be cut at, again the lash descends, and more dancing follows, until it is time for the other man to go through the same ordeal. When he has had his share the two adjourn to the hut and indulge freely in "paiwarie," and other players take their places, until all the grown-ups have tasted of the delights of the game. The younger fry then step forth and challenge each other. Women, of course, do not take any active part in this weird performance beyond handing round the drinks.

Though this is rather a strenuous game, there are many less painful ones with which the children amuse themselves. One of these, called the "Jaguar Game," is similar to our own "Fox and Geese." A long procession of boys line up and grip each other by the shoulders, and sway backwards and forwards crying out, "There is no jaguar to-day!" Whilst they are singing this merrily, a youngster bears down upon them from his hiding-place amongst the onlookers. He comes running along on his hands and one leg, the other leg being raised in the air to represent the tail of the jaguar. On his appearance the whole line of boys is thrown into confusion; they grow wildly excited and swerve and sway, and dodge round, always keeping in a long, snake-like line, with the foremost boy facing their adversary, the jaguar. It is the jaguar's duty to catch the last one in the row and bear him off to his lair.

Sometimes this game is varied by the jaguar having two young cubs with her, who also run on "all threes"; they add greatly to the excitement of the sport by snapping, snarling, and generally behaving as young cubs should. The game goes on till all the row has been captured.

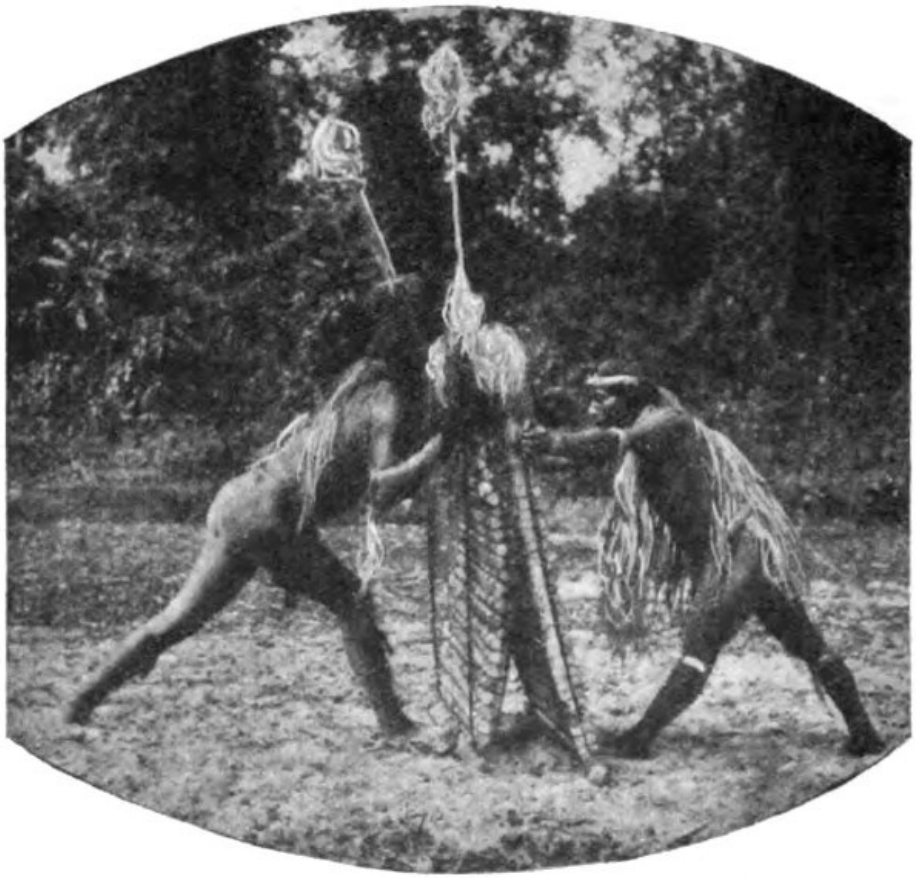
In the "Monkey Game" laughter reaches its highest point, for this is one of the wildest they play; and not only the children indulge in it, but the grown-up men sometimes take it into their heads to play it, when it assumes a very different aspect. With the children it is pure fun, with little or no danger attaching to it.

A crowd of youngsters line up and move about like monkeys who are merely enjoying themselves. Suddenly one of them stops and gives vent to a shriek of fear; the others take up the cry and immediately break their line and run wildly all over the place, chattering excitedly. When the simulated panic is at its height the smaller boys spring on to the backs of the bigger ones, and are raced about all over the place till fatigue puts an end to the fun. When their elders play the "Monkey Game," however, they often become so worked up that they really behave like a crowd of monkeys gone stark, staring mad.

Sir Everard F. im Thurn, K.C.M.G., at present Governor of Fiji, to whom I am indebted for the photographs of these Guiana games, relates a most trying experience he went through during one of these mad frolics. He says that the players suddenly burst in amongst the huts, swarmed up the roofs, tearing great mouthfuls of thatch away in their flight, and then dashed into the rooms, upsetting everything they came across and destroying food and furniture. "The old man of the settlement and his wife, in real anxiety for their goods, tried to protect what they could, tearing it even from out of the 'monkeys'' hands or throwing food to them to distract their attention from more valuable property. At last, with the help of two bystanders, the old man secured the more violent of the players, and, despite some too genuine scratchings and bitings, managed to fasten them by ropes round their loins, monkey-wise, to the posts of houses. At last five had been so caught and tied in one house; and then, if there had been uproar before, there was pandemonium now. The captives screamed and shrieked and yelled; they rolled as far as their cords would allow, and tore with their teeth everything that came in their way: food,

clothes, hammocks, pans, and calabashes.... The whole mighty uproar only ceased when all were literally too tired to do more."

This quaint instance of a game running away with its players seems strange to us, but probably if a savage saw some of our football matches he, too, might think the players had suddenly gone mad.



THE "SHIELD GAME," IN WHICH THE COMPETITORS ENDEAVOUR TO PUSH ONE ANOTHER OVER—TRIBAL DISPUTES ARE OCCASIONALLY SETTLED WITHOUT BLOODSHED BY CHOSEN TEAMS.
[*From a Photograph.*]

The "Shield Game" is another pastime of the grown-up natives. In this each man is provided with a strong shield made of palm-leaf stalks. Armed with this he faces his opponent. After much preliminary stamping and feigning they close and a mighty struggle commences, in which each man endeavours to push his adversary back. It is a kind of tug-of-war reversed. Besides being a game, it is often used as a means to settle disputes, in which, of course, the strongest man wins. The accompanying photograph gives an excellent idea of the pastime. Occasionally when tribes fall out a whole line of experts are chosen from each side, and the dispute is settled without bloodshed by the success of either side. It will be gleaned from this that the quality of "pushfulness" has an added value in British Guiana.

To go back to the games of children and also to jump a few thousand miles to the west, we find some interesting and curious pastimes among the aboriginals of Australia, where the young idea copies the ways of its fathers and makes games of their serious ceremonies. Amongst other things they play at marriage, taking some of the romantic details prior to the ceremony to make their game. In some parts of Australia an aboriginal has first to catch his wife before he can marry her, and the youngsters have probably heard from their mothers that this was not always the easiest thing to do, for there may have been others anxious to wed her—provided always that she was a good worker, looks being of small account. So the children have taken all these things into consideration and made their game from them.

As these aborigines have no proper villages, but live in shelters thrown together in the most primitive fashion, the children choose a spot in the bush where Nature has made a sort of covering; they then congregate and imitate grown-up people, chattering about nothing in particular, whilst the young man hovers round in the bush. Suddenly he bears down on the players and attempts to abduct one of the girls. This arouses the others, who all try to stop him, and one of the young gallants attacks the would-be abductor and a mock fight ensues, the winner bearing the maiden off in triumph to the bush.

AN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL CORROBOREE
From a Photo. by permission of the Queensland Government.

Amongst the men there are few real games; they all seem to take life rather seriously, and as soon as they are grown up they devote their whole time to obtaining food and taking part in the numerous religious ceremonies, some of which are most elaborate and trying functions. To us these may appear very like games, but to the aborigines they are particularly sacred. Of late years, however, they have turned one or two of these ceremonies into dances or corroborees, but probably this has been done to amuse the whites and extract money from them—like the Maoris, who now dance the “Haka” as if it were a spectacular dance for the benefit of the Pakeha. With the coming of civilization and peace some phases of its serious import have gone. The photograph given above shows Australian aborigines performing the kangaroo dance, which is a modified exhibition of one of their ancient ceremonies. It is not an exciting affair, nor beautiful, as these savages are not adepts at dancing. All they do is to crawl about, stamping and gesticulating, whilst the man dressed as a kangaroo goes backwards and forwards and up and down the line with a sort of high-stepping action. This kangaroo dance at one time had a significant meaning, and was probably danced in connection with an old-time legend, but, like many similar ceremonies, it is now carried on simply because the ancestors of the present generation taught it. This in itself would be quite sufficient to keep the most absurd custom alive, for ancestors are held in great reverence amongst savages.

One of the most amusing games I have ever witnessed in savage lands was in New Zealand, where I saw a crowd of children dancing an imitation “Haka.” The “Haka,” when danced seriously by grown-ups, is a most awe-inspiring and thrilling exhibition which stirs every nerve in your body; but when children dance it, it becomes a grotesque and laughable affair. The Maoris, men, women, and children, have a well-developed sense of humour, which is more than most savages have, and the word “savage” hardly applies to them, for more civilized and Christian beings would be hard to find. When white men first came in contact with them they found them anything but civilized except in their ideas of justice, in which they were able to give us lessons; in hospitality even now they can put a white man to shame. However, for the purpose of this article I will call them savages.

The children from their earliest days begin to laugh. I do not remember ever seeing one cry—and they seem to spend the rest of their days with a smile hovering somewhere near their faces, ready at the slightest provocation to come out. As the “Haka” is composed of a series of body movements, in which facial expression plays a prominent part, the children have plenty of scope to caricature the whole performance, which they turn into a merry pantomime, stamping and shouting, rolling their eyes, and hanging out their tongues in curious imitation of the real performers. The girls, too, have their dances, and these are really both pretty and interesting, for they are handsome creatures who know they are good looking, and enjoy showing themselves off to the best advantage, as one can see by the pretty and fascinating movements of the various dances they practise. The only thing that mars them is their anxiety to make grotesque faces every now and then, but perhaps this too is done by way of contrast. The men have the same failing, and though their expressions are more savage they do not add to the charm of the dances. To perform a dance of welcome in front of a visiting tribe, and pull horrible faces at them the while, is hardly likely to make the visitors feel at home, but the Maoris understand it, and so do not get cross, as you and I might.

MAORI BOYS PERFORMING THE "HAKA."
From a Photo. by permission of the New Zealand Government Tourist Department.

In the Solomon Islands, British New Guinea, and the New Hebrides the children are also of a playful disposition and have many games which resemble ours, such as leap-frog and pick-a-back, whilst the elder generation have musical instruments resembling the jews' harp, the fiddle, and the Pandean pipes.

A YOUNG NICOBARESE ISLANDER PLAYING A FLAGEOLET WITH HIS NOSE.
From a Photo. by E. H. Man.

Certain musical instruments are more or less common all over the world, but often the method of playing them differs, as the accompanying photograph will show. It represents a young Nicobarese playing a reed flageolet with his nose! Lots of people in the most civilized lands sing through their noses, but playing through them is, I believe, only practised in savage lands. In these same islands the natives have a sounding-board which I suppose they would call a musical instrument, for it takes the place of the well-known tom-tom used in other countries. Here it is beaten to keep time for dancers. It is a curiously constructed instrument, resembling a native shield; in fact, some travellers have mistaken it for one. Scooped out of the trunk of a tree in the same way that ordinary dug-out canoes are made, it is about five feet long and two or three feet broad; like a shield, it is concave in shape. One of the ends is pointed, and when in use this is stuck in the ground diagonally; a stone is placed under the other end to raise it. To play it the native plants one foot firmly on the buried end whilst he strikes the board with his disengaged foot.

"Musical" entertainments are popular in the Nicobar Islands, and the young men vie with each other in composing ditties which they hope will become popular and thus make them famous. So far none of these songs have been pirated in England, but this does not say that in the islands they are not "all the go." Such tunes are composed to be sung to the accompaniment of the sounding-board and dances. These, among the women, resemble more than anything else the antics of timid ladies bathing at the seaside. The dancing of the men is not much help to the musician either, as it consists of a few movements rather like dumb-bell exercises for chest

development, so that it can be understood that the young Nicobarese has no light task before him when he seeks fame in composition.

A CURIOUS DANCE POPULAR IN THE NICOBAR ISLANDS.
From a Photo. by E. H. Man.

On the West Coast of Africa there is a remarkably interesting dance in which the movements of the dancer supply the “music.” For the particulars of this dance and for the photograph of the performers I have to thank Mr. T. J. Alldridge, some time District Commissioner. The native dancing girls wear most fantastic garments. Their bodies are covered with a net made of native cotton, from which hang great bunches of palm-leaf fibre. Tufts of the same material decorate their wrists and waists, and some wear curious knicker-bockers. To these latter garments are attached small pieces of hollow iron, from which rings are hung, and when the dancer gets in full swing these make a curious jingling noise. An accompaniment is also played by other women on another quaint instrument called a *sehgura*, which is made out of a hollow gourd covered with a net, on which are fixed a number of seeds. To produce the sound the ends of the net are held in the two hands and tightened and slackened alternately, while rhythmic shaking is now and then indulged in to vary the accompaniment.

In this part of the world there are several interesting games of chance, for natives are inveterate gamblers and will stake all they possess—huts, wearing apparel, and even their wives. One of their favourite pastimes is played with a concave board, which is put on the ground facing the players, who stand or squat a little way off. They then spin a sort of top into and across it until one of them fails to send it with sufficient force to carry it to the far end; it is then the business of the next man to spin his top with sufficient force to drive his opponent’s out, and so beat him.

Gambling seems to be common in all parts of the world; the Eskimo have many interesting games where chance and skill are combined. One called “nuglutang” is very popular and is played by several men at a time. From the centre of the room (generally from the roof) is slung a plate of ivory having a hole in its centre. The Eskimos stand away from it, and each in turn endeavours to throw a stick through the orifice. In one of their games, called “saketan,” they have a curious way of “staking.” The game is a sort of roulette; a board is placed on the ground, and a small cup with rounded bottom and a lip is spun on to it. The man in front of whom the lip stops is the winner, but, unlike most winners, he is actually a loser, for he has to go and fetch something to pay in as a stake, which the next “winner” takes, but he in turn pays in another forfeit in its place for the man who follows. So the game goes on until the last man wins, and he appropriates the stakes out and out, making himself the only real winner, whereas the first player to whom the cup pointed is the only loser in a game which causes the wildest excitement whilst the issue is in doubt.

WEST AFRICAN DANCING GIRLS.
From a Photograph.

It is a peculiar thing that string games, like some others already mentioned, are popular all over the world amongst the coloured races, and what is perhaps far more extraordinary is the fact, recently discovered, that some of these string figures are made in exactly the same way, and are of the same design in places as widely apart as America, the South Sea Islands, and Japan. The last photograph, taken by Mr. William A. Cunnington, shows a very interesting string figure from Central Africa called “Sumbo” (a fishing net), which is by no means a simple one.

For the description of this figure and permission to reproduce the photograph I have to thank the Secretary of the Anthropological Institute.

Besides having tricks of this sort in which the hands only are employed, there are many now known which are made with hands and feet, and others again are worked round the neck and the hands.

Dr. Haddon has made a particular study of the subject, and has, in collaboration with Dr. Rivers, published particulars of many of the string tricks performed in various parts of the world.

STRING GAMES ARE POPULAR ALL OVER THE WORLD—HERE IS AN INTERESTING FIGURE FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.
From a Photograph.

The Marriage of Lulu.

By the Rev. A. Forder, of Jerusalem.

The author is a missionary who has travelled extensively in the East, and is thoroughly familiar with the wild tribes of the desert. In the subjoined narrative he relates the love-story of a young Arab girl—a real life romance with the conventional happy ending of fiction.

T was that time of the day which Orientals call *asr*, between four o'clock and sunset—just the time when the Arab chief likes to be on hand so that he may receive and welcome any who may seek the hospitality and shelter afforded by his simple home, and see for himself that sufficient food for man and beast is provided, so that both may sup and be satisfied.

On a certain afternoon Sheikh Khaleel sat at his tent door watching the sun slowly sink toward the west, wondering, as he pulled at the dying embers in his pipe, if it would be his lot to entertain any guest that night.

As his sharp eyes looked out from under his shaggy eyebrows he saw in the distance a rider mounted on a camel, whose head was directed straight for the camp under the chief's control.

It was not long before both camel and rider stood at the door of the guest-tent, and the chief, having tethered the ship of the desert to one of the tent-pegs, invited his guest to enter, and at once set about preparing the coffee according to Arab custom.

The new arrival, whose name was Abd-el-Thullam (the servant of cruelty) was well known to the Arabs for scores of miles round, and a visit from him always meant something unusual and of importance, hence the wonder of the host and his neighbours at the coming of one with so uninviting a name, which was obtained by deeds that gave subject for conversation around many a camp-fire after supper. Speculations as to the coming of this well-known chief were many, and although not audibly expressed filled the minds of all present, and of none more so than the women, who were separated from the menfolk only by the coarse goats'-hair curtain that divided the tent. Little did the host's only daughter think that she was the cause of this unexpected visitor coming among them, or how much his presence meant to her and others.

Arab etiquette forbids any direct asking of questions or quizzing into the affairs of a guest, so both before and after supper the conversation was upon subjects far away from the one that had brought Abd-el-Thullam into the camp of Sheikh Khaleel, and the simple folk of the wilderness closed their eyes in sleep without having the faintest idea of the object of Abd-el-Thullam's visit.

With the morning light the camp was astir, both men and women going about their daily callings, each one wondering what the day would reveal. After the matutinal cup of coffee the guest made known the object of his coming, doing so in such forceful and measured language as to impress upon the little company of listeners the fact that his wishes must be complied with.

Condensed into a few words, the rather lengthy speech of the "servant of cruelty" was somewhat as follows: "Sheikh Khaleel, may Allah grant you a long life and build your house (grant you sons to perpetuate your name and family). To the women of my household I desire to add another, for has not our Prophet given us permission to have four wives? Already I have three. Now I have come to ask for your daughter, and am ready to give the price that you may ask for her. As I am to join a raiding party in a few days the matter must be settled at once. May Allah give you patience and wisdom."

The statement was so unexpected that no one could make reply for a minute or so. At last the silence was broken by Khaleel saying, "The will of Allah be done! What is decreed must come to pass."

Now, the business of a betrothal and marriage is not usually hurried among Arabs, for much talking is necessary to settle the price of the bride, and time is needed in which to pay the amount agreed upon, and to arrange and comply with the wedding festivities and customs. Hence Sheikh Khaleel and his neighbours were surprised in a two-fold way, first by the boldness of the request, and secondly by the desire to hasten the matter. So, reminding the impatient suitor that "God was with the patient ones," Khaleel bade him wait a while.

But the man desirous of many wives pressed his claim and asked the price of the girl, again saying that he was ready to give whatever was asked.

All the while Khaleel had been wondering if this was not his chance to make a good bargain, although for two reasons he was loath to part with his daughter, whose name was Lulu (the pearl). Was she not his only daughter—in fact, the only child Allah had spared to him? Moreover, although there had been no formal or public betrothal, he knew well enough that Lulu's heart and affections had already been won by a young man of his own camp and community. But here was the opportunity to drive a good and hard bargain. And what did it matter, after all? It was only about a girl, who might any day be taken ill and die; also, he might have to get her off at a

small return later on if he allowed this chance to slip by.

At last Khaleel spoke, making known the terms on which his daughter could become the fourth wife of the unwelcome guest. They were as follows: a mare, one hundred goats, fifty sheep, and two hundred silver medjidiehs (each worth three and fourpence), all to be paid within three days, with the stipulation that, should Lulu die before the time for taking her to her new home, viz., seven days of feasting, the above payment should become the sole property of Chief Khaleel, her father. In addition to the above the new son-in-law was to give for five successive years one hundred measures of new wheat and fifty of barley.

The terms were received in silence, and anyone glancing at the faces of those assembled could gather that each thought the price high, but all knew that the visiting chief was rich and well able to pay the fee demanded, if he chose to do so.

Nearly the whole day was spent in arguing, persuasion, and calculation, but Sheikh Khaleel was immovable, the more so as he saw a chance of getting his terms.

Finding that talking was of no avail, Abd-el-Thullam finally consented to the terms on condition that, as soon as the purchase price was paid, the seven days of wedding festivities should commence. To this Khaleel gave his consent, and, although the day was far spent, the prospective bridegroom mounted a horse which had been brought for him and rode away, leaving the camel on which he had arrived as an earnest of his return. For three days the camel was tied before the guest-tent, and was only redeemed just in time to save it from being forfeited.

We must now leave the guest-tent and for a time consider some other people who were keenly interested in the happenings just related.

First, a word about Lulu. As already stated, she was the only child of her father, and, such being the case, she was naturally better cared for and more thought of than if there had been rivals in the shape of brothers. Her father spared her in many ways the indignities so commonly imposed upon females in the East, one distinction between her and other girls of the tribe being that her face had not been tattooed.

At the time of our story her age was about fourteen. The bloom of youth on her cheek, with the uprightness of figure so common among Arab girls, made her queenly in appearance in spite of her oft-patched flowing robes.

Among her own kith and kin she reigned supreme, for, having lost her mother soon after her birth, she had claimed the nursing and attention of most of the women in the camp; hence she was ruled by none and spoiled by all.

“FOR THREE DAYS THE CAMEL WAS TIED BEFORE THE GUEST-TENT.”
From a Photograph.

Some of the youths, too, had paid her attention, and, having grown up side by side with her, were more than mere friends. One, whose name was Abd-Salaam (the servant of peace), had even found it in his heart to love her, which aspiration he knew was not in vain, for on more than one occasion Lulu had assured him that when the time came for her to become a wife none but the “servant of peace” would suffice.

Now it so happened that all that had passed and been settled in the guest-tent between father and visitor was unknown to either Lulu or her lover, for the former had been away all day gathering fuel on the hill-sides in company with another girl, while Abd-Salaam had gone with others to a distant town in charge of some sheep, the day he left the camp being the one on which the wife-seeker arrived.

It is customary among the Arabs for the girl who is to be betrothed not to be consulted as to any likes or dislikes on her part, and she knows nothing about her being traded off to some stranger until informed by having the large outer garment of the suitor thrown around her, and hearing the announcement that she belongs to him.

The surprise of Lulu, therefore, on her return to the camp may be imagined when the scribe of the community approached her and, all unawares, covered her with a large camel-hair *abba*, saying, “The name of God be with thee, O Lulu. None shall have thee but Abd-el-Thullam.”

