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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

Vol. LXI.

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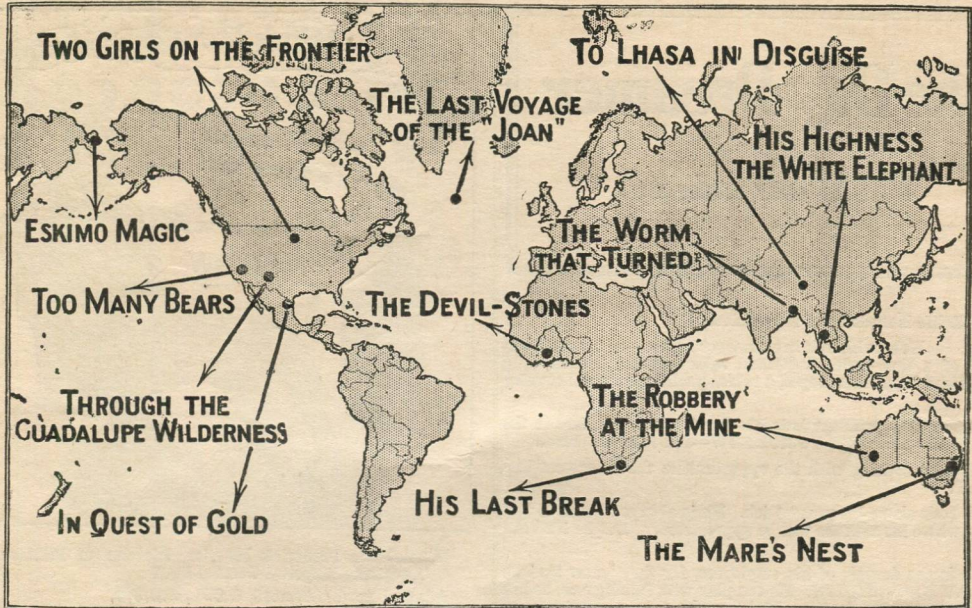
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The Editor

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“SAVE ME, ATTAH, SAVE ME!” SHE CRIED.”

(SEE PAGE 88.)

The Devil-Stones

By

CAPT. F. W. BUTT-
THOMPSON

Author of "Sierra Leone in History and Tradition"

Illustrated by ERNEST PRATER

A FEW miles to the east of the Government road that starts at Cape Coast Castle on the Gold Coast and thence goes on to the Prah and beyond to Coomassie, lies the district of Akukorbanum-Insu.

It is a fertile land and beautiful, with rubber and silk-cotton trees sheltering the houses and many acres of banana trees flourishing in the sunshine.

Over this picturesque district there brooded not very long ago the shadow of a cruel power. The people were fetish-ridden, obsessed with an ever-present terror that made their lives a burden and gave constant trouble to the white officials.

To-day these same people are full of happiness and good humour, their farms are well tilled, villages are being re-built, and the heart of the District Commissioner—not to mention that of the resident Political Officer—is at ease.

Here is the story of how this striking change came about—a plain tale told in plain words, with only such descriptions and explanations as are needed by those who know neither the land nor the people.

The village of Awia-mu, most populous of all in the district of Akukorbanum-Insu, seemed deserted in the strong sunlight, but as Attah, club dangling on wrist, walked along its main avenue faces appeared in the shade of doorways and watchful eyes followed his progress.

"He comes! He goes! Where does he go? He is seen! He is not seen! What is he?"

Thus, in their cryptic clipped speech, the villagers discussed the passing man, for

A strange story of West African "fetish" and its uncanny powers among the superstition-ridden natives. The Author is an authority on the country, and vouches for the truth of the narrative.

to-day there was something about "Madam Yamma's Attah" that they could not understand.

A few gave Attah a cheery

good-day, for he was not without friends and admirers—men who knew his strength, children who liked his readiness to joke and play with them, and women who thought him wasted on Madam Yamma.

All would have been surprised had they known what made Prince Attah walk so uprightly that day. He was looking upon this great village, so forlorn, so unkempt, and was seeing not ruined huts and neglected cultivation, but neat homes and gardens yielding a harvest of blossom and fruit. He was picturing people joyous, healthy, and hopeful.

Presently Attah reached the immense market-place, crossed it, and climbed the foothill beyond, passing the crumbling shacks of the white men who, mistaking this land for Ashantee, had once lived there whilst vainly prospecting for gold. Taking the path that led to the neglected farms, he made a wide detour and returned home through the village street.

"His grandfather, the King of Elmina, used to walk like that," said an old man who was sheltering with two companions under the eaves of his children's house. "The boy is both eagle and vulture, and the eagle may yet win."

Attah halted when he had reached his own end of the village. From this point two paths led, one to the home he occupied with Madam Yamma, his wife, the other to that of the high priest of the district. He looked long at this last, then back again to the village. There was a sound of music, and the

people came out to see the procession that caused it. A bride was being escorted to her new abode.

Squaring his shoulders, Attah took the path sacred to the family of the high priest—and by so doing began, all unknowingly, a new chapter in his own history and that of his people.

Attah was a younger son of the ancient royal house of his country, a house connected by many links with neighbouring royalties. Much of the glory of local prince-dom had departed, and some ten years before, after an uneventful life at Cape Coast, Attah had come here as the husband of Madam Yamma, daughter of Kin-Kemano, the chief priest and ruling prince of the district.

He was thirty-five, sturdy in build, stronger than most men, had received the usual education of a chief, had almost European features, and was known as a sportsman and a generous steward of his wealth.

How his marriage to a woman much older than himself had come about Attah never paused to inquire. Madam Yamma was the only acknowledged daughter of Kin-Kemano, whom she would one day succeed, and had already her own place—and a powerful one—in the time-honoured system represented by her father. She and Attah had no children. She was cold, cruel, masterful, allowing her husband no authority at all.

For some years, however, the prestige of his position as the husband of the powerful fetish-priest's daughter had satisfied the easy-going Attah. Only lately had he begun to seriously consider whether he should ever fulfil his destined life by remaining merely "Madam Yamma's husband."

The friendship he had formed with a white man—the Political Officer recently appointed to the district, who was proving not only sympathetic but understanding and wise—may have been responsible for the birth of his ambition to see his people emancipated and free.

This processional way Attah was now traversing was long and much decorated with strange "fetish" objects. The old priest knew how to intimidate his callers. Only the brave walked there, or those who were hardened by custom against the terror raised by the decorations.

At last Attah arrived at an arch of human bones that spanned the entrance to the house. It was a pretentious abode—a bungalow with extensions, European and native, of iron and wood. A white cord was stretched across the main entrance of the residence, and to the cord was tied a thin goat, slowly bleeding to death.

Attah stopped, for this gruesome spectacle meant that the high priest was preparing himself for some mystic ceremony, and none could enter.

The shock of the realization made Attah's limbs rigid. He stood there on the path, under the trees burdened with fantastic offerings of all kinds—bottles, bones, scraps of metal and cloth, masks and pads of animals, dried human hands, a rusty cutlass, and many cheap necklaces.

His eyes were fixed on that white cord and the dying goat, and he was thinking hard. He had hoped so much from this interview, for he had made up his mind that the troubles of his people—their indolence, their dread, their suspicions—could be swept away by a word from the high priest.

Attah had come to suggest that word, to talk to the old man and persuade him to free his people from the thralldom of fetish-power. It would be so easy to say that word of liberation! It had been heard in other districts which were now becoming prosperous and happy. Attah was sure he could reason the old man, stubborn though he was, into a different way of expressing the authority he held.

But now doubt assailed him, and he began to wonder why he had come, why he was there, what had brought him along this dreaded path.

Suddenly he heard a voice calling him. "Attah! Attah! Oh, Attah!"

It was a cry of fear, rising to a shriek of agony.

In one and the same moment forgetting and defying the power that held him and his in the slavery of superstition, Attah determined to answer that challenging summons. Brought up in an atmosphere where the power of fetish was greater than that represented by Gold Coast officials and the white men's King, Attah by this act found his own soul.

Gripping his club, he leaped the white cord and its ghastly burden, and hurled himself into what had always been to him the abode of all sorts of terrors.

"Attah! I am here, Attah!" the voice guided, and in one of the women's quarters he found a sobbing, frightened, helpless woman—a girl whose face had haunted him all day.

"Save me, Attah, save me!" she cried.

"From what, Delumodo?"

Attah's first thought as he saw her—her bridal finery bedraggled, her face piteous with sorrow—was a puzzled query as to why a woman, even a young and well-favoured one belonging to a good family, should not feel honoured by being included amongst the wives of the priest.

"Take me home, Attah!" she sobbed.

"You wish to go home, Delumodo?"

"Yes, yes, yes, Attah; at once!"

"Then come."

And that was how it began.

On the way home Delumodo told him of the deal her father and the priest had made. Her father, a chief and once a con-



"You are abroad early this morning, Attah," she cried, mockingly."

siderable farmer, had been reluctant to sell her, but he was powerless ; the priest's keen eye had marked her down. That day she had been the unwilling centre of a bridal procession. In that room she had been bidden to wait until her owner sent for her.

"I resisted my people," she said ; "I resisted the women who came for me. They carried me into the street. For pride I then walked, but they had to carry me into that room. I despaired. Then I saw you, Attah."

Her trust in him was very childlike, her touch on his hand was warm. He thought of Yamma's stringy fingers.

Arrived at her home they found a sorrowing family, whose grief turned to stark fear when they heard what their daughter had done.

"The priest! The priest!" was the burden of their lament. "What will he do to us?"

"I dare not keep you," confessed the father, sadly.

"We are already a house of the dead," sobbed the mother.

Attah thought quickly. It would be useless to take the young woman to any other house. None would accept so burdensome a charge, for a woman who had run away from the terrible Kin-Kemano was outcast. There remained only his friend the Political Officer.

And presently there arrived at the bungalow of that white official Attah and Delumodo; and the woman's beauty and distress and the man's indignation, and the interest the official took in the people for whom he was responsible caused him to give the girl refuge.

"There will be a very nasty palaver about this, Attah," he said, when Delumodo had been handed over to the servants. "The only way to free the girl will be for her father to pull himself together and pay back the price he received, with a sufficient '*dash*' (present) over and above it to make the love of lucre outweigh the slight."

"I will myself lend the money," replied Attah. "But will they accept?" he asked himself a moment after, for he knew Delumodo's family to be as proud as they were poor.

To his surprise, however, his offer was accepted, and to the stupefaction of the whole district the priest also proved amenable, taking both the price and the present. But soon afterwards Delumodo's father's cattle began to die.

"Have you heard that Madam Yamma's spirit was seen at Katak-assie last night, Attah?" Delumodo asked Attah one day as they were walking through the bush to a dell some distance from the village.

"Yes, I was told, and I asked her why she had sent it."

"What did she say?"

"She said she sent it to collect a debt, Delumodo."

The girl seemed relieved. There are many superstitious fears that bind and shackle the people of West Africa, some based on a belief in ghostly animals, others indissolubly mixed up with the supposed powers of inanimate objects—fetishes, beads, *borfimas*—and yet others that concern themselves with what we call spiritualism.

From the day of their birth to that of their dissolution they live in a world controlled by spirits—spirits of the living and spirits of the dead. The first are more to be feared than the last, for to only a few is the power given to send their spirit travelling whilst their bodies still live.

Madam Yamma was one of these. It was her supposed ability to have her body in one place, her wraith in another, that gave her the unique position she held in the demoralization of the people. Their fear of her was equal to that they felt for her father, the old high priest.

"I am afraid of Yamma, Attah," said Delumodo, presently, reverting to the original topic. "Her spirit is wandering."

"It shall not come near you," he said, fiercely, and then, remembering his helplessness, he murmured gloomily, "Ah! if I were not Madam Yamma's husband!"

He went on to speak of his hopes and fears for the people, and Delumodo listened eagerly. She was intelligent enough to understand what a blessing it would be if the dark cloud of superstition and terror that hung over the countryside could be lifted, and to realize also that, as Madam Yamma's husband and the son-in-law of the evil old high priest, Attah was in a parlous position to play reformer. Yet she fostered his ambition, and they found time in the secret hours they spent at their trysting-place to talk of the good time both were sure was coming for their land and people.

They made plans and discarded them. Attah was rich. Past generations of his family had helped themselves liberally to the gold-dust that passed from Ashantee to the coast. He would pit his fortune against the wealth of Madam Yamma and her father, and gradually win the district by largesse; he would appeal to the Government; he would head a revolt.

"What is that, Attah, oh! what is that?" cried the girl, suddenly.

Here in the bush the dusk was deepening into a solid darkness like ebony.

Suddenly Delumodo stiffened. "The eyes of the white ape!" she gasped, and slipped senseless to the earth.

Startled, Attah looked about him, and in the blackness he beheld two tiny points of light.

"The white ape!" he repeated, horror-stricken.

For a second he stared at the glowing points; then he turned his back, picked up the unconscious girl, and hurried away with her.

After he had left Delumodo at her home he thought long over this new development. Madam Yamma and the old priest were evidently determined to kill her, for he felt certain they were behind the "white ape" mystery. The thought burned into his brain. Steadily her father's cattle had died, until now the family was reduced to buying milk. Nothing they possessed, apparently, could live under the baleful curse of the priest. And now Delumodo was to be given to the white ape!

All along the West Coast of Africa the legend of the "white ape" is known and implicitly believed—a half-human, half-animal Thing that comes and goes as it pleases, killing those who oppose it and carrying women off to the jungle. The appearances of the ghostly creature are anticipated with fear, and villages are barricaded and guarded against it.

Twice lately the apparition had been seen near the village of Awia-mu, once by Madam Yamma herself, as she had casually informed Attah, and now by Delumodo and himself.

For hours Attah turned the problem to and fro, seeking its solution. In doing so he took another step toward his own emancipation and that of his people from the evil thrall of the fetish-gods. His ambition had become a burning thirst, an unendurable hunger. He talked of it to everyone, but there was no response. What could he do to rouse them?

There was one thing he could do: he could slay this beast, this frightening, ravening white ape that threatened his people—and Delumodo. That was the resolve Attah, Prince of the Fantees, finally came to.

The first sun-rays of a new day peeped through the bamboo mesh of the outer screen around the walls of Madam Yamma's house. The warmth awakened Attah. Slowly and softly, for his wife was a light sleeper, he rose to his feet, stealthily opened the frail door, and looked across the clearing. Only the birds were awake. The dense foliage of the bush that walled in the great compound—for Madam Yamma lived in state—was perfectly still.

Very carefully Attah picked up his heavy club, peeped into an inner room to see if his wife had moved, tip-toed out, crept like a shadow to the fence that, planted as stakes, had taken root and flourished as trees, and looked along the path, the one break in the massed and matted growth. Beneath the trees there was not yet light for him to see more than a yard or so ahead.

After leaving Delumodo the previous night and petting her into forgetfulness of what she had seen, he had returned home, mixed a strong soporific into some food he secretly prepared, and placed the bait in a calabash at a point the uncanny beast would have to pass on its way to the home of Delumodo. He was thinking of this as he advanced down the path. He would find the white ape drugged, he hoped, and if so he would slay it.

Reaching the spot where the trails crossed—the one he had come along, that leading to the village, and a third to the farm where Delumodo lived—he looked around for the bait.

He stopped, stiffened, and stared down at something that lay at his feet. It was the calabash, smashed into a hundred pieces! The food had gone. The earth all round was scratched as if by steel-pointed claws, but there was no sleeping or dead beast.

His eyes blazing, his body motionless, Attah stood examining this inexplicable thing. At last he broke the spell that held him and, with his toe, turned over and

disturbed the broken bits of the gourd—carefully, as if half-afraid of them.

Suddenly he bent forward and dropped on one knee. Something was lying amidst the wreckage, something that scintillated and flashed like the evil eye of the white ape itself!

A sound in the path behind him made him look round. He had just time to pick up the shining thing—it appeared to be a bead—and thrust it into his mouth for concealment before his wife joined him.

"You are abroad early this morning, Attah," she said, mockingly.

In a sudden panic he wondered if she had seen him kicking the calabash fragments from the path. What had she seen? How much did she know? You could never tell with her, he reflected; she kept her eyes shaded to narrow slits and yet saw more than most.

"Madam Yamma shares that failing," he responded.

She handed him his club, which he had dropped when he knelt down.

"Not often do you carry your club along this path," she said, pleasantly.

When they re-entered the house Attah felt instinctively that a crisis was at hand, nor was he mistaken. Yamma sat down facing him, looked long and searchingly into his face, and then opened the attack.

"So the white ape came?" she said, sneeringly.

"Who told you?" he asked, to mask his anger.

"There are some who need no telling," she answered quietly. Her mouth was a thin line, her eyes gleamed beneath the lowered eyelids. Evidently Yamma was deeply moved.

Once again Attah found himself asking how much she knew? In his exaltation of spirit because of his find he had momentarily forgotten several vital things, but now he remembered them, and lounged back on the bamboo settle in his old, indolent fashion. He wanted to gain time.

Could she read his thoughts? Did she realize that his mind was alert as it had never been before? That he had come to the supreme hour of his life, the hour he had secretly longed and schemed for? How much did this strange fetish-woman know? He had never discussed with her the hapless condition of his people. Her father's daughter was the last person to give a fair, unbiased opinion on the evils of the existing system.

But now Yamma was speaking again.

"The white ape accepted your offering, Attah?" she asked, almost timidly, he thought.

He saw the trap, but did not quite know how to avoid it.

"Yes—no—I am not sure," he stammered.

The noise of shouting in the village street came to him. He pictured the people whispering excitedly concerning the white ape, for all were now aware that Delumodo had seen it. Attah knew that he, and he alone, had power to banish the terror once for all.

"Listen, Attah, husband of Yamma!" His wife's voice broke in abruptly upon his thoughts.

Her tones proved her in one of her "fetish" moods, and he sat forward and looked at her curiously. Now only her voice lived. Her eyes were quite closed, yet, as he knew from experience, she would be aware of every change in his attitude, every frown or smile that crossed his face.

"Are you listening, Attah?"

His parched tongue turned over that shining, burning thing hidden in his mouth. How like an evil eye it had looked! Could she see it shining there through his cheek?

"Listen, Attah. I have often seen the white ape. It is my servant, as it is the servant of Mano Sulima, my father."

She gave her father his official title, but it was not that which struck Attah; it was the calling of the white ape a "servant." Servant to Kin-Kemano—medicine-man, high priest, Prince, Sulima, and scourge of his people, and servant of Madam Yamma, his daughter, as feared as he. This was something new!

"It walks like a man, a strong man, an avenger, a wild man only tamed by greater strength than its own, a beast-man who knows when and how to approach the place where dwells his victim." The voice droned on. These moods were all too familiar to Attah; they were hours to him of extremest boredom.

He would get up, go out, examine the treasure still tucked away in his mouth. No; on second thoughts, he would listen.

"It is of no use to barricade doors; the white ape is strong, no obstruction can stay it. It is of no use to hide; it always finds what it seeks. It comes when it likes, and takes what it comes for. Its pleasure is its only master."

Servant! Master! Yamma was contradicting herself. Good! He would stay and hear the end of this. Did she think to frighten him? Why was she saying all this?

"It shows almost human instinct in its choice of victim, in its method of approach, in its habit of building a fire to cook its own food. It is useless to place broiled plantains or cassava balls in its path to propitiate it; it prefers what it finds in the house it visits. It likes food highly spiced."

Attah was sitting up now. Then she knew that he had prepared that very food, so carefully and secretly, as he thought!

Madam Yamma droned on: "Nothing can stay the path of the white ape, a ring-fire cannot, water treated with herbs cannot,

fetishes and *ju-jus* cannot. The report of a fire-arm is a call to it rather than a warning; no gun, no club, no power is great enough to slay it, to command it, to alter its course, to save its victim. There is only Mano Sulima and his daughter."

("We will see about that!" thought Attah.)

He had let Yamma go on; it was his custom so to do. Better this and peace than a quarrel and a curse, a curse that might be effective—for was she not the Sulima's daughter? Though there were doubts in his mind, one cannot throw off in a day the beliefs of generations of ancestors, and undoubtedly the old fetish-priest possessed uncanny powers. He was glad, however, that he had let her have her say. Now he was certain that she knew about the drugged food.

He rose to his feet to denounce her, thought better of it, and sat down again. He would give her all the rope she wanted, let her finish her remarks, and then fling down his challenge, cost what it might.

He noticed now, for the first time, that she had surrounded herself with a ring of sacred objects sprinkled with the blood of one of his fowls.

Suddenly an impulse of hot anger stirred him. Madam Yamma knew of the white ape because she *was* the white ape! What a fool he had been not to realize it before! For the first time in his married life he broke into her vapourings, scattered the sacred objects with his foot, thereby breaking the magic circle, and stood angry and unafraid before her.

"The white ape!" he shouted. "The bugbear of women. I care *nothing* for your white ape!"

She sat looking up at him, her eyes, for the first time in many years, wide open, for she had seen that he had dared to break her sacred circle. She gasped in amazement.

"No; you care only for your Delumodo!" she cried venomously, at last.

Attah laughed, but it was like the growl of a wounded bear. He took the shining stone from his mouth and held it out for her to see.

"The white ape," he said, his voice shaking with fury. "Behold the white ape's eye!"

Suddenly he seized her in his grip. "Give me the other eye," he demanded.

For answer, swerving away from him, she picked up his big club, and, with surprising agility and strength for a woman old enough to be his mother, struck at him with the heavy weapon.

Attah evaded the blow, but it helped his courage. Wrestling the club from her, he shook her violently. Then he dropped her to the floor, where she lay motionless. From her disarranged dress had fallen the stone he had demanded—the fellow to the one he held in his hand.



"Swerving away from him, she picked up his big club."

Attah picked it up, looked down at the still form of Yamma lying amidst the broken circle of fetishes, and then seized his club and strode out.

"Madam Yamma will regret dropping the stone when she was fooling about with that bait of yours, Attah."

The Political Officer was admiring the two stones his friend had brought to him.

"She will now be numbered with those who believe these *agri*-beads bring bad luck," he continued, "and there are many who have that belief and can quote chapter and verse in its support."

"It will make no difference," said Attah, calmly. "Up to now, we will say, these *have* been bad-luck stones, but from to-day they are going to bring good luck to my people."

"That's the song to sing, Attah. Believe that, as their first owners did, and you can do anything."

"Did you know their first owners?" asked Attah, with a simplicity amusing to his friend.

"What? Hardly! Ancient Egyptians or Arabs, according to authorities like Johnston and others. Lived at Thebes—are still to be found there, in tombs, beads and all. How the stones got to the West Coast is a mystery."*

Attah had threaded a strip of hide through the hollow centres of the stones, and presently the white man passed them back.

"Wear them, Attah," he said. "Make that string long enough to go round your neck; then go and try their effect upon the people. You will have to live up to them, but I think you can do it, especially when you seek out that old wretch Mano Sulima. Those beads may yet be the salvation of these deluded and down-trodden people."

"The devil-stones! The devil-stones! They are the evil-eye! None can resist it! O-ya! The devil-stones! Prince Attah! Lord of the devil-stones!"

That was the reception the stones received in the village, when Attah appeared wearing them round his neck, and within an hour all the district was up and out to bend the knee to Prince Attah.

"Cover them! Cover them!"

An old man cringing and crying was the second phase of Attah's triumph. The demonstration of the people, their full acceptance of him as leader—and then the undisguised fear of the great Kin-Kemano!

Straight from the village Attah had come to the old priest's house to find that

the stones were the one secret Madam Yamma had never shared with her father.

"Cover them! I beseech thee, Attah, my son!"

The room was large, but it was lit only by the space between the top of the mud wall and the eaves of the iron roof, and that space was made less serviceable for lighting purposes by the overhanging of the palm-branches with which the iron was thatched.

"I may not, O Kin-Kemano."

The appeal was urgent, although the tones of it suggested that the speaker could command better than plead. The answer came in the round notes of sure confidence. The old priest recognized the tone and bowed to the inevitable. This man who had been husband to his daughter was now his master. Attah sat his stool as if it had been a throne, his blue native cloth draping him like a toga.

The high priest sank in dismay to the earthen floor, and crouched there an old, old man, frail, white-haired, broken. He had tried everything. At first he had commanded, then flattered, then offered bribes. He had cursed Attah, his forbears, his progeny, his friends, his days and nights, his strength mental and physical, his food and drink, his head, his body, his limbs, his heart, his stomach, and his shadow.

But his command was unheeded, his flattery unheard, his bribes refused, his curses laughed at. And his own attendants had fallen on their faces and eaten dust when they had seen those flashing beads. The power of Kin-Kemano had departed.

Attah looked down at the huddle that was once a proud fetish-priest and at the spread forms about it. Then he stepped out into the sunshine.

"The cloud over Akukorbanum-Insu is lifted," he cried to the waiting people. "We are free!"

And wonderingly, uncertainly, they shared his gladness and echoed his words.

Then, just when emancipation seemed to have come, when he was awaiting the "book" (proclamation of the Governor) that would announce him, Attah, to be Prince and chief of this district, a blow fell that threatened to end his work ere it was well begun.

Madam Yamma died.

She had never recovered from the result of that duel of wits between herself and her husband. In her defeat she had refused to leave the house, refused to eat, refused to speak. And finally she died.

Her body was taken to her father's house. That huge, filthy, frowsy, and ruinous building resounded with the "cry" over her corpse. And the village people went softly, for they feared her dead as they had feared her living. Their new-found allegiance to Attah waned before this tragedy.

In the compound of the priestly

* These "*agri*-beads," according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, are made of variegated glass, are highly prized by the natives, and are supposed to be of Egyptian or Phœnician origin. There are specimens in the Egyptian Room of the British Museum.

dwelling squatted many women busy preparing food, mashing corn, tending fires, stirring soups.

At the far side, in a long, dim room like a hall, other wailing women beat their breasts and shrieked about the dead form of Madam Yamma, Mano Sulima's daughter. For twenty-four hours they had done this in relays, and now the time of the burial was at hand.

The procession having been formed, the principal mourners began to appear.

Kin-Kemano came first, his head crowned by an erection formed of the skulls of his predecessors—a veritable crown of horror. His right hand clung to the *borfima*, that loathsome but sacred sceptre.* His appearance at the funeral was proof that his courage was returning.

Prince Attah followed, sturdy, blue-gowned, sunny-faced, for he had nerved himself to the effort.

"Hail to Kin-Kemano! Mano Sulima!"

It was a feeble cry of a feeble few at first, but it increased in sound and strength.

"Attah! Prince Attah! Attah Sulima!"

This was boldly shouted by some, but the majority of the men shuddered out: "Attah, Lord of the devil-stones!"

The women contented themselves with their endless: "*O-e-ya-a!* She comes! She comes!"

Headed by the high priest, his face hidden by the monkey tails pendent from his graveyard mitre, his devil-dancers gyrating about him, the ever-increasing throng walked to the cemetery in the evening light.

At the spots where Madam Yamma had been wont to linger, they stopped, lowered the body, and talked. Talked to each other, to their friends in the houses they passed, to their acquaintances who had come from a distance to the ceremony, to the corpse, and to the spiritual Madam Yamma who, they were sure, accompanied them. Questions were then asked of the dead, and answers received from the attendant "medium."

It appeared that Madam Yamma was content to be buried—if certain things she would mention were performed. The family of Delumodo looked anxiously at one another.

"What is the first condition?" asked the woman chosen for this office, a woman specially gifted with second-sight.

To the consternation of the priestly party all the stipulations were trivial. The woman—who had to answer as well as ask the questions—rolled her eyes, foamed at the mouth, and seemed always to be upon the verge of some great announcement, but failed every time to utter it. Attah's nearness may have accounted for her ineptitude.

Presently the "medium's" voice grew fainter. Some thought she spoke the name of Delumodo, but there was a doubt, for just at that moment she fell senseless.

"Take the carrion away!" shrilled the voice of the high priest. Evidently he was greatly disappointed with the performance of his tool; the wretched "medium's" courage had failed her at the psychological moment!

And now the procession had reached the grave. Between murmurings at the length of the journey, at the tyranny of the white men, which made a general graveyard compulsory, and at the fiasco of the second-sighted one, a voice was heard. It asked if Madam Yamma's father had anything to say to his daughter before the body was lowered into the grave.

Kin-Kemano stepped forward, his attendants closely surrounding him. His voice broke harsh over them; he was once again the tyrant ruler of an ignorant people. The nearest members of the crowd threw themselves at his feet.

"Let her husband, Attah, have the first word," he announced magnanimously.

"Attah! Prince Attah! Attah Sulima!"

Only a few, and those farthest away, now sent out the cry.

Attah walked to the graveside.

"Yamma, art thou content to be left here?" he asked, looking down at his wife's shrouded body.

"She is content! She is content!" cried the nearest women, carried away by his confident smile.

At once all the women took up the shout. "She is content!"

But Kin-Kemano quickly interrupted.

"She is *not* content," he said sternly. "Why are you not content, Yamma, my daughter?"

"Because Attah, my husband, became Attah my murderer," answered a voice, sounding from somewhere high above.

"*O-e-ya-a!*" the crowd wailed, as some fled and others dropped to the ground. There had been a good deal of mystery about Yamma's death and now, it seemed to the gossips, that was explained.

"She was well. She was strong. She had life left for many years," shrieked the women. "She was our sister. She was our mother."

Amidst the din Attah stood unmoved. He had an idea that this was Kin-Kemano's last desperate throw.

"Peace!" he thundered, and the people stood transfixed.

Was this Attah, the erstwhile submissive husband? Attah the inoffensive?

"You have heard what the spirit-voice said, and you thought it was the voice of Madam Yamma," continued Attah.

He looked about him, but he was careful

* A *borfima* is a sort of elongated calabash, filled with various "magic" ingredients and often parts of the human body.



to keep his flashing beads toward the high priest.

"That voice will now tell you to kill Attah," he added, "for it was *not* the voice of Madam Yamma."

That he had spoken truth was witnessed by the near presence to him of one of the attendants of Kin-Kemano, a man called Tasso, who was known as "the executioner." The office had been abolished by white power, but black weakness allowed it to continue. Tasso had edged his way forward until he stood immediately behind Attah, his spiked club ready to his hand.

"Listen to Prince Attah!" now shouted a few.

"Yes, listen to Prince Attah! No longer Madam Yamma's husband, but now Prince of this land."

The bold announcement met with a mixed reception, but some of Delumodo's family and their neighbours began to gather near Attah.

"Madam Yamma's spirit is a good spirit," he went on, boldly. "This that speaks is a bad one, for it serves Mano Sulima. A bad spirit, *my people!*"

Attah deliberately used the words till then only spoken by the high priest. They roused the crowd. Mano Sulima had been too long a tyrant.

"Look, my people!"

He pointed upwards to the dark crown of an umbrella-tree, higher than its neighbours.

"Yakab!" he shouted. "Yakab, come down at once!"

Then pandemonium broke loose.



"With that he handed the old man a document."

Africans like to be hoaxed, they like to live in an atmosphere of mystery, but let them see so much as a cog of a wheel of the machinery used to befool them and they are quick to change masters.

"Yakab!" they cried. "Come down; the devil-stones are calling you!"

A moment later a burly Fantee, a trusted attendant of the chief priest, slid from the tree, flung himself down, and craved mercy from Prince Attah.

"The cloud over Akukorbanum-Insu is indeed lifted," said Delumodo, and her words were taken up and carried on until all the people had repeated them.

Unnoticed by most of the throng a little group of white officials, attended by native soldiers and policemen, had approached.

"The voice of Madam Yamma is pardoned," said Attah.

"Hail! Hail! Chief Attah! Prince Attah! Attah Sulima!" the people shouted.

He lifted the *agri*-beads.

"Behold!" he cried. "The eyes of the white ape! They are now as powerless as the voice of Yakab!"

The people understood, and rocked with

laughter. The terror that had gripped them so long was finished with!

Meanwhile the little procession reached the grave, just as the body was lowered. Native soldiers saluted as the District Commissioner lifted his hat. Then that official turned to other business.

"To you," he said, looking at Kin-Kemano. "This!"

With that he handed the old man a document, ordering him to go home and read it. "And when you get there, stay there," he said, significantly, as the discomfited fetish-priest shuffled away.

"And for you," went on the District Commissioner, as he shook hands with Attah, "I have this!"

Thereupon the Political Officer read to the people the Governor's warrant appointing Prince Attah Chief of Akukorbanum-Insu. "And now three cheers for King George," he added, "and three more for Prince Attah!"

They were not British cheers, but they answered the same purpose, heralding in a new and brighter era for the country and the people.

Too Many Bears

By

Ben F. Baker

Illustrated by S. TRESILIAN

A LONG time ago, away up in the interior of Alaska, an Indian chief and I were "fifty-fifty" partners in a fish-wheel. The chief owned an eddy in the river, and I owned the fish-wheel. We anchored the contraption at the head of the eddy, set it going, and proceeded to scoop out salmon by the boatload.

For a few days everything was lovely; we had fish to burn, so to speak. Daily—and nightly—the wheel dipped up and neatly dumped into the receiving-bins more salmon than all the Indians in the chief's village took from their puny willow traps for a week's catch. My partner was tickled to death. He strutted round the place wearing a grin so wide that he could almost have whispered into his own ear! Then, one morning, he failed to show up for his share of the take. He was absent again that evening when the time came to empty the bins and divide the spoil. Next morning he was missing for the third time.

I sent for him. I couldn't understand it. Any time an Indian neglects to collect his share of anything worth having that is due to come to him without cost or effort you can gamble your Red brother is either dead or very ill. At least, this had been my experience up to

You will enjoy this story, which describes the experiences of a camp cook in the Yosemite National Park, where bears are just about as plentiful as berries, and astonishingly bold. "The narrative is true in every respect," writes Mr. Baker, "and the photographs were taken exactly as described."

the time of the

chief's three consecutive misses at the fish-wheel. That evening, while I was hard at it tossing salmon into my own boat, my partner drew up alongside the float in his canoe. As usual,

the bins were filled chock-a-block. "What's the matter?" I demanded angrily. "What's the matter you no come ketchum your share of the fish?"

"Naw," he answered stolidly. "Too much pish."

"Too much fish?" I yelled. "Whatcha talking about? How can you have too much fish? You live on dried fish and nothing else all winter, don't you? You and your wife and kids and your whole blessed tribe? You *can't* get too many fish! Climb up here and help empty these bins!"

"Naw; too much pish!" the chief repeated, his voice rising in a protest that came from the heart. "Too much pish! Ebel mo'n-ing pish! Ebel night pish! All time pish! No more. Too d—much pish!" And with that he paddled away.

All of which has little to do with bears

and the story that follows; but somehow, whenever I think of a superfluity of anything—even bears—the late Chief Thomas of Nenana and his overplus of fish comes to my mind.



A friendly cub.

For I've had plenty of bears—"too much bears; all time bears!"

It happened like this. For the past six summers I have managed to get my name on "Uncle Sam's" pay-roll in the Yosemite National Park. Each April I report to the Park supervisor, who promptly gets rid of me by making me a member of one of the first trail-gangs or road-gangs leaving for the back reaches of the Park.

