by Joel Chandler Harris

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CHAPTER V.

A Visit to Billy Biscuit.

As the kidnaped children were preparing to get in the buggy, Drusilla made this remark to Sweetest Susan:

"Ef mammy don't kill me dis day, it'll be kaze I'm dead when I git dar."

At home Jemimy was walking up and down, wringing her hands, and making statements that went far to show that Drusilla knew pretty well what to expect.

"I ain't sleep a wink dis night, less'n you kin call noddin' sleepin', not a wink; an' when I does git holt er dat gal, I'm gwineter make her wish she'd 'a' staid los'."

MR. BOBS.

"Just because she staid with Sweetest Susan, I suppose," said Mrs. Wyche.

"No'm, not 'xactly dat," replied Jemimy; "but whyn't she come on ter de house an' fetch little misties wid her? She plenty big 'nuff fer dat. Ef she'd 'a' come, little mistiss would 'a' come; you know dat you'se'f. Oh, ef I don't pay dat nigger gal back fer de ol' gu' de new!"

"You'd better thank the Lord if you ever see her again," said Sweetest Susan's distressed mother.

"I'll do dat, ma'am. I'll thank 'im on my bended knee; an' fo' I git it onbent good, I'll say dat gal 'crost it, an' when I git done wid 'er, she won't git in no mo' waggons—she won't git tuck off by nobody, not twel she's done grown, er atter dey done put me 'on de moolin'-board. I may not know how ter raise children, but I know how to make 'um stan' roun'."

All this time Mrs. Wyche was lying upon a sofa in a state of collapse, while Jemimy, more vigorous (or more venomous, as she would have put it), was walking up and down in the long hallway, wringing her hands and groaning.

Morning came on, and it was light enough to put out the candles, but they were left burning. Presently a modest ray of sunlight crept in and played upon the wall opposite. It seemed to be a signal, for the moment Mrs. Wyche's eyes fell upon it she heard a sharp knock at the door. Jemimy heard it, too, and ran to push back the thumb-bolt. Quick as she had been, Mrs. Wyche was by her side as she opened the door. Aaron was standing on the threshold. Mrs. Wyche held her breath as he raised his hand, and a glad cry; whereupon the mother felt called upon to weep a little more, though the tears that fell now were far different from those that fell in the dreary watches of the night.

Drusilla came in with less confidence. She was not sure of her reception. "Howdy, mammy! Howdy, mistiss!" she said, and then looked at Jemimy.

"Come yer, gal!" said Jemimy. She turned Drusilla around and inspected her carefully. "You ain't hurt nowhar, is you?"

"No'm!" exclaimed Drusilla. Then another thought struck her. "Mammy, did you cry much kaze I was done losted?"

"What I had ter cry fer?" exclaimed Jemimy.

"Well, ef you'd 'a' been losted, I'd 'a' cried," remarked Drusilla.

At this Jemimy broke down. "Look yer, nigger! You better stop foolin' wid me. De nex' time you do lak you done done, I gwine ter kill you. You hear dat?"

Whereupon Jemimy flouted out and went into the kitchen, where she went about breakfast with surprising energy, talking to herself all the time.

It is impossible to describe the keen disappointment of Buster John when he came down to breakfast and learned of the remarkable events of the night. He was disappointed, first, because he had not been kidnaped with the rest; and, second, because he had not been waked to join in the search. He had an idea that he had been treated unfairly, not by any particular person or persons, but in some way. It was just his luck, he said, to be left out when anything very interesting was going to happen. He recalled the day he remained at home from school on some slight excuse, and a pack of hounds ran a gray fox right up to the schoolhouse door and caught it there; and a little later the same day the boys found a partridge nest right on the verge of the playground, and the nest had seventeen beautiful eggs in it. There were other occasions that he remembered, and he said to himself and to others that it was pretty hard that a girl should be having such a fine time while he was asleep in bed.

