

MR. PICKARD'S EXPERIENCE

"ON THE Trail of a Bold Buccaneer," published herewith for the first time, is a bit of Venezuelan history which has never before been told and is not to be found in any of the standard historical works on Venezuela. It is replete with thrilling situations embodied in the capture of Caracas by Amory Preston's buccaners. While the bandits were stealing along the secret mountain path to Caracas, the able-bodied inhabitants of the city took positions of defense along the main thoroughfare to the capital of Venezuela. The desperadoes were discovered by an infirm old man who attempted to resist their invasion with true patriotic instinct. It was easy to overpower him. The Caracas traitor who guided Preston over the secret path was hanged before the city was entered. Once in Caracas, looting and murder held sway.

While in Caracas, visiting Cipriano Castro, who was then president of Venezuela, it was Mr. Pickard's good fortune to meet men who were familiar with this unrecorded invasion. Mr. Pickard was given permission to make the journey over the secret pathway. He took photographs of the smugglers then inhabiting the mountain wilds. These photographs are reproduced herewith. These same smugglers to-day hold forth in the mountains. Smugglers, by preying upon the Venezuelan government, caused the rupture between Holland and Venezuela, which trouble is said to have been the cause of the flight of Castro and his subsequent expulsion from most ports on this side of the world in the southern hemisphere.

"Trail over the mountains to Caracas?" said the dusky, scantily clad woman who were energetically doing the family washing in the brawling stream above Macuto. "Oh, yes, that is by way of La Guayra. There is no longer a direct path from here, but we have heard of the trail of the buccaners."

"Direct to Caracas over the mountains?" said the little old keeper of the sea-baths, who has buried six wives and declares he is looking for the seventh. "Certainly there is such a route, but it isn't much used now, and you are sure to lose your way."

"Why, of course," cried Don Antonio, our host of the Casino de Macuto. "It is easily done, but you had better take a guide as far as the top. Here's Agapito, he will do. How much will you charge the seniors, Agapito?"

"Five dollars," promptly replied the young peon. A general burst of laughter reduced his price to \$2.00, and the bargain was struck.

At four o'clock we were in the mountains, packed our baggage, consisting of the port of Callao, and set forth in the wake of Agapito. Pretty little Macuto, perched in the lap of the mountain and her feet lavished by the surf, lay deep in slumber, but the lights of a score of fishing boats twinkled on the sea. The town once was a favorite resort of the well-to-do people of Caracas, but now counts her guests by the dozen, for she never has recovered from the destruction and terror caused by the earthquake of 1899.

Our guide's course at the start seemed so hap-hazard that the doctor inquired somewhat anxiously if he was familiar with the route.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "I spent seven months on this mountain not long ago as one of the revolutionists led by Gen. Matos, so I know all its trails."

So we scrambled on in the darkness unprotesting. Above us loomed the mighty bulk of El Picacho, forming, with his brother peak to the east La Silla, and the connecting heights, the range of Gallipan over which we must pass.

"I am one," replied the doctor, grimly. Half an hour of clambering and we struck a better defined trail.

"This is the path taken by donkeys," explained Agapito. "I am one of those, also," muttered the Medicine Man. "And to think that Amory Preston led a band of armored and armed men by this trail to Caracas in the night! If I only had breath enough I'd tell you about it, but wait until we reach a resting place."

Higher and higher by devious ways we went and gradually the stars faded out, the bright-hued birds began to whistle and sing all about us and the richness of the tropical foliage through which we were pushing was revealed. Then a shaft of sunlight found its way through a cleft in the mountain range and struck El Picacho full on his rocky head. Facing about on a projecting corner of the path, we had spread before us the vast panorama of Caribbean sea and Venezuelan shore line. Still the lights of the fishing boats twinkled faintly and hundreds of pelicans were busily gathering their share of the spoil of the waters. Skimming over the waves, they would wheel suddenly, poise themselves, straighten out and descend like a falling arrow, then settle on the surface and calmly gulp down the unfortunate fish, that seldom escaped the swift plunge.

