The Colonist.

FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1893

NOT CAPTURED.

The Liberals of Canada have of late expended any amount of sympathy on the suffering farmers of Ontario. They have done their very best to convince these farmers that they are an ill-used class. They have also done all that their ingenuity could devise to lead the farmers to believe that the Liberals, and the Liberals only, are their friends, and that if they would only vote for them, a farmers' millennium would immediately begin. But there are indications that this sympathy is, in great part, unappreciated by those upon whom it is lavished, and this eloquence wasted. At a meeting of the Patrons of Industry, held lately in South Simcoe, a Mr. Wrigley, who is a prominent man in the organization, declared most emphatically that those who asserted that the Liberal platform is in accordance with the principles of the Patrons are altogether wrong. "Patrons" he said, "demand honest legislation on the basis of the strictest economy; the Liberals profess the same aim but their intention is different. We mean what we say, the Grits do not." Continuing he went on to say:

The recent Liberal convention at Ottawa, at which the platform was formed, was presided over by Premier Mowat of this province, and the demand for retrenchment was made not only by him, but by three other provincial premiers, Messrs. Fielding, Blair and Peters, as members of that convention These four premiers, along with others, had met on a previous occasion to consider financial affairs. In Quebec, a few years ago they demanded that the provinces should make a raid upon the Dominion treasury for a round $1,500,000 Premier Mowat's modest demand was that the Ontario allowance be increased annually from $1,196,000 to $1,778,000 The other demands were: Quebec, from $950,000 to $1,307,000; Nova Scotia, from $380,000 to $542,000; New Brunswick, from $307,000 to $436,000; Manitoba, from $177,000 to $270,000; British Columbia, from $115,000 to $148,000; and Prince Edward Island, from $75,000 to $187,000. It was not necessary to comment on the insincerity of those making these opposite demands.

PROFESSIONAL POISONERS.

A case which bids fair to be one of the most remarkable of the century is now before the criminal courts of the state of New York. It is that of a man who calls himself Dr. Meyer, but he has half a dozen aliases. The crime is murder by poisoning for the purpose of defrauding insurance companies. In the commission of some of his crimes this Dr. Meyer was assisted by his wife. From the account given by Julian, the New York detective, Meyer is a mild-mannered plausible miscreant with an insinuating address, having withal nerves of steel. One of his victims was a man named Ludwig Brandt, whom he prevailed upon to insure his life in as many as four companies for sums amounting in all to $8,500. Brandt for the purpose of insurance assumed the name of Baum. The plan was that he was to sham sickness and counterfeit death, and Meyer, who acted for him, was to get the insurance and divide the plunder with his accomplice. But Meyer intended to accomplish his end by other means. Brandt or Baum was to be got rid of by poison, and Meyer and his wife were to secure the insurance money. Baum fell in love with Meyer's wife, whom he knew as Emilie Rathier, Meyer's neice. In course of a few months Baum married, or pretended to marry, this woman. This was done to provide Baum with a widow at the proper time. When these rather elaborate preliminaries were completed Baum fell sick in earnest. A respectable physician was called in to attend him, and his wife was devoted in her attendance at his bedside. The physician is described as bright and thoroughly honest. He had not the remotest suspicion of foul play. After a short illness Baum died. The miserable wretch had apparently no suspicion that he had been duped by his wife, to whom it is said he was tenderly attached, and his dear friend Meyer.

No sooner had the breath left the body of their victim than Meyer and his wife set about securing the money for which Baum's life had been insured. The indifference displayed by the hitherto devoted wife and her haste in collecting the money, caused some remark, but it appears that there was no suspicion of fraud. Two of the insurance companies paid four thousand dollars without hesitation, and the others would have paid the remaining $4,500, but there being some hesitation on the part of one of the companies, the pair took fright and left New York without calling a second time for the money. Their sudden flight excited suspicion and set the insurance detective on their track. Circumstances were discovered which strengthened the suspicion, and the detective kept following them up until he discovered that they had been guilty of other crimes of a similar nature.