But Sweetest Susan declared that it wasn't such a fine thing, after all. She was asleep, and didn't know anything about it. Nevertheless, she felt that she had grown in importance by taking part in the adventure, and she put on some of those airs which are very cute in girls of her age, but which are—well, not so cute in grown women.

Buster John submitted to them with very good grace, considering that he was a spirited boy. He knew he would have done some strutting himself if Sweetest Susan's adventures had been his. As it was, he contented himself with assertions as to what he would have done had he been in the wagon. He might have gone to sleep at first, he said, but just as sure as anything he would have waked when the wagon jolted over a rock or a lump in the road, and then—well, suffice it to say, that wagoner would have found himself in deep trouble. Buster John would have pulled out his pistol——

"Why, you haven't any pistol; you know you haven't," cried Sweetest Susan.

"Well, I'd have had one if I had been in the wagon. I would have guessed what was going to happen."

"How came you didn't?" inquired Drusilla, at this point. "Why'n't you guess we wuz gwine ter drop off ter sleep? An' why'n't you stay down dar an' wake we-all up? I don't like dish yer kinder guessin' what guesses when dey ain't no need er guessin'."

But Buster John insisted that he would have borrowed his grandfather's pistol, and hid himself in the wagon; and when they came to some dark and lonely spot in the road, then and there he would have demanded satisfaction.

"Huh! He'd 'a' gi' you sati'faction!" exclaimed Drusilla. "He'd 'a' grabbed you an' rolled yo' head in one er dem blankets, an' ef dat ain't sati'fy you, de'r 'a' gi' you sump'n else."

"That's all you know about pistols," said Buster John, imperiously.

"No needs ter know 'bout pistols," replied Drusilla, "when you know 'bout folks. Why, honey, dat ar man would 'a' eat you up ef you des so much ez bat yo' eye at 'im. Ain't I done see de way he chaw vittles, an' how he talk 'long wid hisse'f?"

Nevertheless, Buster John insisted that he would have rescued the captives and brought them home in triumph.

As may be supposed, the strange adventure of Sweetest Susan and Drusilla afforded a subject for a great deal of gossip on the plantation and in the surrounding country, and the children themselves passed many a pleasant hour in discussing it, when otherwise they would have been very lonely. Sweetest Susan often thought of little Billy Biscuit, and once, when talking about him to her mother, she mentioned what Miss Elviry had said about cast-off children's clothes. Now, as it happened, there was a chest full of clothes somewhere about the house, and Mrs. Wyche made haste to hunt it up and sort out as much as might be of some service to the little waif. Then, womanlike, having her mind on the matter, she insisted that the clothes must be sent as soon as posaible, and gave orders that Johnny Bapter should carry everything the next morning.

The children, hearing of this, insisted that they be allowed to go along, and as there was nothing to prevent (Sherman's army having unwittingly dispersed school and schoolmaster), it was arranged that Johnny Bapter should use the spring wagon, which had two seats, so that Buster John, Sweetest Susan and Drusilla could all go along. And as Johnny Bapter was gonig that far, he might as well take an early start and go on to Harmony Grove to carry some gifts of butter, flour and other supplies to an old friend of Mrs. Wyche's, whose husband was in the army, and whose sources of maintenance had been all but swept away by the army of invasion.

The children were up bright and early, but they found Johnny Bapter and the wagon waiting for them. There was not much delay after that, you may be sure; only a little wait on Drusilla, who was not likely to allow so short a journey to interfere with the play of her appetite. Buster John and Sweetest Susan went out to the wagon with half their breakfast in their hands. Johnny Bapter took off his hat to them very politely, and then, when they were seated in the wagon, he took off his hat and bowed twice.

"You're mighty polite this morning, Johnny Bapter," said Buster John. "What's the matter with you?"

"Well, fust I bow ter you-all, an' den I bow ter dem ar waffles an' dat ar ham. I ain't seen no waffles in so long dat I bleege ter bow at um. Dey may not know me, but I knows dem."

