THE HEART OF SAVAGERY.

A TRAGEDY OF BEACHCOMBERS IN THE FAR AWAY SOUTH SEA.

Wanderers from Civilization on a Lonely Islet of the Pacific—Murder Done Without Excitement by Childlike Natives—Artistic Lying by a Woman to Conceal the Crime.

The South Sea is full of obscure tragedies. Tragedy was often the end of adventure, and then, too, none but the most venturesome or the most abandoned of white men sought to live among the wild islanders in the days, not so far remote, when the missionary had not yet introduced his stucco churches and taught the natives the price of an axe or a handful of ship biscuit. This tale of one of the forgotten tragedies is drawn from an official document on which forty years of slumbering in a forgotten pigeonhole has served to dim the writing and to dull the imprint of the lion and the unicorn with which a British Consul made the paper official. To write an account of a murder on sixteen sheets of Government blue stationery, to attach a seal with the royal arms—that may pass sometimes as just the same as avenging it.

Suvarrow is as lonely a group of desolation as it is possible to find in that scantily travelled region of the South Seas which lies to the eastward of Samoa and before reaching such populous centres as Tahiti and Rarotonga. Other islands have the picturesque features of towering mountains, verdure clad to their summit crags, the grace of waving cocoanut palms fringing every beach with giant leaves. Suvarrow is but a ring of sand banks skirting a lagoon filled with coral groves; the only trees the stunted pandanus set on a group of prop-like roots. Other islands have their peopling of brown-skinned folk, possibly treacherous, and always to be treated as inferiors by that lovely creature, the beachcomber of these seas, yet human in their desire for gaudy toys and the tinned goods on which the white man feeds. Suvarrow is marked on the charts as uninhabited, and, therefore, is not a port of call for the vagrant whaler in his search for sperm, the trader, or the blackbirder. Yet now and again little island colonies may be found on the bare sands of the atoll, for in the lagoon grow the pearl oyster and the beche-de-mer, which Chinamen eat, and on the sands great turtles come to lay their eggs by night. Hence beachcombers mysteriously wandering beyond the confines of civilization at odd times camp on the bare islets in search of the wealth of tortoise shell, pearl shell, and trepang the sea affords. This is the story of one such colony on the desolate atoll of Suvarrow, a tale whose events were complete in 1858, but have never yet been made known beyond the combers of South Sea beaches.

In the early months of 1857 Thomas Charlton of Martha's Vineyard, a runaway hand from a Nantucket whaler, was living on the island of Manahiki. When he was fishing one day in a canoe outside the coral reef a sudden squall carried him and his party of islanders out of sight of land and left them adrift and undirected upon the ocean. South Sea tradition is a mass of tales of such involuntary voyaging. With such help as a sailor could get from dead reckoning and a knowledge of the set of the trade winds, Charlton managed to bring his canoe to Suvarrow and there established his colony of gentle Manahikians. In addition to his wife Sumaria, Charlton, or Tamu, as he was called in the liquid speech of the islands, numbered in the census of his settlement on the sands eight souls. Here and his wife Kokorariki (a Paumotu woman from the far eastern island away to windward of Tahiti, and, as the event proved, a shrewd and conscienceless woman), Kaitai and his wife, and the single men Ngere, Taarau, Voitia, Otea, and Vaimau. With true Polynesian apathy, these people made the best they could of a bad affair, built them houses near a source of water, and took up the thread of life where it had been broken by the squall at Manahiki, scores of leagues away. There was food on the island and water—that is enough for a colony of folk whose needs are simple.

They were destined to live not long alone. Capt. Sam Sustenance was sailing those seas in his topsail schooner Dart. Capt. Sustenance might not be classed among the elect. He was not a good man, even according to the standard of these waters, where the only good thing afloat was the "society's brig," said society being the London Missionary Society, which has pioneered the South Pacific since Cook's voyages of discovery. But Sustenance was such a man as best suited the early times of sea trading, enough of a mere merchantman to satisfy the curiosity of the infrequent naval vessels cruising among the islands for the sake of the moral effect, enough of a buccaneer to have dollars to jingle on the Circular Quay in Sydney before a grand carouse in the Currency Lass public house. From end to end of the Pacific Sam Sustenance was known by the name of Uru-Uru, which the islanders had given him. At Penrhyn Island, on Aug. 1, 1857, he engaged an English beachcomber, Joe Bird, to superintend the party of native pearl divers whom he shipped at the same time. There were eighteen men and several women in the party. The Penrhyn folk are widely different from the gentle and timorous Manahikians. Dour and gloomy at all times, they are capable of nourishing a grievance and of biding their time in a plot to wipe it out. Two days later Uru-Uru stopped at Manahiki long enough to take on board 7,000 cocoanuts for the food of his divers, and on Aug. 13 he anchored at Suvarrow.

According to beachcomber's law of might is right, Sustenance and Joe Bird with a fighting crew at their back, with a score of fierce Penrhyn Islanders, were able to decree that Tamu and his handful of mild Manahikians should confine themselves to one islet and leave the rest of the atoll to the pearl divers. Still more company was coming. Within a month or six weeks the schooner Tick'er, Thomas F. Martin, master, visited Suvarrow and landed Jules Tirel, a Frenchman, who was known to the islanders as Jules Farani, or French Jules. In October of the same year Sustenance revisited his pearling station and found little shell as yet collected. It is likely that he gave forcible expression to his disappointment, but be that as it may, the main feature is that the three beachcombers were then there with the two native settlements of Manahikians and Penrhyn people and that all was well. In April, 1858, the brig Charlotte touched at Suvarrow and two of the Manahiki boys, Otea and Vaimau, went on her to Samoa. Neither on the voyage nor at Apia did they mention any white men as having been with them on Suvarrow, and the master of the Charlotte knew nothing of the former actions of Sustenance.

That trader again visited Suvarrow on June 15, ten months after establishing his diving station and eight months after his last visit. As he stood up for the passage through the coral reef first one and then a second canoe filled with Penrhyn Islanders boarded the Dart with many expressions of pleasure that they once more saw their friend Uru-Uru, for the three beachcombers had long ago taken their boat and sailed away westward to Samoa. Knowing the wild roving fever which drives the beachcomber hither and yon, back and forth through the South Seas, and their recklessness of the chances of voyaging, Sustenance saw nothing unusual in the thought of three men setting out in a small boat for an ocean voyage of hundreds of miles. His two mates suggested the possibility of foul play, but he pooh-poohed their suspicions. At any rate the Penrhyn Islanders told a consistent story.

On landing, Sustenance met the Paumotu woman, Kokorariki, wife of the Manahikian Here. Her story was to the effect that in February the three beachcombers had painted the boat and made a new sail. They had taken the small cask filled with drinking water and a large supply of dried eggs of the sea fowl which swarm on the islands, together with a variety of food in the shape of fresh and baked cocoanuts. The boat had been leaky, but was tight after the new painting. They had sailed away to the west and before sundown were out of sight. As they had left their wives behind, she was sure that they intended to take ship in Samoa and go to their own lands beyond the horizon. They had taken all their trade goods except one bolt of printed goods which they had divided among the Penrhyn divers.

