

THE LAST OF THE CARIBS

Only a Remnant of Crusoe's Man-Eating Savages Left.

Their Present Home is in Dominica Island, But the Race Will Soon Be an Extinct One.

[Washington Star.]

Who does not remember the thrill of childish fear with which, buried in the well-thumbed Robinson Crusoe, he crept, after Friday and the cautious, trembling, through the thicket underbrush, to peer out at the horrible Caribs dancing around their cannibal banquet on the beach.

In the history lesson suddenly glow with human interest when that canoe full of fierce savages, every one with a terrible countenance and red-painted cheeks, rushed out to battle with the sailors of Columbus, and we recognize our old enemies of the story book. "Most incredibly fierce and brave," Columbus called them, "quite amphibious, fighting with equal skill from the water, after their canoes were overturned."

On the little island of Dominica, which, oddly enough, was the first of their strongholds to be discovered and the last to be surrendered, lived in almost inaccessible mountain forests, a pitiful remnant of the Carib race. For the sake of the old childhood memories, the brief sketch of their latter end, before they die out utterly, seems worth the writing.

A strange, wild, beautiful island, this Dominica, Columbus, at loss for words to describe it, crumpled a sheet of paper and there, in down upon the table before Queen Isabella. One could easily imagine that, at first, its highest peak, well named Mount Diablotin, had stood alone, lashed by gigantic seas, which, by a miracle, had been turned into billows of red, damp earth and gray volcanic ash, over which nature had thrown a marvelous mantle of fantastic patterns in brilliant-colored tropic flowers.

A weird, uncanny land of dark, mysterious forests, where the noon sun struggles feebly; of darker, more mysterious gorges, into which the sun falls not at all.

A land beneath which seethe wicked, world-old volcanic fires, full of devil-haunted spots, where sulphurous waters bubble up, where the ground is covered with unattractive hues of vivid red and green, with weird light gurgling, some monstrous, some ghastly, in the crater of Mount Diablotin, itself a boiling lake, lies like a huge silver spider, luring strangers through their deadly invisible vapors; an English tourist and his guide, the latest victims, only a few weeks ago.

LAND OF SAVAGE BEAUTY. Surely this island, with its savage beauty, was of all spots most suited to those strange, lion-fanged Caribs, who fitted, noiseless as shadows, as their own forests, from shadow to shadow, until they burst with diabolic shouting, a wild hurricane of death, upon the white-faced invaders of their land.

Wrapped in fascinating mystery is this Carib race. Unlike all other Indian tribes in appearance and custom, their origin is speculative; their habits travelers' tales, too often evidently untrue. Occupying the chain of islands known as the Lesser Antilles, they were very different from the peaceful Arawaks of Trinidad, only a few miles distant from the southern tip of the island, the easily conquered Indians of Porto Rico, so near them to the north. Indeed, they had a pleasant habit of assembling great groups of war canoes and sweeping down upon the larger islands, killing or carrying off their slaves their less warlike population.

Tradition says that each year, gathering from their various islands, they would travel in their frail boats over 300 miles of turbulent sea to the main land of South America, and with the regularity of clockwork soundly trounce the Indians there, apparently for sheer love of fighting.

Held in whole respect by the Spaniards, their isles were named "The Caribbees," the surrounding sea "The Caribbean," and the island the doubtful honor of introducing the word "cannibal" into the English language. Before their discovery, eaters of human flesh were known only to Pomponius Laetus of Columbus' adventures, says: "The stories of the Lestrigeonians and of Polyphemus, who eat on human flesh, are no longer doubtful. Attend, but beware lest thy hair bristle with horror."

HAVE BEEN GOOD FIGHTERS. Long after the Caribs had been conquered and enslaved the Caribbees

remained the islands of the Caribs in fact, as well as in name. Slowly, however, fighting fiercely to the last, they were driven southward until here, in Dominica, they made their last stand. Spanish, French, English tried in vain to conquer them. As late as 1743, Earl Carlisle, who held Dominica by royal grant, gave it up as a bad job, and by treaty between the English and the French, the island was declared to be a neutral land, belonging to the "Caribbees." In 1764, however, the English changed their minds and finally occupied the island, only to be ousted by the French in 1778. From then until 1804 the government was changed with the rapidly changing South American republic, but in the general peace following the Napoleonic wars the island was awarded to England, and that power has held it undisturbed ever since.

Such, briefly, is the history of the Caribs and their island. Slowly, but surely, the little fringe of civilization along the coast is eating its way into the wild, beautiful forests. Less slowly, but quite as surely, the eighty pure-blooded Caribs, who alone remain of all the millions on their tiny reservation, are dying like the trees. Few are left to cultivate, all that remains of their once wide domain. Of their old pride little is left; of their old customs, nothing. Like stout-hearted fighters, who must be beaten into insensibility or not beaten at all, every memory of their old glory, their old ways, their old language even, has been whipped out of this fragment of a once mighty people, who terrorized a continent and swept the sea.

