

He and Associates to Occupy Republic of Acre.

do nothing—even the miserable old hag who poisoned him is powerless to undo her work; and henceforth as long as he lives, he must be confined in a room which has none of the fatal color about it and affords no glimpse of the world outside, or go abroad only in the darkness of night.

It is well known that a brotherhood of sorcerers and poisoners extends all over Africa. Their fraternity is of the most ancient origin and they possess unusual knowledge concerning many things. In particular they are acquainted with vegetable and mineral poisons, including some drugs as yet unknown to science. By means of certain decoctions they can produce in the chosen victim insanity, paralysis, idocy, or slow decay of mind and body. In Africa these priests of Fetish usually ad-



Mt. Pelée in Eruption.

Again has the demon of Martinique followed so closely upon its victim that the cause has been ascertained. The work of reiteration is now complete. It is possible to the panic stricken islanders

The announcement that J. Pierpont Morgan, August Belmont, Frederic P. Olcott and other almost equally active financiers are interested in a company designed to promote and exploit the rubber production of the district of Acre, in South America, is prosaic and commonplace enough to pass with a paragraph nowadays in this age of ambitious trade. Possibly only those interested would remember the fact after reading it. Yet that announcement in one breath links matter of fact American financiers with a romance that is as wild as any that ever drew its shining wool through the pages of the history of the middle ages.

For Acre is, or rather was, a kingdom of Ruritania.

How many persons know where Acre lies? Many maps do not even show its name. It lies in a great triangle made by the meeting of the rivers Brazil, Solimões and Peru. In it are thousands of square miles of rubber forests—no one knows how many thousands; thousands of square miles of jungle—no one knows how many thousands of miles of river that no one has ascended, and savages that are cannibals.

From the borders of civilization in South America itself, the journey into Acre is not of days, but of months. There is no government, no law, no order, less constantly over its possession. But in actuality the hand of no government has been strong or far-reaching enough to rule it, except spasmodically, and with little success.

For years ago, when the news had drifted the news one day about three years ago that a new republic had been born to the Americas—the republic of Acre. Later came an announcement that a diplomatic representative of the new state had come to introduce himself in Washington. There, followed silence, broken once or twice with scraps of news of fabulous wealth in rubber and rare woods. And then the report of a Acrean attack on a ship.

Who has not read "King?" "The Man Who Would Be King?" "That Man's comrade came back from many adventures and told the story of the kingship and the bloody ending. The man who would be king, the Acrean, had to tell his story. He was a dreamer. And he, too, builded his kingdom with his two bare hands.

But what a kingdom he built and how gallantly and mysteriously he lorded it over the wild Acreans! He went into the field against him before he yielded. Three nations temporarily sank their own difference to crush him and his new-born power, and yet he might have defied them victoriously, but for the story of "King?"

And his fellow kings of Acre had within them the elements that worked for their own undoing."

The king of Acre was a Mexican. In telling this as a legend, the prince of Baseball was not lucrative in itself, and rumor says that he was not a good ball tosser anyway. So he "looked around" for something better. It was a long look.

And finally into Bolivia. Providence only knows by what chance of fortune he happened to hear of the wild district lying in that mountain-split and river-cut triangle.

At that time Bolivia and Brazil had both fallen into a temporary state of confusion. A revolution in Acre happened to things reverberate when they do them, and when there was action in Acre, or, rather, on the outermost boundaries of it, there was a good deal. Sometimes Bolivia would "mass" her troops there, and come back and "re-occupy" the district, and again at times Peru would remember that she, too, claimed part of the country, and then there would be fierce goings on with tremendous shooting and killing, and happy days bloodshed, as in the war of fighting south of us. But when the ex-baseball player happened to drop in during the course of his "looking" there, was neutrality. Nobody appeared to care who owned Acre, or if it was owned at all.

Then the man who would be king got his idea. Before long he sought comrades and held conferences with them. Birds of a feather were they all—birds from Punta Arenas, in the southernmost tip of Chile, and from Lima, Bogota and London and Paris. And every man jack of them was "down on his back" and ready to better it by any venture, desperate or otherwise.

Adventurers of the stamp rarely ever get out, and still more rarely the inclination, to tell their deeds.

It is a great pity. If every one of those men who went into Acre could tell the world what befell them in that voyage up unknown rivers and through unknown jungles, that would be a story worth the telling.

For these men were penniless, or nearly so. Some of them were ragged. They were poorly armed and were glad enough to be equipped with weapons. They cut their way through hundreds of miles of forest, through many miles of which the way had to be tunneled painfully with machetes, so rank was the tropical foliage, luxuriant with uncounted centuries of undisturbed forest. They were weary and their feet would ground sinks. Even their way was saluted by crashings of great trees, for in those woods trees stand till they fall from decay. And where there are millions of trees, as there are all over the world, the destruction and its tributaries, there are hundreds of trees that fall every day. Savages beset their way. Sickness, hunger, wild beasts threatened them.

But all that, there came the news, at last that the republic of Acre had been proclaimed.

And it was no mere prattle of filibustering republic. A rip-roaring time they had, these men, cut off from all the world, carrying in their own districts the elements of their own power. But with it all they tried to build empires as empires buildled today, partly with rifle and sword, but mostly with barter and ledger. Rubber began to pour out, carried on the roads and by the rivers, and reaching the ships. For a long while none of the more or less easy-go-lucky governments around them perceived what was going on. So it happened that before a year was ended these men were rich, they were buying rubber and woods from these kings of Ruritania without knowing that the money that they paid for

best way to market is over its waterways, through its territory to the Atlantic coast. But Peru has a plan to get in far ahead of them all and build a railroad that shall tap the rich country on the Pacific coast, the Pacific coast over the mountains.