For a savage this woman seems to have had a genius for lying. The other people agreed with her account, and the island, when carefully searched, yielded no indication in the way of goods or stores that the woman had told other than the truth. For the following fortnight the Manahikians and the Penrhyns were on the Dart on the homeward voyage back to Penrhyn, and not a word or a sign gave reason to suspect that the story was false.

Some weeks later Sustenance touched in the course of trade at Rakahanga, and there again encountered the woman Kokorariki. She asked at once if he had heard of Joe and Tamu. Apparently much concerned when she heard that they had not reached Samoa, she asked in what direction Pukapuka bore, and when the shipmaster pointed down to the west, she seemed much relieved, and suggested that the beachcombers had probably reached that island.

Yet in her original story and in this renewed interest in the voyage of the beachcombers Kokorariki was but playing a leading part in a tissue of fabrication which was sufficiently good to deceive Sustenance, and it may be said that it is by no means easy to pull the wool over the eyes of a South Sea trader.

The three beachcombers had been murdered on Suvarrow in the presence of this woman and every other person on the island, and Kokorariki herself had planned the consistent story which had cleared them all from suspicion. The story came out by the confession of the wife of Tamu, that is, Tom Charlton, the American, which she made to Tairi, the native missionary teacher on Rakahanga.

For some time after the last visit which Sustenance made at Suvarrow the people busied themselves about their several occupations. Tamu and his Manahikians fished and cured the beche-de-mer. Joe and the Penrhyn Islanders worked at the beds of pearl shell, and Jules seems to have diversified his chief occupation of doing nothing by spells of watching the others at work. He was well liked by the islanders. So was Charlton. But Joe Bird acted as the superior being is so apt to do when living among the islanders. He brought two women from Penrhyn to Suvarrow with him, and while there he took away the wives of three of his divers. He was not choice in his wooing, for it was proved that when he wanted to take a woman he flogged her with a piece of rope or the tail of the stingaree until her consent was won. A common threat when any of his divers proved refractory was that he would cut them in two and would eat their livers, and when one is a cannibal such a threat does not seem as improbable as it might appear in other conditions in life. Often he deprived his divers of their rations and water when their take of shell was not up to the amount he fixed for a day's task. The divers plotted to take their revenge upon him, and saw clearly that they must make away with the other white men at the same time.

The opportunity came early one morning. Joe Bird missed some cocoanuts from his pit. He went first to Tom Charlton's and questioned the Manahikians as to the theft. This was no more than a matter of form, for no one would ever suspect a Manahikian of theft. Receiving their denial in good part Joe took his gun and sword and strolled over to the quarters of his divers. The various people on the island were engaged in various concerns. Kokorariki was cooking a bird for breakfast, Here's wife was attending her sick husband at lomilomi, the effective South Sea massage; the other Manahikians had just started out after beche-de-mer. Tom, with pistol and sword, hurried after Joe Bird and after him came Jules Farani with a sword. Arrived at the houses of the divers Joe charged their head man, Tangiroa, with stealing the cocoanuts and fired the gun over his head. Then he grappled with Tangiroa and called to Tom for help. Tom ran up and got hold of Tangiroa's hand and snapped his pistol at him. It missed fire and he recapped it, taking the fresh cap from a little chamber in the butt of the weapon. As he aimed a second time a savage named Maori caught him by the hand, whereupon Tom knocked him down by a blow in the eye. But as he fell Maori caught Tom by the feet and threw him with the assistance of Tangiroa, and these two then disarmed him and tied his hands and feet. Meanwhile a savage named Rapahua seized Joe Bird and threw him down, and with the help of Tangitoro lashed his hands. Farani had no firearms, but he came on a run with his sword at Matahu. The latter, with the aid of Popokia and Natoto, tied the Frenchman up like his mates. The three beachcombers were then thrown into their boat and word was sent to four other Penrhyns who were fishing on the other side to come and row the boat.

Tom's wife, Sumaria, came running to Here's house shouting, "O nga ropa, O nga ropa, good people, they are killing the white men for they are taking them away in the boat." Tom's wife, Kokorariki, and Kaitai's wife all hastened to the boat. Here Sumaria and Kaitai's wife had already cast off the lashings from Tom's wrists and ankles, when Rapahua aimed a gun at the women and forced them to desist. Tom, apparently thinking that they were to be set on one of the islets across the lagoon, then bade Kaitai's wife to call the Manahikians to launch his boat. This the Penrhyns prevented with guns and swords, and, the four rowers by this time having come across, they pulled the boat out into the lagoon. Tom was seated on the gunwale and the other two were lying under the thwarts. Joe Bird begged his captors for mercy and offered all he had if only his life might be spared.

But Tom bade him not to be a child, for it was now too late, and he himself had brought this fate upon himself and his companions. At the deepest part of the lagoon the Penrhyns hove Joe Bird overboard first, and he sank right to the bottom. Tom was the next to go, and he, too, went down like a stone. But the Frenchman rose alongside the boat, and Powhatu cut his head open with a sword. Then the Frenchman sank to join his mates in the quiet depths of the lagoon.

Now that the deed was done the shrewdness and facile invention of the Paumotu woman, Kokorariki, stood the party in good stead. Left to their own simple devices they would have shared out the goods of the murdered white men, and their detection would have been certain. She it was who set the scene and concocted the story so well as to deceive Capt. Sustenance. She had the boat burned and the metal work sunk in the lagoon, and the property of the white men was in like manner destroyed, all but the single bolt of cheap cloth distributed to the divers. That was a stroke of genuine art. It would be such a natural thing for Joe Bird to do if he were sailing away that it carried proof in itself. The money was almost all in her possession, but she had a long series of unwritten accounts by which it was made to seem the wages of the Penrhyn Islanders acquired by her in the way of trade.

With these confessions set out in full the original document ends. A careful search of the records shows no indication that any attempt was made to punish the murderers. Three men had died in the early morning in the lagoon of a little visited atoll in the wild South Seas, but they were only beachcombers, and their loss was not grievously felt by the world of civilization they had voluntarily cast off in order to plunge into the heart of savagery, a wild, a sudden, a cruel heart.

How such a murder was regarded by a man who was living the same life and was exposed to the same chances is naively shown in the concluding words of the deposition of Capt. Sustenance: "There did not appear to have been any serious quarrel, neither should I judge the natives to have been much excited. I should infer that it must have been talked of long before and probably accelerated by the gun unhappily discharged over instead of into the head of Tangiroa."

SOME SEA TERMS.

The Origin of Some of the Familiar Words Used on Shipboard.

From the Detroit Free Press.

In the early days of English naval organization, vessels of war had double crews, a military one for fighting purposes and another of marines for navigating duties. In consequence, a large number of English sea terms have a military origin.

At that time the rank of Admiral was unknown, and the chief officer of the squadron was called a constable, or justice. The term Admiral as now used is derived from the Arabic "amir" or "emir," a commander (as in "Amir-al-Bahr," commander of the sea). The early English form was "Amiral" and is still preserved as such by the French.

