

## J. Habakuk Jephson's Statement

8.30 p.m.—Have been lying in a calm all day. The coast is now about a mile and a half from us. Hyson has examined the instruments, but can not find any reason for their extraordinary deviation.

This is the end of my private journal, and I must make the remainder of my statement from memory. There is little chance of my being mistaken about facts which have seared themselves into my recollection. That very night the storm which had been brewing so long burst over us, and I came to learn whether all those little incidents were tending which I had recorded so aimlessly. Blind fool that I was not to have seen it sooner! I shall tell what occurred as precisely as I can.

I had gone into my cabin about half past eleven, and was preparing to go to bed, when a tap came at my door. On opening it I saw Goring's little black page, who told me that his master would like to have a word with me on deck. I was rather surprised that he should want me at such a late hour, but I went up without hesitation. I had hardly put my foot on the quarter-deck before I was seized from behind, dragged down upon my back, and a handkerchief slipped round my mouth. I struggled as hard as I could, but a coil of rope was rapidly and firmly wound round me, and I found myself lashed to the davit of one of the boats, utterly powerless to do or say anything, while the point of a knife, pressed to my throat, warned me to cease my struggles. The night was so dark that I had been unable hitherto to recognize my assailants; but as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and the moon broke out through the clouds that obscured it, I made out that I was surrounded by the two negro sailors, the black cook, and my fellow-passenger, Goring. Another man was crouching on the deck at my feet, but he was in the shadow and I could not recognize him.

All this occurred so rapidly that a minute could hardly have elapsed from the time I mounted the companion until I found myself gagged and powerless. It was so sudden that I could scarce bring myself to realize it, or to comprehend what it all meant. I heard the gang round me speaking in short, fierce whispers to each other, and some instinct told me that my life was the question at issue. Goring spoke authoritatively and angrily—the others doggedly and all together, as if disputing his commands. Then they moved away in a body to the opposite side of the deck, where I could still hear them whispering, though they were concealed from my view by the saloon skylights.

All this time the voices of the watch on deck chatting and laughing at the other end of the ship were distinctly audible, and I could see them gathered in a group, little dreaming of the dark doings which were going on within thirty yards of them. Oh, that I could have given them one word of warning, even though I had lost my life in doing it! But it was impossible. The moon was shining fitfully through the scattered clouds, and I could see the silvery gleam of the surge, and beyond it the vast, weird desert with its fantastic sand-hills. Glancing down, I saw that the man who had been crouching on the deck was still lying there, and as I gazed at him, a flickering ray of moonlight fell upon his upturned face. Great Heaven! even now, when more than twelve years have elapsed, my hand trembles as I write that, in spite of distorted features and projecting eyes, I recognized the face of Harton, the cheery young clerk who had been my companion during the voyage. It needed no medical eye to see that he was quite dead, while the twisted handkerchief round the neck and the gag in his mouth showed the silent way in which the hell-hounds had done their work. The crew which explained every event of our voyage came upon me like a flash of light as I gazed on poor Harton's corpse. Much was dark and unexplained, but I felt a great dim perception of the truth.

I heard the striking of a match at the other side of the skylight, and then I saw the tall, gaunt figure of Goring standing up on the bulwarks and holding in his hands what appeared to be a dark-lantern. He lowered this for a moment over the side of the ship, and, to my inexpressible astonishment I saw it answered instantaneously by a flash among the sand-hills on shore, which

unless I had been following the direction of Goring's gaze I should never have detected it. Again he lowered the lantern, and again it was answered from the shore. He then stepped down from the bulwarks, and in doing so slipped, making such a noise, that for a moment my heart bounded with the thought that the attention of the watch would be directed to his proceedings. It was a vain hope. The night was calm and the ship motionless, so that no idea of duty kept them vigilant, Hyson, who after the death of Tibbs was in command of both watches, had gone below to snatch a few hours' sleep, and the boatswain who was left in charge was standing with the other two men at the foot of the foremast. Powerless, speechless, with the cords cutting into my flesh and the murdered man at my feet, I awaited the next act in the tragedy.

