# THE SEPOY MUTINY AND REBELLION.

Thrilling Account of the Massacre at Cawnpore and Its Retribution.

STORY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

The Devilish Work of Nana Sahib. Women and Children Starved as Prisoners for Days and Finally Insulted. Massacred, Cut to Pieces and Thrown in a Well. Executions of the Miscreants.

N an article published in THE SUN-DAY CALL of recent date descriptive of the horrors of the Indian mutiny and rebellion, it was shown where "the human slaughter-house" had been discovered late in the evening after the battle of Cawnpore. At the time of the discovery I was lying under a tree in a high fever. I had been for thirteen hours exposed to the overpowering heat of a trop-ical sun in the month of July, during which time I had been in constant action with my half battery of guns, over hot plains, poor roads, through topes and over deep, muddy paddy—or rice—fields. These fatigues, and the fever resulting from a recent wound, completely prostrated me, and I was not able to visit "the slaughterhouse" that night. Early the next morning, being somewhat refreshed and strengthened by a night of unbroken rest, I started to visit the scene where the wholesale murders had taken place. What a horrible sight met the eve!

Nature itself had dispensed its gifts with lavish hand. The bungalow, or "slaughterhouse," stood within a peaceful looking. umbrageous grove of mango and tamarind trees, with an open frontage facing the visit all nature seemed peaceful and beautiful to a wonderful degree. There were the grand, wide-spreading, thickly leaved, VIVID GREEN TREES,

Heavily laden with their luscious, splendid parti-colored fruits, the mango and the tamarind; the morning breeze gently "huzzing"-an Indian term-through the closely crowded branches and leaves of the surrounding grove, the great and beautiful river flowing close by, its deep and pellucid waters glinting in the morning sunlight,

On one side of the little circular space could be seen the wounded and mangled profiles of women and children. In another profiles of women and children. In another portion of the rounded space were the severed arms, legs, feet, heads and scarified busts of other women and children. Fresh horrors were to be seen in every spot upon which the eye rested too dreadful to dwell upon. And all of these murders had been done by the tulwars in the hands of the Fifth Bengal Light Cavalry, or Suwars, and by order of the ernel cowardly and reby order of the cruel, cowardly and re-lentless Nana. Sick at heart, I retraced my steps to the south entrance to the bungalow, and as I placed my foot upon the bungalow, and as 1 placed my foot upon the first of the steps leading up on to the veranda I observed to my right, nearly hidden by the long grass, the upper portions of the form of a female child and the right arm of a woman, both of which were fearfully mutilated by the teeth of the beastly, howlmutilated by the teeth of the beastly, howing, nocturnal jackal. From all appearances the poor remains had been cut in pieces in the general slaughter, thrown out upon the sward and there neglected in the excitement of the moment. I ordered the "gullendauze" to have them buried, which order he had carried into effect as soon as possible. Meanwhile, I passed within the corridor, where I found the white "chunammed" floor strewn with long locks of hair, in some instances the hair still clinging to portions instances the hair still clinging to portions of the scalp and bone of the skull, where the marderous tulwar had cut through like a razor. Portions of the dresses of the women lay scattered around, some of the pieces containing the flesh of the body that pieces containing the flesh of the body that had been covered by them, and which had been sliced off by the keen-edged tulwars used in the massacre. At the north end of the corridor I observed a poor little shoe, with the sole turned toward me. I stepped forward and picked it up, and imagine my horror when I found it contained the little foot of the wearer, to which the lower portion of the leg of the child was attached. It had evidently been severed by a tached. It had evidently been severed by a blow with the dreadful tulwar, in the hands of a cowardly ruffian, who, summoned

MURDEROUS CONFRERES,

Had no one to oppose him but poor, terrified women and helpless children.

I entered the first room off the corridor to the south and west of the building, where it was known that the brave and noble Miss. Wheeler, daughter of the poor, trusting General, had been confined a close prisoner before being murdered. There were three other ladies who were confined as prisoners in the same room with her, a fact that was other ladies who were confined as prisoners in the same room with her, a fact that was easily ascertained by the pencil writings on the walls. Apparently the poor creatures in this room were the last ones murdered, for their writings—which I give below—describe the heart-rending screams and supplications for mercy uttered by the unfortunate beings in the other rooms where the murders were being done. I am not adequate to describe the scenes which must have transpired in this room. I will, therefore, simply copy from my diary such notes as were written on the spot and at the moment.

The diary reads: As 1 entered my right foot slipped from underneath me, I having stepped in a small pool of half-dried blood at the door. Heavy stains of blood covered the floor, together with pieces of women's clothing. Pieces of a broken and blood-stained talwar lay scattered around. stained tulwar lay scattered around.
Marks of bloody fingers were on the wall, as if some creature had been blindly grasping at something to save themselves from falling. On the north wall was written: "The brute Nana was of age. I was sitting on my horse on the off-side of my three guns, waiting for the word to advance. At this time

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Of the enemy's guns and skirmishers were off-side of my three guns, waiting for the word to advance. At this time grasping at something to save themselves from failing. On the north wall was written: "The brute Nana was here. He made dre—I (the other letters contained in the blank were obliterated by bloody finger marks) proposals. The renegade, La Martinier Jr., was with him. I spat on the ground between us and told him In Mahratta what he was and defied him. I

knew our fate was sealed, for an Ayah (child's nurse) that brought our scanty and poor food, told me in her own quiet way, although

although

THE BRUTAL SUWAR

Was ostentatiously passing up and down in our midst that our countrymen had defeated Nana's people, and that their defeat meant death to us." In another place was written: "The poor ninny of a renegade, La Martinier Jr., returned, and told us that our people were utterly defeated, routed and slain, and that there was no use of us hoping for relief from that quarter; that the Nana was a good fellow and that his terms were liberal. I pointed to the door and told him to begone for a miserable renegade, and notwithstanding his brave appearance, with his belt and saber, and two pistols at his waist, he slunk from the room cowed." [Note.—A Mussulman under the influence of bhang attacked the renegade that evening and slew him, saying as he did so: "We want no Feringhee (foreigner) dogs among want no Feringhee (foreigner) dogs among

The wife of a Captain McClelland, who was on the staff of the Commander-in-chief and who was killed at the battle of Futtenpoor, was a prisoner in the same room with
Miss Wheeler, and she wrote on the same
wall, above and to the right of the writing
by Miss Wheeler, as follows: "My lovely, my by Miss Wheeler, as follows: "My lovely, my darling boy—This is your first anniversary, and what a dreadful time and place it occurs in. The wretched, scanty food they give me, and the dreadful terrors under which I am and have been living for some time past, have dried up the sources of life for him, and I see him dying hourly. I am almost certain that he will not see the rising of another sun." [Note.—Nor did the poor creature.]