We were still sheltered from the sun's rays, the breeze was cool and Agapito moved at a leisurely gait, but our hearts pumped hard and our knees became wobbly. By ten o'clock the spurts of climbing were shorter than the periods of rest and even an army of ants crossing the trail was excuse enough for ten minutes of relaxation. At a hut perched on a jutting rock we encountered an aged peon leading a goat, and there ensued an animated discussion of the routes, between Agapito, Nanny's master and the mistress of the house. As a result our guide swerved far to the west down through a beautiful ravine, seemingly undoing the climbing of an hour, and again upward on what was supposed to be a better trail. Nanny and her owner followed, but the little beast looked so disgusted with our slow progress that we let her pass ahead, and saw her no more.

Passing through the tiny village of San Jose with its garden patches terraced on steep hillsides, we caught sight of a white house that seemed to be at the top of things, so far as our route was concerned.

ON THE TRAIL OF A BOLD BUGGANNEER

BY EDWARD W. PICKARD



EL PICACHO



HOSTESS STREET IN MACUTO



THE GALLIPAN SMUGGLERS



MACUTO'S LAUNDRY



LADIES OF THE RANCH



AT SMUGGLER'S RANCH

"Yes," said Agapito, encouragingly, "that is the end of the climbing. Another range of hills cuts off the view of Caracas from here, but the way is all down hill."

So we rubbed a long orange tree and scrambled on with renewed vigor.

That white house, when we did reach it, was a joy. Only a rambling conglomeration of adobe rooms and courts, swarming with Indian men, women and children, it was a haven of rest for our wearied bodies.

"We want some cool drink quickly," said the doctor.

"Beer, brandy or wine?" asked the swarthy, handsome young matron, who seemed to be the head of the establishment.

"Beer."

"I'm sorry, but we have no beer to-day."

"Then some brandy in water."

"Not a drop of brandy left in the house. But we can serve you with fine Muscatel."

So Muscatel it was, and surprisingly good, too. A full quart soon vanished, and the doctor nearly fell over a thousand-foot precipice in the front yard when the price was named—three reals, or 30 cents American. That confirmed the suspicions that had been rising in our minds. The place must be a nest of smugglers, and it took on an added air of romance. We must needs photograph all the inhabitants, from the lanky youth with the ancient muzzle-loading shotgun to the naked babies and the mournful donkey, and then sought out a shady spot where the doctor might relate the tale of Amory Preston's remarkable feat.

"It was in June, 1595," he began. "The English were doing unpleasant things to the Spanish wherever they could find them, on sea or land, and Preston was running about the Caribbean with several vessels and some 500 bold buccaners. Approaching La Guayra, it occurred to him that there must be considerable plunder on Caracas if only he could get to it. So he landed, chased the inhabitants of La Guayra up into the mountains and moved along to Guaicamaento. There he caught a Spaniard, Villalpando by name, who promised, for a bag of gold, to lead the English over the mountains to Caracas by the shortest trail. The difficult climb was made in the night, over this route we are traveling, and in the early dawn the buccaners saw their prize lying below them in its fair valley. Not needing the further services

of detection there would still be 70,000,000 francs. In addition, contributions would be made by the faithful, and that finally the road itself, as construction progressed, ought to bring in a revenue, increasing year by year, and so, trusting to faith and sheep skins, the work was begun. The portion of the road thus far completed is from Damascus to Medain Salih. From Constantinople the lines under construction run directly southwest to Aleppo, with side branches to Smyrna and Angora. Near Aleppo a projected line will lead, by way of Bagdad, to the Persian gulf. From Medain Salih the road is under construction to Medina, while surveys have been made from Medina to Mecca and the Red sea.