The four ruffians were standing up now at the other side of the deck. The cook was armed with some sort of a cleaver, the others had knives, and Goring had a revolver. They were all leaning against the rail and looking out over the water as if watching for something. I saw one of them grasp another's arm and point as if at some object, and following the direction, I made out the loom of a large moving mass making toward the ship. As it emerged from the gloom I saw that it was a great canoe crammed with men and propelled by at least a score of paddles. As it shot under our stern the watch caught sight of it also, and raising a cry, hurried aft. They were too late, however. A swarm of gigantic negroes clambered over the quarter, and led by Goring, swept down the deck in an irresistible torrent. All opposition was overpowered in a moment, the unarmed watch were knocked over and bound, and the sleepers dragged out of their bunks and secured in the same manner. Hyson made an attempt to defend the narrow passage leading to his cabin, and I heard a scuffle, and his voice shouting for assistance. There was none to assist, however, and he was brought on to the poop with the blood streaming from a deep cut in his forehead. He was gagged like the others, and a council was held upon our fate by the negroes. I saw our black seamen pointing toward me and making some statement, which was received with murmurs of astonishment and incredulity by the savages. One of them then came over to me, and plunging his hand into my pocket, took out my black stone and held it up. He then handed it to a man who appeared to be a chief, who examined it as minutely as the light would permit, and muttering a few words, passed it on to the warrior beside him, who also scrutinized it and passed it on until it had gone from hand to hand round the whole circle. The chief then said a few words to Goring in the native tongue, on which the quadroon addressed me in English. At this moment I seem to see the scene. The tall masts of the ship with the moonlight streaming down, silencing the yards and bringing the network of cordage into hard relief; the group of dusky warriors leaning on their spears; the dead man at my feet; the line of white-faced prisoners, and in front of me the loathsome half-breed, looking, in his white linen and elegant clothes, a strange contrast to his associates.

"You will bear me witness," he said in his softest accent, "that I am no party to sparing your life. If it rested with me you would die as these other men are about to do. I have no personal grudge against either you or them, but I have devoted my life to the destruction of the white race, and you are the first that has ever been in my power and has escaped me. You may thank that stone of yours for your life. Those poor fellows reverence it, and, indeed, if it really be what they think it is, they have cause. Should it prove when we get ashore, that they are mistaken, and that its shape and material is a mere chance, nothing can save your life. In the meantime we wish to treat you well, so if there are any of your possessions which you would like to take with you, you are at liberty to get them." As he finished, he gave a sign, and a couple of the negroes unbound me, though without removing the gag. I was led down into the cabin, where I put a few valuables into my pockets, together with a pocket-compass and my journal of the voyage. They then pushed me over the side into a small canoe, which was lying beside the large one, and my guards followed me, and shoving off, began paddling

for the shore. We had got about a hundred yards or so from the ship when our steerman held up his hand and the paddlers paused for a moment and listened. Then, on the silence of the night I heard a sort of dull, moaning sound, followed by a succession of splashes in the water. That is all I know of the fate of my poor shipmates. Almost immediately afterward the large canoe followed us, and the deserted ship was left drifting about—a dreary, specter-like hulk; Nothing was taken from her by the savages. The whole fiendish transaction was carried through as decorously and temperately as though it were a religious rite.

The first gray of daylight was visible in the east as we passed through the surge and reached the shore. Leaving half a dozen men with the canoes, the rest of the negroes set off through the sand-hills, leading me with them, but treating me very gently and respectfully. It was difficult walking, as we sunk over our ankles into the loose, shifting sand at every step, and I was nearly dead beat by the time we reached the native village, or town rather, for it was a place of considerable dimensions. The houses were conical structures not unlike beehives, and were made of compressed seaweed cemented over with a rude form of mortar there being neither stick nor stone upon the coast nor anywhere within many hundreds of miles. As we entered the town, an enormous crowd of both sexes came swarming out to meet us, beating tom-toms and howling and screaming. On seeing me they redoubled their yells and assumed a threatening attitude, which was instantly quelled by a few words shouted by my escort. A buzz of wonder succeeded the warcries and yells of the moment before, and the whole dense mass proceeded down the broad central street of the town, having my escort and myself in the center.