Again Miss Wheeler wrote: "In [letters quite obliterated by bloody finger-marks] I can tell by the dreadful screams of marks] I can tell by the dreadful screams of the women and children in the other rooms and their heart-rending appeals for mercy that the murders have commenced. Oh, horror! ill-usage is being carried on as well as murder. They are upon us. I will make a struggle. Fare—" The writing breaks of at the word "Fare," and we may imagine the rest. I went through the other rooms, where the scenes were as horrible as those already written of. I left the building WITH TEARS IN MY EYES

And bitter feelings of hatred and revenge in my heart. On my way to camp I met the Provost Marshal, accompanied by a strong escort, and with them three of the Fifth Bengal Cavalry—Suwars—handcuffed in their midst. I also noticed some twelve or fourteen Mether—low-caste men, who do duty as executioners—carrying wooden uprights cross-pieces, portions of a temduty as executioners—carrying wooden uprights, cross-pieces, portions of a temporary platform, etc., in fact the entire paraphernalia of a gallows and
platform. I asked the Provost Marshal what it all meant, and he told
me that since the slaughter-house
and well had been discovered, a proclamation had been issued by the General setting
forth that the Fifth Bengal Cavalry were
to be omitted from all amnesties, and whento be omitted from all amnesties, a ever caught, and the fact of their co ever caught, and the fact of their connection with that brutal regiment proven by drum-head ges, with its smooth walks and beautiful, grassy, sloping banks, leading down to the margin of the river. The building was oblong in shape, some sixty by eighty feet in size, one story high, with a veranda running entirely around it, and having a corridor or hall running directly through the center from north to south.

This hell enemed integer recovers these are the first example. He invited me to go with him and witness the executions, but much as I loathed and detested the miserable wretches, it was not this sort of vengeance I desired to wreak upon them. I should have wished to meet them in the field and cut them down to a man. However, one of through the center from north to south.

This hall opened into six rooms, three on the east and three on the west side, and in these rooms the unfortunate women and children, captured by the cruel Nana Sahib, after the foolish treaty made by the unfortunate women and children, captured by the cruel Nana Sahib, and he turned around, and looking me straight in the face, said in excellent Entertainty and confidence (Capture Wilseler with the content of the prisoners decided my course of action. He overheard our conversation as we marched along. He was the left-hand man the turned around, and looking me straight in the face, said in excellent Entertainty and the content of the prisoners decided my course of action. tunate and confiding General Wheeler with
Nana, were placed. At the time of my
isit all nature and confiding the see how men of the Fifth Bengal can mount
a scaffold and die there, too." I was utterly surprised at hearing the man speak as he did, and I went with the party.

The scaffold was erected about midway

between the south entrance to the bungalow and the dreadful well. In the mean while, the three prisoners were marched into the human slaughter-house and the dreadful twork in which they had participated was pointed out to them. The Provost Marshal asked the man who spoke English to repeat what he had said before the drum had court-martial. the drum-head court-martial,

THE WORDS WERE: waters glinting in the morning sunlight, and throwing back with reflected splendor brilliant scintillations from every curl of its miniature waves—and there stood the bungalow, handsome to look at, with its green painted, cool looking jalousies, its imitation marble balusters and pillars, but its associations in the mind called up scenes of dread, horror and scourge. I walked toward the south entrance where I knew the mangled remains of the poor women and children had been dragged through before the were thrown into the dreadful well.

This well was distant from the bungalow some twenty-five or thirty paces, and leading to it was a graveled walk. Over this gravel the corpes of the murdered victims "That the three of us, here present, obeyed of their linen jackets. The bucket was then handed to the young Mussulman referred to said, "No, he would not contaminate his because of the well and never shall I forget the horifying, sickening sight which presented itself. The white, narrow, granite coping of the mouth of the well was completely besmeared with coagulated blood, the grass all-around, for a distance of several yards, being trampled down and stained with gore, which had oozed from the gaping wounds in the bodies as they were flung upon the sward, each in its turn to be hurled into the well by the fiends who had wrought the diabolical work. I tried to look down into the depths of the well, but all was dark, and my strained vision failed to distinguish anvolpict. I ordered my "gullendauze" (native artilleryman) to light the candle in the lantern, with which I had provided him before starting, and to lower it down the shaft. This he effected by fastening it to some eight or ten feet of trace rope, and when the light had become steady, so that objects began to take shape to the eye, and the mind could grasp the horrible sight that met the vision, what was seen is beyond the power of man to describe. The that met the vision, what was seen is beyond the power of man to describe. The memories of that moment will cling to me from him as he would have thrown

A LIGHT PIECE OF WOOD, And then rained a shower of blows upon the neck, face, breast, shoulders, sides and back of the fallen man until he cried out for mercy. He was then lifted to his feet, and the cloth was handed him, and, after he had wiped up a portion of the blood, he was marched out to the gallows. He mounted the platform without any assistance, and the platform without any assistance, and died cursing the Feringhec dogs. The other two were similarly served, but they did not undergo as much punishment as the first, although they died cursing their enemies, and without the least seeming fear. Their only complaint was that their caste had been broken, and that it would be the destruction of a happy hereafter for them. Dozens upon dozens of the Fifth Bengal Light Cavairy, whenever captured, were Light Cavalry, whenever captured, were sent to Cawapore and served in the same

manner as were the miserable wretches In the cool of the evening the whole of the column was marched through the bunga-low and around the well, and upon a black-board in white letters was painted the folboard in white letters was painted the forlowing, which was hung up against the
walls of the house: "Here is the house
where your countrywomen and their children were foully nurdered by the Firth
Bengal Native Cavairy, by orders of the
ruffianly villain, Nana Sahib. Let your
battle-cry for the future, whilst suppressing
the rebellion and mutiny, be 'Remember
Cawmore!'"

the rebellion and mutiny, be 'Remember Cawnpore!' That night about 12 o'clock our outposts were hotly attacked. Re-enforcements were sent out, but the fire grew notter and fiercer every moment, and the field officers in charge of the outposts kept sending for re-enforcements every twenty minutes or so. General Havelock, like a true commander, wanted to give his men as much rest as possible, and only sent out as many as he thought would repel a night attack. This sparing of his men was not for love of them, nor of humanity in general. The motive was a general as much as possible eral's motive—save as much as possible

THE SOLDIER, For he it is that carries out the conceptions, places the laurel crown upon the brow, sup-ports and upholds the honor of his country and gets to f-el, before many months' fight-ing or engagements, that he helps to bear the weight of honor and responsibility as much as the highest in the field. As to the attack, it was soon made manifest that we were re-ceiving blows from some eight or ten thousand men, well disciplined, well armed, and under the leadership of the most talented, brave, energetic and politic most talented, brave, energetic and politic soldier that the mutiny and rebellion had produced, Tantia Topi. This man was a camel driver in his youth; then made chief in charge of the Zenana (he was of the Eunuch (ase), then created Grand Vizier and eventually made the ruler of the great principality of Gwalior, and all of this with the full consent of the British Government before the breaking out of the mutiny and rebellion.

