

ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS

By JOSEPH KNOWLES

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CHAPTER III.
My First Adventure.
So far my life in the wilderness had been very commonplace. I felt in the best health. I had had no adventures, though unknown adventures were in store for me and they were to come quickly.
One late afternoon some time after my arrival at the Big Spencer stream, I returned to the burnt lands to gather berries. On the way I stood on a slight elevation, looking down into a small gully. From somewhere afar came the sound of a rifle shot, which brought back to me the thought of human beings, but I did not dwell upon it.
I worked overtime picking berries and soon gathered two birch bark dishes full.
The light was beginning to fade, so I made up my mind it was time to start for my camp, which was some distance away. Just as I was stepping over a charred, fallen trunk I heard a crash in the bushes behind me.

Whirling sharply about I saw, down in the gully below, a deer come tearing through the brush with two bears at her heels. The deer was evidently wounded, as she would stagger and fall, then get to her feet again and dash along.
The two bears looked like galloping balls of fur. They would almost reach the deer when she would fall, but she always managed to scramble to her feet in time to keep just out of their reach.

Instinctively I wanted to go to the aid of the deer, but better reasoning held me back. Even in the presence of death I experienced a bit of joy, for I knew the bears would eventually get the deer.
The battle for life had carried the deer and her pursuers well into the burnt lands. I stood close by, watching every move. I could see that the deer was weakening. Suddenly one of the black bear bodies hurled itself on the frail creature. A bear never seemed so powerful to me before.

Here I made my first mistake. I had been so glad that I might be able to get a deer skin without breaking the game laws of the state that I did not stop to figure that by waiting I might also get a bearskin. I didn't take into consideration that when once the deer was overcome the two bears would fight it out between themselves as to the possession. I should have reasoned that the deer would fight, as they did. Scarcely had the deer ceased her pitiful struggles when one of the bears flew at the other. Had they been allowed to continue one would surely have killed the other in that mixup. But I was so excited I ran down into the gully, across the open space toward the scene of battle. The bears saw me at once, for in less than a second they were streaking for the cover of the woods, leaving their prey behind.

As I leaned over the deer I found that the skin had hardly been torn. High up on one shoulder blood was streaming from a wound made by a bullet. "Probably that gunshot I heard about half an hour ago," I said to myself. No doubt some woodsman in need of food had made an attempt to get her, even though it was a second hand deer. I was not to be disappointed, when deer are protected by law. I knew I wouldn't have time to skin the creature that night through the slow rock tearing process, so I dragged the body for some distance into the woods, where I buried it with earth, branches, leaves and stones.

Then I went back over the ground where I had just dragged the animal and covered up the tracks with leaves. The trail was completely obliterated, or at least I thought it was, so that the bears would not find it.
It was quite dark when I started for my lean-to, resolved to come back with a skin the deer in the morning.

As soon as the sun was up I made for the place where I had hidden my deer. I had one regret—that I had not made the most of that situation the night before and obtained a bearskin as well.

But soon I had something else to think about, for upon arriving at the spot where I had interred the carcass I found leaves, branches, rocks, earth—everything scattered about. The bears had been there before me. I had lost even the deer skin!

I wanted that deer skin badly. I needed it. However, it was gone, and that's all there was to it.
I had counted a whole lot on the deer meat also, for my food thus far had answered after a fashion.

In one of the marshes I had hit a couple of frogs over the head and tried eating the hind legs. But I couldn't get the taste of these luxuries and never tried them again.
In the clearings and along the streams I found plenty of raspberries and blueberries. Getting tired of these I ate some bunchberries, which grow in scarlet clusters; also checkerberries and berries of the mountain ash. Almost everywhere in the deep woods bunchberries were to be found. I ate a lot of these, which contained much nutriment. These berries are black and fuzzy and probably receive their name because they resemble the fur of the skunk. They grow on high bushes. I chewed a great deal of spruce gum.

But as I said before, such food was not very substantial. It was enough to get along on for awhile, but I needed something more. While that first trout had not been particularly palatable without salt, I realized that had given me strength and made up my mind that I must get some more.
The loss of that deer meat was a great loss indeed.

Once again I headed for the Big Spencer stream country. I knew, or thought I knew, where I could find some good spring holes, in which I

hoped to catch some trout. After a long time my search was rewarded. I found a spring hole which was alive with them.

