

Death on the Plains.

How many people know that every year eight or ten men in the United States die of thirst? And who could imagine that this happens in southern California, to which thousands go every summer from the North and East to be cool and comfortable? Yet it does happen there, because the main chain of the mountains cuts the land into two parts as diverse in nature as any two parts of the world.

Cutting off the rainfall of the western slope, it makes of the great basins on the east two deserts of terrific heat and dryness, in which the air often contains less than three per cent of the moisture it could hold at that temperature. In the portions near the level of the sea the mercury often rises to over one hundred and twenty-five degrees in the best shade obtainable, and ten degrees more than that have been commonly recorded.

Deaths upon these deserts, the Mohave and the Colorado, have been so common ever since the settlement of the state that they long since ceased to excite comment. Yet no one seems to know whether there is much suffering connected with such death or what the nature of it may be. For no one who has seen another die of thirst has ever returned to tell of it. In most cases lost parties are not missed for so long a time that the light soil, shifting under the wind, has obliterated the last trace of their wanderings, and searching parties have rarely done more than find the remains, and have often failed even in that.

A whole half-century has given us but one trustworthy record of the sufferings of such a party. This is a story of the Breedloves, who were lost a few years ago on the Colorado desert some eighty miles west of Yuma. They had with them a young man of wealth from the east, whose friends quickly sent out a searching party that found their trail before any wind had blown across it. The whole story was written on the fine, dry, dusty soil as plainly as any printed diary could have given it.

I knew the Breedloves, father and son, and both were strong and hardy men. Young Fish their companion, was in the prime of life and strength, and nothing but thirst overcame any of them. The elder Breedlove knew that part of the desert so well, and was so confident of his ability to go straight to the watering places, that he took but one barrel of water. The outfit was all right in other respects, Breedloves even taking the precaution to have an extra mule besides the two fine, tough mules that drew the wagon.

The trail of the party was found near the Laguna some ten miles from the base of the Cocopah mountain. It was plain that they had expected to find water in the Laguna. It was equally plain that they had failed to find water enough the night before, for everything indicated trepidation and alarm. The harness had been slung helter-skelter, and the men had mounted the mule and started for the Cocopah mountain, at the base of which was a spring that induced Breedlove to go ahead that morning instead of returning to the last water they had left.

After about a mile the steps of the mules had begun to drag; their footprints lay closer together. A little farther on the men had dismounted and led the animals. Then after a while they had tried to drive them instead of leading, but the mules had wandered here and there to the sides, and had tried to turn back.

Suddenly the tracks of the three men went on without the mules, and it was plain they had abandoned the animals without even stopping to take off the saddles. This showed desperate suffering, for if the mules had had strength enough to be of any further use in taking the party out of the desert, they could never again have been captured; and it would have been impossible for the men to carry the water and provisions necessary if they were to get out on foot.

At about half a mile beyond this point the steps of one of the men had begun to drag, and in about three miles from the wagon Fish had evidently lain down to wait for the others to bring him water from the mountain. What must have been his condition when, without even a stone for a pillow or the smallest spear of grass or brush to interrupt the blissing sunshine, he lay down for relief on ground even hotter than the air! When the searching party came, there he still lay, on his back with hat over his eyes, but with no sign of past struggling, and dried almost to a mummy. And what must have been the condition of the other two! They had gone on without stopping even to look back, for the ground around young Fish showed no tracks but his own.

In some two miles more the tracks of another began to show signs of weakening. The steps became shorter and shorter, with one foot hardly lifted clear of the ground as it dragged along little more than the usual distance. And about three miles from the body of Fish and younger Breedlove was found, where he, too, had lain down to await the return of his father from the spring. Imagine, if you can, the condition of the father, for the tracks showed that he had passed on without even turning to look back to see what was the matter with his only son.

Nearly four miles yet lay between the searching party and the rocky portals of the canon that contained the spring. Over half of this the tracks of the elder Breedlove led with steps comparatively steady although short. Was he nerved by the thought that on his reaching that water depended the lives of them all, that years might roll past before a living soul came that way, and there was now no mortal help within eighty miles?

