DEVOURED BY WOLVES.

HORRIBLE FATE OF A PARTY OF TRAVELLERS IN SIBERIA.

They Were Attacked at Night in the Desert—Overpowered by the Ravenous, Snarling Man-Eaters, They Succeeded in Slaying Fifty with Their Axes—Other Wolf Stories.

There is nothing in fiction surpasses the grim reality of the tragic drama whose outlines were given in a despatch from Irkutsk, Siberia, to a Moscow paper a few days ago. A caravan crossing the Siberian desert was destroyed by wolves, whom hunger and the awful cold had driven from the forests out upon the plain along the great caravan road which traverses Siberia from east to west.

The details of the tragedy can only be surmised, for there is no one left alive to tell the tale. It is known that there were a score or so of travellers and traders in the party, divided among six or seven sledges. There were in the baggage of each sledge several axes, and a few of the party carried rifles, but as it is extremely rare for wolves to attack so large a body of men, no thought of such a danger ever entered their minds.

Travelling in Siberia during the long polar winter is at best fraught with risk, for the stations where horses may be procured are many versts apart, and there is the ever present danger of wandering from the road in the fierce storms that come down without warning from the north. A thick crust of snow covers the ground, giving it the appearance of a limitless white sea. The pale sun shows itself but a few hours during the short winter day, but at night the vast expanse of whiteness is lit by a moon of cold and brilliant splendor, and at times the snow grows yellow or blood red with the flames of the aurora borealis. The cold is always intense, and the earth seems like a vast block of ice.

THE CARAVAN

which was to be so tragically wiped out of existence appears to have travelled westward many days and nights from Irkutsk before it met its fate. It is supposed that the party was attacked at night, when all but the drivers were asleep, and that they were benumbed by the piercing cold as they sped over the snow. The sky was overcast, yet there must have been light enough to have perceived, far away along the track which the sledges made, a dark mass drawing rapidly near, moving with the silent swiftness of a shadow across the snow.

As it drew nearer the driver of the rearmost sledge might have heard above the tinkling of his sleighbells the hoarse panting of the many wolves which were in pursuit. The next moment, and a score of black, shadowy forms were springing at the horses' throats and overwhelming the sledges like an avalanche.

One after the other, each sledge was attacked, and it was hardly a moment after the first horse went down before the blood of the last was being lapped by myriads of snarling wolves. The men fought for their lives with guns and axes, but the onslaught was so fierce and sudden that they were unprepared, and they, too, were soon born down by the irresistible rush of the countless savage beasts. Could the travellers have united, there might have been some hope, but, attacked as they were, without warning, the battle was lost from the beginning.

And soon the vast cold silence was unbroken save by the angry growls of the wolves as they disputed with each other for morsels of human flesh. When the misty sun rose next morning it looked down upon the glistening bones of men and horses half buried in the trampled, bloodstained snow.

Three days later another party of travellers passing over the same route came upon the mute evidence of

THE AWFUL TRAGEDY.

Scattered about were broken sledges, the skeletons of men and horses picked clean of every vestige of flesh, and the bones of more than fifty wolves which had fallen beneath the axes of the ill-fated travellers before they themselves had been crushed beneath the tawny, noisome weight of wild beasts and torn to pieces.

Even the clothing of the travellers was literally torn to shreds, and the identity of but one of them has been only imperfectly established. From some scraps of paper which were gathered up it appears that one of the party was a French engineer named Lodier or Vodier. He seems to have been a resident of Paris and to have been travelling on some mission of importance, for most of the fragments of documents which apparently had belonged to him were written in cipher.

The Siberian wolf, so travellers say, surpasses in size its European relative. In the far north its coat is white, but it gradually changes to gray or brown in more southern latitudes.

These animals usually wander about in packs, and their habits are similar to those of the European species. Hunger makes them aggressive and induces them to attack other animals, but man is their last resort.

In Siberia, where cattle are never locked up in sheds, but left out day and night in open pens, wolves can always secure a good meal of an ox, a sheep or a horse, and have no need to encounter the danger of attacking a human being. In the small provinces, where there is no such easy means of satisfying their hunger, they are much more ferocious and dangerous to travellers.

