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PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1901.

Girl Rescued from Captivity.

Thirteen years ago Paul Crampel, a brilliant young Frenchman, who had made a name by exploring the depths of the French Congo country, was welcomed home to Paris with all the honors and attention that the French bestow upon their successful men. He brought with him a young black girl, and the French were entertained by her novel and romantic story. Newspapers and magazines published pictures of Paul Crampel and Niarinze, the bright, jolly girl of the Pahouins, the greatest tribe in West Africa.

Three weeks ago the French newspapers printed long accounts of the overthrow of Sultan Rabah, who for years has been master of the Central Soudan. They told of the killing of this powerful potentate and of the establishment of French authority where he had ruled supreme; and the long story contained one little paragraph which seems not to have attracted much attention. It is said that the negro girl Niarinze, who had accompanied Crampel back to Africa, and who for years had been a captive in the hands of Rabah, was found among the women who surrounded his tent as the French soldiers marched up to the quarters of the fallen Sultan. These soldiers were greatly surprised to be addressed in French by a woman of the tribe. It was Niarinze. Her days of captivity were over.

The story of this girl is a most unusual one. About 1887 Crampel lived for months in the unknown east part of the French Congo. He wandered from chief to chief of the great Pahouin tribe, that numbers at least a million souls. One day a chief surprised the young explorer by remarking:

'I am astonished that you have lived to come through all this country. The chiefs have treated you badly, and now you say you will return alone among the whites. A great man like you ought to take home women from all the nations he meets. Now I am going to show you that I am the friend of the whites. I will give you one of my daughters to take home with you.

The explorer protested in vain that he did not desire such a present. He told Chief Igue that he had left a young wife at home, and that among his people a man has only one wife. But the more they talked the more certain it was that the chief would be offended if his present were rejected. Crampel had only a small following, and he could not afford to turn a friend into an enemy. So he said he would accept the present.

The next day at a large meeting of the people the chief appeared leading Niarinze by the hand. The girl was then 13 years old. When her father had brought the child before Crampel he said to the smiling little creature:

'Now you no longer have a father or mother or brothers or sisters. You belong to the white man and you are going to his country.'

Thus it happened that this little girl was taken from her native forests and introduced to the wonderful sights of Paris where she was soon placed in school. Crampel and his wife expected that she would learn to read and live out her years in France. But one day the plans for Nairinze's future were suddenly changed. Crampel had received a commission to go to the region between the Congo and Lake Tchad. He was to make treaties with the chiefs of the tribes and place them under the protection of France. In fact he was to be France's representative in the race for Lake Tchad in which England and Germany were participating. Crampel greatly needed an interpreter to accompany him on his journey. It was believed that the influence of the Pahouins extended there and that the tribes probably understood this language. He needed a Pahouin interpreter. There was no time to be lost, for his mission required celerity. The young girl conning her French lessons was an interpreter to his hand, and so it happened that she went with him back to Africa. The last their friends saw of them was as they stood on deck waving their handkerchiefs as the ship bore them out of the harbor.

Crampel had not heard of the conquering advance of Rabah in the Soudan and he approached his destination little dreaming that he and his small party were at the mercy of a powerful foe. Rabah was informed of every step the explorer took. He permitted him to advance until the little party had entered the southern part of Wadia, on the southern edge of the Sahara. Then he sent a party to meet Crampel with orders to kill the intruding white man. One day a crowd of apparently friendly Mohammedans suddenly overpowered and disarmed the Senegal soldiers while at the same moment another throng attacked Crampel and his Arab interpreter and stabbed them repeatedly with knives. Then as the dying men lay on the ground the Arabs shot them through the head. All their clothing was stripped from the bodies which were dragged through the scrub and abandoned by the murderers. The black members of the expedition were kept as slaves. One of them escaped and he told this story of the part Niarinze had taken in the fearful scene.

He said that when the attack came, as unexpected as a thunderbolt on a sunny day, the young girl seized a gun, shot dead one of the men who was stabbing her master and a moment later she too fell dead with a bullet through her body.

