

# CANOING ALONG NICARAGUA.

Adventures on Sea and Shore Among the Mosquito Indians.

By DR. J. HAMPTON PORTER.

During a whole day's journey we glided onward over the little river's gleaming curves. It was twilight always under those dark, overhanging banks. The fact that Indians kept silence, and hour by hour a sense of being walled into solitude where man had never intruded because more impressive.

Without doubt there were tigers closer by, but these wild men of ours were going to some place they knew—a small settlement of their own tribesmen at the far end of the river. Thus, as day declined and shadows deepened, clearer spaces of sky revealed themselves, while vistas opened here and there, until at length broad sav-



"HE WAS STRICKEN DEAD ALMOST INSTANTLY."

annahs spread before us, and on the western horizon rose a faint blue range of mountains.

When that village where our march ended was reached, its inhabitants proved to be much wrought up about jaguars. These implacable and destructive enemies had been of late intolerable, and all their warriors were now resolved to fight, despite toil, danger, and dread of supernatural agencies.

It is not difficult to imagine what excitement our coming caused. Two white strangers with those wonderful firearms of which they knew so little, but surrounded in superstitious fancy with heaven knows what grotesque and awe-inspired imaginations, excited an unlimited confidence. Incantations, prayers to all the powers, had been going on for days, and now here we came as an assurance that those were effective.

The rifles first, one after another, as being closely connected with them, received every token of distinguished consideration. Nothing more was wanted to confer completeness upon that final "function" in which they intended rehearsing those incidents suggested by hope. Such dramatic dances, religions, warlike, magical tall tales in one are as old as humanity; everywhere and always primitive men attempt to bring about future events by acting them.

unreclaimed brute needs to know so much, and that is the reason why primitive men cannot account for their fatal sagacity otherwise than by supposing them to be possessed by evil spirits. Seeing the deeds they do, the strategy and malignity evinced in attack or evasion, a Mosquito Coast Indian cannot think anything else so that it would be perfectly useless to argue with him.

Towards noon the woodlands ended in a low parklike country opening out towards both north and west as far as one could see. Its rolling grassy savannahs were set with clumps of forest growths; flowers in profusion, though mostly scentless, grew everywhere, while those awales running between round-backed ridges sometimes sank into deep, narrow valleys or even ravines.

A short, very much broken line of crags with tree and thicket-clad buttresses, had been rising before us for several hours. The ridge looked decidedly "tigerish," and when we arrived, its appearance became still more satisfactory. Though jaguars ran among the rather-worn rocks, divots trickled beneath dense thickets here and there, forming pools in open spaces; moreover, looking at the barren, steep cliffs, we saw that many were terraced by the action of jaguars, several being hollowed into caves, whose dark mouths blotted their gray surfaces.

Truly, this was a promising spot, and our attendants accordingly expected to find jaguars. These latter, however, are almost always inhabitants of forested country, and were not completely reassured until plenty of great oval pug noses like the footprints of a tiger were found in the first gulch explored.

At this time we had quite a large party, the majority of whom did not intend going any further. These men brought numerous curs with them—"tiger dogs" as they called the "wretches" among them. With reference to such aids it may be said once for all, that although they are employed constantly throughout Central and South America, none repay the trouble of bringing them.

No hounds of any native breed will follow jaguars. These dogs clamor about their master, never venturing into the jungle by themselves.

On this occasion our canine attendants did some good by making a noise; but we were beaten for game deer, a modest hunting scarcely ever practiced in these latitudes. The gorge was well adapted to that method, however, and our Indians, pleased with its novelty, and quickly comprehending those few instructions it had been necessary to give, soon went off.

Left alone we looked to the rifles, picked out positions for such and ensured a cross-fire and then set behind bushes to await developments. Deep silence reigned, but it was at length broken by a solitary cry of mingled fear and anger, quickly followed by the whole pack giving tongue. Indian yells joined in and before long a magnificent roar pealed high above all other sounds, telling us that our game was about and coming, set behind bushes.

He knew none of those tricks big Asiatic cats acquire. Straight and boldly the beast advanced not expecting to meet an enemy, and as we stepped out when seeing the flash of his tawny hide, that pause he made was more in astonishment than apprehension. Moreover, it did not last long. Rage took its place with great celerity.

The fierce brute's dilated form and blazing eyes well entitled him to be called tiger. A moment more passed while this group stood rigid; then short, hoarse, quickly-repeated roars broke from his chest and he charged. There would have been no cross-fire missing, as it was open ground, and the rush lacked that wonderful, often confusing swiftness, with which other great felines dart upon their prey. Two heavy blows tore through his body diagonally, and he fell in a heap, stricken dead almost instantly. Our guns got most of the credit for this achievement; moreover, one of us had ventured to say that he faced the furious animal without being protected by magic, not one of those present at our camp-fire talk would have given any credence to such an impossible statement.