One of these was the murder of an unfortunate girl, whose name does not appear to be known. The circumstances were peculiar, and show the devilish cunning of the two murderers in a very strong light. In June, 1892, they employed a girl named Mary Neiss. They then went under the name of Weller. The woman took Mary Neiss to Denver, and prevailed upon her to get her life insured for $5,000, under the name of Mrs. Weller. After a short time the Neiss girl took sick. Being warned by Weller's or Meyer's partner that she was being poisoned, she left their service suddenly and secretly. But Meyer was not to be baulked. He was bound to get the $5,000 for which Mary Neiss's life was insured. He straightway hired another girl, who had not been long in his service when she sickened and died. Weller gave out that the girl who died was his wife, having by his treatment of her produced the impression among those with whom he lived that this was the case. The real wife in this instance adopted the role of the victim's sister. When Weller or Meyer applied for the money, the insurance company, the Equitable, instituted an investigation. It was found that the woman who was buried was not the woman that was insured. In course of time Mary Neiss herself turned up, and when the story she had to tell was heard all doubt as to the guilt of the doctor and his wife disappeared, and then discovery and arrest soon followed. Meyer, of course, denied that he was the man that was wanted, but there was apparently very little trouble in identifying him. He is perfectly cool and self-possessed, and has none of the marks of the traditional villain about him. His wife having been lately confined has not yet appeared in court.

Meyer is accused of having committed many other crimes. It is suspected that he poisoned his first wife. It is said, too, that he murdered a rich grocer, whose wife he afterwards married. Of course, a great many sensational stories will now be told about the man, but the simple truth is enough to convince the world that he is one of the most cruel, greedy and conscienceless monsters that ever assumed the human form.

JAPANESE CLAIMS.

Some of the Japanese newspapers, following the example of their American contemporaries, apply the epithets "poachers" and "thieves" to the foreigners who hunt the seal in what they are pleased to regard as Japanese waters. These papers urge the Government to drive those sealers off the hunting grounds, not hesitating to use violence, if it is required, to effect the purpose. The Japan Advertiser, in an excellent article, sets the Mainichi Shimbun and its other native contemporaries right on the subject of international courtesy and international law. It shows that the foreign sealers, having violated no law, are neither thieves nor poachers. The seals being found in the high seas at a far greater distance than three leagues from Japanese territory, it cannot be said with any approach to truth that the men who hunt them are in any sense trespassers. The Advertiser, we may say in passing, is much too liberal. The limit of the territorial jurisdiction of Japan or any other nation is one marine league from the shore, and not three leagues.

The Advertiser also shows that the Japanese cannot set up the very poor plea that they have a proprietory right in the seals that swim in the Pacific Ocean near their country, for there are no rookeries in Japanese territory. It It cannot be said that the Japanese Government does anything to protect the seals. There were, it appears, some years ago rookeries on the Kurile Islands but the Japanese did their share towards exterminating the seals that frequented them. So that neither on the ground of territorial right nor on the ground of alleged ownership of the seals can the Japanese take upon themselves to assume a hostile attitude towards the seal hunters of the Western Pacific.

DISAPPOINTED LYNCHERS.

Judge Lynch does not always succeed in executing those whom he condemns and sentences. A short time ago a farmer named Cartwright, living near a place called Beamton Station, Virginia, had twelve of his horses poisoned and his home burned to the ground. These were serious offences certainly, and the farmers of the neighborhood, by a process of reasoning for which communities in the Southern States should take out a patent, immediately concluded that some one must be hanged, and that that some one must of course be a negro. Having come to this determination, they were not long in finding the negro. His name was Isaac Jenkins. Isaac was apprehended, and in spite of his protestations of innocence, condemned to be hanged forthwith. Execution quickly followed conviction. The miserable man was taken, handcuffed as he was, to the nearest grove and there hanged to a tree. The lynchers, in order to make sure work, fired several shots at the body dangling in the air, some of which it was observed, took effect. The lynchers no doubt considered that Cartwright was avenged and the negro community properly impressed. The execution, or the murder, as we in the cold North would call it, took place on Saturday, and on Monday the surprise and righteous indignation of the justice-loving lynchers may be imagined when they heard that the "insolent" nigger Jenkins had been seen alive at Norfolk, twenty miles away from the place of execution. When asked how he managed to escape, Jenkins declared that, having a knife in his pocket, he took it out with his bound hands and cut the rope above his head. Of course everyone sees how easily a handcuffed man could do this. But there are people so incredulous as to disbelieve the story, and who assert that there must have been a nigger in the fence near by, who, as soon as the lynchers were out of sight, went to the rescue of his suspended brother, thus baulking Judge Lynch. We are afraid that when a crime against person or property is again committed in that neighborhood the lynching committee will insist upon the nigger taken on suspicion being burned as well as hanged, so as prevent the possibility of failure.