In Northern Siberia, on the road to Yakutsk, there have been cases reported where

WHOLE FAMILIES

have been devoured.

"The Yakuts, one of the primitive Asiatic races, who dwell on the banks of the Lena," a Russian writer states, "surround their dwellings by various traps in which the wolves are often caught. The object of these traps is not so much to obtain fur, for which hey can always find an abundant supply, as the hope of frightening away these animals from the vicinity of their horses. It happens sometimes, however, that the wolves manage to escape the snares laid for them, penetrate into the interior of the aula, and snatch children out of the pourts, and even devour full grown people. Such occurrences have given rise to miraculous legends related by the Yakuts, much resembling the Russian popular legends of the wonderful man wolf."

Wolfe hunting is a favorite sport in many parts of Siberia, but often the wolves themselves turn hunters, and then it becomes a pastime that is full of danger. Wolves are partial to young pigs and babies. The sportmen therefore sew up in a sack a small porker, leaving only his snout free, and places him in a sledge, to the back of which is fastened by a rope about fifty feet long a small bundle of straw covered with black sheepskin. This, when the sledge is in motion, dangles about like a young pig.

The story is told of one party, which started out well provided with guns, etc. On reaching a likely spot, they produced the pig and began to twist its tail, whereupon is squealed lustily and soon drew a horde of famished wolves in the wake of the sledge. When these had approached within range, the party opened fire on them and shot several, which, whether killed or wounded, were quickly torn to pieces by their companions and devoured.

But the taste of blood which these ravenous beasts had had only served to make them more

BOLD AND SAVAGE

than before, and, in spite of the rapid fire kept up by the party, they advanced close to the sledge, apparently determined on making an attack and getting their fill of human flesh. To preserve the party, therefore, the pig was thrown to the wolves. But this diverted their attention only a moment.

While they were going forward, the horses, driven to desperation by the near approach of the wolves, struggled and plunged so furiously that they broke free from their harness and galloped off. By this time the pig had been devoured, and the wolves advanced with a rush towards the sportsmen, but a volley from their rifles caused them to retreat. Finding that matters had become most serious, the men quickly turned the sledge bottom side up and took shelter beneath it, in which position they remained for many hours.

The wolves made repeated attempts to get at them by tearing the sledge with their teeth. At length a strong relief party came up, having been warned of the danger by the runaway horses returning home, and drove off the wolves.

A solitary individual attacked by these savage beasts has little hope of escaping with his life. A story is told of a Russian officer who was skating across a Siberian lake when he was attacked by a drove of wolves. His only weapon was a short sword which he wore at his belt, and with this he defended himself so well that he killed and wounded several wolves and succeeded in driving off the remainder. After a time he was again set upon by the same pack, but to his horror found that he was unable to defend himself as before, for having neglected to wipe the blood from his sword after the former encounter, it had become firmly frozen in the scabbard. He skated for his life, but the ferocious beasts finally overtook him and bore him down. It was not until several days later that a searching party found his bones.

HEAD OF THE MOSLEM WORLD.

Millions Who Recognize the Authority of Turkey's Sultan.

The seriousness of a religious war in case Turkey does not concede to the powers appears to have been overlook- although it would be more disastrous to Great Britain than to any other nation. The Sultan of Turkey is the recognized head of all the Moslem world, except the Persians and the people of Morocco, who are dissenters and followers of Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed. There is a wide difference of opinion as to the numbers in the Moslem Church. Estimates vary all the way from 175,000,000 to 400,900,000. There are 25,500,000 in China who are now in rebellion against the Emperor, and are overrunning the Western provinces. In India there is a Mohammedan population exceeding 40,000,000, more than in Turkey, where the total is 32,000,000. There are 30,000,000 in the Malay Peninsula, 15,000,000 in Central Asia, 18,000,000 in Northern Africa, 11,000,000 in Central Africa, 5,000,000 in Egypt, 11,000,000 in Arabia and 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 in Afghanistan. In Southern Russia, in the Balkan Peninsula, and in Bulgaria, the believers in this faith are very numerous, and there are large colonies in Southeastern Austria. At least 60,000,000 Mohammedans are found in British colonies alone, and probably the true total would reach 90,000,000.

