FEARFUL PERIL.

Sunk to the Armpits in the Bed of a Mullah.

AN ENGLISH LADY IN BURMA

Tells Her Frightful Experience of Gradually Sinking and How Her Skirts Saved Her Until Assistance Came—The Difficulty of Her Rescue and the Way in Which it Was Accomplished.

Shwebo is a desolate frontier town in Upper Burma, and Mrs. Amy E. Wood, the wife of an English commisariat officer, who spent several years there with her husband, in the following paragraphs narrates a dreadful experience she once had there. Shwebo was, in ancient times, a gold-producing country, and here and there are remains of large excavations centuries old, and in these are spots of bog-like quicksand, the surface of which is not distinguishable from the surrounding soil. But this Mrs. Wood learned later. She writes:

"One morning, after a very hot, saltry night, during which I had scarcely slept, I arose for a brisk walk before the sun got up. My husband was asleep in the veranda, so I did not disturb him, but slipped quietly out of the house, loosed my dog, a young terrier, and then together we struck away across the plain before it was dawn, no one knowing in which direction I had gone. I shaped my course along by the main water course, or nullah, which passed our house only a few hundred yards away, intending to cross presently when it got lighter, and walk over to the bank of a large lage about a mile and a half away on the other side, with the view of enjoying the cool breezes off the water while taking my constitutional along the bank which formed the lake.

Descending the nullah, I had to walk some distance along the bed of it to find an easy opening for the ascent of the opposite bank. Presently my attention was attracted by some fresh openings which I did not remember having seen before. They were a succession of wedge-shaped crevasses branching off into several directions—deep indentations, running back for a distance of 30 or 40 feet from the bank and about 10 feet deep, evidently caused by the recent heavy rains. Curiosity made me scramble up into one of these cracks and explore them. I passed on from one branch to the other until brought to a halt at the end of one by an abrupt ledge, below which appeared another crack at right angles to the one I was following, but differing from all the others by having a level surface at the bottom. It was shaped somewhat like an oval saw-pit, the floor being some 3 1-2 feet below the ledge I was standing on. I caught sight of a pretty feather lying at the bottom. "I will take that with me anyhow," I remarked, and, putting my hand to the ground, I vaulted into the pit.

"The moment my feet touched the sandy bottom the surface cracked like an egg shell, and I was at once knee-deep in some horrible composition the like of which I had never seen before. I secured the feather, however, and stuck it in my solar hat, thinking, 'I shall need both hands to scramble up out of this mess.' In jumping down I had sprung well out from the bank, which I could now just reach with my finger-tips, but not sufficiently well to get any grip of it. I tried to step nearer to it, when to my horror I found I could not move either of my feet. I tugged and pulled with all my might, almost dislocating my knees and ankles in my frenzied endeavors to free myself, while my dog, who had jumped down immediately after me, was tearing at my skirt in his endeavor to drag himself out. I was by this time embedded to quite one-third of my height, and the whole horror of the situatfon suddenly dawned upon me. I soon found myself engulfed almost to the hips, and oozing up all around me was a thick, viscid, black substance, a sort of sand-mud, crumbly, yet clinging with a glue-like tenacity. All this time my dog was still tearing at my clothing. I managed to reach over, and with difficulty released him, picked him up and threw him on the bank, where he set up a continuous barking. I tried to send him home, thinking that he might thus raise an alarm, but he had not been trained and only continued to yap and bark; this reminded me that it was time I began to raise an alarm myself, and I added my screams to his yelps till the place echoed again. But as soon as the echoes had died away down the canon all was still as death again, and despair seemed to grasp my heart as I noticed that I was still sinking—still sinking—slowly—slowly—but, oh, so surely, being sucked down as it seemed into the very bowels of the earth. I was now over my waist in the ooze, and calculated that in another hour I should be past help. I dared not think of the torture of the gradual suffocation, but the horror of my situation soon seized me again and I struggled and screamed again and again until I was utterly exhausted, only to find that I was deeper and yet deeper in the mire.

