

LONELY SOUTH SEA KINGS.

White Men That Have Ruled Tiny, Far-Away Islands—
Kingdom of a Runaway Sailor.

"The most interesting things I find in my cruises in the South Sea," said Capt. W. E. Bostwick of Lima, Peru, "are the little islands that rear their heads above the water in the South Pacific Ocean."

There are probably few people who know that for more than forty-five years the Stars and Stripes have been flying over an atoll island away down in the South Sea, in the northern part of the Samoan group, and that an ardent American can live there as King for twenty-eight years and founded a colony of American-Samoan descendants on the palm-fringed islet. The island is Gente Hermosa, and the lord and master there was a New Hampshire man named Jennings. In 1856 or 1858, a young Yankee skipper, Eli Jennings, was sailing around the Horn on a whaler for the Hawaiian Islands. The ship stopped at Gente Hermosa for water and fruit, and Jennings was charmed with the spot and the primitive courtesy of the natives. He sailed away to Honolulu with pleasant memories of the atoll in the South Sea. At Honolulu he saw what the Yankees had done in getting rich among the Hawaiians. So he quit the whales and was back at Gente Hermosa in another year.

The story of Jennings' life on that bit of land far off in the South Sea is almost as strange as anything in fiction. He learned the Samoan language, married the most beautiful Samoan girl in the whole archipelago and was the undisputed lord of all he surveyed. He got several English sailors to come and live on Gente Hermosa. English became the language of the island, and the natives were taught industry and temperance. But Jennings never gave up his contentions that he had added Gente Hermosa to the United States and that all people there were Americans. When he became rich in the copra trade he procured American books and an American teacher from Honolulu, and all of his many dusky-skinned children were taught American history, American ideas and the Episcopal religion. Jennings was loved as much by the Samoans thirty years ago as Robert Louis Stevenson was years later. He made Gente Hermosa one of the most moral and industrious little communities in all the South Sea. Under his skill a dozen large houses were built for the Jennings family and as the headquarters of the community government and business of the island. When he died he left eleven grown-up children and thirty grandchildren. His remains were inclosed in a mammoth sarcophagus of cement and coral, which stands on the spot where he slept first on Gente Hermosa soil in 1857.

"An American colony of vegetarians are living on Tagula Island, a tiny bit of land in the Dutch archipelago, about 700 miles southeast from New Guinea, and 1,000 miles northeast from Australia. Under the leadership of a Methodist clergyman, the Rev. James Newlin of Ohio, some seventy people sailed from San Francisco in 1890 for Hawaii. They believed that a higher plane of Christianity was to be reached by a vegetarian diet and freedom from contamination with degenerate mankind. So they gave up their friends and homes in the Eastern States. Tagula Island was finally chosen for their colony. There were about fifty good-natured natives there who welcomed the new comers."

"I visited the Newlinites on the island several years ago. They had lost by desertion some twenty of the original members of the vegetarian colony, but they had a good net increase in numbers by reason of births and secessions of people from England, Australia and America. They had built roads and homes and a large meeting house. They gained their livelihood by growing indigo and yams and other fruits for the Australian and New Zealand markets. They seemed to be happy and they believed they were the pioneers in a scheme that would become of mighty importance in another century. The colonists had very little in common with anything in the world outside of their wee island. A few of them wrote annually to relatives and friends in America and Europe, and some had entirely cut themselves off from a knowledge of all that had once been dear to them in the busy world."

"The history of the Cocos group of islands and the lordship that a couple of English adventurers, Ross and Hare, assumed over the natives there is unusual. Hare and Ross by coincidence settled simultaneously on islands in the Cocos group and each proposed to be master there. After five years of petty warfare Hare

died. From 1827, when the original Ross first settled in the Cocos, a Ross has ruled the archipelago. The first two Rosses, the father and grandfather of the present proprietor, ruled the islands, as their Highland ancestors had held their lands. There was a formal annexation of the group in 1857 by a British man of war; but until eleven years ago the Ross dynasty was practically unmolested by any outside interference. Even now the British Colonial office leaves the Ross family to govern the islands by the traditional methods and by past experience.

"The Cocos islands are about 10 degrees south latitude and 110 degrees east. They are 1,200 miles southwest from Java and 500 miles from Christmas Island. They number twenty two, and the largest of them has an average diameter of nine miles. The population is about 700, of whom the greater portion are native born and the rest are Malays. The Ross family are the only Europeans inhabiting the group, and though all the male members of the third generation were educated in Scotland, and are described as well educated, quick and intelligent, they have almost all contracted native marriages, and thrown their lot in with the people whom they rule. Their sons and daughters, with few exceptions, neither speak nor understand English, and George Clunies Ross, the head of the family, and a man of remarkable force of character, was at one time eighteen years without hearing English spoken, and confesses to being a little rusty in its use."

