

# SAVED FROM ARABS BY NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER



**T**HE REV. JAMES C. HANKS, missionary, stepped from the gangplank of the Atlantic Transport liner Minneapolis in New York, took a surface car over to Broadway, went to Twenty-third street, started up at the lofty height of the Metropolitan tower, and laughed.

If you had been close enough you perhaps would have noted that it was a queer, mirthless little laugh. Then the Rev. Mr. Hanks went over close to the stone rise of the great building and patted it. He had reason to. It was that building that had saved his life three months before as he sat in a tent in the middle of the Arabian desert with thirty murderous Arabs squatting on the ground around him and monotonously whetting the long knives with which they would cut him into small pieces. Could you blame him for a feeling of friendliness for that cold, ruthless granite which he caressed?

Missionary Hank tells it thus: "I had been working among them for three years—the desert Arabs," he began. "I'd learned their language and their customs, and I was practically one of them, riding and pitching my tent and working with them like a brother. And they were brothers worthy of the name, those wild, free men to whom honor is the first consideration. New York could take many a lesson from them in morals and in respect toward women."

"One night we pitched camp after a hot day's ride, and as darkness fell we were suddenly aroused by a courier from another of our camps with the news that the Aneza, a warlike and murderous tribe, had attacked and carried off several women and children."

"That was a signal for all our able-bodied men to ride to the other camp and try to recover the kidnaped women and children. In five minutes the beat of the hoofs of the ponies had died out in the dark, and I was the only man left in our camp."

"I crawled into my tent and went to sleep. It must have been near midnight when I was awakened by the sound of hoofs. I imagined our own men returning and paid no attention until the flap of the tent was laid back and five strange Arabs entered. Each held a long knife, and before I could roll off my blanket these knives were forming a circle within an inch of my throat. I lay still."

"Silently more and more men entered the tent, all with the long desert knives. I knew then they were the Aneza. They had learned of the departure of our men, and had slipped into the camp to steal in their absence."

For a time not a word came from the lips of this ferocious desert band of marauders, bent upon pillage and murder. Stealthily they crept about the tent examining our luggage. They broke open my chest and tumbled out upon the blanketed ground the few treasured books I possessed, the trinkets I had saved as mementoes of my journeys through the wild regions, a few gifts that served to remind me of pleasant memories among the tribes in which I had passed months of pleasurable labor.

The gaudy trinkets of American manufacture they pounced upon like children turned loose in a toy shop. They were quick to appropriate extra blankets, boots and a couple of saddles. But all the while I could have no doubt from their men, and I doubted not their actions when my nationality and my mission should be discovered.

"One huge black fellow seemed to be the leader. Then, for the first time, in the flare of a torch he carried, they seemed to notice that my skin was white. In an instant the discovery created the greatest excitement. Several lunged forward with their knives, as though to cut it short right there, but the chief waved them back. For all the attention they bestowed upon me. The search over, they gathered around more closely. Meantime it is needless to say I was frightened. I knew the ferocity of these wild All this time but little attention had been paid to my presence. I might be a native of the deserts that they were hunting for gold. They were convinced the party was well supplied with money and proposed to have it. They were determined on that score, and they held life worthless.

"I did not know then, though I learned afterward, that they had seen but one white man before. That man never has come out of the desert. He was slain as a sacrifice. It looked as though I was about to share his fate."

"The chief addressed me in Arabic, and was surprised when I answered him in the same tongue."

"We must kill you," he said, "but there is no hurry. We shall wait."

"As though acting on the suggestion, the thirty black fiends squatted in a semi-circle about me and fell slowly and deliberately to sharpening their knives."

"There is no hurry," the chief said again. "We must do so before the coming of day, that is all."

"Then in a flash it came back to me that I had heard from men of our own tribe that the Aneza were sun worshippers, and that it was the greatest of all religious crimes among them to commit murder when the sun—their god—was in the ascendency. Like a shot it came to me that if I could delay the execution until sunrise my life would be saved. But how?

"The hope seemed futile. I wondered what time it was. I knew it was after midnight. As I lay on my blankets, watching those hideous black faces that were doubly black and grotesque in the weird flame of the torches, I began to work my hand slowly toward my pocket where I kept my watch. I got it out, and dropped my eyes to the face. In the gloom I could make out the hands pointing to 2 o'clock. It was nearly three hours to sun-up. There was not the ghost of a chance of holding them off until then."