I went downstream a little way, where with rocks I made a small pool. Then I went back to the big pool and began to drive the trout into the small pool. Down they went into my trap! All I had to do was to wade in and just pick them up with my hands. I gathered up as many as I thought I needed and carried them to a rough lean-to—one which I had thrown up the night I came to this region from the Lost pond district.

Doubtless people who have always fished with a line and hook can scarcely conceive catching fish with the bare hands. But it is the simplest thing in the world. In some instances during my life in the forest I could have obtained barrels of fish in this manner had I seen fit.

I remember one day when I crossed the beaver dam previously mentioned. I wanted some fish, so I promptly let the water out of the dam. In the shallow pools were stranded quantities of fish. I did this out of necessity, and as soon as I had all I needed I immediately dammed up the broken places so that the fish left behind would not die.

Of course many of the fish I caught in the Big Spencer stream country would not have kept very long without some sort of preparation on my part. To cure the fish, I selected several flat rocks and built a smoke hole with them, in which I hung the fish on

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FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced In Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the older people and for the entertainment and instruction of the present generation.

SIXTY-SIXTH INSTALLMENT.

Thursday Night, May 2nd.
Dear Enquirer: In obedience to request, albeit we have had a very busy day of it and would like to sleep now, we sit down at ten at night to the pleasant task of writing to the first number of your semi-weekly issue. To give you an idea of camp-life as it comes home to our "business and home" and to forewarn you not to expect too garrulous and long-drawn out letters from us hereafter, we will give this day's routine, which is to be our daily to an unknown date in the future:

We rose at 5; at 5:30 drilled one hour, then one hour for sending off the mail of the "Jaspers"; from 7:30 till 9 preparing and submitting the "morn'g report" of the regiment; from 9 to 10, officer's drill; from 10:30 to 11:30, company drill; from the latter hour till 2 p. m., for dinner, recreation, reading the news and writing letters; 2 to 3, reading drill again; 3 to 5 leisurely, chatting, amusement; 5 to 6, regimental dress-parade; 6 to 8 supper and a walk, then prayer and tattoo, and now to this writing after reading "President" and altogether superior and admirable messages.

A quiet rumor reached our ears today that the military authorities about the island are somewhat apprehensive of the seaward approach of the enemy. We cannot credit it, however. We told you in our last how and wherefore we had slept a night last week with our shoes on. That excitement was blown off with the morning seabreeze. It will follow in its wake. The fact is we were far quieter here than you people are in—our me!—the dear uppity; The Courier, Mercury, News, Union Press, Mountain Eagle and Enquirer—and these few and far between—are the only papers we have laid eyes on since we came here. All our news being we get it in like our baker's bread, cold and stale; and much of it, like some biscuits received from home, is mouldy.

However, of mouldy biscuits and their tardy arrivals in camp, we are reminded of a request coming from friends of our volunteers in your midst to let them know how to direct boxes of provisions. The company to which the "happy recipient" in prospective belongs, should be specified; and the boxes consigned to the care of G. W. Williams & Co., Charleston. This enterprise is a commendable one, and we kindly consented to look after the interests of the regiment in the city.

A little incident—showing the "pluck" of the "Catawbas"—occurred in camp today, too good not to narrate. A burly, blustering fellow rode across the line of their encampment, and was ordered to "halt" by the sentinel on duty at the post. This he failed to do, however, and made good his escape. He tried it again, but our mountain boys were too hard for him. Two of them sprang at him, and deposited their bayonets in either side just deep enough to tickle the ribs; and there he stood between Seylla and Charybdis, and cried out like a good fellow for mercy. Imagine how his crest fell!

The sand-bagger, mentioned in our last, is progressing finely. It will be about a half-circle, with salt and re-entrant angles, like the renowned old revolutionary "stockade-fort" at Ninety-six; and the grim "dogs of war" will point their muzzles from its embrasures in every direction. The field before it, for half a mile to the east (on the water), and to the north and west (on the land), is exposed, and if ever Lincoln's hirelings attempt to invade this island, it will prove a formidable preventer.

We learn this evening that they wish 100 men daily at Fort Moultrie from our regiment. These garrison duties, together with the delay unavoidable in

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Miscellaneous Reading.

CLOSE RANKS!

Daily Newspapers Arguing for Elimination of Surplus Candidates.