That settled it, of course. Johnny Bapter knew what he was doing. In their exuberant spirits the children would have given him all their waffles and ham, but no; "I ain't no ways greedy," said Johnny Bapter, so he only took two-thirds. "An' de waffles got butter on 'um!" he exclaimed. "I'm mighty glad you-all tuck a notion to go 'long. Look like dey ain't been no war when you kin git a tas'e er waffles. Git up dar, hoss! what you boldin' back on level groun' fer, when you known I'm up here eatin' waffles? Ef anybody ax you-all how come I don't b'long ter no church, you up an' tell um dat its des kaze I ain't hear none er de preachers say dey's gwinter be waffles up dar whar good folks goes. Ef dey'll des say 'waffles,' I'm wid um, an' I'll stay wid 'um, too; don't you disremember dat"——

"For John-nee Bapter is my name—
You ax my mammy, she'll tell ye de same!"

This last was a snatch of song that sounded sweetly on the morning air. It was accompanied by a shaking of the reins that set the horse trotting at the top of his speed. In a very short while, as it seemed to the children, who enjoyed the ride, they were at Mr. Bobs', where they were met by Miss Elvira, who said she was delighted to see them. The clothes, she declared, the very thing, every stitch being in the right place, and each garment certain to fit a t-wy-ty—one might be a little too big now at the present time, but they wouldn't stay too big many days.

"Somethin' told me you all was a-comin' today. I had a ringin' in my right ear, an' my nose has been a-cetchin' ever sence I got up this mornin'. I know'd I was certain to have company, and who could it be, says I to myself, but the youngsters from the Abercromble place?"

"How is Little Billy Biscuit?" asked Sweetest Susan.

"As fine as split silk," responded Miss Elviry, with a fond laugh; "as fat as a pig, and the cutest thing you ever laid eyes on. Come right in; he's back in here some'rs. Billy! Billy Biscuit! Where are you, for goodness sake?"

"Here me!" replied Billy.

"Come here," said Miss Elviry; "here's somebody want to see you."

"Uh-uh! Me tan't; me's a moo-talf. Moo-talf in de pen—tan't dit out."

When Miss Elviry and the children went to see what Billy was up to, they found that he had turned a chair on its side, and with that had penned himself in a corner of the room.

"Moo-talf want water," he exclaimed.

MRS. WYCHE AND JEMIMY.

Jemimy leaned against the wall with a moan.

"All safe, all safe, mistiss. They're comin' in the buggy." To Jemimy he said: "Get breakfast, gal; breakfast! They're all hungry."

"Did you go with father?" Mrs. Wyche asked.

"Yes, mistiss."

"I knew it," said the lady. The tone of her voice was full of the liveliest gratitude. Aaron bent his head, raised his hand, and was gone before they could ask any particulars.

Mrs. Wyche would have called him back, but at that moment she heard the sound of buggy wheels, and she knew that the kidnaped children had arrived. Before she could dry her eyes, Sweetest Susan came running in and rushed into her mother's arms with

Billy Biscuit laughed until he was nearly exhausted at Drusilla's queer antics, so that, finally, Miss Elviry felt compelled to beg her not to be so funny. Whereupon Drusilla became really solemn. Her clownish antics were put aside and she became a wild beast of the forest, name unknown. She went about the room on hands and knees, growling and making strange noises in her throat. These were thrilling moments for Billy Biscuit when this wild animal headed in his direction, and he would rush to the protection of Sweetest Susan with just that dash and taste of fear that gave a peculiar zest to the play.

As for Buster John, he had other fish to fry, as Miss Elviry said. Lucky for him, Mr. Bobs had cut one of the fingers of his right hand the afternoon before, and the cut had developed such soreness that he was taking a day off. Buster John, in looking about the place, which was a small one, indeed, but very interesting, had come upon Mr. Bobs

Mrs. Wyche Getting Clothes For Billy Biscuit.

sitting in the door of his little workshop smoking his clay pipe—one that he had made himself, for he was a very ingenious man.

