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NATIONAL SPORTSMAN 278 NEWBURY ST., BOSTON, MASS.



AN INDIAN "ENOCH ARDEN" RETURNS AFTER MANY YEARS

By MARTIN HUNTER

AS a rule vessels of all kinds give the Manaquogan and Bersimis shoals a wide berth, excepting small coasters, which, owing to the business they carry on, are obliged to take the risks of grounding or being driven ashore.

This wholesome dread being known at the Post of Bersimis caused us to wonder considerably the other day when a full rigged ship stood in close to the outer dock, was hove into the wind and the signal made for a boat to be sent off from the shore. The keeper of the beacon lights got a couple of men together, and soon was sailing seaward in his harbor boat, while the inhabitants stood about and made all kinds of guesses as to what it all could mean.

We, at the flagstaff platform, watched the boat with our glasses, as she drew near the ship. A rope was thrown, and the boat was soon fast alongside of the vessel. Next, we saw a ship's ladder let down to the boat, a man came down this, hand under hand, a bundle was handed to the crew of the boat, then the rope was cast off, the ship filled her sails and stood off the coast, while, at the same time, the harbor boat filled hers and headed for the shore.

The event was so out of all ordinary, or even extraordinary, occurrences that the inhabitants of the village moved down to the beach in a body, even to the old gray headed curé.

The stranger, who from his appearance was a man past middle age, jumped nimbly ashore. He hesitated for a moment, then made his way to where the aged priest stood, and, dropping on his knees, seized the old man's hand and covered it with kisses, saying:

"Father, do you not know me?"

This was said in the Montagnais tongue, which caused the surrounding Indians to look at the man more critically. Then, from an aged squaw in the rear, there was a cry of

"Michiel!"

The man arose from his knees when he heard that cry, and taking the woman in his arms, said:

"Ta-p-we Ne-we-ta-ka-ma-gan, Ke-wa-

pawa, Michiel," which, being translated, meant: "True, my wife, your husband, Michiel."

As the poor old padre stood lost in surprise, or offering up thankful words to heaven, and the mob of Indians were all talking and asking questions at the same time, we saw it was useless to try to get any information at that time, so we made our way back to the Post, consoling ourselves with the thought that before night some of the old men of the place, who congregated nightly about the gates to smoke, would be pretty sure to inform us who the stranger was, where he came from, and all about it. But the priest came down that evening after the excitement had cooled down, and told me the following story which is another instance that there are occurrences in the world every day that are "stranger than any fiction."

The Priest's Story

"The man you saw land today from the ship is an Indian of this band. His name is Michiel Boncon. At first I did not recognize him, seeing we all gave him up for dead thirty-two years ago. There can be no doubt that he is the man, his wife acknowledges him and recognized him at once, as you saw; he speaks the language, and I, myself, can now positively identify him.

"Thirty-two years ago this coming fall, that man, accompanied by a youth, was driven off the coast in a bark canoe and never heard of again until today.

"It was during the first days of December; there was considerable ice about the shore, but outside this floating ice there was supposed to be many seals.

"Michiel was then a young man of about twenty-two and very venturesome. The older men of the Mission tried to dissuade him from going out that day, but without success. Watchers kept an eye on the canoe from time to time during the forenoon. They could, with the naked eye, follow its movements, as the canoe up to them was not over two miles from the shore; but between the two men in the canoe and the shore there was considerable and dangerous ice floating.

"Suddenly, about two p. m. the wind, which had been light, and from the south all day, veered around to the nor-west and blew with great violence. When that wind struck the canoe there was nothing for it but to run before the squall. As the wind increased, snow accompanied it, and the short December afternoon quickly became night.

"There was no attempt made next day to look for the men, because the yachts and schooner were up in winter quarters, and besides, one and all were of the same opinion, that the men were drowned.

"This is all I know, personally," said the priest, "but here is something which will tell you of this man's wonderful escape," saying which, he handed me a paper endorsed on back:

"Certificate of Capt. James of Ship Equator."

"I am writing the following record of facts that I have a personal knowledge of, about the bearer of this certificate, Michiel Boncon, while the ship is beating up the gulf, and it's my intention, weather permitting, to put him ashore at his native village, where no doubt he will be looked upon as one risen from the dead.