Then I noticed that the skirt of my dress, a white drill costume, had floated out and that the greater part of it was still on the surface, but was beginning to drag down at the wait. I spread it out wider, and found that it retarded my sinking. It was now about 10 o'clock, and the sun was fiercely beating on me. Presently a swish, swish, sounding over my head made me look up, when I beheld a huge vulture circling round and round, coming closer and closer, until it alighted on the bank just above me. Then another and another came and waited around, until the bank was crowded with them, and crows. Presently a vulture, in alighting, struck me with its wing; then it flashed across my mind that they were already looking on me as carrion, and would assuredly attack me if I should lose consciousness. The very thought made me scream in an agony of dread.

I was not sinking nearly so fast now; the skirt was certainly holding me up, but I was embedded right to my armpits. The clamor raised by myself and the dog had the effect of scaring the horrid monsters away; they soared aloft, wheeling round and round, high in the air, waiting for that I dared not think of. I redoubled my shrieks, hoping to make some one hear me. Looking up presently, I was given heart again by seeing that the vutures were disappearing, from which I concluded that help must be approaching. Presently I could hear the thud of galloping hoofs in the distance, and concentrating all my strength I gave voice to cry after cry for help, which was shortly responded to, and a few minutes later a black face peeped over the bank above me. The owner of it had sense and rapidly applied it, for without making more ado he snatched off his long turban and threw it at me, retaining one end himself. The turban uncoiled as it fell and I grasped it with both hands.

There does not remain much more to tell. The alarm was rapidly raised, and soon a swarm of dusky faces were gathered around me. Some muleteers on grazing duty had first been attracted to the spot by seeing an unsual number of vultures soaring upwards, and then, as they approached, they had heard my screams. The lifting of me out of the quicksand was no easy matter. Pulling only threatened to dislocate my joints, so a cart wheel was brought, which, after being well secured all around by long ropes, was pushed down into the mire until it was beneath me, and then, by the united effort of a dozen or more men, I was slowly raised to solid ground."

AGRICULTURAL INQUIRIES

Which Pose Us, and Our Correspondents can answer More Correctly

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GLOBE:

What is Mr. C. B. Lower, of the Supply Division? Is he a captain, lieutenant, colonel, corporal, sergeant or private? The last-named sounds more like the one that suites him best. Nobody can find out the truth. He has told me four different stories.

Miss T. L. W.,
Bureau of Soils.

What makes C. B. Lower, chief of the Supply Division, such a great friend of J. C. Parker, the stationer, on Seventh street N. W.?

How many friends has Chief Clerk Andrew Geddes?

How many friends has R. B. Handy, chief of the Folding Division?

Who is Miss Hazel V. Anderson, that she can go home ten minutes before 4 o'clock? Is she one of Geddes pets? I see her going home every day earlier than the rest of them. She is in Svengalli's Division.

Why does Andrew Geddes believe everything that is put in his ears? It's a bad habit. He ought to look into the matter first before jumping on innocent people. Another thing, he better not hold back any more letters that come to the Secretary; there'll be trouble. I am going to write him one about Geddes. I won't put personal on it, but will get it to the Secretary. This will be one letter that will jump over Col., Capt. or Private Andrew Geddes.

F. D.,
Chem. Lab., Ag. Dept.

Carolina Brights are absolutely pure.

THE MAIL BAG SHOP.

Wanted to Take Her to Norfolk and Give Her a Wine Bath.

DEAR EDITOR: I certainly hope you will give us poor women relief from the insults we have to take. The —— seems to run the place. Sometime ago one of the women asked him to move her machine from under the fan. He told her if she would go to Norfolk on the boat with him he would move her any place she wanted, and that he would love to give her a wine bath. It was reported to Mr. Graham and to the Second Assistant, but nothing was done. He said his "pull" could keep him in. Now there is ——. She has done nothing for two years, yet she is paid $50 a month to sit in the window and talk. If she would do her work there would not be so much stealing from us poor women. Her father, two sisters, and two brothers are in the Department, and none of the men ever cast a vote. We poor women get only 40 and 50 cents a day, yet the Second Assistant keeps her at a salary of $50 per month. It seems strange, when all these charges have been proven, that the Second Assistant will do nothing. But I know you will help us all and let the truth be known, for it is getting worse all the time. We have always had fifteen days leave and were paid $20. Now the Superintendent has taken off 25 cents a day and the Second Assistant has approved it. I have been here nearly nine years, but we have suffered more the past four years than ever before, yet if I go to the Department about the matter I will lose my place. All this is true, and if you will send a man down here he can find out much more than I have told you. I know you will help us and see who is holding up these charges.