"All punishments are meted out by one of the Ross family upon the advice of a committee consisting of George Clunies Ross and a native and a Malay citizen. These three men have the power of inflicting the death penalty, but they have not exercised the right in a dozen years. When a law is made Mr Ross writes it and posts it on the front of his house. It takes effect twelve hours after its posting. The people are very orderly."

"Another queer bit of land in the Pacific is Christmas Island, near the equator and nearly due south of the Hawaiian group. It is about thirty five miles long. The atoll embraces a long lagoon, the water of which becomes so salt at times through evaporation as to be veritable brine. In this water we find many large fishes, literally pickled. Evidently they had been thrown over the reef from the ocean. Though doubtless months old their flesh was perfectly preserved. On the occasion of a visit in 1899 we anchored upon the lee of the island in 100 feet of water, which was so clear that one could see innumerable fishes of many species swimming about. They were greedy for bait, but the sharks took them as fast as we got them hooked. It frequently happened that a fish a foot or two long would get on the hook. It would immediately be swallowed by a bigger fish, and the latter, while being pulled to the surface of the line, would be gobbled by a shark. That sounds like a fish lie, but I give you my word that it is true."

"The government of Annobon Island is very like that of a comic opera. Annobon is in latitude 1 degree and 24 minutes south and longitude 5 degrees and 38 minutes east. A century ago a race of coal-black thieves, murderous and treacherous natives lived there, but an English man-of-war went down there in 1812 and settled the cussedness of the natives by a few broadsides. The blacks have been good since that day. Young men are bought for husbands by young women and the Governor has the privilege of naming all the children born on the island. The women own the island's wood, while the men own the fruit crops. Money is almost unknown there, all commerce being carried on by barter."

"President McCoy of the Pitcairn Island government told me of an experience he once had on Swallow Island in the Santa Cruz group. When he and a party of missionaries went there to open missions they found that a King still reigned there and that all his subjects were members of the royal family. The party had been on shore but a short time when they met the King. He was a full blooded white man, and what was more astonishing to the explorer's they found that everybody on the island could speak the English language. The King was found to be a hale and hearty, jolly good fellow, and his subjects were all prosperous. They tilled the soil and are a self-sustaining people. There were forty-five men, women and children on the island. The King was a runaway English sailor who had settled there."

"I used to know a Chilean who live alone for about three years on a little island in Galapagos group, like Robinson Crusoe. His name was Manuel Aguilar. He was sole master of St. Charles Island, which is about six hundred miles from Guayaquil Bay on the coast of Ecuador. He had been convicted of crime, had broken jail and had taken refuge on this lonely island. Aguilar set about in Crusoe-like fashion to make life on the island of St. Charles as agreeable as possible. He began to keep track of time by cutting a notch in a tree at every sunset, but when he lay ill for many days with fever he lost all idea of time and he gave up his calendar. He said that when he left St. Charles Island he was sure he had been there ten or more years, whereas it was exactly thirty seven months. He had nothing about him to even build a fire with when he landed there. In time he learned to sew, with a needle made from the bone of a bird and hemp fibres for thread. He became an adept with clubs and stones at killing game. One day he succeeded after countless failures in striking a spark with stones so as to start a fire. He never let that fire go completely out for two years, and from it he made hundreds of other fires at different parts of the island. He longed to go back to the penal colony where he might have human companionship. He waited for over two years before a ship came close enough to his island to see his signal of distress. Then he freely gave himself up and volunteered to go back to the penal colony of Ecuador, but the ship that rescued him was an English whaler, and the poor fellow was carried to Santiago, Chili, and there set free."

PRIVATE BURNS'S RISK.

A Deed as Daring as Funston's by a Young Soldier in the Civil War.

When the newspaper correspondents in the Philippines wrote the story of Col. Funston swimming a river in the face of a hot fire from the Filipinos the whole world admired his bravery, and a grateful government made him a general. There is a man in South Bend, Ind., who, when but a lad, performed a more dangerous feat and showed greater bravery than Funston did, who does not talk about it, and went unrewarded in proportion to what his deed deserved. The man is State Senator A. M. Burns, who represents St. Joseph county in the Legislature.