"Thirty-two years ago this next fall, I was second mate on a ship called the Columbus. We were the last ship of the season to leave Quebec. The vessel was lumber laden for Valparaiso, in Chili. From there we were to load hides and tallow for Liverpool.

"When we cleared from Quebec, it was with a light west-by-south wind, the river was running pretty full of ice, and the harbor-master predicted we would not get through the Traverse; but we did, and in due time were east of the Saguenay. There was now no fear of the vessel being frozen in, as below the mouth of the Saguenay the gulf widens out, very suddenly. The wind had drawn more to the nor-west, and it appeared to be making up to a steady blow. Our captain set the course to carry us clear of sou-west point of Anticosti.



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"As night came down, the wind fresh-
ened very considerably, accompanied by
flurries of snow, and the mercury fell
several degrees in an hour. All at once
the lookout forward called aft to the
officer in the waist:

"Boat dead ahead, sir!"

"The helm was ported to prevent us
running it down, and the next moment
the ship rushed past a frail bark canoe
in which sat two Indians, one keeping
the small craft before the gale, the other
motionless in the bow.

"Our vessel was hove to and a boat
lowered to pick the men up. The one in
the bow, who was quite a youth, was so
far gone from exposure that we had to
pull him aboard by force, and shortly
after we reached the ship he died on our
hands. The wind freshening to half a
gale, there was no possibility of landing
the other man, so we stood on our
course and buried the dead boy next
morning at sea. As the remaining In-
dian was a strong, lusty fellow and we
were one man short of our full crew,
the captain decided to keep on to our
port of destination and make use of him
for the voyage.

"All went well till we reached the
neighborhood of Cape Horn, when the
usual storms of that latitude struck us.
Here we beat and beat trying to round
the point, to make up the Pacific side of
South America. Most of our sails were
blown to shreds, and, finally, we had to
run before the gale in a very disabled
condition. No land was seen all that
day, and the ship staggered on in her
crippled state. As we had no sails to
help steer the ship and we were more
than likely to strike one of the South-
Pacific islands, the captain took the pre-
caution to have the two life-boats pro-
visioned and ready to lower away.
Shortly after midnight the next night,
the vessel struck with a mighty crash.
For a moment she appeared to be fast,
but the next sea raised her clear of the
reef and she began to settle rapidly in
still water. The order was given to
lower away the boats. The captain, six
sailors and myself jumped into the star-
board boat, and the first mate, four sail-
ors and the Indian took the other. By
the time we pushed off the vessel had
sunk almost to the level of her deck, so
there was not much time to spare.

"Much against the advice of the cap-
tain, the first mate headed his boat to-
ward the low shore of the lagoon that
could faintly be seen in the darkness.
The captain ordered us to lay on our
oars till morning and reconnoiter, in
case the island should be inhabited by
cannibals. Well it was that he took
this wise precaution for when daylight
had turned into clear day, we saw all
our men bound and lying on the beach,
with a howling mob of naked savages
surrounding them.

"One big, burly fellow pointed to us
in the boat and harangued his fellows to
such purpose, that a moment after, all,
with the exception of a few to guard
the prisoners, made a mad rush for the
canoes that were drawn up in numbers
on the sand, evidently bent on securing
us also. The captain swung the boat
around toward one of the openings in

the reef and said: "Now, boys, pull for
your lives!" The canoes followed to the
passageway, but there they turned back,
the savages being, no doubt, afraid of
the sea with their frail craft.

"The captain then held a short con-
sultation with the men and myself, and
pointed out the impossibility, unarmed,
as we were, of rendering any assistance
to our comrades and that we should see
to our own safety.

"There were on board in a strong
locker all the usual instruments for nav-
igation, and, when the sun dipped at
noon, the captain was enabled to get his
exact position.

"The course was made for Honolulu,
the crew divided into watches, and we
settled down to our condition—the best
and most sensible thing we could do.

"Long before night the island of sav-
ages had sunk beneath the horizon.

"In due time, without having endured
any great hardships, we arrived safely
at the capital of the Sandwich Islands,
and shortly after got a ship for Eng-
land."

The Indian's Story

"When the sailors and myself were
seized by the savages, I tried to make
myself heard and understood in the Mon-
tagnais language, but they evidently did
not comprehend a word, as they paid no
attention to what I said.

"After we were all bound and laid on
the sand, I listened with attention to
their talk, but not one word could I
make out.

