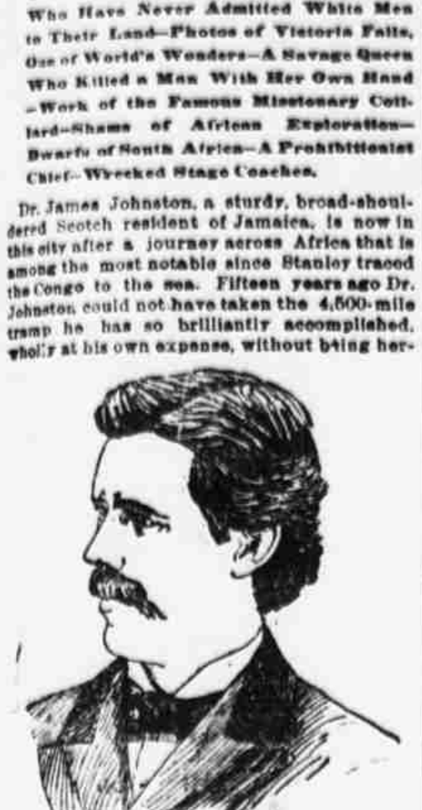
WALKED ACROSS AFRICA.

THE EVENTFUL JOURNEY JUST MADE BY DR. JAMES JOHNSTON.

A Tramp of 4,500 Miles Occupying About a Year and a Half—Snap Shots at Natives Who Have Never Admitted White Men to Their Land—Photos of Victoria Falls, One of World's Wonders—A Savage Queen Who Killed a Man With Her Own Hand—Work of the Famous Missionary Coillard—Shams of African Exploration—Dwarfs of South Africa—A Prohibitionist Chief—Wrecked Stage Coaches.

Dr. James Johnston, a sturdy, broad-shouldered Scotch resident of Jamaica, is now in this city after a journey across Africa that is among the most notable since Stanley traced the Congo to the sea. Fifteen years ago Dr. Johnston could not have taken the 4,500-mile tramp he has so brilliantly accomplished, wholly at his own expense, without being her-



JAMES JOHNSTON, M. D.

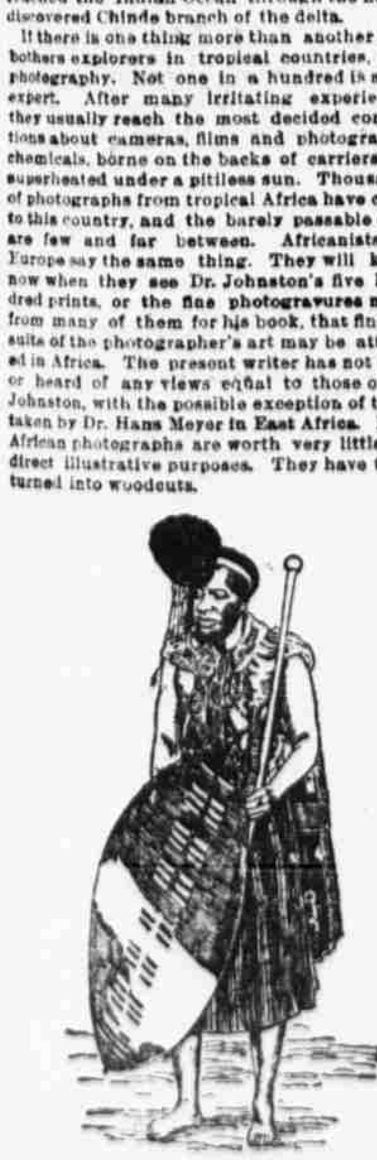
alded and remembered as one of the great pioneers of African discovery. As it is, his journey in some respects stands alone, and is not likely soon to be equalled. It is not too much to say that the snap shops he took are the best lot of photographs that have come out of tropical Africa. He has also brought into the clearest light many facts of exceeding interest that have long been misty. He crossed Africa from sea to sea, following a circuitous route that took in some entirely virgin country—a route that can be compared with those of only three other explorers, and chiefly

VICTORIA FALLS
Near the centre.

that of Livingstone when he made the great journey which gave him world-wide fame.

Starting inland from Benguela, Angola, on May 29, 1891, Dr. Johnston climbed the mountain bulwark that forms the western face of the great interior plateau, and pitched his tent at elevated Bihe. Then his course was southeast, across many Zambesi tributaries and among almost unknown tribes until he reached the chief town of the Marotse people on the upper Zambesi; then he visited Niagara's great rival, the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, and pushed far south across the thirsty wastes until he reached Palapye, the town of the famous Bechuana chief, Khama; then he travelled far northeast among the miners and natives of Mashonaland, making his way next through the whole unexplored region of Garengoza, on to the Zambesi, up the Shire to the Nyassa Highlands, and more than half the length of Nyassa to the mission stations at Bandawe and Likoma Island; then he retraced his steps to the Zambesi, and reached the Indian Ocean through the newly discovered Chinde branch of the delta.

It there is one thing more than another that bothers explorers in tropical countries, it is photography. Not one in a hundred is at all expert. After many irritating experiences they usually reach the most decided convictions about cameras, films and photographic chemicals, borne on the backs of carriers and superheated under a pitiless sun. Thousands of photographs from tropical Africa have come to this country, and the barely passable ones are few and far between. Africanists in Europe say the same thing. They will know now when they see Dr. Johnston's five hundred prints, or the fine photogravures made from many of them for his book, that fine results of the photographer's art may be attained in Africa. The present writer has not seen or heard of any views equal to those of Dr. Johnston, with the possible exception of those taken by Dr. Hans Meyer in East Africa. Most African photographs are worth very little for direct illustrative purposes. They have to be turned into woodcuts.



LEWANIKA IN HIS WAR DRESS.

Dr. Johnston had a peculiar advantage. His profession is surgery and medicine—his hobby is photography. For years the most picturesque spots in beautiful Jamaica have been caught by his camera. No visitor to Jamaica fails to see Dr. Johnston's views. Writers of books on Jamaica have acknowledged their indebtedness to Dr. Johnston for illustrative material. He learned his art under a tropical sun. In Africa he did what few explorers try to do—developed his negatives as he went along. The nights were his work time and his tent was his dark room.