The Sultan is recognized by all these people as a sacred person, the successor of Mohammed, just as the Pope is recognized as the successor of St. Peter. They do not deny Christ, but consider him a Mohammedan prophet, and give His pedigree in the Koran. The Moslem will swear by Moses, by Christ or by Mohammed with equal readiness, but Mohammed is the last and greatest of their prophets and the founder of their religion.

In one of the mosques at Constantinople the green mantle of the prophet is preserved. If that is taken out and a holy war proclaimed, the Islam population of the entire world, except Persia and Morocco, would promptly respond, and the Sultan is the only man who can issue such a proclamation. If he is pressed too hard he will be apt to do it, and the English, with the British colonies, would be the first to suffer. The French would be placed in the attitude of self-defense in Algiers and Tunis, there would be outbreaks throughout all Southern Russia and Eastern Austria, and nearly every country in Europe would be engaged more or less, except Germany, which alone is free from Turkish complications. Germany has cultivated commercial relations, and nearly all the foreigners in the Turkish army are German officers.

A Distinction.

Didn't you tell me that Miss Design was an artist?

Oh ,no; I told you she painted.

ALL ABOUT THE PRINCE.

SOME OF THE CHARACTISTICS OF THE HEIR APPARENT.

Short of Stature, But Large in Girth—His Many Titles—Now Fifty-Four Years of Age—Travels With Fifty Trunks—Enjoys a Good Breakfast—A Great Yachtsman.

The Prince of Wales is 5 feet 4 inches high. He weighs 215 pounds and wears a 17 1-2 collar. His whisksers are of a nondescript brown color, but always carefully brushed and combed. In his waistcoat pocket on the left side he carries a small comb, and with this he straightens out the kinks of his beard as occasion requires.

His circumference at the equator is about forty-five inches. He has a chest measurement of thirty-seven inches. If he were not a Prince he might be called "pudgy." He stoops a little, but perhaps that is because of the great weight of titles which he carries on his shoulders and which Burke's Peerage gives officially as follows:

The Most High, Most Puissant and Most Illustrious Prince Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron of Renfrew and Lord of the Isles, Great Steward of Scotland, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G. C. M. G., G.C.I.E., Knight of the Elephant of Denmark, Knight of the Golden Fleece and Knight of the White Elephant of Siam.

Bailli Grand Cross of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Hon. Knight of the Order of St. John, Germany, P. C.; a field marshal of the army, Colonel-in-Chief of the three regiments of Life and Royal Horse Guards, Hon. Colonel Sixth Bengal Cavalry, Colonel of the Tenth Hussars, Hon. Colonel Second Brigade, Eastern Division, Royal Artillery; Hon. Colonel Third Battalion, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, Captain-General and Colonel Honorable Artillery Company of London, Military Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, Hon. Admiral of the Fleet, Hon. Capt. Royal Naval Reserves, Hon. Col. of the Oxford and of the Cambridge University Corps, of the Middlesex Civil Service Corps Rifle Volunteers, of the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders and of the Sutherland Highland Rifle Volunteers.

A Field Marshal of the German Army, Hon. Col. of the Pomeranian Hussar Regiment, No. 5; late Colonel-in-Chief Rifle Brigade, Elder Brother Trinity House, Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Freemasons of England, Barrister at Law, and a Bencher of the Middle Temple, President of the Society of Arts, D. C. L., Oxford; LL.D., Cambridge; LL. D., Trinity College, Dublin.

Most people regard the Prince as a young "blood." He is nothing of the kind. He is a grandfather, fifty-four years of age, and of very

MATURE APPEARANCE

and ways. He cannot be as merry as he once was, but still has his jovial disposition and love of pleasure.

It is not true that he is the leader of fashion. The heir apparent to the British throne is not allowed to be aggressive enough to be a leader. One of the proofs that he doesn't lead fashion is that he wears a silk hat with a sack coat. It proves also that he doesn't follow it.