"As soon as those who had been in
pursuit of the boat came back, there was
another council, the result of which was
that they liberated me, but made me to
understand that if I attempted to escape
from the island sure death would be my
punishment.

"That night I was compelled by the
savages to be a witness of the killing,
cooking and eating of one of my unfor-
tunate companions, men, women and
children alike being partakers of this
horrid feast. This was continued for the
four following nights, until I, alone, was
left alive.

"The savages, after these orgies were
finished, loaded their canoes. The chief
pointed to a place in his own craft, made
me take a paddle and work with the
others.

"To the south and east of the islet we
had just left were numerous others, the
nearest one probably ten or twelve miles
distant. To this the fleet of canoes was
headed, and, after about three hours, we
made the landing in safety.

"This island was much larger than the
one we had left, and densely peopled.
As I found out afterward, this was the
real home of the band in whose power
I had fallen, and they had merely been
to the other island on a fishing and
fruiting expedition.

"The chief who had held me prisoner
handed me over to another chief, who
turned out to be their king, or 'olga' as
he was called. This man's word, on no
matter what question, was law, and to
disobey meant death.

"For some days I was kept at odd
drudgery jobs about the king's hut. I
saw that my life and well-being depended

on my good conduct, and, therefore showed them how many improvements could be made on their canoes, in their ways of fishing and other necessary pursuits in which they followed for a living.

"After I had been with them for some days the king one day decided that I must take a wife. This he made me comprehend by causing about twenty of the young women to be brought before him, and pointing to the row with a sweep of the hand, made signs for me to select one. I think (or rather, I am sure, because he told me years after that he understood, but it made no difference to him) I made it clear to him that I had, already a wife on the other side of the big sea. He only frowned and stamped his foot and pointed once more to the group. Seeing the alternative was to take a wife or die, I chose the lesser of the two evils, for the time being at all events, and selected the one who pre-possessed me most, and the marriage ceremony was enacted before the king at once. This consisted of washing our hands together, after which each party threw away half of the contents of the vessel, my giving her three light blows of a stick across the back and, finally, each eating half of a banana. After that we were man and wife.

"The first part of the ceremony denoted that we should bear our troubles together, and each throw away his or her share, or burden. The second part was intended to show my authority over the woman, by chastisement, if she mis-conducted herself, while the third part, the eating of the banana said we were to enjoy the good things given us, share and share alike. This latter trait of those savages I must admit is equal and fair, and the Montagnais could copy them with advantage to our poor squaws. With us the man eats all the choice pieces of his hunt, and his poor wife must be satisfied with the inferior parts and the bones.

"It would make my story far too long to write what took place even from year to year. There is nothing like hope to keep a person from giving way utterly to despair, and it was the one idea of some day getting away that kept me up and made my life not altogether unbearable.

"The savages had long given up watching my movements, and I went and came at my will without any hindrance. Of course I had long ere this lost all track of time, the seasons came and went with the usual regularity of that part of the world.

My eyes every morning and several times each day scanned the expanse of waters to sight a sail.

"At last, one early morning, the much wished for sight met my seaward gaze. A large ship rose and fell gracefully on the placid waters not more than three miles off the land. She had a broad white band painted just below her main deck, and here and there, at intervals, were black port-holes.

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muzzles of large cannon and a shot from one of those guns would blow a canoe load of men to pieces. This so staggered them that they concluded not to go—much to my relief!

"All that day I prayed that it would remain calm. I had already made up my mind as to what I would attempt once night fell. I went about my usual labors, apparently paying no further attention to the vessel, but in reality I watched the ship, the sky and the water every few minutes. The gloom of the evening began to settle down fast. I took my last bearings of the ship's position, and now only waited for the camps to be all quiet, to make the effort for liberty.

"I had managed during the day to secrete a gourd of water, some bananas and two good strong paddles. I knew where a swift, half-size canoe was kept. Everything was favorable—it was a chance of years, if it would only remain calm—half hour of a slight breeze would carry her beyond my reach.

"I suppose it must have been about ten o'clock, profound silence reigned throughout the village, when I stole cautiously from the hut and through the fringe of trees to the beach. The sea, as in the evening, was perfectly calm, and in a very few minutes I was out in the canoe. On the way to the water's edge I plucked some long grass; this I wound carefully about the handle of the paddle to prevent any noise of its contact with the canoe.