It pays to study these pictures through a reading glass, because much detail is sharply defined, and while it may easily be studied with the naked eye, it bears amplification. The *Geographical Journal* of London, in April last, printed a page picture, reproduced from a photograph, of the remarkable scenery, including Profile Cliff, in the Zambesi gorge, just below the Victoria Falls. Dr. Johnston took a snap shot at the same scene. The outlines of the two pictures are the same, but in the English view there is no detail to be studied, while in Johnston's view one may easily trace the cracks in the basalt, various phases of the denudation of these giant cliffs, the general aspects of the vegetation, and the boiling and eddying of the swift flowing river.

In turning over Johnston's pictures a student of Africa meets many surprises. "How on earth," said a writer for THE SUN, "did you get this group of Mashukulumbwes?" It is a striking picture, but the most remarkable thing about it is that Dr. Johnson got it at all. This fierce tribe north of the Zambesi are very little known, because they refuse to be known. They have brought to grief every explorer who has tried to go among them. It was from their land that Dr. Holub and his wife and party made their thrilling escape, leaving their splendid equipment as the booty of savages, abandoning the body of a murdered comrade, and glad to escape with their lives and two or three guns. Before the catastrophe came Holub had succeeded in making a few sketches of the various remarkable ways in which the Mashukulumbwes dress their hair, and though most of his note books were torn to pieces by the enemy, he managed to save these sketches. Any one who had seen them could readily identify Dr. Johnston's group of the fierce warriors.

"This picture was a bit of good fortune which I had not expected," said Dr. Johnston. "The warriors, with their two chiefs, were an embassy from their tribe to King Lewanika, King of Barotse, and they came, bringing tribute, while I was at his court. They had suffered heavily from the raids of their powerful neighbor, and they came to declare their wish to live at peace with him. I curried favor with these interesting ambassadors by giving to each a piece of bright colored cloth. Then they gave us an exhibition war dance, which was an exciting affair, and then, after I had calmed them down a bit with gifts of food I managed to pose them for this picture."

The headdress of the two chiefs was built up into a horn about four feet high. A sight of those faces, pinched and devilish, every line on which is shown, is a glimpse of pure savagery. The wonder is that they stood for the picture.

"One has to exercise much patience and tact," said Dr. Johnston, "in photographing the natives. It is hard to convince them that they will not be bewitched by posing in front of the camera. I found that the most successful argument was to politely ask permission to take their measure."

The Doctor has a number of views of various parts of Victoria Falls. The falls are a mile wide. The peaceful blue waters of the Zambesi suddenly plunge 400 feet down into a chasm which is only about 150 feet wide. Several columns of spray rise hundreds of feet into the air, and the boiling water below is discharged at one end of the chasm, which runs at right angles to the course of the river. It is impossible to gain any vantage ground from which more than a small part of the falls may be seen at one time. Most travellers have asserted that it is impossible to get a photographic view of any part of the stupendous spectacle. The pictures given by explorers have been fancy sketches conveying a rough idea of them as a whole. Dr. Johnston's views vividly show various parts of the falls. The view reproduced here was taken near the centre. The explorer lay in the brush for twelve hours, drenched to the skin by the mist, waiting for a gust of air to blow away, for a moment, the dense cloud that hides the falls from view, so that his camera might catch them. He was rewarded at last and a clear and beautiful picture was the result. To the right and left are seen little basalt islands that make this part of the falls a section by itself. The water drops nearly four times as far as we see it in the picture before it reaches the bottom of the chasm.

MISSIONARY COILLARD.

Interesting stories are connected with many of these pictures. It is the fashion for the women of some tribes living near Lake Nyassa to deform their features frightfully by wearing in a hole in their upper lips a bit of ivory, wood, or stone, which they call the pelele. The lip is pierced when the girls are very young, and the hole is gradually enlarged until the pelele, an inch to two inches in length, may be inserted. Fortunately very few African peoples are addicted to the pelele. One of the pictures shows a large group of these women.

"How does it happen," asked the writer, "that all those women in the background are seen without the pelele, while all the women in front are wearing it?"

"Well," said Dr. Johnston, "I grouped the women, about sixty in number, in three rows, placing the old women kneeling in front, while the younger women stood in two tiers above them. All of them were wearing their peleles. I had no sooner, however, hid my head beneath the focusing cloth than up went the hands of all the young women and they whipped the peleles out of their lips as quick as a wink. They know very well that white men think this 'improver' has anything but an ornamental effect, and they had their pictures taken without it. The old women, however, were less sensitive and retained the peculiar ornaments."

No earlier explorer has brought home a photograph of Lewanika, the famous chief of the Marotse. Dr. Johnston shows him in various aspects, here holding court, with many people kneeling in the sand around him; then arrayed in his war costume, and then attending the marriage of his son, who was wedded after the manner of white folks, and promised to cleave to one wife, but fell from grace a few months thereafter and took another wife. It is Lewanika and his numerous people who, according to recent reports, are threatened by the defeated Matabeles, who with their king, Lo Bengula, are in desperate need of a new home. Dr. Johnston does not think the Matabeles can wrest the country away from Lewanika.

"The Marotse," he says, "are fighters, and it will be no easy task for the Matabeles to possess themselves of the part of the Zambesi Valley controlled by Lewanika. To be sure, the Matabeles have guns and some ammunition, but so have the Marotse, and they know how to use them. They have been trading with the Portuguese and now have about 1,000 Martini rifles. If the Matabeles finally settle near the Zambesi, it is far more likely that they will conquer the country of the Mashukulumbwes, east of Marotse. These natives, as I have said, are the fiercest of savages, but they have no guns, and the soldiers of Lo Bengula would probably succeed in reducing them to slavery. They have many cattle, and would be a rich prey for the exiled Matabeles. If misfortune befalls them they will not command the sympathy the Marotse would under the same circumstances. They have successfully barred their district against white men, and are, perhaps, the fiercest enemies in Africa of our race. The Marotse, to be sure, have not been specially amenable to white influences of the best sort, but the work of that grand man, Francis Coillard, among them, though not very fruitful as yet, deserves to be known and admired of all the world.

"Lewanika is a real African king, compared with whom most of the many others I saw are insignificant. He does not yearn for a knowledge of the Gospel, but he takes a very practical view of white teachers. He believes that if his people learn how to read and write, and especially if they become experts as carpenters, blacksmiths, cabinet-makers, and so on, his power and prosperity will be increased. He wants his tribe to become wise, like Europeans. I received much kindness and civility from Lewanika. I was totally unprepared for it, for my experience had led me to regard the chiefs of the interior merely as greedy beggars, who never offer a white man the most paltry present without expecting ten times its value in return."