General Havelock took in the situation at once, and in order to avoid trumpet and bugle calls word was passed along the lines to stand to arms. In a tew moments every man was under arms, the guns were limbered and everything was in readiness to march or engage. Just before I gave the word to march Colonel Olpherts rode down along the line, accompanied by a young, slender and very handsome man, some 21 or 22 years

eral Wheeler. I want him to take command of your half-battery, and you will look after the two 18-pounders during the engagement. They are now in the center and are engaged. Major Cooper has just been hurt (he was killed) by a round shot. Gallop across at once. Your Sergeant is an experienced non-commissioned officer, and he will give Lieutenant Wheeler every assistance in his power." We started, the Colonel acknowledged the salute, and I went to my post. Here was a charge with a vengeance. After all of our struggles and our victories we went within an ace of losing all, and that too by the bravery and strategic genius of a mere camel-driver. But such is the fortune of war. The battle raged with unabated fury and varying fortunes until after abated fury and varying fortunes until after the midday following, I individually wit-nessed two personal encounters bravely and skillfully fought out, of which, to-gether with the full details of the battle, I will give an account at another time. W. J. O'FARRELL.

PLOWING THE WATER. An Old Russian Custom Observed in Time of Droughts.

Among people who follow agricultural pursuits more than among others there are many peculiar customs still in vogue in Russia, says a writer for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, which have their origin either in ancient pagan ceremonies, or are deeply rooted in superstition, pure and simple, or fanatic beliefs. Russia, more than any other country, retains many weird traditions, and the strange usages for the warding off and conjuring of the pernicious drought are particularly numerous. It frequently happens that each district has its own peculiar ceremonies, and often every individual inhabitant follows a line of conjudication of the conjudication of the conjudication of the conjudence of the



Plowing the Water In some of the western provinces of the empire a strange ceremony is resorted to for the cessation of the drought, in which the "plow and the women" play a conspicuous part. During long-continued droughts the magistrate convenes and a "plowing of the water" is efficially ordered. After an early working respection the women and girls morning procession the women and girls are drummed together in the afternoon for the purpose of the act of "water plowing." This consists in the tearing up of the bottom of a near-by stream by means of a plow rulled by half-clad women and led by the largest and strongest dame of the vil-

There is no doubt that this ceremony is of pagan origin, but whatever its significance was in olden times, history does not say; at the same time the custom is pursued with unerring regularity at the present day throughout the provinces mentioned.

### ACORNS.

Original contributions and solutions are requested from all the readers. Communications must be written in time, on one side of the paper and the name and address must accompany them as a guarantee of good faith. Address Puzzle Editor Bally Morning Cally 509 Clay Street.

	Λ	NSWERS.	
No. 10.	TAPER	No. 12.	SAVES
	AGAVE		APODE
	PAPAS		VOMIT
	EVADE		EDICT
RESET		SETTO	
	1. Batrachor		
No. 1	3. Ant, toy,	rat, horse,	camel, pig, a

Harvie O. Babcock, Alice Brennan, Olive E. Turner, Lynerus, Eliza D., Atlas, Merry Mack, H. Y. Frost, Edipus, Annie Sullivan, Eu Geer, Hettle Burke and Laura M. Smith.

COMPLETE LIST.—H. Y. Frost, Lynceus, Eu Geer and Harvie O. Babcock.

Blossome.

CHARADE. 'Tis pleasant to behold
H. O. B. and Olivet
Last first to the fold,
And good example set To other ladies fair, To join the "Mystic Krewe," And each the tidings bear To young men, good and true.

SQUARE. No. 24. 1-The twentieth part of a shekel. 2-To a void by artifice. 3-Pertaining to the country. 4-A proverb. 5-The name of a woman.

Oaktand, Cal.

1 held her all in mine, Next feit a trill excite My inner self, in tones Of pure and chaste delight.

DECAPITATION.

And as she raised her eyes
I clasped her form and—kissed her,
And thanked kind heaven that sent
A dear and loving sister:
Francisco. HARVIE O. BABCOCK. SOUARE. To " Marguerite."

1-A genus of plants, one species of which produces the betel nut. 2-To involve. 3-To slip away. 4-An evergreen tree of different species 5-Brisk. CAPT. N. FRANK. San Francisco. No. 27. DIAMOND.

1—A letter. 2—An abbreviation of Democrats.

3—Slender bodies like a bristle. 4—Attended with a prefernatural excitement. 5—Advises to the contrary (obs.). 6—Having defined limits.

7—a city of San Pete County, Utah. 8—A crystaline rock composed of feldspar and quartz of grayish white and red color. 9—A basket. 10—A pen. 11—A letter.

San Francisco.

Answers and solvers in three weeks.

Answers and solvers in three weeks.

STRAY LEAVES. STRAY LEAVES.

H. Y. Frost, Atlas, Harvie O. Babcock and Eu Geer's juzzles have been received and accepted and are invited to call early and often. Several of our correspondents evidently thought we were mi-leading them when we asserted that their answers of the 21 puzzle were erroneous. We are sorry they should take offense at what was not intended either to mislead or insult them. We told them their answers were incorrect and we say it again; and to prove the assertion we append the following correct answer sent to us by J. C. M. of this city and B. S. Crocker of Flacerville:

These correspondents have compiled with the rules governing the mode of answering the puzzle, and have found the true and, possibly the only, manner of obtaining the solution.

