

SHIPWRECKED ON A CANNIBAL ISLAND

Terrible Experience of Five Survivors Among Savages.

Escape a Watery Grave Only to Be Captured and Fattened for a Feast of the Man-Eaters—Rescue Finally Effected By One of Their Number.

Philadelphia.—Few persons would relish the terrible but thrilling experience of four sailors, Thomas Ellis, John Niessen, Thomas Davis and Robert Macgregor, who recently arrived at Philadelphia, and many a man less hearty would have died through sheer fright had he undergone the ordeal.

To be saved from a watery grave when their ship was wrecked on the rocky coast of an island off New Guinea, only to be washed up on a shore of a land infested by cannibals, then to fall into the hands of a band of savages to be tortured and mutilated at their pleasure and finally to be fattened for a feast, is a fate not pleasant to contemplate, but the victims still live and bear the scars of their experience to corroborate their remarkable story.

Wrecked in Terrible Storm.
Last July while the ship *Albion* was sailing near New Guinea, bound from New South Wales for Java for a cargo of sugar for Philadelphia, the vessel encountered a terrible storm. It was a

They found that much of the land on the island was low and marshy and that the natives had to travel in the trees or not at all. The latter were trained to this method of locomotion from childhood, but the sight of their dexterity astonished the Americans, who naturally had never seen anything like it before.

They were all big, powerful men, and their arms and legs were covered with ornaments, fashioned out of shells and stones, strung on a sort of fiber that they used as we use twine and rope.

Shipwrecked Men Made Prisoners.
The natives seemed as much frightened on the advent of the shipwrecked sailors as were the latter, but after some little sign making and advances, some of the leaders came down from the trees. Four of them lifted their boat out of the water and carefully examined it.

Reed, the captain, had managed to save a rifle from the wreckage which he had brought with him. This was something new to the natives, and when he

speed and accuracy. The tips were all dipped in poison, so that only a superficial wound was necessary to cause death. These darts were not very heavy, nor long.

They later learned the welcome news that they were to be eaten, and that

permanent camp of the tribe. Here they learned from the logs of other vessels that had been wrecked on the unfriendly coast that they need expect no mercy at the hands of the savages.

More than one poor soul had evidently been offered up here as a sacrifice to

ors who had probably figured in cannibal feasts in other years, and their fate was very similar; their situation and daily life was much the same. But all the time their ultimate doom was approaching, they were fast fattening under the lazy life they were leading, to the great satisfaction of the cannibals.

Nothing was heard of Reed, and it was feared that he had also met an untimely fate.

In the center of the camp was a large and rudely built oven, or rather funeral pyre, on which some former poor victim had probably been executed. It was a sickening sight for the poor captives. They were later taken to a small island some distance from the mainland, where they were kept under a close guard.

The cause of this, as they afterwards learned, was that a battle was impending. They also learned that they were to be served at the dinner which was to follow the victory which was anticipated.

Rescued by Comrade.

But here their plans were defeated, as the leading force was led by none other than Capt. Reed, and although the battle was long and desperate, lasting three days and nights, Reed with his rifle, for which he had an abundance of ammunition, was able to inspire the smaller force with a degree of confidence that brought ultimate victory.

The captives were then released from their prison on the island and for several days rested in comfort in the camp where their former captors had intended they should be served as food. A few days later they made their way back to the scene of the wreck, where a goodly stock of the stores of their vessel was found.

The life boat was still there and in good condition, and they decided to risk their lives on the water, rather than remain any longer on the island. After several days of a more or less perilous trip, they were finally picked up by a vessel bound for an Australian port. From there they made their way to England and finally shipped on board a vessel bound for Philadelphia.

Tales of experiences of shipwrecked sailors on islands inhabited by cannibals are common in works of present day writers, but none are more strange or wonderful than this, which goes to prove the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction."

THE KEEPING OF APPLES.

The Market Now Demands a Full Supply All the Year Around.

Apple storage has become one of the most important features of the fruit industry. The demand for apples has increased greatly, and to meet the demand large areas have been devoted to orchards in sections where conditions do not favor ease in holding or length of keeping, says the New York Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin. The necessity of disposing of this fruit quickly tends to overstock the market in the fall and early winter, and frequently to reduce prices far below the limit of profitable handling. Accordingly, the ability to hold part of the crop until the perishable surplus has been disposed of often means higher prices, easier sales and better accommodation to the public.

Consumers are also gradually but surely learning discrimination and demanding not only good apples, but an ample supply of them throughout nearly the entire year. It is possible, by some system of storage, to avoid the glutted market and to hold the crops with little loss for sale late in the season, and make good profits from the practice; but, like all farm and orchard operations of the present time, apple storage must receive careful attention to insure success.