Most curious, by the way, was the Carib language. There was one vocabulary for the warriors and another for the women, which the children were also required to use. The boys, of course, were taught the war vocabulary also when they were able to go out with the fighting parties. The last Carib who could speak the language died, an old, old woman, many years ago.

SKILLFUL AND CUNNING. A skillful knack of weaving curious baskets, cunning skill in heaving out canoes from solid tree trunks, these are all that remain. Soldiers, if ever they had been, they have long since been crushed. The Carib of today dreads a stranger as a wounded deer dreads a hunter. The unknown visitor might travel for weeks through the reservation without seeing a living soul. At the sound of horses' hoofs, presto, they slip like shadows behind the densest forest living green, through which they peer with frightened eyes, themselves entirely invisible. If you are not pleased to see us, and, indeed, starts to retreat, but finally dismounts and begs a word in private with the chief. The gleam of gold in his hand as he talks, and when Auguste returns and begs to be excused he is clutching something very tightly. The two enter the house together. The French gentleman is about to fight a duel and has come for the famous Carib charm. Auguste will undress him and with much ceremony bathe him in a mysterious liquid which he has made up his mind. Then the duelist will be bullet-proof. In the corner of Auguste's hut hangs a fine ham. It is a present from the Frenchman's adversary, whom Auguste treated yesterday. It should be a bloodless duel.

On our way back to Roseau a messenger to town from Auguste Francois paces us in a great hurry. You see the gleam of gold in his hand, because he is carrying it in his mouth for safety. He will shortly return, bearing a heavy burden that clanks at every step, and Auguste Francois will give a new imitation of being "drunk as a king."

We also pass the four posts that mark the former dwelling of Popott. Before Popott was taken sick, he was like all the other huts. Kind friends brought Popott food each day. One morning they found Popott had turned his face to the wall and left the food untouched. They brought him a warm blanket each time they called they took away a door, or shutter, or bit of that hatch. Popott was a long time dying for a Carib, who generally goes quickly once he has made up his mind, and before it was over there was only a bit of the roof left. It is one of the few old customs remaining. They say it is to give the spirit free egress. As no Carib will live where one has died, and the pieces carried away can be used for a new house, this custom has a practical side to it as well.

CAN WIELD THE AX. From the high woods the soft thud, thud of an ax comes floating down the trail. It is Talate and Curin cutting timber for a boat; clever axmen, as all these Caribs are. Presently, with a long sigh, you hear the tree fall, tearing long strips of bark that hang like serpents from every limb. Fine specimens of men are Talate and Curin.

From the fallen trunk they will hollow out a boat, eight feet long, two feet wide and eight inches deep. They will soften with fire and spread with wedges, or perhaps paddle it as it is, over thirty miles of open sea, to Martinique, where they will sell it. It will spread it to suit their tastes. Last week they were swept far out to sea, and picked up by a schooner. The captain, not wishing to be hindered by a slow, shly cut their boat, and he sent two miles away before they found it out, but without waiting to complain they both plunged overboard. Reaching their precious canoe, they clambered in safely paddled safely home. A true, tale, and was not told me as anything extraordinary, but as a joke on Talate and Curin. They are very glad to see us when we approach, but smile a Carib never laughs at the idea of their being any the worse for their experience.

THEY WERE NOT HUNGRY. There were visitors from town at the tiny police station last night who

RICKETY CHILDREN. Loose joints, bow legs, big head, and soft bones—mean rickets. It is a typical disease for the best workings of Scott's Emulsion.

For the weak bones Scott's Emulsion supplies those powerful tonics the hypophosphites. For the loss of flesh Scott's Emulsion provides the nourishing cod-liver oil.

Scott's Emulsion corrects the effects of imperfect nourishment and brings rapid improvement in every way to rickety children.

Send for Free Sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists.

MUNYON'S RHEUMATISM CURE

When Prof. Munyon says his Rheumatism Cure will cure rheumatism there isn't any guess work about it—there isn't any false statement about it. It cures without leaving any ill-effects. It is a splendid stomach and nerve tonic, as well as a positive cure for rheumatism. All the Munyon remedies are just as reliable, specific. The Guide to Health is free. Munyon, New York and Philadelphia.

the ground, weaving baskets. No longer reason to ask why Auguste has lost caste with his people. It is as if the King of England were to take the smithing, or the Sultan of Turkey take in washing. Willingly would his people follow the old custom, and bring him fish or manioc flour, French must be carried in bottles from the white man's country, only to be procured by gold or silver, and gold or silver must be worked for. They are very good baskets Auguste makes, but he is sure; in fact, the finest in the world. First his lean, cunning fingers will weave the dried grass into a basket of the ordinary kind, and then, with brown and black dyed strands, in curious patterns, around it he will weave another basket, putting plantain leaves between the two, impervious to tropic showers, water itself may, indeed, be carried in them.