But Mr. Dybowski, who led the search expedition which France sent out to ascertain what had become of Crampel, returned home with another story which he believed to be the true one. He said that all the native and Arab versions of the affair that he could gather agreed in saying that the girl had seized a gun to defend her master, had shot an Arab and was immediately knocked down and disarmed; that she had recoverd from the severe injury she received and was taken further north as the slave of one of Crampel's murderers.

This account now appears to have been substantially correct. The girl seems sooner or later to have become attached to the establishment of the Sultan Rabah himself. He doubtless heard that she had been in the white man's party and probably endeavored to obtain from her all the information she could give about Crampel and his country. Dybowski sought in vain for any written account of his journey that Crampel might have prepared. Not until this late day were any details of this nature brought to light. But on the same day that Niarinze was rescued Crampel's diary was found in Rabah's baggage.

Niarinze is now about 26 years of age. It is pleasant to hear that she has at last been freed from her long captivity. Perhaps she will be permitted again to visit Paris. She could tell many details of the last long march of Crampel that would interest not only his widow and friends but also the entire French people, who were deeply touched by his sad fate. Mme. Crampel, since her husband's death, has become an artist of considerable repute. There is no doubt that she would be very glad to meet again the black girl who, when she last saw her, was a child standing by her husband's side as the steamer carried him from his home forever.

THE CLOSE OF A VENDETTA.

Death Takes the Last Participant in a Kansas Feud.

By the death of Charles Vaughn, fifteen miles south of Cedarvale, Kan., in the Osage reservation, the last survivor of a feud which was fought along the border with all the fierceness of a Corsican vendetta for months was wiped out. The participants were, on the one hand, Jim and Charles Vaughn, cowboys, who were cousins, and Tom Wilber and Dennis Amos, who ran a 'joint' in Caney, Kan., in 1879 and 1880, and the feud began in this joint in August, 1880, when Amos in a game of poker beat Jim Vaughn out of $70.

Vaughn was by accident unarmed at the time, but left, swearing that he would return in three days and kill all the Amoses. Accordingly, Vaughn returned to the ranch on which he was working in the Territory, procured a brace of six-shooters and on the appointed day went back to Caney. The Amoses, barricaded in their joint and armed with three double-barrelled shotguns, were waiting for him. Vaughn hitched his horse and, pulling his six-shooters, began firing and walking toward the Amos joint. The Amoses replied with a broadside from their shotguns and when the smoke had cleared away Vaughn lay in the street with his body full of buckshot and Tom Amos lay on the floor with his jaw shattered by a bullet. Blood poison set in and four weeks later Amos was buried. On the other hand, Vaughn, who was thought to have been mortally wounded, recovered, and in two months was able to go to work again.

Vaughn was a crack shot and the Amoses lived in constant terror of him, and after they found that he had gotten well they swore out a warrant for his arrest—which was an unusual proceeding in those days. A deputy sheriff, who was a warm friend of the joint keepers, arrested Vaughn and put the Amoses and one of their friends on the force to guard him the night after the arrest. During the night, while the deputy slept, the Amoses shot and killed Vaughn. They claimed that he had tried to escape. However, three of the five shots which had pierced the dead man's body were fired after he had fallen—so the direction of the bullets indicated.

The Amoses at that time did not know of the existence of Charles Vaughn—who was employed on a ranch in Texas—and, after they had killed Jim, settled down to quiet life. Wilber remained in Caney and Dennis Amos, with his young wife and child, located on a farm just east of Cedarville. A friend of Jim Vaughn in the meantime notified Charles Vaughn of the manner in which his cousin had been killed, and Charles thereupon boarded the next train and went to Caney. He remained quiet a day and by inquiry learned of the whereabouts of the Amoses. On the second day after his arrival he met Wilber Amos in a drug store, and walking up to him informed him that he was there for the purposing of killing him. Amos reached for his gun, but Vaughn was too quick for him and sent a 45-caliber bullet through his brain. The dead man had hardly struck the floor before Vaughn was on his horse riding at a breakneck speed toward town.