One of Dr. Johnston's pictures, reproduced here, shows the famous missionary Coillard, who, according to the story of Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese traveller, saved the life of that explorer when he made his journey across Africa. Coillard is known to the friends of African mission work all over the world. He has been in the field for thirty years, and a few weeks before Johnston met him he had lost his devoted wife, who in all those years had been his faithful helpmeet. Johnston found him poor in health and greatly depressed in spirits. For seven years he had been working among the Marotse, in a most trying climate, and from a religious standpoint his work thus far seems to have been almost without fruit. "I shall never forget," says Dr. Johnston, "the time I spent with Coillard. If I have seen one mission in Africa that deserves the sympathy and support of Christians at home more than another, it is this."

Dr. Johnston does not approve of many of the missionary methods he has seen in Africa.

FRANCIS COILLARD'S MISSION STATION.

He says the most genuine missions in Africa are those that must be sought out. Their claims are rarely published to the world and are known only to the few. "On the other hand," says Johnston, "many a man whose mission is superficial resorts to sensational and questionable advertisements of his work."

The Doctor visited a number of the mission stations in the interior, and his impressions of most of them are anything but roseate. "I believe," he said, "that self-supporting missions in Africa are a grand mistake. Practically they are a failure. It is infinitely harder for a white man to earn his living in Africa than in a civilized land unless he abandons mission work and confines himself to trading; and the man who must toil the whole week to support his wife and children can have few opportunities for evangelical work." It is evident that Dr. Johnston does not entertain a very high opinion of the practical aspects of Bishop Taylor's plan of work. On the other hand he was much impressed with the good work that the agents of the American Board are carrying on in the elevated Bihe district on the western edge of the Central African plateau. Their work is conducted on sound common sense as well as Christian principles. They are making a marked improvement in the social condition of the natives.

"Only in the field," says Johnston, "is it possible to know a tithe of the hindrances to the progress of missions in Central Africa. As a matter of fact, the native does not care for the Gospel message, but he does expect that the missionary will bring him plenty of cloth, beads, guns, and gunpowder. Missionaries must expect their encouragement and reward from some other source than from the people they come to benefit. The white man, to the natives, is a being to be plundered. Savage converts are few and far between and are apt to backslide. The best toilers in the field are those who have endless patience and perseverance and who are content to lay the foundation of the future structure which they will not live to see."

One of Dr. Johnston's purposes in going to Africa was to ascertain if Christian Jamaicans of African descent might not be used with great advantage as helpers in the mission field. He took six Jamaicans with him, and the result of the experiment has convinced him and missionaries in the field, that, under white superintendence, natives of Jamaica may play a most useful part in the efforts to elevate Africa. His conversation and his book abound with practical hints and suggestions covering many phases of mission work and indicating desirable new fields.

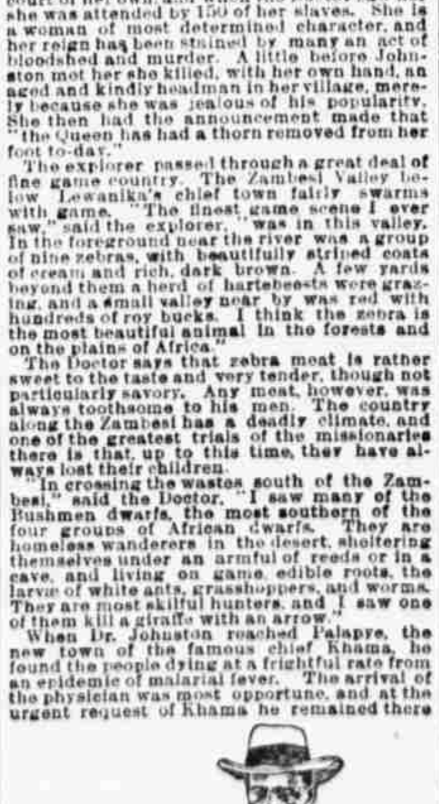
One picture shows Queen Magwai surrounded by many of her slave women. She is the sister of Lewanika, reigns with him, has a court of her own, and when the Doctor saw her she was attended by 150 of her slaves. She is a woman of most determined character, and her reign has been stained by many an act of bloodshed and murder. A little before Johnston met her she killed, with her own hand, an aged and kindly headman in her village, merely because she was jealous of his popularity. She then had the announcement made that "the Queen has had a thorn removed from her foot to-day."

The explorer passed through a great deal of fine game country. The Zambesi Valley below Lewanika's chief town fairly swarms with game. "The finest game scene I ever saw," said the explorer, "was in this valley. In the foreground near the river was a group of nine zebras, with beautifully striped coats of cream and rich, dark brown. A few yards beyond them a herd of hartebeests were grazing, and a small valley near by was red with hundreds of roy bucks. I think the zebra is the most beautiful animal in the forests and on the plains of Africa."

The Doctor says that zebra meat is rather sweet to the taste and very tender, though not particularly savory. Any meat, however, was always toothsome to his men. The country along the Zambesi has a deadly climate, and one of the greatest trials of the missionaries there is that, up to this time, they have always lost their children.

"In crossing the wastes south of the Zambesi," said the Doctor, "I saw many of the Bushmen dwarfs, the most southern of the four groups of African dwarfs. They are homeless wanderers in the desert, sheltering themselves under an armful of reeds or in a cave, and living on game, edible roots, the larvæ of white ants, grasshoppers, and worms. They are most skilful hunters, and I saw one of them kill a giraffe with an arrow."

When Dr. Johnston reached Palapye, the new town of the famous chief Khama, he found the people dying at a frightful rate from an epidemic of malarial fever. The arrival of the physician was most opportune, and at the urgent request of Khama he remained there



CHIEF KHAMA.

for some time, ministering to the wants of hundreds. When he departed the epidemic had abated, and a most grateful testimonial as to the services he had rendered was given to him. Palapye has about 15,000 inhabitants. Its situation is not healthful.

"Khama," says Dr. Johnston, "is a noble example of what Christianity and civilization will do for the African. He is straightforward, honest, upright, and stern and vigorous in the administration of his laws. Long ago he laid a heavy hand on the drink traffic. A trader who sells drink to the natives is turned out of the country in short order. He would not even take medicine when I sent it to him in a jug. Any native who dares to brew a gallon of Kaffir beer is exiled with his family, and all his property is confiscated. His own brother-in-law has incurred this fate. In some other respects, however, Khama is very backward in his ideas and practice. His people are herded together in huts without any regard to sanitary laws or social well being. Half of his people are Makalaka slaves, the representatives of many tribes captured long ago. They are still in a state of servitude, and so this ruler, of whose enlightenment so much has been said, appears to us in the aspect of a slaveholder."

