

## WRECK OF THE "POLLY ALLEN"

Wisdom and I had spent three months in a log cabin on the Pacific coast; three months of cloudless sky and starlit nights, with the water so calm that it almost reflected the hills behind.

"Does it never storm on this coast?" Wisdom asked one of the life-guard one day.

"Oh, yes, mem, it blows summat at times, mem."

"I should like to see a storm at sea once; it must be magnificent."

The guard squinted long and sagely at the horizon. Then he pointed to a thin wisp of grayish cloud lying low to the southwest, and said, "I think, mem, she'll be blowin' a capful afore night, judgin' from yon wisp of cloud, and the squallin' of the gulls."

The man's prophecy proved true. Shortly after noon the sky thickened. A dense fog came with the wind, and after the fog came a driving rain. As night drew on, the storm increased; what had been a gale became a hurricane.

We sat long that night, listening to the roar of the storm. Suddenly we were startled by a flash of light that gleamed through the window. I sprang to the door and looked out. Another flash revealed a three-masted vessel aground on the treacherous rocks called the "Needles," not a quarter of a mile from shore. Another rocket went up, and we could see the men in the rigging busy with the sails. Then we heard a crash like the discharge of a great gun, and the immense mainsail came flying shoreward like some gigantic white bird. By the light of the next rocket we saw that the mainmast had gone by the board, and that the vessel lay half on its side. Long before that, regardless of the driving rain and flying spray, we were on the beach.

Wisdom clutched my arm. "Is there nothing that can be done?" she asked.

"Nothing we can do, but the life-savers will be here soon."

Even as I spoke, there came the red flare of a Costen light from the station, and we could see the twinkling of the lanterns as the life-guard toiled up the beach, dragging their beach-cart and apparatus.

The crew came up, and halted right where we stood. No life-boat could live in such a sea; so they set about shooting to the vessel from the Lyle gun.

Marking the ground, the captain said, "Set the gun here." Then he walked back a few rods, made another mark, and said, "Set the shot-line here." He ran up the beach to a little knoll, and called out, "Tom, you and Andy set the sand-anchor here; you other fellows get out the hawser, and lay the whip-lines ready!"

The men dug into the loose sand like badgers. They set the heavy sand-anchor, rove the hawser into the ring, and coiled it ready for the whip-lines.

By this time the others had set the gun, coiled the shot-line, and attached the weight. The captain charged the gun, picked up the eighteen-pound projectile, and jammed it into the muzzle. Then he stepped aside, and raised his trumpet.

"Ship ahoy! Burn a flare!" Strange as it may seem, they heard him. As the light flashed up, the captain called through the trumpet, "Look out for the upper foretopsail yards!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" came faintly through the storm.

He pulled the lanyard; there was a flash, a roar, and the line, carried by the weight, whirled out across the water. A faint shout told that it had landed on the deck. By means of this line the crew hauled out to the ship first the whip-line, and then the great hawser. The hawser the men on the wreck made fast to the stump of the foremast.

The men on shore put a heavy crotch beneath the hawser, and raised it. The hawser ran through a block in the sand-anchor, and six men whose duty it was to give and take with the roll of the vessel kept it taut. Otherwise, it might have pulled the sand-anchor loose. The breeches-buoy was rigged on the hawser, which had become an aerial tramway. The signal was given, and the buoy disappeared in the darkness.

Presently a shout came from the vessel. Several men seized the line that led to the buoy, and ran up the beach with it. A huge fire had been kindled, and the light reached half way to the vessel. We could see the hawser rise high in the air as the ship rolled offshore, and

plunge down into the foam as a wave rolled her back again. A black object came out of the gloom into the circle of firelight. It was the buoy with a man in it. The ship listed, and the man went out of sight in a smother of foam; it rolled again, and the man and buoy shot high into the air. When it reached the shore, ready hands caught the buoy and lifted the man down. He had been injured by a falling timber, but refused to leave the spot until his shipmates were ashore. One by one they came, the master of the vessel last, with the ship's log-book under one arm, and a little terrier under the other. Every one was safe.

