

was to be put in the guard-house at Fort Reno for safe keeping.

"In the guard-house with me was a young soldier known only by the name of 'Gee Wiz,' a daring chap and jolly comrade. We often talked together about our captivity and planned means of escape. One day when the vigilant watch was relaxed somewhat Gee Wiz cut a hole in the roof of the guard-house and, watching our chance, we crawled through the aperture out into the bright daylight, warm sunshine, and fresh air. In a few minutes the whole camp was roused, and a hot chase commenced. We had the start, and soon were lost to the pursuers. We went seventy-five miles south, nearly starving *en route*, but enjoying our freedom and chance to live. When we were at a safe distance from camp Gee Wiz and I separated, and I have never seen him since. For three years I roamed about the country, living the life of a tramp, and finally I drifted to London, Ontario.

"It was in this city that I first knew the Salvation Army. I was roaming around the streets in an aimless fashion when I was attracted by the service they were holding in

the open air, and stayed a while to listen. The sermon made a deep impression upon me, and I after that attended many meetings, until I became converted and joined the Army. While still in London I was sent to gaol for beating a drum in the street, contrary to the law, and during my imprisonment I studied the English language. After my release I joined the Salvation Army once more and remained with them for three years, when I became an evangelist, and ten years ago I was ordained minister and came to Buffalo.

"Not until four years ago did I secure immunity from the death sentence which was pronounced upon me for deserting. And now I am preparing for a missionary's life, and in a few days I shall be back to Oklahoma and the scenes of my boyhood to work among my red brothers. My knowledge of their language and character will help me greatly in my work. Having been one of them for so many years I know best how to appeal to them, and I shall consider my early years well spent if they assist me to civilize the red men and help them to a better life."

XXVI.—A WHITTLER OF GENIUS.

By C. B. SMITH.

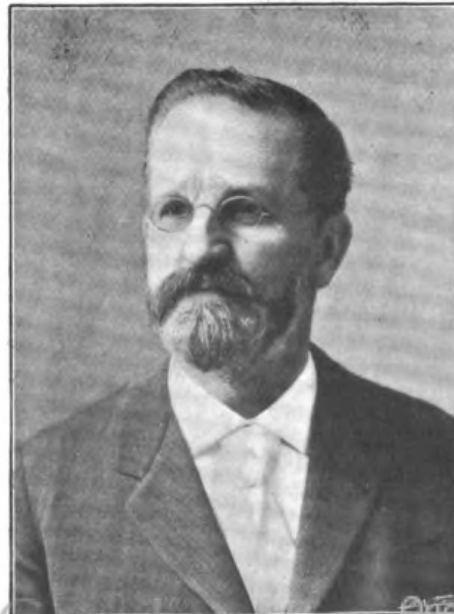
IN looking over my old numbers of THE STRAND, as I often do, I ran across the article on whittling in the June number of 1900 by Mr. J. W. Russell, which attracted my attention, which he calls wonderful, which I do not gainsay. But as you have possibly heard that the "Yankee" is a whittler of reputation the world over, and as I have a friend whom I think most wonderful, I thought I would call your attention to some of his work, which is done only for pastime as he has an idle opportunity.

He is Dr. J. H. Brown, of Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass., one of our noted dentists, a gentleman now about sixty-five years old, who enjoys probably the best practice of anyone in our city. I have prevailed on him to allow me to photograph an assortment of pincers from one to sixteen joints