These gangs, or crews, stay out in the High Sierras all summer, or until the first fall snows drive them back to Yosemite Valley. They are kept busy repairing roads and trails, building bridges, answering tourists' questions—and chasing bears out of camp. And there's where I come in!

Regularly each year, as soon as we start out, I am automatically installed as Chief Bear-Chaser. The title is bestowed on me unanimously, by common consent. No one says anything about it; no form or ceremony is indulged in. I am just *It* when it comes to bears, and the rest of the gang drop the matter and think about something else, knowing that the office is filled and the question settled.

I have other duties, of course. Being the camp cook, I am expected to dish up something to eat once in awhile, but the "grub-rustling" is a secondary matter. Chasing bears out of camp is my chief occupation and pastime; for any time I fail to function successfully as Bear-Chaser there is very soon nothing left to cook.

I should explain here, perhaps, that Yosemite is quite "some" Park. There are more than a thousand square miles of it, and over a hundred miles of roads pierce the High Sierras on the two sides of the Valley, while a perfect network of horse and foot-trails reaches to every point of interest within Yosemite's boundaries.

Now Yosemite, like all the rest of America's National Parks, is a game reserve. There, for all wild life throughout that vast stretch of country is sanctuary. And, believe me, the said wild life knows and appreciates the fact and takes full advantage of it. Especially the bears!

Think of it from Bruin's point of view! All summer long there are road and trail-gang camps and hundreds of tourist-camps scattered all over the place, with good roads or paths leading to each and every one of them and to the larders thereof!

What could be nicer? Good going everywhere, plenty of food along the way, and not a word in the Park regulations forbidding Brother Bear from pulling off a little plain or fancy stealing whenever he takes the notion or figures that the signs are right! The same nice roads or trails that brought him there are equally handy for the get-away—a little fact Mr. Bear never overlooks.

The first time I went out as cook for a

Yosemite trail-gang the outfit was bound for Rancheria Creek, where we were to establish our first camp and start working the trail to Pleasant Valley.

All the way out the boss, an old-timer in the Park service, entertained us with sundry bear stories. According to him, every time a trail-gang established a camp anywhere within the Park boundaries, the bears raided it.

The very first night, just as soon as everybody got nicely asleep, a gang of bears would surely steal into camp, clean out the meat-box, rip open a sack or two of flour, beans, or sugar, and scatter the stuff all over the place out of pure cussedness. Then, just about the time some light sleeper woke and let out an indignant yell, they would take their departure.

Directly the shouting and the turmoil died down, and everybody had got his pet snore going again, the bear-gang would return and destroy or make off with something they had forgotten on their first trip. Chased off once more, they would retire to the nearby brush, count the assorted snores until sure that all hands were contributing to the general chorus, and then sneak into camp and enjoy themselves further.

So things went on until daylight, when the bears would retire to their own diggings to recuperate their strength for the night to come, which would be the first night all over again.

And that, according to our foreman, was the programme the whole summer through, night after night! Nobody would ever get any sleep. "There are swarms and herds and flocks of bears all round us," he asserted, "and, believe me, boys, they're gonna make life miserable for all hands and the cook. Especially the cook. Not that you fellows need to get scared any," he added thoughtfully. "Them bears never hurt anybody. But they certainly do make life miserable and hard to stand up under."

I listened and smiled. That foreman was an artist, without a doubt, but I wasn't buying his tall stories. As a kid of eighteen I had journeyed to the Yukon country and had stayed there for a long term of years. And bears up there were *bears*—grizzlies and big browns and, up in the Arctic, the Polars. Dangerous beasts, all of them, ready to fight at the drop of a hat.

But they never wittingly came right into camp—at least, not when the said camp was occupied by man. Such tales, in my experience, were pure "bunk." Bears, given their choice, will always avoid man like a pestilence. Even the grizzlies wanted no truck with him if it was possible to avoid it. They knew better. "No, sir," I told myself. "That boss-man is sure wasting his bear yarns so far as I am concerned."

The first three nights at Rancheria

Creek passed off all quiet and serene. Everybody, including the cook, slept sweetly and soundly, lulled to slumber each evening by the song of the creek that flowed past our temporary home. Each morning the gang would swarm into the cook-tent, bright-eyed and eager for the daily battle with my flap-jacks.

All but the foreman. He would shamble in to breakfast at the tail of the procession wearing a face as long as a horse's and exuding spleen at every pore. Peeved, that guy was, and cut to the quick because not a single bear had showed up for three whole days and nights. Not a bear had we seen, not a minute's sleep had we lost.

But, though the boss-man had lost his reputation as a prophet, he managed to hang on to his appetite. He'd draw up to the breakfast table, inhale a mug of coffee for a starter, and then proceed to demolish a few eggs, eight or nine slices of bacon, a similar number of flap-jacks, and three or four additional mugs of coffee.

Thus fortified for the morning, he would shoulder a half-sack of dynamite sticks and start off up-trail. But he never forgot, just before stepping out of sight at the first turn, to stop and yell back at me: "Watch out for them bears! I'm tellin' you!"

On the fourth night, as I left the camp-fire and headed for the cook-tent to turn in, he warned me again. "Look out for them bears!" he bawled. "I'm tellin' you!"

"Wahpoo!" I snorted.

His warnings, as a matter of fact, were beginning to tire me, but all the same I took no chances. I tied the tent-flaps securely, as usual, moved all the grub away from the side-walls, made my bed under the table—which was a make-shift affair of poles and shakes—laid my flashlight alongside my pillow, and crawled in.

By and by I went to sleep. Some time later I woke up—wide awake. Something, somewhere in my immediate vicinity, was decidedly wrong, or even worse than that.

Save for the whisper of the creek there wasn't a sound to be heard. No murmur of voices came from the camp-fire; evidently

everybody was in bed and asleep. Then realization came to me. Something had crawled into that tent and died!—I could smell it—a rank, sickening odour. Carefully I got hold of my flashlight and snapped it on.

The next thing I remember I was 'way down the trail, and still going. Really going, if you get me.

You see, when I pressed the button of that flashlight, the business end of it wasn't a foot from the face of a brown bear. He was partly under the table and standing right over me. Honestly, he loomed as big as a house!

As the beam of light struck his eyes he grunted, reared up, knocked the table and the set-up of breakfast dishes flying, and then whirled round and made for the front of the tent. At the same instant I snorted, did a little fancy rearing up on my own account, threw off my blankets with one graceful sweep, whirled round, and rushed for the rear of the tent. And both of us succeeded in getting outside!

After awhile I came back to camp. I was half frozen, for one's slumber-wear is *not* the right raiment to prance round in during the middle of the night in the High Sierras. Besides being cold, my feet were cut and bruised and full of pine needles. And I was thinking things.

The fire had been built up and the gang was standing round it, waiting for me.

"You ain't been out more'n two or three miles, have you?" one of them inquired solicitously.

"Naw!" answered another gentleman. "He ain't been away from camp more'n two minutes. Still," he added, "the bear wasn't doing so bad. I crawled out just in time to see him bust out of the cook-tent and go soaring up the trail. He sure was fanning the breeze, but you had him beat," he insisted.

Wearily I turned away and made for the battered cook-tent. "Look out for them bears!" the foreman called after me, delightedly. "I'm tellin' you!"

"You go to Hades!" I flung back over my shoulder.

Next day we moved up-trail about eight



The waiter feeding one of the big fellows.

miles, pitching camp alongside a tiny brook high on the shoulder of Rancheria Mountain. That was an open camp; no tents were put up, as we planned to move on after three days.

We moved on schedule time—and everybody was quite willing to go. The very first night, a few minutes after the last man was bedded down and asleep, the fun began. Bears prowled all round us, and daylight next morning showed their tracks everywhere.

Of course it wasn't long before one of the outfit woke up—and discovered a bear within a foot of him! Instantly a wild yell split the night and a hail of stones, sticks, and boots filled the air. A black shape or two melted silently into the brush. That gallant fellow the cook got up, turned on his flashlight, and took stock of the pile of grub alongside his bed and the sack of meat swinging in a nearby tree. Then he let off a few private and special cuss-words of his own and went back to bed. Everything grew quiet, and soon a crescendo of snores smote on the night air.

Suddenly there came a frenzied howl.

"The brute stepped right on to my stummick! I'm quittin' in the morning."

Another barrage of sticks, stones, and other missiles, a dark bulk fading into the brush, and once more the cook got up and performed his little act as Inspector of the Grub-pile.

"Nobody ain't going to get no sleep,

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"He grunted, reared up, and knocked the table and the breakfast dishes flying."

especially the cook." The foreman, I decided, had "said a mouthful." For that matter, I doubt if any of us had as much as a two-hour stretch of sleep during those three nights at Camp Two. It was the strenuous life with a vengeance.

Fully as bad—or worse—were the five nights we spent at the next camp. We slept, of course. Men who work with their hands—even cooks—will sleep occasionally, spite of anything and everything.

We slept; and we kept the raiders at bay. Not once did they succeed in taking so much as a scrap of spoil. But it was a

hollow-eyed and weary crew that settled down at Roger's Meadows, which was our third camping-place, for a two-week stay.

"And I'm tellin' you," one of the fellows announced as soon as the camp-site had been selected, "I'm tellin' you—to blazes with the bears! Let 'em come. I've had all I can stand, and a lot more. Let 'em carry off all the grub and the whole blessed camp! I'd just as soon starve to death as die standin' up from loss of sleep. Speakin' personal, from now on I aim to slumber."

Somehow, that sounded like mighty good horse-sense to me. It sounded so good, indeed, that we held an informal meeting then and there and voted unanimously to do a little heavy sleeping all round, from then on. Out of our necessity we evolved a plan, tried it out, and found that it worked like a charm! It meant a lot of extra work, each and every evening, but the results were worth it. Beginning with that night and continuing for the rest of the trip, we *slept*.

Nightly, every pound of food in camp was sacked and slung into the nearest trees. Simple enough, to be sure, so long as we made mighty sure that each sack swung from a small, flexible limb, a limb barely strong enough to support that sack's weight—and no more.

After that the bears were out of luck. They climbed the trees, but always they knew better than to venture out on a limb which would not hold their weight. They climbed—while we slept enthusiastically and let them enjoy themselves. After awhile they slithered down and disappointedly faded away. Mr. Bear is nobody's fool.

Sometimes they came right into the tents—in emulation, perhaps, of that big brown brute at Rancheria Creek. More than once on that trip—and later ones—I shared my tent for a few minutes with a bear. Generally I knew it at the time; on other occasions I slept blissfully until daylight, when the prints of paws on the earth-floor told me I had had a visitor.

After awhile I became more or less indifferent to such experiences. I learned that, awake, I was safe so long as I lay quiet, and safer still if asleep. For the Yosemite bears are all blacks or the blacks' other colour-phase, the browns; and, so far as I have been able to learn, the North American black bear almost never attacks man unless cornered or provoked.

He is a wild animal, of course—even the Yosemite specimen, which is thoroughly familiar with the presence of man—and he should be treated as a wild animal. Corner him, tease him, let him get the faintest glimmer of an idea that you mean him harm, and instantly he will call his enormous strength and cat-like quickness into play. Then, when you come out of the hospital, you can boast that you once tried to be a bear-tamer—you will have the scars to prove it!

There are, as a matter of fact, no tame bears running round loose anywhere. Take the tip of a fellow who, more than once, has been entirely surrounded by bears, so to speak. Keep them at a distance even when you visit Yosemite, where, according to some of the tourists, the bears are "perfectly tame," as "harmless as kittens," and "eat right out of your hand." Let 'em—some other fellow's hand!

Which brings me to Bill. Bill is another "grub-spoiler" like myself. His domain is in the heart of Yosemite Valley itself, where he presides as *chef* of the Park Service labourers' mess.

Last summer, during a time when Bill was suffering from a shortage of help and a surplus of "guests," I was temporarily detailed to act as his assistant. We had about ninety men to feed, and as our cooking-range was none too quick for such a mob we began our day at four o'clock in the morning.

I was just about half-awake as I stumbled along in the half-dark to begin my first shift as Bill's second. Four a.m. is an ungodly hour for a white man to crawl out of his blankets.

As I neared the kitchen I noted that the windows were lit up and the morning air fragrant with the odour of hot coffee. Evidently Bill was already on the job.

I speeded up a little. Hot coffee, ready and waiting for me! I was almost on top of him before I saw him—somebody who was "waiting at the door." It was a bear, a big brown beast sitting up, dog-fashion, right on the kitchen steps.

Maybe he had smelt the coffee; maybe it was the new second cook he had in mind. Anyway, his teeth were clicking in a regular sort of tune and his big jaws dripped saliva in a steady stream. Something told me to go round to the front and come into the kitchen by way of the dining-room.

"Say!" I shouted, as I burst in on Bill. "There's a bear leaning right up against the door!"

"Yeh?" Bill queried indifferently. "Only one?"

"Only one!" I screeched. "What do you mean, only one? How many—"

"Aw, let him lean," answered Bill. "He ain't hurting anything. Besides, the door's barred. By and by there'll be a bunch of them. Come daylight, we'll go out and feed them."

"Who'll feed 'em?" I quavered.

"Why, you and I," Bill answered, calmly sipping from a soup-bowl of coffee. "They come round every morning, and off and on all day. They're friends of mine."

"Fine!" I declared. "You look after your friends; it's the proper thing to do. But write this on your cuff: They're no friends of *mine*! I'm not feeding any bears!"

Sure enough, when daylight dawned,

there at the door was a bunch of them. Four, to be exact—three browns and a black. And, as soon as breakfast was served, Bill, carrying a dish-pan filled with stale bread and meat-scrap, went out and fed them, handing each in turn a titbit. Decorously they waited their turns, taking the food from Bill's hand as carefully as well-trained dogs.

"See?" Bill said triumphantly as he handed out the last morsel.

I saw. What's more, I saw the same performance every morning and once or twice each day while I worked with Bill.

They came regularly, in twos and threes and foursomes. And in between came the deer, from one to a half-dozen of them, begging for salt or lettuce leaves, which they took unhesitatingly from Bill's hands. Even the robins knew him. Daily he fed them with breadcrumbs and rice and scraps from the tables, coaxing them right into the kitchen.

"I like 'em," he confided to me one day. "I like any kind of animal, wild or tame. Say, it would surprise you to see how quickly they get to know me! Why, some of the bears are so tame that they force their way right into the kitchen when I forget to keep the door closed. Some of 'em are just as tame and gentle as kittens."

"Listen, Bill," I entreated. "I've heard that before, lots of times. But I've got something to tell you. In a few days I'm going back to the hills with my gang; but, before I go, I want you to wake up to a few things.

"You know me, and you know that I've worked here in the Park a long, long time. I've been pretty well all over it, and season after season, everywhere I've gone I've bumped into bears, plenty of 'em, and I claim to know something about them.

"Get this, Bill; they're wise. And they're getting wiser all the time. They know just as well as we do that no one here in the Park is allowed to have a dog to run 'em with or to carry a gun to shoot 'em; and they're getting saucier and bolder all the time. You be careful of them, and don't encourage them. They are just wild

animals, even the tamest of them; and one of these days, if you keep on monkeying with them the way you are doing now, one of them is going to slap your head off."

"Don't make me laugh," answered Bill. "They're friends of mine."

Out in the High Sierras again, we took up our work where we had left off the previous season. The cook, as in other years, cooked a little and spent the rest of his time chasing bears away from the meat-box.

On this last trip, however, things were better. During a good part of the time we stopped in houses—regular stations specially built for the use of the road-gangs. With our supplies stored behind stout wooden walls, the cook's work suddenly became easier; Bruin's thieving was pretty well stopped before

he got started. So, with spare time almost every day, I took to hunting. If I couldn't chase bears I'd shoot them—with a camera.

Day after day I took to the hills round camp or sat, well hidden, close by the camp garbage-pit, my camera open and ready. But, somehow or other, the "kill" was hardly worth the time and trouble.

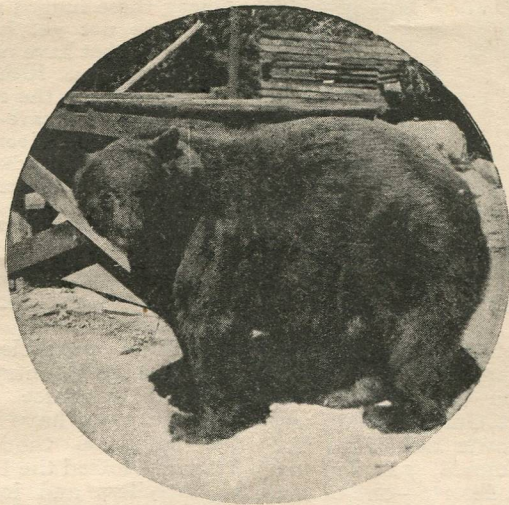
The bears were on hand, as always; blacks and browns, big and little bears, twin and triplet cubs with their mammas, young bachelors and old gentlemen, some of the latter so grey with age that they looked like small grizzlies. But always they were too far away, in the heavy shadows of the timber, or else moving about so that it was next to impossible to "snap" them. I did get a few pictures, but with two or three exceptions they were unsatisfactory. So finally, in desperation, I telephoned Bill in his kitchen in the Valley.

"Any bears round your place?" I demanded.

"Millions of 'em," answered Bill.

"Fine!" I congratulated. "I'm sending you along my camera by the supply-truck that goes in to-night. Get me some pictures of your friends."

And here they are—just two or three out of the dozen he sent me. Bill and one of his waiters snapped every one of them from the kitchen door.



"Big Bill," one of the largest specimens in Yosemite Park. He is estimated to weigh a thousand pounds!



The Author.

STUBBORNLY defiant of the puny onslaughts of man, who has tamed the areas of the Old West lying around them, the Guadalupe Mountains of New Mexico tower aloft into the skies, a wilderness primeval, guarded on every hand by cheerless deserts—one of the wildest regions remaining in the whole of the United States.

Here are vast canyons, some of which no white man has ever traversed from end to end; lofty *mesas* that are quite unexplored; mysterious caves of unknown extent—and the hidden tombs of a strange race that flourished and became extinct at least four thousand years ago.

Rising from the desert flats to an altitude of nearly ten thousand feet, the Guadalupe served as landmarks for some of the great treks that took place when the history of the West was in the making. They guided the Spaniards who came up from the Gulf into New Mexico three centuries ago; and their lofty peaks, glimmering across the sage-brush wastes, were the first glimpses which the "Forty-Niners," wearily crossing the southern plains, had of the great Rocky Mountains.

The guardians of the vast cattle-herds that trailed through from Texas to Montana during the middle '80's pointed their lead-steers toward the Rio Pecos when the blue Guadalupe peeped above the horizon.

The fastnesses of the Guadalupe were formerly a favourite refuge for "wanted" men. The notorious "Billy the Kid" (William Bonney), the slayer of twenty-one men, once defied all odds here for a time, alone and single-handed. With outlaw gangs roaming the Pecos Slope, the cautious ranchers seldom asked strangers their names. When they drifted in they were invariably fed and allowed to go their own mysterious ways—maybe to start life anew,

THROUGH THE

The fascinating story of an exploratory trip into the Guadalupe Mountains of New Mexico, perhaps the most inaccessible and least-known region in the whole of the United States. Among these rugged peaks are mighty canyons that have not yet been traversed and lofty tablelands that have never known the footsteps of a white man. Rich caches of gold are said to lie hidden in the rocky fastnesses, and the cliffs contain the cave-dwellings of a mysterious race that flourished something like two thousand years before the Christian era. Mr. Livingston's party made some very important discoveries.

maybe to bury themselves in the Guadalupe wilderness until certain things had been forgotten.

Those pinnacles overlook boundless stretches of country that have witnessed many a romance and tragedy. Quite recently they have seen the vanishing of the countless thousands of cattle that formerly dotted the Pecos Slope—eradicated by merciless and long-continued droughts and the call to other frontiers. Now derelict windmills, creaking idly before deserted ranches where ravens build their nests in the windows, tell their own story of the passing of the last of the Old West.

Despite the changes that have taken place all round, however, the Guadalupe region remains a primeval wilderness, highways have not made appearance in this secluded realm, and exploration must either be made on foot or by horseback over ancient Indian trails clinging to precipices and winding over sharp rocky backbones. The inaccessibility of these mountain fastnesses, in fact, has kept them very much as they were before the white man came into the country.

This was the region, then, that a party of us recently set out to visit. Reaching the desert's end, at a water-hole near the base of the mountains, we saw looming before us the mouth of Big Canyon, majestic in its wild, rugged beauty. Behind us the August heat ran like waves of fire along the horizon.

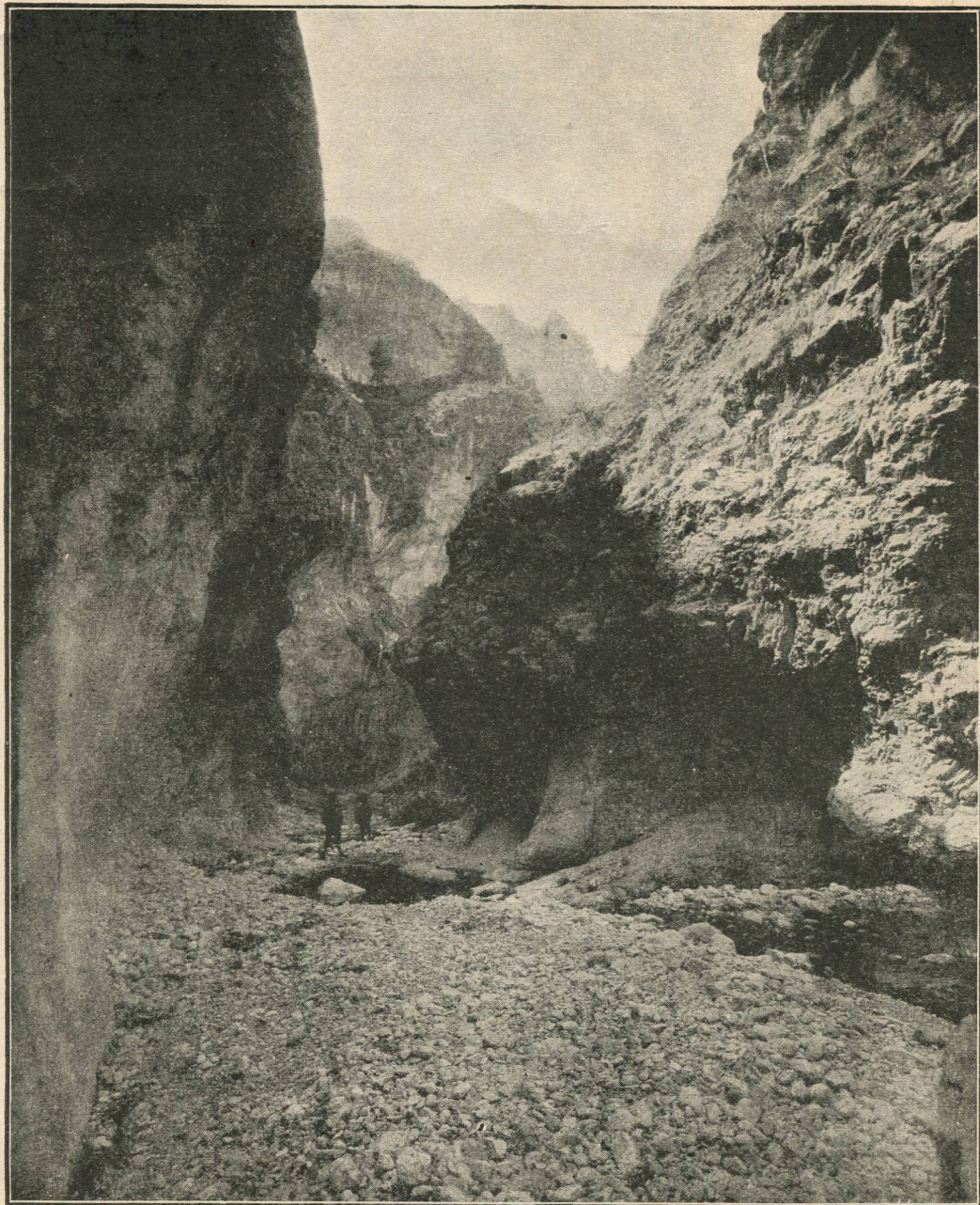
We hobbled our ponies to browse among the *sotol* until we should return—perhaps a couple of days later—from an exploration of Big Canyon on foot. Many of the gorges in the Guadalupe are too rough for horses, which are mainly used for moving the base-camp from one place to another.

After hanging our provisions up on a forlorn sapling, out of the reach of roving coyotes, we set off up Big Canyon. As we followed the curves of the stream-bed the

GUADALUPE WILDERNESS

Carl B. Livingston

Assistant Attorney-General of New Mexico



The Big Canyon at the point where it narrows to a "box." Note the walls, deeply undercut by the erosion of water.

Photo by Otis A. Aultman.

great V-notch of the canyon's mouth seemed to close in behind, hemming us into a mighty chasm whose walls rose in bluff-like terraces to a height of from five hundred to a thousand feet.

Plodding along under the cool shade of the *manzanitas*, it was hard to realize that immediately outside lay the sun-baked desert, shimmering with heat, that we had so recently crossed, its terrible gypsum flats strewn with the bones of cattle killed by the drought.

Big Canyon deepened steadily as the mountains grew loftier. Through a parting in the tree-tops we now and again got a fleeting glimpse of the rim, four thousand feet above. Great eagles—looking like tiny specks—floated in and out over the rim of the gorge in search of lambs of the almost extinct big-horn sheep that range beneath the topmost ledges.

Fossil shells of many varieties were noticed along the low shelves washed by the canyon torrent. Geologists say that

the Guadalupe were once the bed of an ancient sea, upheaved by some mighty cataclysm.

BIG CANYON.

The bed of Big Canyon is never more than a quarter of a mile wide, and this lessens perceptibly as one gets farther up-stream. Soon we were hard at work weaving our way through a jumble of boulders, each as big as an average house. If there was no way round them, we either went over or under. The water in the stream was very cold, and sometimes so deep that we had to swim. Where the torrent poured over a shelf, the rocks were often so polished that climbing was a perilous and difficult business.

At length the gorge narrowed to a width of only about fifty feet and became a "box," with perpendicular walls rising sheer from the floor. We were now so deep down that during the middle of the afternoon the first stars began to show in the strip of sky visible overhead.

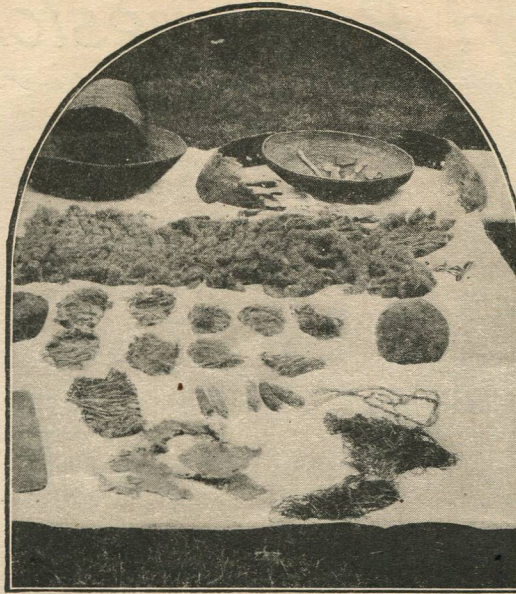


Photo: Mack Photo Service.

Some of the relics of the Basket Makers discovered by Mr. Livingston.

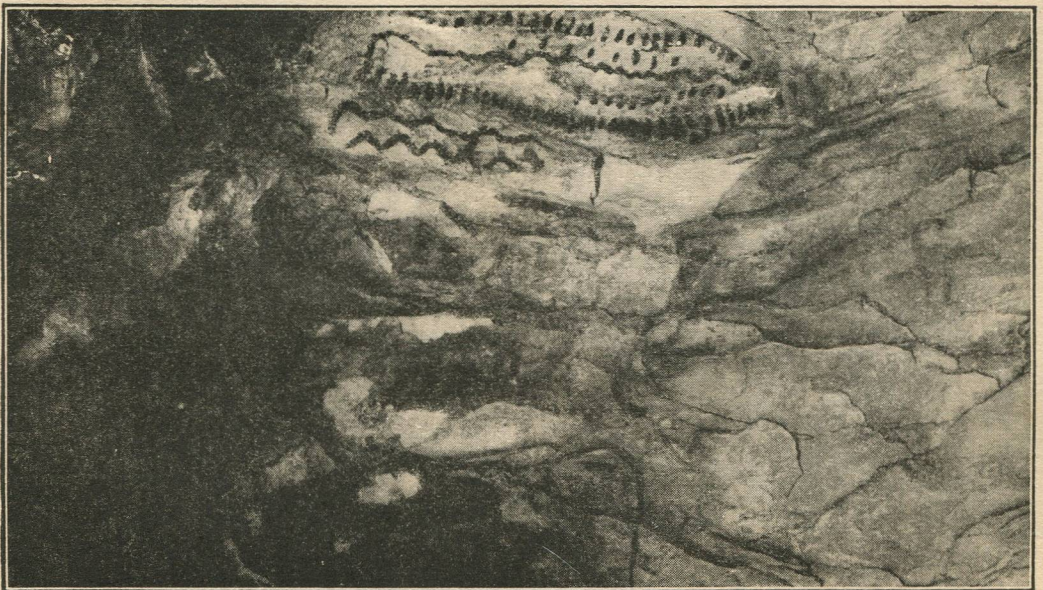


Photo: Mack Photo Service.

Rock-drawings of the ancient cave-dwellers of the Guadalupe.

At several points the walls were so heavily undercut that they overhung a hundred and fifty feet. These recesses looked inviting at first glance for a camp, but masses of driftwood clinging high up on the walls spoke eloquently of their danger. A cloud-burst anywhere on the upper forks would speedily bring down a swirling rush of water a hundred feet deep, making the gorge a death-trap.

Gradually the curves became sharper and more frequent; we were kept busy speculating as to which direction the next bend would take, for just ahead the canyon always seemed to disappear into a blank wall. Presently we came to a gap in the bluff. Here the gorge almost wound back upon itself, with only a knife-blade edge of rock remaining in the narrow part of the curve, looped in the shape of a huge window.

The numerous waterfalls we encountered now were not only exceedingly slippery, but had deep pot-holes at their bottoms. In order to pass these watery barriers, we tried throwing a lariat round the rocks above, but we could never get the rope to hold securely. We then endeavoured to stand driftwood logs on end, leaning up against the shelf we desired to climb, but they sank too deeply into the pot-holes to be of service.

Finally another scheme was proposed—that we should scale the bluff and return to the stream-bed above the falls. We had worked our way up the canyon wall for a distance of about three hundred feet, and one of the party had just passed round the jutting corner of a crag when—boom!—something went crashing to the bottom.

For a moment I dared not look to see what dreadful thing had happened. Then, feeling very limp, I peered round the corner. There stood my companion, grinning rather sheepishly. "A blessed rock the size of a covered wagon was in the way," he explained. "I gave it a little push, to see if it was firm—and you heard the rest!"

Finally we descended again above the falls.

We were through the "box," and the walls of the gorge widened out into heavily-timbered slopes. We were now at a point where, according to all our information, white men had never trod before. Still, however, Big Canyon could be seen stretching farther on, its pinnacles reaching up into the clouds, veiling lofty, little-known *mesas* where the great silver-tip grizzly is still monarch of all he surveys.

Presently the last saffron glow of the dipping sun faded from the purple peaks; the deep shadow of night crept on apace. We were travelling light—not even a blanket

The upper end of Big Canyon, where the party reached a point hitherto unvisited by white men.

*Photo by
Carl B. Livingston.*



Mr. Livingston inspecting one of the mammoth tusks discovered by the expedition.

had been brought along—but in the wilderness men contrive to make shift without luxuries. So we spent the night lounging beside a cheery fire of driftwood in a cave, lulled to sleep by the fitful wind that boomed against the bluffs like the roar of the surf.

Explorers have never succeeded in making a complete traverse of the great south fork of McKittrick Canyon, just south of the New Mexico-Texas boundary. By a stroke of luck, however, our party managed one day to get farther into it than anybody is known to have gone before.

Very soon, however, we, too, were compelled to turn back. Our new base-camp, where our horses had again been left, lay miles down-stream. We were trekking back through the blue haze of late afternoon—jumping from boulder to boulder, sometimes sliding into deep water-holes. A wilder place I have never seen, and the utter stillness seemed full of foreboding. Above us towered yellow bluffs splashed with purple, and the lofty slopes beyond were covered with blue-black fir forests.

Tracks of numerous mountain sheep and mule deer were noticed where they had come down to water along a narrow ledge sloping from the mountain-top. There are few places where anything but a bird can descend into the Upper McKittrick gorge, and a spot like this is just where one would expect a Mexican lion (cougar) to lie in wait. As we swung on down through the shadows I wondered if one of these vicious brutes would pick up our trail.

That evening, as we lay round the

camp-fire enjoying a smoke, there came a soft rustle of dead leaves from the darkness beneath the trees. Our old dog "Sparky" charged away furiously, to return even more hurriedly, with bristled back.

"It's a lynx-cat hanging round," somebody suggested.

The talk came to an end, the fire died down, and the woods seemed to close in upon us as we sought our beds. High above a great star shone through a tree-top. Everything was deathly still, save for the lonely call of a whip-poor-will, mingled with the droning song of the mountain stream.

THE COUGAR.

Suddenly everybody was wide awake. "Panther in camp!" yelled someone. There was no mistaking it; only a hundred feet away we could hear the cough-like growls of a Mexican lion. As luck would have it, there wasn't a gun in the party, so a few tomato-cans were sent whizzing in that direction. The beast growled once more, then all was quiet; it appeared that he had silently departed.

In the brooding stillness that followed a skunk wandered out into the clearing and began eating scraps. A moment later the cougar leaped from behind a clump of *manzanitas* within twenty feet of our beds and made off with the poor skunk. We didn't let the smell trouble us; we were wondering whether, failing that hapless little visitor, the lion would have tackled us or the dog!

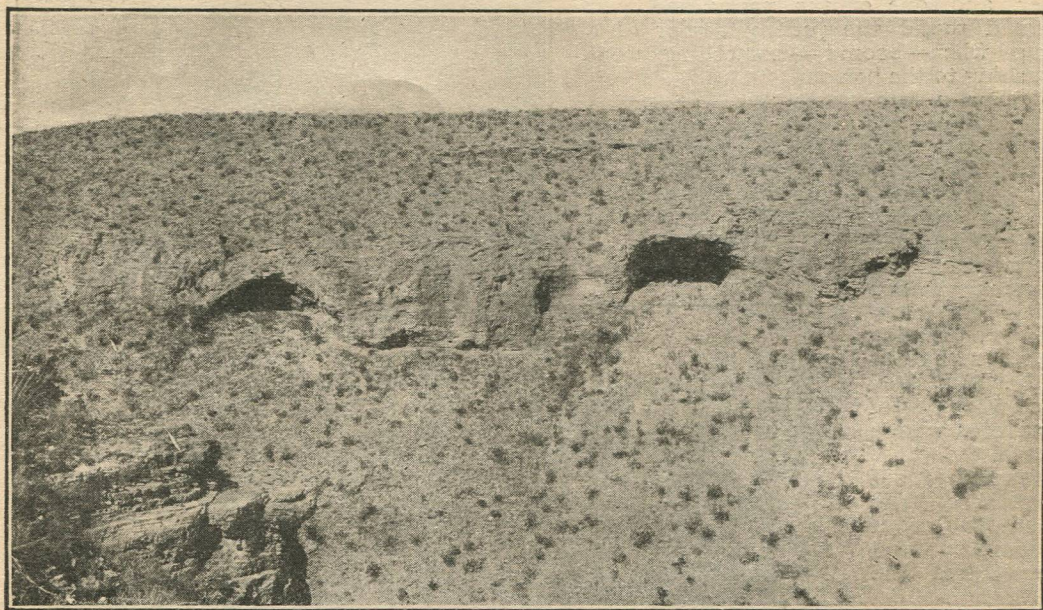


Photo: Mack Photo Service

Cave-dwellings of the Basket Makers, who lived four thousand years ago. The dryness of the atmosphere has kept the contents of these caves in a wonderful state of preservation.