"The night was dark, but not too dark for my purpose. I knew if I could get anywhere in the vicinity of the ship, her tall masts would stand out clear against the sky. I headed the dugout in the direction in which I had last seen the vessel, and cut water with long, steady pulls.

"After half an hour of this cautious mode of propelling, I changed it for the ordinary way of paddling and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of making the ship out not a mile away. Even when I saw her quite plainly, I dreaded lest some fitful cat's-paw of wind would carry her away from me. So I doubled my exertions and was soon within hailing distance.

"Up to now I had formed no set speech to deliver myself of on getting aboard. The first thing was to get aboard, and I would trust to the captain's goodness of heart after he heard my story and wish to get away from the island.

"First in French, then in English, I hailed the watch on deck, and the answer came back in the latter tongue:

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I answered back: 'I am a castaway, and want to come aboard.'

"No reply to this for a few moments, then over the water came the command to row up slowly and show myself. The voice that said these words struck me as one that I had heard in the long past.

"I was soon under the lee of the ship, and a rope was thrown me, next, a ladder was let down and I was told to come on deck.

"As my head topped the rail a lantern was shoved in my face, the glare of which blinded me, coming as I did from the darkness. The next moment I was seized by two strong arms and hauled bodily inboard, while the owner of the same voice I had heard commanding me to come aboard stood me on my feet and said:

"I'll be cremated, but it's Michiel!"

"By this time my eyes had become accustomed to the light, and although many years had passed I recognized in the speaker the mate of the vessel from which I had been wrecked. I learned later that he was captain of the vessel upon which I found myself.

"The canoe was hoisted on deck, partly to be used as firewood and partly to mystify the savages.

"Need I say what a warm welcome I received? I think not. Nothing was too good for me aboard. I was a lion among the crew and I may say, like a long-lost brother to the captain.

"Once more I heard the old familiar sound of the bell calling the watch on deck. These men as they came tumbling up had to come and have a look at the stranger, and hear from their messmates all they knew.

"Shortly after the change of watch on deck, a slight wind sprang up, and as it blew, it freshened, and must have continued to do so, for when I arose in the morning there was no land in sight. This wind carried us into 'the trades,' and in fine weather we doubled the Horn.

"When his duties would allow him the captain never tired of hearing my adventures, and many were the hours thus passed, he sitting on a low-backed deck chair under an awning, listening to my description of the savages and their mode of living.

"I have already made my story too long, and must now hasten to my once again stepping on my native sands.

"Head winds delayed us coming up the gulf, but the good ship was always battering against them and making some headway, and one morning when I came on deck the captain asked me:

"Do you know that place off the port bow?"

"My eyes only required to rest on it for a moment, the next instant they filled with tears, and with something like a lump in my throat, I said 'Yes, sir, that's Berismis, where I was born and where my companion and I were blown off the coast when you picked us up. I recognize it by the White Church, the Presbytery, the river's mouth and other outlines, that all come back to me as yesterday.'

"Well, he said, 'if you are sure, we will make another tack, go in as close as I dare to the sand bars, and hoist a signal for a boat.'

"The rest you know.

"I not only found the good old padre who married me, but, also the woman to whom he married me long years ago. It's true I hear she has buried another husband, even so, I also have as good as buried another wife on that far-off Pacific island. Christine thought me dead, and therefore, married again. I was forced to marry if I would or not."



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ESTABLISHED 1856

References: Dun's and Bradstreet's Comm. Agencies; Fourth Street National Bank, Philadelphia; any Commission House, Philadelphia or New York.

MINK RAISING AND BREEDING

A 16-page booklet by W. B. Lamb, telling how to raise, breed and sell mink. Just the booklet for the beginner in mink farming. Also tells how to build pens, how to obtain stock, feeding, selling, how to avoid diseases, how to care for the young, mating, etc. Price 75 cents; or given free for one new yearly subscriber to H-T-T. Hunter-Trader-Trapper, 55 E. Main St., Columbus, Ohio.

The Author's Story

After we had heard Michiel's story, Mr. Simpson and I went up and saw the old Padre and unfolded to him our proposition of setting Michiel up once more in his native village. The dear old man readily fell in with our suggestion; in fact, he said, "I think it only proper that Michiel and his former wife should be married over again."

Most of the following day, which was Saturday, sundry small loads of chairs and tables, packages and parcels were carted up to a vacant house. These were deposited and the door carefully locked each time.

