

HOW WE TAMED THE BASCHILELE.

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Canning the Crocodile

Wembo's elephant and my hippo had evidently fired Ota Benga's ambition. For the information of those who did not read about Ota Benga later when he became famous in New York, it must be stated here that he was a pygmy. He had been captured in war by enemies of his tribe and had been found in their hand when they in turn had been defeated in a battle by troops of the Congo government. The surviving members of his tribe having meanwhile gone very far away, Ota Benga, when released by the soldiers, had chosen to live with them for his own safety until he heard at Bena Bendi, the government post at the confluence of the Sankuru and Kasai rivers, that I wanted to employ pygmies. There he entered my service, went to the United States with me along with the Wissman Falls pygmies, which were not of his own tribe, and remained with me after they got settled back in their homes. I hoped that somehow I might get a chance to restore him to his people, but they had retired far up the Loange watershed, several hundred miles from Bena Luidi.

I could write a volume about Ota Benga, and some day I may do so. He was an extremely interesting little fellow, black as a coal, about 4 feet, 8 inches tall, somewhere near twenty-one years of age, active as a cat, lithe as a monkey and extremely strong for his size. His front teeth had been filed to a sharp point in imitation of the crocodile's tooth. He had learned some Baluba in his contact with the soldiers and I communicated with him in that language. In his attachment to my establishment, I think he was somewhat jealous of Wembo at first, but that soon gave way to an almost slave-like devotion to the big Mutetela, when the latter became his protector and champion in the settlement squabbles which sometimes arose.

I wondered why Ota Benga did not wish to use a rifle on the crocodile. The little fellow's reasoning powers, however, worked in a way all their own. He had noted the rifle incident in connection with the elephant, and evidently formed an independent scheme for distinguishing himself. He knew a good deal about powder and fire-arms, both from his lift with the soldiers and from his unusual experience in my service, including the trip to America. The keg of gunpowder which he coveted, was one of the five kilos sort commonly traded in throughout the country for the users of flint-lock muskets. I had a good quantity of it. It was often used for blasting, as well as to get rid of ants' nests, etc. I decided to humor Ota Benga in the matter. I let him have the keg.

As I was too busy to go with him myself, and as Ota Benga was always more interesting when turned loose on his own resources without any outside suggestions, I detailed one of the men to slip thru the bushes and to watch him and report to me.

Ota Benga went to the rocks above the sandy beach just before Madame Crocodile took her daily swim. Then he went to work with feverish energy. He dug a hole in the sand near her nest and put the keg of powder in it, covering it abundantly with big heavy stones and pebbles. He then scratched a trench in the sand from the keg back to his place of concealment in the big boulders, covering the trench with rocks, having laid a train of powder in it. Then he took his seat back in the rocks and smoked

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Brevard News takes pleasure in announcing that Miss Mary C. Blythe has become associated with us as city editor and office manager. All personals and local news items can now be given to Miss Blythe either verbally, mail, or by telephone.

his pipe. At that point Casadi returned to report his observations to me, grinning broadly, and muttering something about that "witch boy" as the men dubbed Ota Benga when some new trick called it forth.

I went on with my writing and had almost forgotten for the moment the pending excitement, when a booming sound came up from the river, followed by the patter of stones in the yard on the roof. Then I remembered Ota Benga and his scheme and called to Casadi to go and see how it had worked, but he had already gone on the run.

Pretty soon up comes Ota Benga into the clearing from the woods near the river, carrying something on his shoulder which turned out to be a part of the hind leg of a crocodile. Casadi was vainly trying to persuade him to share the burden, but Ota Benga trudged along shaking his little black curly head, and coming up with a victorious gleam in his deep-set ferret eyes. But Madame Crocodile had been somewhat avenged on Ota Benga too. He had a big welt on his forehead, a scratch on one ear, and he rubbed himself ruefully on the side after laying down his trophy. He was a man of few words, and it was with some difficulty that we managed to get out of him the fact that when he had touched his pipe to the powder train in the trench, he had been too eager to see how it worked, so that he got a few of the rocks as well as Madame Crocodile. But the latter had been blown to pieces.

It may seem cruel in Ota Benga to have used his knowledge of natural history on the crocodile, when she lay peacefully exemplifying her maternal instinct over her eggs buried in the sand, but he knew very well that there is no such thing as being cruel to a crocodile. They are the most vicious, voracious, stealthy, and implacable of all the denizens of the African jungle. The Congo crocodile is perhaps the largest in the world, sometimes reaching around thirty feet in length. They are the most terrifying looking of all the terrestrial brutes. They will easily bite a man's thigh in two or knock him into the river with a switch of their tails. One of the most dangerous points about them is the fact that when in the water there is nothing more than the tip of their snouts exposed so that only a few square inches may be seen and one may come right up on them in a boat without knowing it. They also wear the colors of the river grass—a greenish yellow—so admirably as to be almost indistinguishable at any distance when lying up against a grassy bank.