Probably no better illustration of the superstition besetting these natives could be shown than to repeat a story told on this occasion.

An elderly man with a stern, sad face, said, with more picturesqueness than can be reproduced here, that his father was the intimate of many spirits, being expert in sorcery; but he thought they could not have been very powerful ones. Nobody could tell before how strong a spirit might be, hence wise men desisted from selves, and the consequences were bad. His father's brother had been devoured

# New CATALOGUE is Ready

Our New Catalogue -- No. 69 -- is ready. It contains 17,000 pictures and the latest wholesale prices on 70,000 articles. Every new thing of value on the market is included. Not an article that you wear or use has been omitted, and scarcely a thing that you eat. The prices quoted are about the prices that your dealer pays. We revise our catalogues to include the latest Spring goods, but we can fill all orders received from Catalogue No. 68.



**This Catalogue Contains**  
17,000 pictures of the things that we describe. The prices are the lowest wholesale prices on the market.

**Everything**  
From Farm Machinery to Trowels.  
From Wagons to Baby Carriages.  
From Team Harness to Buckles.  
From Pianos to Mouth Organs.  
From Sewing Machines to Needles.  
From Power Pumps to Hand Pumps.  
From Windmills to Feed Cutters.  
From Rifles to Toy Pistols.  
From Steel Ranges to Stove Pipe.  
From Bath Tubs to Wash Bowls.  
From Carpets to Duvetins.  
From Furniture to Foot Stools.  
From Dinner Sets to Vases.  
From Hall Clocks to Watches.  
From Suits to Hostery.  
From Spring Hats to Shoes.  
From New Jackets to Underwear.  
Everything that the farmer or mechanic uses—or anybody.  
All that the housewife uses.  
Everything for a child.  
Anything that anybody wears.  
Almost everything you eat.  
These 70,000 articles cover about all the wants of humanity.

## Buy at Wholesale Prices

Here is a store with 25 acres of floor space, filled with \$2,500,000 worth of merchandise. There is every kind and style of everything that people buy. Two thousand clerks are employed here to serve you. And our prices are wholesale prices—the very lowest in America.

And this store—wherever you are—is practically brought to your home in the form of our catalogue. In this book we show everything, describe and price everything. No ordinary store carries a hundredth part of the 70,000 things that our catalogue offers you.

You get what you want by simply writing a letter. We send it under our guarantee that it will satisfy you and that it will reach you safely. The millions of dollars invested in this business insure that every customer will get exactly what he wants.

You can buy by mail as safely as in person.

## Competition is Impossible

In 1872 we originated this plan of catalogue buying. In 29 years we have grown to have 2,000,000 customers. We have gained this trade, and kept it, by treating people fairly. There has never been a word of exaggeration or misrepresentation in our catalogues.

Our purchases now equal the purchases of two thousand average stores combined. We save

what it costs makers of hundreds of different lines to send an army of salesmen to those 2,000 dealers. We save the profits and expenses of those two thousand separate stores.

With our enormous purchases, we buy at prices close to the making cost. Our average cost is perhaps a quarter less than the average cost to dealers.

There is no store and no mail order house that can compete with us. It is possible to cut some articles below us as leaders. Or a false description may make an inferior article seem equal to our better grades. But there is no honest way to undersell us in general; for no one even claims to buy lower than we do.

## The Right Way to Buy

When you buy from a dealer you pay from 15 to 50 per cent more than our prices. Figure out what that means on the sum of your yearly purchases.

You have only a limited stock to select from. Here you find everything that all stores combined can show.

You are wasting a third of the money you pay, on an average.

We ask you to join the two million customers who send their orders here. Save the money you now pay as tribute to your dealer, and spend it on things that will benefit you.

Begin now by writing today for our catalogue.

## SEND 15 CENTS TODAY

If you want our catalogue, fill out carefully the slip below and to the right of this, and mail it to us today, enclosing 15 cents. This catalogue which we offer you costs us about 50 cents to print, even in million lots. The postage on it costs us 32 cents more. We ask you to send us but 15 cents (less than half the postage alone) just to show that you do not send from mere curiosity.

This book will save any average family at least \$100 per year. If you don't find that it will save you at least a hundred times what it costs you, simply write us and we will cheerfully send your 15 cents back.

Send today, before you forget it.

Cut this slip out and send it to us with 15 cents in stamps today.

Montgomery Ward & Co., Michigan Ave., & Madison St., Chicago.