The day following our adventure in McKittrick Canyon we were climbing the Wild Cow Mesa, a narrow strip that lies between Gun Sight and Double Canyons, both of which are about three thousand feet deep.

Only one path leads to this elevated table-land, an ancient Indian trail. In the old days cattle-thieves drove stolen herds up there for concealment in a natural pasture, from which their escape was prevented by simply blocking the trail at one point. But so remote was the region that the beasts speedily became as wild as the deer themselves, and not even the cow-thieves could round them up again. The cattle remained in the mountains for years until they were killed off by panthers.

Away down in the canyon-bed we occasionally saw an old pine-tree with the bark cut away in the shape of an oblong. These were water signs left by savages long ago. Indians from the plains retreated for refuge to this wilderness. Being hunted men, their trails ran high, and they marked pines down in the canyons so that reconnoitring braves, peering over the gorge-rims, would know that water lay below. In 1881 old Geronimo and his Apache band took refuge in the Guadalupe, but were hunted out by General Nelson A. Miles. To this day the pictographs left by the Apaches still adorn the bluffs.

Now and then, as we zigzagged up the old Indian trail, a mountain sheep would come bounding out from under the ledges, frightened at the echo of our voices. I tried several times to snap the picture of a wild sheep, but none of them were obliging enough to pose until the very last film had been used. Then a fine old ram jumped up and stood broad-side-on to me for several minutes at a distance of fifty yards!

The queer little "resurrection" plant grows

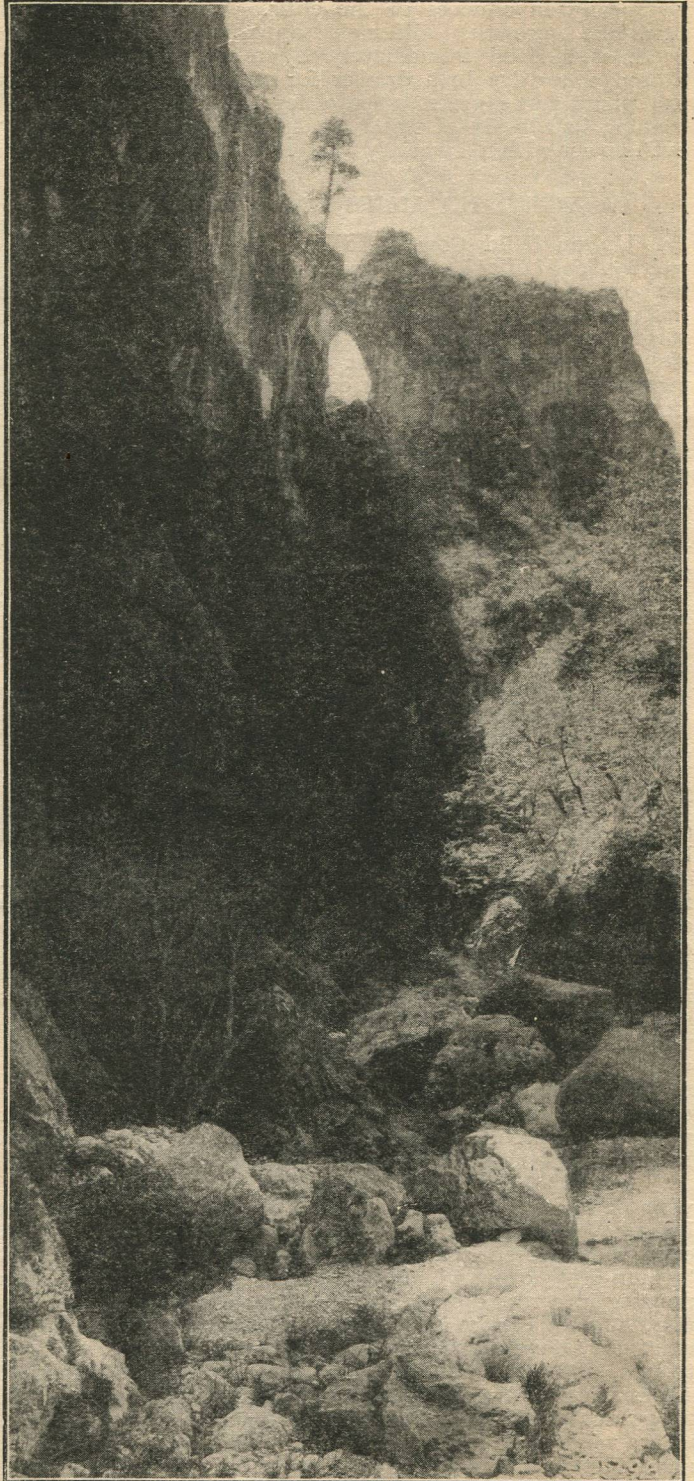


Photo: Otis A. Aultman.

At many places Big Canyon doubles back upon itself, and at the point here shown the knife-edge bluff in the narrowest part of the loop is pierced by a huge "window."

prolifically in crevices of the cliffs. This moss-like growth, although apparently dead, is revived immediately by a rain. Stored away dry in a drawer for months, the plant turns green after a few hours' soaking in a basin of water, and then will even flower within a week.

A WEIRD NO MAN'S LAND.

Up on Wild Cow Mesa we found a weird No Man's Land. From the brink we could peer almost straight down for over half a mile to grotesque spires soaring skywards along the winding ribbons of the canyon-beds. From the foot of the mountain the grey plains spread eastward until they were lost on the violet horizon.

Along this very stretch runs the old "Butterfield Trail" from St. Louis to San Francisco—in its day the quickest route across America. The iron tyres from the burned wagon-trains of the pioneers, which formerly littered the ground, have nearly all been hauled away recently for use as reinforcements in concrete water-troughs.

Some evidences of the hardships of this emigrant route still remain, however. Not long ago I picked up a sandstone slab bearing the simple legend: "J. Crow, 1849," and a cowboy told me of finding a human skeleton lying behind a breastwork at the mouth of a small cave commanding a view of the trail. One bony finger was still on the trigger of a gun pointed outward, but a bullet had crashed through the skull.

The afternoon was almost gone, and to follow the Indian trail back to camp meant a journey of many weary miles. The bed of Gun Sight Canyon lay only three thousand feet below. From brink to bottom sloped a rock-slide—a trough filled with small angular stones lying at so steep an angle that the whole mass would flow sluggishly for a few minutes when disturbed. This slide offered a short cut to camp—and why walk when we could ride? So, half walking, half slipping, we began descending the flow, keeping our balance by the aid of *sotol* stalks.

At first this journey was good sport—why had we not thought of such a jaunt before? A thousand or so feet down, however, there presently appeared the edge of a "jump-off," over which the stones were pouring in a roaring cataract. We avoided this dangerous break in the slide by climbing cautiously down the crags at the side of the trough, joining the flow again below it. Alternating between slide and precipice, we gradually worked our way to the bottom, where we arrived safely with skinned knees and tattered clothes. But we had saved many tedious miles, so we did not complain.

After a while the first human being we had seen for over a week came riding up through the yellow cat-claws where Gun

Sight Canyon opens out upon wide stretches of desert. He proved to be "Uncle Green," a veteran cattleman. Few strangers are seen in this isolated region, except gold-seekers and rum-runners from the Mexican border, and "Uncle's" first joking question was: "Treasure-hunters or bootleggers—or both?"

BURIED TREASURE.

The Guadalupe, I should explain, have their own stories of buried wealth. On the flats just outside the canyon mouth one of the richest gold-trains that ever left Sacramento is said to have been held up by outlaws who had joined forces with Indians. According to the legend, the loot was split into four portions, one part of it being buried in the Guadalupe. The richest treasures of all, however, are the sixteen-mule loads of gold bars which are believed to have been left by the Spaniards in their flight from New Mexico during the great Pueblo Indian uprising of 1680.

Whether or not there is any real foundation for these stories of buried wealth I am unable to say, but the fact remains that every season brings its crop of treasure-hunters. Some of them are looking for the "lost" Sublett Mine—now conceded to be a cache; others are seeking the sign of the double cross, which is supposed to be the key to the whereabouts of the buried Spanish gold.

In order to reach a lofty peak at the extreme upper end of McKittrick Canyon we "packed out" along the crest of the western break of the range, so as to pass round the heads of several deep canyons. Frequently our course lay along the very rim of a bluff which overhung nearly two hundred feet. Periodically large sections of this overhanging rock break away, falling with a crash which shakes the surrounding country for several miles.

A ranchman told me that the concussion of one great rock-fall was so violent that the panes were shaken out of the windows of his shack, three miles from the base of the precipice! We dismounted in order to examine one enormous mass, four or five acres in extent, that had split from the bluff and was now leaning out, seemingly poised for the sheer plunge of two thousand feet into the depths below.

Sometimes the lofty tablelands narrowed to a strip only a few feet wide, the country on either side dropping away into blue distance. Fortunately these "sky passes" were never long, but there were many of them. Several times a gorge-head yawned beneath one stirrup; under the other we peered down at Crow Flat, almost six thousand feet below. Passing over these nerve-trying "fins" was for all the world like aeroplaning on horseback!

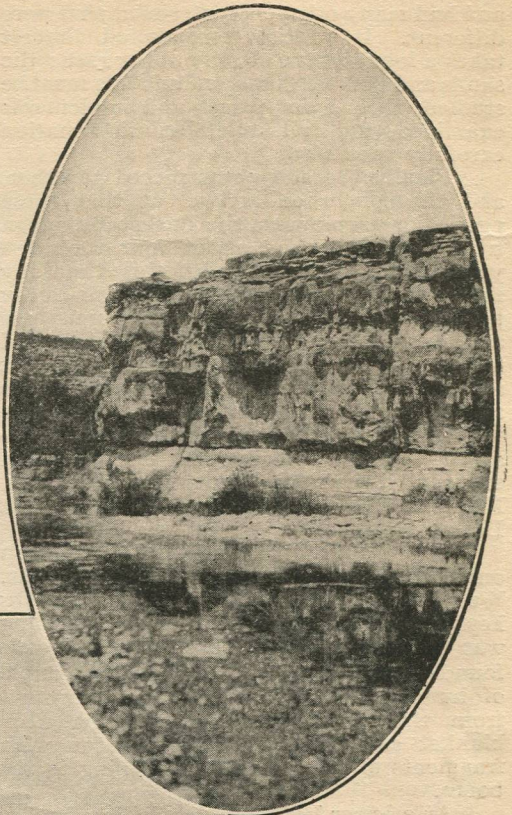
At first we felt like dismounting and crawling across on hands and knees, but we *did* manage to stand up long enough to lead the animals across. Even the most timid of the horses, however, became inured to these "knife-blades," and towards the end we could ride along ribbons of rock only nine or ten feet wide, with a straight drop of a couple of thousand feet on either side.

Our ponies were steady old plodders, bred to the mountains, and caused us no great uneasiness; but the pack-mules behaved so well during the whole of the trip that eventually we became suspicious of them. When we got back on level ground, out of all danger, everybody became less alert, dozing in the saddle. Suddenly a tiny ground-squirrel jumped up, and away went the mules, scattering their packs among the junipers!

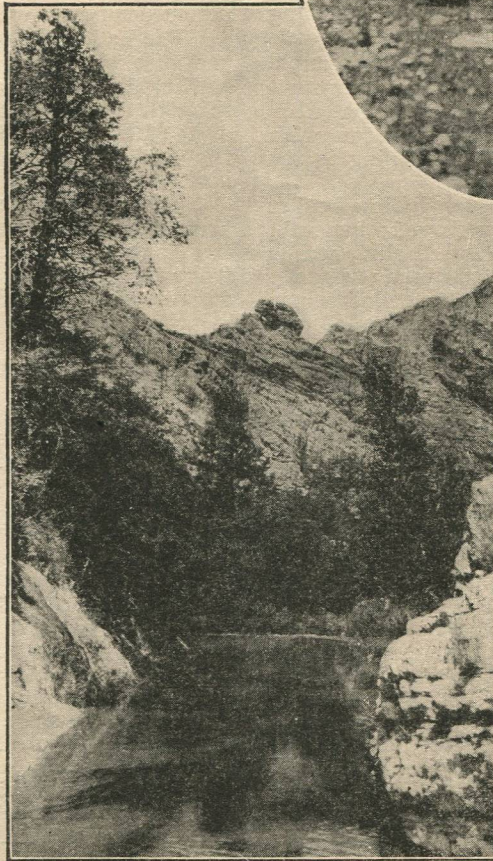
The South-West is full of evidences of races that flourished and vanished centuries before Columbus discovered America. The oldest of these strange peoples are the Basket Makers, who lived about 2,000 B.C. Relics of these ancients are found in the Guadalupe Mountains of New Mexico. They are a couple of thousand years older than the Cliff Dwellers, who are themselves twenty centuries old.

A LONG-VANISHED RACE.

The Basket Makers lived in small dry caves a couple of hundred feet above the beds of the lesser canyons; they also used these caves as burial-places for their dead. The Basket Makers' caves are sealed with stone walls which blend with the landscape so perfectly that a cave-tomb is difficult to detect. These resting-places of the departed yield considerable quantities of implements and basketry, and are always looted by curio-hunters directly they are discovered. Nowadays a Basket Maker tomb comes to light only once or



Round the corner of this bluff the notorious outlaw "Billy the Kid" once held off a posse of twenty men.



Photos by Carl B. Livingston.

The great South Fork of McKittrick Canyon, which has never yet been traversed from end to end.

so in a period of several years.

Until recently the cave-dwellers of the Guadalupe were generally supposed to be comparatively modern Indians. But—native-born to this mysterious mountain range—I had prowled round caves from childhood, being specially attracted by these old tombs, and some years ago I decided that the cave-dwellers were not Indians at all, as we understand the term.

The Basket Makers, in particular, were evidently a long-headed race, as contrasted with the ancient Cliff-Dwellers,

and had many other characteristics that were different. It must be remembered that it takes a long time to classify a new race; the skulls and bones of many individuals must be studied, their living-places and implements examined, and all available information carefully tabulated.

Finally the story was pieced together, and the conclusion arrived at that these particular people were the Basket Makers, a tribe that flourished about four thousand years ago. But, alas, by this time my skeletons and baskets were no longer in my possession; they had passed into museums and were more or less out of reach. I resolved to locate another cave-tomb, but *this* time I determined not to turn over anything I found to a museum.

On this trip of ours, therefore, we were always on the look-out for a tomb, and eventually, with the help of two ranchmen, Messrs. Smith and Godby, we located a Basket Maker cave.

As we dug down through the ash-heap on the floor the dust rose in choking clouds. Wet handkerchiefs tied over our mouths kept out some of it, but even so breathing was difficult. A hole beside the wall was found to contain a large bundle. A couple of hundred feet of netting was unwound from this package; then came a fibre blanket enclosing a human skeleton with fragments of dried skin still clinging to the bones.

At a lower level a wide, shallow basket cupped upside down was removed; beneath, resting in another beautiful basket, was a fibre rug enfolding cremated human remains. With this were a dozen or so sandals, some of which still retained the shape of the wearer's foot.

Rain must have occurred in this usually arid region about the time of the burial, for particles of dried mud clung to some of the footwear. There were strings of cactus fibre and rabbit fur—evidently intended as offerings—corn of very small size, and some pieces of gourd. The remains were packed in grass, among which were a few weeds that still held their dried blossoms.

The sandals were made from the blades of the narrow-leaved yucca; the netting was woven from the fibre of the Spanish bayonet, and is as strong as though it were made but yesterday. A few fragments of darts were found, but no bows and arrows or pottery—the Basket Maker lived before such things were known in the American South-West. Even in the far-off days of these cave-men, however, children had their dolls, for, among some infant bones, we found a flat stick of wood five or six inches long with a face painted on one end.

A FIND OF MAMMOTHS.

We also discovered long-shaped beads made of ivory, and this "find" had a peculiar sequel. From this bit of ivory it was naturally surmised that ivory-bearing animals had lived somewhere in the neighbourhood. On Salt Creek, thirty or forty miles east of the Guadalupe, a huge tooth was discovered in the stream-bed; indications pointed to the fact that it belonged to a mammoth.

Following up-stream back into the desert, we came to a chain of clear, inviting-looking water-holes, and here, to our amazement, we discovered the bones of a whole herd of mammoths! Tusks protruded from the gravel banks; large bones lay about everywhere. Walking along on what seemed to be solid ground, we suddenly sank into quicksand and sticky mud. No doubt the mammoths, wandering through the parched desert, had been lured to this spot by the water-holes, but a taste revealed the fact that the water was salt! Bogged in the yielding quicksands, the unfortunate animals perished miserably of thirst.

We had not started out with the intention of exploring caves, except those of the Basket Makers, but as we continued our trek through the Guadalupe the yawning mouth of the Black Cave, the most uncanny of all the underground wonders of this region, invited us to enter.

Instead of white, as is usual, the formations of this cave are jet-black; even with the brightest lanterns, the intense darkness made seeing most difficult and progress dangerous. We had to be careful at every step, for innocent-looking shadows would suddenly resolve themselves into deep holes, and what appeared to be a smooth path was often a gaping fissure half filled with water.

We found a human skeleton lying at the base of the cave-wall; chemical action had caused the bones to take on the same sombre coloration as that of the cave. The fact that all animals seem to seek the cave-wall to die would suggest that the phrase "gone to the wall" may have a deeper significance than supposed.

On the way out, following the uncertain and nerve-trying trail, I had a gunny-sack full of human bones in one hand and a sputtering lantern in the other, and I was very glad when we finally emerged safely into the outer world.

Once on the surface again we set off through the deepening shadows of nightfall, leaving the weird wilderness of the Guadalupe to the silent vigil of the rising moon.

The LAST VOYAGE OF THE "JOAN" By W. E. Sinclair

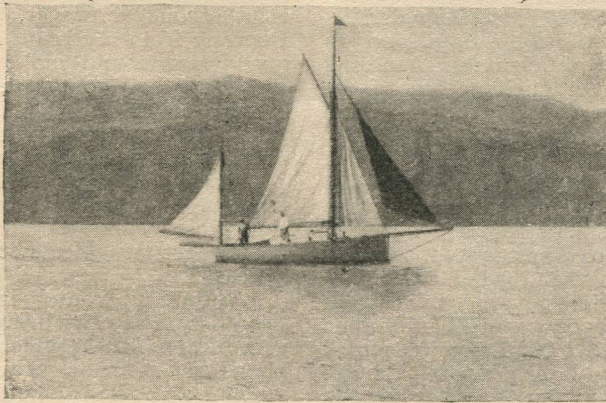
Illustrated by W. E. WIGFULL.

With a companion, the Author set out to cross the Atlantic from England to Newfoundland in a small yacht. All went well till they were in mid-ocean, and then a series of storms culminated in disaster.

IT was near the end of June, 1927, when Jackson and I slipped our moorings at Erith, in London River, and commenced what proved to be the last cruise of my little yacht *Joan*.

Our itinerary for so small a boat was an ambitious one. We proposed to sail along the east coast of England, and thence to the Orkneys, Shetlands, and Faroes. From the latter it would be a mere jump to Iceland, whence Greenland lay only seven hundred miles away, with Labrador merely another six hundred farther on. After this, by way of the coast of Newfoundland, we hoped to reach New York.

The *Joan* was certainly no ocean-going craft, for she was not twenty-three feet long, and her beam was only seven feet six. All her ballast was carried outside, in the form of a heavy iron keel. She required nearly a fathom of water to float her, which is a deep draught for so short a



The *Joan* at sea.

boat. For her size she had a good deal of free-board; but all the same it was quite easy to wash the dinner-plates over the side.

Joan was a staunch little craft, as I had proved on several shorter voyages. I knew from experience that Jackson was a stout fellow, and would not let me down, and ac-

cordingly I was hopeful of success in our trans-Atlantic venture.

The run up the English coast was quite uneventful, and after leaving the Pentland Firth ten-days of mixed weather brought us to Iceland. We approached the island in a fog, and it was not until we were close inshore that we caught the gleam of snow-capped mountain-tops through the mist.

In Reykjavik harbour we found the American schooner-yacht *Primrose IV.*, which had crossed the Atlantic in 1926 to take part in the Fastnet race, and was now being sailed home by her crew.

We stayed a week in Reykjavik, having *Joan* put on the slipway for a last overhaul before tackling the critical part of her voyage. Meanwhile we filled in our time doing the local "sights."

On sailing again we came to the conclusion that as the season was getting on we must forego landing anywhere in Greenland, and make direct for Newfoundland. All the same we laid our course for Cape Farewell, Greenland's most southerly point, since it was nearly in line with Belle Isle, and would make an excellent point of departure for America.

With the winds fair, we covered the seven hundred miles in eight days, a rate of progress that made us very pleased with ourselves. Another week like that, we told one another, and we should be within reach of Newfoundland harbours. But alas! it was the old story of counting one's chickens too soon. Little did we realize that disaster was drawing closer day by day.

For twenty-four hours we sailed gently and slowly within sight of Cape Farewell; then a northerly wind sprang up that carried us away from it.

For the next ten days we were blown southward and eastward, as well as westward, the direction in which we desired to go. A good many times, moreover, both wind and sea became too much for us, and we had to heave-to or put out a sea-anchor. There was, in fact, a good deal too much sea-anchor work during those ten days, and we became ominously proficient in handling the contrivance. Sea-anchors are useful articles, but nobody wants to spend all his life behind one.

By the last day of August we had reached a point some two hundred miles due south of Cape Farewell. A fair breeze came that afternoon, and our spirits rose as we snored along before it at our best speed. A few days of such weather and wind would see us at the end of our journey.

We kept her going until midnight, by which time the wind had risen sufficiently to compel us to take in our canvas, though we managed to carry on for another hour or so under a single tiny sail. Matters, however, grew rapidly too bad even for that, and at six o'clock in the morning we put out our sea-anchor for the sixth time. Then we went below, to wait until the gale should blow itself out.

All day long the yacht rode the seas well, but, for some reason or other, not so well as she had been wont to do in former years and in other waters. All the same, there seemed nothing to worry about, and we had no premonition that anything was wrong.

The wind was steady, but the waves came from all over the place, and *Joan* swung about wildly as they caught her at various angles.

Before nightfall I made my usual round to see that everything was in order, and found the sea-anchor warp stretching away to windward and the drogue doing its work well. The chain shackled to the end of this warp had its guard secured so that the chain itself could not be jerked out of the fair-lead, and the pawls holding the chain were firmly lashed down.

The bobstay was hauled up safely out of the way in case the boat swung round upon the other tack; the shroud-lanyards were all tight and quite unworn; the mainsail and its spars were well secured; the tiller was lashed. As a final precaution I pumped out the little water there was in the boat and stowed the pump loose in the cockpit. So far as I could see, there was nothing else to do but leave *Joan* to fight it out with the elements, as she had done so many times before.

Fortunately, when I turned in I lay down fully dressed, with my sea-boots and an oilskin jumper on, so that, should it be necessary, I could turn out without a moment's delay. I looked out two or three times—more to keep myself awake than for any other reason—but I was tired and sleepy, having been up more or less all the night before, and presently I dozed off.

Suddenly a tremendous crash awoke me, filling the boat with a terrible sound that numbed my mind like a blow. In a fraction of a second, however, my brain cleared. I sprang from my bunk and tried to collect my thoughts and make out where I was. The lamp had gone out, leaving the cabin in inky darkness.

I knew that a noise so fearful could only mean the most serious straits for *Joan* and ourselves, and my first coherent thought was that if we were to be drowned that closed cabin would be an awful place for the last struggle. Let us die in the open, at least!

Fumbling round in the darkness, I tried to find the hatchway, but in my mental confusion I forgot which part of the cabin I was in and which way I was facing. It seemed an eternity before I hit upon the right spot, and then it was only by chance that my hand knocked against the slide, and I pulled it back.

Clambering feverishly out, I found that the mainmast had broken off a foot above the deck, and was now lying in the water alongside the boat, together with the mainsail and all the attached gear. The crest of every wave seemed to sweep clean over us, and the little yacht dived down into their troughs as if about to plunge head-foremost to the bottom. I felt astonished, indeed, that she did not founder straight away.

There were two obvious things to be done at once if we were to have a chance of saving ourselves. The water we had shipped must be pumped out, and the



"While I scrambled about on all fours, trying to trace the ropes that held the wreckage, Jackson slung the water out of the cabin."

wreckage got away from the ship's side. Already I suspected that it might be pounding a hole in her, and as I leaned over I saw the jagged end of the mast hit the planking along the water-line.

Turning to the cabin entrance, where Jackson's head was now appearing, I yelled to him to give me a knife and start bailing her out. As a result of my excitement and agitation, I suppose, I found I could only speak distinctly by making a special effort to enunciate each syllable.

But Jackson was a good man to have beside one in a crisis. He found me a sheath-knife almost on the instant, and for a frenzied hour we both spent our strength and energy at the maximum rate. While I scrambled about the deck on all fours, clutching at anything and everything to keep myself from going over the side, and trying to trace in the darkness the ropes that still held the tangled mass of wreckage alongside, Jackson slung out the water from the cabin into the Atlantic.

Bucketful after bucketful he scooped away with tireless energy, and when at length he had finished his bailing he came to help me, and we soon had our lost gear tied to a spare warp, allowing it to drift a hundred feet away from us. The near end of this warp we fastened to the stem, for we wanted, if possible, to retain the broken mast in case we found later on that we could get it on board again.

Secretly, however, I knew all the time what would inevitably happen. Our sea-anchor was already tied to the bow, and sooner or later the two sets of gear were bound to chafe one another. They did! In the morning both had gone, and the crippled *Joan* was driving helplessly before wind and waves.

Water, too, was still pouring in, so that one of us had to keep bailing constantly. With daylight, we found that a hole had been torn in the deck for a distance of six feet. Fortunately, the planking had not gone overboard, so we were able to lash it roughly into place, and stop the gaps with blankets, small sails, and spare canvas.

These measures lessened the flow of water to an appreciable extent, and accordingly we went down into the cabin, where, to my amazement, I stepped upon a pile of further wreckage.

"What in Heaven's name is this?" I asked Jackson.

"The floorboards are up and almost everything's in the bilge," was the glum reply. "Including the matches," he added, with great bitterness.

Luckily, however, some of the latter had escaped the common fate. I opened a small cupboard at the foot of my bunk, where only the day before I had stowed away a fresh packet, and found they were

still there. Moreover, they were dry and struck without difficulty.

But when we re-lit the anchor-lamp, and examined our cabin, we were almost disheartened. It was a far untidier wreck inside than out, and we regarded the confusion with dismay. To make matters worse, in his hurry to get on with the bailing, Jackson had slung various sodden articles out of his way into our two bunks, and as things stood at present we had space for neither food nor rest.

But both we *must* have, if we were to carry on, and so we set ourselves to repair the ruin.

The floorboards were found and most of them replaced. Not all, however, for the bunks had been pushed inwards, and we had to leave one board out, which gave us the added inconvenience of a permanent hole in the floor. The remaining lumber we piled upon my bunk, this being no longer habitable, seeing that it lay under the part of the deck which had been torn up.

Jackson's bunk we were able to turn into the semblance of a sleeping-place again, and by laying out a couple of sails and some blankets, all of which were merely moist, we fashioned a kind of snuggery, for the first use of which we solemnly tossed up.

Jackson won, and crawled into it for an agreed hour—a period that we thought would meet the circumstances better than a longer one. True, an hour was not very long for sleeping, but it was likely to be quite long enough for the fellow who had to bail.

And so I speedily discovered when I commenced my task. There were two methods of procedure: one to bail slowly and continuously, the other to work hard for ten minutes and then knock off for ten minutes' rest. I decided that the former was the more satisfactory, because the moment I ceased exerting myself I began to shiver with the cold.

So, by bailing steadily at the water, and chewing steadily at biscuit, I endured my hour; then I called the next watch without compunction. Jackson looked at me in an unfriendly way, but he turned out, and, as I could not well get into our bed with dripping clothes, I stripped, wrung the water out of them, and rubbed myself down. Then I crept into bed, and in ten minutes was warm and happy.

What a ridiculous period of time an hour is! So at least I thought when I saw Jackson's grinning face again, and realized that it was my turn to resume the everlasting bailing.

We kept going in this fashion until the afternoon of the next day, when Jackson discovered where most of the water was coming in. One of the outside planks near the stern had been lifted upward so as to leave a gap three feet long and an inch

wide. Since the yacht was putting the whole of this beneath the surface twice a minute, there was a great deal of the Atlantic making a circular tour of the boat, coming in by way of the stern and going out by way of the pail!

We sacrificed out best socks in order to plug this gap, and then found to our joy that it was not necessary to spend more than a quarter of our time bailing—except once or twice when an increase in the seas called for double shifts. We grew quite smart at this game, the mate heaving up a full bucket which I took from him and emptied overboard.

I still have a vivid recollection of one great wave which caused us the utmost consternation. I was standing outside in the cockpit when I saw the monster rear up over our quarter. I will swear it towered quite thirty feet above me—I had to crane my neck to see the top of it.

Growing sick with apprehension as I regarded that watery mountain, I shouted to Jackson to hold on, and, flinging myself over the cabin opening, gripped for dear life.

After what seemed an age, down crashed that stupendous breaker, knocking the breath out of me and causing the crippled *Joan* to heel right over. Then, by a miracle, she righted herself, and we set to work bailing furiously. How our poor little craft survived the onslaught remains a mystery.

With the coming of another evening, we lengthened our spells to two hours, so that the man off duty might get time for a real sleep. During the night, too, the wind began to moderate, and next day we were able to dry our blankets. The day after that was better still—calm, with a little sun—and those two fine days were a God-send to us, enabling us to get things more shipshape than we had hoped.

We nailed the broken deck properly into place, caulked it, and covered it with some stout canvas; and after that only a small quantity of water leaked through. The other hole we covered with sheet-lead. Below decks, we tidied the cabin, forced the bunks back into place, and made a barricade of biscuit tins on the floor to stop their falling inwards again. My bunk was turned into a lumber-room and storehouse, and we kept there all the material and tools we

might want in a hurry. Finally, we set a big jib from the stemhead to the top of the mizzen-mast, and found ourselves once more sailing.

These tasks attended to, we discussed plans. Where should we make for? The question seemed rather a ridiculous one, for obviously the answer was—whither the wind took us. We soon found, indeed, that we had no option in the matter; the prevailing wind and that makeshift jib drove us slowly south-west or thereabouts, and we made sixty miles in less than a week. St. John's, we knew, lay some five hundred miles distant in the direction we were taking.

As soon as we resumed sailing we altered our watches to the regular ones of four hours each. So far, matters had gone surprisingly well with us since the disaster. Nevertheless, anxiety was never absent from our minds. Another storm like the last and we were doomed, for the *Joan*, in her battered condition, was not likely to survive a second time.

We had one consolation—our involuntary drift would take us across the nearest traffic-line. And, since we realized now that—much as it went against the grain—we should have to abandon the yacht, our object was to be picked up by some passing vessel.

It might be a long time, however, before this happened, and we thought it best to put ourselves on short rations of food and water. Of potatoes we had a fair supply, and we decided that it would be foolish to ration these, since they would only go mouldy if kept too long. So, for one meal every day, we permitted ourselves as many potatoes as we liked.

Drinking water, however, was cut down severely, and to lessen our desire for it we went without salt, save that our potatoes were boiled in seawater. We ate them as they were, skins and all, and bully beef we consumed at the rate of one twelve-ounce tin each day for the two of us.

Except for the monotony of our slow crawl south-westward, and the gnawing anxiety as to what might presently happen, the next few days were passed in reasonable peace and comfort. For the most part it remained calm, but every now and then



Another picture of the ill-fated little *Joan*.

the sea got up and we had to resume our bailing.

We found it inadvisable to attempt any sailing at night, partly because our awkward rig was a terrible worry when we could no longer see what was happening, and partly because we considered that it was more important to conserve our energy than to expend it unduly in making a few more miles. So at night the watch just sat and smoked, staring round the horizon meanwhile for a possible ship's light.

We kept a distress-signal flying at the head of the mizzen-mast by day, though I doubt if it was really necessary, as the sight of so small a boat in those waters would have brought any vessel closer to investigate.

And so we went on until the night of Sept. 7th—a week after the catastrophe—when, at the end of our evening meal, Jackson stepped outside to scan the darkness that surrounded us. Presently I heard his voice.

"Just come out and tell me what you think of this light," he called quietly. "I'm not quite sure whether it's a star or not."

A star! He knew all the time that it wasn't—explaining afterwards that he had been considering my nerves! No second glance was needed, for there, plain enough, were two white lights and a green one. It was a ship! With any luck, we knew that rescue was at hand.

Eagerly I slid back into the cabin and brought out the fog-horn, handing it to Jackson to keep going—one blast at short, regular intervals—while I devoted my energies to preparing a light-signal.

Raking out the regulation ship's flares which I always carried aboard, I found that they were all too wet to take fire in the ordinary way by friction, so I held one in the hot flame of a Primus stove, and in a few seconds it burst into blazing light.

I passed it out to Jackson, who held it as high as he could reach, while I proceeded to lay out others for use as soon as the first one should be done with. While this was burning I was successful in making a continuous flame in our pail by means of some sacking and a quart of paraffin, with a little petrol to start it.

Although the vessel was at no very

considerable distance, and we were making a great to-do, at the back of our minds there remained the fear that she might pass by without seeing us. After the second flare had burnt out, however, we saw that she was making for us.

I spent the next ten minutes in gathering together all the small articles I most wanted, and placing them in a large kit-bag, after which I went back on deck to give Jackson a chance to do the same. We did not know what method would be adopted to get us aboard, though we expected a boat to be lowered, in which case the salvage of our gear would be an easy matter.

Someone aboard the big steamer—which proved to be the Dutch freighter *Alcoor*, on her way to Montreal for grain—spoke English, and when she came close alongside and hailed us we told them that we wanted to abandon the yacht and be taken aboard. Thereupon the engines were stopped, and the steamer slowly drifted down upon us until a rope could be thrown.