The route is to pass east of Jerusalem and the Dead sea, on the high lands of Syria, Moab and northern Arabia. The engineering difficulties are serious, but by no means insurmountable, and are not to be compared with those of the Union Pacific. The Caifa line descends from Deraa with a mighty sweep down to the sea, while the chains of mountains in Moab must be traversed by the aid of loops, tunnels and bridges. At Damascus the level is 2,000 feet above the sea, and varies from that to 3,000 feet at the highest point south. Great difficulties are presented by that portion of the line from Constantinople to Damascus, for the giant ranges from the Caucasus and Armenia extend through Asia Minor almost to the Aegean and Mediterranean. So it is believed that at some points on this part of the line the roadbed will rise to a height of 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea. Several hundreds of miles of this part are now actually under construction, tunnels are bored, viaducts and bridges are run between important towns. There are now completed lines from Constantinople to Angora, from Smyrna far into the vilayet of Konieh, and these portions will be feeders of the main line. Work on the line is greatly expedited by the labors of a division of the Turkish army, it being difficult to secure labor in the country to be traversed, particularly in northern Arabia, where the Bedouins are few and unendurably lazy. The Turkish soldiers themselves are not particularly energetic, but, strange to say, this service is much desired, not only from the fact that the soldier-workmen are actually paid, which most of the Turkish army is

not, but their term of military service is reduced one-third, to say nothing of spiritual advantages promised by the sultan. German and French engineers do the planning, foreign workmen are engaged for the bridges, tunnels and viaducts, while the soldiers are employed for the mechanical labor. The management is ostensibly in the hands of several boards composed of pashas, beys and cabinet ministers, who meet in Constantinople and so far as can be learned, do nothing but object to every report made by the engineers and suggest tunnels when the line could as well follow the caravan route, which has been in use for a thousand years.

HIT CEILING AND BE A DIVA.

Madame began: "The most tedious phase of the course in voice culture is learning to breathe. I shall test you now, free of charge, and, if you do well, we may be able to shorten that portion."

Hope leaped into the Young Girl's eyes.

"I took lessons in that out home," she replied.

But Madame snuffed.

"Lie down," the Young Girl was startled; she even ventured to hesitate.

"Yes, yes. On your back. It is my own method and has been indorsed by the most eminent throat and lung specialists. So, relax your muscles. Now," Madame seized a bit of white paper from the piano and tore it into strips, one of which she handed to the Young Girl. "Chew this," she said, "until you have made it into just such a spitball as you used to make in school. Then fill your lungs to their greatest capacity, form your lips as if to whistle and, with all your strength, blow ceilingward."

Visibly startled, but visibly still more impressed the Young Girl did as she was bidden and blew the spit ball about six feet into the air.

Madame nodded approval. "Not at all bad," she conceded. "I think we can materially curtail this portion of the course."

The Young Girl was scrambling to her feet.

"When—when will it be completed?" she asked.

"Just as soon as you can hit the ceiling," said Madame.

IS FOUR SCORE FIVE

Levi P. Morton Dean of Living Ex-Vice-Presidents.

Has Just Celebrated Eighty-Fifth Birthday, and Is Still Hale and Hearty—Accumulated Fortune in Banking Business.

New York.—Still fresh and vigorous in mind and sound in body, Levi P. Morton, the oldest living vice-president of the United States, recently celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday anniversary. Besides Mr. Morton there are now living only three other men who have held the position of vice-president of the United States—Adlai E. Stevenson, Theodore Roosevelt and Charles W. Fairbanks. Not only is Mr. Morton by far the oldest among his surviving colleagues, but, with one exception, he has already attained a greater age than any other former vice-president. The only exception was John Adams, the first vice-president of the United States, who died in 1826 at the age of 90 years.