Eu Geer shows a founders for the craft by sending in such a large form, and we hope it will not remain long without a mate. Generally, young ladies prefer to woo the Nine than delve in Webster for words to complete their puzzles. We trust that she is not an exception, but will send us a poetical puzzle to grace this department. We like to see ambitious posers, for even in this art there have been many poets and portesses who have found delight within its borders. Longfellow, Praed, Mine, de Siveneau, Cowper, Lamb, and even Shakespeare makes mention throughout his plays of enigmas, riddles, amagrams, etc., which verifies my bold assertion. Remember there is much yet to learn, and some of the knowledge can be obtained through the instrumentality of this prince of pastimes.

KERNEL.

A WASTED DESSON.



Cousin Neil (inculcating generosity)—Supposing your chicken should lay a nice egg, Tommy; would you give it to me?

Tommy—No; I'd sell it to Barnum. That chick's a rooster!

It is an old remedy for the hiccough to hold one's breath, and if that fails then to gargle with a little water, and if the hiccough still continues to tickle the nose to the point of sneezing once or twice, when the

TO OCEAN.

An Engineer Tells of the Progress on the Nicaragua Canal.

The Great Engineering Scheme Which Is to Be Carried Out-Raising the Lake Level. The Health of the Employes.

R. MAX REBER of St. Louis, a member of the staff of engineers employed in the work on the Nicaragua Canal, recently visited his home, and to a representative of the Post-Dispatch gave the following interesting account of the work on the canal as far as it has progressed:

"Beginning at Greytown Harbor," said Mr. Reber, "the Atlantic port of entrance to the canal, the company has built a breakwater cut into the harbor 700 feet, which has changed the current along that coast until it tends inward to the canal. In the lagoon formed at the canal entrance two large Hercules dredges are employed in deepening and enlarging the entrance. These dredges, by the way, are part of the slavin plant used on the Panama Canal, Slavin being the only American employed in that work. His entire plant was purchased by the Nicaraguan company at a cost of over \$1,000,000, and consists of eight dredges, each with a capacity of 265,000 cubic yards of matter per month, four steam tugs, several lighters, and much other machinery necessary in canal construction work. Working from Greytown into the interior, what is known as the Eastern division, is now at the Divide Cut, about thirteen and a half miles from the coast. This cut is the highest point of elevation reached along the entire route of the Nicaraguan Canal, the elevation being about 404 feet above the sea level, the surface of the water there being 110 feet above the sea level. Through the Divide Cut the rock is being cut 324 feet deep to create the pas sage way for the canal. In doing the preiminary work in this cut a diamond drill w as used and a careful study of the material supplied by cutting away this rock formation was made, with the result that the engineers are assured of a plentiful supply of good rock for breakwater building, bal-lasting, etc. This material has already been used on the breakwater at Greytown Harbor. in work on the San Juan River and at Ochoa, and in building embankments and other similar work along the canal route. "A grand engineering scheme is now be

ng carried out in the building of the Nicaagua Canal through the interior of the ountry along Lake Nicaragua by a system of damming the river at Acton, which will have the effect of carrying the level of the lake to within eleven and a half miles of the Atlantic coast and about three miles from the Pacific coast. The drop down to both coasts will then be made by means of a series of three locks on each. This will be especially practicable on the Atlantic coast, where there is very little tide-not over two feet-and the three locks there will be all that is necessary. On the Pacific coast, in

addition to the three locks similar to those on the east, there will also be necessitated a tide-lock similar to that constructed successfully at Sault Ste. Marie.

"The company has already completed a railroad running about ten miles into the interior from Greytown through the swamp lands to the Divide Cut, over which all material used in the construction work is carterial used in the construction work is carterial used in the construction work is carried. The railway is built upon a corduroy road-bed, made, as you are aware, by building on foundations of feiled logs laid crossrise along a route previously cleared by THE ADVANCE GUARD

Of laborers that always goes ahead of th construction work proper. The country in the interior between Greytown and the Dithe interior between Greytown and the Divide Cut is one vast swamp, where the water lies a bout three feet deep. The growth of tropical vegetation and wild shrubbery is most dense, and the work of cléaring the route ahead of the construction gangs is most arduous in consequence. With the completion of work through the Divide Cut, however, the Nicar guan company will have overcome the most difficult problem in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and will also have secured a supply of rock material of the utmost value in every phase of the work. It is the absence of just such material as that supplied from Divide Cut that operated most strongly against the work on terial as that supplied from Divide Cut that operated most strongly against the work on the Panama Canal. Leaving the Divide Cut the construction of the canal onward to the Pacific coast will be comparatively easy, and will be pushed with all therapidity possible to good work and without too greatly increasing the cost of the canal. increasing the cost of the canal.
"It is estimated that the Nicaragua Canal

"It is estimated that the Nicaragua Canal will be completed and open for traffic between ocean and ocean within four years from the present time. As to the total expenditure so far, or the total cost of the canal when completed, I am not at liberty to talk, as that information will be made public in the reports of the company at an early date. The staff of engineers has for some time past been busied with estimates of the cost of the construction work, and their figures have been duly forwarded to the nead officers of the company from which the efficial report will be issued.

"The entire work of the construction party is under charge of Chief Engineer A. G. Menocal. Mr. Menocal is by birth a Cuban, but has been a Civil Engineer in the United States Navy for many years, and is a brilliant and entirely able officer. Under him is a staff of fifty engineers, and with each engineer is a gang of eighteen laborers, constituting the survey party or construction gang. The headqarters of the company at the canal are at Greytown, where are located the buildings of the paymaster department, the general offices, the chief hospital, etc. Every vessel coming to Greytown brings laborers and material for the work, and these are at once forwarded along the railroad line to the point where they are needed at the time of arrival. The working parties in the field live in tents. There are about 1200 men in all employed now on the

entire work.

