

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1901.

Boers With Buffalo Bill

'Buffalo Bill' and his bands of smooth and rough riding Indians, Cossacks, English, Canadians, Boers, Germans, American Regulars, cowboys, Mexicans and gauchos are at Ambrose Park, South Brooklyn, getting ready to come up to town and open their Wild West show at the Madison Square Garden on Tuesday night. This year's aggregation is not the same old outfit. There are some new features which, if they do not add to the harmony of the heterogeneous outfit, at least add to its interest, and that's what the whole shooting match is for.

The newcomers are the Boers, Canadians and English soldiers, who have seen service on South African battlefields. Having finished fighting one another they have joined forces now to reenforce Col. Cody in his assault on the pocketbooks of the great American public. The Boer contingent consists of twelve men, the Canadian of twenty-two men and the English of fourteen men, seven of the last having been with Baden-Powell in the siege of Mafeking.

So far the English and Boer contingents have not become well acquainted, but there is no disposition on any one's part to be unfriendly. The Canadians and the Boers have chatted a little about the as yet unfinished South African unpleasantness, but the seven pure Britishers are holding aloof a bit, and the Boers speak more highly of all the colonial troops than they do of Tommy Atkins.

The Boers are the real thing. They have their papers with them to prove it. Some of them carry the scars of British bullets and British lances as additional evidence if any be required. They were rounded up at the Hague by Jule Keen, Col. Cody's European representative. Their commandant is F. A. von der Loo, a Free Stater, who enlisted as a trooper at the beginning of the war, was promoted by President Steyn to a lieutenantancy and later by DeWet to the rank of commandant in command of a band of scouts. He was also a correspondent in the field for De Volksstem, a Pretoria newspaper, which after the war began was the Transvaal organ.

He fought at Belmont, Magersfontein and Poplar Grove under Cronje, and just before the latter was captured was sent away with despatches, enabling him to escape falling into English hands. He made his way to Pretoria, where he joined the forces of De Wet. He left the service last September, having been lanced in the stomach and shot in the leg. He is a fine looking, full bearded chap of high intelligence. He speaks fair English, as do most of the Boers.

Another one of the Boers who is known all over Europe as the "Hero of Spion Kop," is De Roos. He began the war with the Middleburg commando in Lucas Meyer's division. He and another Boer earned undying fame by planting the Boer flag on Spion Kop while Gen. Warren of Buller's force was pushing forward to the relief of Ladysmith. They two were alone. The British thought a strong force occupied the hill and shelled it all day, while the two Boers hid behind the rocks. At night they decamped. The next day the British took possession of the hill without opposition, and then came that awful drubbing which the Boers administered from commanding kopjes, which resulted in the British retreating with enormous losses. De Roos has with him a collection of French pictorial papers wherein he is glorified and depicted to an extent unsurpassed by our own yellows.

The other Boers are W. Beunk, of the Utrecht commando, who fought from Dundee to the relief of Ladysmith; John Lutkie, who was with Col. Villebois-Marcuil at Bos Kopje and was wounded at Spitz Kopje; Jan Vink, who was wounded at Ladysmith, but fought under De Wet; Jan Oudhoff of the Free State Artillery, who was one of the seven survivors in an assault on Bos Kopje and who was wounded at Elandsfontein; C. Vermeij, who fought under Commandant von der Loo; A. J. Wennips, who was a despatch bearer for Delarey and escaped from Pretoria after being captured by the British; C.

Van Diemal, who was at Elandsfontein, where the Fifth Lancers are said to have 'pig stuck' the wounded Boers; W. H. Hilarides, who helped to capture the ten British guns at Colenso, and H. J. Geritson, who was a despatch bearer for Joubert and later for Botha.

Among the English soldiers is Henry Bolton, a Sergeant in the Protectorate Regiment, which Baden Powell raised to defend Mafeking. He had lived in South Africa many years when the war came on, in fact he had fought with the Boers in their campaign against the native Swasias. While scouting a about Mafeking he was captured by the Boers, who charged him with being a spy. The English, knowing of his previous service with the Boers, thought he had deserted and a price of £130, dead or alive, was put on his head. He was acquitted of being a spy and was sent to the Watervall prison. He tunneled his way out, escaped to Lord Roberts's lines and thus saved his honor.