While Mr. Stevenson has reached the age of 74, the other two surviving colleagues of Mr. Morton are still comparatively young men, Mr. Roosevelt being 51, Mr. Fairbanks 57 years old. Of his predecessors who have joined the silent army only John Adams lived to be older than Mr. Morton is now. Thomas Jefferson died at the age of 82, Hannibal Hamlin at the age of 81 and Aaron Burr at the age of 80. The latter holds the record in one respect, however, among the deceased former vice-presidents; he survived the end of his term of office by 31 years, a longer period than shows the record of any other of the deceased former holders of that office. Mr. Morton will have to live until he is 100 years old to surpass Burr's record.

Levi P. Morton is a New Englander, and the descendant of a family of clergymen. His family was founded in



Levi P. Morton.

America by Rev. George Morton, one of the conspicuous members of the Pilgrim colony of England. He was the financial agent of the Pilgrims and raised and conserved the funds which fitted out the expedition on the Mayflower, although he was not a passenger on the initial voyage. He arrived in America in 1623. Levi P. Morton may have inherited his taste for finance from that treasurer of the Pilgrim band.

When at the age of 16 years he saw no hope of realizing his ambition to go to Dartmouth college, Levi P. Morton entered a country store at Enfield, Mass., where he worked until he has enough money to start a modest establishment of his own, at Hanover, N. H., in 1849, at the age of 25 he came to Boston and became a partner in a small dry goods house. Five years later he went to New York, where he joined a dry goods firm. He failed a few years before the civil war, but immediately started a banking business, appreciating that the rebellion would mean a great demand for financiers to handle the government loans.

Mr. Morton founded the banking house of Morton, Bliss & Co. in New York, and Morton, Rose & Co. in London, and dealt largely in government bonds. Just before the close of the war, when he had accumulated a fortune, Mr. Morton gave a dinner to the creditors of his former dry goods firm. Every one found under his plate a check for the amount still owing him with interest.

Mr. Morton's first essay in politics was in 1875, when he was elected to congress from a New York district. He might have been president if his loyalty to the wishes of Senator Roscoe Conkling had not made him refuse the nomination for vice-president on the ticket headed by James A. Garfield in 1880. President Garfield made him minister to France in 1881, and Mr. Morton made a fine record. He was elected vice-president in 1883 on the ticket with President Harrison, but was not nominated with the president in 1892. In 1894 he was made governor of New York. Since his retirement from the governorship in 1896 Mr. Morton devoted himself to the direction of his large financial interests and to extensive travels abroad. While in this country he spends most of his time in New York or Washington.

Kitchen Repartee.

"What's the matter, old chap?" queried the chowder. "You look troubled."

"Yes," replied the oyster, "I'm in an awful stew."

"And I believe I'm going to have a chill," said the chowder. "I feel so clammy."

Just the Color.

Jokesmith—that's a sarcastic editor on that comic paper. I submitted some jokes written on gray paper. Poet—Did he make any comment? Jokesmith—Yes, he said they were so old they were turning gray.

Local Color.

Blunk—They say that smoke-color effects in young men's suits this season originated in Paris. Wipk—That's queer. I thought they originated in Pittsburg.

Building Railroads of Sheepskins

By Capt. Ellis D. Morson

RAILROAD building is now the order of the day in all countries, and though it seems almost incredible, the Turk has caught the railroad fever and is not only projecting, but actually constructing, and has partly finished, what will be one of the longest and most important railroad lines in the old world. Its object is to connect the political capital of Islam with the holy places which every Moslem is expected to visit at least once during his lifetime. As the Moslems number from 175,000,000 to 200,000,000, the annual pilgrimage from all parts of the Mahomedan world is of enormous proportions. That from India and the east is provided for by steamship lines, but it is now proposed by the Turkish government to offer special inducements to its people in Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine and even North Africa, to make the sacred pilgrimages at their ease, by providing railroad transportation from Constantinople to Mecca.