They fastened a warp to this line, which we hauled in. Jackson tied it round the bitts, but the pull was so nearly vertical that he found he must hold the rope in place. While he did this I fastened a second line to the yacht's stern. The crew of the freighter then pulled on the two lines until we lay alongside the steamer, pounding against her sides in the swell.

Slowly the great iron wall drifted past us, and presently a rope ladder came into view. I called to Jackson to clamber up. As soon as he released his hold on the warp the ladder began to slip away, and, seeing that in another moment it would be beyond my reach I grabbed the bottom rung without attempting to save our kit-bag.

Thus, though we ourselves were rescued, we muddled the salving of our gear, and had no further chance to get it. The instant we were aboard the steamer was put on her course once more, and as she forged ahead she contemptuously brushed from her path the poor cripple whose dire extremity had momentarily checked her voyage.

For a few painful seconds I caught the gleam of the *Joan's* white hull in the blackness of the night. Then she vanished astern—to sink, without doubt, in the next gale. Farewell, gallant little ship!



TO LHASA IN — DISGUISE —

By
Alexandra David-Neel

Illustrated by CYRIL HOLLOWAY

A remarkable story of pluck and pertinacity in the face of seemingly overwhelming difficulties, showing how a white woman succeeded, for the first time in history, in entering Lhasa, the mysterious Forbidden City of Tibet. For two years before her expedition to this jealously-guarded stronghold Madame David-Neel lived in a cave in the Himalayas, patiently learning from an old hermit the language and customs of the country. Then, having "adopted" a young Tibetan priest to act as a guide, she disguised herself as his mother and set out on the hazardous mission here described. Hardships, perils, and adventures of all kinds were encountered, but in the end Madame David-Neel triumphed. Our readers have a treat in store in this absorbing account of a unique journey.

I.
WE were off! My fifth journey into Tibet had begun, and this time, accompanied by Yongden, a young Tibetan *lama* (priest), who had agreed to act as my guide, my destination was the secret forbidden city of Lhasa—that jealously-guarded stronghold which, if I succeeded in my mission, I should be the first white woman to enter. But should I succeed? The odds were terribly against it.

We were still in that part of Tibet, under Chinese rule, in which foreigners can travel freely, but ahead of us, beyond Londre, were the steep slopes of the Kha Karpo range and a region to which all access was banned.

The Dokar Pass would lead us into the heart of this forbidden country, but to announce that we intended to traverse this pass would be fatal at the very outset. We pretended, therefore, that we were merely going into the domain of the Lutze tribes in order to collect botanical specimens, and our first consideration was how to get rid, without rousing suspicion, of the two coolies who accompanied us. Only with them out of the way should we be free to choose our route.



The Authoress in her disguise as a beggar pilgrim.

I soon contrived a ruse.

"My feet are swollen and sore," I announced to the men. "I cannot walk any longer. Let us go near the stream, and we will camp and make tea."

They were not surprised, for my feet had actually been hurt by the Chinese rope-

sandals I was wearing, and the coolies had seen them bleeding.

We went down to the river and I chose a small clearing surrounded by thick bushes and there pitched my tent. The presence of the water, and the protection afforded against the wind by the thickets, justified my choice.

A fire was lighted, and I gave the coolies a good meal. When it was finished I ordered one of the men to go up the hill to cut some dry logs, since only twigs were to be found near us. When he had gone I explained to his companion that I had no further need of him, as I meant to stay where I was for about a week. When necessary, I added, I would hire a man from the village of Londre to carry my luggage. He understood, and, well pleased with good wages, started immediately for home, convinced, of course, that the man who had gone to cut the wood would remain to attend on me.

The latter, when he came back, was told exactly the same story, but as I did not want him to meet his late companion for some time, lest they should discuss my strange plan of camping alone, I said that, as I could not proceed at once to Lutze-Kiang, he was to carry a letter and a parcel there for me. From Lutze-Kiang he could return to his village by a direct road, without coming back to Londre.

The parcel contained a few clothes—a gift to the poor. Yongden and I had examined our baggage, and, finding it too heavy, had decided to abandon the waterproof sheet that was meant to keep us, when sleeping, from direct contact with the damp or frozen ground. We also discarded our few spare garments, so that nothing was left us but the clothes we were actually wearing.

We had not even a blanket, although we knew that during the winter we should have to cross snowy ranges and passes over eighteen thousand feet high. But it was essential to carry as much food as possible, since we did not wish to show ourselves in the villages for at least a fortnight, and weight had to be reduced somehow. Later on, when we were crossing desert regions, a full load of provisions would be indispensable; our success and even our lives might depend upon our stores.

The small package was addressed to a missionary whom I had never seen, and who

had probably never heard of me, and after I had handed it to the second coolie he departed, as satisfied as his comrade, with a few dollars in his pocket. He evidently believed that the other peasant had been sent on some errand in the neighbourhood

from which he would return toward evening.

What these two thought and said, a few days later, when they met after rounding the same range, one on the northern and the other on the southern side, must have been amusing, but I never heard it!

And now, at last, Yongden and I stood in the thick jungle, alone and free to make our attempt to reach Lhasa. What would be the end? Should I triumph and enter the city, laughing at those who would bar my way? Or should I fail—perhaps die by the way? Who could tell?

That first night-journey, by the dim light of a mist-veiled moon, was an earnest of what was to come through the long days and nights that followed. For several hours we trudged along the valley and then, skirting some isolated farms, tried the

passage of the stream. The crossing, however, proved impossible in the darkness.

The water was high, the current swift, swirling viciously round concealed boulders. We should have lost our footing and been swept away in two minutes. But at length we came to a bridge, some houses, and then a second and larger bridge. Presently we stood at the foot of a wild and solitary hill on which a narrow, twisting trail led to tracks and paths and roads that would take us into the very heart of Tibet and finally to the Forbidden Capital of the Lamas.

To sketch our progress day by day and retell every incident of the journey is impossible within the compass of these articles. One can only give some idea of our hopes and fears, and here and there recount one of the many meetings with Tibetans which sent our hearts into our mouths, constantly afraid, as we were, that our purpose would be discovered and that we should be ordered to return ignominiously whence we had come.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

Once, believing ourselves to be quite alone, we were talking English, when, to our dismay, we heard a voice calling us.



Madame David-Neel as she appeared in her Chinese costume before donning the pilgrim disguise.

"Who are you?" it asked. "Why are you walking at night?"

"We are pilgrims," answered Yongden, quickly. "Dokpas from Amdo. We cannot bear the heat of this country. When we walk in the sunshine we get fever, so we tramp round the Holy Hill at night."

That was quite a plausible reason. The man who had asked the question seemed satisfied, and said no more, but Yongden continued:—

"And you, who are you?"

"We, too, are pilgrims."

"Well, good-bye," I called out, to cut the talk short. "We will walk on a little farther and camp the next time we find water."

So ended our first chance meeting on the way to Lhasa. It taught us that even night marches were not absolutely secure, and that we must be prepared at any hour and at any place to explain, in a way that would awaken no suspicion, the reason of our doings.

Before long we had to consider afresh the question of our disguise and add the final touches which were to complete our new identities. Before the coolies left us we had worn our Chinese robes, which would not have compromised us even if I had been recognized as a white woman, for, as a rule, all foreigners in these remote parts of Tibetan China dress in this way. From now on, however, our fellow-travellers would probably be pilgrims from various regions of Tibet, and our best plan was to immediately merge with them and become common, inconspicuous *arjopas*.

The latter are those mendicant pilgrims who, all through the year, ramble in thousands across Tibet, going from one to another of its sacred places. The *arjopa* usually belongs to a religious order—either as a monk or a nun. He or she may be a true pauper or even a professional beggar, but most of them

have homes and means of subsistence in their own countries.

I had chosen to travel as an *arjopa* because it is the best disguise to pass without attracting notice. Yongden, who was an authentic and well-read *lama*, looked his part to perfection, and as his aged mother, who had undertaken a long pilgrimage for devotional reasons, I thought I should constitute a rather touching, sympathetic, and entirely plausible figure.

In addition, the absolute freedom of the *arjopa's* life strongly appealed to me. Now that I have actually experienced it, I deem it to be the most perfect existence one can dream of, and I reckon among the happiest days of my life those when, with a pack on my back, I wandered as one of the countless horde of Tibetan beggar-pilgrims.

Two years previously, in another attempt of the same kind, I had cut my hair short; now, in the part of a lay-woman, I required long plaits. I therefore lengthened mine, which had not yet grown long enough, with jet-black yak's hair, and in order to

match the colour I rubbed a wet stick of Chinese ink on my own brown hair. Large ear-rings also helped to alter my appearance, and finally, to obtain a dark complexion, I powdered my face with a mixture of cocoa and crushed charcoal.

SACRED GROUND.

In due course the Dokar Pass stood before us, looking most impressive against a grey evening sky, and our knowledge that it was the gateway of the guarded region added to the sternness of its aspect. The ground all round is sacred to the gods, and the Tibetan pilgrims who travel along the track have built countless tiny altars, made of three standing stones, with a fourth as a roof, under which offerings are made to the spirits.

On the pass itself and the neighbouring



The Authoress with Yongden, the Tibetan *lama* who acted as her guide.

ridges the mystic flags which can be seen on all the heights of Tibet were planted in exceptionally large numbers. In the failing light they looked alive, belligerent, and threatening, like so many soldiers guarding the crests, ready to attack the presumptuous traveller who would trespass on the forbidden road to the Holy City.

When we reached the cairn marking the top a gust of wind welcomed us—the violent, icy kiss of that austere country whose severe charm has held me so long bewitched, and to which I always return. Turning successively toward the four quarters, the zenith and the nadir, we uttered the Buddhist wish: "May all beings be happy!" and began the long climb down.

Presently a blizzard descended upon the peaks. Black clouds rolled across the sky, and stinging sleet-showers assailed us. We hurried forward at our best pace, anxious to reach the base of this steep and inhospitable slope before nightfall.

But darkness came early. We missed the path winding between the landslides, and found ourselves slipping helplessly, with crumbling stones under our feet. It became dangerous to proceed, for we could not control the speed of our descent.

So, having succeeded in pulling up, we fixed our pilgrim staffs before us on the ground as points of support and sat down. Clinging to one another for safety, our loads still on our backs, we remained squatting in the snow, which fell ceaselessly from eight o'clock in the evening till two the next morning. Then a last melancholy quarter of the moon showed itself between the clouds and we were able to get down to the wooded zone.

We were resting at the edge of a glade, where a forest fire had destroyed the big trees, when I noticed the skulking forms of two big animals with phosphorescent eyes. Yongden thought they were deer, but I was sure they were wolves, and delayed our forward march a little in order to avoid an undesirable encounter.

Later, after we had camped, and Yongden was asleep, I heard a low sniff somewhere close at hand. Looking round, I saw one of the animals gazing at us with gleaming eyes. After a few minutes, however, it went slowly away, its curiosity apparently satisfied.

The miracle which had allowed us to proceed for a whole week, on a road followed by many pilgrims, without meeting a single soul, could not last for ever. After that we encountered several parties, but in none did we rouse suspicion, and it was not until we reached a village called Wabo that I had cause for any serious perturbation.

We had stopped to make tea, but the water took a long time to boil and my companion was very slow in eating and drinking. As a result, a number of villagers gathered round us. All would have gone smoothly

had Yongden only behaved naturally. But he happened to be in a curious mood; he said not a word, but merely ate and drank endlessly. The people looked at us in deep astonishment, for Tibetans are talkative folk, and Yongden's attitude upset all their notions concerning *arjopas*.

DANGEROUS MOMENTS.

"Who are these people?" asked a woman, doubtless in the hope that we would answer the question. But the *lama* preserved the same stern silence.

In my carefully-devised code of secret signals, intended for all emergencies, I had not provided for the order "Talk!" and so I was powerless, drinking my tea humbly behind the *lama*, who was seated on an old sack I had spread out for him. I thought it prudent to accentuate my respect and to serve Yongden in all ways so as to avoid any suspicion about my own personality. Alas, that very attitude nearly caused my undoing!

I took away the empty kettle—just then used as a teapot—and proceeded to wash it. The contact of the water with my hands had the natural result of cleansing them, and with the beginning of cleanliness appeared the natural whiteness of my skin! So distressed was I by the strange, danger-fraught behaviour of Yongden that I did not notice this until a woman, in a low voice, said to another near her:—

"Her hands are like those of *philings* (foreigners)!"

In an instant I saw my danger; the colour of my skin might betray me! I did not show in any way that I had heard the remark, and quickly rubbed my hands on the bottom of the greasy, smoky kettle until it was impossible to see any white skin.

But the distrust went on spreading. "Are they *philings*?" the people asked one another in undertones, and still my seemingly petrified *lama* continued to masticate in silence. I did not even dare to murmur "*Karma pa kieno*" ("Let us be off") lest my voice, in that tense silence, should attract more attention to me.

At last Yongden rose, and then a villager ventured to ask him where he was going. I was in terror, for it was here, before all these prying eyes, that we were to leave the pilgrims' road and thus proclaim openly that we intended to proceed toward the centre of Tibet!

But Yongden showed no sign of anxiety. Calmly he told the man that we had made the pilgrimage, circumambulating the Kha Karpo, and now it was over we were going back to our own country.

Thereupon he hoisted his pack on his back. I imitated him, and we started off on the road everybody takes when going to Lhasa.

And then the miracle happened. The mischievous spirit who had enjoyed himself at our expense gave up the joke and began



"Her hands are like those of foreigners!"

another one—to our advantage. I heard someone say jestingly:—

"Fancy foreigners going on a pilgrimage!"

This idea seemed to strike the crowd as extremely funny, and they all laughed.

"They are *Sokpos* (Mongolians)," said another man, seriously, and this was what the whole village believed when they saw us renew our journey.

We continued on our way, mingling with the people when we could not avoid them, and got on excellently. We even passed the ordeal of inspection at a post of Tibetan soldiers.

In a village in the Nu Valley, however, I had a narrow escape. In my character as a beggar-pilgrim I had gone from door to door, reciting prayers according to the custom. A kindly housewife invited Yongden and myself inside for a meal, and poured in our bowls curds and *tsampa*. Then she left us for a moment, and, as usual, I dipped my fingers into the bowl and began to knead the mixture.

At once, to my astonishment, the stuff began to turn black, and then, too late, I remembered that I had just recently retinted my hair, and the dye on my fingers was coming off in the milky meal!

Comic as it was, the situation was serious, for it threatened discovery of my identity, and Yongden became frantic.

"Eat quickly!" he urged; "the *nemo* (hostess) is coming back to us."

I hesitated, for the mixture looked exceedingly nasty, but I could hear the woman's returning footsteps, so, shutting my eyes, I swallowed the contents of the bowl, dye and all.

Tramping on through wild forests, we presently reached the summit of a sandy hill, and saw, several thousand feet below us, a narrow glittering ribbon. It was the Giamo nu chu, the upper course of the Salween River.

We had heard that somewhere in that region there was a place called Tsawa, where the river could be crossed by an aerial cable stretched from one bank to the other. As travellers were few and far between on that out-of-the-way path, however, the ferrymen lived a long way from the stream, and only came there when they were informed that a number of people wanted to cross.

We poor lone pilgrims might have remained for weeks looking at the rope but for the happy circumstance that a *lama* had performed some religious ceremonies at the house of a farmer whose guests we had just been, and was now returning to his monastery on the other side of the Giamo nu chu with a dozen of his followers.

To cross a river hanging to a cable was not a new experience to us, for we had done it in other places. Usually, however, two different cables, one for each direction, were used to carry passengers, who, starting from a point

much higher than the landing-place, glided swiftly downwards as if on a switch-back.

Here there was but a single cable fastened to poles fixed at the same level on either bank, and the line sagged terrifyingly in the middle.

Only the strongest of the countrymen ventured to cross it unaided, for to haul oneself up from the bottom of the sag by the sheer strength of one's wrists was rather a feat. Most of them, therefore, were hauled up by the ferrymen, as were the animals and baggage.

IN PERIL IN MID-AIR.

When my turn came, a Tibetan girl and I were bound with rough straps, and tied together to a wooden hook that would glide on the leather cable. Trussed up in this way, a push sent us swinging out into the void, like two pitiable puppets.

In less than a minute we slid down into the middle of the dip, and then, from the other bank, the ferrymen began their work, hauling on the line that was attached to the hook. Each jerk they gave at the long tow-rope caused us to dance a most unpleasant kind of jig in the air.

This went on for a little while; then we felt a shock, heard a splash below us, and went slipping back at full speed into the sagging dip of the cable.

The tow-rope had broken!

The accident in itself did not endanger our lives, for men would presently glide out to refasten the rope, which they were already hauling out of the water. But giddiness might overcome us, suspended as we were two or three hundred feet above the swift current. The way in which we were tied afforded security for a conscious passenger in an erect position, and able to maintain a strong grip on the strap under the hook, but tragedy could easily happen if one collapsed or fell backwards.

My nerves are good, and I had no doubt I could stay there for hours, if necessary. I was doubtful, however, about my companion. She was rather pale, and stared up with frightened eyes at the point where the strap to which we were suspended was fastened to the hook.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked her. "I have asked my *Tsawai lama* (Spiritual father) to protect us. You need not fear."

With a slight motion of the head she indicated the hook.

"The strap is coming loose!" she answered, trembling.

This was terrible news, for if the strap came unfastened we should both go hurtling down into the deep river. Tied as we were, swimming was out of the question. Even if I managed to disentangle myself and tow the girl for awhile, there was no possible landing-place in that gorge, where the river flowed swiftly between gigantic walls of rock.

I looked attentively at the knots, but could detect nothing wrong.

"Shut your eyes," I said to the girl. "You are giddy. Nothing is loose. We are quite safe."

"It is loosening," she repeated, in such a convinced tone that I began to doubt. This Tibetan lass, who had often crossed rivers in that way, naturally knew more than I did about knots, straps, and hooks. It was, therefore, only a question of time—whether the men would have repaired the tow-rope and got us to land before the knots gave way.

At last one of them proceeded toward us, hands and feet up, moving exactly as flies do on a ceiling. As he approached we swung again more than ever.

"She says that the knots of the strap are coming loose," I told him as he reached us.

He gave a hasty look in the direction of the hook.

"I cannot see it very well," he said. "Let's hope it will hold fast till you arrive at the bank."

He made the tow-line fast, still working with his hands and feet, and then went away as he had come. When he had rejoined his companions they began to haul us again.

At last, to my vast relief, we landed safely on a projecting rock of the cliff. Half-a-dozen women took hold of us, expressing their sympathy in loud exclamations. The ferrymen, after untying us, ascertained that the knots had never loosened and began cursing the girl, whose notion had given them a great fright. The poor thing promptly became hysterical, weeping and shrieking pitifully. It was a scene of picturesque confusion.

Yongden seized the chance of this general commotion to beg for his aged mother who had suffered such agony while hanging to the rope, and needed a good meal with which to refresh herself. All those present gave really liberally, and we set out loaded with fresh supplies.

After landing on the right bank of the Giamo nu chu we became true Tibetan wayfarers, no longer avoiding the villagers, but

mixing freely with them. Such a life could not fail to bring us many experiences, but they were not always pleasant.

In one house, for instance, directly food was put before us a most fearsome odour at once filled the room.

"Oh," said Yongden, in a voice that trembled slightly, spite of his efforts to control it. "It is a stomach!"

Immediately I understood only too well. The Tibetans, when they kill a beast, have a horrible habit of sewing up in the stomach the entrails of the animal. The "bag" is then put away and its contents go on decaying for days, weeks, and even longer. It was this horror—a real delicacy to them—that we were now asked to eat!

"Here is a saucepan, mother," said one woman, kindly. "You can prepare your supper."

"What!" I whispered to Yongden. "Am I to handle this filth? Tell them I cannot do it. Tell them I am ill."

"It always seems to be your turn to be ill when something unpleasant befalls us," he growled under his breath. But he was already regaining his self-possession.

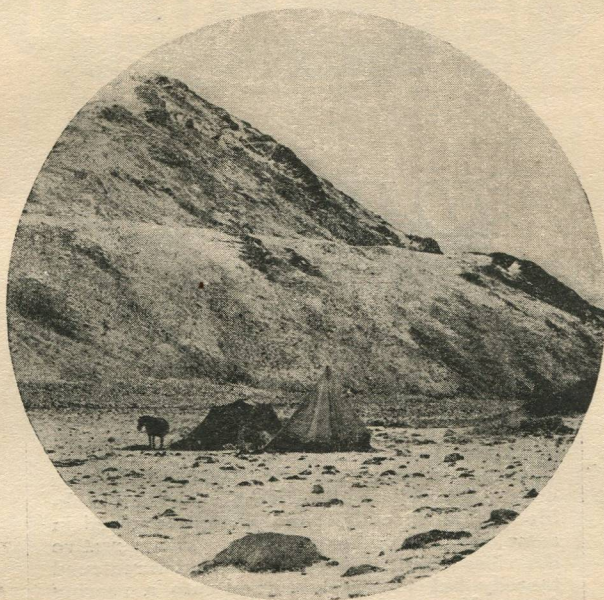
"The old mother is ill," he announced. "Why don't you make the *tupa* (thick soup) yourselves? I want everybody to have a share."

They needed no second bidding, and very soon the terrible decoction was boiling.

"Take some, mother; it will do you good," said our hosts, but I contented myself with groaning in the corner where I had stretched myself.

"Let her sleep," said Yongden.

He himself, poor fellow, had no loophole for escape. *Arjopas* who spend money on meat and then refuse to touch it simply do not exist; had he declined the dish the whole village would have been talking about it next day. He had to swallow a full bowl of the evil-smelling liquid, but having done so he declined another helping of the concoction declaring that he himself felt none too well.



One of Madame David-Neel's camps before the coolies were dispensed with.

(To be continued.)

The MARE'S NEST

By
A.D. Merewether
—❖— Busby —❖—

Illustrated by L. G. ILLINGWORTH

"If you'll come into the other room," suggested Robina Walsh, in the fierce whisper which she thought proper to employ in the presence of the dead, "I'll make you a cup o' tea and you can drink it while writing out the certificate."

Young Doctor Ash took out his pen as he followed her through the doorway. He was more than grateful for her kindly thought, having had an all-night sitting at the hospital, followed that morning by a forty-mile drive out to Hogan's "selection" in order to be present at Grandma Hogan's passing. It was not until Robina offered him the tea that he realized how very tired he really was.

Besides the worries attendant on his work, he had private troubles which were causing him no little anxiety, for the housekeeper who looked after his bachelor establishment and answered his telephone had that morning announced her intention of leaving him the following afternoon.

From bitter experience he knew the difficulty of obtaining at short notice another handmaiden and assistant of the necessary efficiency, and as there were several important cases on his books at the moment it was essential that one should be found immediately. But where to look? That was the rub.

A very amusing story. A young medical practitioner—as related in "Dr. Ash Takes Charge," in our June-July, 1927, issue—took over a "bush" practice in the Australian back-blocks, and speedily found himself involved in some distinctly odd experiences. This narrative describes a strange night quest that threatened tragedy but ultimately turned into a roaring farce. Names of persons and places, for obvious reasons, have been altered.

"You look real done up." Robina dumped the sugar-basin near his hand. "Now don't you go worrying about poor Aunty; she'd 'ave died whatever doctor we got. 'Ave a bit of bread and mutton, now. That'll fat you. You're that thin you're a disgrace to your cook, I reckon."

"The trouble is that after to-day I sha'n't *have* a cook," answered Dr. Ash, smiling.

Sympathetically Robina clicked her tongue against her teeth.

"What are you going to do, then?" she inquired. "You can't go runnin' about the country on an empty stummick."

"No; I've got to do something at once. I suppose you couldn't tell me of anyone likely to come and do all that for me?"

There was just a chance, he thought, that some girl in the district might wish to go out to service.

"Yes, I can," returned Robina, after a moment's thought. "I'll come meself! I've only been lookin' after poor Aunty, and now she's gone I'm going to clear out of 'ere quick and lively. She wasn't to 'ave been buried till Thursday, but I'll do 'er up all nice to-night and she may as well be laid away to-morrow as not. Then, after the funeral, I'll ride over to you."



"Robina."

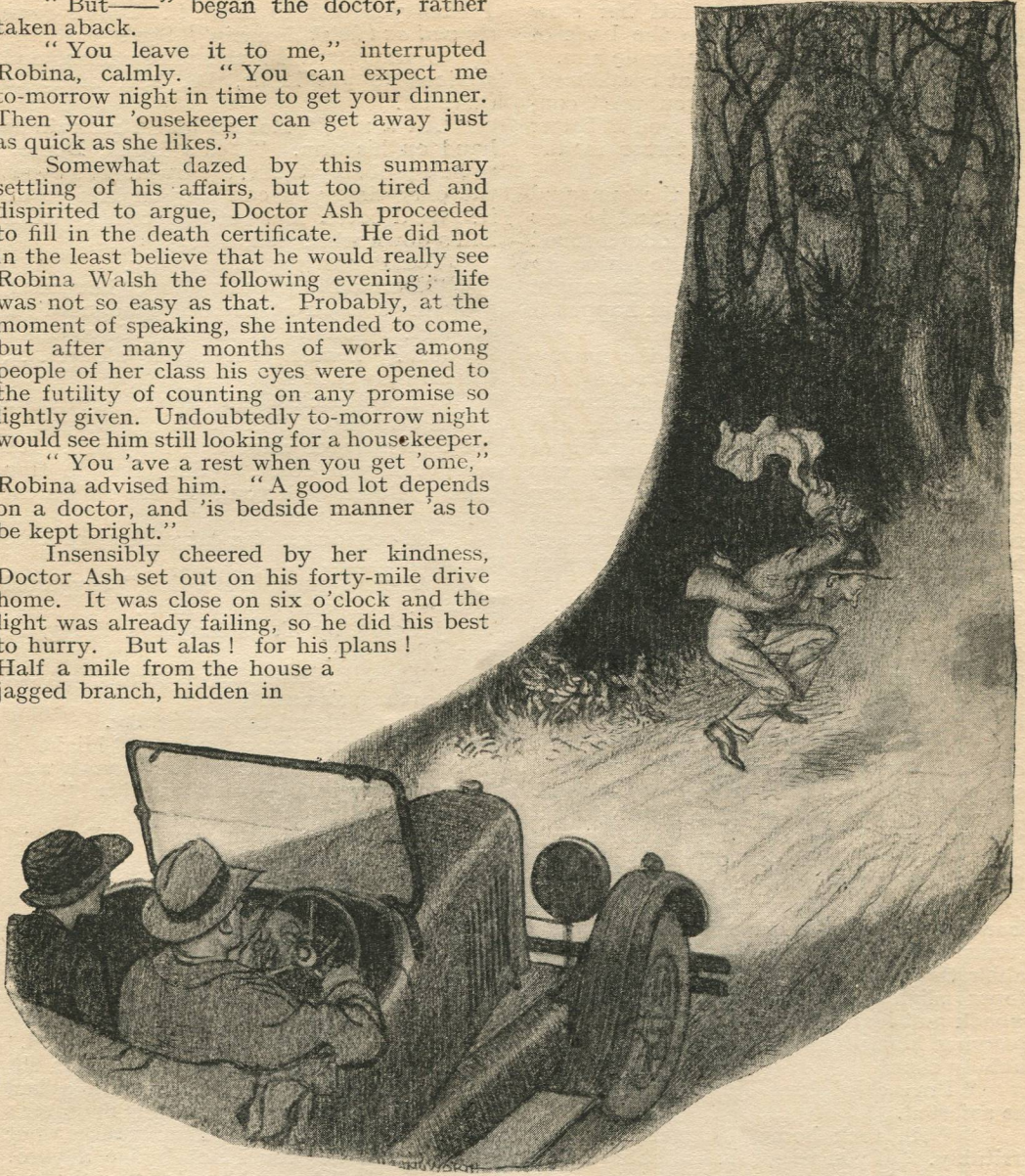
"But——" began the doctor, rather taken aback.

"You leave it to me," interrupted Robina, calmly. "You can expect me to-morrow night in time to get your dinner. Then your 'ousekeeper can get away just as quick as she likes."

Somewhat dazed by this summary settling of his affairs, but too tired and dispirited to argue, Doctor Ash proceeded to fill in the death certificate. He did not in the least believe that he would really see Robina Walsh the following evening; life was not so easy as that. Probably, at the moment of speaking, she intended to come, but after many months of work among people of her class his eyes were opened to the futility of counting on any promise so lightly given. Undoubtedly to-morrow night would see him still looking for a housekeeper.

"You 'ave a rest when you get 'ome," Robina advised him. "A good lot depends on a doctor, and 'is bedside manner 'as to be kept bright."

Insensibly cheered by her kindness, Doctor Ash set out on his forty-mile drive home. It was close on six o'clock and the light was already failing, so he did his best to hurry. But alas! for his plans! Half a mile from the house a jagged branch, hidden in



"He was alternately beating the earth with a sack and leaping wildly into the air."

the long grass through which he was slowly picking his way, ripped a great hole in one of the tyres. There was no help for it; he must change the rim. Moaning at fate, he opened the tool-box and set to work.

Ten minutes later the spare rim was securely fastened to the wheel, the torn tyre hung on its supports, and he was putting away the tools.

"I saw you from the 'ouse"—Robina's voice came from behind him—"and I

thought it all out and came along. Biddy 'Ogan's over with Aunty, and she's goin' to do for 'er what I was goin' to do so's I could come along with you right away. I mightn't be able to get to you so easy to-morrow. Anyway, Aunty's goin' to be buried in Gidgeri-gidgeri alongside of Uncle, and they can get 'er in there in the spring-cart without me. The funeral's not goin' to take long, and I can take the time off to go to it."

Only half understanding what was

happening, Roger Ash watched her stow her bulging dress-basket into the back of the car and climb into the seat beside him.

"It was lucky you 'ad that breakdown, or I couldn't 'ave caught you up," continued Robina. "And now you'd better get on; that road's a fair terror in the dark."

Doctor Ash gave up the unequal struggle. His head was aching, and he was too utterly weary to cope with a determined woman. If Robina meant to drive to Gidgeri-gidgeri with him then she might do so. He was past caring what happened so long as he could get home.

Successfully he negotiated the narrow slip-rails leading from the "selection" on to the main stock-route, splashed through the unmarked shallows in the creek, and drove through the straggling township of Bunnebri. From that point the road was comparatively good, being the main artery between Moree and the south-west. To his relief Robina, with unusual tact for one of her type, refrained from talking, and he was thus able to give his whole attention to driving.

It was not until two hours later, when they were about a mile out of Gidgeri-gidgeri, that they saw any other living thing on the road, but then the headlights showed up a curious lump ahead. When they had come to within a few yards of it they saw that it was a man. He was staggering about in the middle of the road, alternately beating the earth with a frayed sack and leaping wildly into the air. At each blow of the bag clouds of brick-red dust filled the air. Obviously he was very drunk.

Roger drove his car to windward, and, leaning out, adjured the man in no polite terms to cease his objectionable antics and allow them to pass. By way of answer the toper slightly increased his activities—whack and leap; whack and leap—accompanying himself meanwhile with a sort of unholy chant.

"I'm rockin' along—just rockin' along," he asserted.

"Well, rock home," suggested Roger irritably. "If you've got such a lot of energy to spare, why don't you put it into some useful work?"

The man ceased flapping his sack and lurched toward the car.

"Warrer yer wanten work for?" he inquired truculently.

"Don't take no notice of 'im," counselled Robina. "That's Ted Ponds, and 'e's been on a bender (carouse) for a fortnight. You won't get no sense outen 'im!"

The man threw down his sack with a gesture of disgust.

"Thash right—throw stonesh at shufferin' 'oomanity! And I'm not so drunk as you think. I knowsh shomething you don't knowsh, Missush Shmarty, and

I'll tell you jush to prove it. *Billy's down the well and he'sh drownin'!* See?"

Unimpressed by the information, and anxious to get home, Dr. Ash made to drive on.

"'Alf a mo'," Robina laid a restraining hand on his arm. "Ted's drunk, Doctor, so he's probably tellin' the truth. It's about the only time you can rely on him to do it. We'd better find out about this. What Bill's down what well, Ted?"

Ted Ponds giggled stupidly.

"Dunno Billy's other name," he replied, propping himself against the mudguard for support. "Shaw 'im fall in. Gave 'im a lil' push. I wash jush rockin' along. . . . Where's my sack?"

"That sack's no good," returned Robina hastily. "Look 'ere, Ted, you've got to remember what well Billy's in. It's murder if you don't." She tried to trap him. "Go on with you! It was only a cat you saw in the well."

Ted repudiated the cat with more force than politeness.

"Then I guess it's a dog," suggested Robina. "You're only kiddin'."

Judging by Ted's language the guess was a bad one.

"Then it's little Billy Carter, down the bank manager's well."

Ted considered the possibility.

"Might be," he conceded. "Might be Billy Carter and might be bank man's well. 'Straordinary thing—can't 'member!"

Robina turned to Doctor Ash.

"We're only wastin' time 'ere, Doctor," she said. "It won't take long to run down to the bank and 'ave a look. And we'll have to 'urry—it don't take long to drown."

"I'm hanged if I will!" retorted the weary Roger. "Probably there isn't a word of truth—"

"It's true all right," she interrupted gravely. "Ted's too drunk to lie. You'd better be guided by me in this; I know Ted."

Impressed by her evident belief in the story, Roger gave in, though with a bad grace. He would drive to the bank manager's house and report the circumstances, but beyond that he would not budge a yard. He had had all he could endure for the last two days, and to go chasing about past eight o'clock on this, his second night without sleep, after a mythical drowning person on the doubtful word of a drunkard, was more than he felt called upon to do. Probably by now the drownee had long since been pulled from a watery death by other people.

"Get into the dickey-seat," he ordered Ted tersely, "and stop that infernal 'rocking along' row. Which is the shortest way to the bank from here, Robina?"

The bank manager and his wife were out when they arrived and the house was in darkness.

"All the same, we'd better look in 'is well," declared Robina. "It don't follow that their Billy ain't down it."

They trooped out to the yard and sought the well. It was as dark as Erebus inside, and while Roger got out his electric torch Robina called words of cheer down to the problematical Billy. The light flicked on.

"There's nothing there," announced Robina in a disappointed voice. "You've made an error, Ted; too right you 'ave. Mind where you're steppin', Doctor; there's a snake about two feet away from your boot!"

Roger stood still and regarded the reptile with loathing, while Robina ran and got a stick with which to dispatch it.

"There's generally two of 'em," she said, clutching her skirts about her ankles. "We'll leave a note for the manager to look for the other one in the morning. Write it on your prescription pad, Doctor."

While the weary medico obeyed her, Robina considered, her hands on her hips.

"Let me see," she said, reflectively. "There's Johnson's well, but it's over a mile out of town, and I'll bet Ted never got *that* far from the pubs! We'll try MacFarlane's next."

"Nonsense!" snapped Roger Ash. He was determined not to continue this absurd hunt. To please her he had inspected one well and proved the futility of Ted's drunken imagination, and now he was going home.