The real swells who do set the male fashions once resolved to make an innovation during Ascot week. "Sports" were all dressing in light clothes and white hats. Suddenly all the men in the swim appeared in black hats, black frock coats and dark trousers. The swells had forgotten to notify the Prince, and he was caught in the paddock in a snuff-colored frock suit. Of course the men who had on light-tinted things were entirely out of it.

He owns a parrot, which he bought from a ragamuffin in Trafalgar Square. It cries: "Now, then, boys! Hip! Hip! Hurrah! for the Queen!" drinks beer and bites people it doesn't like.

A popular mistake made by Americans is that he leads English society. The American who gets into Marlborough House is not within the precincts of the Four Hundred by a long shot. The Prince likes people who make him laugh, and he is a good deal of a social leveller, but while he has a way of throwing off his dignity he always has a string to it.

He comes in contact with every brand of man. When he was presented to John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, he was very kind. Sullivan stuck out a ham-like fist, and grabbing the royal hand said, in tones that made the Prince feel at home right away: "How do you do, Prince? I've often heard of you." The Prince was delighted, taking the situation of being to a certain extent patronized very good-naturedly.

He dresses as an Admiral, General Field Marshal, Highland Chief or whatever he happens to be at the moment with the utmost nonchalance. No man can do

THE LIGHTNING CHANGE

quicker than he. If he goes to Germany he may be a Uhlan Colonel at 10 a. m., an Admiral on the Kaiser's yacht at 11.30 and a Doctor of Laws at 12.15.

As he never knows in what rig he will have to get up when he goes on the continent his uniforms are all taken along in about fifty trunks. There are at least twenty separate swords and sabres, and a hundredweight of brass helmets. With the boots, spurs and fixings that go with all these clothes his valets have their hands full.

The Prince has no politics, but it is understood that he possesses Liberal tendencies. In England if the sovereign is a Tory the Heir-Apparent is a Whig and vice-versa. By this arrangement all hands are brought into the royal camp, the Prince taking those not captured by the Queen. This is the traditional policy of the royal family.

He possesses the power of absolutely controlling the muscles of his face. He never forgets any one.

In all pictures of the Prince they piece him out so as to make him look a foot or so taller. They also edit his girth, add a little hair to his head and do away with the crow's feet under his eyes. When W. P. Futh, R. A., painted the picture of his wedding the Prince objected to his height. Futh didn't know that it was the custom to elongate the Heir-Apparent, and the latter tried his best to tell Futh, but the painter would not see it. This is how Futh describes his own denseness. 'The Prince offered only one piece of criticism. He objected that I had painted him too short. In point of fact, I had been successful in giving him the right proportion. He adduced the fact that the bridesmaids behind him were made taller than he. I could not make him understand that this was owing to the perspective. He could not see it.'

The Prince has a theoretic knowledge of music, and plays the flute and piano when he wishes to be alone. He also sings at the morning services at Sandringham. That is the only time he does it. It does not last long and his hearers do the best they can till it is over.

There isn't anything the matter with his appetite.

HIS BREAKFAST

consists of solid toasted muffins, slice of pink and white home-cured ham, a generous section of Melton Mowbray port pie, grilled chops flanked with kidneys that were broiled on a gold fork and plenty of good, thick cream and butter.

In his study are hundreds of pictures of himself in various uniforms and costumes. A court blarneyfier of the Theodore Martin type describes the pictures in the following burst of eloquence:—"It may be shooting a tiger in Bengal or banging away at a hare in Norfolk, pushing a fair lady in a Russian ice chair on the Neva, with bare knees leading a Scotch reel at Abergeldie, spearing a hippopotamus from the back of an elephant, or aiming between the eyes of a leopard, who already looks killed with the honor; peering from behind a big boulder to take aim at a red deer or standing triumphant amid a shower of falling pheasants. Yet one can trace the Prince on his gory warpath against the animal kingdom all round his house, and he is a fine shot, to be sure."