The grower or buyer must learn what varieties are suitable for storage, what conditions must be provided to secure the best and most economical management of the stored fruit, and at what time and under what conditions the different varieties must be put on the market. Apples are exceedingly variable in length of keeping. Early harvest often becomes too ripe and mealy for choice eating, while still upon the tree; while schodack, in ordinary storage, may keep well until midsummer of the next year. They also vary in behavior in storage, some varieties scalding, shrinking, losing flavor and becoming dull colored and unattractive, while others, after six months' keeping, come out smooth, bright, fragrant and crisp. These variations in behavior are to a great extent varietal characteristics; yet the same variety grown upon sand or upon clay, grown in the north or in the south, grown in a wet season or a dry one, may show very striking differences.

The problem of selecting varieties and storing them properly is therefore a complex one, and requires careful study. The efficiency of the different systems of storage differ greatly with different varieties, but in general storage with low temperature secured by the use of ice extends the keeping period from one to four months beyond the limit in ordinary storage, and chemical cold storage prolongs the life of the variety at least half a month—often much longer—beyond the life under ice.

A Little Flat Breakfast.

"Come on up and spend the night in my apartment," said Mr. "Al" Halbrook to Mr. Frank Daniels one night last fall, when both had been detained in the city late. "We can put you up all night and give you a little flat breakfast in the morning."

"A little flat breakfast," replied Mr. Daniels. "What's that—a griddle cake?"—N. Y. Herald.

Patriotic Jap.

A Japanese porter in a San Francisco saloon had saved \$39. He borrowed one dollar from the bartender and sent the \$40 to Japan for the war fund.

\$25.00 Cream Separator



People who never flatter themselves are in little danger of being spoiled by flattery.—Puck.

Salzer's Home Builder Corn.

So named because 50 acres produced so heavily, that its proceeds built a lovely home. See Salzer's catalog for 1905. In Ind. 157 bu., Ohio 190 bu., Tenn. 198 bu., and in Mich. 220 bu. per acre. You can beat this record in 1905.



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE YIELDS?
120 bu. Seedless Barley per acre.
310 bu. Salzer's New National Oats per A.
80 bu. Salzer's Speltz and Micacon Wheat.
1,000 bu. Pedigree Potatoes per acre.
14 tons of rich Billion Dollar Grass Hay.
60,000 lbs. Victoria Rape for sheep—per A.
160,000 lbs. Teosinte, the fodder wonder.
54,000 lbs. Salzer's Superior Fodder Corn.
—rich, juicy fodder, per A.
Now such yields you can have in 1905, if you will plant my seeds.

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c
in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive their great catalog and lots of farm seed samples. [K. L.]

He who dreameth may be a genius, but he who doeth is a hero.—N. Y. Times.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

FOR ENGLISH CONSUMPTION

Kind of Stories Related About America at Some of the London Luncheons.

At a recent dinner in London the conversation turned on the subject of lynchings in the United States. It was the general opinion that a rope was the chief end of a man in America. Finally, relates Modern Society, the hostess turned to an American, who had taken no part in the conversation, and said:

"You, sir, must often have seen these affairs."
"Yes," he replied, "we take a kind of municipal pride in seeing which city can show the greatest number of lynchings yearly."

"Oh, do tell us about a lynching you have seen yourself," broke in a half a dozen voices at once.
"The night before I sailed for England," said the American, "I was given a dinner to a party of intimate friends, when a colored waiter spilled a plate of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was utterly ruined, and the gentlemen of her party at once seized the waiter, tied his arms around his neck, and, at a signal from the injured lady, swung him into the air."

"Horrible!" said the hostess, with a shudder.
"And did you actually see this yourself?"
"Well, no," said the American, apologetically. "Just at that time I was downstairs killing the chef for putting mustard in the blancmange."

If some of the people in this and other countries trying to master the new universal language would give their time and energy to learning English they would acquire a linguistic asset that is worth talking about.—The Commoner.

Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

READS THE BOOK.

"The Road to Wellville" Pointed the Way.

Down at Hot Springs, Ark., the visitors have all sorts of complaints, but it is a subject of remark that the great majority of them have some trouble with stomach and bowels. This may be partly attributed to the heavy medicines.

Naturally, under the conditions, the question of food is very prominent. A young man states that he had suffered for nine years from stomach and bowel trouble, had two operations which did not cure, and was at last threatened with appendicitis.

He went to Hot Springs for rheumatism, and his stomach trouble got worse. One day at breakfast the waiter, knowing his condition, suggested he try Grape-Nuts and cream, which he did, and found the food agreed with him perfectly.

After the second day he began to sleep peacefully at night, different than he had for years. The perfect digestion of the food quieted his nervous system and made sleep possible.

He says: "The next morning I was astonished to find my condition of constipation had disappeared. I could not believe it true after suffering for so many years; then I took more interest in the food, read the little book 'The Road to Wellville,' and started following the simple directions."

"I have met with such results that in the last five weeks I have gained eight pounds in spite of hot baths which take away the flesh from anyone."

"A friend of mine has been entirely cured of a bad case of indigestion and stomach trouble by using Grape-Nuts Food and cream alone for breakfast."

"There is one thing in particular—I have noticed a great change in my mental condition. Formerly I could hardly remember anything, and now the mind seems unusually acute and retentive. I can memorize practically anything I desire." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



They Passed from Branch to Branch Among the Trees Like Monkeys.

storm typical of these parts and rent the ship from stem to stern. Storms at sea are no uncommon occurrence, but if ever an earthquake struck a ship, the *Albion* encountered one on this trip.