When daylight came we could see the pitiful wreck lying across the rocks. The waves had beaten the hull down to the water-line, and the shore was strewn for miles with masts and spars, rigging, cordage and sails, and piles of the lumber with which the Polly Allen had been loaded.

## FOUR WHIRLWIND WEDDINGS

### Scotsman in London Won All His Wives On Day's Acquaintance.

"I have been married four times, and married each of my wives on one day's acquaintance."

The speaker was Leslie Fraser Duncan, the tallest Scotsman in London.

Now ninety-two years of age, Duncan is still a striking and unusual man. He stands 6 feet 6 inches in his stockings, and retains all his faculties. He can read with the aid of an ordinary pair of glasses and has never known a day's illness in his long life.

And he pours contempt on the idea that great caution is necessary before entering into a matrimonial engagement.

"I advertised for my first wife," he said, "and had eighty replies by return of post. I picked out a dozen of them and entered into correspondence with the writers, finally narrowing my correspondence down to one."

"Although I travelled some way to see her, we were already pledged to one another. I met her and found her to be a girl of nineteen, I being then a young man of twenty-five. She was as fair as one could desire, and I had the license in my pocket."

"Next day we were married, and until I lost her twelve years later we lived as happy as could be. And I had no money when I was married, although I was not long in making some."

"I met my second wife in an omnibus in the city and we were engaged to be married before we got out. Next day we were married, and she made me happy for twelve years more. Why should we have waited?"

"My third wife was a widow whom I had certainly known when she was very young. However, I had not seen her for more than ten years, when I encountered her one day in London. We were glad to see one another again, and the next day we were married. It was a very happy union."

"The fourth wife I met at a hotel in Brighton, and it was a good day for me. I am glad to say that we wasted no time in foolish hesitation, but were married without loss of time. My wife died last October, deeply lamented by me, as by all her friends."

"I can look back and say I had no cause to regret any of my impetuous weddings."

"Although I am now ninety-two I have recently had an offer of marriage from a woman who, I may say, has \$150,000. But," added the matrimonial whirlwind, with a sigh of regret, "I think I am too old."

At the same time there was a twinkle in his bright eye which suggested his last word has not yet been said on the subject.

Duncan is a teetotaler and does not smoke. Also he lives upon very simple food, and eats sparingly. "Twelve cents a day will keep me," he says.

### The Comfortable Place.

Grandpa—Are you getting along nicely at school, Freddy?

Freddy—Yes, grandpa, I've got the best place in the class.

Grandpa—And what is that—at the top?

Freddy—No; near the fire.

### Meant Regardless of Cost.

Bess—Something that Jack said last night didn't sound just right.

Tess—What was that?

Bess—I told him if he called me pet names I wouldn't speak, and he replied that he would call me dear at any price.

## ZAPATO, MEXICAN BANDIT.

### Has Ravaged the Country, and Put Many to the Sword.

The greatest bandit who ever lived, not even barring Attila, or Geneseric, or Ghengis Khan; the one New World savage more blood-thirsty than Geronimo; the one soldier whom the armies of three Governments have failed to conquer, and against whom a fourth is now sending 10,000 men, is to-day ravaging an area larger than the States of New York and Texas combined.

He has seized thirty-nine towns, put more than 3,000 men, women and children to the sword; taken or destroyed about \$100,000,000 worth of property; killed about 1,700 Federal soldiers in open combat, and rides to-day at the head of a well-armed, finely-mounted force of 9,200 cavalry, in a country which borders on the United States, yet less is known about him than about any highwayman since the Vandals and the Huns swooped down on Rome.

His stronghold, the fortified town of Villa Ayala, almost on the line between the two large States of Morelos and Guerrero, Mexico, has been the scene of nine battles with troops from the rapidly changing Governments of Porfirio Diaz, Francisco Leon de la Barra, and Francisco I. Madero.

The bandit is Emiliano Zapata, and, eventually, the United States will have to wipe him out—Mexico cannot do it.