"Howdy, Mr. Bobs?" said Buster John, with as much politeness as a small boy can muster.

"Why, howdy?" replied Mr. Bobs. "You're young Abercromble—no—Wyche. Well, tain't much of a mistake to put you wi' the 'Crombies. The Wyche in you don't hurt you. You're a 'Crombie all over, ef I ever seed one, an' I'se seed 'em all, fust an' last."

As Mr. Bobs sat looking at Buster John he presented a very picturesque figure. Though the weather was a trifle chilly, he sat without his coat and the sleeves of his shirt were rolled up, exposing half of his brawny, sun-burnt arms. His wool hat sat on the back of his head, showing a high forehead. He wore a full beard and no mustache, and his eyes twinkled with both humor and shrewdness.

"What's this I hear about Mr. Thimblefinger and all them rigamaroles?" he asked after a while.

Buster John swelled with conscious knowledge, but he did not commit himself. "I'm sure I don't know," he replied. "What did you hear?"

"A mighty heap of things," said Mr. Bobs; "lots more than I can take time to relate."

"Who told you, Mr. Bobs?" Buster John was very cautious.

"Them that told me wasn't tellin' tales out of school. But fust and fo'most, how come you to know Mr. Thimblefinger?"

"We—we just found him," replied Buster John.

"Ketched him out!" said Mr. Bobs, laughing at the thoughts of such a thing. "I allowed maybe that was the way of it. Well, you an' your little sis is mighty lucky chaps."

"Drusilla was with us," Buster John explained.

"The nigger gal? Hm—well, yes—I reckon so," remarked Mr. Bobs with a frown. "Well, maybe white folk'll have a breathin' spell now that the whole kit and bilin' is free."

Mr. Bobs' prejudice made no impression on Buster John. "What has become of Little Thimblefinger?" he inquired. "I asked Aaron, but he only shook his head."

"He ain't no nigger, I'll be boun'," suggested Mr. Bobs.

"Who? Aaron? He's an Arab."

"I heard tell," remarked Mr. Bobs, "that away back yonder, the Arabs was a right sight pearter than our folks. They know'd all about physic and algeber, an' things like that. Now, I reckon you think that Aaron is e'en about the smartest man in the world. Come, now! Don't you? Hey?"

Buster John reflected awhile, and then replied: "Not the smartest man in the world."

"Well, anyhow, you've got the idee strong in your mind that he's a heap the smartest man anywhere in these diggin's; now, hain't you?" persisted Mr. Bobs.

DRUSILLA, BILLY BISCUIT AND SWEETEST SUSAN.

Miss Elviry would have given him some from the gourd, but he protested loudly. "N-o-o-o! Moo-talf drink out de pan," and nothing would do but he must have a pan of water. From this he drank as he had seen the calf drink.

"Did anybody ever see the like of that?" exclaimed Miss Elviry in an ecstacy of pride. "They ain't narry 'nother child in the world, his age and inches, half as smart as he is."

Billy Biscuit acted as if he thought so too. Inside the somewhat narrow limits of his pen, he walked to and fro on his all-fours as if trying to show himself off.

Now, Miss Elviry could say nothing on behalf of Billy Biscuit's accomplishments that Sweetest Susan would not agree to. She was very fond of babies and young children and had a peculiar knack of entertaining them. She felt, too, a special interest in Billy Biscuit, having been the means of rescuing him from that unfortunate lunatic, and so she sat on the floor by the little fellow, and in a very few minutes they were having great fun. Especially was it great fun when Drusilla joined them and solemnly pretended to have a fit.

Buster John did not assent to this in so many words, but his tone and manner left no doubt on Mr. Bobs' mind that the youngster had very extreme opinions as to Aaron's gifts. "I don't blame you," said Mr. Bobs. "You're young yit, an' you hain't traveled much the wide world all over. Today's e'en about the fust time you've been to our house sense you weighed a pound more then a 'possum. I want to show you a thing or two. You've got the idee, an' your sis, too, I reckon, that Aaron knows it all. Ef you'll call her out I'll show you that Aaron don't know more than half of the things that mought be know'd."