A SUFFERER

A GENTLE ROAST.

For the Engineer of the Government Printing Office.

One day last week some fine heavy wood tables were to be removed from the bindery, also a number of steam pipes, and word was sent to the biggest conceited ass that ever worked for the government, Homer Collins, chief engineer, to attend to the work.

He first had these fine tables sawed up, the gas pipes disjointed and had the whole business thrown from a third story window into a public alley where people walk and drive through. Did you ever hear of a more insane act? Elevators and trucks, to remove this stuff, and laborers falling over each other for something to do. He could not find time to have the wood and steam pipes carried down properly, and not endanger the life of passers by. But you know he is the brother of the chief clerk, and it is all right. He insults the employes and there is not a foreman in the G. P. O. that is not disgusted looking at him. The men working under him are far his superiors as mechanics and common sense men. His mistakes has cost the U. S. Government many thousands of dollars. We are only waiting for Congress to meet to have this fellow transferred to the Hotel de St. Elizabeth with the rest of the bugs.

He is credited in the Blue Book to the Empire State. He would be arrested as a floater if he tried to vote there.

J. R. RUSH, G. P. O.

Carolina Brights are absolutely pure.

REIGN OF TERROR.

A Good Time to Know Something of Its Chief

MAXMILLAN ROBESPIERRE

The Mild Manner and Conservative Leader Who Developed into the Most Sanguinary of All the Chiefs of the French Revolution—His Career and Death on the Guillotine.

Robespierre's fortunes seemed to depend upon fate. When powerful rivals dropped away, as, for instance, Maribeau and Marat, the little brooding lawyer mounted higher the waves of revolution. He began the reign of terror, but not until long after Marat had preached it and he himself had frowned it down.

Early in the revolution Maribeau said of Robespierre after one of his speeches, "That young man believes what he says, therefore he will go far." The "young man" was then above 30 and had won distinction in the defense of Ben Franklin's lightning rods and also by his espousal of the humane principles of Rosseau, which caused him to side with the people against nobility and clergy and to advocate the abolition of capital punishment.

At college Robespierre had had for companions Danton and Desmoulins, yet when elected deputy to the states general he was one of the most modest of revolutionists. He then lived on his stipend of 18 francs a day and supported his sister from it. Studious and abstemious, with but a single coat to his back, and that worn threadbare, he courted retirement and when drawn out of himself was so mysterious and outspoken as to be feared by his colleagues. His radicalism at that time consisted in advocating the rights of citizens to serve upon juries and in the national guard and in sharing political rights with the blacks in the colonies. Said he, "Let the colonies perish rather than a principle." When the constituent assembly ended in 1791, Robespierre was a hero of the Paris sections. A decree proposed by himself prevented former deputies serving in the next legislature. He traveled in the interior, frequented the Jacobin Club and began to publish a revolutionary journal. Mirabeau died at this time, and Robespierre succeeded him as the popular idol, but there were too many jealousies at work among leaders to permit one man to take the reins.

The uprising of the Paris sections or the commune, August, 1792, brought the young lawyer again into prominence and power. He appeared before the assembly as the spokesman of a deputation of citizens which demanded the establishment of a criminal court for the trial of the enemies of liberty. The court was promptly organized and Robespierre named as presiding judge, bue he refused to serve on the ground that it would not be right to make him judge of those whom he had already denounced as enemies of the country. Against the massacres which soon followed under the inspiration of Danton he vigorously protested and ceased to appear at the meetings of the commune.

Robespierre was elected to the national convention from Paris, and soon afterward the Girondins accused him of aspiring to dictatorship. Marat defended his rival on this charge and at the same time disclosed the motives of these two men. He said that at his first meeting with Robespierre the latter had drawn him into declaring that he would send certain judges to the stake, poniard Lafayette, burn the king in his palace and strangle the traitorous representatives in the convention. Said Marat of this interview: Robespierre listened to me with terror. He grew pale and was silent for some time. This confirmed me in the opinion that I always had of him, that he united the knowledge of the wise senator to the integrity of a thoroughly good man and the zeal of a true patriot, but that he is lacking as a statesman alike as regards clearness of vision and determination."

