

THE GHOULS OF THE SEA COAST

Heartless Ones Who by Night Steal Valuables From the Dead.

London, Jan. 6.—Battled and the scenes of great disasters, such as earthquakes, do not hold a prerogative as regards men who rifle the dead for booty. The sea coast, as in the days of the wreckers, when ships were lured on to rocks by malice prepense, has its ghouls also. The case was reported recently in an English paper of a young Deal tradesman who fell overboard while fishing and was drowned. He was then wearing, with other rings, an overcoat, an undercoat, and some personal jewelry. When the body was recovered, both coats and jewelry were missing.

Inquiries at Scotland, where the number of mysterious deaths from drowning every year is a large one, show that some very suspicious cases of the rifled property occur. There was one not very long ago where a well-dressed woman was found in the basin of the disused water-chute by pier. She was known to have been wearing a number of valuable things before her mysterious disappearance, but the rings were missing when the body came to be removed to the mortuary, and through inquiries were set on foot by the police no trace of them could be found. There was another case a year or two ago of a drowned man, who was found dead on the beach at Westcliff. Not many hours before he left his boarding house he was wearing, among other things, a gold watch and chain. All his pockets had been emptied of their valuables, however, when the "official" searching took place.

"Southend, with its open cliffs and with the many shelters that dot the promenade both to the east and the west of the pier," said a prominent resident of the Old Town, Southend, "offers at night a refuge for loafers. Especially is this so in the summer. They may be seen at all hours of the night searching the shore, and there is little doubt that the discovery of a body is attended by the rifling of the pockets, and the body is then left, afterwards to be discovered by a constable, or a waterman, who promptly informs the police."

The Thames, too, has its tankside robbers. "A body a day," so riverside dwellers say, is the death roll of the Thames. Of these, the police admit, a large proportion are found with empty pockets, while others are partially dressed in clothing. Allowances, of course, must be made for cases in which the lack of money is the cause of suicide, but a certain number of ruthless characters still haunt the river, and robbing the dead is a comparatively slight offense compared to some offenses they are prepared to commit.

"Yes," said the river policeman, "we often find bodies in their shirt-sleeves, and with no money in their pockets. Still, a man in his struggles in the water may divest himself of his coat in an attempt to swim ashore. No doubt, however, that those robbers are committed sometimes. The reward for reporting a dead body is 5s. but a gold watch and chain and a new overcoat may frequently lead to a robbery instead of a reward."

"Still, I have often seen bodies searched at the mortuary with valuable rings on them, and with sovereigns in the pockets. Bodies are mostly found in the day, when a search would be noticed by people in other boats. Still it is extraordinary how many are found with empty pockets."

MORE MEN KILL THEMSELVES NOW

The Males Lead in Suicide—Crimes Show Increase in 1906.

Chicago, Jan. 5.—For the student of law and order, and for him who contends that the people of the United States are growing better, there is not much comfort in the statistics for 1906 on local hangings, lynchings, homicides, and embezzlements. The number of legal hangings was 123, and kindred crimes.

The number of legal hangings was 123, and kindred crimes. The figures indicate little as to the sum total of the commission of crime compared with other years. To this the homicides give a better clue. Of these there were 9,350 as compared with 9,212 in 1905. There was a marked increase in the number of murders, and in the amount of money involved in embezzlements, the thefts from banks alone totaling over \$10,000,000.

It was remarked last year that "the startling feature of the crime record is the increase of murders committed by highwaymen, burglars, holdup men and that class of criminals." This feature is even more apparent in 1906, for the number of murders to be credited to them is 665, as compared with 582 in 1905, 464 in 1904, 406 in 1903, 333 in 1902, and 103 in 1901. The number of double murders is larger, amounting to 230, and 19 of the murderers were women. The number of triple murders was 96, and 3 of the murderers were women. There were 44 quadruple murders, 30 cases where 5 were killed, 2 where 7 were killed, 1 where 10 were killed, and the race riots of Atlanta and Seaboard, Miss., caused the deaths of 24.

The number of suicides for 1906 is 10,125, which exceeds the homicide record. The proportion of suicides as between men and women has increased, for as many men have committed suicide as women, but last year there were nearly three times as many men, the record showing 7,362 men and 2,363 women.

PAINS LIKE THE POOR ARE ALWAYS WITH US.—That portion of man's life which is not made up of pleasure is largely composed of pain, and to be free from pain is a pleasure. Simple remedies are aware of the fact, and a safe, sure and simple remedy is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. You cannot do wrong in giving it a trial when required.