Surprised as she was, she threw off the cloak and entered the tent, inwardly vowing that none should have her but the constant companion of her girlhood. With the liberty allowed her as the chief’s daughter she went into the guest-tent, and, with hands clenched and determination written on her face, informed her father that her home and lot should not be among strangers, and that the hated “servant of cruelty” should be no husband of hers. In this way warfare was declared, and the probability of trouble in the near future announced.

That night she was sprinkled with sheep’s blood, as a sign that her life belonged to another. Next day she was accompanied by the women to a spring, and, according to custom, thoroughly washed and purified, while on the day following busy fingers worked incessantly making a wedding-robe for the supposed bride. Lulu tolerated all these formalities in silence, but inwardly decided that, do what they would and act as they might, she would never be the bride of the one who was to supplant the choice of long ago.

The afternoon of the third day came round, but no suitor with the price of the bride had appeared, and it looked as though Lulu would be released from her probable marriage, and her father become the possessor of a camel for little trouble. Just an hour before sunset, however, a cloud of dust in the distance told of the coming of flocks, and ere the golden orb disappeared altogether Abd-el-Thullam had handed over what was demanded in return for his prospective bride. The bleating of the sheep and the clinking of the silver pieces only made Lulu vow afresh that no tent of a stranger should shelter her.

The price having been paid in the presence of witnesses, the wedding festivities commenced. The firing of old flint-lock guns was the signal that announced holiday-keeping for a week. Sheep were killed, bread baked in abundance, and coffee-drinking went on continuously. This is a time much appreciated by the dwellers of the wilderness, for then they are able to satisfy the cravings of hunger and for once in a season eat until satisfied.

Whilst the men raced on their horses or fought imaginary battles, the women whiled away the hours in dancing, singing, or sipping coffee between puffs at their long pipes. So the days passed, and the end of the marriage feast approached.

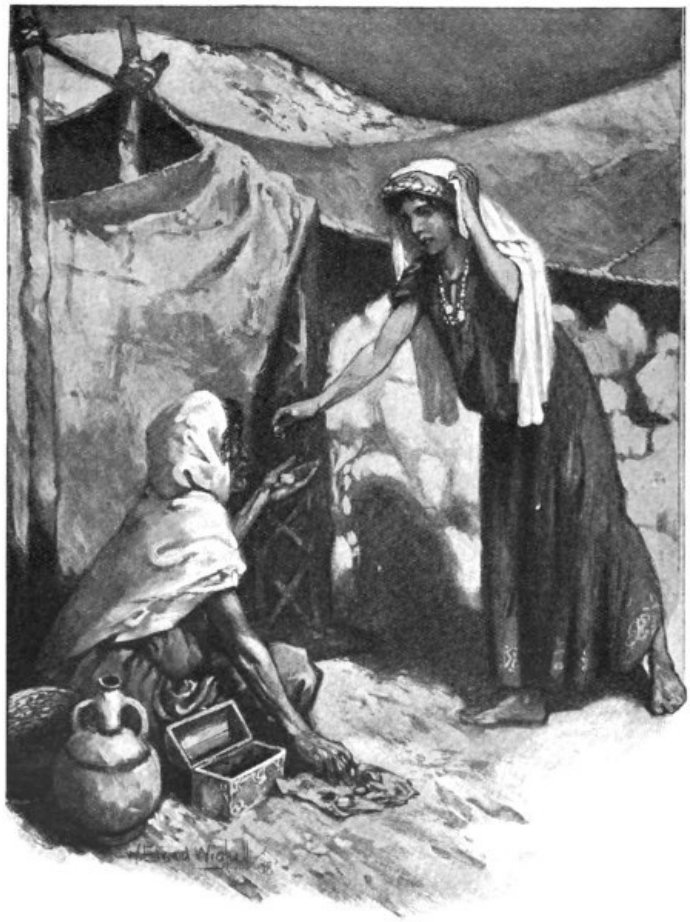
Only Lulu took no part or interest in all that was going on, and as the men or women chanted in turn the virtues, praises, and good fortune of both bride and bridegroom, it all fell like water on a duck’s back so far as the girl-bride was concerned. Inwardly she longed for the return of her boy lover, so that he might in some way intervene to stop the proceedings, and so win her for himself according to their mutual pledge.

But the “servant of peace” did not come, for the demand in the town for sheep was poor, and he had to wait many days ere the flock was disposed of and he free to return to his goats’-hair home. As time and tide wait for no man, neither did the last day of the wedding festivities tarry, and all too soon for the greatly-distressed Lulu the seventh day dawned, and with it no visible escape from what seemed her inevitable fate.

With the constant attention of the women, escape by flight was well-nigh impossible, but before noon a probable way of deliverance presented itself which Lulu was not slow to grasp. A small company of gipsies arrived at the camp, one of whom—an old woman—professed a knowledge of drugs, and verified her statements by producing a small box of mysterious-looking compounds in powder.

The arrival of the party drew away attention from Lulu, but she engaged the attention of the vender of drugs, and elicited from her the fact that among her wares was poison. It was only the work of a few minutes to exchange cash for a mysterious powder, directions for the use of which were imparted to Lulu in an undertone.

As evening drew on preparations were made for the sending away after supper of bride and bridegroom. The camel that was to carry Lulu to her new home was decorated and made ready, and the torches and tom-toms seen to and handed out to those who were to accompany the procession on its way to the camp of Abd-el-Thullam. It seemed that nothing remained to be done save to partake of supper and start.



“IT WAS ONLY THE WORK OF A FEW MINUTES TO EXCHANGE CASH FOR A MYSTERIOUS POWDER.”

During the serving of the unusually large meal, which occupied the attention of the women for a time, Lulu slipped out backwards under the rear curtain of the tent and disappeared. Few missed her for a time, for all were busy, but when the call was given, “Bring out the bride and let her husband claim her,” great was the astonishment, for no bride was on hand. One abused the other, and the angry bridegroom accused his host of treachery and would have shot him but for the interference of others, who reminded him again that Allah was with the patient ones.

All denied that the girl was dead, for had they not seen her alive only a short time before? She would return soon, they said, and put an end to the confusion and mystery.

Meanwhile scouts were sent out around the camp, only to return later without tidings of the fugitive. All that night watch was kept, but morning dawned without the mystery being solved, and as the day wore on speculations were indulged in as to whom the purchase price of Lulu belonged, for, although she had now disappeared, she on her part had not done anything within the seven days of the feast to cause her intended master to claim the price paid for her. The sun set again without any light being shed on the disappearance or whereabouts of the girl-bride, and Abd-el-Thullam was furious at being balked of his prey, swearing by every oath available that he would lose neither wife nor purchase price, even if the regaining of one or the other made lifelong enmity between the two tribes.

“AN OLD TOMB HEWN IN THE SIDE OF THE CISTERN.”
[*From a Photograph.*]

We must now leave the puzzled company in the guest-tent and see what had become of Lulu. After slipping under the tent-cloth, she commenced to run as fast as her bare feet would permit her. In her excitement and joy at being free she cared little in which direction she fled, and although the night was unusually dark, by reason of heavy storm-clouds, she sped on over hill and valley until thoroughly tired and exhausted. As she rested her weary little frame on the soft herbage of the wilderness the solitude and stillness made her nervous and afraid. Her trepidation was not lessened by a sudden movement near her—made, probably, by a jackal more alarmed than herself.

The fright made her rise quickly and again take to flight, but after running a few hundred yards misfortune overtook her, for, without warning, she tripped and fell headlong into an old unused cistern quite twenty-five feet deep. The fall made her unconscious, and as the pit was far from the camp she was safe for that night, while a tangle of creepers and thorns over the mouth of the cavity made her fairly secure by day.

Here, bruised and unconscious, the poor little bride-to-be lay until daybreak, when, with the rising sun, her senses returned to her. Having considered her surroundings, she decided to secure herself further by creeping into an old tomb hewn in the side of the cistern, where at least she could die in peace rather than be the slave of one utterly distasteful to her. So, with one last fond thought for her absent lover, she swallowed the gipsy’s potion and crawled into the small aperture. Here she soon fell into a stupor, caused partly by weariness, but mainly by the powder bought from the old drug-vender.

But what had become of the boy-lover all these days that he had not returned to the camp and become conversant with all that had happened to his little companion?

As already stated, he was delayed by a slack market; but after some days he was free to return, and, in charge of two camels, he set out for his wilderness home. On the day after Lulu’s escape he was crossing the great plain, happy at the prospect of reaching camp before evening. Being somewhat religiously inclined, he halted at noonday to pray, and soon after remounting was warned to seek shelter from a storm that was announced by a sharp crack of thunder. Looking about him he saw a cavity in the ground wide and high enough to allow his camels to enter. By dint of pulling, coaxing, and beating he forced the beasts in, and at last all three found themselves in the same pit into which Lulu had fallen the night before.

“HE HALTED AT NOONDAY TO PRAY.”
From a Photograph.

“SUDDENLY HE WAS SEEN TO FALL HEAVILY.”

The heavy rain dripping through the opening above made the youth seek better shelter, so he presently crept into the old tomb, and, to his amazement, found that it was already occupied by someone apparently deep in slumber.

Curiosity made him try to rouse the sleeper, but it was of no use. Crawling farther in, it was not long before the amazed camel-boy discovered that the insensible girl was his dearly-loved Lulu. Assuring himself that she was not dead, and, of course, ignorant of the circumstances that had brought her to the cavern, he left her, and, taking the best of the two camels, rode off post-haste to carry the news of Lulu’s condition to the camp and get help.

The announcement caused a good deal of talk, stir, and excitement, which was suddenly put a stop to by Abd-el-Thullam jumping on his mare and making off at full speed toward the cavern, hoping to be the first to secure his dearly-bought bride.

Others joined in the race, but it seemed as if no one would overtake the eager chief, when suddenly he was seen to fall heavily, having been thrown to the ground by his mare putting her foot into a hole.

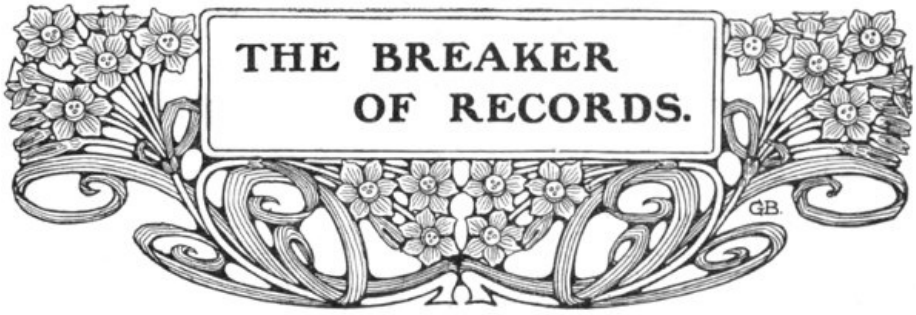
He did not move, and when the others reached him they discovered to their consternation that he had broken his neck and was quite dead. Instead of a reluctant bride being escorted to the

distant camp, therefore, the corpse of the unfortunate chief was carried thither.

On reaching the cavern the men found Lulu still deep in the drug-induced slumber, and, making a rough litter out of their roomy outer garments, they carried her to their camp and laid her on her rude bed of heather and dry grass.

Fortunately, the old gipsy-woman had not left the camp, and now, taking in the situation, she administered a dose of some concoction that soon had the effect of rousing the sleeper and making her able to explain her presence in the rock-hewn tomb.

Slowly but surely Lulu regained vigour, and the old youthful spirit came again, much to the joy of Abd-Salaam and her father. After a few weeks another marriage feast was kept, for there was now no obstacle to the wedding of the lovers, the price of the bride having been paid by the ill-fated "servant of cruelty." The affair was hurried this time, for the feast was to have a happy ending; love, instead of custom, had won the day.



By Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S

The amusing story of an American who set out to eclipse the round-the-world record. The author, himself a globe-trotter of many years' standing, describes him as "the most extraordinary man I ever met," and after reading the narrative we fancy the reader will be inclined to agree with him.

I MET him at Dalny, in August, 1903—the year before war broke out between Japan and Russia.

I had been travelling in Manchuria, and had come down from Mukden only just in time to catch, by the skin of my teeth, the weekly steamer to Japan. The train was more than an hour late, and the drosky that I hired at the station—with my luggage piled in anyhow by the Chinese porters—had been driven by the dishevelled moujik in charge at a pace that laughed at speed limits and scorned such trifling obstacles as ruts and holes nearly a foot in depth.

As we tore up to the steamer's berth at the great wharf, that was later to prove of such inestimable value to the Japanese, the driver shouting and lashing his three horses into foam, the gangway was on the point of being lowered, and I had horrible visions of having to spend a week in that most dead of dead-alive towns, in which I already seemed to know every house.

With commendable courtesy, however, the officials permitted me to get myself and effects on board, and a moment later we were steaming out into the fine harbour.

The steamer was the *Mongolia*, which had the misfortune six months later to be the first Russian vessel captured by the Japanese.

I was leaning over the rail, watching the hills receding from view, when I suddenly felt a tap on my shoulder, and on looking round was confronted by a rather sallow-faced, wiry-looking individual of medium height, with steel-grey eyes that seemed to pierce through mine clean into my brain.

“THE DRIVER SHOUTING AND LASHING HIS THREE HORSES INTO FOAM.”

“Say, d’you speak English?” he asked me.

I admitted that, being an Englishman, I had a moderate command of the language.

“Well, I ain’t English, I’m Amur’can,” he replied.

“So I see.”

“Well, say now, how’d you know I was Amur’can?”

“By your accent; one would scarcely make the mistake of taking you for anything else.”

“Well, say, you’re smart enough to be an Amur’can, too, at that rate. Anyhow, I’m mighty glad to see you, for since I parted with my friend, who went to Port Arthur, I ain’t had a chance of hearin’ a language that anyone could understand. I’m out to beat the record round the world for the *New York* ——, and if I only make it in Japan I’ll beat the previous best by exactly twelve days.”

He then related to me how he had left New York and travelled *viâ* Liverpool, London, Dover, Ostend, Berlin, Moscow, and the Trans-Siberian Railway to Dalny; and here he was, bound for Nagasaki, Japan, where he would take the train for Yokohama, and thence travel by the *Empress of India* to Vancouver, by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Quebec, and from there back to New York.

“I’m going to publish a book on the trip, and I’ve got about enough information to fill it already. Say, though, my wife’ll be glad to see me back again in New York. She’s a beautiful woman, my wife. She’s tall and dark, and has a straight-front figure—a woman can’t be fashionable without a straight-front figure—and when she walks she leans forward like a kangaroo and does the glide. Ever seen it? I tell you, sir, there’s nuthin’ like it; and it takes a New York girl to do it properly, and there ain’t many girls in New York as can lick my wife at walkin’. I’ll introduce you to her sometime if I ever see you in New York, an’ if you don’t say she’s about the slickest thing you ever saw in skirts, well, you ain’t much of a judge o’ weather.

“Say, now that I come to look at you, I’ve seen you before, I guess,” he rattled on. “Wasn’t you the chap that come rushin’ on to the platform at Mukden just as our train was movin’ out of the station?”

I acknowledged that I was. Owing to the impossibility of obtaining any reliable information in the town, several miles away, as to the time of departure of the trains, I had reached the station, to my great chagrin, just in time to see the *train de luxe* move away from the platform. I had thus been compelled to take a slow and very dirty train three hours later, and hence the reason of my nearly missing the boat at Dalny.

“Looks as if cuttin’ things fine was rather in your line, eh? Say, though, you couldn’t take risks like that if you was doin’ a record round the world. You nearly missed this boat. I was watchin’ you, and if you’d been on my job you’d have perspired like a pig as you was drivin’ up to the wharf, with that woolly-faced pirate yellin’ and thrashin’ them horses to soapsuds, and the steamer whistle blowin’ and the whole durned push hollerin’ and monkeyin’ with the ropes of the gangway. You’d have had your heart in your boots, young feller, if you’d been on my lay-out and seen how near you came to botchin’ up the whole job.

“And talkin’ of botchin’ jobs, if this steamer doesn’t arrive in Nagasaki in time to catch the eight o’clock train on Thursday, I’m done. That train’ll just give me time to catch the *Empress* at Yokohama. If I miss it there ain’t another boat until the *Gaelic* for San Francisco, nine days later, and as that’s a slower route I’ll be fourteen days longer than if I catch the *Empress*. Gee whiz, though, it’ll break my wife’s heart if I don’t clip that twelve days off the record. She and I figured this whole thing out together months before I started.

“Now, this boat’s due to arrive at Nagasaki at eleven o’clock, and if she does no better’n that

there’s no power on earth can help me; the game’s lost. Guess I’ll have to try and square the captain to get her into harbour by seven o’clock. If I can’t do that my wife’ll be heartbroken; she’s set her heart on this. You ought to see her; she’s the finest girl in New York—tall and slender, with dark eyes and hair, and she’s got a straight-front figure. But, say, I guess I’ll have to try and square the captain; I ain’t a nervous man, but I’m gettin’ nervous about this.”

With that he took me on one side, where there was no possibility of any eavesdropping, and, drawing his watch from his pocket, said, “You see that watch? How much do you suppose it’s worth?”

I looked at it closely. It appeared to be a handsome gold-cased, centre-seconds hunter, but, after the American fashion, the gold was not hallmarked. I confessed that I could form no idea of its value, but it appeared to me to be an expensive one.

“It’s a most difficult thing for anyone but an expert to tell the value of a watch, and you aren’t the only one to think this is somethin’ choice,” said my new acquaintance. “Now you’ve got a whole lot to learn, and I’m goin’ to put you up to a tip that’ll save you a pile of money. There’s not many experts on watches to be met with travellin’, and most people would think this worth fifty dollars at least. That’s where they’re wrong. I buy these watches by the dozen, and they only cost me one dollar and twenty cents each that way. They’re gold-washed, but they look like solid gold. I always have one on my chain; it’s no good havin’ it anywhere else. It must be on the chain you’re wearin’, and when the time comes for business you’ve got to tenderly draw it out of your pocket as if it was somethin’ you valued more than your life.

“Now, when I started out from Moscow I bought a second-class ticket, and I got into the best unoccupied first-class compartment I saw on the train. After a while the conductor comes along to examine the tickets. I handed him mine. He couldn’t speak a word of English, but he gave me to understand by pretty good actin’ that I’d have to clear out into the other end of the train.

“Not bein’ a bad hand at actin’ myself, I was right *in* it. I gently pulled my watch from my pocket—it was one like this I now have on me—and showed him clearly that I intended to give it to him when we reached Irkutsk if he let me stay where I was. I repeated the word Irkutsk several times, each time touchin’ his pocket.

“Well, sirree, you ought to have been there to see his face when he caught sight of that watch! His eyes bulged out of his head so you could hang your hat on ’em, and to show what he felt like in his heart he took hold of my hand and shook it.

“After that he was like a mother to me all the way. Other compartments were filled up, but I had mine to myself always. Every time I passed him I gave him a wink and tapped my watch-pocket, and he switched on the nicest smile he kept in stock.

“Gee whiz, though, comin’ across Siberia the inside of that train was hotter’n the gates of Hades, and every day that feller would come to my room two or three times to see if he couldn’t do something to make me more comfortable.

“At Irkutsk I handed over the watch, and either his joy at receivin’ it or his sorrow at partin’ with me was so great that he tried to kiss me.

“Irkutsk is where they change trains, and I met an Englishman on the platform who lived in Port Arthur; he was goin’ back there by way of Dalny. He had been on a holiday to England, and was comin’ back on third-class trains, as he had spent about all his money, and had only just enough to skin through third-class. When I found he knew the country and could talk Russian, I invited him to come along with me; I told him I’d fix things up all right.

“Well, by and by the conductor comes along, same as the other had done. There we were, both in a first-class compartment, one with a second and the other with a third-class ticket. I didn’t have need to do any dumb show this time, for my friend, who spoke the lingo, did all the gassin’, and told him there was a nice present waitin’ for him when Dalny was reached if we could stay where we were, and when I tenderly took another watch out of my pocket and looked at it as though it was the only thing I’d ever loved on earth, he was as much overcome with joy as number one had been.

“Well, that watch fixed it just as I knew it would. We both stayed where we were, and when, at Dalny, I handed it over to the conductor, I calculated those two watches, worth two dollars and forty cents, had saved me about one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

“That Englishman was as chock-full of knowledge about Manchuria as an egg is full of meat, and I got enough information out of him to write up the whole trip across Russia and Siberia.

“Now you see the point I’m gettin’ at. There’s more of them watches in my bag, besides this one on my chain, and I’d like to see the captain of this ship richer by one of ’em, provided he does somethin’ to earn such a valuable present as he’ll consider it, until he gets to pryin’ into the works and askin’ experts’ opinions about it; but by that time I’ll be a long way off and it ’ain’t likely as I’ll ever see him again. There’s one disadvantage about this game that’s worth remarkin’—you can’t play it on the same man twice.

“As soon as I came aboard this ship and found out from the steward the time she gets to Nagasaki, I saw another watch would have to go, and that the captain o’ the ship would be the fortunate possessor. There’s a difficulty in the way, as he can’t speak English; and I can’t approach him through the steward, as that would give the captain away, but I’ve discovered there’s a Russian lady in the saloon, whom the captain’s already gettin’ on with like a house on fire.

“She speaks English with the prettiest accent you ever heard, and I was talkin’ to her for half an hour in the harbour before you showed up. I’ve already told her what I’m doin’, and got her quite worked up about it, an’ I’ve decided she’s the one to work the captain for me. There she is now, comin’ out on deck. Excuse me; there’s no time to be lost; I’ll get hold of her before the captain sees her.”

As they walked up and down the deck talking animatedly together, I could see my new acquaintance was making a deeper impression every minute. Once a few sentences reached me, and I chuckled inwardly.

“She’ll be broken-hearted if I fail to make it.... I’ll introduce you to her if you come to New York. She’ll like you and you’ll like her. She’s tall and dark, with big black eyes, and she’s got a straight-front figure and a——” I had to make a guess at the rest, for they had turned the corner by the wheel-house before the sentence was finished.

I never doubted what the result of his interview would be. Already I felt that the arrival of the *Mongolia* at Nagasaki by seven o’clock on Thursday morning was the only thing at present to live for. I was completely dominated with enthusiasm for the success of this man’s undertaking, and felt certain he would as surely win the Russian lady’s sympathy and co-operation in his project as he had already secured mine.

After half an hour he came back to me.

“That little woman’s all right. She’s made o’ good enough clay to be Amur’can, an’ says she’ll do everythin’ she can to help me. She’s gone to call the captain now.”

Soon she appeared with the captain, talking in the most animated manner to him and punctuating every sentence with most expressive gestures.