The title Captain is not a naval but a military one. Originally the real Captain of the ship was a "master." A military officer was placed on board, though he knew nothing of nautical matters. Gradually his importance increased, while that of the master diminished proportionately, till at the present day the master's office is becoming obsolete. Commodore comes from the Spanish "Comendador."

The title of Lieutenant is borrowed directly from the French, and is meant as a placeholder, or one who took the place of the Captain when absent. In former days there were no cadets, but volunteers, but with the gradual advance of politeness the term cadet was appropriated from the French.

"Boatswain" is derived from the Saxon "swein," a servant. The term quartermaster, as used in both the army and navy, appears to be confusing and anomalous. In the army it is the title of a commissioned officer who performs important and responsible duties. In the navy he is simply a warrant officer, directing subordinate duties. In old ships and in olden times his position was a more important one, so much so that he was considered to be the fourth part of the master—hence the term quartermaster.

The ship's cook was once a great man, and there are instances on record of his being promoted for efficient preparations of food. The ship's steward was originally the caterer.

The terms larboard and starboard come from the Italian "questa borda" and "quella borda," which by rapid delivery became starboard and larboard, but owing to the strong similarity of sound they were changed into starboard and port (Latin porto, to carry), the use of the terms in the original form having been the cause of many accidents.

Gangway has been handed down from the days of the ancient galley of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans, it having been a board which ran along the whole length, serving as a passage for the rowers to and from their seats. It was also used as a resting place for the mast and sail when not in use.

The cockpit, in the lowest part of the vessel below water, used during an action for the treatment of the wounded, is derived from the old days of the English sport of cock fighting, but this has been modernized, and is now known as the "flats"—why, no one can explain.

Lubber is from the Dutch, meaning a lazy, cowardly fellow.

Anchor comes from the Latin "anchora," or "ancora," which up to 600 B. C. consisted simply of a large stone with a hole through it.

The peculiarity of so many portions of a ship's rigging bearing names derived from the trappings of a horse can only be accounted for from the fact that the early warships were manned by soldiers as well as sailors, the natural consequences being that they, the soldiers, adapted some of their terms to meet their fancy. Among the various ropes, &c., will be found bridles, whips, bits, stirrups, and the like.

The old and well-known sea term grog was originated as a term of derision and disgust when Admiral Vernon in 1745 introduced the wise innovation of making his crew drink their spirit ration diluted with water instead of neat, as they had hitherto done. The sailors did not like the watery business, and in revenge nicknamed the Admiral "Old Grog" and his diluted mixture as grog, from the fact that he generally wore an overcoat of a color then known as grogram gray.

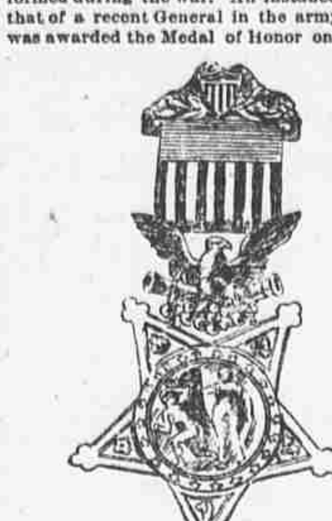
THREE MEDALS FOR VALOR.

UNCLE SAM'S, THE IRON CROSS, AND ENGLAND'S VICTORIA CROSS.

Our Medal of Honor—Some of Its Recipients—Brave Acts of the Negroes Who Hold It—The Iron Cross—Queen Victoria's Medal—Its Only Civilian Holder Is Parson Adams.

There are three famous orders bestowed for distinguished military services: the Victoria Cross, given in Great Britain; the Iron Cross of Prussia and Germany, and the less known Medal of Honor given once in a while by Uncle Sam. Of these the best known probably is the Victoria Cross, then comes the Iron Cross, and ours, though really better than the Iron Cross, stands third.

What has put our Medal of Honor in the third and last place is the way in which it has been bestowed. It marks acts of daring quite as meritorious as any which have won the Victoria Cross from Great Britain or the Iron Cross from Germany. But it has been awarded as a rule years after the deeds for which it is bestowed, and in many cases political pull has been influential in obtaining it. As an instance of the delay, take the case of Col. Weston, Assistant-Commissary General, U. S. A., in this city. He received his Medal of Honor less than a month ago for an act of gallantry performed during the war. An instance of pull is that of a recent General in the army to whom was awarded the Medal of Honor only after he



MEDAL OF HONOR (UNITED STATES).

had attained to the command of the army and was powerful with the President and Secretary of War. In other words, he awarded it to himself. Of one retired officer who flaunts the medal there is absolutely nothing in the record to indicate why he should have got it.

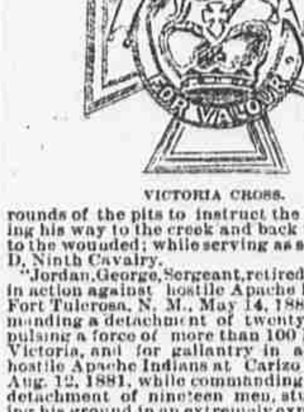
Yet, in spite of the drawbacks to its reputation which the delay in awarding it and the way in which some of its wearers have acquired it cause, the Medal of Honor is an honorable decoration and won honorably by most of those who have it. It was instituted by the act of July 12, 1862, which authorized the striking of 2,000 medals, to be given to non-commissioned officers and privates for gallantry in action and soldierlike qualities. On March 3, 1863, the sum of $20,000 was appropriated for making the medals, and officers were made eligible to receive them. Gen. Rodenbough, chief of the Bureau of Elections in Manhattan and Bronx boroughs, who is a distinguished wearer of the medal, published some eleven years ago a book called "Uncle Sam's Medal of Honor," wherein he named the persons who had then received the medal. Most of them had won it for such feats as capturing battleflags, though one soldier got it because he was on the guard of honor over Lincoln's coffin. The Twenty-seventh Maine Regiment received the medal as a whole; its time was up, and it volunteered to remain and take part in the battle of Gettysburg. For this, and its bravery at the fight, every survivor received the medal.

For a time after the war the medal was bestowed only for war services, and, as was shown above in the case of Col. Weston, it is granted even now for such services, though the war ended thirty-three years ago. But now it is given to officers and men for gallantry in the Indian wars, and certainly it was never given more worthily. In fact, out of the 129 holders of the medal now on the army list, retired and active, no fewer than 81 won it in fighting Indians. Six of those 81 are negroes. This is the way the very unsentimental Army Register describes the actions for which these colored men won the medal:

"Brown, Benjamin, Sergeant-Major Twenty-fourth Infantry: for gallantry in action May 11, 1880; while escorting Paymaster Wham and party, being attacked by robbers, he gallantly held his ground, and, though shot through the abdomen, he did not quit the field until again wounded through the arms; while serving as Sergeant Company C, Twenty-fourth Infantry.

