

Wild Buffalo Adventure

As already briefly reported, Lieutenant Paul Graetz, the gallant young officer of the German army who made himself famous two years ago by his adventurous motor car trip through Africa, and who at the beginning of last summer commenced a still more adventurous journey across the Dark Continent in a motor boat by way of the Zambesi and the River Congo, met with disaster on September 3 in an encounter with wild buffaloes on the banks of the mysterious Bangweolo Lake, in which his only white companion, a French cinematograph operator, was killed and he himself terribly mangled, writes the Berlin correspondent of a London exchange.

The Bangweolo Lake, the exploration of which was one of the chief objects of Lieutenant Graetz's journey, has a very sinister reputation among the natives. It is surrounded by thick and impenetrable rushes, and up to the present no white man has sailed its surface, and none of the natives who have ventured upon its waters in their frail canoes has ever returned. Lieutenant Graetz's own description of his encounter with three tremendous animals on the shores of this mysterious lake, deep in the heart of the Dark Continent, reads more like a chapter from one of Rider Haggard's romances than a story of real life. In his letter, which has just reached home, Lieutenant Graetz says:

"On September 3 the sun rose blood red over the dark chain of the Muchemwa Mountains. We left our tent and stood watching the mist melting from the surface of the Chambesi. At our feet, in a small bay, lay the motor boat, glistening under a covering of dew, slowly evaporating in the sun's rays. At 6.40 the 'black boys' laid their oars in the rowlocks for we had many shallow channels to navigate and were harboring our supply of petrol. Suddenly we on the bank stood still as if petrified. Buffalo! Not more than fifty paces from us, close to the edge of the river bank, stood three mighty animals watching us with wondering eyes. Silence! I laid my cheek to the butt of the Mauser rifle. Bang! The first buffalo threw a somersault, and then dashing up the bank galloped from our sight into the bushes. The other two followed him. Intermittently through the undergrowth we caught sight of their shaggy forms as they followed the course of the stream, but there were only two of them. What had become of the third? Perhaps he still kept company with his fellows, or perhaps he had left them—the surest sign that he was severely wounded.

"One o'clock midday. After six hours fruitless search I decided to have the motor boat brought up to us. In the meantime the cook could light the kitchen fire, and we would have breakfast. I sent some of the 'boys' to continue the search for the buffalo, promising the 'bakshish' to the one who first discovered him, and I and Fiere, my French companion, stretched ourselves out for a short rest. Suddenly we were startled by a shout of 'buffalo! buffalo! buffalo!' James the cook came running to tell us that the 'boys' had found the wounded animal lying in high grass. We sprang to our feet excitedly. So much luck we had not expected.

Charge of the Buffalo

"Suddenly the high grass parted right in front of me, and the animal dashed out making straight for the spot where I stood. I fired and at the same time I think I heard the report of Fiere's rifle. Then I sprang to one side to escape the rush of the maddened animal, caught my foot in the long grass and fell. It was my salvation. If I had remained upright I should have been impaled on the sharp points of the buffalo's wide sweeping horns. Snorting with fury the animal nosed under me as I lay on the ground evidently trying to toss me. I sprang to my feet and clung with all my strength to the horns of the animal, in the vain hope that, severely wounded as he was, he might give way before my own strength, or that Fiere might get in a second shot. It all happened in a few seconds; the buffalo tried to shake me off, and as he flung his huge head from side to side the point of his left horn pierced its way deep into my right cheek. I cried out with pain, and then felt myself suddenly hurled upwards into the air—my consciousness left me.

"I awoke, covered in blood, on the river bank, supported by two loudly howling 'boys' with the motor boat at my feet. 'Where is Fiere?' 'The others are bringing him; he will die soon, too.' 'And the buffalo?' 'Dead!' A thick flood of blood was flowing continually from my mouth and the right side of my face. The 'boys' lifted me into the boat, and with every movement the blood flowed faster. 'Quick! the medicine chest.' Sew, sew, sew. Terrible necessity taught me to sew. A jagged, irregular hole as large as my hand gaped in my right cheek; my under lip hung loosely quivering. Under the horrified gaze of the 'boys' I jabbed the bent needle into my flesh and cobbled the loose rags together.

Horrible Injuries

"The pain was excruciating. Heaven helped me to keep my senses! The lower jaw was broken in two places—near the ear and near the lip—and from this crushed mass a long splinter of bone with three teeth hung loosely by the nerves and flesh of the gums. The whole outer flesh of the lower jaw was scraped loose. Teeth, roots and bones lay white and shimmering through the hole in my cheek. My tongue, pierced by the point of the buffalo's horn was half torn from its

foundations. I spat continuously splinters of bone and tooth.