The man in command of the Canadian contingent is H. V. McDougall, formerly of the Northwestern Mounted Police. He was a corporal in the Canadian Mounted Rifles and a fine figure of a man he is. He was in the fight at Belfast when De Roos was on the other side. They are now telling each other all about it. Ten of the Canadians belong to the regiment which was equipped by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal which did such good work. Trooper McArthur, who is among them, was the man whom Trooper Richardson carried wounded from the field in a fight near Stannerton and thereby won the Victoria Cross.

Of course in addition to these new attractions there are all the other things which have been features of the Wild West Show and Col. Cody is already looking out for new ones. Some one handed him a newspaper yesterday containing an account of Aguinaldo's capture.

'Good drawing card,' said the man suggestively.

Buffalo Bill's eyes twinkled. 'We'll have him next year perhaps,' he said. 'Aguinaldo and some Japs would satisfy me. I tried to get some Japs, but the Government would not let any of their soldiers go. I guess they thought they might need them before long.'

HERDERS OF THE WEST.

How the Rictous Cowboy Compares With the Lonely Sheep Herder.

In the character of the men who care for the herds and flocks can be found an interesting subject for study. The cowboy, if he be the genuine article, is a man who daily does feats on the range that would win applause at a Wild West show. In his chase after the fleet, unbranded yearling, he is compelled to ride at headlong speed over a country that a fox hunter would consider sure death. Danger confronts him in varied form, and no man can be an efficient cowpuncher who hasn't in him the spirit of recklessness. The writer once witnessed a stampede of wild cattle at midnight. A great herd was being held in a canyon of the Matzlat Mountains. The night was as dark as it is possible for night to be. A coyote's bark started the nervous animals to their feet, and they were off. The two riding guards on watch howled for help. Their sleeping comrades were up in a twinkling. Each seized a horse at the picket line and mounted without saddle, stopping only to twist a loop of his rista about the pony's nose. Barely a dozen seconds had passed before the camp fire was deserted. The cowboys were plunging in the dark after fleeing cattle, through a wild, rocky unknown district, filled with mesquite and cactus, cut up by dangerous arroyos and canyons. By noon of the succeeding day the drive was resumed. A half dozen steers had been left behind, lamed or dead in the gulches, while a few of the horses in the 'wagglers bunch' in the lead were skinned and limping. But the cowboys, their clothing in rags from the thorny midnight ride, merely joked on their mutual appearance and solaced their weariness with tobacco and with endless song. As a rule the cowboy is an American. In the plateau region he may hail from anywhere,

but usually comes either from California or from Texas. But they all fraternize, making issue only over the liking of the Californian for a saddle with a 'single-barreled rig,' which is a saddle with a single girth. The Texan despises anything but a double cinched saddle, though usually he does not tighten the second girth.

The sheep herder has a distinctly lower social place. As a rule, he is a foreigner, the few Americans employed being in positions of unusual trust. Most of the herders appear to be Mexicans or Frenchmen. It is said that Basques are the best and most careful shepherds. They come from Northern Spain, many of them especially for this employment. Their wages are not bad, being usually even higher than the pay of cowboys or farm hands, but the nervous American cannot stand the life. The everlasting 'bas' drives him mad. He cannot endure the monotony and the necessary separation from humanity, with only a dog for company for months at a stretch. And the diet, mainly tea and mutton is too simple for his luxurious palate. It is a fact that sheep herding furnishes a greater number of inmates for western insane asylums than does any other occupation. The shepherd like the cowboy, is gradually assimilated to his surroundings, and naturally acquires much of the nature of his charges. To his credit it must be said that he is rarely unfaithful to the interests of his flock and its owner.

There is nothing poetical about him, but he will risk his life for the safety of a lamb and will doggedly search all night if there be a stray. He is a much quieter fellow than the cowboy, even in his cups, when the wool has been clipped and the hands are in town for a little fling. He has no wild yearning for idly shooting holes in the firmament. He is happiest on a sunny hillside lying at ease where he may overlook his flock and hear the ceaseless voicing on its lamentation.