"So far, the health of the construction party has been comparatively good, the great sickness and mortality that decimated the ranks of the force engaged in the Panama Canal construction having been avoided by the strictest sanitary system possible under the girangestances. The medical sible under the circumstances. The medical staff employed by the Nicaraguan Canal Construction Company is large and entirely adequate to the demands made upon it. Besides the permanent hospital AT GREYTOWN,

'Emergency hospitals' are ; ut up at every point along the line. The great danger to health is, of course, the swamp fever common to all tropical coasts. Contrary to common belief, this fever can be easily cured provided it is taken in hand at the very start. If it is ever allowed to fasten upon a man, that man's health is broken as very start. If it is ever allowed to fasten upon a man, that man's health is broken as long as he remains in that climate, if he recovers at all from the fever. As soon as a workman complains in the least, he is taken into the 'emergency hospital' at once and put under treatment. The man himself has no option in the matter, It is the company taking care of its working material, and leaving out the humanitarian aspect of the question, it is a most excellent plan from a business point of view. It keeps the men in much better working trim than if they were forced or allowed to work with the fever on them until they could work no more. Under this prompt treatment, the swamp fever, as a rule, succumbs very rapidly. Some never have it at all. Although I have been, as I said, at the scene of action for the past eighteen months, I have never had a touch of the swamp fever, and have enjoyed uninterrupted good health. The one greatest cause of the fever is excess in drinking, or, for that matter, in eating, as the liver is the one organ in all tropical conntries which is first affected by excess. Heavy drinking in that climate causes the enlargement of the liver, which is apt to become chronic liver complaint, and makes the one so affected peculiarly susceptible to the fever, and most apt to sink under it.

"The use of stimulants in moderation,

liarly susceptible to the fever, and most apt to sink under it.

"The use of stimulants in moderation, however, is almost imperative, owing to the fact that it is nearly always raining, and all work is done while one is wet to the skin, with no chance of dry clothing until quarters are reached at night. There is no dry and wet season. It rains twelve months out of the year at Nicaragua, and steadily at that. This does not interfere with the work in the least. The rain is a peculiarly warm one, so nearly the temperature of the human skin that it produces no chill whatever, nor

was able to get but a short leave of absence and shall return to Nicaragua two weeks from to-day."

Mr. Reber also kindly furnished the Post-Dispatch with three blue print copies of photographs taken of the features of construction work now going on. One shows the headquarters buildings at Greytown Harbor, a second the work on the pier extending 700 feet out into the harbor, and a third showing the system of corduroy road upon which the railroad between Greytown and the Divide Cut is built. Mr. Reber explained that photographs of all leading phases of the work are sent to the general offices of the Nicaraguan Canal Construction Company as the best method of showing just what is being done on the spot.

### THE BIGGEST MAN.

A Blue-Grass-Fed Hoosier Who Tips the Scale at 907 Pounds.

Indiana boasts of having within its borders the largest man in the world. This person is John Hanson Craig, now a resident of Danville, a town of two thousand inhabitants, nineteen miles west of Indianapolis, on the Big Four Railroad, and the county seat of Hendricks County. John, who was born in lowa City, Iowa, in 1855, soon moved to the blue grass region of Kentucky.

grew so rapidly that at the age of 11 months he had seven pounds of flesh to show for each month of his existence, weighing seventy-seven pounds. From this time on his gain in flesh was phenomenal, and he was the talk of the

At birth he weighed eleven pounds. He

When he reached the age of 2 years When his weight was 206 pounds. When he was 3 years old, in 1858, P. Barnum inaugurated a baby show



New York, and his parents hearing of this, resolved to enter him in competition with resolved to enter him in competition with the other contestants. He was awarded the prize offered for the largest baby present, At the age of 5 years his weight had increased until he weighed 302 pounds. His weight the next six years kept on increas-

ing until he registered 405 pounds.

The next eight years his weight increased 196 pounds, making his total weight 601 pounds. He made it 725 pounds when he During the next two years he only increased his weight to 758 bounds, but the next year he gained thirty-four pounds, making the total 792 pounds at the age of 28.

From that time his weight has been gradually increasing until at the present time, when he is only 35 years old, he tips the scales at 907 pounds. Judging from the past he has not stopped accumulating flesh, and, although he has not weighed himself very recently, it is said he believes he is still increasing in size and will continue to grow

caused by an extraordinary appetite, Mr. Craig, on the contrary, being a very delicate eater, is not addicted to the use of intoxicants, and does not use tobacco in any form. He suffers no inconvenience from his very heavy weight, and was never ill a day in his life.

He stands 6 feet 5 inches in his stocking He stands 6 feet 5 inches in his stocking feet, and measures 8 feet 4 inches at the hips. The cloth in one of his suits of clothes will serve to make several suits of clothes will serve to make several suits for ordinary men, it requiring forty-one yards to make him a full suit—coat, vest and pantaloons—and it takes three pounds of yarn to make him a pair of stockings.

He laughingly says that the cows always smile when they see him going to a shoe shop to leave his measure for a pair of boots, as it will take a whole side to make him a pair, No. 12 being the size he wears.

The father of Mr. Craig was a very small man, weighing about 115 to 120 pounds. His man, weighing about 115 to 120 pounds. His mother was also a small woman, not weigh-

mother was also a small woman, not weighing over 110 or 115 pounds.

His great-great-grandfather on his mother's side was Governor Chittenden, the first Governor of Vermont, whose birthplace was Ireland. Dr. Hanson Catlett, his grandfather, was Assistant Surgeon-General of the United States for thirty-five years, and the United States for thirty-five years, and he died in the Government service at East Liberty, I'a. He was born in England.
On his father's side Mr. Craig's grandfather was a native of Scotland, and his grandmother a German, having been born in the city of Frankfort. Mr. Craig is a first cousin of William P. Heiburn, at the present time solicitor for the United States Treasury.

Treasury.

A few days ago Mr. Craig's home was brightened by Mrs. Craig giving birth to a girl baby. This is the only child they have, and both are very joyful over the event. Mrs. Craig's weight is about 130 pounds.—N. Y. Heraid.

#### FOR STAMPS. How to Make a Novel and a Pretty Case

to Hold Them. Make the case of stiff paper, covered with myrtle-green silk; cut the paper six inches long and two inches and a half wide. After it is covered buttonhole-stitch two small slits on the back for the ribbon to pass through then cut a few leaves of common tinfoll



fasten the leaves together with long stitches of green silk, and cut slits in the outside tinfoil leaf corresponding to those in the cover and fasten the leaves inside the cover cover and fasten the leaves inside the cover by passing a narrow myrtle-green ribbon through both cover and leaf. This size case will allow of six stamps, or twelve if turned face to face. Being placed between two leaves, the tinfoil prevents them from sticking together. Before covering the case work in outline the words "Postage Stamps" in slender letters with light-green silk. Fill the case with 1 and 2 cent stamps. Much of the success of this and other articles depends upon selecting pretty colors of silk, ribbon or brocade, and doing the sewing peatly. Use satin and grosgrain ribbon for fancy work.—Ladies' Home Journal.

work is done while one is wet to the skin, with no chance of dry clothing until quarters are reached at night. There is no dry and wet season. It rains twelve months out of the year at Nicaragua, and steadily at that. This does not interfere with the work in the least. The rain is a peculiarly warm one, so nearly the temperature of the human skin that it produces no chill whatever, nor is there any danger of colds from remaining wet all day or night. Upon the return of working gangs to their quarters at night one drink of spirits is served all round, and this overcomes the effects of the drenching. More than this is apt to cause that inflammation of the liver already spoken of.