COUNSEL for the appellant in the case of Adams v. McBeath, have accepted the terms imposed by the Full court and the appeal will therefore stand over until the October sitting of the court.

THE charge against Frank Oreste of keeping a vicious dog, was heard in the Provincial court yesterday and dismissed, but the defendant was warned that should another charge of the kind be made, the court would not be so lenient.

AMONG THE MINES.

The Question of Surface Rights—Renewed Confidence in the Entire Section.

Around Trout Lake—The Latest Bear Story—Things in the Slocan Looking Up.

(Written for the COLONIST.)

NELSON, July 21.—The vexed question of "surface rights" continues to furnish the chief topic for comment up here in the mining country. There can be no doubt that the intention of the much discussed section 23 of the amended act was intended solely to prevent land grabs under the guise of mineral locations. In fact, the Premier, in reply to a letter on the subject, recently made the following explanation:

"I can see nothing fraudulent nor unjust in section 23 of the act. On the contrary it seems to me to be a provision which should have become law long ago.

"It has not any retrospective effect, and consequently would not, I take it, apply to any record made prior to the 11th of April, but it certainly will and is intended to govern all cases of record made after that date.

"There is nothing in the principle of this section at variance with your opinion that the miner's mineral claim is his home. So long as he occupies his claim it is intended that he should have a home there, and shall have the surface for all purposes connected with the working of his claim, which of course includes his making his home upon his claim.

"What is aimed at by the section to abolish is the right, under the guise of a mineral record, to appropriate large quantities of Crown land, when the acquiring of Crown land, except under pre-emption or purchase by auction, has been abolished by statute.

"It is not the policy of the mining law that mineral claims should be taken up for anything but the actual acquisition of the mineral thereunder, and the policy of the law, moreover, is that as soon as a mineral claim ceases to be used for the purposes for which it was located, that the surface rights thereunder should revert to the Crown.

"However, of course, we cannot interfere, and do not desire to interfere, with the locations already made, although proceeding, as I think we must all admit, under an imperfect law."

This explanation was made necessary by the fact that the Gold Commissioner had refused to attempt to place a construction on the section, plainly admitting that he did not understand it.

It is said that since the above letter was received from the Premier, several applications for Crown grants have been made on properties located before April 11, and that these applications have been refused.

This may be explained by a letter from G. M Sproat, which will be published in the Miner on Saturday.

The clause referred to is: "I have had occasion, lately as the agent or trustee of several clients holding mineral claims in Slocan, to bring to the notice of the Government the situation in which their claims are or may be placed by the operation of section 23 of the 'Mineral Act (1891) Amendment Act 1893,' relating to surface rights. The land office recognized promptly the evils of the dual ownership of the surface which this section purports to create, and the Chief Commissioner will do immediately what is in his power, and seems to him fit, with a view of affording relief under the circumstances outlined, pending the next session of the Legislature. This mitigating, if not wholly remedial action may take the form of an order forbiding the pre-emption of the 'Remaining surface rights' on claims, thus maintaining the status quo at any rate."

From this it would appear that the delay has been caused by the desire of the Chief Commissioner to fully investigate the cases before him ere proceeding to final measures.

A feeling of renewed confidence seems to pervade this entire section The confirmation of the successful issue of the Silver King deal has placed a broad smile of content on the face of "Ye Nelsonite," and the news that the Nakusp railroad is now under way is bracing up the Slocan mining men in a way most wonderful to behold, and certainly needed after the depression attendant upon the drop of silver.

It is a well known fact that the price of silver in this section will cut a comparatively small figure once the problem of transportation is solved.

HERE AND THERE.

The Trout Lake country is just now attracting considerable attention, owing to some unusually rich finds recently made, and a few notes on this section may be of interest. Trout Lake city is situated at the head of Trout lake, a day's journey from Revelstoke. The altitude is 2,300 feet above sea level, and just now the climate is all that could be desired The place has been quite busy lately, as the various trails which lead from the town off into the mountains are thronged with prospectors laden with heavy packs of provisions and tools, each one intent on pushing his way up under those frowning crowns of snow, where lie, perchance, ease and comfort for the remainder of his life.