FORCE MARQUIS' BRIDAL CAR

Honeymoon Coach of Millionaire's Son-in-Law Barred All Passengers From Diner.

Savannah, Ga., Jan. 6.—Henri Lafinur, valet to Marquis de Andigne, who is on his honeymoon with his bride, who was Miss Madeline Goddard, of Providence, had a very unhappy experience on the Atlantic Coast Line train while passing through Virginia yesterday. A party of passengers headed by George B. Elliott, assistant general counsel of the Coast Line, gave Lafinur a black and a cut cheek because he and his master refused to let them go through the private car of the marquis to reach the dining car. The marquis had given orders that his car was to be locked and no one permitted to pass through it.

The passengers ahead were famishing and Mr. Elliott started on a hunt for relief. Finding the door to the private car locked he started to break the glass. Lafinur unlocked the door. "Get out of here," he said, "not for passengers," he said.

"Well, we want our dinner, and we're going through," said Mr. Elliott. "No, no," shouted the valet. "We're not for passengers," he said. "The marquis is not for passengers," he said. "The ladies back here are hungry."

"That doesn't make any difference; he doesn't own this road and we're Americans," answered Mr. Elliott. "The ladies back here are hungry." "Get make no difference to me," said Henri, struggling his shoulders. "Henri, throw your weight against the door. It opened, and when it was wide open Henri was between it and the side of the car.

"Come ahead," said Mr. Elliott, speaking to those on the platform. "Tell everybody that the way to the diner's open."

As the valet saw the crowd coming he let go a vicious uppercut, but Mr. Elliott countered and Henri's head went back against the mahogany panel. A piece of carved woodwork cut his cheek and the blow gave him a black eye. Henri also began to use language that Mr. Elliott didn't like, so he shut off Henri's wind for a few minutes. When the last passenger who wanted to go to the diner had passed Mr. Elliott released his hold on Henri and went back and got dinner himself. The marquis' car was open for the rest of the trip.

ANCESTOR WORSHIP TO CEASE

Thousands of Chinese in Singapore to Abandon Custom.

Singapore, Jan. 6.—The Chinese here to the number of 180,000 have resolved to discontinue the practice of public ancestor worship, including feasts and public processions, and to devote the money thus saved to education purposes. It is estimated that an annual sum of \$100,000 will thereby become available.

Ancestor worship is the most deeply seated religious rite in China. Every house has a shrine with ancestral tablets, and when a man dies his tablet is put upon the shrine.

In the spring and autumn there are two great festivals, in which the whole family gathers at the shrine to pay reverence to the dead.

The worship of ancestors is closely connected with the idea of filial piety, so strongly insisted upon by Confucius. A Chinaman believes firmly in his ancestors, and sacrifices to them.

New York, Jan. 5.—That a rat has a sixth sense, the sense of direction, is a discovery made by Professor John B. Watson, of the University of Chicago. It was announced by him in this city.

Professor Watson told of experiments on rats which led to the discovery. The professor took the eyes out of several rats, killed the sense of touch by freezing their feet, and in other ways established the fact that rats, deprived of their ordinary senses, still managed to go in the direction which would lead them to food.

At the beginning of his experiments, Dr. Watson placed several rats in a box. From the center of the box was a maze that led to freedom and food. For several days the rats were permitted to go back and forth over the path with all their senses retained. Then, gradually, Dr. Watson started to kill the animals' various senses.

The eyes were pried out, but the rats went through the maze in the direction of the food without difficulty. Blindness seemed to be absolutely no factor in the progress of the animals. Every time the rats were brought back to the box and released they managed to get out of the maze.

Professor Watson then removed the olfactory nerves from the rats and let them try to escape from the maze. To his amazement they escaped without the least effort. They followed the path to freedom as faithfully as if they retained eyesight and the sense of smell.

Professor Watson thought that the rats had possibly managed to get through the maze by the sense of touch, so he froze the feet of the little animals. But still the rats ran through the maze as easily as ever.

To make the test complete, Professor Watson covered the heads of the rats with colloidion. Despite this handicap, combined with the loss of eyes and sense of smell and touch, the rats managed to get away.

He advanced the theory that man himself is faithfully as if the rat possessed the sixth sense, the same as in lower animals.

MOSLEMS BELIEVE MAHDI IS ALIVE

The "Islamic Union" Is Stirring North Africa With Holy War Talk.