When he went to India he met the Maharajah of Msysore, the invalided Rao of Kutch and the Gaikwar of Baroda, men, as every one knows, of diametrically opposite dispositions. Yet so great was his tact that they all became his confirmed friends. When he called on the Gaikwar he mounted an elephant by means of a silver ladder. Cheetahs—a species of leopard—chased deer for his amusement. At Madras, when he paraded through the streets, a golden umbrella was held over his head to designate him to the populace, so that they might know whom to cheer.

The Prince is very dignified. He never permits any liberties. Sometimes he takes them, but that is another matter.

AT HAMBURG

where he goes every season to renew his liver and rest, he is surrounded by a miscellaneous lot, among them the millionaire tuft-hunters of Europe.

Baccarat is one of his specialties. Once he and his followers camped at the residence of the Duke of Richmond during the Goodwood races. The Duke, who went to bed every night at 10 o'clock, and who is opposed to gambling, wished no card-playing during the continuance of the house party. One night the Duke, who had come downstairs for something he had left on the dresser, surprised the entire party busy at baccarat. He made a speech on the spot, denouncing the Prince, the next day the party broke up.

He is a great yachtsman. His yacht Britannia has beaten pretty nearly everything in English waters. He is also the head of the Free Masons in England, and he goes in for horse racing. In politics almost his sole hobby is that a man should have the right to marry his deceased wife's sister, which in England he has not. Whenever the bill comes up for discussion in the House of Lords the Prince gets quite warm about it, but they never pass it, as the Bishops vote it down.

The Prince and his family have an income of about $1,000,000 a year and plenty of perquisites.

When he stays out late at night he can tell the Princess that he has been to any one of the following clubs, of which he is a member: United Service, Army and Navy, Junior United Service, Junior Naval and Military, Junior Army and Navy, Guards, White's, Travellers, Marlborough, Turf, United, University, Yorkshire and Hurlingham.

Is there anything else you want to know about the Prince of Wales?

TORNADO AND FLOOD.

Serious Loss of Life and Property in Queensland—Immense Force of the Wind.

A despatch from Brisbane, Queensland, says:—Great loss of life and very large destruction of property have been caused in the northern part of this colony by a tornado and floods. It is impossible as yet to tell how many persons lost their lives, but it is known that great numbers were drowned. The damage to property is estimated at $2,500,000. Several coasting vessels are missing and it is believed that they have either foundered or been driven ashore and that all aboard of them were lost. Townsville, a seaport on Cleveland Bay, suffered more than any other place in the districts affected. There is scarcely a building in the town that escaped damage. Advices from the Tonga Islands show that a hurricane lately passed over them. Two ships at Tongataboo Island were wrecked and the thousands of cocoanut trees on the plantations were torn up by the roots, causing heavy loss to their owners.

The Voice of a Child.

Prof. Drummond tells the story of a little girl who once said to her father: "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell Him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think He could hear it away up in heaven; but you have a great big man's voice, and He will be sure to hear you." The father took his little girl in his arms and told her that, even though God were at that moment surrounded by all His holy angels, sounding on their golden harps and singing to Him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise ever heard in heaven, he was sure that He would say to them: "Hush! stop the singing for a little while. There's a little girl away down on the earth who wants to whisper something in my ear."

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Items About Some of the Great Folks of the World.

It is said that Alfred Rothschild keeps seven chefs.

Mr. Rockefeller's income is estimated to be $27,000 daily.

King Humbert of Italy has a private fortune of $30,000,000.

Emperor William consumes an extraordinary number of cigarettes daily.

At his last recital in London this year Paderewski received $5,435 as his share of the receipts.

Heinrich Dowe, the tailor of Mannheim, Germany, who became famous as the inventor of a so-called bullet-proof coat, is dead.

Prof. David Masson, who has so ably filled the chair of English literature in the University of Edinburgh for thirty years, is about to retire and enjoy a quiet life of study.

Munkacsy, the great artist, now living in Paris, is never ashamed to talk of his lowly beginnings. He started in life as a painter of sign-posts and tradesmen's walls.

Cecil Rhodes has ordered large numbers of English song-birds—linnets, thrushes, blackbirds, larks, and nightingales—to be sent to Cape Town, where they will be acclimated and set free.