Enclosed find 15 cents for partial postage on your 1200-page Buyer's Guide No. 69, for Spring and Summer, 1900.

Name

Postoffice

County  State

**BE SURE TO ENCLOSE THIS SLIP IN AN ENVELOPE.**

This slip was clipped from National Tribune.

# Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago

Start at once raising the club. With a large number of guessee a Club-raiser has a fair chance to hit the "Bull's-Eye."

## ANDERSONVILLE:

A Story of Rebel Prisons. By JOHN McELROY. Complete in one volume. Eighty-three brilliant chapters; 654 pages; 154 spirited illustrations. Substantially bound in Leatherette.



PRIZE FIGHT FOR THE SKILLET.

It is impossible, briefly, to give an adequate description of the scope and character of this immortal chapter in the history of the civil war. It deals with a great subject, and one little understood, because it was a tragedy enacted behind the scenes, obscured by the smoke of battle in front. While the public was kept daily informed of march and siege and desperate attack and repulse, fixing the attention upon the everchanging panorama of active warfare, the voice of heroes dying in prison-pens was lost. No news came from the men herded like cattle beyond the mountains of the South. The Nation knew little of the horrors behind the Stockade.

The author of Andersonville has told a thrilling story. If it has horrors they are not of his invention.

The book, however, will be found to treat not only of prison life, but to abound in incidents of the camp, the march, and the battlefield. In fact,

there is no better narrative extant of the stirring experiences of a cavalrman than there is to be found in this story. The reader of these pages will go with the author into his life and see how the boy was transformed into a soldier; will march with him over mountains and across rivers; will camp on the hillside and stand guard in the moonlight and in the rainstorm; will be with him as a videt in the lonely forest, and again in the wild charge.

The humorous, the pathetic, the preposterous, the extravagant phases of war are all told with the pen of a master. Finally comes grim battle, the defeat, the surrender, the traveling through the South as a prisoner of war; the experiences in Richmond prisons and at ghastly Belle Isle; then comes the climax in the prison stockade at Andersonville itself, with its 40,000 men, its poverty, its starvation, its death. All these things are told with the dramatic power of truth, and they are told as only they can be told by one who was there.

A \$3 book republished at 50 cents for the benefit of our subscribers.



RAID ON THE SUTLER IN ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

PRICES AND GUESSES: The National Tribune one year, the above book postpaid, and 5 guesses, \$1.25  
The book alone, postpaid, and 2 guesses, 50

# NEW DEAL.

**Club-raisers can make a great success of this. Everybody will subscribe, because they can enter the Guessing Contest for as low as 25 cents.**

- Si Klegg and Shorty.** By John McElroy. Over 1,000 pages of the most entertaining and thrilling adventures, in three volumes, profusely illustrated.
- Manning's Stock Book.** New Edition. Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Bees, Dogs, Pigeons and Pets. Profusely illustrated; 576 pages. Counted as two volumes in this special sale.
- Gleason's Horse Book.** Only Authorized Work by Prof. Oscar R. Gleason. Large 12mo.; clear type; 416 pages; hundreds of illustrations; leatherette cover. Well known as the most reliable of horse-books.
- The World's Sweetest Songs, With Full Accompaniments.** 128 large (folio) pages; leatherette. This collection of 66 Gems of Song is the result of thorough and conscientious research.
- Mrs. Clarke's Cook Book.** Containing over 1,000 of the best up-to-date recipes for every conceivable dish. By Mrs. Anne Clarke; 256 pages; leatherette. One of the very best cook books.
- The Field, Dungeon and Escape.** By Albert D. Richardson, the well-known war correspondent. Splendidly illustrated; large type; 512 pages. A great work; a great subject treated in a broad and vivid style.
- The Boy Spy in Dixie.** Service under the shadow of the scaffold. By J. O. Kerby. Fully illustrated.
- Further Adventures of the Boy Spy.** By J. O. Kerby. Profusely illustrated. 384 pages.
- Scouts, Spies, and Detectives of the Great Civil War.** By Capt. Jos. Powers Hazelton; 248 pages; illustrated.
- Adventures of Alf Wilson.** By John H. ("Alf") Wilson, one of the "engine thieves." Fully illustrated; clear type; 256 pages. A modest, many account of thrilling adventures.
- Nurse and Spy.** By Miss S. Emma Edmunds (Mrs. Seelye). Bound in leatherette; 12mo.; 256 pages; illustrated. This is one of the great books of the war period.
- Four Years in Secession.** By Junius Henri Browne. Illustrated; 12mo.; 232 pages; bound in leatherette. All other editions of this book have sold for \$2.50 to \$5.
- "The Cannoneer."** Story of a Private Soldier. By Augustus Buell. Fully and graphically illustrated; 384 pages.
- Daring Enterprises of Officers and Men.** By Capt. Hazelton. Large 8vo.; 256 pages; illustrated. A volume that every soldier should possess.
- The Grand Army of the Republic.** Large 8vo.; 176 pages; illustrated. Every soldier should have this.
- Historic Homes in Washington, And a Century in the White House.** By Mary S. Lockwood; 336 pages; illustrated. A very entertaining and instructive book.
- Capturing a Locomotive.** A true history of the most thrilling and romantic Secret service of the late war. By Rev. William Pittenger. Illustrated; 356 pages.
- Soldier's Handbook.** Full interpretation of, and rules of practice under, all pension laws. Full and exhaustive; 480 large pages, with a complete index, enabling every soldier or soldier's heir to thoroughly post himself as to his rightful claims. All the latest decisions and rulings. A complete compilation of Pension and other laws of interest to soldiers and their heirs, UP TO DATE.
- The Secret Service.** By Gen. Lafayette C. Baker, First Chief of the Secret Service of the United States. Illustrated; 398 pages. The secret history, disclosing many things never before printed. A great work.
- PRICES AND GUESSES:  
One Volume and one guess . . . . . \$1.25  
Five Volumes and 4 guesses . . . . . \$1.00  
11 Volumes and 8 guesses . . . . . 2.00