On April 4, 1913, the new President of Mexico, General Victoriano Huerta, offered Zapata full pardon for himself and all his men, command of all the Rurales (Federal Mounted Police, comparing with the North-West Mounted Police) for himself, and the governorship of the State of Morelos for his brother, Eufemio Zapata, scarcely less great a bandit, if Emiliano would lay down his arms. Not only did he refuse this offer, but he arrested and threw into prison in Cuernavaca the envoy of the Government—Pascual Orozco, senior, father of the northern rebel leader—who has joined the Huerta Government.



Eufemio Zapata.

Before making this offer, General Huerta, acting on instructions from Felix Diaz, sent twenty-seven men, each ignorant of the other's presence, into Morelos and Guerrero, with the offer of a reward of \$5,000 for Zapata's head, dead or alive. Some of these men—for he knew of their coming almost as soon as they left Mexico City—Zapata shot; still others he took prisoners; one, who became obstreperous, is reported to have been burned alive, and from others he cut the nose, or one ear, and sent them back to the Federal Government as warnings.

General Victoriano Huerta, now President of Mexico, fought Zapata through all of April and May, 1912,

at Tres Marias, Horseshoe Hill, and near Cuernavaca, but to no avail, though he had twice as many men and three times as many field guns as the bandit.

Zapata is a trained soldier, 42 years old, with 15 years of his life spent in the army, a prisoner under Porfirio Diaz. He first appeared on Mexico's bloody map twenty-two years ago, at the head of twelve highwaymen. Diaz' rurales captured him in the village of Yantepec. He was thrown into the army, and there devoted all his energies to the arts of war, so that, when he had served his time, he might turn them against Porfirio Diaz.

Freed in 1906, he broke out in the spring of 1911 under the banner of Madero, at the head of 900 men, whom he fantastically christened the "Death Legion." They have lived up to every word of their name. In a sort of wild justice he first captured Yantepec, where he had been arrested a score of years before. To-day the village is a blackened ruin, its 4,500 inhabitants scattered to the four winds, save those who lie dead beneath their dynamite shattered homes.

The nearly three years of robbery, rapine, massacre, and loot carried on by Zapata have netted him, at a conservative estimate, \$10,000,000, about half of which he has managed to keep. He has large deposits in French banks and in the banks of Guatemala, a nation which hates Mexico worse than Mexico hates Zapata. The other half has been distributed among his leaders, any one of whom could leave Mexico to-day with money enough to support himself for the rest of his life.

The reported crimes of Zapata are listed as follows:

Total destruction of twelve towns of more than 1,500 inhabitants.

Confiscation of \$75,000,000 in Government and private funds, jewellery, horses, cattle, and saleable goods from stores.

Execution, by his own hand, of 208 men, mostly non-combatants.

Participation in the massacre of about 1,200 peaceable citizens.

Loot and partial destruction by fire of twenty-seven towns of from 400 to 7,000 inhabitants.

Acceptance of \$150,000 in bribes from the Madero Government to lay down his arms on four separate occasions, and failure to keep these promises.

Destruction of about \$7,000,000 worth of public buildings in towns captured by his men.

Seizure of control of two States, Morelos and Guerrero—from the Madero Government.

Kidnapping of seventy-two girls of the better class in towns captured from the Federal troops. None of these girls has been seen since being captured.

## HUNT UNKNOWN TRIBES.

### Explorer to Find Savages who Have Never Seen White Man.

Dr. Carl Lumholtz, well-known on account of his studies among the Mexican Indians, is equipping an expedition to explore the unknown interior of Dutch New Guinea.

With 70 or 80 Dyaks from Borneo to act as carriers, the expedition will start its travels in New Guinea next December. The party will follow the Digel river into the interior as far as is navigable, and at the head of navigation will establish a base of supplies. Dr. Lumholtz is counting on his Dyaks rendering valuable service.

They will build canoes for the river journey, and when the point is reached where even canoes cannot proceed farther, they will be used to clear a path through the dense forest. In the highlands of the interior, Dr. Lumholtz expects to find savage tribes which have never even seen a white man.

