

Odds and Ends.

The "Old Man of the Mountains"—West African Fetish Stones—A Remarkable Challenge, etc.

HILE travelling through the Appenzel district of Switzerland last autumn," writes a correspondent, "I was told the strange story of 'The Old Man of the Mountains.'

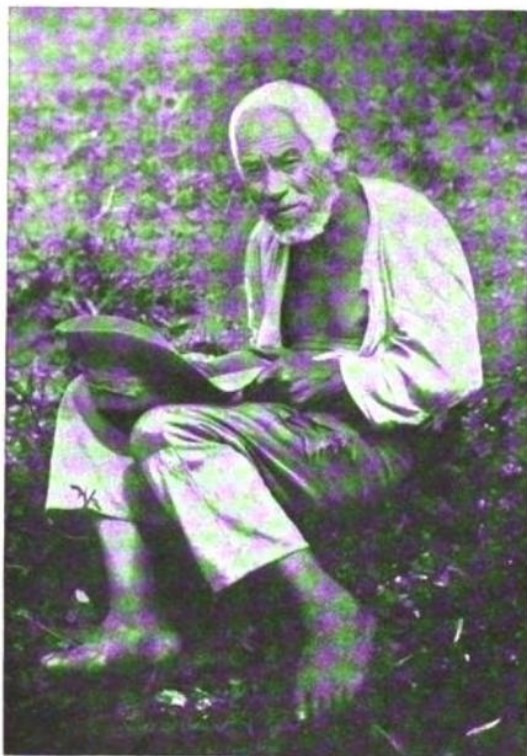
Many years ago, it appears, a lad of fourteen suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from a small hamlet at the foot of the Säntis Mountains. Three years after his disappearance a remarkably hard winter set in, and one day the missing boy strolled into his native village. He was in a terribly neglected condition, his clothes were in rags, and it was soon found that he had completely lost the power of speech. He seemed like some wild animal, who, overcome with hunger, is emboldened to come to close quarters with humanity in order to obtain food. He was cared for in the village, housed and fed, but his speech did not return. The following spring he again disappeared, and nothing was heard of him until the autumn, when he was discovered by some shepherds in the mountains. He was closely watched for some days and was

seen to go out at night and milk a couple of cows amongst the herds pastured for the summer months in the mountains. Thus the mystery of the replenishing of his larder was solved. As far as could be ascertained, milk,

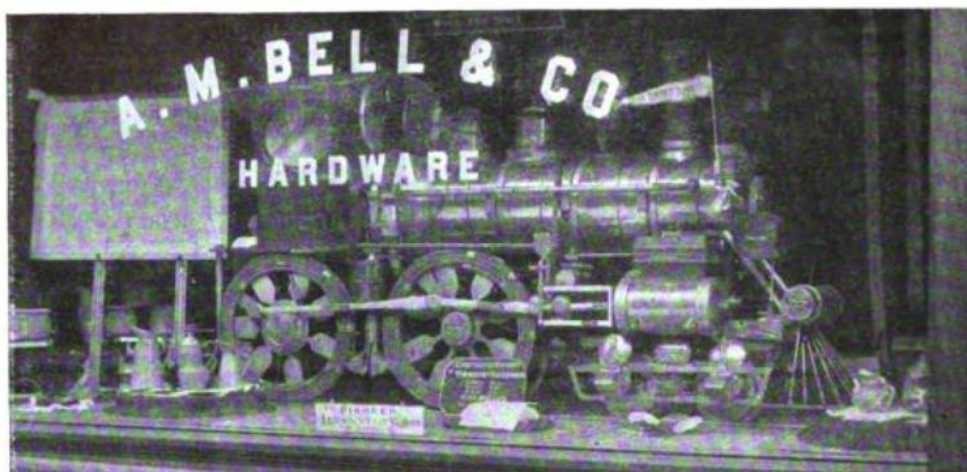
obtained in this way, appeared to be his only food—possibly supplemented by a few berries, roots, nuts, and mushrooms. As winter approached he wandered back to the village, and from that time onward he lived in this fashion, escaping to his mountain fastness in the early spring, spending the long summer months in his

cave, and creeping back to the village in winter. How he had managed to live through the first three winters, and whether he was in his cave the whole time, is a mystery that will never be solved. He was harmless and quiet in his ways, but vivid colours or music terrified him; the sight of a woman in a bright-coloured garment made him timid and sometimes distracted. He was well known to all the mountain shepherds, and was treated by them as a sort of half tame and petted animal. Years passed swiftly on, but made no change in the habits and haunts of the 'Old Man of the Säntis Mountains,' as he came to be called. When he reached the age of sixty-five, however, he suddenly became very

feeble; when the spring set in he showed no sign of wishing to return to his cave home, and lived in a sort of torpor, showing no interest in his surroundings. After lingering for three years in this condition he died."



THE "OLD MAN OF THE SÄNTIS MOUNTAINS," WHOSE REMARKABLE LIFE-STORY IS HERE RELATED. (Photo.)