The ores of this section are argentiferous galena, of the usual high grade found in this section. More or less placer gold can be found in almost every mountain stream, and it is only a question of time when paying hydraulic claims will be located. Copper has been located in a sufficiently high percentage to pay well for working so soon as the transportation problem is properly solved. Graphite nickel and manganese are also known to exist, but as yet have been located only in small quantities. The leading properties around the head of the lake are the Haskins group, the Wagner group, the Great Northern, the Blackburn group, Pool group, Horne group, Silver Cup, Livingstone group, North Star, Leroy and Sharon groups. Most of these are favorable looking properties, and with development will no doubt prove steady producers of good ore.

Several pre-emptions have recently been made on land lying in the fertile valley which stretches from Trout lake to Summit lake, about six miles from the north-east arm of the Upper Arrow lake. Along this valley can be found soil equal in richness to any in the Province. Among the permanent settlers in the valley are Sydney A. Roberts, Dominion and Provincial land surveyor, well known as a surveyor of mining properties, and Arthur H. Harrison, of the Royal School of Mines. Mr. Harrison is running an assay office in this section, and is kept busy telling the boys "what's in that rock?" the answer to which question is usually very satisfactory.

Several syndicates have experts in this section who are looking up claims for their people.

The latest bear story from this section is not so bad. According to the veracious yarner a well known prospector named Jack Stanber had camped about four miles from Trout lake and was preparing to open up a lead which he had discovered. He had just arrived from the town and was untying a heavy pack of giant powder, fuse, caps and steel, when feeling thirsty he concluded to go down to the creek for a bucket of water. On his return he found a visitor in the shape of a monster grizzly bear. The pair eyed each other for a moment and then with a grunt the bear made for Jack. The trusty Winchester was in camp, but so was the bear. The next moment Jack was taking in the surrounding country from the branches of a tree, and the bear had resumed his lunch. The feed consisted of a few sticks of giant powder, some caps and a piece of fuse by way of desert.

Chewing on this latter the bear moved over leisurely to study the situation of the man in the tree. Now it is a well known fact the grizzly is no climber, so Jack did not feel alarmed when old Eph raised himself up his full length and sniffed at the soles of his feet. The long fuze was about swallowed by this time and some six or eight inches sticking up from the muzzle of the bear put an idea into Jack's head.

Climbing down from branch to branch he enticed the bear to stretch up for him as far as he could reach, and in an instant the fuze was touched with a match and "spitting" furiously. The astonished Bruin dropped on his fore feet, and Jack made for the top of the tree, duely thankful that it was a very tall one.

An instant of breathless suspense, a roar, and fragments of the bear went sailing up past a delighted man, who clung for dear life to a swaying tree.

Fact, I assure you.

The Poole group sent out a set of samples lately upon which they received returns of 80 per cent. lead, 51 oz. silver and $49 in gold.

A vigilance committee has been formed at Trout Lake City pending the appointment of a regular peace officer.

In the Slocan things are looking up. The Slocan Star is putting on an extra gang of men since the new strike.

The Freddy Lee is closed down, but only temporarily, pending a rise in silver and a chance to ship.

The one-half interest in the Washington, it is stated on good authority, has just been sold for $85,000

The C P R. are stringing wire on the telegraph line out from Kaslo at the rate of a mile per day.

Instructions have been given to proceed with some heavy development work on the Abbott group.

Work on the Nelson and Fort Sheppard is being pushed from both ends and from a number of points along the line. The contractors promise to have the work completed within the time limit.

Two-thirds of Kaslo are down to-day to back their favorite running mare, "Dutch," against the Nelson flyer "Jim Beatty." The match is the outcome of a long standing effort to find which town owns the fastest horse. Money is being bet freely, and the result will be interesting.

J. F. BLEDSOE.

VICTORIA MARKETS.

Notwithstanding the numerous consultations which Superintendent Johnson, of the city market, has had with the farmers in the neighborhood of the city regarding the unprofitable way in which they dispose of their produce, the latter still fail to realize the great importance and gain it would be to them to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the market. Yesterday was to be market day, but not more than three or four farmers showed up in the building, and the natural impression Mr. Johnson has is that the country people are, to a great extent, boycotting the place. All local hawkers are, however, compelled to meet in the market building every morning, and from 7 till about 8 30 or 9 a.m. each day there are in the neighborhood of twenty vegetable wagons in the place waiting for purchasers. The week past has not been an extra busy one for local dealers, although about the average business has been done. The only changes which have been made in the appended quotations are in the prices of eggs and potatoes. These changes are accountable to the former becoming a trifle scarcer, while the latter are more plentiful, tubers of Island growth coming in freely.