Then they came together towards us and she said, “I haf ze captain told what you say off your great journey, and he tell me it iss impossible we come to Nagasaki so early unless he burn extra fifty tons of coal. Ze captain say if you pay ze coal he can do it, but if you not pay ze coal it iss impossible, but ze captain he like verry much to help you.”

To this my travelling companion made reply, “Madam, will you please tell the captain that the cost of the extra fifty tons of coal is but a trifle, and I’ll do a good deal more than pay for that. I am so anxious to catch that train that if the captain will bring the ship into the harbour by seven o’clock I’ll make him a present of my watch.”

The lady interpreted this. The captain shrugged his shoulders, then he looked up at the funnel, from which great rolling convolutions of thick black smoke were belching, and he let his eye run along the line of reek floating lazily in the cobalt astern for many miles—almost, it seemed, to where the yellow, sun-baked Manchurian hills were disappearing below the horizon—his brows knitted in thought.

Before he had finished his cogitations the would-be breaker of records put his hand into the left pocket of his waistcoat and drew out his watch. He carefully removed the chamois skin bag, soiled sufficiently to show it had long protected the treasure it covered, and holding the watch, which looked a perfect beauty as it caught the sun, in the palm of his hand, he addressed himself straight to the captain.

“Captain, I *must* catch that train, and if you’ll help me to do it, sir, my watch shall be yours before I leave the ship. Ain’t it a beauty?” and he held it out for admiration.

All this he said in a manner that carried conviction with it. The lady interpreted again, but even that seemed unnecessary. The captain had capitulated, and from that moment the result lay in little doubt. The success or failure of this man’s trip had hung in the balance, and the issue was decided by a five-shilling watch glittering in the sun on the deck of a Russian steamer in the Yellow Sea.

Being in the secret, I could feel only admiration at the record-breaker’s sang-froid and the clever and dramatic manner in which he played his part.

The captain smiled and made a gesture of deprecation, but his eyes told us that he meant that watch should be his, and presently he went below to give directions to the chief engineer. From that moment the black smoke rolled out of the funnel thicker than before, hanging over the steamer’s wake clear to the horizon.

The record-breaker contemplated it and the unrippled seas with joy.

We went up into the fo'c's'le, and as we leaned over the bow and saw the speed at which the sharp prow was cleaving the glassy water, sending thin feathers of spray high up along the steamer's trim and tapering sides, his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and his praises of "God's country" and his wife became almost dithyrambic.

All next day, as we steamed past the archipelago of rocks and barren islands that fringes the coast of Korea, the sea remained calm as a pond, and when at half-past six o'clock on Thursday morning we dropped anchor off the quarantine station at Nagasaki all doubt seemed to be at an end. There was some delay, however, as, though the doctors quickly came on board, made their examinations, and gave us a clean bill of health, it takes time to get under way again, enter the harbour, and take up a berth amongst the shipping this bustling port always contains. We anchored at seven-twenty. The record-breaker knew nothing about the place, and it is a long way to the station. I knew it well, however, and, as I felt as keen on his catching that train as he did himself, I chartered a *sampan* and had all our luggage lowered into it, whilst he went up on to the bridge to express his thanks and present the watch to the captain. I saw him take it from his 371
pocket and make a little speech as he handed it over, and I saw the captain bow his thanks. Then he shook hands, and in another moment he was beside me and we were being rapidly pulled to the landing-place, or *hatoba*.

"'AIN'T IT A BEAUTY?' AND HE HELD IT OUT FOR ADMIRATION."

There was not a moment to lose. It was past seven-thirty, and a good twenty minutes to the station. Hastily bidding the *sampan* to wait with my luggage, I engaged rickshaws and we were off at full speed. We reached the station at seven-fifty-five. Having Japanese money on me I paid the rickshaws, whilst he bought his ticket with money he had got exchanged by the steamer's purser.

He hastily shook hands, thanked me, and got into the train just one moment before it left.

The watch had *really* done it, but by actually less than a minute, and if I had not been there to help him he would have failed after all. He promised to write me from Yokohama, but this he never did. The last I saw of him he was waving his hat out of the window to me till the train was out of sight.

The last I heard of him was a few weeks later, when I read in an American Press telegram that he had won his spurs and had beaten the previous best round the world by exactly twelve days. 372

A White Woman in Cannibal-Land.

By Annie Ker.

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.

III.

TOWARDS the end of my stay in Papua my special work was translation, chiefly of the Scriptures, and there was a big pile of manuscript awaiting revision. This was generally done by one of the mission clergy and myself, assisted by intelligent natives who possessed a quick ear for mistakes. The little boy seen in the first photograph was known as "the Pundit," because, although only fourteen years old, he gave us great assistance in the difficult work of translation. He had a wonderful memory, and was very discriminating in his choice of words. He would sometimes volunteer opinions as to the style of the sacred writers, and considered the Prophet Jeremiah, on the whole, "easier" than Isaiah—in which I agree with him, so far as concerns rendering the books into a native dialect. Perhaps it was for this reason that our youthful "Pundit," when he was baptised and formally discarded his heathen name of Bonagadona, chose that of "Jeremiah," by which imposing cognomen he is now known.

Before long the revision work came to a standstill, however, for my fellow-reviser had gone far north to a pioneer station called Ambasi. It was finally decided that, accompanied by our mission nurse, I should take the MSS. to Ambasi and finish the revision there. So we set out on our long journey up the coast in the little fourteen-foot schooner. I am not a good sailor, and I found the journey very uncomfortable; I was only able to admire Nature when we anchored.

"THE PUNDIT"—THIS LITTLE LAD, THOUGH ONLY FOURTEEN YEARS OLD, RENDERED THE AUTHORESS GREAT ASSISTANCE IN THE DIFFICULT WORK OF TRANSLATING THE SCRIPTURES.
From a Photograph.

We spent a very interesting time in Collingwood Bay, where only two white women had ever been seen, and that within the year. The women here wore strips of tappa cloth from waist to knee, instead of the grass skirts of the more eastern tribes, and the houses were of a finer and larger type.

The villagers, after they had got over their surprise at seeing us, gave us almost too hearty a welcome. We were implored to pull down our hair, and great was the astonishment expressed at the sight when we did so. They also failed entirely to understand our hairpins, hats, and, above all, our long noses and small waists! The Papuans' methods of hairdressing, however, would certainly cause almost equal astonishment in civilization. Look, for instance, at the following photograph, which depicts the coiffure of a man belonging to the dreaded Doriri tribe, a people living inland from Uiaku, whose warlike instincts have not yet been subdued. It will be noticed 373
that the hair is allowed to grow long, divided into plaits, and elaborately braided until it looks like a collection of rope-ends.

A NATIVE OF THE DREADED DORIRI TRIBE—THE HAIR IS DIVIDED INTO PLAITS AND BRAIDED, UNTIL IT LOOKS LIKE A COLLECTION OF ROPE-ENDS.
From a Photograph.

At Wanigera, a few miles away, where a mission station had been in existence longer than at Uiaku, we met with a quieter reception, though one old woman, after a long look at me, asked a child if I were *really* a woman. I wondered what strange creature she imagined I was, for surely, in a white muslin frock, she could hardly have taken me for a man!

During our stay at Wanigera a great hunt took place, and some of the warriors called on us before setting out. Their ornaments were very striking, and the colours almost dazzling. Altogether they looked a very fine set of men, and would, no doubt, prove enemies much to be dreaded in the day of battle. On this occasion, however, they only waged war with the brute creation, and they told us at the close of the day that the bag was a very good one.

The interior of the great church on Sunday was a fine sight, being filled with from two to three hundred natives, all decked out in feathers, shell ornaments, gay tappa cloth, and vivid flowers. Not less striking was the almost military precision with which each row of worshippers left the building in turn at the close of the service. If these natives went in for such amenities of civilization as church parades, the spectacle would be a striking one indeed.

In a neighbouring village to Wanigera there is a remarkable tree house, prepared by the tribesmen as a place of refuge from marauding enemies. From the heights of this arboreal retreat they were able to hurl down stones upon the attacking party.

PAPUAN WOMEN DECORATED FOR A DEATH-DANCE.
[*From a Photograph.*]

A fine specimen of Papuan womanhood may be seen in the middle figure of the next photograph 374

reproduced. These women are natives of Nonof, a village not far from Wanigera. They were profusely ornamented in order that they might take part in a dance held after the death of a chief. It is almost an unheard-of occurrence for women to don such decorations, which are regarded as the exclusive property of the men, and it looks as though the ladies were beginning to agitate for equal privileges in the way of finery with their lords and masters. A native, on being shown my collection of curios, which included some ornaments, remarked that I was *me oroto*, or "like a man," because of my many possessions.

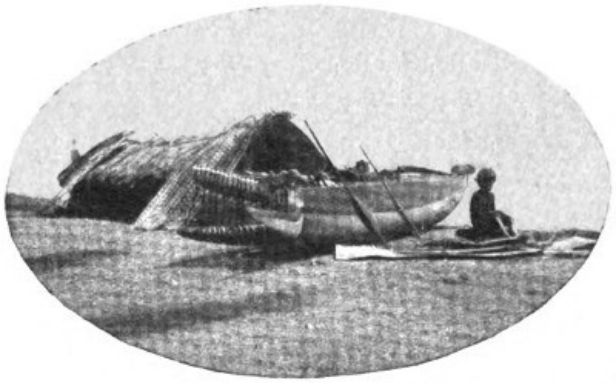
PREPARING LIME FOR USE IN BETEL-CHEWING.
[*From a Photograph.*]

The natives of Papua are very much addicted to betel-chewing. Areca palms are plentiful up the coast, but pepper-leaf and lime are required as well. The lime—which in some districts is prepared from coal—is obtained in Collingwood Bay by burning shells. The above photograph well illustrates the primitive process in use for slaking the lime after the burning of the shells. The lime is then stored, and ladled out from a calabash when required.

A HUT IN THE FOREST—OBSERVE THE REMARKABLE ROOF.
[*From a Photograph.*]

Our stay at Wanigera having come to an end, we embarked once more on the little schooner and set off again. We anchored each night, for the native captain was not very certain of his bearings, and reefs were plentiful. On the third day after leaving Wanigera, however, he was either influenced by the crew or had a sudden impulse of recklessness, for after the sun had set he tried, in the uncertain light, to bring the boat into harbour on a particularly reef-bound part of the coast. There was a strong wind blowing, and the waves were slapping angrily against the sides of the vessel, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, there was a grating shock, and we realized that we had struck a reef. It was almost dark by now, and the lights of the settlement could be seen two or three miles away.

The captain let go the anchor at once, but the boat began to roll so violently that we felt doubtful as to whether the cable would stand the strain. Meanwhile the boys scrambled into the dinghy and rowed around to investigate our position. Strange though it may seem, no harm appeared to have been done to the boat, but we were so surrounded by reefs that we did not dare to move from where we were anchored. So there we pitched and rolled about all night, though the strength of the wind abated later on. What with one thing and another, I felt like a very frightened tennis-ball, and I was extremely thankful when, at sunrise, we were able to make for the shore, where we spent the day and night at the house of a friendly magistrate.



A FISHERMAN'S HOUSE AND CANOE.
[*From a Photograph.*]

We were now only thirty or forty miles from our destination, and the next afternoon arrived at Ambasi. No white women had ever been there before, and for many days we were visited by parties of natives, all eager to see the strange white ladies. Women carrying their babies astride on their shoulders, old men leading little boys, and married couples, with or without their families, would pay us long visits, wanting to know what a sewing-machine was, to look at our bedrooms, and, above all, to taste our food. The nurse had her hands full soon after she arrived, for the people had great faith in her remedies, and patients presented themselves in shoals for treatment. Her pet patients appeared to be old men, who became frightfully jealous of one another if she appeared to devote more attention to one than another. They would glare fiercely at the patient who was being rubbed or otherwise treated, and were only partly mollified when their own turn came.

During our stay at Ambasi we dispensed with such luxuries as mirrors and sheets, and rolled ourselves in blankets, to sleep contentedly in hammocks slung on the veranda. We could not, however, do without mosquito nets, for without them rest would have been quite impossible. At night we were surrounded by the pale sparks of fireflies, and far below, on the beach, the natives' flaring torches would flicker for hours as they fished, standing patiently in the sea. In the early morning the sweet notes of a bird would wake us from some lofty tree at the edge of the thick forest close by, behind which rose in majesty the great Owen Stanley range, standing out distinctly in the clear morning air. The highest peak, Mount Albert Edward, over thirteen thousand feet high, had not long before been ascended for the first time by a magistrate and one of the mission staff.

We could not always keep dry under our roof, which allowed the rain to penetrate it in many places. One memorable night I piled nearly all my belongings in a heap covered by a mat, and at last sought shelter from the prevailing showers under the table, which was, I am glad to say, rainproof. But it would not have done to be without rain, for it was our only water supply, the spring on the beach being too brackish to drink.

The Ope, a small river, was only three miles distant, within easy reach of the station by boat or beach. I visited it one Sunday morning, taking with me a village boy who knew a little broken English. It was a glorious walk on the hard yellow sand, for the tide was out, but the return journey was most fatiguing, for the waves had covered the firm portion, and at each step I sank ankle-deep in the yielding sand.

When we reached the Ope no canoes were to be seen, except on the farther bank. We called and beckoned, and after a time a small boy brought one over to us, on which we embarked. There were no paddles, a very slender stick being our only means of propelling it, and we naturally made poor progress. Our little ferry-man, however, was not disconcerted. Kneeling down and putting his right leg overboard he obligingly paddled with that, and most successfully.

It was at the place to which I was going that the launch had once been wrecked, and where, some years before, the Bishop of New Guinea and one of his laymen had spent the night in peril of their lives, after escaping from drowning and from a shark. It was with some anxiety, therefore, that I looked forward to our arrival.

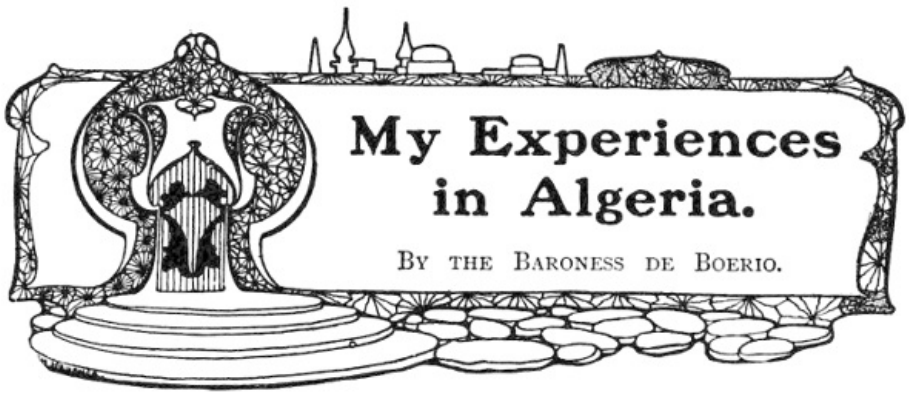
I am bound to say, however, that no one could now accuse the villagers of evil designs on us, for I was presented with a young coconut to drink, and saw nothing amiss in the behaviour of the natives, unless a request to take down my hair can be regarded as such.

A chief had died the week before, and the dead man seemed to have been related to the majority of the people, for many were daubed with light yellow clay, which is their form of mourning. The widow herself was seated on her husband's grave, which was situated *inside* the house. There, according to tribal etiquette, she must remain until she had finished making her mourning jacket of netted string trimmed with "Job's tears." I was glad the poor thing had something to occupy her mind, for the horror of the situation was increased by the presence of two old crones who, one on each side of her, wailed incessantly.

Burial in the house in more settled parts of Papua has been forbidden by the Government, and where the missions are located graveyards have been set aside and fenced in.

When my work at Ambasi was over the little schooner arrived once more to take us back. It was now the calm season, and our progress was decidedly slow. The little cabin below, where the nurse and I slept, was stuffy in the extreme, and it was delightful to get on deck in the early morning, though I was seldom able to do more than lie there with a bit of sail or a blanket stretched above to keep off the rays of the sun. Then it would become unbearably hot, and I would retreat to the airless cabin once more until the cool of the evening approached. All day long the sails flapped aimlessly and the blocks thudded loudly on the deck, for the breeze was usually too light to help us. Towards evening a wind sprang up, but too late to enable us to make for an anchorage among the reefs in the treacherous half-light. Matters improved as we got farther down the coast, however, and though on the last day we saw a waterspout in the distance we met with no mishaps, and finally reached our journey's end in safety.

Though there are marked differences in the Papuans themselves, as well as in their dwellings and languages, the time will come, no doubt, when, under the influence of the white man, they will abandon their primitive Stone Age ways for twentieth-century ones. Then, probably, much of their charm will vanish. They may reap many benefits, but, as with so many other savage races, it is more than likely that the change will not be altogether to their advantage. At any rate, I am glad that I have lived with them and known them at home, while they are still unspoiled children of Nature.

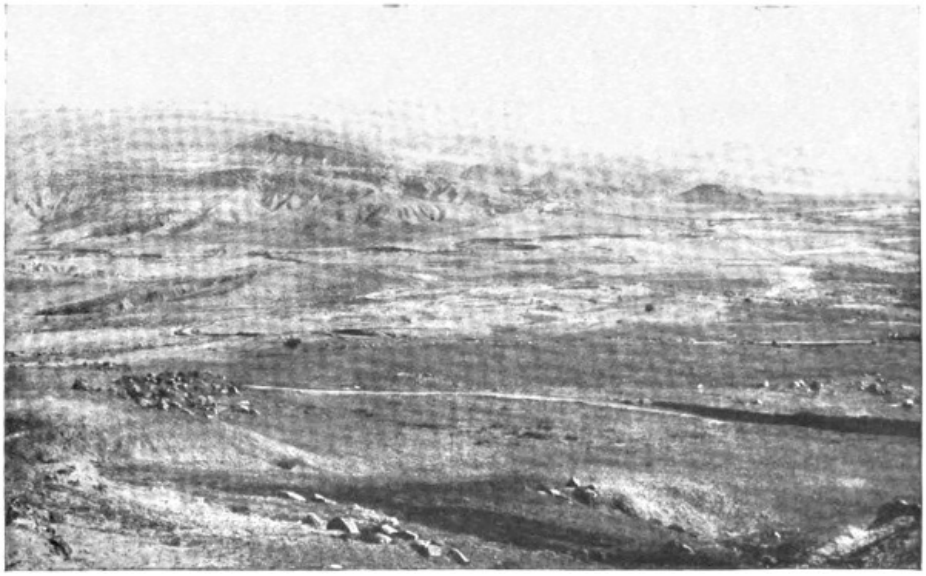


By the Baroness de Boerio.

The Baroness's husband, an officer in the French army, was ordered to Algeria, and took his wife and children with him. There, located at a tiny post far from civilization, in the midst of fierce and unruly tribes, the authoress met with some very strange adventures, which she here sets forth in a chatty and amusing fashion.

II.

SOME time after my arrival at Teniet-el-Haad my husband and I, together with our first lieutenant and his wife, were invited to a "diffa" given in our honour by a Caid named Si Benrajah.



THE FRINGE OF THE DESERT.
From a Photograph.

He most politely sent his wagonette to fetch us and was at the door of his house to receive us. He was a tall, good-looking man, and his costume was exquisite. His *serronal*, or wide trousers, were of pale-grey satin cloth, the large pockets on each side richly embroidered in silk braid of the same shade. Silver lace covered his short bolero, which opened over a shirt which was a mass of green and red silk, gold and silver embroidery. Over that again he wore a lovely white silk “haik,” which, covering his head-dress and kept in place by the “camel cords,” fell round his shoulders, and was then caught up in front from the knee to the gold waistbelt by a cerise coloured silk handkerchief. Over his shoulders hung his burnous, the outer one of fine grey cloth to match the costume, handsomely embroidered at the corners and round the hood, the under one of fine white flannel.

He led us majestically into his “drawing-room”—which, alas! bore unmistakable traces of the Caid’s various journeys to Paris. There was nothing Arab but the lovely carpets and the smell.

A rickety Louis XV. *canapé*, with chairs to match, stood stiffly against the walls; their coverings of chintz badly wanted washing. An oval table, a walnutwood wardrobe, a washing-stand without the accessories, and two big mirrors, whose frames had once been gilded, completed the furniture. We here partook of refreshments in the unromantic shape of absinthe and lemonade, accompanied by Huntley and Palmer’s biscuits and wafers. I was much disappointed, for I had hoped to see something more Arab and to eat and drink according to the customs of the land. I supposed this was “progress” in Benrajah’s idea; at any rate, he looked most satisfied with himself and his surroundings. He introduced another Caid to us—the Caid of Biskra, I think, who was passing through—a fine, handsome man, whose photograph is here reproduced.

THE CAID OF BISKRA.
[*From a Photograph.*]

We breakfasted in a large tent, as Benrajah said it was still too warm in the house. Remembering the close, “camelly” sort of smell, I quite agreed with him.

As we entered the tent Mme. G——, the lieutenant’s wife, whispered to me, “Now, mind you don’t refuse a single dish the Caid offers you. If you do you will mortally offend him, especially as it is the first time you break bread under his roof, and the ‘diffa’ is in your honour.”

“All right,” I answered, cheerily.

“Bon! bon! bon!” she cried. “Don’t forget, you *must* eat everything he offers you.” She skipped off roaring with laughter, which, at the time, I thought very silly of her.

I was again very disappointed by the civilized, European way in which we ate. Instead of squatting cross-legged on the ground, eating with brotherly love out of the same dish with a wooden spoon or our fingers, we sat round a well-laid table, with knives and forks, and dinner-napkins embroidered with the Caid’s initials. Everyone and everything is getting so horribly civilized nowadays, I reflected, sadly.

The repast began with a red-hot liquid in which vermicelli floated. It burnt my unaccustomed mouth and I did not fall in love with it, but as I had never tasted anything like it before I did not even want to refuse when the Caid offered me a second helping. After the soup came some boiled chicken, on which the red liquid had been poured. He helped me largely—twice. The third course was mutton, with prunes; the fourth mutton, with red liquid; the fifth a French *ragoût*, with an Arab taste; the sixth was chicken without the red liquid; the seventh an Irish stew gone wrong; the eighth—well, perhaps my readers are beginning to feel as tired as I did after having partaken twice of all these dishes. Indeed, I was beginning to feel very serious, and longed ardently for the end of this Gargantuan repast.

After about the twelfth course an Arab in waiting cleared a space on the table before the Caid. My hopes were raised to the heights, but, alas! only to fall to the lowest depths in a very short space of time. Suddenly something knocked my hat on one side, and everyone yelled at me. Dazed, I looked round and rubbed my nose into a sheep’s leg. Starting back, I met the convulsed and, as I imagined, reproachful eye of an enormous sheep lying in a contorted attitude on a big brass platter. Si Benrajah turned to me with a gracious smile. “I am much honoured, madam,” he said, in perfect French, “in being the first to offer you a ‘meshui’ on your arrival in Algeria.”

