

HE WAS CRUCIFIED.

We have been requested to publish the following, which has already appeared in several of the Provincial papers:

A short time ago a gentleman by the name of William Bredemeyer, formerly of Vancouver, a Prussian by birth and a mining expert by profession, died at Tacoma. He was a quiet, unobtrusive sort of fellow, and considered by those who knew him to be an everyday citizen of the commonplace type save that he had a fondness for joining secret societies, and at the time of his death belonged to nearly every order of the kind in existence. He died of paralysis in a most orthodox way, but, when the undertakers began to prepare his body for burial, they found a most curious scar upon his right hand. At one time, there had been a hole made by some sort of a sharp instrument in the palm, going in at one side and coming out at the other. There was some speculation in regard to its origin, when suddenly one of the undertaker's assistants uttered an exclamation of astonishment and held up the deceased's left hand. There was a precisely identical scar upon that also. Men do not generally have bullet holes through both hands, and Bredemeyer had also similar scars on each foot. The right hand scar was not as long as the left hand one by an inch. Both were between the bones of the thumb and fore finger in the thickest part of the palm. The left hand scar was two and one-half inches long, and on both sides of the hands the scars set out like mountain ranges, compared with the size of the hands, the serrated top ridges of the ugly marks being white and smooth, like snow-capped peaks. They were exactly like the marks of a crucifixion, and little wonder, for crucified Bredemeyer had been, although he had never told the story to any one, and the fact was unknown until Bredemeyer's record of his own life was found among his papers after his death.

Bredemeyer was a graduate of the university of Bonn and had qualified as a member of the Prussian pioneer engineering corps. This was in 1862. The next year he entered the Dutch-India service as a mining engineer and expert, and advanced step by step in his chosen profession until 1868, when the King of Burmah made him chief engineer of the famous ruby mines in the northern part of that country. Bredemeyer had headquarters at Medea, in the ruby mine district, where big sapphires are also found. The mines are jealously guarded and all the precious stones belong to the King. From the ruby and sapphire harvest, the King realizes from \$50,000 to \$75,000 a year. North of Medea, in the lofty mountains, there were some ruby

mines which the King had not yet prospected for various reasons. No white man had ever ventured into the mountains of the north among the half-civilized Singphos, who, while partially recognizing the authority of the King, were unruly and barbaric. Thither the King sent Bredemeyer. His advent was the signal for a great excitement among the Singphos. They had never seen a white man, and, notwithstanding that Bredemeyer announced his mission under authority of the King, the Singphos were not satisfied. Their cupidity got the better of their loyalty; they thought more of their rubies and sapphires than they did of the King's mandates. They decided to crucify the white man if he did not flee the country. A handful of soldiers were with Bredemeyer, perhaps 50 all told, but then there were 3,500,000 inhabitants. The Singphos were not afraid of the soldiers. Bredemeyer refused to leave the country until he had carried out the orders of the King. The Singphos declared war. Bredemeyer's soldiers went into ambush, only to surrender the mining expert when the natives swooped down upon them. While the soldiers were scurrying about for reinforcements the natives nailed Bredemeyer to a cross made of two pieces of the native oil wood. Crude pieces of iron, with rough edges and slightly sharp at the end, were brought, and using stones for sledges the natives drove the irons through Bredemeyer's hands and feet.

There was great excitement, and the barbarians in their haste mashed the engineer's toes and fingers. Before the brutal work of nailing Bredemeyer to the cross was finished, he became partially unconscious. The shock was almost fatal. The last thing he distinctly remembered was the swarming Singphos, looking like devils, with their flat faces, broad skulls, straight black hair, deep brown skins. As a rule the natives wear linen wrapped about the hips. These cloths are called ingies, and, as Bredemeyer lapsed into unconsciousness, he remembered that the ingies of the masters of the barbaric ceremony were besmeared with his own blood.

When Bredemeyer had been nailed to the cross, the natives prepared to raise it and fasten the end nearest his feet into the ground. At that instant, the soldiers returned with reinforcements and routed the natives. Bredemeyer was carried back to Medea. The crucifixion occurred at about noon. At noon the next day, his wounds were dressed. The rainy season had not set in, and it was very warm, and under the unfortunate conditions, it was feared gangrene would set in. He was cared for tenderly, under directions from the king, and, being accustomed to great

hardships, he speedily recovered, but never again ventured into the land of the Singphos. The day of his funeral, his casket was literally covered with fraternity badges, the gold bullion in which was valued at \$5,000, but it is doubtful if any decoration there was as unusual as the four conferred upon him by the Singphos of Upper Burmah.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

Miss Pasee (archly)—I wonder how it feels to be 25.

Miss Dash (cynically)—Dear me! How soon you forget!

"Darling," whispered the South Sea Islander, as he bent low before his lady love, "I want this hand of thine."

"My!" she exclaimed, with an amused smile. "What an appetite you have!"

Mike—"Hello, Pat! Phat be ye workin' at now?"

Pat (with a hod of bricks on his shoulder)—"Kape away from furnist thot ladder. Oim carryin' knock-out drops."

The little girl who recites was practicing. She had got through "Under a spreading chestnut tree the village smithie stands," when her brother interrupted with:

"That's the place for it to stand."

"Why?" asked the little girl.

"Because it's the biggest chestnut in the whole reader."

Yes, he might come and sit at the kitchen table and partake of such as she had to offer.

"But," she added, "you must wash that dirt off your face first."

The tramp looked puzzled.

"Then," he observed incredulously, "you do not want the earth."

The flatiron knocked three pickets off the front yard fence, but was otherwise innocuous.

Her lips quivered and her breath came in labored gasps, but she did not speak.

"Do you not love me?" he anxiously demanded, seizing her shrinking hand.

"I—I don't know," she faltered.

Gently he insinuated his arm about her.

"Darling," he murmured, "would you like me to ask your mamma first?"

With a sudden cry of terror, she grasped his arm.

"No, no, no!" she shrieked, convulsively. "Don't do that! She is a widow. I want you myself."

She clung to him until he solemnly promised that he would say nothing to the old lady for the present.