My statement hitherto may seem so strange as to excite doubt in the minds of those who do not know me, but it was the fact which I am now about to relate which caused my own brother-in-law to insult me by disbelief. I can but relate the occurrence in the simplest words, and trust to chance the pluck words, and trust to chance and time to prove their truth. In the centre of this main street there was a large building, formed in the same primitive way as the others, but towering high above them; a stockade of beautifully polished ebony rails was planted all round it, the framework of the door was formed by two elephant's tusks sunk in the ground on each side and meeting at the top, and the aperture was closed by a screen of native cloth richly embroidered with gold. We made our way to this imposing-looking structure, but, on reaching the opening in the stockade, the multitude stopped and squatted down upon their hams, while I was led through the inclosure by a few of the chiefs and elders of the tribe, Goring accompanying us, and in fact directing the proceedings. On reaching the screen, which closed the temple—for such it evidently was—my hat and my shoes were removed, and I was then led in, a venerable old negro leading the way, carrying in his hand my stone, which had been taken from my pocket. The building was only

lighted up by a few long slits in the roof, through which the tropical sun poured, throwing broad golden bars upon the clay floor, alternating with intervals of darkness. The interior was even larger than one would have imagined from the outside appearance. The walls were hung with native mats, shells, and other ornaments, but the remainder of the great space was quite empty, with the exception of a single object in the center. This was the figure of a colossal negro, which I at first thought to be some real king or high priest of titanic size, but as I approached it I saw by the way in which the light was reflected from it that it was a statue admirably cut in jet-black stone. I was led up to this idol, for such it seemed to be, and looking at it closer, I saw that though it was perfect in every other respect, one of its ears had been broken short off. The gray-haired negro who held my relic mounted upon a small stool, and stretching up his arm, fitted Martha's black stone on to the jagged surface on the side of the statue's head. There could not be a doubt that the one had been broken off from the other. The parts dovetailed together so accurately that when the old man removed his hand the ear stuck in its place for a few seconds before dropping into his open palm. The group round me prostrated themselves upon the ground at the sight with a cry of reverence, while the crowd outside, to whom the result was communicated, set up a wild whooping and cheering.

In a moment I found myself converted from a prisoner into a demigod. I was escorted back through the town in triumph, the people pressing forward to touch my clothing and to gather up the dust on which my foot had trod. One of the largest huts was put at my disposal, and a banquet of every native delicacy was served me. I still felt, however, that I was not a free man, as several spearmen were placed as a guard at the entrance of my hut. All day my mind was occupied with plans of escape, but none seemed in any way feasible. On the one side was the great arid desert stretching away to Timbuctoo, on the other was a sea untraversed by vessels. The more I pondered over the problem the more hopeless did it seem. I little dreamed how near I was to its solution.

To be Continued.

### FACTS IN THE CASE.

Old lady, to drunken beggar—Aren't you ashamed to ask for alms.

Beggar—Yesh'm; but I only, hic, do it when I'm, hic, full an' can't work at me, hic, trade.

Old lady—What is your trade?

Beggar—I'm a hic, burglar, ma'am.

### WANTED—A FIRE ESCAPE.

Stranger—I want to get a divorce.

Lawyer—Very well, sir. On what grounds?

Stranger—Arson.

Lawyer—Arson! Why, what do you mean?

Stranger—My wife fired me.

### A TESTIMONIAL.

Prospective boarder—You set a good table, I suppose.

Landlady—Well, I should say so. Why, only last week one of my boarders died of gout.

## A Strange Malady Among Soldiers!

Said to be Locomotor Ataxia, a Nervous Disease, Which is Also Prevalent in This Country—Peculiar Symptoms.

Capt. J. P. Finlay, of the 9th United States Infantry, has returned from Manila, suffering with what he says is "a terrible malady which is prevalent among the officers and men. It develops into neuritis or nerve paralysis, and many of its victims are crippled for life."

Dr. Wilson, of Buffalo, N.Y., says that this "mysterious disease" is locomotor ataxia, and is just as prevalent in North America as in the Philippines. It is a degeneration of the nerve cells of the spinal cord, which affects the nerve controlling motion. There are many examples of the terrible results of this disease to be seen on the streets of Toronto and other Canadian cities. The characteristic symptoms of this nerve-exhausting disease is inability to walk properly or to control the hands and arms. The feet are raised high up and put down heel and sole together in a sort of flapping motion. The victim is in danger of falling when going up or down stairs or around corners. He walks with his eyes on his feet, experiencing shooting pains in the legs and sense of pressure about the waist. In the later stages locomotor ataxia, as this disease is called, is incurable. If taken in time it is found to yield to the restorative influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which completely rebuilds the wasted nerve cells of

the spinal cord and revitalizes the nerves.