The large part of south Central Africa through which the explorer passed is evidently not so thickly populated as some other portions of the continent. "I cannot endorse," said the Doctor, "the reports of the density of the population of Central Africa. Once in three or four hundred miles one strikes a town of moderate size. About every hundred miles there is a group of villages. The traveller meets a small village perhaps every other day."

Dr. Johnston spoke of the exaggerations of a number of travellers, and particularly of the misstatements of a certain Portuguese explorer. This man gave a very vague and in some respects totally erroneous idea of the country and its peoples. He did great injustice to the natives also, as, for instance, in his blood-curdling story of his battle with the Marotse. Johnston says there is not a particle of truth in this story, and that in fact the man arrived among the Marotse in a destitute condition and was most hospitably received by Lewanika and his people.

One of the curiosities in east Africa at present is the wreck of the stage-coach enterprise started by an enterprising British firm when the Mashonaland gold fever broke out. They sent to Africa $10,000 worth of wagons and coaches, intending to start a short and direct route to the promised land from Beira on the Indian Ocean. The handsome coaches were labelled in gilt letters "Pungwe Route to Mashonaland." To-day the entire equipment is covered with rust and mildew. All the capital invested was lost. The proprietors did not know that the route would have to pass through a region infested by the Tsetse fly, where no horses could live.

Dr. Johnston found Garongoza, in East Africa, south of the Zambesi, a beautiful and fertile land that has thus far been almost wholly unknown to geographers. In all his 4,500 miles of travel, which included long stretches through regions where the natives were mistrustful and even hostile, the Doctor did not fire a shot at a native. His expedition is probably unique in this respect, that he did not lose a member of his caravan by death throughout his year and a half of wanderings.

THE SUN may have occasion later to refer to some of the conclusions reached by Dr. Johnston with regard to the resources and possibilities of the regions he visited. Some of these views will not be fully conceded by writers abroad who have spoken with most authority on these matters; but all will admit that the journey now fully recorded in the Doctor's book was remarkable and in some respects unique, full of new and solid information, collected by an observer of keen insight, practical ideas, and of plain language, used to clearly convey the exact truth about Africa as he saw it. THE SUN has reproduced these pictures from Dr. Johnston's book, "Romance vs. Reality, in South Central Africa," by the kindness of the Fleming H. Revell Company.

DARK YEAR FOR FUR BEARERS.

Black Foxes, a Black Otter, and a Black Mink Chased in the Delaware Valley.

MIDDLETOWN, Feb. 3.—Gus Pfaff of this city has a valuable collection of mounted specimens of rare wild animals, but his latest addition to it is the rarest one of all. This is a black otter. Very few black otters have ever been killed anywhere, and this specimen is looked upon as all the more extraordinary because it was captured in Orange county and almost within sight of the big town of Port Jervis. For more than a year John R. Case of Deer Park township had noticed signs about his place of some animal that was strange to him. He had tried in various ways ever since to capture the mysterious prowler, but without success, until a short time ago. He had set a trap in the Neversink River, and when he went to it one morning he found this black otter in it. The animal was very savage, and although handicapped by the trap it whipped two of Case's dogs in short order. Case killed it at last with a club. He sold the otter to Pfaff for $40. This is the first otter of any kind captured in this region in twenty years, and there is no record of a black one ever having been seen in this locality before.

Whether or not there is anything in the open and mild weather that prevailed all through the early part of this winter to cause it, animals besides otters that are not expected to be black have been seen and killed in the Delaware Valley this season. Red foxes are numerous always, but jet-black ones are having no end of fun with the hunters in the vicinity of Colchester, Delaware county. The first one was just seen by John Hawk, near Read's Creek. It was chased all day by men and dogs and was lost in the hills over the Broome county line. When the men who had been chasing this black fox got home from their fruitless hunt, they heard the news that some Walton hunters had been busy all day on the trail of another one, which they lost after following it to the mountains of Schoharie county, between the sources of the Delaware and the Charlotte branch of the Susquehanna. These two rare foxes have been seen and hunted many times since, but up to date they have outwitted the hunters at every turn. The strong desire to bag these animals is founded on a great deal more than love of sport. The pelt of a black fox is worth from $60 to $100.

Alexander Carmen, who lives on the Randolph Hills, having had thirty-nine of his choicest chickens killed in one night by some four-legged marauder, he set a trap for it. The trap got it. It was a jet-black mink, and it was so furious over being made an ignominious prisoner that it first whipped Carmen's dog and then tackled Carmen himself. Carmen kicked it to death, and has the satisfaction of knowing that he captured the only black mink of which there is any record among trappers.

The Puzzling Pronunciation of Salida.

From the Denver Times.

There is probably no town in the State whose name is pronounced in as many different ways as Salida. It is usually pronounced in three syllables, though Rio Grand porters have a habit of abbreviating it to two, shouting as the train goes plunging into the station, "Slyda."

Once in a while there is a brakeman so indifferent to Salida etiquette that he will open the car door, and, in a voice that sounds indistinct above the roar of the wheels, yell: "Slide, twenty minutes for dinner," and bang the door shut again, while the mystified passengers begin to "slide," expecting the roof of the car to be scraped off.

Strangers usually use the straight pronunciation, "Sa-li-da," but the ultra aristocratic try to get a midway plaisance twist to it, and pronounce it "Sa-lee-da." Some of the Salidaites rather like this and go one better by giving it a Ferris wheel turn and calling it "Sa-lea-day." The upper crust, however, look proud and, assuming indifference, tiptoe, bluestockinglike, up to the mark at "Saw-lee-da." Once in a while one is found who calls it "O-lee-dah."

There are so many different ways of pronouncing the name that it causes much trouble to trainmen, and often leads to serious disputes.

To such a condition has it come that when a Rio Grande brakeman gets his pay and struts around with his pocket full of money he is likely to say "Saw-lee-da," and when he gets his board bill paid and his name mopped off the slate uptown and finds himself in a dilapidated condition financially, he flatly says "Say-lye-day," without any compunctions of conscience. All this makes the people of the town feel sore, for they have the brakeman's money in their pockets and "Say-lye-day" sounds very commonplace to them then.