A TYPICAL ARAB HUT.
[*From a Photograph.*]

A “meshui,” I learnt, is a royal dish, and is only offered to those the Arabs delight (or are compelled) to honour. It is simply a whole sheep roasted over wood embers, and served uncut on a brass or silver platter. It should not be cut with a knife, but torn off with the fingers and eaten. If you wish to be particularly polite to a friend who is present, you wrench off a piece of flesh and present it with your greasy fingers, and he receives it much flattered, returning the compliment with *his* greasy fingers. This style of eating was certainly not over-civilized, so I ought to have been better pleased than I was. As a matter of fact I felt very bad, and hoped against hope that the Caid would forget me.

“You are not yet accustomed to our habits,” he said, kindly. “Take a knife and fork and cut off the meat.”

So I cut off a few small bits in a dilatory way, secretly wondering if I could not surreptitiously throw them to some lean, hungry dogs who were peering into the tent door.

“What silly little bits!” cried Benrajah, laughingly. Then, after well licking his brown, henna-stained fingers, he tore off a huge piece and offered it to me! A cold perspiration broke out on my forehead, and I almost longed for death.

“Eat! eat!” he cried, gaily; and, choking down my despair, I ate.

How could I dare to do otherwise after Mme. G——’s warning? Are not the laws of hospitality sacred and to be observed throughout the world? But it was terrible tribute to pay to foreign customs, and I felt a lesser desire for originality.

“It is good?” inquired the Caid.

“Delicious! delicious!” I answered, with a ghastly green smile.

“Ah! Here is a *comme il faut Roumia*!” he cried, enchanted—and promptly tore me off a beautiful brown piece of meat, weighing, I should think, about three pounds! My cup of anguish was full, and I prayed—yes, actually prayed—to be delivered from that three pounds of meat.

And I was.

Crash! The table-cloth was half dragged off, and, amid a rain of knives and forks, plates and glasses, my little girl rolled on to the ground. I did not lose my presence of mind, but, seizing my pounds of meat, all unseen in the commotion I threw them to the lean dogs, who made very short work of them. Then my motherly feelings came to the fore, and I went to the rescue of my child. It was soon apparent what had happened—the poor mite had been given too much wine by the thoughtless Mme. G——, and was very seedy for some days afterwards.

It would be reasonable to suppose that the “meshui” was the last of the courses, but it disappeared only to give place to the Arab national dish, the “couscous.” At sight of the snowy pile of rolled semolina, surmounted by more mutton, a feeling of revolt took possession of me. I felt I could dare Lucifer himself; and so I refused the couscous, although in a cowardly way, by pretending that fresh air was necessary for my poor little Renée. Perhaps it was, but if it had not been I should have said the same.

I do not think I ever quite forgave Mme. G—— her two practical jokes, for practical jokes they were. When I described my sufferings at having to eat all the Caid gave me, she laughed herself ill and said, “What a ‘blue’ you are!” Which is the French military way of calling you a greenhorn.

“I LOOKED ROUND JUST IN TIME TO SEE AN ARAB LOWERING HIS GUN.”

One of my husband’s great amusements in this out-of-the-way garrison was to construct a hiding-place, in front of which he fixed the carcass of some dead animal, and there, gun in hand, to await the wild beasts such as hyenas, jackals, lynxes, and golden foxes, who scented from afar the goodly supper awaiting them. On these occasions they generally found too much pepper, and often suffered from a mortal indigestion. I sometimes accompanied my husband on such expeditions, and greatly enjoyed crouching silently in some hidden corner, listening to the wailing of an approaching hyena, or the querulous squabbling and howling of the shrieking jackals. And then, when the dry sticks cracked and the dead leaves rustled quite close to me under their stealthy pads, my heart would leap into my mouth for fear they should mistake *me* for their supper. One night whilst thus listening to some approaching creature my husband, crouching about twenty yards from me, suddenly rose up and called out in Arabic, “Who goes there?” I looked round just in time to see an Arab huntsman lowering his gun, which was pointed full at *me*. He thought I was a hyena!

During the winter, when the snow lay thick on the ground, I preferred staying at home to keep up a huge fire and fabricate hot drinks in readiness for the frozen huntsman’s return; it seemed to me more a wife’s duty!

Another short incident of my life in Teniet-el-Haad may not be uninteresting. My husband had gone to the manœuvres with his Spahis, and our *bordj* was only guarded by about thirty “Tirailleurs Algerians.” Then, one day, a terrific storm burst over the land. The air was so thick with fine sand that I could not distinguish the trees before my windows, and the sun hung in the sky like a lurid orange ball, seemingly about to drop. The heat was stifling; one gasped for breath, and, although every door and window was hermetically closed, the rooms were full of sand.

Presently a terrible clamour arose from the village—shouts, cries, screams, gun-shots. Then from the *bordj* courtyard I heard sharp orders given, the clanking of weapons, and finally the sound of a body of infantry running. The wind howled and shrieked, the sand-storm grew denser and denser, and still the clamour continued in the village. I sat in the drawing-room with my little ones around me, wondering if it were a serious revolt, and what would happen to us if it were. For the district of Teniet-el-Haad was a large one, containing thirty thousand Arabs, and we were far from any important garrison, while our protectors, all Arab, consisted of thirty “tirailleurs,” and ten Spahis belonging to the “Commune Mixte.” Pensively I placed my revolver close to my hand, and waited anxiously.

After a few hours the sirocco cleared somewhat, the noise ceased, and the tirailleurs returned. The whole affair, they told me, had been got up by the mountain Arabs against the Jews, who had been “doing” them. So the Arabs had taken the law into their own hands and administered justice by repaying themselves a hundred-fold and making off with their booty up the mountains, well hidden by the sand-storm. In the scuffle a boy and two men were killed, all Jews—so it did not matter, so the folks said.

My husband was second captain at Teniet-el-Haad, having given up his rank as first captain in the Hussars in order to facilitate his return to a regiment. He was therefore the oldest in grade in

the 1st Spahis, and the earliest vacancy as first captain fell to him. We had been at Teniet about ten months when he received orders to take command of the Laghouat squadron. It was the beginning of February; snow lay thick and deep on the ground up in this high altitude, and the great question arose how we were to get to Laghouat. Should we take the short cut by carriage across the mountains to Boghar, where the regimental brake would meet us and take us on, or go down to Affreville by the rickety diligence, train to Medeah, and continue by carriage?

Going by train was a difficulty and an extra expense on account of our dogs. We had four—three fox-terriers and a shooting dog. I do not know what he called himself, but he had a double-barrelled nose and an over-frank and exuberant nature. He and Charleston, the old fox, could not bear each other. It was quite impossible to put them together in the dog-box, and to pack them separately would have cost as much as four times as many children. So, in consideration of their feelings and our purse, we decided—oh, irony!—to take the short cut if the snow and slush would allow of a carriage travelling along the narrow mountain tracks.

We consulted the different French and native authorities, and finally decided, if the snow and slush would allow, to take the short cut over the mountains. We started off one fine morning at five, in a small brake lent by a Caid, who also promised to send us four strong mules to an inn some twenty miles off. The first twenty miles were soon done, and at half-past seven we were enjoying some good hot coffee, whilst our Spahi was unharnessing his team and making inquiries as to the whereabouts of the new relay and coachman. Ten minutes after he appeared, with a very concerned face. “Mon capitaine, Sidi Belgacun has sent two mules no bigger than donkeys, and the boy who drives them is a mere baby!”

This sounded cheerful, and with one accord we went out to inspect. The Spahi’s account was unfortunately but slightly exaggerated, and we stood staring at our tiny steeds with dismay. We had still fifty kilometres before us, and the roads for at least twenty-five were nothing but cross-country paths. Should we turn back, or try to find other horses and go on? I voted emphatically for going on. Aided by the Spahi, my husband finally unearthed a man and two horses, and at eight o’clock we set off once more.

Everything again went well for ten kilometres; then our misfortunes really began. When going up a hill the ground grew soft and the wheels of the brake sank in.

“The snow is melting farther on,” remarked the coachman, laconically; “the underground springs are overflowing.”

On we went laboriously, our Jehu yelling at the struggling horses, whilst the carriage wobbled to and fro in a most alarming fashion. “Don’t you think it would do us good to walk a bit?” I suggested. “It would make things easier for the horses.”

“It would be safer,” said my husband, who was looking anxious.

So out we got—and two minutes later the whole concern toppled over, our boxes, portmanteaux, and packets flying all over the place. The horses were plunging and kicking; the coachman, an Italian, and the Arab boy were yelling and swearing in their respective languages, whilst my husband *exclaimed* in French (he doesn’t swear, but I am sure he would have liked to on this occasion). The scene was so unutterably comic that I could not help myself; I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks. I draw a curtain over the face my better half turned on me—scowling was not in it—and although I assured him I was really quite as upset as the carriage he has not recovered from my frivolity to this day.

The men picked up the carriage and the baggage and put all in order and we thought we should get on again, but, alas! the wheels refused to move an inch; the more we tried the deeper they sank. After two hours of vain endeavour, Peppino, the coachman, suggested sending Ali to have a look round the country to see if he could find a village and get men with spades to come and dig us out. The boy set off, returning later with five stalwart men, who comparatively soon dug us out and accompanied us for a few kilometres on our way, pushing and yelling when necessary. Then they left us, saying the road was good right up to Boghar. It was now past two o’clock, and our lunch loomed very dimly in the far distance, having been ordered for twelve o’clock at Boghar.

About three o’clock we saw snow on the side of the road, which again grew slushy and soft. My husband and Peppino were obliged to run behind, pushing at the wheels at the difficult places, whilst the Arab boy cheered on his mules and Peppino’s horses.

The snow got deeper and deeper. Presently we passed a carriage abandoned on the side of the road, farther on a dead horse, and again a form, which looked terribly human, covered by a white pall.

After a while we came to a wider part. On the right was a sloping mountain-side half covered with snow, half with golden narcissus, and showing a dry watercourse, dotted about with huge stones. On the left was a smooth field of snow, across which wheel marks could be distinguished. “We must cross here,” said Peppino, “as someone has before us; the snow is doubtless hard, and by whipping up the horses I will get you over. The road is impossible.”

My husband was not of the same opinion. He considered the watercourse a better road than a snow-field, and the presence of stones made him surmise that the bottom was hard.

The matter was hotly discussed, but finally my husband gave in, seeing that Peppino knew the road and he did not.

Away we galloped—bump, bump, bump. Then, without warning, there came a tremendous crack, and, lo and behold! there we were, sitting in our carriage, whilst the horses and Peppino continued with the wheels! It was, of course, a terrible dilemma, but again I had to laugh; it was really too funny.

My husband and Peppino carried me and the children and perched each of us on a stone, where I stood on one leg and cawed like a crow. “One should always take misfortunes gaily,” I said. That was the last straw; my better half had to laugh, but the smile was rather sickly. Then we held a council of war.

Peppino, good man, saved the situation. “I will go back with the horses and fetch the carriage we saw abandoned at the side of the road,” he said. “I know the owner, and will take the responsibility for borrowing it on my own shoulders.”

So off he went, whilst we cawed to one another from stone to stone and ate snow, there being nothing else to do. Before long Peppino returned triumphantly with the borrowed carriage, the luggage was transferred, and we started off again, leaving our first equipage standing disconsolately in the snow.

All went well until eight o’clock, although my husband and Peppino had constantly to push at the wheels. They both looked ten years older than at the start, so lined and weary were their faces. At about eight we came to a narrow track, a real road winding round the mountain above a fathomless precipice. On each side the snow lay in drifts of five and six feet deep, and the centre track showed no sign of previous passage.

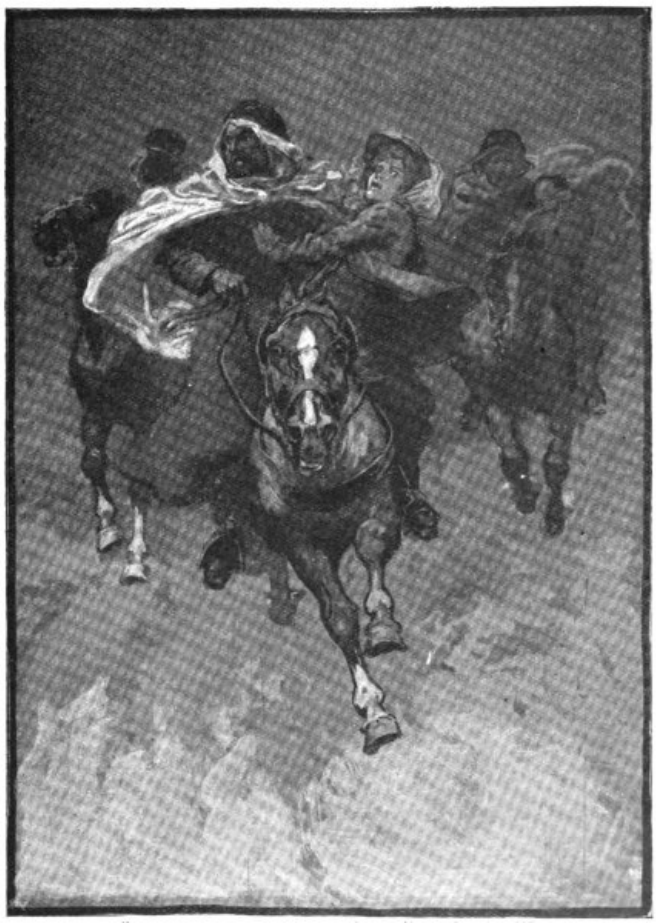
We had not gone fifty yards along this road when the horses stopped and the wheels disappeared in a drift. Yelling, pushing, and pulling had no effect whatever. The horses were then harnessed to the splash-board, but their strenuous efforts only resulted in tearing it from the body of the carriage.

All this time I was sitting in the snow trying to keep the little one warm, and hopefully encouraging the two elder ones, Charlie and Renée. From the mountain top came the discordant howling and barking of jackals; from the blackness below arose the sad wailing of a hyena. I very nearly became tearful.

Peppino again offered his services, and proposed riding off to fetch help at a sheikh’s some ten miles away.

“Get into the carriage, wrap yourselves up warmly with everything available, and wait,” he said. “In five or six hours I will bring assistance.”

There was nothing else to be done, so we made the best of a bad job, packed ourselves up, and tried to sleep. The children, of course, succeeded at once, as did my husband, worn out with the efforts of the day, but I could not. My hunger was great, and I do not think I have ever before or since imagined such cold. Talk of African heat; African *cold* has the first place in my memory.



“I KICKED VIGOROUSLY, SHOUTING ‘HENRI!’ AND ‘PEPPINO!’”

The night was pitch-dark, and it was far from amusing to sit there listening to the animals prowling round. A hyena or so came very near to our mules, who shivered and snorted for a long time after.

Numbed with cold, I suppose I at last fell asleep. Suddenly I was awakened by a great commotion. Then came yelling, the sound of horses plunging, and I heard the children shrieking “Mother!” I rose precipitately, a light flashed in my face, baby was seized from me, and I myself was borne off like an infant by a man who appeared to be a giant. He hurried away up the mountain-side without a word, which did not at all seem to me the right behaviour of rescuers. Why thus seize us and bear us off into the mountains?

We must have been attacked by brigands, and my husband knifed as he slept! I kicked vigorously, shouting “Henri!” and “Peppino!” but received no answer, and my heart sank. Then I called “Charlie!” “Renée!” and to my great joy their voices answered quite close behind me. I therefore left off kicking—which, indeed, had no effect on my burly captor—and consoled myself with the thought that, though apparently a widow, I was not left childless.

After five minutes or so my giant began to shout. Other voices answered; then suddenly I was planted on my feet in the inky darkness, but almost at once a dozen matches were struck and held to a huge heap of dry brushwood. In two seconds we had a royal bonfire, which not only warmed us but lit up the country all round.

Brigands or no brigands, I thought, these Arabs were very thoughtful fellows.

I asked several times, “Where is my husband?” but they all raised their hands and shoulders in vague denial of any knowledge of his existence. I was beginning to be really alarmed when his welcome form loomed in view astride a mule. I do not think we have ever quite understood how he came to miss us in the confusion caused by the headlong arrival of our rescuers. He had galloped after us along a road where we had not been at all; but, not finding us, had come back, and had been guided by the firelight.

After a good warming at the fire we started for the sheikh’s house, ten miles off, the children being carried by Arabs on horseback, and I astride a mule on a “barda.” On our arrival we found couscous and sour milk awaiting us, and—what was far better—some good mattresses spread on the ground in a big, white-washed room. At ten next morning we left, the kindly sheikh having lent us his wagonette. Peppino had gone back with some Arabs to dig out and bring along Carriage Number Two.

THE BARONESS DE BOERIO, WHO HERE DESCRIBES HER ADVENTURES IN ALGERIA.
[*From a Photograph.*]

About half-way to Boghar we met the regimental brake coming spanking along. The soldier driving told us that at eight o'clock an Arab had come to him saying that he was to harness up at once and drive for eight miles along the Teniet road, when he would find the Spahis' captain, who was stranded with his family at Sheikh ben Shinan's.

This experience of Arab telegraphy rather astonished us, for we were still greenhorns in this respect. Since then nothing of the kind surprises us; I have often learnt of distant happenings from the Arabs long before our own civilized methods brought me the news. Arabs travel a great deal by night, passing on the tidings from one to another—they are terrible gossips—so that it is the case of the hare and the tortoise. Their signalling is done by movements of the burnous by day and fires by night. In each district certain heights are especially used for this purpose. Whilst travelling by road on one occasion I remember hearing a long hoot-like call, and on looking in the direction of the sound I saw an Arab on a hill, evidently signalling with his burnous, for he was making regular up-and-down and to-and-fro movements with it. Half an hour after we saw another Arab with a huge flock of sheep. In the evening, when we arrived at the place we meant to camp at, we found ourselves expected by the sheikh, and a hospitable couscous prepared. He bade us welcome, saying we were later than he had thought. When we inquired how it was he expected us at all, he only vouchsafed to say, with half-closed eyes, that he had known we were on the road some hours before, and had supposed we would stop the night there. Thereupon we remembered the white-robed Arab on the hill and the shepherd far away, and began to understand.

(*To be concluded.*)

"Shot-Gun Jim."

By Edward Franklin Campbell.

It is safe to say that few commercial travellers meet with such exciting experiences as befell the three "drummers" who figure in this narrative. A business trip into the wilds of Arizona landed them into as fierce a skirmish with Indian outlaws as could well be imagined.

TAKE a young fellow just raw from city life, throw him into the wilds of Arizona, and arrange for him to tumble head-first, so to speak, into a brisk skirmish with Indians, and he will have something to remember. Such was the experience which befell me about 1890.

For some years I had been travelling through California, visiting the largest cities and towns, introducing a “line” of goods for a large San Francisco importing concern. Such had been my success that nothing would suit my firm but to add Arizona to my territory, a proposition I made no objection to.

Of late years Arizona has vastly improved, and trouble with the Indians has become almost unknown, especially since that notorious warrior, Geronimo, was deported to the State of Florida, but up to the ‘nineties there was still an occasional flare-up.

Both Geronimo and the villainous “Apache Kid,” a bloodthirsty red-skin brigand, figure in this story, the first indirectly and the second very prominently.

THE AUTHOR, MR. EDWARD FRANKLIN CAMPBELL.
From a Photograph.

Having reached the town of Wilson, in the southern part of the territory, I fell in with two fellow-commercial salesmen—Levy, representing a large dry-goods concern, and Bates, handling a line of boots for a St. Louis house.

Levy imparted the fact that he was going to visit a large mining camp, called World City, located some hundred and sixty miles to the north and as many miles distant from the railway. Bates said he would join Levy provided I would make one of the party.

Although my route did not include this side-trip, I became convinced that it would pay me well to visit World City. By sharing expenses with Levy and Bates, the trip could be made most reasonably, so I wired my house accordingly, and Levy hastened to make arrangements with a local celebrity, a Scotchman named McGill, for transportation.

An agreement having been made with McGill, the balance of the day was consumed in making preparations for our departure on the following morning. There were blankets to buy, for one is never safe without them. No matter how hot and burning the day may be, the nights are always crisp and chill on the Arizona plains, and one never knows while making such a trip when he will land at his destination. Nine chances out of ten he will be hours late. Our journey was no exception to the rule.

On the following morning I was aroused by McGill. On the wagon, which was a heavy four-wheel affair, he had loaded three shoe-sample trunks, the property of Bates, and two immense square trunks carried by Levy. Beside this there were sundry boxes and bundles of blankets, as well as our heavy overcoats and small personal luggage.

After a hasty breakfast of ham and eggs—I generally ordered ham and eggs in Arizona because other meats were far from tender in those days—we took our places on the wagon. Levy occupied the front seat with McGill, while Bates and I sat on top of a huge trunk, slippery and uncertain.

Although the animals seemed good and hardy, they were small, and I do not think we realized the great weight of the combined load. At the wheels we had a pair of small and nimble mules, and as leaders a pair of small bay horses, whose looks did not recommend them.

The first day out all went well, and we reached the little town of Bonita, a most desolate-looking place. We had travelled less than thirty miles.

We drove up to the door of a little adobe building with a thatched roof. On the front a crude sign informed the public that it was a “General Store.” Another placard indicated that it was also a public-house, or “saloon,” as they are called in America.

On entering we found ourselves in a small room with a rough counter running down one side, behind which was the smiling face of the proprietor, who lived with his wife and two beautiful daughters in the one adjoining room—these two rooms constituting the entire building.

We spent the night on the floor of the store, in front of the counter, and next morning resumed our journey, hoping to reach the little group of buildings known as Standard before night. In my own mind—and I think the others believed the same—I did not really expect to reach Standard that night, for it was nearly fifty miles distant and our animals were far from fresh.

I think it was about ten o’clock in the morning that we saw a cloud of dust several miles ahead. In time it proved to be a company of negro soldiers, marching to a neighbouring military post.

As they came alongside we could see a number of rifles sticking out of the canvas of the great covered wagons which accompanied them. They halted, and an officer, whom McGill said was a colonel, came over. He saluted us pleasantly and asked laughingly:—

“Are you not afraid to travel in this direction?”

McGill inquired why, whereupon the officer explained that “Apache Kid” was out with a small band of warriors, that Geronimo had disappeared from the Indian Reservation, and that serious trouble was brewing. The troops, he added, were being moved for the purpose of heading off “Apache Kid” and his crowd.

The smiling face of the colonel rather misled me. He did not seem really serious, and, as I sized up the situation, I believed it quite possible that he recognised our party as “tenderfeet,” and desired to frighten us.

