

# PUSHING ON TO THE SOUTH.

Experiences of the B. Y. Academy Scientific Expedition Through Mexico.

Special Correspondence.  
Tepic, Territory of Tepic, Mexico.—  
On Thursday, Nov. 25th, we left Mazatlan, the boys in the morning with the packs of Prof. Wolfe, and I, with a couple of boxes of specimens to ship home, not until three o'clock in the afternoon. We are on our way to Tepic, for if he is near I can be more familiar, and then, too, perhaps he will be interested in knowing something of our camp life.

We leave Mazatlan by a stream flowing into the bay, and are soon out on the Camins Real. Did you notice anything peculiar about the stream? You see water is flowing landward! The river is coming in and the river waters are crowded back by the rise in the bay.

## A CITY OF FLAT ROOFS.

Let us pause here and take a last look at the town. It is beautiful, sitting there on the side of a hill and reaching right down to the water's edge. But there is an evenness to it unseen in our cities, and due to the fact that all the houses have flat roofs, and all are but one story, except the great church and market which loom up, bold and grand. Beyond the town is the promontory with its solid buttresses which form a protecting bulwark for the town and bay west when the sea becomes furious during a storm. Beyond still farther is a high rock, broken off from the promontory, at least two hundred feet high, covered with a thick growth of brush and trees. A zigzag path of brush and trees, the edge up its steep side to the top, where is built a light house. Across the bay is another rock similar to this and forming with this a narrow entrance to the harbor. Along the low beach are beautiful groves of trees, whose leaves like ostrich feathers wave in the wind. They are coconut trees, and there are thousands of them. Look now on the ocean between the two high rocks, there are ships going to sea. How beautiful that sailing vessel is with all her canvas spread; and in the light breeze she floats like a monstrous bird upon the water! But see that little steamer! She is not half so beautiful, not half so pretentious, but she makes the wind, and that, too, right against the wind, in a few minutes she leaves the beautiful sail ship far behind. One is typical of the last generation, the other of this.

## COUNTRY IS DRY AND PARCHED.

But we must be on our way. The country, you see, is very dry. They say that the past season has been the driest known for years. The principal cactus and mesquite, the two principal trees of the forest are somewhat wilted. That cactus is forty feet high; some are higher even. They are called *cholla* by the natives. The other trees with spreading branches are called *huizache*. In fact there is a gum in that somewhat resembles pitch. Both kinds bear fruit in their season, much relied by the natives. Shall we stop here in a little while? It will be late when we reach camp, and the chances are there will be no supper, and breakfast which always consists of bean soup, will not be ready. Along this Camins Real almost every house has something to sell in the way of edibles, and many serve luncheon. A plate of beans, chili and corn, and five tortillas with a glass of milk or a cup of coffee costs 5 cents or 6 cents in American money.

The large town that we now approach is Tepic, noted for its extensive corn fields, and large stock interests. It is nine o'clock. The moon is bright, but with a soft yellow light upon the mountains. Everybody in Tepic seems to be on the streets. Some walking, some sitting on the benches in the squares, others on mats or stools in front of their houses. At eight o'clock the brass band begins to play, and soon the brass band begins to play. We must hear that music so we wait.

## A NATION OF NIGHT LARKS.

On the road we meet many people traveling. The Mexicans are regular night larks. They travel at all hours from sun down to sun up, dark as well as moonlight nights. In Mazatlan we are out on the streets long before sunrise and the streets are crowded with people, all busy, some going to and others returning from market. Even the organ grinders were busy, and for twenty were grinding out their tunes. In this country the mid-day is quiet, for then many sleep. At 12 o'clock somewhat tired from our long ride we reach Aguascalientes, and in the yard of one of the principal houses we see our camp near a village and buy pasture, to apply to the president, or to the superintendent. We accept his invitation to camp in his yard, an invitation invariably given and thus make ourselves his guests. We have always been well treated and our property has invariably been safe.