To comprehend the magnitude of the enterprise, it is necessary to remember that old world distances are not always understood in the new world. The scale of the maps is usually much smaller, so we sometimes get the idea that the United States is the largest country on the earth, because it looks largest on the map. A better conception of the Turkish undertaking will be gained by the knowledge that, taking Constantinople as a center, Paris will be on the edge of a circle with a radius of 3,000 kilometers (about 2,250 miles), while Mecca will be 500 kilos beyond the edge of that circle. In other words, to make the matter plainer, the distance from Constantinople to Paris is about that from New York

to Santa Fe, N. M., and from Constantinople to Mecca is approximately that from New York to Prescott, Ariz.

The Turk, therefore, who has always been regarded as slow going, must be conceded to have more industry than generally goes to his credit. There is, however, behind the religious motive, a political end to be gained.

The sultan is the nominal head of the Moslem world. But as the holy places, Mecca, Medina and several others, are in a land far distant from the center of the empire's political influence, the ruling officials in those cities have, for hundreds of years, been quasi-independent, some have thrown off entirely the Turkish bond and actually maintained their independence. Then, again, pilgrims from Syria, who attempt to travel by the caravan routes through Arabia, Petraea and along the Red sea, have long been subject to pillage by the wandering tribes of Bedouins. A railroad through this country with fortified stations at short intervals, would bring all north-west Arabia under real, rather than nominal Turkish control and restore to the sultan genuine authority as "protectors of the holy places."

The Turkish government is always harassed by its creditors. The moment a plaster comes into the treasury, all the creditors make a grab for it, so the question of financing the enterprise became one of prime importance, for no money, no road. In this dilemma the wily Turk hit upon a happy expedient. The sultan issued an irade commanding that every Moslem family which sacrificed a sheep at the feast of Bairam should bring in the skin to the nearest government official, and these skins should be sold for the benefit of the road. As every Turk does the sheep-killing act at Bairam, it was figured out that after the officials had stolen all they could with-

the river, for which the pale shades of the slaughtered Egyptians had no further use. But in the interval a dove had built its nest in the peak of his great tent.

Moslems are kindly to animals, which are beyond the possibility of being converted to Islam by the sword. Amr allowed that it would be a pity to disturb the dove; he delayed; meanwhile a new city gradually grew up on the bare plain to the north of his tent. In a word, Cairo rose out of the desert for the amazement of after ages, while the Memphian palaces of sun-dried bricks went back into the soil. To this day in South Cairo they will show you the original Postat, the "place of the dove."—New York World.

Proverbs.

I do not say a proverb is amiss when aptly and seasonably applied; but to be forever discharging them, right or wrong, hit or miss, renders conversation insipid and vulgar.—Cervantes.

Our Languages.

What a lot of languages we talk, even if we talk only English! I was assailed by a man across the luncheon table with a language about a Cupie final, and confessed that it was quite unintelligible. Then another man talked about golf, which is another language. And then the woman's language elbows these columns. "The Countess — wore a seagreen white marabout stole, and a black taffeta bow garnished her huge hat of burnt Tagel straw." It is a fine exam-

ple of women's slang. But to the man it means nothing—but expense.—London Outlook.

Natural History as She Is Spoken. Doris lived in the city, and a summer visit to grandpa's farm revealed many wonders. After being treated to the farmer's luxury, cream, she was allowed to go to the barn to see the cows milked. She looked on with much interest for a while and then asked: "Grandpa, which is the little pocket she keeps the cream in?"—The DeLineator.

THE SAME TOUCH OF NATURE

People of To-Day and Moslem Conqueror of Old Show Themselves Alike in One Respect.

Freight car No. 16,656 of the Pennsylvania railroad was held empty on a side track waiting until Mrs. Robbin Redbreast completed the hatching out of a fine nestful of eggs laid on a journal box while the car was in New York.

Touching, but no novelty. When mighty Amr and his Moslem hosts overthrew Egypt and made all northern Africa a stronghold of Allah and his prophet, they camped on the east bank of the Nile, opposite the ancient capital, Memphis, until they had licked the defenders of that ten-mile-wide and twenty-miles-long city. When Amr had finished he thought of moving into the fine town across