Buster John called Sweetest Susan, and she came running out, followed by Drusilla.

"Stand a little furder back," said Mr. Bobs, motioning with his hands; "a little furder yit; now, that'll do. Keep your eyes open."

There was no need for that suggestion. "He's going to show us something," Buster John explained, and then the children stood still and watched, hardly drawing breath.

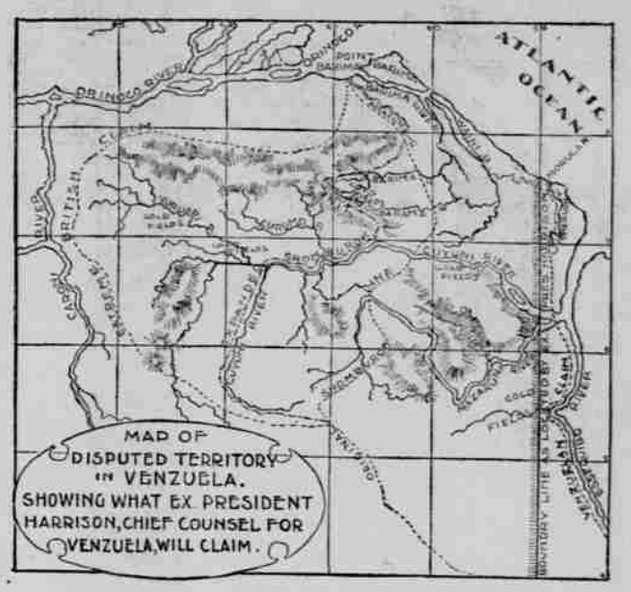
END PART V.

AN EX-PRESIDENT WILL PLEAD FOR VENEZUELA.

Benjamin Harrison to Sail on May 17 For Paris, Where He Will Argue Against Great Britain Before the International Tribunal—Settlement of Question in Sight That Nearly Caused War With United States Four Years Ago.

On May 17, ex-President Benjamin Harrison will sail for Paris to take part in the most momentous and important lawsuit of recent years. It will be held before an august international tribunal of arbitration. The parties at law are the government of Great Britain and the government of Venezuela, backed by the government of the United States. It will settle the question that four years ago nearly precipitated an Anglo-American war.

Ex-President Harrison, who is chief counsel for Venezuela, after nearly three years devoted to a thorough investigation of all of the claims involved, has come to the conclusion that England has rights in only a narrow eastern strip of the disputed territory. He will contend for the Venezuelan government that the proper boundary should be in the neighborhood of the fifty-ninth parallel of latitude, whereas Great Britain has claimed westward beyond the sixty-third parallel of latitude, taking a number of exceedingly valuable gold mines in which British capital is now interested. This contention of counsel will come as a surprise both to American and to British interests, and it is a great source of gratification to the Venezuelan government.



The cause of this most notable lawsuit of modern times was Great Britain's persistent refusal to submit to arbitration the boundary line dispute between British Guiana and Venezuela. The United States took no stand as to what was the true boundary line between the countries, but only insisted that Great Britain should submit to the arbitration so frequently urged by Venezuela, in order that the true line might be determined. On Great Britain's refusal, the memorable message of President Cleveland was issued and this country determined to find out for itself, by thorough investigation, the true line.

A commission, consisting of David J. Brewer of the supreme court of the United States, R. H. Avey, F. R. Coudert, Daniel C. Gilman and Andrew D. White, was appointed by the United States to determine the boundary. The commission collected a great mass of information, but it was not necessary for it to complete its work. Great Britain finally consented to arbitration and agreed to a plan, after a long correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Richard Olney, secretary of state of the United States. After that the United States had no further official interest in the question. A treaty was arranged between Venezuela and Great Britain, agreeing to take as final the decision of a tribunal of arbitration as to the disputed boundary.