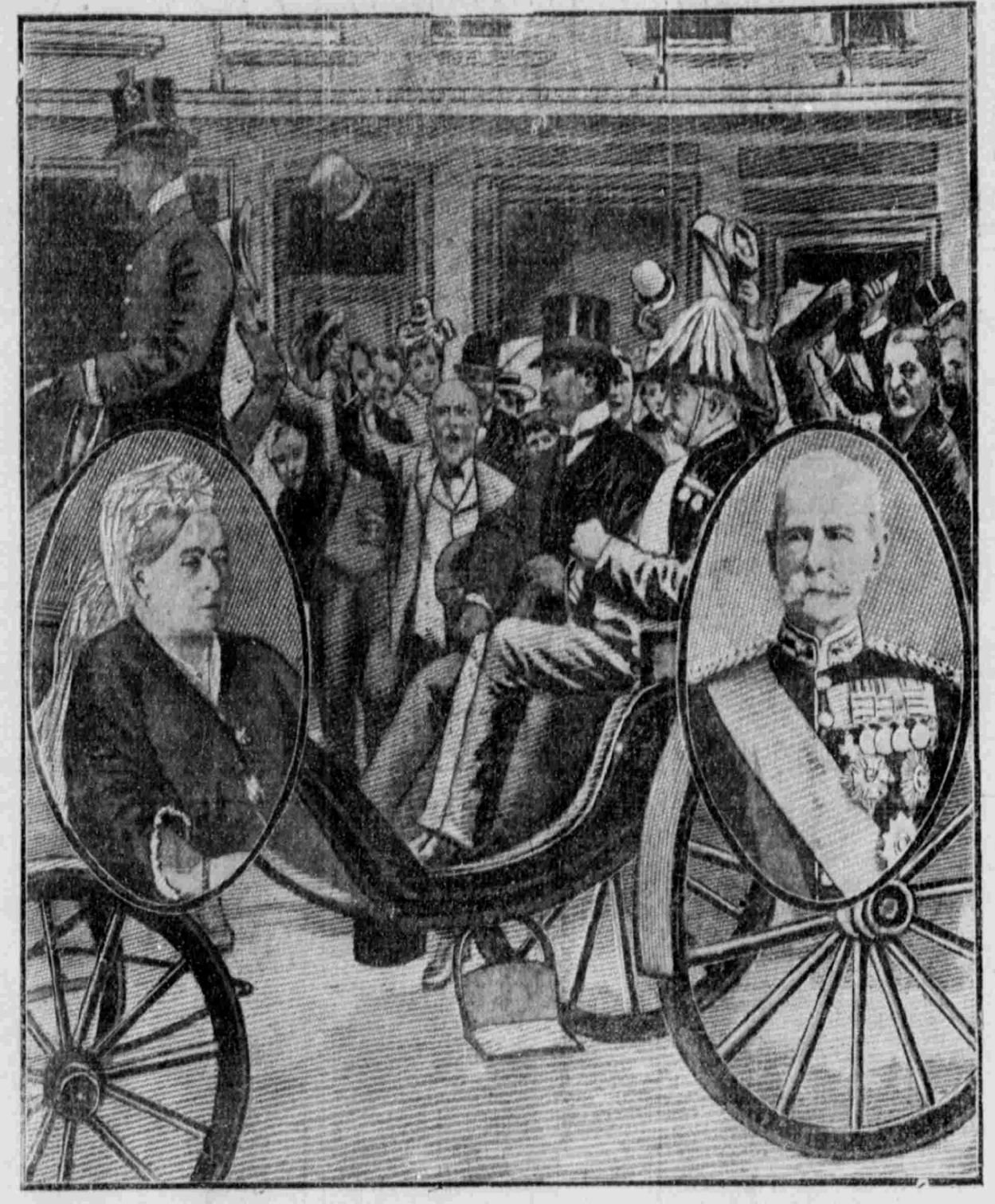
At daylight in the morning Captain Kienke gives the call and we all arise. The cooks have bean soup ready, for the beans have been cooking all night, and each one when his cup and spoon helps himself. Soon the horse rangers bring the animals and for a half hour everybody is busy packing, saddling and getting ready for the day's march. We start about seven o'clock. Mr. Fairbanks leads out on his gray horse, a present of the well-remembered owner of the San Francisco Hacienda, others follow and Brother Magieby brings up the rear.

## BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS.

We are approaching the mountains. How beautiful they look in the morning light. No high mountain before us is not so far away as it looks. Distances here are as deceitful to a stranger as they are at home, but in this way there is nothing to be afraid of. The distance appears to be at least forty. The roads today are very dusty, and the weather is hot and sultry, we are covered with

# BRITONS REND SKY WITH CHEERS FOR BOBS BAHADUR.

All England Shouts For Lord Roberts, Who Did So Much to Save the Empire in its Hour of Peril.



Mafeking day, Ladysmith day, Buller's reception and the welcome to the London volunteers were mild celebrations compared to the ovation given to the hero of Candahar and the Cape. The depressing news from South Africa did not affect the enthusiasm a bit. From the aged queen down to the smallest schoolboy all realize that Roberts did much to save the empire.

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

At noon we reach plenty of good grass on the Hacienda La Fortuna, and there by permission of the owner we strike camp for Sunday. The view is beautiful. Far back we see the level land on which we have traveled for many days. There is the low range of mountains to our right. There is the river San Pedro, where the boys are still hunting the lost mule. Near by is the Santiago river, and just beyond stretches the broad ocean, which is lost in the distance. Behind us is a high mountain, and just ahead not more than three miles away lies the town of Tepic.

## FEVER AND SMALLPOX.

We will not stop in town, for it is said, and perhaps truthfully, that there is fever and smallpox in Santiago every month of the year. Yet the river is quite deep, but we can ford it in safety by unloading our small burros, and putting their packs on the larger mules. Now our road bends more to the east. We soon reach the rolling hills that lead us to the mountains. We must travel along the side of that high ridge to the right. The country becomes more and more broken as we ascend, the air becomes cooler and purer, and we realize that we are getting up into a healthier climate. The country is volcanic. Those deep ravines with almost perpendicular sides are characteristic of lava flows. But the soil is very rich, and bananas and oranges are grown in abundance.

## LORD ROBERTS AT PRETORIA.

When we arrived before Pretoria, we found a position which eight thousand Boers could have held indefinitely and forts which have demanded regular sleep—a matter of months. And we had but five or six days' food in the wagons, and Christian Dewet was tearing up the vital railway behind us; cutting the air-line between the river and the surface. But Boba was right again. The Boers were bluffing. The heights where they attempted some resistance were seized. By nightfall our cavalry approached the capital. At noon on the next day, mounted on an Arab horse,

## TURKEYS ADOPT A PARTRIDGE.

In Kentucky a young girl on a farm has a large flock of turkeys, who she calls her own. One day they rambled away in the hills near the house, and when they returned at nightfall, a young partridge was with the flock. In their rambles the partridge, presumably an orphan, fell into the ranks of the little turkeys, and finding the company congenial forsook the field, stayed in the barnyard and orchard, and after that never for a moment left the turkeys, eating and roosting on a limb with them. Anyone who knows how shy the partridge is will appreciate the singularity of this occurrence.

## PRO-BOERS PROTESTING.

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## HOW SHE WAS LIBELLED.

A girl residing in a Lake Michigan town has recovered five hundred dollars damage from a steamboat company for naming a boat after her without asking her permission. The town of Milwaukee is the scene of the libel.

## LOOTED FINERY.

A Johannesburg writer writes: "We see some funny things among the Dutch here, especially when they turn up at the relief office. One young woman, applying for bread, wore a gorgeous pink satin evening dress, cut very low, and it is the commonest thing to see old women wearing magnificent opera cloaks—all looted from Pritchard street stores."—Times of Natal.

# A BRAVE BOER SCOUT.

"Dynamite Dick" Was a Terror to the British.

"Dynamite Jack," referred to by the correspondents of English newspapers as the "Satanic Agent of the Boers," has come to Chicago to spend the winter, says the Inter-Ocean. He arrived a month ago with the returning members of the Irish-American hospital corps, and he has been living a retired life since then. There have been reasons why the man, who has the reputation of having killed more British soldiers than any other one person who has been fighting on the Boer side, should seek a season of quiet. His military career came to a premature close after one of the most daring feats in the spectacular history of the South African war, and the English have offered a reward of \$1,000 for his head.