"In the meantime the tent had been erected and a bed prepared for Fiere, from whom James cut the clothes with a pair of scissors. He had recovered consciousness, and softly, his pale lips formed the words, 'tres mauvais.' He had been three times pierced and tossed. The left breast muscle hung loose; heart and lungs were untouched. In the left side, between heart and hip was a great tear. This wound was immediately sewed together. Fiere was washed, bandaged and put to bed. He breathed regularly and seemed to sleep. Towards morning a short, troubled sleep gave me temporary relief from my agony. With the grey light of dawn I awoke to my new tortures. Everything was deadly still. I clapped my hands for the 'boy' to open the tent, and crossed over to Fiere's bed. The first light of day fell on a pale, sunken face. It was Death.

Lieutenant Graetz then describes his painful journey on an improvised stretcher to the nearest post of civilization, his meeting with the English physician, Dr. G. F. Randall, who marched day and night to bring him relief, and the operations under difficult circumstances which have left him with an altered face. As soon as he had fully recovered the undaunted young officer continued his journey westward.

THE LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM

Mr. Bram Stoker has a genius for the gruesome, and in the contrivance of nightmare fantasies his imagination knows no limit, says the London Telegraph's book reviewer. Out of what primal depths of history does he call up old, unhappy terrors and make them live again in the sane and peaceable environment of modern England? This White Worm of his story is to the humble, wholesome creature, such as makes the early blackbird's meal on dewy lawns but a vast, appalling, age-old, intolerable monstrosity, lurking in the dark and slimy recesses of a pestiferous pit, and by some awful metabolic mystery it is also the Lady Arabella March. In the same perfectly respectable district of Cheshire the Worm has for neighbors Mr. Edgar Caswall, of Castra Regis, whose family have for generations sold themselves to the devil, and who is more hawk than man; his African servant, Oolanga, a most brutal, ferocious, witch-finding, death-smelling negro; Miss Lilla Watford the hawk's victim, who is more dove than woman; and her sister, Miami, who marries Mr. Adam Salton, the healthy young man, who, with the assistance of his great uncle, Sir Nathaniel de Salis, circumvents the hawk, and destroys that old serpent, the Lady Arabella. Archaeology and legend and pre-historic ontology are called in to give some color of fact to these weird imaginings, but events move as in a dream, a very vivid and exciting dream. Adam Salton sets to work with mongooses, which attack Lady Arabella and Adam, track and track each other through sinister woods in pitchy night, and all three emerge into the secret chamber at Diana's grove, where is the mouth of the pit. The negro wants to marry Lady Arabella, but she plunges with him into the evil mud hole, where he perishes miserably, and then the dream changes. Caswall visits the innocent Lilla and Miami at their farm, and stares and stares at Lilla until she nearly dies in fascinated horror, but her sister and Adam join their wills in opposition and Caswall, even with the assistance of the green eyes of Arabella, is beaten. Vast swarms of birds, chiefly pigeons, settle in Castra Regis, and Caswall, going mad, sends up a giant, frightful kite, which terrifies the birds and all other animals, and casts a blight of silence on the land. Lady Arabella, for reasons which we forget, hates Miami, and asks her and her husband and her uncle to tea at Diana's Grove. A cloud of servants gather about them. Danger is imminent. Arabella pours out tea but smoke fills the room, and Miami rushes to a doorway, becomes involved in a curtain of gauze and all but slips into the pit before Adam and Sir Nathaniel can save her. They return to the drawing room where Lady Arabella sits unmoved, and more tea is brought in. She is charming to Miami. Suddenly the light begins to grow dim. The three visitors fly to their carriage and drive at top speed to Liverpool, pursued hotly through town and village by the White Worm. They get on board a vessel for Queenstown just in time. A great white whale is reported swimming in the Mersey, but the searchlight is turned on it and it disappears. Edward Caswall stares Lilla Watford to death. Vengeance comes quickly. There is a night of storm and wreckage, plots and counter plots, alarms and excursions. Dynamite is fired in the pit, and piecemeal comes up the Leviathan in a series of explosions, which also destroy Castra Regis, and the story ends fitly with next morning's breakfast. Whether we have stated events accurately and in chronological order we cannot be sure. Nightmares are not easily remembered in detail. Let no one read this book before going to bed, still less look at its illustrations, for Mr. Bram Stoker is a magician, an illusionist, and weaver of fearsome spells.

"John, I'm sorry that Ethel has engaged herself to that young Poreleigh. He isn't half good enough for her."