Catching Tigers.

Capturing tigers by a novel method is now being adopted in Sumatra, and is proving almost invariably successful. As soon as the tiger's lair has been found natives are employed to construct a wooden fence nine feet long and four feet wide a short distance away from it, and in this enclosure is then placed as bait a dog, which is tied to one of the fence posts. A narrow entrance leads into the enclosure, and there, idly concealed under earth, leaves and bows of trees, is placed a strong steel trap which is so designed that any animal that places its foot on it is certain to be held captive.

This trap is of recent invention, and consists of strong steel plates and equally strong springs. When it is set the plates form a sort of platform, and as soon as the tiger, which has been lured thither by the dog, sets his foot thereon the springs are released and the cruel steel grips the leg and holds it fast.

Powerful as a tiger is, he cannot free himself from such bondage, and as those who have set the trap are never far away he is in a short time either killed or securely caged. At the same time the dog is released, and indeed he could not be removed from the enclosure as long as the trap was set, since this instrument, strong as it is, is nevertheless so delicate that the pressure even of a dog's foot would release the springs and cause the animal's leg to be crushed in a twinkling.

The Doctor Failed.

A prominent Baltimore physician was recently approached by a patient to whom he had given strict instructions the day before to confine himself to a milk diet. 'Doctor,' the sick man began, 'can't get me to drink no more milk—no, sir,' and with a very determined look he shook his head. 'Why, what's the matter with you now?' asked the doctor. 'I just received a warning from the Lord not to drink no more milk.' 'How do you know it's from the Lord? Maybe the devil's been warning you.' 'No, sir, doctor,' replied the old man, at the same time opening a book which he had been holding under his arm. 'It's the Lord's words, right here in Hebrews, fifth chapter, thirteenth and fourteenth verses.' Taking the book out of his patient's hand the doctor read: 'For every one that useth milk is unskilled in the word of righteousness, for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil.'

Death is Not Dreaded

If there is such a thing as being authorized on death Thomas H. Andrews, surgeon to the Bureau of Police and Fire, Philadelphia, should rank high as an expert. In the course of thirty seven years of active practice he has conducted over four thousand post mortem examinations and has seen at least half that number of human beings die.

He talked freely on the subject of death the other day. He has looked into the eyes of dying men, women and children of every kind and condition, and this is the summing up of it all:

'Death is as much a mystery to me now as it was when I first saw a human being die.'

'Nature is never so kind to man as when she is severing the ties that bind him to this earthly life. She removes all fear, ameliorates every harsh surrounding, softens every sound and smooths the narrow pathway to the grave with kindly hands. The easiest thing in life is to die.'

'In your experience, Dr. Andrews,' I asked, 'have you ever found a case in which fear of death rose to the point where men fought and screamed at its approach?'

'Never. In severe sickness death comes in the guise of a welcome visitor. On the battlefield or as the result of accident or sudden shock, when it comes to a man swiftly, who but a moment before was in perfect health and half an hour later will be dead, a fortitude which I cannot describe and have never been able to analyze sustains the victim.'

'Do men and women of the higher grades of intelligence exhibit any different emotions as death approaches from those gifted with less mental power? Does the professional man or the scientist betray any different feelings or emotions from those exhibited by the day laborer or the most ignorant of men?'

'No and yes,' was the reply. 'The scientist, the man or woman of keen intelligence and trained faculties, unless their lives have been conspicuous for an exhibition of faith in religion and its teachings, are slower to accept ministrations of clergymen and others. The man of low intelligence yields at the first approach and calls for religious consolation.'

'The reason for this, I think, that the vast majority of professional men, outside of the clergy, and particularly doctors and scientists generally, are not inclined to believe or accept what they cannot demonstrate as a scientific fact. And yet, as a rule, these men and women willingly accept religious ministrations when death is only a matter of hours.'