"Tain't nonsense," declared Robina. "Doctor, I *knows* as somewhere someone is in a well, and we can't leave off lookin' till we find 'im. It would look *terrible* at the inquest if we 'adn't done what we could. And you can't go 'ome and leave me to search, because you may be wanted to bring 'im back to life if 'e's near dead. If you leave the job now your name will be mud in the town and you'll ruin your practice. We've *got* to go on."

Roger groaned in spirit, but was forced to admit that there was a good deal in

what Robina said. He secretly suspected that he was being led by the nose, but, on the other hand, experience had already taught him that Robina was not one to insist upon a thing she was not sure about. He would have to suppress his own inclinations and continue the search.



The Chinamen's hovel.

"How far is MacFarlane's?" he asked, grumblingly.

"Round the corner into Dalley Street and down by Todd's store. 'Tain't far."

Once more all three of them bundled into the car and set off on their hunt. In five minutes' time they drew up before the weatherboard-and-tin residence of the MacFarlane family. At the Doctor's knock the narrow passage inside the door was blocked with the press of youngsters. Roger explained the situation.

"But we 'aven't got a Billy." Mrs. MacFarlane turned and surveyed the press of heads behind her. "There's fifteen in the family, and some of 'em's got three names, but we've never 'ad a Billy among 'em. 'Ave you tried Poynter's?"

"If you're goin' there"—Mr. MacFarlane hastily buttoned his shirt up at the neck—"I'll come with you. If you find 'im you'll want another man to 'elp you get 'im out. 'Ave you got a spare seat in the car?"

"Tell the police as you pass the station," advised his wife. "They get cross if they're left out of anything."

"Too right," Robina approved. "You go round and tell 'em for us; it'll save time."

Ten minutes later they drew up outside

the Poynter *ménage* and trailed hopefully out to the back regions.

There was nothing in the well but water.

"Come along!" Roger was momentarily becoming more angry. "I'm sure that there must be quite a number of wells that we haven't seen yet. I'm developing quite a taste for them! Where's the next stop?"

"It's got to be done, Doctor," Robina was adamant. "Is there a well behind the hotel, Mr. McFarlane?"

"No; they're on the town supply."

"Then we'd better start down one side of each street and up the other. Go on, Ted; give us a clue."

"I was just 'rockin' along'——" began Ted, and the Doctor growled savagely.

"There's Alf Patterson's, out by the cross-roads," suggested Robina hastily. "It's about fifty feet deep, and they 'ave got a kid called Billy. Is it Patterson's, Ted?"

"Might be. Yesh; eashily might be. *Must* be!"

Twenty minutes later they reached the cross-roads and were explaining things to Alf Patterson. He heard them out; then, without a word, he turned and bolted for the well in the corner of the horse-paddock. The others followed close on his heels. At the top of the well they found that the covering-boards had been removed and were lying in confusion at its mouth.

"Crikey-doodlums!" Alf Patterson was stunned with horror. "I was workin' 'ere to-day, and little Billy was with me. I could 'ave sworn that I put them boards back." Feverishly he tore off the remainder and peered into the black vault below. "Bring a light!" he yelled. "Bring a light! I can see something!"

Roger flashed his electric torch into the cavity. Far below, the water gleamed back at them with unbroken surface.

"Billy ain't there." Robina touched the terrified father on the shoulder. "Are you sure 'e wasn't in to tea, Alf?"

The tension in the man's face relaxed, and with a shaking hand he wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"By gosh, so he was!" he cried. "I remember seein' 'is Ma puttin' 'im to bed about six o'clock. It was you people comin' on me so sudden made me lose my 'ead that way." Slowly he began to replace the boards.

"That's another well gone phut!" announced Robina. "If we don't find the right one pretty soon, Billy, whoever 'e is, will be too dead to do much with."

"Let's 'ope 'e'll 'ave the sense to 'ang on to the sides," said Alex MacFarlane. "Nearly all the wells are slabbed right to the bottom."

"Well, we'd better go back to the house and get the car again," observed Roger. Fatigued as he was, he now fully realized

that duty and common humanity must drive him relentlessly forward on his quest until some satisfactory conclusion of the affair was arrived at. He found it significant that these people, who knew Ted Ponds intimately, never doubted the truth of the story. There really *must* be someone in a well whose life depended on the unflagging efforts of his party.

On the doorstep, Mrs. Patterson, disturbed at her nightly toilet, met them in a faded grey wrapper, her face eloquent with inquiry.

"They thought little Billy might be down the well," her husband enlightened her. "But it's all right; he ain't."

"Billy's in bed—at least, I think he is," she added, in sudden alarm. "I saw 'im not 'arf an hour ago, but I'll just make sure." She turned quickly back into the house and presently reported, with vast relief, that Billy was fast asleep.

Roger turned to his lieutenant. "Where's the next well?" he demanded.

"Bob Tiddley's well is pretty close——" began Robina.

"Warrer you wanten go lookin' in that ole well for?" interrupted Ted Ponds, steadying himself against the veranda-post. "That's not right well either! I'm sick of tellin' you the right well. You want Chinamen's well—Billy's in Chinamen's well. Too right, 'e ish. Gave 'im a lil' push."

Robina gave a whoop of joy and started off toward the car.

"That's what we wanted to know!" she cried. "Now we're all set, Doctor!"

Fortunately the market gardens were not far away, and the car covered the distance in record time. Round the top of the well, which was situated in the middle of some forty acres of robust vegetables, they could see by the activity of a cluster of men that something momentous was toward. Evidently Ted Ponds was vindicated and the hapless Billy found at last.

Determined to be ready in case his professional services were needed, Dr. Ash sent the others on while he opened the back of the car, took out his bag, and busied himself in fixing up his hypodermic syringe and getting out the adrenalin. This accomplished, he prepared to climb gingerly over the barbed-wire fence and pick his way through the soft mud of the gardens toward the scene of action.

Robina's voice came clearly across the intervening space:—

"Stop where you are, Doctor! There's no need for you to come. I've got Alf and Alex, and some of the town fellers. We've got lots of 'elp. I'll come over to you when we've got 'im up. 'E's all right."

Down the road Roger could discern, rapidly approaching, a posse of fifteen to twenty men on horses and bicycles, headed by a constable of the Mounted Police and a

show ! The rest of you can lower Alf and Alex into the well by the windlass ready to put the rope round Billy's stomach. See ? ”

Obedient to her commands, two or three of the men moved off toward the Chinamen's dwellings on the far side of the gardens. They ran carelessly, trampling on the cabbages and carrots as they went, and ploughing their way through a bed of young peas. Roger watched them with interest.

From the door of the hovel a horde of sleepy and frightened Chinamen poured out to meet them. There were a few moments' parley, a good deal of shouting and gesticulation, and then the townsmen, reinforced by the entire population of the hovel, streamed back over the gardens.

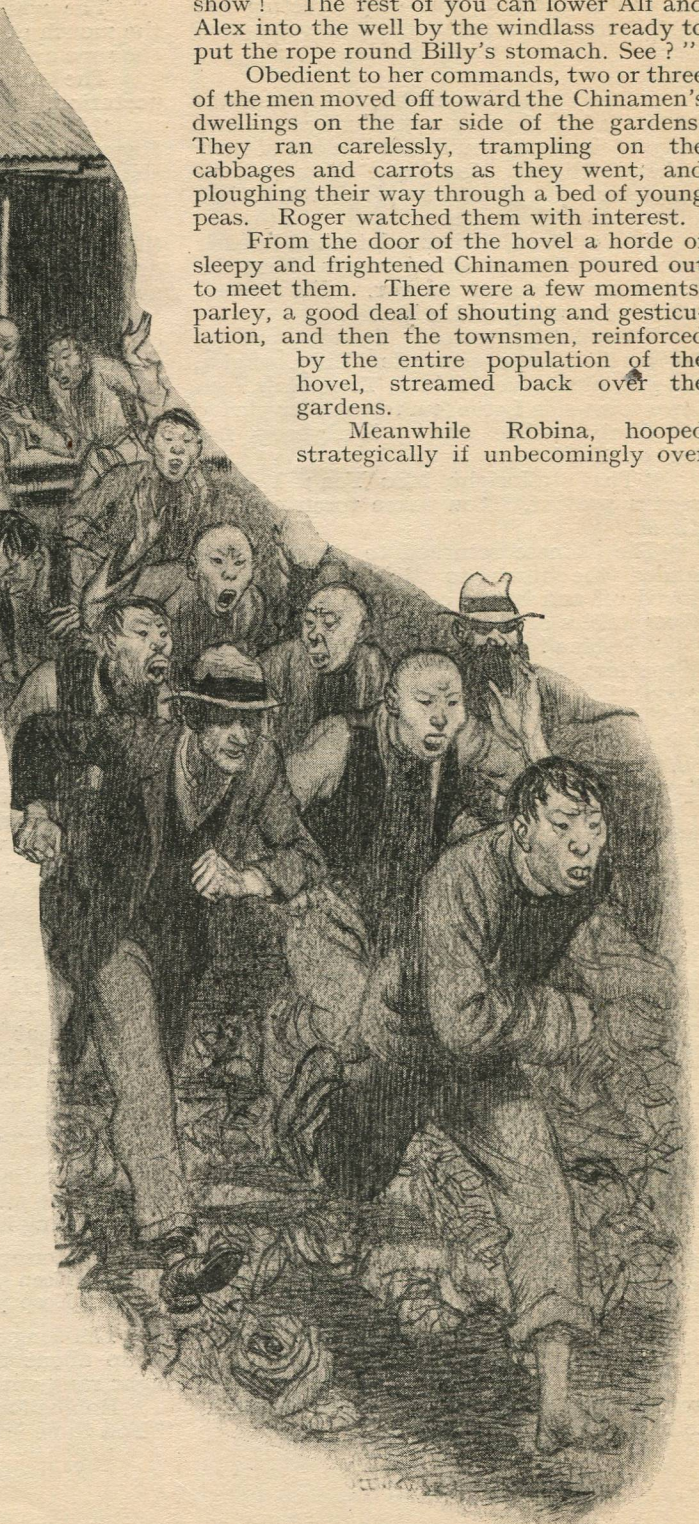
Meanwhile Robina, hooped strategically if unbecomingly over

horse-drawn ambulance-wagon. Evidently Mrs MacFarlane had spread the news ably and well.

Realizing that if Robina was in command things would move without his help, Roger climbed thankfully back into the car, sank down on to the seat, and prepared to watch, by the aid of the brilliant moonlight, the final act of the night's drama. He was very thankful that what had promised to be a tragedy was mercifully turning into a farce. In a detached kind of way he was even beginning to see real humour in the affair.

Amusedly he saw the arrival of the townsmen and their efforts to clamber through the barbed-wire fence surrounding the gardens. Robina's voice rose authoritatively above the hubbub :—

“Some of you go over and wake the Chinks and borrow a thick rope from 'em. *And* don't waste time arguing ; I was 'ere first, and I'm bossin' this



“A horde of sleepy and frightened Chinamen poured out to meet them.”

the side of the well, was ably directing her small army of assistants. Her voice rose clearly above the clamour of the rescuers.

"Don't push 'im under, Alf, you dolt! Go on; a bit of water won't 'urt you! And let go of 'is ears; you'll pull 'em out of their sockets. Hi-yah, Moo Yen! You go over to Doctor and get 'em one-piece torch. It's mighty dark down there."

One of the Chinamen detached himself from the huddle of mixed breeds about the well and ran toward the car. He reached the fence panting and grinning.

"Good day, Doctor. My wor', you my flen' orl li! You savee my flen' Billy. I give 'em you plenty vegitibble. To-morrow I go down town-side I give 'em town-feller plenty flee dlinkee—allee day! Evelybody my flen' orl li!"

"That's all right, Moo Yen; I don't want a present. You takee torch over to Missus."

The Chinese returned to the well and handed the torch to Robina. Then he moved off and began collecting a huge pile of vegetables of every kind.

"Robina!" called Roger desperately. "Stop him, can't you? We'll never use all that stuff in a month of Sundays."

"You take 'em," Robina bawled back, giving another hitch to the windlass-cord. "We'll keep all we want and you can take the rest down to the 'ospital."

With an armful of vegetables Moo Yen approached the car, grinning from ear to ear.

Temporarily slackening her vigilance at the mouth of the well, Robina shouted her satisfaction at the pile in the dickey.

"I'll get your vegetables from these Chinks in future," she informed her master, at the top of her voice. "It'll come cheaper. Don't you worry, Doctor; we'll be 'ome soon now, for they're just settlin' the rope steady before they 'auls. When we get in I'll 'ave to wake up your girl and make 'er share 'er bed with me for to-night, and I'll get 'er out of the 'ouse by six in the mornin' so's I can clean up. It won't be no good 'er bejecting. If she can give notice as sudden as that, then she go suddener. I'll fix 'er! My word! You welly good feller, Moo Yen."

There arose a burst of cheering and yelling from the locality of the well, and Robina turned her attention once more to her henchmen.

Roger, mindful of his profession, slipped out of the car and picked up his bag.

The two ambulance men raised the stretcher and proceeded to climb through the barbed-wire fence with it.

The waiting whites and Chinamen at the mouth of the well bent to the weight of the rope and hauled lustily.

The atmosphere was tense with expectation.

"He's a pretty heavy man," thought Roger, wondering whether he ought to go and help. "They should have been able to get him up without all that hauling."

Over the edge of the well appeared first the head, then the shoulders, and then the dripping back of the rescued Billy. Straining and heaving at the taut ropes the men drew him over the edge, and lowered him tenderly on to the grass. Then they gave a great whoop of celebration. Weakly Billy raised his head as though to thank them.

"He's all right," bawled Robina jubilantly. "Not 'urt at all. He'll be as lively as ever to-morrow."

Roger felt his eyes bulge under their lids. Was he a prey to over-fatigue? Was the moonlight deceiving him? Tired and wrought-up as he was, the reaction from the fancied to the real was too great. Collapsing on to the step of the car, he buried his face in his arms and sobbed and cried with laughter.

Robina hurried to him, brushing Moo Yen out of her way in her haste.

"Oh, it's funny all right, Doctor! It's been a long night, but d'you think I'd 'ave encouraged you to rush about like this if I'd 'ave guessed? I'd 'ave seen Ted farther first! Too right I would!"

"Oh!" wailed Roger, rocking to and fro helplessly. "Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you warn me?"

"I forgot, when I saw 'im, that you didn't know 'oo Billy was. It would have been better if I'd called out when I knew myself, but I never thought you'd think it so funny."

At that Roger burst into a fresh paroxysm of laughter.

"It beats everything!" he gurgled. "Here I've spent one of the worst nights of my life playing 'I spy' with the Chinaman's old mare!"

The refrain of a popular air floated through his mind, and before he knew what he was doing he began shouting the words—

Horsey, keep your tail up,
Keep your tail up;
Keep your tail up!

The song was eagerly taken up by the group about the top of the well, and the night rang with laughter and shoutings.

Robina looked at the Doctor anxiously. "You come 'ome," she said shortly.

Two Girls on the Frontier

By Edith
Ammons Kohl

Illustrated by R. H. BROCK

II.
I STARTED my newspaper on "Sec. 31, Twp. 108 N.R. 77 W. 5th P.M.," there being no other way than the official one of describing its location in that vast area of vacant space, lying completely outside the world of civilization.

While the settling of the territory where my sister Marian had homesteaded had been slow, this wild Indian Reservation, the Lower Brule, was tamed with a spectacular swiftness which broke all records in Frontier development.

Bright and early one perfect morning in spring Marian and I, accompanied by a native Westerner who knew the plains, started out to explore the country with the idea of locating a suitable tract of land on which I could homestead and also publish my newspaper.

As we peeped through the barbed-wire gate which formed the entrance to this vast untrodden domain we sat lost in awe and admiration. Never have I seen anything more beautiful. Covered with a carpet of green, woven into patterns with delicate wild flowers of every hue, the smooth floor of earth stretched before us for miles in every direction. There was no sound except the call of the birds to their mates; and in the distance an antelope stood at attention, outlined against the blue background of sky.

During several hours of wandering over the prairie we only encountered a few shacks of premature settlers, but about

With her sister—city-bred like herself—the Authoress went out into the wilds of South Dakota to take up "homestead" land which was being thrown open to settlement by the Government. They had to live on their plot to establish their claim, and in order to make a living meanwhile one girl became the editor-printer of an odd little newspaper; the other took on a job as a teacher. All sorts of adventures befell them in their new sphere, and these Mrs. Kohl describes in a very interesting fashion.

noon we spied a new house whose yellow boards gleamed like gold in the sunlight, and promptly headed for it. If anyone lived there we could rest for awhile and possibly get something to eat.

In front of its open doorway stood an easel, with a half-finished Indian head on it. We had stumbled upon the shack of

Van Leesh, my cartoonist friend, and he was delighted to see us!

"It seems years since I saw a human being!" he cried. "Now you are going to stay for dinner." With that he led us into his "tepee," as he persisted in calling the shack, and began to make a fire.

"Not many courses," he announced, as he dragged out a sack of potatoes from under the bunk. "Just two—b'iled potatoes, first course; flapjacks and molasses, second course—and coffee."

The dinner tasted good, and we ate ravenously while he explained that he had been too busy keeping himself alive to feel really lonely. As we were leaving we told him we were looking for a location for a newspaper.

"Well, of all the unadulterated nerve!" he exclaimed. "A newspaper, and not a living thing but prairie dogs to read it!"

Finally I paid a man four hundred dollars for the "relinquishment" of a quarter-section on which he had filed, and I borrowed the money to do it. Not only was the land situated right in the middle of the Reservation, but there was not a better piece of

ground in the West. It was as level as a floor, with the exception of a gentle slope at one end, and the grass was as thick as the hair on a dog's back.

By this time I had become a reckless plunger, and I knew that this valuable piece of land would be a solid asset to protect the good folks who were backing me in the newspaper enterprise.

The printing outfit I was buying as pre-arranged, on the strength of the future proof-notices, which were as sure as Government bonds—providing the newspaper lived, and no one else launched one in competition! The printers' supply house, however, seemed to think there was no danger of any such miracle as that happening.

Anyway, I had the advantage of starting first. A famous writer once said that it takes either a fool or a very wise man to do the impossible. I do not know under which heading my backers catalogued me; but I think the daring spirit which had suddenly awakened in me received kindred response from their own.

It is a world of chance, and these vast undeveloped regions of the West offer wonderful opportunities to people with enough pluck to seize them.

We hired two of the early settlers to haul lumber for us twenty-five miles from Presho, and later build a crude printing-shop and the post-office which was a necessary adjunct to the welfare of my newspaper.

Meanwhile Marian had her shack hauled over from her homestead—a distance of about fifteen miles—and as befitted our new dignity as business pioneers, we built a 6 foot by 8 foot lean-to kitchen on to one end of it and a cupboard on to the other. We were rising in the world, and we meant everyone to know it!

Marian was over at her homestead when Mr. Dunn, her neighbour, hitched his team to the shack in order to move it to the new location. The only way she had of getting back to the Reservation was to stay inside, and so she settled herself as comfortably as possible while our old home bumped along on its way to the new site.

Before they reached the Reservation, however, one of those sudden torrential downpours which often deluge the West late in spring flooded a small, dry creek which they had to cross. By great good luck Mr. Dunn managed to get Marian out of the flooded shack on to one of the horses. He himself mounted the other, and then, leaving the house in the midst of the water, the animals swam ashore.

Late that night the pair of them pulled in—wet, cold and hungry; they hadn't had a bite to eat since morning. I was waiting for them in our new lean-to kitchen. When they failed to arrive earlier I had tramped over the dark prairie, listening and

straining my eyes, until I was nearly frantic with suspense.

After a hot supper, Mr. Dunn, taking some dry blankets with him, retired to seek a couch in the well-soaked shack; Marian was rubbed down and put to bed, and not even a cold resulted. It doesn't take things long to dry out in these dry, light-air climates! Next morning the sun was shining warm and bright over a fresh, sparkling world, and that awful night was forgotten.

The surprising news that a couple of girls were starting a newspaper and a post-office had spread far and wide over the range. One evening Marian and I happened to be sitting out in front of our shack, having slipped on some soft French-heeled slippers resurrected from among our relics of city life, in order to rest our tired feet, when a cow-puncher from the western range rode up.

COWBOY COMMENTS.

"Is here where the newspaper and everything's goin' to be?" he inquired. We told him it was. He was frankly curious, and after discussing various topics of the plains, looked us over, paying particular attention to our high heels. Then he remarked smilingly:—

"Well, them don't look like no range hoofs to me! You look more like Ramblin' Rosies. I expected to see a coupla Calamity Janes!" Rambling Rosie, I should explain, was a famous dance-hall girl; while Calamity Jane was a well-known fighting figure of the Old West.

Development set in like a prairie fire; settlers arrived in droves and swept down upon the empty wilderness like a plague of grasshoppers. The whole place seethed with activity. Every morning, as we looked out across the plains, we saw new shacks popping up. Here and there tents loomed up in the brilliant sunlight, snow-white against the endless green.

The sound of hammers could be heard for long distances through the clear air; houses went up as though by magic. Families with children came rushing in, throwing their blankets on the ground directly they arrived, for the last hours of their six months' grace for getting on the land were wellnigh up. They knew full well that "spotters" were on the watch to "jump" the land of late comers, but somehow or other most of them contrived to reach their locations in time.

In due course my eagerly-awaited printing outfit was hauled out from the railroad station. Meanwhile subscriptions were rolling in splendidly—from one to a half-dozen from each settler, for most of the folks wanted the paper mailed to friends and relatives in various parts of the Union.

The post-office—which the Government

gallantly named "Ammons"—was duly established, but at first we found ourselves up against a nasty snag—there was no way to get mail in or out! Besides the regular mail there was the newspaper to send out and the paper on which to print it to be brought in.

Well, we should have to find a way to get over these difficulties, but already I had begun to size this country up much as a range-rider did New York City—"It's all right, but it's too doggone far from everywhere."

Finally we had to buy a team and carry the mail across-country ten miles from the stage-line three times a week. We engaged a young prairie girl to help us generally, and also to fetch the mail. We also hired an idle homesteader, now and then, to help with the heavier work and to make longer trips. Sometimes we made them ourselves.

The settlers were of all kinds and all

had come out homesteading for various reasons—in search of health or adventure or for the value of the land, the money from which, either through sale or mortgage, would give them a start in a chosen vocation.

These people, of course, were of little value from the point of view of developing the agricultural resources of the country, but they were priceless as a civic body, for they brought in young blood, intellect, and ambition—and they were gameness personified.

Before very long the newcomers began pleading for a little store to be run in connection with the post-office. "This will be our industrial centre," they declared. "You must have a store."

It was rather out of our line, but it seemed as though food for the body was going to be just as important as food for the mind, and so Marian laid in a stock of



The new home of the two girls at "Ammons." On the left is Marian's shack, hauled by horses from its original location. The other building is the print-shop and post-office.

classes. There were hardy tillers of the soil who went at the business in professional style—building fences, breaking ground, and working early and late. Nearly fifty per cent. of the immigrants, however, were "amateurs" from cities and towns—young men and women from many walks of life. They

groceries which she handled side by side with the post-office business.

VAN LEESH AGAIN.

We had been on the Lower Brule about two weeks when one afternoon I spied a strange, moving object in the far distance—

something which went up and down with the regularity of a clock pendulum, yet slowly came nearer. Finally I decided that it was a stiff white horse with some kind of human jumping-jack on top of it, bouncing up and down at every step. A tenderfoot, for sure.

As he drew nearer, heading for the shop, I recognized him.

"Why, it's Van Leesh!" I exclaimed.

Carefully the cartoonist dismounted and led his bony old horse up to the door. Then, with a wide sweep of his new *sombrero*, he made his most courteous drawing-room bow.

"Well, here you are!" he cried. "How wonderful! Haven't seen a human being for ages! Thought I would take a little jaunt along the bridle-path and introduce you to my new steed—'Hop-Along Cassidy.' It is a very suitable name, when you get to know him. I'm learning to ride real well, don't you think?"

Marian's laughter rang out through the connecting door leading from the post-office, and I joined in; I couldn't help it. Like children we began to chatter over our plans and adventures, and presently we invited Van Leesh to supper.

How frank and wholesome are the friendships one makes out in the world's open spaces! All three of us talked as though we had known one another all our lives, yet we were in reality almost strangers. Van Leesh, it appeared, had finished the picture on which we had seen him at work, and was now doing some political cartoons for his paper in Milwaukee.

When supper was over he climbed up into "Hop-Along's" saddle and lingered awhile in the growing dusk.

"It gets a little lonely sometimes," he said, thoughtfully. "Everything's so big, you know. So come over sometimes, girls. Don't live so fast on this Great White Way that you can't think about your friends now and then. It's only a little jaunt, you know." And he started off homewards along the ten-mile trail to his homestead.

An interesting character in a strange setting, Van Leesh soon became a favourite among the settlers. He was a sort of sedative to jangled nerves, a pleasing counter-irritant to the strain of pioneer life.

By this time everything was ready for the advent of my newspaper, but at the last moment I struck a snag. For two days I worked hard to get the formes and the press together, but I encountered mechanical technicalities which I could not master, and it seemed hopeless to find anyone out there who was experienced enough to put matters right.

On the morning of the third day, when I was almost in despair, a man came riding across the plains from the Indian Settlement. He rode slowly, but sat his cayuse as naturally and gracefully as an Indian.

Dismounting, he threw the reins over his horse's head and walked into the post-office. He was a white man, but he had the silent, stoic characteristics of the Red man, and expressed himself in the fewest words possible.

Passing through into the print-shop, which joined the post-office, he asked what the trouble was, and I explained my predicament. Without saying another word the stranger fixed the formes for me, adjusted the press, and actually printed the first issue of my newspaper. He would accept no thanks, no money, but merely remarked that he would ride over next press-day and see how I was getting on. With that he mounted his cayuse and rode away as slowly and deliberately as he had come.

My kindly helper, I learnt, was one Fred Farraday, who had formerly been connected with the Indian agencies, but had now taken up a homestead. For a year or more he helped in the print-shop in emergencies, and proved invaluable to me. Long weeks afterward I discovered that he had been a printer in North Dakota and other frontier states.

THE INDIAN RAID.

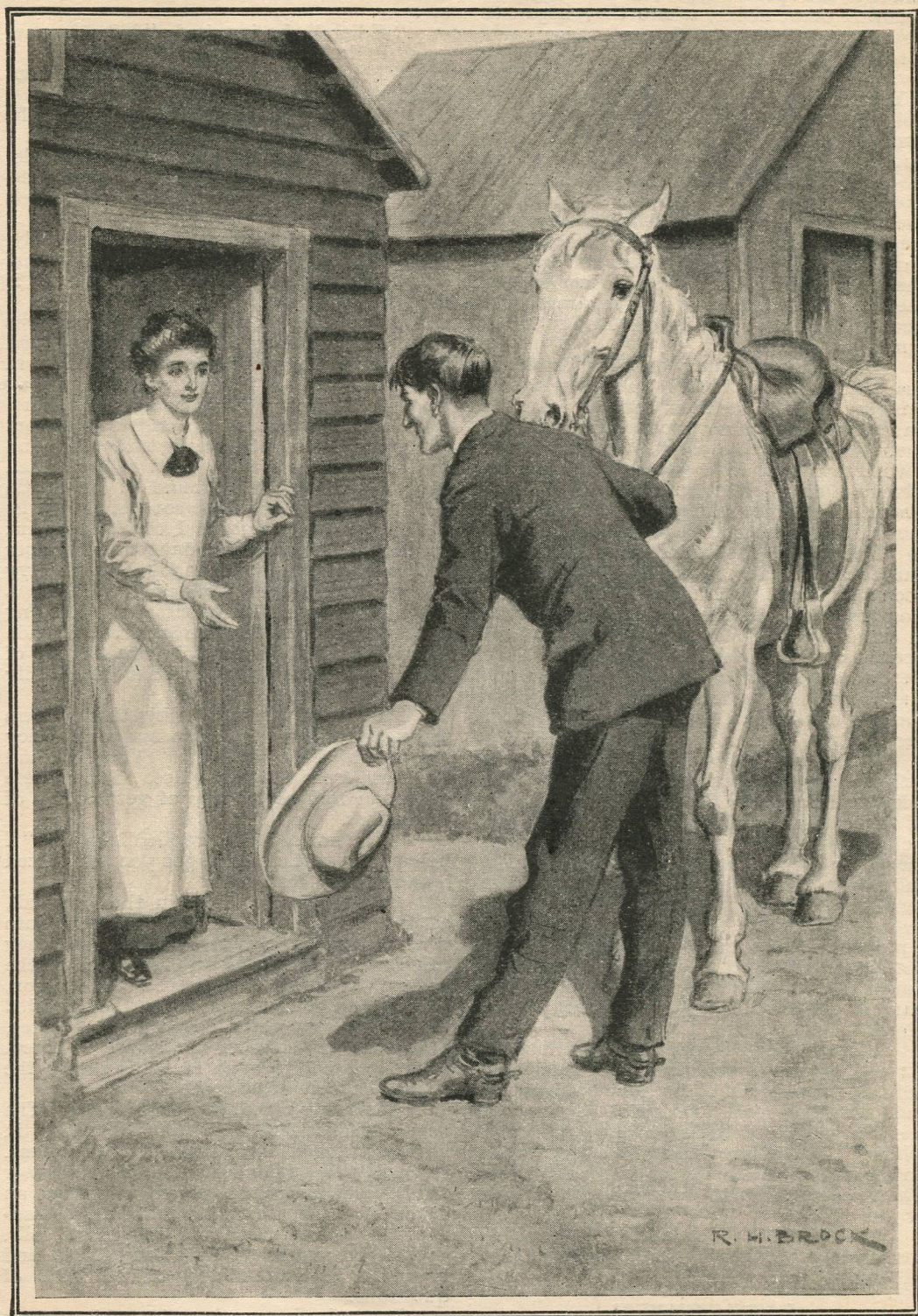
Looking out over the plains one morning, I saw a strange cavalcade breaking a trail straight as the crow flies to Section 31. I threw down a half-set advertisement and ran into our house, which lay some distance from the shop.

"Marian! Marian!" I cried. "The Indians! A whole tribe of them on horse-back!" Not knowing what this unusual visit might portend, we locked the door, fastened the windows, and pulled down the shades. Peeping out, we saw the Red men approach—a dozen or more bucks in full Indian regalia, riding in leisurely fashion toward the store. Presently they dismounted from their horses, turned them loose to graze, and then stood jabbering and making signs.

This had once been their land, and it flashed across my mind that they meant to kill us for the part we were playing in developing it for the whites.

While Marian and I sat huddled in a corner on the couch, waiting for death, the Indians walked into the print-shop. Presently there came a knock at the door, and we heard voices. We sat motionless, praying. At last we plucked up enough courage to peep out from behind the drawn blinds. A big old buck with a beaded vest and long braids of hair was saying: "How, how!" What did he mean, we wondered—how to get at us?

The Indians remained clustered in a group, all talking at once; evidently they did not mean to leave. We might just as well face the inevitable. Accordingly we opened the door, whereupon they motioned



"He made his most courteous drawing-room bow."

toward the print-shop. Obediently we followed them inside, where they began to investigate the type. One of them came forward, palms up.

"How"—this by way of greeting. "You pale-face braves? Machine?" He pointed to the press. I endeavoured to explain its use by showing them a newspaper. They shook their heads, lost in wonder, and then walked through the open door into the store, where, by pointing the articles out, they purchased *shu-hum-pa* (sugar) and *shelah* (tobacco). When they had looked round to their hearts' content they went riding back to the other side of the barbed-wire fence which separated the unceded from the ceded lands. And so ended our first "Indian raid."

But the next day another drove of them arrived on horses and in wagons, bringing with them their squaws, who sat on the floor with their papooses strapped on their backs. Accompanying them came Joe Two Hawk, their interpreter, who had been educated at an Eastern college and later taught us the Sioux language. They made several purchases, and we parted firm friends.

Meanwhile the work seemed to get harder and harder; every day should have been forty-eight hours long. Breaking trails from every direction, new settlers arrived in wagons and in buggies, afoot and on horseback—and a few in automobiles. They were all alive, alert, enthusiastic, and greatly elated, as soon as they heard about it, at the idea of having a local newspaper of their very own.

When my little journal got into its stride I sent specimen copies to leading business men in all the towns in that part of the State, calling their attention to the richness of this region and its rapid development; in return many of them sent me subscriptions and advertising. From the territory bordering the Reservation, moreover, there came a sheaf of unexpected "proof publications," which helped with the bread-and-butter end of the paper during the fourteen months' wait for the harvest of proof notices from my own district.

I threw myself into the work with every scrap of energy I possessed. I made long, hot trips across the plains under a burning sun, carrying mail and prints for miles, and occasional business journeys to town, when I hitched up a team to a big wagon and hauled out supplies at the same time. There were no spare moments for Marian or me.

"If this is the simple life," I grumbled sometimes, "I should like to know where one finds the strenuous!"

RATTLESNAKES!

One day, while I was setting up an article about the value of flax as a sod crop,

Marian's voice broke in upon the clicking of type.

"Edith," she inquired, "What are we going to do about the rattlesnakes?"

"Let 'em rattle," I answered nonchalantly.

"They're swarming all over the country," she went on tragically.

"Well, what do you want me to do, dear?" I asked. "Publish a notice ordering them to vacate, as the land has all been taken up?"

She grinned; then went on seriously, "But it's really dreadful. They are lying coiled up everywhere so thick that it is dangerous to move."

It was true enough. The venomous brutes lay rattling along the trails, and everywhere one went one saw ripples in the tall grass—a hidden snake wriggling along. They crawled up to the very doors, and one never picked up any object from the ground without investigating all round and under it lest there be a rattler coiled ready to strike. The sound of the rattle became as familiar as the song of the birds.

For obvious reasons I could not print warnings about the snake danger in my paper and remind the people to always carry vinegar, soda, and bandages, and have a sharp knife handy for opening and bleeding the wound. The less we told the outside world about the serpents in this Garden of Eden of ours the better, or I should speedily get it a bad name.

"I'll print placards in big black letters setting out the prevention and emergency treatment," I said at last. "You can hand them out from the post-office. The settlers will soon find some way of getting rid of the snakes."

"I'm not so sure," replied Marian. "I believe the rattlers have got your organized human army bested."

During the hot days in the late Fall, after the snakes, as usual, had gone into winter quarters with the prairie dogs, they came out of their holes and lay round on the ground sunning themselves. Thereupon, seizing their opportunity, the settlers invaded the dog-towns, which covered many acres, and killed the rattlers off by the hundred. Proudly I pointed out to Marian that the snakes had *not* bested us.

The rains came, the crops grew. The new arrivals had hay and potatoes in abundance, and caves full of sweet melons. Prosperity began to smile upon the Lower Brule, and my little paper was now an active part of the communal life. Meanwhile I studied seeds and crops and soils, became an expert on U.S. Land Laws, and kept the settlers posted on all sorts of questions.

Instead of resenting the white man's intrusion upon their former hunting-grounds, as we had feared, the Indians were actually

enjoying it. Among our best friends were Julia Walking Eagle, Joe Two Hawk, Lane Deer, and Rain-in-the-Face. They called me "Pale-Face-Prints-Paper" and Marian "Pale-Face-Swaps-Horses," and although I was now their legal adviser their business

"Say," he called out. "Do you know who's got the south-west quarter of Thirty, joining your land?" Without waiting for an answer he went on: "A red-headed girl typesetter from Spencer, South Dakota."