Possibly so; but one who knew the desert so well must have known the little water he would be able to carry back in the canteen could do no more than revive the other two in case delirium had not overtaken them, and that if it had he never could take care of them alone, even if his own strength held out. And too well he must have known that all such care would be useless unless the mules were also taken care of, and two were gone he knew not where.

His steady step showed determination, but about a mile from the base of the mountain he had begun to stumble. There was no dragging of the feet as with the other two, but he seemed to stumble from his efforts to force his feet along.

About a quarter of a mile from the hill he had begun to fall, and the mark of the canteen on the ground showed that it had fallen from his hand. There he had risen without very much difficulty; but in less than a hundred yards had fallen again, and signs of his feet slipping began to appear, while the fine dust showed that he had fallen more than once in the effort to rise. Yet he had risen and gone on early another hundred yards and fallen again, then again struggled on, until at last he was found, face downward, in the midst of the tracks of a long series of desperate struggles to get up.

Incredible as it may seem,—for this must read like melodrama to one who knows nothing of these vast, lonely plains blazing with terrific heat,—he was only two hundred yards from the water that he knew must be there. At the water lay the body of one of the mules, with the strong girth of the Mexican saddle burst by the swelling of the body. It must have died right there from overdrinking. Otherwise it would have wandered away in search of food after drinking. The other two mules were never found, and must have died far out upon the plain.

For if the night is passed without water, and the attempt made to make another day's journey without it, and the fiery sun strikes the party for a few hours, the chances are that the next camping-place will be like that of the Breedloves. A good rover of the desert will return and give up the trip rather than risk it.

Many a man has wandered away from a well-equipped party and been rescued before it was too late. From these it has been learned that delirium may set in within four hours after drinking a quart of water, swelling of the tongue beginning sooner than that. From this it is probable that there is little or no suffering after the victim lies down, although death may not occur for two or three days.

All this was the result of overconfidence, for a trip on the desert is perfectly safe for persons properly equipped, and it is even pleasant to a stranger, since it abounds in many and varied charms of landscape. Another barrel of water would have made the Breedlove party safe. If traveling on the desert, you reach a place at night, expecting to find water and do not find it, the only safety is in turning back that very night and returning to the last water, unless you have enough on hand to last two days.

From the fact that men trained to it, like the desert Indians, who drink very little water and are never lost, can go at least two days without danger, and one whole day without inconvenience, it is plain that there are two kinds of thirst—mouth thirst and blood thirst.

Mouth thirst is a mere habit that grows with indulgence. It represents no necessity, such as is indicated when the blood gets short of the water required to do its work for a long time, and unless one is working very hard one need drink no more than at home in winter. But one used to drinking a great quantity is afflicted, on account of this mouth thirst, with horrible chills of alarm, when he finds himself far away from water and badly in need of it. His tongue soon begins to swell, and although death from blood thirst is

still far away, he will go crazy and be lost if not quickly rescued. Had the Breedlove party, from the hour they began to get ready, stopped drinking everything except a very little at meal-times, they would all have reached the spring and had strength enough to take the mules there, too.

EARLY BOATING AT YALE.

Continued from Page Nine.

Augusta, Phantom, Atlanta, Norcid, Avon and Cymothoe were all famous boats in their day.

For a boathouse we contented ourselves until 1863 with a barn like structure which we had cajoled and threatened a citizen into building at the foot of Grand street, now Grand avenue. This structure was often separated from the water, owing to the receding of the tide, by a dozen or more feet of mud which had unmistakable relations with quicksand. We had often to drag our craft over sharp oyster beds and stones before launching her in the water.

Our murmurings bore fruit in '63 when by stupendous financial effort we managed to scrape enough money together to build a boathouse of our own, and in that year we opened the palatial structure near Tomlinson's Bridge, on the north side of the causeway. This boathouse was then considered a model of its kind. There were huge trapdoors in the floor through which the boats were raised from or lowered to, the water by an ingenious arrangement of ropes and pulleys, iron books and cradles, devised, we understood, in a moment of professional zeal by the engineers.