"But, just the same, I kept trying to figure it out in my mind—to devise some plan to that end. And meanwhile I began to witness the services that were to precede my death. Squatting there with their black legs crossed that grim semi-circle of fiends began to rock slowly back and forth from the hips, humming a strange, uncanny, minor monotone. Out in front the big chief led them. It was the Aneza sacrifice prelude, so to speak. And I was to be the sacrifice."

"I tell you, it got into my nerves. I don't think I am a natural coward, but half rhythmically, keeping time, as it were, to the beating chant of those voices and the sway and swing of the black bodies, I heard my teeth begin to click."

"I glanced over my shoulder to the other flap of the tent. As I did so the Arab chief seemed to divine my thought, for at a motion of his hand, the semi-circle moved forward a couple of feet closer and, squatting again, went on with the gruesome ceremonies. There was no chance of escape by flight, that was certain."

"But never for a moment did I stop thinking; struggling to drag an idea out of the confusion in my brain. And all the time the Aneza went on whetting the knives and crooning and swaying."

"Half an hour, then an hour went by. I counted the minutes, for I knew they measured the time left me yet to live. And then, suddenly, I turned cold. My heart leaped and something filled my throat. It was the idea I had been combing my brain for, and it was a chance, ever so faint, perhaps, but still a chance."

"Across the tent, not ten feet distant, was my trunk with my stereopticon lantern, and my slides—slides I had made of New York city, of the Metropolitan tower and Broadway, and all the other sights of home. Could I but—I must! Speaking in Arab, I addressed the chief. Before the time came to make the sacrifice I had something to show them—something the like of which they had never seen. Would they like to see it?"

"Breathless, I awaited the answer. There was silence; then it came. The chief would like to see. I pointed to the trunk. They brought it to me. I unpacked the lantern and set it up, the long knives were following me not two inches away the while. The side of the tent was the screen. I lighted the lantern and dropped in the first slide. Across the circle of light floated in color the great Metropolitan tower. As it did so the muttering murmur of the death prelude wavered and died out."

caught, lost, enmeshed in the spell of the old magic lantern.

"I alone, I believe, remembered the present. My murderers were too engrossed, too astounded by what they saw, to remember. But I prayed only that the pictures would hold out; that the spell would not fall. It was a trying time. Afterward I found I had bitten half through my lip, but at the time I felt nothing. I dared not pause to glance at my watch, but still I held them there as the minutes dragged to hours."

"At last the final picture went into the lantern. For a desperate instant I felt my heart go down. What could I do? Would they remember if I repeated? Would they—? But before I could complete the thought in through the canvas entrance of the tent there stole a thin, golden thread. It crept across the floor and rested on the face of the black chief. It was the sun!"

"With a short cry the chief jumped to his feet. The others followed, talking excitedly. For a moment they glanced at me, but I sprang to the flap of the tent and tore it back."

"The day!" I shrieked in Arab, and at the cry they fled pell-mell from the tent and beyond the camp to their horses."

The Rev. Mr. Hanks stopped and smiled. "When they were gone," he said, "I sat down on the ground and cried."

## HUMOR OF BAD WRITING.

Sheridan's writing was a scandal to his school and puzzled the town. He once wrote a "pass" to Drury Lane, and the doorkeeper stopped its bearer and immediately pronounced it to be a forgery, because he could decipher it! To make matters worse, Sheridan was also uncertain in his spelling. A "which," a "where," and a "whether" in his hands, for instance, were as often as not deprived of their "aches," and a "thing" was to him always a "think" and nothing more.

The atrocious writing of celebrities recalls the claim once made on behalf of Baron Bramwell that he wrote three hands: "One which he alone could read, another which his clerk could read and he couldn't, and a third which nobody could read," and the last named was his usual style.

Lord Curzon, when a young man at college, once found his bad handwriting stand him in good stead. Writing two letters, one to a relative, the other to a chum, he encloses them in the wrong envelopes. It chanced that in the second letter he had made some uncomplimentary reference to his relative, and on discovering the mistake he had made he awaited developments with anxiety. There presently came a letter from the uncle. "I have tried to decipher your epistle," it ran, "but your writing is so atrocious that I cannot make head or tail of it. However, I guess the drift of it to be that you need some money, you rogue, so I enclose a check."

Bad handwriting is not always a handicap in life. The late Lord Goschen once said that his father attributed the foundations of his fortune to the fact that he was obliged to found a firm because he wrote such a bad hand that no one would take him for a clerk. Of Goschen himself, Mr. Arthur Elliot records that "his handwriting got steadily worse, and in his latter years he might have spelled as he chose. At length his script became undecipherable, even by himself. He could not, when speaking in parliament, make out what it was that he had put on paper, and he thus came in later days to abandon almost entirely his old practice of making notes."