"Charlie," I warned him, "if you don't



A batch of new "homesteaders" on the Reservation.

with "Swaps-Horses" was a great deal more extensive than it was with "Prints-Paper."

Marian had inherited our father's gift—he is a born trader in little or big deals—and before long our corral was full of horses, for which there was a brisk demand. She also traded the Indians groceries in exchange for fence posts, which the settlers badly needed, and subscriptions for wild berries.

Sometimes the Red men would camp all night across the road and invite us to supper, serving prairie-dog and potatoes roasted in the hot ashes. They would proudly present us with a tit-bit of dog, saying, "*Le-la-washta cu-cush*" ("very good meat"), and we had to swallow it, although I had not anticipated having to eat prairie dog as part of a frontier newspaper career.

By this time I was so busy that I needed a typesetter, but I could not afford to import anybody, and people who can set type aren't usually to be picked up in new districts on the frontier.

Down in the "draw" a short distance from Ammons lived one Margaret Hoolihan and her young brother Charlie. While Margaret held down her homestead claim Charlie spent his time riding over the plains on a big broncho. As a news-gatherer he was invaluable, so I called him my reporter.

One day he galloped up to the open window of the print-shop.

stop being so careless with your veracity you are going to lose your job."

"Well, she *is*!" he retorted, and away he went.

The reader will say that such a coincidence, following upon the heels of the printer who rode in out of the blue to help me, is wholly incredible, but Kathryn Slattery was a typesetter, and she came up to the print-shop every morning from her little shack down the "draw" until she "proved up." She had set type for several years on a newspaper in Spencer, South Dakota, and proved a splendid assistant.

As time went on Marian and I turned the store over to "Ma" Wagor. She, in her sixties, and "Pa," who was in his seventies, were homesteading a few miles away. She had no money, but she wanted the store, and we were anxious to get rid of it, and she thought she could pay in instalments from the small profits.

Relieved of the shop duties, Marian gave her spare time to the print-shop, which buzzed like a saw-mill, never ceasing operations. One of the homesteaders was appointed mail-carrier, and so that duty in turn was got rid of, leaving us free to concentrate on our own special work.

Sometimes, however, we got a little diversion. Round-up time on the range across the fence was heralded by the ceaseless bawling of thousands of cows and calves,

which could be heard for miles through the clear, still air.

Senator "Scotty" Philips, owner of one of the largest buffalo herds in the world, came in one day on his way to the Indian lands, where he ran large herds of cattle.

"You girls are working too hard," he announced. "Get a few of your friends together and come over to the round-up."

We collected a little crowd, including a few married couples to act as chaperons, left our assistants in charge, and set out.

We filled tin plates from the grub-wagon, sitting round on the ground to eat. In the evening we had music, song, and poetry, mixed with strange tales of the plains

(To be concluded.)

told by the cowboys; then blankets were thrown on the ground for a few hours' sleep.

After a hot breakfast at daybreak, when the majestic glory of the open spaces reaches its zenith, the camp outfit followed the trail of the "punchers" to the next branding-pen, where sweating cowboys roped and dragged calves to the busy branders.

At sunset they all came riding back into camp. Following in the rear, a mile or two behind, was Van Leesh on "Hop-Along," his drawing materials stuffed in the saddle-bag.

"Great stuff, great stuff!" he told me. "Wonderful life, isn't it, little editor? But it's too confoundedly hard for my liking!"

THE LAST OF THE MAFIA

HERE is yet another most interesting "sequel" to a WIDE WORLD article. In our

issue for November—December, 1926, we published a remarkable contribution by

Mr. Herbert Vivian, entitled "Mussolini's War Against the Mafia," and describing how the Strong Man of Italy had initiated a campaign of extermination in Sicily against the terrible secret society known as the Mafia. At the time our article was published the issue still remained doubtful; people familiar with local conditions said that even Mussolini would fail, as other Governments had failed before him, to uproot this dreaded organization. The newspaper narrative here reproduced, however, seems to indicate that law and order have now been triumphantly vindicated and Sicily finally freed from the dominance of an evil terror that had too long held the people in its power.

END OF THE MAFIA.

DREADED SECRET SOCIETY.

MUSSOLINI KEEPS A PLEDGE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ROME, Thursday.

With the sentencing (already reported in *The Daily Mail*) at the Assize Court of Termini Imerese, in the north of Sicily, of 147 members of the Mafia, the grip of this dreaded secret society over Sicily has been broken.

The domination of the Mafia in that island has lasted for many years. It had brought to such a high pitch of perfection its methods of terrorism and reprisals that the Crown could formerly never find a witness against a member. With the sentencing of individual terrorists, however, the confidence of the people in the protection of the police increased until at last many people came forward to testify against the members.

The origin of the Mafia is lost in antiquity. It first became powerful in the shape of a secret patriotic society, but degenerated into a criminal association.

JUDGES IN ITS RANKS.

It soon had Sicily completely in its grip. Spreading terror far and wide, it was able to commit any crime with impunity, as the police, and even judges, were in its ranks.

It levied large sums from landowners, and either murdered those who refused payment or destroyed their crops and maimed their cattle.

Occasionally one band of Maffisti would start fighting another band for supremacy. Regular wars would ensue. Murder was rife on all sides, but the law was always powerless.

Men were stabbed to death in broad daylight in a crowded public thoroughfare, but not a single witness was found who would admit having seen anything.

Members of the Mafia belonged to all classes of society, the leaders often belonging to the highest. Signor Musso-

lini, the Premier, soon decided that the activities must be stopped at all costs.

Following his usual custom, he picked a man in whom he had complete confidence and gave him full powers.

The choice fell on Signor Mori, himself a Sicilian. He replaced all doubtful police officers, recruited men of proved character, and imported a Fascist militia.

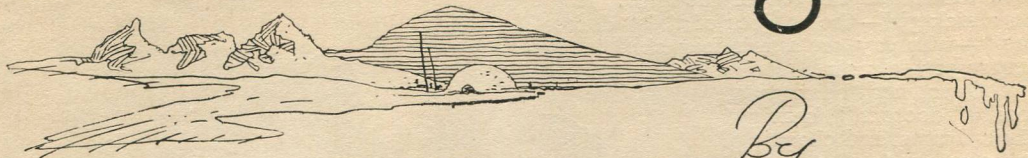
Gradually the first convictions were obtained. The police arrested hundreds at a time. The process culminated at the trial at Termini Imerese, which has broken the back of the Mafia. Sicilians are blessing Signor Mussolini, who has ridden the island of the terror which oppressed it.

CAGED PRISONERS.

ROME, Thursday.

The accused persons were chained together in fours and kept in a huge iron cage in court, surrounded by carabinieri with fixed bayonets.—British United Press.

Eskimo Magic



E.W. Hawkes

Illustrated by ERNEST PRATER

IN "The Witch-Doctor's Vengeance"* and sundry other articles published in THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, I have recounted some of the strange adventures that have befallen me in a study of that fascinating subject, "native magic." This pursuit has been carried on in many odd corners of the native world, and more than once, I confess, has nearly cost me my life.

The primitive mind reacts to the so-called "unknown" in nearly the same manner in all quarters of the globe, but nowhere is the dividing line between the seen and the unseen worlds more clearly broken down than among an isolated tribe of Eskimo in Bering Strait, with whom I lived—the only white man among them—for two long Arctic winters.

Summing up my conclusions briefly, I would say that to the native mind there is no unknown—the seen and the unseen worlds are one. After long residence among natives, a white man reverts to somewhat the same notion, and ceases to try to analyze the practices of the native magicians, some of which appear to transcend any reasonable explanation.

The Eskimo witch-doctors or *angekohs* are splendid ventriloquists and sleight-of-hand performers, but these tricks are employed simply to amuse the crowd, or on unimportant occasions. Their "deep magic," however, requires an apprenticeship which begins in early youth and lasts a lifetime.

The most sensitive, high-strung, intelligent child in a village is set aside in tender years "for the spirits." He wanders in lonely places, far from the haunts of even his roving race. Here, it is believed, he is visited by his spirit familiars, who teach him

The Author has spent some considerable time among the Eskimo of Bering Strait, and here recounts several uncanny instances of "native magic" occurring within his own experience. "I do not profess to explain these things," he says; "all I know is that they happened."

strange and terrible things. Sometimes even his sex is changed, and he returns to the village in the garb of a woman. Such "witches" have extraordinary powers. A striking example

came to my observation when I first landed on the Diomed Islands. I shall not attempt to offer any explanations; I have merely put down what happened.

I had scarcely set foot on these wild outposts of Alaskan territory as the official representative of "Uncle Sam," when a very excited native arrived with an invitation to a "doctoring" to be held at his *igloo* (hut) that evening. His hair attracted my particular attention. It was tonsured like a monk's, whereby I knew him for an "outlander," as these Eskimo call those of their brethren who live on the Asiatic side of the strait.

What with superintending the unloading of a year's supplies and answering multitudinous questions from the villagers, evening came soon enough, and after a hasty meal my interpreter and I set out along the rocky shore for the *igloo* of our host, the "outlander."

It was a ramshackle affair constructed of driftwood and stones, which we entered by a long entrance tunnel. Even with these materials, I thought, as I scrambled in on hands and knees, the Eskimo seems impelled to reproduce the plan of his ancient snow-house.

I was very sceptical as to the native "doctor's" magical powers, but I must confess I did not retain this attitude very long, for I was totally unprepared for the demonstration of the powers of darkness that was presently unfolded.

The *igloo* was full of people, sitting on a raised platform which ran round the room. Our host, who occupied the place of honour

* See our issue for April-May, 1921.—EDITOR.

in the rear of the room, beckoned us to sit beside him. The four seal-oil lamps in the corners of the *igloo* were then extinguished, and we were left in partial darkness, the only light in the place coming through a gut-skin window in the top of the *igloo*. It fell on a sick girl—the subject of the “doctoring”—who lay on a reindeer skin in the centre of the room.

Over her bent two local “doctors,” beating their drums and chanting monotonously. The patient’s face was white and drawn, in sharp contrast to the dusky visages of the “doctors”; her eyes were closed. I should have thought her dead but for the faint moaning sound which occasionally came from between her clenched teeth.

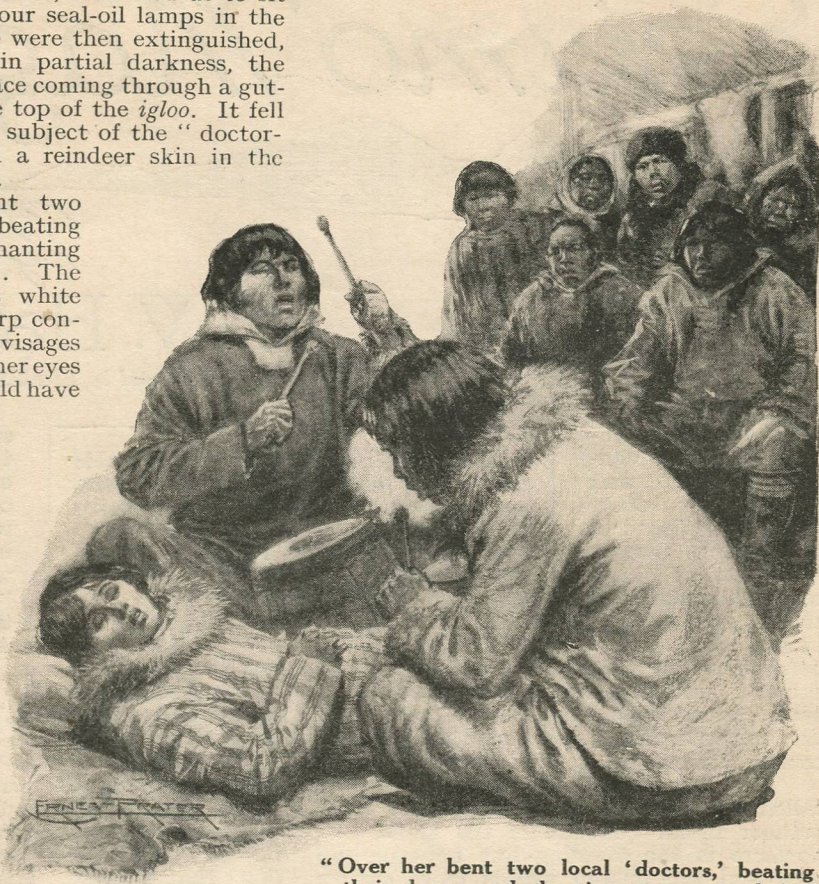
In the dim light she appeared young and more than ordinarily good-looking. Her value as a marriageable daughter, however, had been completely destroyed in Eskimo eyes. She had refused the hand of an

East Cape suitor, having been “bewitched” by a terrible “doctor” of changed sex on the Asiatic mainland. All this the “outlander,” Appowee, explained to me in a whisper.

The drums beat on and on, the witch-doctors’ chant rose and fell, until my brain swam with the sheer monotony of it after the fatigue of the day. Almost overcome, I presently slipped off the platform and sought the cool night air outside. Suddenly, in the direction of the East Cape, a curious phosphorescent light appeared on the surface of the ocean. As I watched it this radiance developed into a large, fiery ball, travelling across the waves at tremendous speed. In a moment, as it seemed, it reached the shore and disappeared into Appowee’s *igloo*!

Startled, I hurriedly retraced my steps through the entrance tunnel, and as I took my seat again was somehow not surprised to see the light shining faintly above the sick girl. Then the oil-lamps flared up as the girl’s mother renewed the wicks, and when their flames steadied again the strange phosphorescence had disappeared.

The curious light I have described



“Over her bent two local ‘doctors,’ beating their drums and chanting monotonously.”

was visible not only to myself, but to my interpreter and all the natives in the *igloo*. At the time I thought I must have been more or less hypnotized by the monotony of the drumming and the song, but all who attended gave the same account of the phenomenon, and the general opinion was unanimous that it proved the source of the deathly sickness of the poor girl to be the witchcraft of the “doctor” on the mainland.

The patient did not improve after the ceremony, as had been hoped. She could retain no food, and was obviously sinking fast.

The Eskimo idolize their children, and Appowee, at his wits’ ends, besought me to see what I could do to help her. Thereupon I ordered her to be bathed and clad in new clothing, playing on a native superstition that this would deceive the malignant spirit that was attacking her. Then I administered a powerful stimulant. For half a day she brightened, and her parents became pathetically happy in their relief. But she soon fell back again into her strange

moaning stupor, and that evening she died. She had only been ill two days.

As already stated, I do not profess to explain all this. I do not know what killed the poor girl. Like everyone else in the community, she believed that she had been bewitched by the Asiatic wizard—and she died. Nor can I offer any explanation as to the phosphorescence that appeared to come in from the sea. All I know is that everyone present saw it and described it to me in exactly the same terms.

Another type of native magician—this time hailing from the American mainland—appeared one mid-winter day when the islands were fast in the grip of the Arctic pack-ice, shut off from the outside world for eight or nine months. This fellow was brought in by the hunters. He was nearly frozen, but had succeeded in making his way across the frozen ocean of bergs and pressure-ridges from the Alaskan side. This feat in itself made him a great hero in the natives' eyes, although, as I afterwards discovered, he was an outcast from his own tribe, which had turned Christian.

The newcomer was a squat, bow-legged, repulsive-looking little man with one blind eye. He leered up at me with the remaining good one, and craved permission to practise as a "doctor" on the islands. I answered that we already had too many "doctors" of our own; I believe there were seven to a hundred odd inhabitants.

Thereupon the old man endeavoured to flatter me by saying that he and I could work together! Some native had evidently told him I had a small case of remedies which I occasionally dispensed to the islanders, who had a habit of falling back on the white man's powders when native magic failed. Some even tried both parties, in order to be on the safe side!

While I remained in doubt as to the advisability of allowing this stranger to carry on his queer trade, my interpreter whispered to me that this man was a very great "doctor"; in fact, the leading wizard of the whole district. If I allowed him to remain, he added, I should see many strange things. It was impossible to send him back over the ice to certain death, so Toogónuk the One-Eyed, as he was called, was allowed to remain.

At the very first séance he held Toogónuk showed his extraordinary power. A deadly epidemic had been raging among the natives up and down the coasts, and anxious relatives inquired of him the number of dead in the various neighbouring settlements. Thereupon the witch-doctor asked for the loan of an ancient blue bead belonging to one of the women. Before her startled eyes he ground it to powder with a stone maul.

Picking up the dust between his fingers, Toogónuk blew it to the four winds of

heaven, explaining that it was his messenger to the places inquired about. Then, after an interval, he reached out into the air, and something thudded against his hand. He opened it, disclosing the blue bead, quite intact. Questioning the bead, he claimed to be "told" a certain figure for each village. The curious thing is that the numbers he gave corresponded almost exactly with the official reports of the dead *given out the following spring!*

After finishing with the bead, Toogónuk offered to return it to the woman, but she was too frightened to take it. I, however, insisted on examining it, and could not see that it differed in any way from the one he had received from her. The bead incident, of course, may have been mere sleight-of-hand, but how does one explain the numbers?

Later, when the epidemic—which he also foretold exactly—struck our own island, and the chief's son died, the witch-doctor held a grand séance to discover the person who had bewitched the boy and so caused his death.

By this time he and I were enemies, and he had even tried his magic on me, as related in my former story. For this reason I was keeping a close watch on him, and secured a seat next to him at the performance. It was held in the winter twilight, on the side of the snowy mountain behind the village. Driftwood fires were lighted, casting long shadows over the bleak snow-drifts and the gloomy faces of the Eskimo squatting in a circle about Toogónuk. It was a wild scene, and remains indelibly stamped on my memory.

After the usual drumming and songs, offerings of tobacco were cast on the fires to inform the spirits of the underworld that we were ready to receive their messages. Then Toogónuk suddenly pulled a new gut-skin coat from under his *parka* and placed it on the snow in front of him. Here, while we watched intently, it gradually swelled out and assumed the shape of a man.

From inside the coat a voice issued, asking why the speaker had been disturbed in the regions of the happy dead. The voice, my interpreter afterwards informed me, was that of the old chief's father, the grandfather of the deceased. The assembled Eskimo were too petrified with terror to answer, so the "doctor" had things all his own way. For a native he made a remarkable speech.

He asked the aged grandfather to look upon their woes, and to behold the ravages wrought by the terrible sickness which spared no one, not even the son of their chief. His strongest magic, he said, had been powerless to combat it or to save the old man's namesake, the dead grandson. Toogónuk wound up by asking for a sign

in order that the people might know the cause of this evil and when it would pass.

About this time I secretly began to shake in my boots, for I expected my old enemy the witch-doctor to make the "spirit of the grandfather" publicly denounce me to the tribe as the cause of all their afflictions. However, from what my interpreter told me later, it seems that a spirit cannot lie.

The voice from inside the coat answered that no one was to blame for the sickness, which would soon pass away. As for himself, he said, he craved to return to the dim shadow-world from which he had been summoned, where many recently-arrived spirits awaited his presence. Even as the words were spoken the gut-skin coat collapsed like a pricked balloon. A faint rustling followed, and then the

The cheerful message of the "grandfather" put the Eskimo in good spirits for a time, but their joy was soon succeeded by fear of starvation because "the game did not come."

Between the hardships of actual existence and fear of the unseen these primitive people of the Diomedes lead a very hard life on their barren little islands amidst the swift currents of Bering Strait. The main reason why they inhabit them is that they afford a splendid vantage-point for game.

All the Arctic animals that stream through the straits from the North Pacific to the Arctic during the migrations, following the retreating ice, must pass by them. These include the seal, the bow-head whale, and the walrus, which latter forms the staple



"While we watched intently it gradually swelled out and assumed the shape of a man."

garment fell inert at the witch-doctor's feet.

I saw the whole thing from the distance of a few feet, but I can offer no explanation as to how the trick of making the coat temporarily swell up and assume human shape was worked. The voice, of course, was probably ventriloquism.

food of the islanders. Each spring the walrus pass north on the drifting bergs in countless thousands. Some years, however, they are late, and then a "game-caller" must lend his aid in the same way as an *angekok* acts as a "spirit-caller."

The "game-caller" in this case was an old man named Ignosetuk. The natives said he had lived among the walrus and knew

their language ; in his youth, they asserted, he had been carried away by the big beasts and spent many years in Walrus-land, far to the northwards, where lies the great ice-pack that never ends. That was why he would eat only " walrus-food "—clams and greens from the sea. He certainly bore a curious resemblance to this animal, and his front canines were longer than his other teeth, as in the walrus.

Some people hinted that his feet were like flippers, and there was certainly a membraneous skin between his fingers. Ignosetuk was a harmless old fellow. He would never kill a walrus himself, saying that they were " his brothers," but he saw no harm in " calling " them for the other natives.

About this time heavy fogs beset the straits. One could not see a foot ahead,

ing call, deep and mournful as the voice of a fog-horn. It carried for miles. No animals appeared that day, but the natives went to sleep confident that they would come.

In the morning the fog lifted slightly, and we could make out brown discolorations on the ice in front of the village. Here, said the Eskimo, the leaders of the walrus-pack had been talking all night with Ignosetuk. The main herd would



much less hunt game.

For some weeks all my own supplies had been exhausted, and the village was wellnigh reduced to starvation. We kept alive by netting the small waterfowl. However, one cannot live on duck-soup indefinitely, and so the people sent Ignosetuk to the rocky headland of the island to " call " the walrus while they still had sufficient strength to catch them.

The old man took up his station on the point overlooking the strait, with his face turned to the south, in the direction from which the walrus might be expected to come. He would not allow anyone near him, but through the the fog we could hear his sough-

soon appear. Sure enough, it arrived next day, and the natives were busy for weeks killing and cutting up the heavy bodies and storing them in their winter caches. Where had been hunger and despair all was bustle and plenty now.*

I don't attempt to explain these things ; I think a civilized man would be foolish to try it. Perhaps we have completely lost that close contact with the unseen and the world of animals which primitive natives still undoubtedly possess.

* Readers will find it interesting to compare this incident with the " calling " of the Porpoise as described in our issue for July-August, 1926.—EDITOR.

His Highness the White Elephant

By

WILLIAM W. FEGEN,

of Bangkok, Siam

The so-called "white" elephant is held in the utmost veneration in Siam, and when one comes to light popular excitement knows no bounds. From the King downwards everyone prepares to pay homage to the semi-sacred animal, and more than Royal honours are accorded to it. This article describes the unique ceremonies that attended the recent discovery of a young "white" elephant in Northern Siam, and its triumphal progress to the capital—whither Mr. Fegen accompanied it—in a special train that cost £15,000 and was in charge of Princes of the Royal House.



SIAM is known as the "Land of the White Elephant" and has been so called for many years, although probably Ceylon, Burma, and Cambodia are in reality equally entitled to that appellation, since in each of them these animals are regarded as Royal and semi-sacrosanct.

The veneration inspired by "white" elephants is all the more odd because they seldom *are* white; moreover, they vary considerably in their characteristics. Nevertheless, they have in the past been objects of keen contention between the rulers and peoples of the East, and on various occasions the wars they caused led to the downfall of powerful monarchs and the sweeping away of whole dynasties.

"White" elephants are not known in the countries where they are regarded as wellnigh sacred by any such misleading name. In Siam, for example, they are called *chang puek*—best translated as "curious elephants"—and are divided into various classes or grades.

Some have certain parts of the body white, others have odd markings on the head. Yet others possess red hair and peculiarly-formed teeth, while occasionally freaks have been encountered with ten toes on their fore-feet in place of the usual eight. It takes an expert to distinguish the various

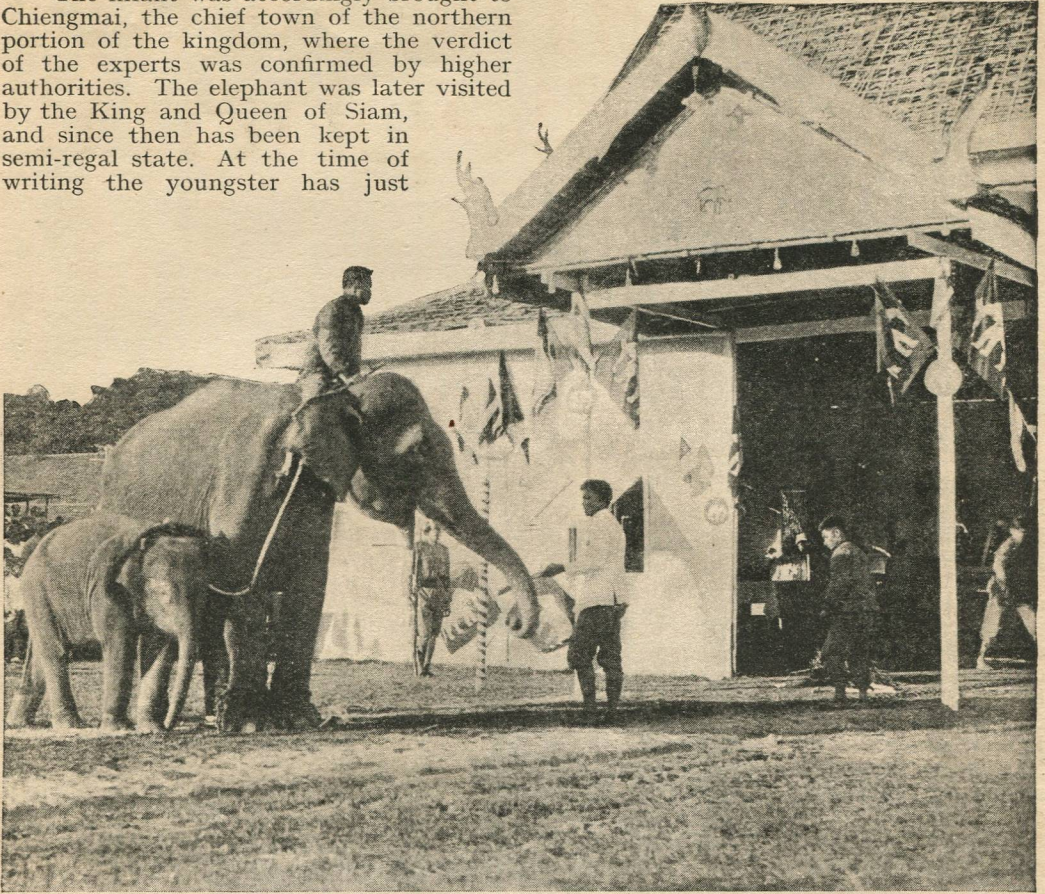
categories, and when an unusual elephant is captured these experts are sent up-country to inspect and pass judgment upon it. If the verdict proves favourable the animal is enrolled among the elect and treated with all the deference due to his high degree.

As regards the reason for the veneration accorded to "white" elephants, some authorities hold that they are incarnations of the Buddha, while others contend that they enshrine the souls of former great men of the country. Anyway, the animals are invariably accorded Royal honours and eagerly welcomed as the best possible omens for the welfare and prosperity of the country and its people.

So much by way of explanatory prelude.

Early in the reign of the present King of Siam the news arrived that a "white" elephant had been discovered on the teak concession of a well-known British concern—the Borneo Company, Ltd. He was a little chap, only a month or two old when found, but the experts sent to view the baby pronounced him to be a true *chang puek*.

The infant was accordingly brought to Chiangmai, the chief town of the northern portion of the kingdom, where the verdict of the experts was confirmed by higher authorities. The elephant was later visited by the King and Queen of Siam, and since then has been kept in semi-regal state. At the time of writing the youngster has just



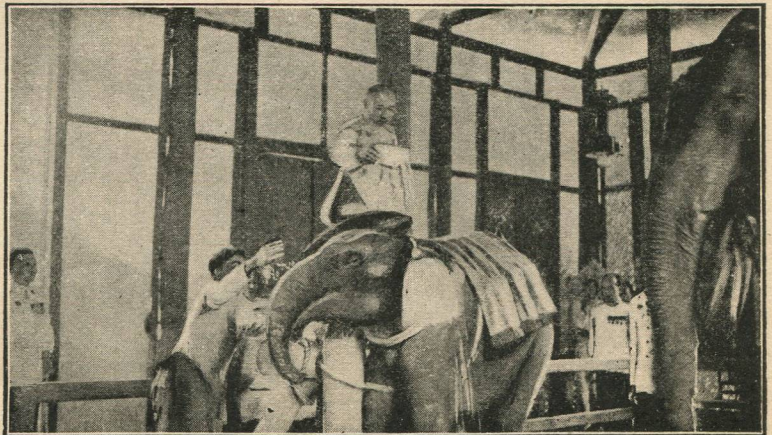
The sacred white elephant and his mother.

arrived at Bangkok, the capital, by rail, after a truly royal progress.

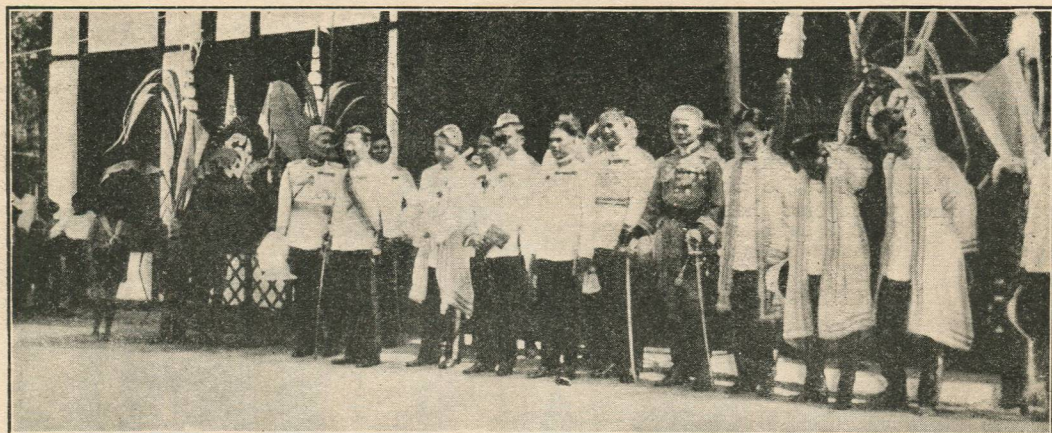
Every stage of its journey was marked with religious services, whereat bodies of yellow-clad Buddhist priests chanted prayers in the elephant's honour, while at each stopping-place the Brahmin priests aspersed it with lustral water and performed various rites around it. A personal representative of the King met the youngster at every halt, accompanied by all the district officials in full uniform.

The ceremony of welcome was very impressive, the officials standing in a circle round the

little elephant and his mother and, to the accompaniment of music, passing a lighted torch from one to the other. After the torch had gone round three times it



The Minister for Communications pouring lustral water on the elephant.

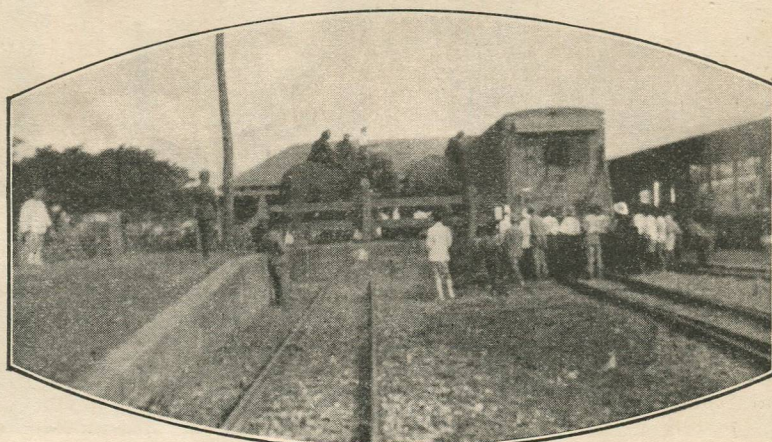


High officials waiting to greet the elephant on his arrival at one of the stopping-places.

was extinguished. Dances by bevvies of young girls formed part of the proceedings at the beginning and end of the journey, while at the stopping-places hundreds of people brought offerings in the shape of flowers, incense, or food, the latter generally consisting of sugar-cane or bunches of fruit.

The safe transport of a sacred "white" elephant naturally presents considerable difficulties, and these were got over on this occasion by the construction of a special truck. Externally this did not appear to be very different from the ordinary covered railway truck, though it was obviously most strongly built.

Inside, however, it was quite palatial, being equipped with electric lights, electric fans, and even a telephone, by means of which the elephant's attendants could communicate with either the engine-



The mother elephant boarding the special train.



Ladies of the Court in the ceremonial procession.

driver or the Royal Prince in charge of the train. The youngster also had a shower-bath, to supply which a tank-car followed, containing some twenty tons of water.

At each point where the elephant had to enter or leave the train large earthen

another to get him to entrain peacefully. His mother, after a little hesitation, was partly cajoled and partly forced to enter the car by a party of big tusker elephants. But the youngster could not be forced—that would have been *lèse-majesté*, if not

sacrilege—and so he was permitted to ramble about, though surrounded by huge elephant guards, until it pleased him to enter his carriage.

The time when the train was due to leave was long past, but what of that? Disdaining the calls of his mother, who trumpeted loudly from the car, and resisting the blandishments of his anxious attendants, who tendered all kinds of elephantine delicacies, this three-quarters of a ton of youthful pachyderm just

gambolled about and enjoyed himself for nearly an hour, until he felt the need of a little nourishment. Thereupon he quietly joined his mother, the doors of the truck were shut, the huge barks of teak that fastened them shot into their sockets, and all was ready for the journey.

The elephant-train with its two engines, weighing some two hundred and fifty tons, was followed by a breakdown train, in case of emergencies, which carried a forty-ton

ramps or inclines had been constructed, with erections of palm leaves to disguise the car and make its doorway look as much like an opening in the animal's native jungles as possible.

All preparations being complete and the final ceremonies at Chiangmai having taken place, the precious "white" elephant and his mother were taken in a grand procession to the railway, about a mile and a half away. His Highness the baby and his lady mother were preceded by an escort of police and Boy Scouts and followed by a sort of guard of honour of about thirty magnificent tusker elephants, the rear of the procession being brought up by a regiment of infantry with fixed bayonets. On the flanks of the *cortège* marched State drummers and Laos spearmen in wonderful antique uniforms.

It was one thing to bring the sacred elephant to the station, however, and quite

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The King of Siam, accompanied by his officers, going in state to visit the elephant.



The baby elephant and his mother on their way to the station.

crane; there was also a "caterpillar" motor-truck containing a powerful wireless installation, so that the officials could keep in touch with headquarters.

The journey of some three hundred and fifty miles was carried out in four stages, the first two under the ægis of H.R.H. the Prince of Kambaeng Bejra, Minister of Communications, who was acting as the King's personal representative. At the end of the second stage the young elephant was met by the Prince of Lopburi, Minister of the Interior and a brother of the King, and at the close of the third stage by H.R.H. Prince Bhanurangsi, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces and an uncle of the King.

During the journey from north Siam to the capital the elephant had as companions a large brass image of the Buddha and a white monkey, a pure albino—an animal which is also regarded as an emblem of good fortune by Siamese of the older school.