FLOUR—Portland roller per brl	$ 5.75
Salem	5.75
Ogilvie's (Hungarian)	6.00
Lake of the Woods (Hungarian)	6 00
Premier	6 00
Three Star	6 00
Victoria	5.75
Lion	5.75
Royal	5.50
Wheat, per ton	30 00@40.00
Oats, per con	33.00@35 00
Barley, per ton	32.00@35.00
Middlings, per ton	32.0 @35.00
Bran, per ton	27.00@30.00
Ground Feed, per ton	30.00@35.00
Corn, whole	45.00
" cracked	50.00
Cornmeal, per 100 lbs	3.00@3.25
Oatmeal, per 10 lbs	50
Rolled Oats, per lb	6
Potatoes, new, per lb	12
Cabbage, per lb	3 @4
Cauliflowers, per doz	1.50
Green Peas, per lb	2½
Hay, baled, per ton	18@20 00
Straw, per bale	1.00
Onions, per lb	04
" Silver, per lb	0.4
Eggs, Island, per dozen	3½
" Packed, per dozen	25
Butter, Island roll, (2 lbs)	50 @ 65
" Creamery, per 3 lbs	1 00
Cheese, Canadian per lb., retail	20
Hams, American "	25
" Canadian "	20
Bacon, American, per lb	25
" Rolled "	18
" Long clear "	17
Shoulders, per lb	14
Lard "	13@25
Golden Cottolene, per lb	20
Meats—Beef "	3@15
Sides "	8@10
Mutton, per lb	10@15
Pork, fresh "	12@15
Chickens, per pair	1.75@2.00
Turkey per lb	30
Geese per lb	25
Fish—Salmon (Spring), per lb	10@12
" (Smoked), "	12@15
Halibut	10@12
Cod, per lb	8@10
Smelts, per lb	5@8
Sturgeon	10@12
Fruits—Apples per lb	7@8
Oranges (Navel), per doz	50@75
" (Riverside) "	40@50
" (Australian) "	25@30
Lemons (California) per doz	35@40
" (Australian) "	35@40
Sicily, per doz	40@50
Bananas, per doz	25
Cherries, per lb	10@12
Strawberries, per lb	10
Apricots, per lb	10@12
Gooseberries, per lb	8@10
Tomatoes, per lb	10@12½
Peaches, per lb	15@20
Pears, per lb	12½
Currants (red), per lb	8@10
Pine Apples, apiece	25@50
Plums, per lb	10@12
Watermelons	50@75

MR. JUSTICE DRAKE gave a written judgment in Chambers yesterday morning, dismissing an application on the part of the plaintiff in the case of Adams v. McBeath, to have the taxation of costs by the registrar reviewed for the purpose of having some items which were struck out, replaced. An appeal will be taken to the Divisional court. Hon. Theodore Davie, Q C., for plaintiff; Mr. Thornton Fell for defendant.

Whiskers that are prematurely grey or faded should be colored, to prevent the look of age, and Buckingham's Dye excels all others in coloring brown or black.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

A Woman's Adventure at Sea—After the Battle.

[Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.]

In the year 1872 an Austrian taxidermist named Drave had a contract to supply the Royal Museum of Natural History with specimens of birds, reptiles and animals found on the coast of Brazil. He arranged with a certain Captain Trompf, who owned a small brig, to make a partnership voyage, the vessel to pick up a salable cargo while the takidermist gathered his specimens. Mrs. Drave accompanied her husband as an assistant. All told, the people on the brig numbered 14. After spending a year on the coast she set sail from Cape St. Roque, intending to call at the Cape Verd islands. About midway between the island of St, Paul and the Verds the craft encountered bad weather. About 9 o'clock one evening, according to the story, they were run into by an unknown ship, which struck the brig on the starboard bow and carried away her headgear. Four of the crew of the Trompf, as the brig was called, scrambled on board the stranger during the moment of contact, and she disappeared in the darkness to be heard of no more.