"My dear, if Eve had had parents they would have been convinced she might have done better."—Life.

THE VICTORIA COLONIST

AFTER POE

It was down by the dark tarn of Aiden,
At Aiden far under the hill
That this thing occurred to a maiden
Who went by the name of Jill,
By the mystic praenomen of Jill

She was sent up to hill by her mother
Along with a youngster named Jack.
He may have been cousin or brother—
(One guest is as good as another)—
The dead years these details now smother,
And that's a misfortune, alack!

They were sent up the hill to fetch water,
Jack stumbled and dented his crown;
And Jill, with a terrible clatter,
Accompanied the young fellow down,
Came shuddering, thundering down—
Came blithering, slithering down.

It was there by the dark tarn of Aiden,
Of Aiden far under the hill,
That these things occurred to a maiden
Who went by the brief name of Jill.
But the boiled-down and terse designation,
The mystic praenomen of Jill.
—W. S. Adkins in Puck.

SOME CONDENSED STORIES

A gentleman, now a successful physician in Boston, in his younger days was the telegraph operator in Duxbury, Mass., who worked the land wires. One night, during a lull in business, he fell asleep and the New York operator called until out of patience. Then he sent a message to Boston, requesting the chief operator to tell Duxbury to answer New York. The sleeper, however, was equally deaf to the Boston call. In the cable room, next to the sleeping operator, was the cable man. The room was dark, and he was watching the mirror for the tiny flashes that in those days spelled out the message. To him the Morse alphabet was nothing, and he never heard the ticking of the key. Finally, New York became desperate and called Canso in Nova Scotia and addressed a message to the cable operator at Duxbury. The message read: "Go into the other room and wake up that operator." Canso sent it to Heart's Content in Newfoundland; Heart's Content rushed it across to London, thence to Dover, across the Channel to Calais and to Brest. Brest sent it to Miquelon and Miquelon gave the operator at Duxbury a unique surprise. The sleeper was then aroused, about 11 minutes having been taken by the grand round of the cablegram.

An Oregon miner was driving a tunnel on a ledge back of his cabin, and in cold weather usually left a stick of giant powder on a rock, in a sunny place at the mouth of the tunnel to thaw out. On several occasions when he went to get his powder it had disappeared, and as this caused annoying delays he lay in wait for the thief. Placing a stick in the usual place, he had waited but a short time when he saw a crow swoop down on the explosive, tear away the paper cover and greedily devour the powder. Giant powder is made of nitro-glycerine, sawdust and grease, and a whole stick of it makes a hearty meal for a crow. The miner watched the performance for a time in amazement, which gave place to indignation, and when the bird had about half devoured the stick he arose and shot at it. The crow flew away unharmed with a defiant "caw" and perched in a tree. The next time he took more careful aim and hit the crow. Immediately following the report of the gun was another and louder report and the air was filled with feathers and bits of crow. The shock of the bullet passing through the bird's body had exploded the powder it had devoured.

"I was once called to attend a horse which was suffering from toothache," said a Philadelphia dentist. "The animal was in great pain, and when I examined his mouth he appeared to realize that it was my purpose to relieve him, and he submitted to my handling with calmness that was almost human. I discovered a cavity in one of the back teeth, which was also badly ulcerated at the root. I temporarily relieved the pain and next morning I visited him again. He gave evidence of pleasure at my approach, and I concluded that I would attempt to fill the tooth instead of removing it. This I did, cutting away the diseased portion and putting in a filling of cement, and during the entire operation the horse flinched no more than a man would under the circumstances."

HUMOR IN STONE

A discovery of some antiquarian interest has been made in Sherborne Abbey. On one of the capitals in the choir the Abbey verger came across a curious bit of carving in stone representing apparently two boys of Sherborne Benedictine School engaged in a tug-of-war. This is seemingly the only bit of grotesque carving on the stone work in the whole of Bishop Bradford's contribution towards the historic abbey, though sculptured rebus are numerous in the nave. Abbot Peter Ramsam is memorialized by the words "Peter" and "Sam" on a scroll with a figure of a ram between them. A cross and a basket containing four loaves of bread indicates Abbot Bradford—"bread-foured." The name of Bishop Owdum, of Exeter, is suggested by an owl and the letter "D," and Bishop Langton by a cockerel with its head and neck through the bungle of a tun. The recently found bit of carving is perhaps the work of the abbot who was responsible for the "miserere" seats, for here appear similar figures in the same style of dress. All the rest of the carving in the choir is foliage work.