The crocodile, while amphibious, cannot remain indefinitely under water. This fact enables his two rivals to cope successfully with him. In a fight with an elephant or a hippopotamus, the crocodile is apt to get his jaws locked around the leg of his foe, whereupon, the latter wades into water deep enough to drown him. At least that is the story the natives told me. I never saw it happen, but I have seen the marks of a crocodile's teeth on the leg of a hippo and from the respect I entertain for the intelligence of these big brutes, I am inclined to believe the African story.

That night Ota Benga was the hero at the dance. An African dance is a weird affair, especially when a very newly severed crocodile's head is the principle feature of the decorations. (To Be Continued.)



THE HON. M. L. SHIPMAN, NA-TIVE OF TRANSYLVANIA

Re-nominated in recent State-wide primary for Commissioner Labor and Printing, by a majority of 38, 273, an increase of 1020 over that received four years ago with same opponent running against him. Mr. Shipman's majority this year is 3,051 greater than the total vote polled for his opponent.

SPIDERS

Once upon a time a man who subscribed to a Country Newspaper complained to the Editor that when he opened his last weeks paper, he found a live spider in said paper, and the Editor, who afterwards turned out to be a great writer, answered, yes, he was not surprised that the spider was there, as it was looking thru the paper to see what merchants did not advertise, as the spiders wanted to go to these merchants stores and spin their web where they would not be disturbed.

Now the moral of this is that if you don't want spiders to come and take your store, be sure and advertise in your home paper.

SUGGESTING CANDIDATES FOR COMMISSIONERS

The pay of a County Commissioner is so small that few men seek the position but to the tax-payers of the County it is a very important office. Hence it is necessary to seek out capable and safe men to fill the position.

The following ticket for County Commissioners has been suggested and meets the approval of a number of voters: C. K. Osborne, Joe M. Galloway and George T. Lyday. Many citizen hope that such a ticket will be printed and submitted to the voters at the approaching primary and let the man who receives the largest vote be the chairman of the Board for the next two years.

The above suggestion is made in view of the fact that is generally understood that neither Mr. Woodfin nor Mr. Whitnair desire to serve again on the Board.

VOTER.

THE FOLLOWING ANNOUNCEMENT HAS BEEN RECEIVED

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis H. Hicks announce the marriage of their daughter Virginia Blanche to Mr. James A. Kink on Thursday, June tenth Nineteen Hundred and twenty at St. John's Episcopal Church Portsmouth, Virginia At Home June Twenty-fifth 213 Court St.

DEATH OF MRS. N. A. MILLER

This has been a busy year for the Grim Reaper. He has not been a respecter of persons taking from our midst some of our most valuable citizens. Transylvania County feels sorely the loss in the departure of such men as Uncle Charlie Osborne, C. C. Duckworth and such women as Mrs. W. S. Price, Sr. and others.

On last Monday, June 21, 1920 Mrs. N. A. MILLER, wife of our fellow-citizen and Clerk of Superior Court, N. A. Miller; departed this life. She was formerly Miss Octavia Reed of Lake Toxaway, N. C. and at the time of her death was 35 years 6 months old. She was married to Mr. Miller about eleven years ago.

She was a woman of fine character, exerting a great influence for good upon all who knew her. She gave out the silent influence of right living. Her home was a model in many respects. She was a member of Brevard Baptist church, faithful and regular in the discharge of her duty to the cause of Christ.

We extend our profound sympathy to our friend and brother, the husband and the aged father and mother in their bereavement and pray that the void made in their hearts and lives may be filled with the abundant grace of Him who doeth all things well.

Besides her husband, son, infant daughter, father and mother she leaves seven brother, five of whom live in the state of Washington.

She was laid to rest near her father's home at Union Church, Wednesday evening. Her pastor, C. E. Paett conducted the services.

OLDEST WOMAN IN THE COUNTY DEAD

Mrs. Elizabeth Clayton Galloway, who was living with her daughter, Mrs. Baxter Merrill of Little River, died on Friday afternoon, June 1st, at 3:30 P. M.

Mrs. Galloway was born on May 19 1825 and at the time of her death was of the age of 95 years, 1 month, and 2 days. Her husband was T. N. Galloway, who has been dead for several years.

Mrs. Galloway was a member of the Presbyterian Church for 82 years and at the time of her death was a member of the Davidson River Church.

She is also survived by a daughter, Mrs. J. M. Henry of Little River, and she is the sister of E. B. Clayton, popularly known as "Uncle Doc" and by a wide circle of grand children and great grandchildren.

Mrs. Galloway was buried at Davidson River cemetery.

W. T. BOSSE TO RETURN TO BREVARD

The many relatives and friends will be pleased to know that Mr. W. T. Bosse, has decided to move back with his family to Brevard at an early date. Mr. Bosse was connected with the Brevard News for over thirteen years and not only knows the mechanical end of the printing plant from A to Z, but is also probably acquainted with every native Transylvanian in the County.

It is with a great deal of real pleasure that the News welcomes back to the Land of the Waterfalls, this faithful exponent of the printing art.

The Southern Railway Company has placed on schedule and is operating trains from Hendersonville to Brevard daily. These trains add much to Brevard's chances to get out to the outside world, as they are in addition to the trains that have been operating for sometime.