The unknown craft turned out to be an English bark homeward bound from the Hottentot coast. She had been badly damaged in a squall and was practically helpless when the collision occurred. Those left on board the Trompf supposed she would soon go down and were in a panic to get the boats out. It did not occur to them that the cargo of the brig, which was mostly dye woods, would prevent her from sinking, nor could any one remember that the carpenter even sounded the well to see if the hull had received injury. There was a rush to get off, and the only good seamanship exhibited was in getting away in the boats with a heavy sea running. Everybody supposed that Mrs. Drave had taken her place in one of the boats, but as a matter of fact she was asleep in the cabin at the time of the collision and was not awakened by it. No one went down to arouse her, and she was still asleep when the boats put off. It was queer enough, but almost every week you read of mothers rushing out of a burning house without thought of their children, or of wives and husbands forgetting each other in the fright of an accident. Drave was in the captain's boat, and he thought his wife in the other, commanded by the mate, and the real truth was not known until next morning. They were then picked up by a steamer and landed at Fogo island, one of the Verds. I was there at the time and heard the story from their own lips.

After having had time to recover their equanimity and compare notes the Austrians came to the conclusion that their brig was still afloat. If staved in she would waterlog, but even then might drive for a year before wind and current set her ashore. They were thoroughly ashamed of their action in deserting the craft and the woman, and it was decided to charter a craft and go in search of the derelict. An American barkentine named the James R Ross had just come up from the African coast in ballast, and she was engaged for the search. It was believed that the brig, if found, could be sailed into port, and we had a double crew aboard as we left Fogo. Sixteen days had now elapsed, and there were other circumstances to bother us as well. There had been two or three heavy gales, with the winds shifting about to every quarter, and there was a good deal of guesswork as to the position of the brig when she was abandoned. She was scudding when struck. She certainly lost her bowsprit, but the crew was divided as to whether the foremast went over the side or not. She had certainly broached to when the boats were lowered, and while one claimed that the wheel was lashed another denied it. One said the maintopmast fell, while another was sure it was all right.

The brig was too far to the west to be affected by the coast current, and we must look for her in midocean and in the broadest part of the north Atlantic. As near as we could figure she would drift to the northwest, and between the Verds and the American coast there is but one little spec of land—the Bermudas. Seen on an ocean chart, it is but a grain of sand lost on a great prairie. If there were many drawbacks, there were also a few consoling features. The brig was well built and almost new. She had plenty of water and provisions aboard. No matter how she drifted she would be in the track of commerce, and Mrs. Drave was described as a woman who had traveled about a great deal and would know enough to fly a signal of distress by day or burn a flare at night if a craft was in sight. We first ran to the south 420 miles and then stood to the northwest for about 500. A lookout was kept at the masthead from daylight till dark, and at night we lay to and drifted, and now and then sent up a rocket or burned a flare. We next ran to the north 350 miles, to the west 100 and then to the south 450. During this time we spoke to seven different vessels, but none of them had sighted the derelict. Most of us have an idea that the crew of a vessel at sea maintain something of a lookout for wrecks. An incident that occurred on our run to the south will prove how erroneous this impression is. One day at noon while we were driving along at 10 knots an hour our lookout sighted a whaleboat with five men in it, and we altered our course by two points to pick them up. It was the mate of an English whaler, who had struck a whale and been towed out of sight of his ship. A gale came on, and he had to run before it, and the men had been afloat five days when we sighted them. They had sighted as many as 12 different sails and had been within two miles of three different crafts without being seen. But for our having a man aloft to look for the brig we should have passed them by.

Having gone as far south as deemed wise, we now ran 50 miles to the east and then headed north. This was to make a search within the limits of the first. This time we ran to the north to the latitude of the Azores, and on the way we spoke 12 different vessels. From one of them—an English merchantman—we got what we hoped would prove a clew. He reported having sighted a brig three days before which was apparently in trouble, though she had no signal of distress set. As a matter of fact he sighted the Trompf, and as a matter of fact she had a signal flying. He simply didn't want to see it, knowing that investigation meant detention. He had made a run of 248 miles since sighting the brig, and getting the latitude and longitude we changed our course to the southwest. Before running the distance we spoke four vessels, but none of them had seen the derelict. From Greenland on the north to Cape St. Roque on the south there were hundreds of craft crossing and recrossing the Atlantic, but that derelict brig seemed to dodge them all. Having run our course to the southwest, we figured on the direction of her drift and bore up for the northwest, with our bowsprit pointing for the banks of Newfoundland. We had run about a hundred miles when we spoke the Belle of Halifax, a brig bound for Liberia. Her captain reported that on the night previous just before midnight he had passed a brig drifting off before the wind. Her jibboom and bowsprit and foretop mast were dragging in the water at her bow, and he believed her to be abandoned.