The name Salida has caused more annoyance than the pronunciation of Arkansas did until the matter was settled by legislation. Col. Hooper of the Rio Grande has been requested to take the Salida matter up and have it settled. It is likely that he will name a committee to whom will be intrusted the matter. Dr. O'Connor, the chief surgeon, will probably be on the committee, also Hotel Manager Thayer and Chief Engineer Rogers. It is said that the Doctor favors the "Saw-lee-dah" twist, but Mr. Rogers thinks the best way is to strike a tangent and adopt the pronunciation adopted by the porters, "Sly-da." It is likely that a compromise can be reached and the matter settled for all time to come.

AN OCEAN TRAMP CAPTAIN.

MEMORIES OF CAPT. GODFREE, LATELY LOST IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.

A Life Full of Peril, Care, and Hard Work—Three Fine Tramps from Plymouth that Were Lost Within a Single Year.

In an article published in THE SUN a few weeks ago, entitled "Jack Tar's First Day Out," some account was given of the method of shipping sailors at this port, and a few of the trials of a Captain in the merchant service were incidentally mentioned. The ship referred to in the article, but not therein named, was the British steamship Smeaton Tower, Capt. J. Godfree of Plymouth, England, both ship and Captain well known in this harbor. A few months previously Capt. Godfree had been transferred to the command of a newer and larger steamship belonging to the same company, the Sir John Hawkins. So rapidly does the sea make history that to-day the Smeaton Tower lies wrecked on the rocky coast of the Black Sea, and the Sir John Hawkins lies somewhere on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, no man can say just where. The epitaph of her brave little Captain and her crew of about thirty men has been posted at Lloyd's, in London, in the single word, "missing."

If sea Captains were as good at writing as they are at navigating, it is not the Captains of the great ocean liners who would have the wonderful stories of adventure to relate. Their route lies week by week over the same course, back and forth, until the monotony of the voyage becomes the hardest part of the service. It is the commander of the obscure ocean tramp who sees all parts of the world, and meets with the strangest experiences. It is he who, when he returns to port has no idea whether his next order will take him to the South Pacific or the Indian Ocean, to Upernavik or to Bombay. He must be ready for any service in any climate, working always for small pay, without hope of distinction. The probabilities are that in the end his friends will be watching the press despatches, as Capt. Godfree's friends in Plymouth and New York and in various parts of the world are now watching them, in the faint hope that some slow sailing craft bound on a long voyage may have rescued him from the waves.

But sea Captains usually do not write their experiences, and of their actual work very little is known. The writer had the good fortune to sail many thousand miles with Capt. Godfree in the Smeaton Tower, sharing the comforts of his snug cabin and the delicacies of his lockers, and at one time to be nominally a member of his crew, being entered on the crew list as assistant purser, to escape the rigors of Spanish quarantine and revenue laws. He thus became familiar with the work of an ocean tramp and her Captain; and some glimpses of a merchant Captain's life may be of interest to any Americans who think of following the sea, and possibly to some who do not. To appreciate the work of a Captain, it is necessary first to know something about his ship and her owners.

In the famous old maritime city of Plymouth, England, is the firm of R. B. Triplett & Co., who make a specialty of building steamships for charter—and every steamship built for charter is called an ocean tramp. They are only one of hundreds of firms all over England (and there are some in this country, too) engaged in the same business; and as the building of iron steamships is costly work, they do not carry the whole financial burden themselves, but form stock companies. They may have one ship, two ships, or a dozen, but for each vessel a separate stock company is formed, the company in every case retaining enough of the stock to control the vessel's movements. After the vessel is built, the great object is to make her earn money enough to satisfy all the shareholders. When about ten years ago this company decided to build a new vessel, the appropriate name of Smeaton Tower was given to her, because just outside of Plymouth harbor stands the Eddystone Lighthouse, and the first permanent beacon that marked that dangerous rock was built by a man named Smeaton, and was called the Smeaton Tower. Accordingly a Smeaton Tower Stock Company was organized, and the vessel, of about 2,000 tons, was built at a cost of £25,500. She was well built, stronger in frame and sinew than such vessels are made now, and well fitted in every particular.

To command the new ship Capt. J. Godfree was chosen; and Capt. Godfree had gone through all the hard experiences that a man must go through before he can be put in command even of an ocean tramp. In Plymouth a large proportion of the able-bodied men are either engaged about the naval docks or are connected in some way with the sea; and almost every boy has to decide at some time whether he will become a sailor or remain on shore. So many of the Plymouth boys go to sea that it is no unusual thing for a Plymouth ship to be manned entirely by a Plymouth crew, from Captain to cabin boy, and this was almost the case with the Smeaton Tower. With a father who has spent a long lifetime in superintending her Majesty's dockyards, young Godfree naturally took to the sea, and before he was 14 he made his first voyage to India as cabin boy of a sailing vessel. His next venture was before the mast on a full-rigged ship bound for Australia, and in less than ten years afterward he was Captain of another ship, and took her over the same course.

Between these two points, however, there were many hard knocks. With the money saved from the first voyage or two he gave himself a full course in one of the English nautical training schools, and life in these schools is no joke. In the yard is built an imitation ship, with all the masts and yards and rigging complete, and every nautical operation is thoroughly taught—not with the gentle suasion used in milder schools, but in real old British fashion, with the big black strap a stern reality. Thus in his early days the young British tar learns not only to box the compass and to read the stars, but also to take those friendly kicks and cuffs that in after years he must know how to give.

Having advanced by slow degrees to the command of a sailing vessel and visited many parts of the world in her, Capt. Godfree was thought competent to be made second officer of one of Triplett & Co.'s steamships. Through the loss of the first officer and the promotion to a newer ship of the Captain, he came shortly to command this vessel, and in due time was promoted to the captaincy of the Smeaton Tower. This reads like a smooth upward course, but meantime many companions with equal chances had failed. Godfree came to the front because he understood his business, was a man always to be depended upon, and did not drink rum. In course of time Triplett & Co. sent the Smeaton Tower across the Atlantic, consigned to their agents in this city, hoping to find work for her. Her second officer, Mr. Turner, another Plymouth man, was married on a Tuesday and sailed for America on Wednesday, promising to see his bride again in a few weeks. Three years afterward he next saw her, and had a chance to spend nearly two days with her.