But this plan was soon discarded for low water made it impractical, and high water dangerous, and the tackle in spite of lectures on its use by the engineers, was constantly getting out of order. We closed the trapdoors and built a floating platform with a gangway to the boathouse floor, which served our purpose very well, and is used today by the Yale boathouse.

It was then as now the unwritten law at college that the freshmen should be left whenever possible, and it was the privilege of the upper classmen to get out of the boat-house before the tide went out, or back to it before the place was left high and dry on the bank. There were a good many exciting times, because of this. In the old days of Riker's it was customary for each crew to take the best boat it could find, so that the crews left the wharf in a descending scale of luxury until the freshmen brought up the rear of the oldest and leakiest boats. Often, too, the freshmen had to wait till the upper classmen were out, and so had to wade through the mud to the water's edge.

We had a rough and ready sort of preparation in those days, quite unlike the careful and systematic training now of the 'Varsity crews. We were forbidden to use tobacco or intoxicating liquors during the months we were nominally in training, but we were allowed to use malt liquors in moderation. Generally after a long afternoon's row in warm weather we retired for a space to old Moriarty's on Wooster St. where we regaled ourselves on the cool beverages he provided. Mory's was, I believe discovered by these same oarsmen at about that time, and for years his old English ale was famous with Yale oarsmen until the general college public became aware of it and appropriated the establishment.

Our physical training was on the whole crude. Instead of running in a body at stated hours as the crew does now, we took our exercise individually, each man doing as he chose. Most of us were in the habit of rising early, eating a cracker or two for the stomach's sake, and then running two or three miles before breakfast. We took our practice spins between recitations and this diurnal routine seasoned us thoroughly though it often caused flunks at noon recitations.

We had no couch and the six—they call it the eight now—chose itself by a sort of survival of the fittest among its members. The way we had of deciding who should get the places was novel and often exciting. Any member of the club might challenge any other member who was on one of the crews. Before the assembled club the challenged and challenger stripped and got into the same barge, each taking an opposite oar. At the word of command both men jabbed their oars into the water and pulled, and the man who could pull the other around first won the seat. Frequently an aspirant would challenge the whole six, one after the other, till he found a man whom he could pull around, and then would take his seat.

Our summer and fall races were the semi-annual events with aquatic Yale. All the clubs entered their shells, barges and gigs, manned with their best oarsmen. Early on Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, when these events came off, there was a rally at the Grand street boathouse,

and the various crews emerged in a procession and rowed up stream, coming out just above the present boathouse, and thence beneath the barn like Tomlinson bridge, past the steamboat dock, and arriving at the starting place opposite East Water street near the foot of Chestnut.

The Commodore's barge from which the races were started was placed a few rods off from the sea wall of Water street. Here the scene was gay enough. Racing shells slipped smoothly over the sparkling blue waters, and the drill crews in their heavy barges moved very deliberately to and fro.

Catboats of Brook's and Thatcher's, sharpies of the genuine Fair Haven type, little, cranky, round-bottomed rowboats with row locks, and plebeian skiffs with wooden thole pins were on hand with full complements of interested spectators. Most of the sightseers, of course, were on shore, and they strolled in clusters on Water street from Brook's and Thatcher's boat houses eastward to the low rambling structure called Seaview Cottage, and the big, white Pavilion, once a hostelry of renown.

On the waterfront just opposite the starting point, there was T-shaped enclosure, covered with fine turf and fenced in, which on race days was opened to the spectators of the races. It was then a rosebud garden of girls, who with their inevitable escorts, could thus watch the races from an admirable point of vantage.

When the races finally began there was enough excitement for the most ardent devotee of the sport.

The course was commonly reported to be three miles, but was probably from a fifth to a fourth of a mile short. It consisted of a row down the harbor, passing the end of Long Wharf closely, to the beach buoy and return. There was not much style about the rowing of these old time crews, but an abundance of determination and enthusiasm.