Practically all of the daily newspapers are devoting themselves to pointing out the danger of going into the gubernatorial election with too many candidates. The administration forces have four candidates, and the anti-administration forces six. Most of the daily papers assume that the anti-administration forces have a majority in a straight fight; but point out that if they divide between six men with the administration forces divided between only four, the second race will be between two administration candidates. The purpose of such argument is to make "sentiment" in favor of concentration and as soon as one side begins to show evidence of a disposition to follow this policy, the other side will do likewise. One of the most comprehensive summaries of the situation we have seen up to this time appears in the Greenville Piedmont, of Tuesday. It is as follows:

"There are thousands of people in South Carolina who regard Bleasie as the predominant issue in this state this summer. Not a few of these would regard it less of a misfortune for Bleasie to be elected senator, than for Bleasie to be defeated for senator, if his successor as governor should be a man who would, in the same office, use his power along the same lines that Bleasie followed as governor.

"To those who think this way the seriousness of the situation is being firmly convinced that at the present time the majority of the voters of the state are against Bleasie for senator and a Bleasie for governor. But, the opposition is embarrassed with such a superfluity of good and popular gubernatorial candidates that it is very possible—one might almost assert probable—that the second race, and a second race under present conditions is a certainty, may come between two candidates who are supporters of Bleasie. Such an outcome would not only make it absolutely certain that Bleasie's successor will be a Bleasie but would have no small effect in helping him in the second senatorial primary, it now being generally regarded as certain that there will be a second senatorial primary, and that Bleasie will be one of the two candidates who will have to run over.

"The situation in the gubernatorial campaign this year is very much like that which existed in the senatorial campaign in 1892. That last election case, it will be profitable to review the facts as to that campaign. In 1892 six men aspired to succeed McArthur in the senate. They were Hemphill, of Chester; Elliott, of Beaufort; Johnstone, of Newberry; Henderson, of Aiken; Latimer, of Anderson, and Evans, of Spartanburg. It is generally regarded as certain that practically none of those who voted for Hemphill, Elliott, Henderson or Johnstone in the first race, would have voted for either Latimer or Evans in the first primary had any one, two or three of those four withdrawn his candidacy before the balloting began. But each of those four was more anxious to be senator than to prevent the election of Latimer or Evans, so none withdrew. The result was that while Johnstone, Hemphill, Elliott and Henderson, representing one faction, collectively polled over one thousand more votes than Latimer and Evans, representing the other faction, polled together, the majority vote, split into four nearly even parts, gave each of the majority candidates a smaller vote than the minority vote, split into two uneven parts gave each of the two minority candidates, and the consequence was that the second race was between two of whom was a supporter of either of the two candidates who had the most votes. There is a general idea that the same vote will be a little larger but the same in its character. Irby and Richards are regarded as out and out Bleasies, while Clinckales, Cooper, Frowning, Manning and C. A. Smith are regarded as objectionable to the Bleasies. While M. L. Smith has stated on the stump that he will not vote for Bleasie for the senate, rumors persist that there is a possibility of support of him by the Bleasies, if conditions warrant it.

"The Bleasies are better organized than their opponents and it seems to be a fact that they have much better political generalship. They know it is an impossibility for them by concentrating their strength upon one candidate to elect him in the first primary. Two reasons guarantee this:

"1. Their full strength, even if concentrated, would be insufficient.
2. It cannot be concentrated, because all votes cannot be taken from the other Bleasie candidates, and because not a few Bleasies, through local conditions or friendships, will vote in the first race for some of the opposition candidates.

"That being the case, the wise thing politically for the Bleasies to do—and it is reasonable to expect them to do the patently wise thing politically—is to play for as nearly an even division of their strength as possible between two candidates they regard as favorable to their cause. If this be done, it is not certain, but it is highly probable that the second race will come between those two.

"In 1892, the majority senatorial candidates each had more ambition than patriotism, so none would withdraw. Is the same thing true of the anti-Bleasie gubernatorial candidates in 1914? If so, the odds are that

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GYROSCOPE IN AVIATION

Long-Sought Stabilizer Performs As Anticipating Feats of Maintained Balance.

Most people are able to stand on the ball of one foot and keep their balance. Close your eyes and try to do the same thing, and it is not as simple as it seems. This, however, is exactly the situation in which an aviator finds himself when he flies into a fog bank. But here the result of a mistake is infinitely more serious. There is nothing for his eye to take as a basis from which to form an judgment, and he is forced to rely on the instinctive workings of his muscles.

This is only one of the reasons why some automatic stabilizer has been sought so much of late years. On June 18 last, at Bezos, France, Lawrence B. Sperry drove a Curtiss hydroplane equipped with a gyroscopic stabilizer and performed a feat that would have been pronounced impossible a few years ago. His father, Elmer A. Sperry, was the inventor.