In the evening Michiel and Christine were called quietly to the Post, and a parcel of clothing handed to each, with instructions how to act the following morning.

Sunday morning broke fine and beautiful. Word must have got about of the event that was to take place, for every house that possessed a staff had a flag flying, and the grand old British flag, with capital H. B. C. in white letters on the red ground, floated out on the morning breeze, high above the others.

One of the young men of the Post was given the key of the house, with orders to meet the newly married couple at the church door and escort them to their new home.

This was done, but Michiel merely put his head within the door, and insisted on coming down with his wife to thank us, before taking possession.

Having read the H-T-T for years, I thought I would try and contribute a little. Whenever I am located in one spot long enough, I will take it regularly, but when rambling I get it wherever I can.

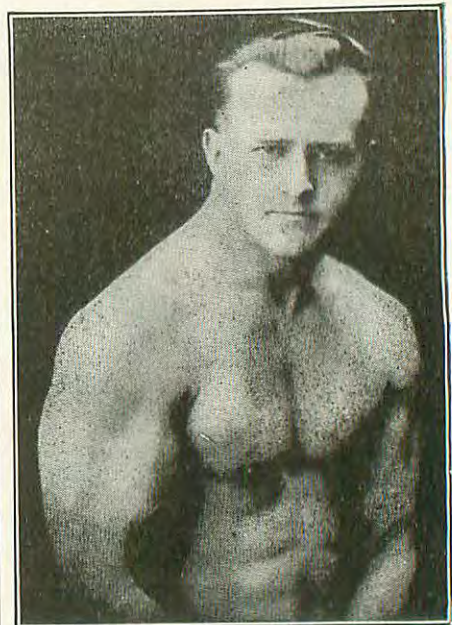
I trap coyotes, cats, wolves, badger, etc., in winter and generally make enough to hold me over until the next season or with a team. I scatter a handful of the summer. I never aim to catch any fur before November 1st, but always set my traps during October and set them carefully without bait and in places where the snow will blow off. Then I keep away from them until I am ready for Mr. Coyote when I go along on horseback or with a team. I scatter a handfull of cracklings, bacon rinds or meat chopped up fine, over each setting. I always have good results. Try it.

WYOMING TRAPPER.

The Caille Perfection Motor Company of Detroit, Michigan, announce price reductions on two of their outboard motors and one inboard. The Five Speed Motor with Bosch ignition is now \$120.00, with Flywheel magneto \$110.00, and with Battery ignition \$100.00.

The Neptune Motor is reduced \$15.00 on the Battery model, from \$95.00 to \$80.00 and the magneto model from \$105.00 to \$95.00.

The small 2 H. P. inboard Bantam is now \$75.00 with Battery ignition, \$95.00 with Flywheel magneto, and \$105.00 with Bosch H. T. Magneto.



Earle E. Liederman as he is today

Are You Ready for the Ash-Can?

DO you realize what it means to neglect your body? Do you know that you will clog up with waste matter and deaden your life just as the ashes do in a furnace? Are you going to drag yourself through a life of misery and be ready for the undertaker when you should really be only starting to enjoy life? Come on and brace up. Take a good hold of yourself and shake those cobwebs out of your brain. Give me a chance at that weak backbone of yours and let me put a pair of man-sized arms into those narrow shoulders.

Pills Never Made Muscles

I am not a medical doctor. I don't claim to cure disease. Neither do I put any self-assumed title of Professor before my name. I am a builder of muscle—internal as well as external. I claim and can prove that by proper exercise you can even build muscle in and around your heart and every vital organ. The kind that shoots a thrill through your veins and reaches every crevice of your body. I add years to your life, and oh boy! what a kick you get out of every day you live. And talk about big, brawny arms and legs, or broad backs and husky chests—just take a look through this winter's copies of Physical Culture Magazine and see for yourself. You will see a few pictures of my pupils there—living examples of the Earle Liederman system—doctors, lawyers, business men, but every last one of them good enough to pose as a professional strong man. Some are in better shape than men who are now acting as instructors to others.

Pep-Up

What are you going to do about it? Don't sit idle and wish for strength. That will never bring it. Come on and get busy. You must have it, and I'm going to give it to you. I don't promise it, I guarantee it. You don't take any chance with me, so come on and make me prove it.

Send for My New 64-Page Book "Muscular Development"

It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

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