A REMARKABLE WINDOW-DRESSING FEAT. THE LOCOMOTIVE HERE SEEN—APPROPRIATELY NAMED "THE BRIDE'S SPECIAL"—
From a WAS BUILT UP OF OVER TWO HUNDRED KITCHEN UTENSILS. *[Photo.]*

inhabitants of the neighbourhood have implicit faith in the virtues of these "stone doctors."

Nowadays window-dressing has attained the level of a fine art. Look, for instance, at the locomotive shown in the above photograph. This is built up entirely of kitchen utensils, to the number of two hundred and thirty-one, ranging from egg-beaters and dripping-pans to filters, cake-cupboards, and table-mats. Every article, moreover, can be used for its original purpose again. This wonderful engine, which was, appropriately enough, christened "The Bride's Special," attracted admiring crowds to the shop-window in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where it was exhibited.

One does not usually connect crocodiles with a health resort—rather the reverse—but the crocodiles depicted in our next photograph are quite a feature of the Indian bathing-place of Manghapir, about nine miles from Karachi. This town is a place of pilgrimage for pious Hindus, but it is chiefly famous for the value of its waters in the cure of the dread scourge of leprosy. The waters are hot, and more than sixty per cent. of the sufferers who bathe there annually, it is said, are cured. The crocodiles are rather noteworthy in that they live in the hot water, apparently suffering no inconvenience from its temperature or medicinal qualities.

A correspondent writes from Tama, Iowa:



THE CROCODILES OF MANGHAPIR, INDIA—THEY LIVE IN HOT MEDICINAL WATER, AND ARE OBJECTS OF MUCH INTEREST TO THE
From a Photo. by THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS WHO VISIT THE CITY. *[Gopaldas & Sons.]*



THIS UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A CYCLONE WHICH PASSED THE CITY OF MOVILLE, IOWA, IN MAY, 1899.

From a Photo. by C. Bartholomew, Menville, Iowa.

"I send you a photograph of a cyclone, witnessed by myself and two ladies at a distance of not more than half a mile. This happened on May 30th, 1899, at Menville, Iowa, U.S.A. It came within half a mile of the main street of the village, and was about one mile from the photographer

when the annexed snap-shot was taken. The blue sky and bright sunlight beyond made an impressive contrast with the terrible whirling funnel; and there was no rain or side-wind. The cyclone, although it fortunately missed Menville, travelled for about six miles, demolishing everything in its path, and the low, rumbling roar of its advance could be heard several miles away."

The next snap-shot we reproduce is believed, by the correspondent who sends it, to be

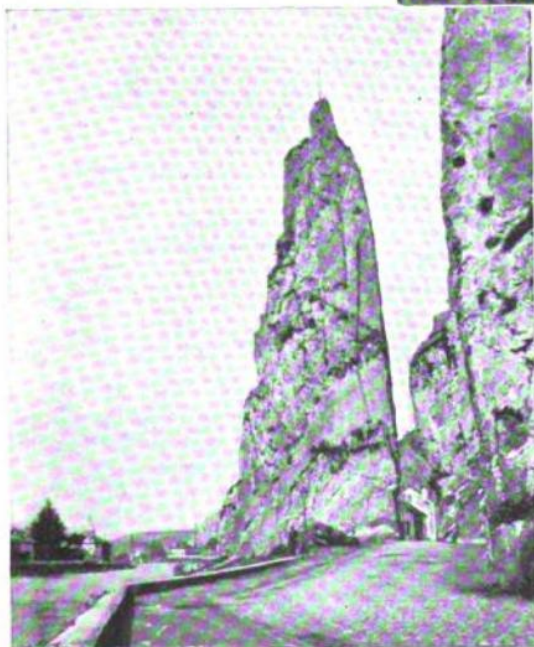


ANOTHER STRIKING SNAP-SHOT—A RHINOCEROS WALLOWING IN A CREEK, ALL UNCONSCIOUS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S PROXIMITY.

From a Photo.

absolutely unique of its kind. Writing from Calcutta, he says: "While out shooting a week ago with a friend we had the good fortune to come across a female rhinoceros lying upon her back in the soft mud of a creek. Moving cautiously, we just had time to take the photograph before the good lady discovered us, whereupon we had to beat a hasty retreat."

Of the many natural curiosities to be seen in the picturesque district of the Belgian Ardennes, one of the most remarkable is La Roche Bayard, a huge perpendicular crag rising to an immense height above the right bank of the River Meuse, between the quaint old town of Dinant and the pretty little village of Anseremme. As may be seen from the accompanying photograph, this gigantic pinnacle of stone stands completely isolated, and a wide carriage road, "Le Passage du Rocher," winds between it and the lofty cliffs inland, from which it was no doubt riven ages ago by some terrific cataclysm of Nature.



"LA ROCHE BAYARD," A REMARKABLE LANDMARK IN THE BELGIAN ARDENNES.

From a Photo. by Miss Alice Isaacson.

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