The stroke was apt to be quite fast sometimes it ran sixty to the minute, and of the get there some how order. Sliding seats were unknown, and spoon oars were confined to the shell crews and were even then quite short. Splashing or crab catching were infrequent; sometimes when the water beyond the peer was lumpy a racing shell would be swamped, and the luckless oarsmen would await rescue patiently, clinging the while to the submerged craft.

As in these days processions were often seen instead of races, but often also the contests were interestingly close. An attractive feature of the afternoons program was the prize drill, the participants being barge crews from the various clubs. One by one the competing crews showed their skill at giving way, backing, peaking oars, letting fall, &c., at the word of command until the victor was decided upon.

By the time the races were over, especially in the fall, it usually happened that it was late in the evening. Then occurred a helter skelter rush of the boats in an endeavor to reach the Grand street boat house before dark. As the tide had been ebbing for some time it required strong tugging at the oars, particularly in the case of a heavy barge to drive the boat under Tomlinson's bridge against the current. Then came the baps and mishaps of hazardous navigation up the winding creek while the dusk was increasing and the depth of water decreasing, to the Grand street resting place. List of all came the freshmen in their worn out and dilapidated tubs. They had a dismal time of it, stumbling over the mud to the boathouse with their belated craft, when with great muscular outlay they had lifted the water logged affairs from the fast falling stream.

For several years the leading clubs of Yale, Glynn and Varuna contended strenuously for the champion flag. The latter scored more victories, but was occasionally compelled to resign the coveted rag to the former. A few years later a new organization of the navy came in and the old clubs passed away, but they will always linger in the aquatic annals of Yale as picturesque features of her history.

Comb It Away.

That headache of yours; that dandruff of yours. Save your hair and be happy by using Dr. White's Electric Comb. The only Patented comb in the world. Agents wanted. Sells on sight. Ladies size, 60c; men's size 40c, fine 35c. (U. S. stamps accepted.) D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

BORN.

Halifax, May 17, to Gen. W. Atkins, a daughter. Halifax, May 16, to Edward Lowe, a daughter. Halifax, June 5, to the wife of N. Little, a daughter. Hunts, May 31, to the wife of John Cochran, a son. Cumberland, June 4, to the wife of Albert Page, a son. Amherst, June 2, to the wife of Cassimer Burke, a son. Amherst, June 2, to the wife of William Morris, a son. Digby, May 21, to the wife of Capt. J. E. Roper, a son.

Louisburg, May 14, to the wife of D. J. McInnis, a son. Springfield, May 28, to the wife of R. W. McInnis, a son. Digby, June 4, to the wife of William Titus, a daughter. Digby, June 4, to the wife of Charles Thompson, a daughter. Aberg, June 4, to the wife of John Pelloran, a daughter. Truemanville, May 27, to the wife of Howard Baxter, a son. Digby, June 5, to the wife of W. H. Horstall, a daughter. Moncton, June 9th, to the wife of J. G. Wran, a daughter. Guysboro, May 18, to the wife of John Brown, a daughter. Halifax, May 23, to the wife of George Parks, a daughter. Bristol, Queens, June 1, to the wife of John Dexter, a son. Halifax, May 23, to the wife of Frank C. Simson, a daughter. Halifax, Victoria Road, to the wife of C. K. Crowell, a son. North Sydney, April 25, to the wife of Alex. LeBlance, a son. Kensington, on the 31st ult, to the wife of H. R. Moore, a son. Halifax, June 8, to the wife of Robert, jr. and Annie Foley's son. Leitch's Creek, C. B. June 4, to the wife of Daniel Debonson, a daughter. Halifax, June 5, to the wife of Capt. A. B. Garney, 3rd Batt. R. C. R., a daughter. Annapolis, Montserrat, May 24, to the wife of Charles D. McLeod, a daughter—North Sydney papers.

MARRIED.