Alexandria, Egypt, Jan. 6.—Saleh El Khalidi, president and delegate of the central committee of the Islamic union, who has arrived here, reports that great excitement prevails throughout Barca, the Turkish province between Tripoli and Egypt, owing to news that the Mahdi, who was believed to have died four years ago, is still alive.

Khalidi shows a letter addressed to the Senoussi monasteries relating that the leader of the sect has been seen recently in the guise of a dervish in the neighborhood of Abesher, capital of Wadal. The letter sends a message of hope to the Senoussi, adding:

"The time is approaching when Moslems will be rid of the Christians." Members of the sect are firmly convinced that their chief is still alive and will soon start out at the head of a large army to reconquer Algeria, Tunis and Egypt.

The Mahdi referred to must not be confused with the famous Mahdi of messiahism, Mohammed Ahmed, who caused the great uprising throughout the Sudan in the early eighties, resulting in the massacre of Khartoum, and the death of "Chinese" Gordon. Periodically since the death of this man in 1885, there have been leaders in north Africa who proclaimed themselves the Mahdi. A few years ago the leader of the Senoussi, known as "the veiled prophet of the Sudan," was credited with grave designs on the Christians. He may be the Mahdi referred to by the above dispatch.

The Senoussi is a great religious order which has sometimes been described as the Moslem counterpart of the Jesuit order. Its members number some 9,000,000, scattered from China to Morocco, and are bound by vows of the most blind and absolute obedience to their leader. The rules of the order provide that no faith be kept with Christians, that the robbery and even slaying of the latter are pleasing to Allah, and that the slightest intercourse with the unbelievers is of a nature to defile the orthodox Moslem.

Barca, where a strong belief exists that a holy war is impending, has a population of only about 200,000, but these are hardy Moors, Arabs and Berbers, who like to fight. Walid, where the Mahdi is said to have been seen, is a Sudan state between the Egyptian province of Barca and the latter. It is nominally under French influence, but the Europeans have little actual influence there. The inhabitants are largely Negro Mohammedans, the Senoussi being very strong among them.

EARL'S USELESS CLASSICS

Darnley Advises Young People to Acquire Modern Languages and Science.

London, Jan. 5.—Earl Darnley, addressing a gathering of science and art pupils at Gravesend, criticised the stereotyped system of education of the English aristocratic class in the following confession:

"I place myself, before you as an example of deficiency in education. I went through the ordinary public school course and received a university education. I found myself at a disadvantage in the work of a lion. Some men are more than daring in their lion hunting, and I remember a rush but happily not victory. I have been a lion hunter. He waited in the moonlight on top of some railway water tanks for lions that were reported near. Three arrived. He accounted for two and wounded the third."

Then he descended to finish his work, but the lion was on him like a ring, and man and beast struggled for life for a minute and a half without sight of several terror-stricken natives. The hunter, finally managing to release his knife, dispatched his quarry. A very well known E. A. officer cultivated a hobby of keeping young lion cubs loose in his house. One day a bishop visited him, and as his reverence ascended the steps to the veranda two fair-sized cubs appeared round the corner, striking him. The bishop retreated and sent a letter to the gentleman complaining. The matter was brought before the then highest official in the land, who remarked to the gentleman who kept such unusual pets that he thought he was a lion hunter, and that the lion was chained up and the other could not.

It was in his big game shooting experiences in British East Africa, says the London Express, that led Lord Delamere four years ago to purchase a large estate of 100,000 acres and to devote his whole attention to the cultivation of land and the raising of stock. Though the equator line runs through the estate, it lies 7,000 feet above the sea level and enjoys abundant rainfall.

Already Lord Delamere has 1,000 acres under cultivation and he runs a fine model dairy, which is in every way a success. As regards his stock, he has crossed native cattle with selected Shorthorns, and it is curious to know that the hump of the native cat-tle disappears at the first cross. Lord Delamere has a herd of 17,000 head besides some 15,000 native sheep, a flock of sheep bred from Australian ewes, and a large stock of Berkshire and Yorkshire pigs.

Lady Delamere has made the ranch homelike with a beautiful flower garden. The railway from Mombasa forms one of the boundaries of the estate, and dairy, farm buildings and homesteads are connected by telephone. Mombasa, the port of British East Africa, is an up-to-date city, containing a first-class hotel, and from there one travels to Nairobi, by train, passing through a country alive with zebra, antelope, lion, rhinoceros, ostrich, jackal and elephant.