Standing up in his machine with both hands in the air, touching no levers, the young man told his mechanic to climb out on one of the planes. The man did so, yet he had no more desire to die than you or I have. He obeyed orders, stepped out on the wing, as he might have sauntered out on the balcony of a house. Nothing happened. The machine maintained a horizontal course, while the aeronaut did extra work. Lateral stability had been demonstrated. Next the mechanic climbed aft toward the propeller some five or six feet. Again the machine was undisturbed. Longitudinal stability was proved.

It is almost needless to add that a stabilizer that will stand such tests as these will stand equally well unfavorable weather conditions. M. Rene Quinton, president of the National Aerial League of France, was taken up by Sperry later, in a strong gusty wind that whipped the branches of the trees along the Seine. This remarkable young man, Sperry—He is only 21—thereupon proceeded to set the auto-gyro on a rise of forty-five degrees to the horizon. Without touching his hands to any control except his steering wheel he continued in that position as long as he wanted to, and M. Quinton testifies he felt as if he were in an ordinary machine on a calm day. It must be remembered that all this time, in which about a half mile was covered, the hydroplane was automatically compensating for every gust of wind that struck it, and M. Quinton insisted that there was a gale blowing at the time.

Four small gyroscopes do the governing. Two of them take care of the lateral stability and two protect the longitudinal equilibrium. Each is in its own air-tight case, so that vacuum may be retained. These gyroscopes are turning inside the cases at a speed of 15,000 revolutions a minute. Pretty high that, but you do not fully realize it until we say it means 500 turns a second. Now you can see why vacuum is necessary. All friction with the air has to be avoided at that speed.

Moreover, if the power at any moment should give out unexpectedly, these gyroscopes will keep on turning for about thirty minutes and still be available as stabilizers, strong enough to land from any conceivable height to which a machine would go.

The cases are the size of an ordinary baseball, and the power required for all four is about half that needed to run the ordinary office light. They consume about six watts of electric power apiece. No one will suppose that an instrument so small and requiring so little electric power can do itself keep from being hydroplane. Upon upsetting, and, of course, it does not. These four gyroscopes simply set into motion the motors that change the planes, known as servo-motors, and are electrically controlled.

The whole stabilizer is thrown on or off at the will of the operator by a foot pedal which, by the way, is the only foot control on the Curtiss boat. When the stabilizer is active, the pilot has no other responsibility than to steer his rudder. A strong example of this was given when Sperry took up a man who had never operated an airplane before, and as he had no other conditions or responsibilities, he made a most creditable flight. With this stabilizer, it will be seen, the military aviator can lock his rudder, make sketches, or take observations, and so have a much more comfortable feeling than under the old conditions of flying.

One of the great difficulties in hand operation of both the elevating planes and side controls is that the machine has to make a very appreciable deviation from any normal flying position before the operator is conscious of it, and he, in turn, makes a correspondingly large corrective setting of the planes. So the average flying in any strong wind is a series of dips and fro, or sidings. As the skill of the aviator becomes greater the dips become smaller. But to some extent they are always there.

With the gyroscopic stabilizer the servo-motors are brought into play at the first tendency of the machine to tilt or dip, and the deviation is corrected without the airman having any knowledge of its start.

The generator that makes the alternating current for the gyroscope can also supply power for wireless messages, and thus keep the operator in touch with his base. Lieutenant B. N. L. Bellinger, in some experiments performed with Lawrence Sperry last summer at Hammondsport, has already demonstrated the practicality of the invention for military use, and several have been ordered by the United States government.

Amazing delicacy of action has been reached. Among other adaptations of the Sperry gyroscope is that of recording the roll and pitch of ships. In tests on board the United States steamship Worden pendulous gyros were used for recording the roll and pitch of the ship. They were used to maintain the athwartship and fore and aft axes, and these gyros operated pencil arms resting on a paper tape, moved by mechanism. It was found that this mechanism was so sensitive to changes in the angle of roll and pitch of the vessel that it would indicate the roll caused by two men moving from one side of the ship to the other—Harold Hoerber in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A French scientist says the brain is not necessary for the maintenance of human life.

WORLD'S WILD ANIMAL SUPPLY

More Jungle Beasts are Shipped from Singapore Than Elsewhere.

More animals—wild ones, that is—are shipped from Singapore than from any other port of the world.

Singapore is the collecting place for half Asia, and there are steamships which actually specialize in this trade and cater to it.