After the soldiers had become a mere blur in the distance we resumed our journey. We had gone but a few miles farther, however, when an accident occurred to our wagon. Something gave way —I don’t remember what—and it became impossible to proceed. Levy took a look at the wagon and declared it was “no good, anyway”; Bates joined in the abuse, and McGill lost his temper. Finally, I acted as peacemaker, and suggested that something would have to be done as the afternoon was advancing. Either we must return to Bonita on foot, abandoning the wagon and contents, or McGill would have to take the team back and secure another conveyance.

The last alternative being accepted, we drew lots, and it fell to Levy to return to Bonita with McGill, while Bates and I remained to look after the property.

McGill insisted that with the load off he would be able to haul the wagon back to Bonita for repairs, so we set to work and, after a struggle with the trunks, got the vehicle in shape to be drawn.

It was with great misgivings that I saw my companions depart. It was not to my liking to remain as a guardian of that mass of luggage. Bates did not seem to mind it. He simply offered me his last cigar, then lighted it himself and sat down on the bare ground.

I think we could see in every direction for twenty miles and more, except toward the mountains, which were to the east, some five miles distant.

“Well, Bates,” I said, “what are we going to do? It’s getting mighty cold. The wind sweeps down from that mountain as if we might get a little of the storm brewing up there.”

“That’s no mistake, my boy, and if I am not in error we are going to get snow inside of two hours. Most extraordinary for Arizona.”

“Don’t you think we could arrange some shelter with these trunks and roll of canvas?”

“Just the thing, my boy. Glad you suggested it.”

So we set to work and built our house, forming our walls by arranging the trunks in a square, leaving a small opening to be used as a door. On this we spread the great piece of canvas which had been brought along to cover the wagon in case of storm, thus making a roof. That it might not be carried away by the wind, which was now howling like a hurricane, we weighted it with small boulders. With other rocks we built a small fireplace and chimney, without and facing our door. With the limited supply of wood, which was very scarce—sagebrush and gnarled mesquite—we built a small fire in our fireplace, much to our joy, for we were now actually blue with the cold.

The sky was now thoroughly overcast with snow-clouds and the snow was beginning to fall, settling in miniature drifts beneath the sage bushes.

In removing the trunks from the wagon our labours had been heavy, and we realized, as Bates expressed it, “we were twenty miles from nowhere, and not a drop of water nearer than Bonita.”

Bates rummaged through the kit for a drink of any kind, but was only able to produce a diminutive flask with about one swallow of whisky in it. After offering this to me he took it down with a cheering “Here’s to you!”

“Don’t throw away that flask, Bates,” I called to him as I saw him taking aim at a near-by sage bush. “I may be able to collect a drink with that.”

I filled the little flask as full as I could pack it with snow which I collected under the bushes, then held it carefully over the fire, reducing the snow to water. This barely gave us enough to moisten our lips, and I gave it up.

Then we wrapped ourselves up in our blankets and reclined inside our improvised house and discussed matters.

“I say, Bates, what did you think of the colonel’s story about Apaches being out?” I asked.

“Can’t say. I know if I were an Apache and had a warm wigwam to crawl into, the warpath could go to perdition. I’m sure I wouldn’t bother with it this kind of weather. You won’t have the pleasure of meeting Geronimo, ’Apache Kid,’ nor any other human—and, I might add, inhuman—being till the weather lets up.”

“What have you got for protection in case we do run across them?” I asked.

“Well, the only protection I have is a pair of boots made by the Sun Shoe Company, which I represent. With these on, and a fair start, I might outrun them. That’s all I’ve got for protection. What have you got?”

“Well,” I said, rather apologetically, “I have a revolver here, but it isn’t much good. It might do to fire salutes with, but I’m afraid it would not do much execution. The fact is, I’ve not fired the thing for some years.”

“Now, look here, my boy. If you should ever shoot me with that thing, and I should find it out, I should be quite put out about it,” said Bates, with a laugh. “We might as well quit worrying. If the wild and woolly Apaches get us, it’s fate. They’ll get us, that’s all. I’m going to sleep.”

LOOKING OUT OF BRICK DUST CANYON.
[*From a Photograph.*]

Suiting the action to the word, he rolled over and left me to my dreary thoughts. I tried to sleep and did drop into a light slumber, from which I was suddenly awakened by a startled exclamation from Bates.

As I opened my eyes he was just going through the doorway on all fours.

“Bring that revolver here,” he called to me.

As quickly as possible I was out after him. He was gazing towards the mountains in the distance.

“What has happened?” I asked, in some alarm at the sudden call to arms.

He explained that something had come to the door of our house. He could hear it, but only caught a slight glimpse of it as he raised his head, for it dashed out of sight immediately. It was evidently an animal of some sort, for we found the marks of its feet and claws in the soft earth. Whatever it

was we never caught sight of it.

We were now thoroughly awake. The weather had cleared, the sun was shining warmly and my spirits were beginning to rise.

Far off, down the incline of the plain, we could see the spot known as Bonita. Between us and the town all was open, save for some sage bushes here and there dotting the view.

Surely McGill should now be on his way back, but not a sign of him could we see.

We recalled the fact that we were hungry. Bates rummaged in the kit. The net results were a small paper of biscuits and a tin of beef—nothing else.

We ate all the biscuits and half of the beef, collected more firewood, and, at about six o'clock, discovered the team slowly wending its way from Bonita. It was more than an hour before it arrived at our camp.

Another serious matter now confronted us. Either we must stay with our improvised camp or, as McGill suggested, make for Brick Dust Canyon, in the mountain, where lived a frontiersman named James W. Smith, who had a little farm situated on an oasis of productive earth in the midst of this vast wilderness of alkali and sand.

Eventually we decided upon the latter alternative, and succeeded in loading up and making a start.

For a long time we crept upward, no one riding except McGill, in order to relieve the tired animals.

Reaching the summit of the ascent at last, McGill stopped, for we had now to descend into a deep canyon.

Daylight had by this time given way to deepest night, and ahead all looked black and forbidding. Our driver could not even see the road, which was, moreover, obscured by a growth of trees in the canyon.

"Gentlemen," said McGill, "this rig has no brake to hold it. There is a big down-grade here and a sharp turn at the bottom. From there to Jim's house is about a mile. We must manage to stop one of the hind wheels, for these mules will never be able to hold the load in check; besides, I can't see the road, and must let the animals take their course."

We tied the right rear wheel with a stout bit of rope and started again, but with this difference—Levy, Bates, and I each lighted cigars, which Levy had brought from Bonita, and, puffing vigorously at these, walked ahead of the load, endeavouring to pilot McGill by the glow of the lighted "stogies."

There were times when the mules and the locked wheel were insufficient to check the wagon to any great extent, on account of the steepness of the grade, but at first all went well. It was not long before we reached the sharp turn at the bottom. We were greatly in advance of McGill now, and, indeed, we could hear nothing of him, so Levy went back to investigate and to warn him of the danger ahead. He found the wagon halted at a fairly level spot to recuperate the exhausted animals. Levy told the Scotsman that he was about to plunge down the last and most precipitous piece of road, and urged him to give it up.

McGill was headstrong, however, and insisted upon going ahead, so we took up our stand with our cigars, to mark the turn at the bottom, and the big vehicle started.

We could hear it gaining speed every moment. Mingled with the rumbling of the wagon and the clatter of the animals' hoofs we heard the shouts of McGill, who had now lost all control over his team.

On they came with a rush and a roar, and we, who were lighting the way, discovered we were in some danger. At the last moment we sprang back into the rocks and brush at the side as the team swept irresistibly on.

The leaders took the turn all right, but the next instant there was a crash and a yell from McGill. The wagon had left the road and plunged into a tree, the harness gave way, and Bedlam broke loose.

The Scotsman saved his skin by jumping fairly into a bush, while we sprang to the animals' heads to check them. They showed, however, no disposition on their part to run away; they knew when they had had enough.

Away down in the distance we could see a light, which McGill said was at Jim's house. He would leave us with the animals and seek assistance from the house, he told us.

"I shall go across-lots," he shouted back to us, "by a trail which will save a lot of walking."

For hours Bates, Levy, and I awaited his return in vain. We exhausted every topic of conversation

we could think of, and at last, tired, disgusted, and feeling thoroughly out of sorts, we set off down the road, taking the animals with us.

Although we could still see the light, we walked for a long time before we actually arrived before a small adobe house, which was surrounded by a thick wall some eight feet high. The road led us to a pair of huge solid gates, which, being closed, prevented us seeing within. We called out, and in a few seconds a voice answered us, and we were conscious of someone approaching the gates with a lantern.

This proved to be Jim Smith himself. He seemed to be in a very merry mood, for, although we were total strangers, he almost laughed in our faces. He had a story to tell, it soon appeared, of a misfortune which had befallen our friend McGill.

It seemed that in attempting to take his short cut “across-lots,” the Scotsman had struck a cattle trail, which led to a watering-trough set beside a newly-dug well, the existence of which he knew nothing of.

By a curious accident, he walked straight into this well and plunged into eight feet of water.

It happened that Smith was at that moment bringing some young cattle into his walled enclosure, and, hearing the muffled cries of McGill in the well, believed they proceeded from a cow in difficulties.

Lantern in hand, he made his way to the well and called out. Judge of his surprise when he heard a voice, as from the tomb, growl:—

“I’ve lost my bloomin’ pipe!”

Looking into the well, he discovered McGill clinging to the sides as best he could with fingers and nails. It was but a moment’s work to throw him a line and bring him out, as sorry and dejected-looking a scarecrow as one could imagine. Strange to relate, it was all that Jim could do to keep McGill from going back into the well for his cherished briar, the loss of which seemed to worry him greatly.

We found the Scotsman in a very bad temper, complaining bitterly of the loss of his pipe, which he told us he was smoking at the time of his misfortune.

We received a hearty welcome from Jim and his wife. The latter was busy soothing their ten-months-old baby to sleep. There they lived, in that little one-room house, eating, sleeping, and cooking in the same apartment.

“SHOT-GUN JIM.”
From a Photograph.

I began to speculate as to where we tired travellers would find a place to lay our heads. The house was a solid adobe, without windows. In the doorway hung a frame, on which was fastened a strip of canvas in lieu of a door.

A hearty meal was prepared by Mrs. Smith, after which we were invited to go out and bring in our beds.

On our return we found that Mrs. Smith and the babe were already in the huge bed in the corner. Jim was preparing to follow, and we were invited to spread our blankets on the floor, which, like the Bonita store, was mother earth.

Our sleep was far more restful than on the previous night. At an early hour we were awakened by Smith, who seemed to be worried about something. I followed him to the door of the house and discovered that he was holding a whispered conversation with a stranger, a young fellow of about eighteen years. As soon as I approached they stopped speaking and I was introduced to the

young man, whose name was given as “Hank.”

Suddenly Smith spoke:—

“We might as well tell ’em about it, Hank,” he said. “They’ve got to know it sooner or later. Tain’t safe to get out of this place now. Besides, your horse is used up.”

I glanced in the direction indicated, and saw a horse covered in lather, with drooping head and general dejected appearance. I knew he must have had fearful riding to be in this condition.

“Well, you tell ’em, Jim,” replied Hank. “I reckon we’re here, all of us, to stay awhile.”

“I can’t afford to remain, Mr. Smith,” I said, thinking that the wrecked wagon might be the reason for the conversation. “If the outfit will hold together I think we had better go on as soon as possible.”

Smith looked at me with pitying eyes.

“You may never leave this place at all,” he returned, gravely. “This young man is the only survivor of a massacre, about ten miles from here. ‘Apache Kid’ and his band are, perhaps, at this very moment close to our gates.”

Instinctively I glanced at the gates, and noticed for the first time that heavy timbers were propped against them.

“Not only that, but McGill has disappeared,” continued Smith. “I think he may have gone in search of his pipe. We dare not risk going outside the enclosure, and he must get back as best he can.”

Just then the others of our party and Mrs. Smith, with the babe in her arms, joined us, having begun to realize that something was amiss.

Then Jim began to organize his forces. First he took an inventory of the available arms and ammunition, calling on our party to exhibit such weapons as we had about us.

Next Jim brought out a number of guns. There were three excellent repeating rifles, with several hundred rounds of ammunition, and an old shot-gun, which proved of no value. Next came Jim’s own pet—a beautiful double-barrelled shot-gun. With these were several boxes of ammunition. Last came a motley array of “six-shooters,” a part of which were serviceable and for which there was a limited amount of ammunition. Two hand-axes and a small affair for chopping firewood were counted as weapons for close quarters.

The whole lot was delivered into the care of Mrs. Smith, who was instructed to load the guns and arrange the ammunition conveniently on a table brought from the house.

At odd moments the good woman was assembling quantities of food, so that, in case of an attack, prolonged or otherwise, we might have her services at the ammunition.

Meanwhile Hank had been sent to the top of the house, which had a low, flat roof, where he was keeping close watch with a pair of field-glasses. He called to Jim that he believed he had discovered McGill in the topmost branches of a tree, a long distance up the canyon. It appeared that he was making signals, for we soon discovered that he occasionally waved a white handkerchief, and he appeared to be trying to draw our attention to something to the south.

Presently Hank reported that McGill was climbing down the tree, and in a moment he was running down the road towards the house as fast as his long legs would carry him. Jim prepared to open one of the gates.

Just then a shot rang out, followed by others. We could hear McGill coming full tilt. Jim opened the gate a little way and reported that a band of Indians were in close pursuit of the Scotsman.

A moment later, breathless and exhausted, McGill flung himself through the open gate, which was speedily secured behind him.

As quickly as possible Jim ran a rough wagon out of a shed and placed it alongside of the wall. It was evident now why this latter had been built high and strong; the reason for placing the wagon beside it, however, was not yet evident to us.

Soon we heard the rush of a score of Indian horses, the whoops and yells of their savage riders, and the crack of their rifles.

Their shots did no damage, however, but were sufficiently accurate to cause Hank to dodge behind the stone chimney, whence he dropped over the edge to the ground.

There was a savage onslaught upon the immense heavy gates, but they held firm, being well braced by the timbers. So far not a sound had escaped us, and it was evident that the Indians were chagrined that they had not made a greater impression.

For a few moments we could hear them in consultation before the gates, and presently a voice called out in broken English.

To this no reply was made, nor was any evidence of life vouchsafed from our side.

“Now, boys,” whispered Jim, “get ready. They’re going to show their heads in a minute—just over there, near the wagon. That is the easiest place for them to look over, and I have tried to make it look more inviting. So look alive and each pick his game. Don’t miss, or there’ll be trouble.”

Next moment five ugly Apache heads bobbed up over the wall simultaneously. They were evidently so sure that the place was unprotected that four of them, in their enthusiasm, clambered half-way on top of the wall before they became aware of the reception that had been planned for them.

The volley that followed their appearance was almost like one shot, and the four most daring red-skins received the bullets intended for them. Two were killed instantly, and partly hung over the wall as they doubled up; two others, mortally wounded, slid off the wall and were dragged away by their companions. The less venturesome got away with a whole skin.

With our volley pandemonium seemed to break loose; the red-skins let out a yell that fairly chilled us to the bone. Jim called us to seek shelter at the rear of the house.

We were none too soon, for a terrific fire was poured into the enclosure by the Indians, who were taking haphazard shots towards us, without putting their heads into jeopardy.

“THE VOLLEY FOLLOWING THEIR APPEARANCE WAS ALMOST LIKE ONE SHOT.”

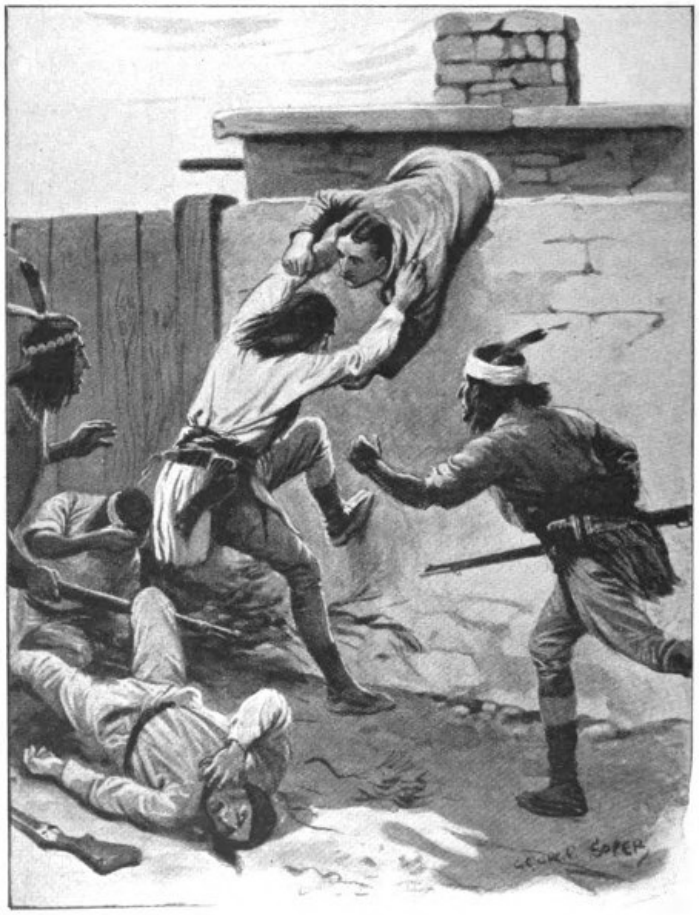
Presently we discovered that one lot of the savages were trying to burrow under the gates, and were indeed making some headway. Jim seemed to be everywhere at once, using his shot-gun as his sole means of defence. The moment a hand was seen in the growing excavation under the gate he let drive with his shot-gun, and another Indian was out of commission.

I remember I kept a sort of mental tally of the fallen. Hank had told me that there were about twenty-three in the band, so I calculated: “Four dead on the first attack on the wall; one shot through the hand, under the gate. Balance to their credit—eighteen.”

Just then we received an unexpected shock. We saw a curl of smoke rising above the gates; the savages were piling brush against them, to which they had already set fire. This was a serious matter, which even Jim had not calculated upon. He ordered us to lie low while he took a look round.

I was so interested to know what he would do that I could not resist the temptation to put my head around the corner of the house, and this is what I saw.

Jim crept on hands and knees towards the wagon which we had placed against the wall. In a moment he had reached it, shot-gun in hand, and silently and slowly raised himself into it, gradually straightening out with his head and arms just above the wall. Then, quick as a flash, he took aim. There was a crash—or rather a double crash, for he had fired both barrels—an awful yell from the Indians, and he was speeding back to safety.



“I FELT MYSELF BEING DRAGGED OVER.”

One savage, braver than the rest, took a quick shot at him. The bullet did no harm to Jim, but came near being fatal to me, for I had been so intent on watching him that I now found that I had unconsciously stepped into the open.

Instead of bolting for shelter, I had but one thing in mind—to check up the account and see how many “good” Indians there were and how many bad ones.

Consequently, in a moment—foolhardy as it may seem—I was on the wagon, peering over the wall, taking account of the dead and wounded at the gates.

Although Jim’s shot-gun had done fearful execution, there were but two who appeared to be actually dead.

Just then something struck me in the face, a hand grasped me from over the wall, and I felt myself being dragged over, into the arms of the “Apache Kid” himself! Several other savages were running to his assistance. All that I can recall is that I thought my last hour had come, and struck out blindly with my fists, clinging, as best I could, to the wall with my legs.

I am not an experienced boxer, but I had the advantage over my assailant, for I was uppermost.

Things seemed to be going badly with me, however, for I felt my hold on the wall gradually weakening.

Just at that instant I heard a rush behind me. I was so done up that I could only think of more Indians, but in reality it was Levy, Hank, and Jim coming to the rescue.

I was grasped from behind and felt that I should be pulled to pieces. I let out with my fists with renewed vigour, and landed such a fierce tattoo on the face of my captor that he involuntarily sought to protect his face with his hands, whereupon Levy, Hank, Jim, and I fell into a confused heap over the side of the wagon.

It was a few minutes before they restored me to my senses, and I found myself with clothing half torn off, covered with dust, and generally bruised.

My first words were:—

“Two killed, three wounded badly; net balance thirteen. That number is unlucky. We’ll win!”

“What in the name of common sense are you talking about?” asked Bates, who was bending over me.

“Well, there were twenty-three Indians when we started; we killed four at first shot, three at the second, and two at the third, besides wounding three beyond present help. That leaves thirteen, doesn’t it?”

We were recalled to a sense of our peril by the sound of breaking timbers. The gates were being forced!

Through the chinks we could see the Indians working industriously with a battering-ram, improvised from the trunk of a tree. At any moment the gates might fall, and we knew there would be little hope for us once the red-skins gained an entrance.

Jim now sent his wife inside the house for better protection. The little babe had, up to this time, been peacefully sleeping on the bed, which must now be used to barricade the door of the house. Consequently, the little fellow was disturbed as his mother moved the huge affair against the opening, and he, too, added to the din of the engagement.

“Now, gentlemen,” said Jim, “we’ve got to make a last stand. The gates will be down in a minute; they have been greatly weakened by the fire. Every one of you to the roof!”

Up to the roof we climbed as a last resort. I think we all realized the gravity of the situation.

We stretched ourselves flat, weapons in hand, and waited. It seemed ages. We could hear the cries of the infant mingled with the sobs of the distracted mother. Bates, who had an abominable voice, tried to sing a hymn. Smith told him to be quiet—the situation was trying enough without his music.

Presently there came a crash—the gates were down. In rushed the red-skins, a fearless crowd. There were just thirteen; I counted them.

“Now, gentlemen, let ’em have it,” called Jim, in a low tone.

Well, we did let them have it; there was no mistake about that. There was a blaze from the rifles, Jim’s shot-gun, and the revolvers, and we all pumped lead as fast as we could.

When the smoke cleared a little we looked below. There were eight red-skins as dead as ever they could be. Three more were crawling away on all fours, seriously wounded.

This left two on my record unaccounted for. We soon spied them making off over the little hills towards Brick Dust Canyon as fast as their legs could carry them.

One of them was “Apache Kid,” the leader. He got off with a whole skin, but I’ll wager that he had some marks about his face.

When we got down from the roof we could no longer hear Mrs. Smith or the babe, and feared they had been killed by stray bullets. Repeated calls failed to bring response.

When we forced an entrance we found her in a dead faint, lying on the bed beside the infant, who was chewing his fist and chuckling as if in great glee.

Woman-like, Mrs. Smith deferred her swoon till all danger was past.

To the delight of McGill, his miserable briar was recovered that day by Jim, who said he did not want the well spoiled, otherwise he would have left it there.

“Shot-gun Jim”—for that is how he is always known now, on account of his fearful execution with his shot-gun, for it was he who really saved the day—has never been troubled by Apaches since. He still insists on living in that forsaken spot, forgetful of the terrible scenes of carnage and danger he has passed through, working at a copper mine which he discovered up beyond Brick Dust Canyon.

A Perilous Mission.

By S. F. Martin, late of the Royal Niger Company's Service.