THE PRAYER CORNER

Worry is one of the greatest enemies of the human race; it carries its deep furrows wherever it goes; it carries gloom and unhappiness with it, it hardens the arteries, poisons the blood, delays or prevents the processes of digestion and assimilation, until the starved brain and nerve cells utter their protest in different kinds of disease, sometimes even in insanity.

The moment you fret about a thing you are its slave, instead of its master, and there is no slave master in the world like worry. Another master may grudge the night, but he must give you time to sleep. Another master may grudge the dinner hour but sometime you must eat. But worry will work you twenty-four hours a day, and spoil your appetite in the bargain.

You learn not to worry when you seek God first and talk to Him, and love Him, and cast all your care upon a prayer for a victim of WORRY, YOURSELF OR SOME OTHER ONE

Ever blessed God whose word is "Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near," fulfil Thy promise to me, Thy servant, rescue me from the misery of groundless fears and restless anxieties.

Take me more and more out of myself, that duty may be no longer a drudgery but a delight. Lead me into the secret of Thy peace which quiets every misgiving and fills the heart with joy and confidence. Save me from the shame and emptiness of a hurried life.

Grant me to possess my soul in patience amid the storms and stress of life, let me hear a deeper voice, assuring me that Thou livest and that all is well, strengthen me to do my daily work in quietness and confidence, fearing no to-morrow nor the evil that it brings, for Thou art with me, this I ask for Jesus sake, Amen. C. D. C.

P. S. If you use the prayer for some other one simply change the pronouns.

A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Our friend, Mr. E. H. Norwood, celebrated most fittingly one of his numerous birthdays on Sunday, 20th. Out of respect for his feelings we shall omit his exact age, suffice it to say that he now owns up to being of age: 21 years and some months, even tho the sum of months be considerable.

The many kind friends now visiting in his home did not let the occasion pass unnoticed but extended many happy wishes, accompanied by a shower of choice gifts of inestimable value on so important an occasion.

A mong the many gifts received by him, may be mentioned: a rooster—a horn—a whistle—a box of choice peppermints—a hair net—a box of hair pins, a jumping jack, a sausage balloon, several toy pistols, a cupie, a package of chewing gum, a sea-side bucket and shovel, a glass cutter, some all-day sucker candies made especially for the occasion. A wrist watch and other articles. Our information is that our venerable friend enjoyed greatly the occasion and is as happy as a young kid over his presents and his good fortune.

The Editor if this paper will also add his hearty congratulations, wishing our good friend and citizen, many happy returns of the day.

THE HENDERSONVILLE NEWS SAYS:

"The Brevard News finds proper cause for Brevard's congratulation over the bus line to be operated between Hendersonville and Brevard this summer as announced by W. H. Andrews. This will be a big improvement for the transportation facilities in our neighboring county. With regular lines to Hendersonville and Greenville Brevard will be greatly helped up. The Brevard News among other things says:

"No more will the tourist have to spend the night in Hendersonville on account of no transportation as the schedule will be arranged so that people can leave Brevard, Hendersonville or Asheville at all times of the day."

Editor Hollowell Suggests a Possibility

"Of keen interest not only to Transylvania county is the announcement carried by the Brevard News that Lake Toxaway will come into its own again. A concrete dam is to be built thereby restoring the big lake that went out in 1916, covering an area of more than two thousand acres with a depth of 50 feet and circumference of about 18 miles and at the time of its construction enjoying the distinction of being the largest artificial pleasure lake in the world. Since the dam has washed out there has been considerable litigation by those damaged from the rush of waters, even down in South Carolina and by those having summer homes on the lakes's border. Probably this announcement means a clearing up of the whole situation, the re-opening of the hotel, re-inauguration of improved passenger train facilities and another great influx of tourists to that beautiful spot nestling high up in the mountains. Toxaway was in its palmy days a great drawing card for Western North Carolina and should resume its former position. We should not be surprised to hear of a big power development in this connection, a matter frequently discussed and investigated. The Toxaway river with a drop of about a thousand feet within a few miles would afford development and not very far removed from industrial centers of South Carolina."

SPECIAL SALE PUT ON BY LOCAL FIRM IS BIG SUCCESS

Plummer & Trantham announced to a representative of the News that never before in their history have the people taken advantage of any sale as in the past week. The special sale which has been running for two weeks will close on Saturday, June 26th and they are going to sell several articles at less than the actual cost.

This sale has been something in the way of a novelty and deserves the success it has attained.

HORSEBACK RIDING

We should do all that is in our power to bring all of the scenic beauties of our county to the attention of the many visitors who fill our borders from season to season. A much neglected feature of interest, beauty and pleasure is horseback parties to our many unrivaled peaks that can only be reached by narrow roads and trails.

Nothing would please the young people as would horseback rides thru our mountains.

We should make safe trails to Rich Mountain, Cedar Rock, Mount. Cagle and the many other point of interest. Not one half of the beauties of this country have been made accessible to the tourists. Nothing is more fascinating, enjoyable and healthful than horse-back parties and we should do all in our power to encourage the same.