Everywhere along the route the train was met by vast throngs of people with offerings of various kinds, the whole journey being a kind of triumphal progress. When Bangkok was finally reached the "white" elephant was received by the King and taken to the grounds of one of the Royal palaces, where entertainments in its honour were kept up for two days and nights.

The arrival of the semi-sacred animal attracted the biggest crowds that have ever assembled in the country, and the pageants were really wonderful, embracing at least a dozen kinds of theatrical displays, boxing, quarterstaff-play, varied and extremely graceful Siamese dances, and all kinds of other attractions, the entertainments alternating with both Buddhist and Brahmin religious rites.

The "white" elephant himself—who behaved admirably throughout what must have been a trying ordeal—was accorded a patent of nobility engraved upon a gold tablet, and all the principal officials concerned in his transport to the capital were suitably rewarded.

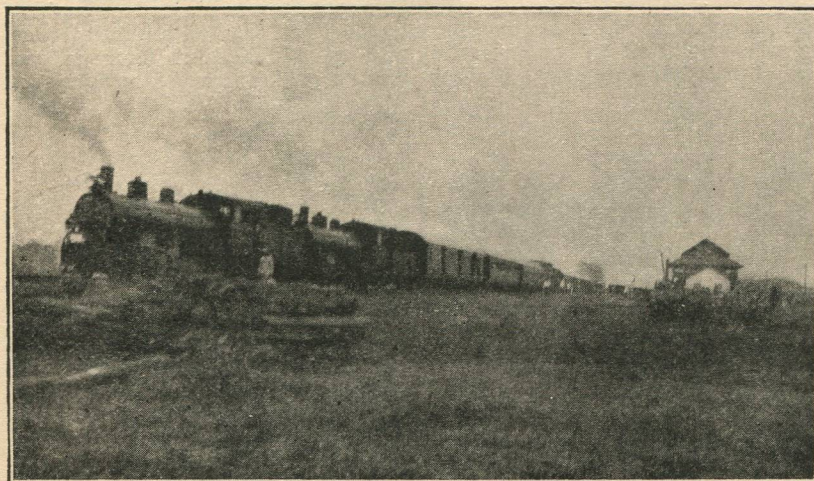
One occasionally hears the suggestion made that the old-time pageantry of the East has departed. This may be the case in some lands, but it is certainly not true so far as Siam is concerned. What contrast could be greater, however, than a young elephant, popularly regarded as semi-sacred, being conveyed in his own special train past an aerodrome containing the best part of two hundred up-to-date machines? It was a case of the East meeting the West, with a vengeance!

In the West "white elephant" is a synonym for an expensive and burdensome luxury; and this baby which has just arrived at Bangkok can hardly be deemed an exception to the rule.

The special train which brought him to the capital is said to have cost the Royal Household Department £15,000, while the arrangements in connection with the entertainments and processions are stated to have entailed an expenditure of a trifle more than that sum, while what the people spent in the way of pious and loyal offerings can hardly be estimated. It is perhaps just as well for the national finances of a none-too-rich State, therefore, that "white" elephants are not often discovered, this being the first to come to light since 1911.

The East, however, still dearly loves its pageantry, and hence, spite of the inevitable expense, the discovery of one of

these rare animals causes great popular joy, even though it may be doubted whether the virile and progressive younger generation of Siam pays much attention to the superstitions and beliefs so dear to his ancestors. But there is no Lord Mayor's Show in Siam, and the people may be pardoned for finding, at infrequent periods, what may be regarded as a very good excuse for emulating it.



The special train, drawn by two engines, that conveyed the elephant and his mother to the capital.

In Quest of Gold

By
CARLETON BEALS

Illustrated by REGINALD CLEAVER

The conclusion of this interesting narrative. The Author and his brother went to Mexico in search of a cache of buried gold, but found themselves unable to reach the location of the treasure owing to the fact that the savage Yaqui Indians were on the war-path. Having come to the end of their resources, the brothers were compelled to seek work at a ranch, where they were given the job of clearing out a ditch.
You can now read on.

III.—(Conclusion.)

IF anyone wishes to suffer condensed unpleasantness, let him take on the job of clearing weeds out of a Mexican irrigation ditch. When Ralph and I came to it we stared doubtfully at the muddy, sluggish canal; then we stripped off our trousers and rolled up our undergarments. Gingerly I stuck my toe into the water, but promptly jerked it back with an exclamation. The water, heated by the blazing sun, was wellnigh scalding!

But little by little we accustomed ourselves to the heat, and were soon in the ditch up to the waist, hacking away the weeds with our curved *machetes*.

Meanwhile the terrific sun beat down mercilessly on our heads, the heated, stagnant water parboiled our legs, and the glare from its surface and from the sheet-iron buildings blinded our throbbing eyes. The foetid exhalations from the decaying vegetable matter were stifling, and swarms of vicious gnats drifted about our faces. Listlessly I hacked at the tough stalks of the weeds and hauled them out, dripping with scum and long aquatic filaments.

Lack of food during the last few weeks, the terrible heat, the nerve-racking shimmer of the water—all these things combined to sap our strength. Wielding a *machete* was like lifting the Woolworth building itself. Exhausted, I straightened my aching back to stare thoughtfully across the far-flung, flooded rice-fields of the *Hacienda C*—to the distant jungles of the Yaqui River. Little had I thought,

when we started out, that our romantic treasure-hunt would end like this!

But we kept doggedly at it, and by sundown had cleared a fair stretch. The weeds we had flung out upon the bank were already dry and brittle. We crawled out of the water, scraped the mud from our legs, and bathed our sweating, sunburnt faces. Then we tried to pull on our trousers. Torture of tortures! We had to grit our teeth and work them on inch by inch. Even so the cloth rasped our raw, red skins. Every step became an agony; we sidled across the yard as though we were walking on eggs.

For three days we carried on. One's skin, blistered on the first day, finally became water-soaked and whitish. By nightfall one's fingers would be wrinkled and clammy; in the morning, they were dry and cracked. We developed several ugly sores that refused to heal.

The foreman of the rice-fields, one Rufo Draco, was a massive, fierce-looking *mestizo*, with red, pig-like eyes above high cheek-bones—a morose, brutish animal. He stalked about the place like a rumbling tornado.

On the fourth day we spent at the ranch he ordered Ralph and me to follow him out to repair an irrigation dike. He led the way through the sweltering rice-fields, looking at us occasionally in a most malignant manner. Without warning he suddenly stopped and swung his gorilla arms and clawing fingers into my face with a snarl. "See these hands?" he demanded.

I backed away precipitately; I thought the man had gone mad.

"I never fight with revolver or knife," he went on, tapping the weapons which hung at his side, and gloating at my dismay. "I just use these two hands, and no man crosses Rufo Draco's path and lives!"

We went on again, between two rows of osiers, and suddenly he exploded into speech again: "I was born here on this *hacienda*, before Señor Z— came. My

mother was a beautiful Yaqui. At fifteen she married a *peon* here. The owner, a Spaniard, a Gachupin, caught sight of her one day when he was riding among the huts. The next day her man was taken away by the *rurales*. . . .

"After several months that Spanish beast threw her out among the pigs. I was her child—his son. I ran wild here till I was put to work pulling weeds out of the ditches—like you've been doing. I was ten years old then. All day I worked under the sun—and I was only ten years old !

"I was eighteen when I got my first flogging. Two men were let loose on me with raw-hide whips, but I worked my hands free and flung them both aside. I held that Gachupin, my father, by the throat until he strangled !"

He stopped and laughed harshly. "You like the story, eh? Since that day Rufo Draco has had no pity in his heart. I break men as I break a piece of wood."

He grabbed my arm, and the pain of his claw-like grasp shot up into my shoulder. "If it pleased me, I could snap your bones in the same way," he growled.

He flung my arm loose, chuckling diabolically. "Since the day I choked that Gachupin no man has played fast and loose with Rufo Draco," he concluded.

Then he relapsed into a gloomy silence.

An incident that occurred the day after the owner returned—the day we had been set to work on the dikes—revealed to us just how Rufo made himself useful to the ranch. Z—— was a lean, Mexicanized, wry-mouthed, vicious-looking miser, hated by everyone. The E—— people—his neighbours farther up the river—believing he was still away, cut off the ranch's entire water-supply. Z——'s decision was instantaneous.

"Cut the water back into our ditches," he told Rufo.

Rufo, at the head of a big gang in which I was drafted (Ralph had gone to work in the warehouse), went off singing and shouting curses at the E—— people, hoping with all his soul for a fight. Our picks and shovels flew, scattering the dirt and stones. In half an hour we had the offending dikes cut, Rufo bulking above his handiwork on the main irrigation ditch, his face aflame with victory, his feet spread out across an open side-gate like some squat Colossus of Rhodes.

That afternoon he meted out primitive justice—two eyes for one and a whole jaw-bone for a tooth—by making us destroy the enemy ditches, thus openly courting conflict.

THE BATTLE OF THE DITCHES.

The E—— people duly arrived on the scene, but at first did not molest us, contenting themselves with repairing the

damage we had caused. The boss of their gang and Rufo shouted nasty epithets at each other.

Suddenly a heavy rock whizzed past Rufo and whanged against a tree-trunk. An instant later, amidst much cursing and shouting, there began a wild *mêlée* of flying missiles and deadly work with pick and shovel-handles. Knives clashed; tool clanged on tool; a writhing mass of struggling men reeled up and down the slippery irrigation slopes.

Presently a huge fellow aimed a terrific blow at me with a pick-handle; I parried it with my spade and ducked. Simultaneously a clod of earth struck me on the side of the head, and dirt flew into my mouth and eyes. Half-stunned, I lost my footing and rolled down the ditch into the muddy water, with all the fight knocked out of me.

Fortunately our men were now pressing the others back, and hardly had I gained the bank once more when the E—— workers took to their heels and fled away across the flooded fields.

The next day Rufo went off alone to the E—— *hacienda*, his rifle across the pommel of his saddle and a wicked-looking knife in his broad, red sash. He may not have fought with these weapons, but he came back smiling, jingling many coins in his pocket. Thereafter both parties had water.

The days passed, and the next excitement was a terrific storm which lasted three days, almost sweeping the house away and bringing me very close to drowning when all hands were ordered out to cut the dikes and release the water from the flooded fields.

And then came the incident that abruptly ended our sojourn at the *hacienda*.

Day by day the mess-room food had been getting poorer, and the rumble of discontent among the hands grew louder at every meal. How Sing, the Chinese cook, was abused every time he served the table.

"That yellow Chink is watching Margarita (Z——'s wife) instead of the pots," was the cynical password.

Finally, I was installed as cook instead of How Sing, only to find the flighty Margarita's attentions transferred to me! Years ago she must have been a beauty, but now she was a fat, greasy-looking creature with heavy lips.

Clad in a dressing-gown, her bare feet thrust into a pair of bedroom slippers, she kept shuffling in and out of the mess-room kitchen, and every time she appeared she invariably gave me a smirking smile and managed to stand close to me, though I certainly did nothing to encourage her. At length, under the pretext of borrowing a knife, she first touched my hand, then patted it.

"Do you think I am good-looking?" she asked, coyly.



"He swung his clawing fingers into my face with a snarl."

Anxious for peace, I assured her that she was not at all bad-looking.

Thereupon, to my dismay, she came closer, put her plump arm round my neck, and commanded: "Kiss me!"

Her manner filled me with repulsion, and almost before I realized what I was doing I pushed her away.

She turned upon me with blazing eyes.

"You'll pay for this!" she snarled. "You'll pay for this! Wait till I tell Z—. You'll pay!"

And with an ugly laugh she clattered up the creaking stairs. She did not show her nose in the kitchen any more that evening,

but at nine o'clock next morning Z—, the owner, approached me.

"The Chink'll do the cooking," he said, curtly, and turned on his heel.

"And what shall I do?" I asked.

"Do?" he echoed, without looking at me. "Why, I guess you and your brother had better clear out! And make it snappy, too!"

Goodness knows what story Margarita had told her husband, but cleared out we were, and that without any pay. Penniless, save for a *peso* given us by the friendly Swedish superintendent, we faced the long twenty-five-mile walk back to Cajeme.

Every road was knee-deep in yellow water, the result of the three-days' storm. The irrigation ditches had all overflowed, and the entire countryside was one vast lake, broken only by the trees, embankments, a few houses, and the tops of such taller crops as had miraculously survived.

We waded on under the blazing sun. Our skin itched and crawled; our eyes smarted.

By nightfall we had covered only a third of the distance. Twilight descended upon us, and with it came swarms of mosquitoes, which stung us viciously.

The sun went down in a red haze, and a fiery glow blazed a path across the forlorn, flooded fields. The trees stood out blackly against the red sky. We huddled on the damp slope of a high bank. There was no dry wood to start a fire and not enough room on the damp turf even to stretch out. As it was, our feet touched the water.

Morning came, and after another blistering day we made Cajeme at last. At sundown we reached the abode of Schneider—the man who had given us our former temporary job—and informed him of Z——'s treatment of us.

He shook his head. "The dirty dog!" he said. "Well, I can keep you busy for about a week building a *jacal* at the rear of my place. It means seventy-five *centavos* a day and grub, and you can get to work as soon as you've a mind."

NEWS OF THE YAQUIS.

In due course the *jacal* was finished, but we continued to do odd jobs at Schneider's. Meanwhile, the news concerning the rebellious Yaquis grew steadily worse. They had attacked Esperanza, only ten kilometres up the line, scattered the garrison, and dragged the commandant and his lieutenant round the village, face downwards, with their feet tied to the tails of horses, until the two unfortunate officers were dead.

At the coast they had captured a ranch-owner, his wife, and two boys, and sliced off the soles of their feet; then they killed them with clubs. The Yaquis on the war-path, everyone said, were fiends incarnate. And these were the people who stood between us and the cache of gold we had come so far to seek!

Fortunately Cajeme was set in the centre of a wide, treeless *llano*, and could not very well be taken by a surprise attack. Moreover, it was largely inhabited by semi-civilized Yaquis, who had more or less traffic with their savage brothers in the mountains and therefore enjoyed immunity. Even the commandant was a Yaqui, so that nobody in the place was alarmed.

Presently Ralph and I were compelled to make another move, entering the service of a Mexican farmer who owned a cleared

but isolated piece of ground in the jungle near Esperanza. Fear of the raiding Yaquis was so general that he could get no workmen, but as the pay and conditions were good, we braved the possible danger.

We constantly kept rifles beside us while working, but nothing happened, and gradually we began to lose our sense of fear, and even laughed at the idea of being molested. On the tenth day, however, a bullet fired from the jungle zipped across the field quite close to us, showing that trouble was not impossible.

On the fourth day after the shot, Joe, Schneider's clerk, came down to see us. It appeared that he had saved about three hundred *pesos* and had a proposition to put before us. His idea was to rent some thirty acres of irrigated land south of Cajeme, on which to plant melons, and he wanted my brother and me and another fellow to go in with him.

It looked a likely scheme, and finally it was decided that Ralph should return the rifles to our boss and draw our back pay, while Joe, I, and the other man, a Swiss named Wolman, went on to Esperanza to buy seed and tools.

Joe and I reached Cajeme about ten o'clock in the morning, picked up Wolman—a queer chap who spent most of his time reading religious tracts—and, despite everybody's warning that the Yaquis were killing and maiming in the vicinity, set out immediately for Esperanza.

We followed the road that parallels the railway track, gradually leaving the cleared *llano* of Cajeme behind us. The vegetation became more tropical, though there were no dense woods and jungles such as lay to the westward, towards the Rio Yaqui. Here, along the track, grew the usual *chaparral* of greasewood, mesquite, cactus, and various species of aloe, fairly thick and in many cases higher than our heads.

About half-way to Esperanza, on rounding a turn in the road, Joe, who was in the lead, gave vent to an exclamation of alarm. Following his pointing finger, we saw ahead a group of armed Indians engaged in burning the railway bridge.

"Yaquis!" we cried in chorus, and stopped, scared.

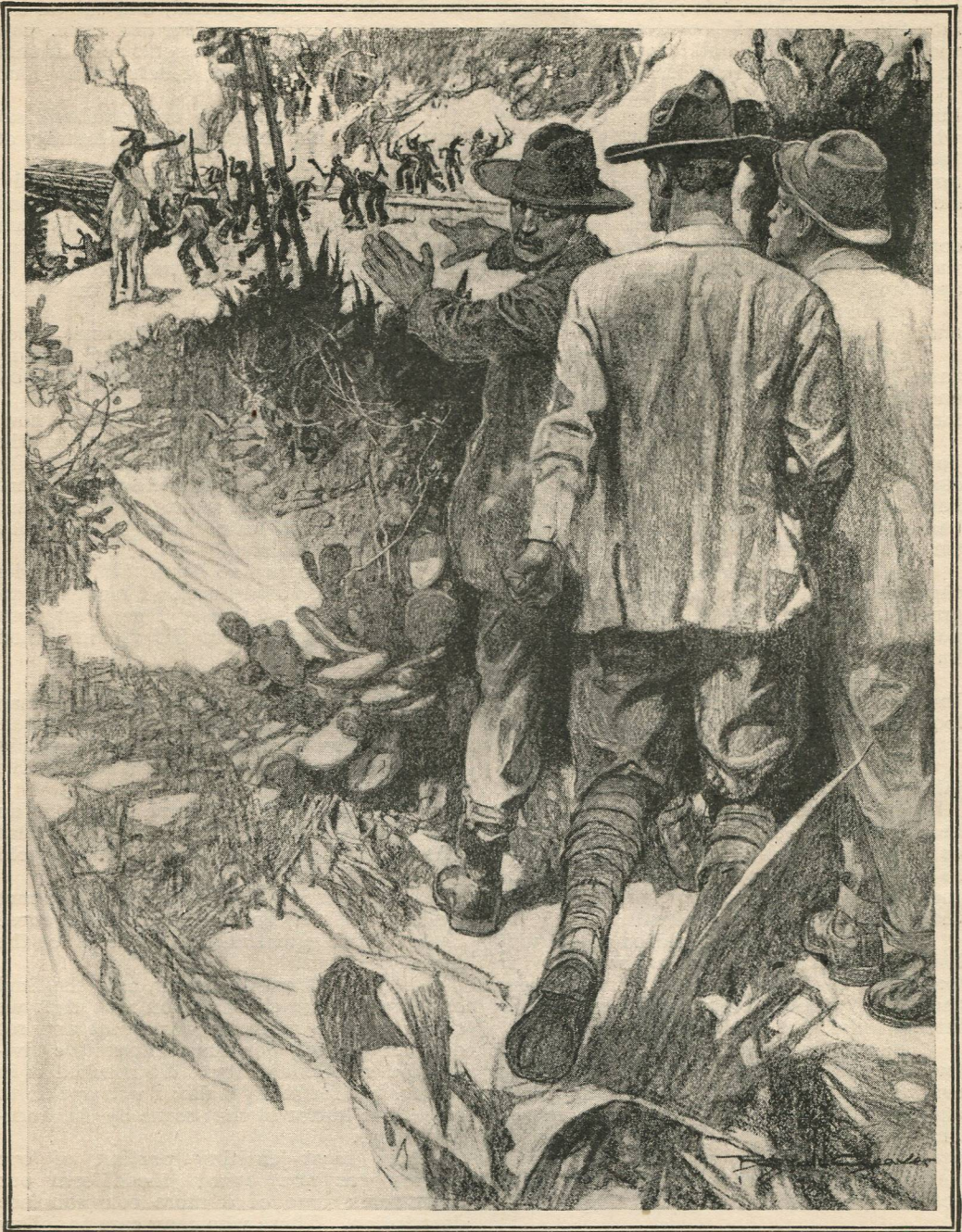
"Oh, come along; they won't bother us," urged Wolman, who had all along refused to believe the tales about the Yaquis.

Joe hesitated. "Who knows—" he began; then, "Oh, all right," and he moved forward.

But I was still doubtful. "What's the use of running unnecessary risks?" I demanded.

"There's no risk," insisted Wolman. "They won't hurt us."

The flames were now leaping up from the bridge, and we could see the Indians dancing madly on the bank.



"Following his pointing finger, we saw ahead a group of armed Indians engaged in burning the railway bridge."

"Don't go on," something told me, and I stopped in my tracks, pointing out that, if the Yaquis meant mischief, we were quite unarmed.

But the others only laughed at me, trying to urge me on by reflections on my courage.

"I don't care what you say," I retorted, "I'm not going on. You can do what you like, but you'll not risk it if you aren't seeking suicide."

With that I turned back and left them. I tramped steadily away for about a hundred yards; then I stopped. Somehow I couldn't

leave them to their fate; so I turned off into the brush and followed them through the sharp brambles and cactuses, parallel to the road, but quite out of sight.

About a quarter of a mile from the burning bridge I crawled up on a knoll which commanded a view of the road and the conflagration. Joe and Wolman were now quite near the Indians, who were fascinatedly watching the dying flames.

One of the Yaquis pointed toward my companions. The shouting died away, and the whole crew stood watching the two men approach.

Suddenly an Indian yelled a command, and Joe and Wolman put up their hands.

Promptly the group clustered about them, jabbering excitedly, and presently one of the Indians struck Joe across the face, causing him to reel.

Apparently in obedience to an order, Joe and Wolman next began removing their clothes. This done, the Indians tied their hands behind their backs; then the whole band—about a hundred strong—moved through the brush in my direction.

I was terribly frightened, and as they came closer I crawled towards the denser growth. After going a short distance, I poked my head from behind a mesquite bush and reconnoitred the position.

Not ten yards from me a mounted Indian was standing erect in his stirrups, looking about him on all sides! I dropped flat, certain he had seen me.

The sharp thorns of the mesquite jabbed into me, but I did not dare to move. I lay on my face, close under the bush, my heart pounding, my body trembling, tense as a coiled spring. There was not a sound to be heard except the occasional cries of the Indians, who were now passing through the hollow just east of my knoll.

I lay there for what seemed an eternity before I ventured to peer out again to locate the mounted Indian. Finally, very cautiously, I lifted my head, and to my intense relief, saw him trotting away.

Once again I crawled away through the low cactuses, stabbing my hands at almost every move. After about ten yards of squirming I gained a still denser clump of *chaparral*. The Indians were quite close now. I could hear them distinctly, and even make out their faces as they swarmed into a depression not more than a hundred yards away.

TERRIBLE DOINGS.

The man on horseback—evidently the leader—now gave several sharp commands. Five gigantic Indians seized Joe and Wolman,

hurled them to the ground, and sat on top of them, pinioning their legs and arms. One of the Yaquis then made some remark that was received by the others with loud whoops.

Meanwhile the man on horseback sat motionless, his arms hanging loosely at his side.

Presently, as I watched breathlessly, I saw one of the Indians draw out a long knife. He bent down and took Joe's bare foot in his hand. Shudderingly I clutched at the spiky shrubs in front of me. The sunlight flickered in my eyes; the whole scene reeled and danced.

There came four terrible screams. When I looked out again, the fiends were beating the two boys to their feet with heavy clubs. They staggered into the brush.

How long I lay there I do not know. Slowly, agonizingly, I crawled down the opposite side of the knoll and then ran like a madman through the *chaparral* toward Esperanza. The wild shouts of the Indians still reached my ears, though now they sounded much fainter.

Once I stopped to listen, but the cries had completely died away. I looked down at my trembling hands. They were torn and blood-stained from the thorns I had clutched.

The battered bodies of Joe and Wolman were found next morning, but the Yaquis were already beyond pursuit, their tracks leading straight away toward a cleft in the mountains.

The horror of that experience put an end once and for ever to the dream that Ralph and I had cherished of finding gold in the Rio Yaqui.

"No more!" I told him, when we met again. "We've had enough of wild-goose chases and Yaqui Indians to last us for the rest of our lives."

We talked matters over, and the final outcome of our conversation was that we determined to abandon our quest and set out immediately for the comparative civilization of Mexico City. We reached it in safety, but for many a day I was unable to forget the horror of that scene by the burning bridge.

The most exciting portion of our travels was now over; thenceforth our adventures were of a more commonplace description. Those who may care to follow our experiences at greater length, however, will find them fully described in my book "Brimstone and Chili," published by Alfred A. Knopf.

THE ROBBERY AT THE MINE

An account of sundry exciting happenings at a gold mine in West Australia where the Author was employed as an assistant. Names have been altered, but the narrative is absolutely true.

By
*Sinclair
Brown*

Illustrated by
R. H. BROCK

SOME twenty-five years ago, as a youngster not long out of the technical schools at Glasgow and Cambridge, I was employed as an assistant on one of the big gold mines, then doing well, away up in the back-blocks of Western Australia.

On the day when my story opens our general manager, Mr. Nicholas, walked into the smelting-room, where his two assistants were at work preparing the crude bullion for remelting into the ingots which were destined to form the month's output of gold. I was the junior of these two assistants.

At the door opening into the smelting-room Mr. Nicholas paused for a moment, and then remarked, in the casual manner he was wont to use: "I've something rather important to tell you fellows. Go on with what you are doing while I stand here talking. I don't think we can be overheard in this building, but it's possible someone may be keeping a watch on us through the windows."

Needless to say, we were all ears at once.

"I've just had word from the police," continued Mr. Nicholas, "about that gang of ruffians who have been camped outside the township for the last few days. Each one of them is known, and, of course, they are under observation. I'm told they intend raiding our safe to-night and getting off with the bullion after the smelting is finished! They mean to take our gold just as soon as we've got it ready for easy handling! But naturally we're not going to let them have it all their own way."

"As I've hinted to you before, the police want our aid in this business, so that they can catch these fellows in the act. That's to make sure of getting them a heavy sentence. The police say they are tired of shepherding the rascals about from place to place, warning them off and watching them."

"Now that's all very well for the police, but I don't like risking our gold more than

I can help, although I'm quite willing to help them. So here's my plan. Listen carefully, for I depend on you two to carry it out."

"Instead of putting the gold ingots into the safe to-night, as usual, I want you to leave all the metal to cool in the furnace. You won't pour it out into the ingots at all. How much rough bullion have you now, Edwards?"

"There's over five thousand ounces ready to run into bars," replied Edwards, my senior, who was in charge of the smelting. "About twenty thousand pounds' worth."

"Good! Say five thousand ounces; that will be nearly three hundred and sixty pounds' weight of gold. If we leave that to cool as one solid mass in the furnace, instead of storing it away as five or six separate ingots in the safe, our friends the burglars will have all the trouble of forcing the safe for nothing. Then, even if they find the gold still in the furnace, I'll defy them to get away with it—three hundred and sixty pounds' weight of gold in one lump—without remelting it."

"Even if they broke it out of the furnace they could never cut it up for transport, but in all probability they won't find it at all. Anyhow, I expect the police will intervene by that time. In case the officers are delayed, however, or something goes wrong with their arrangements, I'll ask you to disconnect the oil pipes and take away the burners from the furnace when you have finished smelting. The robbers won't be able to remelt it then, whatever happens. By the time they discover what they're up against the police will have surrounded the place, and I hope they grab the whole gang."

The manager's plan struck me as being an excellent one, and I was entirely with him in the idea of not risking the bullion, for, apart from its value, it had cost me

personally lots of hard work. Being young and somewhat irrepressible, however, I made a suggestion to further improve the scheme.

"Don't you think, sir," I said, "that it would be better if we left something in the safe for the burglars to collar? We could run down five or six bars of that base copper bullion we've got on hand. If they found that in the safe the beggars wouldn't know the difference, and wouldn't trouble to look in the furnace."

"That's an excellent idea," replied Nicholas. "What do you say, Edwards? Can you get it ready?"

"Of course we can," Edwards told him. "And I shall be jolly glad to get rid of it, too. That base bullion has already given us more trouble than it's worth. I suppose it would not do to run down our gold ingots as usual and then hide them away somewhere? It'll take hours of firing to remelt that mass of gold again when once we let it cool down completely."

"I'm afraid there's nothing else for it," replied Mr. Nicholas. "If we tried to take the gold away somewhere else the rascals would probably find out all about it. I expect they are keeping watch on us, as well as on the police."

"Very well, sir," said Edwards. "I think everything's clear. You have given us definite orders to smelt up enough of the base bullion to make five or six ingots. These will be ready for you to see weighed up and locked away in the safe about four o'clock this afternoon, as usual. In the meantime the actual gold forming the month's output will have been melted down, but left in the furnace to cool."

"That's it! And don't omit to disconnect the furnace oil pipes. You can wrap the burners up in a parcel for me to carry away; I'll leave them in the safe at the office, just to make assurance doubly sure. I'll be back at four to weigh up. Everything as usual, and not a word to anybody, of course."

At four o'clock that afternoon Mr. Nicholas drove round in his pony-cart, stopping at the bullion office. The shifts in the mill adjoining changed at that hour, men coming on to work till midnight, when they would in turn be relieved by others for the night-shift, which carried on until eight in the morning.

In the crushing-mills work was continuous, the roar of the great stamping-machines never ceasing. Passing employees knew the routine well. They could see what was going on through the large open windows, and understood that the manager had called to have the bullion locked up for the night, as was his usual custom.

Edwards and I had everything ready. The base ingots were weighed up, just as if they were the genuine gold, this opera-

tion being conducted in full view of the windows. We acted throughout on the assumption that someone was keeping a watch of our movements, so far as they could be overlooked. All the time, of course, the gold remained in the furnace, where it was now cooling.

After the formal weighing the base ingots were deposited in the great safe, which was duly double-locked. One key was retained by the manager, while the other was kept by the assistant in charge of the smelting.

"What about old Jack, the night-watchman?" queried Edwards. "He has a key which admits him to the smelting-room, and I don't want him poking round to-night with all that bullion in the furnace. As likely as not he'd give the whole show away by finding it. I don't know why he should have a key at all, but he's always had it."

"Well, it won't do to start any changes to-night," decided Mr. Nicholas. "Just tell him not to go in there to-night. Say there's amalgam spilt on the floor, or something of that kind. Jack is an old servant and a good sort, even if he is inclined to be officious. My advice to both of you now is to keep well away from the mill to-night, unless you are called."

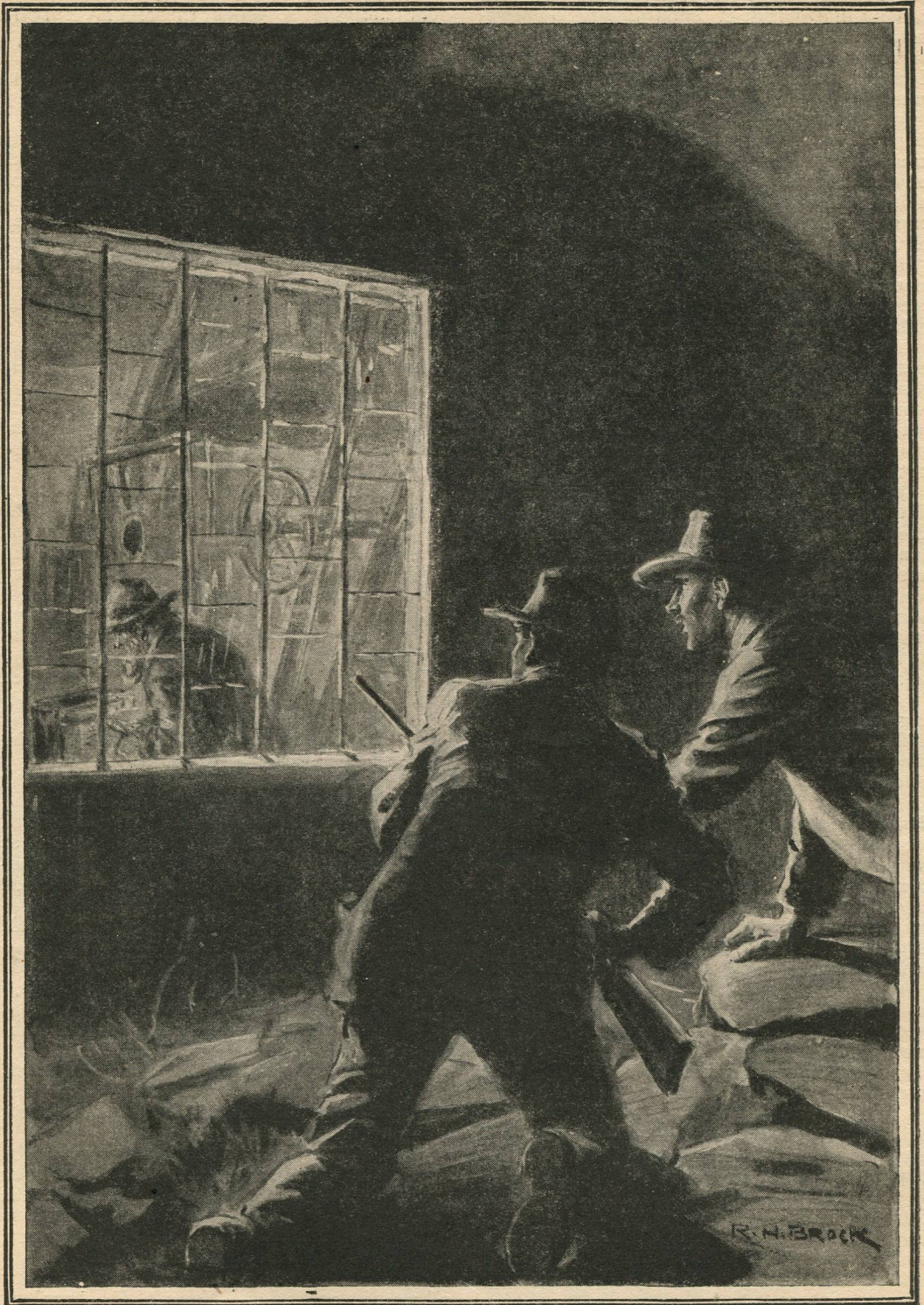
"Let the police carry out their arrangements without any interference from us. They count upon surrounding the whole place and capturing the gang after they have broken in. We've done our part; leave the rest to them."

Mr. Nicholas then drove away, taking with him the parcel containing the oil-burners removed from the furnace.

Adhering strictly to his customary routine, he went on to the general offices of the company, situated about half a mile distant, where he remained to finish up the day's clerical work. Before the big office safe was closed by the accountant he placed inside it the parcel containing the burners taken from the smelting-furnace. He knew there were no duplicates of these burners on the property and that without them it was impossible to re-smelt the gold, so he felt tolerably safe even if the police failed him altogether.

It appeared to us afterwards, from the course of events, that someone must have been watching him, and reported to the thieves that he had deposited a heavy parcel in the office safe.

To those of us who had to remain inactive that seemed a very long afternoon and evening, and when Edwards invited me to come over to his bungalow I was glad to accept. He was a bachelor, living close to my own quarters quite near to the mill, but sheltered from the noise of the stamps by an intervening little hill. From its rocky summit a full view of the mill, with the adjoining smelting-room and offices, could be obtained.



"‘They’ve found it!’ gasped Edwards. ‘Hand me your rifle, Brown.’"