Capt. Reed, commander of the vessel, seeing that the ship could not long withstand the terrible pounding of the waves and water, ordered the boats lowered. Ellis, Davis, Niessen, Macgregor, the captain and two seamen were the last to leave the dismantled and sinking craft. The two seamen were soon swept overboard and were lost in the angry waters. The rest, after a trying experience, made their way to the shore.

Only Five Saved.
Of the 27 souls aboard, only these five were saved. They had hardly left the tattered hulk before the remains of the once stately vessel were dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The survivors congratulated each other on their narrow escape from the briny deep, and thought the worst of their experience was over. Although there were no signs that the island was inhabited, they thought that after the storm had swept its course, they would be able to rescue enough foodstuffs from the wreck to sustain them until they could signal some passing vessel and make their way to civilization, but the worst was still to come.

Land of Strange People.
They had been on the island hardly an hour before they noticed a swarm of natives over their heads, passing from branch to branch among the trees like monkeys, and with hardly a sound greater than that which might be caused by a whisper. The shipwrecked sailors were considerably frightened by the sight, but later learned that it was one of a tribe of many others on the island that used both their hands and feet with equal ease in traveling.

fired it they immediately swarmed up the trees, but finally came back again.

It was not long before several hundred had gathered, and they soon made the five men prisoners. For a day they were treated with some consideration, when a new leader appeared.

Then their troubles began. Capt. Reed shot one of the men, killing him, and during the excitement which followed the shipwrecked sailors made off into the woods.

Rival Bands in Battle.
They did not dare to go far inland, and before long fell in with another band of savages.

The latter indicated by signs that they were looking for the camp the white men had just left.

The two tribes were evidently not on friendly terms, and together they made their way back to the scene of the wreck, where a battle was fought, in which the new-found friends won the day. The shipwrecked sailors then established a camp near the shore and for nearly a week were not disturbed, when they were again attacked by their first captors, but with the assistance of some of the members of the other tribe managed to beat them off.

Then followed another period of two weeks of comparative rest and quiet, when another fierce fight took place, and their friends were defeated and routed.

Fought with Poisoned Arrows.
Ellis, in relating their experiences, says the savages fought with lances made of a very hard wood, and with arrows, thrown out of the hand by a neat trick that he had never seen before. The warriors took the arrows with the point forward and, resting them between the two first fingers, with the thumbs down, and the little finger up, made a sort of a spring out of their fingers and shot the darts with amazing

Tortured by the Cruel Savages.

they were safe from that form of death, as the savages will not eat anybody who has been killed by the deadly poison.

The natives, however, held the single rifle, the only means of protection of the white men, in great awe, and while they remained in possession of it their lives were comparatively safe.

Their peace, however, was short-lived, for before long they were again captured by their original foes.

Tortured by the Savages.
One of the men, Niessen, received an unmerciful beating for letting a pole fall on the head of one of the chiefs.

The accident was entirely unintentional, and while he lay insensible on the ground the savage hurled a heavy rock down upon him and crushed three of his toes.

The rest of the prisoners were all securely bound and could render their partner no assistance, but finally one of the men managed to release himself and cut off the poor fellow's toes before he regained consciousness. This act undoubtedly saved Niessen's life.

Others of the survivors have terrible remembrances of their experience. One, Davis, was branded with a red-hot stone on his back, and the livid scar still remains. Ellis has two such brands. Macgregor had a sharp lance almost

the cannibal chief. They were some distance inland, and there were no hopes of signaling any passing vessel.

Here they were given rude huts to live in and left to themselves. The cannibals, however, kept a rigid watch over their captives and they were given to understand that they would be well treated if they made no attempt to escape.

Fattened for a Feast.

Food was regularly brought to them, and the men at that time had no knowledge of what was in store for them.

Their only hope was that Capt. Reed would in some manner effect their rescue, or that another wreck would bring some men with weapons and boats to the island.

With nothing to occupy their time, they passed much of their time sleeping, which seemed to greatly please the natives. One big, ugly-looking native, evidently the chief, kept close watch on their condition, and soon the terrible truth dawned upon them that they were being fattened for a feast of the cannibals, but they were helpless and alone and with no seeming hope for escape from the terrible fate.

There was not a weapon of any kind among them, not even a knife, with



Rescued by the Aid of a Single Rifle.

driven through his shoulder by one of the cannibals, and Capt. Reed did not escape his share.

Captain Makes His Escape.
But the rough treatment finally stopped and they were taken to another part of the island. Capt. Reed in the meantime had made his escape to the inland and was searching for the band that had befriended them.

The rest were taken some ten miles from the place of their landing to the

which they might have killed themselves, had they so desired.

But life was dear to them and they proposed to make the savages pay dearly for their feast. They also hoped against hope that Reed might come to their rescue.

It was a trying experience for the shipwrecked men, and it is remarkable that they lived to tell the tale.

Awful Fate of Others.

They learned from the writings of sail-