"Dynamite Dick" ended his service by destroying \$15,000,000 worth of stores at Komati Poort last September. After he had safely made his escape he discovered that Long Tom, the famous cannon that had been captured by the Boers and taken to the British lines, had not been demolished. He returned to fix this great gun so that it would not be of any service to the enemy, and he became separated from the Boer command. That is why he had to flee across the frontier into Portuguese territory and finally come to the United States, much against his will. When he made his way to Delagoa Bay he was arrested on complaint of the British consul at that place, who swore that an Englishman could feel safe in the same town with "Dynamite Dick." The consul had forty Portuguese policemen and sixty British marines to guard him, but nevertheless "Dynamite Dick" had no trouble in escaping. He was supposed to sail from port, then the dangerous scout was escorted on ship board with much pomp and ceremony. There was a company of infantry at his right, a cavalry guard at his left and a Maxim gun back of him. The British consul did not go down to the wharf to say good-by, but that official took the greatest interest in the departure of the man whose name strikes terror to the heart of Tommy Atkins wherever he may happen to be in South Africa.

King with six Americans and 200 Boers was detailed to wreck the train carrying a British relief expedition to Pretoria. A little bridge not far from Colenso was selected as the place for the first big dynamite experiment of the war. With forty pounds of dynamite, King laid the trap most cleverly, his knowledge of engineering aiding him to estimate the probable damage that would be done and to minimize the loss of life. The Boers were placed on guard at a good distance from the bridge and two electric wires were arranged for the explosion of the big charge. The train came in sight about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At a signal from a scout, King exploded the dynamite. The train was wrecked and fifteen persons were killed. The Boers rushed from ambush and the British fifteen were taken prisoner. Among them was Winston Churchill.

After that day King seldom heard his own name. He was "Dynamite Dick" in the South African war. The fame of his daring deed spread everywhere, but it was looked upon by the young engineer as quite an ordinary incident. But it was only the beginning of his exploits. The contempt for danger which he had shown in the war, now became his chief characteristic. If there was a perilous mission, it was the American scout to whom it was entrusted. He passed under showers of bullets and escaped unharmed. Time and again he had seen the enemy's pickets and wandered at will within the British lines. There was not a week that did not add to the long list of the almost impossible feats that he accomplished. Soon he became known as the man who had some mysterious power of finding out the plans of his foes and the superstitious feared him as they would an emissary of the evil one.

At night the sentries would hear a sound, utter a challenge and instantly a man would ride by on one of the fleetest horses, laughing in the face of Tommy Atkins and taunting him with his poor marksmanship. The man, with long hair and a beard, and with his shoulders, was often fearless and his boyish face gave no hint of his ability in carrying out the most terrible commissions in the frightful business of war. Strange stories were told of him. In Ladysmith his name was a household word.

Of all "Dynamite Dick's" exploits none was more wonderful than that at Pontdrift after a three-days' battle. The Boer troops had withdrawn and left a hundred pieces of British guns. He noticed that the Boers were left unattended. When this fact reached the ears of "Dynamite Dick" he asked for volunteers to form a rescue party. Several soldiers offered to accompany him and at night six of these men were stationed in a ditch in order to cover the retreat in case the expedition was successful. Taking with him Vivian Cogill, a Boer boy 17 years old, "Dynamite Dick" went in search of the wounded men. They crept past the first British picket without being discovered. Cautionally they proceeded until they had gone by the inside picket and could see the English soldiers lying asleep in their blankets. While they were making across an open stretch of ground the moon came out from behind a cloud and the nearest picket challenged them. Then he fired. His shot went wide of the mark and in an instant there was confusion in the camp. Drawing the boy to the shelter of some rocks, the scout awaited developments. They had been compelled to leave their rifles behind them, as it was impossible to carry them while creeping along the ground, and they made ready to defend themselves with revolvers. The noise and shouting confused the outside pickets, who ran into camp to meet a general fusillade. In a moment there was a panic. Cries that the Boers were making a night attack were heard on every side. One of the British soldiers in rushing by stepped on the leg of young Cogill, who shot him with his revolver. The scout put the dead soldier's helmet on the boy's head, and the two fled on those who rushed past them, and the six men hidden in the trenches opened fire. In half an hour the camp was deserted, and the Boers sent men to search for their wounded soldiers. The noise had aroused one of them, and his groans brought the recruiting party to his assistance. The three men had lain on the battlefield unattended for two days and two nights. One of these wounded was Aleck Brand, the son of a former president of the Free State. Another was James Pratt, a boy of 16, who had been shot through the head. Both these soldiers recovered,