Back of Auguste's hut, under a rough, palm-thatched shed, Auguste's wife is making cassava flour. Her unobscured negro features explain why Auguste is the last of the Carib chiefs. By and by, when he dies, the people will elect another head man to represent their side in any dispute with the government, but the old royal line dies with this dull-featured weaver of baskets.

WANTED A CHARM.

While we are watching his flying fingers a French gentleman, who is not by Island of Martinique, slides up, clad in immaculate white. He is not pleased to see us, and, indeed, starts to retreat, but finally dismounts and begs a word in private with the chief. The gleam of gold in his hand as he talks, and when Auguste returns and begs to be excused he is clutching something very tightly. The two enter the house together. The French gentleman is about to fight a duel and has come for the famous Carib charm. Auguste will undress him and with much ceremony bathe him in a mysterious liquid which he has made up his mind. Then the duelist will be bullet-proof. In the corner of Auguste's hut hangs a fine ham. It is a present from the Frenchman's adversary, whom Auguste treated yesterday. It should be a bloodless duel.

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brought with them strange and delicious things to eat, all packed in little cans with gaudy labels. In the morning two boards were laid from the station door. The bread-labeled tinned things were missing also. When you tell this bit of gossip to Talate he finds it strangely funny. It is past eating time, but they profess no hunger. After a while you leave them; it occurs to you that perhaps they have no food; ought you to return and offer some? No, you would better not. If you could creep back so softly that they could not hear you, which you cannot, you would see Talate and Curin seated on the log enjoying huge, gaudy labels.

On the journey home we are accompanied by little Duphine, bearing baskets into town to sell. Straight as her own black hair, she strides before her horse, her huge burden on her head. Duphine is a half-breed, and represents in more than one way the link between the Carib and civilization. The father admixture of negro blood has sounded the death knell of the Carib race. The negro wife is more and more in evidence. As yet the negro husband may not, with comfort, dwell among them.

But slowly, one by one, that strange race who flattened their skulls to odd shapes, and bound cloths around their arms to make the muscles swell, who painted their faces red as the faces of their enemies, is dying out, and in the near future the Carib will be but a name.

THE MAKING OF A SAINT

'Tis a Difficult, Slow and Expensive Procedure.

Joan of Arc has long been popularly enshrined in the hearts of the French people as a saint, canonically second to the official patron saint, St. Genevieve, though, as a matter of fact, this decided femme incomprise has never even reached the first step of the saintly hierarchy. However, the official journal of the Vatican announces that the formal canonization of Jeanne d'Arc will shortly be made. At the present juncture this step comes, indeed, rather as a surprise to French Catholics, as her popularity has distinctly been waning of late. The insertion of a new saint in the calendar (duly followed by its inclusion in the "indispensable White Mass") is a little regarded as the ordinary reader. Even those who give a second thought to the question of the origin of these saints have probably some vague notion that the canonization of a new saint is a fortuitous and arbitrary, and imagine that the vacancies in this hagiological live-dor are in the gift of the pope and the state of the calendar. In fact, the supposed that the honor of sanctity is a kind of sacred analogue of the lay orders of knighthood. The average man naturally fails to appreciate the significance of the numerous stages of the two processes—beatification and canonization—which have to be passed through before a candidate for sainthood can become a duly accredited saint.

THE SAINTLY HIERARCHY.

Very few of those who are admitted into the lower grade of the saintly hierarchy—beatification—actually reach the higher grades. The saintly hierarchy is a selection made from the ranks of the venerated for full sainthood is known only to the college of cardinals. The saintly hierarchy is a selection made from the ranks of the venerated for full sainthood is known only to the college of cardinals.

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HOW I CURE WEAK, PUNY MEN

Give me a man broken down from excesses, dissipation, hard work, or worry, from any cause which has sapped his vitality. Let him follow my advice for three months and I will make him as vigorous in every respect as any man of his age.

I will not promise to make a Hercules of a man who was never intended by nature to be strong and sturdy. Even that man I can make better than he is but the man who has been strong and has lost his strength I can make as good as he ever was. I can give back to any man what he has lost by abuse of the laws of nature.

A man who is nervous, whose brain and body are weak, who sleeps badly, awakes more tired than when he went to bed, who is easily discouraged, inclined to brood over imaginary troubles, who has lost ambition and energy to tackle hard problems, lacks the animal electricity which the Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt Supplies.

The whole force of vitality in your body is dependent upon your animal electricity. When you lose that by draining the system in any manner my Belt will replace it, and will cure you.