"To a person at all interested in the study of botany or entomology there is a world of incidental interest in the life along the Nicaraguan Canal. Every variety of tropical insect life is found in the country where the work is being done. Many of the members of the engineer staff are enthusiastic students of both, and some extremely valuable collections have been made. The life altogether is far from unpleasant. I

#### GEMS IN VERSE.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL SONNET.

HAT dream so fair as summer's flashing skies, When full-robed Luna sits in royal pride,
While golden rain from out her scepter flies
And pours on earth its scintillating tide,
Ah! one bright dream to errant mortals sent

Ah! one bright dream to errant mottals sent
Is fair as flash of Luna's dazzling rays.
The moonlight peacefulness and glory blent
In that sweet dream that glids the darkest days.
When perfect love in fullest splendor reigns
Ang bathes the world in floods of golden beams.
The rays scintillant flashed from mortal veins,
Serenely viewing with the moon's bright streams

In Love's clear sky undimmed by darkling strifes
Fair Luna's scepter pales before the wife's. Oakland, Cal.

IRELAND. Blest land of martyr, saint and sage!
Blest land of right and truth!
Though chains encircle thy fair form,
Unlike in days of youth,
Still through oppression's rifting clouds
The light may yet be seen
Of deeds heroic born to shine
For e'er in golden sheen.

How bright and happy was thy past, When Patrick's voice divine Resounded through the balmy air, Your people's hearts to twine: When tyrant England's haughty rule Was far removed from thee, And peace and pienty biessed thy sons, Sweet emerald of the sea.

How happy were thy scenes of joy,

Oh, Erin of the past!

These were thy days of precious worth;
Oh, God, did they but last! But peace and freedom winged their flight To thrive on other soil; Thy children from their homes trudged forth, In other climes to toil. But though misfortune struck thee sore, And thy dear sod was drenched, By tyrant's strong and cruel hands,
With blood of young lives quenched,
Men still were found whose arms and lives

Were spent to save their land;
As such, O'Neill and brave Sarsfield
Must e'er our love command. And Limerick! Famed Limerick! Must e'er the story tell How gallant Sarsfield's Irish hosts For home and country fell; How women and e'en children fought

To stem oppression's onward march Or sink into the grave. And yet. O Erin, force has bound Her chains around thy homes; And where once smiled the Irish cot, Now frown proud English domes; And men and women born to live
In pleasure and content
Now roam the isle without a smile,

The bloody battle brave,

By hunger worn and bent. The factory's hum, the cattle's low, The children's playful voice, And e'en the warbier's mer ry note, But slight thy breast rejoice; And fields which once gleamed bright with grain And homes which shone with light, Have vanished 'neath a cruel scourge,

But though, proud England, thou hast thrown Destruction's floodgate wide Hast caused the Irish blood to flow, Like Fundy's roaring tide;
And though her sons 'neath fetters sink And in the dust they lie,

'Neath dark oppression's blight.

To conquer their religion they, Proud England, you defy. And they hope soon, with trust in God, The righter of all wrong, To see the sun of freedom burst Through clouds which hid it long.
And though, proud England, they have been Your good and faithful tool.
The day is not far discant when They'll wield their own "Home Rule.'

In Gladstone and Parnell, dear isle, Though hast two champions brave, Whose head and hand will toll for thee Until the silent grave Shall cover up their noble forms, And shut out from thy sight True heroes, who in thy just cause
Worked through thy darkest night.

nd through the ages yet to come Their memories ne'er will wane They shall be 'shrined in history's tale And sung in lyric strain; And in the warm true Irish home They'll serve a household name While brilliant deeds in Ireland's cause Shall light the book of fame.

Then let us here, with one accord. On Ireland's holy day, L ift our hearts to God above That Justice's star and the bright sun Of spotless Liberty

lay send their lights refulgent o'er This isle from sea to sea. And though we live in this bright land, The glorious and the free, Our hearts shall e'er espouse thy cause Gem island of the sea

And our one hope, dear Ireland, Though not thy children bred, Will be to see thee floating free The green above the red. JOSEPH A. MCINNIS.

A CAREER.

The day was bright and he was happy; All nature seemed in tuneful glee, Fair zephyrs whisper through the trees And kissed the cheek of modest flowers The sea of life in all its splendor Lay dancing, sparkling at his feet, And wooing in a voice so tender A craft, with gleaming sails all spread, Then met his eager, longing gaze; The warning voice he heard it whisper, Beware! but heeded not, and soon Was drifting with the tide away. While wrapped in song and blissful dream Of all the craft had told to him; Again he heard the voice so gentle,

Teiling him of dangers nigh;
"What means this voice?"—he spoke aloud,
"Away, I will not heed thee now To blight my joy and make me sad."
And on, the craft went drifting faster.
For fear that he should lose his prey; To soothe and calm the fear of ill Perchance the warning voice had left, He rocked and lulled to slumber sweet. The sun had set—the light of heaven The lowering clouds had hid from view; The wind blew hard—the waves rolled high And lashed from side to side the craft, But still he slumbered, slumbered on.

At last his brow the cold spray touched; He sprang bewildered to his feet, And, peering into darkness, cried: I'm lost! I'm lost! Oh, faithless craft, On thy vain words did trust my life. Oh, why did I not beed the warning!" Above the roaring of the sea Came sounds of voices singing; The lightning flashed and there revealed Well thronged, upon the waves was nearing; And borne upon the winged wind The brightest music came.
The lightning flashed, and in its light
He saw some gayly dancing, And here and there, in groups, Some talking, laughing, singing.
'Save me; oh, save me!' he cried; No voice came back in answer. "They cannot—will not pass me by!"
And louder—still louder called.
But all in vain, no voice gave answe He saw them slowly pass from sight, He heard the last sound fade away. Frantic now with wild despair, He cried: "The world has passed me by! I'm left alone to die-to die. Alone! alone! but not alone; Jesus, save me, or I perish!" And o'er the troubled waters came The voice, so gentle: "Peace, be still. Lo! I am with you alway, Even unto the end. Come unto me and be ye saved."
Falling upon his knees, he cried:
Just as I am, without one plea,
But that for me thy blood was shed, And that to thee thou bidd'st me come, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!" And while he prayed, he felt The Savior by his side. His heart within him burn, The darkness disappear.