"Denny, John, Corporal, Troop C, Ninth Cavalry: for gallantry in action against hostile Apache Indians at Las Animas Cañon, Mexico, Sept. 18, 1879, removing a wounded comrade to a place of safety under a heavy fire; while serving as Sergeant Troop B, same regiment.

"Johnson, Henry, private Troop K, Ninth Cavalry: for bravery in action against hostile Ute Indians, at Milk Creek, Col., Oct. 2 to 5, 1879, in voluntarily leaving fortified shelter and under heavy fire at close range making the



VICTORIA CROSS.

rounds of the pits to instruct the guards; fighting his way to the creek and back to bring water to the wounded; while serving as sergeant Troop D, Ninth Cavalry.

"Jordan, George, Sergeant, retired: for gallantry in action against hostile Apache Indians at Old Fort Tularosa, N. M., May 14, 1880, while commanding a detachment of twenty-five men, repulsing a force of more than 100 Indians under Victoria, and for gallantry in action against hostile Apache Indians at Carizo Cañon, N. M., Aug. 12, 1881, while commanding the right of a detachment of nineteen men, stubbornly holding his ground in an extremely exposed position, and gallantly forcing back a much superior number of the enemy and preventing them from surrounding the command; while serving as Sergeant Troop K, Ninth Cavalry.

"Williams, Moses, Ordnance Sergeant: for gallantry in action against the hostile Apache Indians at Cuchillo Negro Mountains, N. M., Aug. 16, 1881, rallying the detachment when the commanding officer was dismounted and unable to reach it; skilfully conducting the right flank in a running fight for several hours; his coolness, bravery and unflinching devotion to duty in standing by his commanding officer in an exposed position under a heavy fire from a large party of Indians was undoubtedly the means of saving the lives of at least of three of his comrades; while First Sergeant Troop I, Ninth Cavalry.

"Walley, Augustus, private Troop E, Tenth Cavalry: for bravery in action against hostile Apache Indians at Cuchillo Negro Mountains, N. M., Aug. 16, 1881; rescuing a comrade while under the fire of the enemy; while private Troop I, Ninth Cavalry."

It mustn't be supposed that the white holders of the medal have shown less bravery than their colored brethren. Here's the record of Edward Grimes, First Sergeant B Battery, Fifth Artillery: He won the medal "for gallantry in action against hostile Sioux Indians at Milk Creek, Col., Sept. 29, 1879, and the subsequent siege ending Oct. 5, 1879; the command being almost out of ammunition and surrounded on three sides by the enemy, he voluntarily brought up a supply under heavy fire at almost point blank range, while serving as Sergeant Troop F, Fourth Cavalry." Contrast definite services like that with the "distinguished services performed during the recent war while serving as Captain——N. Y. State Militia Infantry," which gained the medal for one of its wearers.

The earliest act of gallantry to win the medal was done by Assistant Surgeon Bernard J. D. Irwin in February, 1861—before the war. He voluntarily took command of the troops in action against hostile Chiricahua Apaches near Apache Pass, Ariz., on Feb. 13 and 14 of that year and attacked and defeated the braves. The most recent act won the medal for Allen Walker, now private Troop E, Fifth Cavalry, on Dec. 31, 1891, when he attacked three armed mounted men violating United States neutrality laws and secured valuable documents for the United States; he was a private in Troop C, Third Cavalry, at the time.

The medal is not an especially beautiful thing. It is a five-pointed star, each point ending in a trefoil; on the star is a circle of thirty-four stars (there were only thirty-four States when the medal was designed) within which is a representation of America "habited as Minerva," her left hand on the fasces, her right hand holding a shield and repelling Discord. A trophy of two cannon, one sword, several cannon balls, and an eagle fastens the star to a ribbon resembling the flag, which joins it to the clasp.

Better known than our Medal of Honor is the Prussian and German Iron Cross. It was instituted on March 10, 1813, by Frederick William III. of Prussia as a reward for those who had helped Prussia in its wars against Napoleon. It was of iron, edged with silver, and was made from alleged captured French cannon. For Blücher a special cross was made, edged with gold. It was given to civilians as well as soldiers, and was in two classes. Knights of the Grand Iron Cross had a cross twice as large as plain members. Military men wore the cross on a black ribbon with white edges, civilians wore it on a white ribbon with black edges. Holders of the first-class crosses wore them at their collars and miniature crosses on their left breasts; second-class members wore them on their left breasts only.

In 1839 and 1841 the order was revived, and in the latter year the twelve senior officers and the twelve senior men among the Grand Cross holders received each 150 marks a year; the thirty-six senior officers and the thirty-six senior men of the plain people got 50 marks each. They had to live in Prussia. Then, on July 19, 1870, the day that France declared war, William I. of Prussia renewed the distinction in the same classes as before and under much the same rules, except that it was opened to all Germans.

It was the Franco-Prussian war that made the Iron Cross famous. The King laid down the rule that the Grand Cross should be given for acts of bravery only in important battle, where the enemy had been driven from his position, or when a fort had been held successfully against the enemy. During and after the war 48,574 crosses were conferred, a number that makes Mr. Seward's famous distribution of brevets on March 13, 1865, sink into insignificance. Since the war the Iron Cross has been bestowed on regiments, which wear it on their colors and standards.

The most famous of all the decorations for bravery is the Victoria Cross. It has won its place principally through its intrinsic merit; a man deserves it, and is pretty sure to get it; if he gets it, he does not have to wait for thirty-three years, or even for thirty-three months, and if he comes home, he doesn't get it incidentally by an impersonal act of Parliament, but at a public and special parade, from the hands of the Queen or of one of the royalties sent down to present it. Then it isn't given for pull; none of the royal princes has it; it is given for straight acts of bravery and for them only. It was founded on Jan. 29, 1856, by Queen Victoria, to reward acts of conspicuous bravery done by officers of the lower grades, non-commissioned and warrant officers, and men of the army and navy. The decoration is of bronze, in the shape of a Maltese cross, bearing on the obverse the royal crest, above a scroll marked "For Valour." On the back is the name and date of the action or campaign for which it was awarded. The cross is hung from a bar by a red ribbon, if the recipient is in the navy, a blue ribbon if he is in the army. When a man has won the cross, and does another brave act, he gets a second clasp to be put on the ribbon. If our Medal of Honor men put on separate clasps, Sergeant Jordan of the Ninth Cavalry would have the medal for his bravery at Fort Tularosa on May 14, 1880, and a clasp for his bravery at Carizo Cañon on Aug. 12, 1881; and Sergeant Michael McCormick of the Eleventh Infantry would have two clasps, the medal for gallantry at Cedar Creek, Mon., Oct. 21, 1876; one clasp for bravery at the head of Red Water Creek, Mon., Dec. 18, 1876, and a second clasp for bravery in the Wolf Mountains Jan. 7 and 8, 1877.

A cheerful thing about the Victoria Cross is that enlisted men get £10 a year pension on account of the cross and £5 a year for each clasp. There are now 166 persons alive who have the

THE IRON CROSS OF GERMANY (1815).