The modestly-told story of a daring deed. At a time of great anxiety, when England and France were on the verge of conflict in Africa and the powerful Mohammedan native States were watching for an opportunity of throwing off the yoke of both countries, Mr. Martin was District Agent of the Royal Niger Company at Borgu. He was instructed to secure reliable information as to what was happening in the turbulent robber kingdom of Kontogora, and he obtained it by the hazardous expedient of disguising himself as a Haussa and, taking his life in his hands, penetrating right into the enemy's capital. His adventures during this journey are set forth below, though the narrative contains barely a hint of the strain of the ordeal or the awful fate that would have befallen the author had his real identity been suspected.

TOWARDS the latter end of 1898, before the conquest of Nigeria, I was placed in charge of the interests of the Royal Niger Company, Chartered and Limited, in the Borgu district of the Niger Territories. My instructions, amongst other things, were to watch events, political and otherwise, and to report the same to head-quarters.

It was a time of great stress and no little peril to our West African Empire, for not only were the various races of the Territories in a state of unrest and hostility to the white man's domination, but at that period we were also at loggerheads with the French, whose troops were encroaching on our frontiers from all sides, necessitating a special field force being formed, under Colonel (later General Sir Frederick) Lugard, to deal with the situation. The native Mohammedan States, seeing this, thought to take advantage of the crisis to the detriment of both nations.

The most turbulent of all these native States was Kontogora, a town lying to the eastward of the Niger River. At the time of which I write there were British troops at Jebba, Leabba, Boussa, Roffia, Gomba, Lafagon, and Illa, as well as smaller garrisons scattered about, all on the Niger. There was a strong force also at Zaria, a large town away to the east, some distance south of Kano. The French were prowling about in between.

It being reported that Kontogora was preparing to take up arms, I determined to find out the facts of the case for myself, as, if this State seriously intended causing trouble and gained any successes against us, the whole Mohammedan Empire was sure to rise to a man, and it would be difficult for us to hold our own, to say nothing of expelling the French. My orders were to remain in Boussa, but, having weighed the pros and cons very carefully, and decided that it would be well within the spirit, if not exactly the letter, of my instructions to take the action I intended, I determined to find out in person how far this rumour was true and how great the danger really was to our Imperial interests. I had mastered the Haussa tongue, the prevailing language of those regions, and could hold my own easily with the Haussas themselves, my natural aptitude for picking up tongues standing me in good stead. Consequently, without informing anyone where I was going, beyond leaving word that I was off on a shooting trip, on the night of the 17th of November, 1898, I dyed myself from head to foot a deep brown, arrayed myself in very shabby Haussa clothes, and set off, with my guide, Mama, for Kontogora. I took the name of "Abdu Maidowda"—Abdu the dirty. All carriers in Haussaland take nicknames, given them by their masters or companions. It is seldom that a white man ever knows the real names of his servants.

We tramped all that night, and next morning stopped at a small village in the midst of farmlands in the N'gaski Kingdom. The whole country hereabouts was bitterly hostile to the white man's *régime*. The state of unrest was manifest everywhere; people went armed to their work in the fields, as raids from neighbouring towns seemed to be of frequent occurrence. Although the various native kingdoms were quite at one with regard to their hatred of the white man, yet amongst themselves they were always warring and raiding for slaves—the big towns bullying the smaller villages. The main cause of this was the heavy slave tribute levied by the Sultan of Sokoto—the great head of the Moslem Church in the Sudan—on all his vassal States.

Having rested for a few hours, we set out again about midday. It was fiercely hot as we trudged through the guinea-corn fields that stretched for miles all around us, and the heat, striking down from the fiery sun, that hung directly overhead, made me dizzy. I staggered along at times in a kind of hot, sweltering day-dream—seeing things that did not exist, and thinking the most absurd

thoughts. Once I called a halt at a well of very dirty water, flung myself down on my hands and knees, and bathed my head and neck for several minutes, Mama looking on amused. The people in the fields were gathering in the corn in feverish haste, but every now and then they paused long enough to question us as to our destination and whence we came. We invariably told the same tale—we were travelling to Kontogora from Illorin.

THE AUTHOR, MR. S. F. MARTIN, IN HAUSSA DRESS.
From a Photograph.

It must have been about 4 p.m., judging by the sun, when, on that second day out, we topped a rise of rocky ground and came face to face with the head of a caravan of some thirty people, with a large number of goats, coming from the westward. There were several women on donkeys, ten armed men on horseback, and the balance consisted of carriers. As we stood watching them the caravan halted and one of the horsemen came prancing up to us with a great flourishing of his spear. He asked us, very roughly, whence we came and whither we were bound. Mama answered that we were from Illorin, whither we had taken loads for a rich merchant from Kano, and were now bound for Kontogora, where we hoped to obtain work, as we understood that the Emir was preparing for war on the white man. He then asked our questioner if we might not join his caravan, and if he would let us carry a load each in return for our food. At this we were taken before the head of the party, who proved to be an enormously fat woman. With a wave of the hand she gave her consent, and we were forthwith enlisted in the line of coolies.

We pushed on that afternoon to some farmhouses, where we halted for the night. The fat lady took up her abode in the headman’s hut, and we carriers wandered about to find quarters for ourselves. For the most part we slept in the open, beneath a great tree growing outside the entrance to the headman’s compound. Mama and I had no intention of losing sight of our companions, as we did not wish to let slip this excellent chance of getting in to Kontogora, which was also the destination of the caravan, without danger of possible discovery. The farm people were good enough to give us food and drink, and also supplied us with plenty of firewood.

After sitting around the fire for a short time, we coolies one by one curled up on our mats (each carried a small grass mat) and, with our feet to the fire, slept the dreamless sleep of the utterly weary.

Next morning I was awakened by Mama shaking me by the shoulder. My clothes were wet with dew, and I commenced to shiver with cold, cursing myself in my sleepy condition for being so foolish as to put myself in such a perilous predicament.

As I arose and stretched myself I beheld silent forms passing to and fro, and signs that the world was awakening became increasingly evident. Then fires were lit and breakfast cooked; but not before we had washed our eyes, mouth, and hands, uttering a few words from the Koran the while. After partaking of boiled guinea-corn and soup, we espied the fat lady preparing to mount her donkey, and, securing our loads, took our place in the column that began to form up. Soon we were once again trudging through the open country on our way to Kontogora.

“ONE OF THE HORSEMEN CAME PRANCING UP TO US WITH A GREAT FLOURISHING OF HIS SPEAR.”

All along the route I was struck with the apparent haste with which the people were gathering in the corn. Our companions told us that the Seriki (King) of Kontogora was preparing to wage war on the white man, and had ordered his people to get in all their corn at once.

The day before we entered Kontogora we were overtaken by a raiding party, who were returning to that place with their spoil—about twenty young girls and women, as well as several little children—all tied together, each having one wrist made fast to the neck, across the chest.

Their captors were Fulehs and Haussas, on horseback, armed with swords and spears, and one or two with guns. Some of the poor captives looked terribly emaciated, and could hardly get along. I saw one woman get a slash of a hippo hide whip across the face, that sent her reeling to the ground, with a great gash on her forehead. The incident stopped the whole column for a few minutes, as the woman was fastened to her fellow-prisoners by the neck, and, when she fell, prevented them from advancing. The whip was then applied freely in all directions. The chief of the band ordered the wounded woman’s squirming comrades to pick her up and carry her, but they were unable to do so, being too utterly worn out, I could see. They were coated in dust from head to foot, and the perspiration trickling down their naked skins and mingling with the dust made the poor things appear a sorry sight. The band had, apparently, captured them at some far-distant spot, and must have brought them along at a great pace, judging by the rate they were going when they overtook us.

Furious at their inability to pick the woman up, the ruffian in command raised his spear and plunged it three times into the body of the prostrate woman. He followed this up by actually trampling her under his horse’s feet, while I groaned in an agony of horror and impotent rage at the ghastly spectacle.

The brute, having satisfied himself that his victim was dead, cut the grass rope that bound her to her fellows with a slash of his sword, and ordered the party to proceed. They left us at a quick walk—some of the poor captives even running in their terror—and were soon out of sight over a rise in the ground. Our party followed at a slower pace in dead silence, leaving the poor mangled thing by the roadside to provide a meal for the vultures and hyenas that would soon be on the scene. I for one, however, realized then that no wild beast of the desert could compare for utter brutality and lust for blood with the human satyrs who overran that land at the time of which I write. For miles around, between Kontogora and the Niger, and farther afield to the north, south, and east, the smoking ruins of raided villages told the ever-repeated tale of death and violence, robbery and rapine, and I knew full well what would happen to me should my disguise, by any mischance, be penetrated.

About five miles outside Kontogora our caravan was stopped by some horsemen who came

galloping towards us and drew up across our path. They had a long parley with our chiefs before allowing us to proceed, and only did so on payment of a toll. These men were scouts, and I found out later that the whole country for five miles around the city was effectually patrolled, no one being allowed to enter or leave without permission. When we finally arrived outside the walls of Kontogora it was night, and in the moonlight the scene was beautiful and striking. The high castellated ramparts, with watch-towers over the gates, looked strange and fantastic in the soft, mysterious light.

As we approached the gate we mingled with the members of another caravan. Mama and I were at the tail of the line, about five or six from the end. We chose this position to minimize the possibility of trouble, although there really seemed little chance of that in such a deceptive light. Still, there was just the chance, as we soon found out when the head of the caravan reached the gate. Here it was abruptly ordered to halt, and the guards held quite a long palaver before it was allowed to proceed. At the same time a little incident occurred that made my blood run cold for a few minutes. There was a cry of “Abokai! Abokai! Kai!” (“Friends! Friends! Halloa, there!”) from the gate, and the whole column was soon calling “Aboki! Aboki!” (“Friend! Friend!”)—the Haussa manner of hailing anybody. They were shouting, it soon appeared, for myself and Mama, and we were speedily hustled forward by our companions. When we reached the gate our employer, the fat lady merchant who had engaged us, indicated us to the guards with a haughty wave of the hand. We could see a crowd of mounted and unmounted men in the darkness of the gateway, and one among these, who seemed gigantic in the moonlight as he rode forward on a horse equally gigantic, curveted up to us. Striking my turban from off my head with the tip of his spear, he loudly asked for our names. I answered that we were two poor travellers from Illorin, come to offer our services to the Emir. He asked us where our belongings were and the money that our master had paid us at Illorin. I told him that the white man had met us on the road and taken everything, as we were friends of Kontogora. At this the captain of the gate gave vent to some extremely sulphurous language. Then, with a slight movement of the reins, he caused his horse to rear up on his hind legs and, with pawing fore-feet, to burst furiously through the crowd of coolies round about us, trampling one or two badly. Finally, the caravan was allowed to move on under the gate into the town. As we entered, the *mallams* (priests) were calling to prayer, and the long-drawn cry, like an appeal for mercy, floated through the night, striking on the air with that strange, indefinable sense of mysticism that belongs to the East alone.

We wound in and out, out and in, through the moonlit streets with their black shadows, their mud walls, and conical, thatch-roofed houses. Then we emerged into the market-place, near which our employer resided. Entering her compound, we put down our loads, and, seating ourselves, awaited our wages. Mama and I were the first to be paid. We were handed one string apiece of cowrie shells—equivalent to one shilling each, at that time and place. We haggled over this like true-born carriers for fully half an hour, and, as the fat lady’s head slave refused to budge, accepted what we got with a blessing—and promptly received another five hundred cowries for our good nature. The Haussa will often do this, for, as much as he fears a curse, by so much does he value a blessing. A great many rogues take advantage of this trait in the native character.

Having been paid off, Mama and I left the compound rejoicing. Here we were, in the very heart of Kontogora—scatheless! We wandered into the market-place, where some people were still loitering, and decided to sleep in one of the stalls and begin our investigations in the morning.

It was many hours before I got to sleep, as my feet ached fearfully and were badly torn and blistered. During the march I had alternately gone barefoot and in sandals to rest them, and at times I got badly knocked about when carrying the leathers in my hand. Several times during the night bands of young Haussas passed through the market-place, shouting and laughing, boasting what they were going to do to the Turawa (white man).

Four batches of labourers passed through also, between the time we retired and dawn, dragging dead horses out of the town. Tom-toms were going all the night; at times the whole air quivered with the rhythmical sounds. The quaint tinkling of the Haussa guitar rose and fell at intervals, and from time to time the weird notes of the “ghoghie,” or native fiddle, could be heard from the compounds. A spirit of excitement and revel seemed to pervade the whole town.

Next morning we loitered about until the market began to fill, when we bought some food. We then repaired to the Galadima’s residence, and enlisted in the army of labourers that were employed in repairing the walls of the town. Many of these labourers were slaves, sent by the various chiefs and big men; others belonged to the Emir himself. About four hundred of us were dispatched to the north wall. Here some made bricks out of the soft clay; others, including myself, stood on the wall and laid them, and yet others passed those already dried up to us on the wall.

While working in this way I gathered a lot of information. Raiding parties had been out all the week, I learned, and spies and runners from Zaria brought in news every day concerning the movements of the white men in that city. Bands of armed men were continually bringing in slaves from the ruined villages in the surrounding country. It was said that N’gaski and Kontogora would join forces, attack the whites in Zaria, and drive them out. Dandugnsu and Ridjion, neighbouring towns, had promised their support in the campaign. I also learnt that orders had come in from the Sultan of Sokoto that the Emir was not to commence a war against the white man, but to remain on the defensive. The Emir of Kontogora had replied that he was quite prepared to meet all comers, from whatever direction—a pretty broad hint to Sokoto, I thought.

One fellow laying bricks told Mama that the man who killed Lieutenant Thomson at Bida, in the late Niger Sudan campaign undertaken by the Chartered Company against the Fulehs of Bida and Illorin, was now in the town and was considered a very great hero.

About midday an order came for some twenty men to repair to the Emir's compound. I was chosen as one of the gang, together with Mama. So off we marched. When we arrived we found that a horse and a cow had died, and were to be dragged out of the town and thrown into the moat under the walls. Tying up the hind legs with grass rope, we hauled the carcasses through the streets and out by one of the gates and dumped them into the ditch. Having finished our unpleasant task, we trudged back to the north wall and recommenced laying bricks.

One swaggering youngster had annoyed me very much all the morning. He was an overseer amongst the men, and apparently one of the wealthy young bloods of the town. Shortly after my return from removing the dead horse this youth strutted up to me and started cursing me roundly in Haussa, saying that I was more like a woman than a man and that my work was no good. Finally, raising his hand, he struck me in the mouth. Forgetting myself completely for the moment, I stepped up to the fellow, who promptly drew his sword. Without any trouble I disarmed him; then, catching him by the neck, I shook him like a rat and dropped him into the ditch on the far side of the wall.

For a moment there was dead silence; next a chorus of applause and laughter broke out. But Mama plucked me by the sleeve. "Go," he said, in a low tone; "I will meet you to-night, an hour after sundown, at the place we slept in last night." 399

"I SHOOK HIM LIKE A RAT AND DROPPED HIM INTO THE DITCH."

Divining my danger, I slipped away and mingled with the crowd, nobody venturing to interfere. I passed down some side streets that zigzagged about confusingly, wandered in the outskirts of the town for an hour or more, and then made my way to the market-place, which I found swarming with people.

Buying some boiled guinea-corn, I sat down outside a stall and munched my lunch. The woman who sold me the food was a garrulous old person, but perfectly good-natured. She asked me all about myself, and I told her that I had come from Zaria, where I had fled through fear of the white men. She informed me that I had nothing to fear from them; were it not for their guns they would be quite harmless. Then I asked her when it was that Kontogora intended setting out to drive the Turawa from Zaria. "Go round the blacksmiths' shops and inquire at the smithies," was all the answer I could get. I thought the idea a good one, and, bidding my new friend "Good day," I sauntered through the crowded market-place, stopping at various booths. In one of these some blacksmiths were hard at work, making arrow and spear heads from bits of iron and tin. As I stood looking at them I gathered, from the conversation that was going on around, that some of 400

the Emir's sons were expected to arrive in Kontogora that day, and that they were bringing some of the white men's guns with them that were taken at Hella, when Lieutenant Keating's party was massacred. Here was a bit of news worth having! The conversation turning on matters that did not interest me, I strolled on until I arrived at the head blacksmith's shop, near the Emir's compound, where I watched the hammers pounding the red-hot metal. I could see that the whole town was busy making arms, which boded ill for the whites.

Suddenly I heard a shout of "Gashi! Gashi!" ("There he is! There he is!"). Then there was a rush of feet, and a flash of swords in upraised arms. Evidently my pursuers had found me out. I backed into the blacksmith's shop, followed by a yelling crowd, and caught a momentary glimpse of my tormentor of the morning. Then, without warning, something was thrown over my head, and I was dragged violently backwards, flung to the ground, and stunned by a succession of heavy blows.

When I came to my senses I found myself being hauled unceremoniously to my feet, my arms bound firmly. In this ignominious state I was dragged amid curses and cuffs through the town, a yelling crowd of bloodthirsty ruffians surrounding me. They hauled me through a doorway into a compound surrounded with high walls, on into a big building, through many rooms and passages, and ultimately down some rough steps into a filthy, stinking dungeon, reeking of mould and damp. Here, with a violent push, I was flung headlong to the bottom, where I lay helpless in absolute darkness.

The air was damp and chill, and the place was infested with all manner of loathsome crawling things; I could hear them tick-ticking and scuffling along the floor and walls. Shortly after my entry some filthy thing touched my fingers, and I shook it off with a yell. It was a dread place, and drove all hope of saving my life clean out of me.

How long I lay there I do not know; it was long enough, at any rate, for a sharp attack of fever to seize me and run its course. It racked my bones; I tossed and turned on the slimy floor, groaning aloud in my discomfort. The hot fever-blood throbbed in my head; my eyes and face burned, and my body became parched and dry. I moaned for water—oh, for one drop of cool water! At one time I thought I saw the door open and Mama enter and loose my bonds, but it was only a vision of my disordered brain. Finally I sank into unconsciousness. I awoke—drenched in a profuse perspiration—with men's voices sounding round about me. A figure was standing over me holding a lamp—an earthenware, ewer-shaped vessel with a cotton dip—which gave a wavering yellow radiance and cast grim dancing shadows on the walls. I could see that the door was ajar, and a pale light was stealing into the horrible place from outside. Roughly I was dragged to my feet. I staggered a bit, but soon steadied myself, and—pushed, cursed, and beaten—I accompanied my captors up the steps and out into the light of day again, or, rather, of evening. One glorious breath of the upper air repaid me for all that I had suffered in that black hole of Kontogora. I did not care now if they were leading me out to kill me; I was not going to die like a rat in that horrible pit.

As we emerged from the compound we were joined by a chattering, mocking, hostile crowd of men, women, and children. Every now and then one of the latter would strike me with a stick, my guards making no effort to protect me. At last we entered the Emir's compound and I was taken into his presence. He was seated on a dais covered with mats and a leopard skin, and was talking in a low monotone to some men lying round about him on the floor of the chamber.

The young blood that I had flung over the wall, and who was the cause of all my troubles, stepped out and told the King what I had done, asking leave to kill me then and there. Next, to my astonishment, Mama stepped out of the crowd and told the Emir plainly that he and I had come all the way from Illorin to serve him, and had intended craving his permission that morning had not my tormentor interfered and sought a quarrel with me, in which he had got thrown over the wall for his pains. Subsequently, through treachery, continued my faithful guide, my enemy had had me taken and flung into prison without the Emir's knowledge.

The Emir, who seemed a decent sort of old man, listened patiently to his two petitioners. Then, advising my enemy to calm himself, he told one of his retainers to question me. I thanked Heaven that the simpleness of my disguise and my grip of the Haussa tongue precluded any very great possibility of detection. The Emir, before my questioner started, informed the assembled crowd that, were I proved to be a rebel and a traitor, he would hand me over to my enemy to do what he wished with.

My inquisitor was a type of the grovelling bully. He tried to put one or two posers to me, but got more than he expected in return; and I actually got a smile out of the Emir, which elicited the loud and flattering applause of the retainers, when I suggested that my questioner was behaving very like a traitor himself in trying to cast a slur on the character of one of the Emir's most faithful subjects. I told that monarch that I had come all the way from Illorin to serve him, and this was the way I was being treated—dragged, beaten and bleeding, before him from a dungeon, and bound like a common slave. Suddenly the Emir asked me how many white men there were in Borgu; I told him about one hundred thousand, and more to come. He seemed greatly impressed, as well he might be. I then craved permission to enter his service, and he inquired if I could ride. I told him to try me. This he agreed to do. If I could ride and prove myself worthy of entering his service he said he would pardon my imprudence of yesterday and make me a member of his bodyguard.

My bonds were cut, and as these fell from me the pain of the blood returning to my swollen, half-numbed hands was excruciating. I managed, however, to keep a brave face. We retired from the Emir's presence and waited outside under a great shady tree, where, eventually, a fiercely-pawing stallion was brought up, and I was ordered to mount. This I did, the brute biting, kicking, and plunging all the time. I had to get into one of those horrible native saddles that box you up completely, fore and aft. Once mounted, I let the horse do as he pleased, and he led me a terrible dance, rearing and plunging about, dashing first to one side and then another. As he was in the midst of his attempts to buck me off, the Emir appeared and stood watching the tussle with interest. As a matter of fact, the horse had not much chance when once I was on his back, for I had had a great deal of experience of the Haussa beast, and knew his ways. He soon grew tired, and within half an hour was quite submissive. I used no stick, but just sat quietly in the saddle. To my surprise and delight the Emir told me that the horse was mine, and that I was to come to see him on the morrow, about noon. I thanked him gratefully and rode off, Mama walking by my stirrup.

After a consultation we agreed that it would be dangerous to remain in the town any longer, as our enemies were bound to try to get the better of us, sooner or later. We therefore arranged that Mama should leave the town at once, and make for Boussa as best he could, on foot; I would leave that night. We then parted, and I was left alone in the midst of the enemy.

At sundown I rode through the south gate, but was immediately stopped by the guard. I told them that I came by order of the Emir, but they demanded proof. This was distinctly awkward, for, of course, I had no proof to give. I therefore resolved upon a bold stroke. I requested the chief to ride with me, telling him I would give him in confidence all the proof he would require. Unsuspectingly he rode up alongside. Leaning over towards him, I suddenly gripped him by the throat with both hands, at the same time ramming my heels into my horse's sides. The startled animal leapt forward, wrenching my opponent from the saddle with a jerk, and I swung him across my horse's withers, where I held him—my right hand on his throat, my left gripping his left knee, bending him backwards like a bow. In this fashion we flew along the path by which two days before I had entered the robber city on foot.