He believes this region to be rich in rare animals and gorgeous unknown birds, among the latter being a new variety of the bird of paradise. A botanist and geologist will be attached to the expedition.

The new country will be mapped by the photogrammetric method, which has been used lately with highly satisfactory results in Spitzbergen.

### Stolen Hair Means Death.

In many parts of the modern world the believer in witchcraft still gets hold of hair, nail parings and so forth from an enemy's head and hands, and burns, burles or does something else with them in order to entail unpleasant consequences upon that enemy. And universal folklore reveals the concern of savages to dispose of their own hair and nail clippings to prevent an enemy from getting at them. Australian native girls who have had a lock of hair stolen from them expect death as a certainty.

## HAMPTON MAZE.

### How it Came to be Opened to the General Public.

Every year about 100,000 people pay a penny each for the privilege of losing themselves temporarily in the world-famous maze at Hampton Court. The most popular day of all is, of course, the first Monday in August, when the admissions average well over 5,000. Last August Bank holiday, however, was an exception, for, owing to the cold, wet weather, the number sank to 4,297, the lowest on record.

That the public is admitted to the maze at all is due to a kindly action by the late Queen Victoria. It was during the Crimean War, and her Majesty had gone down to Netley hospital to visit the first batch of wounded heroes home from the front. Among them was a certain Sergeant Dobson, who had had his right hand shattered by a shell while on duty in the trenches.

"How I wish I could do something for the poor fellow!" exclaimed the queen, addressing her husband, the prince consort.

For some minutes she stood by the wounded man's cot, her brows puckered, thinking deeply. Then suddenly her face cleared, and, clapping her hands together, she cried:

"I have it! There is a maze at Hampton Court. It used to amuse me greatly when I was a child. We will throw it open to the public, making a small charge for admission and put Sergeant Dobson in charge of it. He shall have the takings for his trouble."

And as the Queen said, so it was. For full 40 years Lucky Dobson, as his comrades called him, stood at the receipt of custom, otherwise the entrance to the maze, and there literally he raked in the shekels.

He had no regular fixed charge, but no one ever got in unless they paid at least a penny. At holiday times the minimum was threepence. He died about ten years ago worth £30,000. It was a lucky day for him when his bandaged hand caught the eye and aroused the sympathy of the kind-hearted Queen.

Nowadays the money no longer goes to any individual, but is paid into the national treasury, and the uniformed parkkeepers—of whom there are eight—take it in turns to preside over the self-registering turnstile and collect pennies from the eager crowds of people waiting to be lost.

## "CONSCIENCE FUND."

### Canadians' Conscience More Tender Than Yankees'.

More penitents tortured by the "still small voice" surrendered conscience money to the Dominion Government during the past year than during any previous twelve months of which there is a record.

The "conscience fund," which is the most unique and remarkable of any fund for any purpose in the country, is the only official index to scruples, but no Treasury or Finance official attempts to explain the great increase in restitution of money received from the Government by fraud or error.

Of the various departments to benefit by the apparent wave of righteousness the Department of Public Works comes off decidedly best. It alone received \$6,739. Being the greatest spending department, the preponderance in its favor lacks a significance which it otherwise might possess.

Employees of the Railways and Canals were less troubled of nights and returned only \$1.40.

The Marine and Fisheries were recompensed to the extent of \$39.25.

Conscience money generally reaches the Government in plain unmarked envelopes. There is nothing to indicate the name of the penitent. The money is added to the "casual revenue" side of the Government's ledger.

The amount of the "conscience money" paid back to the Government during the past year is remarkable, when it is remembered that a similar conscience fund in the United States received in 1912 only \$2,814, notwithstanding the great inequality in the population of the two countries. The American fund was established more than one hundred years ago, and an average of \$4,000 has been received by it each year since.

"Conscience money" has been received by the Canadian Government ever since Confederation. This year's wave of righteousness was the greatest ever.

### Defined.

Tommy—"Pop, what are delicacies?"

Tommy's Pop—"Delicacies, my son, are merely things the doctor forbids us to eat."