Professor Blackie had a peculiar "flat." An elderly composer on the Scotsman, however, knew nearly all about the professor. One night there was a particularly difficult manuscript for the professor. It was put before the expert, with an inquiry as to whether or not he could set it. "I could not do that," said the veteran from Inverary; "but if I'd ma pipes here I could play her."—Tit-Bits.

## AMBER AS A MEDICINE.

The ancients employed amber as a medicine, and it is still proscribed by physicians in France, Germany and Italy. Several chemists in Paris keep it constantly in stock. It has been worn by ladies and children from time immemorial as an amulet, sometimes carved into "amphorae," and has been pronounced of service, either taken internally or worn around the neck. Callistratus gave the name of chryselekttron to amber of a clear golden color, which, worn around the neck, cured ague, ground up with honey and rose oil it was a specific for deafness and with Attic honey for dimness of sight. But to come to more recent times, Perera says in the third edition of his "Materia Medica," published in 1853, that amber was not even then employed as a medicine in this country, but that "it was formerly used in chronic catarrhs, amenorrhoea, hysteria, etc., and was given either in the form of a powder, in doses of ten grains to a drachm, or in that of a tincture, a formula for both of which is contained in some of the European formularies.—Family Doc or.

## JUST MEANNESS.

"I wish I had Rockefeller's money."  
"Would the possession of Rockefeller's money make you happy?"  
"I don't know. I was thinking how unhappy it would make Rockefeller."

## HIS CLASS.

"If the dachshund were the king of dogs, what kind of a class would he be in?"  
"I suppose, a sort of squatter sovereignty."

## HUNGARY OLD STATE

Has Been an Independent Country Since Year 1001.

is a Beautiful Land of Immense Endless Plains, Great Rivers, Lovely Lakes, Deep Forests and Most Magnificent Mountains.

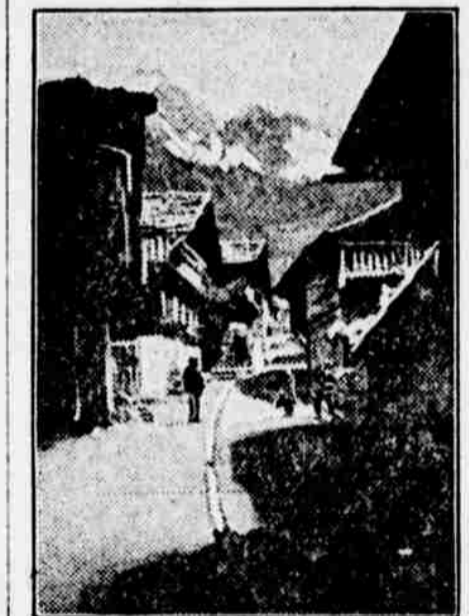
London.—Although tourists in Hungary have discovered mineral springs and baths whose waters contain medicinal properties, they have not yet invaded the charming country districts. Not far from the fashionable hotels and sanitariums, are queer, quaint little villages never seen by travelers of the beaten path.

It is a beautiful country of immense endless plains, great rivers, lovely lakes, deep forests and magnificent mountains. Since 1001 it has been an independent sovereign state and a kingdom, over which at present his majesty, the Emperor Franz Joseph, is king. His subjects include 9,000,000 Magyars, light and handsome, who occupy the fertile plains; 5,000,000 Slavs in the outlying districts and Croatia; 3,000,000 olive-complexioned Roumanians on the hills and mountains; 2,000,000 Germans on the edges of the Carpathians and Transylvania; 1,000,000 mixed races, a large part of which are gypsies or Jews.

There is plenty of room everywhere and everything is far apart. A church, an inn, and a few rows of neat little houses make up the villages. Some of the very best residences are surrounded by specious grounds and a high-spired fence. Many of the cottages are painted in pale yellow ochre and have roofs of brownish-gray tiles. A blue band about two feet wide is painted around it just below the eaves, and is stencilled by the women with red and orange fruit and flowers. A narrower plain blue stripe surrounds the bottom of the walls. This color denotes that the occupants are of Slavonic descent. Gypsies use yellow instead of blue.

The gable end of the house is usually next to the road, and stretches back a long distance into a yard, where there is a draw-well. In a small arch over the doorway may be seen a picture of the Madonna. It is not customary to knock before entering any house or room, and all doors contain so much glass that there is very little privacy even in bed chambers.