Bible Sale at Sotheby's

When Mr. Quaritch was a boy at a preparatory school the news arrived that his father had not only given £3,900 for a Mazarine Bible, but had been gaoled up to £4,950 for a Fust and Schoiffer Psalterium. This news referred to the Syston Park sale of Sir John Thorold's library in December, 1884. Recently the representative of the London Telegraph took Mr. Quaritch's old master to watch his former pupil's triumph at Sotheby's. "He was always a reliable boy. I could trust him to do anything," was the old pedagogue's comment. "He always longed to go into the army, but his father said, 'My business!' He apparently gets as much fighting as he wants now," mused the worthy man. "I think however he would have done very well at sea." (The master's brother is a well known admiral.) "When I wrote to his father about the sale," he went on, "the old man replied, 'Unscrupulous dealers bid me up, but I hope to be rich enough to stand any loss.' He was especially referring then to the £4,950 Psalterium (in which the Athanasian Creed was first printed), and as a matter of fact it was left for the younger Quaritch to sell it to Mr. Pierpont Morgan seventeen years afterwards. In the Sir Mark Masterman Sykes sale, 1824, the great dealer of the day, Thorpe, had given the (then) large sum of 130gs for the relic.

As it fell out it was another relic from this Sykes sale which drew the world to Sotheby's. Everybody has heard of the Mazarine Bible, so called from the discovery of the first copy in the Cardinal's library by the bibliographer DeBure. It was then recognized as the earliest book of importance executed by the inventor of printing with metal types—Gutenberg, of Mentz. The subsequent finding of another copy in the National Library at Paris, bearing a manuscript inscription approximately fixed the date of printing, 1453-5. Very few of this first issue are extant, but as far back as the Sykes sale, the copy sold yesterday was established as one of the Simon Pure. Most of the copies known (rather over a score) belong to the second issue—also without a printed date—when Gutenberg had taken Fust into partnership, the man who afterwards robbed poor Gutenberg of his it was one of these which after bringing £4,000 in the Ashburnham sale, 1897, reached \$50,000 in the Hoe sale, New York, early this year. It must be borne in mind that the Mazarine Bible is in two volumes (a first volume realized £2,050 in the Amherst of Hackney sale), and that it is printed in double columns of forty-two lines, in imitation of the large letters employed by the scribes in church missals. "Mazarine Bibles, either on vellum or paper, are to be found in the British Museum (one of each), Vienna, Munich, Frankfurt and Leipzig, and others are in the Bodleian, the Rylands Library, Manchester, and at Chatsworth.

Printing's Sudden Triumph

As before stated, the Huth paper copy—indisputably of the earliest issue—was in the Sykes sale, 1824, when Mivington bought it for Mr. Henry Perkins at 100gs. At the Perkins sale, 1873, Quaritch Primus obtained it for Mr. Huth for £2,600. When the sapient Rev. H. J. Todd, one of the greatest "black-letter dogs" who ever lived, catalogued the Sykes books he wrote, "In contemplating this Bible the mind is lost in astonishment that the inventors of printing should, by a single effort, have exhibited the perfection of their art. The firmness of the paper, the brightness of the ink, the exact uniformity of the impression, have never been surpassed. Trithemius says in his chronicle that he was told by Peter Schoiffer (the partner and son-in-law of Fust) that the expenses incurred in the printing were so enormous that 4,000 florins were expended before twelve sheets had been printed." Then, in capital letters, he added:

"I Never Saw a Copy Finer Than This"

Half a century later Quaritch I. took up the parable, and wrote on the cover, "This is the finest copy I ever beheld or anybody else."

It was fitting then that Quaritch II. should recapture the relic yesterday, even if the holding be only a short time. When the Bible was at length reached, and Mr. Tom Hodge had called for an opening bid, Mr. Quaritch, after some deliberation said £2,000. "Suitable and not extravagant," was the auctioneer's comment. £3,000 came from Mr. Maggs of the Strand, but at £5,250 he was dumb. Then Mr. Sabin took up the fight, and he, too, found his end at Mr. Quaritch's challenge of £5,800—the greatest price for a book paid in a British auction room.

Auctioneer's Feast

We have had something to say about the two Quaritches. It is interesting to add that Mr. Tom Hodge was able yesterday to equal his father's record as an auctioneer in the sale of Mazarine Bibles. Hodge Primus sold Lord Crawford's two volumes in 1887; the Hopetoun pair in 1889, the Ashburnham second paper volume and a pair about twenty-five years ago. Hodge Secundus has sold the Mukellar pair, 1898, the Ashburnham vellum pair (subsequently sold in the Hoe sale), the Amherst first volume, and the Huth volumes. It should be remembered, however, as we pointed out in the preliminary notice of the sale, that Mr. Tom Hodge discovered the Hopetoun Mazarine Bible in a forgotten cupboard at Queensbury. If the Americans really grasped the fact that this Huth paper copy is rarer than the vellum example sold in the Hoe sale, his Mazarine would have cost Mr. Quaritch

more. As it happened, his opening bid of £2,000 shook out the frugal Continental buyers completely, else there would have been a very noisy Babel up to about £1,900. For which relief much thanks.