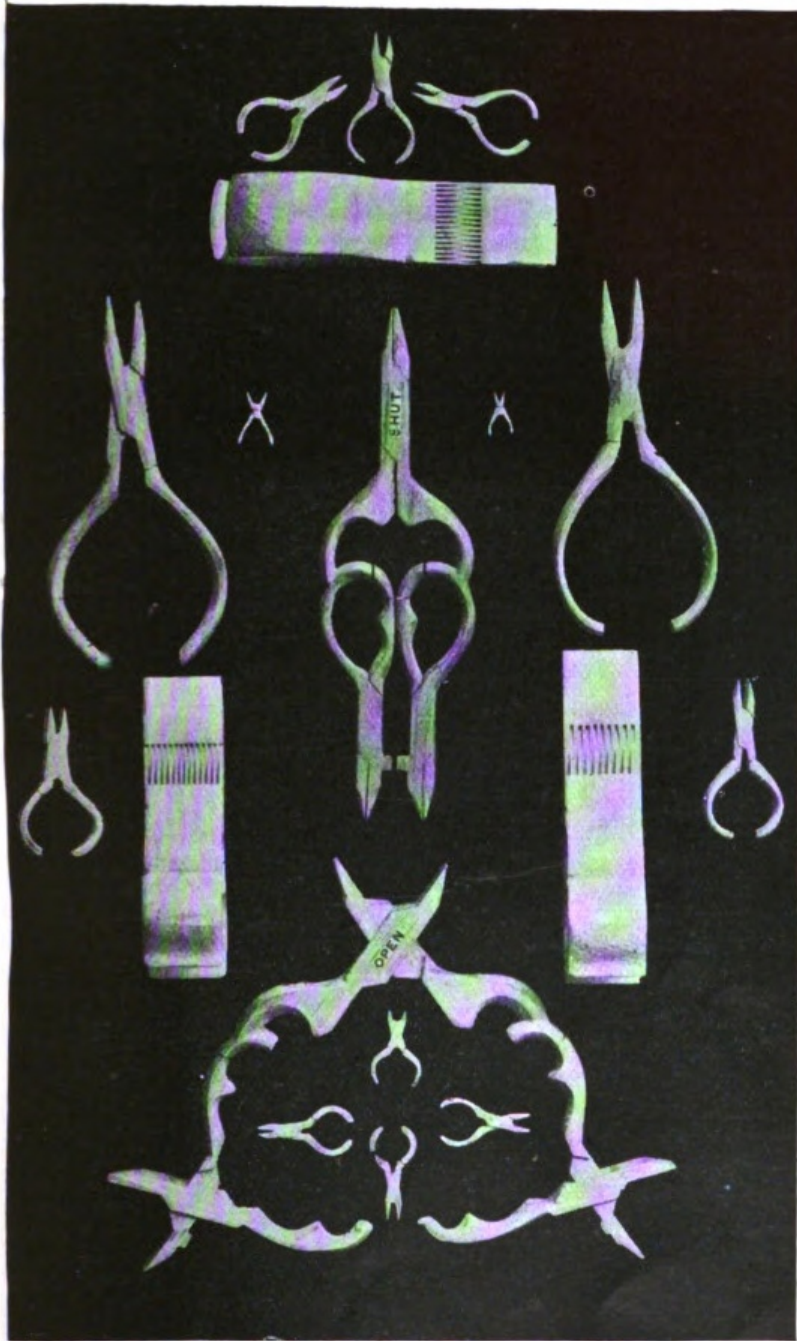
each; the smallest was made from one-quarter of a match, and less than $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, with a perfect joint, which I saw him make in 15 min. The largest one has sixteen joints, and is made from a piece of wood $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick. This one was made in four hours.

The wonderful part is the fact that there is no piecing or glueing, but all made from one piece of wood. He has many times offered to anyone 1,000 dols. who has not seen his to cut one like it in four days. In all his wood-work he uses a pocket-knife.

Dr. Brown is a genius in many ways mechanical, and can make almost anything that comes into his head, either with metal or wood. He once had in his house a miniature landscape, made by himself, 3 ft. by 5 ft., with a fountain in the centre made of shell, playing



From a photograph of DR. J. H. BROWN.



ARTICLES WHITTLED WITH A PENKNIFE FROM SOLID WOOD BY DR. J. H. BROWN.
From a Photograph.

water a foot high, the overflow of which supplied a little river winding through the flowers (representing trees). At one side was a water-wheel running, the other side a windmill. Drinking from the fountain was a bird, which would raise its head as if swallowing, very natural to life.

In front of the fountain was a little white mouse on apparently a solid rock, eating a kernel of corn; through a hole in the rock on which he sat ran the wires that turned his head to look at you and raised his paws to his mouth. All worked at the same time and

ran by the water from the main pipes in his house, and could be shut off at will. Above all this were seventy-five pots of flowers filling the bow-window.

It was a grand sight and was the talk of the town for years. He was obliged to pack it away owing to the large number of visitors who called to see it.

XXVII. — THE SKIPPING CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

BY FRED A. TALBOT.

THE record-breaker is inseparable from America. Be it either in work or play, an astonishing feat must be accomplished. The results of these efforts to attain priority and notoriety have been the creation of some unique records, and in some instances the feats have gained widespread notice as remarkable achievements of physical endurance. Notwithstanding this curious tendency in the States it is doubtful whether one would have thought it possible to establish a record in connection with the young lady's favourite pastime of skipping. Yet this is the case, and the record is not held by any member of the fair sex, but by Mr. Fred Connor, of New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Curiously enough, the idea of establishing a skipping record appears to have originated in this country; at any rate, an Englishman was the first man to gain publicity in this direction. The holder of this unique championship was no other than William Plimmer, the well-known English pugilist. Some six or seven years ago he decided to ascertain how long he could skip without once stopping or pausing. He enlisted the assistance of some friends to witness the event. Owing to the curious nature of the competition, considerable interest was