You will ask why an investigation was not made? In spite of all you may have read and heard, it was none of the captain's business to investigate. He could not have spared men enough to sail her into port if he found her worth saving, and he was sailing close hauled and did not want to lose the time. To pick up a shipwrecked crew at sea means to crowd the cabin and deckhouse of the rescuer. In a sailing craft it may mean a shortage of provisions and water. To lose half a day of fair wind at sea may lengthen a voyage by a week. Owners of vessels count hours and ships' biscuit. In this case not even a shout was raised to see if it would bring an answer. The captain satisfied his conscience and saved an hour's time by quietly making up his mind that the wreck was abandoned. He had run about 90 miles since sighting the brig, and as the wind had held steadily she must have drifted from 15 to 20. It took us 12 hours to gain the point we sought, and then the lookout reported a clear sea. After breakfast we stood to the west for 10 miles, then to the north for 15, thence to the east for 12, thence to the south for 20. It was now within an hour of sunset, and the breeze was dying fast. At the captain's request I went aloft for a good look around, and I had scarcely leveled the glass toward the west when I perceived the derelict about eight miles away. She was right in the sheen of the sun, or she would have been seen by the lookout. We squared away for her, but when within two miles the breeze failed us completely. I was then ordered off to her in a boat in which were the husband, Captain Trompf and four sailors. Just as we set off from the barkentine it was reported that Mrs. Drave could be seen waving a signal from the derelict. While we were yet half a mile away her husband hailed her and received a reply, and as we reached the brig's side she looked down upon us and said:

"Why, Gustave, I have been real worried about you and the others!"

If the above observation doesn't give you a fair idea of the woman, I may add that she slept the night through on the night of the collision, and the first she knew of anything out of the way was when she went on deck in the morning. Instead of fainting away she prepared breakfast for herself and ate it with her usual good appetite. She saw the boats were gone, and there were evidences of the panic which had seized the crew. She had often seen the carpenter sound the well, and after breakfast she got out the rod and satisfied herself that the brig was right and tight. She cleared away the wreckage on the bow by heaving it overboard, and as the brig had no sail on this brought her head to the wind and kept it there. Mrs. Drave knew that the brig was bearing up for the Verds when the accident happened. She believed that the boats would be picked up or reach the islands, and she was sure that a craft would be sent out in search. Within an hour she set a signal of distress, and it was never hauled down in all those weeks. The average woman would have gone mad in such a situation, but Mrs. Drave rather enjoyed it. She put in most of her time preparing specimens which had been packed away to wait for their return home, and the cabin looked like the workshop of a busy taxidermist. She had also kept a daily journal, which was very interesting reading. During her drift there had been five tempests of more or less severity. She had watched the compass and correctly recorded the drift from day to day.

On the fourteenth day, as recorded in the journal, or rather on the evening of that day, Mrs. Drave witnessed a strange thing. It was almost a dead calm on the surface, but a light air was stirring aloft to act on masts and yards and rigging and drift the brig slowly westward. About 9 o'clock she heard voices and soon discovered a raft about a cable's length away on the port quarter. Making use of the night glass, she counted seven men and two women on the raft, and she at once lighted a lantern and showed it over the side and hailed them. They set up a great shouting in reply, but she could not understand the language. That most or all of the men were sailors she was certain. The raft had been made alongside of some ship, but had neither mast nor oars. The men gesticulated and shouted, and the women held out their hands pleadingly. Mrs. Drave believed them to be Russians, and from their forlorn appearance she thought they must have been adrift several days. They kept calling and beseeching, but she was helpless to aid them, and as the brig drifted faster than the raft she finally lost sight of them. She at first wondered why some of the men did not swim off to the brig, but presently noticed the presence of several great sharks between the vessel and the float. The men doubtless saw them and knew that it would be certain death to attempt the passage. Who the poor shipwrecked people were has never been reported to my knowledge.

As to the damage received by the brig, we had repairs made in half a day. Her cargo was all right, and two hours at the pumps freed her of bilge water. Her crew was put aboard, and she followed us back to the islands, no one the worse for the adventure, though I believe that Mr. Drave and Captain Trompf were several thousand dollars out of pocket. As one got his vessel and the other his wife back, there was no complaining, however. When the brig left for home, Mrs. Drave, in bidding us goodbye, quietly added:

"Next time I shall have my knitting work along, and then I shall be quite content. That was the only thing I was lonesome for."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Only those commanding corps and divisions have posts from which to survey a battlefield while the fight is on. If the fighting is furious all along the line, even the general in command may not be able to take in over half a mile of front. One may have been in a dozen battles without witnessing more than the manœuvers of a brigade. Battles usually end in withdrawal and pursuit. In either case nearly all the troops on both sides are set in motion, and so men who have been fighting all day march away and see only the dead and wounded in their front. But very few wounded are brought in by night, and the dead can wait for the sun to rise. To move about on the field at night is to take your life in your hand. There are ghouls robbing the dead who will fire upon you, and there are wounded men who will treat you as a foe. There are riderless horses galloping about, while others, maddened with the pain of wounds, will rush at you open mouthed from the darkness.