To ascertain the best route, that nation commissioned a French engineer, Albert de Lautreauppe of Paris, to explore the route and find a road. He led an expedition and reported that the plan was feasible.

Now he has arrived in New York with remarkable news. He found immense rivers spanned by wonderful bridges made of human skulls by the natives. More remarkable than all, he found tribes of cannibal Indians, whose boast was that they never had allowed white men to pass through their country. He saw cannibals and, according to his informant, he said to himself, "If not their friendship, at least suzerainty, and he reached his objective point after many dangers, but without being harmed.

His first experience of the savage was after passing Mount Camanti, after many days of voyaging along the Marcapata river. One morning the camp was alarmed by the cry, "Chunchos!" and looking out of his tent he saw a tall, slender, dark-skinned man, with feathers in his hair, coming at them from the woods. They had mother-of-pearl disks in their nostrils and braided feathers stuck through holes in their lips and cheeks. Some of them had a row of beaks sticking through their lips which they would thrust their tongues frequently.

They were armed with bows and arrows, and after de Lautreauppe had won their confidence and they were ready to let him drive their arrows clean through atapi, notwithstanding the animal's thick, tough hide. The explorer says that they could fight men in armor, so hard do they shoot with their bows.

He found them entirely without elements of humanity. They leave their sick and wounded without attempting to help them. They let their dead lie where they expire. They do not avenge the death of their loved ones. They befall members of hunting parties. The Chunchos openly and without the least apparent thought of its horror described to him how they had killed a beautiful white woman, and had eaten and eaten them in celebration of the victory.

From the land of the Chunchos the expedition passed into the country of a still more ferocious tribe, the Huachararis, of whom the Chunchos had heard much.

For days the explorers were conscious that they were surrounded by hundreds, if not thousands of the savages, but they could see none, and only the faintest shadows of the forest and the derangement gave them warning of the presence of their invisible watchers. But at last De Lautreauppe managed to get into communication with them and convince them that he had come with friendly intentions.

He describes them as more horrible and ferocious in appearance and habits than one can possibly imagine. They were great men, few being less than six feet high. They were painted all over with bright red colors, their faces being streaked fantastically. Their paws, had they been featured for feather ornaments.

De Lautreauppe says that he cannot tell whether he permitted his party to cross their territory alive. "The Chunchos," he says, "told us that they had massacred three white men in Carabaya just before we arrived. Just why they seemed to be so friendly to us, and that we were entirely fearless, and our firearms caused them neither surprise nor alarm. Somehow, we had the luck to effect a peace which neither of us broke. It may be that they were con-

French Cruiser Suchet.

bad for any crop. Weed seed and grass seed come up by the thousands, the land dries off almost immediately, and the plants are at a disadvantage from the start. The working just previous to the rain has been done to the least advantage. The farmer has sown the seed, the flowers of grass and weeds, and the crop suffering very likely for water and air. A hard crust is around the plants and they are not thrifty. The weeds have robbed the crops of the plants. If the rain the air has got back a good portion of the moisture. The farmer's work has been badly placed.

The other works his crops just after the rains. Nearly every weed and grass seed is prevented from germinating. They will not germinate in loose soil, you know. The soil remains light and air circulates freely, giving the plants this great benefit. The ground being mulched, the moisture, to a very great extent, is prevented from evaporating. The plants are not saturated at the bottom of the mulch, which should never be deep, and the plant can get the plant food lying near the surface, for water is needed to convey the food to the plants in solution. The soil containing too little water can never give all its food to the plant, and thus the plant suffers. The weeds being unable to appear, the plants receive the full benefit of the land, both in food and water. The plants are saturated with work for upward of two weeks, unless there should be a heavy rain. The crops under this method of growth will stand a drouth when the crops under the former method of cultivation would be ruined. The plants are saturated with weeds and grass is far more pleasing to the eye and soul than one baked and covered with both. And the succeeding working is always light, while the other is always heavy. One can plainly see that the harvest will be better than the other light, and all on account of a slight difference in the time or method of cultivating.—Albert D. Warner, in New York Tribune Farmer.

### SOME TRUST PRICES.

An American who needs a typewriter three days must pay \$100 for a machine that is sold to a foreigner for \$35. In buying wire nails he must pay \$2.25 a keg, although the foreigner pays only \$1.50 a keg. The American woman who purchases a sewing machine pays \$60 for it and the same machine is sold to her European sister for \$26. The American retailer pays \$7.50 for a shoddy clock the price of which to the European retailer is \$5.80 a dozen. If we want an alarm clock we must pay one dollar for it but an European gets it for 20 cents. These are but a few of many kindred instances of the discrimination made against the American buyer by the American trusts.—Geo. E. Hosmer in Denver Field and Farm.

An American who needs a typewriter these days must pay \$100 for a machine that is sold to a foreigner for \$35. In buying wire nails he must pay \$2.25 a keg, although the foreigner pays only \$1.50 a keg. The American woman who purchases a sewing machine pays \$60 for it, and the same machine is sold to her European sister for \$26. The American retailer pays \$7.50 for a shoddy, the price of which to the European retailer is \$5.50 a dozen. If we want an alarm clock we must pay one dollar for it but an European gets it for 30 cents. The American buyer of many kinds of merchandise is discriminated against. Instances of the discrimination made against the American buyer by the American trusts—Geo. E. Hoerner is Denver Field and Farm.