Mrs. James G. Walker, Camilla, Ont., writes:—Your Belt helped me from the first week. I have never been free from a sore, aching back since childhood until this last three months since using your Belt. I could not begin to tell you all the things that ailed me, nor could I tell you how much good I received from the Belt.

Letters like that tell a story which means a great deal to a sufferer. They are a beacon light to the man who has become discouraged from useless doctoring. I get such letters every day. My Belt has a wonderful influence upon tired, weak nerves. It braces and invigorates them, and stirs up a great force of energy in a man.

I make the best electrical body appliance in the world, having devoted twenty years to perfecting it. I know my trade. My cures after everything else has failed are my best arguments.

Wm. Aldous, 214 Christie St., Toronto, says:—For seven years I had been a constant sufferer from rheumatism. I was in the condition that life was not worth living, and I cannot thank you too much for what the Belt has done for me. It has completely cured me, so that to-day I feel like a new man and that life is worth living.

Give me a man with pains in the back, a dull ache in his muscles or joints, "come and go" pains in his shoulders, chest, and side, Sciatica in his hip, Lumbago, Rheumatism, or any ache or pain, and my Belt will pour the oil of life into his aching body and drive out every sign of pain. No pain can exist where my Belt is worn.

Andrew Goldie, Dutton, Ont., writes:—I wish to state what your Electric Belt has done for me. My health is better than it has been in forty years. My appetite is better and I enjoy life much better. The night losses are also stopped. I assure you that the benefit I have derived from your Belt is invaluable.

If you are doubtful of its ability to cure your case you can make arrangements to get the Belt and

PAY WHEN CURED.

They come every day from everywhere. There is not a town nor hamlet in the country which has not cures by Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. If you are not what you ought to be, can you ask any better proof to make you try it? Is there a remedy which is as simple, as easy to use, as sure to cure and so cheap as Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt? I have not seen one. You must try it. It is just as simple as justice to yourself, and to those who look to you for their future happiness, try it now. Act this minute. Such a matter ought not to be delayed.

It is as good for women as for men. Worn while you sleep, it causes no trouble. You feel the gentle glowing heat from it constantly, but no stinging, no burning, as in old-style belts.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Look out for those old style blistering scorchers that burn and sear the flesh, they are offering a cheap imitation of my cushion electrode. It is a sham; don't accept them if you value your health.

FREE BOOK—Every man who admires the perfection of physical strength should read my beautifully illustrated book. It tells how strength is lost and how it is restored by the use of my Electric Belt. I will send this book, closely sealed, free upon request if you will send this ad. If you are not the man you should be, write to-day.

DR. M. G. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

OFFICE HOURS—9 a.m. to 8.30 p.m.

stition age, a more searching examination into the antecedents and alleged miracles of the now insistent. It is also said that the canonizations which have been granted by the Vatican have to some extent been influenced by motives of public interest and church policy. The canonization of the Jesuit martyrs in Japan, the victims of the religious persecution early in the seventeenth century, was said to be prompted by a desire to encourage the zeal of the church at a time when the temporal power was threatened.

TRYING SAINTS' CLAIMS. The procedure in the inquiry into a saint's claim to canonization is curiously. It is submitted to as searching examination and scrutiny as are those of a claimant to a lapsed peerage. The canonization of a saint is a formal process, including the trial of the candidate's life, and the decision of the pope to institute a preliminary inquiry. The report is submitted to a special tribunal of cardinals, who decide. If the candidate is worthy of the first degree of sainthood, a second tribunal, after a considerable interval—in the case of the latest canonized saint, Rita de Cascia, over 20 years—then considers the question of the admittance of the saint to full canonization. At this trial the candidate's interests are looked after by an official who is styled the del advocate, who is opposed by a special advocate, known as the diabolus advocatus. Probably many persons who use the phrase "devil's advocate" owe its origin to a Roman Catholic ceremony. After the decision of this tribunal in the candidate's favor the final ratification by the pope is alone required for the saint to full canonization.

COST OF CANONIZATION. Since the reformation the admittance of fresh saints into the calendar is a comparatively rare event. The cost of canonization is said to be the enormous cost of the procedure. A curious example of this is to be found in the canonization of St. Milan. It was found that the cost of obtaining the bull of canonization for the famous St. Charles Borromeo was so great the family refrained from pressing the claim of another saintly personage, a cousin of St. Charles, on account of the expense! Then it must be remembered that unless credulous and super-

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COST OF CANONIZATION. Since the reformation the admittance of fresh saints into the calendar is a comparatively rare event. The cost of canonization is said to be the enormous cost of the procedure. A curious example of this is to be found in the canonization of St. Milan. It was found that the cost of obtaining the bull of canonization for the famous St. Charles Borromeo was so great the family refrained from pressing the claim of another saintly personage, a cousin of St. Charles, on account of the expense! Then it must be remembered that unless credulous and super-

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