This is the errand of a large majority of the thousands of ocean tramps that enter this harbor every year; a few come already under charter, but the many are looking for work, which they generally find in carrying away our immense crops of corn, cotton, and other produce. The Smeaton Tower had better luck than most of her kind, for she was immediately chartered by the New York and Porto Rico Steamship Company to make regular trips between New York and the various coast towns of Porto Rico. The round trip consumes one month, and the Smeaton Tower remained in this trade for more than a year. Under such a charter the owners of the ship furnish and pay the crew and keep the vessel in complete running order, and the charterers pay so many hundred dollars a day for having the ship continually subject to their orders. In this service the Smeaton Tower was not required to carry passengers, as she was not fitted for it; but through an arrangement with the company and the owners the Captain was allowed to carry two or three on each voyage, when he could get them, to his own profit, to eke out his slender salary of from $100 to $125 a month. For this small pay the entire responsibility of the ship rested upon his shoulders, night and day, 365 days in the year.

It was while the Smeaton Tower was chartered for the Porto Rico trade that the writer became familiar with the hard life of the Captain of an ocean tramp. The vessel was much better found and fitted than most ships of her kind, and her snug little cabin was as handsome as that of many passenger ships, with its mahogany furniture, open fireplace, and upholstered sofas. In the matter of table furnishings she was particularly grand. There was so much silver-plated ware that the half of it had never been unpacked; and every piece of chinaware bore the ship's monogram. The Captain's stateroom, about ten feet square, opened from the main cabin. This was also furnished in mahogany, and contained, besides the berth built up on top of a chest of drawers, a large bookcase, a sofa, a folding table, the usual toilet appliances, and the ship's chronometer. The sofa was hollow, and beneath its broad cover were kept most of the ship's luxuries—tobacco for the crew, jams, canned goods, and a few bottles of beer and spirits for judicious use among the thirsty Custom House officers of the West Indies. The framed photographs on the walls were all of Capt. Godfree's father, mother, and sisters, and the affection with which he frequently spoke of them showed that his heart was still in Plymouth.

Two things at once became evident about the Captain of an ocean tramp—that he was a man apart, living almost the life of a hermit; and that he had seen very little of the many countries he had visited. His utter isolation from all companionship was almost painful. When the ship lay in New York his visits were confined to the company's office, the Custom House, and the Maritime Exchange. Occasionally he would stay on shore long enough to visit a theatre, but at those times he was always uneasy about his ship, and hurried back to her as soon as the play was over. It was only once, when the ship was in dry dock, and consequently out of his hands for several days, that he really saw anything of New York. When there were any passengers they were usually Porto Ricans, and they and the Captain could have few interests in common. Among the crew he could have no companions whatever—not even his first officer. On a chartered ship there is usually a supercargo who lives in the cabin and who might be useful as a companion; but as he and the Captain represent different interests, too much familiarity is not generally thought proper. The supercargo represents the charterers and has entire charge of the cargo, while the Captain represents the owners and has absolute control of the ship. There is no doubt about the comparative social standing of every member of the crew of an ocean tramp while aboard ship. The Captain stands alone in his glory—unapproachable, infallible. Every member of the crew must say sir to him and fly when he speaks. He sits at the head of the cabin table, with the first mate at his left and the passengers, if there are any, at his right. When they have finished a meal the second mate comes in and eats, always with an apologetic air for such an intrusion. No other person aboard the ship would think of eating in the cabin, or even of entering it without a special invitation, except, of course, the supercargo, who is on the footing of a cabin passenger while the vessel is at sea. The chief engineer and his two assistants have their own cabin, their own table, even their own steward. Although one of the assistant engineers was a son of one of the principal owners, he would have been very much surprised at an invitation to enter the Captain's cabin. The steward eats in the pantry, and the crew of course in the forecastle.

The two mates, the steward, and the engineer and his two assistants are the only permanent members of the crew; all the others are shipped for each voyage, and discharged when the voyage is ended. The steward is in reality little more than a waiter and dishwasher, and the Captain is his own steward, buying all the ship's supplies and seeing that they are on board before sailing. It is fortunate that this is the custom, for the steward is in nearly every case a confirmed tippler. One of the Captain's first duties after sailing is to pick him up from the pantry floor and shake and cuff him into partial consciousness. The next is to search the pantry, the storeroom, and the steward's stateroom for concealed bottles of liquor. Such a steward no doubt should be discharged; but the trouble is that the next one would certainly be as bad, and very likely worse. Stewards on tramp steamers are in many cases cooks or chief stewards from passenger ships who have been discharged for drunkenness. Ordinarily the steward would be custodian of the medicine chest, but on an ocean tramp the Captain must keep the keys. If the steward is allowed to go alone to the chest some of the bottles will be drained dry, and they will invariably be those containing some admixture of alcohol. Ether, chloroform, Jamaica ginger, peppermint essence, and "number six" are great favorites with tramp stewards after all their hidden bottles have been thrown overboard. When there are passengers there is a decanter of wine on the table every day at dinner—cheap Spanish wine that would hurt nobody. But a quart or two of this wine would make the steward feel comfortable, so the Captain must fill the decanter every day himself, keeping the demijohn carefully under lock and key, and if what is left in the decanter lowers perceptibly over night he must call the steward to account.

Having dragged the drunken sailors out of the forecastle with the steam winch, and fought and thrashed probably six out of the eight of them and thrown all their bottles of liquor overboard, and having knocked the steward into a state of sobriety, and very likely given a stimulated cook a lesson or two in physical culture, the Captain of an ocean tramp bound for the West Indies, by the time he is off the Delaware capes, feels comparatively at ease. But his ease is only comparative. With no one to talk to except in the way of giving orders, nobody to sympathize with him in his troubles, he still has the entire care and charge of the ship. Every other man on board has his hours on and hours off, but the Captain's hours are all "on." He may settle himself on his cabin sofa for an afternoon nap, and some unaccustomed noise in the machinery, entirely unnoticeable by untrained ears, calls him instantly to the engine room. On a passenger ship this would be the care of one of the engineers; but on an ocean tramp the Captain knows more about the engines than the chief engineer, more about the sails than the sailmaker, more about navigation than the chief officer, more about cooking than the cook, more about serving than the steward, more about maritime law than the supercargo; more about everything, in short, than any other man on board. Generally he does know more about all these things than any of his crew; in the case of Capt. Godfree, he undoubtedly did; but if he does not, he must assume to. His only way is to assume that nobody else on board knows anything at all, and not to allow even a mouse trap to be baited without his personal supervision.