'I recall an instance during the war. One of the most distinguished men in the confederacy was brought to me for treatment. I saw at once that his death was a matter of hours only. He was one of the most brilliant and charming men I ever met. I told him that he could not live and asked him if he desired to talk with a clergyman. He replied in a rather careless way that he did not feel disposed to change his views—that death, as he believed, ended all and there was no use of dragging religion in at the last hour.'

That was in the morning. He then felt strong and clear headed. When I saw him in the afternoon he was weaker, and referring to our earlier conversation told me that he had been raised in the Methodist faith and that its teachings had left an impress on his mind. He asked me to send for a Methodist clergyman, which I did. When I saw him just before he died he told me what comfort the talk with the minister had given him and that he now would face death with a braver heart than he could have done before.

'I merely cite this instance,' said Dr. Andrews, 'to show that there is nothing which influences a man so much in later life, and even in the death hour, as the environment and teaching of his boyhood days. Jimmy' Logue, the notorious burglar and criminal, told me here in my office that a night never went over his head that he did not kneel down and say his prayers.'

'Has there ever been any demonstration physical or otherwise on the part of all the hundreds whom you have seen on the

threshold of death which you could interpret as a positive indication of a future life?'

'Not one. Have you ever encountered instances in which dying persons have told you of visions which they have seen, or voices they have heard?'

'Yes. I recall particularly one instance. It was that of a man who had apparently died but revived for a little time before he finally passed away. He told me about the lights and sounds and chaos of magnificent things he had seen, 'beyond the river,' as he put it. Of course he really believed that he saw them, but it was the hallucination of his disordered brain. Persons of fervid imagination and strong religious convictions may be dominated by some illusion of this kind just prior to death. It cannot be accepted as convincing evidence of a future life.'

Dr. Andrews it may be remarked, is a churchman with strong religious views. He explained in connection with the above statement that he was speaking purely from a scientific standpoint. Men and women in extremis, awakening from a semi-comatose condition, cannot be regarded as furnishing reliable testimony of the evidence of their senses.

'I have found,' continued Dr. Andrews, 'that persons of clean life, of honorable, upright religious character, not only do not display an indifference to the approach of death, as those of grosser life do, but welcome it as a relief from care and toil. There is something about the approach of death that reconciles men to it. The senses are dulled, the perceptive faculties are blunted and the end comes quietly, painlessly, like a gentle sleep.'

'In this condition, I mean on the approach of death, those who retain their faculties to any degree become more or less philosophers. They know that death is inevitable; that it is only a question of hours, and they accept the verdict without any demonstration and in a philosophical way. In all my experience I have never found a case in which a dying man or woman complained against the inevitable, attempted to fight its approach or even feared it,' said Dr. Andrews.

'It is only in good health that we fear death. When we become ill, when we have sustained some injury of a very serious nature, the fear of death seems to disappear.'

'The one great unsolved problem, before which science thus far has stood disarmed, is the secret and the mystery of the origin of life. Side by side with it I may say is the mystery of death. I have never seen, and I have never heard of any authentic evidence from the deathbed of any one, which could be accepted as scientific proof of the existence of a life beyond.'

'That is a matter of faith. It has been a matter of faith through all the ages, and I believe that it will be a matter of faith to the end of time. I have, as I said before, discovered this, that the men and women of the purest lives and the strongest faith exhibit that fact conspicuously in their last hour, and in a manner that undoubtedly tends to rob death of even the semblance of terror.'

Good Way to Secure Converts.

On the last night of a series of 'protracted meetings' in the Methodist church of a little Southern California village, the other day, the visiting evangelist, says the San Francisco Argonaut, was making a special effort to obtain a showing of anxious souls. He had preached his best sermon, and reached an emotional fervor that he had seldom equaled. But nobody responded to his invitation. They sang a hymn, and then the evangelist rose again and called upon the congregation to 'enlist for the service of the Lord.' A battle-scarred, wooden-legged veteran who had dropped into the back seat watched the proceedings with interest. For the third time the inspiring evangelist rose and asked: 'Is there no one willing to enlist in the Lord's army?' Then response came from the back seat: 'Draft 'em, parson; damn it, draft 'em.'

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