About ten o'clock, nothing whatever having happened, I bade Edwards good-night and left for my own bungalow. As I strode along through the darkness I fancied I heard a rustling among the rocks on the summit of the hill. Anxiety about what might be happening at the smelting-room, as well as natural curiosity, led me over among the rocks, but I found nothing unusual there. Looking down toward the noisy mill, however, I distinctly saw someone pass along *inside* the spacious windows of the smelting-room.

Like every other part of the mill, the smelting-room was brilliantly illuminated; the lights were never turned off before daylight, and were supplemented by auxiliary oil-lamps, which it was the duty of the night-watchman to keep burning. In days gone by, when the electric light was first installed, it would sometimes fail, so the oil-lamps had become a permanent institution.

The night-watchman had been duly told not to go into the smelting-room that night, but we had all forgotten about his customary lighting of the oil lamps. When I saw someone inside the room, therefore, I immediately concluded that the burglars were at work, and rushed back to tell Edwards.

Edwards was more than a little diffident about doing anything that might seem contrary to orders, and Nicholas had told us definitely: "Keep well away from the mill to-night unless you are called."

But I was eager and anxious, and so my senior eventually agreed to come back with me and have a look down from among the rocks. We both had revolvers, and I also brought along my rifle, a sporting '303.

From the top of the little hill we could distinctly see someone moving about in the smelting-room. Without saying much more, we both crawled down nearer to the illuminated window. It was quite dark outside, and as we cautiously approached the buildings we could plainly make out a man inside, apparently doing something to the furnace containing the gold.

"They've found it!" gasped Edwards, as he struggled into a position from which we could see right into the room. "Hand me your rifle, Brown; I'll plug the beggar!" By this time all his customary caution had vanished.

"Let me shoot; it's my gun," I whispered excitedly, and with that I edged up alongside him and trained the rifle-muzzle on the window.

"Don't shoot! It's old Jack!" Edwards almost shrieked, knocking up the rifle. "What's the old fool doing in there? I had forgotten all about him. I see! He's eating his supper alongside the furnace; it's warm there."

"Thank Heaven I didn't shoot him!" I said. "Hadn't I better go down and call him out?"

"Perhaps you'd better. It will spoil everything if he stops there. Everybody knows he carries a revolver, although I suppose that wouldn't worry this gang. Go to the window and call him out. Take him off to your bungalow for a drink. I'll drop in later."

When invited to come along to my quarters for a drink and a yarn, old Jack was nothing loth. It wasn't the first time he'd been up to my bungalow. When Edwards joined us later, he sat there yawning till nearly daylight. Then, when he offered to retire, we kept him for another hour. All the time we were expecting every moment to hear of "something doing" at the mill, but nothing happened.

It was nearly six o'clock—broad daylight, of course—when, after a final drink, we all walked down toward the mill.

Everything looked quite normal, and old Jack was allowed to go on in advance and enter the smelting-room where, he mentioned, he had left his supper dishes.

From where we stood we had a clear view of the interior and, looking through the windows we saw him put out the oil-lamps; then he switched off the electric lights and came out. Evidently he had noticed nothing out of the ordinary, and neither did we.

As Edwards and I stood there, looking at one another in perplexity, Mr. Nicholas drove up.

"Well, what's the news?" he called out. "I've heard nothing."

"Neither have we," we told him.

"We had to collar old Jack to keep him out of the way," added Edwards. "We saw him fooling about in the smelting-room during the early part of the night."

The watchman had tactfully disappeared at sight of the manager, and the three of us went into the smelting-room together, finding everything just as it had been left on the previous afternoon.

"Looks as if we'd had all our trouble for nothing," grumbled Edwards.

"Very likely they spotted you with old Jack, and mistrusted the look of things," suggested Mr. Nicholas.

Just then an excited clerk came rushing in.

"If you please, sir," he panted, addressing the manager. "Will you come to the office at once, the accountant says. There's been a burglary!"

"The devil there has!" exploded Mr. Nicholas. "Stay here in charge till you hear from me, Brown. Edwards, come along with me. What on earth have they found to burgle at the office?" And off he went, taking Edwards and the clerk with him.

At the general office of the Company all was in confusion. News of the burglary had already spread, and a small crowd had gathered, although no police had appeared on the scene. Mr. Nicholas took a look round,

and immediately dispatched a messenger to the police-station.

"Give the Sergeant my compliments," he said, "and tell him there's been a burglary here. We shall be glad to have him call at his convenience."

It appeared that the clerk had arrived at the office early and, on entering, had found the safe standing open, with books and papers thrown out on the floor and everything in disorder. He had rushed round and informed the accountant, whose bungalow was quite close. The accountant sent him on to tell the manager.

According to the accountant there was a sum of under fifty pounds only in the safe, which had been blown open with some explosive. It must have been an easy job, for the safe was one of those pretentious affairs built into a recess; it looked strong and imposing, but was really only a brick cupboard with a steel door. No bullion was ever kept in it, and seldom much money.

The burglars had made a bad mistake if they thought that the gold was stored there. Probably they had been misled by Mr. Nicholas bringing along the parcel containing the burners from the furnace.

All these details, of course, I only heard afterwards, for in the meantime I was waiting, as patiently as I could, at the smelting-room, according to instructions. In the safe they found only the petty cash and some books and papers, which they threw out on the floor, together with the parcel of burners.

Unfortunately for them, as it later turned out, they also discovered an unopened case of good Scotch whisky, which the accountant had stowed in the safe to be out of the way. This proved their undoing, for they promptly started in on the whisky as some compensation for not finding the gold. Judging by the empties, they must have indulged copiously.

Exactly what happened then was never discovered, but some time during the night they had driven off, taking the cash and the remainder of the whisky with them. They must already have been pretty drunk, for they only drove ten miles or so down the road and stopped at the first inn they came to. The railway was over a hundred miles farther on.

But this is anticipating; let us get back to the burglary. When the clerk returned to the office with the solitary policeman he found at the station, the constable reported to Mr. Nicholas that the Sergeant, with all his available men, had gone away in pursuit of the burglars. A telegram had come through from the Ten-Mile station stating that the inn there had been held up by "bushrangers," and information had also reached the Sergeant that the gang had been seen leaving our Company's office.

The Sergeant did not know what mischief they had done at the mine and did not wait

to find out. Luckily for him the robbers had omitted to cut the telegraph wires. He reached the inn at Ten-Mile in time to capture three of the burglars, who were much too drunk to put up a fight. The fourth member of the gang, however—their leader—had unaccountably disappeared. It was thought by the Sergeant that he was lying round somewhere, dead-drunk, and a search was now being made for him. No one recollected having seen him at Ten-Mile, but the police said they were sure to get him.

The Sergeant himself returned with this information while Mr. Nicholas and Edwards were still with the accountant at the office. He said that, according to the inn-keeper, the ruffians had arrived at Ten-Mile firing their guns and making a great row. When refused admittance, they had broken in and looted the bar, taking what money they found in the till and forcing the proprietor to give up his cash-box at the point of a pistol.

"That," said the Sergeant, gleefully, "was robbery under arms, for which they will most probably be sentenced to long terms of imprisonment." What they had done at the mine, from his point of view, was now of less importance.

"Well," said Mr. Nicholas, as he turned away, "I'm glad you've got them. Anyhow, for the future, I'm going to see that a case of whisky is always stowed in the safe. It certainly helped you, Sergeant!"

Meanwhile, alone in the smelting room, and growing impatient at the long wait, I had begun looking for trouble, and, of course, speedily found it!

Edwards was already seated in the cart, and Mr. Nicholas had just climbed in to drive him back to the mill, when a workman dashed up on a bicycle and handed him a note.

"From young Mr. Brown, sir," he announced. "Important, he says."

Tearing open my note, the manager read:—

I prized the lid off the crucible in the furnace to have a look at the gold, but the crucible is empty. The gold has disappeared!—BROWN.

"Hi, Sergeant!" shouted Mr. Nicholas. "The gold has disappeared! Follow me to the mill." And off he went, with Edwards sitting beside him.

But my startling intelligence had evidently upset Mr. Nicholas; he did not drive with his usual care. Edwards was explaining how he thought it impossible that the gold could have been stolen when the Sergeant, taking a short cut on horseback, got in front of them on the road. Nicholas swerved to avoid him and pulled the cart into the ditch, where it promptly upset. Both he and Edwards were thrown out headlong; the cart was smashed among the rocks.

Mr. Nicholas landed on his head and shoulders and was dazed, but not seriously hurt. Edwards seemed to be in worse condition, and the doctor, who quickly came on the scene, had both of them carried into the hospital on stretchers.

This is where I come into the story again.

I naturally wondered what had taken the robbers to the general office when all the time their objective, the gold, was here in the smelting-room. As time passed, I was prompted to have a look at the bullion, just to assure myself that it really was where we had left it, in the now-cold furnace. I tried to peep in at it from the side, but the lid of the graphite crucible which contained the gold had stuck fast, and I could see nothing.

Although I could not see it I knew the gold must be there all right, but after a time I became bored with waiting. We had no telephones handy in those days, and for lack of something better to do, since Mr. Nicholas had definitely ordered me to stay there, I got a steel chisel and, carefully working it round the mouth of the crucible, finally freed the lid from slag and prized it off.

I peered inside, but could still see nothing. Somehow I became conscious of a growing feeling of apprehension, so I lit a match and held it inside. Then, to my consternation, I realized that the crucible was quite empty!

When the match burned out in my fingers I felt round inside with extended arm. The crucible seemed intact, but there was no gold inside it.

I tried with another match, and afterwards with a candle held inside, but the result was the same. The gold had gone!

I felt myself turn cold all over, and decided to get into communication with Mr. Nicholas without delay. I hesitated to meddle further with the crucible, thinking I had better leave things just as they were, so I hurriedly scrawled a note and dispatched it to the manager by a man summoned from the mill adjoining.

Eventually along came the accountant from the office, accompanied by the Sergeant of Police. Mr. Nicholas had met with an accident, they explained; and was now in hospital.

In the manager's absence the accountant was in general charge. There was nothing for me to do but to show the two men the empty crucible, but the position was complicated by the necessity of having to explain how it was that the gold had been left in the furnace instead of being stored away in the safe.

Neither the accountant nor the policeman could be expected to grasp the supposed idea of greater safety in leaving it there, particularly now that it had disappeared. But that the crucible stood empty in the furnace they could see for themselves; that it had contained five thousand ounces of gold bullion when it was left to cool I was there to testify.

Eventually—the theory coming principally from the Sergeant—the accountant and he decided that the missing leader of the burglars must have raided the smelting-room on his own account and somehow obtained possession of the gold while he sent the rest of the gang off on a false scent to the office. There they had fallen foul of the whisky and were subsequently captured, as has already been related. With his men occupied elsewhere, the leader got clear away with the bullion, spite of its weight.

"And I thought he was lying round somewhere drunk!" lamented the Sergeant. "Hullo! Here's the manager coming!"

A moment later Mr. Nicholas, with his head bandaged and looking very shaky, was assisted into the smelting-room.

I found him a chair, but he did not take it till he had peered into the crucible in the furnace. Then he sat down. He was very pale, but appeared quite cheerful while I hastily explained matters.

"That's all right, Brown," he interrupted at last. "Everything is quite all right, but your note flustered me a bit. It's very evident that the furnace has not been opened or tampered with in any way. The gold is still there. What has happened is that the crucible, left too long in the furnace, developed a flaw somewhere, and the gold has run through it into the furnace-bottom.

"Hoist the crucible out and you'll find the gold underneath it. It will be quite a big job for you, but I hope Edwards will be about to-morrow; he's not much hurt. I'm glad we sha'n't have to explain all this; it's merely one of the ordinary accidents that happen in smelting."

In due course, therefore, we turned out the month's output of gold from the mine as usual, without any of the details here set down becoming public property. As far as I recollect the ruffians who raided our office were duly punished for the "robbery under arms" at the roadside inn.

I don't think, however, that the accountant was ever compensated for the loss of his case of whisky. Doubtless, if he sees these lines, he will remember how keenly the rest of us appreciated the joke!

Short Stories

HIS LAST BREAK

By

GEORGE E. STUART-REID

Illustrated by KENNETH INNS

JOHANNES ELSE probably spent more years in

jail, and effected more escapes therefrom, than any

other man in South Africa. The story of his last and almost-successful break—related to me some years ago at Pretoria Prison—is interesting as showing how so apparently unimportant a matter as forgetting the day of the year may upset the best-laid schemes of an otherwise careful and calculating man.

Else had had a fairly long spell of liberty after an escape from the East London (Cape Colony) jail, but was at length recognized and arrested by an observant police-officer on November 12th, 1921. He was lodged in the Kongha lock-up for safe keeping until such time as the authorities decided what to do with him.

After several appearances before the local magistrate, Else was finally committed for trial at the High Court, which, however, would not sit until February of the following year, which meant that he would be kept in custody till that date.

The lock-up at Kongha was not an ideal place for a prisoner of Else's calibre and well-known proclivities for escaping from custody, so it was decided to remove him to the East London prison at an early opportunity.

Owing to some oversight, however, or the difficulty of providing an escort, the weeks passed, and Else still remained at Kongha. Now Kongha lock-up is really only intended for native prisoners sentenced to periods of a few weeks' or days' imprisonment, and consists of two circular corrugated-iron huts surrounded by a ten-foot stone wall. Immediately outside this wall is situated the small local court-house and the jailer's cottage, the village of Kongha being some half-mile distant.

Else knew pretty well that he had had his last chance, and was now certain to get

The story of a man who, on the point of making a successful escape from jail, wrecked the whole enterprise through forgetting the date!

the "indeterminate sentence"—*i.e.*, seven to twenty-one years—on his appearance at the High Court, which meant being sent

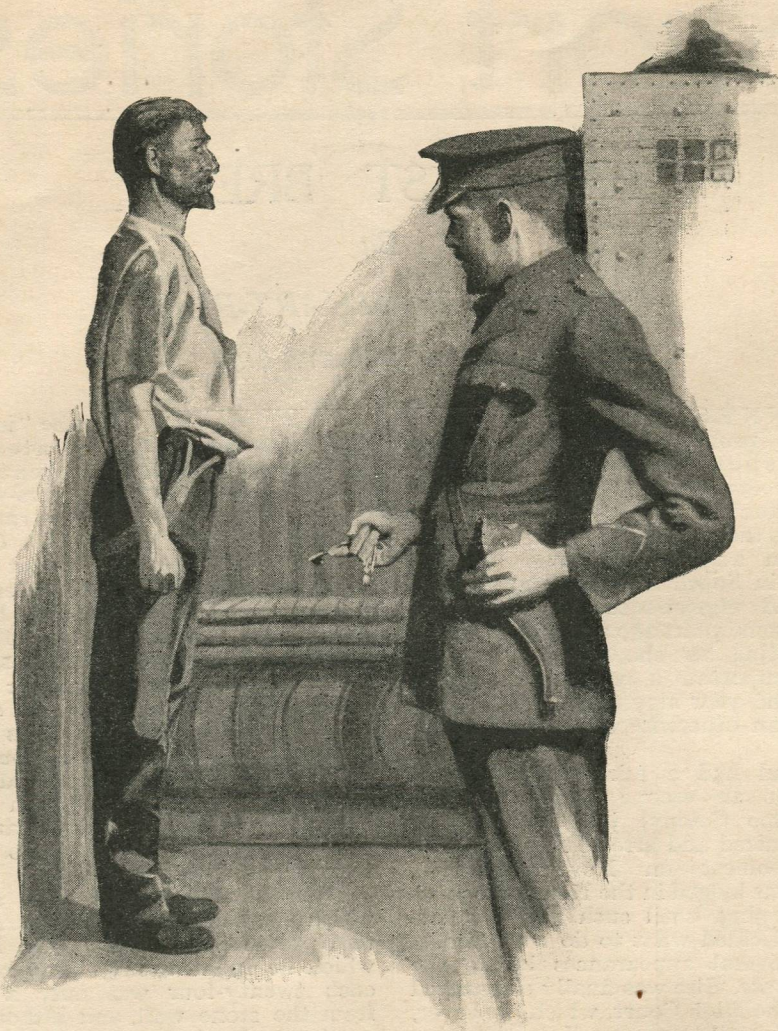
to do his time at the Pretoria Central Prison, from which place escape would be extremely difficult, if not impossible. He therefore determined to make a last bid for liberty.

Kongha lies not far from the Pondo-land border, and as Else could speak Kaffir as well as the Kaffirs themselves he reckoned that once free of the jail he could make his way to the hills and remain hidden, with the help of the natives, until such time as the hue and cry had died down and he could make plans to get over into Portuguese territory at Delagoa Bay.

Else's scheme was very simple—one which he had successfully carried out on two previous occasions. The iron hut in which he spent twenty-three hours out of each twenty-four was only a few yards from the stone wall, and although without cutting-tools of some sort he could not hope to make a breach in the double sheet of iron composing the cell walls, the floor, as he soon discovered, was composed of hard-baked clay, underneath which lay the virgin soil of the veldt.

Each morning when the jailer opened the door of his charge's cell, Else stood to attention at one side, so that the officer could get a full view of the interior, with its rolled mattress and blankets neatly stacked in one corner, and the clay floor carefully swept. Else then proceeded to take his hour's exercise, walking round and round the yard.

Every time he passed at the back of the two huts or cells he was out of the jailer's sight for a few seconds, and at each circuit he extracted a couple of handfuls of clay-dust and soil from his clothing and scattered them among the *débris* which lay at the foot of the high wall. The jailer, a phlegmatic Dutchman, did not think to look under his



"Each morning when the jailer opened the door Else stood to attention at one side."

prisoner's neat pile of blankets, which always occupied the same corner of the cell, and so failed to discover the carefully-concealed mouth of a small tunnel leading in the direction of his own cottage.

For weeks this routine went on, and Else knew by the hardening of the earth as he tunnelled outward and upward each night that he was nearing the surface once more—on the other side of the stone wall, he hoped.

Christmas was almost upon him by the time he at last succeeded in completing his long and laborious task. The heat in the confined space of the tunnel had at times been almost unbearable, and more than once only the dread of what lay before him should he fail to get away ere he was transferred to the stronger prison prevented him from giving up in despair

With a sigh of relief Else felt his torn and bleeding fingers break through the hard crust of earth above his head. Carefully he concealed the last few handfuls of loose soil in his shirt—the last of countless handfuls hidden and carried to the back of the cells at daybreak.

A faint glimmer of starlight greeted his eyes through the minute hole he had made in the roof, but calculating how long he had already been at work since the jailer had looked into his cell the night before, he knew it must be nearly dawn, and as he wanted as many hours of darkness as possible in which to effect his escape, Else reluctantly returned to his cell for one last day.

All went well, but that final day seemed the longest that he had ever lived through.

At length, however, darkness descended once more, and with a more than usually cheery "Good-night"—or so Else thought—the jailer locked the door of the cell and took his departure to his own abode.

With freedom almost in sight, the prisoner would not make the mistake of being too hasty in his flight. Once or twice the jailer had looked through the spy-hole of the cell after his supper; and so for some hours Else waited with what patience he could command till all was still, and he thought it time to break through the last few inches of soil which stood between him and the freedom of the veldt.

Gaining the end of the tunnel, he again saw the welcome stars shining overhead, and, with a heave of his head and right shoulder broke his way through the earth-crust. Thank goodness! He was outside the jail wall!

As he half-emerged from the opening thus made, the night air was shattered by the report of a gun—fired, it seemed to the desperate man, right over his head! As if in answer, other fire-arms were discharged

from the direction of the village and from the scattered homesteads all around it.

"Discovered!" thought Else, bitterly. "That brute of a jailer must have been spying on me all the time!"

Still the guns continued to explode, and as the sadly-disappointed man slowly crept back to his cell, pulling down behind him as much of the loose earth from the walls of the tunnel as he could, the bells of the village church rang out on the night air and mingled with the crashing of firearms, which were apparently warning the law-abiding populace of the attempted escape of a prisoner from the local jail.

For the rest of that night Else paced his narrow cell, cursing his luck and doing his best to obliterate, as far as possible, the hole in the corner of his cell.

At a little after the usual hour in the morning, the key grated in the cell door and the jailer entered with his prisoner's breakfast. Else glanced inquiringly at him and noticed that he was accompanied by a man whom he had not seen before. The jailer



"Discovered!" thought Else, bitterly."

was smiling, as he had smiled on the previous evening at lock-up time.

"Well, Else," he said, "we are losing you at last. This officer has arrived to escort you to East London. We don't often transfer a man on Christmas Day, but he was passing through, and the magistrate thought it would be a good chance of sending you off. By the way, did you hear the firing at midnight? The missus fired the first shot out of my old elephant-gun in the backyard, and it nearly knocked her through a hole in the ground that she had never seen before."

"Hard luck," you say. It was indeed, for had Else not clean forgotten the date, he, being himself a Dutchman, would have remembered the old Boer custom of welcoming in Christmas Day with a volley from the family guns, and instead of thinking all was discovered would have profited by the noise and general excitement to effect a successful instead of an unsuccessful "last break."

In case the foregoing incidents may not be quite clear to WIDE WORLD readers, I should like to make the following explanations:—

In South Africa, in practically every case, the jailer's quarters are separate from the jail itself, and had Else not lost his nerve and returned to his cell, he would, once in the jailer's yard, have had nothing between himself and freedom except a four-foot mud wall.

The reason why the jailer did not make any close examination of the hole in the yard into which his wife nearly fell is explained by the fact that in South Africa, around Christmastime, the great heat and lack of rain causes the surface of the ground to split and subside in all directions, and a hitherto unnoticed hole in a backyard would call for no comment.

At the East London Sessions, where he was tried after his frustrated attempt to escape, Else was declared an "habitual criminal," and duly received the "indeterminate sentence" he had dreaded.

THE WORM THAT TURNED

By

LIEUT.-COL. M. SCOTT O'CONNOR

Illustrated by LANCE CATTERMOLLE

ONE sultry morning in March I found my friend Jock feverishly busy cleaning his *shikar* equipment.

"Hullo! Jock, what's afoot now?" I inquired. "Why all this energy on such a beastly hot day? Surely you aren't going out after tiger? You'll get sunstroke, old man!"

To my surprise Jock replied that he had just received news of a "kill" and was off to try his luck. Jock's great ambition, ever since he landed in India two years before, had been to shoot a tiger, and I knew it was no use trying to dissuade him.

The following morning a weary and disillusioned Jock, with a swollen face disfigured by red spots, walked into my room and related his previous night's adventures. The story ran as follows:—

After a sweltering journey of several hours he alighted at a wayside station and was met by the Indian *shikari* who had brought him the news of the "kill."

"This story was told to me by a Scotsman in Calcutta some years ago," writes the Author. "There are large numbers of clerks in many Indian offices, and juniors seldom come in contact with the European officials, so it would not be surprising if 'Jock' did not recognize one of his staff."

"My lord," said the man, impressively, "you will assuredly slay this accursed tiger who has ruined the poor villagers." He went on to tell Jock that a cow had been carried off the

previous night, and that, as very little of it had been eaten, the tiger would undoubtedly revisit it that evening.

It was a long and weary tramp to the forest, through acacia scrub and marshes, and the sun had just given place to the short Indian twilight when the *shikari* finally called a halt.

"We are near the 'kill' now, Sahib," he announced, "and we must go warily. The tiger will be lying-up not far off, and he must not see you climbing to the *machan* (platform) that I have built for you in a tree twenty paces from the carcass."

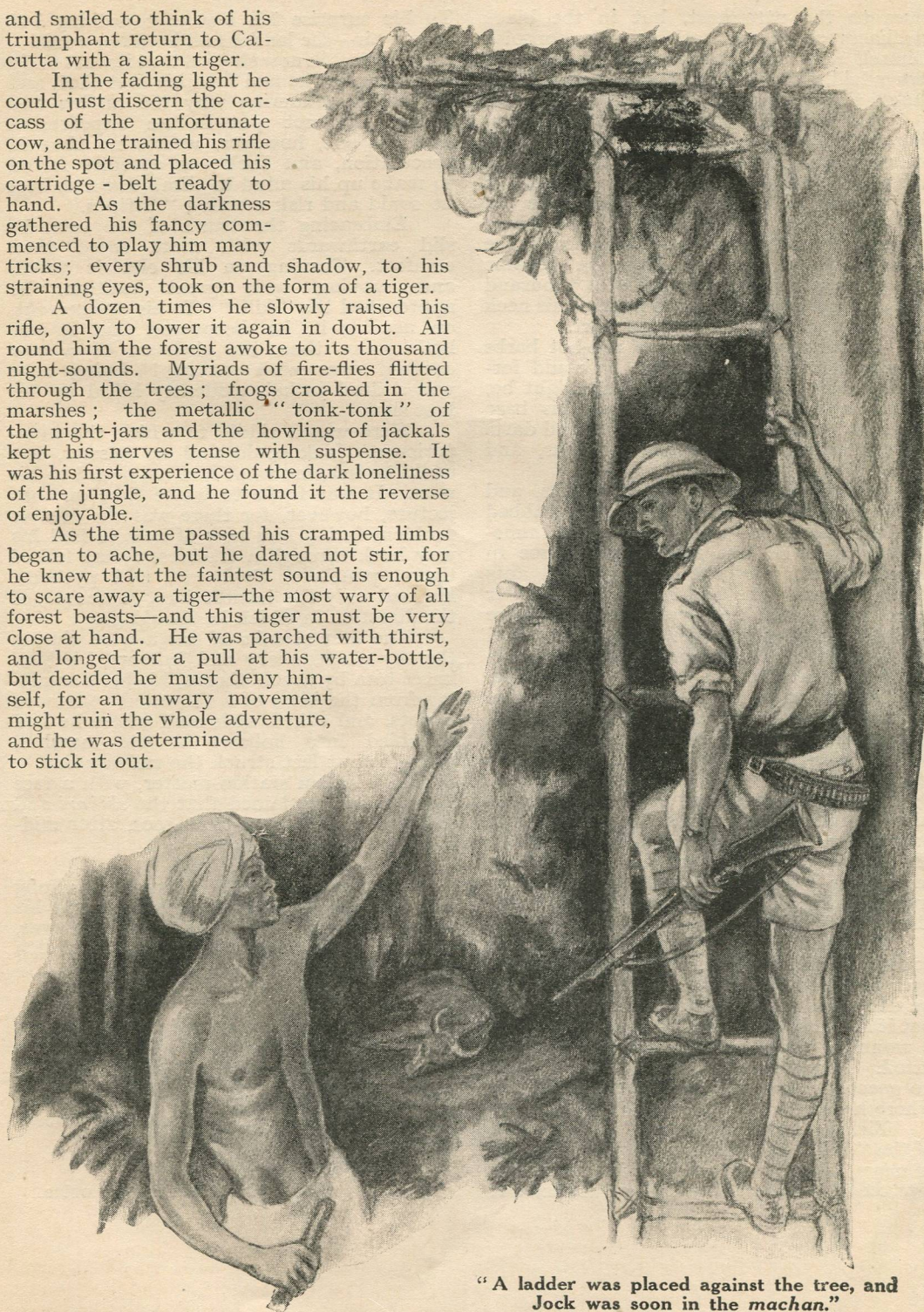
In silence a ladder was placed against the tree, which had a clean limbless trunk for some twenty feet, and Jock was soon in the *machan*, well screened with leaves and twigs. He was thrilled at the thought that he was about to achieve his ambition,

and smiled to think of his triumphant return to Calcutta with a slain tiger.

In the fading light he could just discern the carcass of the unfortunate cow, and he trained his rifle on the spot and placed his cartridge-belt ready to hand. As the darkness gathered his fancy commenced to play him many tricks; every shrub and shadow, to his straining eyes, took on the form of a tiger.

A dozen times he slowly raised his rifle, only to lower it again in doubt. All round him the forest awoke to its thousand night-sounds. Myriads of fire-flies flitted through the trees; frogs croaked in the marshes; the metallic "tonk-tonk" of the night-jars and the howling of jackals kept his nerves tense with suspense. It was his first experience of the dark loneliness of the jungle, and he found it the reverse of enjoyable.

As the time passed his cramped limbs began to ache, but he dared not stir, for he knew that the faintest sound is enough to scare away a tiger—the most wary of all forest beasts—and this tiger must be very close at hand. He was parched with thirst, and longed for a pull at his water-bottle, but decided he must deny himself, for an unwary movement might ruin the whole adventure, and he was determined to stick it out.



"A ladder was placed against the tree, and Jock was soon in the *machan*."

Jock's luminous watch indicated ten o'clock when he heard a distinct rustling in

the undergrowth. This must be the tiger, he thought, and he strained his ears and

eyes to the uttermost, but in the black darkness could see nothing. He consoled himself with the thought that his rifle was truly laid, and decided to fire as soon as he heard the crunching of bones.

All the time mosquitoes had been swarming round him in thousands, taking their usual toll, and he bore this torment unmoved. Suddenly, however, he felt a sharp pain, like the prod of a needle, on his bare leg. Next instant something scurried down his face and stung him on the cheek, and a moment later he became conscious of the scampering of a thousand cold, clammy feet down the nape of his neck and into the open collar of his shirt.

Simultaneously scores of red-hot barbs pierced his back, and before he could formulate any idea as to what this might be, a vast swarm of insects tore up his bare arms and legs, and a hundred poisoned darts were plunged into his arms, thighs, and chest.

Human endurance has its limits, and Jock, forgetting all about the tiger, grabbed at his tormentors—to realize almost immediately that he was located in a tree in which a colony of the ferocious red ants of the Terai forest had made one of their huge nests! At that very moment there was a crunching of bones down below, and Jock, spite of his predicament, leant forward and pressed the trigger of his rifle. The report echoed through the forest like a cannon-shot, and there ensued a wild stampeding of animals and the belling of spotted deer, followed by grim, death-like silence.

Poor Jock was now at liberty to ease his cramped limbs, slake his thirst, and endeavour to retaliate on his tormentors. He expected that his men would speedily arrive, for it had been arranged that they were to bring a lantern as soon as they heard the report of his rifle.

He soon realized that he could not cope with the red ants, which now swarmed over him in thousands. The only thing to be done was to climb down from the tree, but it is highly dangerous to come up against a wounded tiger, and accordingly he hesitated. His tormentors, however, gave him no peace; it was utterly impossible to stay where he was.

Firing a few more shots in the direction of the "kill," and praying that one or other of them would find its billet, he swung his legs off the *machan* in search of the ladder.

To his surprise his feet met nothing but empty air—the ladder had been removed!

His watch now showed that it was nearly an hour since he had fired his first shot, and he fell to wondering why the *shikari* and coolies did not put in an appearance. The red ant, however, wastes no time in speculation, and Jock was speedily forced to make up his mind to climb down as best he could and risk meeting "Stripes."

Embracing the trunk of the tree, he slid earthwards with more speed than comfort. Turning on his electric torch, and moving with great caution, he approached the "kill." To his amazement, on nearing it, he discovered that it was little more than the skeleton of a cow covered over with sacking! Lying near was a dead jackal, evidently killed by his first shot.

Here was a riddle to which the inexperienced Jock could find no answer, nor could he imagine what had happened to his men. It was futile to waste time on conjecture, however, for there was the greater problem facing him now of how to find his way back through a trackless forest full of tigers, panthers, elephants, and pythons. He had only the haziest idea, moreover, of the direction in which he should go.

The first streaks of dawn were tinting the sky when, weary and footsore, his bare knees torn by acacia thorns, his body smarting from the bites of a thousand venomous insects, and caked with mud where he had stumbled into hollows in the marshes, poor Jock at last struck the railway line.

The Indian station-master, with a face like a mask, explained that the *shikari* and coolies had left by a train soon after midnight!

There was evidently "something wrong somewhere," but the puzzle was beyond his power to solve. A later post, however, brought Jock the following letter, which spoke for itself:—

My noble lord,

You did not recognize in *shikari* clothes the poor clerk you sacked from the office because you thought I was too big fool to be any use. I hope your lordship had merry time in tree of red ants that had eaten up all of that blessed cow who died of serious illness many weeks ago. I hope you will enjoy tiger skin!

Your servant MUKERJI (*Shikari*)

late clerk in your office.

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33x4 1/2	3.25	2.00
34x4 1/2	3.50	2.10
35x4 1/2	3.50	2.10
36x4 1/2	3.50	2.35
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State of New York)
County of New York) ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Richard L. Farrelly, Manager of the INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that they are the publishers of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor, and Business Manager are: Publisher, THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 131 Varick St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, V. Pitt-Kethley, 8 Southampton St., Strand, London, England; Managing Editor, V. Pitt-Kethley, 8 Southampton St., Strand, London, England. Business Managers—None.

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Tobacco - a Man's Delusion

Thousands of men are under the delusion that they actually **need** tobacco! They think they couldn't possibly get along without it. But can any man honestly say that tobacco has ever done him the slightest good? How can it, then, be in any sense regarded as a necessity?

No, the use of tobacco is an utterly **useless** habit. And think of the expense. Count the nickels, dimes, quarters and dollars you spend for

cigars, cigarettes, pipe or chewing tobacco or snuff—by the day, week, month and in years. Even a dime a day is \$36.50 a year; a quarter a day makes \$91.25 a year; a dollar a day \$365.00 a year—the interest at 6% on \$6083.33 CASH CAPITAL you'd have to save to have your wasteful tobacco bill earned and paid for. And you haven't a single thing to show for it—**except poorer health!**

After all is said and done that is the real reason you should quit tobacco—because of the effect it is having on your health. Even if you can easily afford the extravagant money waste, the physical, mental and nervous effects of tobacco are **bound to tell**. Leading authorities agree that tobacco is damaging to the heart, that it impairs normal brain activity, and deadens a man's vitality. Any doctor will tell you these are facts. No tobacco user can dodge them. Some day he must pay the penalty. Every smoker, every chewer, every snuff taker is taking into his system a **deadly poison** that slowly but surely undermines his health. Think this over, you tobacco users. You're paying too big a price both in money and the lowering of your vital forces and general efficiency for a mere habit that you have come to regard as a necessity—but which isn't. Quit tobacco and you'll eat better, sleep better, feel a hundred per cent better in every way. You'll think clearer, have more energy, be more efficient in every thing you do. Here's an easy way for you to quit. **Read our remarkable offer.**

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It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it. Whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—**Tobacco Redeemer** will remove the craving for tobacco. Your desire will usually begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

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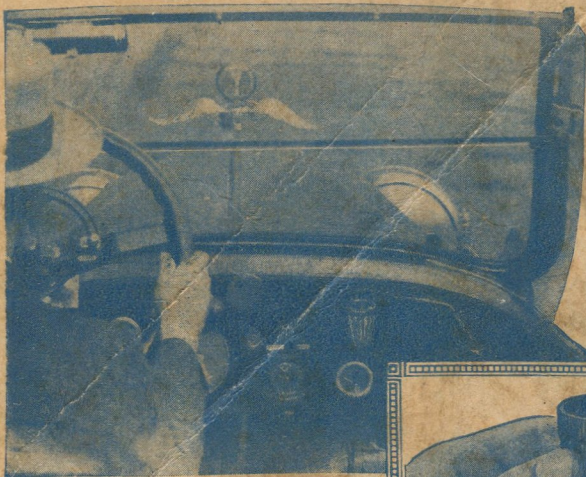
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