Afterward Marat publicly declared in the convention that both Robespierre and Danton had all along repudiated the idea of a dictatorship, of triumvirate, of tribunat, which he had put before them. Finally, either as a matter of justice or for his own glorification, he said that he (Marat) was the first and probably the only man since the opening of the revolution who had openly declared for a triumvirate or dictatorship as the only means of crushing conspirators.

Both Robespierre and Marat drew a hot fire from the Girondins, and the Jacobins took alarm. One day toward the close of 1792, before the attack upon the king, Citizen Robert said to the Jacobin Club: "It is very astonishing that the names of Robespierre and Marat are always coupled together. Marat is a patriot. He has excellent qualities, I admit, but how different is he from Robespierre! The latter is discreet, moderate in his means, whereas Marat is exaggerated and has not the discretion which characterizes Robespierre. It is not sufficient to be a patriot. In order to serve the people usefully it is necessary to be reserved in the means of execution, and most assuredly Robespierre surpasses Marat in the means of execution."

In the same strain Citizen Bourdon continued: "We ought long since to have acquainted the affiliated societies with our opinion of Marat. How could they ever connect Robespierre and Marat together? Robespierre is a virtuous man with whom we have no fault to find from the commencement of the revolution. Robespierre is moderate in his means, whereas Marat is a violent writer who does great harm to the Jacobins, and besides it is right to observe that Marat does us great injury with the national convention. The deputies imagine we are partisans of Marat. We are called Maratists. If we show that we duly appreciate Marat, then you will see the deputies draw nearer to the Mountain where we sit. You will see the affiliated societies which have gone astray rally around the cradle of liberty. If Marat is a patriot, he will accede to the motion I am about to make. Marat ought to sacrifice himself to the cause of liberty. I move that his name be stricken from the list of members of this society."

Some members applauded this speech while others murmured, and in the confusion Citizen Dufourny arose to pour oil upon the troubled waters. Said he: "I oppose the motion for expelling Marat from this society. I will not deny the difference that exists between Marat and Robespierre. These two writers who may resemble one another in patriotism have very striking differences. They have both served the people, but in different ways. Robespierre has defended the true principles with method, with firmness and with all becoming discretion. Marat, on the contrary, has frequently passed the bounds of sound reason and prudence. Still, though admitting the difference that exists between Marat and Robespierre, I am not in favor of the erasure. I conclude with proposing that the motion of Bourdon be rejected and that merely a letter be written to the affiliated societies to acquaint them with the difference that we make between Marat and Robespierre."

This compromise prevailed, but in less than thirty days the moderate Robespierre was calling for the death of the king. Said he, "Louis must die that the country may live." After the death of the king he immediately proposed a committee of public safety clothed with power above the convention. It was organized, and Robespierre became the spokesman of the Mountain. It was then that he instituted the reign of terror and defended the condemnation of the Girondists by the declaration, "There are periods in a revolution when to live is a crime."

Finally in the same year as the death of the king and the organization of the committee of public safety Marat was assassinated to avenge the Girondins. He was the greatest personal force in the commune, and then began a struggle between the commune, with its revolutionary army, and the committee, with Robespierre in power. Danton led the convention, which was also in the way of the committee. Robespierre denounced the feast of reason which the convention instituted and afterward tried to counteract it by a festival to the Supreme Being. Gradually the breach widened between Robespierre and the Dantonists of the convention and the commune, which no longer had Marat to offset Robespierre.

The first element to go down under the guillotine were the communists. The Dantonists applauded at first, but within a short time Danton and Desmoulins were brought to the block by their old school fellow, Robespierre, who at the head of the governing committees was virtually the dictator of France.

Whatever the cause, the moderate had become the terrorist. Perhaps Marat had had the longer vision, or it may be that Robespierre waited for time to prove that the greatest enemies of the revolution were in its own ranks. He had rid himself of the commune, and the convention and finally tried to purge the committees. He failed and was brought to the block after a deadly struggle between his adherents and the convention.

In person Robespierre was slight, with feeble and angular limbs. His voice was shrill and monotonous, his eyes blue and deepset. A continual tension of all the muscles of the face gave to his naturally yellow complexion a somewhat ghastly look. From first to last he inspired his fellows with fear. The outside world worshipped him as "the incorruptible."

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