The time to act is when nervousness first makes itself apparent. When you find yourself tapping with the fingers, when the nerves of the body twitch after retiring at night, when you lie awake, too nervous to sleep, when you have nervous headache and nervous dyspepsia.

These symptoms of exhausted nerve force are the beginning of a wasting process which must end in locomotor ataxia, paralysis, nervous prostration, or epilepsy unless the system is restored. For the benefit of all readers of this article we cannot do better than to recommend the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which in a few months will completely rebuild the exhausted nervous system and cure the most serious diseases of the nerves.

This treatment is recommended above all others because it is a modern scientific preparation compounded from a favourite prescription of Dr. A. W. Chase, who has tested it in thousands of cases of locomotor ataxia, paralysis and nervous prostration with which he comes in contact in his immense practice. It is considered by medical men to be the greatest restorative which nature provides for pale, weak, nervous men, women and children.

## Dreaded Meal Time.

THE STORY OF A DYSPEPTIC WHO HAS FOUND A CURE.

There is an Intimate Connection Between Good Health, Happiness and Good Digestion—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring About These Conditions.

Without good digestion there can be neither good health nor happiness. More depends upon the perfect working of the digestive organs than most people imagine, and even slight functional disturbances of the stomach leaves the victim irritable, melancholy and apathetic. In such cases most people resort to laxative medicines, but these only further aggravate the trouble. What is needed is a tonic; something that will build up the system, instead of weakening it as purgative medicines do. For this purpose there is no medicine equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich the blood and strengthen and stimulate the digestive tract from first dose to last. In proof of this assertion the case of Mr. Thomas A. Stewart, the well known and genial proprietor of the Oriental Hotel, Deseronto, may be quoted. To a reporter of the Tribune who mentioned the fact that he was suffering from dyspepsia, Mr. Stewart said:—"Why don't you take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" Asked why he gave this advice Mr. Stewart continued:—"Simply because they are the best medicine for that complaint I know of. For years I was a great sufferer from indigestion, and during that time I think I tried a score of medicines. In some cases I got temporary relief, but not a cure. I fairly dreaded meal times and the food that I ate gave me but little nourishment. On the recommendation of a friend I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a little over a year ago. I soon experienced relief and no longer dreaded meal time, but as I was determined that the cure should be permanent if possible, I continued taking the pills in light doses for several months. The result is every vestige of the trouble left me and I have as good an appetite now as any boarder in the house, and my digestive organs work like a charm. I may also add that my general health was greatly improved as a result of using the pills."

"Do you object to my publishing this in the Tribune?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I have no desire for publicity," said Mr. Stewart, "but if you think it will help anyone who suffers as I did, you may publish the facts."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### MOST WONDERFUL OF ALL.

The broomstick train Dr. Holmes called it, the electric car operated by the overhead trolley system, had just been introduced to Aberdeen, when two farm servants came to the Scottish city to spend a holiday.

They made their way at once to the terminus of the street railway, and looked with much wonder at the new creation. Finally they resolved to have a ride. At the end of the ride one of them expressed their united opinion.

Well, he said, this is a graun' invention. In Edinburgh I saw them drive the cars wi' an iron rape aneth street; in Dundee they pu' them wi' an engine; but, mighty man, wha wad a tocht they could ca' them wi' a fishing-rod!

### FOX FARMS.

The fur of the blue fox has become so valuable of late years that "fox farms" now exist on some of the islands off the coast of Maine as well as on the Aleutian Islands in Behring Sea. One of the problems now confronting the fox ranchers is how to provide more abundant food for the foxes in the winter time. On the Aleutian Islands they have been fed with dried salmon when other food gives out. They will even eat sea-urchins, searching for them on the beach at low tide.

### HAPPY IGNORANCE.

For mercy's sake, how many pancakes have you had, Georgie? Mamma, you know, I've only learned to count as far as ten.

### KEPT ON THE JUMP.

That tall man seems to be the busiest person around the establishment. What does he do? It is his duty to see whether the others are working or not.