He looked, and lo! the craft was gone,

Upon a rock he stood. DUTY. How hard to take stern Duty's hand And follow where she leads;

How hard to pass the flowers by

And gather up the weeds.

Ah me! her paths seem always hard,
The road with rocks is strown, And bitter hard to follow on Nor ever to make moan. God help the wife by duty led, By duty led alone, For cold the hearth and hard the bed When love's fair dream is flown. Yet every bitter holds a sweet.

The saddest hours the brightest greet.

Sweet little twins-the theme of my verse-Two "ittle dwood girls," but often the reverse; Two little blondles, scarce able to walk; Two little toddlers beginning to talk; Two intile foddlers beginning to talk;
Two pair of bine eyes that roguishly say,
We're pets of the house and must have our way.
A crash in the cupboard. How foolish I am;
Surely they're after the jelly or jam. Bless 'em the darlings! (1':1 now take my leave)
Pa's pet Lavina and ma's Genevieve,
Oakland, Nov. 29, 1890.
J. D. TIAHUANACO.

[The ruins of Tiahuanaco are situated on the north eastern border of Lake Titicaca, in Bolivia, S. A. They are believed to be the oldest collection of ruins on the hemisphere. They prove the existence of a race so far antedating the time of the Incas that all trace of it was lost before the Spaniards came.]

Who wrought these temples when the world wa young? These marvelous blocks were quarried by whose hands?
Who carved these writings no one understands

These silent halis re-echoed with what tongue? What hymns to what strange gods therein wer sung? Whose priests stood by its sacrificial stone?

What tortured victims saw the knife upswung? There lying, in their awful isolation, 'lone, Through these arched doorways sculptured Egypt

wise
In low relief, with symbols strange and weird;
Did women pass whose sad averted eyes
Shrank from beholding; or with conscience seared
Gazed they upon that worship undismayed,
And joined their voices with the throngs who
prayed? But to all questionings comes one answer: Who can tell the story of those centuries dead; Who lives can solve those relades dark and dread Upon those ancient stones, their eyes may view 'Neath that far south land's misty skies of blue? Before the Spaniard came to blight and blast

None then, the annals of that lost race knew; Nothing but wond'rous legends of their past, How great they were their mighty handcraft tells Their mystic emblems other lore have kept.

Above their dust stars shine, the ocean knells Their dirge; who once lived, suffered, laughed a wept.
Their past as Isis stands, we strive but fait
With our impotent hands to rend her veil.
Alameda, Cal., Nov. 17, 1890.
ANELEH.

### TO THE TOILERS.

Lo, 'midst the scheming and striving We dreamt of the day of rest,
And we cried "That the toil were ended! O, red sun, sink swift in the west!'

But now the work is completed, As all things in time must be done, And we? Have we grown contented? Is our heart's desire now won !

Strange! The hated task is finished, We may rest as long as we will:

Yet our hearts already are sighing For something the dull hours to fill. Ah, if we could only have known

How idle was all our dreat And the blessing that we prayed for Was a blessing but in seeming.

The days are empty and dreary, Oh, better the struggie, the strife; Better to seek and to labor. For that is the glory of life! Give us staunch strength for the work day!

Let each moment with action be rife! Toil bravely and uncomplaining— Lo, that is the flat of life. And for him whose hands are ready, Who loses not heart in the strife, Have faith, I shall crown him victor-

## Yea, that is the promise of life. San Francisco, Nov., 1890. SELMA SCHMIDT.

BURMAH. Now, Bronto, away to the river's brink-Down to the bank where the elephants drink-And drive the huge brutes home They love to wallow and wash and wade, Their time is up, and so I am afraid

That farther away they'll roam.

Now be off, good dog, nor here abide, For ever so swift runs the Pegu's tide— The current ever so strong; The bungalow lights commence to gleam, The chains already are triced to the beam-So bring the brutes along.

The Burmese have long since gone to prayer; The pagoda belis on the evening air
Are pealing solemnly;
Naught else is heard but the croaking frogs,

With their hideous noise in the neighboring bogs, And squirrels on the tree. Ah! here they are coming: yes, one by one, Good Bronto, dog, now your work is done,
After the brutes are fed. Now sit you there, 'neath the lantern's light,
While I tether them under the shed.
San Francisco, Nov. 16, 1890. MORLEY ASHTON.

GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

My dear, so swiftly seasons fly, One seems uncertain whether

'Tis days or years since you and I Were boy and girl together.

The dread of fading morrows.

And tempered every pleasure, Our hearts are light and gleeful now, And bent and trembling though we be 'Neath Time's o'erpow'ring fingers,

So let the seasons hurry by, Nor heed their changing weather: But trust, dear love, that we shall die

As we have lived-together. MARCUS A. STEWART. San Jose, Cal.

"JE TE REJOINS." [Lines suggested by an article in THE MORNING CALL announcing the suic de of an aged florist over the grave of his wife in Calvary Cemetery.]

" I cannot live without thee." Were the words I whispered to thee softly, In our bright sunny France, long years ago, When we were young, and thou wert fair to me-Sweetheart, I loved thee so— And now "I go to thee." "I cannot live without thee."

Bright flowers I've laid upon thy grave For many and many a dreary day. Without thee life has no charm for me: Bereft I cannot stay; And so " I go to thee." " I cannot live without thee."
The key of death I hold within my hand Alone beside thy grave in church-yard drear-God pity, pardon if I use the key— Earth vanishes, heaven seems very near;

And thus "I go to thee." GRACE HIBBARD. San Francisco, Nov., 1890. PANSIES.

Pansles bring us earnest thoughta, Lofty, beautiful and calm, From the bosom of the sod Breathing of the grace of God; Gentle as the balmy breeze, Dying in the twilight hour, Comes sweet heart's-ease soft reply. "I yield to you ere I die Noble thoughts, for read in me, Frail and lowly though I be, I the voice of God obey
In my simple, humble way,
From the bosom of the sod

San Francisco, Nov., 1890. ANNIE C. GRIFFITH. A HOUSE FLY PARASITE.

I breathe to you thoughts of God."