A howl of execration and a clatter of hoofs followed us, and a shower of arrows and spears fell harmlessly on either side of me. When we had gone about a quarter of a mile I slid my hapless prisoner off on to his head, intending to stun him. My horse, feeling the relief, went away at renewed speed, and I had no difficulty in outdistancing my pursuers, especially as they stopped to see to their unconscious chief. I met one party of traders coming into the town, but they stood aside to let me thunder past, not doubting that I was an emissary of the Emir on some urgent business. The moon was just rising as I topped a low ridge, and all the world was soon bathed in a soft and silvery veil of light. Kontogora was far behind in the plain, the thousand conical roofs away in the distance looking strangely unreal.

As I drew near the five mile radius I began to wonder how I was going to get through the line of scouts. Capture now would mean death in some horrible form or other; at all costs I must not be taken alive. Suddenly I heard a shout far away on my right, and in the dim light saw a body of horsemen coming my way. Touching my mount with my heels I again gave him his head, and he flew like the wind, with ever-increasing speed. The pace was terrific and absolutely foolhardy in that light, although the road was fairly good. I expected every moment to be pitched head foremost to the ground, but the surefooted beast kept on without a stumble. The shouts and thunder of hoofs behind grew fainter and fainter, until at last, to my infinite relief, they entirely died away. Still, however, I kept on. Here and there, when the road passed through a village or beside a farm, frightened figures would slink away into the shadows and a startled cur would burst into a violent fit of barking, as I clattered by on my panting steed, now reeking and white with sweat.

“IN THIS FASHION WE FLEW ALONG THE PATH.”

I rode fast all through the night, my horse showing splendid spirit and pluck, and at sunrise halted on the banks of a river. Leaving my hard-ridden beast to cool a little first, I then watered him and, cutting some guinea-corn stalks from a patch near by, gave him a good feed, munching some myself at the same time and quenching my thirst at the river. Then, after about two hours’ rest, I proceeded, but at a lesser speed.

I rode all that day and well into the night, finally resting by the pool where I had cooled my heated brow on the way to Kontogora. After some hours’ halt I pushed on again, obtaining food at farmhouses on the way, and next evening, utterly weary, arrived at the Niger opposite Boussa. My journey was over; I was safe at last! Arriving at my quarters in the Niger Company’s compound, I flung myself down on my camp bed just as I was and slept for sixteen hours.

The faithful Mama turned up four days later. He went to Yauri, a friendly State, coming down river by canoe. For his services I presented him with the Emir of Kontogora’s horse.

During all the years that have gone by since my secret trip to Kontogora and my subsequent escape I have never regretted having run the double risk of disobeying orders on the one hand and risking my life on the other. I had been instructed to get news and I got it—not the idle tales of paid spies, but a record of sights seen and things heard with my own eyes and ears.

A Voyage on an Ice-Floe.

By Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, C.M.G.

Dr. Grenfell may be described as the “Good Angel of Labrador,” having for years devoted himself to ministering to the hardy toilers who live in that grim land of snow, ice, and fog. In this enthralling story he describes how, while on an errand of mercy, he and his dog-team got adrift in the open sea on a tiny cake of ice; how he killed three of the dogs to provide himself with warm clothing; how he made a flagstaff out of their bones; and how he was finally rescued when hope was well-nigh dead.

T was Easter Sunday, but still winter with us, and everything was covered with snow and ice. Immediately after morning service word came from our hospital to say that messengers with a large team of dogs had come from sixty miles to the southward to get a doctor for a very urgent

case—that of a young man on whom we had operated about a fortnight before for an acute bone disease in the thigh.

THE AUTHOR, DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G.
From a Photo. by De Youngs, New York.

There was obviously no time to be lost, so, having packed up the necessary instruments, dressings, and drugs, and fitted out the sleigh with my best dogs, I left at once, the messengers following me with their own team.

Late in April there is always a risk of getting wet through on the ice, so that I was prepared with a spare outfit, which included, besides a change of garments, snow-shoes, rifle, compass, an axe, and oilskin over clothes.

My dogs, being a powerful team, would not be held back, and though I managed to wait twice for the other sleigh I had reached a village about twenty miles on the journey before nightfall, had fed the dogs, and was gathering one or two people for prayers, when they caught me up.

During the night the wind shifted to the north-east. This brought in fog and rain, softened the snow, and made travelling very bad, besides sending a heavy sea into the bay. Our drive next morning would be somewhat over forty miles—the first ten miles across a wide arm of the sea, on salt-water ice.

In order not to be separated too long from my friends, I sent them ahead two hours before me, appointing a rendezvous at a log shanty we had built in the woods for a half-way house. There is no one living along all that lengthy coast-line, and so, in case of accident, we keep dry clothes, food, and drugs at the hut.

The first rain of the year was falling when I left, and I was obliged to keep on what we call the “ballicaters,” or ice barricades, much farther up the bay than I had expected. The sea of the night before had smashed up the ponderous covering of ice right to the land-wash, and great gaping chasms between the enormous blocks, which we call “pans,” made it impossible to get off. As soon as I topped the first hill outside the village I could see that half a mile out it was all clear water.

An island which lies off about three miles in the bay had preserved a bridge of ice, however, and by crossing a few cracks I managed to reach this island. The arm of the bay beyond this point is only about four miles straight across. This would bring me to a rocky promontory and would save some miles on the round. As far as the eye could see the ice seemed good, though it was very rough. Obviously it had been smashed up by the sea, and packed in again by the strong wind from the north-east, but I judged it had frozen solid together again.

I set off to cross this stretch, and all went well till I was about a quarter of a mile from the landing-point. Then the wind suddenly fell, and I noticed I was travelling over loose “sish” ice, almost of the consistency of porridge; by stabbing down, I could drive my whip-handle clean through it. This “sish” ice consists of the tiny fragments made by large pans pounding together on the heaving sea.

So strongly did the breeze now come off-shore, and so quickly did the packed mass, relieved of the wind pressure, begin to scatter, that already I could not see one floe larger than ten feet square. I realized at once that retreat was absolutely impossible; the only thing to be done was to make a dash for it and try to reach the shore.

There was not a moment to lose, so I tore off my oilskins, threw myself out on my hands and knees by the side of the *komatik* to give a larger base to hold, and shouted to the dogs to go ahead.

Before we had gone twenty yards, the animals, divining their peril, hesitated for a moment, and

the *komatik* instantly sank into the slush. It then became necessary for the dogs to pull, and they promptly began to sink in also. Earlier in the season the father of the very man I was going to operate on had been drowned by his dogs tangling their traces around him in the “slob.” This unpleasant fact now flashed into my mind, and I managed to loosen my sheath-knife, scramble forward, find the traces in the water, and cut them, meanwhile taking a turn with the leader’s trace around my wrist.

There was a pan of ice some twenty-five yards away, about the size of a dining-table, and on to this the leader very shortly climbed. The other dogs, however, were hopelessly bogged in the slushy ice and water.

“ONE OF THE DOGS GOT ON TO MY SHOULDERS, PUSHING ME FARTHER DOWN IN THE ICE.”

Gradually I hauled myself along the leader’s line towards the pan, till he suddenly turned round and slipped out of his harness. It was impossible to make any progress through the “sish” ice by swimming, so I lay there helplessly, thinking it would soon be over, and wondering if anyone would ever know how the tragedy happened. Suddenly I saw the trace of another big dog, who had himself fallen through just before he reached the pan. Along this I hauled myself, using the animal as a bow anchor, but much bothered by the other dogs, one of which, in his struggle for life, got on to my shoulders, pushing me farther down in the ice. Presently, however, I passed my living anchor, and soon, with my dogs around me, I lay on the little piece of ice. I had to help the dogs on to it, though they were able to work their way to me through the lane of water that I had made.

We were safe for the moment, yet it was obvious that we must be drowned before long if we remained on this little fragment, so, taking off my moccasins, coat, gloves, and cap, and everything that I could spare, I tied my knife and moccasins separately on to the backs of the dogs. My only hope of life seemed to be to get ashore at once. Had I been able to divine the long drift before me, I might have saved, in the same way as I saved my knife, a small bag of food. The moccasins, made of tanned sealskin, came right up to my thigh, and, as they were filled with water, I thought they accounted for my being able to make no progress.

Taking the long traces from all the dogs but the two lightest, I gave them the full length of the lines, tied the near ends around my own wrists, and tried to make the animals go ahead. Nothing would induce them to move, however, and though I threw them off the pan two or three times, they always struggled back on to it. Fortunately, I had with me a small black spaniel, a featherweight, with large furry paws, something like snow-shoes, who will retrieve for me. I threw a piece of ice for him, and he managed to get over the “slob” after it, on to another pan about twenty yards away. The other dogs followed him and after much painful struggling all of them got on but one.

Taking all the run I could get on my little pan, I made a rush, slithering with the impetus along the surface till once more I sank through. After a tough fight I was able to haul myself by the long traces on to this new pan. I had taken care this time to tie the harnesses, to which I was holding, under the dogs’ bellies, so that they could not slip them off. But the pan I was now on was still not enough to bear us, and so this exhausting process had to be repeated immediately to avoid sinking with it.

I now realized, much to my dismay, that though we had been working towards the land we had been losing ground all the time, for the off-shore wind had now driven us a hundred yards farther out. The widening gap was full of pounded ice, which rose to the surface as the pressure

lessened. Through this no man could possibly make his way.

I was now resting on a floe about ten feet by twenty, which, when I came to examine it, was not ice at all, but simply snow-covered “slob,” frozen into a mass, and which I feared would very soon break up in the general turmoil and the heavy sea, which was continually increasing as the ice drove offshore before the wind.

At first we drifted in the direction of a rocky point on which a heavy surf was breaking, and I made up my mind, if there was clear water in the surf, to try to swim for the land. But suddenly we struck a rock, a large piece broke off the already small pan, and what was left swung around in the backwash and went right off to sea. I saw then that my pan was about a foot thick.

There was nothing now for it but to hope for rescue. Alas! there was no possibility of being seen by human eyes. As I have already mentioned, no one lives round this big bay. It was just possible, however, that the people on the other *komatik*, knowing I was alone and had failed to keep my tryst, would, perhaps, come back to look for me. This, however, they did not do.

Meanwhile the westerly wind—our coldest wind at this time of the year—was rising rapidly. It was very tantalizing, as I stood there with next to nothing on, the wind going through me, and every stitch soaked in ice-water, to see my *komatik* some fifty yards away. It was still above water, packed with food, hot tea in a Thermos bottle, dry clothing, matches, wood, and everything for making a fire to attract attention, if I should drive out far enough for someone to see me—and yet it was quite beyond my reach.

It is easy to see a black object on the ice in the day-time, for its gorgeous whiteness shows off the least thing. But, alas! the tops of bushes and large pieces of kelp have so often deceived those looking out that the watcher hesitates a long time before he takes action. Moreover, within our memory no man has ever been thus adrift on the bay ice. The chances were one in a thousand that I would be seen at all, and, even if I were, I should probably be mistaken for a fragment of driftwood or kelp.

To keep from freezing I took my long moccasins, strung out some line, split the legs, and made a kind of jacket, which preserved my back from the wind down as far as the waist.

I had not drifted more than half a mile before I saw my poor *komatik* disappear through the ice, which was every minute loosening up into small pans. The loss of the sledge seemed like that of a friend, and one more tie with home and safety lost.

By midday I had passed the island and was moving out into the ever-widening bay. It was scarcely safe to stir on the pan for fear of breaking it, and yet I saw I must have the skins of some of my dogs—of which there were eight on the pan—if I was to live the night out. There was now from three to five miles of ice between me and the north side of the bay, so I could plainly see there was no hope of being picked up that day, even if seen, for no boat could get out.

Unwinding the sealskin traces from my waist, around which I had them coiled to keep the dogs from eating them, I made a slip-knot and passed it over the first dog’s head, tied it round my foot close to its neck, threw him on his back, and stabbed him to the heart. Poor beast! I loved him like a friend, but we could not all hope to live. In fact, at that time I had no hope that any of us would, but it seemed better to die fighting.

In the same way I sacrificed two more large dogs, receiving a couple of bites in the process, though I fully expected that the pan would break up in the struggle. A short shrift seemed to me better than a long one, and I envied the dead dogs, whose troubles were over so quickly. Indeed, I began to debate in my mind whether, if once I passed into the open sea, it would not be better by far to use my faithful knife on myself than to die by inches. There seemed no horror whatever in the thought; I seemed fully to sympathize with the Japanese view of *hara-kiri*. Working, however, saved me from dangerous philosophizing. By the time I had skinned the dogs and strung the skins together with some rope unravelled from the harnesses I was ten miles on my way and it was already getting dark.

Away to the northward I could now see a single light in the little village where I had slept the night before. One could not help picturing them sitting down to tea, little thinking that there was anyone watching them, for I had told them not to expect me back for four days. I could also see the peaceful little school-house on the hill, where many times I had gathered the people for prayer.

THE AUTHOR'S DOG TEAM.
From a Photograph.

I had now frayed out some rope into oakum and mixed it with some fat from the intestines of my dogs, with the idea of making a flare. But I discovered that my match-box, which was always chained to me, had leaked, and my precious matches were in pulp. Had I been able to make a light, it would have looked so unearthly out there on the ice that I felt sure they would have seen me. However, I kept the matches, hoping that I might be able to dry them if I lived through the night. While working at the dead dogs, about every five minutes I would stand up and wave my hands towards the land. I had no flag and I could not spare my shirt, for, wet as it was, it was better than nothing in that freezing wind, and, anyhow, it was nearly dark.

Unfortunately, the coves in among the cliffs are so placed that only for a very narrow space can the people in any house see the sea. Indeed, most of them cannot see the sea at all, so that whether it was possible for anyone to see me I could not tell, even supposing it had been daylight.

Not daring to take any snow from the surface of my pan to break the wind with, I piled up the carcasses of the dogs. Moreover, I could now sit down on the skin rug without finding myself in a pool of water, thawed out by my own heat. During these hours I had continually taken off all my things, wrung them out, swung them in the wind, and put on first one and then the other inside, hoping that what heat there was in my body would thus serve to dry them. In this I had been fairly successful.

My feet were the most trouble, for they immediately got wet again on account of my thin moccasins being easily soaked through on the snow. I suddenly thought of the way in which the Lapps, who tend our reindeer, manage to dry socks. They carry grass with them, which they ravel up and put into the shoe. Into this they put their feet, and then pack the rest with more grass, tying up the top with a binder. The ropes of the harness for our dogs are carefully "served" all over with two layers of flannel, in order to make them soft against the animal's sides. So, as soon as I could sit down, I started with my trusty knife to rip up the flannel. Though my fingers were more or less frozen, I was able to ravel out the rope, put it into my shoes, and use my wet socks inside my knicker-bockers, where, though damp, they served to break the wind. Then, tying the narrow strips of flannel together, I bound up the tops of the moccasins, Lapp fashion, and carried the bandage on up over my knee, making a ragged though most excellent puttee.

In order to run easily and fast with our dogs in the spring of the year, when the weather is usually warm, we wear very light clothing; thus we do not perspire at midday and freeze at night. It chanced that I had recently opened a box of football garments which I had not seen for twenty years. I had found my old Oxford University running "shorts," and a pair of Richmond Football Club stockings of red, yellow, and black, exactly as I wore them twenty years ago. These, with a flannel shirt and sweater, were all I now had left. Coat, hat, gloves, oilskins—everything else—were gone, and I stood there in that odd costume exactly as I stood in the old days on a football field. These garments, being very light, dried all the quicker until afternoon; then nothing would dry any more, everything freezing stiff.

My occupation till what seemed like midnight was unravelling rope, and with this I padded out my knickers inside and my shirt as well, though it was a clumsy job, for I could not see what I was doing. Now, getting my largest dog, as big as a wolf and weighing ninety-two pounds, I made him lie down in order that I could cuddle around him. I then piled the three skins so that I could lie on

one edge, while the other came just over my shoulders and head.

My own breath, collecting inside the newly-flayed skin, must have had a soporific effect, for I was soon fast asleep. One hand I had plunged down inside the curled-up dog, but the other hand, being gloveless, had frozen, and I suddenly woke, shivering enough, I thought, to break my pan. What I took to be the sun was just rising, but I soon found it was the moon, and then I knew it was about half past twelve. The dog was having an excellent time; he had not been cuddled up so warmly all the winter. He resented my moving with low growls, till he found it wasn't another dog.

The wind was steadily driving me now towards the open sea, where, short of a miracle, I could expect nothing but death.

Still I had only this hope—that my pan would probably be opposite another village, called Goose Cove, at daylight, and might possibly be seen from there. I knew that the *komatiks* would be starting at daybreak over the hills for a parade of Orangemen about twenty miles away. I might, therefore, be seen as they climbed the hills, though the cove does not open seaward. So I lay down and went to sleep again.

I woke some time later with a sudden thought in my mind that I must have a flag to signal with. So I set to work at once in the dark to disarticulate the legs of my dead dogs, which were now frozen stiff, and seemed to offer the only chance of forming a pole to carry a flag.

Cold as it was, I determined to sacrifice my shirt for that purpose with the first streak of daylight. It took a long time in the dark to get the legs off, and when I had patiently marled them together with old harness rope they formed the heaviest and crookedest flag-post it has ever been my lot to see. Still it had the advantage of not being so cold to hold, because the skin on the paws made it unnecessary to hold the frozen meat with my bare hands.

What had awakened me this time, I found, was that the pan had swung around and the shelter made by my dogs' bodies was on the wrong side, for, though there was a very light air, the evaporation it caused from my wet clothes made quite a difference. I had had no food since six o'clock the morning before, when I had porridge and bread and butter. I had, however, a rubber band on instead of one of my garters, and I chewed that for twenty-four hours. It saved me from thirst and hunger, oddly enough. I did not drink from the ice of my pan, for it was salt-water snow and ice. Moreover, in the night the salt water had lapped up over the edges, for the pan was on a level with the sea. From time to time I heard the cracking and grinding of the newly formed "slob," and it seemed that my little floe must inevitably soon go to pieces.

At last the sun really did rise, and the time came for the sacrifice of my shirt. I stripped, and, much to my surprise and pleasure, did not find it was half so cold as I had anticipated. I now reformed my dog-skins, with the raw side out, so that they made a kind of coat, quite rivalling Joseph's. But with the rising of the sun the frost came out of the joints of my dogs' legs, and the friction—caused, I suppose, by waving it—made my flag-pole almost tie itself in knots. Still, I could raise it three or four feet above my head, which seemed very important.

Now, however, I found that, instead of having drifted as far as I had reckoned, I was only off some cliffs called Ireland Head, near which there is a little village looking seaward, whence I should certainly have been seen had the time been summer. But as I had myself, earlier in the season, been night-bound at the place, I had learnt there was not a single soul living there in the winter. The people had all, as usual, migrated to their winter houses up the bay, where they get together for schooling and social purposes.

It was impossible to wave so heavy a flag as mine all the time, and yet I dared not sit down, for that might be the exact moment someone would be in a position to see me from the hills. The only thing in my mind was how long I could stand up, and how long go on waving that pole at the cliffs. Once or twice I thought I saw men against their snowy faces, which I judged were about five or six miles from me. In reality, however, all the time I knew in my heart of hearts that the black specks were only trees. Once, also, I thought I saw a boat approaching. A glittering object kept appearing and disappearing on the water, but it was merely a small piece of ice sparkling in the sun as it rose on the surface.

Physically I felt as well as ever I did in my life, and with the hope of a long sunny day I felt sure I was good to last another twenty-four hours if my ice-raft would only hold out. I determined to kill a big Eskimo dog I had at midday and drink his blood (only a few days before I had been reading an account of the sustaining properties of dogs' blood in Dr. Nansen's book) if I survived the battle with him.

I could not help feeling, even then, my ludicrous position, and I thought if I ever got ashore again I would have to laugh at myself standing hour after hour waving my shirt at those lofty cliffs, which seemed to assume a kind of sardonic grin, so that I could almost imagine they were laughing at me. I thought of the good breakfast my colleagues were enjoying just at the back of those same cliffs, and of the snug fire and comfortable room which we call our study.

I can honestly say that from first to last not a single sensation of fear entered my mind, even when struggling in the "slob" ice. It all seemed so natural; I had been through the ice half-a-

dozen times before. Now I merely felt sleepy, and the idea was very strong in my mind that I should soon reach the solution of the mysteries that I had been preaching about for so many years.

It was a perfect morning, a cobalt sky and an ultramarine sea, a golden sun, and an almost wasteful extravagance of crimson pouring over hills of purest snow, which caught and reflected its glories from every peak and crag. Between me and their feet lay miles of rough ice, bordered with the black “slob” formed during the night. Lastly, there was my poor little pan in the foreground, bobbing up and down on the edge of the open sea, stained with blood, and littered with carcasses and *débris*. It was smaller than last night; the edges, beating against the new ice around, had heaped themselves up in fragments that, owing to its diminutive size, it could ill spare. I also noticed that the new ice from the water melted under the dogs’ bodies had also been formed at the expense of its thickness. Five dogs and myself in a coloured football costume and a blood-smeared dog-skin cloak, with a grey flannel shirt on a pole of frozen dogs’ legs, completed the picture.

The sun was almost hot by now, and I was conscious of a surplus of heat in my skin cloak. I began to look longingly at one of my remaining dogs, for an appetite will rise even on an ice pan. The idea of eating made me think of fire, so once again I inspected my matches. Alas! the heads had entirely soaked off them all, except three or four blue-top wax matches which were in a paste. These I now laid out to dry, and I searched around on my snow pan to see if I could get a bit of transparent ice with which to make a burning-glass, for I was pretty sure that, with all the unravelled tow stuffed into my nether garments and the fat of the dead dogs, I could make smoke enough to be seen if I could only get a light.

I had found a piece which it seemed might answer the purpose, and had gone back to wave my flag, which I did every two minutes, when suddenly, for the second time, I thought I saw the glitter of an oar. It did not seem possible, however, for it must be remembered that it was not water that lay between me and the land, but “slob” ice, which, a mile or two inshore of me, was very heavy. Even if people had seen me, I did not think they could get through, though I knew all of them would be trying. Moreover, there was no smoke rising on the land to give me hope that I had been seen. There had been no gun flashes in the night, and I felt sure that, had anyone seen me, there would have been a bonfire on every hill to encourage me to keep going. So I gave it up and went on with my work. But the next time I went back to my flag it seemed very distinct, and though it kept disappearing as we rose and fell on the surface, my readers can well imagine I kept my eyes in that direction. Through my dark spectacles having been lost, however, I was already partly snow-blind.