Chicopee, May 27, John Talbot to Laura Kirby. New Glasgow, George Cox, to Isabelle Ross. Truro, June 4, Frank Stoddard to Sarah Thomas. Kings Co., June 5, John Long to Annie Jenkins. Yarmouth, June 5, Lenore Wymant to Frank Liddle. Nashvauk, June 5, James B. Manser to Doris Pond. Truro, June 4, John E. LeGrue, to Katie L. Barrett. Digby, June 5, Hartley McKnight, to Ida Sanister. Halifax, June 5, George Deat, to Margaret Lewin. Pictou, May 8, Fraser McTatt, to Sarah McCollum. Pictou, June 4, John David Swan, to Kate Johnson. York Co., June 5, Robbie Winters, to Margaret Hood. Hebron, June 5, Benjamin F. Frank to Nettie M. Brown. Charlottetown, June 5, Joseph Kennedy, to Annie Elgers. Windsor, June 5, Monson Pemberton, to Nita May Kelley. Newcastlle, June 5, Burton Somers, to Mrs. Effie J. Russell. Salisbury, June 4, Nelson E. Bleakney, to Minnie Thomas. Halifax, June 5, Thomas Blanty, to Cecelia Graham. Salisbury, May 26, Fred E. Killam, to Ida C. Cochran. Charlottetown, Mass., June 5, James A. Jenkins, to Eva Tobin. Aburshale, Mass., June 6, J. D. Spencer, to Mrs. E. J. Miller. Newcastle, N. B., June 3, R. T. D. Aitken, to Jean Thompson. Halifax, June 4, William Thompson to Lizzie Landersford. Fredericton, June 5, John P. DeLong to Jennie McDonald. Charlottetown, June 8, William Strickland, to Miss Francis Fiske. Point du Bute, N. B., June 5, Dr. McCready, to Agnes Carter. Windham, N. H., May 31, Richard Goodwin, to Bertha Douglas.

DIED.

Halifax, Ellen McGowan, 18. Dartmouth, Wm Brandis, 42. Truro, June 4, David C. Blair, 35. Goose River, June 1, Jas. Lee, 27. Colchester, May 28, Frank Hill, 2. Amherst, June 3, Mrs. Cummings. Yarmouth, June 3, Mrs. Allen, 60. Amherst, June 5, Sarah Gould, 20. Boston, June 4, Mrs. Ellen Lynch. Sand Beach, June 3, Mrs. Allen, 60. Springfield, June 1, Kate Follett, 8. Digby, May 31, Simon Cornwall, 85. Halifax, June 4, Jas. S. Jackson, 63. Lunenburg, May 7, Mrs. J. Foster, 25. Shelburne, May 20, Abial Hagar, 68. St. John, June 9, Marjorie Maber, 86. Yarmouth, June 5, George Lewis, 34. Liverpool, May 27, Perry Wynacht, 3. Halifax, June 10, Joseph Murridge, 70. Ross, June 27, Norman Mackenzie, 75. Hampton, June 14, Neil Macdonald, 59. Liverpool, May 27, Perry Wynacht, 3. Yarmouth, June 5, George C. Lewis, 34. St. John, June 12th, Mr. John Dunlop. Sydney, June 2, John E. Hamilton, 33. Halifax, June 9, Mrs. E. M. Warner, 57. North Sydney, June 3, Mabel Kelly, 14. Springfield, May 28, James A. Harvey, 1. Springfield, June 3, Agnes McLeod, 37. Cherry Valley, Francis J. Delahanty, 21. Grimshy, Oct. 27, Mrs. Woolverton. Shelburne, May 11, William Goodwin, 72. Pictou, May 24, Mrs. Theodora Hume, 55. Charlottetown, June 4, Mrs. Mary Farmer, 80. Marshalltown, June 5, Charles Arker aged 93.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, trains will run daily (MONDAY excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Suburban Express for Hampton, 8:30. Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00. Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou, 11:00. Express for Sussex, 11:30. Suburban Express for Hampton, 17:45. Express for Quebec and Montreal, 19:35. Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney, 22:45. Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene, 23:00.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Express from Halifax and Sydney, 8:00. Suburban Express for Hampton, 7:15. Express from Sussex, 8:35. Express from Montreal and Quebec, 11:40. Express from Halifax and Pictou, 17:00. Express from Halifax, 18:35. Suburban Express from Hampton, 21:45. Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton, 24:15. *Daily, except Monday. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Macton, N. B., June 6, 1901. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.