An Interesting Entomological Discovery State Entomologist Lintner recently received from a Gouverneur lady an interesting parasite on the common house fly, says an Albany dispatch to the New York Times. "It is not uncommon to find half a dozen on a single fly," the sender writes. They are exceedingly small, being no larger than the puncture in a piece of paper by a small-sized pin point, yet they are seen readily because of their light vermillion color. The favorite spot is on the body of the fly underneath the bases of the wings. The parasite is a mite of the group known as the "harvest mites," bearing the scientific name of Trombidium muscarum, and is similar to another species that attacks flies in Europe. The mite does not multiply, unfortunately, with sufficient rapidity to do much toward the reduction of the number of house flies.

While infesting the fly it is in the larval stage, and only after leaving it does it become mature and begin to propagate. For this reason it rarely comes under observation, and has seldom been recorded by entomologists. Another species of mite sometimes met with produces its young upon the house fly with such rapidity that in a few days the body, head and limbs become completely covered with the parasite.

The fact has been spoken of often that the usual number of flies were not seen this season. The reason for this would be interesting, whether an undiscovered parasite or exceedingly small, being no larger than the

A strange story is told of a marooned Dutchman. The crew that put him on shore at the same time buried an officer. As soon as they had gone the man dug up the coffin, tumbled the corpse out, launched the coffin as a boat, and using the lid as a paddle, overtook, the ship, which was becaimed. He was pardoned.

esting, whether an undiscovered parasite or some new form of disease has destroyed



### HERBERT WARD. HIS NEW BOOK.

Extracts That Tell of the Cannibals of the Congo.

A Slave Boy That Was Good Eating-He Was Nice and Fat-Boiler Tubes Converted Into Jewelry for Dusky Maids.

N view of the recent controversy between Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, and the relatives of the late Major Bartelott of the rear guard, the following extracts from

Herbert Ward's new book are of special in-If my Borneo experiences were rendered unsatisfactory through ill-health, it is to this portion of my life that 1 am indebted for a friendship which has in many ways influenced my later life. It happened that news was brought to me by a Malay that a white man had accidentally shot himself at some distance from where I then was. It was my poor friend Frank Hatton, from whom I had parted but a few days before, whose life of much achievement and more promise was ended in this tragic manner. While tracking an elephant through the forest his gun became entangled in a creeper, the trigger caught and the charge entered his

right lung, killing him almost instantly.



I had become much attached to Frank Hatton during the short time we had spent together, and mp first thought on my return, when renewed health enabled me to get about, was to seek out his father. Mr. Joseph Hatton was then in America with Mr. Henry Irving, and, hearing that some one had arrived from Borneo who could supplement the meager details of the catastrophe he was then in possession of, he hastened his return to England, and immediately on his arrival home sought me out to hear all that I could tell him of the cruel circumstances that deprived him of an only and dearly loved son. It was through Mr. Hatton that I procured an interview with Mr. Henry M. Stanley, and thus, by a chain of circumstances, an event happening in a far away Eastern island was the means of sending me to the heart of Central Africa. I had become much attached to Frank

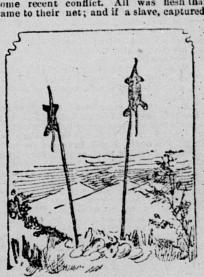
in a far away Eastern Island was the heads
of sending me to the heart of Central Africa.

And as I jot down to-day my reminiscences
of five years' life with the Congo cannibals
it seems that I can almost hear the report of
the fatal shot echoing through the Bornean On one occasion, some two years ago, a large caravan of men from the north bank of the Congo had taken loads at Manyanga for Stanley Pool, consisting mainly of matefor Stanley Pool, consisting mainly of material for one of the steamers then being put together at Leopoldville, among which was a quantity of copper boiler-tubing and irou piping. Having got well out of the ken of the State officials of Manyanga, this gang of innocents called a halt, and after having duly weighed the pros and cons of the undertaking, they meditated, asserted the inordinate overweight of the loads they had been forced to take at Manyanga, and the length of the road to the Pool, and finally



A Type of Balolo. confessed that copper was a very valuable and enticing metal, and looked peculiarly lustrous in conjunction with a black com-plexion, they incontinently botted with all their loads to their distant village in the Bwende hills, on the north bank.

Some short time afterward search was made by the State officers for the missing made by the State officers for the missing copper tubes, which were then badly wanted for the completion of the steamer's boiler; but no sign of them could be discovered along the caravan route, and it was only as gradual native reports filtered into Manyanga of the marvelous display of copper necklets, and leg rings, and iron bracelets by the dusky beauties of Bwende on market days that the horrible truth at length dawned upon the official mind at Manyanga, and steps were taken to recover what might yet be saved from the meiting process, to and steps were taken to recover what might yet be saved from the meiting process, to which a great part of the steamer's strings had been subjected in the task of find to the it into jewelry for the fair sex of pable of supp. Among the Bangaras almost with and core savage act of cannibalism would been shaifft to my notice and though the villagers in the immediate vicinity of the station did, after a time, become chary of acknowledging to a white man their liking for human flesh or their participation in these orgies, I knew that I should never have far to seek to find my friends of to-day, with old Mata Bwiki at their head, indulging in a light repast off the limbs of some unfortunate slave, slain for refractory behavior, or banqueting upon the bodies of the enemies slaughtered in some recent conflict. All was flesh that came to their net; and if a slave, captured



in war or sold into bondage by a neighboring people, became "uppish" and discontented with his walk in life the remedy was simple. They no longer troubled him to continue treading a path which proved a weariness to the flesh. The pot became his destination, and he soon ceased to afford even a topic for conversation.

This may seem incredible, and yet I have an instance in my mind's eye of such an occurrence having actually taken place at Bangala only one year ago. A slave boy had been permitted to engage himself to work on the station of the agent at Bangala of the Belgian Trading Company. After a time he absented himself during working hours without permission of the agent, who complained to the boy's master, a small chief in the neighboring village, informing him at the same time that the boy was a lazy fellow and not worth much. A day or two later the chief told the trader, with evident satisfaction, that the boy would not trouble him again, for that he had killed him with a thrust of his spear. And the white man's horror was increased when on the following day the chief's son, a yougster of 16 or 17 day the chief's son, a yougster of 16 or 17 years of age, came swaggering into the sta-tion with spear and shield and nonchalantly ren.arked: "That slave boy was very good eating—he was nice and fat."

An English company has made a proposal to the Legislature of the Island of Nassau to lay a cable to the coast of Florida if an annual subsidy is granted them.