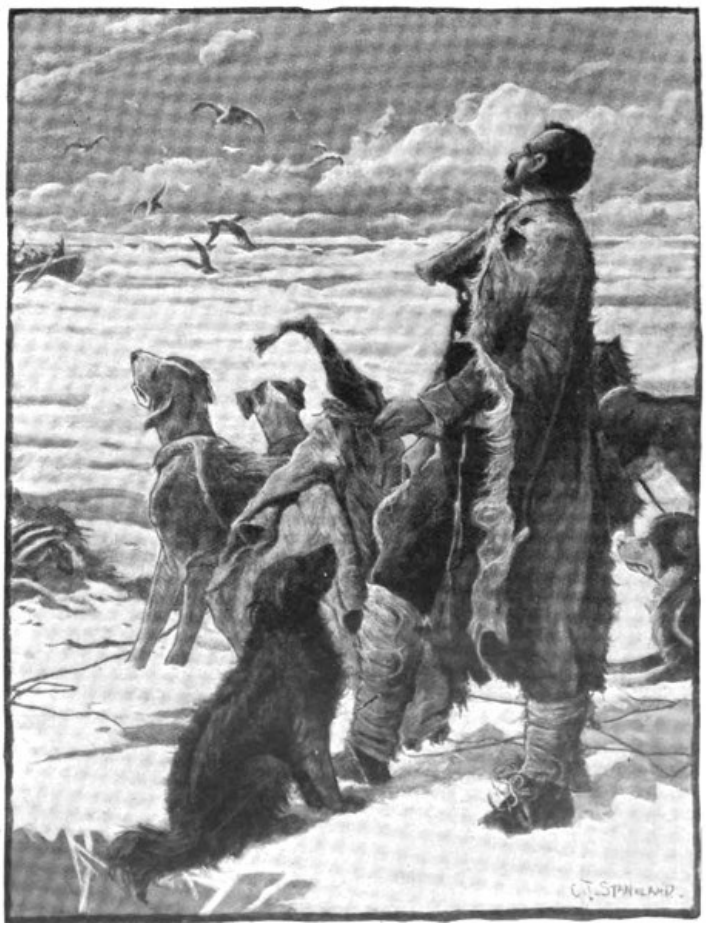
I waved the flag as high as I could raise it in a direction to be broadside towards those places
where I thought people might have gone out around the ice after ducks, which is their main occupation a little later in the year. I hoped that they might then see my flag and come straight on for me. At last, beside the glitter of a white oar, I made out the black speck of a hull. I knew then if the pan held out for another hour that I should be all right.

With that strange perversity of the human intellect, the first thing I thought of when I realized that a rescue boat was under way was what trophies I could carry with my luggage from the pan! I pictured the dog-bone flagstaff adorning my study—the dogs intervened, however, and ate it later on—and I thought of preserving my ragged puttees in my museum.

I could see that my rescuers were frantically waving, and when they came within shouting distance I heard someone shout, “Don’t get excited; keep on the pan, where you are.” As a matter of fact, they were infinitely more excited than I. Already it seemed just as natural to me now to be saved as half an hour before it seemed inevitable that I should be lost. Had my rescuers only known, as I did, the sensations of a bath in the ice when you cannot dry yourself afterwards, they need not have expected me to throw myself into the water.

At last the boat came up, crashing into my pan with such violence that I was glad enough to catch hold of the bow, being more or less acquainted by now with the frail constitution of my floe, and being well aware it was not adapted for collisions. Moreover, I felt for the pan, for it had been a good and faithful friend to me.

A hearty handshake all round and a warm cup of tea—thoughtfully packed in a kettle—inside, and we hoisted in my remaining dogs and instantly started back, for even then a change of wind might have penned the boat with ice, which would have cost us dearly. Indeed, the men thought we could not return, and we started for an island, in which direction the way was all open.



“I COULD SEE THAT MY RESCUERS WERE FRANTICALLY WAVING.”

There were not only five Newfoundland fishermen at the oars, but five men with Newfoundland muscles in their backs and arms and five as brave hearts as ever beat in the bodies of human beings. So we presently changed our course and forced our way through to the shore.

To my intense astonishment they told me that the night before four men had been out on a point of land, from which the bay is visible, cutting some dead harp seals out from a store. The ice had been extraordinarily hard, and it had taken them till seven o’clock at night to cut out twenty-four seals. Just at the very moment before they left for home, my pan of ice had drifted out clear of the island called Hare Island, and one of them, with his keen fisherman’s eyes, had seen something unusual. They at once returned to their village, saying there was a man on a pan, but they had been discredited, for the people there thought it could only be the top of some tree.

All the time I had been driving along I knew well that there was one man on the coast who had a good spy-glass, and that he had twelve children, among them some of the hardiest young men on the coast. Many times my thoughts had wandered to him, for his sons are everywhere, hunting seals and everything else. It was his sons, and another man with them, who saw me, and were now with him in the boat. The owner of the spy-glass told me he got up instantly in the middle of tea on hearing the news, and hurried over the cliff to the look-out with his glass. Immediately, dark as it was, he made out that there really was a man out on the ice. Indeed, he saw me wave my hands every now and again towards the shore. By a process of reasoning very easy on so unfrequented a shore, they immediately knew who it was, but tried to argue themselves out of their conviction. They went down at once to try and launch a boat, but found it absolutely impossible. Miles of ice lay between them and me, the heavy sea was hurling great blocks on the land-wash, and night was already falling, with the wind blowing hard on shore. These brave fellows, however, did not sit down idly. The whole village was aroused, messengers dispatched at once along the coast, and look-outs told off to all the favourable points, so that while I considered myself a laughing-stock, waving my flag at those irresponsive cliffs, there were really men’s eyes watching from them all the time.

Every soul in the village was on the beach as we neared the shore, and everybody wanted to shake hands when I landed. Even with the grip that one after another gave me, some no longer trying to keep back the tears, I did not find out that my hands were frost-bitten—a fact I have not been slow to appreciate since. A weird sight I must have looked as I stepped ashore—tied up in rags stuffed out with oakum, wrapped in the blood-stained skins of dogs, with no hat, coat, or gloves, and only a short pair of knickers on! It must have seemed to some of them as if the Old Man of the Sea had landed.

No time was wasted before a pot of tea was exactly where I wanted it to be, and some hot stew was locating itself where I had intended an hour before that the blood of one of my remaining dogs should have gone.

Rigged out in the warm garments that fishermen wear, I started with a large team as hard as I could race for hospital, for I had learnt that the news had gone over that I was lost. It was soon painfully impressed upon me that I could not much enjoy the ride; I had to be hauled like a log up the hills, my feet being frost-bitten so that I could not walk. Had I guessed this before I might have avoided much trouble.

We all love life, and I was glad to be back once more with a new lease of it before me. My colleague soon had me “fixed up,” and I was presently enjoying a really refreshing sleep.

THE AUTHOR AS HE APPEARED AFTER HIS TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE ON THE ICE FLOE, SHOWING THE FLAG-STAFF MADE OF DOGS’ BONES.
From a Photograph.

THE WIDE WORLD: In Other Magazines.

UNIQUE POST-OFFICE IN NEBRASKA.

SOME years ago, a traveller recounting his experiences of the early days of the city of Nebraska, U.S.A., says that on arriving at the odd collection of shanties that then represented

the beginnings of the city, he inquired for the post-office, and was referred to an old chap sitting on a log. Of this man he further inquired where he could find the post-office, as he expected a letter. The old chap removed his sombrero, and, fumbling inside it, produced the expected letter. Since then Nebraska has grown into considerable importance as the capital of the State of Nebraska.—"THE CAPTAIN."

CURIOUS FISHING SUPERSTITIONS.

IN British Columbia the Indians ceremoniously go out to meet the first salmon, and in flattering voices try to win their favour by calling them all chiefs. Every spring in California the Karaks used to dance for salmon. Meanwhile one of their number secluded himself in the mountains and fasted for ten days. Upon his return he solemnly approached the river, took the first salmon of the catch, ate some of it, and with the remainder lighted a sacrificial fire. The same Indians laboriously climbed to the mountain-top after the poles for the spearing-booth, being convinced that if they were gathered where the salmon were watching no fish would be caught. In Japan, among the primitive race of the Ainos, even the women left at home are not allowed to talk, lest the fish may hear and disapprove, while the first fish is always brought in through a window instead of a door, so that other fish may not see.—"TIT-BITS."

FLEMISH FISHERWOMEN.

ON the coasts of Holland, Belgium, and Northern France fisherwomen are a familiar sight, with their great hand-nets and quaint costumes. Many of the towns have distinctive costumes by which their women can be recognised anywhere. Those of Maria-Kirke, near Ostend, wear trousers and loose blouses, while their heads and shoulders are covered by shawls. They carry their nets into the sea, and scoop up vast quantities of shrimps and prawns, with an occasional crab or lobster and many small fish. They often wade out till the water is up to their necks, and they remain for hours at a time in water above their knees, rarely returning until their baskets are full.—"WOMAN'S LIFE."

CANADA FOR THE SPORTSMAN.

CANADA is an ideal country for the sportsman. Notwithstanding its rapid commercial development, it still has thousands of miles of wild and unexplored land, where man has seldom or never trodden. Even in the Eastern provinces, within a very short distance of civilization, wild animals of many kinds—moose, caribou, elk, deer, and even bears—still abound. From the Atlantic coast to the Pacific slope, from the international boundary line north to the Arctic circle, Canada offers magnificent opportunities to the sportsman, whatever his tastes may be; big and small game-shooting, fishing, camping, canoeing.—"FRY'S MAGAZINE."

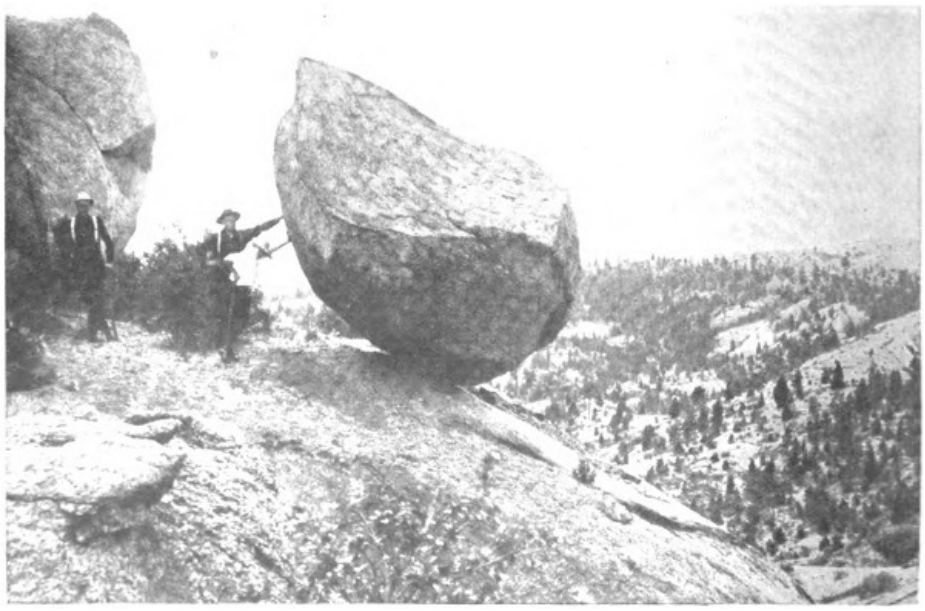
THE GEESE OF NIEDER-MÖRLEN.

IN the little Hessean village of Nieder-Mörlen, between Giessen and Frankfort, a strange scene may be witnessed every evening at half-past five. Some two thousand geese, which have spent the day on the river's bank below the village, at a given signal from their leaders make their way homewards with much pomp and circumstance and raucous noise. The strangest part of the proceeding is seen when they reach the village street and, without any guidance or driving, waddle each into its own yard for the night. Like so many squads they break off in their dozens from the main body, knowing instinctively their owners' door, and with solemn gait enter in as though conscious of their own innate cleverness.—Mr. A.H. Ross, in "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

Odds and Ends.

A Wonderful Balanced Rock—What a Lightning Flash Did—The Sea Captain’s House, etc.

NEAR Dome Rock, Colorado, thirty-two miles up Platte Canyon from Denver, is situated one of the most wonderful balanced rocks in the world. This rock, as will be seen from the illustration, is poised with very little of its surface touching the ground. The most peculiar feature about the boulder is the fact that it does not rest on a flat surface of soft earth, but is perched out on an incline with a very steep angle. The slope on which it stands, moreover, is of smooth, solid rock, too slippery for anyone to walk up, and how the boulder maintains its position is a mystery.



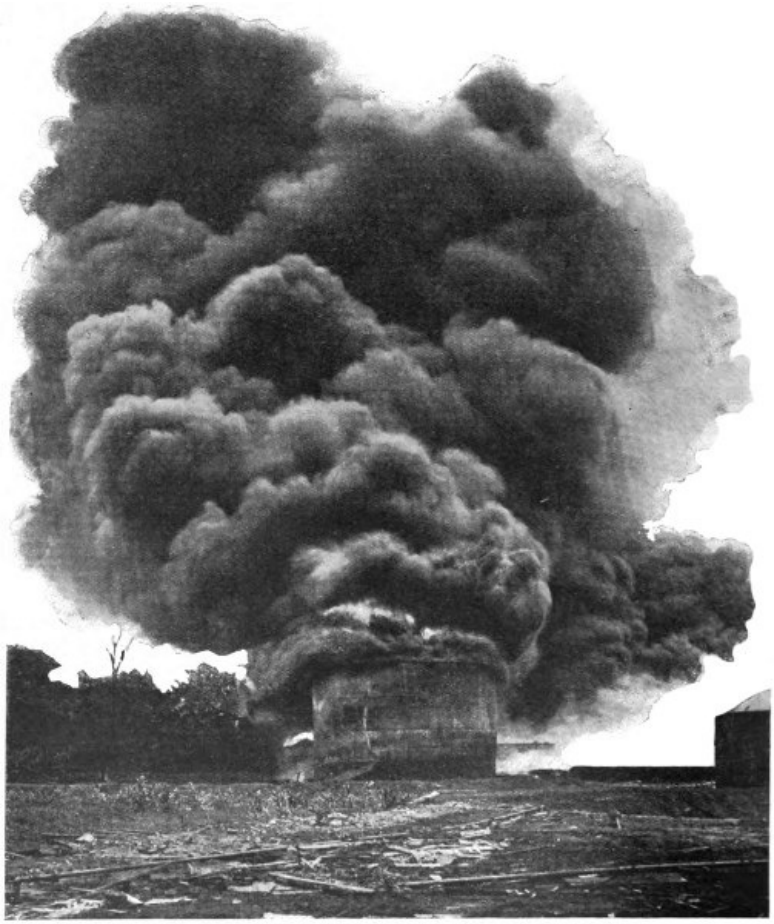
A WONDERFUL BALANCED ROCK—IT IS PERCHED ON A STEEP SLOPE OF SMOOTH, SLIPPERY ROCK, AND HOW IT MAINTAINS ITS POSITION IS A MYSTERY.
From a Photo. by J. R. Bauer.

Church bells and church plate, as related in a recent WIDE WORLD article, are not the only kinds of buried treasure of which there are traditions in Worcestershire. Mr. J.W. Willis Bund, in his “Civil War in Worcestershire,” says: “There is hardly a family who possessed a landed estate at the time of the Civil War that has not some legend of concealed treasure. For instance, the Berkeleys, of Spetchley, say their butler, to save the family plate, hid it under one of the elms in the avenue. The butler was wounded, and tried with his last breath to confide his secret to a member of the family, but could get no further than ’plate,’ ‘elm,’ ‘avenue,’ and died; so that the plate remains hidden to this day.” The occasion upon which the Berkeley plate was hidden was the sack and burning of their family mansion at Spetchley, upon the eve of the Battle of Worcester, by the Scots troops who accompanied Charles II. from the North. Sir Robert Berkeley was a devoted Royalist and had suffered much for the King, and members of his family were serving in the Royal army; but the Scots, who had fought upon both sides, were not careful to distinguish between friend and foe. The only portion of Spetchley which escaped the flames was the stabling. Here Cromwell made his head-quarters, and after the war Judge Berkeley converted the building into a house and lived there for many years. The elm avenue in Spetchley Park, where the plate was buried, still exists, and is one of the finest in Worcestershire. For the photograph given above we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. T. Duckworth, of the Worcester Victoria Institute.

THE ELM AVENUE IN SPETCHLEY PARK, WORCESTERSHIRE—A FAITHFUL BUTLER, AT THE TIME OF THE CIVIL WAR, BURIED THE FAMILY PLATE UNDER ONE OF THE TREES TO SAVE IT FROM THE ENEMY, BUT DIED BEFORE HE COULD REVEAL THE SECRET OF THE HIDING-PLACE.
From a Photograph.

The curious little building seen in the next photograph stands at the end of a private walk on the shores of the River Orwell, in Suffolk. It is known as the “Cat House,” for the reason that, in the “good old times,” a white cat used to be exhibited at a window visible from the river as a signal to smugglers, who flourished in the locality. When the animal was shown, the “Free-Traders,” as the contrabandists were euphemistically called, knew that the coast was clear, and promptly sailed up and landed their cargo, secure from the attentions of the “preventives.” Near “Cat House” is Downham Reach, which was the scene of some of Margaret Catchpole’s most exciting adventures.

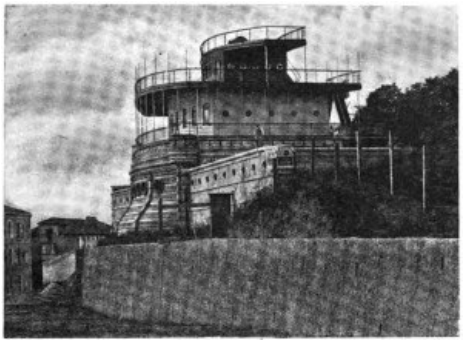
THE “CAT HOUSE,” NEAR IPSWICH, SO CALLED BECAUSE A WHITE CAT WAS EXHIBITED AT THE WINDOW AS A SIGNAL TO SMUGGLERS.
From a Photo. by Frith & Co.



THIS TERRIFIC OIL FIRE, STARTED BY A LIGHTNING FLASH, DID A HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF DAMAGE.
From a Photograph.

The accompanying photograph depicts a terrific oil fire, which occurred on the night of June 23rd, 1908, at Warren, Pennsylvania. The conflagration started through a tank being struck by lightning, and in a very short time twenty-five oil-holders, large and small, together with the wax-house, were destroyed. The fire burned for nearly twenty-four hours, and its fierceness is almost impossible to conceive. The total loss incurred was something like one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The extraordinary-looking dwelling seen in the next picture was built to exactly resemble a steamship's bridge, with chart-room and other appurtenances all complete. This curious erection is situated at Algorta, near Bilbao, in the North of Spain, and is called "Casa-Barco," or "house-boat." It was probably built by a retired sea-captain, who felt like a fish out of water until he had provided for himself the same environment to which he had been used during his active career at sea. One can imagine the old gentleman taking his evening walk to and fro along the lofty bridge, scanning the surrounding country with a sailor's eye, and half inclined now and then to ring for "more speed," or to send an order down the tube to the steersman.



A HOUSE BUILT TO RESEMBLE A STEAMSHIP'S BRIDGE.
From a Photograph.

The cat seen in the next photograph was the pet of the crew of the ill-fated whaler *Windward*, which was wrecked in Baffin's Bay last season. After the disaster pussy had a long, cold voyage in the open boats in which the ship-wrecked men pulled—amidst ice-bergs, snow, and tossing seas—for over five hundred miles, encountering dangers and adventures galore, till after three weeks of fearful exposure and hardship they were picked up by the whaler *Morning*, in which the

correspondent who sent us the picture was a passenger. “Pussy then made up for her sufferings by making her home in my bunk,” he writes. “During the cold nights of the Arctic autumn I found her a very good substitute for a hot-water bottle.”

A CAT WHICH MADE A FIVE-HUNDRED-MILE VOYAGE IN AN OPEN BOAT IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.
From a Photograph.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE ROCK—IT IS AN ALMOST PERFECT GLOBE, AND THOUGH IT PROBABLY WEIGHS TWENTY TONS FOUR STRONG MEN CAN SET IT SPINNING ON ITS BASE.
From a Photograph.

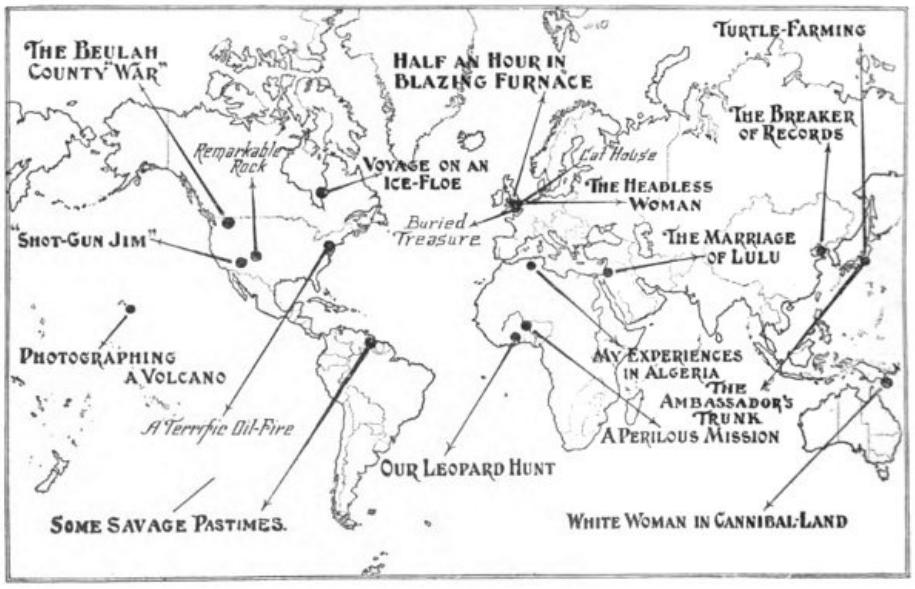
On the foreshore of the Mata Beach, Mangapai, New Zealand, stands the remarkable rock shown above. It is an almost perfect sphere of hard blue rock, shot with white quartz, of an entirely different formation from any other known rocks in the district. The mystery is, of course, to know how it reached its present position on the soft sandstone of the beach. Popular opinion is that in distant ages it was shot from a volcano, since extinct. The rock, which probably weighs twenty tons, rests in a cup like depression in the sandstone formation on which it stands, and is so nicely poised that four strong men, encircling it with their arms and all pushing one way, can set it spinning on its base.

THE BULL-THROWER SEIZING THE ANIMAL BY THE TAIL.
From a Photograph.

OVER! THE BULL GOES CRASHING TO EARTH AMID A CLOUD OF DUST.
From a Photograph

The two snapshots reproduced above illustrate striking phases of an exciting Mexican pastime—that of flooring bulls with the hand from horseback! The rider, galloping after the bull, seizes it by the tail and, passing his leg over the tail for the sake of leverage, pulls the poor beast round sideways until it trips and goes crashing to earth amidst a cloud of dust. Needless to say, the bull-

thrower needs a strong hand and steady nerves, or he may find himself in trouble.



THE MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.

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Inconsistent spelling and hyphenation are as in the original.

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