

into veritable tracts of darkness. How slowly those night hours dragged along. It seemed as if daylight would never come, but at last it appeared, sweetly heralded by the twittering of birds, but greeted, too, with grunts by my black jailers, who glanced up at me anxiously to assure themselves that I was still in evidence.

A new fear seized me as I tried to stretch my legs, for they were so stiff that there was an imminent danger of my falling if I should endeavor to escape from the tree. Daring pains, also, warned me of the dreaded fever, which would doubtless hold me in its grasp on the morrow. I was not very hungry, but ate the single biscuit that my haversack contained, and obtained a refreshing drink from a water lily that stretched across the tree. These water lilies are nature's reservoirs for the benefit of the woodsman, the great vine, many feet in length, being filled with a clear liquid, held within its jointed sections. If you need a drink, you have only to cut off a joint, and there it is, pure and sweet, cool-drawn from the depths of the soil.

As the sun rose above the tree tops its heat soon dried my clothes; yet still I sat there, cramped and weary, undecided what to do, but revolving many plans for escape. A sudden disturbance in the herd beneath me drew my attention. The peccaries were all facing southwards, sniffing the air suspiciously, evidently startled. Two or three of the old boars started out to reconnoitre. They returned in a few minutes with some information, apparently, that caused every member of the gang to gather himself on his feet as if electrified.

Eagerly turning my attention in the direction toward which they looked, I soon heard a faint noise like the barking of a dog; and as this became more distinct the peccaries charged nervously hither and thither, grunting at each other in great alarm. A dog, of course, implied a master. I shouted and fired off my gun; and after a while came an answering human voice—the first I had heard in many weeks—but I could not distinguish the words. Soon after, the crashing of bushes and branches announced something approaching, and I shouted out a warning of the danger that might be incurred by advancing incautiously. My warning was not heeded, for there suddenly burst into view a man with several dogs, on the cliff above me.

The man, who saw the peccaries almost simultaneously with his appearance, levelled his gun and fired. At the same time the dogs barked vociferously, and after a moment's hesitation my enemies turned tail and scurried away. It must have been a dreadful disappointment to them, after their long vigil; but they didn't wait for a farwell.

As the last one of them disappeared in the forest gloom, I realised that my deliverance had come, and tried to descend from my perch. This, however, I found impossible without the assistance of my deliverer, a negro, whose kindly black face was the most welcome thing I had seen in a long time. He made a fire and a cup of coffee for me while I was striving to regain the use of my limbs; and as soon as I was able to walk, guided me to his camp, which we reached without further adventure.

FRED A. OBER.

PHIL MAY'S EARLY STRUGGLES.

PHIL MAY was seventeen years of age when he decided that he had had enough of the provincial life of Leeds and would go to London. His sole possession was a sovereign, and bang went 15s 6d for his fare. He arrived in the Metropolis with the balance.

"But I was there," he said, "and I made for an aunt who lived in John Street Road, Clerkenwell. But I don't think my aunt was glad to see me, for he gave me my supper and a bed, and next morning took me to the railway station and put me in the train for Leeds. But I didn't mean to return. I got out at the first stopping-place and walked back. All my hopes were in London."

It was a wretched time for him, though—a heart-breaking experience. Moneyless, homeless, and friendless, he wandered about the streets of the city. He begged broken biscuits at the public houses, quenching his thirst at the street fountains. And it was winter! Many weary miles were tramped in search of work, that deadening, sickening experience which demoralises so many.

But the real grit was in Phil May's heart. He struggled on; he changed his walking-stick with a child on Hungerford Bridge for a piece of bread and bacon; he slept on

the Embankment, in the parks—indeed, anywhere he could. Good fortune came to him first through a print-seller near Charing Cross, who took a drawing he had made of three well-known actors and published it. The man lost £5 in the venture, but he believed in the artist, and treated him to dinners of beef *a la mode*.

At last Phil May got an introduction to Mr Lionel Brough, who purchased the original drawing of the actors for £2 2s, and passed the artist on to the editor of *London Society*. For this paper he did a few drawings, but poverty still hung closely to him. He was introduced to the editor of the *St. Stephen's Review*, but he did not want any work done just then. After a year had passed, broken down by a long illness, he returned to his mother at Leeds.

He had hardly settled down when a telegram arrived from the *St. Stephen's Review* asking him to go back to London. He went, to find that he was wanted to do the whole of the illustrations and design the cover for their Christmas number, all in a week! He did it. Day and night he worked till it was finished. Then came another period of weary waiting. His money was again all spent, and he used to leave his lodgings in a very humble hotel to "go out to his meals"—in other words, to walk the streets fasting. His landlord—kindly soul!—discovered the farce, and insisted upon his having supper with him, and although he knew his guest had no money, let him stay on. After some time the *St. Stephen's Review* gave him regular employment, and the dark days were over. Then came the grand opportunity of going to Australia as artist for the *Sydney Bulletin*. He accepted it, and came back with his art as we knew it in 1890.

PRICELESS HIDDEN TREASURES.

KING MENELIK of Abyssinia has promised that as soon as peace is restored within his dominions, he will permit a commission of European scientists to make an exhaustive examination of the vaults of the cathedral church of Axum, where the monarchs of Ethiopia have been crowned from time immemorial. A wide-spread tradition of the Moslem world asserts that it is within the

ancient vaults of this structure that the Ark of the Covenant is preserved, along with the tables of stone containing the Ten Commandments, and which Moses brought down from Mount Sinai.

The seven-branched candelstick of gold, which figured in the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Solomon, at Jerusalem, is said to be preserved in these vaults, which are also known to contain a mass of ancient papyri and other manuscripts that are in an excellent state of preservation, but have never been translated or annotated.

It is no mere vague tradition handed down from father to son which has transmitted to generations of Abyssinians the story of how these priceless treasures came to repose in the Cathedral of Axum. The story of their procurement by the rulers of the country and of their being deposited within these sacred vaults is specific, particular, and detailed.

It is told how they were brought from Jerusalem to Abyssinia by the founder of the present reigning dynasty, the first of the Emperors, Menelik, who was the son of King Solomon of Israel and of that Biblical Queen of Sheba, who is on record as having carried on a very pronounced flirtation with the ruler of the Jews. This original Menelik is frequently referred to in the Song of Solomon, to be found in the Protestant Bible.

Although, as authentic history teaches, born after the return of his mother to her own dominion, he was brought up at the court of his father at Jerusalem. He remained there until the first destruction and sacking of Jerusalem and the pillage of the Temple of Solomon by Shishak, King of Egypt.

Immediately before the destruction of the Temple Menelik fled back to Abyssinia. He carried with him for safe keeping the treasures of that structure, which were threatened with seizure and despoilment.

It is positively asserted by Abyssinian tradition that he carried back with him the tables of stone, the Ark of the Covenant, and the seven-branched candelstick. These he deposited in the interior of that huge granite pile which constitutes the pedestal of the ancient Abyssinian temple of Axum, long ante-dating the Christian era, and where the rulers of Ethiopia have been crowned from the earliest times. The present Cathedral of Axum is al-

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