Victoria Cross, and probably not more than 450 persons have worn it in the forty-two years of its existence. Rear Admiral Bythesea won the cross during the Crimea in 1854—before the cross had been devised, in fact. So did Gen. Sir Charles Dickson, Admiral Lucas, Surgeon-General Mouatt, Private William Norman, Gen. Luke O'Connor, who has a clasp on his medal; Sergeant James Owens, Gen. Rowlands, Private Stanlock, Gen. Sir M. Walker and Lord Wantage, who also has a clasp on his medal. The latest persons to get the cross are Lieut.-Col. Robert B. Adams and Lieut. Edward Costello, both of the Indian Staff Corps, and Lieut. Lord Fincastle. They won the cross last year during the Indian campaign. A note in *Whitaker's Almanack* says: "During the year 1897 the cross would have been conferred, had they lived, on Trooper Frank William Baxter, British South African Company's forces, and on Lieut. Hector Lachlan Stewart MacLean, Indian Staff Corps, both having fallen while endeavoring to save the lives of wounded comrades on the battlefield."

Only one civilian has ever won the Victoria Cross, and he won it in battle. This unique person is the Rev. J. W. Adams, a chaplain in the Bengal establishment, who went with Gen. Roberts's force into Afghanistan. On the way he distinguished himself in distributing ammunition and carrying water to the wounded in one of the battles that Gen. Roberts fought, and when the campaign was over the Victoria Cross was given to him as well as to others. Only sixteen crosses were given for that campaign.

Of the 450 recipients of the Victoria Cross (more or less) 167 were alive at the end of last November, and one has since been killed—Gen. Sir Henry Havelock Allen. Of these 79 received their decorations more than thirty-nine years ago—that is, before 1860. It would seem from this that bravery is an aid to longevity.

"BREAKFAST!" THE BATTLE CRY.

A Suggestion for Producing Instant Disorganization in the Spanish Army.

"Whenever I read anything about this Spanish war," remarked a New York man, "I think of those Spanish carabineros at Santander and wonder if the rest of the Spanish army are anything like them. The steamer stopped at Santander and a Custom House officer came on board with those four carabineros. The carabineros had real carbines. It was their duty to see that nothing left the ship without the permission of the Custom House official.

"One of our passengers was Wilbor, the secretary of the United States Legation at Lisbon. He was going to Lisbon, and had intended to go all the way by steamer. But while the steamer waited in the harbor of Santander something—a despatch from his chief or something of that sort—made him change his mind. So he showed his credentials to the Custom House man, and being a member of a Legation, he received verbal permission to take his traps ashore. Now, all the palaver between Wilbor and the Custom House man went on in the cabin. Two of the carabineros were keeping watch and ward on the upper deck. One of them was leaning in an easy attitude against the taffrail by the gangway, cuddling the muzzle of his carbine in the crook of his elbow while the butt rested on the deck, and solemnly rolling a cigarette. Wilbor and a steward with the baggage came out of the companion way and made for the gangway. The carabinero completed his cigarette with an alert jerk, and grabbed his carbine when he caught sight of that baggage. I suppose the soldier was technically right in refusing to let Wilbor land without written authority from the Custom House man, and I forget why the hitch occurred, but there was a hitch and an argument—American diplomat against Spanish soldier. This particular American diplomat was a veteran, I know, and the carabinero had to call his comrade from pacing up and down on the other side of the deck to come and help him out. So there were two Spaniards to one American, which made the controversy last longer.

"It must have been going on for ten minutes when a ship's boy came up and called out something about breakfast to the carabineros, and immediately the zealous guardian of the gangway dropped the dispute. He evidently thought he had had enough arguing on an empty stomach. There were two fresh carabineros lounging about, who had not even done a turn of guard duty since they came aboard, and the sentry who had first tried to stop Wilbor became suddenly deaf to every word except the Spanish for 'breakfast,' bawled for his idle comrades to come and carry on the argument with the obstinate American, and the two spent warriors went below and sought refreshment. So Wilbor had to begin his story of the verbal permission of the Custom House official, the privileges of the diplomat, the need of catching the train, and so on, all over again to his new adversaries, which he did in Spanish. But I think he swore interjectionally in American. That is why it seems to me that the Spanish for 'breakfast' might make an effective battle cry for our troops in Cuba, especially after the lean times Blanco's men have been having there lately."

THE PINES OF ELEUTHERA.

DELICIOUS FRUIT THAT THRIVES ON CORAL ROCKS.

Peculiarity of the Soil of the Bahamas—The Fight Against Weeds—Prolific Growth of the Pineapple—Rats a Double Plague—Uncertainty of Marketing the Crop Here.

"The first cargo of pineapples ever brought to New York," said an importer of tropical fruits, "came from the Bahama Islands, and was brought in by Capt. William Rowe of the schooner Levi Rowe of Fairhaven, Mass. The shipment was made by Thomas Cash of Harbor Island, in 1820, as a speculation. It turned out so well that the pineapple trade of the Bahamas with New York and other American ports soon became a regular and profitable business. New York dealers alone for many years paid to growers of pineapples in those islands $500,000 annually. The Bahamas still supply this country with a large share of its best pineapples. Many of these are grown on the island of Eleuthera, the finest of that famous coral group. The cultivators are chiefly residents of Harbor Island, where the pineapple trade had its origin.

"That Eleuthera Island should grow this fruit in such abundance and of such delicious quality is a source of wonder to persons who suppose that the fruit requires the richest and most fertile soil and the greatest care in cultivation. The visitor sees no soil, according to what he has always been in the habit of looking upon as soil, but only a surface of rough, sharp, ungrateful, and forbidding rock, where certainly no plough, hoe, or other instrument of cultivation can be used. Yet wild vegetation springs up in rank growths from these rocky fields. Closer inspection of the coral formation shows him deep cavities in the rocks, of every shape and form. These are filled with a soil peculiar to that group of islands. It consists of decayed vegetation and a dirt or mould that seems to have been evolved from the coral rocks themselves. The cavities are thickly distributed over the coral mass, and to the soil they contain the pineapple is indigenous. The cultivation of the pineapple consists merely in sticking sprouts of the plant in these holes, keeping down the weeds that accompanied the growth of the plant in its wild state and strive to maintain the old companionship, and in protecting the ripening fruit from insects and animals. The sprouts can be set out within a foot of each other, and as they grow and expand their long, hard, saw-edged leaf blades they form an almost unbroken growth of interlaced plants all over the island.

"This close planting aids the planter in his fight against the weeds, as the interlacing leaves choke down the weed growth. The principal nuisance of this kind is that hardy and persistent weed familiar to our boyhood days as the 'Spanish needle,' which was introduced into this country through the shipment of pineapples and other tropical fruits, and, like the Canada thistle, needs no aid to make itself at home all over the country. Even with the aid of the thick-growing pineapple plants, it keeps the planter busy to fight out this prolific weed, and during the entire year his negroes must keep at it every day. One negro will attend to about two acres of pineapple plantation, if he is active.