It is when morning comes again that those left behind to bring in the wounded, bury the dead and collect the equipments scattered over miles of ground perhaps can see and fully realize how fierce and deadly the fighting was. The dead are not all on the battle lines. Here, where the reserves were posted, a mile in the rear, are the first of them. They are lying in heaps, and in nearly every case the face is covered by poncho or blanket. Down this front of a mile in length we find a dead man here and there as we advance, sometimes two or three together, but there are no wounded. They were removed under fire. Half a mile in rear of the battle line we come upon the first of the men killed by the musket fire. They were not really under fire, but acting as supports, and yet the ranks lost heavily.

It is curious to note the positions of the dead where the bodies have not been interfered with. Nine out of ten are lying broad on their backs with arms outstretched. Their feet are pointed all around the compass, but more of them lie with their heads to the east than in any other direction. The men shot in the head are lying at full length; those below the neck have one leg drawn up, and their fingers are clinched. There is not on any face what you would call a look of pain or anguish, and neither do you find smiles nor placidity. Look into the faces of 100 men killed in battle, and you will find the same general expression, whether old or young. It is a look of surprise and fear. This look rests on the faces of men killed in their tracks, as it were. The mortally wounded man may turn on his side to die, and you may find him with a smile on his face. He has had time to breathe a prayer; to think of wife and children and home; to realize that his hour has come.

The battle line runs across a highway, over an old cotton field, across a meadow and into the woods. The men made breastworks of rails and dirt. At one spot they had the cover of a stone wall, at another the banks of a winding creek. Here was a brigade without the slightest cover, rushed in to hold a gap in the line. The dead and wounded lie just as they fell—five dead to one wounded. The enemy used grape and canister from a battery planted on that ridge, and the missiles did terrible execution Here along the breastworks the troops were lying down and fired from that position. Nearly every dead man still rests at full length on his stomach, though their faces seem half buried in the grass. Many of the muskets still rest across the breastworks. Here for 300 feet we cannot find a wounded man. Most of the dead were struck in the face or throat.

With his back to the wall sits a dead man who probably lived an hour or two after he was hit. His knees are drawn up for a rest for his arms, and his head is thus supported. Next on his left is a captain lying on his back, with his outstretched right arm still holding the sword, and that sword rests across the body of another dead man. The officer was struck fairly between the eyes by the bullet. His lips are parted, as if shouting a command when death came. We hesitate for a moment and then step over the breastworks and advance to the creek. At this spot it was midway between the combatants. Night before last friend and foe filled their canteens here, sometimes elbow to elbow, but purposely ignoring each other's presence. Here is the horror of the battlefield. We knew it would be so, but were impelled to come.

The banks of the creek are nowhere less than 2 feet high; in some places they are 5 or 6. The bed of the stream is 6 or 8 feet wide, but the flow of the water only half that and from 6 inches to a foot deep. On a front of half a mile all the wounded on both sides who could creep or pull themselves along inch by inch made for this creek as the fighting ceased. They reached the banks and flung themselves down They fill the bed from bank to bank, lying three, four or five deep. Here and there may be a living man, but 19 out of 20 perished last night. They fought each other for the water, but only the first comers quenched their thirst. Before they could move away they were caught in the crush. It is a great trench, with its dead ready for the dirt to hide them, and the waters of the creek have been dammed back until they are seeking a new outlet through the cotton field. Help arrives, and we walk slowly along the bank to look for wounded men. We find and extricate about 2 , none of whom will perhaps live the day out. All others are dead—shot, crushed, drowned—almost a thousand by the returns of the burial party. It is almost night before the creek flows on in its old bed again, but even our thirsty horses will not drink of the waters running red. They sniff at it and turn away with wild eyes and snorts of alarm.

M. QUAD.

STAMINAL

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Beef and Wheat with Hypophosphites.

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