Elephants, panthers, leopards, deer and monkeys, of many kinds, crocodiles, snakes, in huge variety—all are shipped at Singapore. The collectors buy wholesale from the Chinese agents, who are particularly good about getting the creatures they want.

Wild animals won't stand confinement in the hold of a ship. They are all, or almost all, carried as deck cargo. This means a lot of extra risk, for a bad storm or a sudden change of temperature may play havoc with a valuable consignment.

The most precious of all four-legged beasts is worth at least \$200, and needs two men to look after it. One that was sent from Delagoa Bay to the London Zoo was 11 feet high, and was packed in a huge box ten feet high, with an opening in the top for the lengthy creature to put its head out. Something like \$50 worth of fodder was shipped for its consumption on the voyage, and when it was landed the box was found to be too big to go through the railway tunnel.

Every bridge and tunnel was measured, but the box was reduced to eight feet, telescoping Mr. Giraffe, but he arrived safely in London none the worse for his cramped journey.

A big elephant is an awkward animal to handle, especially to get aboard ship. Elephants, as a rule, hate ships. When Barnum bought the famous Jumbo for \$2,000 it took about a week to persuade him to enter and attach to the ship. He weighed seven tons, so when he arrived at Liverpool he was shipped to America he had to be floated down the river with a derrick. The pontoons would not stand his colossal weight.

Another big zoo elephant, Jingo, was sold to an American in the year 1903. He suffered from both home and sea sickness. All he would eat on shipboard was biscuits soaked in whisky.

On the sixth day out the poor creature died. It is said that he was simply broken-hearted.

Mandarin, one of Barnum & Bailey's finest elephants, went mad in mid-ocean aboard the Minneapolis and tried to kill his keepers. It was decided that he must be executed. In this way he was run around his neck and attached to the monkey engine, and in this way he was strangled. His body was dropped into the sea.

It occasionally happens that animals break loose aboard ship, and then there is serious trouble. In March, 1905, the steamer Neidenfels, with a cargo of wild animals, met with a storm in the middle of the Indian ocean. A partition separating the leopards from an elephant and her calf broke down, and one of the leopards put out a paw and seized a carrot which the elephant calf was eating.

Instantly the mother elephant struck the leopard with her trunk, knocking it several feet away. Keepers heard the scream of the leopard, and rushed up to find all three leopards attacking the elephant. Two were at last beaten off; one was killed outright, the poor mother elephant was so shockingly mangled that she died two days later. Fortunately the calf was unharmed.

Pythons are packed in sacks—three in each sack. Four sacks go into a box and the lid is nailed down. The snakes travel without water or food and with very little air. An early autumn frost cost the late Carl Hagenbeck more than \$2,000. It killed a whole consignment of valuable eastern snakes when they were taken within two days of their destination—New York Press.

This Year's Wheat Crop.—Despite a wheat crop estimate this year of 930,000,000 bushels, the largest on record, there is no prospect, according to the department of agriculture, of greatly reduced prices. Such a large crop of wheat, at a price so low, is a department in a statement recently, were it not that the world's crop of wheat and competing grains do not promise more than the average of recent years. Besides, more than the usual diversion of wheat from its use as food for live stock may be expected because of the present relatively short supply of corn in sections where there is promise of abundant wheat.

With corn selling in Kansas for about seven cents more per bushel than wheat, it is not surprising, officials say, that much wheat should be consumed as feed by animals. It is estimated that about 45,000,000 bushels of wheat of last year's crop was consumed as animal feed.

Wheat sold for only 14 cents a bushel more than corn on July 1, according to the average of prices for all states, just announced by the department of agriculture. In Kansas wheat was selling for seven cents more a bushel than wheat. This was due to the failure of the Kansas corn crop last year and the fine prospect of the wheat crop this year.

The average price of wheat for the country on July 1 was 76.9 cents a bushel. This is 19.3 cents less than the July average for the past five years. In North Carolina the price was \$1.05, while in Oklahoma it was 84 cents.

The average price of corn was 75.5 cents a bushel, or six cents a bushel more than the five-year average. In Iowa corn sold at 63 cents; in North Carolina 98 cents.

As Traced In Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the older people and for the entertainment and instruction of the present generation.

SIXTY-SIXTH INSTALLMENT.

Thursday Night, May 2nd.
Dear Enquirer: In obedience to request, albeit we have had a very busy day of it and would like to sleep now, we sit down at ten at night to the pleasant task of writing to the first number of your semi-weekly issue. To give you an idea of camp-life as it comes home to