"There is no other producing plant, tree, shrub, or other vegetable that would yield its kind in either satisfactory quantity or quality if allowed to occupy the soil in so closely planted a mass as the pineapple, but this delicious gift of the tropics thrives so well under its crowded possession of the soil that an acre of plants will contribute from 10,000 to 12,000 pineapples toward the total crop, although each plant bears but one and then dies. The dead plant leaves a numerous progeny of thrifty young sprouts, from which are selected the plants to provide the next year's crop. The soil in the coral cavities of the island will furnish nutrition and life to the pineapple plants for six years. As the soil becomes exhausted and plants die out, the unfruitful places are left to themselves and new fields are sought. In the course of two or three years the abandoned holes become noticeable again by the sprouting up of young pineapple plants and their inseparable weeds. This is the token that the soil has been renewed by some mysterious process of nature and for six years more will bring forth luscious fruit. This rotation of life and death in the soil is constant.

"I will never forget my first visit to a pineapple plantation on Eleuthera Island. It was at the season when the fruit was ripening, and I had expected to be greeted by their fragrance burdening the warm, sleepy air. As I drew near the plantation, however, a very different odor filled my nostrils. I was greatly surprised at this, and the owner of the plantation seemed to recognize from my behavior the fact that the smell was not exactly what a stranger had a right to expect from a field of ripe pineapples.

"'Ah, Señor,' he said, 'rata.'

"It didn't make the situation any more agreeable or my disappointment the less to learn that *rata* was Spanish for rat. One of the most destructive enemies of the pineapple crop I found was a species of rat that swarmed on the islands and had defied all efforts to lessen the damage it did annually to the pineapple crop until a cute Yankee sailor told the planters of a plan he thought would work. He advised them to boil sweet potatoes, and after they were thoroughly cooked and still hot, to stick the sulphur ends of old-fashioned lucifer matches here and there in the potatoes. The poison in the matches, he said, would be quickly absorbed by the pulp of the sweet potato, and as there was nothing in the world a tropical rat was so crazy after as a boiled sweet potato, it might be that by placing them among the pineapple plants the rats would pay their whole attention to the potatoes. The plan was tried and its success was beyond the wildest hopes of the planters. The rats chose the poisoned potatoes before the rich flavored pulp of the pineapples. The negroes pick up the dead rats as they go their daily rounds and cart them away, but many escape their sight. The planters become used to the smell, because it assures them that the poison is working all right and that the prospects are for a good crop of pineapples.

"Pineapple planting begins in July. The fruit is ready to pick in the following March, and we look for our first consignments here early in April. There is one curious thing about pineapples that no one has ever been able to explain. A cargo of the fruit may leave the Bahamas for this port and arrive here after an unusually quick voyage, and yet every pineapple on board the schooner may be so badly rotted as to make the cargo an entire loss. On the other hand, another cargo taken from the same crop of fruit may be put on board a second schooner and started for New York at the same time. This schooner may encounter delays that lengthen her voyage several days beyond that of the other vessel, yet on arriving here the pineapples on board of her may be found in the best condition, not more than the usual proportion of the cargo showing any indication of rot. Why that should be is a mystery to the trade, but it is a fact well known, and often disastrous, to both consignors and consignees. We generally count on from one-quarter to one-third of a cargo spoiling on the passage. As a rule, big prices may be expected for the first of the new pineapple crop, and formerly shippers, like owners of fishing smacks, strove to have their schooners arrive here at the earliest possible day after leaving the Bahamas, and offered inducements to the captains and crews to get early into a top market. This very striving for a first arrival frequently proved disastrous to all concerned, as it had the result of bringing to the market so many cargoes on the same day that the market at once was glutted, and everybody had to sell at a loss. These were the occasions the street hucksters watched for, and whenever the streets resounded with their cries of pineapples and their wagons were loaded with the fruit it was a sure sign that wind and tide had favored the schooners on their voyage and brought them safely and simultaneously into port, and that the market was consequently glutted. But that is not the case so much nowadays. The pineapple market is at present largely supplied by shipments from centres close by, and the rush for the first entry is not necessary."

FAST ATLANTIC SERVICE.

Premier Laurier Says the Building of the Ships Will Begin in July.

OTTAWA, May 5.—Premier Laurier has announced that the construction of ships for the fast Atlantic steamship service will begin in July. Peterson & Tait, the contractors, have encountered great opposition among the financiers of London. This was largely owing to the tactics of politicians, who, as usual with Canadian partisans, stuck at nothing—not even the reputation of their country—in order to embarrass opponents.

Not an occasion was lost by a certain clique in Ottawa to throw all possible discredit on arrangements for the fast Atlantic service. These methods of party warfare were successful to the extent of delaying negotiations with British capitalists; but the Premier's announcement guarantees a fast Atlantic service.

New Transcontinental Telegraph.

MONTREAL, May 5.—The placing of a new transcontinental telegraph wire between Montreal and Vancouver has begun. The C. P. R. R. is stretching a new line from Montreal to Fort William, from Fort William to Donald, B. C., from Donald to Vancouver, where connection can be made with the new cable being laid from Vancouver to Victoria. In all, the wire will be 2,900 miles long, weighing 300 pounds to the mile. Porcelain instead of glass insulators will be used, seventy-five tons of the former coming from Europe for the new line.

A PARSEE FROM BOMBAY.

Mr. Jehanghier D. Cola's Admiration Aroused by Our Attitude in the War.

It has so long been the habit of transatlantic visitors who come over to study America to glance through New York, peep at Boston, doze around Philadelphia for a couple of days, and sniff at Chicago, and go home to write learnedly of America from the point of view of a man who has taken it in in its broader aspects, that a foreigner who comes over and stays long enough to discover that he doesn't know all about this country is a rarity. Such is Mr. Jehanghier D. Cola, a Parsee from Bombay, who has been in this city a few days and in this country something more than two years, and sees so much ahead of him that he hasn't begun to think about going home yet. Mr. Cola is a tall young man who speaks the strangely fluent English of a foreigner whose university education has been in the English tongue. When a reporter called on him with the not entirely original question: "What do you think of America?" Mr. Cola seemed surprised.

"I cannot tell yet what I think of it," he said. "I have only been here two years and a half, and I haven't gone deeply into it." Whereupon it was the reporter's turn to be surprised.

"You find us now," he suggested, "in a time of great stress."

"Yes," said Mr. Cola, "and I am revising some of the notions your British cousins have given me about your nation. They consider your patriotism a rather vapid and vapory sentiment. It appears to me quite the reverse. From what I have seen of your people—understand that I am speaking from the point of view of an Oriental who can only strive as best he may to understand your national character—you are a peace-loving people. Your central, compact idea is to elevate yourselves through commerce. War interferes with commerce and therefore on general principles you don't want to fight, but now that you are roused to it the whole heart of the country is in the battle. I have met many of your business men and talked with them, and I know how disastrous the war may be to them, coming so close upon your financial depression, but I have found none who, since the die has been cast for war, has not put the best face upon it and thought of his flag first. To speak truth, I know not how all Europe combined could hope to conquer you decisively; you with your incomparable resources of mineral and agricultural wealth, and your railroads by which you mobilize your army as no other nation can do. The United States is almost a world within itself."