Dennis Amos was eating dinner when Vaughan reached his house, and without introducing himself the Texan opened fire and sent one bullet through Dennis's breast and another through his head. The infuriated cowboy then picked up the child and dashed its brains out against the floor. He also fired a shot at the woman, but she escaped into the bedroom, and Vaughan, thinking his pursuers were close upon him, mounted his horse and rode away. Although a posse pursued him for two days, he was not overtaken, and his whereabouts had never been known from that day to the day of his death. Yesterday, when, after a six weeks' struggle with the fever, he found that he had to die he told his attendants that he was Charles Vaughan and narrated the story, with the older residents of this town know to be true.

Cicero's Wit.

The retort exasperating is not a modern feature of a trial by jury. In the case against Verres, one of the great trials of antiquity, in which Cicero appeared for the prosecution and Hortensius for the defense Cicero made a typical excursion against his opponent.

Hortensius was known, in violation of the law, which required the services of advocates at Rome to be gratuitous, to have received as a present from his client a valuable image of the sphinx, one of the spoils of his government in Sicily. While Cicero was examining a witness, Hortensius made a sally.

'You speak in riddles,' said he. 'I cannot understand you.'

'That is odd,' Cicero rejoined, 'for you have a sphinx at home to solve them.'

Ups And Downs.

'Really your face is very familiar, sir, but you seem to have the advantage of me in names.'

And she looked at the distinguished stranger with a puzzled air.

'I fancied,' he said, 'that you would know me. My name is Bangs, and four years ago I had the honor to be your coachman.'

The face of the lady blazed.

'Sir!' she fairly snarled.

'But a remarkable lucky series of stock investments,' he went on, 'has enabled me to become your next door neighbor.'

The lady's face softened.

'So pleased to renew our acquaintence, Mr. Bangs,' she smiling said.

Photography in Warfare.

The military applications of photography are increasing continually, and this great aid to military science ranks side by side with that other strong arm of the art of war, viz.: electricity. Among its latest applications may be mentioned photography under water, the photography of coast profiles, telephotography (or photography at a distance), electrical (rapid) photography, microphotography, series-photography (for kintescope effects), the photography of explosions of mines, etc.

Some other recent applications, which are yet old enough to have a little history, are the uses of photography in the carrier (or homing) pigeon service, in reconnaissance and as an aid to instruction.

Although the application of photography to the carrier pigeon service dates back to the seige of Paris in 1870-1, some of the most interesting details of improvements of this service have only quite recently been made public.

Carrier pigeons themselves were used as early as 1574 at the siege of Leyden. The pigeon cannot carry comfortably and safely a despatch weighing over half a gram, consequently the original despatches had to be written very small, on very thin paper, and only one side of the paper could be used.

The demands of this service during the seige of Paris were so great that it became essential to find some means of increasing the carrying capacity of the pigeon by reducing the size of the despatches. This was effected by photography. A chemist named Barresville, in Tours, had discovered a method which was practicable. By it the despatches were first printed in the ordinary way, then reduced by photography about 300 times; in this way one pidgeon could carry a number of despatches at one time. The attempt to print on both sides of the paper failed, but when the demands on the service still further increased a number of despatches were printed on a large sheet (9x34 inches) in three columns; this was then reduced by photography even more than 300 times and copied. In this way some sixty-four sheets, containing about 9,800 despatches, averaging sixteen words, were sent in three days.

But the demands on the service kept growing, and state aid was called into requisition. Photography again came to the rescue. A photographer of Paris, named Dagron, discovered a way of enormously increasing the carrying capacity of a pigeon; the despatches printed on a large sheet were divided into a number of sections, which were reduced by photography on glass plates with dry collodion on the surface; the negative thus obtained was further reduced on another plate covered with dry collodion; this gave a photographic positive about 1 1-2x2 1 2 inches. By treatment in an acid bath the thin collodion pellicle could be removed. On each pellicle about 3,200 despatches could be reproduced, and its weight was so small that a single pigeon could carry some 50,000 despatches. By means of a special apparatus (magnifying some 600 times) the despatches could be read, copied and transmitted.