In dangerous weather, the competent Captain of an ocean tramp does not leave the bridge, remaining there sometimes forty-eight or seventy-two hours without relief. His mates may be good sailors, but he knows that he is a better. They may be faithful, but the company looks to the Captain. On the bridge he eats his meals and sometimes catches a brief nap, but on the bridge he waits for smoother weather. If a sailor breaks a limb, he puts it in splints. If anybody is sick, he gives him medicine. If anybody malingers, and feigns sickness in the hope of getting a drink of rum, he prepares a dose of Epsom salts and sees that they are swallowed. If two of the men fall to fighting, he thrashes them both first, and inquires into the merits of the case afterward. He can not only whip any man aboard the ship, but whip the whole crew collectively, and they know it. He has loaded firearms in his cabin, but would scorn to use them as long as his fists hold. In case of accident he refuses assistance while there is a plank left, because assistance means salvage. In case of death he is the clergyman, and when there are passengers he is sometimes the *accoucheur*. A dozen men are employed on a big passenger ship to do the work that is done by the Captain of an ocean tramp.

The possibilities of rising are merely the chances of being transferred to a newer and larger ship belonging to the same owners. The probabilities of failing meanwhile are always in sight. A stranding, a collision, a moment's carelessness, and he may lose his master's certificate for three months, for a year, or permanently. In the latter case, he becomes a common sailor again. While the Smeaton Tower was running to Porto Rico the Tripletts were building a much larger steamship, to be called the Sir Francis Drake, and Capt. Godfree had hopes of being promoted to her. He was the company's favorite Captain, because he was always faithful, always ready, and, perhaps better yet, always made money with his ship. Upon his dropping a hint to the company in this direction, however, he was informed that as soon as the Drake was completed they would build a ship even larger than she, to be called the Sir John Hawkins, and that Capt. Godfree was to command her.

After nearly three years of service in American and West Indian waters, the Smeaton Tower and her crew were ordered home to Plymouth. By this time the Sir Francis Drake had been launched and lost at sea on her first voyage, and her Captain had lost his certificate. But the Sir John Hawkins was ready, and when Capt. Godfree took command of her he was one of her owners, for he had saved money. The old crew, all but the Captain, remained on the Smeaton Tower, and both ships were sent through the Mediterranean to the far East. The work of the ocean tramp is well illustrated by the movements of these two vessels after their return to Europe. In view of the loss of the Sir John Hawkins, some of the phrases used by Capt. Godfree in his letters to a friend in this country are particularly suggestive. Last March he wrote from Port Said: "Our first voyage was to Bombay and Calcutta. We found the weather in India very pleasant in the daytime, but rather cold at night. This business is not like the Porto Rico trade; no passengers; still I manage to do fairly well. On our return voyage, trouble began when we reached Suez. I managed to clear all the reefs in the Bay of Bengal, Indian Ocean, and Red Sea, but as soon as we entered the canal, up she went into the banks. She was laid out in grand style, with her bow on one bank and her stern across on the other, completely blocking the canal, and lying at such an angle that it was very difficult to walk the deck. We had to discharge cargo, which took us thirty hours, without any sleep. Then with the assistance of the canal company's tug we got Sir John off, looking like a bull just come out of the ring. The trouble was caused by a heavy wind and strong current running in the direction of the ship, not being in good trim in such narrow water. Sir John would not stand it or steer well. If you could have seen her on her beam ends you would realize the trouble we had. But here we are again at Port Said with a cargo of coals, so we are having a nice time. We have 500 tons to deliver daily, but could do considerable more if they would take it. We shall be here about seven days. We are not going out East this voyage, as freights are so very low, and I hope to get orders to proceed up the Black Sea to load grain, in which trade I served many years. The runs are short, and time passes more pleasantly. Nothing would please me better than to settle down in the States, running a boat, say, between New York and Porto Rico. I should then see more of home life; as it is I see very little. I hope some day to be settled down and have some one to care for."

In September Capt. Godfree wrote again from Port Said: "I received your letter in Hamburg, where we discharged our cargo of 4,023 tons of maize from the Danube. On account of the great strike of the colliers in Wales we loaded out from Hamburg with German coals, quite a new departure; but the merchants out here were glad to get coals of any kind. We arrived to-day, and in about a week we shall be leaving again for the Black Sea, and back to the United Kingdom or Continent. By that time the ice will be setting in in the Black Sea, and we shall have to go out East, or across to the States to relieve you of a little of the great crop you mention. I find there is plenty of employment for steamers, but freights are poor—too many of us are after the almighty dollar.

"I am sorry to inform you that the Captain who succeeded me laid the Smeaton Tower out in grand style, on the Russian coast of the Black Sea, at Novorossisk. She is a total wreck, insured for half her cost. When I wrote to you from here last I received orders to go to the Black Sea, and we received part of our cargo at Novorossisk, so I had to pass the poor little Smeaton, going in. No one left on board but Mr. Grau (the chief mate) and three men. I went on board and succeeded in getting a few little things to keep in memory; but the Russian guard would not allow anything valuable to be taken away. She was sold by auction, and out of the proceeds the Russian Government had to receive 30 per cent. Thus ends the poor Smeaton. It will never pay to get her off, as there are no dry docks to put her into; so she will stand for many years as a good mark on the reef. The cause of her loss was a poor chart, the land covered with snow, no pilot, and no lead used. The Captain told me that she stood thirty hours thumping on the reef before making any water. Sir John would not stand thirty minutes, and since the canal affair I have been more than careful."

The Sir John Hawkins sailed from Marianople for Liverpool on Nov. 4 last, loaded with grain in bulk. On Nov. 13 she passed Gibraltar, and a few days later, while doubtless in the Bay of Biscay, she was caught in the deadly November gales. Since that time she has not been seen, and there is no longer any doubt that she has gone to the bottom, completely obliterating ship, Captain, and crew. She should have reached Liverpool by Nov. 20 at the latest. From Plymouth, under date of Jan. 4, Capt. Godfree's father writes to one of his son's friends in this country: "We fear that all hope is now gone. The only news we have heard was that a life buoy was picked up at Brest several days after the gales. Of course we have been hoping that the crew may have escaped, but it would be nothing short of a miracle. The hurricane of the 18th November was terrible, and I fear the ship foundered with all hands in the Bay of Biscay. It is extremely dangerous for grain vessels to be allowed to load in bulk at this time of the year." As Mr. Godfree, Sr., is Lloyd's surveyor at Appledore, Devon, his opinion on loading grain in bulk carries weight; and Capt. Godfree's expression in one of his letters, "Sir John would not stand it thirty minutes," is terribly suggestive.