"Do you think that the United States will conquer Spain quickly?"

"No man can prophesy the result of war," said the Parsee. "It seems that America should soon be finally victorious. The Spaniards, from their history, are not a truly courageous race. Their courage is merely pride and is akin to the Mohammedan fatalism. It is not the planning courage, the courage that has foresight and deliberate purpose. But I fear that you will lose many lives in Cuba from the climate. In India I have seen much of the effect of tropical climate upon the English. When your men go to Cuba they should make a complete change of diet. You eat too freely and you eat too much meat. Unless a man is very careful in his diet he soon falls a prey to the malarial fever of the tropics. The exhalations that arise from the ground between 6 and 9 in the evening, particularly in the rainy season, will poison him. When I was in London I talked with Gen. Sir Herbert Kitchener, commander of the English in the Soudan, on this subject of diet. The Arabs, he says, preserve themselves from malarial fevers by drinking a mixture of black coffee and lemon juice in the morning, and this is used with great success by the troops in India. Against the heat they wear water pouches on the nape of the neck and the wrists."

"What will be the effect in the Orient of the American capture of the Philippines?" asked the reporter.

"It is a little early yet to say, isn't it?" asked Mr. Cola, smiling. "Your country has not yet decided upon a territorial policy of extension. Should you do so, the Philippines would be to America what Hong Kong is to England. Your Commodore Dewey's victory will undoubtedly establish you high in the respect of England, which regards highly any naval achievement. It would seem to me that the greatest fear for America in the present war would be the financial stringency which will follow it."

Mr. Cola is much interested in the question of relief for the Cubans, and has written to Miss Clara Barton for information about the Red Cross work. The Parsees have frequently been ready contributors to relief funds in times of war, and it will probably be a surprise to most Americans to know that at the time of the civil war there came a large contribution from the Parsees in Bombay to the relief and hospital fund.

CARL ZERRAHN'S RETIREMENT.

The Forty-three Years of Work in This Country of Boston's Famous Conductor.

BOSTON, May 7.—The passing of Carl Zerrahn is an important event in the musical history of Boston. It is of more than local interest, for his reputation as a conductor is worldwide and his experience embraces two generations of soloists and chorus singers. For forty-three years he has conducted choral performances in this country and for forty-one years he wielded the baton at the concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston. There was a break of two years preceding the past season when Mr. Zerrahn retired because of a misunderstanding with the directors of the society. Then the veteran came back to his own and his own received him with welcome. His successes this year have been among his greatest, and now, at the age of 72, he lays down his baton.

Scattered through New England, in the little towns of the Green Mountains, out among the Berkshire Hills, on barren New Hampshire farms, or in busy cities are hundreds of men and women, who had their day in Boston in their youth, and delight to tell their grandchildren now of the time when they sang under the direction of Carl Zerrahn. Soloists who heeded his baton have grown to a good old age and have long since been gathered to their fathers. And yet Zerrahn stayed on and changed but little with the passing years.

Now his formal farewell has been said. It was a notable, impressive rendering of "Elijah" that was given in Mechanics' building on Monday evening. By coincidence or choice it was the same oratorio that was given at the first performance conducted by Mr. Zerrahn in this country. There was a chorus of 1,500 voices, representing every choral society of note in New England, all of which societies have for years been tutored by Mr. Zerrahn. Among the soloists were Mme. Gadski, Mrs. Carl Alves, Ffrangcon Davies, and H. Evan Williams. The Symphony Orchestra assisted. Mr. Zerrahn was at his best, and the chorus caught his spirit and sang with precision and power. It was a fitting farewell.

On the following afternoon THE SUN correspondent found Mr. Zerrahn seated with a group of friends at the rooms of the Orpheus Musical Society, pleased and proud of the reception accorded him on the previous night.

"To begin with," Mr. Zerrahn said in reply to a request to speak of his career, "I came to America in 1854, when I was 28 years old. I was born in 1826, and so am 72 now. Carl Bergmann was my predecessor with the Handel and Haydn Society, and on Sunday, Dec. 3, 1854, I conducted for the first time 'Elijah,' and such was its success that on the two Sundays following it was repeated. For forty-one years since then I have led the Handel and Haydn Society, the longest period of conductorship I know of. Costa of London comes next, I think, with a record as conductor of the Harmonic Society for thirty-six or thirty-seven years. Then there are the festivals at Worcester, which I have conducted for thirty-one seasons; the Salem Oratorio, which I have conducted for thirty—since its beginning; the Harvard Musical Society, with which I have been connected during its existence of sixteen years, and many other smaller ones. You must not forget that I am also an orchestra leader. I have conducted in nearly all the States from Maine to California—Bangor to San Francisco—but have never been very far South, except to Richmond."

"You have met many of the great composers and instrumentalists and singers?"

"Wagner," said Mr. Zerrahn, "I met in Zurich in 1857. He was in exile then, not returning until 1860, I think, and we spent six hours together very pleasantly, he receiving me kindly and asking many questions. Then, most of the great singers and performers have been heard with me. Patti has, and Gerster, Christine Nilsson, Parepa Rosa, Tietjens, Carlotta Patti, Cressi, Milarti, Joseffy, Wilhelmj, and many others, all in connection with the Handel and Haydn Society. Jenny Lind I first heard in Hamburg in 1845, and I heard 'Elijah' for the first time in Hamburg in November, 1847. It was composed in 1846. I have been the friend of all the artists of my own day now living and of some dead, and many have played with me."

"And now your plans for the future. Will you conduct again?"

"At a single concert, now and then, I may," he replied, "but no contracts whatever. I want most of all to conduct soon a peace oratorio when this war is ended. I am about to sail on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse for Germany for rest and recreation."

Mr. Zerrahn wished to reiterate the statement made in his farewell announcement that of the many orchestras he had heard or conducted there was none better than the Boston Symphony. This he intended as a graceful parting tribute.

TWO LEGEND SMASHERS.

SARDOU AND BRENTANO ATTACK THE BASTILLE LEGEND.

A Pleasant Prison Indeed—Astounding Privileges of the Inmates—Good Food and Comfortable Quarters for Every Prisoner—Blessings Upon Gentle Tyrants of the Past.

From the Figaro.

Mr. Frantz Funck-Brentano, the librarian of the Library of the Arsenal, has just published a curious volume which demolishes the legends of the Bastille. The preface is written by M. Victorien Sardou, who shows clearly that he shares the sentiments of Mr. Brentano in regard to the famous prison.

"With a few friends," says Sardou, "I visited the Exposition of 1889 and saw the model of the Bastille, which everybody else saw and which could not be better calculated to give an erroneous idea of the thing itself.

"I had hardly crossed the threshold of the principal door before I saw in the obscurity an old man with a long white beard lying upon a heap of the traditional 'humid straw.' There he was rattling his chains and uttering lamentations. The visitors' guide said solemnly: 'Here you see the unfortunate Latude, who remained in that position, with his hands chained behind his back, for thirty-five years.'

"I completed this piece of eloquence by remarking in exactly the same tone: 'And it was even in this attitude that he was clever enough to make the ladder, 128 feet long, by which he escaped.'

