

hurriedly penciled his hotel address on a card and handed it to Gale. "Call on me there at ten o'clock to-morrow morning," he said. "I want to have a talk with you."

Gale said he would; but the next morning he did not appear, and since then neither Gale nor John has come into Hammond's life.

#### Down in South Africa

THE career of John Hays Hammond so far has fallen into three periods,—his first years of work, which he spent in this country, Mexico, Central America, and South America; his work in South Africa from 1893 to 1900; and the time that has elapsed since his return to the United States in 1900. Incidentally, he has this to say:

"The United States is the best place on earth, and I'm going to spend the rest of my life in it."

It was in South Africa that Cecil Rhodes sent him out with another man to take a look at the fabled mines of King Solomon and to report whether it was advisable to run a railroad up the coast through the section of the country now called Rhodesia. Hammond and his fellow got lost in the African desert and had to walk two hundred miles amid such privations and torturing heat and thirst that the experience killed the other man. Hammond, however, reached the mines, explored the country, and made a report which led to the building of the railroad.

His experiences in connection with the Jameson raid in South Africa when, his friends say, without having been guilty of any wrongdoing or breaking any law, he was sentenced by the Boers to be hanged, are too well known to be dwelt on here; but, without reading Mrs. Hammond's book, which describes the suffering he endured during that period, no one can form an accurate estimate of the heroism he displayed. His prison privations were such that physicians thought he would die, and the Boers let him go to his home on parole to recuperate. It throws more light on his character to know

that, when the time came for him to return to prison, the grizzled Boers who had done guard duty in his sickroom and patrolled his yard stood about him in a circle with tears in their eyes as they drank to him a farewell toast.

#### Sizing Up Men and Mines

HAMMOND has a rare gift for judging human nature and sizing up men at their true worth. Coupled with his courage, this trait has stood him in good stead. During the Cœur d'Alene mining strikes and riots he was one of the busiest men on the scene trying to preserve order. One morning he received a letter from the strikers saying that, if he dared to leave the company's offices and go down into the town of Cœur d'Alene, he would be shot on sight.

He did not stop to look over the rest of his mail. Putting on his cap, he sauntered leisurely down the hill and traversed the entire length of the main street, taking the right hand sidewalk. Then, still in leisurely fashion, he returned on the other side, finding it necessary to elbow into the roadway several of the strikers who made a bluff of obstructing his passage. They glowered at him and muttered threats; but no one made a move to hurt him.

He had figured the thing out a moment after reading the letter that carried the threat, and had decided that not one of the strikers would have the nerve to shoot if he went among them and met them face to face.

Hammond has put in a lot of time going out and looking over mines to find out whether they were of any real value, and in the course of this work has detected several clever attempts to "salt" properties. "Salting" consists of hiding gold in scattered quantities in a mine that has just been opened, so that the prospective purchaser, on finding the metal, will come to the conclusion that the property is extremely valuable.

On one occasion he went out to San Francisco to look at a mine that a number of wealthy men of that city thought of buying. The man who wanted to sell had devised an ingenious method of salting. He invited

Mr. Hammond to go down into the various leads and select his own samples. Then he ran the samples of "ore" through the crusher and asked Hammond to watch the stuff as it came out. This Hammond did, and found that the samples contained gold in rich quantities; but he also discovered that the old man, as he put the samples into the crusher, threw in with them the gold that apparently was coming out of the ore.

This seemed too good a joke to Hammond to pass over. He gathered up all the stuff that had gold in it, got fresh samples from the mines, and started back to San Francisco with his burden, telling the old man that he would assay it carefully and let him know the result of the investigation. Then he had the imported gold melted into a solid bar, which he presented as a souvenir of the salted property to the men who had thought of buying it.

#### Saved by a Mule

AS must necessarily be the case with a man who has had so much travel and adventure, Hammond has enjoyed great strokes of luck. Soon after he first went to work, he was coming out of Mexico into this country with some gold he had found in a small claim. He had to ford a river to get across the frontier, and when he reached there it was the middle of night, with rain falling in torrents. He was driving a double team, consisting of a horse and a mule. He noticed that the river was high; but thought he could get across without danger. When he tried to drive the team into the water, the mule balked. By neither kind words nor blows of the whip could he get that mule to budge. Then he thought that, by turning the team and rushing them down the river bank, he could get them so far into the stream that they would have to keep on to the other side. He tried this three times; but each time, while the horse was willing to go forward, the mule stopped at the water's edge.

He had resigned himself to spending the night in the

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## THE LITTLE BULL OF THE BARRENS

By Charles G. D. Roberts



Ponderously They Shouldered Their Way Toward the Northwest.

THROUGH the thick drive of the snowflakes—small, hard, bitter flakes, borne on the long wind of the terrible copper mine barrens—the man and the beast stood staring at each other, motionless. In the beast's eyes was heavy wonder, mixed with curiosity and dread. Never before had he seen any being like this erect, slim shape, veiled and vague and dark in the whirling drift. He felt it to be dangerous; but he was loath to tear himself away from the scrutiny of it.