It was a day of Bibles. For a copy of the first edition on vellum of the Bible with a date, 1462, costing Mr. Huth £660 in 1864, Mr. Quaritch followed his other success by paying £3,050; immediately afterwards giving £1,900 for a paper copy of the same, which was bought for £275 in 1863. Before this trio came a Flemish fifteenth century Biblia Pauperum, costing £275 in 1868, which reached £600 (Quaritch), the same giving £520 for the first edition of the Bible in German, circa 1466. The first book printed in France, the Lyons Old Testament of Berthelemi Buyer, 1476, was one of the fifty Huth books claimed by the British Museum. Such were the dominant features of a day's sale bringing over £17,000, of which amount, three Bibles provided £10,750. Dame Juliana Berners' "Rock of St. Albans" proved to have two extra leaves in facsimile, and therefore brought only £190 (Leighton), but a Dutch 1651 map and engravings of Virginia, costing 15gs. in 1861, rose to £360 (Quaritch).

But all these wonderful advances in the Huth sale seem to pall before a Bacon record. As we write, an old catalogue dated Dec. 5, 1774, lies before us of the books belonging to William Fletewode, Recorder of London. On Friday last Mr. Quaritch, it will be recalled, gave £1,950 for a 1597 first edition of Bacon's "Essays." In that memorable sale of 1774 there were two copies, and, ye gods! they brought 6d between them.

"Well, Mr. Quaritch, how do you feel?" asked our representative after the sale. "I don't know," the great dealer answered, "but I felt rather nervous when I spotted my old schoolmaster with you!"

RAINBOW-HUED FISH

The hall of the Grand Palais that is taken up during the Salon with the most massive groups of sculpture is now peopled with the denizens of seas, lakes and rivers, says the Paris correspondent of the London Standard. The public who usually consider fish critically on their pates, fried, stewed, or served up with some cunning sauce, are now flocking to look at them swimming in their native element. And the fish in turn look back at men whom they never see at other times with eyes that possibly hide a world of curiosity and regret behind their impassive glance. With their noses against the windows of their narrow prisons they stare with varied expression at the crowd that is gathered round. The trout the roach and smaller fry are lively and gay, but the pike lie sulkily glaring out from their lairs with wicked protruding snouts like miniature sharks. A little gold fish swims uneasily near the surface in their tank. He has probably been put there to feed the pike, and he knows it, and is in a hurry of fear.

The water is aerated with pipes that perpetually furnish showers of air bubbles, and all the little fish frolic gratefully round these, whilst the bigger ones lazily lie conveniently near to enjoy the benefit at their ease. The common fish of the river and sea have their own limited circle of admirers, but the greater interest centres round the strangers from tropical climes, whose tanks are warmed by petroleum stoves and whose water temperature is carefully regulated by thermometers. Gorgeous in color and of weird shapes are many of these exotic fry that have been brought with great trouble and expense from the far Indies, Africa and Japan. Here are the fighting fish of Tokio, gay-painted little Samurai, with long filamentary whiskers and iridescent fins that bristle with rage when challenged by rivals. From the great lakes of Central Africa and the mighty rivers of North and South America these unwilling tourists have been netted and enticed to exhibit their unknown shapes to a Parisian Sunday collection of sightseers. They seem comfortable enough, although the water of the Seine must taste different from that of the Zambesi or Amazon.

There is an excellent show too of fishing implements of every sort from the most minute trout flies up to deep sea trawling nets. English products are conspicuous, and it is strange that in a country like France, where anglers are legion and practically all water is free, the rods, hooks and lines that are most in repute all come across the channel. The more modest fisherman it is true sticks to his cheap rod, and ties his own hooks on French prepared gut or horse hair, but all who can afford it pride themselves on using an English line and if possible rod, the very word serving as a hall mark for soundness and reliability in a way that is extremely flattering to British pride.

Weather Man: "It's going to be awfully foggy tonight."

Astronomer: "Then I'll rush out another announcement of another brilliant meteoric shower."

Friend (consoling): "So you've lost yer job, eh? Well, don't worry about it; I reckon you was only wastin' yer time in a place like that."

Young Bill (sady): "Yes; that's what the boss told me when 'e sacked me."