First Case of Its Kind.

It is pointed out by General Harrison and his associate counsel that this tribunal is more like the great courts of justice than any other that has sat in an international dispute. Tribunals in such cases, they say, have been too much the conferences of the representatives of the disputing nations, rather than the consultations of judges to whom the parties are quite indifferent. Venezuela has no direct representative upon the tribunal. It is made up of Sir Charles Russell, lord chief justice of England (succeeding Lord Herschel, recently deceased), and Justice Richard Henn Collins on the part of Great Britain, Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Brewer of the United States supreme court on the part of Venezuela, and Professor Martens of the University of St. Petersburg, selected by these four. It had been provided that should the four first-named members be unable to choose a fifth within four months, King Oscar of Norway and Sweden was to elect the fifth, but the use of this provision did not become necessary.

Though the treaty of arbitration had been finally ratified in June, 1897, it was not until January, 1898, that definite measures were taken toward having the case of Venezuela properly presented before the tribunal. Then General Harrison, a man of prestige by reason of his having been president of the United States and a man of thorough legal ability, was called to New York and engaged as chief counsel for Venezuela. There was an immense task before him. The documentary evidence extends over four centuries. General Harrison at the time knew little more of the case than many other readers of newspapers and periodicals. Though Venezuela had for a number of years appealed to the United States for assistance in her dispute with Great Britain, and though Secretary Blaine, like other secretaries of state, had had some correspondence with Great Britain on the subject, yet the case was only a minor incident in Harrison's administration, and did not take on anything like that acute form which it began to assume early in the administration of his successor, President Cleveland.

Harrison's Work on the Case.

From the date of his employment as counsel for Venezuela, something over fifteen months ago, until the present, General Harrison has given his entire time to this great case. His law office in Indianapolis has not been used by him, and he has worked at his home. Scarcely a day has passed on which he has not spent the usual business hours of a lawyer, from 9 to 4 o'clock, on this case. Considering that he is a public man, with many urgent requests for use of his time in politics and other business affairs, he has led almost a secluded life. His sojourn in the Adirondacks last summer was only a change of workshop, not a vacation.

In this boundary dispute the Venezuelans and the British are the successors, respectively, of the Spanish and the Dutch. The controversy touches many points of historic and romantic interest, beginning with the times of the Spanish discovery and conquests in South America. The disputed territory itself was the much-sought El Dorado of the Spanish and English adventurers. The Dutch, in the long struggle of the Netherlands against Spanish tyranny and inquisition, attacked their enemy along these far-away coasts, and cut off many of the treasure ships that carried to Spain the means of maintaining her long and cruel wars. It was by settlement in territory claimed by Spain and while at war with that country, that the Dutch got a foothold in Guiana, and by treaty of Munster in 1648, after a thirty-years' war in Europe, received a grant from Spain of territorial rights in Guiana. What is now British Guiana was held for 166 years by the Dutch. By conquest and treaty it was finally ceded to Great Britain in 1814.

Evidence In Three Languages.

The evidence submitted in this international lawsuit is particularly voluminous, for the two and a half centuries since the treaty of 1648, which gave no well defined boundary between Spanish and Dutch possessions, and thus started all the trouble. There are Dutch documents, complete and well-connected, from The Hague; Spanish documents, incomplete, scattered, gathered with great labor from archives without index, at Seville. There was a search also in the vatican at Rome among reports of the Spanish mission settlements in the disputed territory. Material, also, had naturally been gathered in the Venezuelan archives at Caracas. Then there were the English blue books, supplemented in the research on Venezuela's behalf, by unofficial publications about geographical subjects and travel not always in harmony with the official documents.