Every carrier pigeon station now has its photographic laboratory attached, but since the demands on the service will never be so great again as they were in Paris the despatches can be reduced on a larger scale, so that when received they can be read by means of an ordinary lens.

Capt. Malagoll of the Italian Army has made many experiments in this domain. He used besides the dry collodion pellicle, a special thin paper (pellure) and found that on this material he could reduce short despatches eight times either from written or printed originals and still enable the receiver to read them without the use of a lens.

One of the most important duties in reconnoissance is the preparation by the reconnoitering officer of good sketches, but this takes time, which is not always available or permissible. A photographic camera will do in a few seconds what it would take the most expert topographer as many hours to prepare; moreover the result is absolutely accurate and nothing in the picture is forgotten, as often happens in making sketches. Then to avoid their falling into the hands of the enemy, the plates can be sent at once to headquarters, where they can be developed in a few minutes.

Even if there is time for sketching, the photographs will give valuable additional information. For example, a sketch of a village requires many explanatory notes to tell the commanding officer whether it can readily be prepared for defence, such as the character of the material of houses and walls, their form, with or without angles, the character of surrounding hedges, bridges and a thousand and one other data. A photograph tells all this and more at a glance. It the reconnoitering officer marks on a good man the point at which he took a particular photograph, everything in his photograph can be readily read to scale which is an immense advantage.

If a photograph of a defile destroyed by the enemy comes in at headquarters the engineer officer can at once make all his calculations and preparations for repairs, and when he reaches the point, perhaps several days later, he can at once proceed with his work.

In the Chino-Japanese War it was proved that photographs can be taken under fire, and in the attack and defence of fortifications this will be of inestimable value, saving many a life which would have to be sacrificed in a forced reconnoissance to gain the needed information.

The apparatus required can be carried on a bicycle or in a knapsack. The system is quick, certain and mathematically exact.

Photography as an aid to instruction was used in England as early as 1869, and by its means England secured a uniformity in drill and training which was astonishing when her far scattered colonies are taken into consideration. The photographs for this purpose include arms, ammunition, equipments, manœuvres in drill, harness, and positions and motions of the soldier in aiming and firing as well as correct. The great advantage to be derived from such illustrations has been utilized in all the military schools and institutions.

The art of war makes use of all the sciences, but none has contributed to its advancement in the same degree as electricity and photography.

Dangerous Baboons.

A hunter, while exploring in Borneo, shot a large baboon at a spring some distance from camp. So says an exchange, which proceeds to relate the dangerous result of the shot.

The animal fell with a sharp cry, and immediately another baboon came in sight and gave a loud yell. While the hunter was preparing to shoot the newcomer, a small army of baboons appeared, and the hunter realized that he was in danger of being torn to pieces.

One full grown baboon is easily a match for a man, and a hundred are to be dreaded more than as many wolves. The hunter promptly took to his heels, with the baboons after him.

Occasionally he paused and shot the nearest one, but he would have been overpowered had not his comrades sallied out from the camp, and with a general volley compelled the pursuers to retreat.

Rather Too Sharp.

The Kansas City Star tells an amusing story of a "well-known man of letters" who was staying at a primitive hotel in Normandy. With him was a young friend.

One morning the elder visitor addressed the host as follows:

'You would oblige me by making your charges as low as possible for my young colleague. He is not a rich man.'

The landlord, delighted with the presence in his house of the man of renown, promised to have due consideration for the purse of his younger guest. But a few days afterward the famous author came to him again, saying:

'By the way, don't let my bill be bigger than that of my young friend. It would humiliate him. Boys like that are so extremely touchy.'

Aunt Rachel—I'm sure 'Mandy has gone out for a long walk.

The Caller—What makes you think so?

Aunt Rachel—She had on her short walking skirt.