When the Civil War broke out Mr Burns was a bit of a lad, living in a little town in Wisconsin. On the call for volunteers he applied to the nearest recruiting station, but the officer in charge laughed at him and told him to go back home and grow some. But this did not discourage him, and he applied to influential friends, who secured him a place as a drummer boy with the Tenth Wisconsin, and he started out in the greatest glee. For a year he sounded the drum with this regiment, and at the end of that time he was discharged as a drummer, but Burns wanted to be a real soldier, and he went into the ranks with a musket on his shoulder for a three years term of service. He was in all the battles of the Army of the Cumberland, including Chickamauga, and several times had a close call for his life.

On the afternoon of Sept. 20, 1863, Private Burns, while in the van of a charge was shot through the leg above the knee. He received his wound about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and all that night he lay on the battlefield, surrounded by the dead and dying, with shot and shell hurling over him. About 9 o'clock in the morning he was taken to the field hospital and his wound creased. After weeks of pain he recovered and returned to his regiment, and took part in the Atlanta campaign.

It was at the Chattahoochee River that Private Burns performed the deed alluded to. The bridge had been destroyed, and the Confederates had a pontoon bridge, but it was on their side of the river. The troops of the two armies fired at each other from opposite sides of the stream, and it looked for a while as if the march of the Federal forces would be stopped. It was left to the Tenth Wisconsin to devise means for the crossing of the troops and the Colonel suggested that the pontoon bridge be captured and called for volunteers to swim the river with a rope, to be fastened to the bridge.

Private Burns was the first man to step three paces to the front. Some of the older soldiers thought it would be a shame to send such a bit of a boy to almost certain death, and tried to get him to stand aside and let an older man take his place. But Burns insisted that he was the first to volunteer and was entitled to the commission of the task, and the Colonel with tears in his eyes, told him to go ahead.

As soon as it was dusk Private Burns slipped down to the river, but not until he had written a farewell letter to his home and entrusted it to his Captain, to be sent if he did not come back. The rope was tied about his body under the arms and he

plunged into the deep, swift river. The swimmer was soon lost sight of in the darkness, and it was three-quarters of an hour before he returned as silently as he had left.

His comrades had gathered about the bank and were waiting in great suspense, and as he climbed up the bank the men picked up the boy and hugged him. He had tied the rope to the end of the bridge and cut the ropes with which the Confederates had fastened it to the south side of the river, and the soldiers began hauling it around. It was not long until the pontoon was in position, and the Wisconsin boys, with Private Burns in the front rank, charged across the bridge, drove the Confederates back, and what happened after that is a matter of history.

Private Burns was the hero of the regiment, and he won his spurs again in the Atlanta campaign and was mentioned several times in the despatches for bravery on the field. When his term of service had expired Burns went home, but the sound of the gun was music to his ears and he again volunteered, expecting to go as a private, but his old Colonel insisted with the authorities at Washington that Burns deserved recognition for his services at the Chattahoochee River and he was given a commission as Captain in the Forty Fourth Wisconsin and served nine months, returning home when there was no more fighting to do.

MEDICAL PRACTICE IN CHINA.

All Physicians Save the Native Doctors have Troubles of Their Own.

Dr. Johnson, a well known medical missionary, who was in New Orleans just before the attack on Tientsin, told some curious and interesting things about practice among the Chinese. "They are very trying patients," he said, "and make a strong demand on any doctor's Christian forbearance. To begin with, no Chinaman can be trusted to tell the truth about the history of his case; he simply will not follow directions and, if possible, he will upset the treatment by eating all sorts of outlandish things on the sly—such delicacies as green peanuts, pickled pig's stomach, decayed fish roes, raw turnips, and Chinese pears, which are hard as a rock and about as nutritious as sawdust."

"Our mission hospitals made the mistake at the outset of treating everybody gratuitously, and the consequence was that they were overrun with people who were amply able to pay and who had no sympathy whatever with the cause. There was absolutely no sense in giving away our time and medicine to such a class, and at present the mission hospitals have a fixed schedule of charges, ranging from 5 'cash,' or about a quarter of a cent, for a quinine powder, to 2,000, cash for a minor surgical case. The bona fide paupers, of course are treated free. One of the large hospitals at Chefoo tried the experiment of posting a notice that patients would be expected to deposit whatever they were able to give in a box fastened to the front gate and a charitable German visitor started the thing off by putting in £5. During the first month over 900 cases were treated in doors in clinic, and the box was then opened. It was as empty as a drum. Even the £5 had disappeared. After that the fee system was introduced. The missionary doctors are occasionally called in by the wealthy classes, and generally charge a good, round fee for such service. I was sent for last spring to prescribe for the mother of a rich Magistrate, and was informed that I would have to feel her pulse by means of a silk cord extending out from the bedroom. I went through the solemn farce and charged £20 'for style.' Subsequently I saw my patient face to face."