erred, but the third died from his injuries. Neither the scout, at his companion was injured, and the British abandoned ground for the possession of which they had sacrificed 1,500 lives. The singular coolness of the scout gave him a peculiar power over all sorts of men. On one occasion when he was acting as a spy he boldly walked into a town that was within the British lines. Going to one of the finest houses, he demanded dinner. The householders refused the request. "It is Lord Roberts' orders that we shall not feed any Boer—man, woman, or child," said the citizen, who plainly showed that he resented the intrusion. But I am hungry," declared the Boer scout. "I must have something to eat, for I have business of some kind to do." He laughed significantly, and then called to the parlor. Seating himself on the best chair, he began to whistle a long stick that he carried in his hand. He soon had a pile of shavings in the middle of the carpet. Then he struck a match.

"What are you going to do?" inquired the owner of the house. "Light a fire so that I can boil some coffee," answered the visitor. "Make up your coffee outdoors," said the astonished man. "But I don't care to eat out of doors when I can dine in a mansion," said "Dynamite Dick."

"Then you can eat in the kitchen," replied the householder, who began to think he was dealing with a madman. "Dynamite Dick" went only to the dining room. If you have a banquet hall that is not too good," remarked the self-invited guest. He was escorted to the dining room, where he was seated to the right of the table, and compelled the maid to bring out the best linen.

"You see, I appreciate luxuries after camp life," he explained to his reluctant host, who did not draw a long breath for half an hour after discovering whom he was entertaining. "Dynamite Dick's" last exploit will cause his name to be inscribed in Boer history. When the Boers left Komati Poort, "Dynamite Dick" retreated with his comrades, but the thought of the stores valued at \$15,000,000 that had to be abandoned to the British bothered him. He saw another opportunity for one of his independent expeditions. With three men, he returned to Komati Poort, where, for one bag of flour each, he hired 100 Kaffirs to go with him to the railway cars, where most of the stores had been allowed to remain, ready for transportation. Using two carloads of kerosene they found there, they saturated everything with oil. Then "Dynamite Dick" applied the torch. While the party was busy at this costly feat some British scouts fired on the men, killing two of the Kaffirs. One of the British scouts was taken prisoner and the four Boers retreated with their captive. They had not gone far when the sergeant of the guard said that he had not been able to dispose of Long Tom.

All the dynamiter's exultation over the disappointment of his foes was dissipated by this news. The scout had some sentiment concerning the famous cannon. Alone he returned to Komati Poort, this time taking with him some dynamite which he used with such effect that Long Tom was shattered into a hundred pieces. But the destruction of Long Tom put at least a temporary end to "Dynamite Dick's" career. The British army cut him off from the retreating Boer army, and he had to take refuge on neutral ground. His arrest at Delagoa bay followed a few days later.

These Men Are to Decide a Very Grave Constitutional Question Within the Next Few Days.



Justice McKenna. Justice Gray. Chief Justice Fuller. Justice Peckham. Justice Shiras. One of the weightiest decisions in the country's history rests with the Supreme court justices, five of whose portraits are here given. Four of the quintette, Justices McKenna, Gray, Peckham and Shiras are understood to believe that the Constitution does not follow the flag. Four others believe it does. Chief Justice Fuller, whose portrait appears in the center of the above group, will cast the deciding vote.