## BRIEF PROSPECTUS OF

# The National Tribune.

The many interesting features of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE can not be fully set forth in a brief prospectus. The following are a few of the serial articles and narratives which will be printed in our columns at an early day in addition to matter already announced:

**WITH THE WESTERN ARMY.**  
Gen. Green B. Ramm, late Commissioner of Pensions, and a gallant soldier from Illinois, whose service extended through the civil war, will contribute a series of articles upon operations in which his command participated in the Western army. His articles will cover operations about Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and other historic points in the march of Sherman's army.

**THE GUERRILLA'S REVENGE.**  
A Thrilling story of Capture and Escape from Mosby. By Capt. Charles Brewster.

This is a circumstantial account of the surprise and capture of a small party in the Shenandoah Valley, who were taken to Rectortown, and at a general meeting of Mosby's guerrillas were lined up to draw lots, by means of which seven were chosen to be executed in retaliation for the hanging of some guerrillas by order of Gen. Custer. The story proceeds with an account of the tragedy, together with the escape of several of the number who were destined to be hanged, near the Union lines, by Mosby's desperadoes.

**ROUNDING-UP THE CONFEDERACY.**  
The Veteran Campaigns of the 68th Ohio.  
By M. B. Loop.

Our old subscribers will remember the graphic story of the campaigns of the 68th Ohio from the time it was mustered in up to the date of its veteran furlough, by Comrade Loop. Under the above title he has written a true history of the last campaigns of this famous regiment, including the operations from Chattanooga to Atlanta, from Atlanta to the Sea, and north through the Carolinas, and the closing battles of the war. The story necessarily covers not only the doings of a single regiment, but the operations of other commands with which it marched and fought in the closing days of the great struggle.

**ADVENTURES OF AN IRON BRIGADE MAN.**  
By R. K. Beacham, 2d Wis.

A graphic description of campaigns, battles and marches in the Army of the Potomac from the earliest days of the war, including an elaborate description of the battle of Gettysburg. It is a splendid story.

**"THE BUSHWACKER'S DAUGHTER."**  
Prof. Wm. J. Devis, author of "A Union Man in Richmond," has written a number of sketches of life in the Great North Mountain during the war. Among those that will appear at an early date is "The Bushwacker's Daughter." The heroine is the daughter of a Union man who, after killing a rebel neighbor, sought refuge in the mountain fastness.

**RECOLLECTIONS OF A FORAGER.**  
By Jas. P. Shaw, late of the 15th and 31st O. V. I.

These recollections cover a series of adventures, sometimes desperate and sometimes comic, making altogether the richest lot of soldier stories that we have ever seen. They will run for a series of weeks under the above title.

**THE HAUNTED CABIN.**  
A Story of the Old Santa Fe Trail.  
By Will Lisenbee.

This is a weird narrative of a strange adventure that befel two fishermen, one an old Catalonian mariner, much cast down by the mysterious loss of his gold, which he recovers in a very curious manner.

**PRICES AND GUESSES:**  
The National Tribune one year and 4 guesses . . . \$1.00  
The National Tribune six months and 2 guesses . . . . 50  
The National Tribune three months and one guess . . . 25

Give your subscription for the paper and your order for books to the Club-raiser, or mail direct to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.