"A good deal that has been written about the strange methods of the native practitioners is all moonshine," continued Dr. Johnson, "but the truth is singular enough without any embellishment. The first task of a Chinese medical student upon entering the Imperial College at Shanghai is to learn the 300 'life spots' in the human body. A 'life spot' is supposed to be a place through which a needle may be passed without causing death. The Chinese believe firmly in demoniacal possession, and their doctors do a great deal of stabbing and prodding to make holes for the purpose of letting out the evil spirits that are causing the sickness. I was called to see one poor fellow who was dying of jaundice, and counted over eighty punctures in his chest and arms. The Chinese practitioners had furnished the demon with plenty of exits, but he declined to depart. When a criminal is executed the native doctors are nearly always on hand to secure sections of the body to use in compounding their medicines. A powder made of the thigh bones is believed to be a specific for the disease known to science as 'miner's anemia,' which is caused by a parasite and easily controlled by proper remedies. Sore eyes, due to chronic cold, or 'catarrhal ophthalmia,' as

it is called technically, is a very common malady in China, and is treated with an astonishing prescription composed of powdered sandalwood, the 'skin' of eggs and an oil made by boiling monkeys' toes."

"I could go on by the hour, recalling other preparation equally fantastic. There is absolutely nothing approaching system in Chinese medicine. It is based wholly on humbug and mystification, and that is the reason why so many strange and outre substances are employed as remedies. The idea is to awe the patient. It is an amusing fact that during my stay in Chefoo I treated every doctor in the city. They wouldn't take their own nostrums. That was carrying the joke too far."

Economy is a Virtue

DIAMOND DYES

Will Save Money for Every
Home in Canada.

When times are hard and dollars scarce, the smart and bright women of our country find that the Diamond Dyes are important helps in economizing. By the use of Diamond Dyes the husband, mother and children can be well and stylishly dressed, although nearly all the clothing may be old material dyed over.

Diamond Dyes make such lasting and beautiful colors that goods dyed with them cannot be told from new. Any one can use them, as the directions are so plain and simple that no skill is needed. The colors of Diamond Dyes never grow dim; they never fade or wash out. In order to secure the best results in home dyeing, every woman should see that her dealer or merchant gives her the "Diamond Dyes," as other package dyes are only poor imitations.

Rival Sportsmen.

A writer in Travel says that the Island of Sokotra is one of the least known portions of the British Empire, although thousands of Englishmen sight it every year from the decks of steamers running to Indian and Australian ports. When the southwest monsoon blows, its iron-bound coast is cut off for months from the rest of the world, because no vessel dares to venture near.

In gunning near the coast, where the various streams watering the broad plain of Tamarid terminates in three lagoons, the Englishman found himself checkmated by another kind of sportsman. The lagoons swarmed with fish, and formed the resort of large flocks of duck and teal; but one of the greatest difficulties in procuring this game arose from the presence of enormous crabs.

These hideous creatures seemed to be amphibious, for they excavated tunnels through the banks of the lagoons, and then lay at the dry end of the opening to watch. They were unpleasant-looking animals, thus engaged, some of them measuring a foot across, and all of a sickening greenish yellow. One could imagine that the victim forced to lose its life in their clutches might easily die of fright at their terrifying appearance.

If a bird dropped anywhere near, it was at once seized and dragged into the tunnel; and when the hunter had a successful shot, he was by no means allowed to reap the benefit of it. Punctual as the report, Sir Scorpio appeared and claimed the bird the whole, and never a part.

When one was depending upon one's gun for dinner, it was maddening to see a beautiful fat mallard embezzled by a crab.

At one time, the sportsman dropped a big sand-piper in the water, some twenty yards from the opposite bank, and a crab rose from the bottom and dragged the bird down. Then the sandpiper escaped and came bobbing up again, but a shot was ready for his pursuer's appearance.

The minute that ugly form arose to regain its quarry, the sportsman let it have the other barrel. Bits of crab and bits of bird fluttered in the breeze, and on securing the mangled remains of the sandpiper, it was found that the crab had eaten away nearly all the head and neck; this in less than five minutes.

"Say, you!" cried the victim in the crowded car, glaring up at the transgressor, "my feet are not there to stand on." "That's so," replied the other pleasantly. "You don't need 'em for that while you've got a seat, do you?"

Mrs. Jones—I don't see what you should have against my first husband. The poor fellow is dead.

Mr. Jones—Yes; that's the only thing I've got against him.

Light or dark blue cottons or silks can be dyed black. Magnetic dye black, gives a handsome, permanent black.

Old lady (sternly)—Is there a bar attached to this hotel, young man?

Summer hotel clerk—No, ma'am, but we can send out and get you anything you want.