All the documents in foreign languages have been translated, and the whole proceedings are in English. All the evidence is in. Everything submitted has been printed, and copies of the many volumes have been furnished to the five arbitrators and the respective counsel. What is called the "case," or the opening statement of facts, for Great Britain, takes up one volume, with seven volumes of appendices or exhibits. The case for Venezuela takes up one volume, with two volumes of appendices. Each side also submitted with its "case" an atlas of maps bearing on the controversy. The "counter-case" of Great Britain takes up one volume and a volume of appendices, and the "counter-case" of Venezuela one volume, with two volumes of appendices. Each side, with its counter-case, submitted another atlas. Then came the printed argument, filling two volumes, or about 800 pages, for Venezuela, and only one volume of about sixty-five pages for Great Britain. Thus far, therefore, twenty-three printed volumes have been submitted. Further proceedings are to be by oral argument, though such things as the arbitrators may call for will be submitted in printing, and the other side will have leave to print replies.

Assisting General Harrison as counsel for Venezuela are Benjamin F. Tracy, who was secretary of the navy in his cabinet; S. Mallet-Prevost and James Russell Soley, all of New York. S. Mallet-Prevost was secretary of the United States commission on this boundary dispute, and had done much work for the commission in placing evidence in shape. He was, therefore, familiar with the details of the dispute, and was especially valuable in making up the Venezuelan case in the short time between January, 1898, and March 15 of the same year, when the case was submitted. There is no citizen of Venezuela among the counsel for that country, but J. M. de Rojas of Venezuela is agent for his country in the litigation. General Harrison, engaged in a case for a Spanish-speaking country and one in which documents translated from foreign languages are numerous, is familiar only with the English language, he is, further, making his first trip to Europe in going to Paris to plead for Venezuela in this case.

Immense Territory In Dispute.

The territory in dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana covers over 90,000 square miles, and is greater than the combined areas of the states of New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts. Venezuela contends that all the territory west of the Essequibo river belongs to the republic. Lord Salisbury, in correspondence with Mr. Olney, opposing the submission of the dispute about certain parts of this territory to arbitration, spoke impressively of "titles that had been unquestioned for generations." In the masterly printed argument of General Harrison and his associates, these pretensions are submitted to a rigid analysis, which makes it appear that an undisputed title could not be shown for even one generation. Before the discoveries of gold, beginning less than twenty years ago, the territory west of the Essequibo river was practically unsettled except for Venezuelan settlements near the Orinoco. When the gold movement began the British simply went in and took charge of things, setting up their own government, and now, after heavy mining investments, they are reluctant to give up control.

Venezuela's claims are based on the rights acquired by Spain, of which country the present republic was, up to 1810, a dependency. Spain, it is contended, by discovery and settlement in the sixteenth century, gained title to the whole of the country from the Orinoco to the Amazon rivers. For the Spanish title is claimed the broad rights and liberal construction accorded by international law to the discovering nation. The Dutch, as second comers or intruders within this territory, are held by Venezuelan counsel to be bound by narrower rules and to have prescriptive title to such territory only as is settled by them, or can clearly be shown to have been under their control. The treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and Venezuela provides as a special rule that "adverse holding during a period of fifty years shall make a good title. The arbitrators may deem exclusive political control of a district, as well as actual settlement thereof, sufficient to constitute adverse holding, or to make title by prescription."

By the treaty of 1648, Spain granted to the Netherlands the territory then held by the Dutch in Guiana, without defining what this territory was, and this started all the trouble. It is contended that the Dutch then held no territory whatever west of the Essequibo except a narrow strip along the coast to the Pomeroon, a river small on the map but important in this controversy. The Dutch, it is held, in the 166 years before British control in 1814, never advanced farther unless it was about one mile to the west to the Maruca, another small but much mentioned river. Spain treated any pretensions the Dutch made beyond this as obviously baseless and drove them back as intruders. Diplomatic correspondence on the subject of the boundary had ceased between the Spanish and the Dutch seventy-one years before 1881, when consternation was created in Venezuela by news that a British flag was flying at Point Barima, an island commanding the mouth of the Orinoco. A protest was at once made by Venezuela, and the controversy, so long asleep, was reawakened.