The man, on the other hand, had neither wonder, curiosity, nor dread in his gaze. He knew that the black and massive apparition before him was a musk ox. His first impulse had been to snatch up his rifle and shoot, before the beast could fade off into the white confusion of the storm; but his practised eye had told him that the animal was an old bull. His necessity was not fierce enough to drive him to the eating of such flesh,—tough, and reeking to nausea with musk. He wanted a young cow, whose meat would be tender and sweet as caribou. He was content to wait, knowing that the herd must be near and would not leave these feeding grounds unless frightened. At this season the black bull, then staring at him heavily through the drift, would not be solitary.

The man was a trapper, who was making his way down the river to the Hudson Bay Company's post at the mouth. Through failure of the caribou to come his way, according to their custom, his supplies had run short, and he was seeking the post in good time, before the pinch of hunger should fix itself upon him. But he had had bad luck. The failure of the caribou had hit others besides himself. The wolves had suffered by it. Perhaps, in their shrewd and savage spirits, they had blamed the man for the absence of their accustomed quarry. Some weeks before his start they had craftily picked off his dogs, a reasonable and satisfying retaliation. And now the man was hauling the sledge himself.

In a moment's lift of the storm the man had noted a little valley, a depression in the vast, wind swept level of the barrens, lying but a couple of stones' throw aside from the banks of the river that was his guide. He knew that there he would find a dense growth of the stunted firs that spring up wherever they can find shelter from the wind. There, he knew, he would find dry stuff in plenty for his fire. There he would take covert till the storm should go down and suffer him to trail the musk ox herd.

After eying the black bull steadily for some minutes, he softly turned away, and without haste made for the Valley of the Little Firs, dragging the laden sledge behind him.

The black bull snorted thickly and took several steps forward. The strange figure fading silently away

through the drift evidently feared him. A fleeing foe was surely to be followed; but that long, dark shape, crawling at the stranger's heels, that looked formidable and very mysterious. The beast stopped, shook his head, snorted again more loudly, and drew back those few paces he had advanced. Perhaps it was just as well not to be too bold in interrogating the Unknown. After a few moments of hesitation he wheeled aside, lifted his massive and shaggy head, sniffed the air, listened intently, and withdrew to rejoin the little herd, which was lying down and contentedly chewing the cud, all indifferent to the drive of the polar storm.

The black bull of the barrens, as he stood and eyed the resting herd contemplatively, showed small in stature but extraordinarily massive in build. A scant six feet in length from muzzle to tail, and not over three feet high at the shoulder, he was modeled, nevertheless, on lines that for power a mammoth might have envied. His square frame was clothed with long blackish hair reaching almost to the fetlocks. His ponderous head, maned and shaggy, was armed with short crescent horns, keen tipped and serviceable for battle. And he carried it swung low, muzzle in and front well forward, always ready for defense against the enemies of the herd.

The herd numbered some dozen or fifteen cows, armed and powerful like their mates, several younger bulls, and perhaps a dozen yearling or two-year-old calves. At one moment, as the fierce drift slackened, they would all be more or less visible, shrouded, dark forms with contemplative eyes, peacefully ruminating. A moment more and they would vanish, as the snow again closed down about them.

IT was the old bull alone that seemed to be thoroughly on the alert. Hither and thither, with a certain slow vigilance, he moved through the herd.

All at once he lifted his head sharply and questioned the air with dilating nostrils, while his eyes gleamed with anger and anxiety. The next instant he stamped his foot and gave a loud, abrupt call, half bleat, half bellow.

Plainly, it was a signal well understood. In a second the whole herd was on its feet. In another, with lightning precision, it had formed itself into a compact circle, using the watchful leader as the basic point of its formation. The calves, butted unceremoniously into the center, hustled one upon the other, with uplifted muzzles over the others' shoulders and mild eyes staring with startled fright. The outer rim of the circle became a fringe of sullen lowering foreheads, angry eyes, and keen horns jutting formidably from snow powdered manes of dark hair.

Not a member of the musk ox herd, to the youngest calf, but knew very well against what enemy the old bull had so suddenly marshaled them into fighting phalanx. For some moments, however,—long, tense, vigilant moments,—nothing appeared. Then, at last, through the driving flakes, they caught sight of several gaunt, leaping forms, gray and shadowy, which swept down upon them in silence out of the storm.

With terrible suddenness and speed they came, these leaping forms, as if they would hurl themselves blindly upon the massed herd. But the line of lowered horns never flinched or wavered; and with a short snarl from their leader the wolves swerved, just in time to escape a savage thrust from the old bull. They swerved, strung out into line, and went loping round the circle, their narrowed, greenish, merciless eyes glaring into the obstinate ones of the musk oxen. Again and again they circled the rampart of horns, again and again they drew off and swept up furiously to the assault, hoping to find some weak point in the defenses,—some timorous young