The small homes are immaculately clean and neat and there is usually a green-tiled stove. Tables, chairs and boxes are richly carved in old native designs. Strips of handsomely embroidered linen done in indigo blue or paprika red, often hang from the rafters or on the walls. The towns are patrolled at night by watchmen who are



Typical Hungarian Village.

obliged constantly to blow a long, low note to prove beyond doubt that they are not asleep!

Everybody dresses elaborately in a riot of vivid colors, the different villages clinging to different styles. Peasant women of Agram wear snowy linen made with many pleats; jackets and sleeves are richly embroidered in red and orange; purple line drapes the head. In Zadar bodices are ornamented with broad bands of gold and silver embroidery; sleeves being of white linen with crimson at the shoulders. Girls go bareheaded with hair oiled down tight and flat. Fastened to the back of the head is a tomato-colored sash which separates into three streamers that pass beneath the waist band and reach to the knees. On their feet are block top-boots with fancy heels.

## GIRL GIVES LIFE FOR KITTEN

Young Child Killed in Front of Street Car When Brushing Pet to Safety.

New York.—In a desperate endeavor to save a small kitten which had wandered on the car tracks in front street, Brooklyn, from being run down by a Fifth Avenue trolley car, Tessie Calabra, five years old, of 5 Front street, ran in front of the car, brushed the animal aside and was herself run over instantly killed.

Tessie and other little girls were playing in front of her home with several kittens which were born recently to the Calabra family cat. One of the little animals jumped out of Tessie's lap, ran into the street and sat directly in front of a car. Without a moment's hesitation Tessie, amid the warning cries of her companions, leaped to her feet and ran into the street to save her pet. The car, which was going at a high rate of speed, was upon her before she could regain her feet after having shoved the kitten to safety.

## Rheumatism Is Torture

Many pains that pass as rheumatism are due to weak kidneys—to the failure of the kidneys to drive off uric acid thoroughly.

When you suffer achy, bad joints, backache, too, dizziness and some urinary disturbances, get Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is recommended by over 150,000 people in many different lands. Doan's Kidney Pills help weak kidneys to drive out the uric acid which is the cause of backache, rheumatism and lumbago.

Here's proof.

**AN INDIANA CASE**

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

M. C. Walker, 931 Grand Ave., Connersville, Ind., says: "For ten years I had muscular rheumatism. I was laid up in bed and couldn't move a limb. Pinners and hot applications failed. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me and two more boxes permanently cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## PECULIAR LIVE STOCK FARM

Canadian Has Pleasant Possibilities in His Proposed Raising of Black Foxes.

Probably few, if any, men in this province have started a black fox farm at less cost than Robert Rowley, proprietor of the Laurentide preserves at Lake Edward, says a Quebec correspondent of the Montreal Gazette. While up at Roberval Mr. Rowley heard that a man there had four young pups, part red and part black. It is said that nobody wanted to buy the animals, though the price was about \$10 or so a head. Mr. Rowley gave the man his price. The next morning Mr. Pridman, manager of the black fox ranch of Lieutenant Governor Wood of New Brunswick, who had been scouring the country for young stock, saw the foxes and immediately went into the hotel and in front of every one present offered Mr. Rowley several thousand dollars, but was refused. When the villagers realized the offer some of them almost collapsed on the spot and the place has been fox crazy ever since. Mr. Rowley is also purchasing a pure black dog fox at a very small sum and will cross it with the litter which he got so cheaply. He expects to have a litter of pure black foxes next spring.

## Man She Wanted.

"Will you marry me?" he asked. She paused for a moment before she replied. Then she said:

"Listen carefully, please. You are a man of ordinary abilities and perfectly conventional ideas. You haven't the slightest conception of the new world movement which is now taking place. You are intensely blind to all of its radicalism, intensely unoriginal, satisfied to be an intellectual nonentity, engrossed in that horrible, stagnating thing known as business, and a mental slave to the opinions put forth by your daily paper. I am a true feminist, an individual searcher, bound by no ties, seeking the highest self-expression in advance art forms and acknowledging no preconceived standards. Will I marry you? Of course I will. You're just the man I want."—Life.

## The New Woman.

Mrs. Knicker—Are you going to take a course in business college?  
Mrs. Bocker—Yes; I want to find out how to get more money out of Jack.—Judge.

A lot of dead ones in every town are holding out on the undertaker.

A correct guess passes for wisdom—with the man who makes the guess.

## The American Breakfast Post Toasties and Cream

Thin bits of choicest Indian Corn, so skillfully cooked and toasted that they are deliciously crisp and appetizing.

Wholesome Nourishing Easy to Serve

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

Post Toasties