The brief history of Capt. Godfree as given here is in many respects the history of thousands of faithful Captains who command tramp steamships in all parts of the world. He was not yet thirty-five years old when the sea claimed him; and no braver, more competent, or more thoroughly trustworthy officer ever trod a quarter deck. Notwithstanding the faithfulness with which he stood by his vessel when she lay in port, it is doubtful whether any Captain afloat has made more sincere friends in every port to which duty has taken him than did Capt. Godfree. Of the three steamships that Triplett & Co. have lost within a year, the Sir John Hawkins is the only one to be added to the long list of "mysteries of the sea," every vestige of her and her crew having disappeared save one life buoy.

Uncle Philip's Present to Uncle David.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

"Uncle" Philip D. Armour, packer of Chicago, Ill., has given a dog to "Uncle" David Gray, farmer of Marcy, N. Y. It is by no means a common dog, but one that has a pride in its ancestry for a score of generations. It is a fox terrier with milk-white body, a blue-black head, and a pedigree two yards longer than its tail. It came from the famous Belmont Kennel in New York city, and is said to be the best dog of its breed in the Empire State.

"Uncle" David Gray, with his family, was a guest of Mr. Armour last summer. "Uncle" David is a New York State celebrity. Something was told about him in the *Tribune*, when he came to see his "Friend Phil." He is 84 years old, and last year came within an ace of being enlisted in the army by an officer stationed at Utica, N. Y. "Uncle" David applied as a joke, and the fact that he nearly slipped into the service where the limit of age allowable on a first enlistment is 35 years, is comment enough on the youthfulness of "Uncle" David's appearance. He is a plain market gardener, and for years his red wagons, with "Fair Play and Half the Road" in yellow letters over the dashers, have been driven daily into Utica laden with garden truck. "Uncle" David drove one himself until recently, and even now occasionally holds the reins on a market trip. His near neighbor was Horatio Seymour, and the farmers thereabouts sent him to the Legislature, where, after the toughest kind of a tussle, he forced through an apple-barrel bill that made him famous.

Mr. Armour's gift has caused queer doings among all the dogs in "Uncle" David's bailiwick, if Eastern advices may be believed. He was sniffed at for a week as a dog dude by all the Trays and Towsers within ten miles of his new farm home. Then one day this aristocratic output of the Belmont Kennel turned on a bulldog that had been king-pin along the Marcy road for a year and literally chewed him up. After this salutary lesson there was a change in dog demeanor. The newcomer is now leader of fights and leader of fashions, and in the sincere flattery of imitation all the dogs in Oneida county are walking bow-legged and wearing their ears long.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

HER MOST NECESSARY QUALITIES.

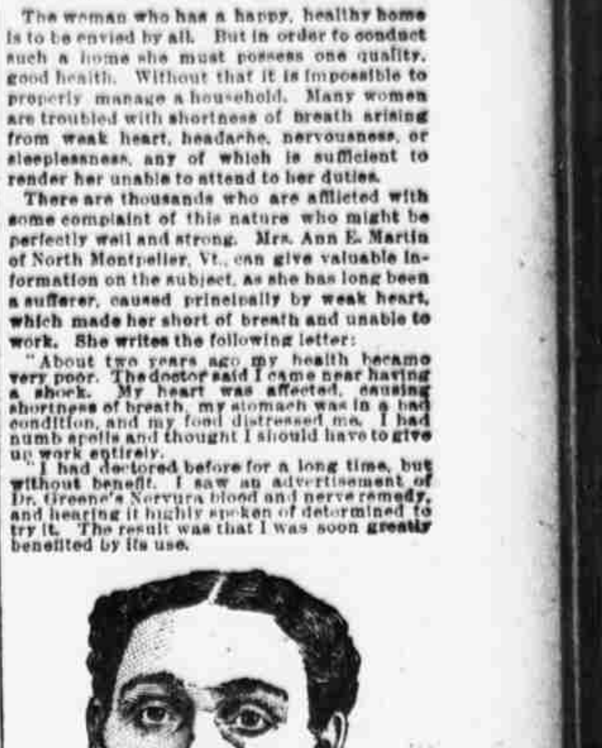
Some Things She Must Have to Be Contented at Home—Some Valuable Hints to Those Who Have a Home or Expect to Have One.

The woman who has a happy, healthy home is to be envied by all. But in order to conduct such a home she must possess one quality, good health. Without that it is impossible to properly manage a household. Many women are troubled with shortness of breath arising from weak heart, headache, nervousness, or sleeplessness, any of which is sufficient to render her unable to attend to her duties.

There are thousands who are afflicted with some complaint of this nature who might be perfectly well and strong. Mrs. Ann E. Martin of North Montpelier, Vt., can give valuable information on the subject, as she has long been a sufferer, caused principally by weak heart, which made her short of breath and unable to work. She writes the following letter:

"About two years ago my health became very poor. The doctor said I came near having a shock. My heart was affected, causing shortness of breath, my stomach was in a bad condition, and my food distressed me. I had numb spells and thought I should have to give up work entirely.

"I had doctored before for a long time, but without benefit. I saw an advertisement of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and hearing it highly spoken of determined to try it. The result was that I was soon greatly benefited by its use.



MRS. ANN E. MARTIN.

"I can hardly express the great good I received from this medicine. I could eat without my food distressing me, and my sleep, nervousness, and general health were greatly improved by the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. I am now 60 years old and my life is much brightened and eased by the use of the remedy, as I am now able to do the work which I could not do before taking it.

"I can express my appreciation of it in high terms, and cheerfully recommend it to everyone suffering as I was, grippe and all. I have done all the work for a family of five, doing all the sewing, and taking care of a dairy of fifteen cows, while before using Dr. Greene's medicine I could not do it."

There are many things to be done by the housewife, and to do them she must have good health. Even if a woman does not do her own work she cannot properly oversee it unless she is well and strong.

If you are sickly, run down, nervous, weak and delicate, short of breath, or for any reason unable to attend to your household duties, you can overcome all these conditions and weaknesses and be made strong and well by taking Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It will cure you. It is purely vegetable and harmless, and is the discovery of Dr. Greene of 35 West 14th street, New York city. He is the most successful specialist in curing nervous or chronic diseases, and can be consulted by all, free of charge, personally or by letter.—*Adv.*