"The spectators looked at me with surprise, the guide frowned upon me and I slipped out.

"The idea which put that phrase into my mouth was precisely the one which dictated to Mr. Brentano his book on the Bastille, in which he puts everything in its place and opposes to the legends that everybody knows the facts and records that many people do not know. For, in spite of all that has been written upon this subject by M. Ravaisson, in the introduction to his 'Archives of the Bastille,' by Victor Fournel in his 'Men of the 14th of July,' and Messrs. Gustave Bord, Biré, Bégis and others, opinion upon the interior régime of the Bastille in 1789 holds fast to this description by Louis Blanc:

"'Iron cages recalling the Plessis-les-Tours and the tortures of Cardinal La Balue, subterranean cells, the abode of toads, lizards, monstrous rats and spiders, and the entire furniture of which consisted of an enormous stone covered with a little straw, where the prisoner breathed an infectious air. Enveloped in shades of mystery, condemned to absolute ignorance of the crime with which he was charged and of the nature of the punishment that awaited him, the prisoner ceased to belong to the earth.'

"Now, if this Bastille of the melodrama ever existed, certainly the one of the eighteenth century did not resemble it much. In 1789 these cells, situated upon the ground floor of the fortress, with windows looking out upon the trenches, were not, as in the time of Louis XV., reserved for criminals condemned to death, dangerous madmen or prisoners convicted of violence, or even for the guards convicted of breeches of discipline. Under the first Ministry of Necker they were abolished completely.

"The prisoner, who was examined on the very first day of his arrival, was not left ignorant of the crime with which he was accused and did not have to worry himself over the penalty that awaited him, for, during a century, at least, there was neither torture nor penalty of any description in the Bastille. Every prisoner, instead of little loopholes or a cage of iron, occupied a rather large room, whose greatest fault was to be badly lighted by one large window fitted with iron bars, some of which were in the interior. It was sufficiently furnished, and the prisoner was at liberty to send for what furniture he wished from the outside. He could even procure all the clothes and linen that he desired, and if he had not the means to do so, they were given to him. Latude complained of rheumatism; furs were given to him. He even wanted a morning gown of 'calamanco with red stripes,' and there was considerable trouble hunting through the shops before his wish could be satisfied. Hugonnet complained that they did not give him the shirts that he ordered with 'frilled sleeves.' Mme. Sauvé wanted a white silk dress with green flowers. They couldn't find one with green flowers in all Paris, but they gave her one with green stripes, with which she had to be contented.

"Every room was furnished with a fireplace and a stove. Kindling wood and light were provided, and the prisoner could have all the little candles that he wanted. Pen, paper, and ink were always at his disposal, and they were only taken from him when, like Latude, he abused the privilege and scribbled insulting letters to the Governor and Lieutenant of Police. He could take books from the library and get all he wanted to pay for outside. La Beaumelle had 600 volumes in his apartment. He was permitted to train birds, cats, and dogs and never made the acquaintance of the legendary spiders of Pellisson, Lauzun, and all the old-time prisoners. Musical instruments were authorized. Renneville played the violin and Latude played the flute. There were concerts from time to time in the different rooms and in the apartments of the Governor.

"The prisoners might embroider, turn, and do joiner work at their pleasure. Those whose conduct was unimpeachable were permitted to visit each other, to play trick-track, cards, and checkers in their rooms, and in the courtyard they could play quilles and bowl.

"La Rouarie asked for a billiard table for himself and his friends, and he got it.

"The prisoners were also permitted to walk upon the platform of the building, from which they could see the people in the Rue Saint-Antoine and the Boulevard at the time when the fashionable people passed along in their carriages. By means of glasses and big letters on placards, they could correspond with the people in the neighborhood, or, like Latude, get into communication with the grisettes.

"Michelet declared that under Louis XVI. the régime of the prison was more severe than under the reign of Louis XV., and that the promenade on the platform was suppressed. Now, that is absolutely false. It was only suppressed for those who took an undue advantage of it, like the Marquis de Sade, to harangue the crowd. Under the reign of Louis XVI., and after the visit of Malesherbes, the prison rules became milder every day. Certain inmates were invited to dine in the quarters of the Governor and to walk about in the gardens in good company. Some were even paroled and permitted to go out. They returned regularly; others had what was called night leave; those who had servants might enjoy their services, if the servants consented to share their captivity, and some, too, were allowed to have lady visitors, a privilege that was largely taken advantage of by Latude and d'Allègre. The food, as was acknowledged by all the prisoners, was abundant and good. According to the statement of Dumouriez, he had five different dishes at dinner and five at supper, without counting the dessert.

"Not only were the prisoners authorized to receive the visits of their relatives and friends, but they could invite them to dinner and spend the evening in their company. Mme. de Staël had a little club meeting every afternoon, and card playing in the evening. Later on she stated that she never was happier in her life than when she was in the Bastille.

"Bussy Rabutin held quite a court and had many friends, lady friends especially. M. de Bonrepos—*nom de circonstance*—was so comfortable at the Bastille that when he was ordered to the Invalides they had to take him away from the prison by force.

"Morellet, speaking of the Bastille, says: 'I passed six weeks so agreeably there that I now look back upon them with much pleasure,' and upon leaving the prison he cried out, 'God bless all good tyrants.'

"VICTORIEN SARDOU."

SAVED HER HUSBAND'S LIFE.

A Woman Becomes Temporarily a Bull Fighter to Excellent Purpose.

From the Albany Express.

A woman's presence of mind and quick and determined action in the face of peril saved her husband from death at the Corning farm on the river road below Kenwood yesterday.

A prize bull, one of the finest of the celebrated Corning stock, registered as King Coffee VI., an animal of excellent blood, but untamed qualities, came near causing its keeper's death. James Kievet, who has charge of the Corning stock, has only held his position a few days, and therefore was not well acquainted with the peculiarities of the animals. Yesterday he took King Coffee VI. out for exercise. The bull had a ring in his nose, and attached to the ring was a pole to lead him. After giving the animal several runs up and down the large barnyard, Keeper Kievet returned it to its stall and incautiously removed the stick before he had chained the bull. As soon as the stick was removed the bull reared and made a plunge for Kievet, landing his forefeet on him so as to throw him to the floor of the stall. The animal then gored the man as he lay on the floor, inflicting several gashes in the groin.

Mrs. Kievet happened to be in the barnyard, and, hearing her husband's screams, rushed into the barn, seized a pitchfork, and began furiously to prod the bull. The brave woman finally drove the animal into a corner. She then seized her husband and dragged him from the barn. Just then another farm hand came upon the scene. He locked the door of the barn and then carried the injured man to the farmhouse, where he was attended by Dr. Edward Cox. The victim suffers great pain, but his wounds are not considered fatal.

Mistaken Souls.

From the Chicago Tribune.

First Klondiker (turning his other side to the fire)—Well, I wonder what's the news down in the States.

Second Klondiker (piling more logs on the fire)—News! There ain't any. Everybody's waitin' to hear from us!