As soon as the coastal belt is passed the traveler arrives at a highland region, where the climate allows white men to live and flourish, and which is said to offer better prospects for farming than most of the regions of South Africa. Nairobi, the inland capital, is a busy town with some 10,000 inhabitants, containing shops, hotels and Government offices.

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The sportsman will find many things other than game to interest him, and not least among these will be the habits of the different tribes. Among the true lion stories one stands pre-eminent as showing the coolness and pluck of some of the British residents. Three residents of the town of Nairobi had gone for a few days' shooting on the farm belonging to one of them. Arriving at the farm and hearing from the head boy that a lion and lioness were in the vicinity, they decided to stay early next morning to try to get them.

The lion was secured that day, but his consort, having lost her mate, was more difficult to handle. The party proceeded for two days to ride down the lioness, and came up with her. One of the party was unfortunately about half a mile behind the others, his pony being rather tired. The lioness charged and the man fired, but missed. In an instant the great cat had her teeth and claws in his side and dragged him from his horse.

His friend dismounted and approached the lioness, but like a flash she turned, springing on him, tore away half his face and mauled his right arm and shoulder very badly. His friend in spite of his injured limb, crawled to the rescue, and with his rifle silenced the cat for once and all. He lifted his wounded comrade and took him back to the farm, a very arduous undertaking, considering his injuries.

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It has been said by a cynic that "where sportsmen there is the liar also," and "tall" sporting stories seem to flourish amazingly in the luxuriant climate of British East Africa. Here are two charming specimens. On one occasion a month or two ago a Government official was on a safari, and being unable to get sufficient porters, he commandeered a convict chain gang. About two days out the sergeant in charge reported one convict "knock his chain," said the irate official. "I have lost the key," said the sergeant. "Then chop the man's beastly head off," retorted the official, suddenly becoming facetious. The sergeant, saluting respectfully, departed and carried out to the letter his superior's instructions. Of course, there is not the slightest truth in this story. Here is another of the same sort:

Recently a well-known man was out looking for elephants, or "tuskers," as they are locally called here. He camped with his rifle on one night, and fired from a mountain, and they made up their minds to strike camp before daylight next morning, as they had been tracking a certain "tusker" for two days before dawn the camp was struck, the packs were put on the donkeys and orders given to march. Daylight arrived about an hour later, and with it the discovery of two lions among the donkeys, carrying their packs quite peacefully.

The sportsman will find many things other than game to interest him, and not least among these will be the habits of the different tribes. Among the true lion stories one stands pre-eminent as showing the coolness and pluck of some of the British residents. Three residents of the town of Nairobi had gone for a few days' shooting on the farm belonging to one of them. Arriving at the farm and hearing from the head boy that a lion and lioness were in the vicinity, they decided to stay early next morning to try to get them.

The lion was secured that day, but his consort, having lost her mate, was more difficult to handle. The party proceeded for two days to ride down the lioness, and came up with her. One of the party was unfortunately about half a mile behind the others, his pony being rather tired. The lioness charged and the man fired, but missed. In an instant the great cat had her teeth and claws in his side and dragged him from his horse.

His friend dismounted and approached the lioness, but like a flash she turned, springing on him, tore away half his face and mauled his right arm and shoulder very badly. His friend in spite of his injured limb, crawled to the rescue, and with his rifle silenced the cat for once and all. He lifted his wounded comrade and took him back to the farm, a very arduous undertaking, considering his injuries.

It happened during the rains, and the doctor in his drive from Nairobi to the farm was twice overturned and once had to swim a river. The wounded man was brought in, but died a few days later.

There is a saying in Nairobi that nine out of every ten tombstones in the little graveyard on the hill record the work of a lion. Some men are more than daring in their lion hunting, and I remember a rush but happily not victory. I have been a lion hunter. He waited in the moonlight on top of some railway water tanks for lions that were reported near. Three arrived. He accounted for two and wounded the third.

Then he descended to finish his work, but the lion was on him like a ring, and man and beast struggled for life for a minute and a half without sight of several terror-stricken natives. The hunter, finally managing to release his knife, dispatched his quarry. A very well known E. A. officer cultivated a hobby of keeping young lion cubs loose in his house. One day a bishop visited him, and as his reverence ascended the steps to the veranda two fair-sized cubs appeared round the corner, striking him. The bishop retreated and sent a letter to the gentleman complaining. The matter was brought before the then highest official in the land, who remarked to the gentleman who kept such unusual pets that he thought he was a lion