Senator Proctor will shortly send to the White House at Washington a trophy of the chase in the shape of a large moose head, with a fine spread of horn, from a big bull recently killed by him in Canada.

The King of Portugal is a very timid traveller. Not only is he nervous regarding anarchists, but he displays anxiety whenever the train in which he is travelling hits up a pace of more than 40 miles an hour.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has selected Lord Byron's tragedy "Sardanapalus" as the subject of the ballet he is to write the music for, and which is to be produced next year at the Alhambra Music hall, in London.

Henry S. Wellcome, the American merchant in London, has presented to the Senate of the United States the portrait of Pocahontas. It was painted in England after her conversion to Christianity and her marriage to John Rolfe.

Mommsen, the famous historian, has resigned the office of permanent secretary of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, which he has held twenty-one years. The professor celebrated the seventy-eighth anniversary of his birth a few weeks ago. Mommsen is now hard at work on a volume of his Roman history.

The journalistic feature of the hour in Paris is M. Henri Rochefort's series of articles in Le Jour, entitled "Les Aventures de ma Vie." He is throwing mud at several people, alive and dead, and his revelations are the cause of much gossip. It is said that his publishers have promised him $100,000 for the book into which his disclosures are to be compressed.

Crespo, the Venezuelan President, was born on a ranch in the Orinoco Valley, of Spanish and Indian parents. His wife is also of mixed blood and of humble parentage. Crespo has been in the service of the Venezuelan nation since his boyhood, when he entered the army. By the time he was thirty he had distinguished himself sufficiently to be put in command of a division.

The Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria is almost as great a universal genius as the German Emperor. Not satisfied with being a fair artist, a poet, an author, an accomplished horsewoman, skater, tennis player, and whip, she has lately taken up singing and bicycling. She sang a service, incognito, in a Vienna church with great success on last Christmas, and she has just apportioned off three weeks of her time in which she intends to learn and master riding the wheel.

Sir John Christopher Willoughby, Bart., now a prisoner in the Transvaal, is the author of three books on Africa. The first, published in 1889, is entitled "East Africa and Its Big Game; the Narrative of a Sporting Trip from Zanzibar to the Borders of the Masai." In 1893 he published "A Narrative of Further Excavations at Zimbabye, Mashonaland," and in the following year he wrote an account of the close of the campaign in Matabeleland and the downfall of Lobengula.

VENEZUELA'S BELL-BIRD

The Singular Silvery-Voiced Warbler that Lives Down Near the Schomburgk Line.

The present Venezuelan boundary dispute has been so widely discussed and written up that considerable attention is being given by most of the civilized world to a country hitherto almost unnoticed. One happy result of the wrangle has been the knowledge of the bird, animal, fish and plant life in this little republic, which has thus become suddenly worthy of acquisition. The birds particularly are extremely beautiful in plumage, graceful in form, and have most of them voices of ravishing sweetness. Many are singers of wonderful compass and possess notes as voluble and over-varying as the mockingbird.

One bird that is perhaps entitled to the place of the most striking vocal artist is the bellbird. Strange in other ways besides his voice, he is, too. His spotless white coat, his tall black horn or crest that rises just back of the bill, and his fond clinging to the ground except when frightened into flight makes him distinguished. The horn is only erected when he is excited or calling at twilight.

Piercing and loud, but sweet and full as the deep notes of a harp, his vibrant calls ring out over the silent woods. Well may the astonished hunter look about him for signs of a clearing and a mission chapel. It is just at sunset that these campaneros (bellbirds) ring out their gentle tones. The different birds seem to possess voices of varying depth, and the distance, long and short, serve to modulate and harmonize them all. For three or four miles you can hear the faint, responsive rings, like the echoes of the louder ones hard by. The great moras and ceibas stretch heavenward, and meeting overhead form grand arches of green that roof in the moss-tufted aisles of nature's cathedral. The traveller notes these, instinctively doffing his cap as the choir of sweet-singing jupubas and grosbeaks and Spanish warblers break out into a vast, deep-swelling vesper hymn, and over and through it all, like the chimes of some olden monastery, fall the silver ding-dong! ding! ding-dong! of los campaneros.