Schomburgk's Line.

The flying of the British flag was due to the claims for Great Britain by Hermann Schomburgk, a young German naturalist, who had been traveling in Guiana and had proposed to the British government to survey a boundary line. He was an enthusiast for Great Britain, and dwelt in his letters on the great military advantage of controlling the mouth of the Orinoco, a river which he said offered water transportation for from 400 to 500 leagues and had nearly 200 tributary streams of more or less importance. The Orinoco flows into the ocean by many channels of which that commanded by Point Barima, on the island of Barima, is the southernmost. Schomburgk called attention to the fact that this channel (Boca de Navios, or ship's mouth) was the only one which admitted vessels of some draught and was often referred to as "the Dardanelles of the Orinoco." He spoke of the remains of a fort having been found at Point Barima, and of this being evidence that the Dutch had controlled this point. Venezuelan counsel now contend that there is no evidence in the voluminous and complete Dutch records of any fort's ever occupying this point. They refer to evidence that the French traders once had a stronghold there, and that if the remains reported by Schomburgk were really found, they were probably traces of the French occupation.

Under the protest of Venezuela at the time, Great Britain resected from the claims made in 1841 and pulled up markers of the Schomburgk line in 1842. Since then Great Britain's claims have shifted about, until the various lines proposed, when put on the map in different colors, look like strands of tangled yarn. A curious fact in the case is that the Schomburgk line published on maps from 1842 was a line first proposed by him before he made a survey. His actual survey was of a line taking in a respectable strip of territory to the west. A map based on this survey was stowed away in secret archives and not sprung on the world until forty-four years later, in 1886.

The Cuyuni and Mazaruni rivers, two large streams flowing into the Essequibo, form the basis of contention in the interior of the disputed territory. While the original Schomburgk line had, in the interior, cut straight across the Cuyuni, the larger of the two rivers, the expanded line bent to the west so as to take in the entire course of the river. Great Britain, it would seem, had at first been too modest to make public claim to the territory beyond the original Schomburgk line, but now the "extreme claim" of the British extends far beyond even the "expanded Schomburgk line," taking in all the tributaries of the Cuyuni up to their source, and to within a few miles of the Orinoco.

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CAPITAL PAID IN, $200,000.
General Banking in All Its Branches.
Directors—Dr. Theodore Meyer, John J. Daly, O. J. Salisbury, Moylan C. Fox, Thomas Marshall, W. P. Noble, George M. Downey, John Donnellan, Newell Beeman

THE DESERET SAVINGS BANK
DIRECTORS:
W. W. Riter, President.
Moses Thatcher, Vice President.
Elias A. Smith, Cashier.
James Sharp, John R. Barnes, John C. Cutler, David Eccles, A. W. Carlson, George Romney, John R. Winder, D. H. Perry, E. R. Eldredge, W. F. James.
Four per cent interest paid on savings deposits.

T. R. JONES & CO.,
BANKERS.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

NATIONAL BANK OF THE REPUBLIC.
U. S. DEPOSITORY.
Frank Knox.....President.
George A. Lowe.....Vice President.
Ed. W. Duncan.....Cashier.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$300,000
Banking in all its branches transacted. Exchange drawn on the principal cities of Europe. Interest paid on time deposits.

WELLS, FARGO & CO'S BANK
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
Established 1852.
Transact a General Banking Business
J. E. DOOLY, Cashier.

H. S. YOUNG, Cashier.
L. S. HILLS, President.
MOSES THATCHER, Vice President.
U. S. DEPOSITORY.
DESERET NATIONAL BANK.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
CAPITAL $500,000
SURPLUS $250,000
Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent.

Walker Brothers,
BANKERS.
ESTABLISHED 1859.
Successors to THE UNION NATIONAL BANK of Salt Lake City.
A General Banking Business Transacted